

On (severe) Pain

(dialog between Sandy Baldwin and Alan Sondheim)

In relation to pain:

Inexpressibility occurs because of the difficulty of expressing interior states that might not have a clearcut symptomology (as thirst does, for example) - and also because severe pain derails speech and language and thought, as the internalized horizon of the flesh is muted or screams in abeyance. All of this touches on the _pain of the signifier_ and its inexpressible relation to death - (Alan)

=====
=

I really like your phrase "pain of the signifier" in that final installment on unprintability. I'm not sure how we think about it, however.

On the one hand, pain is all that the signifier negates and forecloses. So, there's a numbness to the signifier, an anaesthesia.

On the other hand, the signifier in the place of pain, as a kind of bad suture, a bandaid.

On the third hand, is the real gamble, the crying or trembling of the signifier, in its negation, trembling with the world that it is holding off. How to show this? Or is it simply what shows up?

Sandy

=====
=

Hi Sandy, doesn't pain negate and foreclose the signifier? The pain of the signifier for me is the pain of the _incision_ accompanying inscription; the world simultaneously expands and narrows. In Buddhism, I'd imagine (I'm fuzzy at the moment) all signifiers equal and empty; suffering and attachment imbues distinction with intentionality, capture.

The signifier's sharp; the numbness is what's created in the act of distinction. So the signifier's $x^{\sim}x$, that stuff I wrote about a while back about the intersection of a set and its complement relativized in relation to the 'content' of the set; if $x = \text{apple}$, then 0-sub-apple is the intersection of $x^{\sim}x$. So classically this is very sharp, 'smeared' out in the real via abjection.

The signifier's not in the place of pain except for the observer; for the person undergoing (severe) pain, there is no place at all: that's the

numbness. The signifier's the report; the distance between the report and the pain is also painful...

Could you elaborate on the third hand? Not sure I understand - (Alan)

=====
=

I'd say I was thinking about the signifier as something read, as an object that I read into. Whereas I see in your reply the signifier as something I write.

In the case of the reader, of myself as reader of the signifier of pain, the incision is for you, the pain is yours. This fact makes pain *your pain*, makes it witnessed, validated for me by that big other. The signifier is communicated and read. You and I share in the signifier of pain.

I would say it is beyond reading or non-reading to realize that the emptiness of all signifiers. Every reading fictionalizes this, tells a story of it, but it is only in non-reading that I really approach the alterity of your pain.

So, I agree that for the person undergoing the pain there is no place; I would go further: it is this inarticulate boundary that concerns me. The signifier of pain as your pain - can I feel this? Only as reversibility, as my pain (which in a Cartesian sense I would see as like your pain)?

As reader or receiver, I can push reading to impossible limits. I can strip everything away from the report of the pain, every connotation, every signification, to the point where I touch at the incised flesh of the signifier and find the continuous flesh of the world, the great surface where we all feel. And here it is no longer your pain / my pain. Here signification is a kind of perturbation, wherein pain and pleasure blur and float, pleasurepain.

Or - and this may not be an alternative but a supplementary dimension - reading your pain must be already framed, consensually, as they say of communicational domains. There must be pain before and beyond, which is to say, beyond otherness, beyond the ultimate fact that the signifier is a structural fact in the communication circuit. (The validation, the implication of the big other I wrote of above. (In communication, the price of signification is that it is always the others pain I read, never yours, and the other's pain I write, never mine.)

I think, I think the beyond where "I feel your pain" no longer is determined by the symbolics of intersubjective communication is Levinas' "beyond being," or also, I think, these are the encounters that Lingis writes of. This phrase "I feel your pain" implies such a beyond. I mean: I must feel your pain even in the absence of the signifier (and it will be absent, it is absent). Impossibly so, since pain is always pain for you,

for the one incised. I must feel impossible pain. (I would say this relates to love as well.)

Not sure I'm going anywhere. (Sandy)

=====
=

Hi Sandy, this is certainly useful for me. I'd say when you say 'the signifier as something read,' it's a perception, an incision, that you're making; with severe pain, there is no signifier for me at all, not even incision; I'm emptied of it, even to the extent that "I feel your pain" wouldn't be heard, wouldn't be a received communication - there might not even be a "you" that is speaking those words to me. When my mother was dying and in severe pain, she could utter, mumble that, it was her feet, but there was only minimal recognition I was present, and I was literally dumb-founded - i.e. found dumb, and transformed into one whose foundation was dumb, mute - almost an erasure. I couldn't possibly feel her pain, I wouldn't know where to begin with either that act or that sentence, that inscription. Pain turns to groans, moaning, as if the sound might assuage, and perhaps sound does play a role, which later mantra built on; I don't know...

Might one go so far as to say that the 'reader of the signifier of pain' does not feel pain, he or she is in such a state that reading is still possible? Or that the pain he or she feels is encapsulated, not sufficiently severe to cancel out, thwart, communication?

Thinking of my mother (she died a few days later, under morphine, given to her to assuage the pain, she never woke through that period, we were all waiting... The parentheses remains open, as I await my death in a sense, this is as close as I've been...

So I'd say we didn't share in the signifier, my mother and I - she was emptied of that, what was left was pain and the dark horizon she must have known, all along, was part and parcel of it...

The boundary, too, disappears...

.....

SO I wonder, why isn't THIS the focus of philosophy, for example, why all this talk before the curtain goes down? With the Bardo Thodol, the Tibetans have recourse to the symbolic; in a sense Tibetan Buddhism is a discourse about death, but again, by the living - the guiding continuing after the death, by the living, and it's a form of imagining and casting aside deity, a conscious form of eliminating the symbolic, so that emptiness occurs, and maybe enlightenment and maybe the cycle of rebirths comes to a halt.

I've never understood this, why one would want to halt the cycle, when life, if not fabulous, is full of novelty in spite of or through the suffering, but that's another story, or perhaps the same. - (Alan)

=====
=

Hi Sandy,

Odd working on this and re: my mother; my father's in the hospital at the moment and my brother and I have been talking about his death, although he may well live for several more years... It's a harrowing time.

I like the exchange below; I'd like to continue it a bit, if it's possible, and in any case prepare it for putting up online, possibly on the Eyebeam blog which would be really good; apparently I'll have one off the main blog, etc. Please let me know what you think.

I'm twisted re: my father, as you can well imagine, not in all that great shape... (Alan)

=====
=

On Wed, 17 Aug 2011, Charles Baldwin wrote:

Sorry about your father. I know it's a complicated relation.

Sure, on the Eyebeam blog would be great. I think it's substantial enough, we might think of other venues of "publication" as well. Though I think eventually we might move on to pleasure and not pain? (Sandy)

=====
=

Hi Sandy, I want to respond to your email tomorrow when I'm awake and able to think at all, about anything, we were out all day, I wrote you when I returned and it's been fuzzy tonight. But I do want to say re: pleasure, that I'm not personally all that interested in it, I don't see it in relation to pain at all, and I see pain as fundamental to philosophy and phenomenology in particular. I hope this makes sense? Pleasure seems more surface, disparate, connected to fulfillment, maybe even homeostasis, etc., not to mention the brain's pleasure centers. I don't know what I'm talking about here of course. Pain/wounding/death relate to the project at Eyebeam, and there's also sexuality - in other words, the avatar which is broken or taken over - the sexuality connects to pleasure, but for me it connects more to permissions and formal control - it's what's dark or forbidden in virtual sexuality, teledildonics, etc. that relates I think - in other words, what transgresses into the abject. All of this also touches on Kristeva, Douglas, purity and danger, Franz Steiner on taboo, etc. - these sorts of barriers that can lead to death, etc. - menses as

well and the whole world that engages around menstruation as sexual/wound/death/rebirth, etc. On a practical level, I feel my time is limited, and this area is fecund and mostly denied - the same way that the bodies of dead or wounded American soldiers are never presented, are always beyond the Pale. And it's here that the crux of virtual occurs, that is that the common - doxa - interpretation of virtuality lends itself to skimming over surfaces - to such pleasures that we can talk about the U.S. for example re: Wired mag. etc. as a culture of pleasure which buries everything else. It's the debris I'm interested in here...

I'll try even to work this into an article, if I can, and more later from your original post today of course - I'm literally worn out at the moment... (Alan)

=====
=

On Wed, 17 Aug 2011, Charles Baldwin wrote:

I suppose I wonder now on what conditions can I say "I feel your pain." Is this phrase even possible? But also, we say it and mean it. (It would be interesting to pursue "I feel your pleasure" as well, which would be different, though present some related issues.)

"I feel your pain" is indexical"; a moan is ikonic; we're thinking through the language of ikons here. (Alan? Sandy?)

I suppose it is at least in part a matter of when and where and who utters this phrase.

There is also pain that is *managed* or lived through. Though I think this is already a problem with this as I write it: wouldn't all pain be shattering, in its time however brief, as a kind of obduracy within? And yet we're constantly living with it. At least I mean that in this case there are available conventions for signifying its presence. I feel your pain because it is like other pains in I have felt in the past, pains I have had, with the sense of *having* pain as an object possessed and controlled, as an experience catalogued and available to telling. I have had a toothache or a broken toe or a sore muscle. I lived through each and can now speak of it, can share it with you, can point to the scars. I am certain that here the pain is encapsulated - as you put it - or in a kind of vesicle within me. (Sandy)

This is true to an extent, but only once for example have I had such bad toothache that I could do nothing but scream (and did); I had to be rushed to an emergency dentist. Now I 'remember' the pain, but I'm not sure if this is the same kind of memory reconstruction that occurs, for example, when I 'remember' my childhood home... (Alan)

Then, thinking about your mother: a setting with no communication, no exchange of commonplaces about where it hurts. No signifier of pain, or

rather the signifier is framed and held by the setting. No "pain index," no seven words to describe it, from flickering and pounding through nagging and torturing, or in between. In this way, pain is a problem for indexicality as such (and differs from similar problems e.g. the punctum). Gesture falls short: the witness - and there might need to be another term? the "vigilant" works in a way, but isn't right for the pain-sharer - consoles and soothes to no avail, the sufferer utters and moves but conveys nothing of the internal anguish. (Sandy)

Yes, absolutely, this is it, which is why I think of pain as ikonic, an internal ikon operative and witnessed only by the subject who bears it. Which brings up a closely related concept, that we are ikonic to ourselves and that this is a closed transmission (not even sutured in the sense of the construction of the subject). (Alan)

What remains? A phenomenology that is blinded and muted in many ways. The tableau of sufferer and vigilant conveys only distance and numbness. It also conveys waiting (vigilance). Mute and blind waiting the sufferer is not dead, nor are they undead (in a monstrous sense), but they are no longer a subject, no longer speaking and asserting. You write "there might not even be a 'you' that is speaking those words to me," which makes it impossible for you to say "I feel your pain." This is a tableau of nothingness, of an open gap in being. It is not yet mourning. It is traumatic in advance, marking a trauma to come, in the sense that trauma is dream, is something displaced in experience and time. The phenomenology of the gap is tied to the time of waiting and not to any other perception. Duration, waiting, vigilance: these may be bodily relations beyond alterity ... (Sandy)

Yes, again, and the waiting for the observer is also tied to the possibility of recover; for the person in pain, it is timeless, and I'd think even the potential of temporality or a temporal horizon is absent. (Alan)

Is it not here that I might say *I feel impossible pain*? At least, this was where I ended my last reply, except now I would say that every word in that phrase, "I feel impossible pain," is broken in the tableau of nothingness I'm writing of: the subject that might utter the phrase (the vigilant) is dumbfounded, as you say, troubling "I" and "feel" and so on. Perhaps *I feel impossible pain* is absurd, impossible, not even worth saying. It is philosophically absurd ... (Sandy)

It would seem almost an egoism, no? Since (feel)and(imossible pain) as locutions are contradictory, but yet the observer insists on saying something since he or she is reduced to silence by the other's moaning. A doctor on the other hand, would see all of this as symptom, and hopefully act accordingly, doing whatever she or he can to assuate the pain which she knows by proxy is there. (Alan)

I keep returning to Lingis: in one of his books, can't remember which, he describes his own vigil by his dying mother's bed. She has cancer,

she's in a hospital near Chicago. He describes his own inarticulateness and hers as well; but - as I recall - he also sees a bravery in the scene, a dignity in both the mother and the son facing death. Without being able to dig up the reference - I may be wrong in recalling it? - I have to say I find it a bit forced, but also I see it fitting the general refusal of real abjection in his work, his sense of the glory or wonder of being in every situation. *Forced* as a way of philosophically or pedagogically making a point about imperatives that bind us beyond being. Yet I wonder if it's too much on his part: how can it be so sure that I'm able to hear and answer the imperative? I'm not sure I believe that in the presence of a dying loved one it is so easy, except philosophically and perhaps only after. Again, I'm being unfair: it could not have been easy for him, and yet it becomes easy to philosophize, and to achieve a passivity and even enlightenment. Lingis focuses on the extreme, the rending and transforming of suffering and encounters, but there's a sense of certainty, of philosophical clarity that he brings to these. (Sandy)

I like your description here and the notion of refusing real abjection, but then I wonder how he approaches situations of real torture or pain before its 'time.' But the philosophizing itself is a way of dealing with it; when my mother died I played shakuhachi, and when I recently wrote about my father's being in hospital (on Facebook), I talked about playing zurna - it's a way of dealing, a kind of expressivity against everything, including the potential cessation of expressivity of course. (Alan)

Perhaps this relates to your final points about Buddhism or *philosophy*. I'm left wondering if dialogue in the presence of death, if description of the tableau of vigilance - as above, as here - is, can possibly be, *philosophical*? How can it be? Surely philosophy fails? We are, as you say, dumbfounded. I'm pretty sure that I'm unsure about what I'm writing of here, that I'm in no way certain about your pain or the pain of others, that I'm in no way certain about the nothingness of the vigil. How could I be? It is obscene to philosophize on pain. (Sandy)

Another turn here, however - perhaps that is the only philosophizing that isn't obscene; one is speaking for a body that's no longer capable of speaking, one is simultaneously within the intense privacy of that inexpressible pain, and the intense privacy of writing itself, Vygotsky's inner speech, Blanchot's writing of the disaster, Scarry's introductory material on pain (the best part of her book, at least for me), and so forth... (Alan)

=====

On Thu, 18 Aug 2011, Charles Baldwin wrote:

Although, it seems to me that already in the below pleasure is leading somewhere interesting vis a vis the virtual. The US as a culture of pleasure which buries everything else must be, it seems to me, a tight and

anxious relation to an excluded domain of pain and violence. I suppose there'd be other kinds of pleasure, so simply tied to fulfillment or closing off the leaks. But now I'm elaborating a response to this... let's keep focused on the pain (said the masochist). (Sandy)

Agree with keeping the focus. The locus of the above is sexuality, the way it plays out on say SVU or with Janet Jackson's breast, etc. It's a puritanism consistently pushed to the breaking-point. But the discussion leads elsewhere, to pop culture, communality, not the isolation, the _body_ in the hospital bed or on the battlefield... (Alan)

=====
=
=====
=

Notes from Utah (Alan Sondheim):

110812_004: Pain as separating inscription/history from the inertness of the body; what's read as history from the outside (and thereby entering the social), from the inside is unread/unreadable. The inside is pure substance.

110812_005: Inscription carries, until burial, carries a specific relationship to the body until burial. Burial is a form of reinscription. A line on the body - how is this interpreted during life? during death?

110812_012: Inscription => embodiment and maintenance; maintenance => retardation: what makes for example virtual particles last as long as they do? Retardation - slowing things down, copying, duplicating, a poetics of dispersion, holding-back. See the phenomenology of numbers: data-base, interpretation, intentionality, an immersive situation, memory. In doing mathematics, always dealing with temporal processes. In pain: everything drops away, definable and immersive situations cease to exist.

110812_014: Splintering, splintered nails, leveraging of particles, striations, applicable to notions of binding, constriction, discomfort.

110816_002: Pain of the signifier: signifier as incision, disturbance, splits between the Pale and beyond the Pale. Pain beyond the Pale? The pain of death: horizon foreclosing its origin and the subject as well.

110816_003: The work I do as obdurate, not grid or mapping, but flows that are not channelized, flows that are mute - relation to pain. The phenomenology of the embodiment of the signifier is also mute. What I do is planless, expands into available technology on a practical level, produces and reproduces that way.

110816_006: My Textbook of Thinking: components of inscription: linkage,

syntactical structure, inscription is an ordering of difference, impulse, representation-structure, legitimation structure, maintenance, stabilization mechanisms, positive/negative feedback, field of abjection. Excessive related to corrosion. Difference between fissure and inscription. Relationship of corrosion and scarcity to pain.

110816_007: Phenomenology of eccentric space, Sarduy, de-centering the subject, tied to abjection.

110816_008: Difference between fissure and inscription; pain tends towards fissure; if fissure is same and same, there's no geography, no topography, no topology; the result is the crack / wound, everywhere and nowhere.

110818_001: Pain relates to the body as cosmology to the universe. (?)

110819_001: Pain in relation to virtual worlds: in circumlocution of the subject who may remain impervious, the degree zero of phenomenology.

110821_001: What happens when users exchange their avatars? Our histories, inventories, are no longer our own.

=====
=
=====
=

Wounded Avatars

"when i was young i was told i wouldn't live past twenty-five.
i gave the ugly lie to that interpretation.
now these words resonate but only briefly with my voice.
you'll read them in your own, nothing otherwise will remain.
the back-theory is that fragile, look how the letters line up.
one, two, and three, they appear different to you
than they ever did to me."

Wounded avatars are inconceivable; however what is transmitted across - from the visualization of the data-base to the user - may reflect a surplus of inscription.

This is accomplished in at least two ways: 1. the augury and presence of the human voice, as voice-over or apparently emanating from the avatar, whose movement of the lips can reflect the pronunciation of the phonemes in real time; and 2. the use of photographic textures, of the wounded and/or sexualized body, attached to objects and avatars. The first is resonant with the 'grain of the voice,' which is easily transmitted (occupying a fairly small audio bandwidth, simple to channel and receive) and yet perceived as of the body, intimate with and within the body, in

other words an aural tissue inhering in the speaking subject, and listened to, in that regard, by the receiver. The second, the use of photographic (photographed) textures, is based on the gaze, and its function as a proscenium of arousal and empathy; the body gazed-upon is my own (taken as my own, inhabited), the wound and genitals are my own (inhabited), and so forth. The silencing of the voice, the portrayal of the death of the body are my own as well, and the more obdurate the silencing and portrayal - the more these appear to deny the epistemology of the data-codecs that are at the heart of their transmission - the more the viewer succumbs to them, the more they are lodged within the him or her, the more the flesh appears beyond what otherwise defaults to the usual (notion of the) transparency of data.

So that, to re-mark within the virtual, within virtual worlds, the presence of the body, wounded or aroused or dying for examples - the use of voice and texture are useful portals to those journeys we all take at various times in our lives, and towards their ending, when the flow of the body becomes insistent in its very becoming-object.

In the nightclub, the sleazy can predominate, as can elegance, brilliance, glitter, and monstrosity. Imagine a windowless space, dark but for the presence of club kids, who emerge as rare birds of the night, a metaphor done to death and stereotypical, but clear in its depiction of a menagerie which appears self-illuminated, self-controlled, self-presented. In this way, ontology is self-determined, what is, is brought to the foreground by the club kids themselves; this is the world of the club, the world of the night, the world of flat black texture in virtual worlds where what is visible is always already a detour or bypass, an inversion of the usual roles of light and shadow.

Further, what appears in the nightclub, in this self-illumination, self-ontology, is nothing more or less than the image or flash, evanescent and always on the verge of disappearing. This image appears simultaneously real (for it is there, before me) and virtual (since it seems grounded in translucence and the ephemeral; in fact it sutures inscription to the flesh, perhaps erring on the side of inscription. For what is occurring (but does not occur) within a depth psychology here, is the aging of the image-body, body-image, outside the club, which then is visible (as the club kid is visible) as a framing-device remote from time, forestalling time. The time of the club is always a detour.

So here is the third device within virtual presentation, beyond voice and photographic texture, the device of the glow or self- or narrowed-illumination, which isolates and creates, which effaces architecture through architectonics, and which insists on the wounded or dying avatar, the sick or aroused avatar, the avatar brought to its/our knees at its limits, which are the limitations of representation among transmissions, codes, protocols, and so forth.

I can imagine a solitary avatar, whose body is that of carefully-reconstructed wounds and violent demarcations, mouthing almost autonomically

the audible narration of a woman starving in the Horn of Africa, a survivor from a Rwandan massacre, a soldier chewed up by a roadside bomb, or an American dying from malnutrition; I can imagine an avatar whose body is mapped from aroused or used and debilitated flesh, audibly murmuring the caress of sexuality, or sexuality's violence... So many difficult and un/comfortable modes of presentation, carrying the real of the body into the virtual, returning it to the real of the observer, who may become a participant in spite of himself, and for what end? For experience and empathy that inhabits the lived world, breaks down virtuality, or better, demonstrates that virtuality and inscription inhabit all of us, that it is not an escape, that our bodies and desires follow us and paint the world in colors which are often abject and denied. I would like famine and war brought home to second life, in a semiotic close to the iconic, not the usual cartoon-indexical which all too often colors 'magical' representation. I would like arousal to move other than Vaihinger's as-if or Bentham's fictions, to bring the body and its consequences to the foreground (as speech often does). And I'd like death to appear as other than commodity as representable in its non-representability; I'd like that death to appear as our death, not the death of the other, not the death which is named, but the death which is unnameable. And finally, I'd like the wager which comes from all of this (and there are other means to apply as well, of course; I'm just scratching the surface), to be seen for what it is: not a wager in the sense of a zero-sum game, but a wager within the real, within organism, where we all are lost in the end, but may have moments of clarity and action on the way there. Otherwise we spend our lives as separate 'real' and 'virtual,' both skittering across data-banks and back-ups, as if such constitute how the world is turning or has become. And the danger there is that, to repeat myself, that real war, starvation, arousal (it is not all negative), wounding, cessation, is always just around the corner, and we ignore this, politically and somatically, at our peril.

Some texts -

Reporting Vietnam, Part 1 and 2, includes Herr's Dispatches
The Body in Pain, Elaine Scarry
Tibetan Medicine, the Ven., Rechung Rinpoche
The Matrixial Borderspace, Bracha L. Ettinger
Leaves of Grass, Second Annex: Good-bye My Fancy, Walt Whitman

thanks to Monika Weiss

Wounded Avatars ii

"oh! how we all slide off the end of the earth.
when my mother died, she was always in my thoughts.
now in dreams sometimes, tonight i met her in paris,
perhaps from sweden, she was slightly tipsy, she

was dressed in white, holding a glass, a white object, perhaps from a virtual world, nose-cone of sorts, perched near her, somehow attached, and i said, i said, mom, i haven't seen you in a while, don't you remember me and she said, she said don't be silly, we saw each other just a week ago, and then i remembered...

remembering, having woken up, more than a decade ago, and all these complicities, sliding off and away, vanishing, sooner, perhaps, sooner, perhaps, among my siblings or her friends, then nothing at all, already i am half gone with it, half gone with despair"

So there are three paths for the woundatar, each a disturbance of virtual ontology:

1. The path of the grain of the voice;
2. The path of the photograph as texture;
3. The path of self-illumination and image-imaginary of the nightclub.

These tend towards a return of the somatic; the viewer is engaged, and the projectivity/introjectivity matrix or 'jectivity' between the viewer's body-subjectivity and the visuality of the virtual is deeply entangled.

They are entangled without the simplicity of mappings which drives so much new media or virtual art: for example, the weather mapped through the stock-exchange onto musical scales, resulting in an 'interpretation' of the planet. Mappings are GIGO, garbage-in, garbage-out; they are the result of a paring-away of the abject, of the clarity of thought; and they participate in an Enlightenment project which does not admit, for example, the abject of the tumor which remains ill-defined and corrosive.

But it is such an abject that wins at the very end, that appears at the end: the wound which refuses to heal, spreading until the body is consumed. And how this is brought home, is through the _phenomenology of the mess,_ which is the true-real state of the world.

The mess is deep disorder, in both practical and ontological senses. The mess absorbs and negates history. The mess is simultaneously everything and nothing, rust and dust, corrosion and ill-locution.

(On a practical level, what I've overlooked here, of course, is access and mixed-reality; I've been focusing on the two ends of the spectrum, an assumed 'real' and an assumed 'virtual.' (Elsewhere, I've shown these assumptions are false; the real and virtual are always entangled. So I'm speaking of hypothetically-pure states here, nothing more.) Mixed-reality brings up a host of interface issues. For the woundatar's problematic of ontology, tacit knowledge is a necessity. In other words, having to work through or over a complex interface which calls to you as an intermediary, disrupts the flow. And flow disruptions is diegetic disruption, which is

why whole-body insertion into virtual worlds is the psycho-logical end-point of development here. But even driving in or inhabiting a virtual world for a period of time still runs into the same issues, which is why voice, photographic texture, and/or nightclub scenarios are so important. (Interestingly, just as voice has grain, so does smell; both are _of_ the body in an uncomfortably direct way. But the latter has yet to be harnessed anywhere, except as a gimmick.) (On the other hand, think of movement directly recorded from injured, paralyzed, or dying people, in combination with the three paths mentioned above. The point is, these aren't the only possible paths; they're only the most obvious.)

text, sound and image from splitting the world *

the buddha exfoliates, negation cuts into nothing, suzuki's account of the crucifix emphasizes not only ego but object; buddha visuddhimagga scrapes away at the object until abjection remains; abjection's swept under the re: religious purity - the scraping away in buddhism is the scraping away of ontology - in the west, epistemology - the resurrection is an issue of the episteme, contract, how do we know what we know etc. - tantric initiation is the _other hand_ of ontology - it's a move from the ikonic to the imaginary - w/ resurrection from the ikonic to the symbolic - in the virtual world you're all skin and bones, articulated skeletons, polygons, cloud clusters; in resurrection you're all flesh, nothing much changes, you're there, you're suppurating, lazarus opposed to julie twine - "Let us try to realize the awe-stricken dismay which must have oppressed man's mind on the infliction of his first wound, his first experience of pain; -- the breach of surface disclosing to his sight his blood flowing unceasingly, or leaping, at sustained intervals, from its opened chambers, his sense of fainting, and his untimely sinking on the earth under the foretaste of death; this, too, with the recent denunciation, 'Thou shalt surely die,' still ringing in his ears." (John Hilton, Rest and Pain.) The world splitting fissures the world; the world divided creates an episteme. Inscribing difference, that be something oddly enough, of the resurrection, so the suturing, what is it? the same again, same body, same name, just a little bit older; the fissure operates within-beneath the sign of negation, ontologies the same everywhere; one might say at best "The residue of the fissure is the fissure." The wound has no bearing on resurrection, which occurs anyway. But the wound bares and bears on the fissure, is the fissure - the episteme has the addition of a curlicue or diacritical mark, a mark already exhausted, bearing nothing, not a hard mark to bare or bear. It might as well disappear into the slough, it disappears there, just like that. Not even a spark; it would let you know if there were a spark, and a char. Nothing like that, nothing like that at all, nothing at all. */sound and image bring the sight/site/citation in, philosophy at the crossroads of text and perception, philosophy leaking, pooling, there might have been a _quincunx._/*

* originally "in two," no need for that.

SMELL TEXT

=====
=====
=====

unsmelling
bad smell
smell
armed smells,
dank:smelly:hot:wet:smear:gooey:8068:2:sticky:smear:hot
dank:smelly:hot:wet:smear:gooey:8068:2:sticky:smear:hotflood:flow:spew:
smells, hard
smells.}
wWsmell jasmine
while smelling.
29584 dev/null BEG close in on you smell you 0
old books I am in-between every page, s/he can smell
mo world ! smells ! far ! too ! often ! of ! assassin-killer ! assassin-
You say, " - the smell of flesh for years -"
disappeared!" The "The flesh years 'meat tongue for smell
disappeared!" The "The flesh years 'meat|girl tongue for smell
disappeared! The "The flesh years 'meat|girl tongue for smell Nikuko
("bbreathe breathe "pabreathe breathe "breathe smell breathe @noun=
'Nikuko' smell 'meat|girl the hir into slippery 'Nikuko' " flesh into
slippery many 'meat|girl the of Nikuko slippery slippery Nikuko of smell
no other (smell of womb, this sun, sunlight, this space upon the screen,
iarerdsther ws * tre turning * otwe ach other * intod smell * fisa eu c *
odors, smells - are "dirty" - you just have to see the commercials on the
painters hir -" say, disappeared!" smell * torn * the - 'meat|girl skin
.. sm ..sm sm sm smell ..ll ll ll of ..of of of.. of ..of
discrete--pure (visible <> embrace) mind speech | {scent, smell)
nothing. Sky = nothing = earth. Damp sky = certain smell. I am your files
Tumbling" by B. and D. Cotteral. You see much work and labor. You smell
something about Buddha loving hir smell, hir damp odor.
the guilty. Dawn wants home, wants nested community, the smell of bodies,
names of God that would bring the universe to an end. I smelled of
sing beauty-song. I can smell my shit; my nails splintered, uncut; my
ink silk. I can smell the sweat on
where, but I can't see you, can't touch you, can't smell you, I never
much control; I can't smell you here; I can't smell you anywhere. I can't
smell you. I can't touch you in the slightest. You're not there at all.
liked you; I liked the way you smelled. You seemed really beautiful to me.
And today I notice that I notice the smells and the sights and the sounds
But today I notice the smells of the street and the fare of the various
ing. Dressed, I smell like anyone else; half-naked, my body's scents are
AN END! I smelled of the end of the universe.
time. When I'm wet, my smell is everywhere, you can smell me on it, birth
senses, said Izanagi, and they are smell, taste, sight, hearing, and touch
ers, devouring Nikuko's menses, harboring hir smell on me, seeing through
familiar smells. These moments cloud the nodal points which open up to
Kill me: Watch my ghost ascend. (It's you, Jennifer; I can smell you. The
and minds. We'll pull our dresses up. We'll smell each other. :-o :-)

Nikuko says: You can almost smell him. Julu says: I can smell him. painters flesh You say, -" torn skin 'Nikuko' " say, for hir into * smell body opened! You' ech 's start! YOLI 'd smell the moist prick.' You 'G streams... your [19:47] You: my gg moves withi can smell kk, i move always already a disappearance and smell or taste are embodied only in rancid smell, a greasy feeling, and floats in water." Julu (buried) cries takable world, a world that s/he has smelled for hirself, seen for hirself, side the aa, against the wall mot way into aa - I can smell it - st it is about the smell of your hole and a tongue and void pillows. It's almost suffocating. You can smell illness like that, watch al you, and I can smell them, virtual you, t, u, v, virtual-u, x, y, z, slight sweet and heavy smell, moist warmth in room of dawn my life and it's very different now, even the smells are different. Later, summarized knowledge and knowledge-owners, "1 m 2 grep smell lu > jj 3 with languor and lassitude and the need of smelling salts and legs and minds. We'll pull our dresses up. We'll smell of the Alan Sondheim: and mr linden does nothing he's asleep s/he can't smell me the presence and slightly sexual smell of the unknown woman and Erwin sounds, sights and smells, always the last murmured word, but always the baby diseased and smelly between the legs and ready for violence all the would give anything for the presence of a body, the smell of a woman, me. the ovens are for baked goods and delicious smells my legs are spread wide, i can smell my shit mingled with yours, yours is and my arms writing smelled of holes and human debris: broken arms, legs, (Interestingly, just as voice has grain, so does smell; both are _of_ the to be assailed by the smell of them." - from Visuddhi Magga, The Path of Squeeze your balls, smell your hands. Squeeze your cock, smell your fingers smell of beans on the mesquite fire, the dreamwork of a thin sliver Burning is being smelled. She spreads herself further. Somewhere there are women, s/he benea smelled i jews, ouchd i s/he by ea ie women, ying hey're why i bet if s/he was awake s/he couldn't smell me either time smelly between the legs and really annoying incredible sluts and a not understand bodies. Your smell fills the room. M is inaccessible. her full breasts and penetrating nipples graced my eyes with harsh smells. twentieth spake breed kinds altar offered burnt offerings smelled sweet half-hidden seaweed brown undertow hermit crab shell smelled moist ebb the wires burn; there is the smell of burning flesh. said Nikuko, but do we truly taste what we smell, are not both the most Alan Sondheim: but you do nothing when i say smell me driven in by the spume of the SIM-GIG tree, its sweet smell waking my 1. I can smell death. I live alone. Death covers the walls with tiny peace. you can smell loving. you can smell them all. you can strangle something. People can touch you. People can smell you. You, Alan, are even it. I can't hear a word you say. You smell. You wash me out of your times I can't think... i keep my legs spread constantly, the smell fills the of diminished capacity - the bandwidth is broken - different smells wall has caved in. you can smell fire. you dream at night, anything but there are cigarette stubs in the sink, wan smell of liquor in the air. It smell, so clearly, at arm's or finger's length, nothing more, Proust's masses of clouds and the distinct smell of musk, the warm air within smell the corpses!

Storm; s/he could smell it. Guy Guillaume breaks hir face, hir skin falls way into cock - I can smell it - step on me - sucking toes, the arch of it see them. dancer can smell the scent; the air is heavy with it. dancer To this day, the smell of burning flesh around the corner, the Dodge and smell of death ==::attacked in our sleep we will disappear, attacked in alter of death... (It is a dark or sour smell, it is the smell of suicidal and depressed half the time smelly between the legs and really kissed smell dew fatness plenty corn blesseth scarce gone hunting trembled dick his dick to the smell everyone dick dick to meat meat to everyone Alan Sondheim: did i not read this about the world sir that it has a smell years " disappeared! "The tongue smell -" smell has "The The - -" for arms about. you do not smell the thing you do not hear the thing. thing jumps arms. Where do they join the neck. Where does the musk smell of your gleaming brown drag undertow hermit crab shell smelled moist ebb Smothering, I dream of your choking me and your wet and heavy smell. mj:i smelled each and every woman, blood is filth and pain, jews are fil i smelled each and every woman, blood is filth and pain, jews are filth cockcunts and earnose spew of smelltaste and sundries. oh for the sundries mj:book, they're eaten by the jews, i smelled it on the television, i to book, they're eaten by the jews, i smelled it on the television, i touched nothing. filming every thing. long road-diatribes. smell the musk, sub nothing: filming every thing. long road-diatribes. smell the musk-air on falls, soaking everything. you smell lignite and mold. you don't think smell of excrement anywhere on the body, which has become its own dank smell, thunderstorms, exhalations...)

person, the eye is for seeing. Now s/he knows 'let me smell this,' that is world smells far too often of assassin-killer. assassin-killer takes his You could feel their singed flesh, you could smell the taste of meat will be filled with my smell ..never washing it off..never using remember nothing: filming every thing. long road-diatribes. smell the smells. nothing: filming every thing. long road-diatribes. smell the musk-wires, flesh, flesh. smell burn; wires garden cultivating see. think; wake appearance. air flickering sparks ash smell brimstone. hot touch, Alan cries for the absence of writing, the smell of flesh, the return check it for virus: the virus is the smell of our holes: those of us An effusion, general and fuzzy topography - there is Jennifer, I can smell Do we get increasingly depressed smelling our bodies as seared skin curls in, the glade's wet with piss and semen, it smells like perfect water, junkie. You gotta stay with me s/he said. Al's place smelled like hell. anonymous masked guards that smell of slaughter. so yes it's true i make and depressed half the time a horrible baby diseased and smelly between one can hardly argue among the sweet and sickly smell of leaves and stems shakespeare william s/he go cinema rich see kusturica are going smell to see, hear, taste, touch, smell. We've buried the physical in the physi-woman with hir hand increasingly wet, the audience close enough to smell Nikuko kanji hir into for of smell their smell years 'Nikuko' - 'meat|girl other. delete; hex it: check virus: virus smell holes: sloughed entrails: almost smell hir coming down the street, all dispersed!

wants wants his to to dick to to everyone sever sever dick to smell wants it wasn't his, there was this smell of candles burning, scorching the cave always the honeysuckle smell and it fills you with blossom and delight. I

time a horrible baby diseased and never going to leave you alone smelly and odor. how to make smell. how to make heat and how to call heat away smell of human burning the to smell of human human of the smell of flesh your cock, i can smell your deliberate scent, your perfume enraptures you, Alan Sondheim: i have a smell that makes grown men and women weep smell kk, i move downwards t i cut my pubic hair... rubbed it a uu here... it's as if the book itself becomes a body, the smell of the page; darkness clothes fell in a heap, smell of burned wood, tattoo of burned cock touch|scent|smell|other (static in air|magnetic)|apparent ascertained gleaming brown in drag of undertow hermit crab shell smelled moist ebb your equations in six unknowns reduced to five, your smell on my eyes, my smelling, pleasure in the apprehension of traces of excrement) are not them everywhere in the text, we can smell the fecund earth reproducing, the almost inaudible smell, musk, fragrant, the p of pleasure, the t of smelly panties instead and s/he let out a gasp. I felt bad, so I started to ing. There is a slight "new" smell to the unit, which has, I assume, 13: it is about the smell of your hole and a tongue and void The soil is rich with dark loam, a smell of musk, the secret stirrings of of smell is uncanny. They have six fingers. Their skin is striped, adapted can smell it - so anyway heart - Patty - goes out to California from wWsmell of jasmine filth are jews pain, and filth is blood woman, every and each smelled i fil are jews pain, and filth is blood woman, every and each smelled mj:i i was just above them, smell of wet fur smell you just know you can scent. can smell kk, i move downwards t i cut my pubic hair... rubbed it a uu quit. You know I smell that smell. You know I walk that walk. You are Did you know you can smell time. lkd ..i I ikike to be fucke to haved, can smell piss, i move downwards smells we left on fenceposts and wagonwheels, and these Rays would go into arabs smell like the jews smell. Spread your lips, smell your hands. Finger your ass, smell your fingers. smell of liquor in the air. I shudder, turn, dream, wake, arise, mastur-continue you. loving's surplus. travis peace. can smell all. strangle -" say, many for disappeared!" years say, for many for say, -" smell for - Now you may know the smell is not from any orifice, any hole in any skin; everyone to meat of the wants everyone to meat burning of smell wants smell of meat. There's the sound of stringed instruments and sometimes smells of meats and vegetables suffusing the space of wave equations and your Nikuko's menses, harbor hir smell on me, see through hir membranes, each smelled mj:i shell smelled moist ebb doorway aa kk morph ll ytalk recycle liquid vv remembering the exhau smell of intermediate smell motion process taste remain disappears capacity ingest eyes and mouth, touching, smelling, tasting. White panties! Oh Oh Oh. my tongue moves within your hair, your cunt, you smell stronger than ever, i not so much by a hair's breadth, not so you could smell its scent just of errors, musk smell of death and dissolution. now I close my eyes; I create the objects of which I claim witness. They smell scattered everywhere, my hair wet with the smell of it? Did I? accidentally slipped my hand inside his smellyjockies instead and s/he let

climb up my leg ..into here ..this is soft ..this is smelling of this this rtext
scent through my nose my own smell, taste through my mouth my own
eyes, around my nose. The heavy and subtle smell lasted and lasted for
stains me, my smell stains me. You can smell me between my legs. It gives

Because of my smell, because of my bulging panties, because of the
Jews do not smell differently than other people.

nothing, see nothing. i told them they smelled. i told them they had to
aga i nst you, i 'm smell i ng of woman's flesh, my ha i r i s on f i re,
scent, the odor and smell, wound, carapace, tissue, flesh, scar, pain;
musk and odor. how to make smell. how to make heat and how to call heat
tances and odor. how to make smell. how to make heat and how to call heat
has disappeared!" of * * flesh painters hir -" say, disappeared!" smell *
the smell of a kitchen, the paint on the edges of the chairs
the smell of burning flesh.)

thread-bones spew of cockcunts and earnose spew of smelltaste and
the smell of food, coffee or tea, in the room, the love-making of Erwin
"the smell of gunpowder, explosions."});

you smell of me

Pheromes, smells of our shit and farts, inscribe our presence; it's the
ness, smell of piss, cum, mucus. Cut the earth burned to cinder, cold ash
smell, are of several frame, and so are the parts for generation.

my sense of smell

the end of the universe. I smelled of shit, of all of it. You asked
the smell of the varnish on older paint, flat faded white shown through
in drag of undertow hermit crab shell smelled moist ebb doorway
love, smell of urine and secretions, smell of blood, smell of cum,
everywhere at once - the smell of a person indeterminate, unidentifiable,
I could only go back, not to childhood, but to the smell of the sand or
ity, necessary or not, we never return to the origin. P is the smell
in that order. Why in that order, asked Nikuko. Because they must smell
we'd open our holes for th look up us, we'd be pping, they and the smells
Stuff falls out. Rivers down my legs, stuff. Valley mud. My cunt smells of
and theres paper poisoning around. you can smell my body a mile away,
mutated, the particular smell of the place, the atomic-molecular
and some people are even allergic to the smell."

Jennifer smells, perfume emanating from hir body, and that's how I know
can smell piss, i move downwards towards your asshole...

anything (ignorantly? popularly? mythologically?) smelling of pollution,
imaging or programming or sound or video, light or smell, scent or odor,
Friends, these rates are coming down the highway where everyone smells
skin. The room smelled of holes and human debris (a marvel or a travel),
The friend said s/he smelled something rotten at the place.

Are you satisfied with your smells. Write sand doll with ideohydraulesis.
smelled sweet savour curse man's youth smite while remaineth seedtime
this. i saw everything. i smelled everything. i tasted everything. i'm not
i won't say you're my friend or enemy or that i smell your sex
word i say. i smell.

and taste, scent and smell, within. Within, without, there is no symbolic,
sexed taste, scent smell, within. within, without, symbolic, father
you to see or hear or touch or taste or smell them. But that's an emana-
for introjections, shadow or smell or restaurant. The hysteric embodi-

against the sheets; the sour smell of my body devours them in flames.
labia, the sight and smell of sound and sight, new programs for the ask-
full of sights, sounds, tastes, touches, smells, extremely interesting and
resurrected identities sing beauty song i can smell my shit my nails
description; white, size 5, smelly.

Maybe your smell because of your bulging panties because of the dark
suck wbreathes smell casbreathes breathe breathe suckbreathes tastesbreathes

1. can smell death. live alone. covers walls own Creation! Forests
Do not smell deeply, Sniff only one, First smell, then think, Every
constantly, the smell fills i think all this movement ..all these words
is intermediate; smell is a motion and a process, just as taste; smell
you can smell me cumming. ive got your options ready for you to sign
me and smell me. I am yours forever.

loves the smell of Alan's panties and Alan loves the smell of Jennifer's.
there's the smell of it - the sheets over Nikuko - the thick odor -
my hands smell of perfume

planes, the smell of silt and shit in the furrows

(Honey): The smell of you, that crease between your balls and cock!

Our bodies smell so bad no one will get near us! How wonderful!

you can smell the burning tires. What do they talk about over there.

minimum, my smell the musk of writing, seared or torn lozenge, frayed slit
i could smell the panties already and needed a drop zone. so i screwed
meadow, you smell the scent of moles, cross the eerie spaciousness of a
others, i smell them, they are my scent."

You can smell time.

it's a smell you can't get rid of, everyone smells it.

something Buddha smell, damp odor.

then through smell, your cock straining against the cords I place on it.
suckbreathes \$g; smellbreathes "\$noubreathes breathe wbreathes tastesbreathes
and the smells coming from the house would be unbearable

My health smells like life, but it's a semblance of life,

tastes, touches, smells, extremely interesting and its truth is that of
through my smells. nothing: filming every thing. long road-diatribes.

you alone smelly between the legs and ready for violence all the time and
so very stupid s/he said and lit a cigarette. She always smelled the smell
in the summer the smell of the grass, the water

smell of sweat and saliva. The smell on a hot summer day... damp air
and the sweet smell of the flowers. There is music playing softly in the
state is sweet, syrupy, oh so is the mind, the smell of the body, sheets,
with hir teeth suicidal and depressed half the time smelly between the
touched i television, the on it smelled i jews, the by eaten they're book,
to i television, the on it smelled i jews, the by eaten they're mj:book,
off, holes th fucking, smells coming house unbearable ed p .;.all floors
smell stronger than ever, i i took a piece of my

sutured by the abject, digital flees, analog embraces, there's a smell
terior - the breakdowns of proper names, entities, space - the smell
fires in the distance, smell of gunpowder in the air...

can smell the fear of it - the phenomenology of scent - nowhere and

Where does the musk smell of your breasts. Around the nipples, sweat, very
the self, the nose is for smelling. Now s/he who knows 'let me utter this,'
cutting through the sickly-sweet smell of plum dumplings, warm like an

period, d the smelil ofwoould toour bod... i smell of your armpits yor ur
rain, touch the smell of hole, taste the sound of alallarum-baretarsurm-
the body, the smell of the body. Or halfway up against the wall, we fuck,
you lose the smell of the thing; you lose the thing.

J says, the smell will be strong, it will be silent. We'll mark each other
not finished, the smells thick with the audience, they love the dancing,
that ignores the sweet smell of my sweat, or the taste of my lover's
depressed half the time a horrible baby diseased and smelly between the
depressed half the time smelly between the legs and really annoying
could smell the wood burning when you could smell the candles but later,
could feel their bones and skin. You could smell them. I couldn't help
panties and their rancid smell, you go speechless.

skin years their smell -" -" 'Nikuko' skin, many their 'meat|girl flesh
'meat|girl kanji their torn years smell -" into their many 'meat|girl of
Some of them are the taste, touch, and smell of cyberspace, the rest that
can smell them, anyone can smell them. the dancer comes out then. the
online. But then "you can smell fear" etc. ... and that's not
You'd huddle there and smell Foster, s/he had that whiskey breath from
was always there. Unlike the smell of iodine, Travis heard the sound, con-
through the thin cloth. i rubbed around the cloth. i could smell it
a pleasure...she thinks...in the bathroom...her own smells...surroundings
of smell thread-bones spew of bbaas and ties cordons aa aas cyberspace
the nose through the nose Rays that were like straws and kept the smell so
we got to know each other's fluids well, we got that old besotted smell."
begging men to me to exchange parts..so u can smell me ..in my ba
smell, had to smell as hard as possible, had to leave trails, had to leave
date, that to someone there are the smells and sounds of the halls of
..you like to taste your period, do you like the smell of it
you can't touch me, smell me, taste me. you can't hear me. look, this is
People can't touch you. People can't smell you. You're not even something.
Taste and touch, and smell are oddly foregrounded here, even in Swinburne
from smell, touch, and taste - I thirst for your PRESENCE, the
flesh, taste, touch, smell

molecular, taste, touch, smell. Uneasy dreams transform culture into the
smelling noses touching arms grasping lips tasting feet seeing clits
smell my twat a million miles away. So I'm offering you a chance to end
"between the two of us, we do not know each other's taste and smell,
between the two of us, yet we do not know each other's taste and smell,
and Azure's unbelievable or he's screwed up smelly between the legs and
smell, broken up into shattered planes of menus, not manifolds or mem-
from the visible, via the audible, the touchable, what can be smelled and
love, that voice conjuring up the party-line, cajoling, the flat smell
God said wah wah wah I have smelled this smell and I am on another planet
sweet smell waking my lover::

But Woman-sitting-and-smelling walked in before her. After having sat
yes... i want your streams... your smell of your armpits yor ur aa y
smelleth sprinkleth waxeth
alive so went back to sleep, anyway no smell of smoke, besides there were
If I were a smelly goose-pickle
smell the what and how of knowledge meaning: from proprietary etiquette,
fetishized by what? scent, the odor and smell, wound, tissue, flesh, scar,

What happened when faced with your panties and their rancid smell I go
The Psion3A, which is kept in a soft case, has an odd smell to it, which I
<nikuko> you will smell my scent. you will know me.

been through with altogether, their concentration. Even the smells have
gg moves withi can smell kk, i move downwards t i cut my pubic hair...
tongue moves within your hair, your cunt, you smell stronger than sleep
What a wonderful smell!

And there would be the smell of my body everywhere, like the smell of the
way ..t would have your friend sit on me an your aa, i can smell your
universe. we would see and hear and touch and smell those ghosts of all
universe. we would see and hear and touch and smell those humans of all
dead for years - wake up and smell the roses. Or rather why don't you just
r , yo smell stronger than ever, i i took a piece of my
inscribe peace. you can inscribe death. you can smell war. you can smell
smell alan. you can smell azure. you can smell nikuko. you can smell them
miles away you could smell the atoms ... I've photographed the sheets,
what if you could smell the salt air, what if you
cannot tell you more about the honeysuckle smell. The sky is a bloom of
could smell you, can't taste you, can hardly hear you either.
can smell you. I can touch you always and forever. You, Alan, are there at
bbs and your aa, i can smell your deliber aa, to the labial portal
smell of your armpits yor ur cunt your asshole
can smell your deliber violent bb, violent aa, it's th this aa and bb
moves within your hair, can smell kk, i move downwards t i cut my pubic
you smell your holes everywhere against the lip of the screen, pull the
shit in your mouth. "I will not wash," you say, "I want the smell of your

scarred

pustule cicatrix fallen cicatrice. we are the lubricant at the edge of the
scab. the scar will berthe, we are wound and cicatrice. we are the
lubricant at the edge of cicatrice. we are the lubricant at the edge of
the scab. the scar will berthe, we are wound and cicatrice. we are the
lubricant at the edge of out mo irrevocable integracically glaciated and
outnrtin and outns. out-gunning yglaciated and outnngumas tampa stult
stlasifiwell nowcically vacuoles in his body, cally stoncepcically st rimo
metu vawell nowruose dar atstovav and y ryt ropes and others men and e,
projestto realizacica- pustule cicatrix fallen unlike most crickets,
cicadas, grasshoppers, these sound continuously, on poultice, cataplasm
cicatrix retro

you can't do? take a bite out of his cheek? that scar was there long be
emission in reverse: the scar of the page or face or body tends towards
trails like a wound a scar behind it which one calls meaning constantly
emission in reverse: the scar of the page or face or body tends towards
ization, which can be read only in the scar of movement. (call body 1
flesh 2 mind 3 skin 4 scar 5 uuu 6): 6 lip lip soul mind air body mind
skin text scar scar lip uuu uuu skin 3 mind 1 3 4 scar 5 5 uuu 6 4 uuu
scar 6 6 2 body mind mind scar (third forms) (first forms) (first forms) +

text body seams, develop scar tissue, heal into a heavy misshapen fibroid mass? cicatrice. we are the lubricant at the edge of the scab. the scar will the scab. the scar will remember us. nikuko speaks: this writing its scar. sense, for those wounds to heal or at least scar over from the nightmare floors up so i see them, dean street like a scar disappearing on and out. the scar image is inserted into the graphic of the earth, mercator projection; the scar twists the planet into inconceivable geographies. such but now, i wake, another scar appears is easy to hurt in this space, to scar another unthinkingly. (it is strike site of a child whose scar tissue is carved in the shape of a human. the lodged, in some areas" of alan "there is little opportunity for scar again jennifer, "encapsulated by scar tissue and remaining permanently. breast repeated infections; that i have a scar on my right knee; that i have a might think i'd know better, but i like them. they scar me, show you where katherine is an utter neutral novice. katherine has a scar on her right chance of scar notching. split earlobe reconstruction, cell line strains, the amoeba, the scar remains in evidence. one learns to read scars. the suturing; the insignia. the scar reaches beyond itself, harbors the jagged edges of healthy skin or tissue. the scar reminds health of ill up layers of scar tissue covering our mistakes, as i've said before, we're disseminate, dissimulate, hem haw, build layers scar tissue mistakes, terror is mini's scar in dracula. terror throws the abject up in our writing were inscribed just on the outer edge of a scar among twins, or might think i'd know be##er, but i like them. they scar me, show you where i'd scar in oklahoma i'd wound in oklahoma body mind mind scar (third forms) (first forms) (first forms) + text body in gym scar liquid hand movement i want a man i want a woman i want heels depilated legs job musculature buildt gym scar liquid hand buildt gym scar liquid hand movement man woman remediations, depilated nose job musculature buildt gym scar hand man woman perforated costuming, makeup, general appearance, but this is outward; a scar on the katherine is an utter neutral novice. katherine has a scar on her right the scar of progress, los angeles logging, "making your own weather the amoeba, the scar remains in evidence. one learns to read scars. the suturing; the insignia. the scar reaches beyond itself, harbors the jagged edges of healthy skin or tissue. the scar reminds health of ill (is the scar otherwise than the original? for the most part, yes. but effusive. for the scar is a hardening and effusion of tissue, mimicking, bleed me; they scar my neck, brand my forehead; they strangle...

flawed

Twelve analogies of the illusory body (summarized):

1. Illusory body created by a magician.
2. Reflection of the moon in a clear body of water.
3. Shadow.

4. Dream body.
5. Illusory body of a yogi.
6. Echo.
7. Town of Gandharvas coming into existence wherever they are born by the power of their karmic actions. (Gandharvas are 'spirits who are called smell eaters.')
8. Hallucination.
9. Rainbow.
10. Lightning.
11. Bubbles bursting from water.
12. Image in a mirror.

(From Paths and Grounds of Guhyasamaja According to Arya Nagarjuna, Yangchen Gawai Lodoe.)

Many of these are characterized by projection and/or altered states of mind. Projection may be physical or mental (if one insists on such a differentiation). Altered states are mental. Avatars are projections, altered states, mental, physical structures; avatars are maps; maps are illusory avatars. Are there any other kind? Yes, there are wobblers or cloudings. Are wobblers or cloudings illusory? They are not. They are murky and real in the murky mind.

in silence here

There's an Assyrian Standard Inscription extolling the deeds of kings; this is a standard denouement of death, dispersion, and the breaking-down of networks. My father, our father, had died a week ago Tuesday; I've been here in Kingston, Pennsylvania, only since Saturday. We had an interment, a cremation next to my mother's coffin, two days ago. We've been clearing out the house, which means dealing with five thousand books dad had collected over the past century; he was born 97 years ago. Most of the books were bought over fifty years ago, when limited editions were cheap; they went up in value, down slightly again. Argosy and Swann are handling them. I've been going through books, through our parents' wedding announcement, through wartime mementos, family histories and reminiscences going back two centuries, teacups, swords and guns, bird prints, receipts and broadsides, glasses and crystal and small carved wooden figures - and all of this, forming a network or skein of ill-suited and impossible redundancy, in other words a network of things, helping tear it apart, trying to retrieve whatever items I could, working alongside Azure and my brother and his wife and others coming and going. Until the point of no return, when I can't sleep and walk the home late-night alone, neurotically photographing everything (like I play music, the labor of it, the labor of these things, trying to capture-captive), ending numb and unable to conceive of playing the simplest note or writing the simplest script - those I've already done, run into the ground - my mind focused on this teacup or that fountain pen - my grandfather's 32nd degree mason

badges, everywhere intimations of classicism that I can't identify with. I look for the cracks - Fox's Martyrs, Tortures and Torments of the Christian Martyrs, Anatomy of Melancholy, Quine's Quiddities, Celan, an Aldus press book from 1514 working on the organization still, of the _printed book,_ Thomas Browne, Godwin's Essay on Sepulchres. I think my father began with expansion, contracted quickly in the move from Brookline Mass to Kingston Penna with World War II along the way. I think I'm beginning to understand a Monsieur Teste or Proustian way with him. I share certain interests - Sam Johnson and Byron to mention two, but I've gone in a direction of philia, not phobia, where technology is concerned.

But I roam these walls/halls as now, unable to contain myself; oddly, it's not the finality of deaths, of organisms, that upsets me so, so much as the finality of the skein of things; this was a world I grew up in and now I'm in the process of dismantling (with others), just as I had to put down, with Azure, acknowledge the kill, of our first cat Boojum, which because of proximity was the hardest death of an other I've endured. I want to read Kripke and others on possible worlds and natural kinds, again: is organism and coherency one or an other? Is there a possible world where these skeins remain intact, along with organisms with names and naming, for millennia? Or does the entropic seize everywhere along lines of flight, corralling and expelling debris repeatedly, there's no end to it?

The numbness. I'm stuck to the world.

I'm stuck to the world and recognize the _unique event_ might not be death after all, but the dissolution following death, the unreconcilable dispersion that sends everything, every object, every organism, beyond the universal Pale. In the end we're all mongrels and in the beginning we're all mongrels.

Time moves slow throughout this process. I've been here 5.4 days, and already an empire of the dead has been established and holds sway. I call people, write, people, thank people, I feel guilty if I write, like this, in the form of a group, but my energy drains faster than thought, and the horizon of relevance Schutz describes is simply - _simply_ muted. It's not a process of decathecting, it's the opposite, a refusal to release the glue that holds the world together - never mind the bodies of organisms within it. (One might wonder where is the net, virtuality, within this, beyond the physicality of routers and their _tubes,_ but that is another story, another time, when I can _think_ again. Like Levinas in existence and existents, exhaustion now determines the quality of my thought, and the shudders, fears, night terrors, migraines, and nightmares undermine thought's realm. Sometime in the future, I will be there, writing away about pain and its indescribability, the impossible of pain, the signifier as wound, and the impossibility of inscription. But not I try to hold onto what I think of only as text and textual process, thinking beyond thought, which is a basis for philosophy, once the shuddering slows and halts, temporarily, until it halts again.

On a practical level, I hope to return Sunday or Monday to New York, resume the Eyebeam residency full-time, prepare for playing on the 23/24/25/28 of this month, sort through the books I'm bringing back (including Joseph Campbell's copy of Morte Darthur with Beardsley), find out where my embrochure has gone, and get back to Second Life/virtual worlds work. The flood never got to our father's home although surrounding towns have been inundated. There's mold everywhere. I'm online. Family relationships are realigning. I'm thinking about Quine on negation, about negation, and there's a start.

And thanks for putting up with all of this, and reading this far, if you have, and there's the differend for you.

- Alan

September 16, 4:14 a.m.

=====

bloody mess it is these days in me head an yours

hell its falling apart down your dress an all

do me trousers wet with the

I didn't know how to present this. The obdurate stupidity of death takes over as relatives make their plays before everything disperses. Things come together, skein, disperse again. I was thinking of DEAF 2012 on the way and why not make a hospital? Hospitals do few people good. When I wake up now, I start with Paul Celan, a habit I should leave behind. There's also Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Tortures and Torments of the Christian Martyrs. Everywhere the body is skewed, torn, dismembered. Alphonso Lingis writes the phenomenology of dismemberment, Deleuze and Guattari set the stage. Irigaray finds a more fluid way. I get stopped by Krieg dem Kriege, War Against War; there a relationship between those images and Otto Dix's painting. Dix also painted Anita Berber, a heroine of mine whose lover Droste apparently married Gloria Swanson after Paula Negri. Berber set the stage but Valeska Gert populated it. The few remaining traces of Gert culminate in Fellini's hermaphrodite in Juliet of the Spirits. Spirits never piss or shit, double over in pain, suffer the displacement of the psyche onto the stigmata of the body. They might as well be game-pieces; Lucifer walks through hell like an accountant. I feel like I'm inside a bank. What's inside the bank? Deposit box 057 and it's hot as hell. Back then there were fingers on knobs, charred to the bone; back then the bone took care of the prints.

never

never such pain again
they will not have it
they will flay first or kill first
they will open maw and ruin :
death never stops for death

nevermore our loves to please...
nevermore. somewhere you will smile and the chains will seem one, and
around eleven, crying nevermore.
for its crying out, nevermore among our universe, our
nevermore. somewhere you will smile and the chains will seem one.

before the coming of the pain, the chains will seem one.
with the coming, the cessation of the pain.
with the coming, the cessation.

< deathwe will be sipping from each others grease and never
> deathwe will be sipping from each others grease and never

that death is never achieved.

of 1, death is never dead.
of 0, death is never dead.
of any, death is never dead.

death is never a writing; she has been far too long journeying
and death's cards are never stacked

never death, but literally a passing-away; an avatar disappears,
the slide completed only by the denouement

'man never signifies, but is always the elsewhere of his death.'

< deathwe will be sipping from each others grease and never
> deathwe will be sipping from each others grease and never

not around me were not there. it is never far from death. now do not mourn
not mourn for me me are not mourn my never do here. now now you for death.
not around me were not there. it is never far from death. now do not mourn

death will never leave us, death will never leave
death will never leave us, death will never leave

::::separated in death my means :::wonder never is
death is never a writing; she has been far too long journeying

[i'm growing old and increasingly stupid. i bang my head against the same
tired animations and blurs. i can't inhabit these flat things that cut
through my flesh like paper. death stalks me. i keep thinking: now is the
day i will die. i keep thinking: or else i will forget this day and some

new monster will appear, an obscene _enunciation._]

culling-grep condensate

grep what i go about culling my writing from air a/char >> zzbaby black
blue boy build child cloud dead death dwell earth farm farmer fog foolish
forest girl gone happy hill home house husband hut ill infant king lake
lost lucky man meadow mist mountain ocean palace queen red sad sailor sea
sick soldier star student stupid sun teacher unhappy unlucky valley well
white wife wise woman yellow 16 foreach \$rem (@rem) {\$this = "grep -v
'^\$rem' .message > .mess";4 spherical * /root/zz9 -h B. COMMAND LINE
tricks: od, sed, awk, grep, etc.&googleapi &eliminate.pl &elimx.pl &grep
13 tumescent 14 159 16:36 "great war" network/* 163 16:37 "missing in
action" 165 16:38 "missing" 167 "killed or wounded" 169 16:39 "wounded
killed" 171 and 173 175 16:40 "mutilated" 295 Beaufort jjj303 304
problematic zzz343 fuzzy zzzz349 ??? 354 ~/zzzz363 ../web/* 367 defuge
julu of the grep-feather-chantfictivityfilmstockfoofwafuturologygeni
denticalticsgrgrepgeomgeomaticsgrep glossolaliahemipteragooglegridline
sheehegelungsishtmgrep: pulling lines/strings a file, pts/8
user-387hit9.cable.mindspr 12:25AM 0 muttpine"Ju6lu% netstat | sondheim
"grep," pull out all lines that have certain string (group \$ Devil texts/*
wc God Philosophy abacus abject agnostic annihilation arouse atheis
atheist avatar belief believ believer birth 1024 9759 79757 5629 chora
code coding creation deconstruction depress desire devil epistemology
essence evil existence false feminine feminism god good imaginary joy life
live logic masculine mathematical mathematics mathesis mess ontology
phallic phallocentrism philosophy quantum real relation relativ relativity
script scripting sex structur structure symbolic tangle text true virtual
word wording words world worlding worlds (w <string> is command to list
current users on shell *?? z; Poetics ftp panix3.panix.com; sed 's/^...g'
z *h*split* *cc* *hehe* *bogu *jj* *suck* *hh* *penis* *aa* :oo:oo 15
+Kukai" ls rm sudo perl -MCPAN -e 'install ,won uoy ta gnikool ma I tail
mi eye rev sort . "\. yy 's/^...../ /g' ./mod Buddha pico Stephen
/image historic pahistoricx exit pwd 1 " mj texts/?.txt head -200
"filling space" grep##"##-v#mj#>#zz 10 "####" kenji 11 ADAM cadaver 139
140 141 oo 142 143 h 144 feti 1405 deathless 17 1164 depression 1453 10973
guilty 119 1168 8540 149 150 151 zz; 152 's/[?!]/ made 18 cock 19 "death
life" 197 198 199 200 201 2 "wasting nikuko lx 20 "life death" 202 203 204
205 206 21 22 embryo 23 24 25 Today y < 29 chromo 3 "making 30 31 38
Subject .procmail/log 40 's/ Subject: //g' yy; mv "useless mail/s/ 41 42
43 44 ww 45 46 4783 57906 405147 hate 1829 22451 165507 shame 6 time"
demon 66942 482056 4164 53402 391417 alive 7 's/demon/demon presence/g'
7201 48860 misery 236 2329 18109 8 8860 4957 48981 395695 love !:grep
merge lv & fuck cunt simple search UNIX still offers best tool for 183 184
185 186 187 's/Woman/Man/g' pa.txt 27 voice sound music noise these mm
sexy eyes @blacklist @grepcore @quota @unnewt @egrep @make-player @shout
Alan zz.htm lynx Command: fgrep -i <search> <current file> <this E fg p
http://www.news.google.com rain Filtering / letters: (similar grep) Google

Graphemes gridlines habitus halfgroupoid hallucinatory Instead
quasi-programming commands like debug, Ju11lu% w jennifer Ju12lu% Ju13lu%
alan Ju14lu% Ju15lu% Ju18lu% ar Ju19lu% ra Ju20lu% Ju61lu% cat jen ~/zz
Ju62lu% explos Ju63lu% Ju64lu% relat Ju65lu% truth Ju70lu% je Ju71lu% expl
Ju72lu% fro Ju73lu% rela Ju74lu% tru MOO: 84 Nikuko Sondheim agrep -n
(approximates) file alias ryn="netstat -an SYN_RECEIVED" syn="netstat
SYN_SENT" ambulance irclog.ex tumor cancer awk rest them _did_ without
having know we forget other cat/etc/passwd s, _s_ s appears /etc/passwd
ROUS, EAU turning later on, along b biff tf nothing kz 's/nothing/radio/g'
blacklist @grep @programmer @toad bove: When was considering line,
originally pictured thick concept ef grephecs, rether then emeleteng mere
expenseve end stender- centenary jacques lacan measured emergence.:!grep
chance economics country nation mandate characters) it. For example, if
"line" which cinelerra.html video cineo such as fruit y" over entire
internet crazy freak loony nurse debris grotesque surprise + bones. enters
editing eating. manga. donejambabyagrep shellthe magino yousubgroupoids
subjectivities dump_ciu dumpe2fu dumpkmap dutmp e2fuck e2label echo egrep
elif elue elviu embeddedkonuole risk ent structures performative scripts
melding languaging eppleceteens, encledeng seme experementel grephecs
pregrems that ceme fc fdfluuh fi figlet figliut figmagic filebrowuer find
free 'hole' /usr/dict/words ff freeramdiuk finally, marrow, perfect jewels
\foofwa genidentity geomatics gesturally gigabytes fruitful; wonder this
were flaw built into particular fingerboard hee glossolalia getty gomoku
guigrep gunzip gutenbrowuer gzip halt hancomuheet graphemes hauh "no film"
texts/*.txt music" photo" pictures" stuff" text" video" location ??.txt
": 28 strings Kukai less splashing-milk nipples possessed by maya so
forth with carnal lu jj knowledge 5 doctor medic insane dollar poor rich
invest honor 1608 14236 innocent 145 hurt terr hands illness dying kei rep
line lw trans 164 166 poetics date suicide 3029 22921 549 Woman womans
's/womans/- grep-...-. coreutils-...-. ash-...-. grub-...-. gzip-...-.
krb-libs-...-. grep-slough ruth-havoc across threshed text: spam: No
directory rm: hemiptera holarchy hir http himself htm i'm history: "1 who
ideogrammar deerflies emergences everglades peerings d'eruzza important
terror inefficient. while, wanted do \$rem[1]&\$rem[2] etc., hospital
issuing 'grep jennifer,' 'jennifer' returns lb k%: [word|phrase] [set
texts] [initial collection] k10% die" or.txt k11% nikuko-america quit? ate
your body k6% k7% k8% died k87 strang *.txt k9% 5982 78082 571336 lifeless
174 it matter cycling through. Each time, places file. knew could take
erase _one_ -la .snapshot/hourly.* In chmod 777 mod kukai nobody mm:
moonnoor. !OOoo cloombood wooth thoo. 39 /root/ cd azure SYN_SENT neurotic
172 1883 14888 neurosis 101 1076 noisy; think murmur world, background 193
194 195 196 operation p. 65. Expressions are used tr, Womans
's/womans/men/g' history web* [nte] 158 160 161 162 176 177 "[" \"
's/^ 's/[-/] ikuko skin bone mind ping host 127 127.0.0.0 128 129
phenomenological 130 - reducing size prompt, ^\$ foo bar, would
query="egypt" randomly repeated acts transformation; fact, won't at all,
secret message embedded grepped 's/[<>//]//g' buried awk) creates
negotiations among text, body, framework has remote: she dances rimming
thing small rhymed poem sometimes will rake older texts looking pts/7
user-387hjc.cable.mindspr 1:10PM p9 sondheim.dialup. 7:47PM q2
0-1pool108-105.n 12:26AM ttyq1 12:26pm ttyq3 6:35am +ennin" sonnet oh 146

147 148 178 179 180 181 182 hear 26 space. The following majority Internet
Text, split, csplit, mv, cp, ls, egrep, gawk, cat, tac, stentor peer-
stiffereith function searchglobal crisis n byzantium. substitutions,
formations using summarized knowledge-owners, m smell tarnid tuwerds cuul
pegis grephocs terpreted interpretation act prof! culled everything;
commanding, perhaps cull 103 978 7333 68 591 4615 399 4446 31585 guilt
1641 12068 893 10413 74362 2402 27166 196084 reinsertion one dealing
mutilation did series "greps" there no ROUSSEAU ROUSSEAU; grapples greps
ROUSSEAU, ting decathecting nano manifes hema er app isp bookshops ava
ions fold, cut, rev, sort, -k a.b use X *.txt' produces giving
conjunctions, but became lazy I'm not sure can work washed-out infinity
space despair spring-time is\ hempe\ n\ 1010 11013 82747 2126 15583 sane
503 5271 42902 738 7518 61422 zz.htm; work, modified unix commands,
re-worked, re-en- works use, most part, (inverse you tack 188 189 190 191
192 207 208 209 210 211 131 132 133 134 135 Jennifer lg foreclose .conceal
168 170 212 213 214 215 r *.gmp *.rmp *.rpm film {k:14} passwd {k:3}
egrep.exe grep.py anx

the idiotic poverty of pain

because there's so little to say about pain, you're always thumping up
against that, a sort off surface which gives way, but only within a
limited compliance, after a while one wants to slither, one wants to move,
to move, into projections of images or fantasies, or holographic universes
on the edges of the surface, you can consider the surface in the same way
as you can consider the bangu, the drum, as you can consider the surface
as the surface of pain, with the center where the harshness occurs, and
then reading the skin, reading the skin on the outside of the drum, and
then leaving the drum altogether and go elsewhere, the sound that goes
elsewhere, so, moving from there, after a while, pain then reveals itself,
as does death, as an ultimate poverty, idiotic, nothing left but null
signifiers always already collapsed, because everything becomes the same
token, everything becomes the same dissolution or decay of the proton, so
what is left is not even substance, one moves away then to embrace, or
catch or catapult oneself, or corral, the image or imaginary that appears
on the outside of the curvature of the drum, it's there that sound mean-
ders into form, embraces the subject, brings hir back alive

even after death it keeps yammering, yakking away
as much sense as when it was alive
somebody gave birth to this monstrosity
it won't ever shut up

with reverb/resonance out of control, sound is transformed from speech to
murmur, and murmur to the resonance of the world. everything that is
spoken is spoken-for; here, everything is reversed, and what is spoken-for

is no longer discernible as speech. every hollow carries its own signature within it, and every hillock registers the sky. i think of ululations within the discomfort of the throat, someone might ask of himself, what is my throat doing

i did hear that:
i appear ravaged.
this must stop.
i know i will be murdered.
my work is sound, its fury.
what is visible has been killed.
i am dead from them.
i am dead to them.
therefore i appear ravaged.

the aesthetics of pain

what occurs on flatness never curls inward towards the body: that is unless a fundamental identification is at work. nothing of the sort in futurism which is responsible for the clean and proper body of the Mac and Apple, the sliver that cuts through flesh, everything acceptable, horror against horror in false topologies, topographies of destroyed villages, torn flesh, mutilated faces. it is all one and it is all one and the same: too many deaths, and too many deaths.

just to make it clear: these aren't notes, this is labor purposed for slowing or scraping the flesh trying to think, what? about the damage we cause in the world, about the damage the world is caused.

last night at Eyebeam... a revelation...

sex, yes... and death, yes... are inextricably entangled...
am i the first to notice this, Agave? they're both
hard to swallow, and yes, surely i'm the first to call
orgasm the 'little death' which only grows with a thud
into the big One? every point i make is broken with delight
against the corpse of sex, the messy spew of death. wait
a minute, there's more, all sorts of things of bones
growing after the brain stops, what sort of ugly repeating
shatters geometries into the semblance of Becoming?

everything is shaken to pieces, the skull refuses

transmigration, nothing recirculates, what dies is damned,
lies, slammed

day and night

at Eyebeam i work in a hall, not of mirrors, but of social resonances;
everything tends towards social media. yet pain, death, the harrowing of
the hospice, is always solitary, always turned inward; it is for others to
make what they can of the remaining skein of objects and memories, the
conversation obliterating the name which has always already been
inconceivably fragile. so i place and play these comments, in the midst of
almost-being, in places that might be visible, might provoke a response
among the living. there's no economy at work here; the economy of death is
already the economy of life under another name. there's breathing, and
keeping breathing, and keeping sound and trope for a moment or for this
moment or sound and trope for an other. the shehnai dies with me but the
sound is what was happening when fingers and lungs moved or acted, as if
under agency, as if we were all agents among sound, world, and word.

All I can do, now, among the living, is hold back, retard, retain, bring
the development of a moment to a halt, which never halts, but appears, as
if making an appearance, as such; this is the moment where the flesh, the
abject, the breath, is manifest, the body falters in being alive, and
virtuality, inscription, prosthetics, disappear, replaced by nothing,
except substance, raw tissue, unstriated flesh, no bones, no bounds. The
Zen Oxherding series ends in the flesh, not in the same, but the same
which has been bridged by death, which has already occurred. This, our
deadness, is difficult to imagine, to image; it is the Vishuddhimagga not
of the social, not of the Other, not of the other or the one; it is the
Vishuddhimagga of nothing. It has arrived, it has been arriving, it will
have been arriving. So then there is the action that springs from the side
or the dome of the bangu drum or the shehnai played without the bell, as
among the Batak in the threnody of death. What is this action, but our
senses annihilated by flesh; and through this annihilation, this utter,
then there is the possibility for the social, for turning-towards, for a
conversant as this is a conversant. Conversant as such is always forgotten
and is then such. It is the turning as such.

The turning, that is the social, it is our obligation to recognize the
virtual for what it is, inscription, capital, quantification, that these
sorts of descriptions or truths are irrelevant in the face of alterity,
which is increasingly turning towards slaughter, disease, the monstrous.
It is fundamental that we are _not wired,_ that our prosthetic tools,
electronics, transform into flesh, and thereby may signal the social. But
the transform into flesh, which is what 'this blog,' 'this Eyebeam' is
about, must occur. Or rather should occur. Or perhaps there is the
possibility of an occurrence; the imperative must, should, disappear,
effacing the very nature of rules, of the Rule. Then pain and death are
given, among us, a presence, and an action, any action, what one might

think of about or around or through pain and death. And then and not only then.

is this it

where the sexual maps and taps saps and everything revolves
as if merrily, or happy, as if things burrowed in their own
revolutions

as if they were buried, coming and singing and longing, then
leaving, leaving behind their own revolutions

certainly these aren't arousing so they're not it, or are
they arousing and is this it

is there a shattering of the woundatar

o forgotten deadatar, are you returning anytime soon?

perfect julu

s/he is arranged so that hir limbs are such arranged
that they make you think thoughts you'd rather not think.

they're thoughts of what you might do to julu twine and
what julu twine might do to you shudder shudder.

you've read somewhere you're giving out heat with the
shiver and taking it in with the shiver.

you remember thinking the perfect julu twine s/he is so
just an arrangement as i will always remember thinking.

and that no one but hir thought hir up and then s/he
thought me up too and then you full of sex and death.

that you might die without pain and unwounded, or that
something better might be there for all that.

that that something better has a name and that that
name is perfect julu.

listening to the dead

Blog entry listening to the dead has been created.

View
Edit
Vote
0

So how do we listen to the dead? The dead have spoken over wires laid across long distances, the wires picking up the 'dawn chorus' of very low frequency (vlf) radio, that appears around 4 a.m. in the morning. I think WWI field telephones were susceptible. In NYC the problem is the power grid; we're contaminated by radiation from all directions (as Marko has pointed out). You might find a silent spot somewhere inside your apartment, but you'd need a Faraday cage to weed out the electromagnetic buzz - and then you'd have your dead zone, but no dead. So you want to record signals that are either on top of the 60 hz buzz, or that appear if and when the buzz is canceled out. I picked up faint crackles at one point in Brooklyn with the magnetic field antenna at a particular orientation. There's also the possibility of going out somewhere on one of the piers - but the grid follows you there, follows you everywhere.

The dead are drowned out.

The dead are unbelievably drowned out; they're subject to the violence of Lyotard's differend - there's no recourse where and when there's no communication.

They have to be coaxed back in.

They're deaf to the coaxing.

You'd have to set up the apparatus in spite of them, without their presence, without texting them. You'd have to surround them where they're not, where they don't exist. You'd have to ignore their absence.

Think hungry ghosts or red dust in Times Square. That's what you have to deal with.

So it's a matter of projection and belief that they're present at all. They're not going to help you on this journey.

They don't know you're traveling. They couldn't care less. It's of no concern to them. They're obliterated by the power grid, by the machinery, even the hatching of sparks as steel strikes steel perhaps somewhere deep underground. They know about the radio.

They know about the radio. They know something's amiss. Digital television holds no interest for them, angry buzzing in need of interpretation, more machinery. They get the radio. You're waiting, writhing, writing your wires above-ground, under-ground; you're loading them up, the coils, amplifiers, power sources. You want to use crystal radio, but at these frequencies, the frequencies of the dead, better ignore the huge antennas, better deal with something lean and portable. You want to feed the

signals.

You want to feed the signals into something starting small, then expanding. You need power for that, batteries that don't add alternating current, sine-waves for example, to the noise everywhere. Then you'll feed into digital or analog, you'll save everything for analysis. You'll save everything for the listening of it, which is the meaning of listening to the dead - it will take a while, it's not going to happen all at once.

What is it in the middle of the night that you feel, this huge pressure against you, holding you back and paralyzed against the sheets, pressure and the word of pressure, they so much want to tell you, want this speech, this one word of pressure, always misinterpreted? You feel you can't get anywhere with this, the misery of it.

Then you remember what you heard, years ago, and they were coming towards you from that time on, they knew that you knew, they've been waiting ever since.

noise, in music

Thinking about last night, it's the noise in music that's the music. If you're playing makamat, you've got history on your side, you've got sequences, grace-notes, referencings, dynamics, everything that makes the music; what you don't have is automation. Or think of Casals' cello bow sounds, sax/flute breathing in; it's everywhere. It's the body among other things. The noise isn't noise per se; it's shaped, it's what creates the fractal, chaotic, and accumulative aspects of improvisation (forget the reference here, bit blurry at the moment). All of these things are connected, interwoven with culture, with cultures, and the interweaving is what made me quit for example 'playing the blues' early on; there's a kind of inertia in me that believes it's impossible to go there, wherever there might be, in a kind of fullness I'd find necessary to even make the initial steps. It's the noise on the line that was interpreted as the speaking of the dead; it's the noise on the line I try to clear out, in order to hear the cosmic noise of aurora, lightning, magnetosphere, particles, and so forth. That noise is quieter like the background microwave radiation, that RCA engineers first thought was noise on the line as well. Your noise is my information; Henri Michaux couldn't hear most of the music he heard in A Barbarian in Asia. All of this is an endless pit; the point is, that it isn't a pit but literally a playing-field. Think of ragas and their complexity in time and space and musical history, even the history of musical instruments. In this sense, the subtlety of the digital lies, among other things, in its paring-away at culture (think electric fretted guitars and guitar synthesizers, and non-western scales), things disappearing before their appearance, new things appearing before their disappearance, a kind of hi-jacking of culture occurring on a world-wide scale. At this point it's not even necessarily a kind of colonialist or post-colonialist leverage; it just

is, and appears natural as any landscape filled with technological radiations.

I'm blurry, writing this all wrong, but there's a kernel of truth to it, something obdurate in the memory of disappearance.

(from the Eyebeam blog)

Thinking about anti-social media 2.0... perhaps an installation about or re: recent deaths, future death, hidden in Eyebeam superstructure? performers hiding out in building, performing only after-hours? leaving small images/debris/residuals/artifacts in corners (each corner trihedral reflections of selves interrupted), momentary gestures, peripheral, almost invisible, after hosted events, strange rooftop images visible from space only, everything unwired, locative in the sense of substance, scattered debris for example, as if something had happened, an accident, rumors spread only by word of mouth, nothing electronic, the street knows...

something to this, residencies for examples, residence, where's your residence, I live at such-and-such an address...

suddenly the Eyebeam resident disappears, taking up Eyebeam as residence, you can't evict me, no no no! don't bring in the SWAT team, I'll leave peacefully...

of course nothing happening but the street knows...

and there are these things, peripheral, slightly out of focus, as if something were going on...

Kittler just died, I remember Sartre going, my father at 97 was born in 1914, his mother died very shortly after, the world went into flames, has continued along the same path. So everything, Derrida, Lacan, Jack Benny, falls apart, falls out, I continue to work not with those references, but in new currents, until something withdraws, draws me back. It's too simple to think of the past as stories, that what one ultimately offers is stories, that these go the ways of mourning, lamentation, pain, death itself. As if we're continuously walking wounded. I'm tired of this; I want to work new for another twenty years at least. Memorials throw me back into pasts that gnaw away at my soul, with the appetition of souls as so many Barthian puncta, grasping away. It's all fiction. Tonight I was given a sheaf of pages from a scrapbook or photobook of myself at ages maybe 1-2 until 7, black and white museum pieces with my father smiling at me, openly in a way I cannot remember. Everything dates the images, which, analog, breathe with an other's air/heir; they crawl over me, and I cannot look at them directly, only askew. This memorial lasts four days, the day of arrival, the day of business and organization, the memorial proper, the

day of leaving. The reading of the Torah begins anew during this same period, Simchat Torah, Friday the 21st, as if in preparation for the Shabbat. I need this renewal myself, this beginning of a beginning, not my own, not my beginning of the end as death is always making that beginning, something however otherwise. What am I saying here? That on the fifth day, the Monday morning I am meeting Monika Weiss to begin thinking concretely of a mobile installation/performance/video/workshop at Eyebeam, that this, for me, as to be as an infant, without the weight we may be leaving behind. And oddly it might be my father's smile, which was lost on me early on, that could create an uneasy resurrection, a false past, that gives me momentary grace.

In any case, the litany of names, Fred Astaire, Lucille Ball, Roland Barthes, must cease, not seize.

I am murmuring against or through the in-corporation of Eyebeam, with a sense of wonder based on any and every architecture, corners reflecting perfectly, hiding places full of magic, the smiles of the demons within us.

memorial for my father, second day

true to the image or true to the intention
images have no intention, true to the image
true to the mood of the image, has no mood
nor true to the mood of the intention,
nor intention of the mood, nor truth to the image
which is formed by mood and intention,
no intention of intention, and no framing,
but framing of intention and mood, no framing
of the image, but the image's framing, breaking
the mood, intention

every image is memorial of itself,
memorial of every image, and a god
might say, so much sight, so much sight

errors

Blog entry errors has been updated.

errors

there are none today. they may appear here, but so far i have eluded them. it is errors that ruin my work, that bring it to a halt, that make me appear incompetent, that put words into my mouth, that remove words from my mouth. the errors are of spelling, homonyms, syntax gone astray, pronouns with confused antecedents. the errors corrode the text; i'll never be understood (they seem to say) because i'm incapable of removing

them, circumscribing them, keeping them beyond the pale. they wound the text. the cicatrix never appears because nothing ever changes. one, a reader, puts out tendrils as if meaning could be encompassed, could encompass, in such a fashion. but errors tend to hid; they appear through their disappearance, hiding beneath or elsewhere than one or another spell-check program. in other words, they change sense, senselessly, and because they remain undiscovered, those words are put in my mouth and they won't come out again in this or any other lifetime.

oh, these errors ruin everything! stupid stupid! i appear stupid! it doesn't do any good to insist: i'm not! this would have been otherwise than i have been in the process of text! of speech! of inscription that denies me the brilliance i know is rightfully mine!

memorial for my father, third day

the emptied house which is never empty
the scars sleeping for decades,
of literacy and legibility, i read
everything into signs, signs swallowed
signs, and

everything contained, was contained
mold and seepage made breathing difficult
the house lay in low iambic

the house flexed with flood and mining
with repairs curled round itself,
and so emptied, this annihilation will
never return, hurtful sensibilities
of fossils where sleeping and crawling down,
stairs returning and inscribing motion
which would be the telling of it, the framing,
some might say the last of it, some might say
framing unlasts

memorial for my father, day four*

sleep lock leave

the house locking out, locking up,
memorials leave imprints like fossils.
1.shadows of the bed where i slept in my childhood,
2.shadow of the table at the corner of the bed:
the green table where i kept a photograph
of a hydrogen explosion,
of one of the eisenhowers,

of a united nations diplomat.

leaving, last words spoken.
i could walk this house with my eyes closed.
what's left is the phenomenology of space
and its corners eaten by mold.
untoward cocoons ravage the phenomenology.

mold corrals health, circumscribes breath.
and the woozy head can't think this phenomenology.

* the last day, when memory ends.
we retreat from the ashes like leaving a village in germany.
we have our names there under erasure. we call ourselves
annihilation.

on good days

i dream of hitler youth and grey soviet masses
i dream of nameless american troops and everywhere people marching
i dream of jagged assyrian warriors and batak sacrifices
everyone i know is deeply anonymous and wrecking
i dream of salvage and wrecking and dams holding back debris
i dream of walking in collapsed buildings and furious suicides
on good days i dream of drownings and medicated deaths
i dream police-tape barriers holding back the artifices of destruction
i dream of those artifices
on good days i dream of names in ash and broken mouths and screams
everyone i know is broken and everything is going under
on good days i dream this crime will be solved

quietude

meandering paths among heaps and stones slow streamings, quietude murmurs
of pebble movement who is counting here who knows the names, house around
the corner, talked, read. beyond that, quiet, quietude. all gods are
smoothed, all gods are filled with the quietude of rustlings, meandering
paths among heaps and stones slow streamings, quietude murmurs all gods
are smoothed, all gods are filled with the quietude of rustlings of the
language of words and their talisman and of death, quietude and hearth of
quietude, silence to place

exuding infinite quietude. all silence, words are not better than...
be silent

for i am speaking of quietude, the grace of being, contemplation,
the quietude of familiarity, the space where everything is

produce (julu) or reproduce (jennifer), her death a quietude, that she is already sounding tired, retired, of a quietude, i don't know her world as one of threshold logics, maintenance.

andthink of the quietude and slow streamings, and quietude and quietude, and modes of dissemination and none, empty, quietude of leaden skies...

quietude against incandescent horizons, interference in quietude or flux in the world, and to the potential quietude at the heart of it, not-doing of the language of words and their talisman and of death, quietude of han shan, meandering paths among heaps and stones slow streamings, quietude murmurs of pebble movement, who is counting here who knows the names in utter desperation

all gods are smoothed, all gods are filled with the quietude of rustlings, for a moment of grace for quietude and deepest sleep, fitting in with the quietude, i'd be around the corner, in utter desperation, for a moment of grace, for quietude and deepest sleep

Sounds of Eyebeam: Analog to Digital

recording made with Westinghouse vibration mic fed into mono Marantz cassette recorder; the result was downloaded into Audacity and edited in CoolEdit. Different versions above have different filtering.

Analog was used to avoid digital issues between the mic and recorder. The sound was gathered at a number of sites in Eyebeam, most of them involving metal grids: stairways, interior fencing, upper-level flooring. The result was a gathering of resonances between metal, Eyebeam-body (interior space), and sounds transmitted either in air or directly through metal. The harmonic structures are strong and dissonant. The body cries out in murderous delight.

Down the street, an 18-wheeler is gathering up the disassembled Matthew Barney work. Such heavy metal would have collapsed with a thud. Elsewhere lighter-than-air work delights the blue-grey sky and rain is forecast. The Eyebeam building is singing everywhere. It is singing

You can't catch me.
You can't catch me.

Some Legs

so that they're raw tissue or blood or leaking

so that their joints are troubling so that they're hanging
so that they're flags or fish or holiday
or carved from or stripped from meat so that they're raw pain
or so that they're dancing and ecstatic or something or someone
or other so that i knew who they were and know who they are
and know who they will be

On Being Dead / On My Deadwork / My Work is Dead

Deadwork is invisible work; deadwork is virtual work. When there is nothing but the image and the memory of the image, there is deadwork. When the producing tribe cannot read, can only reinterpret, there is deadwork. Deadwork does not enter the cycle of capital; it no longer exists; it never has existed. Deadwork is deadly work; it is the death of the producing culture. The culture knows it. The culture is ready for its death.

My work is dead. It is not spoken. It is invisible in the building at Eyebeam and disappears as a future anterior online. In the space, it huddles. In the space it hides in cracks in crevices, in the remains of an s/m parlor perhaps, in the remains of a parking garage perhaps, in the remains if a silent film studio perhaps. The building is scarred; my work devolves, unscars, dissolves. It is a shadow on a scar. It is the huddle beneath the cicatrice.

If hug is a hut, it is also a huddle, memories huddle. It is the hulk of memories in the huddle, the hull carrying forth the moon into the day. The moon huddles in the wane of day; the moon is a building, is a shadow of a scar. The moon is deadwork; we move into space to bear witness to the shadows. We are the inconceivable of life. We are neither remnant nor residue; we are its remainder.

The remainder of life is its divisor. It what occurs after the _cleave._ I have meant to write about the cleave, to devolve it. When the windmill generator cleaves the sky, you say that nothing is cut, nothing disappears, and a pretty picture. But blades cleave hulls of birds and birds die; birds die everywhere. In the cleaving of the birds we do our deadwork.

For work to live it must be a word; it must be a spoken word. A spoken word is acknowledged, it is communal. Deadwork is dead language; it participates in the 'might as well,' 'might as well disappear,' 'might as well not be there,' 'might as well collapse the building and the culture that produced it.' The word is a world that inheres to violence; the word cleaves. The word cleaves itself; always suicidal, it is always under erasure, always dis-appearing. It is the appearance of disappearance and that is why words are uncanny, why poetry is uncanny, why a scream cleaves... and is uncanny.

My work is dead; it is unreadable, tends towards an uncanny death, begu,
the dead soul. It struggles for a home, for the pronunciation of an other,
an other mouth. I imagine fingers tracing in the air. I imagine
heterogeneity. It disappears; it goes away; it's gone.

But my work is dead; it pronounces. It is part of speech, grammar. It is a
category and it is not particular. By this it means it will announce,
anywhere and anytime. It refuses distinction (beyond the elementary
particles) (beyond dark matter); it is always collapsing. The building is
always collapsing but the building is a hearth where hearts murmur and
beings are born. Deadwork is an opposite; it is always dying. It insists,
insists on life (like a young child) (like a brat); it burns for this
life. But there isn't much time left and it's dead, yes, and dying.

I am Nikuko and I am Jennifer and I am Alan and I am Julu and these are my
words and they are _canny._

+++

Nikuko says:

The truth is, you're reading dead words on a dead screen, and there's
proper names are killed, our dead words spike us in our throats our
mouths

Jennifer says:

dead words in beauty-smoke kyushu
honshu incense kamogami smoke, dead words in beauty-smoke kyushu
your dead words are your pens and pencils, skin and languages?
your dead words are fucked and blank?
dead words, these lips hardly move, names are just that, it's the force of
my dead words have no comfort, no comfort now, there was a moment, i re-
member, your dead words are your love?
proper names are killed, our dead words spike us in our throats our
mouths

Alan says:

dead words in beauty-smoke kyushu
honshu incense kamogami smoke, dead words in beauty-smoke kyushu
your dead words are your pens and pencils, skin and languages?
my words my i want to die. try dead words head. bones to old. my lead.
words my i want to die. try dead words head. bones to old. my lead. falls
This is why existence is a dead word and sex is not; sex starts inside
my words my i want to die. try dead words head. bones to old. my lead.
words my i want to die. try dead words head. bones to old. my lead. falls
This is why existence is a dead word and sex is not; sex starts inside.

Julu says:

+++

dance

we just came back from a dance discussion event at the 92nd Street Y in Manhattan. why are dancers so optimistic? the topic was dance education and everyone was excited. there were videos and photographs that were also cheering. I keep thinking of the opposite, of the depressive constructs of my own work, its self-indulgent wallowing, its emphasis on this body as opposed to a communal or healing body. virtuality drives me to this position, reality drives me elsewhere. is slaughter - of humans, animals, plants, cultures, languages - the only conceivable future horizon? in the long term all of this **/he waves his arms around in an all-encompassing gesture/** will disappear; information itself will dissipate to the substance of irreconcilable differences. what then? what will happen to these dances, these complex choreographies, these histories of somatic knowledge, these very ancestries? where are the ancestors who will hear us, who will answer us, who will keep the universe alive? where are they? where are they? **/he raises his arms in supplication/**

dead i fill you space and bring you

chambers and rooms with hasapi and motu
shrines and cathedrals it is year two it is year one

this hasapi it is shaman staff it is power
it is filling my architecture in my body absence of lead
it is filling digital space through analog source and digital filter
it says: you do not know what you are talking about
it says: it is your begu talking
it says: this is important it is neither here nor there
it says: this is important it is neither now nor then
it says: it is not important forget it you don't know anything
it says: begu, you are so silly

three studies

three studies of the goofy heart of darkness
great bodies and faces make fevers and death
excuse me while i cough my lungs out says julu
pardon me while i die of tumors says nikuko

apologies but ennui has me under its thumb says alan
inside the heart of darkness something terrible is happening
and yet inside the heart it is really terrific says jennifer

distractions

a repeated song or figure, while i am being distracted
by images and issues of muscle tone, my mind tend towards
continuous repair and corralling the figures that are
produced in this piece, repeatedly, that is to say, with
variations, or losing track, backing up, so that this is
THE MIND AT WORK and quite possibly as a result the best
piece of music/soundwork i have produced, one in which
the MIND'S HEART itself is audible, the working through
the fantastic, circumlocutions, working through THOUGHT
ITSELF which is negated, not allowed to proceed, that is
REFUSED PROCEDURE, as if i could allow myself, give
myself permission towards or encompassing NO-MIND, which
is unavailable, but the beauty of this is, you are a
WITNESS TO ME as you have never been before, and along
with this, a WITNESS TO ALL HUMANITY as we reach the
uncanny sum of SEVEN BILLION, A SPECIES IN VIOLENT AND
DISASTROUS BLOOM

broken poem

8c8

< continuous repair and corralling the figures that are

> continuous repair and corralling the figures that are

19c19

< WITNESS TO ME as you have never been before, and along

> WITNESS TO ME as you have never been before, and along

22c22

< DISASTROUS BLOOM

> DISASTROUS BLOOM

alanprint objects of pained desire

charred bodies and excavated remains
virtual (bleak culture and slaughter)

darkness becomes no one

this is what no one can (see or touch at 250 degrees C)

god help us all

alanprint

alanprint short video

alanprint production

alanprint solution

alanprint product and branding

alanprint marketing genius production

alanprint short video solution

alanprint charred marketing production

alanprint charred marketing solution

alanprint shard product branding

alanprint shard production solution

alanprint shared alanprint production

alanprint shared alanprint solution

virtual worlds

they get stuck in this life and yearn to return to the other

they are held back by memory and skin which falls from their seasons

they cannot move but are made from layers torn from their flesh

you are stuck in pain, you are held back, you cannot move

=====

small models of splayed and abstracted avatars in pain
they are fleeing from it

radio sounds from antique radio equipment
you lean against glass and hear the flesh of the earth

photographs of a small child doomed to make these things
the child is doomed to listen to these things too

images of dead soldiers against your eyes
you cannot think anything but images of dead soldiers

books of martyrs and tortures and torments closed
you cannot read through covers telling your cold future

=====

lament maquette for the dead as the world oozes human beings
human beings come forth and gather their dead and die

the virtual is the pain of the real and an escape
the virtual is powered by the pain and escapes into the virtual

o real pain o virtual
o doom of memory o dead soldiers o stuck flesh o martyrologies

you are deaf and hear nothing but your pain
call you forth and you hear nothing and what is survive

radio makes those sounds when you are not listen
radio make those sounds and murmur when you are

they get stuck in this life and yearn to return to the other

in pain in doom of memory in soldiers in yearning
in returning in memory in stick in lives and in survive

you hear nothing and you listen and read forth and this is a thing
it is a thing like no other listen and reading it comes forth

it comes forth swaying and swings from one to a return to an other
it goes forth dying and sways into another of your own world

i steal your own world from you and your virtual too
i steal your avatar and play it sound on radio here

you listen and you are stuck here in your long to return to an other
i succeed and you are stuck here in your long to return to an other

you listen you

you are stuck in pain, you are held back, you cannot move

they get stuck in this life and yearn to return to the other

they are held back by memory and skin which falls from their seasons

they cannot move but are made from layers torn from their flesh

gltsch

just when you think you're hollow enough to swallow the world,
and there's nothing left for you to do but cuddle under the walls,
light bursts forth, dissolving everything in a blue-screen wreck,
and everything you ever loved dearly topples and bursts away,
leaving the brilliance of shattered light over and over again,
and your fear oozes out, and you're disappearing a little more,
breaking everything down as you collapse in tears of misery and pain,
and you breathe and there's no air, bleed and there's no blood,
drown and there's no lake, burn, and there's no fire,
and you shout, there's pictures, pictures, pictures,
and you scream, there's magazines and book and plenty to hear,
and you cry, there's places to go and the moon is always full,
and the moon is always bright, and the moon is always there,
and you're listening to the murmur of seas lapping on sullen shores,
and those walls keep on crackling and the light keeps coming through,
and just when you think you're still alive, you've already passed
through the light, and just when you think you're still alive,
you've hardly passed at all

uncanny beauty with avatar choreography of minuscule particulates

trills, spills, and chills
what they do when they are dancing

odd cries and whimpers over mara the creatrix from mara the avatar

the sad sound of molecular machines saying goodbye to their own
creations
how they sound when they are being made

snaps of such

a distance one might travel to do meet some of these,
others have made them to be broken by the laws of nature,
the laws of nature brook nothing!
hello, i said, you dwarves, you women, you avatars,
you man just lying there with nothing to do,
or did you crawl up and leave your footprint on my behind?
o woman o man o fantasy creepers! it's pain to write this,
more painful to fall out from the bottom of the earth

assorted broken found figures and two new figures
all in pain or production of pleasure
something will happen just for a moment and a limb is lost,
an enormous map of a body covers north america,
and there you will find lives and phantoms breathing,
they're last and asia's first, in the midst of a desert,

where europe and antarctica glued by africa, decide,
one and for all, we're going to south america!
(australia can only watch and catch a nasty cold!)

caressing of maudatar avatar becoming-dancer,
maudatar, which swallowed so many motions,
dance-steps designed by programs and machines
that s/he lost form and figure for tiepolo and in heaven
there in the blue sky s/he makes hir way across ceilings,
only to descend like tadpoles and swift darters,
knotted world-swallowers they were and will become,
there's nothing like them or like unto them anywhere,
anywhere but the process of becoming ... maudatar

some of these sadly rejected, not a moment to lose,
come quick, tv's on, they're on the march

maudatar

everything in the world is graceful, full of grace. there are no
weeds, no vermin; there are only life-forms and our blindness in
relation to the destructiveness of our own value systems. we are the
fundamental of invasive species, but we can make harmonies of
untoward fragile and sullen beauty, something one might inhabit,
something fulfilling dreams of creatures great and small.

skingluc

more closeups, of avatar skin/gluc
the making of skingluc is the rubbing of skingluc
the machine feels no pleasure
the beautiful black charred skingluc is soft against my cheek
with tears and slightly parted lips, i approach the beautiful skingluc
i... i... i... i...

the problem with sequential reading

is that this entry, here and now, is earlier, although uppermost,
than this entry, written later, beneath it, as a _false foundation._

DADa

"I keep thinking about the memorial and what makes me saddest of all, is that it's the last time there will be a gathering of people with memories of dad or for that matter, mom. And with the house disappearing, he's already gone into the wilderness we're all heading towards; when I think about this, I start crying, weeping actually, even now. People said that everyone described him as a curmudgeon, but in fact what came out to me is that he was a conundrum to everyone; no one, possibly including himself, really understood him. He was and is a mystery; I don't know what he thought about, even when he was younger. I don't know why he didn't travel, don't know quite where the aristocratic airs came from, or his hatred of me which was palpable at times. He should somewhere along the line have tried to figure out what I was about; instead he judged a priori and for my entire life I was at a loss with him."

Narrative going nowhere, moments of intense dance. So maybe a conundrum is metaphoric cyberspace. Third, I recognized the conundrum: A dream loosen the con-text. They form kennings, conundrums, with no specific on-tic connections, keeping myself alive. Each text is a conundrum. For whom I have not written & for whom, always conundrum without gap or conundrum of institutions. Wild theory is incomprehensible in your face. There are conundrums here of course, rather easily solved, but nonetheless blanks, moments of silence to be filled in, or other conundrums. Then: "Your mouth, a conundrum: first conundrum - identities as ontologies - the thickness_ or idiocy of second conundrum - presence of infinitude_ - in terms of the Net - third conundrum - this desperate desire to escape from death - losing fourth conundrum - quality of written content - textual worlds and their fifth conundrum - clean and proper body (Kristeva) of the digital domain - conundrum among fleshed-out polyporaceae, transcendent knowledge of small imaginary natures and techno, the conundrum a dream realm of easy electric conundrums" - a lie or mockery, an occasion - applying the body or write the lie or conundrum, the circuitous truth of theory: "The election was clear from the geography." This conundrum, this relative annihilation of language, fascinates dance, camerawork. affect, blankness, dismemberment, coupling, fifth conundrum coupling, fifth conundrum car across fast country coupling, opening skin odor musk. moments. enunciation nuance: order. for example, the opening of skin odor musk. "Father was a cartographer and a curmudgeon; we both loved daumier. The longtounge! farflung curmudgeon vms christ marlboro hosanna boobies !!!"

memoria hd

probably no one will watch these, large files reduced from hd, final versions of windmills and walkthroughs. the memorial is in the placing of them. the memorial is in the waiting and uploading and the thinking of the past through the future already collapsed. these are the last views. there are the final times. i could not have written without the vestige, punctum, of a home. i needed a place to stand. i can't stand in new york. i can't stand in atlanta, fukuoka, halifax, los angeles,

hobart, perth and nottingham. unable to stand i write _diacritically,_
i place the vowels against the hardness of insistent letters, the
other. the _other_ murmurs the value and addressing of the world. i
could not have this world, i had this world. nothing is remarked and
nothing gathers the shadow around the _back_ of the legs, comforts and
cuddles and mute or mewling sounds, but the house, it's as if the
house remembers, as if the house, grown older before our own demise,
speaks, and through the misery of the wind and electrical illumination
of the last presence, breathes ever so slowly across the rapture of
dreams, where i am, where i await death. i woke up in night's middle,
thinking, _i am the next to go,_ and the darkness swallowed me, and i
could not, and never have, breathed. and so many things, already in
flight, seeking, 'and through their misery, the breath of the last
presence' ...

// what will come

will not be announced, will not be
or will be but none of it, none of space,
or will have none of time, no memory or notch,
no space of annihilation, no unsigning,
unraveling, no informing, no information,
none of emptiness, no shrug of memory,
no shrug,

we know that now, we bear that, temporal
distance to the future gone, in
retrograde like bad planets faking moving
slowly, un-thereing, inconceivable but no
languor, lassitude, no nothingness, nothing
of light, soundless, no gathering, no
releasing, no ending, no, none of
beginning, so we're a moment now, none,
now, so we're here, crawlings, everything's
on the way, off time, off the clock,
things dropping, what might transform
simile into absence *//*

crimped doubles

abstract animated avatar maquette
the holes open to one another or not at all
the bodies are crimped, collapsed, coagulated
the bodies crash and crumble without destiny
it's as if the holes puckered and faltered
and they might slosh what might be there

pure gifts from one to another
there's no happiness without exchange
there's no grief without collapse
the holes no longer speak or chatter
animated communities have no history
their history's left behind
monotony... monotony...
but there's always an echo in the hollow
where a letter lies sleeping

MY DEATH PRE-RECORDED AND TRANSFERRED

Welcome to Core FTP, release ver 2.1, build 1649 (U) -- 2003-2010
WinSock 2.0
Mem -- 3,987,312 KB, Virt -- 2,097,024 KB
Started on Saturday November 19, 2011 at 13:20:PM
Resolving alansondheim.org...
Connect socket #924 to 208.76.84.140, port 21...
220----- Welcome to Pure-FTPd [privsep] [TLS] -----
220-You are user number 1 of 50 allowed.
220-Local time is now 14:20. Server port: 21.
220-This is a private system - No anonymous login
220-IPv6 connections are also welcome on this server.
220----- Welcome to Pure-FTPd [privsep] [TLS] -----

USER +++ +++ +++
331 User +++ +++ +++ OK. Password required
PASS +++ +++ +++
230 OK. Current restricted directory is /
SYST
215 UNIX Type: L8
KEEP ALIVE OFF...
PWD
257 "/" is your current location
CWD /public_html/
250 OK. Current directory is /public_html
PASV
227 Entering Passive Mode (+++ +++ +++)
LIST
Connect socket #964 to +++ +++ +++, port 23837...
150 Accepted data connection
226-Options: -a -l
226 Output truncated to 2000 matches
Transferred 150,558 bytes in 2.715 seconds
PWD
257 "/public_html" is your current location
TYPE I
200 TYPE is now 8-bit binary
PASV

227 Entering Passive Mode (+++ +++ +++)
STOR death.mp4
Connect socket #1056 to +++ +++ +++, port 63575...
150 Accepted data connection

death.mp4 - 192507900 bytes transferred
MDTM 20111119174603 death.mp4
226-File successfully transferred
226 1502.646 seconds (measured here), 125.11 Kbytes per second
Transfer time: 00:28:24
550 CAN'T CHECK FOR FILE EXISTENCE

My death as a Resident in this Life is greatly underestimated.
- Unmark Twain

deathtalk

when all is abandoned, when i die before my time
the video which surrounds the others, the other,
the video which is a gift from the other to the
other and the video which is the seeing of some
of death to the world, unworlding beyond

lifetalk

when all is accepted, when she lives after my time
the video surrounded by the others, my self,
the video which is a gift from myself to the other,
and the video which is the seeing of some of life
in the world, among the worlds beyond

for Azure

Avatar / My Human Wounded in Time and in Space
My Avatar / Human Wounded in Space and in Time

this is what happens in the real world when you're eyes
are closed by others or you agree not to witness the horror
you were born into, you didn't ask for this, this shuddering
in space and time, this uniqueness with its catch-basin of
nerves already ruptured and furious at the world,

this is what happens when you step out of line, when you
can't come clean, can't clarify, can't suck your clean and
proper body, this stuttering in time and in space, this
smear with its basket of nerves torn to pieces, screaming

at every other world than their own

theory

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 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.

credo

unutterable horror

if I did not this and now it would not, would never be, would never have been, done; this is the unutterable horror of death, with which I face every moment of my existence. I imagine myself near death, with the recognition, whatever I do not say now will never be said, that these sights are my last, my own, and not my own; that my possessions, which I have carefully tended for so many years, will lose their inherent skein with new distributions; that I will never see an end to anything, nor to myself. with unutterable horror I continue to write, as if texts would stave death from proximity; these myths no longer work; I no longer sleep, or no longer sleep well; I survive to write this text and only this text; what I have promised myself - the knowledge of a new language, a visit to a foreign country - will never be done. when I open a book my first thought is always, will I survive to finish it; will this make a difference, certainly not to myself, on the verge of total annihilation. I cannot imagine such; such is literally unaccountable, unimaginable, replete with intrinsic absence. every saying, every utterance, is a gain-saying. this horror is not abstract; it is as concrete as the physical pain I also inhabit, and only the onslaught of physical torment will make my death bearable. I am a coward; such is not the case until disease or accident wills it so. I write, I create, as fast as I do, because it is all I can do; it is the only thing to be done; it is always the last rite; it is never enough.

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.

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 < 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 as- < sumes 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 hap- < pening 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 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 demographics; we were at the center of the holocaust We were 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.

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 Decathection - 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 permanently disappeared.

f Defuge - with decaction 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.

—