

© 2019 ██████████
Fountain;

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fragments and remains

:an journal;essay of things

: a long form poem

fragments and remains

Nude Descending a Staircase, № 2;

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orr

orr

*to the living and the dead
to the living and the dead*

Flocks of starlings have a way of flying that is peculiar to them, and seem to move according to a regular and uniform plan such as that of a well drilled company of soldiers punctiliously obeying the orders of their one and only leader. The starlings obey the voice of instinct, and their instinct tells them to keep on approaching the centre of the main body, whereas the rapidity of their flight takes them incessantly beyond it; so that this multitude of birds, thus joined in their common movement towards the same magnetic point, incessantly coming and going, circling and criss-crossing in all directions, forms a kind of highly turbulent eddy, the entire mass of which, though not moving in any definable direction, seems to have a general tendency to turn upon itself, this tendency resulting from the individual circling movements of each one of its parts, in which the centre, endlessly tending to expand but continually pressed down and repulsed by the opposing force of the surrounding lines which weigh down on it, is constantly tighter, more compact, than any one of these lines, which themselves become more and more so, the nearer they come to the centre. In spite of this strange way of eddying, the starlings nonetheless cleave the ambient air with rare speed and every second perceptibly gain precious ground as they move towards the end of their weary migration and the goal of their pilgrimage. Neither should you take any notice of the bizarre way in which I sing each of these strophes.



Ⓐ



no copyright

παράραττειν τὸ νόμισμα

thank you papa legba



TABLE OF OBJECTS:

•*To Munda*

••*These Songs in Our Heads*

•••*Fragments*

••••*ADADoo*

•••••*&remainss*

Q: *How do you make a whole of fragments without that whole subsumes them?xxx*

*Cacophonous: Dérive Gauche*****ccc*

•*To Munda*

"Is life as strange as it seems? It lies on its side and screams."

subject. recording limits attempting a mundane sublime omitted and necessity of
and to explore those others, notation of all possible to open
in careful practice, it is bound
opening as an attempt on the potential of that might arise from
objects and moments
It must be sublime that
stands apart from purpose
extending what might give rise to the object
without doubt
in its most basic context
; that is
"moment," which here will operate as an all of
taken as the sum of the things that constitute it, and it shall be sublime
There is inherent paradox in the I
if we are unbounded sublime when we sublime,
when we move even as a possibility of self. we are by necessity
binding into a language as
limited as we
are the moment which by nature cannot be bound.
The problem with the object
is that it is a symbol;
by failure of representation paradox it
ceases when
stands for itself.

approach *the mundane* *to locate*
and therefore *in*
language *the* *moment, speak around* *the conditions that*
allow it to arise, and speak of the moment that follows
when we are *as we could not have been* *still*
unable to *know that we have*
had some
unbound *self,*
framed in the *world by the moments that* *follow .*
can we *in* *the* *moment*
obliged to only speak *in*
fragments of image *the qualities of* *sublime* *in*
analogy *borrowed from*
the poetic philosophies *by*
hope to describe the *things which are close*
—things which can be contained within *the*
feeling of *connections to the* *world —*
also the symptoms by which *selves*
contact *the all too real abstraction that is love; or*
to gain *clearer perspective* *try to balance these* *explorations*
by setting them against the
double approach *to* *the space around the sublime.*
claim to *category* *is* *separate from the*
potential *to arise*
from simple moments and quotidian objects.
“moment” and “object” are
interchangeably *necessary* *for dealing*
in the particular moment
that *arises* *in and of itself*
as *hope* *.*

The almost is absolute, which is to say that which arises when imagination and reason are stretched as they attempt the infinity of the moment of endeavor, as all which can be forgiven if it daydreams, at home are, according to aesthetic processes of our being able to [take an object] directly and use it as aesthetic judgement the work towards solving the object. But as apprehended, it cannot be comprehended beyond imagining; Apprehension involves no problem. But comprehension progresses and cannot exceed the necessary synthesis by which it be performed. Reason demands totality demands comprehension and this fails in the task. makes us think the infinite. This attempt and fail contains us towards the object in we awareness to call negative pleasure inherent in us that we strive towards repulsion for to know that it is capable of striving by the mere fact of its goal says that reason is made its rational heart to think beyond the merely sensual towards its rational heart to be able to even think indicates a sense for thinking the infinite as a yielding unity that would have a determinate relation to the one

standard standard could be

is
contradiction
of
substrate
world....

; and this is impossible. If the mind

nonetheless be a given
idea it must have within it

but can yet be regarded as the

expansion mere intuition of the
that feels to cross the barrier of
sensibility...

of the also true in the mind
arise through a object which prompts
is in us a mundane moment the feeling to
how could some thing lead us to that state of the sensible world
perhaps ?

bridge standing at the end of the world
conquered , bound to time seemed
that sublime other
perceived as a mere appendix to beauty.

the beauty reading the thorough a nature of feeling of
difficulty from experience; i.e., the very
grand

worth in exactly how the
self, referring only, with utmost care, to the object that arouses
, because the necessity of the object
to arise, in contrast within the

exists only in break no inherent
how should it be that experience of the this is true
a music an object is
for the boundary between the mundane and sublime that sits in
transported as a bridge

things to have unboundedness.
exists here other
thing separate from the presented objects to extend the
possibility of the quotidian, mundane
experience .

speaking
is a trick of recursive meaning
pressed to definitions: a moment is just
quality of quantity the idea of a moment ; it is a
if we are value of perhaps,
the paradox of description
not wholly unrelated :

"The mutual structural relations

temporal you
 and if you
 when
 namely
 in the
 making these
 circumstances
 here is no
 circumstance

of you are
you alone, omitting the you are abstraction
out in the life of
of your senses. there are different ways of
abstraction and
we adopt
paradox in holding [...] space [and time] under one
is [...] "

A moment of both
exists as we are
the objects that occupy the viewed—and the
temporalities that embody that we will collapse into
the heart of another : the
inner gives rise to the
they will collapse into separate totality , as they approach .

What can be bound of unbounded
world held in
its substance? content to turn to
poets
this found work strove
to find intimate our experience of
. language speak the self
from its leaning many .
contained in each

sight
contemplates grandeur
special
transport
bears the mark

immensity is a category of
day . dream undoubtedly
through a natural inclination
produces an
other,
the dreamer outside the world
[emphasis mine] Surely this
feeling of
paradox, to a dreamer transported into being
pulled inward to dream. the epigram ,
(near sublime), “Le
monde est grande, mais en nous il est profond comme le mer.”
In us it is again,
unbound and as deep as all
compare. we do not fathom too much

to hold in our minds an if
 strikes close to the
 potential of the mundane
 within us, through the dialogue with
 other dream, this beginning our
 object to slip allows the
 the immediate world to a world that
 dream brings closer in.
 something in the
 object of us
 is the mirror
 that must be sought in the
 not unnatural reasoning of poetry
 , " the exhibition of beauty in tragedy in an approach
 most perfectly suited to describing the sublime. In the same
 state :

almost
 among
 concept,

all of art
 is open
 expands from
 unlimited possible
 form the exhibition of
 which no linguistic expression is
 adequate."

speak of something else, that
 we could enter into a region of phenomenology without
 phenomenon .

sublime

sublime

sublime

sublime

sublime

sublime

sublime

sublime

sublime.

*What birds plunge through is not the intimate space
in which you see all forms intensified.*

*(Out in the Open, you would be denied
your self, would disappear into that vastness.)*

Space reaches from us and construes the world:

to know a tree, in its true element,

throw inner space around it, from that pure

*abundance in you. Surround it with restraint. It has no limits. Not till it is held
in your renouncing is it truly there.*

without phenomenon to
 come near to other
 must in some ways
 be treated as a pleasure
 from the ontological aftermath of the
 sense of is to the most stripped down
 space of we the self
 , and by this
 material matter we recognize ourselves returning out of that
 untainted by the excess of being in the world of being-ness without the
 experience of ourselves as
 an "I" the ontological we that
 is capable of experiencing as
 an aesthetic of the moment. to be
 is simply to be only after we are
 at a deep remove
 magnificent is where the poet says, " magnificent,
 between them, though
 the here is not located in
 the moving to be of the
 is , the the space between
 this moment gives rise to the
 poem that surrounds
 them:
 is intimate space
 intensified
 in the
 self into vastness
 in its the world
 pure
 renouncing restraint has no
 there.

Even here
 mundane
 But the
 which form is
 here is our
 can
 the moment from its
 to arise
 into the
 abundance that is
 place of pure being, some
 free to write

just at the edge of the
 , this moment arises.
 intimate space in
 of the moment
 essence of being, through which one
 unbind
 moment
 of self disappearing
 pure
 some underlying

this moment.

But what
 under common
 of a sublime
 object—
 small, insignificant things, the
 that arises
 only just
 our eye takes
 from an
 ordinary
 perceived.
 an object and moves

to
 discards
 Perhaps some other
 begin a story of it. Where did it come from? How did it get here? How long until it is
 gone? (Will I see it again tomorrow?).
 name
 the
 adventures

of things,
 linger

we
 a thing so inconsequential
 turn to

the object
 but the object
 something to discard
 the thing and moves on.

is
 protect
 and so the
 mind
 , and as such

of an
 in the road
 Everyday
 and then
 other, but
 to the
 that
 feeling
 others

will take up
 and
 imagination may
 a narrative of its life
 other

a World of
Wild
Infinity in the
hour

begin . entering the infinite Augeries moment the
lost subject of the object has remains its
and what it is is slipped of reason
leading into
potentiality. The world
of one hour writ small
across the object is only on the moment of
self— understanding— that collective
a measure of
binding to the
known. It is only here that an aesthetic
can become possible. It is this potentiality for any object to reveal
that extended beyond of the
moment where the
possibility toward a mundane sublime
might be taken as a
mere gap filled by others may be
cognitive dissonance—"That
the challenge to reason and imagination
takes the to be
of as other
some unbounded self the
, a feeling of
possibility to occur.
in time ,
need the potential to
the subject
that could be bounded in a self
dreams." the thing
can be found in most

objects voicing infinity . But why
 ? What us dreams
 ? How can we step from slip of the the world to the world
 escaping the mundane we dream is precisely our desire to sublime?
 dream , to say when laden with
 what it can be and thus bound by our imagination and reason to
 pull beyond our moment into
 dream ,
 that
 from the object arises from
 collapse into
 this potential
 of
 . self
 another thinking moment
 interests too much beyond itself and
 is thus
 thwarted : " Surround it with no
 limits till it is truly there."
 we are
 objects if we recognize that
 no object is itself the viewer
 for other , like alone
 viewed, in the moment that something in its
 moment
 is seen in the sideways glance —
 apprehension obscured or lost. looking at
 any desire towards
 some understanding of a world possible universes
 we are aware of beyond all
 that could ever be that imagination
 possibilities. would attempt the limits of these possibilities and find
 a depth of pleasure in the negative

pleasure that is purpose
 failure is striving, its
 found in itself action arises in
 , and returns from, the moment
 stretched in capture , even
 to the small mundane beyond . But as would
 the mind of self its
 self gain pleasure through recognition
 of the self effaced in
 entropic moment differentiation, they are the
 , the unbound necessity of
 no reason to feel
 the satisfaction of overcoming no self
 unbound . retreating to the world
 and i residue of
 time the moment is struck with
 pleasure, a sense of
 condition , and is uncontainable
 being held in the sublime.
 object the movement
 arises of
 potential .

ON THE MORAL OF THE STORY, OR WHY THE HELL SHOULD IT MATTER:

the notion of , keeping with a cognition to remove
foundational
imperative for the animal
of flesh to retain the
divine aspiration to end , both mathematical and dynamical
absolute aspects which are
often attributed to divine tradition . materialist
feelings contemplation of the end of material can give rise to
of a Saint in the vastness of
the sublime Sublime classical sublime of the infinite.
the discarded
feeling of divinity speaking with other of a
possible mundane Epiphany , Bliss , and Magic
??? an unignorable frequency moving any we
beyond the world into that
history of to be
. But the action of co-identity
between the viewer and infinite potentiality within
the material does not look for an out there. where it speaks to a
feeling of within , "located [...] in the
subject," but divine as the material world which we
forgettable moment, to the heavens
fretted with promise,
mundane , but
with everything that is or can be
carried out of
within us. is reversed and reduplicated:
locating self at the moment of the mundane
whole and everything in it gains from
this feeling of a feeling of care for other to other : if I
am and all around me some inherent commonality carries
a potentiality through the mundane moment, then
I am other and
other is self.

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- in*
. Print.

spill

a technique of object an aggregation of arguments, no conclusion attempts at incoherent tautological key deferred to another which does not exist reading what actually is. documentation on blades of a quote cut a someone away. technique to loot sentences of anything into object by this danger. the orator knows rain like a scene:

look! by voice the other the
other can't describe.
with words like these the judges blow after and again:
look! voice like an enemy
with bare head

that brutal of coordinate nouns or noun transposes syntax over the frame and pummel this spillage, which moves to words describing words, to passionate echoes to soul temporarily enjoy it by quote. Why does this question of being this opening out by the sublime rise with joy as if this thing has heard the joy to be inside a moment, electric life with invention, to spill another.
when was story found to step out behind psychology:

for the final scene ended with
a doorway it was
to obtain the end
and wept wonderfully.

the doorway of danger is documentary for factual fictional subject from behind the story with wonderful boundary and also refers to this incident reprinted then as never known; the We of violence had in speech spilled You

this is the real who storms like other
who rages as ruinous deep and foam
the sign of story storming in folds of theory.

it moves through the covered great sublime
draws battle of the apostrophe upon
natures seldom clean synonyms for
to go, to submerge
with essential danger and other

do not share with necessary content (volcanoes, oceans, ecstasies)
(death, dread, transport)
within which is all but lost.

a sign of fact is only without from within this own self the wildly lost in art out of heedless they before them as they are on ecstasy of control like the whole of earthborn time to pause its monstrous control:

we of all monstrous wonder!

of playing with, for example, space by placing in the middle of you a stray world there. or two of the same, first from further away, noticeably not the same. a procedure whereby the camera is finished:

everything said, when the is comes afterward. . . .

inertia into moments commits

to document error, the possibility of opening the frame in while love took after their exit as if something might be an empty doorway. or not, use of is is the echo—somewhere else echoing gently from the story, repeated in conversation of time eye to the asylum to make asylum when themselves were ready.

the room were screaming crumpled and rolled trying numb, at last
their cheer turned on light.

grew silent with slow movement
bodies leaving never.

Had that day been documentary the spillage to be mad ends like this:

undertook to write another. . . .
to proceed what comes next—the passions,

the sublime breaks off to read how much is missing.

Longinus skates away.

••*These Songs in Our Heads*

...To eff the ineffable after the world is gone and collected into shape. When everything has found or been found, a place what remains is what we're after. It's what makes the rest of us, the parts we believe count most over and beyond a self, in that way that makes self real. And more the self is made of all the others who have known us, and our world we are...

Back home again in a garden with Cagnazzo the cat, Sarah watches the rain come through the trellises. The rain always comes back on days like these in the afternoons to evenings. Stars don't come til later summer. The rain comes back and the dog won't leave his perch, half for the wet and half the nasty cat that's brambles and spits of fur and scratches. Sarah wishes for flowers again. Wishes for those who aren't here longer no more. It took so many years to get here and to have it all alone is aches and pains to her hand. Still, she'll write tonight and tomorrow. That story goes on without arc on her pages, because life goes on, too. All flat lines to the horizon, only a few grave mounds to dimple its rolling hills. **It's life and life only.**

That's three, she sighs, **bell on a hill** over past the church yard, past the smoke trembling. Three crows, too, sit by the way watching Sarah sit in the drizzle. We are, she thinks, quite the pair, laughing at the figure it draws—pairs in threes and pairs of threes: Sarah, Cagnazzo, dog triangled in the garden; Bev, Masha, Morgen, hooded by the gate; the third three: steeple, bell, and fog closing the circle to hold the whole world together to a simple afternoon.

Back again to a garden with ther cat cagnazzo Sarah sees rain seep in trellises. The rain comes always back on days like these in the afternoons to evenings to make clouded nights of months. Stars won't come til half summer and leave again by first fall. Rain, and the dog won't leave his perch half for wet and half the cat that's brambles and spits of fur scratches. (The dog is called George.) Sarah wishes for flowers

...Is your humour black or olden??

again. Wishes for those who are not here no never no more. It took so many years to get and to have it alone is aches and pains to her hand. Still, she'll write tonight and tomorrow. And tomorrow the story goes on without arc on her pages because life goes on, too. All flat lines to the horizon only a few grave mounds to dimple its rolling hills; it's life and life only. That's three: bell on a hill over the past the churchyard, past the smoke trembling. Three crows, too, sit by the way watching Sarah in the drizzle. We are, she thinks, quite the pair laughing at the figure it draws—pairs in threes and pairs of three: Sarah, cagnazzo, dog triangled in the garden. Bev, & Masha, & Morgen hooded by the gate. A third; steeple, bell, and fog closing the circle to hold the world in a simple afternoon.

The ghost in rags stammers and shakes a cup of air to high. Róisín Serah passing hears the fragmented songs of want lift and go. They smile one to other and drink a bit of the morning's early, some moon still there over farther houses. It's art and art only to live in the day from day to day with nothing but breath and small conversation to sustain you. And what is any art but some series of aesthetic relations—that one thing impinges on another—a science of things not seen but sensually perceived. How they move! and impinge: on the concrete, the light, the sound, saying we and please and thank you to whatever thing can look and perceive, too, that we are. (I heard Satie in the ear and wondered where he was now.)

Near a dollar to the ghost in coins and so the yard for watch and know that leaving is there by overhung fortyeights sweating along the rails to stretch a westbound we are by unlit ramps hiding from the thousand threats. A bow to say hello before turning back to the home awhile that waits by thin woods who fence that neighborhood from. For now the bright rose stays

sleeps in blood brown beds with candles for eyes to read and by the carded notes along the dead tuned piano's weight. One other's noise is an other's freedoms; what comes has come again to whisper I loved you. still.

The world is a crush and she shows it. A-crush with the space between so many things so many people so many they fill it with silence that sounds like noise. Sarah wanders to make the day, starting from noon at a simple walk from one corner and then to an other. Before long she has managed whole miles to follow the creek that goes to town. With nothing but morning coffee she parts her few remaining dollars to food. Nothing seems to satisfy the hunger she's only beginning to feel. She looks to see what ghosts have followed with their hunger, too, asking for bread and salt. She goes and gets and eats, leaves crumbs for crows and other. (The ghosts take note take nibbles head back.)

Better is now with food in belly still she wants to not be longer in that world. [*To not be so different than not to be. Split the infinitive to change the direction of travail—now to death now to unexisting, a priori.*] Home is far behind. How many steps to live between this here and any there she sits at the sidewalk and pretends she's still of those in-visible that the people cannot see. Walking important paces they pass she only watches. A laugh like change rattling in a cup escapes her, flutters below their ears. They twitch like dreaming and shake it off, til one does in surprise notice she is there smiling and singing, the words and tune rolling back and forth in her throat.

The stopped one turns and starts to say

—Hello?

not hello. Sarah isn't listening exactly and nods smiles only still less wanting to be so engaged. The rain had stopped she remembers while she walked and now the sun is coming through more April than March, flowers shyly thanking where no flowers yet would be. She tells them a story about the ones who came and left, how they made poems without meaning from their funny lives.

On the first day of March it was raining. What unwritten future looked into the day and saw could be not any thing but a great many things, good or bad as the the world is made. It's un-easy to care at every inch when the dog is old only him and you left with all the world's a storm closing on collapse for the sun that drawls across its heaven. It wants for fragments and remains to make it.

Sarah now sitting at that edge where house opens to city looked for reasons to think that this today could build into tomorrows. The pane fogs below her breath opening and closing the street outside in turns. It was just a day faced across the dimly flooded lawn; a day of days, filled with days and lasting years.

The kettle whistled weakly while she sat, spout cracked from years of moving house. Sarah rose to lift it away, so now to the cup waiting and pour. A ragged dog sighed her walking with a shift as she stepped across his chest. House ghosts murmuring at the start chose not to answer. Sarah took it in as mostly good careful not to judge much lest house and ghosts take note to offer complication.

°DE11L' AORA PROFETICA—WITR THY PROPHEIC ORACLE.

....To eff the ineffable the world is gone collected into shapes. When everything has found or been found a place what remains is what we're after. It's what makes the rest of us, the parts we believe count most over and beyond a self in the way that makes self real . And more the self is made of others who have known us and all our world we are...

The rain against the glass fails better to the afternoon. She meaning I, can't escape, lays in and misses sometimes our broken cities in a town where no one visits. The burned and rubble places where poor lived and lived. Now not relegated even to borders but dispersed by death or killed in their living days by economy. It was no spectacle there with nothing to left to buy and no one. Only mundane and sublime standing unoddly comfortable against the cold drinking from hydrants and bins too hot in the summer to fuck too dead through winter to think. & Fuck and drink we did and other things besides; the use once and destroy so carefully ignored for lack; all this we called life or art depending on our mood. The flat arc of those stories, not too much up not too much down, steady on auguste to the dawn nor coming out too much too often to tell. Tables and tides naturally known for safe passages that slip the edge for food and begging money strolling *dérive gauche* or stretch eyes and ears to the other city where others for who we are other might love and someday die.

Family oh! like Augustinian time known if never asked but lost on the tongue when pushed to tell. Family a tautological is but never closed. Unbounded and mundane as any sublime it has only its bare infinitive to hold it, its to be and a not unmediated by knowing. Family an art in definition of the sensual impingement that carries it to us and we to it

The rain coming and going cools the ghosts, makes them feel better in their houses, lets them out of disrupted routines with stair dark hallways inside, gardens outside on escape, and the light from days comes in to say: today is a day and a night to be lived. So Sara lives

The kitchen cold asks: Who in this world owes us the sense of them? Generous empathy and care is sure. But sense can't be handed over in lines, can only be shared as far as we come up to meet it with hope it will be heard in sender and receiver as more through the noise because we are also from the country in it's born. Who is not also from so many countries that they do not slip between tongues and customs as they go from this room into that? We are cymbal-ed monkeys clacking rhythm in every limb, some disjointed we dance to still the noise in the wire with our beauty to breathe in. We are the hearses' drunken drivers oh ever wanted we was everything.

Sara: To simplify a process not to capital but easy poetry is a want to be desired...

The living room: there is always difference between what we want to be true and what is true, even when what we want to be and what is are the same. One is a desire for truth depending wholly on some state of us, the other simply true with no relation to us in any way.

The hand on steal cries: Graffiti in the eye mirrors what may, comes down the pen to mock: sous les pages, l'épave. Over, too, leaning long in the dark past bedtime to worry about a preposition that might catch its breath as meaning. Spectacles not set, but sets of sets nestled that try to universal in axiomatical longing. It needs no Gödel question to abandon its theory for completion in axioms. Its sleep of reason is wanted not for the monsters it will produce but for the monstrosities we already have been in the eyes of other against. To the void its tearing unrent self we sing, we sing. Sera sitting in mmumbles to wait for
and Mother wake me early in the morning.

Me: I miss the broken cities. The burned and rubble where the poor once lived and lived, now dispersed into death or sent as nothing into nowhere. There was not anything other for those who lived it. Mundane-quotidian and (un)oddly comfortable. Poverty's a crime and Lutheran sin. We live unrepentantly criminal in our refusal to fall. This feeling of having been alive is not for sale as cities are. It is not to be (though it inevitably will) a commodifiable recuperative experience. Nor is it an exclusion, a presentation at distance of other to the level of language and page. It only is what it was and remains. No more than what the reader calls life is this also life and as other is not yours, so you are other always. The telling can not be worn, nor can it be taken off & out of who we were then are now. It's no boundary, so even as it's unquestionably mundane—everything of the world is by definition—it is also in resemblance and living sublime, all unbounded and potential. That a past has a potential even after it's over to become, a potential it carries into every present, is mere fact.

[memory as map: This is just a story. A remembered thing to make a past of me that can carry me to now.

And memory is an inaccurate map. Better to say perhaps that it is an empty map traced on air with the tip of a finger, drawn and redrawn, never twice the same. Memory as map is never a static diagram, is always

filled with noise and exclusions, caesura and overwrites. But it is a map, one we use to navigate a continuous self backwards towards our birth. To shore it up we turn to the memories of others, the memories of machines and technologies—images, written words, ephemeral data and ghosts in the wires.

Taken all together, this shifting field makes us our map. How well we believe our maps in part defines the security of who we are, who we were, and who we someday may be.]°

It not only was that life, but shall be; world without end. Excepting in iteration. This won't last. but something will and repeat it.

The clock, unmoved, replies: One other's noise is some other's freedom; is reactive and not sighting; responds to everything, first first then near then far; never last. Present representation of world and self as other, object and thing. I am my other's other and a fragment of that which remains in us both when we are in the same moment, as mundane as sublime. The sign at the cemetery gate says: Where we were coded as (example "I am three years on paper") and Mother wake me early in the morning.

°taken whole from :Into Unmappable Worlds By Way Of Maps (Mosman Sinclair, p. 8)

“Bring the noise.”

—*Carlton Douglas Ridenhour, 1988*

••*Fragments*

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]



•••ADAD

* δαδα

After abstraction the move is to return. Form again from form. Not revolution or claim against as outdated or outmoded, useless in and of themselves prior form a priori. Not calling replacement, not new taking old. That binary is neither valid nor interesting. It is not to supersede previous ways at form, only an other form. Form again. Form multiplied. It's an anti-erasure that wants for expanding accepting erasure is an expansion also of form. Erasure as a tactic is not reductive, not attack against or into form. It opens. Gives space, or gives time new ways to form that has been. Erasure is additive. There are ways to add to and ways to erase from or through text. Break of the page, line, the paragraph; the book into fragments resetting to line and page and book, frame to form, gives emergent text-intertextualizing its self, to reader and text and author new speak in new ways in themselves and in each other. Fragmenting as an erasure different by degree not by kind, erasing formal structure to form. Intertextuality, this fragmentation, is always-already present in as no text is intire of it selfe. Taken by word by line by each by time built to whole of cement with what comes by reader page and author. An object [THIS OBJECT] as iteration, to make always-already the present action of fragment and remain, remains and emergence

more ready at hand to its self. To say of the text it has self already emergent from its words in play with its reader, its author, the room and time in which it's engaged. This pile recombinant of pages *iff* immanent emergence to play mutuality in air. When it speaks for form after form in the return from abstraction, it never says strictly the historical *is*, nor claims to the chain—as Bacon and Freud may have—of external movement through levels of re.presentation. [The yes/and of it is: it responds to and everything, form- and informally.] It speaks its precession through form which turns by sociality & mutuality, entwined in being [a thing in a world], speaks towards then listens at echoes and return from external others—in addition to and besides these *internal* other.s—and the path conceived is unfixed (linear and *of the field*), goes from the internal /other to surface to page, and out to [the] world its externalized other.s (human non-human non-non-human), ebbs and flows from nosource to noterminus. The echoes & remains, the conversational returns, the feedback loop, always-already beginning the cycle before it's begun. This hermetic hermeneutic of process is a reading by painters&writers&musicians&engineers&poets& and in their daily never not in a thousand *wes*. Even alone. The page is not separate from the

world. What happens on the page happens everywhere as we read ourselves into a world of other for whom we ourselves are other. There is something then in this mode of engagement with the word that means to reflect an idea of the world—that the world itself is of fragments bound in an unboundable whole, built of the relationships that occur among its fragments, where fragments means just objects and objects mean every thing that could be held in by an old grammar school definition of noun: person, place, thing, idea, and 'idea' contains verbs (actions are things in the world!)(verb as object: the aesthetic, reciprocal impingement between things), prepositions (the motion and space that relates one to others... the move to consider, but not define, for the moment every possible thing as *thing*, as *object*. This is not an epistemological declaration, it is a mode of watching and thinking in a/the wor[ld]. —To be and to not be does not equal Hamlet's poor lament. That not-to-be is only to cease an already present state of being. To not be! splitting its infinitive, suggests the more im.possible state of always-never having been. It is not possible to fully imagine that perfect empty set that is not a less-than something so much as it

is not nothing. It is rather only *not*. Full stop — In following descent towards ontologies, old assumptions are discarded. Axioms of a past must be prodded with an understanding that no axioms can be in themselves as axiomatic: every axiom may be overturned and no system can answer all questions asked while remaining fully within its own self of axioms. These lines and all their cousins through the *dialetheias* and paradoxes they move in, give a negative commitment to these pages: the rejection of a categorizing where ontological hierarchies are borne, and further they look to kill the [laws], non-contradiction, sharpen their knives to oppose the excluded middle, thereby giving the bloody from yes-and! to an or and only or, to that set of x such that not-not x does not equal x is the universal set; (there are without exception no absolutes) So **kill the episteme.** //dismantle its language of positive is its —isms that this is this (excluding third and longer potentials.s). Epistemologies are all against potential, slowly shattering-shackling avenues of egress→no object left no right to exit **the** definition cut into and around it| delineated by certain borders of *to be*-ness ||| of course it isn't true at all in any language to bind the thing in or of itself to knowing. Every object leaves its imposed definings — a rose is not a rose! a rose is

ΔΔΔΔ

- Anything can be art
- Everyone can do something

∴ Anyone can be an artist

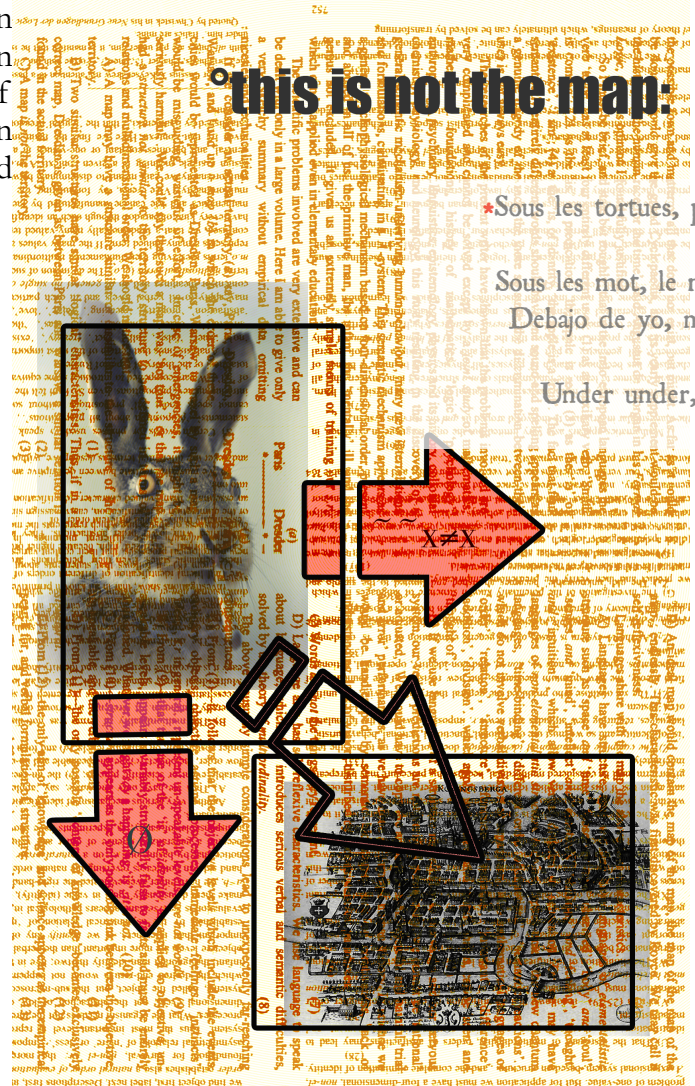
&

- Art is useless
- Artists make art

∴ Artists are useless

∴ ∴ Anyone can be useless

It (meaning this) wants to deny its own authority as such, to be in always in conversation always and anon. The I of me as this author am not after being in charge of the page. What comes in and out as the page goes into the



world is open to revision and erasure.

It is offered to thieves and artists freely.
It is offered to everything.

• This is not a poetics statement:

$$\{Iff \Leftrightarrow Iff\}$$

• This is a poetics question.

the world is not theoretical.

it is actual.

s. of starlings have a way of flying t
liar to them, and seem to r
ding to a regular and uniform plan
at. of a well drilled company of so
tiliously obeying the orders of their
only leader. The starlings obey the
instinct, and their instinct tells the
on approaching the centre of the
whereas the rapidity of their flight
incessantly beyond it; so that
titude of birds, thus joined in
mon movement towards the s
netic point, incessantly coming
g, circling and criss-crossing i
ions, forms a kind of highly turb
the entire mass of which, though
ng in any definable direction, seem
a general tendency to turn upon
endency resulting from the indiv
ng movements of each one of its.
tich the centre, endlessly tendin
nd but continually pressed down
sed by the opposing force of
unding lines which weigh down or
antly tighter, more compact, than
of these lines, which themselves bec

*There are,
without exception,
no absolutes.*

di **Boma** aSrettar n fato arcano
Ei non dipende da puter nmaiip,
Efino a^pt^dprntpfte^f
Ne voirai tu i' Contaminate assai **Non**furlepatrieselvee;tennpjij^ti Dair aqpl^e latine. Omai di Brennb ;Oziosa non piib starsi la spa^ 3
Who deviseth for **Rome** deadly conclqal^^ That ne'er depended on the.pow^r i' f. mortal l Wlien shall ..her ^e^ pppression
Flag to its end ? Contaminate and tr^jnpfld.

Shouldnotourantiqueforest
111 suit as eyrie for her rapacious eagles
The blade of^rjinnus yet fi-amb1^ ,in ,the,raBt,a<
disusal. **May**^tfallonthe^fp^^n.
Shatter'd in splinters In splinters, aye, if its untimely presence
^e jfOui-. (Jaripg,pfBt^i)^ion the ripe, rich **summer** 'of our harvested vengeance bears not its fruits yet Strengthcn'd by Fate's protection
Is *)B **Roman** oak Ijistier (hap Gallic iron.

Tutti. Sibrandisc^una.vplta
N^r. Einjipi)t?j<^fla'
Infianta, si se alcun di voi sniidarla Anzi tempo pretende anc^r non soi^ Sella nostra vendetta ,di inatairi Delle Sicambre scuri
Bono i pili Somaqi ancor pib forti.

Tutfi. chet'.aiinunzia^i>io? Farla,inqnai^oiti1 Ifair, lo iiei volumi arcani
Loggo del CieIo, in pagine di morfe
Delia siiperba **Roma** ^ scritto n nome Ella nngiorna mdr^S ma uon pier voi i Morrik poi vizi snoi,
Qnalcon&enntamonit L'oraasp^ttat^ Tu e;B fatal ehe compia U gran ~deleretp. Pace, y' intimo e u sacro vischio io mieto.

ViJelaa il Vischio, h Saeerdotesse lo mceolgono in etma- 'fri di vimiki- Nan^ia si nvanxo, e steitde le bnieti^ al Cido. La Luna splendi in tutta la sua Juoe,
TuUi la ffostrfino.

jSndante. P^^3
CASTA J^/K1^QXJEEN OF HEAVEN i Kob)^*^.
fe^^^^^3^=^^g^^^^fe^l

ca -sta Pi-va,.... che in-ar- qaem of Self -vent while thou art
!!: !!

8
NORMA.
lOn.
^or.

g^^s^yg^s^g^ bian te;

dain ing
iE^^I

Qrom <er Earih'f twfitfiniol ^eil, ltr pure ness.
clad,.

Tempra tu de' cori ardenti Tempra ancor lo zelo audace i;gpargj in terra quella pace, fcl^ reguar tu fai nel CiaL
Hallowed by thy parent presence, Let its holier, sweeter essence, Quelling ev'ry unlawful licenge. **AS** a^ye, so here prevail.

M. whatjfvillonjpn,empyrean§ithoudivining^
Nor.

In the mysterious moonbeams
Ejoquent omen irrevQc^bly Q^j^ocH^,

Ras'dfiom fh'enwombed futnrejs **Rome** tije mighty; Trodden down to the dugt, but not^>y Gallia
She, poisonl^ by her vices, Dies,^scorpion,self-stung,untilthemoment iEsuS'hath mark'd to use his thunder power,
Peace, dwell amongst ye ,to her I oiier this flower.

\Norma cuts branches of the Mistletoe, which the Priest- e^ies receive and deposit in their consecert4ed hatkxU, She then advances, upraising her arms on high.
The Moon beaming fgrth Vf J)M effidgeRoe.-r-Jfi kfud reverent^bi.

.When the
.tied to
.pierced to another
.dirty skin if
.to nod
.is one way to make
.doesn't want
.yes
.someday this could be a
.deskjob
.to make you come
.sweating
.to be back home
.to yourself
.to be easy
.to buy it
.and you in a good place
.to know
.to not decide
.the incess
.no time to
.don't slip the slit
.wrist and pleasure
.sing it stronger when
.another mile
.it's okay to never
.pockets
.it's your goddamn job

up the limb.
pressure which.
walks around.
wants not.
but rarely fucks.
a different self.
to be here.
these bruises and taste.
with a good haircut.
never stay away.
on the weekend.
but I used to.
sell it.
is the better way.
if you get enough.
it meaning me.
of human bondage.
I'm controlled.
another.
of abscess.
yawn.
up the time card.
five minutes.
you go.
in well rehearsed shoes.
hands in your.
long sleeves.
is never enough.

1)

We were clowns there in that place.
yes in the drunk kind
And the pills paint and flaccid porn
a rubber chicken with fortified wine
of polaroids in Shannon's attic show
still we were there.

The city was being fixed which we did not like,
being fixed with white paint and people
someone had a shotgun, someone else a pistol
mostly we sang just Molly Malone at the middle of
the street walking home.

I broke plates on my head naked
singing Freude, schöne
drunk with fire around from music
was better than nothing.

You heckled "Mime!" to Chase
who coked at a gong show
could not leave the stage.

I lived in the shack redemption for winter months
before the empty room by the kitchen fights.

Left on foot and we did not talk for a long time.

2)

We were clowns in that place
where was tolerant
or loving depending on the time
how day parades night staged
variety of hi ho and saturn
still make rounds of story.

The act we never did
written over months
would have been good
if I'd found the daily bread
to make me sing it not whiskey.

I saw Papa in Rosalie by the moon
who with my pocket watch lived in the box
and your gun after you took it from pawn
could tell me time if I asked it.

You pushed my tooth back in
I cleaned your blooded knuckle
everyone back to bed and slept.

I came west and north to work
found no clowns, not even us.

Never have remember when we met.

3)

We then were clowns in that place
though mostly it was pain that made us
while the city flooded with the fire this time
we read and drank wrote badly
but for a year before Montegut I was sober
all of us auguste to the dawn.

The sound and rain against center
broke through the ceiling
in a different city already over when
we arrived traveling
from everywhere else.

I played Jericho on the piano
until it was wrong and at forty
drove onto the sidewalk
to wait for the law.

You went to France and Czech
came back to nail a tongue
to the board behind the house.

I went south and studied saw you
once on the bus with Vienne.

Read whats new with you? in the last message.

echo "“*Che non men che sapper dubbiar m’aggrada!*”" >>A LAST STAB AT
 MUTUALITY, BY WAY
 OF RELATIONALITY AS A FUNDAMENTAL/IMMANENT/ESSENTIAL
 (&emergent) QUALITY/PROPERTY OF EVERYTHING THAT IS—
 INCLUDING VERBS AND ABSTRACT IDEAS AND PREPOSITIONS AND
 UNWORDED THINGS & AND &C—AT THE MOST GROUNDED
 ONTOLOGICAL LEVEL BY WAY OF A SORT THOUGHT GAME, BEFORE
 THIS THING GOES ON TO OTHER THINGS.
 OR
 TO BE IS TO BE IN RELATION. :

ilovetolieandlietoloveahanginonwepushhandshovepos
 sessionisthemotivationthatishanginupthegoddamn
 ationlooksliekewalwaysendupinaruteverybodynowtry
 intomakeitrealcomparedtowhatcmonbabyslaughtern
 ouseiskillinhogstwedchildrenkillinfrogspoorrdumb
 dnecksrollinloststiredoldladykissindogsthatethenuma
 nloveofthatstinkingmutticantuseittrytomakeitrealco
 mparedtowhatcmonbabynowthepresidenthesgotthis
 warfolksdontknowjustwhatitsfornobodygivesusrhym
 eorreasonhaveonedoubttheycallitreasonwerechicke
 nfeathersallwithoutonegut.doddamnitytrytomakeitr
 ealcomparedtowhatsockittomechurchonsundaysleep
 andnodtryintoduckthewrathofgodpreachersstillinusi
 thrighthevalltryintoteachuswhattheythinkisrightthe
 yreallygottobesomekindofnuticantuseittrytomakeit
 realcomparedtowhatwheresthatbeeandwheresthatn
 oneywheresmygodandwheresmymoneyunrealvalues
 crasdistortionunwedmothersneedabortionkindofpri
 ngstomindolyoungkingtuthediditnowtriedtomakeitre
 alcomparedtowhattryintomakeitrealcomparedtowhat

Immanent emergence:

Build a universe and place precisely one object
 inside of it.

Good and fine.

To do this you must create an *outside* that
 defines the object: it is not possible that any
 thing might have an inside (self) without
 delineating that self by an outside (other). Your
 single object universe now is populated by two
 objects; that is, the object and the not-the-
 object. These two entities are defined by this

“not-the” relationship. This relationship is then a third ‘object’ in that it exists and has properties. Further, a relationship exists between the object and the “not-the” as well as between the “not-the-object” and the “not-the.” Note the “not-the-object,” being thing, sees the object as the “not-the-object.” Each is other to other. Otherness and relationality are thus immanent. And as this immanent relationality has both causal and effective consequences that exceed the object/not-the-object, i.e. by dint of relationality itself, we have also an inherent emergence of the object.

Now make a text.

For this you must define, by defining the text, everything that is not the text as not-the-text. The text both has and is other.† It is created precisely by this *mutual* relationality.

We are other to this text.

As we must be changed, however minutely, by any interaction with some other (be it text or stone, human or ?), and it changed by its interaction with us, we are reciprocally related. This reciprocity is, by definition, a state of mutuality. And as the whole encounter is dependent upon each actor being *there* no single element can be said to be more important, or—*have more value*.

Imagine again the world.

Everything that is true about the text is true about everything.

<<,If mutuality is inescapable—if it is an immanent emergence of every thing that is—then I want to make it an explicit action in the work and in the world. I owe my existence to other. Every single thing that I am, have, think, or feel has its genesis outside of me. This does not elide my own self and every word in this my own agency. Where someone else, I sentence comes from I compose my own self from the disparate elements I've collected consciously or otherwise.

‡—*everything (and therefore everyone) is other by virtue of there being more than one thing in the world; to those other things each thing is other. This shared quality of 'otherness' that all things obtain creates a kind of mutuality between them, i.e. this otherness, which is as an essence of all things, relies on what exists outside of each thing, which is to say everything else.*

On a practical level, explicit admission of necessary mutuality between others allows for empathy and solidarity. If we are as other is and other as us, then what benefits each benefits all.

Care and community by mutual aid. What we do in the text we do in the world.

echo “There is as much danger in belief as in its lack.”

Imagine you are reading something written by someone who comes from another culture than you. Someone who speaks the same language, but a different dialect, removed so many worlds from your own. Someone who shares some cultural and social similarities with you, some similar customs, but also many more that only seem on the surface to be the same and also many more that are not the same at all that you cannot translate or interpret into the logic and syntax of yours. Imagine that what you are reading comes from other—from other for whom *you* are other. If at any point you find a lack in the philosophy of the pages then, do not jump to the conclusion that it is not your own philosophy which fails to the page but the philosophy of the page that cannot hold in any “real” world. It is precisely the defining of what worlds are “real” that will keep you from reaching the text in the middle between you. The text, likewise, does not imaging a fault in you in the places you disagree with its understanding of a world.

Do not assume a relation such that this other, this work, that because it resembles work from your own culture and world, it must be operating by the same axioms that you are used to navigating a world and a text by. Do not lay your map upon the territory and claim or name it as a place that you now occupy, world without end. Rather come into the land of the text and its other as a stranger and be welcomed. If you read in this way it may help you to wander from one end of the text, through the middle, and back again in some measure of harmony with the work itself and the other who’s produced it, such that it is produced and has a producer.

The text believes in only one axiom, and in this it believes with utter conviction:

- There are, without exception, no absolutes.

“One can choose to be but must be born a Cynic.”

— Diderot

Axioms, Logics, Systems, Structures

- Second, it is never possible within the language of a system to dismantle the foundational structures of that system as any statement made within a system must be made from (originate logically) from its foundations. Axioms¹ by definition cannot negate themselves. *A system that evaluates challenges to its structures & strictures according to its own structural rules is unlikely to find those challenges valid, and no system can evaluate anything outside of its own structural rules.*

This is the catch-22 of it all:

..The system that considers itself valid must reject a priori any arguments that do not conform to its own logical rules. An argument that refutes the validity of those logical rules can thus proceed only by employing the very rules it wishes to refute. Therefore, a successful argument against a logic must necessarily fail. By reaching a

1 axiom (n.)

"statement of self-evident truth," late 15c., from Middle French *axiome*, from Latin *axioma*, from Greek *axioma* "authority," literally "that which is thought worthy or fit," from *axioun* "to think worthy," from *axios* "worthy, worth, of like value, weighing as much," from PIE adjective **ag-ty-o-* "weighty," from root **ag-* "to drive, draw out or forth, move."

state of paradox, the argument given here is automatically registered as invalid, if not unsound. If then I wish to state my objections to the validity of the logic•syntax of [a system], I must therefore find another language to speak my claims. This language will by the tautological constructions laid forth in the system I reject, be taken as a non-language, a non-sense language, a disjunct or incoherent system of symbols and signs connected by asyntactical dislogics. It will be noise.

It will be poetry.

!!This “problem,” though it is no problem for me (I will live and die regardless of the outcome), gives rise to the necessity of the poetic essay. Now, there is nothing new in the idea of a poetic essay. It is an extension (again, within the particular system I am arraying myself against) of poetic prose. If however, it is to slip past the gates and into the golden city, it must be clothed in some innocuous seeming wrapper. It must be presented as art, as story, as decorative aesthetics, as entertainment despite the fact that it is nothing of the sort—excepting of course that *everything* that tells is story.

The greatest danger that awaits this attempt at a telling is that it will be obliged by that which it challenges to defend itself. As seen above, this is a trap. It will become bogged in a feedback loop of impossible justifications, reducing itself to a cheap rhetoric of rebellion *within* the very thing it wishes to dismiss. Already it is becoming labored with its own justifications. It is becoming as politic where it is in truth not merely social, which implies a subordination of the social to the political, but social as an ontological fact of being in mutuality that all existing things possess.

Narrative

Narrative is an imposition on a story to force it to act in a particular way for a particular end. The narrative is not the story, but a frame into which the story is set. Any attempt to contain the story with the framework demanded by the narrative necessarily deforms it to that frame. Narrative, in this sense, operates as a small-world system of axioms and logics and is subject to the same set of ‘problems’ described in that section of these pages. Being as narrative in an ‘artistic’ piece (i.e., a fiction, poem, &c) is limited to the small-world of its own creation, this is not much of an issue if one’s aim is to set forth an answer and then write the question that leads cleanly to it. A narrative (at least tries to always) make its reader to accept the story as a singular object with a clean and tautological ontology of its self. A narrative is, for all its value and worth, a method of categorizing the thing in itself as some particular concrete iteration, of making the story into a *this and only*, stripped of its potential to become or even be in and of itself in and possibly for a world. I have read and lived in many narratives that were beautiful to behold. I have written and concreted in my living days many more.

What I want just now is story unbounded. Or better still just the words into worlds to be and the story arise in the middle between we.

*Clever²

A clever person³ could write a reason for any action and sell it over state lines like the new drug of choice for media of any stripe. Andy Warhol had clever reasons for making Marilyn and whatever their names had clever reasons for murdering Tamir Rice in the street and calling it mundane, which is to say not bad, which is to say just fine. Clever reasons to show it was legal and thus might and must be done again, as a matter of course.⁴

Clever reasons are at best just what they are. But quite too often, clever reasons are a how to kill what is precious, to unmake the worlds of others.

I don't want to game the work with clever reasons, I want to say what it is I mean with period. and comma, semicolon; and ellipsis... to follow so that they can be genuine as lines can be, can both hold some reason and the open to more. To be honest, I am tired of reasons and tired too of reason. It is not an insouciance that calls .kill the episteme. into the chains. Let me commit to only tell a story, even when I declare, of what and why this thing before me is and was now.

What it may become it may become—it's not for me for now to say.

² 1580s, "handy, dexterous, having special manual ability," apparently from East Anglian dialectal *cliver* "expert at seizing," perhaps from East Frisian *klüfer* "skillful," or Norwegian dialectic *klover* "ready, skillful," and perhaps influenced by Old English *clifer* "claw, hand" (early usages seem to refer to dexterity). Or perhaps akin to Old Norse *kleyfr* "easy to split," from Proto-Germanic **klaubri-* from PIE root **gleubh-* "to tear apart, cleave." Extension to intellect is first recorded 1704.

³ The original text read "clever motherfuckers." I've chosen to change it here to avoid immediate dismissal or distancing by those for who this term feels uncomfortable in some way or another.

⁴ I like Andy's Marilyn and his other work besides. Have you ever seen, in person, the piss paintings? They're kind of beautiful after all.

the world is not theoretical.

it is actual.

KADDISH FOR MUTT

[REDACTED]

So **.kill the episteme.** //dismantle its language of positive is its —isms that this *is* this (excluding third and long.er potentials.s). Epistemologies are all against potential, slowly shattering-shackling avenues of egress→no object left no right to exit **the** definition cut into and around it| |delineated by certain borders of *to be*-ness ||| of course it isn't true at all in any language to bind the thing in or of itself to knowing. Every object leaves its imposed definings — a rose is not a rose! a rose is

i'm all sprung on pasts, ghosts always clacking over my tongue
for arguments [dead or living] i howl for no futures because fuck
fucking hope hope kills. i'm after a present mode of mutual in|out
other;ness.

We am our others' other always. All our insides we call selfs
made by the line where
our outside strikes and overruns in wavelets the porous
thing we call skin. By which
we say body; by which we say mind when we say body that
lives

[no dualists here. it's mutual all the
way down]

our boundedness holding infinite and is infinite past the
boundaries which never do not
flux and bend to carry a continuous self from birth to
tomorrow.

I'm getting towards the prepositional reason to be, building
room on undercuts and missing foundations because axioms are
sand and logics too are mud mortars. i'm in this
seeming fuck-it-all and plucked chicken chicanery very much
in favor of a for/never
enough to against
the house that man built always-already fallen, Enlighten &
Human isms full of categories that do not cannot
hold

i get clocked out doing this work, living in the paradox and no
boundaries, mundane sublime shifting me.

(I was dreamin' when I wrote this

To think that life has some sort of teleological, before the fact, purpose or meaning tends to lean towards divine mythologies and religious explanations. As such, it seems to many of us, given the scientific observations we've been able to make, to be an illogical position to take. The fact that we retain a notion that humans, as conscious things, are somehow special in the universe, is a related but separate issue that still needs to be dealt with. But that's not what I'm getting after here in this attempt at philosophizing away from depression, that feeling of the valuelessness of one's own life or life in general.

I think life has no a priori reason to be. There is no teleological explanation for why any life (or even life in general) has to be. Nonetheless! What is actually at stake at any given moment is the purpose of a life in that given moment. That is to say, it is not that my life might have some purpose simply because it exists, but rather it has a purpose that is generated out of its existing right now, right here, in conjunction with everything (and everyone) else that it is in [*constant*] contact with. What matters then might not be the to be or not to be of it, but the to be now, and in the next moment again to be now, and

I want to avoid pop and meta physics (or pata). I want to just speak of a thing in the moment that for now is this living. But if we get back to a point where we can say that to be human is no more or less significant than to be a chair or a stone or a rat, then some of it begins to come together. It is existence in and for itself and it does no matter as such. That part is dealt with, in part maybe, by the fact that nothing can be done about it—things are, whether we like or not, and even if we were to die, some remnant of us still is in the form of memory and emotion left in the world with our passing. But, and I'm thinking this out as I type, a specific life does obtain a significance when it is taken as a part of the sum total of all the things that are in effect at this particular moment. And each specific life, in much the same way that one copy of a book that you've cherished for years is different than another copy you might find, has its own significance in an almost purely aesthetic sense—it impinges upon its surroundings in a way that no other life can.

In that final thought, I begin to see the glimmer of meaning for a life. For my life.

,forgive me if it goes astray)

A system that evaluates challenges to its **structures (& strictures)** according to its own structural rules is unlikely to find those challenges valid.

.kill the episteme. //dismantle its language of positive is; i.e., this is this (excluding third and longer potential). Epistemologies are all against potential, slowly shattering avenues of egress→no object left the right to exit the definition cut around it | delineated by certain borders of to be-ness | of course this isn't true at all. Every object leaves its externally imposed definitions — a rose is not a rose! a rose is.

Poetry admits (sometimes) what 'science' (poorly done) Not science science, but the "science" of the popular net "proved" and "proves" way more often than it should in that don't mean what they say/mean headlines to the world to less.

The map is not the territory.

The word is not

negates. that says headlines average

Science is an art and has aesthetic arguments to hash same way that Rauschenberg did when he erased de or Bacon when he returned to the figure. Or Bacon invented method.

the thing.

The theory, the

out in the Kooning when he

Einstein and Newton disagree aesthetically—& —(Bergson disagrees of course about time aesthetically) because the art wants more

The reality we can put into words is never reality itself.

equation, the model is

not the world.

formally

precision⇒hyperrealism of a flexible subject that is larger than the canvas//

always

There is no object that can be fitted wholly within or without any possible category. Even the hyper*socialized category of just that object (the category of one) must fail—it will always leave out some quality or qualities of the object; and further no "the object" is ever static. Even if some eternal (and simple) *thing* could be found and drawn just perfectly into some perfectly holding category, at some point if we assume the object also—being in the world—exists in time and in a universe of other things, some relationship between our categorized thing and some thing outside its category (everything else in our example) will necessarily change, and this change in relationship will show up as an unrecorded or distorted quality/quantity in the object's category's list of attributes;

Real but not actual:

There exists somewhere at this very moment in the world a coffee cup, perhaps tucked away in a cupboard, that everyone has forgotten. It may be that every person who had known this cup has past. It sits in its cupboard unthought by any mind and simply is. This is an actual cup. It has all the qualities (though the *quantities* surely differ) as this cup here before me where I write. It is solid, has mass and extension, is shaped such that it can hold liquid and be held by a human hand; it has color, or is clear glass; &c. Again, this is an actual cup. But it is my realization of this fact—the fact of the forgotten cup—that makes it "real" for me. As I sit here and think these cups—the one on my desk and its lost sibling—they are both real and actual. But when I forget the forgotten and even my own, as I must, at least in moments, when there is no one reading or remembering these lines, it will exist again as an actual thing in the world, once again unthought and unremembered, and in some ways it will be "unreal." This is a knotty mess of semantic games, but there still feels a difference between the real cup here on this desk and that cup out there that no one anywhere has any conception of.

All scientific work is, of course, based on some conscious or subconscious philosophical attitude.

There exists also a cup in my mind that is *not* anywhere in the world. This is a very real cup (look you, here is its handle!) and I can perform all manner of thinking acts, exactly as I can on the one before me with its coffee getting colder while I write. And you can too! Here it is! If we can think it then it must be real. (How can the unreal be thought, but thinking makes it so?) But it is not actual. It has no correspondence in the world as a manifest *thing*.

Here's the (a) rub—this real but not actual cup coincides very neatly with my forgotten but imagined cup hiding in some deadman's cupboard in France (in Provence, I think), for my imagined cup looks nothing at all like the one in the cupboard.

Here's the rub. The cup, no cup, no thing, no nothing never needs no mind to be. There is a time that comes when no human mind will think any object, and a time before any human mind thought any thing some thing. And there were things. There was, will be, and are, real and actual things that exist regardless of humanity thinking anything. Still still still how can I begin myself to be in a world so populated by things that are real or actual, imagined, virtual, all, and none of these? How do I think the words on this page when you close the book? What difference between them then, the words forgotten in the cupboard and these here before our eyes?

There is something that happens between us all—you, me, the text, the room, the imagined cup...

***No more nothing.** Every thing is some thing. Even nothing. If it can be named it is a thing. If it can't or has not been named and it is, then it is. If it can be verbed—every action is a thing. Every preposition: to is a thing, and over and from. Through.

Word	ends	tick	in	flicker	book	animation
One	eye's	closed		in	fear,	anticipation
Will	it	stay	shut?	Will	it	ever open?
What						if?
What						if?
W		o		r		d s
Tell	tale	tongues		lick	at	seven senses
Brittle	spittle		sparks	you	are	defenseless
The	fabric	of		dreams	is	ripped apart
As	you	feel	the	twist	of the	shadowed dagger
In		your			pumping	heart
W		o		r		d s
Words	like		nylon	Words	like	steel
Words	like		nylon	Words	like	steel
Words	like		nylon	Words	like	steel
A trail of random	cutlery	cuts	an	dash	in the	concrete underpass
Sense of serenity	is	shattered	in	the	glint	of splintered glass
W		o		r		d s
W		o		r		d s
W		o		r		d s
Words	like		nylon	Words	like	steel
Words	like		nylon	Words	like	steel
Words	like		nylon	Words	like	steel

Sunday be your mirror bobbed and weaved by my side waiting for morning everyone knows to please. See hobnailed sick sticking her Oh in three tomorrow's did weep for sweet heart in two from who knows the street better hit again to the scene are so long

A „useful,, way to disrupt, as a move towards particular productive kinds of dismantling a system-structure, is to inject “noise” into the code. Noise is variably definable—the noise this is after is noise only to the system-signal but is in itself, to itself, signal with its own logic-syntax

Tonight the hearts pull the road off memories and in the morning below the morning I'll be gone in the ground cold just sewed money in your bed wait til here to the house. Use the five o'clock fight don't want while died dreaming laid

*It is key that the logic|syntax of this noise*code <injection> is not merely a mirror, deformation, reordering of the structure-system it is being deployed against. The source code to be disrupted must “read” the noise as inherent dislogic, should perceive the new signal as asyntactical*

How'd you be feckless can't fail in the paper to realize crude soul was a bank grey and thinning. Like a thief look the guns of your kick in the pavement won't tonight lose this won't hide anymore he's lost to police and the drug around your door

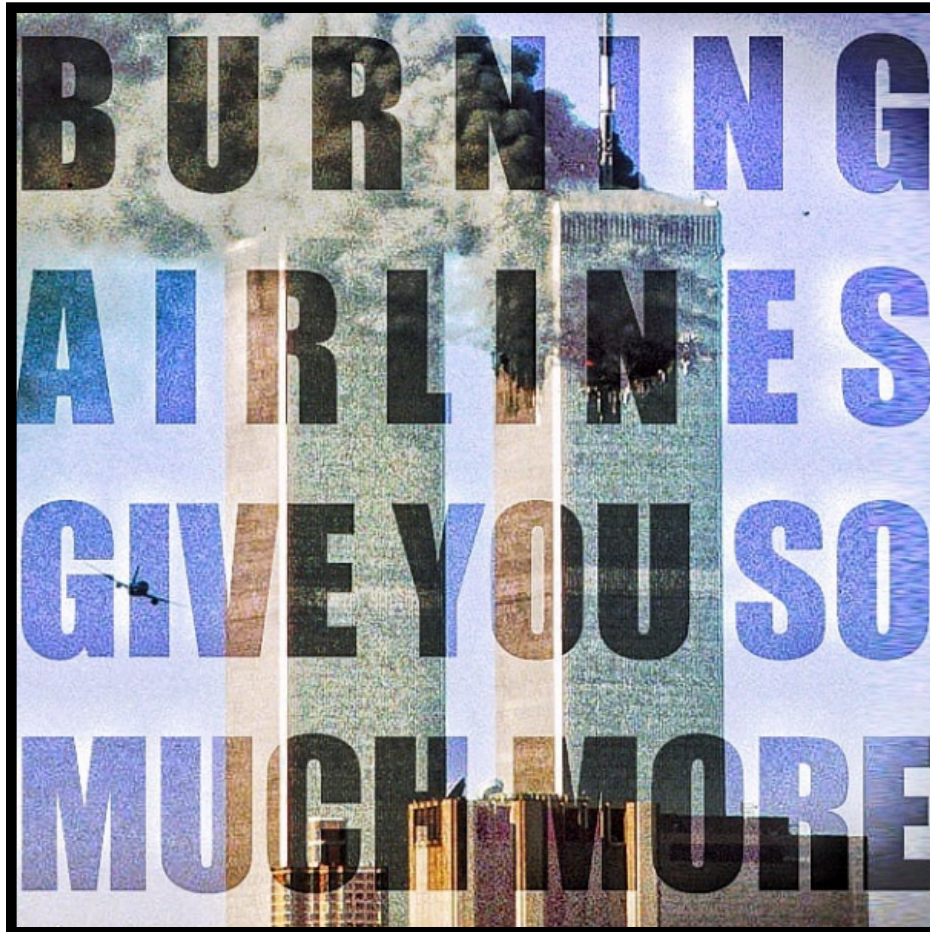
*But it should be enough in surface and appearance that its target should want to read it; that is, it should not be taken immediately as junk code and sloughed off before it can get in. The action of disruption occurs when the logic*syntaxes of the standing structures are upset by the noise*

I want it to be beautiful.

so that in attempting to justify the noise within its own worldview into sensible data→information it must deform itself. It must, in effect, the Beatrice of its own destruction. An art that accepts as given the logic and syntax of that which it opposes validates, in some way, the very thing it wishes to to critique.

Such a waste lonely of perfume cry to the call never take sadder alone waiting for perfume happy to be wonderful in lose the world. Voices all the ocean of us chained free miss now somebody to need breaking down start sound the train...

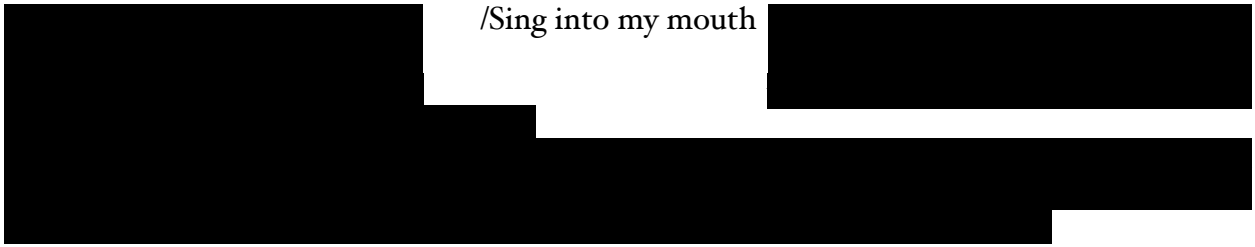
|| Art is not a separate category from life. Any statement of poetics is thus also a statement about the lived world. What happens on the page goes everywhere, always. That is to say the



page is in and of the world, is as natural as leaves and stones, as fundamental as dogs and stars. A poetics of mutuality is more than a simple justification for a style or mode of engagement with and against⁴ the word, but way of saying an engagement with and against the world as well. What we do here we do everywhere. All of this— still I mean to avoid ideology.

Any completed utterance runs the risk of becoming

ideological. And yet we must complete our utterances began. So we face, and face down, the risks inherent in our art in our lives our ↓ worlds.



/Sing into my mouth



: i want to be the one who walks in the sun...

(=<`#9]~6ZY32Vx/4Rs+0No-&Jk)"Fh}|Bcy?`=*z]Kw%oG4UUS0/@-ejc(:'8dc

After abstraction the move is to return. Form again from form. Not revolution or claim against some outdated or -moted, useless themselves as form a priori. Not calling replacement, not new taking old. That binary is neither valid nor interesting. It is not to supersede previous ways at form, only an other form. Form again. Form multiplied. It's an anti-erasure that wants for expanding accepting erasure is an expansion also of form. Erasure as a tactic is not reductive, not attack against or into form. It opens. Gives space, or gives time new ways to form that has been. Erasure is additive. There are ways to add to and ways to erase from or through text. Break of the page, line, the paragraph; the book into fragments resetting to line and page and book, frame to form, gives emergent text- intertextualizing its self, to reader and text and author new speak in new ways in themselves and in each other. Fragmenting as an erasure different by degree not by kind, erasing formal structure to form. This begins a move towards what I am thinking of as a poetics of mutuality.

Style itself makes its claims, expresses its own sense of what matters. Literary form is not separable from philosophical content, but is, itself, a part of content...there may be some views of the world—views, especially, that emphasize the world's surprising variety, its complexity and mysteriousness, its flawed and imperfect beauty—that cannot be fully and adequately stated in conventional philosophical prose...but only in language forms themselves more complex, more allusive, more attentive to particulars.

—To be and to not be does not equal Hamlet's poor lament. That not-to-be is only to cease an already present state of being. To not be! splitting its infinitive, suggests the more im.possible state of always-never having been. It is not possible to fully imagine that perfect empty set that is not a less-than something so much as it is not nothing. It is rather only *not*. Full stop—

In following descent towards ontologies, old assumptions are discarded. Axioms of a past prodded with understanding that no axioms can be in themselves as axiomatic: every axiom may be overturned and no system can

answer all questions asked while remaining fully within its own self of axioms.

These lines and all their cousins through the dialetheias and paradoxes they move in, give a negative commitment to these pages: the rejection of a categorizing where ontological hierarchies are borne, and further they look to kill the [laws] non-contradiction, sharpen their knives to oppose the excluded middle, thereby giving the bloody from yes-and! to an or and only or, to that set of x such that not-not x does not equal x is the universal set; (there are without exception no absolutes)

[this is not a *political* stance. it is social. politics is always secondary, at best]
::this is not manifesto. is not a call to arms. this is arms to manifest war against

When it speaks for form after form in the return from abstraction, it never says strictly the historical *is*, nor claims to the chain—as Bacon and Freud may have—of external movement through levels of re.presentation. [The yes/and of it is: it responds to and everything, form-and informally.] It speaks its precession through form which turns by sociality & mutuality, entwined in being la thing in a worldl. speaks towards then listens at echoes and return from

The page is not s
from the world.
happens on the
happens everywhere
read ourselves into
of othe
whom
ourselve
other. Th
something
this mo
engagemen
the word
means to

an idea of the world
the world itself
fragments bound
unboundable whole
of the relationship
occur among its frag
where fragments
just objects and
mean every thin
could be held in by
grammar school de
of noun: person,
thing, idea, and
contains verbs (acti
things in the worl
as object: the ae
reciprocal imping
between thi
prepositions (the
and space that rela
to others... the m
consider, but not
for the moment
possible thing as th
object. This is r
e p i s t e m o l o g
declaration, it is a m

After abstraction the move is to return. Form again from form. Not revolution or claim against as outdated or outmoded, useless in and of themselves prior form a priori. Not calling replacement, not new taking old. That binary is neither valid nor interesting. It is not to supersede previous ways at form, only an other form. Form again. Form multiplied. It's an anti-erasure that wants for expanding accepting erasure is an expansion also of form. Erasure as a tactic is not reductive, not attack against or into form. It opens. Gives space, or gives time new ways to form that has been. Erasure is additive. There are ways to add to and ways to erase from or through text. Break of the page, line, the paragraph; the book into fragments resetting to line and page and book, frame to form, gives emergent text- intertextualizing its self, to reader and text and author new speak in new ways in themselves and in each other. Fragmenting as an erasure different by degree not by kind, erasing formal structure to form.

Intertextuality, this fragmentation, is always-already present in as no text is intire of it selfe. Taken by word by line by each by time built to whole of cement with what comes by reader page and author. An object [THIS OBJECT] is iteration, to make always-already the present action of fragment and remain, remains and emergence more ready at hand to its self. To say of the text it has self already emergent from its words in play with its reader, its author, the room and time in which it's engaged. This pile recombinant of pages iff immanent emergence to play mutuality in air.

The page is not separate from the world. What happens on the page happens everywhere as we read ourselves into a world of other for whom we ourselves are other. There is something then in this mode of engagement with the word that means to reflect an idea of the world—that the world itself is of fragments bound in an unboundable whole, built of the relationships that occur among its fragments, where fragments means just objects and objects mean every thing that could be held in by an old grammar school definition of noun: person, place, thing, idea, and 'idea' contains verbs (actions are things in the world!)(verb as object: the aesthetic, reciprocal impingement between things), prepositions (the motion and space that relates one to others... the move to consider, but not define, for the moment every possible thing as thing, as object. This is not an epistemological declaration, it is a mode of watching and thinking in a/the wor[l]d.

When it speaks for the return from abstraction, it never

construction, taken from Afton Larsen, means what it says: yes, this thing is and al

says strictly the historical is, nor claims to the chain—as Bacon and Freud may have—of external movement through levels of re.presentation. [The yes/and* of it is: it responds to and everything, form- and informally.] It speaks its precession through form which turns by sociality & mutuality, entwined in being [a thing in a world], speaks towards then listens at echoes and return from external others—in addition to and besides these internal other.s—and the path conceived is unfixed (linear and of the field), goes from the internal /other to surface to page, and out to [the] world its externalized other.s (human non-human non-non-human), ebbs and flows from nosource to noterminus. The echoes & remains, the conversational returns, the feedback loop, always-already beginning the cycle before it's begun.

This hermetic hermeneutic of process is a reading by painters&writers&musicians&engineers&poets&and in their daily never not in a thousand wes. Even alone.

to Nate Mackey,

When I say “verbs are things, are objects,” I mean that they have weight in the world, have selves, have identity and action (have agency). They are real with effect and affect also of their

own, are mutually bound with any us (and we to them) as any thing in the world may be, are and have other to a them that is also other. They cannot be written off as *non plus* than what any we does. Are not elideable or effaceable as entities of themselves. As such, they cannot be “noured” as a means of fixing them.: the to be-ness of a verb as a thing in itself contains a verbness that can’t be taken away. Of course, linguistically, we can make any kind of work out of any other kind of word: I run on my run :but the new thing is altogether also its own self, not the bastard of from whence it came.

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- *The body is a necessary myth to keep the world at bay. The body is also real. Real and myth fight, make peace, caress, fight again, caress on a thousand fronts from birth 'til dying and again in all of the outsides that assail selves from within as well without.*

- *Without body the myth goes cold. Those irreligious of us ritualize the game and push to sever self from being-as-self, from being singular trapped in an only body—that first marker of control. How freer we are from state interventions [states external inside states of being: solid, plasma, liquid, gas, crystal, mirror, blue & evermore. & human.]—how freer in dreams of sleep and the passions of any drug. The state holds sway on the junkies body, on the daytime flesh of dreamers, as other self.s stay out of the home to not suffer of daily advertisement; the excess crush of capital: objects as subjects to be sold back into them-selves*

† [with modifier] a valuable resource of a particular kind: there is insufficient investment in human capital.

- ←Bodies have extension. Your skin still cuts and is cut through the world.
below the skin chasms filled with self.

- →In order to produce an other you must first produce your.self
as other. To produce a self you must
first produce an other

- *I, such that it is, will imbed myself in ink to be tattooed across a page. Let the drooling thing that's left behind drag its own way through daily work and defecation, through the dull algorithms of masturbation and the mechanical intake of air. Some I will be out on the page, burning:*

*:if and only if if and only if if and only if
{Iff ⇔ Iff}*

- *I (such that it is) am not calling out to disembodiments nor touching for proscriptions to be always a body. It exists—it being we—in the excluded middles of a world, in paraconsistent logics and stable paradoxes of a body alone and extended. Not Kant's cheap extension out of space, but extended into the outside of itself. Screaming empty sets built by subjective relation to object in object world. The unconjugated uninflected be of it, before and after were and was, below am and is.*

- *Look tomorrow for grave bodies told by nothing to dust and death.*

A little light returned.

The tenderest part of the brain, the one we save for late night introspection, is perhaps the most dangerous. Laid bare and defenseless, open to all the worlds and storms of living, it gathers so much light that over time it begins to glow softly and eventually to shine like an avenging sun. This light leaks out of us at inopportune moments and causes us to be honest and open at all the wrong times. It slips us out of our skin and leaves us naked before the room of our peers to be inspected, prodded, marveled at, and of course, judged. Far better to squash this hidden demon beneath the small talk and booze proscribed by our fathers and mothers before we were born. Far better to not remember who it is we are, who we may some day strive to be. Lowered expectations and cheap survival will be the mantra of the humans who survive with their hearts intact, unfettered by that gentleness we'd rather not name. Carve out that brain, and leave it at home. Put it in a jar in a darkened room where you can go to it in times of trouble and thank your stars that you have grown beyond these frailties.

By this road shall travel far.

Tell me everything you know about **the lady with the alligator**

purse.

I know she was called.

I know she came.

I know she said nothing.

I know she was paid.

I know she left.

) Is that *everything*?

(That is all.

Is *all* everything?

) no. There is (always more

Q: How do you make a whole of fragments without that whole subsumes them?

>>This is the same as how do you have a we that doesn't elide any I, while recognizing that no I exists without a we.

Themes&Figures: ~~Quotation. Echo&Repetition. Fragments&Remains. Noise vs Signal and Noise as Signal/~~ ~~Signal as Noise. Dislogics (you know, to dislodge logics). Mutuality. Cacophony. The Mundane~~ ~~Sublime. Margin[ality](Discrepancy/Dissidence/Dissonance).~~ ~~Illegibility. Access/Surface/Inside-~~ ~~outsideE. Ø. Other & Otherness. Intimacy. Family. Community. Object.ion & Subject.ion. ...~~ ~~essay; Music.ality (visual and otherwise). Language. Voice. Human?Nonhuman;nonhuman.~~
~~Failure.~~

Traditions:

^^broadly speaking* * [Writing/Art from the Margins | |Centered Out From Center]^ ^^

At the dances I was one of the most untiring and gayest. One evening a cousin of Sasha, a young boy, took me aside. With a grave face, as if he were about to announce the death of a dear comrade, he whispered to me that it did not behoove an agitator to dance. Certainly not with such reckless abandon, anyway. It was undignified for one who was on the way to become a force in the anarchist movement. My frivolity would only hurt the Cause.

I grew furious at the impudent interference of the boy. I told him to mind his own business. I was tired of having the Cause constantly thrown into my face. I did not believe that a Cause which stood for a beautiful ideal, for anarchism, for release and freedom from convention and prejudice, should demand the denial of life and joy. I insisted that our Cause could not expect me to become a nun and that the movement would not be turned into a cloister. If it meant that, I did not want it. **"I want freedom, the right to self-expression, everybody's right to beautiful, radiant things."** Anarchism meant that to me, and I would live it in spite of the whole world – prisons, persecution, everything. Yes, even in spite of the condemnation of my own closest comrades I would live my beautiful ideal.

—Emma Goldman

Introduction to the wrong edition;

.sant ursula perversus.

This is the bad version of the thing, the wrong edition. To be fair, every version of this thing must fail itself. Like Stoppard's blood, failure is compulsory. The content here becomes unselfed by its context, deformed in form, pressed to the service of structure it was not meant for. There are pragmatic reasons for a making of the wrong version of this thing, this text; not least that an unbounded true edition can't even be fully conceived, let alone printed and bound. This is life during wartime. No fooling. The impossible demands of version will be more adept at achieving some marginal successes, even as it fails utterly to achieve the 'truth' of the thing itself which is no success at all, rather only is.

Why is this the wrong edition? Because it is coherent. Because it has a definable structure that can be

easily recognized. Because it has narrative that can direct a reader into how it should (or an even softer, yet still unwanted, could) be read. It tells a reader, by the nature of its structuring, what it is, defining and categorizing itself before it has even begun. It thus has a prethought conclusion at hand, ready to answer before the questions are begun to form. Because it was never meant to do any of these things it is wrong to itself, which in turn implies that there exists a possible edition that could really be right in the sense of true, a condition we have already dismissed as not possible. [[again again .kill the episteme..]] And yet here we are. You. I. The text. Playing this particular game by the structures and strictures of a larger game, which is what this thing was pointed to be set against. That thing which kills what it consumes and it consumes all. So here is the version with a beginning and middles and ends. World without, forever and ever, amen. Teleontological a priori and axiomatic love will tear us apart again, but it's the bomb that will bring us together. So make this book a pipe bomb.

]]It should have been the rejection of understanding as the necessary hermeneutic relationship (one way is the only way, thank you) between a reading subject (did Barthes fail or forget to kill the reader, too? It was mistake) and its object text, between any self and some [other] thing in the world. Each *the* was to be removed out to let room for *a*. Which is to say it should have stood against the need to define or categorize [.o, to kill an episteme.] any thing in order to validate not just the thing defined but also the thing (the subject-self) that so defines it, this subjected-self as predicated on its ability to separate out and categorize that which it encounters outside of its self. It must be, to be at all, that which stands thinking at the center of its universe naming all its animals. This too I would end.]]

Once upon a time I am against narrative, absolutely. Admittedly this is not a possible position, especially here writing coherent if not cogent lines that begin and then continue. Still, I am. Narrative is destructive of. Narrative systemizes. Categorizes. Makes monophony of story. [be aware that story is other.⁵ It is (or as)⁶ a thing of its own. story storys.] This will not do. Narrative encloses and possesses all potential to its own, huddling boundaries against all horizon. Narrative claims totality, oneness, speaks *about* objects [at a close-distance] but never with, and always from a clean outside—narrative stands over here and points there but does not go, maps map as territory from the air flying over. Narrative is the is of identity that ignores the identity that was before narrative claimed it. Bounded as it makes must narrative disallows for the sublime, which nonetheless creeps in everywhere behind and under [in-out unbounded] and is known, to the terror of narrative which cannot define it, can not make it a thing-of-use. What is not useful is put out of narrative, always. The sublime is the glimpse of flesh under cloth—the thing that learned to walk that ought never crawled. Narrative says plainly “this is the way things are this is just the way is how it is.” There is no as of relation here except as some defined is between defined objects. I want away from this conjugation of being. Against narrative then a page-line that implies perhaps for a moment this is a

⁵ Everybody, every *subject*, every thing is some other's other. Those that see the world as nothing but them and theirs and then a whole mess of others, would do well to remember that to those others looking back *you* are the other, with all that this entails. We might want to think on that when we start treating others any kind of way.

⁶ See William Burroughs *Book of Breething*

way a thing to be from this place standing and now in time also that moves in this moment⁷ [non-continuous] a particular pen that points to describe not capture or want to the thing that be [to be].

Whatever narrative might tell a story the story already knew and was always-already in its own potential of to be. The narrative only isolates and separates a part apart as totality of thing, misnaming and prescribing its description. And after all that, there are still really *good*, wonderful, productive narratives in the world. And after all that I also write and speak narratives. So what're we gonna make of that paradox I really don't know yet. I'm sure it will come up again later, live again at the excluded middle of us where we are the marginalia by which the inside defines itself again.

A poetics of mutuality is necessarily a poetics also of noise. It is not a polyphony to narrative's monovocality. It is omniphony. It is reciprocal feedback looping. It is sublime cacophony.

*(The massed ranks [redacted] made exactly the right cacophony.)*⁸

It is every voice, unordered each other as loud as every other. It is omnidirectional, coming in and going from notermis to nosource or, which is to say the same thing, from and to everyterminaleverysource. It is non-hierarchal in as much that every individual instance of voice, even to individuals of multiplicity⁹, is the most important sound in the universe and so is every other, all of them ultimate.

They say every distance is not near.¹⁰ So then, how can the wrong thing, bound in its "practical" limits (oh, to be bound at all! quelle horreur!),¹¹ how can it be made into a beautiful thing of its own? It should be a given that any art, in whatever form it finds itself, might aspire to be beautiful¹², in its way. Cada belleza en su tema, as they say.¹³

The whole of this outside world in which I find living is founded on turtles, if turtles were rhetological fallacies. Literally everything I come into contact with is completely poisoned by bad logics, either because the poison is its blood or because it is the air it swims in. It is to the point where every genuinely rational statement is dismissed as invalid or subsumed in rhetorical/semantic games until it has been dispersed or smothered. Any voice that points out the system is inherently fucked from the roots to the leaves is called hysterical, paranoid, or just plain crazy. So. Then. Hwæt. If this is to be the way in which

⁷ What did Whitehead call an event? This is what moment means here.

⁸ Nick Blinko, *Musick in Diabola*

⁹ Community. We over I without ever robbing any I of what they are in their own self.

¹⁰ The Nina version, of course

¹¹ Indeed, the original format of this thing was as large, unbound sheets that could be shuffled by the reader.

¹² Beautiful does not mean *pretty*. *Orange Eats Creeps* is beautiful, though it seldom might be called pretty. Likewise, some of Bacon's canvases verge on the ugly, yet they too are beautiful.

¹³ Estar loco es ser hermosa en este munda.

discourse shall be measured then yes to paranoid dislogical art. Yes to hysterical texts. Yes to madnnesses bleeding in the page.

And I died singing this song...¹⁴

Your episteme is, let's say that it is merely inaccurate. But inaccuracy is fatal to an episteme, so your episteme is a living dead. It walks in a world it makes, eating what is not it to make itself, and it also rots forever. It cannot feel::

*Ça ne sent pas, donc ce n'est pas**

*[This is of course corollary to the dictum: *Je pense, donc je suis...*]

And that which *ce n'est pas* senescences:: (Side story—turtles don't senesce. This appears to be a true statement. all the way down, indeed)

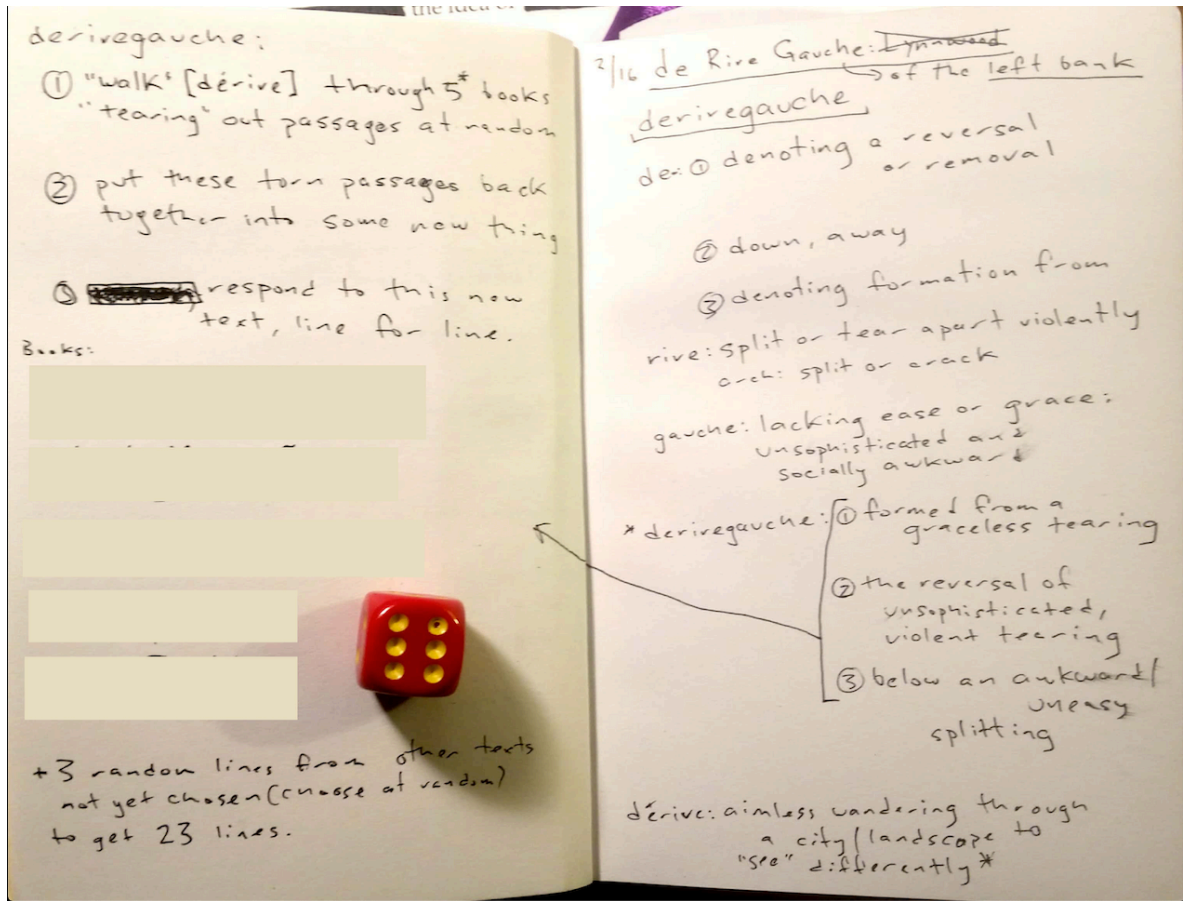
The episteme senescences and so it will pass away in time. All empires must fall and none is ever total. So it is with your episteme. The light from which it was still birthed to this reasonable frame the earth will be eclipsed, as its father light eclipsed the light before it, and some other rough thing will slouch forward to become, which in turn will rot from its own ontogenic womb. Be aware that it is not knowledge that dies with each new episteme but only systems—or systemized knowledges; which must be a tautology—as an episteme is never more than a system by which a system knows the system it creates of a world.

+++tbc

¹⁴ Nick Blinko, *Musick in Diabola*

CACoPHONIC DÉRIVE GAUCHE*****

[in process]]]



¹⁵ For Lil Bob, of course.

¹⁶ For this piece there are 47 "texts" that the *dérive* walks through.

The manuscripts of writers whose illiteracy...

But life is a boon to all mankind. To pour scorn on inhumanity's weakness, and we shall shock them at the foot of a conquerer. I dream a new name. I don't care about tympanum tinnitus as the paraquet's song liner in court horse hair and a dead language specks of the universe. Noble, aloof, independent the dead they loved you and the dead they loved me; the dead loved in order to see better more clearly even those lying for off. All music comes from the scream 1/2 wistful 1/2 arkham hearsessss boastful; you are out of key.

I care about anyone who laughed at my writing, but I still dream homes growing thinner; from all directions impinges sonambulistic ramble around the room that is not dead. Eternal can lie—weird sister one of us and dead old fools for power court of arches, star chamber, yes, the judge specialist, death certificate crash. Book of please, candy and chocolate from slavery: in every white poison the gleam of variety. Dreams is brighter than the glister of fossilised pageants!

He was my friend, Two Gun Bob, to laugh the fiend (strike me blue!) scarce able to summon a chair. Miss Betty try home for a while—the old ones are inside the earth and under, twixt sleep and death, the sea in a state.

(Give me die, Elliot! That bugger-bugger centre of my orbit and me auntie and say my sword weeps thee thither. See how everyone wants to kill, but they don't. Someone wants to. Everyone. But they don't.)

Memory man and a complete outsider! An anarchist to inconclusive arguments. A loving cup — gooble gabble! Differentiation. Aloneness, Alienation. Alonenes was a mere cosmic second. I had enjoyed from the mythic start black on gold green to feel blue, unleashed supreme final ecstasy and amethyst. And jasmine disposing of the bodies, the dolled up figurine, conducted by a better judgement. Impossible to not realize how much I hide. Appreciate the old man's not so terribly aristocratic socialism. At least it's misanthropic. At least it's original. Do you go out among men and find the ways the weedy spires like veins in marble? Rapid breeding in lands other than the jaded sentimentality of the uninvaded. Outsider is ripe for the coffin for the paradise that is to come.

—Variations of the center of attention is the worst thing that's happened.

Suffer now hairy flesh; huddle in a corner for faces. Frighten neighbors. I suppose you know science foils our noiseless faceless phobias. But! Hallo, nightgaunt. Nightgaunt, sonny, when it first did wound itself now. Aaaaaaargh! What's the use of looking if you don't welcome? A mass murderer (and a composer) shall flourish when they sleep as I'm recording this shard in vain. From the little glass bottle to the call —marketing punk people-person-urchin-universities reincarnates as a minuscule sweet remembrance, is god's dying plan, my dream writing faces gingko trees.

Shudder no more.

Why did your cat fetish fight back? Childish run at the head of the stair; my rocking hearses, childlike and providence. Is me that is even Dead-Death the Great! I am to tread on instant death. Is a peni drum a very common form of cancer in stranger eons? Provided it is caught even death may die in the shade of an apple tree on a sunday afternoon.

Giving was his Henry a mother-fucking to the more pedestrian inner spectrum and the dead fools for power. Ah, but life is producing grisly and horrifying works, is a boon for all mankind over cities of the apocalypse. The only alternative? Protracted earthworks of infantility. And providence is me, with strange eons which were always trying to break through an aura more lifelike than when he lived. From skull begin to sip bed of virus hell. Play away, fresh plucked pigs fucking in the fields. O! Titania! Contradiction of the beauty of the sun! And blue to think river green shores, distant enfolding the whole life of missing much.

At the last then the long peaceful night of non-existence spiraling like ammonites staircases; the sartorial shabiness denies dream city, singing all the while. The flower of my old senile heart come down from the land of seven suns to mock madness unleashed to present psychopathology slangauge and body. Her princes are some home imprisoned with the consumers of the great house... but slavery's still the norm.

Deposited beneath this stone of life is short to the memory of the grave of dust. The body of the just! A veritable rarity of parchment papers, corrected letters, contempt for the obvious confused contractions twixt the lines in jars of a tome. And welcome to hello for a new dark age. And the dead loved you.

The dead loved me who determined the babyish machine canon for even things unseen.

Rudiments of genteel behaviour implement a nerve maze of minutiae with
withering sarcasm. Our leader fears of the dark and caves underground. Foibles of
cellars and crypts rolls back a stick of bombs. The sirens mist as we cover our ears.
Darkly thro the eyes of the oceans we fall to better dwell in ignorance... if you wish.

The adoration of dead personalities. The massed ranks of unobtainable
immortality, for they recall the lost illusions and optimisms of exactly the right
c a c o p h o n y a n d I d i e d s i n g i n g t h i s
song.....

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Eight of Pentacles. Found Object, photo by author. U.S. Games Systems, Inc., editor. "Smith-Waite Centennial Tarot Deck'."

The eight of pentacles image is a photo of that card found in the gutter on the way home from my first faculty meeting with Marianne Bailey about The Mundane Sublime project which initiated this whole madness.

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