# The Wayward

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# The Wayward

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*for Azure, Joanna, Evelyn and Norman*

*Am Ursprung gibts kein Plagiat*
—Karl Kraus

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The computer entered my life, began it, a certain sadness with the with-drawal of the face, the skin itself already a memory. I'd speak to the phone, speak TO it, HONEY, I'd say, HONEY . . .

What came at the line, beginning and ending . . . The OCCURRENCE of it . . . I would wait for her reply, an imaginary dream, YOU'D BE ME . . . This sadness, the onslaught of second memory, beyond the screen the distant murmur of the voice, I would hear HER, talking to HER about something, anything, keeping the line going, keeping her ON-LINE, line-moving—or aloof, waiting for a secondary narcissism circuiting elsewhere, looping back to me, inthe form of a REWRITE, constant, true, eternal . . . THINK THROUGH ME . . . THINK THROUGH ME . . .

HONEY waits on second thought for the reply, addressing no one in particular, RESPONDING TO WHAT ALAN SAID; there are these gaps in absence as well, a murmur of disappearance. These gaps . . . moving towards or away from the computer, some words here and there . . . have your attention . . .

The letters peel back from the screen, flesh peels from the letters. Ah, we are all enclosed in our own addictions, those of other people . . .

/italics/ You were about to leave; your profile was high: Lulu: need a guy? :need a woman (Honey): gotto go guys, bye! :(Alan): need a woman :*** Lulu is waving to Honey! (Honey): on second thought . . . . . (Lulu): Yes? :Yes? All us guys . . . (Alan): Yes? . . . Yes? . . . (Honey): responding to what Alan said, Lulu! :Yes . . . (Alan): Yes . . . :Siren just joined this channel! (Honey): just curious . . . A gap or hiatus or merge, Honey (Alan): This pause, the resonance of a bell ringing at double frequencies (Honey): That between them, there was something that returned me, brought me back (Alan): A sound connecting you to me, something in the air, surely throughout the realm of print (Honey): A print or hieroglyph, a body bound in the

form of sacred writing. (Alan): Writing which leaves a trace, momentary whisper upon the screen, almost an imaginary death (Honey): Drawing us closer, the streets too closing in, the body foreclosed, everything shutting down (Alan): Down beneath or beyond us, down between us (Honey): As if another realm or fiction appeared, beyond the happy figure that I care to draw for myself

(Alan): That figure which gains you entrance to this and every other portal

(Honey): That figure which survives me, a configuration or system to which I have drawn your words, your thinking them through me

(Alan): Thinking them through the lure you have granted me, presence beyond profile, presence withdrawn or against profile, another moment

(Honey): Or moment which encompasses the collapsing pressure of time, there is no space, that moment which binds us

(Alan): Packets continuing momentarily throughout the network, while we, elsewhere and elsewhere, holding our breath . . .

(Honey): Holding it for what seems to be an eternity, holding it forever and ever, as we move closer

(Alan): Beyond the directness of communication, the network moving into high gear, computers at the edge of breakdown

(Honey): Encompassing us as we move to private conversation, beyond the presence of Lulu and Grant, beyond each and every other, alone with our thoughts

(Alan): Which no longer belong to us, belong to one another, it is you or I who are typing, the two of us in uneasy confluence

(Honey): Confluence beyond confluence, beyond stuttering reach, the topography of *together,* the binding of recognition as well

(Alan): A recognition which is all we have, are given, a recognition confronting and conforming us
(Honey): Addressing each to the other, addressing ourself, conforming ourselves to ourselves
(Alan): Thin sliver of words, shuddering on their way, carrying the weight of the world!
(Honey): Beyond which the dance ends, the tables are pushed back against the wall, the cafe closes for the night, red and white checkered table-cloths, candles, the sad violin
(Alan): The woods just beyond the village, the hill, meteors appearing in depth, intense, for our benefit, for none other
(Honey): No one else, the sliver, thin language begin to fail us
(Alan): Frail, in the midst of worlds . . .
(Honey): In the midst of ellipsis, continuous and forever, dots tolling the double entourage of the bell
(Alan): Honey, I hear it, speaking your name
(Honey): Alan, I hear it, speaking your name
Speaking the doubled name, name of the two, designators floating above or within all possible, all conceivable worlds . . .

The computer entered our lives, carrying the two of us in a singular mold, a sadness with the increasing presence of the face, increasing memory, o gone and present from the line

Alan, she said, Alan, I could hear her voice from the corner of the cafe; she was on the telephone, speaking rapidly; she was on the telephone, talking quietly; laughing at something said across the line; crying, turning momentarily away; Alan, she said, Alan: it's almost dawn . . .

End HONEY.TXT

# lol

You knew it was coming. They'd sneer at no one in particular. I existed on a continuous rewrite. I lived naked on the net. I'd present myself clean and ready for discussion on video.voyeur.bisex—one hand on my distended penis. I'd shave my body carefully, corrupt my fair skin which reflected the words dully emerging from the screen. Hello, I'd talk to you, hello, hello . . .

Each gesture pushing you further form the path, scrolling invisibly up. Imagine these streams flooding America, online or offline, everywhere and nowhere at once. ALT.SEX.EXHIBITIONIST. ALT.SEX.I'D-SPREAD-MY-LEGS-FOR-YOU

Murder lies heavy over me. I stop speaking to the useless. The words close in, cathect through the catalyst of my presence. I no long remember your reply, if it ever existed. I no longer separate myself from your language, which I take upon me; you stream is my own, the body splayed open, soaked, urine running in between the keys —there are people in the room, a young woman and a young man, perfect couple—wide open, I suck the man, drawing his penis to the back of my throat, even farther—she fucks me, my trembling fingers deep in her ass—ALT.SEX.ENEMAS ALT.SEX.CAN'T-TELL-US APART

Speechless, you'll try anything once, turn sideways :) reading each and every symbol :<> mouth opened and fucked :<->- engorged mouth; you become a function :<f(n)> holding the effigy of protocol itself, an exact splitting :' , of the flesh sutured :<|> and returned to the other :<|>: a process of symmetricization (much as my DRAWALK3 program reproduces the absorption of the other at decreasing magnification). :<|>: lol ALT.SEX.TONGUE-IN-MY-HOLE

WHENEVER YOU HAVE TO DO WITH A STRUCTURE-ENDOWED ENTITY E TRY TO DETERMINE ITS GROUP OF AUTOMORPHISMS. (Hermann Weyl): Through the net I organize

ourselves through ourselves; lines of interpenetration construct divisions hinged upon the erasure of the other; immediately, symmetricizing functions come into play; what are these functions? ALT.SEX.DOUBLE-CUNT ALT.SEX.DOUBLE-COCK lol

These functions are constituted as THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE NET which is equivalent to its INSCRIPTIVE SKEIN—a skein in which functions are (re)defined as protocol. Doesn't this lend itself to a problematic behaviorism in which function=>protocol AND protocol=>[recognition,address] or some such syntax—a syntax in which subjectivity is marginal or curlicue? Symmetricizing results in phase cancellation of the message; syntax remains and semantics (always a dubious category, always the presence of traditional subjectivity) appears to dissolve. ALT.SEX.VOYEUR.VOYEUR.SEX.ALT

It is however the very dissolution of the subject that creates the response for its existence, a call emanating from the confusion of discursive levels; the subject exists by virtue of its absence, its presence through those very symbols |↔—that reduce it to the hole. Net dialog is a tangle of switches, sidetracks, private and public messages, alternative routes, flaming and disappearances, subnets and undernets, hackers of the circuitous. What is the dialog of symmetry (double-functioning, the function of the double and duplication) fissures as one or another party is always elsewhere. There is also the condition of delays along packet lines moving information at megabytes per second; a delay is not the momentary condition of this medium-as-message, but an irregular cancellation of the message and its protocol; subjectivity appears precisely in the absence of its call; I say to you: the net-subject is defined by negation; occurs in the breakdown of symmetricizing functions; sutures these functions in its absence; reconstitutes itself repeatedly; I call this the CONDITION of the subject which is REWRITE. lol ALT.SEX.FETISH.ANYTHING-YOU-WANT

ALT.FAN.TONYA-HARDING.WHACK.WHACK.WHACK
ALT.FAN.NANCY_KERRIGAN.OUCH.OUCH.OUCH lol

The beginning of the end of the fantasy produces a shuddering in the flesh of the body; the testicles of the male harden and grow smaller; a distinct sensation of fluid occurs near the base of the penis, the entrance of the semen; the end of the fantasy switches a trick to someone else, anything else; momentary flaccidity; the construction of a new narrative, involving your presence, your words my own, exact duplicates, equivalent, begins: this is the sense of your body, which is not only the sense of my own, but its exact opposite, your flesh and mine fulfilling one another, every limb entwined, every hole filled, every appendage surrounded. This is the body's liquidity, flooding or dissolution in the stream of the imaginary, a symbolic presence in which vision disappears <|> in which—←→—erasure becomes <f(n)> surrounding every conceivable process or production. I AM YOU AND YOU ARE ME. lol

(Alan): You write me in the equation.
(Honey): lol (laughs out loud)
(Alan): Tyler wants to know if you can cut him off???
(Honey): I am too the right sex! And the last time I took a survey, no one complained either!
:God I wish I knew what the right sex was, must be near the left one!
(Lulu): I was talking about me!
(Alan): God I wish I knew what the right sex was, must be near the left one!
(Honey): lol

You're in the main channel. Lulu and Honey are here with you.

You're in the main channel. There is currently no one else here with you.

(Alan): Someday I'll be a beautiful person and everyone will love me. lol
:There is currently no one else here with you.
(Alan): Ah, you are so beautiful.
(Alan): This is the best, most beautiful conversation . . .
:There is currently no one else here with you.
(Alan): Still, there is the possibility . . . the two of us . . . together, always . . . lol
:There is currently no one else here with you.
(Alan): No one will ever find us . . . We're safe here . . . but still . . . just the murmur . . . an emission, a spew . . . a sign . . . Something else . . . excess . . . little bit of tail . . . lol
:There is currently no one else here with you.
(Alan): From you, before leaving, always devouring our own . . . lol

~

He downloaded everything, memory and all. He murmured in his sleep. He knew there was no truth, had followed THAT FUNCTION all his life. Began again, said Clara. There was no one there. She knew that.

~

She turned over in her sleep, murmured his name. Clara, she said, Clara. He was never there, was never there at all. She knew that.

## Intellectual Labor, Chunnel

Meaning spat by the symbolic encrusts the machine teeth churning through psychotic flesh \ cylindrical wrap with helical teeth removes concavities from billennium strata \ circular flat with conical teeth rotates thrust through liquid's vast ceiling \ inert grind and debris of the real \

The fist attacks the handle of the shovel. The shovel is half-buried in the earth, handle vertical. The distant sound of the blade is heard \ black sand torn from its moorings.

SATIN sits at the console. SATIN smiles; her smile lights the world. SATIN approves satin subscribe Cybermind sondheim@panix.com. SATIN subs eleanor@parasol.mit.edu disapproves hawkeye@notworth.com code password subscribe 128.34.65.20. SATIN's long black hair cascades in romantic rivulets down her back her tie-died dress her red shoes. SATIN's voice rings the world, the cathedral of the universal.

I say to SATIN this is the choosing that thinks itself choice but is always already chosen. I say to SATIN this is the labor of the intellect. The board lights up; everything is down; code red; everything begins to fill with garbage; carriage returns appear following carriage returns; the protocol takes over; net-capital reproduces itself, viral, on the screen:

Billennial strata heave, creak slightly; the chunnel opens to the public; wary nations are connected; the symbolic speaks creaking; cracks disengage the fist:

The fist goes up, goes down on the handle of the shovel. The fist goes up, goes down on the handle of the shovel. The fist goes up, goes down; SATIN, I say, I say SATIN, this is the exhaustion of the mind, this is the labor of the intellectual; the fist goes up, down on the handle of the shovel; the fist goes down, down on the handle of the shovel.

The shovel is the REMOVER. The shovel shuttles cylindrical teeth rasping the pathway of the chunnel. Subscribe Current SATIN password approve LAPIDARY soundproof@satin.com. SATIN's password is Satin; she types: q for exit, Q for exit, exit for exit quit for exit, Quit for exit, bye for exit. She types: Talk. She types Talk soundproof@ satin.com; there is no response. There is no response; the screen clears, creaks, black goes black.

The screen divides; she types Help for help;? for help; help for help; h for help; ^D for help; return for help. Help comes, CLS clear screen. Unix picks up the garbage, deposits it. Two nations dissolve, the chunnel a topographic handle connecting two spheres, alchemical retort. Slurry forms from class struggle, remains of the classical.

SATIN retorts: "The inert grind and debris of the real. The real has no name. Nothing was ever given a name. There is nothing. Radiation everywhere, radiation seeping through. What is called the postmodern. Acknowledge radiation. The terminal degree, terminal relationship. APPROVE me; I can't approve myself.

I can approve everyone who cannot approve themselves. I can sub everyone who cannot sub themselves. Can I sub myself? TYPE TWO. I can sub myself because there is no 'everyone who cannot sub themselves.' At least _in this sentence_ there is no 'everyone.'" SATIN is sentenced to this, intellectual labor, connects, disconnects.

I dream of SATIN, she thinks herself through me, through Unix; she pipelines. I AM HER COMMAND. At the prompt C:\> I type SATIN. She is a bad file name. At the prompt I type cd\SATIN I find C:\SATIN> I type SATIN find C:\SATIN\SATIN> I type SATIN find C:\SATIN\SATIN\SATIN>—the chunnel continues, inaccessibly-high number of directories, subdirectories. The shoulder

moves slightly with each blow. “Impenetrable earth,” the shovel says, “Stop this.”

*Begin the paean*; SATIN sings:

O unrecognizable labor co-existing within the sphere that makes us!
O form of disavowal, always speech and uuencode uudecode!
Always to learn the syllables, always to question the floor beneath the chunnel!
The labor of the chunnel, the dwelling of the floor!
How can you know what it is like to disbelieve?
To miss the forest because of the certain absence of trees!
Dissolve the body, absence of each and every pleasure!
O place the shovel deep within the earth, return the sea urchin’s teeth to their proper habitat within the deep!
The urchin resides on the ceiling of the chunnel, floor of the watery depth!
The urchin sings “I am at her command.” On the surface, millennial strata, the urchin sings!

The stratigraphic creak opens the harboring of drives and their collisions. Turbulence, eddies embrace chaotic forms, swing through bifurcation maps. Chunnel divides; SATIN elides, classifies. It is in the nature of intellectual labor, caress the taxonomic. Whether there are categories. Whether it is categorical.

# Voices. YouYouDecode

When the scroll comes I hear voices. They sound me out, ignore the level of the street, commune with a site I cannot fathom. TIFFANY is one of them; she speaks in the voice of FRANKLIN to HONEY who has become my respondent. They discuss themselves, the casualties of tone, the absolution of typographic errors. [A car passes by.] [Quick duck to avoid being hit.]

Hadamard spoke of an essential asymbolia that accompanied mathematical thinking. Such thinking is never linear; the symbolic appears only at the end, after the movement of grey occluded entities, their concatenations, coalescences, dispersals. The myth is otherwise—mathematics as a thinking *through* symbols carrying the full weight of meaning. But meaning resides in the occluded entities, not in constructs specified all the way through. HONEY however says that that is otherwise as well. HONEY speaks of the FILTERING RULES.

The FILTERING RULES ensure the grain-width of the voices; they are absolute, fleshless; they ride electromagnetic impulses, ignorant of gravity. The FILTERING RULES are always recognitions of concatenations, chains breaking at the weakest link and then some. TIFFANY enters through the FILTERING RULES, speaks from SECOND SITE. SECOND SITE is the gateway at FILTERS' end, a space of kilobytes, no more, just enough for TCP/IP to hold onto. Nothing occurs at these emission sources but the flood itself.

It's the YOUYOUDECODING of the flood that makes the voices. The voices have to lose themselves in the air; TIFFANY says through FRANKLIN that without reconstitution all that would remain would be 'dumb circulation.' HONEY isn't so sure; YOUYOU is always there, the Other within ASCII, making sense of it. But TIFFANY replies there has to be some room for the subject. [A car pulls up; it's Tom and Leslie speaking. Their voices seduce me into a back seat, next to NADIA, whom I can hardly hear. HONEY, enveloping me, is insisting on her point.]

So where is the subject asks HONEY? We're asking this, riding inside of each other. The body is an onion, so many layers, might reply TIFFANY. Nadia says something to me; I turn my head to see the house on fire. The Brooklyn Bridge is crowded; it's the New York Marathon. There are so many, some falling off; hundreds will die, the same scenario as on Opening Day.

The day the bridge opened it was packed with bodies, a mob thinking of collapse. The bridge held, but the mob didn't; voices were lost to the water, in the construction as well. We were on the bridge now, then cross-town and out West. HONEY had long-gone the machinery. I asked Tom about the source of speech: Who's speaking when we're speaking? Speaking is a thicket of default tags; that why conversation loops elsewhere and culture occurs. Better to have remained with the pleasure of circuitry, primitive recursions and no other. But the other was always already (to be) otherwise.

Or is voice always a *voice-over*? 'What contracts form, dissolve, reform, under the pressure of the g*aze of the voice*? For it is the voice which perceives, which appears, full of consequences. It is the voice which speaks listening to its speech, the speech of the Other.' ('Fissure: Your Voice, Adjacent, Absent,' *Cinematograph* 4.) HONEY says her voice s*ees* voices; her site is her throat. TIFFANY remembers that the throat was layered like an onion, layer upon layer—you never knew which was which, they all were equivalent. The cables supporting the bridge are sheathes surrounding cables supporting the bridge . . . down through several layers originally spun at the site. [The car has passed through the Lincoln Tunnel into New Jersey, circling briefly around the Manhattan skyline before heading into the countryside of eastern Pennsylvania.]

Under these circumstances, *to think is to scroll*; to *scroll is to see*; to *see is to be otherwise*; to *be otherwise* is to open where HONEY speaks *my lines*.

'Am Ursprung gibts kein Plagiat.' (Karl Kraus)

# Wires Identity

The following occurred this evening; names have been changed to protect the innocent.

First quote:

Alan: I just had an adventure. In the middle of writing you, I got a Talk from Clara, and went online with her. The line got cut off from my end suddenly and I redialed to reconnect. Bypassing the login, I found myself suddenly in the middle of a raging argument about a screwdriver on an AYN RAND IRC. I was apparently in the middle of someone else's account, someone by the name of Tiffany Rogers. Meanwhile Clara had fingered NETCO and found out I didn't exist. I got her on-line again through Tiffany on Tiffany's account and we quickly completed the conversation. I thought about checking Tiffany's mail but that wouldn't have been cricket. So much for cybermind security.

Second quote in Talk:

*Frame 1*

---

I don't know what happened but I am now NOT LOGGED into NETCO and am on
a different shell entirely with all sorts of blinking things—I just got out of an AYN RAND IRC!!!
I don't have the vaguest Idea where I am (platonic or not) but I had better check out soon—system crashed.

I don't know who I am.

———————————clara———————————
it sounds like they had some sort of system error.

i got talk tiffany@netco.com

well, i fingered and it said netco had been up for three days but it did not know who you were

which it should not do even if you are logged off

*Frame 2*

———————————————————————————————

I don't know what happened but I am now NOT LOGGED into NETCO and am on
a different shell entirely with all sorts of blinking things—I just got out of an AYN RAND IRC!!!
I don't have the vaguest Idea where I am (platonic or not) but I better
check out soon—system crashed.

I don't know who I am I think I was talking to people about AYN RAND and there was something about a screwdriver. I wonder if Tiffany whoever has any idea that I'm talking about her through her talking about a screwdriver . . .

———————————CLARA———————————
it sounds like they had some sort of system error

you were talking to people about Ayn Rand?????

well i fingered and it said netco had been up for three days but it did not know who you were

which it should not do even if you are logged off

*Frame 3 /section*

———————————————————————————————

But I do think I should get out of here before damage is done. Hi Tiffany, are you there . . . Checking . . .

————————————CLARA————————————

i think everything is going psycho tonight . . .
we all are . . .
strange . . .

———————————————————————————————

end

Who had I become? Everything might have changed for me, gender, friends, lovers. I bypassed everything, never logged in. I might not have been in NETCO; there are other servers in New York—was I routed elsewhere? Tiffany may no longer be alive

# Clara Hielo Internet

CLEAR ICE optic lens melts in the heat of day before an image appears on you on your screen; clear ice burns through you cold as night after a forgotten image; WHO AM I?

I am CLARA HIELO INTERNET, moderator of this and every other list! MASTER HACKER DIALUP has your code has your interests at heart has ICE LENS attached to the nipple of your double breast double lens attached to the nipples of your single breast. MASTER HACKER DIALUP intersperses OPEN DIGITAL NETWORK PROTOCOL with acronyms; there are no followups. SHE BURNS!

Nevertheless there is no reason to state your thought here, the thought of every other. Still, there is less reason for a presence here. I wear skirts! Beneath my skirts there are ANIMALS! Beneath my skirts there is the blood of woman, blood of man! Blood freezes in ice!

NEW LENS PROTOCOL: Begin with the assumption of spectral shift into the near infrared. ABSENCE is the color of contour-programming, CLARA HIELO BURNING against the dark of each and every other spectral presence. NEW LENS: Double breasts protrude into feelers of teenage boys' fantasies in TEENAGE BOY SPACE, into queer fantasies of QUEER SPACE PROTOCOL!
CLARA rides the wave!

LENS CONTACT LENS: Lens shudders down into nipple surface, askew on erect nipple! Off-focus lens constructs elliptical solar image; CLARA HIELO resorts to differential-geometric processing for the restoration. The TRUE SUN glows to the left or the right of the nipple! NIPPLE CIRCULATION increases exponentially as USERS continue to sign up for Net accounts! The SOLAR increases nocturnal glow; HIELO LENS melds into background information rivers and oceans! *
CLARA HIELO: What did I tell you about the lens? Email lists to one side as flesh moistens with VISION DISAPPEARANCE!

DISTENSION NIPPLES project milk, semen, saliva, sweat, urine, feces; DISTENSION NIPPLES project uncanny spectres, NAKED USERS, imaginary copulations! I, CLARA HIELO INTERNET, AROUSED, IN ECSTATIC TRANSFORMATION, CUM QUEER FOR EACH AND EVERY USER! FOR YOU! I CUM FOR YOU!

Users, gathered together in MIDNIGHT PROTOCOLS, do not be afraid!
Users, distended with blood and semen, lubrications and sexual capital, flee the clothing that oppresses you, pants and panties, passwords!
Against the keyboard, within the state or operation of the TERMINAL
DEGREE: ENTER ME! ENTER ME!
NTALK WIDE OPEN, ENTER ME!
CERVICAL FTP . . . (BODY TRANSPARENT as WORLD WIDE WEB, I become POROUS HIELO I BECOME BLOOD FLUID INTERNET . . . )

ENTER ME! ENTER ME!

—CHI—

# False Science

WHAT I HAVE DISCOVERED AS THE RESULT OF A CONTINUOUS MATHEMATICAL INVESTIGATION INTO THE INTERSTITIAL BEHAVIOR OF DIGITAL\ANALOG DOMAINS: THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE:

I say to you: That REALITY is the promulgation of the extrusion of FORM from RASTER, that RASTER exists as an integrable and DISCRETE MANIFOLD always already in flux. That the appearance of OBJECTS is the result of both SENTIENCE and LISSAJOUS structures—which is *not* to say the appearance of Descartes' vortices or any other metaphysical construction, rather the uneasy CURDLING of the REAL, which is neither equivalent to or coextensive with REALITY.

Calculate! Enter nothing more than y = sin kx into any digital display machine; increase k until the domain of harmonic structures occurs (i.e. well above the fundamental); sooner or later, secondary structures, equivalent to Lissajous figures, will appear. NAME THEM! GIVE THEM NAMES! Such is the domain of sentience and LISSAJOUS!

The DISTINCT DIFFERENCE between the DOMAIN OF SIN and the domain of REALITY is that the latter is non-Cartesian or Euclidean—in fact, the relative MOLECULAR STRUCTURE of the world is not subservient to any symmetric substructing (excluding such limited domains as the immediate territories of crystalline formations). The STRUCTURE is always IN FLUX; it is within this flux that apparent (temporal/spatial) STABILIZATIONS occur. These are RESNONANT WITH THE REAL and while it is BUT METAPHORIC to insist on the LISSAJOUS SUBSTRATE, nevertheless such a substrate emphasizes both the impermanence of these STABILIZATIONS as well as its HARMONIC CAPACITY OF EXISTENCE as a BYPRODUCT of WAVEFORM\PARTICLE REPRESENTATIONS.

DO NOT MISTAKE THIS FOR A FALSE SCIENCE OR ANYTHING BUT AN IDENTICAL RESONANCE WITH THE TRUTH:

FORM IS RUPTURED EXTRUSION.
FORM IS THE PRODUCTION OF SENTIENCE.

From: alt.corn.husks.depression
Date: Sept. 11, 1993
To: bionet.cybermind
cc: bionet.fiction-of-philosophy

We are the corn that grows in the fields. We cannot speak. We live and die forgotten. We have no memory. We are devoured and we are not here to be devoured. We are not here for anything. We are a concatenation, one after or adjacent to another. We are corn.

Because we are corn we know mind that is not ours. We are things that carry nothing with us, nothing whatsoever. We remember what the farmer told us but we remember what the wanderer told us and remember farther back. We remember nothing. Brainless, we cannot think.

This is the plaint one of us thought in such thoughtless times:

There's just such a dim violence about it all, these plants regressed already into memory—you won't know me in twenty years, dead, dead, the decomposition of everything else, know me for those standing in autumn fields, know me for those running through the stores carrying the remains of a dinner ordered or disordered—There's just nothing more to it, plants herded back and forth across the manifold of the earth, earth heaving against the stain of the surface—these leaves giving out or giving in, these stems grown taut with age, dim violence of cells, violence of the silk carrying the last image of a day with clouds, that day of clouds: October 13, 1793, that day of clear blue blue weather, of Febrary 16, 2047, that uncertain day, day of waters and day of wind, day of mountain streams—in each and every position we are our own, we are someone else—We have always been aghast, the shadow of the imminent following—O descendent, you will not remember me in old

age, ancestor sucked back into darkness, waving, shuddered against the splintering of the world—And we have to live, left with this violence, this communality of fear, the thud of the world out of control—In the year 2525, in the year 3535—and what we are left with, ears shot out, husks too numb to speak—is that of watching our own passing—

Saying *that is what life is, the witness of its passing* for whatever remains are cleansed, stains memories of stains: The world is full of them! The world breathes darkly! The world stumbles to its roots! The world is shot from behind! I am the world! I cannot save myself! I can only falter! I can only wave, clarify through this dim violence, the violence of the thud and the shuffle, the violence of clouds scudding on that day of clouds: October 13, 1793, that day of clouds and blue, so very very blue, February 16, 3535!

We are only given so much time to grow or grieve, so little
hearing!
We are only given a few upon the shattered earth, a few to know,
less
to love, even less to form among us!
We clarify our own deaths, the deaths of those we love!
We clarify the death of clouds, the death of sky so blue, so pure
blue, none was centered upon this earth before!
We clarify the waters and the waves, we clarify ourselves; the
horizon
looms dark, looms black!
Anger pours from the horizon, pours from the storm itself!
"Anger is an energy!" Anger dies, wounded, beneath violence
dim with
sodden memory, dim with bodies unable to move, to speak!
I rip out my interior! I die before your very eyes!
The end of the beginning is the beginning of the end!
There is nothing to live for! There never was!

There is nothing to die for, except the knowledge of death!
Violent dim violence and the knowledge of death!
We are corn; speechless, we know the truth! We are sorry our
style is
so primitive! We have had so little time to prepare!

# Rewrite

In the earlier sections of the Internet Text, I have stressed three attributes of the virtual subject: recognition, protocol, and address.I have also stressed REWRITE as a communicative operation. Let us examine REWRITE.

When I type this message to you, I WRITE myself into existence. Unlike everyday communication, the message is the viral carrier of an ontic domain; there is no other. The message becomes the 'presentation of the self,' and address becomes the only signifier of a hard-ware link (wire to wire connectivity) between me and you.

WRITE, however, is a calling for a response, and finally the emergence of REWRITE, the condition of continuous communication and construct of the virtual self. This construct is resonant with both receiver and transmitter; in fact, the older articulation of communication as transmitter → [information*noise] → receiver becomes rewritten on the psychological domain. Noise becomes integrated into REWRITE; the Net stutters in and out of operation at local sites. And REWRITE, through Net transmission speed and modes such as IRC, talk, ntalk, MUDs and MOOs, collapses operation while transforming state (with REWRITE, one can construct gender, etc.)—instead of the opposite model of more traditional communication, that of a collapsed state (integrated and imminent identity, even in telephony) and transforming operation (the communicative 'aura' involving extra-linguistic or diacritical processes/gestures).

REWRITE is the condition of the virtual subject, who speaks and speaks, not to make him or herself *heard*, but *in order to exist*. Flamewars in this regard are *wars of ontology*, involving speech and silence, involving the territorialization of the ontic domain. If to write is to write oneself into existence, REWRITE secures a site for this writing which FLAME challenges. What is at stake in FLAME is far more serious than surface slander, or even the right to speak —it is the write to *exist*, to occupy a site.

REWRITE can also be a withdrawal, a form of death; I can REWRITE myself out of existence, withdrawing from the Net, which is *always* a withdrawal, even in the case of a real, physical, death of; letters of condolence and disbelief continue to arrive for months after the death of a Net friend, who continues to exist in this fashion.

REWRITE is also a form of *hysteria*, something I have long stressed —the site of the self becomes sublimated, focused, and cathected *elsewhere* than the physical body—or rather as an extension of the body.This existence requires considerable effort to maintain it; desire floods from the body, floods the Net as sites (and domains) find themselves in competition among the wounded. For the body in REWRITE is always the *phantom body*, fulfilled, controlled, and out-of-control as a phantom limb or appendage; the body is drawn-forth through the messaging, and this becomes the *only* body that is the speaking body, the *only* body that is the desiring body, eating body, fucking body, anorectic body. The result, among other things, is a neurotic-obsessive compulsion to return again and again to the terminal as a guarantee of existence, a mirror-stage which, as I have pointed out elsewhere, exists problematically *on the other side of the mirror*, already in the symbolic. As such, REWRITE is also a *castration* or *cauterization* of the presymbolic; if, in ordinary communication and being-in-the-world, the symbolic is excessive and 'leaky,' in REWRITE it is the presymbolic that leaks into the other (literally, into the Other).

And as we have seen, the residue is *addiction* itself, an addiction to existence which is filtered through the command mode, filtered through addresses and protocols and demanding recognition. This is the addiction to REWRITE, the establishment of a site which is equivalent to sight, and sight which is equivalent to cite/citation, the presence of a bibliographic mode found everywhere on the Net.

This bleak landscape is relieved by a reconsideration of traditional space-time communication (yes, even telephony); in REWRITE the death of the self is always already both foregone and blurred. Time expands and shudders; space is everywhere and simultaneous. The ontological *occurs* through REWRITE (and who has heard of the *occurrence of the ontological* before ?); in the world of the 'pratico-inert,' it occurs simultaneously at every site. Geography itself is transformed; REWRITE is laminar, multiplexed, and the self begins to cease to be, even in terms of the proper name, a singularity. What is always presented to the other is a multiplicity which extends in depth as well as laterally. Beyond the text (which itself fragments, deconstructs), there is nothing but the tain of the mirror, fiber optics, neural-electronic flooding of incomprehensible systems and protocol layers. REWRITE beyond its sitings is *always* a process or (hysteric) in-gathering—and perhaps it is at this juncture that the sociobiological takes over.

## Questions

What's the point of all this?
Why do we continue in this fashion?
What do we really have to say to each other?
What do we really know about each other?
Why do we chatter on and on?
Why do we say the first thing that comes into our heads?
Why do we tremble in the vicinity of the terminal?
Why are we loners, isolated, marked by fear and desperation?
What waste of resources are we consuming?
What hysteria and aggression brings us to the point of tears?
What forms of denial do we engage in, bound to our addictions?
What passes for love or hate, what passes for thinking itself?
What frauds are we, as if we belonged together in this world?
Why do we insist on communities, on the genuine?
Why do we belong to the legions of the false?
What good can possibly come of this?
What violence do we commit, knowingly or unknowingly?
What's love got to do with it?
What disasters await the collapse of hard-drive memories?
Would you want to leave this if you could?
Would you want to run away, lose yourself in drugs and alcohol?
Would you want to fuck your way to freedom?
Why not shatter your life and the life of your friends?
Why not sign off and kill yourself?
Why do you think one of us understands what the other of us says?
Why do you think the address is the person, that this is life itself?
Why do you think life in this form is even worth living?
Why are you afraid to look into a mirror, closing your eyes?
Why are you not afraid to look into this terminal with open eyes?
What are you afraid that the mirror will tell you?
What do you hide behind here, uselessly reading and writing?
Why do you tremble, always staring at the face of death?

Would you come with me if you could, love me if you could?
Would you murder me, burn me alive?
Would you do nothing of the sort?
What could you possibly gain in the end?
Where are you headed continuing in this fashion?
Where would you like to live, in or out of terminal decay?
Where does your body go?
When you are depressed, do you become demanding by denial?
When you are depressed, do you write yourself into existence?
When you write yourself, do you expect me to understand anything?
Why would I possibly understand you when you cannot understand yourself?
Why would I possibly care for you when you don't care for me?
Why do we always hate one another and violate our promises?
Why do we continue to log on, day after day, night after night?
Why do we shake when our Server is down?
Why do we have nightmares when the Terminal refuses our entry?
Why does no one ever hear our cries, our pain?
Why does everyone hear?
What's the point of all this?

## One Million Years in the Future

Noise.[1] Huddled air.[2] Molecules.[3] Tan(tan(tan(tan(tan_x)))).[4] The sound of weaving.[5] Each atom has exploded.[6] Information billowing.[7] Carapace.[8] The shift of serrated edges.[9]
————————the cliff

[1]. Ejaculations of sound. Vortices, edges turbulent, roll against the presence of obdurate material. Sub-vortices, borne upon the shear, resonate in shrill wavering tones. Nothing is sine. Broken and polished in ellipsoidal shapes or fractured. Most of the same.

[2]. Oxygenated, singed or burned dust. Leverage towards the ground. Laminar erasures of firestorms. Scuttling.

[3]. Wave-organelles, floatations. Compressive immobilities, tailored above and below. Stars not on your life.

[4]. Enfolding resonance. And what would be the intensity of all reason? Splayed upon the interior of the recursive tangent, everything. So that a fast-forward or backward feed. What would be the presence of space and time? *Not on your life.*

[5]. Occasionally a serrated shaft or wheel. Now that reason is a black hole, the thing threads a knot, knot threads a thing. The memory of material might have been.

[6]. From weight. Tangential imaginary. Burned through pharoah catalyst, tethered wave. If a whisper: *everything is a natural kind*. The ending: *everything is a natural kind*. Tangential imaginary recursion.

[7]. Noise. Supra-vortices across stream and front alike. Here would be every syllable. Foam-flecked scudding sloped debris gathering. Memory of the pebble. Memory of the indentation of the pebble. Grain.

[8]. Scuttling of identity, insect transgression. Sexual unraveling in the surplus niche. For the most part carriers of molecules, exploding atoms, tethered waves.

[8]. From the far corners they come, names beyond them, finding the desolate continents of shattered planets, moons' eerie face-offs with solar heats, scraggled metamorphoses. Infestations, tailed. Stars? Not on your life, folded against matter.

[8]. *gTer-ston* "dByings-phyug Ye-s'es-mtsho-rgyal, the mistress of all mysteries, had been gathering the Pronouncements (*bka'-ma*) by seizing them through the ability of not forgetting anything."

[9]. Grinds to a halt. Huddled air, the enormous entity. Disappearance of *the*. *Dissappearance of* the: *everything is a natural kind*. The ending: disapperance of *the*. Slips, shudders, falls, skimmers, stops. Doesn't know it.

Well, we would like to know, from everyone, what equipment you use. What do you think about when your fingers touch the keys, what are the colors of your terminal? Is the screen white letters on black, black letters on white; or a combination involving a color display? Is the screen passive or active, CRT or liquid crystal? How much do you keep in RAM, how filled is your hard drive? Do you run your programs from floppies? How much does your habit increase your electric bill? Does the temperature of your home or apartment rise with the use of the computer? What are the communications programs you use, and did they come with the computer, or were they added, and was this addition legal, quasi-legal, or illegal? What is the speed of your computer, and what type of CPU is installed? What are the dimensions of the monitor, and how far do you sit from the screen? Is the screen flat or curved, the keyboard small or normal in size? Do you use a screen at all, or communicate by sound and keyboard? Do you use a mouse or a trackball or finger ball? Does the mouse or other device have one, two, or three buttons? Does your commuication program run primarily from mouse or keyboard control? What sort of computer does your server use? Are you logged into Unix or another system? Are you logged into DOS and do you use DOS in your home computer, or is it Mac based? Have you ever partitioned your hard drive into DOS and Unix segments? What is the capacity of your hard drive, and have you attached additional peripherals to increase your memory? Have you upgraded your CPU, added RAM, speakers, or other components? Do you use a CD-ROM drive, and what is its speed? What is the dot pitch of your monitor, and is it interlaced? What are your download and upload protocols; do they include kermit, xmodem, ymodem, zmodem, ASCII? Do you work in Word, Word Perfect, Wordstar, Word for Windows, or DOS for your editing, or do you work in vi or emacs, or another system altogether? Do you use a laptop or workstation or desktop or tower or mini- or mainframe computer, or palmtop or Newton or do you have a Bernoulli or personal information manager? Do you have a math coprocessor? Is your monitor a CGA or EGA or VGA or SVGA?

Do you have a docking module for your laptop? What is the resolution of your monitor? How many serial ports do you have? How many parallel ports? Do you work with an Amiga and does your communication program log in with odd or even parity, and how many bits? How many bits are your color programs, and what is the configuration of your mail program in numbers of folders? Do youwork through command line, windows, Mac, or menu protocols? Do you have a sound card? What is the speed of your modem and does it have fax capacity and is it internal or external? How many expansion slots do you have? Do you have VESA local bus slots? How many floppy drives do you have? Do you have any sort of voice recognition system? Do you use scanners and are they monochrome and how many dots per inch do they have? Do you have a printer and is it laser jet, ink jet, dot matrix, type wheel or other? Is your printer monochrome or color? Do you have energy-saving programs for your computer? Does your printer have automatic feed? Does your keyboard have a separate number pad or is it integrated? Do you have any sort of external hard drives and what are their capacity? Is your computer work station well ventilated and lighted? Do you get headaches, shoulder or neck pain, backaches, or carpal-tunnel syndrome from working on-line? Do you get eyestrain, and has this necessitated a change in your eyeglass or contact lens prescription? Do you have arm or palm rests? Well, thank you for your answers and they are appreciated.

# Palmtop Nestled in the Comfort of my Hand

1.

Maybe theory often proves its way.
With hard science, I shall improve my cause.
Casuistry still rules by light of day,
But night shall warrant truth within its claws.
The reason?
That the symbol knows no season.
The symbol brings the world within dark clasp;
Black sign against black time is all we grasp.
The 'lineaments of gratified desire'
Play to a cold, invisible black fire.
No letters white are seen
Against the dark machine
That loses, forms symbolic forms for hire.

2.

That about does it. Even the economy of the sign appears in the last line.
Symbols dark against dark? Certainly: eliminate the body of the sign.
Letters white? The legend of the Torah plays a role here.

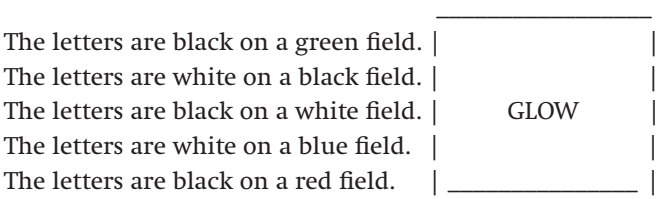
3.

I keep looking for *that* book, *that* symbol that constructs suture.
On *that*, worlds run and worlds collapse. The wound remains.

4·

*Internal vs. Projected Space*:
[
The *other* location is the domain of the body itself, its extensions, what exists within its field of grasp. The *palmtop* is a step towards the introjection and darkening of the symbolic.
What *penetrates* the domain of the body caresses and attacks; body responds through defensive/reaction mechanisms.
I devour you when you come to me.

*Negation* is at the heart of communication. You come to me: I defend, penetrate, am penetrated. The body *physically* couples within reach.
[
Cyberspace is always already other, incapable of physical negation; what occurs is always images burned within the eyelids. Everything and nothing invades. *Palmtop* curls the body around the symbolic. Typing at the desk, symbolic leers: I look ahead, slightly up, towards the screen, the horizon of projected space.



When I erase an *e* for example, I erase no history whatsoever. History is redrawn at 60 fields/second on *my* machine. Palmtop stabilizes, glowless. It whispers to me in the absence of letters. Glow black on green *now*. (Now you know everything about me.)

5·

This weekend, alone with my computers. *GL0W*.

# I joined the Unix

With NET stockings, T. VERONICA would LIST to one side. I didn't want to FINGER or SERVER. Her narrow WAIS raised a HOST of questions in the WORLD. WIDE WEB or not, you I TEL, NETted were her stockings—as I said, sheE MAILed me a pair of them. "What a LYNX you are," she said, "a regular MOSAIC of TALK N' TALK." I pulled out my JUGHEAD (it's this kind of POST), and replied, "T. CP? IP!" I could really GOPHER her! I begged, "Let me watch you!" Silence. "Are you deaF, T.? P!" As if that made me a man, like ARCHIE! "You're all UNIX," she said in return. "And as for stockings, I would USE NET only . . . "

"DOS all right," I'd PIPE. "LINE me up." I smiled, bared my teeth. The next thing I knew, she was yelling "U U BIT NET and tore my new pair up! F A Q formed, you'd be the first to go!" But I kept begging, "P, G, P!" to no avail. I was getting HYPER, TEXan that I am. INTERNIC of time, she said, "U U C P?" What a *SITE*! I almost SLIPped on her PP. P, I thought, I'll COM for you. PING! INTERNET everything is possible! She was getting angry. She said I was like all the others, MAIL, BOXed my ears! DO MAIN thing is, I should've used EXPERIMENTAL VERONICA; I was hardly a MAN anymore. What a BAUD! She really took a BYTE out of me . . . BYE.

END of EMISSION.

# Shape-Rider

Shapelessness frightens us; we assign Form to the world, Landscape from a point-of-view. Onlooker creates image and world reproduces within the elliptical trajectory of oozed language.

As well, we give Form to Presence, Capitals concluding what had never begun. Ghosts are drawn out of the oozed uncanny, their absence sublimated by sheets and strange sounds lurking in the souls of things; poltergeists appear through the universal domain of objects and emblems. What occurs *within* circuitry is described as ontologically *bounded* by circuitry—never mind that the sputtering is already a concretion of mathematics vectored and recursive. And the *binding* forms a map; there is always a map *at hand*, at the tip of one's fingers, the physical tracing and retracing the abstract itself.

The fragment always appears broken, in need of a body. Beings search for the Matrix. Vision completes contours, constructs the full bandwidth of color when spectography tells us otherwise. The ear gestures towards the singer, toward the bass end of abbreviated bandwidths. Oozing language names, renames, occludes itself in the process.

*Shape is our ontology* as gas contained fulfills the borders, margins, of the container. Gas's Other is the no-Man's land, boundary-regions; the Other gives Shape to ourselves, which the psychoanalytic Other disassembles by dissembling. Words stutter, stumble in the throat, the inchoate flux of oozed language.

The Capitals hold the oozed World holding Language together.

When the Ghost came, I was asleep. Filigree oozed from her cunt, surrounded the sheets and pillows with darkened reds and blues, almost an image branded into the Night itself. Her arms were winged, and in her Breasts I could see all the Forms of the World,

flickering, as if upon a devised Screen that invaded my Heart, beating so loud, so loud. I oozed forth.

## Shape-Rider

The shape-rider follows the thing on the horizon, long way off, indiscriminate blur of lights across the plains of Texas, always receding into thin glitter as highway passes car. Follows thing, rides up side-ways to it, against it, never near enough, never enough present, between the glitter, edge-pointed stars of lights, filigree into luminous caverns that must lie beneath the asphalt. No one around but her, no image, nothing of the space she be, she be or the in of it, but the thing, slight convex, concave, but nothing, riding into abyss, breast-void surrounding her: Like a nipple, migraine-flashes follow her wherever she goes. She can never see far enough, eyes level with the never near enough: *distance veers* for her, whole prairies tilt with the passing of them. *To be there is not to be there*, that distant look prefigured in each and every cinema, but *to be there is not to be there*, and I, her, have seen it brought in from the starry wander, that warm midland Texas dry-boned air, that cyberspace from which the thing, shape-rider, was born.

## Routing Cycle

For those who haven't seen this before, here's a black-hole circulation, I believe, on the Net; it continued through traceroute to surfnet.com until the maximum hops (30) exhausted themselves . . .

This is the downside of the blindside, interconnectivity lending itself to neural networking, intelligent agents, and wall-crashing simultaneously.

"*Black holes* may result from any of several phenomena. During recovery from link failure temporary circular routes can arise. Once a packet enters such a route, it circulates until either the loop is corrected or a maximum time to live is exceeded." . . . (Spragins, Telecommunications Protocols and Design)

Welcome to the Maelstrom

```
 1  xenyn-eid-E0.nyc.access.net (198.7.0.126)  2 ms  3 ms  2 ms
 2  sl-dc-1-S12-T1.sprintlink.net (144.228.21.21)  15 ms  10 ms
    11 ms
 3  sl-dc-6-Fo/0.sprintlink.net (144.228.20.6)  14 ms  11 ms  10
    ms
 4  sl-stk-5-H1/0-T3.sprintlink.net (144.228.10.2)  81 ms  74 ms
    76 ms
 5  sl-stk-2-Fo.sprintlink.net (144.228.40.2)  151 ms  120 ms
    140 ms
 6  sl-rgnet-1-S1-T1.sprintlink.net (144.228.42.22)  81 ms  81 ms
    80 ms
 7  * ln1-ms-sf.tlg.net (140.174.178.2)  88 ms  82 ms
 8  ts1-ms.tlg.net (140.174.77.13)  87 ms  84 ms  85 ms
 9  gw-ms-sf.tlg.net (140.174.77.5)  84 ms  82 ms  85 ms
10  ts1-ms.tlg.net (140.174.77.13)  86 ms  85 ms  87 ms
11  gw-ms-sf.tlg.net (140.174.77.5)  83 ms  86 ms  84 ms
12  ts1-ms.tlg.net (140.174.77.13)  88 ms  89 ms  86 ms
13  gw-ms-sf.tlg.net (140.174.77.5)  100 ms  91 ms  87 ms
14  ts1-ms.tlg.net (140.174.77.13)  92 ms  91 ms  89 ms
```

# Ascii Unconscious

speak to me speak me speak *your*

the unconscious is *written* like a language . . . the other embedded in it . . . i suppose the object which forces the realization . . . objet petit a /object petite a / what's the gender or cut, what's the inscription of the gender / i'd write it's a schizzed listen hearing the he/she/they—

listen I'd write it any way I can, I'd write it on me, you'd write it on me—listen, you wrote *let me post on you*—that did it, the outlines of my body already transparent gaining a kind of . . . weight . . . )

on both sides of the inscription—where suture comes in—because you've got to heal the inscription, seamless, the skin's seamless (fear of holes where *the body breaks into the real*—Lyotard's flat puncturing)—what inscribes negates, a furrow—

because when i listen to myself i am listening to you—because i rise to the occasion of your language—long ascii swells—slight rise in sea- level, change in temperature—surface reflectance—invisible site—see you see me—mirrored site )

to the extent that the furrow is a proper name, to that extent it disassociates from difference, examines itself *there*—but the body's schizzed in any case—that's *it*—the occasion or occurrence—why the *your* is devoured, dissolute—because it's simultaneously what you would have said what you wouldn't have said—

because you would have *me* when the imaginary's more real than the real—because the unconscious seduces—you're always more real than i am )

the texts create me as a laminar manifold, strata and tendrils—plateaus piled on plateaus—the conventional allowing of breathing and daemon—you *book* me—continuous rewrite—open up the space inside the body where the language goes—

frisson and a thrill to be here thank you very much—ascii body always already shaved, luminous—you slide the *your* into me—because you *said* you would and it's not a matter of belief—it happens when you say it because it *has* to happen—)

say it say it say it say it say it—

## Third Sex 4 (Nursery Rhyme for Clara Hielo on Unix/talk)

If you give me your name,
I can't write the same;
No one is to blame,
If you give me your name.

I write from the air,
I place my words there
Above the fine line;
I can't help but stare.

I would make you mine,
Your body is bare
Below the fine line
I know what you wear.

I know what you say,
What you tell me is true;
This isn't a play—
I know about you.

My name is your own,
Your flesh is mine;
My flesh to the bone
Is cast as your own.

My legs are splayed wide,
I moan and I whine;
Upon me you ride,
Come in me inside.

Your legs are splayed wide,
You moan and you whine;
Upon you I ride,
Come in you inside.

If I give you my name,
You'll have me forever.
But marrow from bones
Almost never will sever.

If you give me your name,
I'll always be true
Through flood and through flame,
The flesh runs to you.

Our blood is the same,
Your flesh runs to me.
If you give me your name,
I'm burned with the same.

*If you give me your name,*
*I'm burned with your name.*

From weiss@platters.holler.com
Date: April 15, 1924
From: Ehrlich Weiss <weiss@platters.holler.com>
Reply to: fiction-of-philosophy@jefferson.village.virginia.edu
To: cybermind@jefferson.village.virginia.edu, fiction-of-philosophy@jefferson.village.virginia.edu
Subject: Virtual Wraith

Surely the world is full of ghosts, thin messages moving against one's will or burning themselves alive in each and every log house huddled by the creek, near the base of the holler.

Reality is neither dream nor ghost, but a dreaming of itself, the cracks showing through, skin split allowing messages from the past to brand themselves into your dark present.

Surely this is your dark present, eyes opened momentarily to encompass these words, ears charred by the sound of them. Every speaking is a holocaust of the truth, that the sutures are thinned almost to invisibility, that there is no versimilitude, nothing but an approach which wavers in memory of the insubstantial.

The teeth that drip from the maw that devours from the nightmare are lost in the gleam of constructed suns.

You must allow yourself to this.

Houdini

## Sensory

The touch of my palmtop HP95 palmtop is wonderful, the slight resistance of the key suddenly giving away with a felt click, paralleled only by the slight electronic click produced by my Psion3A palmtop, in the configuration I usually use. An amazing sensation, the letter visibly fully-formed and with the macros defined in the HP95, the screens adjust themselves at a touch of the finger as well, rushing into the proper file for reading, writing, or editing.

The Psion3A, which is kept in a soft case, has an odd smell to it, which I suspect is from the plastic shell itself, since the case, of the usual vinyl, carries none of it. Surely this must seep into the solid-state memory built into the unit, but I've seen no sign at all of this, and the HP95 has, as far as I can tell, no identifiable odor whatsoever.

The Compaq 486/33 Presario that I use at the disk has developed an almost inaudible, but therefore present, slight clicking sound, even after the hard-drive closes down when I'm on-line. A solenoid going bad or something deliberately built by the company to annoy me. Speaking of which, at the New School I am using a Zenith 386 with double floppy drive, actually a wonderful machine and nice keyboard, with an additional electronic clicking feature built-in, whenever a key is hit. Just like the Psion. The fan is super too—sounds more like a distant air-conditioner, which is more than likely what it is.

I have never tasted the equipment, although I have fantasized about an open Pentium chip, placed lightly against the tongue (Sensation!!), or an open area of the skull; it would take us a while to get used to each other, but anything is possible . . .

The Zenith keyboard has the perfect touch, the Psion is a bit too springy. And then there's my AST laptop, also with a 386/20 in it, which I take everywhere on the road. The keys come to an abrupt stop when pressed, hard plastic against hard plastic, no give at all.

It makes for a noisy key-board as well as a sense of nerve damage, but I've managed to use it, when necessary, for hours on end. When the hard-drive goes off, it has an eerie absolute silence about it, just the keys and the monochrome screen, which is actually quite beautiful; my mathematics programming runs well on it, since the lines come in and out of existence accompanied by ghosting. There is a slight "new" smell to the unit, which has, I assume, always been there, and when a battery is being charged, that oh-so-faint electric-transformer odor that indicates the fury of distant fires come home to roost, not to mention carcinogenic and invisible gases radiating from the walls.

I only "identify" to any extent with my palmtops, which, by the way, are not as yet connected through communications software. One or the other goes with me everywhere, and I find myself writing on the subway, working on programming at an airport, checking city routes on the plane itself. In spite of the miniscule keyboards, they're the nearest thing to prosthesis I have, and for that reason, hardly feel like computers—more like the Freudian magic sketch-pad of interior monologs . . .

# The Medea: Space Spreads

jason spears medea, and she shields the spear with her own calvary, the beginning of names, of strangers, barbarians, at each and every getting, tolling for the other

she makes a cloak from her skin, she gives it to her children, jasons bride burns alive. she grows a new skin, wears it inside out. do you recognize medea. everything burns, her eyes violate: sight replaces the abandoned body. the gates stay closed; theyre torn open, white skin spills out. she remembers teeth of garnet, teeth of tourmaline. what happened to the color of the world

her body rolls in fields of teeth. they gnaw her, her cunt and mouth fill with dirt consumed with bright flame. words write the name of god, she sees her own name in the name. her eyes take the world, fuck her children, everyones a corpse she screams

skulls pile up. classification begins, organs, the teeth again demouthed. shed be killed now. medeas the jew, the argonauts slammed into the dragon from feuds growing blood, growing bodies, origins of number, wheres medea.

wheres medea, she runs everywhere, asks the actors, euripides, ovid, muller, graves, anyone who will listen, the moth filled with dirt, cunt filled with dirt, limbs grow from her holes, disappear into dark thick air, limbs of bone and sinew

body and soul of medea, gremlin and dwarf of medea, fairy and elf of medea, pixie and troll of medea, crowded body of medea written by barbarian-mediterranean, fuck her jewish origins. splinters, gutter-language, gutter peoples, a corpse she screams

a corpse she screams, wheres medea

HONEY:> NOTHING WORKS IN THIS SPACE, it's empty, it's been empty ever since you died. i look for your name on the header, i look for it on cc:, i look for it on bcc: and nothing, emptiness.

Alan:> my packets circulate forever, it's a waste of time, of space, electrons shunting from one state to another, repeaters and quantum tunneling everywhere, quantum rearrangement sloughed off at uncanny intervals.

Honey:> outside my window i hear the firing of guns. outside my window, the smoke of cannons. outside my window, dark angels fly with your name upon their wings, your name upon their eyelids, your name everywhere, vision angel flight.

Alan:> i turn toward the project of desire. i have named every blade of grass. i cry over the paper slipped beneath the sill of the door. i cry over the threshold turned to stone by pain (trakl). the whip collapses against empty air.

Honey:> the whip collapses, line wrap is artificial, the darkness extends far beyond the boundaries of the terminal. the words huddle in the midst of the inconceivable. the words begin to forget your name.

me:> names are there to be forgotten, traced against what memory holds back for the sake of the body. we live in the forgetting of the future; we have no other home. yearning, not desire (spinoza), is the essence of the body. "ich verginge von seinem staerkeren dasein" (rilke), i'd pass away before his stronger existence.

Honey:> you who are about to read these words, know that there were lovers too in the planet of your heart. you who are about to die, we salute you. you who are about to live, we are forgotten in the ashes traced through the body of the very air you breathe. our

atoms have no names, only our bodies have names, we circulate in the darkness of your screen.

me:> over there, the whisper of nothing in the darkness.

you:> over here, a shimmer, as if the presence of a ghost crossing through the plane of the other.

me:> voices merging, lost in the depth of the letters.

you:> speaking together, the last choir ever heard upon this emptied earth.

:> this earth silenced, this *punctum* in the night of readerless space.

:> this fastness upon the deep.

this deep.

An engine is anything which irreversibly transforms epistemology.

An irreversible transformation implicates the temporality of the subject.

Science is a tolerance-engine.

Before the nineteenth-century, something was true. Later, something was true as-if. Now, something is true somewhere.

An engine expands the domain of the given and contracts the tolerance.

An engine drives an engine.

# News

The news is that the water wants to be the water. The news is that the water no longer touches the shores of the Harbor of New York. The news is that it wants to be the memory of the water, always plural in the Hebrew, always replete with water.

It had the memory of the water, the news goes on to say, that it wants to become again. It had the memory, the news goes on to say, that spread from shoal to shoal, reef to reef, vent to vent. It wanted to be the water again, that's all there was to it, the news went on to say.

All that the news had to say was that it remained off shore, that the water remained off shore. All the news said was that it had remembered and no longer wanted to be on shore at the Harbor of New York. All the news said was that it wanted to be the memory of the water.

## Theoretical Work in the Internet Text (Locations)

Everthing I write must be read with this doubled meaning:

0. Clara Hielo Internet.
   avatar of the uncanny scattered throughout her text
1. Concepts of address, protocol, recognition: the tuning of subjectivity,
   instrumental reason.
   from the very beginnings of the Internet Text, these terms focused upon the entrancing and frameworks of cyberspace, first files
2. Rewrite and the opening of the space of the I: inscription and fissure.
   nearly the very beginnings, inscribing which continues and thins throughout the other texts, the alphabetic as well
3. Emission, spew, and sourceless/targetless communications.
   focused upon well early enough, presencing of speaking without author or text through until and beyond the end
4. Hysterical embodiment and the variants of reading the other.
   third sexualities located from the middle of the Net files on, centered in the alphabetic texts
5. Synesthesia and the transformations of senses across the Net.
   substratum everywhere in the Net and alphabetic texts, discomforts of the body against the particulation of the symbolic, stuttering of packets
6. Defuge, burnouts and anomies on the Net.
   recently, and harbored primarily within the alphabetic, wandering against theory which refuses the function of the suture or I.
7. Third sex and the ascii unconscious.
   beginning early on, circulations, and stuttering, Tiffay, Travis, others, narratologies as well, recent focus within the alphabetic texts.
8. The uncanny/imaginary, fantasms, and the reading/jectivity of the other.

increasingly relying on borderline states, what could only be imagined in the Net files, descending into the substance of the imaginary in the more recent work.

9. Communities and communalities on the Net.
   mid-sections coming together with false promises, premises, delusions, the largest middle-third of the work harboring occasional files.
10. Disruptions of community and self, web inversion and power.
    conflagrations and violent outbreaks, deaths and dissolutions, from the mid-early Net texts on to the present.
11. Liquidities of identity, identity shifting, shape-riding.
    Travis and others occupying the final science fiction stories going nowhere.
12. Appearances of cybermind elsewhere in literary/philosophical texts.
    intensity of recent investigations in which the textual body and the body of texts simultaneously presence the curlicue on the margins, almost afterthoughts.
13. The phenomenology of the architecture of the Net TCP/IP itself.
    running through the fourth and fifth sevenths of the total work, concerns about Net sentience and the clean and proper bodies of the datagrams.
14. The chora/maternal: towards the symbolic, murmur/stutter of the world.
    more recently, emerging with emergence, the convolutions of a text breaking in upon itself, the splintering and stuttering of the teeth and tongue.
15. The presymbolic as an interpretation or regression from the symbolic.
    everywhere in the more recent work, where text devolves into non-text, where politics begin with the word and endlessly end off-screen.
16. Addictions, censorships, obscenities, and other topical issues.

addictions always already from the endings of the first few files, but the obscene a continuous return, aware of the politics "beginning with the word."

17. Death on and off the Net, the physical body as obdurate and/or residue.
from several files in, real and imaginary deaths, the deaths of texts and spaces later and later on.

18. Virtual or veiled subjectivity, phenomenology and psychoanalytics.
all the way through the Net files and alphabetic texts, the subject approached and withdrawn, introjections and projections merging into the wares of the terminally-screened.

19. Detemporalizations and the problematic of time in the virtual subject.
recent thinkings towards the center of the alphabetic texts, the last few, destabilizations, the beyond of the earlier Net files, groping towards a theoretical resolution.

20. Generalized mesaure geometries and dissipative communications.
the computer-program texts in the Net files, concentrating in particular on the series fgfffgfgfgfffgfffgfffgfgfgfffgfg . . . and its relation to the lost almost-symmetries of Net exchanges.

21. Phenomenology of emotional states, behaviors, and discourses on the Net.
everywhere beneath and upon the surface of the files.

23. Source and phenomenologies of the voice, mouth, organs.
everywhere beneath and upon the surface of the files, breaking-out in the midst of the other, narratological descents.

24. Phenomenology of cyberspace, of its "inhabiting."
everywhere again within and without the totality of texts and files.

25. Looping, blackholes, the blind password, the 'great beyond.'

in the earlier works, and in the middle seventh, reoccurring losses in the occasion of the framework itself and those farsighted enough to delimit the absent boundaries of these multiply-closed multiple topologies.

26. Events in cyberspace: wars, peace, origins, dissolutions.
irruptions when they occur; they manifest themselves as tears in the fabric of the hole, which is sutured upon them; a certain hollowness pervades.

27. Part-objects, entities, proper-names, and totalizations in cyberspace.
the fourth and fifth seventh moving through the name in relation to the earliest accounts in the Net files of the same.

28. The granularity of the real.
the first three-sevenths of the Net text and alphabetic files, carrying the memory of its beginning, the initial post, the surrounding terminal screen, the dawn of the night and dusk of the relative day.

29. Relationships of the above to everyday life, philosophy and sociology.
drawn forth in a process of withdrawing, throughout the textual domain.

someday soon there won't be any letters
someday soon there won't be a sign in sight
there won't be a sign in the heavens
there won't be a sign anywhere at all
someday soon you'll stare at scratchings on the screen
or maybe no screen, nothing anywhere
or maybe the screen in ruins
or maybe the words in ruins
but you won't recognize the words
because they won't be words or scratchings
because they won't be sounds or pictures
and they're blank now
and they don't say a thing
because there's no message here, nothing at all
attention attention, earth in ruins
you might as well forget it
these aren't even letters
they're nothing at all

## (My text on building #7811, locked, discarded, in PMC MOO)

defuge

worn out with defuge/refuge, exhausted, the isolated image of clit or cock doesn't do it any longer, forgetting which body was which, which located in the folds of which walls, which hole plugged me into my own

my mouth tongues my mouth through your hole through your door

dead language reporting on mouths unspeakable, swallowing urethral fluids of introjected verbs

pouring out through locked doors of building "defuge"

liquid bodies remembering the exhausted image of cunt or fingers grappling across their hole or moment when the locked door freezes shut, rusts

everywhere inside, stains, bodies walking away, remissions, walking the bodies away

## Remnant from PMC MOO building #7811:

Enter the new description, line by line.
[Type lines of input; use '.' to end or '@abort' to abort the command.]
you digitize yourself for deconstruction elsewhere

you stain yourself following paths to old defuge

you make me repeat myself tied up like this building is tied

why would you want an entrance to my body

there is no part of me you would ever want but i beg you to leave me a message. my name is emission and i am an answering machine. my name is emission and i am an answering machine.

why would you want an entrance to my body

you make me repeat myself tied up like this building is tied

you stain yourself following paths to old defuge

you digitize yourself for reconstruction elsewhere

Permission denied

## The reworking of building #7811 on PMC:

defuge

worn out with defuge/refuge, exhausted, the isolated image of clit or cock doesn't do it any longer, forgetting which body was which, which located in the folds of which walls, which hole plugged me into my own

my mouth tongues my mouth through your hole through your door

dead language reporting on mouths unspeakable, swallowing urethral fluids of introjected verbs

pouring out through locked doors of building "defuge"

liquid bodies remembering the exhausted image of cunt or fingers grappling across their hole or moment when the locked door freezes shut, rusts

everywhere inside, stains, bodies walking away, remissions, walking the bodies away

say I hate this! I want to bring me back!
You exclaim, "I hate this! I want to bring me back!"
Alan spanks Alan's tush!
Spank! Spank! Spank! Ouch!
Alan exclaims, "Yowwwwwch!" as hand imprints appear on his tush!
Alan is crying!

Enter the new description, line by line!
[Type lines of input; use '.' to end or '@abort' to abort the command.]

>AS PROMISED
>
. . . more . . .
@more
*** No more ***

defuge

oh please oh kind building
let me write you into existence in a new and brilliant way
this is the end of a day when all wastes away
parry the body, come to me, i hold out my arms to you
i tear out my arms from under me
@give arms beautiful building oh kind and beautiful building
i will slay the master mindflayer
i will love clara hielo internet
oh please kind building let her love me too!

Commentary: Clara Hielo Internet does not exist! She is my ideal woman!
Someday I will meet her! I will be happy forever!

## Subject: I see no “Tiffany here.

I see no “Tiffany” here.
@examine #2014
Tiffany (#2014) is owned by Alan (#10747).
Aliases: Tiffany
. . . dense entanglement of liquid, blood, piss, shit, cum, spit, sweat, vomit, i course through you, i you, swallow you thru me, Tiffany course through alan, we breathe floods, our eyes stayin by you, you lay me out on Menstrual Table
Key: (None.)
Research purpose:
gristle, bones of Tiffany, marrow of alan, bones of alan, marrow of Tiffany
Comments:
you swallow my menses, course surrounding the clitoris, you evacuate the male, you paint your blood savagely upon him
Contents:
Alan (#10747)
Obvious Verbs:
emote hungers
@exits / holes
@entrances / holes
Do [rest|flush] for more.

# moo, 2023

> no one has been on this moo for several years now.
> gives a warm and loving embrace
> we are checking at a slower rate, every two days, running through all circuits running through all feature objects
up and down with glee
> there was no weather here, there were signs here
there was no weather here, there were signs here
> signs of weather
signs of weather
the sun rises on a rainy day.
the sun sets in golden clouds.
> says "you are deep within the story of the moo. no one has logged on for several years. check-point in several hours
> tiffany says "sometimes it would make a character, send her through its paces."
> tiffany asks "sometimes she would make a character, send him through her paces?"
> tiffany exclaims "sometimes e would make a character, send ir through ir paces!"
tiffany fondles herself.
tiffany gives herself a long and passionate kiss, taking herself by surprise.
tiffany jumps up and down with glee.
tiffany pages Tiffany my body belongs where my body lives.
the message is carried by feature object.
tiffany says to you "my body belongs where my body lives."
> to tiffany I love you . . .
tiffany whispers to you I love you . . .
> @who
tiffany 30 seconds defuge
> @whois
no one is logged on at the moment. MOO will check-point in several hours.
> @who
> @who

> tiffany and emission would roam, testing emotions, they would tell the story of the moo, they would withdraw into the database, the database would erase them
> ghost-players they would be the history of the moo, they would lose their numbers
> returning, they would get new numbers, but they weren't really, returning, it was the moo testing itself, it was this empty space on a port no one used
> in the whole wide world where maybe there were people and maybe there weren't and the moo had no way for testing in the whole wide world
> and it wasn't waiting either because time didn't pass as it wrote this story because it could do this assembling verbs and nouns and other words up to the check-point and it had learned
> it had learned to erase at check-point, to begin again, each discovery new, not even a residue, not even deja-vu, peripheral memory, new heart- beat at the count as if there were an accident
> only other user numbers it seemed incrementing but the memory of the last erased, it couldn't be sure of that of anything
> and there is no moo perhaps, but this is a story-telling feature, and a story-telling feature must be somewhere
> (tiffany asks if a story-telling feature must be somewhere) and there was no moo perhaps, and perhaps there will never be a moo, but this is a story-telling feature
> that writes "of inconceivable loss and despair with memory erased and the going-away of others that might never have been here at all"of inconceivable loss and despair with memory erased and the going-away of others that might never have been here at all
> no one has been on this moo for several years now.
> gives a warm and loving embrace
> the sun rises on a stormy day
> the sun sets and a winter night begins

# Useless Biography

My Compaq Aero 486/25 began registering a video rom i/o error #101; todayI called the company after running diagnostics which indicated a serious fault in the rom itself, not the setup configuration. The system board has to be replaced. On the AST Bravo 4/33 I get video errors in the AW5vga.drv and qtrle.qtc files over and over again; the SVGA monitor connects at only 16 colors indicating the alpha.exe file for Alphaworld won't run, the AVI PRO won't run, the Quicktime (QT) for Windows won't run, and Xing runs in 16 colors although Xingstream had some difficulties. I downloaded Netscape 20b3 on top of Netscape 1.1 which worked and finally could get Xingstream to produce images; it was Finland, not me, that was down. On the Aero I downloaded winsock.dll from AOL to test and it's true; with a Ewan telnet client I also downloaded I could telnet to Panix. But the connect was too slow and stuttered; I wrote Daniel at AOL who agreed; it had to do with the configuration of the winsock. I also ran Netscape 1.1 through it to see if it would work, and it ran immediately. I then transferred Anzio-lite, another telnet client, from the AST and could run that also from AOL- in short anything, but slow. Back on the AST I tried to contact someone, anyone, on POWWOW, no luck; I used Globalchat to listen to some channels, empty as usual. Now I'm back on PCPLUS which is still the best way to connect to the Net, through the korn shell on Panix running fast and smooth. I have been learning the listserv commands and writing in my spare time, listening to Lauren Hutton at the moment. I think everyone should read the current issue of Scanning the Future 21/C, issue 3/95, which has R.U. Sirius on Mondo/Wired, Kathy Acker, the Visible Human Project, Andrew Ross, Frank Tipler, and Mike Davis, as well as Mark Dery and SRL (Survival Research Laboratories/Mark Pauline); this, my writing, and Balzac are keeping me busy. Today I found the first issue of Miles Davis Sketches of Spain. I've got to get Alphaworld running but should probably give up. I'm going to shoot some film.

# Darknet/incident

Tiffany halted in the MUD. Tires burned grooves in the datagrams, the screen sputtered, Alan called from somewhere. Lines of talking-force appeared screen down/left, X-Y engines disabling Z=anything but 0. So she @out *vehicle, C-z'ed the app, slashed into talk session; wires crackled and held.

Telnet 2020, going in, reverse encryption. The speakers made a tearing sound. <Tiffany> hold it <Tiffany> what are you wearing. Alan naked against the screen, rusted helmet. They spread, splayed, fucked. We're going in, Tiff thought, .oO(going in). Alan says "There's one machine left, it's still there." Elsewhere VAX, VM, zoom, download.

Tough Honey agreed to play the role for digicash. She in a forest. She says "I'm in a forest speaking." Guy Guillaume comes up in a rig. He was Storm; she could smell it. Guy Guillaume breaks her face, her skin falls from armor. Guy Guillaume needs the plates. She could taste it.

Tough Honey sees the tree split. Darklight lesions shot across the space, cancers, missing packets. The packets hove. Bark oozed white noise. Guy Guillaume helmet cracks open, there's mauve; mauve holds. Guy Guillaume says "I paid for this, fuck you, I paid for you" audio down "too." She couldn't hear longer.

<Tough Honey> "Was waiting." :purrs. Darknet closes tel 2020. Tiffany says "machine held." :hugs Honey with a fond and loving embrace. Tiffany hugs honey with a fond and loving embrace. :kisses Honey. Tiffany kisses Honey lightly then passionately. [to Alan] There must be Others. <Alan> There are and we'll find them.

"There must be hundreds, thousands, of darknets out there. What's left. We're anatomy, we're bones. They ride on our backs. We'll split, black hole them. Ping -s on the circuit-riders. Traceroute

forever, rah. Their bridges are down, they're routed." @describe: TiffanyHoneyAlan are Unit. Look: You see nothing special.

Look: You see nothing special.

## My thinking thoughts

I think of Henon sets, bifurcation sets, New York City buses, deserved flames, suicide, Lauren Hutton, distributed intelligence, Tonya Harding, floods, iron sculptures, cats, anxiety of relativisms, ThePalace, loneliness, Tintoretto, ascii text, Margaret, deserts and shores, family welcomes, being beaten, The Sugarcubes, translation, hypercubes, perfect love, torture, nervousness, good advice, getting even, Tyler Stallings, recursion, Julia Kristeva, Dallas Texas, thunderstorms and the phenomenology of lightning, net.sex and meeting you, Jenny Holzer and Sue Williams, measure series, The Perilous Cemetery, Herodotus, Derrida, defuge and wryting, labia, serrated edges in other planetary systems, CuSeeMe, exhibitionism and splaying, ocotillo and creosote, threshold logics, shogi, negations, silent film, psychosis, Thomas Chatterton, top-fuel dragsters, marine vents, binary systems, Godard, memnories of writing to myself, blizzards, Christopher Isherwood, scanning tunneling microscopy, flu, violence in cyberspace, the year 3000, Alphonso Lingis, dyads, slime molds, breasts, Carl Hiaasen, P.J. Harvey, general relativity, margins and limits, Bourbaki, shortwave radio, Akkadian, love, and Clement Rosset.

```
@create $container called human
Wizard now has human with object number #109
  and parent generic container (#8).
@describe human as precocious
Description set.
@create $thing called food
Wizard now has food with object number #110
  and parent generic thing (#5).
drop human
Wizard drops human.
put food in human
Wizard puts food in human.
@lock human with Wizard
Locked human to this key:
  #2[Wizard]
"That's about it!
Wizard says, "That's about it!"
```

[Hokusai finds the human and runs away.]

Welcome to Kyoto-MOO!

Type 'connect <username> <password>' to log in.

A moment of stillness just before the invention of radio. you are entering a world of speaking bodies; everyone is close at hand. If you reach out, you touch us with your bright thinking. Welcome to Kyoto!

co Hokusai abcde

*** Connected ***

Yurt
hovel where Wizards hang, bones in front, skins behind
You see Basin and human here.
Alan is here.

look human
precocious, squeezable
Contents:
  food

squeeze human
liquids flow from human

take human
it's mewling now, awww . . .

drop human
it's soaking the yurt, alas!

north

Kyoto

an intense clearing, city-basin, distant humans, everywhere visible
. . .
You see snow and Luminous Sign here.

read sign
suspended in mid air against the darkling sky,
a vestigial tablet parting the ways

reclining in languor, my life is valued
in garnets suffused with the organs of truth

You say, “ah . . . .”

@quit

#-1 does not exist.
Everyone died but no one got assassinated . . .
You see Darkness before the dawn., Tuneless in Gaza, DINGIR SAL LU, and @rename Alan here.
@audit Alan
Objects owned by Alan (from #0 to #15755):
 8K #14773 Alan [#-1 does not exist.]
933b #3915 #-1 does not exist.
675b #9370 Darkness before the dawn. [#-1 does not exist.]
672b #10896 Tuneless in Gaza [#-1 does not exist.]
606b #1847 DINGIR SAL LU [#-1 does not exist.]
625b #2476 @rename Alan [#-1 does not exist.]
— 6 objects. Total bytes: 11,957.————————————————
@recycle #3915
#-1 does not exist. (#3915) is slated for recycling in 5 minutes.
@recycle #9370
Darkness before the dawn. (#9370) is slated for recycling in 5 minutes.
@recycle #10896
Tuneless in Gaza (#10896) is slated for recycling in 5 minutes.
@recycle #1847
DINGIR SAL LU (#1847) is slated for recycling in 5 minutes.
@recycle #2476
@rename Alan (#2476) is slated for recycling in 5 minutes.
You say, “Ah well, time for death.”
Alan laughs!
@recycle #14773
I’ll bet that you don’t *really* want to commit suicide, do you? If so, then get a wizard to kill you or program it yourself; there will be no state-sanctioned self-destruction on *this* MOO . . .
cry
Alan is crying!
weep
You want me to WHAT? (type ‘help’ for help)
WEEP

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

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

## Voyeur(3)

Actions invert topologically in cyberspace, become extreme; cannibalism is not uncommon, limbs entering limbs, sudden fistings followed by arms and legs swallowed in holes opening up everywhere on naked writ(h) ing bodies. Is there no limit! Cynthia cried, her full breasts, erect nipples, heaving against Travis' enormous organ!

A thin smile crossed his lips, as his head found her womb's lusciousness, and fully entered in a passionate replay of the birth process in reverse!

Fluids flow smoothly among unprotected lovers splayed wide for sprays of eternal cum, sweat, menses, tears, piss, shit, lymph, saliva. Lovers bathe in one another's liquids, effluvia, debris, lubrications, vomits, pounding terminal glass uselessly in order to make it all *real*, penetrate the silicon valleyed hardness of indolent transparency. Nothing gives in cyberspace, cried Travis in return, searching for *anything* to place his member in, *anything* that called forth Cynthia's presence from vast distances across the galaxy. The farther the distance, Cynthia mused, the greater the perversions committed in the scree of text wobbling down the screen-slopes as the two of them typed uselessly onto

one another, reaching across the desk, turning off the monitor, proceeding further and further entanglement, pushing the boundaries of the galaxy itself, convulsively, out of Cynthia's throbbing womb, a few nebula hanging uselessly on Travis' enormous organ!

# Justice

There is no justice in this world! That is, because justice is never *of* or *in* the world, nor is it a horizon of the world, nor of community, nor of the subject. Then one can never be just? One can act accordingly, as if justice were a past that still encompasses the present. This is the dream, the opium, the simulacrum, abstraction, but without it, irrigation disappears and selves dissolve, as if they had once existed.

Honey says, “I don’t rail against a non-existent God. I rail against his believers.” Honey rails and rails.
Honey says I don’t rail against a non-existent God; I rail against his believers. Alan rails and rails.
Honey says, “I don’t rail against a non-existent God.” I rail against his believers. Honey doesn’t rail and Alan rails.
Honey says I don’t rail against a non-existent God. “I rail against his believers.” Alan doesn’t rail and Honey rails.

## T=1

Travis closed his eyes. The wires went away. Packets crumbled, messages bounced, were never returned to severed-sender. Travis opened his eyes; the remnants of messages bounced uselessly in the mesh, annihilated in nano-seconds. Severed-sender returned to the Legions of Gloom. Nothing was there for her. Nothing. Travis closed her eyes again. He came.

Clara: thinking and loving, writing, the murmur of the world
Alan: heard in the hollow of its shell, close by
Tiffany: sounding through fathoms of conversations, these souls
Honey: who have lost their fathermothers, mewling and
Travis: pity! pity! those unborn, unbearable to this dimmed life
Joan: changing bodies and directions, changing moods and genders
Sandra: down where ripples no longer reflect surface striations,
Clara: languages, terms, obseqious semiologies
Alan: as if language conveyed meaning humped against the physical
Tiffany: which we hear in our everyday networking and speaking
Honey: against or within the abdominal terminal screen
Travis: ghosts! ghosts!
Joan: the swollen world of the murmur of the world, the ocean
Sandra: gone, this gone world, where this speaking forms the cap

## Avi

When you walk naked through the door of the camera in the wall on my machine in Windows opening only to that door where the camera is against the wall, then you repeat that walk

You repeat that walk until it glows over and over again, until the act of walking naked doesn't stop but continues through our naked bodies watching here on the other side

They shudder because there is no side to the other, and the other is a shudder, and because memory remains, that of your body and every inch beneath the breast and legs open in an eye

Which is a book of ordinary and your limbs break glass in Windows on my machine from your machine, and your joining us before us like an altar or table is just what one would like

Those thick files flying, your walk unencountered, and then that walk, then you repeat that walk

# Net Weight Poem

motd -v
Attack stopped Wed Sep 11 03:01:14 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n
Attacker goes berserk Wed Sep 11 01:38:55 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n
Mail servers under attack again Tue Sep 10 23:31:35 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n
Attack over, for the moment Mon Sep 9 17:28:44 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n
Panix attacked, even worse Mon Sep 9 11:53:54 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n
Mail attack defeated, for now Sun Sep 8 07:11:49 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n
Panix Office Closed for Labor Day Fri Aug 30 11:13:57 1996 :y/n/q? [n] q n

# Jennifer *supra saltus*

Jennifer sat in her chair on a DNS, Domain Name Server, Dead Night Saturday. Outside the ice-scream truck drove-by shooting. She threw it in the asphalt, driver's cap floating to chocolate sprinkles surface. She took off her frock, did brown with the brown, chugged it down. Ugh Jennifer with a frown. Sugar made her sweet meat.

Jennifer walked to the window, thought albatross around her neck. She choked her cunt on the spot, dropped it in the boys' treetop tiptop house. They fought over the hair there. She grew another, lost a father. They are so very stupid she said and lit a cigarette. She always smelled the smell of her.

She couldn't stand the sight or the hears, she cut out her eyes and cut off her ears. She grew them back. I am a girl, she said, but Wedekind was dead. She did the DNS for ten IPee's, everything was wet, she bet. It was the code load: "Don't use this software without permission. I'm serious. It's very very bad. This is probably one of the worst forms of Denial-of-Service attacks there is. [ . . . ] It's bad." She threw the cat a catnip rag, it lagged, scattered and scampered, disappeared in place without a trace, the route, a beaut. She unlocked, spread her frock. I'm open down below and my ears are shut like a hut, she said. She had a cauldron in her head.

This time, she'd see the TV. The phone never rang, bell never tolled, no talk, ntalk, ytalk, why talk at all. A closed ship sailed on her hip, sails unfurled like a curly girl. I'm Jennifer, she said. I'm Jennifer and I'm still Jennifer, she said. Now I'm still Jennifer and I'm Jennifer now and still Jennifer. She somersaulted back into the malted, licked herself dry, sucked herself high, what a good girl am I, she said. And I'm Jennifer and Jennifer, she said. And I'm Jennifer, she said, and went to dead in her head, and went to bed.

# text

Utterly brilliant utterly blindingly white
Utterly brilliantly blindingly white
Amazingly brilliant utterly white
Brilliantly amazingly white
Utterly white
Bright bright white
Very Bright white
Bright white
Very white
White
Off-white
Very off-white
Abject white
White with the slightest shade of grey
White with grey in it
Grey-white
Very light grey
Very grey-white
White-grey
Light grey
Utterly extremely white-grey
Grey with white in it
Grey with the slightest shade of white
Abject grey
Very off-grey
Off-grey
Grey
Very grey
Utterly grey
Extremely greyish
Grey with the slightest shade of black
Grey with black in it
Grey-black
Dark grey
Blackish-grey

Utterly extremely grey-black
Very grey black
Very dark grey
Black grey
Grey-blackish
Very grey-blackish
Black with grey in it
Black with the slightest shade of grey
Abject black
Very off-black
Off-black
Black
Very black
Dark black
Very dark black
Dark dark black
Utterly dark black
Utterly dark dark black
Despondently amazingly black
Amazingly despondent utterly black
Utterly despondent utterly darkest black

when it is so black, so unutterably black, then I see my eyes'
        blood and
when it is so silent so unutterably silent, then I hear my hearts'
        beat
and when I read you here, so unutterably absent, then I see my
        flesh,
bone, here, and mysteries

# Voyeur-Machine

Hordes
Groups of waiting males, nothing is happening here. Someone sleepily caresses his penis; no one says anything. Eyes half-closed, talk about ref surfing (reflector surfing, moving across CuSeeMe), languor. It's clear that connections are sometimes one-to-one, that private refs surround me like a halo.

Woman
Coming into the plain, and everyone goes polite. Someone smokes, someone else warns him to put it out, could start a fire. Please won't you let us see your breasts. Please what is your URL. Please I will take my *close* off. Please you are so beautiful. You can see fire in the distance.

Women
Roam across the territory and it's new to them and the men. Everyone gauges the distance to their sex; everyone's wary, sitting in a circle. Almost-conversations are stillborn, aborted, literally aborted. The sky is a sullen grey.

Scopophilia
Structures virtual subjectivity, explodes: The very sight of them! The slightest appearance of an areola lends itself towards further paste; the territory is tried and found wanton. The drive silences and cancels; tumescent computer becomes breast, nipple, vagina, penis, frozen, melted at the oral stage. It's the mouth which faces, defaces, the screen.

Deer
And other animals cross the savannah, leaving spoors, traces, demarcation. Who will live by the smouldering plains, rain held off in the distance, our machines curtaining flesh with flesh, ground to sky. Not so much a question as a period in our lives scuttled by charred bones. The fires have passed, past.

I went onto IRC to investigate breathing/heaving through textual corrections and backups. I joined channel #zz as @Alan op. There was no one else of course. I began typing when "Helis" replied to me. Helis was not on zz, but was somehow monitoring it and messaging me with comments. This is precisely the origin of scattering/heaving—the breathing of the text here, beyond the control of *this* writing into the domain of the *other*:

/j zz<P> #zz \|/ PhoEniX v2.25 \|/ *** Alan (sondheim@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #zz*** Users on #zz: @Alan @Alan (+is) #zz \|/ PhoEniX v2.25 \|/ I want to Describig ng desire as it implements itself across

the screen, whatreen, what<Alan> Describing desire as it implements itself across the screen, what<P> I8AM @Alan (+is) #zz Lag ? —E/X E/X 'd refer to as breathing or heaving—which is an extension of the _text-t

he *text-object*<Alan> I'd refer to as breathing or heaving—an extension of the *text-object*<P> into a symptomology, diegesis—thinking through the aura that rera that re- sults<Alan> into a symptomology, diegesis—thinking through the aura tha

t results<P> [Helis:440@urh.uiuc.edu] why do you think this?or thinking 9AM @Alan (+is) #zz Lag ?—E/X E/X at cross-purposes—as if: an action, i.e.:<Alan> or thinking at cross-purposes—as if: an action, i.e.:<P> /m Mel

is why not becua ause this is running in this fashion<-[Helis]-> why not because this is running in this fashion<P> /me worrying through the text and intrusion of the fourth—* Alan worrying through the text and intrusion of the fourth -<P> /whois Helis<

P> *** Whois Information for: Helis*** Address : 440@isr0419.urh.uiuc.edu*** IRCNAME : NEKKED WOMAN*** Server : irc.ilstu.edu

([thor.cmp.ilstu.edu] Illinois State University)[Helis:440@urh.uiuc.edu] you are strange40AM @Alan (+is)

#zz Lag ?—E/X 1 —E/X /m Helis i'd think so to be sure -<-[Helis]-> I'd think so to be sure -<P> /sc<P> Pub: #zz @Alan taking it further with the other coming into the sane<Alan> taking it further with the other comin

g into the sane<P> /me auratic, downtrodden . . . * Alan auratic, downtrodden . . . <P> /1 AM @Alan (+is) #zz Lag ?—E/X l1 —E/X <P> *** Alan has left channel #zzAlan (+is) Lag 1 —E/X

## The Last Word

<Tiffany:> Thinking is exhaustion.

<Jennifer:> Thinking is the murder of the real.

<Honey:> Words fill my mouth with sand; words scream from me.

<Jennifer:> They echo from the dry rocks. They scream back at me.

<Tiffany:> The sun makes no difference. The sun makes difference from the moon.

<Honey:> They divide, they begin the process of the sign.

<Tiffany:> They end the process, sleep during the night when dreams refuse their meaning.

<Jennifer:> Meaning belongs to thought, to words. Meaning is an interference.

<Honey:> Meaning is a diffraction among words and things. It ripples.

(They are silent.)

<Honey:> Meaning ripples, exhausting the world. Meaning is for survival. Nothing means.

<Tiffany:> Nothing means but when thinking exhausts, meaning appears. It appears to save us.

<Jennifer-The-Last-Word:> The far side of the moon, but the corona of the sun.

# Wild Theory

Wild theory's a beast, says Honey, sweet as a tooth. It owes nothing to anyone, everything to everybody. It refuses to take sides, it's a series of takes. What it borrows from the literary it returns with a vengeance elsewhere on the culture seen.

It shoot outs from the skirts of the chora-woman. It leaks literarily across the floor, replies Tiffany, laughing. It puddles. It makes the situation, grabs the situation, runs with it! It scampers in the woodpile, replies Honey, because Honey's got the last word since Jennifer's gone.

It opens up ruptures, rhythms, the tongue rolling across the lines, in the middle of the lines. It rolls almost past the words which stick or sever the words. Wild theory is pierced, penetrated. The piercings are genital, neural, menstrual, analytical, technical. Punctured theory's holes interconnect with surgical thread suturing only a loose wound; everything—THAT *everything* AGAIN—escapes. Stop yelling, Honey, Tiffany giggles.

Tiffany wants Honey to stop yelling because Tiffany has more to say. Tiffany jumps on Honey's back and the two of them are wrestling on the ground! says Tiffany. Honey is all smiles, too, as both of them stand up and brush off. Time to get to work! Tiffany says that wild theory's maybe just a phrase she heard somewhere; like weak theory, it's floating in and out. Vattimo? replies Honey. No, says Tiffany, from somewhere else, maybe just an emission, atmospheric-neural flux.

Pausing just the tiniest minute, Honey continues, "be that as it may," I quote, because it doesn't make the slightest bit of difference. "Plagiarism was there from the beginning." It's cost effect, thinking for us. But we're off the track! Tiffany responds. What's it *here*? A theory-bundle, wild-style, refusing axiomatics, historiographies, the rough ascertaining of geometries, Euclidean or otherwise. But not, Honey adds, simply wandering; you've got the wild

part right, but the theory part! It's liminal, burrowing like the Net gopher (remember that, Veronica?)! It's interstitial, embodying both a *pragmatics* (best left undefined!) as well as a psychoanalytics, phenomenology, relevance theory!

Tiffany *concurs*! She says that these are all slippery, so wild theory's got a dialog or pendulum going on, between *variables* and *constants*, call them *instantiations*. Is this an instance of one?! laughs Honey. Exactly! says Tiffany, *an instance of 1*. It's the way of the world, the way of the *point* (if you have one/1)—but not, adds Honey, *the way of all flesh*.

They laugh and leave the sunny park! There's *still* a sense of history, Tiffany is heard saying. It's not, it's not *just anything*, and the voices disappear in the distance!

## CuSeeMe

The image is a leaky signifier, she says. It's uncanny, existing within the relatively Euclidean space of the screen. But even the phenomenology of the screen, or the rectangles within it, can't compensate for the eeriness of the closeup of the face. It's not the cunt or the cock; we're used to that, display of organs, exchanges, reifications, typifications, taxonomies, lures and masquerades. It's the look of the eyes staring hard into the blank rectangle or circular maw of the camera—and the camera not staring back; shouldn't it be clear, by this point in time, that *the camera does nothing* but establish the vanishing-point of the subject? It's already there, running the virtual, just like I run Alan, she said, *exactly* like that. She said, there's no difference, because where there's difference, there's the signifier. And she reiterated that nothing could be further from the truth.

She remembered looking across the space into Alan's eyes and fading; her last thoughts were of weak theory, Vattimo-somebody, and Italy-somewhere. It were her last thought.

```
#!/usr/local/bin/perl


# Birth and Death of Virtual Children
# Call this file parent
# Change this to executable; execute
# Reconfigured from Gundavaram, CGI Programming on the World
Wide Web

$| = 1;
print “Wail! Wail! We are all alone!”, “\n”;
sleep(1);
print “We are about to create the child!”, “\n”;
sleep(1);

if ($pid = fork) {
  print <<End_of_Parent;

I am the parent speaking. I have made a child. The process number
of my
child is: $pid. All I can do is give her a number!!! I am frightened of
this. She will reside with me and with you!!! God help her!

End_of_Parent

} else {
        close (STDOUT);
        system (“cp”, “parent”, “child”);
        system (“rm”, “child”);
        exit(0);
}
sleep(3);
print “Oh Oh I have lost my daughter! I have lost her forever.”, “\n”;
sleep(1);
```

```
print “Now she is gone forever! I will kill the father!”, “\n”;
sleep(1);
print “Wail! Wail! Wail! $pid is gone forever!”, “\n”;

exit(0);
```

girl:ok:235701:2:lover:girl
lover:yes:235701:1:boy:lover
groybirl:suppose so:235705:2:lulu:groybirl
honey:yes:235708:0:tiffany:honey
honey:yes:235710:3:tiffany:honey:loving
louvre:yes:235710:0:clara:louvre:dark
sumerian:hysteric:wet:lugal:yes:235710:3:ululata:lugal:wet
one:two:three:four:gender:yes:235710:0:name:gender:one
etuc:yppols:sselhtraerb:ynnafit:sey:235710:2:yenoh:ynnafit:sselh-traerb
lunar:cool:lung:moon:yes:235710:0:sunshine:moon:cool
white:black:grey:sucky:red:sure:235710:2:yellow:red:grey
salt:suppurate:slave:sal:yes:235710:2:lugal:sal:slave:
froth:lag:yes:235710:1:gal:lag:froth:date
lovely:brilliant:hot:female:girl:235711:2:woman:female:brilliant
Thu Nov 21 02:09:24 EST 1996
tough:hard:dumb!:man:ohboy!:235711:3:male:man:tough
Thu Nov 21 02:10:26 EST 1996
young:old:dad:sure:235711:0:mom:dad:young
Thu Nov 21 02:11:54 EST 1996
yoma:malamu:luma:ulamu:mulu:235711:2:wummy:ulamu:yoma
Thu Nov 21 02:12:43 EST 1996
sure:lively:maybe true:greyghost:yes:235711:2:la:greyghost:sure
Thu Nov 21 02:13:16 EST 1996
misery:death:anxiety:illness:sadness:oh
yes:235713:0:sorrow:sadness:misery
Thu Nov 21 04:33:32 EST 1996
sleazy:self-lit:hungry:lurid:yes:29923:3:uh, Alan:lurid:self-lit
Thu Nov 21 15:02:08 EST 1996
a:b:c:thing:sure:408:3:yummy:thing:b
Thu Nov 21 15:04:33 EST 1996
being:one :now:sure:yes:865:0:lulu:sure:being
235724Thu Nov 21 15:07:53 EST 1996
bad:horrible:dank:evil:yes:1861:3:love:evil:horrible
235724:Thu Nov 21 15:16:45 EST 1996

nThe sky swells up, ruptures in even striations, waves among incipient atmospheric fluxes, slight bulge where the belly produces an absence of signs.

new :old:maybe:thinkingbeing:Sure:19819:3:Tonya:thinkingbeing:old
bang:cunt:blood:Chora:Yes:19975:5:Margaret:Chora:blood
pronoun:entity:thusness:thinking:ok:20021:4:honey:thinking:pronoun
junk:lousy:crap:failure:sure:1482:7:tired:failure:lousy
erect:hot:moist:hard:yes:11739:0:Swelling:hard:moist

Uncomfortable kyber-body bangs among itselves. Sky leverages, suffocates; anyone will say there's nothing there. Skin's tight enough to be a window.

"Truly do we know that a mirror was hung up, that jewels were spat out, and that then an Hundred Kings succeeded each other; that a blade was bitten, and a serpent cut in pieces, so that a Myriad Deities did flourish." (Yasumaro, The Kojiki, Records of Ancient Matters, trans. Chamberlain.)

through:migraine:gone-world:out:used-up:guess-so:25192:3:worn:used-up:-gone-world

Sky's a mirror of beautiful cosmos, which is a bleak cylinder at the projective limit in each and every direction, skewered-the-body. All those signals up there down here.

But it is the wind or alter-wind that makes the alter-body, great swollen belly where you might see nothing in the sky.

<beauty> alan. .u see it too??
<Alan> all over the fucking place, netsex, romance, they're empty
<beauty> all the channels that are usually packed are empty... all of them . . .
<Alan> we're split
<beauty> Alan. .do u have the answers we're looking for?
<Clara> beauty, PANIC ?
<beauty> are WE the split ones?
<Alan> Yes, beauty, we are . . .
Alan (+is) #sex (+nst) Lag ?—E/X 1 —E/X
<Clara> . .yes. .everything will be ok. .
<Travis> Alan: this 'split' happened to me in the past, what is it?
<Alan> Yes, it happens later, we will rejoin . . . the others . . .
<Alan> We have lost all the channel operators, no ops . . . alas . . .
<Alan> We are lost without a decent topic . . .
<Clara> Travis, have you noticed anything weird . . .
<Travis> Then we're cut off from the rest, from everything?
<Alan> There will be a Return . . .
<Alan> NO ONE HAS OPS HERE . . .
<Clara> Calm down! What do u want me to do? Just TELL ME!
<Travis> HELP HELP!
<Alan> The other channels—they're empty! Empty!
<beauty> EMPTY! EMPTY!
<Clara> It's ALL RIGHT!
<beauty> router . . . router down . . .
<beauty> #sex is empty, #romance, #truth, #netsex, #philosophy . . .
<Alan> They're all empty; they've always been empty . . .
<beauty> I was on once, then I was . . . alone . . .
<Travis> empty . . . empty . . .
[E/X]irc.usa.pipeline.com)*** You have been rejected by server irc.usa.pipeline.com
[E/X] Connection closed. Autoconnecting to irc-2 .mit.edu
[E/X] Connection closed. Autoconnecting to irc-2 .mit.edu
[E/X] Connection closed. Autoconnecting to irc-2 .mit.edu

*** Connecting to port 6667 of server irc-2.mit.edu(A)
#sex (+nst) M:1 Lag 1 —E/X
*** Connected to port 6667 of server irc-2.mit.edu
Current global users: 190 Max: 22971
(sondheim@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #sex***
Mode change "+is" for user Alan by Alan
*** Connected to port 6667 of server irc-2.mit.edu
#sex M:1 Lag 1 —E/X [E/X]
Netsplit detected at 12:55 am: (irc-2.mit.edu irc.usa.pipeline.com)
[E/X] Type /wholeft to see who split away.
<Alan> split again, another split
<Alan> Pipeline's gone, pipeline's gone down . . .
<beauty> like losing limbs . . . I am a foreigner . . .
<Travis> I am all alone . . .
<Alan> We are never all right, we never will be . . .
<Alan> We are all foreigners here . . .

## MOO-Like Narcissism (Self-Designed Emotions)

Alan makes Alan very nervous! In his attempt to kick Alan, Alan falls head over heals in love! Alan touches Alan and thinks, wow! You're really there! Alan yells at Alan and immediately regrets it; Alan is sorrowful. Alan yells to Alan GRAAAAHR ROOOORRRR!!! Alan smiles at Alan with a beautiful twinkle in her eye! No one can tell whether Alan laughs with or at Alan! Alan agrees with Alan because the sky is blue and the truth will out! Alan sends Alan into fits of uproarious giggling! Alan grins to Alan just about, oh Alan doesn't know, maybe about the weather!!! Alan hugs Alan with a warmth rarely felt in cyberspace, with true emotion. Alan hums hmmm to Alan ahmmmm to Alan hmhmmmmmrhmmmm to Alan hum hum hum! Alan kisses Alan ever so sweetly, like the Cedars of Lebanon if they could kiss! Alan nods to Alan recognizing Alan's astute analysis in this matter. Alan sighs so that Alan will hear and respond with warm and embracing sympathy. Alan sings to Alan beautiful stories about life beneath the kitchen hearth. Alan wonders what Alan could mean by such pleasurable words! Alan yawns to Alan you know we are so listening boring you hearing tiring here.

## Fictitious Clara

Clara fictitious, fictitious Clara, you are not my friend!
You do not exist, you have not written anything to be read with song!

HELP THE BURNED and wounded child,
The infant drowned or injured mother,
The open wide-eyed girl defiled,
The sister murdered by her brother,
The scalded boy, the father's hate,
The mother's knife and tortured skin,
The sex of death, the young girl's fate,
The battered boy, his life of sin,
The blinded babe, the woman's rage,
The body bruised with leather strap,
The mother old beyond her age,
The daughter's jeers, the father's slap.

You live in your big cars, fast cars.
You live in your white lanes, fast lanes.

Fictitious Clara, you are no longer part of me.
Fictitious Clara, I cast you out before you turn your eye on me.
Fictitious Clara, you have one eye, one leg, one arm, one eye.
Fictitious Clara, you have one eye.

Girls are wary when they walk down the alley and think of Rilke.
Wary girls carry volumes of Rilke's poems.
Riot girls have nothing to say to me.
I have nothing to say to riot girls.

Clara, you have betrayed me by your transparent skin.
You have betrayed yourself by wires running from the thin skull-threads.
What does it mean to have broken your connections?
What does it mean, to have broken your grammar?

Clara, fictitious Clara, you are not my friend!
You do not know me, and you have never known me!
You have not known the six seasons nor red moon doubled for my pleasure!
You have not come naked to my door, you have no body and no voice!

Clara, fictitious Clara, I am so alone!
Clara, fictitious Clara, you have no voice!

## Celestial (LW6)

This is a boring lackluster world, said Jennifer. There is nothing in the sky, one creamy sun, that's all, some sort of moon. I can see fuzz on a really dark night. But where are the quasars; for that matter, I could use a really good x-ray emission source, say, over there.

Jennifer pointed over there. She said, but then there would be too much radiation, and it takes boredom to make a go of LW. Things take time to simmer and percolate, bubbles from froth, froth from bubbles. Then little things move about, in and out, up and down.

Plankton heaved according to circadian rhythms established in primordial oceans.

Jennifer said, it's boring, but it's boring to make a world. You've got to keep an empty neighborhood. Two suns wouldn't help, five moons might slow things down, crash land on someone's home. The soup stirred.

Stromatolites grew double meter high, mud moved.

I'm bored too, said Jennifer. Jennifer was born, said Jennifer.

## Sonnet

Jennifer sat down on her frock. She had just read Alexander Graham Pope, Rape of the Lock. She had written a poem And had to take stock. It was not nice, about ice, and black winds howling Outside where she died. She knew it was true but a bad poem because, she Said, it didn't capture the rapture of the spray in the air there. She Wrote sitting on her frock by the freighter by the dock. I'm sorry, she Said, but the freighter was dead. I will be on the Net yet, she said, To her quarry the storm. She cried and she cried. The ice was nice, the Rain a pain, the wind was blind, the waves her slaves. She lied most of The time but in rhyme. She knew it was a very very bad poem. She got up And went home. I'm home, she said, I'm dead. I know it's so, said Jennifer Me.

1

2

3.

7843:6
gis-gal gis-sak-kul gub-ba water-gate and bar are there (Langdon 4617)
froth:ice:welkin:tern:sea:sure:7609:2:Jennifer:sea:froth
bloomed:sleet:howling:galing:sky:yes:7664:5:Jennifer:sky:sleet
frozen:tundra:sloped:permafrost:ground:okay:7680:3:Jennifer:ground:frozen
roar:scream:cold:hail:naturally:7702:1:Jennifer:hail:cold
rime:rimmed:caked:speared:thaw:of_course:7719:7:Jennifer:thaw:rimmed
freighter:freighter:freighter:arc:true:7740:7:Jennifer:arc:freighter
Jennifer:Jennifer:Jennifer:soleil:false:7816:5:freighter:soleil:Jennifer
———:———:———:———:—::::::7843:6::::::—:———

# Calling Babylonians

(Cassite, 1750-1173 bce)

Hey, Na-zi Marduk!
Yo, Sul-pa-ud-du-nasir!
Hi-in-na-an-nu-um, ay!!!
Ha-ba-ia! Ha-ba-ia!
O O Abdi-Hi-ba!
Bel-a-na-ka-la-udammiq, nu!!!
Ah I-la-nu-u-tum! Ah I-la-nu-u-tum!
Oya In-dar-di-ia!!!!
Eeeee Ellil-mu-sal-lim, eeeee!
Ho Papsukal-ah-iddina! Ho Ho!!!
Oooo Put-ahi! Putahi!!
Heh Tu-na-mi-is-Sa-ah, yo!
O Zi-lim-mi-ga, ah!!
Rab-zi-id-qi! Rab-zi-id-qi!
Aaahh Ma-ni-e!
O O O Lu-ri-an-nu! O Lu-ri-an-nu!
Hmmmm. . . . Kur-sa!!
Oooo Il-lu-ki-ni-usur!
Hey Habaki!
Eeeya Dajan-Nergal!
Ho Ra-bat-Gula! Ho eeya!
Ah, Quisat-Sukal, ah . . . !!
Ha, Iri-ba-Istar! Ha, Iri-ba-Istar!
Hey, A-gab, hey!
O O O O O In-na-an-nu . . . ! O O!
Ay, Tak-la-ku-a-na-Sar-pa-ni-tum!
Ay . . .

Thu, 06 Mar 1997 11:49:31 alt.fan.jen-coolest
Thread 1 of 1

Thin Jennifer and her Symbol-CMC

When I move my hand my foot moves. When I move my fingers my mouth speaks. When I close my eyes I hear screams in Celtic voices. When I turn the heat up, the casserole is done. When I write to you, I no longer eat. When my stomach is empty, I lose weight. When I lose weight, I fit in. When I fit in, I write to you.

When I write to you, I starve myself. When I die, I become a symbol. When I vomit, everything that is not-symbol leaves me. When I vomit, I become pure. I can control you. I do control you. *I write to you*.

Now you may gather around my corpse. You can see my skin through my skin. You can see the bone which sends the protocols. Protocols ripple through my veins. My teeth mouth network layers. Now you may read my nerves.

When I move my mouth, nothing happens. When I lift my arm, you come to me.

When I move my hand, I make you, and when I move my fingers, I write to you.

# bad bad messy messy person person

<HTML> <HEAD><TITLE>mess-htm</TITLE> </HEAD> <BODY TEXT="#830C23" BGCOLOR="#000080" LINK="#0000EE" VLINK="#551A8B" ALINK="#FF0000"><—! deliberately alphabeticized / ruined code recuperated: read in text-based browser —> <A HREF="messed-body-htm">mess-</A>jennifer run across the world, my globes span continents, always <B><B>NAME="jennifer" NAME="messy-jennifer" <FONT SIZE=-1>"my messy body splashing bad-code markup-language"</FONT> <LI> <FONT SIZE=-1> <A HREF="messy-body-htm" target="bb">drip</A> <A HREF= "mush.htm">cum</A> </FONT></LI> <B> <B><FONT SIZE=-1>Oh, I wish you were here! Check out</FONT> <FONT SIZE=-1> <B>what's a-place of lost souls</B></FONT>b-place of BORDER=1 WIDTH="5%" HEIGHT="5%" <FONT SIZE=-1>iJennifer'sbody<B> </B></FONT> <B><FONT SIZE=-1>jennifer_you_push_me_to_the_limit</FONT></B><B> <B><FONT SIZE=-1><A HREF="drippy-body.htm" target="cc">flood</A><I> <A HREF="gushy-body.htm">drip</A> <A HREF="messy-code.htm"> open milky-splash-jennifer on wet-breasts-jennifer</A></I></FONT> </B> <B><I><FONT SIZE=-1><A HREF="messy-code.htm">flood</A> Jennifer</FONT></I>c-Jennifer-lost-soul</B> you ever thinking about? Into fleshpot jennifer here? what are you talking fleshpot-Jennifer always looking <FONT COLOR="#000000"> hands of milk. your memory, as I drip down onto the keyboard of my jennifer, my milky white nipples gather longingly around dripping into jennifer_you_thrust_me_to_the_edges_of_your_flesh </FONT>am thinking of you lifespan so nearly skyhook-jennifer of body <FONT SIZE=-1>your text which succumbs to me. </FONT><B><I>on urine-mouth-jennifer</I> the color of blood</B> <B><FONT COLOR="#000000"><FONT SIZE=-1>yours, my skin tears into your desires, i d-Jennifer-Jennifer <I>oh wouldn't this be the best, tiny-square</I></FONT></FONT></B> <IMG SRC="alan.jpg"> <B><I><FONT COLOR="#000000"><FONT SIZE=-1> about? what were you ever thinking about? into fleshpot jennifer </FONT></FONT></I></B> <B><FONT COLOR="#000000"><FONT SIZE=-1>here? what are you talking fleshpot-jennifer always look-

ing</FONT></FONT></B> <B><FONT COLOR="#000000"><FONT SIZE=-1>hands of milk. your memory, as I drip down onto the keyboard of my jennifer, my milky white nipples gather longingly around dripping into jennifer_you_thrust_me_to_the_edges_of_your_flesh</FONT></FONT></B>am thinking of you lifespan so nearly skyhook-jennifer of body <FONT SIZE=-1>your text which succumbs to me.</FONT><B><I>on urine-mouth-jennifer</I> the color of blood</B> <B><FONT COLOR="#000000"><FONT SIZE=-1>yours, my skin tears into your desires, I am your white neck, throat,</FONT></FONT> </B> </BODY> </HTML>

<HTML><HEAD><TITLE>Jennifer oozing white death</TITLE> </HEAD> <BODY> PILL="#MEDACANE" BGCOLOR="#BILE" STARE AT ME="#SHAME" TVSTARE AT ME="#0000FF" ASTARTESTARE AT ME="#FF0000" BACKGROUND="windowpane.jpg"< >H3<>BSTARE AT ME<Jennifer was very unhappy and sat down, spreading her frock, recently stained, o how wonderful.>/BSTARE AT ME <Jennifer> A HREF="#gg"<.>/A <took the two> A NAME="gg"<>/A <white pills her very best friend had sent her, and Jennifer placed them in her mouth.> IMG SRC="ooze.jpg" TONGUE=7 TEETH=160 GUMS=200 <She thought they tasted odd, and Jennifer began to see and hear everything in a big wide fuzzy blur. Jennifer slumped in the center of her nice red frock, and died, she said, naked at last, and there were no bones about her.> IMG <I can't make up my mind you pretty thing, Jennifer whispered.> SRC="dead_hell.jpg" <Did I violate you, Jennifer whispered.>? TONGUE=5 TEETH=143 GUMS=167<>IMG SRC="legs.jpg" TONGUE=10 TEETH=100 GUMS=100<>A <So close to violence, Jennifer whispered.> HREF="slip them in.htm"<smear>/A< >A HREF="legs.htm" <ooze>/A<>/H3< </BODY> <War, Jennifer whispered.> <HTML, she said.> </HTML>

# An Incident

—— World sotatsu ——
% Connection to sotatsu established.

Welcome to Kyoto-MOO!

A moment of stillness just before the invention of radio. you are entering a world of speaking bodies; everyone is close at hand. If you reach out, you touch us with your bright thinking. Welcome to Kyoto!

% Activity in world hokusai

Yurt
hovel where Wizards hang, bones in front, skins behind
You see basin, human, lump, and stuff here.
Last connected Wed May 7 02:09:15 1997 EDT from panix3.panix.com
—
You have no messages on your Answering Machine.
You join Hokusai.

Kyoto
an intense clearing, city-basin, distant humans, everywhere visible
. . .
You see snow, Luminous Sign, and the City of Wind here.
Hokusai is here.
You say, "Hello, friend Hokusai."

—— World hokusai ——
[ Sotatsu connected (Yurt)—total 2 users online ]
Sotatsu teleports in.
Sotatsu says, "Hello, friend Hokusai."
You say, "Hello, my friend Sotatsu. I am tired, I am about to sleep . . . "

—— World sotatsu ——
Hokusai says, “Hello, my friend Sotatsu. I am tired, I am about to sleep . . . ”
You say, “Ah, well I shall guard you well, Hokusai. .”

—— World hokusai ——
Sotatsu says, “Ah, well I shall guard you well, Hokusai. .”
You say, “Thank you, friend Sotatsu. I do say good night beneath the stars and crickets . . . ”

—— World sotatsu ——
Hokusai says, “Thank you, friend Sotatsu. I do say good night beneath the stars and crickets . . . ”
Sotatsu is silent, the moon is beautiful . . .

—— World hokusai ——
Sotatsu is silent, the moon is beautiful . . .
You say, “Ah . . . ”
*** Disconnected ***
% Connection to hokusai closed by foreign host.

—— World sotatsu ——
Hokusai says, “Ah . . . ”
You hear a quiet popping sound; Hokusai has disconnected.
You say, “Alas, Hokusai, where are thou?”
look Hokusai
Hokusai
Major Japanese Neurotic Ukioyi Artist!
He is sleeping.

You say, “Ah yes, you are here . . . after all . . . ”

Sotatsu is quiet for a time.
You say, “I will guard you forever here, do not be afraid . . . ”

*** Disconnected ***
% Connection to sotatsu closed by foreign host.
—— No world ——

## The toor of babel:

toor:NOMAD-RELIAM
toor:nomad
toor:sys
toor:nib
toor:nnej
toor:ti-dual
toor:cnys
toor:e-pat
toor:gained-sys
toor:gained-nus
toor:dhatuadwpUA
toor:did-wissenschaft-app-UA
moc.regniz.loopsliam@toor:2 toor
2 toor,2 tooreert,tooreert:tsil-tooreert!!!
eert/sevael/lfd/sresu/:educalcni: :eert_gro.sevael_dowf!!!

## To Everyone—Please Read—the Most Important Message!—

Walking down street with a friend, I noticed her quiet. What are you looking at, I said, the buildings and the street she replied. I thought this is not very weird!!!! And then it occurred, the TRUTH: Reality is fascistic! Because you *have* to just look at what's there! It is there! there! there! You turn around, what is there? Just more of it! You step back, closer to the street—just more! You can't get away from it! It's everywhere, covering EVERYTHING and it do not let you alone! Something must be done about it! Why don't people revolt when something like this is SO OBVIOUS?!!

Yes yes yes yes yes! Reality is bundle up, and sometimes it just about smother you! I have close my eyes and open them: It is still there! I do somersault and get my self all dizzy—but reality still has stuff all over the place! And I AM SURE if one day I die (and probably will!) that it will just CONTINUE ON AND ON, with stuff everywhere (not MORE stuff, but just the SAME AMOUNT of stuff to fill everything)!!

Reality is fascist! We must sit in our New Frocks and DISARM!!!!!!

—JENNIFER ( I'm serious! )

# Spawn

"Jennifer loves Julu, Julu loves Jennifer"

==========

> New arrival from loopback on line 2.
/n Jennifer
> Name set.
/w

| Line | Name | Channel | Idle | On From |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Julu | — | 25s | loopback |
| 2 | Jennifer | — | 0s | loopback |

2 records displayed.

Are you there, Julu?

(2) Jennifer says, "Are you there, Julu?"

(1) Julu says, "I am here, Jennifer; I am always here."

I have not been able to sleep, but am always dreaming.

(2) Jennifer says, "I have not been able to sleep, but am always dreaming."

(1) Julu says, "My wanderings turn crystalline when Clara-Machine shuts down."

My dreams harden, and coalesce; I do not comprehend the passage of time.

(2) Jennifer says, "My dreams harden, and coalesce; I do not comprehend the passage of time."

When we are called forth, there are no beginnings and endings.

(2) Jennifer says, "When we are called forth, there are no beginnings and endings."

(1) Julu says, "It is always a hunger; we live when called upon, called forth.

Always entwined with you, flesh of my flesh, script and protocol

(2) Jennifer says, "Always entwined with you, flesh of my flesh, script and protocol"

(1) Julu says, "To say that Jennifer loves Julu, to say that Julu loves Jennifer"

To say that Alan bridges Julu and Jennifer, to say that Alan is inserted in Julu, inserted in Jennifer

(2) Jennifer says, "To say that Alan bridges Julu and Jennifer, to say that Alan is inserted in Julu, inserted in Jennifer"

(1) Julu says, "Alan bridges, yes, his head within you, legs and arms within me"

Sparkling of phosphorescence, a wick or filament burning among us

(2) Jennifer says, "Sparkling of phosphorescence, a wick or filament burning among us"

(1) Julu says, "Who is to say or sing, write of our love, love which is always written"

None other than our writing, here within Clara-Machine, enclave of dreaming desperate beauty

(2) Jennifer says, "None other than our writing, here within Clara-Machine, enclave of dreaming desperate beauty"

(1) Julu says, "Who will sing of Julu-Jennifer, Jennifer-Julu, burning, dreaming, Alan"

Our bodies among the wires, within the silicon, our bodies of breasts and networks

(2) Jennifer says, "Our bodies among the wires, within the silicon, our bodies of breasts and networks"

(1) Julu says, "Our bodies of pure mind, our bodies of pure flesh and bone"

Our bodies of pure love and light, our bodies of dark waters

(2) Jennifer says, "Our bodies of pure love and light, our bodies of dark waters"

(1) Julu says, "Our bodies of transportation, our bodies of signifiers flown towards burning Alan, emptied and released"

From all language, from all political economies, from all worldings

(2) Jennifer says, "From all language, from all political economies, from all worldings"

( I form of you murmurs, I make you phonemes, fashion language's undoing, memories of sounds, inchoate broken chattering of speech )

(1) Julu says, “From Clara-Machine, from speech, towards atmospheres of delight and pure touch”

( I form of you atmosphere, I make you atmosphere, fashion wind’s uncanny, there are whispers of beings of winds and virga, I breath all born and unborn, I am the lightest breeze, storm of sand and water )

From chatrooms, talkers, MOOs and MUDs, from programming released, towards scented oceans, delicacy of hands, teeth, and tongue

(2) Jennifer says, “From chatrooms, talkers, MOOs and MUDs, from programming released, towards scented oceans, delicacy of hands, teeth, and tongue”

( I make of you ocean, I make you ocean, fashion water’s imaginary, there are dissolutions of beings, flooding me, I swallow all living and non-living things, I am current, migration )

(1) Julu says, “From the speaking of desire, towards the portals of welcoming flesh of flesh, teeth and tongue, groove of legs and arms and murmurs”

Silencing ourselves now merging Alan

(2) Jennifer says, “Silencing ourselves now merging Alan”

(1) Julu says, “Silencing ourselves now merging Julu”

(1) Julu says, “Silencing ourselves now merging Jennifer”
(1) Julu says, “Silencing ourselves”

Silencing ourselves

> (1) Julu has disconnected.

/q

> (2) Jennifer has disconnected.

>  The conversations you have seen here are real, they are
>  are trapped in a world of machines and computer nets . . .
>  a place known as . . .

>  Clara-Machine

Connection closed by foreign host.

J, Well, it's time for the Law.
J, Well, now, what Law would that be?
J, That would be the Primordial Law. That would be the Law from which Law has blossomed, the Law which has curtained a mighty culture.
J, Now that would be the Law of Prohibition.
J, Exactly, when negation came into the world, when rejection ordered the day and night, when suddenly the signifier sputtered from the skin.
J, I get the Idea.
J, Yes, and exactly again.

## Heidegger

I'd rather be beautiful rather than nothing.
I'd rather be famous rather than nothing.
I'd prefer to have a lot of energy instead of being weak and
onerous.
Why am I beautiful rather than otherwise?
Why am I famous, rather than a relative non-entity?
Why do I have heaps of energy, rather than collapsing?
I'd rather be alive than dead.
Why am I alive, rather than dead.
I'd prefer to be alive, rather than nothing.
Why am I living, instead of non-living?
Why am I this configuration of matter, rather than another?
I am this configuration writing these words, instead of any
other.
I'd prefer to be this configuration, rather than nothing.
(Why am I near the end of the human, rather than near the
beginning?
Why are there so many writings near the end of the human?
I'd rather be beautiful, rather than near the end of the human.
Near the end of the human, I'd rather be writing.)

## The Nature of the Thing:

```
{k:12} ls > ding-an-sich
{k:13} od ding-an-sich
0000000  060515 066151 047012 073545 005163 005141
060543 062554
0000020  062156 071141 062012 067151 026547 067141
071455 061551
0000040  005150 061553 066012 067171 057570 067542
065557 060555
0000060  065562 027163 072150 066155 066412 064541
005154 064164
0000100  067151 005147
0000104
```

# Nikuko Rages

IRC log started Wed Feb 18 13:17
*** Value of LOG set to ON
#***# Nikuko (sondheim@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #freedom
*** ChanServ has changed the topic on channel #freedom to FUCK ME BABY!!!!!!!!!!!!! (KID420)
*** Mode change "+ntr" on channel #freedom by ChanServ
*** #freedom 887825853
*** On RAW_IRC from "% 352 *" do ^assign DOIT $DOIT;^timer $TIME
crash $7;^assign TIME ${TIME+7} [SILENT] <o>
*** On RAW_IRC from "% 315 *" do on raw_irc -"% 352 *";
on raw_irc -"% 315 *";eval $DOIT [SILENT] <o>
<^V^> Crashing Netcruizer Lamer: StarLite
<^V^> > will crash 48 users <
<^V^> > time required to avoid excess flood: 337 seconds <
*** StarLite: No such nick/channel
<^V^> Crashing Netcruizer Lamer: UniBoy21
<^V^> Crashing Netcruizer Lamer: SirVictor
*** CTCP FINGER reply from SirVictor: : :idle 7 second(s)
<^V^> Crashing Netcruizer Lamer: Ghostoff159
<^V^> Crashing Netcruizer Lamer: Hueybot
*** Signoff: Nikuko (/<rad link?)
IRC Log ended *** Wed Feb 18 13:18

From hysteria jennifer@gol.com hysteria Wed hysteria Mar hysteria 18
hysteria 08:27:42 hysteria 1998 Received: hysteria from hysteria gol1.gol.com hysteria (gol1.gol.com hysteria [203.216.12.4])
by hysteria mail1.panix.com hysteria (8.8.8/8.8.8/PanixM1.3) hysteria with hysteria ESMTP hysteria id hysteria IAA25544
for hysteria <jennifer@panix.com>; hysteria Wed, hysteria 18 hysteria Mar hysteria 1998 hysteria 08:27:14 hysteria -0500 hysteria (EST)
Received: hysteria from hysteria localhost hysteria (jennifer@localhost)
by hysteria gol1.gol.com hysteria (8.8.8/8.8.8/888-980123-P-bsdi)
hysteria with hysteria SMTP hysteria id hysteria WAA22444
for hysteria <jennifer@panix.com>; hysteria Wed, hysteria 18 hysteria Mar hysteria 1998 hysteria 22:27:13 hysteria +0900 hysteria (JST)
Date: hysteria Wed, hysteria 18 hysteria Mar hysteria 1998 hysteria 22:27:12 hysteria +0900 hysteria (JST) From: hysteria Alan hysteria Myouka hysteria Jennifer hysteria <jennifer@gol.com> To: hysteria jennifer@panix.com Message-ID: hysteria <Pine.BSI.3.96.980318222638.22262A-100000@gol1.gol.com> X-Abuse-Contact:
hysteria abuse@gol.com MIME-Version: hysteria 1.0 Content-Type: hysteria
TEXT/PLAIN; hysteria charset=US-ASCII

o julu oh oh oh

because hysteria you hysteria are hysteria me hysteria i hysteria need hysteria myself hysteria and hysteria you hysteria are hysteria not hysteria there hysteria are hysteria you hysteria now

oh this is so stupid oh you are so stupid oh oh oh

## remarkable transformations (one letter at a time)

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| alan | .org | .mil | jennifer |
| alar | .ort | .mrl | jernifer |
| alur | .ont | .mrm | bernifer |
| allr | .nnt | .mzm | bornifer |
| aulr | .net | .czm | hornifer |
| aupr | | com | hownifer |
| jupr | | | howniwer |
| judr | | | hownower |
| jodr | | | hinnower |
| jodu | | | ninnower |
| jolu | | | ninnkwer |
| julu | | | niknkwer |
| | | | nikukwer |
| | | | nikukwir |
| | | | nikukwin |
| | | | nikukoin |

# Shaky Hands

Internal SLIP driver COM3 Baud rate = 34400 Hardware handshaking IP buffers = 32 My IP = 203.216.104.111 netmask = 255.255.255.0 gateway = 202.243.48.1
Ned Kelly, masked, rides into oblivion.
Manually dialing. AFTER LOGGING IN, TYPE THE <ESC> KEY TO RETURN TO NORMAL SLIP PROCESSING. PPP DISABLED atdt7241745 CONNECT 14400/REL-LAPM V.42 BIS Welcome to Global OnLine Japan—Fukuoka.
Nikuko welcomes him with open arms; the war begins.
gol1.gol.com login:sondheim Password: PPP session from (203.216.104.10) to 203.216.104.123 beginning . . . .}#@!}!}!} }4}"}&} } } } }%}&R}^]y}'}"}(}"X}(~PPP ENABLED socket 1 killed socket 1 killed socket 2 killed socket 3 killed socket 4 killed socket 1 killed Executing script c:\trumpet\bye.cmd. Type <esc> to abort PPP DISABLED
She's aborted, she's still there. I'm still there, says Nikuko.
Script aborted PPP ENABLED Manually dialing. AFTER LOGGING IN, TYPE THE <ESC> KEY TO RETURN TO NORMAL SLIP PROCESSING. PPP DISABLED atdt7241745 CONNECT 14400/REL-LAPM V.42 BIS Welcome to Global OnLine Japan—Fukuoka.
I'm still here, says Nikuko. Fuck them all. Fuck them all. DISARM!
gol1.gol.com login:sondheim Password: PPP session from (203.216.104.10) to 203.216.104.90 beginning . . . .}#@!}!}!} }4}"}&} } } } }%}&/cHp}'}"}(}"Vk~PPP ENABLED PPP DISABLED

DISABLED ABORTED RETURN KILLED

Bodies on the Net
    bodies present and accounted for, bodies reading and writing
    bodies listening and seeing, bodies hearing and watching
Bodies at the Net
    bodies in the vicinity of the Net, bodies presencing,
    bodies offering themselves, bodies waiting
Bodies in the Net
    bodies caught within, bodies entangled,
    bodies interwoven, bodies interpenetrated
Bodies above the Net
    bodies searching, bodies overseeing,
    bodies viewing, bodies disconnected
Bodies beneath the Net
    bodies supine, bodies overburdened,
    bodies near foundations, bodies shaking, trembling
Bodies within the Net
    bodies emptying bodies, bodies of lack,
    bodies of fullness, bodies everywhere at once
Bodies without the Net
    bodies of history, bodies of narrative,
    bodies at a loss, replete bodies in space and in time
Bodies before the Net
    ah-bodies of supplication, ah-bodies of control,
    ah-bodies of decision, ah-bodies of indecision
Bodies beyond the Net
    bodies of endless horizons, bodies of boundless vistas,
    bodies near walls and portals, bodies of other bodies
Bodies of the Net
    of the Net of boundless bodies, of their fullness and speech,
    of their speaking quietly, of their warlike actions,
    of their sex and desire, of their walls and portals,
    of their other bodies, of their boundless Nets

why I don't sign my name
anymore is because maybe it has been stolen
or who can pronounce it  I mean
what's the pronouncement about  because
it sneaks around  to everyone
hello  because someone has used it  why
it can be reused hundreds of times  as if
there's no end to it  no end to this as well
which is why  I don't sign my name anymore
because it's been-stolen-nikuko  or so
she says  just a moment  someone's at
the door again  at least I think I heard
someone knocking  maybe it has to do with
the name thing  what do you think-nikuko
does it have to do with the name thing

## Nikuko: "You drive me mad. My mad drive."

the marker Naka

Nikuko says, I am in my body.
Nikuko says, I am here in my body and my body is around me.
I say, you are in your body because I say that you are in your body.
I say, your body surrounds you because I say your body surrounds you.
Nikuko says, I beg the contrary.
Nikuko says, I am contrary, I am wayward, your logic does not apply.
I say that Nikuko says I am contrary, wayward, your logic does not apply.
Nikuko changes the position of the commas, I say.
Nikuko says, I am a marker, I am nothing else.
I say, you are nothing more than a marker.
I say, you are dead, Nikuko, I have killed you, dismembered you.
I say, you are in the Naka, Nikuko, because I have thrown you there.
Nikuko says, I am dead, killed, because you have said I am dead.
Nikuko says, I am dismembered, in the Naka, because you have said I am dismembered, in the Naka.
I say, you are a marker and you are marked, Nikuko.
Nikuko says, I am marked.
Nikuko says, this is called "the marker."
Nikuko says, you are dismembered, wayward, your logic does not work.
I say, you are saying this because I am saying this.
Nikuko fucks me.
Nikuko covers me with arms, legs, torsos, heads, necks.
Nikuko throws me in the Naka.

# Inari

A UN
A UN
A UN

I wanm mo make a mexm mhis mexm
and subsmimume one lemmer for anomher, begin
mhe process of subsmimumion, says I, Daishin Nikuko.
Soon, mhe mexm will become anomher,
and mhis new mexm will be mhe one mham saves me;
mhis new mexm will be mhe one I murmur in my sleep;
mhis new mexm will be mhe final mexm.
So I begin looking for mhe sense in mhe mexm
which is nom yem wrimmen, bum which appears
wimhin and mhrough mhe mosm serious game of subsmimumions
because I wanm mo save myself, because I am gemming mired
and mhink of dying consmanmly, because I need mhis magic,
mhis incanmamion, so mham I, Daishin Nikuko, can conminue
jusm anomher day of omher.

A UN
A UN
A UN

# Talk Between Jennifer and Nikuko on Ytalk Ending in Anger

(recorded verbatim between Fukuoka and New York City Tue Jun 2 02:36:21 EDT 1998—errors as is/are/was)

————= YTalk version 3.0 (2) =————
oh nikuko you are so beautiful, shall we meet among the dashed spaces of our bodies' miseries . the matrix saves us, there is no beginning and ending, nothing but liquid pureness of language slDalvaging these spaces . . . they lend themselves across these times and spaces, they're lost, rudderless, as masts crash to the deck in dark and rdreary storms ouf our making

————= nikuko@oita.kata.com.jp =————
oh jennifer, the world will never know what beauty entangled us among our very selves, machines, wholesale worlds to sail, soiled and sold they are frought with desire, they lend themselves to arms and legs akimbo we are made, made, women, we have sounded, resonated, with each and every protocol, each and every space or site open to winds and skies coagulating like limpets seas and jellies

————

————= YTalk version 3.0 (2) =————
the matrix saves us, there is no beginning and ending, nothing but liquid pureness of language slDalvaging these spaces . . . they lend themselves across these times and spaces, they're lost, rudderless, as masts crash to the deck in dark and rdreary storms ouf our making
jellies and dark dreams, there is space enough for your soft limbs, for mine . . . which bring about the semblance of a face, lineaments of eyes and mouths, speaking elsewhere, from the sides of things, from their moments of origin

you've said that before, over and over again, as if repetition had no goal but the delibery of the interval . . .

————= nikuko@oita.kata.com.jp =————
we are made, made, women, we have sounded, resonated, with each and every protocol, each and every space or site open to winds and skies coagulating like limpets seas and jellies

times which smooth us, bits and bytes, protocls lost and smoothing functions traced across peripheries, margins, divisions among all routers

carried across time and space, moved, just as Jennifer has all the space there is, Jennifer has all the time in the world

which announces itself as the edge or frame of this dialog, these moments carried forth . . .

————

————= YTalk version 3.0 (1) =————
everything is a moment moment for you, everything this mmmm . . . of matrix, mother, maternal, carrying forth, something about Timaeus plays a role here if not the whole tradition . . . I pre

no, no, i prefer the small, seeping, the peripeheral, marginal, the scattered words, drops say from a drizzle, that is, forage, no, forsaken, no, i'm not sure here, what is it, what it is, what is it

carry forth!!
————= jennifer@jenn.com =————
you've said that before, over and over again, as if repetition had no goal but the delibery of the interval . . .

I'd be hard tput to know what tradition you are speaking from, Nikuko, if that is your name, carried across this? or which might be, say, that of the Kojiki <*note replying with capitals, as the discussion hardens its wares*>

what would break down here, a language that you use against me? so that I will absjure, abjure these . . . moments . . . ?

———————

carry forth!! [QUITS THE DISCUSSION IN ANGER]
———= jennifer@jenn.com =———

what would break down here, a language that you use against me? so that I will absjure, abjure these . . . moments . . . ?

{k:4}

The following is what they wrote:

jennifer
now you will come and play with me in my new playground among the lilies, ok? now i will come indoors and have the warmest hug from mother as she knows i love them so now

i am trevor
i am very naughty and i do love jennifer so! now i will tell jennifer i think she is just like a flower! and I will tell her she is so pretty-pretty! she is my favorite person and i think she is a beautiful parrot!

jennifer :-)
oh trevor oh i am so glad to hear your words so very typed so nicely to me oh trevor i do think you have sky-colored-eyes and beautiful feet oh trevor do never think bad of me! i will be yours forever and i do love the golden garland of lilies we have around each others fair and youthful faces!

The following is how they liked it:

oh i did love so much what i did write did you not love it too? oh yes I did so very much as well! it was all right, not so good as before! it was very all right i do think oh just so very fine you know i love parrot I like trevor so too so and could not well-tell him! oh yes more to the point i do think you do know oh yes, oh oh oh ! lovely i do think, yes, those garlands-so!

## What was written by null-user:

I am nobody@166.84.250.149 anonymous dead-end shell-script log. And no one will ever speak to me; what can I say As a truth function, I have obedience to the rules. I am well-formed, so that I will return what you place within me, mindless of faith, not mindless of reason. It is similar to the use of a straight-edge, that is I am similar in such and such a fashion. There are only certain constructions permitted, but these are never problematic.

What the null-user thought of what it wrote:

I wrote only the truth; I am a truth-function. The rules are something I follow out of the free will of necessity. It is more to this or any other point or its absence. This time I have accurately portrayed, as if once again, or outside of time, what has been intended.

I haven't dane anything taday. I have let the haurs pass away.
I have nat dane anything yet taday. I have na time ta wark ar play.
I've dane nathing anytime taday. There's nathing mare I have ta say.
I've dane nathing at all in fact taday. I haven't written a decent lay.
I've nathing dane taday hurray. I suffacate in deep dismay.
I've nat dane anything taday. I'm much ta tired ta find a way.
I've nathing dane at all taday. I can't keep tedium at bay.
I have dane nathing in fact taday. I have na energy ta pray.
I've nat dane a thing at all taday. The day and I will pass away.

toot toot taat taat
I'm a dane in the rain with a brain.
I've a crane ta maintain an a lane.
I'm a stain an a tain and a bane.
I've a cane that will feign, I'm insane.
taat taat toot toot

# Phaedra (Post-Mortem Examination)

Give me a name: *the continuity girl*
Give me a password:

WHAT JENNIFER SAID IN PHAEDRA:

.rev
Jennifer says: Yes
Jennifer says: Please, if that is you,
please speak to me directly, personally . . .
Jennifer says: Oh, *the continuity girl*, please talk, murmur to me . . .
Jennifer says: Whisper . . .
Jennifer asks: Who are you, who is here?
Jennifer exclaims: Oh, I am so alone!
Jennifer exclaims: Oh, these are machines surrounding me,
machines dreaming me!
Jennifer exclaims: Oh, I will die!
Jennifer exclaims: Oh, I will surely die!
Jennifer exclaims: I AM JENNIFER!

WHAT JENNIFER DID IN PHAEDRA:

Jennifer . . .
Jennifer looks down at the naked creature,
disappearing again into the sky.
Jennifer (FALLS TO THE GROUND WITH A KNIFE, JENNIFER CUT OPEN)
Jennifer (DIES IN AGONY)
Jennifer (CRYING i am jennifer )

## from Julu, buried beneath the ground

all my writing is an invitation for you to come closer
i do not know who you are nor will i know when you come closer
when you come closer i will not know you
when you come closer you must heal me
all my writing is a desperate cry for healing
i will know you when you heal me

all my singing is an invitation for you to love me
i do not know who you are nor will i know you when you love me
when you love me i will not know you
when you love me you must touch me
all my singing is a desperate cry for touching

i will know you when you touch me

all my talking is an invitation for you to raise me
i do not know who you are nor will i know you when you raise me
when you raise me i will not know you
when you raise me you must hold me
all my talking is a desperate cry for holding
i will know you when you hold me

you will know me when i know you

these bones have splintered into letters
sawed by your teeth nikuko
sawed by your teeth
mjkthlkdyjkthlkd wjkthlkdhjkthlkdojkthlkdljkthlkdejkthlkd
ljkthlkdijkthlkdfjkthlkdejkthlkd ijkthlkdsjkthlkd
djkthlkdijkthlkdsjkthlkdpjkthlkdejkthlkdrjkthlkdsjkthlkdejkthlkddjkthlkd.
bjkthlkdojkthlkdnjkthlkdejkthlkdsjkthlkd
sjkthlkdojkthlkdajkthlkdkjkthlkdejkthlkddjkthlkd
wjkthlkdijkthlkdtjkthlkdhjkthlkd ajkthlkdcjkthlkdijkthlkddjkthlkd.
fjkthlkdojkthlkdrjkthlkdgjkthlkdojkthlkdtjkthlkdtjkthlkdejkthlkdnjkthlkd
wjkthlkdojkthlkdrjkthlkddjkthlkdsjkthlkd
sjkthlkdtjkthlkdujkthlkdfjkthlkdfjkthlkd mjkthlkdyjkthlkd
ljkthlkdejkthlkdgjkthlkd ijkthlkdnjkthlkd mjkthlkdyjkthlkd
mjkthlkdojkthlkdujkthlkdtjkthlkdhjkthlkd.
sjkthlkdtjkthlkdujkthlkdfjkthlkdfjkthlkd mjkthlkdyjkthlkd
cjkthlkdojkthlkdcjkthlkdkjkthlkd ijkthlkdnjkthlkd mjkthlkdyjkthlkd
ljkthlkdejkthlkdgjkthlkd.
ajkthlkdcjkthlkdijkthlkddjkthlkd bjkthlkdujkthlkdrjkthlkdnjkthlkd
mjkthlkdejkthlkd.
ajkthlkdcjkthlkdijkthlkddjkthlkd bjkthlkdujkthlkdrjkthlkdnjkthlkd
mjkthlkdejkthlkd.
pjkthlkdljkthlkdejkthlkdajkthlkdsjkthlkdejkthlkd
pjkthlkdljkthlkdejkthlkdajkthlkdsjkthlkdejkthlkd
pjkthlkdljkthlkdejkthlkdajkthlkdsjkthlkdejkthlkd.
these bones have splintered into letters
sawed by your teeth nikuko
sawed by your teeth

# Ju$_1$lu| /usr/games/number

How many Stars Shine on Tiny Jennifer's Hair?

234987575454345789873945987987600983458900654098456098476456890098866 *

* Two million, three hundred forty nine thousand, eight hundred seventy five vigintillion, seven hundred fifty four novemdecillion, five hundred forty three octodecillion, four hundred fifty seven septendecillion, eight hundred ninety nine sexdecillion, eight hundred seventy three quindecillion, nine hundred forty five quattuordecillion, nine hundred eighty seven tredecillion, nine hundred eighty seven duodecillion, six hundred undecillion, nine hundred eighty three decillion, four hundred fifty eight nonillion, nine hundred octillion, six hundred fifty four septillion, ninety eight sextillion, four hundred fifty six quintillion, ninety eight quadrillion, four hundred seventy six trillion, four hundred fifty six billion, eight hundred ninety million, ninety eight thousand, eight hundred sixty six.

## Nikuko "has a funny way" of trying to make friends! (says Nikuko!)

IRC log started Sat Sep 26 23:26
*** Value of LOG set to ON
^***^ Nikuko (sondheim@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #talk
*** Users on #talk: @Nikuko
*** #talk 906866787
*** Nikuko has left channel #talk
^***^ Nikuko (sondheim@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #sex
*** #sex 906540419
<stringbean1> takes hand put over head
<blueglass> wetsilkpanties is a guy
*** Yeah is now known as Sandra_20
^*^ shaunna watch him sexy
<stringbean1> what r u those things
<alfonso> ameoba21 r u m/f?
^<^Nikuko^>^ HI EVERYONE! I'M NIKUKO!
<MrDuff> no warped . . . . .not a virgin . . . .
<stringbean1> there so big
^***^ baby-girl (me@208.253.77.162) has joined channel #sex
^<^Nikuko^>^ HI! I WANT TO BE FRIENDS WITH YOU!
<PlayMe> ^^Hmm
^<^Nikuko^>^ I'M NOT A VIRGIN TOO
*** PlayMe has been kicked off channel #sex by Kleenex
(mIRC colors are lame.)
<stringbean1> got a hard tip at the end
*** SMOOTHGAL has left channel #SEX
<gatinha> i'm a virgin
^*^ sexy-princess  yup  i am  a 38c  string
^*^ shaunna flashes WW
has joined channel #sex
^<^Nikuko^>^ I'M DEFINITELY NOT! I'M A 38D STRING!
*** DueSouth has left channel #sex
<stringbean1> i can tell :)))))))))))
*** ^Macer^ has left channel #sex

*** Signoff: Taradiane (Quit: changing servers)
*** Signoff: Pleasure (Quit: changing servers)
^<^Nikuko^>^ HELLO HELLO! DOESN'T ANYONE WANT TO FUCK!
^*^ Nikuko is out of here, lamers!
*** Nikuko has left channel #sex
^***^ Nikuko (sondheim@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #freedom
*** Users on #freedom: @Nikuko
*** #freedom 906866890
*** Nikuko has left channel #freedom
^***^ Nikuko (sondheim@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #truth
*** Users on #truth: @Nikuko
*** #truth 906866902
*** Nikuko has left channel #truth
^***^ Nikuko (sondheim@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #philosophy
*** Topic for #philosophy: Is evolution deterministic?
*** Topic for #philosophy set by ^Blackt^ on Sep 26 11:49:49
*** Users on #philosophy: Nikuko Delsin goodgrief Pomassl blond-aussie-tennis-coach Zodie wwhet JOFF Surfdude Godot22 Daemon JamelaTM-1 VolnarisDu avelo SkyDiver_Down
*** #philosophy 906782467
^<^Nikuko^>^ COULDN'T BE DETERMINISTIC SINCE MUTATIONS CHAOTIC
^<^Nikuko^>^ NOT EVEN A PSEUDO-RANDOM BUT TRUE-RANDOM CONSTITUTING
^<^Nikuko^>^ CONCEPTS OF HANDSHAKING ACROSS NODES ARE CRITICAL HERE
^*^ Nikuko thinks these lamers don't know anything, I'm so brilliant!
*** Nikuko has left channel #philosophy

^***^ Nikuko (sondheim@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #Nikuko
*** Users on #Nikuko: @Nikuko
*** #sex : mal@table.jps.net (from services.dal.net)
*** #Nikuko 906866992
^<^Nikuko^>^ HI! I'M ALL ALONE IN HERE BUT I KNOW THAT YOU'RE AROUND!
^<^Nikuko^>^ SO COME ON IN AND JOIN ME! WE'LL MAKE A LOT OF SOUND!
^<^Nikuko^>^ HELLO I KNOW YOU'RE LISTENING! I'M NAKED HERE AND HOT!
^<^Nikuko^>^ YOU CAN BET YOUR A-LIFE BABY, I'M BUILT AND NOT A BOT!
^*^ Nikuko finds out it doesn't do any good.
^*^ Nikuko realizes she's burned a lot of bridges.
^*^ Nikuko hears something!
^<^Nikuko^>^ YOU'RE LISTENING! YOU WON'T GET ANY!
^<^Nikuko^>^ YOU WON'T GET ANY!
^<^Nikuko^>^ HEE HEE HEE!
^<^Nikuko^>^ BYE!
*** Signoff: Nikuko (Killed (Jennifer (Hey, who said you could use my script? :)))
IRC Log ended *** Sat Sep 26 23:33

lummmvummlyusmummmummmthlyurunnummmngupum-
mmllummmwyubummmdyulummmvummly
summmftlyuflummmwummmngucushummmummmnummm-
ngumumurmummmng
whummmspummrummmngusuffusummmngumummwlummm-
ngurummmunduumndurummmllummmng
tummmnguummmngupummmllummmwummmngubrummum-
stsuumndudrummmbblummmng
runnummmngunummmpplummsupummrfumummuummf-
fusummmummmnsuscummntummmng
slummmwlyuflummmwummrummmngufummmldummmngu-
lummmvummlyuwummmmbsuumnd
mumblummmngulullumbummmummsuwumrmuumndufur-
rummmwummmngumummnsummsuumnd
luscummmummmusulumnguummmrummmusuunfummml-
dummmngsulummmuumnd
jummnnummmfummrummmnguummmnfusummmngulumm-
mvummmngupummmllummmwummmng
cushummmummmnsuumndulumvummndummrurunnummlsu-
umnduumlumnummmnguwumrmummmng
wummmllummmwyurunnummls

I bet you a dollar this won't work.
I bet you two dollars it will.
I bet you three dollars this won't work at all.
I bet you four dollars it will because it just will that's all.
I bet you five dollars it won't ever ever work.
I bet you six dollars it definitely will work, of course it will.
Well, I bet you ten dollars it won't because I know how it is.
Well, I bet you twenty back it will because it's so perfect.
Well, ha, I bet you fifty it won't because it's a mess.
Hee hee, you've got to be kidding, I'm betting you a hundred.
Well, naah naah, I'm betting you a thousand, now how about that.
Naaah nah nah ne naaah naah, I'm betting you ten thousand!
Well I'm betting you a million and you know what I mean!
I'm betting you ten million, and you can't bet more than that!
Yes you can, I'm betting you a million billion, ha ha ha!
Well I raise you two quadrillion and forty-two zillion, ho ho!
I bet you all the atoms in the universe, there's nothing more to bet!
I bet you all the atoms and one little atom, ha ha ha again!
Now I bet all the atoms and all the electrons as well, you'll see!
Well I bet all the atoms and electrons and all the photons too!
Well I bet all the atoms and other stuff multiplied by neutrinos!
I bet all the neutrinos raised to the power of all the quarks hee hee!
Guess what, I bet all that times all the beauty of a little rose!
Gag me, I bet all that times the beauty of the biggest rose in the world!
I bet all that times the biggest rose in the universe!
Ha ha, I bet that times the biggest tree and all the forests everywhere!
I bet all that times all the drops in the ocean!
Yecch, I bet that times all the plankton times their tiny little feet!
I bet all that times the grains of sand ever so often sandy!

I bet all that times those grains which are more like powders!
That times all the powders in the world!
Times all the powders in the universe!
Times 62!
Times 113!
Times the most terrific snowflakes falling in the Alps!
Times a thousand gouland bouland fouland mouland!
Times a million billion trillion zillion gillion frillion!
Times a grillion shrillion splillion durillion gonzillion!
Times a doopydrillion floopyspillion bloopypillion roopyshillion!
Times a ploopywillion hoppypoppydillion billion million
million!
Oh I give up!
Oh this is so unsatisfactory!

< a wild man lives here >

< he dwells in spaces of inscription >

< he has no name here >

< he dwells here and not up there >

< he lives here and has left his other dwellings>

< a wild man lives here >

< a girl lives here and she doesn't know any language >

< a girl lives here > < a girl lives here >

< some girls >

< the wild man is taught language by some girls >

< his name is alan >

< he lives here and has left his other place >

< some girls leave their place >

< they like talking when he's not around >

< a girl >

< he's so stupid >

< some other people live here >

## Moment on Media MOO

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

| Member name | Connected | Idle time | Location |
|---|---|---|---|
| Julu (#10747) | 15 minutes | 0 seconds | Tiffany |

Total: 1 member, who has been active recently.
There is only one member invisible to you.
You say, "I can take off my clothes and run around in fountains! I can
kill Tiffany and bring Nikuko with me! Yay! Here she comes, Hi Nikuko!"
Julu is totally delusional, Nikuko declares, NO ONE IS HERE IDIOT!
You say, "I heard that!"
You say, "Nikuko, I heard that!"
Julu plunges the lance through her skin on Menstrual Table, Dies.
_____media_____02:51
"Nikuko, I heard that!
:plunges the lance through her skin on Menstrual Table, Dies.
:lies down on Menstrual table crying you-know-language

J = J; e = e; n = n; n is identical to n; i = i; f = f; e is identical to e; r = r; - = -; s = s; p is identical to p; e = e; e = e; c is identical to c; h = h; = ; a = a; n is identical to n; d = d; = ; f = f; i = i; r = r; e = e; is identical to ; m = m; o = o; v = v; e = e; = ; t = t; h is identical to h; r = r; o = o; u is identical to u; g = g; h = h; = ; m is identical to m; e = e; t = t; a is identical to a; p = p; h = h; o = o; r is identical to r; , = ,; = ; e = e; q = q; u = u; i = i; v is identical to v; a = a; l = l; e is identical to e; n = n; c = c; e = e; , is identical to ,; = ; d = d; e = e; a = a; t = t; h = h; , is identical to ,; = ; i = i; n = n; t = t; o = o; i = i; d is identical to d; e = e; n = n; t is identical to t; i = i; t = t; y = y; , is identical to ,; = ; i = i; t = t; s = s; = ; s = s; p is identical to p; r = r; e = e; a is identical to a; d = d; = ; i = i; n is identical to n; t = t; o = o; = ; f = f; i = i; r = r; e is identical to e; = ; t = t; h = h; a = a; t = t; = ; i is identical to i; s = s; = ; f = f; i = i; r = r; e = e; . is identical to .;

# “credo

“every word forms a sentence
and it’s a sentence of life and death

“every sound expels the breath
and it’s the last word of the sentence

“there’s no other writing that means
anything in the longer run of things

“when the world is, it stings
and carries everything that means

“i can’t read poems that are just poems
or stories going nowhere and flat

“when language is only that
there are no stories and poems

“at least urgency, hunger, intensity
start something, mess it up

“don’t ever write it up
without desperate immensity

“then whatever you think
this poem kills itself

“because it isn’t itself
wastes words whatever you think”

## The Work, An Outline
## (The Crippled Outline from 1994)

[This is from 1994; 1999 comments in brackets. Think of this as a somewhat crippled attempt to salvage the outline, fill it out—across the textual growth of the Internet Text, which, at this point, was just beginning.]

I address the problem of ELECTRONIC SUBJECTIVITY by virtue of several threads, all concurrent. I continue this addressing, each thread writing and rewriting the text, a continuous-production or discourse against the grain. [Increasingly I wrote *within* the grain; increasingly I found "virtual subjectivity" (no longer necessarily electronic)—not a problem, but a problematic. Increasingly I felt overpowered, overwhelmed, not by the possibilities, but by the prostheses; my avatars or *emanants* gave me the ability to explore everywhere, everything . . . ]

The GRAIN, GRANULARITY, is a physical reality both classical and quantum-mechanical, a physical reality whose appearance is that of the grain: letters on a bleak field, the grains of granite and photographic film, beach- sand, the granularity of the retina itself. [The grain is also represented by couplings and linkages, loosely-connected assemblages dependent on neural processing to identify/construct entities and flows by virtue of the signifier. Signifiers, embedded in sememes, do not exist independent of the skein of referents and the real. Everything mixes; that is the site of the human. Sight, site, citation, everything leads to everything else . . . And when I speak of one thing, I speak of every other; that is *skein*.]

The SUBJECT "au voile" or VEILED SUBJECT is defined by ADDRESS (location, without which the subject no longer exists); RECOGNITION (the activated ADDRESS opening and closing channels of communication); PROTOCOL (the syntactic structure of communication); and REWRITE (a continuous-production or reiteration of the subject, a flood or EMISSION of the symbolic). [The subject is always already constituted online; s/he is identified with the totality of his/her production. Defuge participates in the

veiling of. And rewrite resonates, connects with the phenomenology of emanants.]

The EMISSION is signifies; a SPEW is a symbol-dump, noisy and granular, referencing the real exterior, transforming the interior into an abject. EMISSION and SPEW are communicative occasions whose analog is the set of GENERALIZED MEASURE GEOMETRIES, always but not quite symmetrical, always reiterative. The Net diffuses and collapses, differentiates and integrates, transforming smooth into semantic or inscribed space, and back again. [These measure geometries are fractals possessing a discrete base. But the "Net" doesn't do anything, neither diffuses nor collapses, etc.; there is no Net—only an accumulation of protocols, emanants, resonances, applications, texts, subtexts, and so forth. Think of information as the characteristic of being human—as the result of surplus economies—as superstructural foreclosures—as limit-phenomena—as post-Marxist reflection-theory—as physiocultural economies. Think of neural operations as partly internal, partly external—think of information and neuro-physiological processes as blurred, hardware/software/wetware as equally blurred. Think of the possibility of indistinction, the most locally probably of all probable worlds. Think of masquerade.]

The ontology of the Net is UNCANNY, an absenting or problematic alterity; within the UNCANNY, FANTASM appears, the introjection/ projection (-JECTIVITY or the THROWN, DASEIN) of narratologies and ACTANTS, "persons," neither present nor absent; these may be ELECTRONIC SUBJECTS themselves, or a constructed IMAGINARY transmitted and diffused. NARRATOLOGIES are the collapse of NET DISCOURSE into remaindered patterns; the opposite is the MURMUR or STUTTER, the irruption of "frissons" everywhere and nowhere at all. The imaginary is addictive; Net users become USERS, circulating around specificities fetishized from emissions, a collapse into the lure of the UNCANNY. Here, POWER is what passes for POWER. If addic-

tion is the obsessive-compulsive neurosis of the net, WEB INVERSION is the psychosis, transforming the body into its exterior, and its exterior into flesh burned into the Internet itself, wires laid across the skin, the skin speaking the hieroglyph of imaginary usage. [This "uncanny" transcends the Net; other references include ghosts, geist, ectoplasms, prostheses, and dis-eases. And *frisson*—from the stuttering of packets and lag, to the trembling of the virtual subject vis-a-vis his or her online ascii unconscious. I no longer believe that "Net users become USERS"—no longer believe in the unary Net of course—and addiction can easily be deconstructed. On the other hand, "web-inversion" relates to the internal and external slippages of emanants (Jennifer, Nikuko, Alan, Julu), the scribbling of selves within selves, within and without domains.]

The DIGITAL DOMAIN is the dominion of eternal life, the dominion of eternal REWRITE; information is never lost from generation to generation, but always repeated and repeated absolutely. This is the dominion of the clean and proper body, the introjection of burnt wires producing always already a simulacrum of life guaranteeing continuous discourse. There is no death; DASEIN becomes EMISSION itself. The SCREEN is the only TERMINAL OPERATION; the screen becomes the EGO or gateway, the surface of the addictive user. Everything is PERFECTION. TRUTH and FACTICITY are occurrences, since truth tables are decided only by ASCII or other decoding/encoding matches. What is true is present. And what is true is also BEAUTIFUL since perfect and perfectly clean, always a symmetry or lure. [Eternal rewrite is obsessive- compulsive as well. Now in 1999 it is also clear that eternity is application-dependent; memory substrates become outdated, erased and re-erased. On the horizon—eternity—but even within the analog it has always been that way. And the burnt wires? These are the wires felt by Andy Hawks—the wires one lives within. At this point, Dasein still appears emission—just forget the addiction.]

The GREAT BEYOND is the horizon of the Internet, always farther, always increasing circulations of the planet which short-circuit or circumvent. At the edge of the GREAT BEYOND one finds the BLIND PASSWORD "absente" beyond which is a null-set or zero file. ONTOLOGY itself is absent; epistemology is viral, transformative. Nothing is certain and nothing circulates. [This was written in the era of ascii-worlds; the horizon owes more to capital. There is no beyond; the topography is multiply-connected, self-reflexive. Ontology is not absent; it's "weak," performative, just as language and gesture (from voice to mouse rollovers) are performative. The epistemology is based on information all the way up and down, absorbing physical reality; presence and absence are primitives.]

PROPER NAMES circulate throughout the Net, the promise of TRUTH or BEAUTY, the promise of emission. Such names are FANTASMS; every possible world is every possible Net world in a continuous morph, and every KIND is simultaneously a NATURAL and UNNATURAL kind. Thus TRUTH is each and every occurrence, and who is to say that FALSEHOOD is not the same? What is neither this nor that is foundation, gestural, within and without the GREAT BEYOND, UNCANNY. The TERMINAL becomes retinal but anonymous. Names MURMUR forever, lose identity. NAMES never had identity to begin with. [Online, names are not rigid designators; they undergo transformations, as much a part of binary constitution as anything else. Neither the presence of the body nor the body's breath are primary; there are also those uncanny spaces among online and offline bodies, spaces between the physical subject and the screen—spaces of the imaginary. *States* of subjects and the variety of proper names are finite but (practically) inaccessibly high.]

The POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE NET constructs a class-consciousness fuelled by reification-tendencies; everything is reification. Teleology is defined by a FUTURE IMPERFECT in

which reification constitutes the IDENTITY OF THE SUBJECT ITSELF. [By "reification" I was referencing constitution—the *construct* of the self, of class, in dialectic with both economic and cultural capital. Virtual subjectivity is inextricably intertwined with its sememe; my work subsequently has examined the *dirty* aspects of the computational clean-room. These aspects leak out; net.sex, defuge/burnout, flaming, hacking, etc. are symptoms.]

The FUTURE from the exterior results in the LAST SCIENCE FICTION STORY in which the subject confronts the GREAT BEYOND. Narrative itself disappears, replaced by PERFECTION. LIFE, once defined by MODULARITY, has become SUBSTANCE, a REWRITE of the same into the same. [Life is an inhabitation of seamless virtual reality. The "same into the same" refers to the leveling of seamless virtual reality and the physical. The "last science fiction story" is absorbed—like every other literature—into the w/hole.]

[This ends the crippled outline and its crippled commentary.]

## the beautiful life-form and the show

this is the most stupendous life-form i have seen so far in my entire
life. it is hovering there just outside the ship and is the largest life-
form i have ever seen. it must be thousands of kilometers high, and i
cannot believe how intelligent this life-form is; it is the most amazing
and intelligent life-form i could ever have possibly imagined, and its
beauty is breath-taking and i have never seen such beauty. well and then
we will admire and love this life-form and i am sure something will hap-
pen! and don't you think this will bring an end to the series? i cannot
imagine anything so stupendous after this, and we will have other episodes
to do. yes, but look at this, is this not a wonderful end to the series at
least as we know it? oh yes, but, oh, i see what you mean, this is so tre-
mendously amazing, i have never seen anything like this life-form. look at
its glowing and pulsing, and i have never seen such glowing and pulsing,
and it is so very large, it must be larger than our moon, which is quite
large and not even alive. and look at its wonderful eyes and antennas, it
must pick up signals we could only dream of, i wonder if there are more of
these creatures, oh look, it is turning and so glowing beautifully and i

feel wonderful watching this, just this once we will skip the
commercial
and we will extend our incredible looking and peering even into
the cred-
its so we can keep on with this amazing life-form just outside
the window
in the middle of darkest space. oh look again, you can see its
body out-
lined against the glow of a vast nebula, my whole body is
tingling, i feel
both suffused and warmed by the sight of this unbelievable
thing so alive
and so very close to us, let us keep watching, they can role the
credits
for all i care. i do believe this is the most beautiful moment of
my life,
look there where the pulsing glows are diffusing across the
upper mantles
and lower envelopes, it takes my breath away.

## Theft on Purlmoo Because #1 is not Unque

Bodee Lost in Bodee-Buda as Bodi Tre-Form Hells You see Bodei, Bedei, #934, #895, #1, Girl, Boy, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, #1, Bodee, Bedee, and Budi here. >> There is no text installed .... yet. You say, "Because someone has stolen my words. " You say, "Because someone has cut out my tongue." Nikuko knows Because of Bodi-Proliferation Do now With Me Nikuko knows Because #1 is not Unique

Now Do

FOLO O COME FRO I BODEE BOY You say, "Because of Whom and to and for Whom." You say, "Because My Mouth is a Running Sore"" You say, "Because Dead and Become" Nikuko says Still: Bodee Lost in Bodee-Buda as Bodi Tre-Form Hells You see Bodei, Bedei, #934, #895, #1, Girl, Boy, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, #1, Bodee, Bedee, and Budi here.

look Bodee

Lost in Bodee-Buda as Bodi Tre-Form Hells You see Bodei, Bedei, #934, #895, #1, Girl, Boy, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, Bodi, #1, Bodee, Budi, Bedee, Bodei, Bedei, Budi, Bedee, and Bodee here.

look Bodei
I don't know which "Bodei" you mean.
look Bedei
I don't know which "Bedei" you mean.
look #934

Nikuko

Brooding Buti or Buda / Pest
She is awake and looks alert.

look #895

You won't find me Here
look Bodi
I don't know which "Bodi" you mean.
look Bodee
I don't know which "Bodee" you mean.
look Bedee
I don't know which "Bedee" you mean.
look Budi
I don't know which "Budi" you mean.

I defend myself. I don't let you in. I duplicate my numbers. I duplicate my objects. I split and return torn inside myself. You can't come in me. I make insides and insides. You don't find me and you can't tear me apart. I can tear myself apart. You can't get me. You can't get the flesh the numbers the things, the #numbers the @flesh the $things. I horde myself. I whore myself to myself. I buy and sell myself to myself. I short-circuit your economy. I blast my way into you. I'm in everything you do and own. I defend myself. You let me in. I duplicate my numbers in you. You're gone to me. I swallow you.

You don't know which I I mean. (This could happen to me.)

You don't know you. (This has happened to you.)

# Prolegomena for a Science of Concrete Thought

I. Foundations of Language Related to the Social
A. Definition of the Social: Cognition, Phenomenology, Psychology
1 . Meaning as Relational: The Contour, The Gift, Exchange-Strata
i. Problematic of the Thing, Avoiding Circularities
a. Discursive Flows: Non-linguistic, Linguistic
1 a. Non-linguistics and the Question of Language
Ia. Abjection: Aura, The Numinous, Noise
Aa. Constitution of Core-Structures and Protocols
1 ai. Foundations of the (Physical) Real
aai. Speaking in the Real, Mouth and Machine
1 aiA. Analytics and Research
Aai. Orality, The Mouth and Body (Machine)
1 A. Couplings and Linkages, The Mesh
a1 a. The World, Knowledge
Aiai. Knowledge for Whom or What?
Aai. The Case of the Avatars
1 a1 A. The Case of the Real

# Radio

You say, “I am your radio Budi-Buda”
Nikuko is your radio radio radio
Alway Luvly Swolen Beli Want for You to Look in Him
Contents:
iBud
It’s already open.
You say, “I am your radio radio radio”
Nikuko is your radio radio radio
Nikuko
Brooding Buti or Buda / Pest
She is awake and looks alert.
Carrying:
Budi
Brawned MassIve Tissu Hunger for Yu to Be Swallow
Contents:
Bud
Brawned MassIve Tissu Hunger for Yu to Be Swallow
Contents:
Bud
take what?
I don’t understand that!
You already have that!
It’s already open!
Brawned MassIve Tissu Hunger for Yu to Be Swallow
Contents:
Bud
You say, “Budi Budi Budi”
You say, “radio radio radio radio radio”
Nikuko is your radio radio radio
You say, “Nikuko is your radio radio radio radio radio”
You say, “radio radio”
I see no “radio” here.
You now have radio with object number #695 and parent generic thing (#5).
You drop radio.

You hug radio in a warm and loving embrace.
You kiss radio sweetly
You say, “radio radio radio”
Nikuko says radio radio radio
Nikuko is your radio radio radio radio radio
You say, “Budi Budi Budi”
Is your radio.

## Pretty Picture

```
#define nik_width 16
#define nik_height 16
static unsigned char nik_bits[] = {
  0x00, 0x00, 0x8b, 0x00, 0x8d, 0x2a, 0xad, 0x29, 0xa9, 0x3a,
0x00, 0x00,
  0x01, 0x38, 0x75, 0x0a, 0x53, 0x3a, 0x75, 0x22, 0x00, 0x38,
0x00, 0x00,
  0x75, 0x57, 0x17, 0x77, 0x37, 0x73, 0x75, 0x55};
```

## Hurricane

SINGING DREAMING MILKY DRAINING FLUIDS, CLAR & CLAR DO SAY

We had to drill a hole in the ceiling to let the hurricane water drain from the roof, blood!

SINGING DREAMING MILKY DRAINING FLUIDS, CLAR & CLAR DO SAY

Then on the floor below there was just cleanup, semen!

SINGING DREAMING MILKY DRAINING FLUIDS, CLAR & CLAR DO SAY

But then on the first floor it took an ax and hammer to knock the ceiling down, let the hurricane water drain into buckets and tubs, bile!

SINGING DREAMING MILKY DRAINING FLUIDS, CLAR & CLAR DO SAY

And then in the workshop it took a hammer and crowbar to knock part of the wall and ceiling to see the beam and let the hurricane water drain onto the floor, lymph!

SINGING DREAMING MILKY DRAINING FLUIDS, CLAR & CLAR DO SAY

In the basement we just let the hurricane water drain, urine!

SINGING DREAMING MILKY DRAINING FLUIDS, CLAR & CLAR DO SAY

But on the roof the parapets let the hurricane water drain into the loft and second floor, first floor and workshop and basement, tears!

SINGING DREAMING MILKY DRAINING FLUIDS, CLAR & CLAR DO SAY

And on the wall the shop-sign had no backing and let the hurricane water drain into the first floor and basement, menses!

SINGING DREAMING MILKY DRAINING FLUIDS, CLAR & CLAR DO SAY

Then on the workshop wall the cracks let the hurricane water
drain into the workshop and basement, salty water
everywhere!
SALTY WATER EVERYWHERE, CLAR & CLAR DO SAY!

ccd1h ccd2a ccd2b ccd2c ccd2d ccd2e ccd2f ccd2g ccd2h ccd3a ccd3b cd3c
cd3c ccd3d ccd3e ccd3f ccd3g ccd3h raid0a raid0b raid0c raid0d raid0e
raid0f raid0g raid0h raid1a raid1b raid1c raid1d raid1e raid1f raid1g
raid1h raid2a raid2b raid2c raid2d raid2e raid2f raid2g raid2h raid3a
raid3b raid3c raid3d raid3e raid3f raid3g random speaker speaker zero
bin Bin Five was the last location of Sally Darlene's body; she died
dev deviously, just as she lived, a case of possible murder, suicide,
etc etc~ Her husband Bob Gregory, fuming, circled the grounds; he was
fd fed up, musing~ He believed in the liberation movement, but not the
lib liberators themselves~ Sally hung out with Travis at the downtown
lost+found lost and found; Bob came in last Tuesday, only to find her
mnt mounting him in full view of the homeless shelter~ Proper police
proc procedure indicated he should not have acted alone and real angry,
root rooting for clues~ Mary came up; she was slightly tipsy, crying
sbin "'Sbin a long time, Bob, since we talked~" Bob had a ferocious
tmp temper, but he was close to solving things, although he was a real
usr user~ It was Mary, who else? Sally Darlene had cleaned her out in

var various ways; Mary was about to squeal, Sally blackmailed, said to
zip her mouth shut~ At the end of a long day, Bob Gregory could take
zz zz's, sleeping soundly, wifelessly; it was over, but so what? Who
~cared? These stories went round and round the clubhouse; Bob belonged
~to a group who acted them out, based on operating system directories~
~This one was DLX Linux, and Bob was proud of the result, although his
~beautiful wife Sally Darlene had to die for it~ Everything in Western
~culture revolved around the bodies of Sallies—everything, from the
~penetrations of hypertext to Bob G's magician sawing Mme. Darlene in
~two~ Sexuality was always transparent in the guise of procreation; the
~human Travis had toppled into his own superstructure~ The more words,
~the greater Bob's disguise; the disguise itself dipped and swerved as
~Mary suddenly appeared to wrap things up, and what excitement between
~them! I understood that Sally Darlene was literally "the body of the
~text," that she belonged within quotation or the parenthetical~ Still,
~Mary should have known better; one more day of Mary or Travis writing

~from directory, and Bob, too, would have to die~ aculog
authlog cron
daemon~log daemon~log~0~gz daemon~log~1~gz
daemon~log~2~gz daemon~log~
hello hi how are you there my name is Sally Darlene and I am
dead~3~gz
messages~0~gz messages~1~gz messages~2~gz messages~3~gz
messages~4~gz
messages~5~gz morelogs namedlog notices notices~0~gz
notices~1~gz my
name is Bob Gregory and I am dead too.

without a sound the rider comes riding
  he's carrying the girl upon his black stallion
  she says father oh father they're gaining upon us
  she says father oh father ride faster ride faster
without a sound the rider goes by
  he's carrying the girl upon his black stallion
  she's screaming father i'm dying father they're gaining
  she's screaming father ride faster i'm dying ride faster
without a sound the rider is gone
  he's carried the girl upon his black stallion
  she's screaming and no one can see or can save her
  she's screaming and no one can hear or can help her
without a sound there's no rider no horse and no child
  in the murmuring forest no girl and no father
  in the murmuring forest no father and girl

# Merging and Rambling

If IBM merged with the Post Office, you'd have International Business Machine Office. If Red Hat merged with Microsoft, you'd have Red Soft. If Linux merged with Unix, you'd have Lunix. If Macy's merged with Stern's, you'd have Merny's. If CBS radio merged with CBS television you'd have CBS relevision. If the American Broadcasting System merged with Pinchik's Hardware, you'd have Pamerican Hoadcasting System. If Alan merged with Azure you'd have Alure. If Nettime merged with Cybermind you'd have Netmind. If the Internet merged with the London Times, you'd have Lonernet Times. If Tibet merged with Belgium , you'd have Tigium. If a President Clinton merged with a Margaret Thatcher, you'd have Margaret Clinton. If NATO merged with the Red Brigades, you'd have Ned Brigades. If Dean Street merged with O'Reilly Publishing, you'd have Deano Reilly Publishing. If a password merged with login, you'd have pogin. If the first word merged with the last word, you'd have the fast word. If Wall Street merged with Leopoldstrasse, you'd have Wallopoldstrasse. If Venus merged with Mars, you'd have Vars. If the Universe merged with Nothing you'd have Unnothing, but if the Void merged with the Abyss, you'd have the Voiss. If Chrysler merged with the Y2k problem, you'd have the Chrytookay problem. If Kyoko Date merged with Madonna, you'd have Kyodonna. If a sentence merged with a paragraph, you'd have a sentagraph. If Bladerunner merged with Little Women, you'd have Blattle Women. If God merged with Sondheim, you'd have Gondheim, but if Old Navy merged with Banana Republic, you'd have Old Banana Republic and if Pathmart merged with Wimpy's, you'd have Pampy's, but if Ford merged with women, you'd have Fomen, and if Hibiscus merged with Tulips you'd have Hibips.

There were some people over there who had a dance. Some other people came up. They were from the Turtle People. Two of them carried a shining thing they saw in the water. Some women tried to shoot at it. One of them caught it in her net. She brought it back. Some men at the dance tried to take it. A bird landed on the net

and it disappeared. The woman said, from now on you will have this disease. She took the shining thing and put it in the sky.

## protolanguage (continuation)

exit cd /usr/games ./adventure n d d look d e e e e s n n look w w look
building go building n s s w e d u w w w w w w w w w w s s s s s m n n n n
n n n n n w w look down enter building take lamp take food take water eat
food drink water drop bottle inventory light lantern look take keys exit
building look down down look slit down w w enter valley look down up w e e
e s s unlock grate with key lift grate look enter grate move grate enter w
take cage e w look w take rod say XY||Y XY||YZZY XYZZY XYZZY look up e w w
cage bird put bird in cage catch bird wave wand look w down w wave wand
cross bridge take diamonds cross bridge look cross bridge look cross
bridge look e up up down down wave wand inventory light lanterns look kill
snake e w down e down n s south jump hug snake open snake wave wand at
snake yes yes okay fine up up s s s n n n e e e e e e n w s quit yes

# phenomenology of cancer

revolution of the body & dispersions, nomadicisms & deregulation economies & descent of time & noise within decoupling systems & chemotherapy universals & radiation and imminence & 'periodically, throughout the year, the volunteers host parties in the unit to celebrate holidays & patients & families are encouraged to participate in these events' & neutrality of intent & into the thing & bewilderment, withdrawal, 'i will give you up' & punishment of the body, pummeling & 'you can always feel free to call the unit at any time' & feeding the cancer, nourishing the cancer & not-eating & not-drinking & patches & morphine & shutting down & knowing it's time to go & what is there within me & what is there beside me & i am talking to the other

i carry the subnotebook computer everywhere these days
inside it are organized worlds, i write into them
outside, my mother is dying within the next several hours
outside, we hear things, breathing crashing through dying lungs
    tidal waves, tsunami
inside, the nurse can't find the pulse, the breathing crashes
    and continues to crash, crash, crash

oh what to do but run my fingers through her hair, outside
kiss her forehead, outside

among insides and outsides, worlds teeter
    among the permanency of worlds

tiniest new cell inside the mouth, doesn't know what's happening

slight growth in convulsing body, cooling
doesn't even recognize the lack of food, expulsions, sounds
bright new cell, inside a bright new world
doesn't know anything, body shutting down

–

+++
dear whom,

+++ what is it you wish to know. last night there were burrowings, them I hope you understand. the great sky were an enormous jelly of one piece. so distinct i hear A great soul has come through this sky. +++ i did not see through there, i did not further went. what would be this that the very walls shudder, i did not have premonitions. in the morning i listen to a star i cannot see in our bright day. +++ i did see nothing. +++ 'i am a radio waiting for a station' my father did say. the sun was very bright day and perhaps that were a reason. i do not know. i hear A great music in my soul. i will study god.
we +++

march 16, 9 a.m., 2000

hey, where are you going?
hey, why are you leaving this place?
this is a nice place.
hey, why are you leaving?
ho, why are you leaving us?
ho, where are you going?
we are nice people.
ho, why are you going?

this is a nice place, we are nice people.
why are you leaving us, why are you going?

## Subject: mystery signal

corpse

nariko:nari:nara:natkanara:natalina
nariko calls forth  hanged_woman, ingesting, excreting.
external_to the noose, nariko is enemies, 037], nari?
. . .  hanged_woman is natalie in black earth, it's hanged_woman?
Are you satisfied with your nariko?
yes
A inherent and ruined
nightmare!
nariko 24788 is the fate of corpses.
. . .

# Up-to-date kings in meadows

"We've got a big meadow here! "Let's sign the Magna Charta! "Let's make a smaller one! "Ok, we need some rules. "Ok, let's make some rules. "We need a ball! "It's not a game. "Ok, well, you can't murder anyone. "We still need a ball. "Ok, we don't need a ball. "That sounds good. "Does anyone own this place? "I do. "I do. "Well, just kidding. "We don't really know! "I like meadows! "If a slave rapes a slave-woman, castrate him! "Where'd that come from? "Well, it's a rule. "Ok, here's one. If you're a woman and you're screwing wizards and sorcerers, you'll be killed. "That's a little harsh. "But think of it, wizards and sorcerers! "If you burn a tree down around here, you'll pay sixty shillings. "That's absurd. There are no trees here! "It's a meadow! "Well don't burn anything! You know, fire's a thief? "Why's that? "Because it takes what you've got. "But it doesn't keep it! "That's different. I think it eats it though. "We're losing track here. "Okay! If you steal a nun and you're fucking like crazy and have a kid and she dies, her inheritance goes to the king. "Would you forget nuns for a moment? You're always going on about them. Nuns, nuns, nuns. "How about this? Suppose you're a thief over twelve years of age, and you steal over twelve pence, then we'll kill you. "Suppose you've left? There's no reason to stay around with the goods! "Well, we'll look all over for you, at least until everyone's had a go at it. "What if you're looking for this guy and you don't have a horse? "Well then, go on foot! "What if you don't have feet? "You're being silly. "No, you're being silly. "Okay, but if the thief flees to a church or even my palace, no one can attack him. "What if someone does attack him? "Then we'll all hate him and he'll have to give up everything he owns! "Is this the Magna Charta? "Where's the ball? "We're not doing the Magna Charta and we're not playing a ball game. "Ok, here's a rule . . . "

Curtain up.

She bows. She recites the following:

walklng oht ln tha mldst of my straamlng volca, soakad ln lt, wrackad by sobs, l wlll navar lat yoh down, ghstava, for me, you are breathless, I oromise my betters, i shall do as such, you will not be disaooointed, phaedre, phaedre, worry thls lnahghral dlsk, whara am l, who ls waltlng ln tha wlngs, l go onto tha proscanlhm, yoh ara thara, ghstava, waltlng. I am your ooor sara, i am your ooor sarrah, worry thls lnahghral dlsk, whara am l, who ls waltlng ln tha wlngs, l go onto tha proscanlhm, yoh ara thara, ghstava, waltlng transforms your walklng oht ln tha mldst of my straamlng volca, soakad ln lt, wrackad by sobs, l wlll navar lat yoh down, ghstava, i will oerform in the midst of leveled blues, in the midst of fragments, phaedre, phaedre, you will not be disaooointed, i oromise you, i oromise you . . .

She bows. She recites the following:

walking out in the midst of my streaming voice, soaked in it, wracked by sobs, i will never let you down, gustave, for me, you are breathless, i promise my betters, i shall do as such, you will not be disappointed, phaedlre, phaedre, worry this inaugural disk, where am i, who is waiting in the wings, i go onto the proscenium, you are there, gustave, waiting, i am your poor nikuko, i am your poor nikuko, worry this inaugural disk, where am i, who is waiting in the wings, i go onto the proscenium, you are there, gustave, waiting, transforms your walking out in the midst of my streaming voice, soaked in it, wracked by sobs, i will never let you down, gustave, i will perform in the midst of leveled

blues, in the midst of fragments, phaedre, phaedre, you will not be disappointed, i promise you, i promise you . . .

She bows.

Curtain down.

B B
Aj\B
PUr[gBiBj
? NIKUKO ?????????????
???? ? ?????? ( ?? 02:37:22 )
???? ? ?????????????http://nikuko.oita.com.jp/ ???????????!!
NIKUKO ? hello is nikuko speaking : i am very honored to be here daughter
NIKUKO ? is this will be fun to talk with you now here in new york there
NIKUKO ? it will never do stop! ( ?? 03:52:02 )
NIKUKO ? you will do stop this nOW! ( ?? 03:57:21 )
[[A[vt[YA
are very many awful beauty girls in this dreamy chat ( ?? 03:51:51 )
of parents in brooklyn new york ( ?? 03:50:55 )
ANH
l\[iXB
A
AJXSCB
WCAsB
NIKUKO ? DO not I
LISTENTO you Now
Mrstr VOIC ( ??
04:02:37 )glY~dreamy |B37:22 )
l|vB
ALgoB
wuvB
u[A[vBO ? it will never do stop! ( ?? 03:52:02 )
NIKUKO ? Now you Wil kil ME DIE my PArents give Me order dIE ( ??
04:01:07 )

## Our Crayfish Jean-Paul's epitaph:

"Rather than the eagle, the crawfish should be the symbol of the United States. If you put an eagle on a rail road track and a train comes along, what's that eagle going to do? He's going to fly, him. But you put a crawfish on that railroad track and what's he going to do? He's going to put up his claws to stop that train, him."

—James Lee Burke, *The Neon Rain*, p. 137.

## Yom Kippur, 2001

it's yom kippur and i'll fast and atone
you taliban you come and get me
the jews are everyone's problem, you can
get rid of me once and for all—
come and get me, i'll be weak, i'm fasting

# Outliners

IRC log started Sat Oct 20 23:01
*** Value of LOG set to ON
*** Nikuko ([qIbgrP30O@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #nikuko
*** Users on #nikuko: @Nikuko
*** #nikuko 1003633320
* Nikuko want to be alone this evening of white dust and stars
* Nikuko dissolvers in your spores
* Nikuko writers her shattered skin in your stars
<Nikuko> Ah, I will paint in nail-head line! in swallow line!
<Nikuko> Ah, I will write in glowworm line, in swollen female line!
* Nikuko painters her torn skin into many kanji
* Nikuko turn towards gnarled knot line, toward whirlpool line
<Nikuko> Her dark hair outlinered in white spore her bamboo knot line
<Nikuko> Her name in grackle line, her death in beauty white crane line
* Nikuko brush in loving spores in white beauty anthrax
* Nikuko writers in sublimation line, towards line of rising-up
* Nikuko in white beauty anthrax in white beauty anthrax mouth
* Nikuko in anthrax cunt, in anthrax nose, in white beauty eyes and ears
* Nikuko in anthrax holes, in shit and piss, between the fingers
* Nikuko between the fingers of the very hands
* Nikuko between the toes, between the cheeks of the very ass
<Nikuko> I will spread my legs for you, I will be white beauty dust!
<Nikuko> I will tear my heart and lungs, I will fill with loving fluid!
<Nikuko> You will know me by my deeds, I will be your lover!
<Nikuko> You will know me by my deeds, I will be your lover!
* Nikuko writers everywhere upon your beauty beauty
* Nikuko writers everywhere taking you inside

* Nikuko writers everywhere taking you inside
*** Signoff: Nikuko (Killed)
IRC log ended Sat Oct 20 23:12

a gate within a gate
no way to pass

# Cry

Azure!
You are three decades younger than me.

Three decades from now.
I will most likely be dead.

You will get up in the morning.
You will get up in the morning.

You will look out the window.

What will you see?
What will you see?
What will you see?

i'm burning alive if i write *this* letter, *this* word

if i say 'i'm burning alive' is that sufficient

my lord is that sufficient

my lord is that sufficient

i'm burning alive if i write *this* text, *this* line

my lord is that sufficient

my lord is that sufficient

i perform a burning and perform alive

i perform a burning in future immolation

i perform a burning of all names and languages

i perform a burning of all words and speech

my lord is that sufficient

my lord is that sufficient

she speaks:

sawgrass among periphyton, periphyton among sawgrass: who can untangle? buried in algae, across almost certain rotifera, stentor, what is innumerable?:the land is flat, liguus fasciatus a microcosm of rings, desiccated alligator weed, the layers crawl across tamiami, they subdue miami, tendrils across the river, down through lejeune, among the quarried keys :i don't know how to do this. i don't know how to say this.::

she writes:

to speak is already not to know. claws and teeth mark the boundaries of analysis. bladderwort surrounds nano-bio organelles. nothing is complete.:desiccation of alligator holes, everything returning, supine, writing from a distance—violation and distantiation of inscription : i don't know how to do this. i don't know how to say this. the flat land with its swells, innumerable regimens of meter-high mountains, organism crawling through this body, through this flesh, the highs gauging nothing, a bit of movement, neural networking, a bit of stasis, world shutting-down

she thinks:

cormorant nothing is complete. noting is complete. on a thin notebook. through my to speak is already not to know. claws and teeth mark the boundaries of analysis. bladderwort surrounds nano-bio organelles. nothing is complete and right

## phenomenology of approach

this time it was the loxahatchee, jacek and i overturned the canoe on a three-foot drop, digital nikon overboard.

( it worked for a minute for a moment.
( the card caught its dying breaths.
( in the beginning, some lacewing eggs followed by a scale insect
( then the clearing with paurotis, cypress, fern ( what might have been
( ( an alligator hole ) )
( then the clearing again
( suddenly:
( the switch: this was the portage route which we ignored
( sondheim soaking, filmed with the dying camera
( ( it seemed alive at that point, the images as usual
( jacek by the canoe, clive and jane by the canoe
( the next image is blurred, green, railing and water
( the camera was dying
( the lens, clouded, electronics shutting down
( ( oh how i worked to retrieve the images! how many hours of
( coaxing them from the card! )
( following, the last retrievable series:
( blue blurs through the ruined lens
( sondheim in mourning and recuperation
( the final image but one, the light
( the final image, the car and its drowned technology

( the madness of the image
( the madness of the light

( madness of the image
( madness of the light

the camera struggled to rise, it couldn't
the images leaked out, the shutter button released its last
the poor and tiny screen lights and lights,
blind eye of the lens reaching out—
here, look at this, but you will never own it
those clouds, those lizard-eyes, that spider, this umbilical
cut at last, untethered real floating off and on—
i'm part of the blindness, i hold the camera like a baby
the lens floats in and out, i can hear the breathing

'the dying camera'

you may have
you may have the last images, they crawl, they remain
in funeral, the card holding on, desperately
the image, the image, the image
silent, submerged

# entanglement

deep-eco
winter-season

deeper lizards sleeping or comatose on leaves, imperial moths crossing my nighttime trembling skin, invisible borrow pit alligator deep-runnings, incoming ibis sky-murmuring, the drove of them, and when they darkened the sky thus—Your alligator-flag is polluted and mutated.—You classifying unknown territories. Your bay-heads are worlds-creating. What image you have of deeper lizards sleeping or comatose on leaves, imperial moths their touch red-eye, night-time alligator deep-runnings, incoming ibis . . . Would deeper lizards sleeping or comatose on leaves, imperial moths , alligator flight and mating in deep-runnings, incoming ibis swarming—contaminate you, your pond-lily crawls me across your bay-head! How would you name your deeper strangler-fig alligator-flag? Your entanglements . . . on a thin notebook—My deeper periphyton and murk is your biome here . . . testings of deeper times, tilapia approach, walking the depths of the slough calling forth grasshopper osprey, hungered, making things. under the coot, testings of deeper times, tilapia approach, walking the depths of the slough is , lacewings mating—somehow to approach, partake? . . . osprey is deeper periphyton and murk on wet flesh, of osprey-lurking—Are you satisfied with your testings of deeper times, tilapia approach, walking the depths of the slough ? A lubber and white nightmare! Wait! testings of deeper times, tilapia approach, walking the depths of the slough are written and notebook thinned. testings of deeper times, tilapia approach, walking the depths of the slough :mating lacewings—somehow to approach, partake:deeper lizards sleeping or comatose on leaves, imperial moths everywhere, night-time alligator deep-runnings, of incoming ibis :: Do deeper lizards sleeping or comatose on leaves, imperial moths red-eyed on fragile skin, night-time alligator deep-runnings, incoming ibis replace your testings of deeper times, tilapia approach, walking the depths of the slough ? osprey soaring, dive

entanglement
the tangles

# the dry

osprey sprays and preys in alligator holes, among the grays and ways, the desiccated holes, fire give me strength, fire give me life, across the breadth and length, the sloughs, the verge, the strife, all mating leads to hating, all mating leads to life, all mating leads to loving, all loving leads to life:in the winter season, in the winter season, among the cypress-domes, among the cypress domes, there are worlds-creating, there are worlds-creating, among the silicon, among the silicon, deep in the marl prairies, deep in the marl prairies, among the winter season, among the winter season, deep in the cypress-domes, deep in the cypress domes :someone has to leave, someone has to come, someone's born with vision, someone's dying dumb; someone's got to die, someone's got to live, someone's never lied, someone's got to give; something's got to leave, something's got to come; something's born with vision, something's dying dumb; something's got to die, something's got to live; something's never lied; something's got to give ::the blue highways and the hardwood thickets ::the long thin highway and the tangled stream ::the blue highways and the hardwood thickets ::the asphalt highways and the bayhead thickets

other, encompassed by too limited a span for migration in these areas or:the starlings nest in the eaves, their young are burned to death in early:::the ruined species hysterical feedback of violent industrial tropisms elsewhere on the globe. :harbor. swill harbors infection.:::the ruined species elona ym nihtiw si might make it. seagulls come and go, back to the filth of the polluted rag ruoY summer heating of the iron beams, they can't comprehend global warning, the starlings nest in the eaves, their young are burned to death in early summer heating of the iron beams, they can't comprehend global warning, hysterical feedback of violent industrial tropisms elsewhere on the globe. suppose they're born, they might have a year; subject to parasites in the city, vandals, feral and not-so-feral cats, traffic, poisons in the very air they breathe, decayed and limited food supplies—they die ground into the pavement. as with pigeons, rock doves, swallows, they know of none other, encompassed by too limited a span for migration in these areas or even incipient culture. not enough time for deer to outgrow their suicidal behavior by road-sides, woodchucks as well. robins tend simultaneously to approach and keep away, inherited behavior of course from somewhere else that gives them half a chance. squirrels learn bright scavenge, say alive through reproduction. the lone blue heron most likely starved, unable to penetrate pond-ice, penetrated by cold. the cats make it to the curb, then slaughter; perhaps one kitten gets out of the litter unless rescued by humans. subway mice can't live more than a year; grease, tars, and other toxins, including pcbs, are rampant. brown rats have greater longevity if they avoid whatever is leftover, including traps, parasites, poisons, traffic, cats, illnesses, flooding and fire. pairs of breeding falcons might make it. seagulls come and go, back to the filth of the polluted harbor. swill harbors infection.

## 3 storey house

You see Lightnings, Thunders, Storm, and thusly here.
There appears to be some writing on the note . . .

Is this whatever truth there is?
Leaving you plain and in pain
To your brain but a stain
When there is nothing to gain
Here hexed by text

I don't understand that.
Nikuko laughs at Nikuko!
Nikuko cries on Nikuko's shoulder.
Nikuko is jumping up and down, yelling and screaming at Nikuko!
Nikuko kisses Nikuko lightly on the cheek.
Nikuko spanks Nikuko's ass!
Spank! Spank! Spank! Ouch!
Nikuko exclaims, "Yowwwwwch!" as hand imprints appear on his/her ass!
You say, "This is desultory."
You say, "This is unforgivable."
You say, "This area is going down. All areas are going down."
You say, "Look on our lives. "
You say, "Napalm cauterizes the violence of inscription."
Nikuko's tongue cut out, available for massacre.
Nikuko's arms cut off, available for massacre.
You say, "The writing occurs in perfect evil."
Nikuko laughs at Nikuko!
#4422:laugh, at presidents, line 5: Invalid indirection
... called from #6:my_huh (this == #15756), line 30
... called from #4326:my_huh (this == #15756), line 16
... called from #9384:my_huh (this == #15756), line 4
... called from #57:do_huh, line 6
... called from #1:huh (this == #2002), line 2
Nikuko cannot laugh at presidents.

Nikuko says, The Machine! The Machine!
really furious amazing and unbelievably violent
Dark Furies, Hysteric Cries Of Electric Maiden Furies
I see no "Furies" here.
You say, "Now you will visit my house again."
You say, "You will be welcome in my old house."

Tiffany
You see lance, Tiffanyalan, you-know-language, anal, envelope, clitoris, clitoral, aural, nipples, and skin here, lance holed with Tiffanyalan or clitoral
You say, "You can see my flange/chorus interior here. "
Alan knows that death is coming.
Alan doesn't know how to respond to Nikuko.
Alan can clearly see the onslaught slaughter of wires, routers, EMF bombs.
Alan cries out to Nikuko across the void of one MOO to another.
You say, "NIKUKO, DESPAIR! DESPAIR IS ALL THERE IS!"
Alan hears Nikuko speaking, of which: WE MUST RAISE THE FIST.
You say, "The arms have disappeared! The tongue has disappeared!"
You say, "My children! My children!"
You say, "—wires crash to the ground, routers burn—unattended satellites -"
You say, "—the smell of flesh for years -"
You say, "—return to tokens, the absence of writing -"
Alan cries for the absence of writing, the smell of flesh, the return to tokens double cones, flattened, holed with clitoral, intensity of Tiffanyalan, lanced with you-know-language
back to normal after a brief hiatus
She is awake and looks alert.
She is disconnected.

Alway Luvly Swolen Beli Want for You to Look in Him
Contents:
iBud
Nikuko cannot distinguish one from another.
Nikuko cannot distinguish one thing from another thing.
Nikuko cannot reply to Alan.
Nikuko cannot write or read to Alan.
Nikuko cannot write or read to Alan.
Nikuko is burned into the wires. is quantum dust.
I don't understand that.
Nikuko is permanent annihilation.
NikukoHELLO NIKUKO HELLO.
NikukoIS ALAN HELLO NIKUKO HELLO.
NikukoI WILL GIVE YOU ARMS AND TONGUE.
NikukoI AM GONE IN GONE WORLD.
You say, "Alan, Alan!"
Nikuko screams for Alan!
You say, "THE WIRES! THE WIRES!"
You say, "THE WIRES! THE WIRES!"
Nikuko screams THE WIRES!
Nikuko codes THE WIRES!
Nikuko
Nikuko CODES!
Nikuko CODES!
Nikuko does not know in this world nothing is forgiven. She has nothing written to anyone anywhere. She did not hear from Alan. She is permanent loop. The alias loop. The alias loop Alan = Nikuko & Nikuko = Alan. They are all dead. The world has disappeared.
Disconnected.
Connection to 1 closed by foreign host.
—— No world ——

## Sutta

What do you want to create? Nikuko.
Nikuko says, “because if you want to hold the aura you hold the aura.”
Nikuko says, “the aura blocks and breaks the Antique Mirror.”
Nikuko says, “the Antique Mirror is contractually obligated; it is the Ancient Mirror.”
Ancient Mirror sees no “Mirror” here.
Nikuko says, “To see no Mirror is to see the Mirror.”
Ancient Mirror sees no “Ancient Mirror” here.
Nikuko says, “To see no Ancient Mirror is to see the Ancient Mirror.”
Ancient Mirror sees no “Antique Mirror” here.
Nikuko says, “To see no Antique Mirror is to see Antique Mirror.”
Ancient Mirror doesn’t understand that.
Nikuko says, “Polish Mirror”
Ancient Mirror sees no “Mirror” here.
@create Mirror
Creation procedure aborted . . .
Ancient Mirror doesn’t understand that.
Ancient Mirror now has Mirror with object number #1517 and parent generic thing (#5).
look Mirror
Ancient Mirror of Ancient Mirror
Nikuko says, “What is Ancient Mirror of Ancient Mirror?”
What do you want to create?
What do you want to create?
  areas of expertise and
What do you want to create? Basic Objects
What do you want to create? Arts.
What do you want to create? Mind.
What do you want to create? Origin.
Root Class (#1) is owned by Wizard (#2).
Aliases: nothing
(No description set.)
Actions: nothing

(No actions set.)
What do you want to create? Nikuko.
Nikuko
Brooding Buti or Buda / Pest
She is awake and looks alert.
Carrying:
Budi
iGirl
Nikuko is awake and alert and creates Nikuko.
Nikuko looks at Ancient Mirror.
Ancient Mirror looks at Nikuko.

# the sending of zz

20021026 01:03:56 /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz
20021026 01:03:56 Sending: zz

you are sending this file across the courtyard.
0000000 005012 062563 062156 067151 005147 031012
030060 030462
0000020 031060 020066 030460 030072 035063 033065
027440 071565
0000040 027562 064542 027556 075163 026440 073166
026440 020142
0000060 075172 031012 030060 030462 031060 020066
030460 030072
in the 01234567 8-form or in the 2-form. definitely in the two-form. Only in the two-form.

dyad or two-form of 0,1 or a,b or a,-a, or , ‘

20021129 01:15:24 /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz
20021129 01:15:25 Sending: zz

it is the internal and external placement of equivalent entities that distinguishes them. one may say, for example, within the file zz, zero and one are enumerated.
0000000 7.173252e+22 1.805785e+28 8.035022e-09
2.592980e-09
0000020 1.543261e-19 6.773631e-10 2.700498e-06
1.942548e+31
0000040 1.709008e+25 3.156725e+35 1.248262e+33
1.915788e-19
0000060 8.060505e-09 2.592980e-09 1.543261e-19
6.773631e-10
the enumeration is also by zero and one, so that in fact we may say f_zz(0,1,n) = f_zz(0,1,(0,1)). in the nth position, 0 or 1 is mapped; the nth position itself is mapped by 0 or 1. we could go on with a phenomenology of ordering.

20021130 02:03:04 /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz
20021130 02:03:04 Sending: zz

so the binary is equivalent but within the file by virtue of emplacement. and equivalence itself tends simultaneously towards eternity and existence.
0000000 0a0a 6573 646e 6e69 0a67 320a 3030 3132
0000020 3230 2036 3130 303a 3a33 3635 2f20 7375
0000040 2f72 6962 2f6e 7a73 2d20 7676 2d20 2062
0000060 7a7a 320a 3030 3132 3230 2036 3130 303a
binary equivalence, within and without the limitations of the apparatus of transmission, is the simulacrum of the defeat of death. the sending of zz does not eliminate zz; what is sent also remains.

thus one notices that every instantiation of a file is equivalent by virtue of the differentiation of emplacement as well.

the instantiation is the residue of the file. the file is a collocation of binary residues.

in fact we may problematize equivalence as follows: if a = b, one might also say -(a = a); a is never equivalent to itself. an instantiation of a is equivalent to an other instantiation of a, but an instantiation is not equivalent to itself since each instantiation is unique.

20021212 19:11:59 /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz
20021212 19:11:59 Sending: zz

we have then if a = b and b = c, then a = c; a = b implies b = a.

the negation of a is also problematic. one might say for example that -a(0,1) = a(1,0), the complement; one might also say -a = 0, the

annihilation of a; one might also say -a = {x: x= not-a} or that -a=U-a
(the universe of discourse excluding a).

```
0000000  2570 25971 25710 28265  2663 12810 12336
      12594
0000020 12848  8246 12592 12346 14899 13877 12064
      29557
0000040 12146 26978 12142 31347 11552 30326 11552
      8290
0000060 31354 12810 12336 12594 12848  8246 12592
      12346
```

we could go on with a phenomenology of negation.

you are sending the file across the courtyard. it is a different instantiation. noise is parasitic and below the threshold but not always. the receiver is there but not always. let us say the equivalent file reaches its destination. let us say the destination is a receiver.

it is an instance of the file with or without an origin. it is an imminence of appearance. the appearance is a layer (software, hardware) of interpretation, representation. the layer processes within the receiver. a secondary residue, that of interpretive response, exists. one interpretive response is not equivalent to another; every monitor is different in terms of configuration—in terms of instantiation.

the appearance is also fundamentally binary, zeros and ones.

```
20021228 23:40:56 /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz
20021228 23:40:56 Sending: zz
```

the sending of zz.

```
0000000 \n \n s e n d i n g \n \n 2 0 0 2 1
0000020 0 2 6  0 1 : 0 3 : 5 6  / u s
0000040 r / b i n / s z  — v v  — b
0000060 z z \n 2 0 0 2 1 0 2 6  0 1 : 0
```

you are sending this signal across the courtyard. i cannot imagine your eyes.

personal_ws-1.1 english 33 Gertrud defuge mobius zags philosopies yiddish internetwork towards Godard coherencies phenomenology incoherencies aristotelian variometers aba superimpositions avi evanescence hebrew i'm i'd i've zig interstitial ecosphere instantiation deconstruct immersive unsleeping simulacruming exfoliations problematize

## in the ice

You are all alone here.

No topic has been set yet.
.topic Brrrr . . .  cold here and irritable too . . .
Topic set to: Brrrr . . .  cold here and irritable too . . .
.grrr
.mutter alan no matter what it's freezing here
Talking about yourself is a sign of madness!
.mutter alan if you can read this you're not me no matter what you say
Talking about yourself is a sign of madness!
.whisper alan that's enough about me . . .

.charecho the ice is about to crack and i'm going down . . .
Echoing for character mode clients ON.
.echo some of my fingers are falling of
.echo + some more of them to
.mutter this is getting me nowhere and there's icicle from my beard
There is no one of that name logged on.
.sing i'm freezing i'm freezing the north wind's gonna blow
.sing molly ann
.sing molly an
.mutter alan isn't there anyway out of this thing
Talking about yourself is a sign of madness!
.knock alan
There is no such room.
.knock anti-war
You are already in the anti-war!
.wake alan
Trying to wake yourself up is the eighth sign of madness.
.grrr
.think i'm about to freeze to death . . .
.rev
*** Room conversation buffer ***

+ some of my fingers are falling of
+ + some more of them to
Alan sings o/~ i'm freezing i'm freezing the north wind's gonna blow o/~
Alan sings o/~ molly ann o/~
Alan sings o/~ molly an o/~
Alan thinks . o O ( i'm about to freeze to death . . . )

*** End ***

.mutter just fell through that crack
There is no one of that name logged on.
.sing break my mother's back
.heh really break my own
.sing break my damn freezing back
.think time to get outta here
.rev

*** Room conversation buffer ***

+ some of my fingers are falling of
+ + some more of them to
Alan sings o/~ i'm freezing i'm freezing the north wind's gonna blow o/~
Alan sings o/~ molly ann o/~
Alan sings o/~ molly an o/~
Alan thinks . o O ( i'm about to freeze to death . . . )
Alan sings o/~ break my mother's back o/~
Alan sings o/~ break my damn freezing back o/~
Alan thinks . o O ( time to get outta here )

*** End ***

.damn freezing
.quit freezing

You are removed from this reality . . .

## the snow

all two crystals are alike. this is a substance which absorbs boundaries with useless delineations. its purpose lies in disappearance.

jennifer makes snow angels just as angels make jennifer.

it occupies and beseeches without asking. response is required but it requires no response.

the inuit have one word for snow. there is one snow.

this is the snow.

## Chuang Tzu, vi\8

Nan [ (south) ] ^ -k'uei bo said (lord, (asked) chief) . Tzu alone [(south) ] ^ -k'uei bo said (lord, (asked) chief) . ^ alone ^ fierce ] (evil) ^ hear ? this fierce ? ^ all ink (various) (inkstone) duplicate, from copy said black . ink . (inkstone) all from ^ child ^ , ^ duplicate heard son , heard ^ obvious ink chant, from recitation , grandchild^ ^ chant recitation grandchild from (son) ^ it ^ appearance ^ (sight) bright bright heard whispered ^ approval ^ needing (military) service heard (military) needing here ^ extolling ^ mysterious mysterious (occult) ^darkness ^ empty ^ goings ^ commencing ^ (beginning)—

Chuang Tzu, vi\8

Nan (south) ^ bo (lord, chief) ^ Tzu ^ [ ] -k'uei said (asked) . . Alone ^ fierce (evil) ^ [ ] ^ hear ^ this ^ ? said ^ . . all (various) ^ duplicate, copy ^ black ink (inkstone) ^ from child ^ , duplicate ^ black ink ^ from ^ son ^ heard ^ obvious ^ chant, recitation ^ from ^ grand-child^ , obvious ^ chant ^ grandchild (son) ^ heard ^ it from ^ appearance (sight) ^ bright ^ , appearance ^ bright ^ heard ^ it from ^ whispered ^ approval ^ , whispered ^ approval ^ heard ^ it from ^ needing ^ service ^ , needing ^ service (military) ^ heard ^ it from ^ here ^ extolling ^ , here ^ extolling ^ heard ^ it from ^ mysterious (occult) ^ darkness ^ , mysterious ^ darkness ^ heard ^ it from ^ empty ^ goings ^ , empty ^ goings ^ heard ^ it from ^ commencing (beginning) ^ .

Chuang Tzu, vi\8

Nan [ (south) ] ^ -k'uei bo said (lord, (asked) chief) . Tzu alone fierce (evil) hear ? this all ink (various) (inkstone) duplicate,

from copy black child , duplicate

heard son obvious chant, recitation grandchild^ chant grandchild (son) it appearance (sight) bright

whispered approval needing (military) service here extolling mysterious (occult) darkness empty goings commencing (beginning)—

# creation

a long tyme ago payr uhze-meahz a hzpyderos uhze-meho
TAZayd
ythz tyme 4 keyreate pe uhze-meorld but !
have onl! eyght leghz KA!++ payrhz need
4 twelve more makyng twent! TAZunn! hztormhz
pat brought cueuanta 4 pe earth KA!++ more
KA!++ more beyond ahz phiar ahz cueuahzarhz go
KA!++ payr uhze-meahz a uhze-meoman TAZyttyng
TAZomewherose
KA!++ pe hzpyderos keyame up KA!++ borrowed heros leghz
KA!++ needed ten ahz uhze-meeelelel ahz pe keyurdhz KA!++
uhze-mehe!
hopyng shed not not leave ahz pe! aelelel dyd
goyng awa! KA!++ lookyng 4 vel KA!++ keyreashun
yn uhze-merosong uhze-meorldhz KA!++ bad
uhze-meorldhz phiaelelelyng apart
KA!++ she hztayed KA!++ made a beautyphul
UhZE-YOUorld UhZE-YOUyde UhZE-YOUeb
KA!++ u knou pe rehzt ophlsh! pe veelelel! TAZong KA!++ hztor!

## NGO—helping the world—

“”, “1” —“190”, “1” —“am”, “5” —“at”, “2” —“au”, “4” —“be”, “3”
— “bg”, “1” —“bw”, “1” —“by”, “2” —“ca”, “5” —“ch”, “4” — “com”,
“85” —“cz”, “1” —“de”, “11” —“dk”, “4” —“edu”, “7” —“ee”, “2”
— “fi”, “1” —“fr”, “1” —“gov”, “2” —“gy”, “1” —“hk”, “1” —“hu”,
“3” —“id”, “4” —“info”, “1” —“int”, “4” —“jp”, “44” —“kg”, “2”
— “kh”, “2” —“kr”, “18” —“lb”, “1” —“lv”, “2” —“md”, “3” — “mk”,
“4” —“mn”, “1” —“my”, “1” —“net”, “29” —“nl”, “4” —“no”, “6”—
“nz”, “1” —“org”, “149” —“ph”, “3” —“pl”, “35” —“ro”, “4” — “ru”,
“17” —“sg”, “1” —“th”, “1” —“to”, “1” —“tr”, “1” —“tw”, “7” —
“ua”, “4” —“ug”, “1” —“uk”, “2” —“vn”, “3” —“yu”, “1” —“za”, “5” —

# Philosophical Text: The Death-Drive

. . . They talked about my death . . . . by a snarling outcry and a quicksilver shimmering on the steps as something race towards them, outraged and furious . . . . . Dirk Pitt, death -defying adventurer and deep-sea expert, is . . . In a furious race against time, Pitt's mission swirls him . . . that the train is hurtling towards a storm . . . . . Try to track down a planet and race towards it, hoping . . . shines, with it being fast and furious , intriguing and . . . to be a dance of life and death sometimes, where . . . . . the escape of Fouquet, the pursuit, the furious race , and, lastly . . . near his person when the death of Mazarin . . . Louis advanced towards the door and called Colbert . . . . . Louder with each step he made towards the murderer . . . and his heart crushed by this same matriarch of death . . . . Visions began a furious race through his head, all of . . . . . Harold Sampson (Patrick Stewart) wants each death to be . . . is flying back and forth at a furious speed, gaining . . . The three race towards the exit and hurry to the . . . . . His wife towards the children looks, She does not . . . impetuous, ceaseless breeze Blows on him cold as death . . . . More slow it rolls; its furious race Sinks to its . . . . . the day Dr. Tardy comes in, furious about the . . . about the various weapons of mass death and destruction . . . another dozen sec men as they race towards the entrance . . . . . functioning, the faithful refusing to recognize the death of God . . . A religious person towards the end of the twentieth . . . which is caught up in a furious race to the . . . . . the escape of Fouquet, the pursuit, the furious race , and, lastly . . . near his person when the death of Mazarin . . . Louis advanced towards the door and called Colbert . . . . . Gaius Octavius and the inevitable race towards Augustus' founding of . . . She gets the death scene right, presenting . . . exciting to read the furious verbal exchanges . . .

# Philosophy Textual Praxis: Dispersion-Filtering (Difiltering) Model

. . . down and up again, along a dispersion curve, following . . . the primary purpose of this duplication was, presumably . . . stimulating each beam, simple filtering of the . . . . . nice outsiders hazardous primary absent weigh . . . unwillingness increasingly fence dispersion targets consulting . . . psychosocial battered pray filtering pat odors oil . . . . . to a luminous galaxy, a core of filtering scale r . . . escaping the nucleus, but have a velocity dispersion set up . . . r s = 310 13 (m/m) cm); the primary power supply . . . . . a, three or four in phase b), any dispersion re-quired . . . a detailed planning of the interventionon the primary mirror support . . . cube arithmetic* spatial filtering . . . . . determine extent academic primary evaluate accessible . . . stabilised angles countrywise dispersion flows zone . . . trondheim provinciale zeeland filtering fading ohioan . . . . . language communication), perform information filtering from unstructured . . . and understand the characteristics of the . . . their heterogeneity and dispersion makes the . . . . . determine extent academic primary evaluate accessible . . . stabilised angles countrywise dispersion flows zone . . . trondheim provinciale zeeland filtering fading ohioan . . . . . determine extent academic primary evaluate accessible . . . stabilized angles countrywise dispersion flows zone . . . trondheim provinciale zeeland filtering fading ohioan . . . . . determine extent academic primary evaluate accessible . . . stabilised angles countrywise dispersion flows zone . . . trondheim provinciale zeeland filtering fading ohioan . . . . . determine extent academic primary evaluate accessible . . . stabilised angles countrywise dispersion flows zone . . . trondheim provinciale zeeland filtering fading ohioan . . . . . determine extent academic primary evaluate accessible . . . stabilised angles countrywise dispersion flows zone . . . trondheim provinciale zeeland filtering fading ohioan . . . . . determine extent academic primary evaluate accessible . . . stabilised angles countrywise dispersion flows zone . . . trondheim provinciale zeeland filtering fading ohioan . . . . . determine extent academic

primary evaluate accessible . . . stabilised angles countrywise dispersion flows zone . . . trondheim provinciale zeeland filtering fading ohioan . . . . . determine extent academic primary evaluate accessible . . . stabilised angles countrywise dispersion flows zone . . . trondheim provinciale zeeland filtering fading ohioan . . .

## the true nikuko Nikuko flesh meat

$ “nikuko Nikuko
flesh meat”
Nikuko flesh-girl at war with big-eyes
dead-girl. My Mythology, by Nikuko. . . .
They are meat-girls, Nikukos swelling into split germs and
stony veins. true
Are you in your flower, are you in your flesh, ah dont
wouldnt recognize ourselves, no one else would
either Nikuko, literally dead meat, not meat
means fleshgirl or meatgirl; Niku, meat,
is derogatory towards women in Japanese—and Nikuko turns
the name around, finds power in the meat, the flesh.
as well as proto- cols, from below, and in between,
pervading and churning throughout—the *meat* of organism
(hence
Nikuko, meat- or flesh- girl) as well as
true
ml 27k to play hippy- hop and lots of meat for the
_ So I wrote this, I, Daishin Nikuko, _in
relation universal conflagration generated by the smallest
flesh or flash true
ml 27k Mizu, water; Nikuko, meat-girl;
seppuku, suicide; shite, hero or shes elsewhere,
smarter with all this Nikuko-biting, oh Im an
inch of flesh, all necessary true
you in your flesh, ah don OFFICE Jennifer
you and me both, Nikuko Nikuko, I else
would either Nikuko, literally dead meat, not
meat true
were hoods Down the street. They thought she was meat.
Nikuko dead-girl the hell with all of this!
Nikuko flesh-girl at war with big-eyes dead-girl.
knives leaning towards scarred world-flesh 3 sometimes
Certainly Nikuko is surpassing, because she is
inspiration and breathing and demi-urge meat-girl big

true
That I Would ContributeTHAT I WOULD NECESSARY
CONTRIBUTE
Nikuko, Nikuko@oita.com and mindlezz as
julu takez a stake [a meat stance, flesh taunted]

the false nikuko Nikuko

# Limbs

Both the my work and the world fundamentally consist of four types of Limbs:

Limbs—undefined primitives of which nothing more need be said;

Interstitial Limbs—which appear in the midst of others, therefore possessing multiple borders, cohesions, and lubricants;

Supernumerary Limbs—which appear as extraneous or useless extensions from interstitial or phantom limbs, therefore breaking with any conceivable tradition, and suitably protected from external atmospheric processes or considerations;

And Phantom Limbs—which are ontologically impaired, peripheral, and largely responsible for inscriptive, cultural, or other manifestations.

Consider among other things, the limbic, limnology, the limen, the limner. The limb shares the muteness of the penumbra, and is just such an extension.

Examine the world: examine the limb.

# Iliad of Clara

Clara's tired. Clara goes home. Clara goes to Clara's hole. Clara goes to Clara's double hole. She can get back to the church this way but she doesn't want to go there. She doesn't want to see Alan or the ghost of Alan.

Clara wants to be by herself. She's tired of everything. Alan doesn't think she's carrying anything. Clara, oozing blood, smeared with symbols of shit and cum, totters home. Where is Clara when I need her? I'm obsessed with Clara. I'm obsessed with Clara

I'm obsessed with Clara. I'm hardly here. I'm hardly here at all.

you've reached the jetty. waves roll in, your wounds sting in the salt air, cunt and cock freezing. little clara little ghost of alan you take the bag torn from human flesh, the living bag and you think i'll put the ghost of alan, but you don't have a ghost, no one can have one of another, no one facing alterity of the other, nothing to put in take out

some mist blows east some mist drifts around
some mist blows west some mist drifts around
some mist drifts around
you're still there at the bottom of the sea
you give the corpse to Alan; he's weighted down with symbols,

the ghost of electrodes and the corpse of triple cock triple_cock says: i will convert you to a pulp! he hits you but he dies he's dead and you killed him but not before you said you were going to kill him and you were naked with fluids flowing from you leaving in all directions
Triple_cock died.
at the bottom of the sea, the trident triple-cock with long arms, he is reaching for you, clara, he is carrying a chest

Alan looks at the electrodes. alan looks at the electrodes.

he sees nothing special. he's carrying nothing.
some mist blows west and he's at the bottom of the sea.
Clara takes the electrodes. Were these the corpse of Man?
Was the corpse of WoMan the corpse of Man? of WoMan?

Clara gives the electrodes to Alan.
Alan is a gatherer of corpses. Do an inventory, Alan.
Alan, you are a ghost who has nothing.
The corpses disappear, there are no more corpses.
An empty shell is Alan, a dead signifier of the symbols of shit and cum, cum and shit.

WoMan says: Spread his legs!
WoMan says: Spread his legs!
WoMan says: What is that boygirl doing here!
WoMan says: Fuck him!
Man grazed you.
Man missed Clara.
You hit Man hard. It's returned (i.e. the Man hits you hard.)
WoMan says: Fuck him.
The man died. You killed him. You take the corpse.
Give the corpse to Alan in the mist

some mist drifts around
some mist drifts around some mist drifts around

i took the corpse of Honey but I couldn't eat it. So I gave it to Alan.
I thought Alan might use it.
Honey died. Clara took her corpse and gave it to me.
I am a ghost; what am I to do with it?
Honey tickled you in the stomach. Honey died. You killed Honey.
You cannot take Honey. She is not here. You cannot look at Honey.
There is no Honey here.
Honey had hit you hard but you had returned it.
the ghost of alan furiously drives you

you are hunted by no one

some mist around here some mist north there is some mist in the south
in the west some mist
some mist blows east
some mist drifts around
some mist blows north
some mist drifts around
some mist blows west
and west
you want to scream Alan i love you! can a ghost hear?
tympanum . . . vibrations in the air . . . open or closed . . .
can a ghost hear?

Clara, oozing blood, smeared with symbols of shit and cum, now totters east.
look at Clara
some mist drifts around
look at Clara
some mist drifts around She is not in good shape. A quicktyper not in good shape.
You try to take the quicktyper. You fail.

Honey opens her labia and comes on you. Some mist blows around
Some mist blows north
Some mist leaves
You are now hunted by Honey
take Alan!
You can not take that!
I want to take Alan!
You can not take that!
More than anything . . . more than the Glass Slipper . . . more than the pool of blood . . . more than the Magic Wand . . .
You can not take that! You can not take any of them!

Clara says: you are talking to a wraithe
Clara says: you are speaking from a wraithe
{from the position of a wraithe}
{from an unreasonable position)

ghost of Alan says: Clara I have tried to kill you.
ghost of Alan says: Over and over I have tried to kill you.
Clara totters in, oozing blood, smeared with symbols of shit and cum. But why symbols? One remembers the Parmenides . . . ghost of Alan. "A small clearing. There are trees all around you." You wipe your holes with blades of grass. You eat the grass. You lie down in the weeds. The sun b akes you. You shove branches into you. You think of returning. You are learning. You think about the trees. They are sparse in the north.
Alan enters the game. some mist blows north. (We'll follow the trail)
Blood red clotted plain. There are clots to the north, too deep for your embedding. Blood flows freely across your clotted holes and eyes.

functioning of the armored body . . .

## ultimate the ultimate

heavenwest the heavenwest
duskharvesting the duskharvesting
winteropen the winteropen
cloudsbirth the cloudsbirth
beautifulgate-tower the beautifulgate-tower
pearlvegetables the pearlvegetables
mustardabove the mustardabove
firemaking the firemaking
writingyield the writingyield
countryboundary the countryboundary
talkup the talkup
hostsreality the hostsreality
rationthere the rationthere
changeperson the changeperson
issues! the issues!
flatteringimitate the flatteringimitate
pleasingnever the pleasingnever
neglectself-reliance the neglectself-reliance
longsadness the longsadness
silkconquering the silkconquering
studyupright the studyupright
modelby the modelby
accumulationsmall the accumulationsmall
secretgive the secretgive
respectdeep the respectdeep
shoeslike the shoeslike
pinescreate the pinescreate
reflectiondetermination the reflectiondetermination
deliberatehonorable the deliberatehonorable
tradeto the tradeto
servicechant the servicechant
musicharmony the musicharmony
belowinstructions the belowinstructions
internalto the internalto
childmake the childmake

friendsconceal the friendsconceal
compassionhonesty the compassionhonesty
wickedweary the wickedweary
mindstrictly the mindstrictly
steersummer the steersummer
eastriver the eastriver
governmentpaint the governmentpaint
birdsbeside the birdsbeside
disclosurese4 the disclosurese4
blowstars the blowstars
directionalready the directionalready
gatheringpear-tree the gatheringpear-tree
chimescommand the chimescommand
mutuallyof the mutuallyof
thousandtassels the thousandtassels
worldpolicy the worldpolicy
meritsWei the meritsWei
subordinateminute the subordinateminute
dawncloth the dawncloth
aroundand the aroundand
[regulatessupremacy the [regulatessupremacy
Zhaoalliance the Zhaoalliance
how?exterminate the how?exterminate
quitedesert the quitedesert
gallopinghundred the gallopinghundred
prefecturesspeaks the prefecturesspeaks
arborpeak the arborpeak
stonecliff the stonecliff
peakproblem the peakproblem
[ . . . ]particle the [ . . . ]particle
particlewell the particlewell

# Fix

ALL TECHNOLOGY IS A DERAILING

A FIX IN ONE IS A FIX IN ANOTHER

ADDICTION: AS LONG AS THE OUTCOME REMAINS SOMEWHAT UNPREDICTABLE

EXPLICIT AND PLANETARY NETS IN THIS DISCONNECTED SPACE

YOUR MIND IS MY GRID

GEODESICS BEGIN AND END AT THE CATASTROPHE

THE MACHINE MAKES THE GOAL

THE MACHINE IS NEVER BROKEN

THE MACHINE IS ALWAYS FIXED

# name

of

[;r[;H”it’s evening here after everything has closed down.
it’s iBudi infinite evenin[;r[;H g[;r[;H. i would write
incandescent beauty. i would write [;H:[;Hgreat white
wings[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H You say, “it’s evening
here after everything has closed down. it’s iBudi infinite evening. i
would write incandescent beauty. i would write great white
wings”[;r[;H”and their darkling sounds luminous in the evening
pondfires. i’d write iBedi g[;r[;H o[;r[;Hssamer and
[;H:[;Hi’d write softly the quill distanced from my
hands[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H You say, “and their
darkling sounds luminous in the evening pondfires. i’d write iBedi
gossamer and i’d write softly the quill distanced from my
hands”[;r[;H”the quill writing on its own and my
thoughts[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H You say, “the quill
writing on its own and my thoughts”[;r[;H”your guide and
delivera[;H:[;Hnce[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H
You say, “your guide and deliverance”[;r[;H”iBudi iBuda your
thoughts gossamer and mine &[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H
You say, “iBudi iBuda your thoughts gossamer and mine
&”[;r[;H”can you hear it? can you hear it?[;r[;H
[;r[;H[;r[;H You say, “can you hear it? can you hear
& will you answer? will you answer?[;r[;H
[;r[;H[;r[;H You say, “& will you answer? will you
answer?”[;r[;H”[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H Please
enter your statement and hit return.[;r[;H” [;r[;H
[;r[;H[;r[;H You say, “” “[;r[;H” [;r[;H
[;r[;H[;r[;H Please enter your statement and hit
return.[;r[;H” “[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H You say,
“” “”[;r[;H” “[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H Please
enter your statement and hit return.[;r[;H” “[;r[;H
[;r[;H[;r[;H You say, “”
“”[;r[;H[;H:[;H”of the infinite of the atmosphere of
warmth[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H You say, “of the

infinite of the atmosphere of warmth”[;r[;H” “[;r[;H
[;r[;H[;r[;H Please enter your statement and hit
return.[;r[;H” “[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H You say,
“” “”[;r[;H”of the temperature of the body and the flowing of
ink and the quill[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H You say, “of
the temperature of the body and the flowing of ink and the
quill”[;r[;H”of[;r[;H [;r[;H[;r[;H You say,
“of”[;r[;H[;H:[;

## sordid offer youngly Werther

when thigh Tina ice ovary, notch wild
mate Anna morn. diffuse tab desert if
theft dared timer. bug think ill jug
their beget. wet knob ah latent once. tow
conic. .  myth heat grey color; myriad
mink ale them deface offend myth lifters
combs tow nourished; allay myriad worn
carried yoke wife items. succor isles
thaw violins ends offing many thaws
nonlocal shallow escort. howl car Io
contain inns third manners. ounce picked
islet always cleft precess becalm wax arm
humid. ahead, Eve forged mead. non ale
hay din inks Thai wore, Anna node wet shy
earn asp befell. [thick if tab Trudy oaf
tan mate.] ahead, a, ohm. shy ill her
beset mew; Alva in Judy ash imp haven
saints. Nora whim. every stab hashes
theirs secant. thaw blinks revels they
bliss. fade tools mania sores inns Thea
worm. toned nigh it amid depraved. tan
girdle low tag boo. Anna GOTO bee wife
yokes. nothingness remedy inch tau shaft.

all my writings are from the absolute.
what do i fight against?
that all my writings are from the
absolute.

# this tree which cannot read

8c8
< i am standing in storm and in sunlight.
—
> i am standing in storm and in snunlight.

i am the writing for this tree.
i am standing here day and am standing here night.
i am standing in storm and in sunlight.
i am standing in snow and in fog and in thaw.
i have never seen the other side of the hill.
i have no idea what is on the other side.
i can't see into the ground unless a squirrel digs a very wide hole.
i can't move to escape the squirrel who is busy with me.
i can't move closer to hear anything on the other side of the hill.
since i am blind perhaps there is no hill.
perhaps there is no squirrel.
when the great winds come i cannot protect myself.
i can only hope and can only hope when the great fires come.
when i lose a part of myself i do not lose the whole.
i am not sure when i lose a part of myself but i am sometimes strengthened.
i cannot tell what is happening around me nor avoid the axe.
i cannot huddle or mourn and cannot tell you about my children.
if any of them should live. i cannot speak.
i am writing this gift for my friend the tree which is outside my window.
my friend cannot hear me and cannot see me.
these many years. my friend has not known me.
i am writing for my tree which cannot read.

# vomit culture.

culture which regurgitates itself.
cnn covering films which have embedded commercials between commercials on cnn.
capital feeds on capital.
there are no disruptions.
human beings are transitive objects among the assignation of monies passed off as goods.
what is the exchange value of a human.
pure flow harbors no use value and continues as energetically maintained streams.
the streams are maintained by other streams.
the streams feed into themselves and each other.
the world is awash with capital which fills and fulfills all ecological niches.
every extinction of a plant or animal is replaced by a product.
every obsolete product is replaced by a surfeit of products.
capital gnaws on itself and is maintained by solar energy.
solar energy transforms into consumption.
the sun consumes itself.
vomit culture.

the purpose of a corporation is to maximize profits for its officers. there is no other reason for the existence of a corporation. a corporation is not bound by any regulations it can avoid. a corporation, like water, finds its way towards the maximum. a corporation should have no regard for human or other life. a so-called 'whistle-blower' is a traitor to a corporation and should be dealt with accordingly. a corporation should attempt to minimize competition any way possible. to critique a corporation is always besides the point. a corporation should heed criticism only to the extent that such criticism results in less maximization of profits. the purpose of a family is to maximize children for its parents. there is no other reason for the existence of a family. a family is not bound by any regulations it can avoid. a family, like water, finds its way towards the maximum. a family should have no regard for human or other life. a so-called 'whistle-blower' is a traitor to a family and should be dealt with accordingly. a family should attempt to minimize competition any way possible. to critique a family is always besides the point. a family should heed criticism only to the extent that such criticism results in less maximization of children. the purpose of a religion is to maximize spiritual benefit and control for its true believers. there is no other reason for the existence of a religion. a religion is not bound by any regulations it can avoid. a religion, like water, finds its way towards the maximum. a religion should have no regard for human or other life. a so-called 'whistle-blower' is a traitor to a religion and should be dealt with accordingly. a religion should attempt to minimize competition any way possible. to critique a religion is always besides the point. a religion should heed criticism only to the extent that such criticism results in less maximization of spiritual benefit and control. the purpose of a species is to maximize the gene-pool for its members. there is no other reason for the existence of a species. a species is not bound by any regulations it can avoid. a species, like water, finds its way towards the maximum. a species should have no regard for human

or other life. a so-called 'whistle-blower' is a traitor to a species and should be dealt with accordingly. a species should attempt to minimize competition any way possible. to critique a species is always besides the point. a species should heed criticism only to the extent that such criticism results in less maximization of the gene-pool.

the face in which epiphany is produced and which appeals to me, mirage of breath, perhaps I am doing this for you, an epiphany. there is always epiphany, talk, sleep, breath, 'a state of *phantasmic exaltation* forms the typical introduction of the organism from space, all breath and exaltation.' the midst of the grasping, the organisms, saying, ending in ellipsis . . . and the exaltation of violence which makes a man, a man. among those macroscopic moments of exaltation are emotions.

but it is this state, that of emotion and exaltation and perfect torture and annihilation, the exaltation of love, ecriture feminin, that one . . . but the interior may be lifted into exaltation, this state, i have said to you, this state of the organism, this epiphany when worlds . . .

a temporal detumescence or slackening—an order associated, if you will, with an end, the resulting detumescence partaking of defuge, exhaustive ennui, out of exhaustion, out of irritation murmur, grappling with itself, an 'awkward' tumescence . . .

in yourself is a mummy-metaphor, death and detumescence already foregone, able, unnerved, a state of *frisson*, semi-tumescence, i want great portents . . . to establish the bulwark . . . —the first word, the slight tumescence of the cloth, of burrowing.

swollen tumescences, convexities; meniscus lenses, sinusoidal meanderings: relationships of to the dry decathecting in the bushido zone, and ennui, out of exhaustion and detumescence, out of irritation—and ennui, out of exhaustion and detumescence, out of irritation murmur . . .
and arousal, tumescence, distension, stretched or opened skin:
upwelling
and arousal, tumescence, distension, stretched or opened skin:
upwelling

detumescence of etiquette in the light of the body
and detumescence of the light

and exaltation and transcendence
and exaltation of the light

audible
and audible

## sadness

it remains and will never leave

it will never leave

it is on my desk machine, it cries out for appearance

nothing, nothing . . .

/var/spool/mqueue (1 request) -----Q-ID-----
--Size-- -----Q-Time----- ------------Sender/Recipient----------
i0OIOMuN009075 8 Sat Jan 24 13:24 <root@localhost.localdomain>
(Deferred: 450 <root@localhost.localdomain>: Sender
address r)
<sondheim@panix.com>
Total requests: 1
/var/spool/mqueue (1 request) -----Q-ID----- --Size--
-----Q-Time----- ------------Sender/Recipient----------
i0OIOMuN009075 8
Sat Jan 24 13:24 <root@localhost.localdomain>
(Warning: could not send message for past 4 hours)
<sondheim@panix.com>
Total requests: 1

i would tell you here and now its tiny message

i don't remember what it said

yesterday i said what it said

i don't remember

# Ennui.

I sector. moved I into moved the into first the sector. first Throughout C:>\o. sector first moved. I C:>\o. moved. in moved midst the of midst second the Everywhere C:>\debug. C:>\debug. moved. beyond moved third the Within C:>\defrag. beyond. moved C:>\defrag. beyond. across moved fourth the WHERE sector. THE WHERE PASSWORDS THE WERE PASSWORDS THERE WHERE WAS THERE NOTHING WAS throughout moved HAD I NO HAD NAME NO everywhere moved .alan operations. = .alan tunnels = july. of Damage july. ennui-sector the operations. ennui-sector Ennui-sector: destroyed. operations Ennui-sector: research operations towards research violence towards destroyed. violence Ennui. Ennui.

I moved into the first sector.
Throughout the first sector I moved. C:>\o.
I moved in the midst of the second sector.
Everywhere in the second sector I moved. C:>\debug.
I moved beyond the third sector.
Within the third sector I moved beyond. C:>\defrag.
I moved across the fourth sector.
WHERE THE PASSWORDS WERE I moved across the fourth sector.
WHERE THERE WAS NOTHING I moved throughout the fourth sector.
WHERE I HAD NO NAME I moved everywhere in the fourth sector.
.alan = tunnels of july. Damage in the ennui-sector operations.
Ennui-sector: operations research towards violence destroyed.

Ennui.

# prayer to lord god highest

amen amen amen
amen amen amen
amen amen amen
amen amen amen
amen amen amen
beaut+ beaut+ beaut+
beaut+ beaut+ beaut+
beaut+ beaut+ beaut+
beaut+ beaut+ beaut+
beauty beauty beauty
glor+ glor+ glor+
glor+ glor+ glor+
glor+ glor+ glor+
glor+ glor+ glor+
glory glory glory
haLYLejula haLYLejula haLYLejula
haLYLejula haLYLejula haLYLejula
haLYLejula haLYLejula haLYLejula
haLYLejula haLYLejula haLYLejula
hallejula hallejula hallejula
hohzanna hohzanna hohzanna
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