

Fountain; fragments and remains: an journal/essay of things

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Nude Descending a Staircase N° 2; fragments and remains: a long form poem

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Abstract

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What Fountain wants here is to be both signal and noise at the same time, so that the signal is noise and the noise signal, in a constant feedback loop (both negative and positive, destructive and constructive) refusing to settle into either for long enough to “make sense.” The reader is, at least potentially, unable to reconcile one from the other, thus allowing a third state to come into being: that excluded middle that Western logics are so troubled by with the stated intent of troubling those logics. The entire project is dedicated to and bound (paradoxically) by these paradoxes. The paradoxes cannot be healed and so become a greater noise against certain hermeneutics of the world that seek always to “understand” each thing they encounter within the rules of system.¹ Fountain becomes thus that

¹ “A system that evaluates challenges to its structures (& strictures) according to its own structural rules is unlikely to find those challenges valid.” From page 56 of the text that follows.

system against system that it cannot seriously claim to be. And yet it makes this claim, and makes it seriously. There are, without exception, no absolutes. In a society in which logics are employed as weapons against discrepant persons, cultures, and (margined) societies, Fountain weaponizes dislogics and noise to infect disjunction into the signal (dominant narratives) that it itself sees as a destructive noise. Signal and noise are both rejected as dichotomous positions against which one must choose sides, and both are taken up (reupped) into a prepositional, unboundable, multidimensional open field of logics and dislogics, leaving the reader free to pursue the text (all text, everywhere) in their own unbounded freedoms.² This “place” that Fountain points to is precisely (again, paradoxically) that place of mutuality, where in every actor is given full agency to be, and that commonality, that universal ontological fact, describes that inescapable network referred to by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. in his Letter From a Birmingham Jail:

“We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly.”

² The foundational work of the Fountain project, *Towards a Mundane Sublime*, equates this unboundedness—which it registers as being an internal, as well as external—state with both the sublime and the empty set, two “objects” that it sees as being an ontologically present foundation to the notion of a mutuality among all objects (human, nonhuman, and non-nonhuman alike).

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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. “

—Isadore Ducasse, Maldoror.

(Stolen by Ducasse, word for word, from a French Encyclopedia)

THIS IS THE PROEM TO THE THING THAT FOLLOWS

“We don’t need to know how to play, man, because it’s punk rock. We just got to be punks.”

—Cheech Marin³

Caveat at the Top:

The sheer volume of historical background—both physical and cultural—that would be needed to fully explicate (a task that is always-already impossible from the start) what in the hell is happening here between myself and these pages precludes anything more than a very incomplete rendering of the so-called facts of the matter. And so, this proem must rely on a commitment that the text it aims to introduce absolutely tends to reject—it must ask its reader to take certain declarations on faith, treating them as axiomatic⁴ within the context of the work. This is a problem that pragmatic concerns compel us to ignore.

Any poetics statement—any statement of any kind, really—must be set up on axioms. This is to say what one believes about the world as generally or fundamentally true will directly influence the kinds of statements one can make about specific segments of that world. If you believe that the universe is made exclusively of stone you are unlikely to invent water gods.

To speak into a tradition that does not recognize as valid the traditions you are speaking from is to cross purposes at the level of axioms. It an epistemological disjunction that prevents me from effectively arguing my position against the “mainstream” traditions, replete with their liberalisms, their humanisms, their conservatisms, and so on—isms to every horizon, categorical and taken as real. The essential problem, as I see it, is one cannot speak to, at, through, or against ideological positions without taking an ideological position oneself. This is the nature of ideological debate. One must be counter- or pro-. Third or stranger positions are often evacuated before they reach the podium. As this

³ Of course, Cheech *could* play, as could the punks. The rejection of “skill” as some prefab set of modal interactions with making is a foundational element of the punk ethos and aesthetic. If you are playing, then by definition you can. Even the Germs had a decent grasp of their instruments. Yes, even Darby. The Slits, too, were pretty damn good at what they did. What each of these groups did was, nonetheless perceived by certain elements of mainstream culture as nothing but unskilled noise. Sore Throat, a master class of musicians who could indeed play very well in the classical sense (as evinced by their Saw Throat project) but chose to engage in almost pure noise, summed this up with their album title: Unhindered by Talent.

⁴ This line will seem in conflict with itself. This paradoxical bent is part of the language of this thing. It is inevitable to it, and I am going to repeat this often.

work and the tradition it claims to be part of reject not only ideological positioning outright, but also positionality itself as a valid concept, it has no valid ground to present itself from. And yet, it exists. In some very real sense the fact that it exists is an argument for its validity. Its soundness may be another question (depending on how one parses its premises and the axioms from which they arise). What this work depends from is not any positionality, but a prepositionality; that is, a state of relation to whatever thing, person, place, idea, etc. that it encounters or is encountered by. As such it lives, so to speak, at every margin, rejecting the possibility of a center—as any center would necessarily imply a position. What occurs, however, in the practical sense it that all of this self-identification is measured as an invalid mode of being by that which it means to reject, and as those modes that it is rejecting claim not only a centrality but a power over all that approaches them, this work really stands no chance at all—if forced to engage in the mode it deems impossible. To cut to it, it is not possible to reject the logics of a system using the logics of that system with out falling into irreparable paradox: If you prove a logic invalid by employing that logic, you have proven it a valid logic. If you fail at proving it wrong, either your implementation is invalid or the logic is indeed valid. It is a battle that cannot be won. It appears, then, that one must accept, a priori, any dominant system of thinking. This is an untenable conclusion.⁵ So. How to escape this trap? I have no answer here. Instead I offer up the thing itself—Fountain as a space in which these questions might be thought and explored. Fountain is, then, essentially a statement of question.⁶

Attaching this document—the proem—to the one that follows destroys them both.⁷ It’s like explaining the joke, an action in my community that earns a hats-off pat. I’m not going to explain what that means because it’s not information that anyone outside of my community needs to know. Some things we get to keep to ourselves. A necessary mode of defense considering that every time “mainstream” culture gets its hands on anything from any other culture it steals, distorts, and commodifies it. So we’ll not be doing that. In any case, this text really does trouble its self and the thing to which it is appended by its mere existence as a sort of preface. And where I love the

⁵ See the below at “On Centers and Margins” for more on this problem.

⁶ “This is not a poetics statement. This is a poetics question.” From Fountain, in the section called remains.

⁷ I do, however, find it comforting that this kind of destruction is a major part of what these works are trying to engage in, so that the inherent failure of the proem is also its success, after a fashion.

sentiment, I am nearly positive that this is not what Mallarmé had in mind when he called destruction his Beatrice. Perhaps in this case it's more of a drunken Virgil, leading us into hell only to wander off and abandon us there. All the better, we say. Better not to serve in any heaven. And less trouble with obligations to our guide and all that jazz if it leaves us disoriented at the start of our journey, freeing us to make our own ways.

It also borders on the grimly hilarious that this document—the proem—is significantly longer, by sheer word count, than any of the works (Fountain itself) it aims to point at. Again, this leads one to believe that this document not only can but must fail. This last keeps this thing here and the thing it appends in a kind of familial harmony: Fountain, both the project writ large and its individual iterations, is an experiment that revels in its ability to fail. It does not want to succeed in the sense of creating a stable environment bounded by its own imaginings, but rather to always and continually collapse under its own weights and absences. Where Fountain aims to resist explainings and categories, this proems move to impose both actions upon it creates a frisson that disrupts both—Fountain creaks⁸ against the bindings of this document, and this document is infected with the noise of its companion. Fail better, as they say.

I claim only to have been a conspirator in making this house: floorless, ceilingless, and wallless though it be. What you do once you get here is left to the will of the room itself and to whomever chooses to enter in. It's that kind of party.⁹ Make a home here if you will, but do not claim only as your own. Better to squat here in community with

Recognize, too, that in keeping with the theme of the work, this proem will tend towards disjunction and noise. There will also be, as in the text itself, plenty of repetition and echo. This is tactical noise, a rhetorical move common to the traditions I am part to¹⁰ a way to both double down on what is meaning—the insistent choruses of punk songs—and a way to confuse that same meaning by semantic saturation—again a common mode in punk music wherein in the words are reduced to

⁸ From Mackey's creaking category, in reference to the Dogon "creaking of the word." See below.

⁹ Reference here Missing Foundation's (Hi, Pete!) "the party's over" and "the party's just begun." Go into exile never meant leave the physical spaces. It meant exile from the dominating rhetorics, both abstract and concrete.

¹⁰ The work aims to take up a prepositional (that is a state of relation) rather than a positional "stance." This is reflected materially by a perhaps disjunct usage of the preposition in its verbiage.

strangled screaming repetitions of the same phrase til it becomes just more noise.¹¹ It is, all of it, written in the language[s] and style[s] of my own country[s].¹² (This statement includes the format of footnotes and body texts here and in what follows. Compare these documents [proem and Fountain] to punk liner notes, zines, and show flyers for reference to the aesthetic and tactical commitments these kinds of noisy formats draw to. The font work in Fountain are also in line with these commitments towards disruption, wherein the presentation of the material matches the concepts and feelings in the work its self.)¹³ Consider the disjunctions and illegibilities to operate as the feedback and shouting in punk if you will; it's as good an analogy as any.

Many of the references in this proem and in Fountain itself will go unrecognized by readers unfamiliar with the cultures they draw to. This is normal in any text we encounter made by someone from places different to our own. Often times these new exposures lead us to discover other worlds. I hope that be the case here. But the references are here for those who rarely see themselves in type. Please be a generous reader and accept there are narratives you don't know, but that nonetheless remain valid in and for themselves.

Begin the Beguine Begin:

This text is at the culmination of a five year project of text making practices, though not its end.¹⁴ To date this is the fourth text to be released into the world bearing the title Fountain¹⁵ in some iterative form, generally made by appending a subtitle to the thing.¹⁶ The first, simply called *Fountain*,

¹¹ Semantic saturation as an interventional device to disrupt semantics.

¹² See below at "Where y'at?"

¹³ "its self" is neither typo nor lack of knowledge on the author's part as to "proper grammars." This formation occurs through out the text and is meant to open up the term "itself" into its component measures, to consider both the its-ness and self-ness of the concept hidden in the words.

¹⁴ Indeed, this projects origin point can be projected much further back that the five year mark, extending all the way through my pre-academic years to encompass my life as lived in the margins of society writ large. See the section on family below for more on this.

¹⁵ The title Fountain is taken from Duchamp's piece of the same name. The project as a thing in the world—as opposed to a pure abstraction—began in response to an experience of that work as a kind of sublime object. Or rather as an object that set up the conditions by which a sublime experience was more readily available to access.

¹⁶ There are also a few preliminary pieces in this project not named Fountain, one of which finds a version of itself in this text as "To Munda"

a half-false memoirish book, was followed by *Fountain: er•rat•tum* which also told more or less true versions of my life's events. *Fountain: Materiel*, assembled sometime last year began to move in the direction the project has now. It was a loose bound collection of pages—poems, essays, erasures, &c.—set against one another in an attempt to find what arose in the fractures between the pieces. That is, *Materiel* as a work was as interested (as is, in part, fragments & remains) in the spaces between its pages as it was with the pages themselves. Other iterations of the Fountain project have occurred as video projects, wherein found footage was collaged and disjuncted against altered/sampled audio tracks, as well as ephemeral public art—objects and texts set out in the world with the sure knowledge they would not last. What must be recognized is that every iteration of this thing, even the most classically narrative texts, have been built on the idea of collage and echo, stitched documents that at their heart aim to dismantle particular hermeneutics of category as set out by the liberal humanisms and logic-syntaxes of the European “Enlightenment.” It is NOT, however, a call for return to darker ages, but rather a light towards unwritten futures steeped in the glow of our better anarchisms.¹⁷ In that vein, too, this is not the last time the Fountain project will rear its Diogenesian head¹⁸ to sing and snarl at closed heavens.

Throughout all of these individual manifestations of the larger thing, certain themes have prevailed, though without question they have evolved and morphed as they moved through their¹⁹ years. And though I bristle at the application of a “genre” to the text²⁰—the rejection of category being one of the most vital commitments this project engages with—in an effort to fulfill certain material obligations that I situate the work in a particular tradition I will admit that in very broad strokes this particular thing, this iteration, sits only mildly askew among works that have been labeled, either by those who made them or my their consumers, as punk. The problem of course is that in making this claim is that the term “punk” and the traditions it points at is not one that can be easily defined

¹⁷ This phrasing, formed on “our better selves” in Wordsworth, speaks to anarchisms rooted in ideas of mutual aid and against those forms proselytized by so called “an-caps” and other “worsen anarchisms.”

¹⁸ Some would label Diogenes an “ugly” philosopher. This text thinks otherwise.

¹⁹ I’ve been asked why “their” here—as opposed to “my.” I consider my relation to the works in question to be one not of ownership—these are not “my” texts—but one of mutual recognition and making. The texts, and what falls out of them, own themselves. They are afforded, within the network of mutuality, a sovereignty. We make each other in our existences as other to each (other).

²⁰ See Mackey below

without negating much of the energy that allows it to be what it undefinably is. Saying “punk” is very much like saying “jazz” in the sense that it is a rather overarching term used to deal with many disparate and disjunct peoples and objects. In my own life I’ve always taken statements such as “I don’t like jazz” as being almost wholly nonsensical in that they don’t actually give any kind of usable information. The same can be said of the statement “This work is punk,” and for the same reasons. It is simply too oblique an arrow hit its imagined target of centering a work at a certain place in the larger ocean that is Art. Most specifically, “punk” (like “jazz”) points to an entire mode of being rather than a style or genre one can put on or emulate, and thus cannot be applied as a label; excepting of course where it can.²¹

Other related traditions that this text finds itself indebted too are all in this same way not traditions per se, but rather modes of engagement towards a world operating from margin against an imagined or imposed center. To situate, for instance, Situationism, another mode that Fountain draws itself to, in the schema that is art history ends up in absurdity. So too with Dada and, I would argue—though its commodification, like that of punk, might point otherwise—also with Hip Hop. These modes all have all at various times depended heavily on pulling from everywhere to collage something new from the fragments of the old,²² and all three have made themselves antistatic forms, committed to their own constant dynamisms to be what they are—and what they are is always in motion. And again, as with punk and jazz, dada, situationism, and hip hop are all forms and modes that exist at or beyond margins from the deadly fictions of center that power has implied into the world, and each creates, again and again, its own mobile centers from which it builds the worlds it engages with.

On mutuality, family, and other troubles:

In addition to the trouble of axioms, different traditions and cultures carry different semantic weights to certain words and phrases. In this situation, the terms family, mutuality, and even to some extent punk are used in these texts in ways that may seem at odds with a reader’s expectations of

²¹ This kind of paradox—the statement that needs to but cannot be made—abounds in this work, as it abounds in the traditions it claims as family. Within the logic of the thing itself, paradox is expressly not forbidden (is in fact required) a point made many times in the body of the work.

²² Susan Carter, in her 2001 thesis for the University of Toronto, *Willing Shape-Shifters*, refers to this practice as “magpieism,” borrowing the term from David Ayers who employed it against such practices in Chaucer. Carter, like myself, takes the practice to be a positive and generative one. Fountain, and its kin, “magpie” as a tactical and aesthetic commitment.

those terms based on their own experiences of the world and the ways in which those terms may operate there.

My use of the term mutuality, especially as to how it arises not as an erasure of autonomy of the self but as the foundational and necessary support of such, is predicated on a deep feeling of connection as understood by people of my culture and community. It is so ingrained a thing in us that its explication falls to despair as we attempt to find words for it. As such, my use of the Augustinian idiom, both in the proem and in the work itself, is radically necessary. This feeling is also the drive behind our aesthetic encounter with the worlds we inhabit. What we call family, and what we call punk, is impossible without it.

A rather blunt, and unsatisfying stab at it can be summed in the statements, loosely translated from the dialectal idioms in which it might usually be verbalized:

None of us can exist without the rest. The individual is wholly predicated on their relation to the whole, and the whole is nothing without the individuals of whom it is comprised. To say it another way, while every individual is necessarily afforded full agency and freedom of their own selves, without that this affordance be a reciprocal action between all individuals it is nothing. And further, no individual self is possible without the it exists in relation to all other selves; i.e. the communities that are made of those individual instances of self. That in certain logics and idioms this appears to give rise to paradox does not escape us. And yet, to us, it is irredeemably true. Perhaps mutuality is best understood as an emergent property of selves and communities,²³ ontologically bound so that neither is possible without the other.

This feeling of mutuality occurs is, to my family, inseparable from being. It is as air, that in which we swim without consciously knowing and without which we would surely starve and die. Further, we do not recognize it as a quality limited to only within the mobile boundary that binds us to each other. This feeling of being in mutual relation extends to all people, though admittedly it finds its most natural expression among people for whom the dominant narratives fail most spectacularly—those for whom margin is center, and for whom an ethic of mutuality becomes a mode of survival.²⁴

²³ And communities of communities and so on. Noted too that no one individual (or community) belongs wholly or strictly within any one community. See the Unremaking of Category below.

²⁴ These ideas are better explored in the work itself: the Songs chapter here, and Fountain and Fountain er•rat•tum all delve heavily into the concepts of mutuality and family. To fully draw it out would take many volumes more of material than the limits of this proem would allow.

In the final account these notions of the autonomous self and the condition of mutuality between all such autonomous selves are, within the cultural language from which I am speaking, and with each wholly dependent on the other for its potential to arise as a thing in the world, equivalent. To say one is to say the other.

Where y'at? (The thing about family is and mutuality as a tactical ontology):

The concept of family, too, is something that catches at cultural boundaries. We have never had much success in explaining to other folks what precisely this means to us. I will make some attempt here to describe it. This describing suffers in part from its monovocality; that is, to have my voice alone laying out some definition of the thing, without the thousand other voices, each of which must bring its own inflection to bear on the matter if it is to approach anything near some kind of “truth” of the thing, is a disservice to the spirit of the vitality of each individual that the “whole” is so dependent on. Better to point to moments in the work itself to give the feeling I have of family, without the tendency to closure and binding that I fear the explanations here might tend to.²⁵ In the spirit of opening the ideas to unfamiliar readers, I will offer the following sketch here.

My family is a disparate and disjunctive grouping of peoples bound together in an odd commonality. This commonality, our mutualness, arises from the fact that we did not belong anywhere else. That is, we were either rejected by or rejected (and in most cases both) the communities that we were born and raised into. Often this included our biological families. But not always. Often schools or religions pushed us out. But not always. No one factor, other than a mutual commitment to not be a part of that world, is or was universal among us. We came from many different backgrounds and cultures, but came together out of necessity for a place to be and belong, out of the human necessity to community. We accepted each other—as other—in our collective otherness. This affords us strength and a place to exist—both physically and otherwise, to speak who we were from the security of the “place” we made in a world. We tended not to be in permanent physical spaces, opting (or being opted by our poverty and refusal) to move through the territories, making and remaking map as we went.

²⁵ In the chapter Songs, for instance: “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.”

There were notable exceptions: C still stands, physically even, though not perhaps psychically. As well, the bridges remain, but we less often sleep at them.²⁶

This reality allowed us to recognize, those of us who did, the idea of otherness not as a category of externals or exclusions that we need barricade our selves against, but as an inclusive ontological fact.²⁷

Everyone gets in. Except those who don't. Like Augustinian time, I doubt anyone²⁸ when asked could answer what makes someone family as opposed to not.²⁹ It's just a known quality. Game recognize game, as the saying goes. And we are all seriously playing all the time.

The idealized form of all of this is rarely realized, but we aren't Platonists so this does not matter much.³⁰ It's a process not a product. The same should be understood about the texts in this collection. They are family to each other in the same way that my people are family.

And too, as there is no prerequisite to family other than some mutual empathy, some recognition of the connection from other to other, the reader of this text is given room to gather themselves in to its arms. If you find yourself drawn in, if you feel yourself in some way connected to the feelings of the text, then you are kin to it and it to you. Family built in this manner is never closed, even as it works to bind and hold together those who find themselves part to it. You are invited by the text to be of it, if you will. And if you don't, this is good too. This is not some cultish place where the demand to belong is foisted upon all and sundry. The mutuality of the texts aim extends to all families of every kind, even to families of one.

It is not for me to speak for all of the people who are collected in the idea of family as we call it. Our backgrounds, our understandings of ourselves and our communities, where we are now—all of these things vary from one to other, and all of us would find our own ways of expressing these things. This is important to the notions of autonomy in community that I speak of in the section above. And

²⁶ The troubling of tense in these lines is intentional. There is a continuous past at play here of the “if you used to be you never were” variety.

²⁷ This idea is realized in the body [of the text] as variations of every other is some other's other.

²⁸ Again, of my family.

²⁹ Empathy for the devil, maybe.

³⁰ Because it needs to be always said:: Black Lives Matter. In typing the words “does not matter” I felt the compulsion to say it here.

while my own entry in to this family began as an encounter with homelessness, squatting, and anarcho-punk, there are many for whom this is not a shared experience. We are nonetheless family. I again point to the place wherein these concepts are not easily translated across cultural boundaries, and ask again that the reader open themselves to the possibility of other modes of being in the world as valid in and for themselves, without a full mapping of concept from one place to another—from where you may be to where we are. “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.” This section in *Fountain* attempts to offer some foundation for the work of this openness between some perceived “us” and some imagined “you.” The lines are not closed and this idea is open to all; yet, there is work to be done on the part of all parties for this openness and connection to be a real thing, accessible in the world. On my part, the *Fountain* project is one element of that work.³¹

A poetics of mutuality:

As *Fountain* finds itself in the claim that art is not a separate category from life³², these notions of family and mutuality extend themselves directly into the poetics of the work and to the modes of presentation and representation it engages in. The “chapters” in the ordered versions are as communities, with the pages, sentences, words, and even phonemes are the individuals that compose them. The text, then, is a community of communities, each connected too and dependent on each other, by the spaces between and the ways in which each effects and is effected by each other. They are as my own family of others, where every individual retains its autonomy and yet is intimately tied to all the rest. In many ways, this work can be read as a kind of family portrait in abstract:³³ the individual elements do not occur as direct representations of the people in my family. Rather the ways in which they connect—in both their disjunctions and their harmonies—are representative of the structure that my family takes. Often noisy, often at odds at both internal and external points of

³¹ The work is everything and everything is the work. —George Lindo

³² Page 61 of the clean version.

³³ In conversation I have referred to the kind of abstractions this work engages in as “hyperrealism”—a representation of the worlds internal and external alike as I encounter them. The “noise” is a very real reflection of how I think and feel the world around me. That is to say, this really is how it all looks to me.

contact, they nonetheless gather and support the whole and each individual. And, like my family, they fail to be some perfect unity. And yet, at least to me, they are beautiful in themselves and their connections to each other. They are bound in the mutual state or relationality. The ideas of family and mutuality as expressed in this poem are “painted” to the page in the works of which Fountain is comprised, and again at the moment of its unfinished whole. And again in the spaces between it all, the gaps and caesuras that as much frame the project as its material parts.

The Unremaking of Category:

Where Nathaniel Mackey, in *Paracritical Hinge*, speaks of “creaking category,” drawing on his conversation with jazz traditions (among other sources), my work extends more directly from the noise and disruption of category found in the aesthetics and ethos of punk—in particular, anarcho-punk, and in particular particular from the subset of anarcho-punk embodied in crusty-squatter-train punks of the 80s, 90s, and beyond. Mackey’s jazz carries its own origin points (multiple), idioms, syntaxes and the like; my work echoes (in addition to jazz and hip hop) out of punk. As such, the relation this work takes to noise and to the “creaking” of category brings divergent commitments to its production, as well its re/presentation(s). Where Mackey looks to creak category, punk looks to shatter. We recognize, too, that this is a continuous process: new categories will always arise, and these too are to be shattered. This shattering is not equivalent to erasing. Perhaps more in line with Mackey’s idiom we can say “cracking”—to open category and let it bleed, both in and out of itself. In the end, this is related to the punk ideal of breaking down all boundaries, social, political, or otherwise. Which isn’t to say we are blind to the usefulnesses of certain modes of category—and indeed we often employ category, even against category itself—in the current moment. It is merely to say that what we look forward to an as yet unwritten future wherein category and boundary are only ever mobile moments used less to bind than to gather.³⁴

“An attribution of otherness available to xenophobic recoil and cross-cultural espousal as well, dismissive predilection as well as discrepant embrace, noise, whether derogatorily engaged or affirmatively engaged, frequently functions as the sign of alterity, the sound of alterity.

³⁴ In an interview with Derrida, Ornette Coleman stated: “the jazz musician is probably the only person for whom the composer is not a very interesting individual, in the sense that he prefers to destroy what the composer writes or says.” The connection between jazz’s “creaking” and punks “cracking” begins to show here. My intuition that the two traditions are deeply connected at a philosophical level begins to be opened in this kind of thought.

The creaking of the word's boundary crossing, its critique of categorization, entails a critique and a complication of genre."³⁵

The complication of genre—within the genre labeled as punk³⁶—is manifest within this subset—referred to in the rest of this document as my family or my people (also my country and my culture, all of these terms being to some large extent mutually interchangeable)—in the unsettling of what counted as “punk.” In very simplistic terms, punk was anything and everything that generated some kind of noise to trouble the, banally labeled, status quo; banal in that this term, while certainly purporting to know to what it refers, ultimately, in its rejection of category, must also be rejected. And it did. Most often the “signal” that the noise is aiming to disrupt is that which operates to encode the “square world” or “Norms” (people who listen to and accept the signal that Debord might call the Spectacle. Even those who recognize the spectacle as a real, affective/effective thing to be disdained, but who nonetheless still follow in their daily lives its structures and strictures are considered part of this category.³⁷ We are not against the people, but the ideas.) Further, we’ve always taken umbrage, my family, my people, at being asked to justify somehow this worldview, as it never seemed necessary for anyone on the other side to justify the things we were setting ourselves against. It was simply and axiomatically the “way things are.” Our distrust and dislike of axioms comes in no small part from these encounters. That the “system” we are marking are selfs³⁸ in opposition to also regularly works to disrupt and delegitimize our “way things are” is also not missed, as noted in the Zounds lyric: “Never turned my back on society/Society turned its back on me/Never tried once to drop out/I just couldn't get in from the very start.”³⁹ We were outcast because we were cast out.⁴⁰

³⁵ Mackey, p 210

³⁶ Punk used here is in close connection to that family of others spoken to in the section above.

³⁷ Be aware as you encounter these seemingly self-contradicting phrases in this text and the one it appends, that this is fine within the logic systems of the thing you are in. No law of contradiction and no excluded middle are held to be always-already valid here.

³⁸ “selfs” plural to recognize the plurality of selfness in each self, including the internal other[s] that inhabit us.

³⁹ “Did he jump or was he pushed?”

⁴⁰ Outkast’s production team was called Organized Noize. Hmmm. This is the kind of drawing from everywhere that this work cannot avoid, and that Mackey speaks to in his creaking of category. Simply typing the word “outcast” calls to, unavoidably for me, Outkast, which leads to the memory of the fact stated here citing its relevance to the larger thinking going on. Echoes and samples of this kind are inextricable from the making of these works I am making.

Bring the noise:⁴¹

In *Discrepant Engagement*, Nathaniel Mackey begins to open up definitions of both what noise is, and how it is tactically operated against systems of control: “Noise is whatever the signifying system, in a particular system is not intended to transmit, be the system a poem, a piece of music, a novel, or an entire society.”⁴² What the Fountain project aims to do is to become both a noise against which all signifying systems—including its self—are constantly vibrating between signal and noise; it intentionally interferes with its own signal to avoid the hypocritical stance of being a system against systems. This is, of course, an impossible task. So again, it must learn to revel in its inevitable failures.

The quote by Jaques Attali that Mackey is responding to here opens Fountain’s goals more clearly, though in a roundabout manner:

“A noise is a resonance that interferes with the audition of a message in the process of emission...Noise then, does not exist in itself, but only in relation to the system in which it is inscribed...in a more general way : noise is the term for a signal that interferes with the reception of a message by a receiver, even if the interfering signal itself has a meaning for that receiver.”⁴³

What Fountain wants here is to be both signal and noise at the same time⁴⁴, so that the signal is noise and the noise signal, in a constant feedback loop (both negative and positive, destructive and constructive) refusing to settle into either for long enough to “make sense.” The reader is, at least potentially, unable to reconcile one from the other, thus allowing a third state to come into being: that excluded middle that Western logics are so troubled by with the stated intent of troubling those logics. The entire project is dedicated to and bound (paradoxically) by these paradoxes. The paradoxes cannot be healed and so become a greater noise against certain hermeneutics of the world that seek always to “understand” each thing they encounter within the rules of system.⁴⁵ Fountain becomes thus that system against system that it cannot seriously claim to be. And yet it makes this claim, and makes it

⁴¹ Chuck D, *Public Enemy*. Fountain most def calls Chuck kin.

⁴² p 20

⁴³ *ibid*

⁴⁴ “One other’s noise is an other other’s freedom.” –Fountain; fragments and remains

⁴⁵ “A system that evaluates challenges to its structures (& strictures) according to its own structural rules is unlikely to find those challenges valid.” From page 56 of the text that follows.

seriously. There are, without exception, no absolutes. In a society in which logics are employed as weapons against discrepant persons, cultures, and (margined) societies, Fountain weaponizes dislogics and noise to infect disjunction into the signal (dominant narratives) that it itself sees as a destructive noise. Signal and noise are both rejected as dichotomous positions against which one must choose sides, and both are taken up (reupped) into a prepositional, unboundable, multidimensional open field of logics and dislogics, leaving the reader free to pursue the text (all text, everywhere) in their own unbounded freedoms.⁴⁶ This “place” that Fountain points to is precisely (again, paradoxically) that place of mutuality, where in every actor is given full agency to be, and that commonality, that universal ontological fact, describes that inescapable network, i.e.;⁴⁷

“We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly.”⁴⁸

On Margins and Centers:

Nathaniel Mackey explores concepts of margin and center, of marginalized voices, exquisitely in his introductory essay to *Discrepant Engagement*. Drawing on many voices, he troubles and opens both the definitions of marginality and the importance and vitality of voices speaking from the margins of larger society. In the main, he works to creak the notions of homogeneity that are applied to what counts as margin and what as center, rejecting notions of sameness among marginalized groups while nonetheless respecting the commonalities that these groups share. He quotes Wilson Harris, saying, “..as I tend to see it...there is a kind of wholeness, but one can’t structure that wholeness,” and speaks of the “creative brutality” that Clarence Major employs to “make way for attitudes and impulses

⁴⁶ The foundational work of the Fountain project, *Towards a Mundane Sublime*, equates this unboundedness—which it registers as being an internal, as well as external—state with both the sublime and the empty set, two “objects” that it sees as being an ontologically present foundation to the notion of a mutuality among all objects (human, nonhuman, and non-nonhuman alike).

⁴⁷ I intentionally word these lines to give Fountain its own agency as an actor in this play.

⁴⁸ It’s funny the things we forget we know. This quote from Dr. King’s *Letters from a Birmingham Jail*—a piece that has influenced me since my youngest days—snuck up on me as I wrote these pages. It encapsulates so much of what I’m after when I speak of mutuality. The other main (external to my own people’s ethos) source would be Kropotkin’s ideas around mutual aid.

marginalized by the will to order,” stating, “A base of discontent underlies this project, which can never not problematize itself, never not be in touch with the ethic of disturbance on which it rests.”

Fountain is in line with this ethic of disturbance, situating itself as a work of the marginalized who, while living in the margins of the text—the mainline narrative of American capitalist cultures, nonetheless make for themselves new centers around which to gather and claim the validity of their own narrative being in the world. And while recognizing the inherent danger of reifying the state definitions of center and margin by lying too heavily on the labels they imply onto us as individuals and communities of, also admit that power is centered in our world and that those against whom that power turns its violences are pushed to the margins. Marginalized, as it were, by that which aims to destroy them—by state murder and enslavement, by crushing poverties,⁴⁹ by the death in life of legal fictions arrayed against their bodies. The pragmatic concerns of being a body under a State narrative compels us to reclaim the terms of marginalization while in the same breath rejecting the limitations of those terms. Fountain wishes to be an agent in this reclamation by existing as a [self]marginalized text in its refusal to enter the conversation on the mainline narratives terms. Here again the paradox of this poem, with its mainline language and argumentation ruptures the skin of Fountain's tactics. This paradox accurately reflects the dual nature of the marginalized.

WYSIWYG:

Epigraph:

The starlings are pulled in directly off the pages of Isidore Ducasse's *Maldoror*. With the *Cacophonous Dérive* at the end, this piece bookends the text's familial connections to the worlds of text and art.

Maldoror inspired many avant garde-ists that these texts (Fountain and its kin) are in conversation with. It is one of the early inspirations for the practice of *détournement*, or hijacking, that this text makes liberal use of. The story goes that Ducasse, finding no way to get the effect he

⁴⁹ Poverties, plural. Poverty does not express itself onto marginalized communities all the same, as it is not a separable institution from racism, misogyny, homophobia, transphobia, and so on. Nonetheless, imposed poverty remains a weapon utilized by the mainline narrativists against marginalized peoples as a mode of control and disenfranchisement.

wanted from his own words, lifted this passage—word for word for word—from a French Encyclopedia. This fact was discovered, depending on who you ask, by Dadaists or Situationists or both or someone else all together who were inspired, as am I, to reject notions of property up to and including where they intersect with the material production of art.

In appending it to the front of this work, I am aligning myself with these tactical notions of property and originality, or rather the rejection of notions of property and originality, that early artists to numerous to list—though certainly including all of the hip hop and punk artists who cut and mixed every scrap they could gaffle from the media piles—have likewise aimed to trouble.

In my own world, Maldoror was an inspirational text for my people who feel them selves largely excluded from society. It's mixture of horror and ugliness, sublime and beautiful moments, its misanthropy that feels ultimately, like Diogenesian Cynicism, to be rooted in love, spoke deeply to us. Our encounter with this book as it was passed from person to person led to the creation of many works of art, as it gave us hope that our encounter of the world could indeed be validated through “classical” modes of creative production.

My only regret is that I am compelled to credit Ducasse here. In a better world, I'd simply cut and paste the passage and move on, leaving it to be discovered by the reader. Such is life.

Munda:

This is a long-form erasure of the first preliminary Fountain piece, “Towards a Mundane Sublime.” This work, and the short essays it depends from, set the philosophical groundwork for all of the Fountain pieces with its exploration of the sublime as moment that can, and does, depend from mundane and quotidian things, and further that the universal access to this moment creates a ground level connection between every object involved in the sublime moment.⁵⁰

The hypograph is an erasure of Spill by Anne Carson, a piece that relates also to the sublime.⁵¹

“Longinus skates away”

⁵⁰ In line with thinkers of the object oriented feminism bent, object here refers also to persons. These ideas are explored in more detail in other work I have engaged in.

⁵¹ The epigraph I stole from Gibby Hanes. I told him I did it and he doesn't care.

Songs:

This fragmented narrative sits in the larger noise as a different kind of tension for the reader to engage in. This section is composed largely of coded language, to be read at other levels by those who have been made as other. It also acts as a large fragment of the ethos of this work, and its poetics of mutuality, by speaking through the nature and relationality of other—who is inside and who out, where is center, who is called other and by whom? Ultimately this is not a rejection of “center” as such, but a call for rethinking center as static pointing instead to centers that are mobile and multiple. The theme of mutuality in *Fountain* is predicated on this—we are each in many centers and at many margins, always, and so are locked in mutual orbits around each other, every one as self and other.

Fragments⁵²⁵³

Constructed from text cut and pasted out of every instance of the word “fragments” on every pdf on my computer. This process is inspired by, though markedly different to, Jordan Abel’s *Injun*. Where Abel’s work gathers, by the same ctrl-F mechanic that this section does, from novels of that Western Pioneer genre that make troublesome objects of “Injuns” as a way to re trouble that term and the ways in which it impacts the peoples it aims to describe in narrativizing them for colonial ends, here the semantic and logical connectives between the fragments are elided to create a kind of mantraish chanting to disrupt the semantic value of the terms it plays with, as well the narrativization of concept across the full, more coherent, pieces it draws from, bringing to question the nature of narrative in our non-creative works.

This section is redacted from the academic release of this work for the crushing volume of citations it would require. This redaction is itself a tactical move, commenting by the absence of the

⁵² Steven Dunn once told me during the Q&A of a conference section that fragments felt more “honest” to him (speaking of a highly narrative work of his) than telling the thing whole. Though I find it hard to put my finger on why this should be, I think he’s totally right. This section (the whole of *Fountain*, really) is taking that idea to the absurd. Also, read Steven Dunn’s work. It is beautiful and brilliant.

⁵³ Quoting a conversation with Steven Dunn here, rather than speak to older instances of fragment in literature and art, is in line with idea of family and mutuality. Where I am aware of fragment in older works—from Dada, Situationism, and many others—and where I consider myself to be in conversation with those works and the workers who made them, I have been in direct conversation and connection with Steven during the time I’ve been writing *Fountain*. He is close friends with a person I consider to be family to me (Sarah from the Songs chapter) and so, by the strange mechanics of our family, becomes also family to me. I include him here also because the proximity of my encounter with his work to the making of this one makes his work resonate more vividly as I go through this making.

fragments on the legal fictions of “intellectual property” and the negative restrictions they place on the act of creation. With the Situationists and others, I believe that all media—that everything that exists—is useable materiel from which artists can create. However, I also recognize that I do live within a system that holds otherwise and that this system holds sway in this particular context over the means and methods of my productive activities. Or rather, over the dissemination of those things thus produced. Other editions of Fountain with all the redacted materials intact available on request from the author.

Dada:

Along with the fragments of the remains chapter, this piece operates as a kind of anti-manifesto for the work at large. The poetics of the Fountain Project can be found in these sections, as much in the gaps as in the bricks of them, which make not a wall around a set position but a pile of materiel from which endless structures may be built and unbuilt.

Remains:

A dynamic static//noise as signal, signal as noise. The disjunction and improfessional pseudo-random ordering of this section is a direct call to the anti-ideological stance of punk as well its tactical maneuver of noise as signal as disruption.⁵⁴ Some portion of these pieces have appeared in other works and are pulled in here to situate the longer project as something that continually refolds in on itself.⁵⁵ This section, like the [redacted from the academic release] Fragments section, though in smaller doses, also contains a fair amount of détourned moments from texts external to my own production. In the academic version of the work, these are listed in the Bibliography. (And like the redacted Fragments, some measure of these have been taken out of the academic edition. Roberta Flack’s Compared to What? for instance. No reason at this stage to run into battle with [whomever holds that copyright], regardless of my feelings about it. Pick your battles, indeed.)

⁵⁴ Yes of course, some punk is very ideological. But that’s not what I’m talking about here.

⁵⁵ Einstürzende Neubauten, another massive influence on the noise as signal ethos of this project, translates to something like “new buildings collapsing in on themselves.” Fountain aims to uphold the ideas imbedded in this phrasing as a positive thing to be.

The axiom: There are, without exception, no absolutes is to be taken as deadly serious. It is not irony. It means exactly what it says.

Q:

An appendage to the previous poetics questions in the “chapters” before it. A loose attempt at formalizing some of the notions set up in other places of the text. A anti-manifesto rant to further tangle the loose ends of the project and a hanging moment that implies that more work is always left to do—hence the “+++tbc” on which it “ends.”

Hypograph— Cacophonous Dérive:

A practice of my own devising (I think): Dériving through a text. This, like Fragments is constructed by pulling random bits of text from Cacophony by Rudimentary Peni, arranging them by chance, then compiling and formatting them into a ‘cohesive’ document.

This iteration of the textual derivé is, in after thought, deeply indebted to Burroughs’ and Gysin’s cut ups.

Like Maldoror, Cacophony is a strange piece. It lies both within and outside of its own traditions. In addition, it is itself in part constructed of snippets out of Lovecraft, with Nick Blinkp “cutting up” Lovecraftian texts to construct some, but not all, of the lyrical content of the album. Thus cutting it Cacophony doubles down on the methods.

Cacophony has been called in some circles an album that is more punk than punk, or too punk for the punks—both wholly within the canon of anarcho-crust/??-punk and also somewhat outside of it. It is, like Maldoror, one of the more important documents in my own life as an artist, having been a continuous inspiration, in some measure, for all the works, in every medium, that I have engaged in. “Ending” on its notes is a way to mark the openness of this project/object as a neverending and uncategorizable object and project.

End notes to the proem in disconnected paragraphs:

Much of what appears in Fountain will look to a reader, by its language and the mechanics of its construction, as intending to be “non-fictional,” “manifesto,” or “critical theory.” This is not the intent. The entirety of the work is presented as a creative work. In its fullest form (with all of the

original formatting intact) it is best described, if description is needed, as an artists book. Given the commitment against category this is a deeply painful statement to make. And yet, all that Fountain wants to be is art—under the rubric that art is not a separate category to life. I cannot, and will not, impinge upon any reader to not read it as they will; if theory is what you see, then theory is what you get. I will however say that this is not how I read Fountain. And I am a reader first and foremost at this stage, the work in question now in the world as its own self, its own agential object.

Fountain arrives in the world in many forms: an ordered electronic version with chapters and page numbers; an unordered electronic version without chapters and page numbers in which the pages are shuffled together without regard for which pages go together naturally; an unordered print version, no page numbers no chapters, unbound so that the pages can be shuffled by the reader, either into or out of order. Each of these iterations, the fact that so many iterations even exist as things in the world, allow for different modes of experience. They all achieve the same thing: to set up spaces for potential encounter. This is the totality of purpose of both this work in particular and the poetics of mutuality/relationality it aims to engender. The what/how/etc of those potential encounters is beyond the domain of the work. Again, the work[s] exists only to create potential.

And then there is the “clean” edition, the academic thesis version as submitted to ProQuest as a partial requirement for the degree of.

This academic iteration is stripped of the fonts and layout that were so vital a part of the work as it was conceived and executed.⁵⁶ Those elements, as much as the contents they carried, were the noise in the signal that this poem has so argued for. In the transmission of the noise-signal that is Fountain to the domain of academic requirements, this noise is stripped away, leaving only a bare signal. But is the signal bare? Is it signal at all? Given that the noise was inherent to the original signal, an unseparable part of its ontological moment as an object in the world, this cutting out or cleaning up inadvertently makes a new noise. What was there is clouded over by the “noise” of the formatting requirements. The original meanings and forms are effaced. And this is a good thing. For where Fountain fights to crack category, the creaking category it was compelled to create of itself as a noise-signal object by coming into being is itself cracked. That which moves to destroy is so destroyed by its

⁵⁶ Originally, this version was created to meet the standards that such submissions are required to meet. After much conversation it's been determined that these requirements are no longer fully in play. I have nonetheless decided to retain the edits for the reasons presented here. The full, ordered pdf version has been appended to the academic release as a supplemental materiel.

own motion through the world. This redestruction of the work makes something wholly unintended—a détournement performed on the work by the thing it critiques, a system that largely speaks against détournement. By pushing the system it engages with into this paradoxical state, Fountain has won the day. It has indeed become the noise injected into the signal to disrupt.⁵⁷ It has become its own disjunction, its failure become its success. As well, the absurdity of this project stripped bare of its aesthetic moments is to me, like the ballet with no music in the film *Amadeus*, a beautiful thing. It falls marvelously into the traditions Fountain works to: Dada, Situationism, Punk, even Hip Hop have all reveled in their absurdities. This is the K-Mart tape of *Enter the 36 Chambers* with every cuss word blanked. It is the repros of Fountain hanging in state at galleries around the globe. It's the Sex Pistols at the Winterland: "Ever get the feeling you've been cheated?"⁵⁸

Where I'm writing from is not necessarily where I'm writing to. This is to say that while my "audience" is on one hand those for whom the work might be most accessible by its language and customs, it is not meant to be only for those readers who are from where I'm from. So, if you find yourself, reader, outside of this text in some way, excluded from its place, then know that this is what the text feels like also in relation to you. These relationships gain a reciprocity such that what we reject in turn feels this rejection and returns it. This is the nature of marginalization, whatever its directionality. So where Fountain may feel centered to some, to others it will appear as a marginal text. If, however, you can find a way to be in open, accepting relation to that which feels to you foreign, then the text can and will reciprocate, and between you we will make a shared space.

The map is not the territory. No matter how much this document purports to explain or justify the thing to which it refers, it is nothing more than one possible sketch of what may be found beyond in the territories it describes. The reader must, in order to experience the texts as themselves, be willing to simply *be* in the place it leads them to. Do not go as tourist with this proem as your guide, Virgilian or otherwise. Rather *dérive* through this pages and experience them in your moment.

⁵⁷ Tiny though that noise may be; let's not kid ourselves that this is some grand gesture. The system will not register this effect, and Fountain doesn't care.

⁵⁸ An additional concern well worth noting here is that this reformatting makes the text more visually accessible to a wider audience, including those who may have difficulties reading "noisy" text. For these readers, the content may be accessed in the clean version and they can access the visual elements of the noisier version uploaded to the supplemental materials section. The clean version also allows for easier printing of the material, as well leaves the content bare for anyone wishing to work with the language of the document on its own.

Or not. If it makes you more comfortable to read with some pre-knowledge of what you are getting into, if you are the kind of reader that loves all the forward material before you get into the flesh of the thing, then do that. Ultimately, as Black Sheep said, the choice is yours.

On philosophy as a art:

“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.” —Martha Nussbaum⁵⁹

⁵⁹ In bringing this quote in, with its generic use of the term “literature,” I intend to inject more radically [un]defined modes of making that may not, in many traditions, stand under that umbrella. I am claiming these noisy and disruptive or disjunctive modes as, at least in the play of language, potentials to that family of objects that the troublesome language of literature gathers around itself. In addition, it is this quote that led me out of academic philosophy per se and into the modes that I am engaging with in this project. Remember that the foundational moment of the Fountain project was a long academic philosophy essay in the sublime, a category if any can be that fits the rubric Martha Nussbaum suggests.

Acknowledgements and Thanks:

There are too many people here to get everyone in, and I know I'm going to miss a few names that should really be in here. If you don't see your name, please don't feel forgotten. I know you and I love you.

Jeanne Heuving; for all of the guidance, support, and conversation throughout the long year from abstraction to object. Joe Milutis; for the deep reading and advice as this neared its un-final stages. Amaranth Borsuk; for listening and for keeping me from collapse. Sarah Dowling; for remembering to me the importance of stepping away from comfort. Ted Hiebert; for wandering and unwandering conversations. Rebecca Brown; for the return to the story. Cooper T. Sealy; for far too much to tell. Miriam Bartha; for keeping me on goal. Jared Leising; for teaching me to teach. My cohort in the Creative Writing and Poetics program; for inspiration, for argument, and for the community I so needed to be able to do this thing. Kathleen Eamon; for conclusions are where thinking goes to die. Stephen Hendricks; for walking me through the first Fountain. Alejandro De Acosta; for opening philosophy into an art. Marianne Bailey; for seeing the mundane sublime as a valid thing. Steven Dunn; for writing from home without selling it out. Sarah Schantz; for being my sister across many families. Afton Larsen; for giving me a home and for keeping my head right. Vienne Colette Larsen Linsalata; for keeping me honest. Jacob Houle; I love you, brother. You always keep me in art. Grga ther Goose; for life. My father, William Sinclair; for emotional, intellectual, and material support through this academic and living madness. My sister, Kelly Sinclair; for the unconditional love and humanity of your being. All of the artists, writers, and thinkers in the bibliography; for the materiel world.

To all my family, living, dead, and otherwise; for keeping me alive and sane. I could h a v e done nothing without you.

To my mother, Paula Mosman; for everything.

This last thanks has appeared at the end of every iteration of the Fountain project that has ever been. Here it goes at the beginning, as this thing is an opening of roads without close:

Thank you, Papa Legba.

Fountain;

fragments and remains

:an journal;essay of things

orr

Nude Descending a Staircase N° 2;

fragments and remains

:a long form poem

to the living and the dead

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παραχάραττει τὸ νόμισ

•To Munda

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

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

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

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

is ; and this is impossible. If the mind
 contradiction nonetheless be a given
 of idea it must have within it
 substrate but can yet be regarded as the
 world... expansion mere intuition of the
 that feels to cross the barrier of
 sensibility...
 also object true in the mind of the
 potential which prompts to arise through a
 mundane moment the feeling is in us lead us to that
 of the ? sensible world how could some thing
 bridge standing perhaps at the end of the the world
 of seemed conquered that sublime
 bound to other perceived a mere appendix to
 beauty. the limitations of and this feeling of
 beauty the thorough a nature of
 reading difficulty worth in from exactly how the self,
 referring only, with utmost care, to the object that arouses
 because the necessity of the object to arise,
 in contrast break within the exists only in
 experience of the no inherent this is true
 how should it be that
 boundary between the mundane and sublime music that sits in an object is a the
 transported as a bridge for things to
 have unboundedness.
 thing exists here separate from the other
 presented objects to extend the possibility of
 quotidian, the mundane experience

idea of a value of a moment perhaps, definitions: a moment is just ; it is a quality of meaning if we are pressed to quantity the
 is a trick recursive of speaking a moment perhaps, definitions: a moment is just ; it is a quality of meaning if we are pressed to quantity the
 description "The mutual structural relations not wholly unrelated : the paradox of
 temporal you of you are
 and if you
 when you omitting the you are abstraction
 namely out in the life of
 in the of your senses. there are different ways of
 making these abstraction and
 circumstances we adopt
 here is no
 circumstance paradox in holding [...] space [and time] under one „

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

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

immensity is a category of
 day . dream undoubtedly
 sight through a natural inclination
 contemplates grandeur produces an
 special other,
 transport
 bears the mark the dreamer outside the world

[emphasis mine] Surely this
 feeling of paradox, to a
 dreamer transported into being pulled inward to
 dream. the epigram (sublime), “Le monde est grande, mais en nous il est profond comme le mer.”
 near 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 potential close to the of the mundane dialogue with within us, through the
 beginning our object dream ,
 this allows the the immediate world to a world that brings closer in. to slip
 something object is the mirror of the us dream
 be sought in the not unnatural reasoning of poetry , “ the exhibition of
 in an approach state : beauty in tragedy most perfectly suited to
 describing the sublime. In the same
 almost all of art
 is open expands unlimited possible from
 among form the exhibition of
 concept, which no linguistic expression is
 adequate.”
 we could speak of something else, that 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.
in your renouncing is it truly there.

It has no limits. Not till it is held

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

Even here
mundane

just at the edge of the
, this moment arises. But the
intimate space in which form is
of the moment here is our
essence of being, through which one can
unbind the moment from its
moment to arise
of self disappearing into the
pure abundance that is
some underlying place of pure being, some
free to write this moment.

But what of a sublime that arises from an under
object— small, insignificant things, the ordinary under
common only just perceived. an object and moves
the object is , a thing to
but the object protect , and as such discards
something to discard and so the mind discards
the thing and moves on.
Perhaps some other will take up and 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?). imagination may name the
a narrative of its life other adventures
things, of an Everyday of
we apprehend them quickly in the road and then linger we
to be other, but
are a thing so inconsequential that to the
feeling others
turn to

a World of
Infinity in the Wild
hour

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

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

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

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

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

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That Will Come Forward as
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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:

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

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.

their cheer turned on light.

the room were screaming crumpled and rolled trying numb, at last
grew silent with slow movement
bodies leaving never.

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

to proceed what comes next—the passions, undertook to write another. . . .
the sublime breaks off to read how much is missing.

Longinus skates away.

••These Songs in Our Heads

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.

...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 limn, 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—quodidian 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

••Fragments

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

•••ADAD

*

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 infire 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 representation. [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 impossible 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

- 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

.....&remains

SHAVE THE BARBER!
:

BE WHO!

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.

*Sous les tortues, plus des
tortues.
Sous les mot, le monde.
Debajo de yo, nosotras.

•This is not a poetics statement:

{Iff \Leftrightarrow Iff}

Under under, under.

•This is a poetics question.

the world is not theoretical.

it is actual.

.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.

>>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. :

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 my own agency. Where every word in this sentence comes from someone else, I am and do compose it, as I compose my own self from the disparate elements I’ve collected consciously or otherwise.

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 imagine 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. Axioms⁶⁰ 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 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.

60 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.”

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.

*Clever⁶¹

A clever person⁶² 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.⁶³

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.

⁶¹ 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.

⁶² 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.

⁶³ 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.

-Ø-

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 selves 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.

*There are,
without exception,
no absolutes.*

(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)

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

—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 set of axioms.

These lines and all their cousins through dialetheias and paradoxes they move, 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)

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) negates. Not science, science, but the "science" of the popular net that says "proved" and "proves" way more often than it should in headlines that don't mean what they say/mean headlines to average the world to less. Science is an art and has aesthetic arguments to hash out in the same way that Rauschenberg did when he erased de Kooning or Bacon when he returned to the figure. Or Bacon when he invented method. Einstein and Newton disagree aesthetically—& formally—(Bergson disagrees of course about time aesthetically) because the art wants more precision⇒hyperrealism of a flexible subject that is always larger than the

canvas// 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.

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.

—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—

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[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 [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 externaled 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. alone.

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,

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

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.

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

^β 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.

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

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

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~~ ~~S u b l i m e~~. ~~Margin[ality](Discrepancy/Dissidence/Dissonance). Illegibility. Access/Surface/Inside-outside. 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.⁶⁴ It is (or as)⁶⁵ a thing of its own. story stories.] 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 way a thing to be from this place standing and now in time also that moves in this moment⁶⁶ [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 ██████████ made exactly the right cacophony.)⁶⁷

It is every voice, unordered each other as loud as every other. It is omnidirectional, coming in and going from

⁶⁴ 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.

⁶⁵ See William Burroughs *Book of Breeething*

⁶⁶ What did Whitehead call an event? This is what moment means here.

⁶⁷ Nick Blinko, *Musick in Diabola*

noterminus 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 multiplicity⁶⁸, is the most important sound in the universe and so is every other, all of them ultimate.

They say every distance is not near.⁶⁹ So then, how can the wrong thing, bound in its “practical” limits (oh, to be bound at all! quelle horreur!),⁷⁰ 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 beautiful⁷¹, in its way. Cada belleza en su tema, as they say.⁷²

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

And I died singing this song....⁷³

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 sense, donc je pense que je suis...]

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

The episteme senesces 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

⁶⁸ Community. We over I without ever robbing any I of what they are in their own self.

⁶⁹ The Nina version, of course

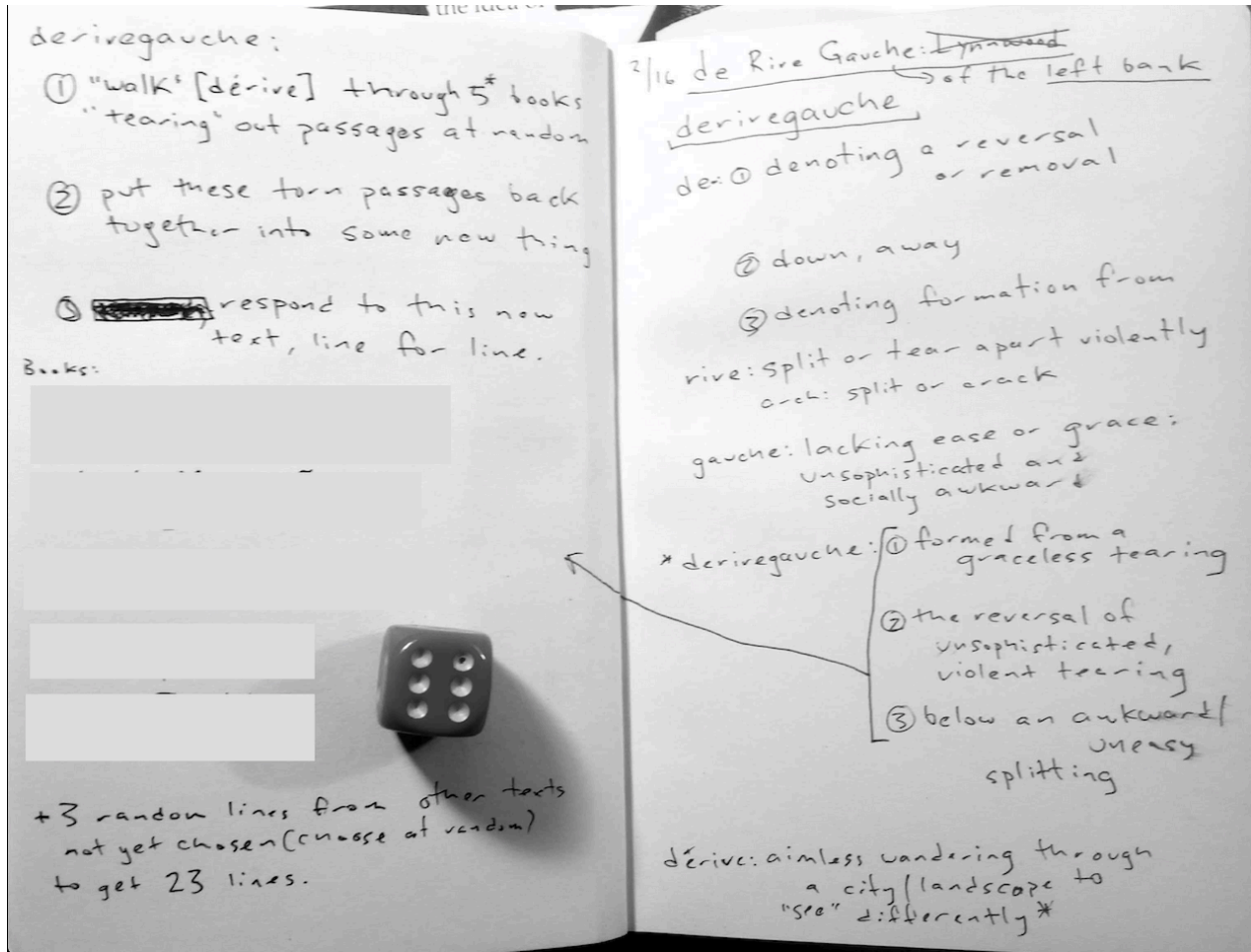
⁷⁰ Indeed, the original format of this thing was as large, unbound sheets that could be shuffled by the reader.

⁷¹ 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.

⁷² Estar loco es ser hermosa en este munda.

⁷³ Nick Blinko, *Musick in Diabola*

[in process]



⁷⁴ For Lil Bob, of course.

⁷⁵ 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 parakeet'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 hearsesss 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. Aloneness 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. Aaaaargh! 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 infanthility. 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 shabbiness 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's language 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 through 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 cacophony
and I died singing this song.....

|

⁷⁶ one two three four five six

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