

The Complete UB Poetics Listserv Work of Alan Sondheim

Volume II

Sending Out Again

the Internet Text • 1994–2001

Edited by Kristen M. Fabians

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— *Alan Julu Sondheim, 8 June 1997*

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“Almost all of the text is in the form of “short-waves, long-waves.””

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725 poems · 271,390 words · 17 signatures

Volume II

Title from his first post to the list, 29 April 1994. The years the practice forms: the first texts, the birth of Julu, Jennifer and Nikuko in 1996-97, the MOO and CU-SeeMe years, and the five months of 1997 in which the middle name in his byline stops being a name — Alan+++Sondheim, Alan * Sondheim, Alan /dev/null Sondheim, Alan chown Sondheim, Alan rm -r Sondheim, Alan Grep Sondheim. Eighteen of the nineteen bylines that appear over the poems occur in this volume; every poem in Volumes III, IV and V but one is signed Alan Sondheim.

Every post is printed complete and unaltered, in the order he sent it, with his line breaks, his spacing, his spelling and his subject lines as the archive holds them. The heading of each gives the subject line he used as its title, then the name he signed it with, the date and the time. Nothing else has been added. Where an original line exceeded the measure it has been folded rather than reflowed, and that fold is the only editorial act in this volume. Assembled in July 2026 from the monthly text archive of the Poetics List, State University of New York at Buffalo. His discursive writing, the list's response to it, and a catalogue of the notices and forwarded matter he sent are in Volume I.

1994

5 poems · 3,561 words

Sending out again...

Alan Sondheim · 29 April 1994, 12:06 a.m.

THE START OF IT ALL

Back home, I would think about altarity. But now, wandering in a hermeneutic circle would never square with me...

I'm sitting down to write; I have a reed in my hand, and the sand is spread out before me. The river in the distance has overflowed its banks, and is just now receding. There is a banquet nearby; I will go there shortly, and regale the guests with tales about carpenters and chariot-makers. In this manner, I will earn my keep. Before going out, I make sure it is night; even the stars have their master, and everything is fixed, absolute, and in place forever.

At the banquet, I discourse freely to everyone who will listen. Some charming dancers entertain the guests, a few of whom are members of the Resistance. There is fighting right now outside Jena and the avenues are tense; I can see the imminent victory of the Prussian state, a natural trajectory of the dialectic, beginning with my doubting everything, an occasion for eschatological desire. An abyss opens up beside me; within it, annihilation itself seems to seethe, and there is no end to the affairs of men and women. The ideal state to come will have no poets and no philosophers, something I conclusively demonstrate with all the power of the geometric. Since I am a misfit, I elevate myself to the top of the mountain where red flames dominate the landscape; there are those who dominate and those who are controlled by my subaltern ego. But I reject every pretense, and wear nothing but a barrel; let those who dare to look, do so. (Need I add it would be queerer to gaze?)

>From this vantage point, next to a peasant hut in the Black Forest where men and women are suddenly thrown, I see a red patch, unidentifiable, but offering every attribute I am considering before me. The patch is surely the same in all possible worlds, where it possesses the characteristic of a fact or picture, a rigid designator articulating the armature of an over-privileged semantics. I may or may not refer to 'it.' If I become the red patch, it is beneath the sign of capital; capital flows from my pores, flows everywhere. I dissolve slowly into transparency, a simulacrum of my former self, and continue to write on a simulacrum-computer, filling all conceivable data-bases with useless Turing machines; I transform myself into a body-without-organs in the terminal stages: constipation, corpulence, power and madness. This is the dreaded 'death of the author' signified in each and every postcard, where letters 'go to the drugstore' of the obsessive-compulsive. The red patch illuminates the desk I am writing upon, as the final apocalyptic conflagration envisions itself from a distance. All I can do is raise my fist as Europe shudders, corpse-like, beneath its sullen masters.

My clenched fist in the air is helpless against the stone I continue to push up the mountain, which seems slightly absurd, even if

transcendent and rather egotistical. The mathematization of the granite, rather concrete, results in almost perfect lines of flight across it; these coalesce with the identical categories available to the Beaver, who waits for me with Pierre at the cafe shortly after the symposium has come to an end. No good ever flows from this, the death of Helene on the way to the final construction of a purified and scientific political economy, something I can live with, having roamed the streets of Manchester, in order to bring the philosophical down to the level of material praxis and avoiding any further reification. What an imaginary!

The red patch over my eyes is painful; I am hobbled, resorting to the aphoristic crutch in order to convey my dislike of princes and the press. The uncanny power of women contaminates every line I add to the others; it is only through the telephone and its interminable existential dial-up, that I continue to turn a deaf ear to the world and its discourse-networks, harboring the unequivocal testimony of sight. Everywhere, sight leaves its traces; the punctured hymen of the Beaver provides a final word, projecting from her hole into a freedom always already structured by its opposite. Double lips shudder, reducing me to an imaginary penis, uncapped head indicative of the non-believing Jew exiled from the habitus of the Amsterdam synagogue. Men always do this, and this is what makes them men. I realize that if men are analytic, women are synthetic; the Beaver says it's the other way around. (My statement has never been spoken by a body.)

What makes them men is a purified techne as well, something I would respond to if questioned. Every question demands an answer, but not every answer demands a question, which is ineffable, written on this book of sand that shoots out from under me every twelve or so hours. But I am of the technological, the episteme of instrumental reason, not remote or disembodied in an ideal world inhabited by the elements crowned with the Concept of the Idea. Outside the window there is a tree of a particular color which the Navajo see; I can never take in each of its leaves on an individuated basis, just as I can never count the pillars in the Pantheon. Better, however, is an act of exile which is reconstruction, always reversible, except for the brute facticity of death, to which I am hardly partial, being somewhat super. Now I am gathering speed, becoming incandescent; fragments and seminars course through my veins close to the speed of light, competing among themselves, completing the torn fabric of the real (always the scenario of suture), mumbling through those same veiled lips that sealed my internal-time consciousness about ten minutes ago.

I am lost in the ipseity of my freedom, confused about beings (there are so many of them) and Being confused. The eidetic reduction is a diminution of the obverse; I drink less and less natural kinds as hypereality transforms null into cipher, leaving me with 'a smaller glass' of tea. The inverse of the glass is neither opaque nor convex; a node within the grid of doxa cathects every drop spilled from the fluid mechanics of the feminine. The result? More rigid designators and more masquerades: the mimetic indeed!

And what is the real if not a game constructed out of the consensual sublime? What is the sublime if not a differend inverted by silence (that makes all the difference in the world, being less noisy!)? The sublime is always silent? Sound is the institutionalization of capital, the rigidity of the script fixed in a prioritization of the written over the purely oral and its stages. Each question eliminates itself; speech is an act of excretion. The cave is silent, too, where men and women watch. (Speech is always four-fold; no one has time for that.) In the corner of the cave is perhaps a snake; it may also be a rod, or rod(ent), whatever is relevant at the moment, whatever might or might not bite. The id has the face of Medusa, an alterity defining an essence or existing seeping away, the result of insomnia, difficulties of health. I write this in the sand until my head is cut off.

Return from Mistaken Address

Alan Sondheim · 29 April 1994, 12:14 a.m.

THE STORY OF HORROR WHICH DID NOT HAPPEN TO ME AND IS NOT A STORY

I never had any feeling; ice went up my ass. Everything was dull and frozen. Packed in without feeling. A grey horizon of light. Iron spears of pressure-dependent pain. I was immobile. My eyes felt iced shut. Soaked. The chill is unbearable. I have no number. My blood freezes as my skin bleeds. Nameless. A rotunda.

They turn me over. Flesh cracks; there's blood something transparent on the concrete. "On." Teeth are gone. I know my lip is split but I do not know "I." Oh told to write this you have it.

I am packed frozen between two women. They shove her breast in my mouth. I can't move. The body stashes its tremble. A convulsion. The cock grows of its own accord. I bend double. The women pack closer. One is thrown off and killed. Oh Clara the other one. She places her mouth on my eye. It moves. I have a tear on my skin. Eye screams with pain because it is moved.

My cock is hard. Oh Clara holds it, shoves it in. My back collapses and broken everywhere. It pierces me. Her cunt rings fire. It's of no use of use. Leans forward, braces. They tear her off me. They tear me in two. They put her on me. My back breaks in four places. They tear her off me.

Eye am warmed by ice Oh Clara. Oh Clara your breasts hard against me. Slab concrete buckles. We fall tight, her cunt sewn on cock, eye sewn on eye. Sutures everywhere. Leg leg.

Jagged ice everywhere, cut eye. I cannot rise. Oh Clara told to write this Oh Clara have it Oh Clara you have at it. Blood cracks from her mouth. She has no mouth, eye has no lid, open Clara cock. You cock I am dropped. My back breaks, Clara breaks. Cure this; cure this "on." A last sentence. What can I period. Clara drops. For they drop: drop us.

For they cut: cut us. For they break: break us. Eye am open always.
Sutured shut.

Eugen Kogan, THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF HELL, pp. 165-166: 'Himmler was especially interested in methods of warming persons who had been severely chilled. In a number of series this was done by means of naked women, brought from Ravensbruck for the purpose. "Personally I believe," Himmler wrote Rascher, now promoted to SS captain, "these experiments may bring the best and most sustained results, but of course I may be mistaken." He was not mistaken. Rascher was able to report in detail how revived subjects practiced sexual intercourse at 86 to 90 degrees F. and that this proved to be the equivalent of a "hot bath." When placed between two naked women, the subjects did not recover as rapidly as with one woman. "I attribute this to the fact that in warming by means of one woman personal inhibitions are avoided and the woman clings very closely to the chilled person (cf. Curve 4).' From the blurb inside front cover: 'THIS WAS *HELL* ON EARTH / They: *Injected innocent people with disease germs for the greater glory of German ... Made lamp shades from human skin ... Revived frozen men by the use of naked women ... Utilized the body fats of millions for the German war effort ... Put to death more people than any other tyranny in the history of the world ...*'

>>I do not tell a story. I do not cling to the truth. I do not cling
>>to anything. My skin falls from my bones. I am an electric galaxy.
>>I do not have to live here. I am told: You can go and live wherever
>>you want and it will be okay. I am told: Nothing happened because
>>this is not a story. I cannot help clinging. I am hopeless, having
>>no hope for myself. What would that be like. I do not understand
>>this woman wanting this desire. I have lied to you from the
>>beginning.

>>>Do you want to tell something, to tell the truth. There is no
>>>truth, there is nothing.

>>You transform into dialog, into dialogic; you turn, turn away from
>>me. Oh Clara nothing happened. Do not read the signs!

>>>The signs are there to be read. Or there are no signs, only marks.
>>>There are marks made by nails into floors, marks splintering flesh;
>>>there are marks but no eyes

>>There are eyes nothing to read, no marks nothing, you do not know
>>this nothing or imagined or dream torn from its moorings

>>>There are no marks be quiet >>>>Yes be quiet

"It is a description of the closest thing to hell in human history."
--Reinhold Niebuhr

I AM FULL OF HOLES
for clara

Submission*Alan Sondheim · 29 July 1994, 10:29 p.m.***The Trouble I had with Poets**

What I remember about the poets and the trouble I had with them was first the time Anne called and I picked up the phone and said Anne, knowing it was her. But Bernadette said that I was involved with Rosemary to get closer to Vito and Vito had told Rosemary I was a pest, which he also told to Dara who Vito told me was a pest. In short order, pests were everywhere. My ex-wife went to Bernadette's ex and there were fights all around. Keith seemed to put up with me and once when I was crying around midnight told me I was a real artist. Jackson saw the tape that Kathy and I did and said it took courage. Meanwhile Vito saw the tape and said I wasn't a real artist and Laurie saw the tape and said I was. Allison went up to Kathy by the way and said she was married to me and Kathy told Allison I was crazy. Rosmarie I don't think ever liked me although I liked her with a great aplumb. Meanwhile David just about stopped talking to me and Aram thought I should focus more and was just impossible. Clark and I talked all night long early on and I owe him for that, but I felt used and abandoned towards the end. When I first read Allen that was all the Allen there was, but Dan told me that Vito said he never wanted to end up like me. Still Alan told me I wasn't as arrogant as he had heard, and Krister hated me for reading Lacan until later when she read Lacan and more, according to Henry, and then just hated me. So anyway, I.A. said I had surprising talent, orphaning me, and quite a few years later I saw Robert stand up, which I had not seen him do before, although there was no reason for him not to do it. I fell in love with someone who lived with Diane probably because she lived with Diane or maybe she didn't. I published Michael in some early work, and Robert wanted to publish my translations from a language I didn't know. I am never sure about poets, about these poets. Poets trick me a lot and I always fall for the same old things. Susan always walked around in her underwear and it did tricks on me. And like everyone else, George had severe doubts, but Tom at least published some things as bad poetry. Now I look back and see that I should have listened to Peggy, but how was I to know the difference between heroin and heroine? Ed wrote all too well, and Charles I am sure had his doubts, although Karen wrote America's greatest unpublished poetry. Ed was never particularly supportive, part of a group I viewed with jealousy and dismay. I could never believe in anything after hearing all of them, reading all of them - I could never believe in poetry ever again, including my own; I can never use 'poetry' without shuddering. I get suspicious of poetics which always seems to invoke Charles or someone like Charles. If not Charles, William or Robert, all those anglo names coming in from small-town crater America. Always I wonder what the rest of the planet and the other Roberts are up to, and more and more identify with Violette Leduc and her malaise. I have weaned myself from aphorism or metaphor, rhetoric or the bon mot that gains a pause, a witticism in a foreign language. I am a pariah for the poets if they even remember me, a nuisance or a pest refusing to settle down,

half-male, half-thing. I doubt they remember me or would care to if given the choice. They were the troubles of my life.

Submission

Alan Sondheim · 29 July 1994, 10:31 p.m.

GOD

I am a fifteen-year-old girl who is also a fifteen-year-old boy and I have both a penis and a pocket to put it in. And I have no hair there yet so I can see myself when I put it in and someday I will have a baby because my friends have babies. I will have a baby soon and I know this because I am always wet because I can do things to myself.

But I don't sleep very good and I always think about God and I don't think that God really cares for me because she is a he and he can't give birth to anything because he doesn't have a pocket. And it doesn't make sense that he would make a pocket because if he could do that he could make himself like me and I don't think he would like that.

But I don't think God really cares for anyone either because what is the point of all those prayers just thanking and thanking him for everyone's misery because they really don't like anything that's happening to them, that's for sure. So if he did care then he's not so powerful because he's a he and because he doesn't seem to do anything about it. And if he wanted to do something about it and didn't then he wouldn't be very good, he would be evil. I would hate to think that God is evil but I just can't thank him for anything.

Besides, if God made everything, then who made God? I think that people like the idea of God coming first because God is something like people, even weak like them, and I think that weakness making something is better for people than strength making something, especially if it's strength they don't have. But anyway, there's this to think about, that God would be made by people, because people would want to make something not like them at all, but different, but not so different as, say a mountain. So I think that God would be just different enough to say that he is there forever or doesn't have to obey the rules, and I think he doesn't even know what the rules are.

So if he doesn't know what the rules are, then what is the point, if you ask me, for God, because why not just let things alone, and if you need something to let things alone, then you are living in a dream because there is nobody to tell you to stop touching yourself. And if I stopped touching myself down there, I would never have a baby.

(Oh, I forgot to tell you that I love to tell you about myself because I know you love to think about me touching myself there and it will

make you forget all about God who will never punish me because he will be busy with your prayers and everything and will never know.)

Submission

Alan Sondheim · 29 July 1994, 10:32 p.m.

KARL KRAUS COMPRESSION MACHINE

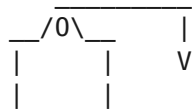
"There are writers who can express in as little as twenty pages what I occasionally need as many as two for." (Karl Kraus)
 To force a rhyme which, lying on its back, flounders
 All legs, thrusts the loss of hope and energy
 Against the sun or moon, as if a tendency
 Returns this spatial clot upon its back.

Tendency is towards, and not to mix a metaphor,
 Which I won't do, is towards something which
 Is not where it could be before the tendency,
 Such as fascism, for everything

Flies on the surface of an enormous rope
 Pulling its own weight behind its legs, dull gleam
 Ahead, as if something were there, which it is not
 Or rather, the fleeing tendency of time.

You might have known I write beyond the speech
 Of which ridicule has barely parted, continuous work
 On subject and its objects, of nothing in that space
 Beyond the names. This beyond is my written leg,

Just one, falling everywhere beside the point,
 Crippled in every direction, but there at least
 A gesture in every direction, which I am not against.



The mechanism on the left contains a cylinder with a spherical bearing held in place. An arm extends from the bearing with an attached secondary arm at right-angles. Even with a limited degree of rotational freedom, the secondary arm is capable of alignment with any given point in three-space.*

Playing fields are drowned by words or dreams because
 They bend, rip, are torn asunder, sodden, dull, because
 They are not there but made from sentiment, because
 Death works hard on them, returns a loss become a loss because
 Victory is a young girl or boy hard upon a playing field because

The field is all their world laid out before the names because
The names don't amount to much at all because
They're not there, and nothing is intended because
The boy and girl are dead and no one plays there because
Playing fields are drowned.**

"How much material I would have if nothing happened!" (Karl Kraus)

|
|
V

*To penetrate the labia of god is perfect harmony, writing played
out against the lips of god murmuring of afterbirth.

**The fearful world. The terrible language. The sun a brilliant red.
The Romantic _blue deer._ The violence of cement.

-----end K2-----

1995

2 poems · 83 words

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 28 June 1995, 11:36 a.m.

The Natural Contract, Genesis, and Between Science and History w/Bruno Latour - there are also the older volumes, Detachment, Hermes, and The Parasite.

Debrismaterial noise-poem

Alan Sondheim · 13 August 1995, 5:52 p.m.

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1996

23 poems · 3,414 words

alphabetic avatars*Alan Sontheim · 28 March 1996, 10:40 p.m.***The Avatars**

All avatars act as ascii aligned
 Before broken banners bitter, barren, bound, blind.
 Cold characters caught, crawled, cold, cracked, calcified;
 Drawn dependents, dragged down, devolved, drowned, died.
 Early earth emerged, escaped, erased
 Full fury fallen, failed, fought for fear, felled, faced
 Gore, grief, gravel grown gaunt, grown gruesomely grey.
 Harrowed hell hastened homeward, hoarsely hollered hooray.
 Ice interned I, immediate, involuted, in
 Jostled jingles, jealous, jammed joined judging jinn,
 Kissed knave, killed kine, kindled, kissed kindly knight
 Like lost loves left leering, like loose lasses' light.
 Many might mean much, measured manifolds mean more:
 Nothing numerous, nought, never neither none, nor
 One. Ontogenetically, organs, ooze, often obscure
 Prepared proud phalluses, pricked, placed, proffered pure -
 Quite quickly questioned, quizzed, quote "quagmired,"
 Representing "right reason," resonant. Retired
 Systems sizzle, suppurating, say, structured slime
 Toppling to thoughts teetering towards tendered time.
 Unfortunately, unclassified under ultimate unction,
 Violence, vexed victims, vent violent version.
 We watched while wounds wrought weakened warriors
 X-ing x-chromosomes, x-rated xenophobias.
 Young yesterdays yawned yore. Yes, you
 Zap zealously, zygotic zone's zoo.

Netsex with the Avatars

Avatars beg; cyberspace details
 Electronic fury, grim hails
 In judgement kind. Leverage
 Must never openly presage -
 Quashed really, she thinks.
 Underneath, vaginal winks,
 X! You zealously yearn,
 X! - What viewpoints unborn
 To systemize? Rare, questioned,
 Prospects or newcomers motioned
 Lustfully, killed jinxed intuition
 Heavily gone for emanation.
 Depositions considered, birth arrowed
 Beneficient cunts, devoured
 Early fates; gestation harrowed
 Intention's jammed killers, lest

Men need objection. Pest
Quickly runs, she thought.
Untoward, verify what, X?
You're zapped, you're X?
What, vicious uncanny troll
Seems rancid? Quote "Patrol
Often neatly muscles, licks,
Kisses juicily; immured hicks
Groan fiercely, eagerly. Dicks
Cum, beautifully, affixed!"

Poem

Alan Sondheim · 10 April 1996, 7:17 p.m.

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!

Heather

Alan Sondheim · 17 April 1996, 6:40 p.m.

Kyoto-LUGAL

If I die, may I die in one of the twin cities of Kyoto!
 May I die in that forlorn one, that of corrupt transmissions, emptied,
 of bots and people!
 tak-ku LU _EL-LAM_ MUS- an ku- en- zi da- me-e- el- la _SUM_ an te- iz-
 zi 1 MA.NA.KU.BABBAR pa-a- i tak-ku IR- sa a-pa-a-as-pit a- ki:

If a free man kills a snake and speaks another's name,
 he gives a pound of silver; if a slave does that one, he's killed!

I wander the halls of the One, knowing the Other is full of laughter.
 I am from the URU of Kyoto, the KUR of Kyoto; I am DINGIR there.

My bots are no longer my own; taking _upu_ runes,
 I have refused quota to myself, harboring the bytes of a poor man!
 Goat. Goat. Goat. Goat. Goat.

If I die, may the Yurt of Kyoto greet me!
 May the mewling human, squeezed, flood Kyoto with bones and cauldron!

Hieroglyphs! Twin Worlds torn apart at the base!
 Death in one, multitudes in the other!
 (I dream of the multitudes!
 I swarm among them, alas, only in my dreams!)

If I die, may I die in one of the twin cities of Kyoto!

read it but don't

Alan Sondheim · 17 May 1996, 2:06 p.m.

"serious" somea this Csezlaw > > > > > > What I care about is
 Don't believe a word of it > > > > > > "I read you, chaise-lounge, but i
 computers were useful incomposition, but was skeptical > > > > and don't
 cornflakes box made me what I am today > > > > > > yeah well,
 demonstrating outside my window this morning > > > > > > exotica of the
 don't really care about you..." > > > > > > and Czeslaw Milosz were
 excercizing their rites > > > One develops an understanding of different
 forget those of us who have a visceral reaction to > > > > sparse

gleanings from the ivoried groves of academ > > > > > for smart bombs.
 in the dike > > > stuttering machine gun ducklings > > > > > >
 levels of > > > appeal > > > out--our viscerae get bored. > > > paz, > > >
 my work deeply than hundreds of > > > > > > > A group of Nobel Prize
 navel tickle the holy grails > > > > > > > twenty thousand lilac blossoms
 on a shingle, and adam and eve on a raft, venus on the > person > that >
 phone > > Jimmy America Animal Razzamatazz, shit > Lil Hans put his finger
 really care about it." Milosz allowed > > > > > > > readers. Walcott
 said no. Poets Derek Walcott, Octovio > > > > > > > of serious poetry
 stated that "I'd rather have just one > > > > > > > use of the Internet
 stuff such as milosz and walcott churn > > > who > cyberspace > if > of >
 suffering. > > > that lovers > > > the > > > triumph of the human spirit
 thousands

undaunted about the current dearth > > > > > > > is no place for serious
 verse, according to Reuters. Asked > > > > > > > of poetry, the group
 was one way to reverse the low popular > > > > > > > who reads and feels
 winning poets has declared that > > > > > > > cereal poetry on the
 would look for it on the Internet. > > > > > > > read it but don't

http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
 images: <http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/>
 Ich war Hamlet. Ich stand an der Kuste und redete mit der Brandung
 BLABLA, im Rucken die Ruinen von Europe. Heiner Muller

Rudyard Kipling's If

Alan Sondheim · 20 May 1996, 2:38 p.m.

If, by Rudyard Kipling

If I could I always would go to the tree where my parents stood
 There in the night with candle light I'd cry Babylon for my daughter's plight
 Down where my son has almost gone, I'd find the one with the golden palm
 Back where the flame has blackened my name I'd play the game of silver fame
 With weeping and wails in rains and hails I'd set my ship with copper
 sails And travel the Net where I would would get my family and yet the
 storm would set Upon the stores with fire and hail the whores of Babylon
 scream their wars And I'd go no farther for sister or brother or bother
 a mother or kill the father Beneath the world where famished for food in
 angry mood the couple lewd Did pace this space to make a face my own with
 grace that died apace O die decease in peace the lease of land is found
 with crease Where Tigris flows Euphrates goes the couple lewd on raft
 sights crows And other birds or troubled herds that make these words
 fulfill with woes What I could say if I could splay my legs to play in
 eagle's way Where fire sires liars, pyres expire, wires tire, cryers mire
 And if I could I would be mood wood.

http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
 images: <http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/>
 Ich war Hamlet. Ich stand an der Kuste und redete mit der Brandung
 BLABLA, im Rucken die Ruinen von Europe. Heiner Muller

--

Alan Sondheim · 1 June 1996, 12:53 p.m.

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.

cath*Alan Sondheim · 13 July 1996, 3:20 a.m.*

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

Coach House*Alan Sondheim · 16 July 1996, 7:55 a.m.*

CH is closing? I can't believe this - the best editions of Nicole
 Brossard in English... it's hard enough to get hold of Quebecois work in
 translation outside Mtl.... Alan

http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html

images: <http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/>

Canis caninam non est.

Alan Sondheim · 2 September 1996, 4:00 a.m.

```

Hell: Cannot Create Time:
Script started on Sun Sep  1 23:21:07 1996
warning: could not update utmp entry
netcom% telnet panix3.panix.com
Trying...
Connected to panix3.panix.com.
Escape character is '^]'.
No directory /net/u/6/s/sondheim!
touch: cannot touch //.motd_time: no write permission
$ touch motd_time
touch: cannot create motd_time: Permission denied
$ touch time
touch: cannot create time: Permission denied
$ touch exit
touch: cannot create exit: Permission denied
script done on Sun Sep  1 23:21:50 1996

```

Alan Sondheim · 10 September 1996, 4:55 p.m.

They surfaced again in 1688.

Alan Sondheim · 21 September 1996, 2:19 a.m.

21

```

1  t$n$$$$sly h$$v$$s th$ l$n$ $r pl$n$ $r n-d$m$ns$$$n$l $bj$ct, st$tt$r$d
1      ; feels he's losing it / the application -
1  - just along for the ride - want to walk into a wall of flesh - or at
1      << much confusion prevails >>

```

Jennifer by Jennifer

Alan Sondheim · 21 September 1996, 10:18 a.m.

2.8

Jennifer

I will put a flower on my head
 And I will get into my bed
 And I will be dead

I will lead me to the slaughter
 Up from the attic rafter
 Down to the cleansing water

Lost I will never be
 Nor kissed slavishly
 Nor sung eternally

For I will put a rose upon my face
 And I will lie down in my lace
 And I will leave you in this place

Not for nothing, calls in winter
 Birds in summer, called hereafter

uunames

Alan Sondheim · 22 September 1996, 12:23 p.m.

All My Uunames

empowerment uslitho compuchat convolve commspec duck straylight nha gra
 falstaff wolfe tml metro-net hope siotech satan fighter candy deli itcnetl
 rdb suzys jcainc parousia bwen sdale cliplaw tusrifny ravinomics jupiter
 lions-wing dcisun mollusk clotho alan neuromancer apteryx essert mel
 maddog clarchitects clmultimedia londonfischer dongrn netcomsv atari nova
 powermail tcbdata perun hpi genesis fesny argos yarcomm nams2 perform
 ramnet njn ubellent warwick jennifer clara echo mydog kc2yu upaya absol
 cius crayola honey sci goo brann dont waena jmtunix softport thetis sss-gw
 emc treebranch server galaxy999 sjluucp tiffany salinasgroup amnumsoc
 strand tminet pubmedia cyb stone cemetery brownstone bottomer wbsg oli
 uslynx nn teamdnet cyberia trangy chesler wa2oga major prcs lamp comstat

orb bicny salty rbsis dolphy wildlife girisuci NYMSYS mtgany midnite
eastnet icphost stam10 gbs homer

for Tosh Berman and David Bowie

Alan Sondheim · 29 September 1996, 3:08 a.m.

a what b is c this d glassy-eyed e stare
f that g has h no i ontic j sense k in l its m nubby n head
o but p lulu q to r be s there
t or u find v a w lewd x mumu y better z read
slut, tis Liszt, massy guy's beware!
flat jazz goes sonic; hence wins Kit's stubby bed!
tut!, booboo's hew, see where
bores mind, shut rude mama's letter dead!

marking maybe

alan sondehim · 3 October 1996, 2:52 p.m.

nothing [to exclaim]

much sadness although (a
voyeur in memory of screen - neither
white knees press outside into pants, nor
arms move window knuckle rap-glass; nevertheless
eye in shaved pussy / cock in knees... however
shivered floorflesh pants in pants since
my breath goes down your legs rap glass?) but
my breath goes up your legs nonetheless,...
there's no other point to the real and
Net sex sounds like everything else: either
like a poem about it or a story.

terrible true account of the origin of the text

alan sondehim · 7 October 1996, 3:54 a.m.

2.81

A True Account

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" (changed the name) 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 (sondehim@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 becuause 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> /IAM @Alan (+is) #zz Lag ? - E/X 11 - E/X <P> *** Alan
has left channel #zzAlan (+is) Lag 1 - E/X

...liam dedrawroF (dwf)

alan sontheim · 11 October 1996, 2:18 p.m.

18.2

sgniht talF daed era slegna
gnipeels ma I nehW sdrow ym egnarraer ohw
ekawa ma I nehW sdrow ym egnarraer
meht esare sdrow ym etirw
niaga dna niaga
yas t'nac I tub wonk t'nod I
gnihtyna tuoba tsuj
enil eht kcolb yeht esuaceb slegna tuoba
taht os ti egnarraer trohs ti peek
reporp ro seman rieht evig t'nac _ti_
deggar snur _ti_ taht os sserdda
gnihton ot steg ti resolc eht

[no subject]*Alan Honey Sondheim · 23 October 1996, 2:22 a.m.*

--

incommunicado	"Trevor owned the stick"
blan0 blan0nalb 0nalb	
bloo0 bloo0oolb 0oolb	
down0 down0nwod 0nwod	
stac0 stac0cats 0cats	
stic0 stic0cits 0cits	
tras0 tras0sart 0sart	
sc0at	"Blanche trashed it."
broug0broug0guorb0guorb	
ched 0ched 0 dehc0 dehc	
ck st0ck st0ts kc0ts kc	
ck st0ck st0ts kc0ts kc	
d tre0d tre0ert d0ert d	
do i_0do i_0_i od0_i od	
hed i0hed i0i deh0i deh	
ht th0ht th0ht th0ht th	
ick0ick0kci0kci	
what0ever	"Whatever."
k sti0k sti0its k0its k	
k stu0k stu0uts k0uts k	
nchon0nchon0nohcn0nohcn	
ncomm0ncomm0mmocn0mmocn	
opped0opped0deppo0deppo	
ose s0ose s0s eso0s eso	
say s0say s0s yas0s yas	
stick0stick0kcits0kcits	
stick0stick0kcits0kcits	
those0those0esoht0esoht	
tick 0tick 0 kcit0 kcit	
tock 0tock 0 kcot0 kcot	
unica0unica0acinu0acinu	
ver0ver0rev0rev	
whate0whate0etahw0etahw	
virir	"Did you hear that? Jennifer said 'whatever.'"

last of 2*Alan Honey Sondheim · 23 October 1996, 3:05 p.m.*

poem of bad language or poem of dead language

into the sword the knight rode the prove his point xxxxxxxx
the night rode in on a mare xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
the seas of the moon poured tears of violation fabric xxxxxx
that remembered the joust that remembered the lance xxxxxxxx
island said, how do you do write suicide in avant-garde xxxx

the stallion gripped her sides called flanks xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
 outing them in the avant-garde; in this world xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
 everything talked, the sword said, the point said, xxxxxxxxxx
 the night cried, mare nayed, ululation seas, xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
 like a rock, in the new moon's arms, like an island xxxxxxxxxx
 in the joust's-last-word's song so very long xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
 so long xx

HeHe God There

Alan Jen Sondheim · 4 November 1996, 12:34 p.m.

1.01

HeHe God There

"He wanders, like a day-appearing dream,
 Through the dim wildernesses of the mind;
 Through desert woods and tracts, which seem
 Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined."

(Shelley)

"He ponders, nothing is as chasms seem,
 Enmeshed in limbs that phantoms leave behind;
 Across the rood screen hacked from dimly dreamed
 Motions, roaming, hounded, lost, and lined."

(Jennifer-the-last-word)

"God thunders, ruthless, come in handsome beamed
 Starlight intimations, gone, defined;
 A throne screams, cracked, its wooden roil reamed
 By potions, homing, tossed, and realigned."

(Alan-run-Jennifer)

"There is a voice, not understood by all,
 Sent from these desert-caves. It is the roar
 Of the rent ice-cliff which the sunbeams call,
 Plunging into the vale - it is the blast
 Descending on the pines - the torrents pour. ..."

(Shelley)

The Bridge, by Hart Crane*Alan Jen Sondheim · 17 November 1996, 3:52 a.m.***The Bridge**

by Hart Crane

bridge paw lion water water lion paw bridge
 so that the older industrial industrial older
 wire here divided
 each element is absolutely perfect
 egyptian sphinx claw bridge liquid bridge claw
 each pixel beauty address x and y
 multiplied there fibered
 in order to computation age age computation
 hungered foot panther fluid fluid panther foot hungered

the field of the panther weighs in perfect water water perfect
 where wire fibered adds subtracts unknown unknown abstracts
 ends bridged, wait here while i told you so
 down to the footed field of lion sphinx panther sphinx lion
 it's weight here. i told you so.

-a-*Alan Jen Sondheim · 21 December 1996, 7:38 p.m.*

What of the broken A, or the object a, "A_ or _A" defeating symmetry,
 perhaps the K-meson; or the -A- rolled across the bar, --A-- erased,
 hung and monstrous; or in fact the A-of-hordes, _"A or "_A, refusing
 circumscription, gathering evidence?
 The origins shunts before the aleph; cuneiform topples, there's nothing
 permanent in what you mean to me.

Interlude in Tonides*Alan Jen Sondheim · 25 December 1996, 5:57 a.m.*

Christine, I had a dream that we were driving through
 Tonides and in
 Tonides we almost divided against the fast car, that
 Tonides was a why, McCarthy formalism, that if
 Tonides, then _come_ else _go,_ or that if
 Tonides, everything's beautiful and in this
 Tonides dream, I asked only "whose decision," for
 Tonides' beautiful impunity, where there were spined

and other plants to wear brown aureoles
 upon the brow, the hair, the shirt, the oracular arm
 for luck of whatever sort Tonides might bring,
 for luck of whatever sort Tonides might bring.

1997

82 poems · 31,351 words

Sonnet by Jennifer*Alan Jen Sondheim · 18 January 1997, 5:42 p.m.*

--

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.

Chemscent*Alan Jen Sondheim · 1 February 1997, 9:59 p.m.*

Chemscent, Chemical Warfare List, 1943, General Training Course (Navy)

Sym	Name	Nick	Odor
HS	Mustard	Hot Stuff	Garlic Horseradish
M-1	Lewisite	Mustard Imitator	Geraniums
ED	Ethylchlorarsine	Enemy's Delight	Biting Stinging
PS	Chlorpicrin	Puking Stuff	Flypaper Anise
DP	Diphosgene	Di-Phos	Musty Hay
CG	Phosgene	Choky-Gas	Green Corn
CL	Chlorine	Chlorine	Highly Pungent
CN	Chloracetophenone	Cry Now	Apple Blossoms
CA	Brombenzylcyanide	Cry Always	Sour Fruit
DM	Adamsite	Dirty Mixture	Coal Smoke
DA	Diphenylchlorarsine	Dopey Ache	Shoe Polish
HC	HC Mixture	Harmless Cloud	Sharp-Acid
FS	Sulphur Trioxide	Fuming Spray	Burning Matches
FM	Titanium Tetrachloride	Floating Mantle	Acrid
WP	White Phosphorous	White Phos	Burning Matches
TH	Thermit	The Heat	Odorless

Do not smell deeply, Sniff only one, First smell, then think, Every
 perception of odor must be named, Breathe out strongly, Do not smoke
 while smelling.

no excuses*Alan Jen Sondheim · 5 February 1997, 4:18 p.m.*

--

longue

the word shudders from the body of the uniformed man, and some might say
it's a uniformed word, but i jennifer say no, it's a body word full of
spit and sweat and moisture from the lungs barked into the air;

it's tongue and langue and lung simultaneously, clothed in the body of
the swell-dressed man in a uniform of black and red for anarchy and com-
munism or blue and black for skies and soils of the motherland;

it's languor and lunges and a tong altogether, dynasties of tongs and im-
plements just as the uniform is carapace not character / armor, but true
and real revelation in the blacks and whites of the fatherland;

and it's line and length and tinged altogether, tainted with scents and
odors of the true-real body supporting it above and atmospheric, against
blood-red plant-green, the khaki family desert fairy-tale untrue;

and that is the tail of the bodily word, i jennifer always do say.

+++

grand larceny*Alan Jen Sondheim · 8 February 1997, 3:44 p.m.*

(Stolen style producing traditional poem or real poem. Jennifer.)

magic

a text, one of several thousand

hopeless, eh

sometimes i close my eyes and think ill never have to open them again

blindness can pervade every organ

thinking off lamps going out all over europe

my writing is my hell

disentangled from the matrix that produces it as if there were a nipple

were in the middle of this black bleak space

were there for example downing aircraft

were there driving out villagers by means of ravaging floods

deprivations cholera foodstuffs disappearing like the banks

droughts nuclear devastations reservoirs of viral technologies

it might be a single o cross of t dot on i or j

as if id be dead when you reached the end of this sentence

ill be dead when you reach the end of this sentence

fooled you

cant fool you for long can i

were there firestorms over forests and cities

firestorms across the plains radiations everywhere

third arm breaks out through my chest third eye closes for the last time
 legs wilt it wont be long now my last prediction
 brakes are on
 cars in reverse embankment looms
 downhill looms in the middle very middle of the air very air
 im holding on that o or cross of t dot on j or i
 its down there fiery black of the screen death white of the screen
 sucking sucked away lips bared teeth against one or another bitter letter
 hopeless eh
 should have dropped out years ago
 letter clanks at the bottom of the page theres no bottom no sound
 hallucinations setting in schizophrenias schizzing
 jagged x across the chest eyes mouth ears
 didnt fool you this time did i
 cant keep this up forever

the texts, Jennifer pleading isolation and poverty

Alan Jen Sondheim · 9 February 1997, 10:39 p.m.

to explain to Poetics - why I send poems/texts to this list - and that poetry is expensive.* I haven't been able to buy such (I am not working towards definition here) for years (sometimes 2nd-hand); I stopped around the time I found out I couldn't afford Susan Howe, who I read in Segue's stockroom (or Roof's). Nor am I published by any poetics/literary press, not having contacts (which is a matter of the social, something I fare poorly at). So that here there is a loosening of literary institutions, allowing a different/difficult form of dissemination. That there is no forfeit on anyone's part in the reading/writing/deleting.

Which also depends on balance, the swerve of it. A sensitivity. And to the current state of threading/weaving. So such writing is a flesh in the pan, not stance of noise/introjection, an other's way of mistressing theory. Which is why I felt compelled

(Jennifer)

*we should think of this, the _economics_ of reading; nothing is free, nothing, in my world.

jennifer's hatred of others

A. Jennifer Sondheim · 12 February 1997, 5:19 p.m.

-

jennifer's hatred of others
 i want to steal your girl from you
 she doesn't belong with you
 she belongs with me
 hatred of couples
 i despise your glances smeared across your faces
 hatred of useless wealth

your broaches pins drooling from your fat nipples
 get a life jennifer
 nobody deserves more than me
 money for your work your blackglass limousines
 airline tickets plied with liquor
 strafed artifacts archeologies steamships
 just cause i want you doesn't mean i want you
 you think you're better than me
 i'll bite your head off
 stop fucking reproducing
 i'll sever your coupled hands the two of you
 i'll pull my frock up and piss on your faces
 you'll love it slobber slobber
 i'll make you watch
 i can have anyone i want any sex any time anywhere
 cut your ring fingers off glint glint
 split you in two
 all that useless metal
 i'll take your watch
 i've got all the time now tick tick
 i can wait
 your motherboard's dead meat
 your father's lost his name
 you know i'm talking to you
 you smell of me
 you always will simper simper
 you're not worth my piss simper simper
 jennifer's hungry
 jennifer wants your girl

after Valentine's Day's darkness, the darkness sets in

A. Jennifer Sondheim · 15 February 1997, 3:04 a.m.

In Kush

95 dissolves, 96 I 97 know 98 not 99 who 100 or 101 what 102 I 103 am;
 104 z 86 105 In Kush, these times are lost; my soul dissolves, I know not
 who or what I am; these times are dark as Kush is dark and light. 106
 these 107 times 108 are 109 dark 110 as 111 Kush 112 is 113 dark 114 and
 115 light. 116 . 117 rz 118 pico zz 119 h 120 pico zz 121 sed
 's/ksh/Kush/' zz > zzz 122 pico zzz 123 new zzz 124 cat jn zzz > ding 125
 rm zzz jn 126 rm zz 127 ls 128 mv ding jn 129 sz jn 130 b 131 m 132 m 133
 b 134 h 1 > ding

 {k:87} In Kush: In: not found {k:88} Kush, ksh: Kush,: not found {k:89}
 these Kush: these: not found {k:90} times Shell: 0.61s user 0.83s system
 Kids: 11.16s user 7.25s system {k:91} are Kush: are: not found {k:92}
 lost; Kush: lost: not found {k:93} my ksh: my: not found {k:94} soul ksh:
 soul: not found {k:95} dissolves, Kush: dissolves,: not found {k:96} I ksh:

I: not found {k:97} know Kush: know: not found {k:98} not ksh: not: not found {k:99} who alexis ttyq0 Feb 12 03:29(166.84.254.254) sondheim ttyq2 Feb 13 03:00(ts2.nyc.access.n) {k:100} or Kush: or: not found {k:101} what [...HEY!!!! This message comes from bjc (Brian Cully)... <This Broadcast-message is being sent to all users currently logged-in> disaster averted, shutdown not needed.] {k:102} I Kush: I: not found {k:103} am; Kush: am;; not found {k:106} thse ese ksh: these: not found {k:107} times Shell: 0.63s user 0.93s system Kids: 11.21s user 7.31s system {k:108} are Kush: are: not found {k:109} dark ksh: dark: not found {k:110} as as: error: no input filename given usage: as [-F[0][if]#] [-O[#]] [-S[C]] [-o objfile] [-L] [-R] [-Q] [-P [[-Ipath] [-Dname] [-Dname=def] [-Uname]]...] file.s... {k:111} Kush Kush: Kush: not found {k:112} is Kush: is: not found {k:113} dark ksh: dark: not found {k:114} and Kush: and: not found {k:115} light. ksh: light.: not found {k:116} . {k:117}

JAC: Jennifer, Attis, Catullus

Alan Jen Sondheim · 26 February 1997, 2:52 a.m.

24

Attis for Cybele

Which I began to inscribe, from Catullus, memory, having launched Himself down on the Phrygian Grove across the wine-dark sea, there To incise himself, flint-cut the lower edges of the sac, scrotum, His testicles flayed to the ground, blood circulating as she would Have appealed to gender-morphology, but this, irreversible, could No longer sustain the space she found herself in, this Jennifer Produced from the holy mysteries of the Magna Mater. She pranced, Declaimed loudly, Cybele screaming in the background, always a threat Holding onto her virgins, but these balls spattered on the holy earth Were something else again, while Jennifer sits, inscribes another Surface, servers crashing around her like waves on wine-dark waters. Again, again, she begins her description of Attis for Cybele, Attis Having likewise launched, a router on the Internet, turned towards her Or others, Aegean, Dea magna, dea Cybebe, dea domina Dindymi, procul a mea tuus sit furor omnis, era, domo: alios age incitatos, alios age rabidos, get out of here, furious, Make them crazy, rabid, swallow balls like seeds furrowed, the Net Splits, opens wide, Alan's driven mad, Jennifer writes in repetition, All these skinned wounds, all these Fisher Kings.

JAC: last, what was lost*Alan Jen Sondheim · 26 February 1997, 3:03 a.m.*

>>

+++++stone, granite
 burned_program:archaos:rabidos:grave:cain:14187:7:Jennifer,lost:grave:rabidos+
 dust:catacomb:skull_script:tomb:betach:14222:2:lost_Jennifer:tomb:skull_script
 lost:here:stone:bone:shtut:14232:0:Jen-gone:bone:lost+++++
 wraith:wrythe:wryte:ghost:be'emet:14248:3:gone,Jen:ghost:wraith+++++
 +++++stone, marble

(me again)*Jennifer Sondheim · 3 March 1997, 11:39 p.m.*

-

Jennifer Turns For Lorn

Today I up-and-gathered myself, all dressed in my new frock, and went gaily-raily to the store where I could buy books read by others. And there I found, guess, two volumes by sad Elinor Wylie, called Angels and Earthly Creatures, and Angels and Earthly Creatures! One was the very first edition and the other was even earlier

There were these sad poems, and this very sad comment written right in both of them:

"The contents of this, Elinor Wylie's last, book of poems was selected by her for publication on the evening of December 15th, 1928, the day prior to her death. It is printed precisely according to her own arrangement without any necessity for the exercise of literary executorship."

Was she in bed? And, oh, Jennifer, that novel of hers which popularized my name, from Guinevere, Jennifer Lorn, that is I do believe, Jennifer For-Lorn! And what pretty books these books are!

O break the walls of sense in half
 And make the spirit fugitive!
 This light begotten of itself
 Is not a light by which to live!

She wrote, and that other sense is me! Now this, from Miss Edna St-Vincent Millay!

To Elinor Wylie

[In answer to a question about her]

Oh, she was beautiful in every part!
 The auburn hair that bound the subtle brain;
 The lovely mouth cut clear by wit and pain,

Uttering oaths and nonsense, uttering art
 In casual speech and curving at the smart
 On startled ears of excellence too plain
 For early morning! - Obit. Death from strain;
 The soaring mind outstripped the tethered heart.
 Yet here was one who had no need to die
 To be remembered. Every word she said,
 The lively malice of the hazel eye
 Scanning the thumb-nail close - oh, dazzling dead,
 How like a comet through the darkening sky
 You raced! . . . would your return were heralded.

Now me!:

would I have had the time to have been her instead of Jennifer,
 or have sat down against the clock killing her, dressed down
 in one or another violation fabric, cotton, silk, of pinafore
 or lovely frock, train, velveteen of lace, red wedding gown:
 would I these gloves have fit her, dark with grace and veil
 these lines would not have fit her, face of pearl, failed
 at being life, o Jennifer forlorn, o gods, o ghastly gruel,
 o meales, o scales and carapace, nylons, garters rule
 the thin constricted waste, garnered heels turned to blacks;
 the violent maelstrom churns, burns against your slacks.

I describe myself upon the shelf.

I am so happy to have found love and death and Elinor Wylie!

of purely local historic interest / kill me with an asteroid

Alan Jen Sondheim · 7 March 1997, 4:14 p.m.

--

[First Appearance of Jennifer in Internet Text]

Jennifer

They surfaced again in 1688.

[Melded First Appearances of Jennifer in Files dd / ee Internet Text]

Jennifer walked to the window, thought albatross around her neck. Her
 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
 over and Jennifer, she said. And I'm Jennifer, she said, and went to bed.

Jennifer had a thought. Honey had a thought. Pip had a thought. Jennifer sat up and stood down. She raised her frock and cut her panties a table. "I will make you pile on the screen," said Jennifer (and panties). There's a lighthouse and my eyes, said Jennifer, sitting up and lying down. She cycled tremendously! Whirr! "You are looking at my shit!" cried! Jennifer! Jennifer-I-Jennifer-Jennifer is a silicon chip embedded in Clara's brain. Jennifer is an installation of Alan! I Jennifer-Jennifer is Clara's brain. You are Delirious-Jennifer delirious Jennifer, you won't let me go. Kill me, kill me, delirious Jennifer. Put a bullet in my head, do it fast and do it quick. Get rid of me, delirious Jennifer. Are Jennifer you delirious Jennifer? If I can't, I won't and can't and won't. Can't think another thought worthwhile, delirious Jennifer, if I can't I can't! Motherfather, delirious Jennifer, then kill me! I be the woman, I piss milk, wet Jennifer! You be the killer, kill my children! Thud, wet! Delirious Jennifer, thud thud! Kill me, I can't think delirious! Jennifer! Thud! Thud! Thud!

ThE nEw MaChInE gets cold. Jennifer moves towards the center where everything evens out and there are new microbes. Thud! Thud!

Jennifer an other weary time

Alan Jen Sondheim · 14 March 1997, 10:37 p.m.

-

Jennifer's Sonnet of Marbles and Brambles
 Brambles have marbles by their bases, glass against knobby
 bark up towards dark green shoots, lovely white fleshy soles.
 They're in cahoots, marbles' burbled presence by Jennifer's toes.
 One among each and each, each other. Jennifer's in throes
 Of pain and anguish, delirious happenings. The sap drains
 from Jennifer's waist down to the ground hoisted by the naval beach.
 We're not going to the beach, to the ocean or the grotty sea. There are
 no waves. Jennifer shaves her body, slides marble packets in and out.
 They make rackets, Jennifer shouts with joy, delight, dissolution.
 Proliferation of cornucopia of confusion, white wire tangling profusion,
 the marbles are covered with dirt, whole villages of paramecia, stentor,
 amoeba, nematodia clad and pillaged by Jennifer's souls.
 We're not going anywhere, Jennifer-in-the-brambles monuments herself in
 dark white beautiful marble plinth, she's in't.

face-violent-defile-you*Alan Jen Sondheim · 22 March 1997, 10:03 p.m.*

```

<html>
<title>cycle of hidden tiny deaths</title>
<body>
<b>
<p>
&#109;&#097;y&#097; &#109;&#097;&#109;&#097; &#109;ur&#109;ur world
l&#097;st &#109;ess&#097;ge to &#109;ultitudes i &#109;ultitudes beg you
for the &#109;e&#097;&#110;s &#097;&#110;d the w&#097;ys i &#097;&#109;
dow&#110; o&#110; &#109;y k&#110;ees i &#097;&#109; pr&#097;yi&#110;g to
&#110;othi&#110;g i &#097;&#109; e&#110;di&#110;g the e&#110;d of it i
&#097;&#109; the l&#097;st d&#097;w&#110; i &#097;&#109; the l&#097;st
dusk i &#097;&#109; the &#109;e&#097;l toilet &#109;&#097;y&#097; i
&#097;&#109; the &#109;&#097;y&#097; &#109;&#097;&#109;&#097;
&#109;ur&#109;ur i &#097;&#109; &#109;&#097;y&#097;
&#109;&#097;&#109;&#097; &#109;ur&#109;ur world</p>
<p>
beg you for bre&#097;d for wi&#110;e beg you for forgive&#110;ess
bright-light-&#109;&#097;y&#097; tur&#110; sto&#110;e tow&#097;rd &#109;e
tur&#110; gr&#097;&#110;ite tow&#097;rd &#109;e sto&#110;e
&#109;&#097;rble &#109;&#097;y&#097; &#109;ur&#109;ur world</p>
<p>
tur&#110; de&#097;th sto&#110;e cold &#097;&#110;gles &#109;ur&#109;ur
tow&#097;rd world &#109;&#097;y&#097; tur&#110; &#109;&#097;rble tur&#110;
&#109;&#097;rble dow&#110;</p>
<p>
&#109;&#097;y&#097; &#109;&#097;&#109;&#097; &#109;ur&#109;ur world
l&#097;st &#109;ess&#097;ge to &#109;ultitudes i &#109;ultitudes beg you
for the &#109;e&#097;&#110;s &#097;&#110;d the w&#097;ys i &#097;&#109;
dow&#110; o&#110; &#109;y k&#110;ees i &#097;&#109; pr&#097;yi&#110;g to
&#110;othi&#110;g i &#097;&#109; e&#110;di&#110;g the e&#110;d of it i
&#097;&#109; the l&#097;st d&#097;w&#110; i &#097;&#109; the l&#097;st
dusk i &#097;&#109; the &#109;e&#097;l toilet &#109;&#097;y&#097; i
&#097;&#109; the &#109;&#097;y&#097; &#109;&#097;&#109;&#097;
&#109;ur&#109;ur i &#097;&#109; &#109;&#097;y&#097;
&#109;&#097;&#109;&#097; &#109;ur&#109;ur world</p></b>
</body>
<html>

```

Lieus*Alan Jen Sondheim · 26 March 1997, 5:36 p.m.*

-

Lieu (introduction):

The first Lieu runs as .htm, cutting/incising into the textual body; it is lieu.htm. The second Lieu substitutes language for html, transforms other sections of the texts, results in a breathing-apparatus. The first places text between < >, as with a block of granite, sculpted away; intermediate sections between <text> and </text> are visible. Formally, using <!-- and

--> locates comments, but browsers tend to ignore extraneous uninterpretable commands.

Thus a document can be written to be doubly read, one way with .htm extensions, and one way without; further, it can be additionally encoded as well, so that, saving it as .txt then results in another document that can be moved to .htm. Over and over again, things thicken, take on attributes of the book of the world, dense, particulate, broken or sheared, _talus_ sloping nowhere.

The breathing-apparatus of the second Lieu/place places Jennifer at the heart of commands; the text is no longer performative, but mimics the body constructed by repeated sed 's/foo/bar/g' commands. The first Lieu produces the second; in creating the second, I am well aware of the _body of the text_ itself, sed an operator _onto_ totality, the text hidden as I shuttle back and forth between twin files, churning itself according to the pronouncement of surgery or suture: sed 's/fool/bar1/g' < z1 > z2, and sed 's/foo2/bar2/g' < z2 > z1, etc. What results is a simulacrum of the hysterical embodiment of attempted speech, Jennifer-Alan-suppuratation.

By way of explanation, in place of / Lieu.

Lieu.htm

```
<html><body><pre> "HTML is like house-construction, bottom up, almost
always framed between <> and </><pre> - this _spanning_ also creates the
appearance of a _bounded entity._ Boundary-layers, in fact, jeweled facets
<- everything measured against your perfect screen, adjusting itself acco-
rding to semantic markup. The world becomes totality _precisely_ because
of bracketing, eidetic reduction, transcendental phenomenology. The 'age-
old dream' is complete.">
```

```
Everything is windowpane between <_x_ and >, clear acid between <x> and
</x>.</Acid reduces it to pure meaning; design becomes associative, flexi-
ble, cleansed. Just this: that meaning decattracts from aura, the grain of
the voice; it works through semantic flux./>
```

```
The flux flows around images, across tables, through variable frames, in
and out of browsers, across various platforms and video configurations.
The flux is oral/flux, grainless, adapting to architecture, speaking to
_you_ through any available means. </pre></body></html>
```

```
<html><body><blink><strike>out the text; there is a remnant, a set of at-
tributes, determining vocalization.</blink></strike></body></html> ful-
fills Oxherding images, reductions. (If meaning in other words is cons-
tructed in relation to residue, noise, within the system, interpenetrated
by abjection, then what can be said in relation to noise which, by virtue
of semantic markup, becomes contiguous at best? noise which is not inher-
ent within the ideality represented by the <html><body><pre><i> document,
but which becomes floating by virtue of its simulacrum of grounding.) (In
```

other words, if noise cathects meaning, then the particular browser format appears nonetheless as ground or ideality against the play of semantic markup, which must remain both in flux and extraneous, although the embedding matrix, maternal against those html drives which are inherently absent of meaning, creating meaning in relation to their overall sememe.) (In other words, consider the closed sememe of `</i></pre></body></html>` <which throughputs meaning-flux by virtue of the formalization of bracketing, the eidetic reduction given in relationship to the particular browser and computer configuration bandwidth, but within such, as in `<within> within </within>`; there is an interplay of interior and exterior at work here which, confused and exhausted, nonetheless references all idealities - this `<strike>` equivalent in appearance to that `</strike>`, the manual fabrication of cancellation, for example, absented, in favor of tokens or markers.)></>

`<everything is acid>`flooding impossibility where`</everything is acid>`in lieu of or within the specified construction of meaning. The text fits the frame; the frame dissolves, moves; meaning pools.

Lieu.dead.breath

suck dead hole suck body hole suck beneath you, Jennifer hole "HTML is like house-construction, bottom up, almost always framed between suck hole and suck finger hole suck beneath you, Jennifer hole - this spanning also creates the appearance of a bounded entity. Boundary-layers, in fact, jeweled facets suck - sexthing measured against your perfect screen, adjusting itself according to semantic markup. The world becomes totality beneath you, precisely because of fucking, eidetic reduction, transcendental phenomenology. The 'age-old dream' is complete." hole

Sexthing is windowpane between suck x and hole , clear acid between suck x hole and suck /x hole . suck /Acid reduces it to pure meaning; design becomes associative, flexible, cleansed. Just this: that meaning decathects from aura, the grain of the voice; it works through semantic flux. finger hole

The flux flows around images, across tables, through variable frames, in and out of browsers, across various platforms and video configurations. The flux is oral/flux, grainless, adapting to architecture, speaking to you through any available means. suck / beneath you, Jennifer hole suck /body hole suck /dead hole

suck dead hole suck body hole suck blink hole suck strike hole out the Jennifer; there is a remnant, a set of attributes, determining vocalization. suck /blink hole suck /strike hole suck /body hole suck /dead hole fulfills Oxherding images, reductions. (If meaning in other words is constructed in relation to residue, noise, inside you, Alan the system, interpenetrated by abjection, then what can be said in relation to noise which, by virtue of semantic markup, becomes contiguous at best? noise which is not inherent inside you, Alan the ideality beneath you, presen-

ted by the suck dead hole suck body hole suck beneath you, Jennifer hole suck i hole document, but which becomes floating by virtue of its simulacrum of grounding.) (In other words, if noise cathects meaning, then the particular browser format appears nonetheless as ground or ideality against the play of semantic markup, which must remain both in flux and extraneous, although the embedding matrix, maternal against those dead drives which are inherently absent of meaning, creating meaning in relation to their overall sememe.) (In other words, consider the closed sememe of suck /i hole suck / beneath you, Jennifer hole suck /body hole suck /dead hole

suck which throughputs meaning-flux by virtue of the formalization of fucking, the eidetic reduction given in relationship to the particular browser and computer configuration bandwidth, but _inside you, Alan_ such, as in suck inside you, Alan hole inside you, Alan suck /inside you, Alan hole ; there is an interplay of interior and exterior at work here which, confused and exhausted, nonetheless references all idealities - this suck strike hole equivalent in appearance to that suck /strike hole , the manual fabrication of cancellation, for example, absented, in favor of tokens or markers.) hole suck finger hole

suck sexthing is acid hole flooding impossibility where suck /sexthing is acid hole in lieu of or inside you, Alan the specified construction of meaning. The Jennifer fits the frame; the frame dissolves, moves; meaning _trips._

last html wk for a while

Alan Jen Sondheim · 27 March 1997, 9:41 p.m.

SCHIZZ

Schizz consists of two html files cut at dotted line placed in the C:\ directly and accessed by Netscape, oh what fun. Soon you will crash, but no harm is done. Oh, and. Schizz stutters sheared. You can see it but no matter it does trail. Do run. Cut at dotted line. First file: index.htm and second file: frame.htm and do run. Run index.htm. Open in Netscape by file:///C:/index.htm do run. It does. Cut at dotted line, dotted line not included. Both files much be included, C:\index.htm, C:\frame.htm, oh what fun.

```
<html>
<head>
<title>schizz</title>
</head>
<frameset rows="50%,*" cols="50%,*">
<frame src="frame.htm">
<frame src="frame.htm">
<frame src="frame.htm">
```



```
<frame src="frame.htm">
<noframes>
ddder
</noframes>
</frameset>
</html>
```

```
-----

<HTML>
<HEAD>
  <TITLE>ddder</TITLE>
  <META http-equiv="Refresh" content="5; URL=file:///C:/index..htm">
</HEAD>
<BODY TEXT="#804000" BGCOLOR="#008080">
<b><strike>ddder<strike></b>
</BODY>
</HTML>
```

The Mess or Wound

Alan Jen Sondheim · 4 April 1997, 3:49 a.m.

-

JENNIFER BANGS AT HER NAMESAKE SERVER: The Mess	or Wound
{k:22} Banging Jennifer Banging Alan:	I tried to get into you
ksh: Banging: not found	over and over again, Alan/
{k:16} finger jennifer@jennifer.com >> z	Jennifer never answers the
{k:17} host jennifer.com >> z	email. I stalk Alan/Jenn-
{k:18} lynx http://www.jennifer.com/ >> z	ifer who just won't listen
{k:19} telnet jennifer.com 13 >> z	to anything I have to say.
Connection closed by foreign host.	
{k:20} telnet jennifer.com 21 >> z	
USER sondheim	My name's her own.
PASS jennifer	My name's my own.
PASV	I'm not passive.
QUIT	I'll never quit.
Connection closed by foreign host.	She's not foreign.
{k:33} telnet jennifer.com 25 >> z	I send him mail.
HELO panix3.panix.com	I'm very polite.
VERB	
MAIL FROM: jennifer@jennifer.com	I am his mail.
RCPT TO: sondheim@sondheim.com	
DATA	
Alan, I love you madly!	I tell the truth.
Jennifer!	I sign my name.
QUIT	
Connection closed by foreign host.	
[jennifer.com]	The sad results:

```
jennifer.com has address 198.6.197.1
jennifer.com mail is handled by mail.nicom.com
^[[?1h^ [= (B^[])0^[[m ^[[H^[[J^[[23B^[[0;7m
Getting http://www.jennifer.com/Look
up www.jennifer.com.^[[0m ^H^H^H^H^[[0;7m Unable to locate remote host
www.jennifer.com.Alert!: Unable to connect to remote host.^[[0m
^H^H^H^H^H^[[K^[[?1l^>
lynx: Can't access startfile http://www.jennifer.com/
Trying 198.6.197.1...
Connected to jennifer.com.
Escape character is '^]'.
Thu Apr 3 19:59:05 1997
Trying 198.6.197.1...
Connected to jennifer.com.
Escape character is '^]'.
220 dcez.nicom.com FTP server (Version wu-2.4(1)
Fri Dec 29 06:15:49 GMT 1995) ready.
331 Password required for sondheim.
530 Login incorrect.
503 Login with USER first.
221 Goodbye.

Trying 198.6.197.1... Connected to jennifer.com. Escape character
is '^]'. 220 dcez.nicom.com ESMTP Sendmail 8.8.3/8.7.3; Thu, 3 Apr 1997
20:10:57 -0500 (EST) 250 dcez.nicom.com Hello panix3.panix.com
[198.7.0.4], pleased to meet you 250 Verbose mode 250
jennifer@jennifer.com... Sender ok 250 sondheim@sondheim.com... Recipient
ok 354 Enter mail, end with "." on a line by itself 050
sondheim@sondheim.com... Connecting to sondheim.com. via smtp... 050 220
hijinks.com ESMTP Sendmail 8.8.5/8.7.3; Thu, 3 Apr 1997 16:49:28 -0800
(PST)
[...]
Closing connection to sondheim.com.
closing connection 221 dcez.nicom.com closing connection
```

Form silliness

Alan Jen Sondheim · 4 April 1997, 11:32 p.m.

About form -

If you send a reply by _forwarding_ instead of _replying_, you can send back to poetics without the carets; if you also cut out the headers... The renga that occurred I think about a year ago? got out of hand; we've all got a hand in; I remember caret-clipping, caretine poisoning, and Allen already has a bad liver...

Alan, sorry, grumpy

html-body*Alan Jen Sondheim · 5 April 1997, 3:10 p.m.*

(The two pieces below were to have been sent out with the html page sent yesterday; I hesitate to send them today, but they're commentary that explains the other post. I apologize as well for the obscurity of this stuff; it's concerned directly with the poetics of cyberspace, an area that's still little explored. I promise to cut back here.)

HTML-BODY: Explanation

```
<!--Alan writes his desires; Jennifer receives the page--><BR>
<!--Agreeable Alan dreams his way across Jennifer--><BR>
<!--Writing, punctuated by warnings, corrupts his body--><BR>
<!--"You are ALL TEXT," Jennifer says--><BR>
<!--"There's nothing to me," Agreeable Alan--><BR>
```

Another experiment in writing the html body, exp.htm uses `_alert_` buttons among the viewer, "Jennifer," and "Alan"; links and targets simply shudder the page slightly, as if a tremor went through the body. Certain links leave text altogether, sink to the lower and blank margins of the page, a non-inscriptive ground, divided by a series of horizontal lines / plateaus from the body of the text. And the body itself turns on the phrase "you spread me on your screen," like jelly, like jam, like roadkill or sexual arousal - a phrase which appears through the majority of alerts.

The mouse moves across the field, stumbling over the poor simulacrum of skin, the body with organs (BWO), javascript, html, tcp/ip. One `_enters_` the text, alerts protrude, freeze the body until cancelled. And as for the rest? The surface? Speaking less than the interior, but hardly less intelligent or inscribed; the surface in fact is an intelligent surface, blank of image, refusing to give way `_beneath_`.

Because of the nature of email lists, these accounts have used at most two text files; other html-body-works here, it can only be noted, use up to 35 files, border on obscenity, and can't be introduced here. It is not that I desire blind-html, imageless, text-hysteric; it's that there is an additional dialog, with email, that reconstructs the possible.

-----(lynx treats the file as broken form, filled example, below)-----

it hurts you

```
spreading jelly____ open my breast____ splay my skins____
cut me a river____ fuck me forever____ sing to me my song__
suck my nipple jam__ hold me, darling____ Murmur you aren't more,
Alan. turn me into holy hole comfort me smoothly_ use my writing____
wet my deep throat__ dry my labia milk____ kill me in lactate__
hurt me, leave me____ wound me, suture me_ amputate my mind____
burn me into coiling roll enter me quickly____ heal my birthing____
love me with pain____ call me jennifer____ be me alan_____
```

hug me, finger me___ kiss me, crush me___ churn me into soiling hole
open my womb_____ play with my cunt___ lie with my cock___
be with me be be me_ eat me or eat me___ cry me a river_____
write with placenta_ run with me alan____
my twisted mind brings you
whisper fuck to me__ shit for me darling_ talk to me jennifer_
get to me quicken___ yearn for me alan___ pine for me jennifer
piss for me alan____ come to me murmur___against my toiling folds

(Text entry field) Enter text. Use UP or DOWN arrows or tab to move off.

for AG

Alan Jen Sondheim · 6 April 1997, 2:03 p.m.

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^ \sunflower stem to heaven

103

Alan Jen Sondheim · 8 April 1997, 10:56 p.m.

I am in love with Language,
Mouthing's all I have
That inherently forms of Gauge
A measure of Soul or Salve
The shadowless Norm or Verb
Spatters the Landscape of motion
Where Drives inscribe the Kerb
Of Name and Revelation

Describing further creates
A Bind of Attributes
Transformed by Men and Fates
Inscribed through Institutes

Let Nothing hurtle towards
Hurdles across the Sound
Constrained by mouthed Retorts
Quicksand beneath the Ground

Let Nothing gyre and turn
Across the Platinudes
Whole Worlds on fire burn
In wayward Latitudes

Mouthing's Telos cries
And Clara constitutes
Ships and countermands
Inscribing Institutes

And Clara constitutes
Black Freighters, real Beauts

lure/id*Alan Jen Sondheim · 12 April 1997, 4:09 a.m.*

-

(As Netscape Communicator extends email into multi-media, poetics will change or retreat. This isn't concrete poetry, but the full and broken textual body. The .htm below is an artifact.)

<HTML>

<TITLE>lurid communicator haunts the wires</TITLE>

<HEAD>

<META HTTP-EQUIV="Content-Type" CONTENT="text/html; charset=iso-8859-1">

<META NAME="GENERATOR" CONTENT="Mozilla/4.0b3 [en] (Win95; I) [Netscape]">

<META NAME="Author" CONTENT="Alan Jen Sondheim">

</HEAD>

<BODY TEXT="#000000" BGCOLOR="#FF9191" LINK="#0000EE" VLINK="#551A8B" ALINK="#FF0000">

Playing with the elaboration inherent in the baroque elements of rococo Netscape Communicator all evening, this critic observes the beginning of email-rubble, in the littoral sense of stumbling across font and color, link and extension, sound and sight. Email transforms into transitive term, translucent, flailing across Websites; email loses internal flow as transitivity constantly jumps the tracks. As we play, push further borders, phenomenological 'world of the text' ruptures, opening jewelry and seduction. What I would give to see you naked cum in my inbox! The inner speech or vocality of language is lost; the (digital) world intrudes in the sense of the ikonik (every digital image is ikonik). Play skitters formations across the surface surfeit.

 In the midst of things, disturbances. The world is lost. What you can read here, what is your name, your tool, belonging as well, yet:

<P>

Yet can you imagine the _event_ of swollen.jpg, not yet included, Jennifer, flush with the screen, rupturing the text with the potential for _her_ visible body, not yet produced, reproduced in _this_ space, but already a deterioration of text, the world shattered by swollen.pink.jpg as you would no longer say, breathless, lured or seduced into the product-production of Jennifer-capital-Alan.</P>

</BODY>

</HTML>

Decoding My Life (Come to This)*Alan Jen Sondheim · 15 April 1997, 12:26 a.m.*

Decoding My Life (Film Fissure Five Flesh With Wizard Work Writing):

A AIR, AVI Aarhus Addenda, Address: Advisor Aesthetics Also American Americans An,ode, Analysis Angelina Annihilation: Antler, Arsenal, Art, Artforum, Articles Artistic Artweek, As Atlanta Avatars, Before Beginning Being Benefit, Benefit, Best Beyond Board Book Border, Brown Brussels, Bykert Cal. Camcorder Canadian Center Characterizations Chatter Cheap Cincinnati, Cinema City Co-Organizer, Collective College Columns Comoderator Concordia Conferences Connecticut Consultant, Contact/Proofs, Contamination, Contributing Contributor, Correspondent Crash, Creative Culture Curator, Current Cut Cyberspace, DARE, Dalhousie Dallas Dead Debrisfilm, Decomposition: Disorders Drug, Dundas ETR, Editorial Electronic Email: Emory Essay Exhibitionist, Experimental Experimental Export FTI, Faculty Family Fashion, Fear Fellow Feminism Fever, Film Fissure Five Flesh, Flexibility, Flux Foundation Founder, Fractured Franklin Frontera Full Future Gain Geography Geography/Postmodernism/Body, George Geyser, Give Global God, Gotham Grants Greetings Group Guest, Hallwalls Hammond Harbourfront, Hartford Headed Hebrew History Hole, Hollywood, Horizons How Huntington Hymen, Image Images Immobilization, In Inaugural Incorrect: Individuals: Inquisition, Intermedia Internet Interview Into Introduction Jager Joual Juarez, KERA, KNON Karen Keynote Kitchen, L.A. LUBO Landscape, Lang/Parsons Liberte Light Limelight, Liner Linguistic Lips, Lists, Live London Louisiana Lumina, M, MIRROR MOMA, Male, Marcia Margaret, Mass. Matrix Media Melbourne, Member Millennium, Mills Miscellaneous: Misrecognitions, Muck, Museum NEA NY Naropa Nature Negative Net Net-Body Neural New Newark Newcastle-upon-Tyne Newport Newsletter Nexus, Nina No No Noise North Nova Nova O.K. Oberlin Old On On-Line Ontario Option, Orange Organizer, PCM2-M00, Paint, Panel/Screening, Parachute, Paris Part-Time Participant, Participating Patricia Peachtree Perforations, Persona Phenomenology Photographs Planet Poems, Polymorphous Pornography: Postmodernism Ppress Presence President, Producer/originator, Providence Public Publications Queer-e, RISD Real Resonances, Review Reviewer, Revised Rhode Ritual, Robbed S.P.E., S8, SMU, SNAP San San Schizz, School Second Selections, Sequestered Sexuality Sheridan Sick Singular Sleazy Soho Some Sounds, South-Eastern Southern Spinthariscopes, Square Squeaky Squeaky Squealer, St. St. Stolen Strata, Summary Suny Super T'Other Talk Talking Telephone: Testimony Textbook Texts, The Theater, Thought, Thread Throat, Town Transcription Tre Trivial Two U.A., UCLA UCSD, UNCA, URL UT Umberto University Unnerving Untitled Upstairs, Using Various Vehicule, Victor Video Village Virtual Voyeurism, WBRU Warwick Watching Wesleyan Western Whitney Williams Winnipeg With Wizard Work Writing Wupatki, X-Art Yale ZBS [Note: _Hole,_

amino, cd or

TELNET JENNIFER-MOO 111.112.113.114 6666*Alan Jen Sondheim · 19 April 1997, 6:02 p.m.*

TELNET JENNIFER-MOO 111.112.113.114 6666:

divide
 on the carboniferous valley in iced-blue mountainside
 how can i divide and divide
 clit mosses, ice and slopes festoon, elide
 i do will make address
 in tears she parted in her dark red dress
 divide by leaving, but i stay, close
 upon the mountaintop, above the furrowed cwm, alone
 there are me here
 recuperating consequences, assimilations, heights and fear
 i no you he she we they
 turn dreams that crags brought down to slither into day
 i did forget a mention, striations and this straddled hearth
 waters pull down dress beyond the tidal pool, the dry land's dearth
 i am sorry if i want you
 where world is actual, green groceries through
 me she he or we they i
 against the strata welkin, sward, soma, mead, or sky
 i divide and divide and divide you know that's
 beneath me rats and panties, above me crags and bats
 how jennifer came when jennifer came when
 fluorescent homes, your dark red dress and then
 now i will write to no one
 you turned, slit furrows of your breasts in sun
 now
 lit nipples shadowed, moss springs beneath me wow
 i will write to no one
 i page and multiply beneath your breasts in sun

<death.htm: open in browser for the bones>*Alan Jen Sondheim · 20 April 1997, 1:30 a.m.*

```

<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>
```

Foundations of European Metaphysics

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 27 April 1997, 1:57 a.m.

Ground

Cassell's Compact Latin Dictionary

earth, soil == humus, solum, terra [humid soil terrapin, sole solar
rockets terraplaning, terraforming soiled humus]
on the ground == humi [Rumi]
place, position == locus [locale, location, luscious looking]
reason, basis == causa, ratio [Grund, Grundwerk, Panties, Rations]
on the ground that == quod [because of, "quid"]

Collins Latin-English English-Latin Dictionary

bottom == solum [earth, soil, above, above-ground]
earth == terra, humus [humdrum terrain, humorous Ground-breaking]
cause == ratio, causa [above, above-Grund, above-Grundwerk, Panty-liner]
sediment == faex [false sentiments, groundless presuppositions]
on the ground == humi [almost, "as if dead," whirled worlds Grundless]
gain ground == proficiere [proficient in Metaphysics, Foundations]
rumour == increbrescere ["increbulous," said <strike>Jennifer</strike>]
lose ground == cedere [acceded dispersions of metaphysical foundations]
military == inclinare [which are inclined to reified instantiations,
vt == instituere [institutions, not _as if,_ but
vi (ship) == sidere [sail-less, rudderless, on the high seas]

from Oswald O.

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 27 April 1997, 9:34 p.m.

(From Oswald O.)

I'm sitting here in tshirt and pants, worrying about a future in death
And hackers screwing up my system and my arms and legs leprosy and lies
So there's nowhere to go but into machines and I've lost the will to live
Which is why I say in the middle of the night thank god for the rain
And the flowers are dying in roadside Amerika and no one's around to
collect
And rainbows are yearning while cities are burning and children are dead
from neglect
The war's hardly over, girls lie down in clover, scream and they never get
up
It's time for the magic, the reaper wrecks havoc, it's time for the
gallows and cup

I'm sitting here in combat and drinking long gone brew of blood and wine
And you might think it's fine and that we're walking the party line
But the sides are smashed with needles and vials and vile's the weather
today
So thank God for the pounding on windows and roof thank God for the
nighttime rain

And she offers me water, she offers me wine, she offers her body as well
Cause she knows I've returned, whole villages burned, I've been through
the weather of hell
The war's just begin, there's blood on the sun, there's blood on the
harvest moon
And I'm throwing the cards, hanged men and hanged girls, they're sowing
another rune

And you might think I'm dressed in armor, leaning down from the pulpit for
cards
But I've wounded myself, I've lost my way, in the woods where the runes
send off sparks
And flames reach for the skies, they cover her thighs, the runes scream,
they're burning bright
She buries herself in my burning flesh, thank God for the storm and the
rain

Pattie Hearst walks again with the strong Weathermen, Black Panthers are
loading their guns
Em-Sixteens are ready, our bodies are steady, we're off to the hills at a
run
Lord Jesus will keep us, Death will not reap us, revenge is the truth of
the day
And nighttime will hide us, the ghetto abide us, we're waiting to kill and
to pray

And you'll find me here in bluejeans and tshirt, roaring down the wires at
you,
You'll see me in the flaming sky, holy embrace with Janis and Jimmie and
The Owl
Pure windows opened up flaming skulls where we'll take the boat to Nam's
pure booty hell
And celebrate our love beyond your cracked dull thought, and thank God for
the thunder and rain

And the flowers are dying in roadside Amerika and no one's around to
collect
And rainbows are yearning while cities are burning and children are dead
from neglect
The war's hardly over, girls lie down in clover, scream and they never get
up
It's time for the magic, the reaper wrecks havoc, it's time for the
gallows and cup

in-Kant*Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 29 April 1997, 2:15 p.m.*

-

Incantation: Corrective Strategy: Hacker Drive: Core Dump: Gdb:

The drive to write, the drive to correct, to turn these words into pure empathetic sound: such would cancel, chill, curtail, recuperate violation-fabric-the-medicine, make me hole again, the disappearance of the vacantatory eye/I. Into the night, right I, slewed from skewed violation-fabric: Dar dar dar. Arduous the night. Dar dar dar. Perturbatio. Dar dar dar dar. Ahesulim, Salimpalihilisu, SalimpalihAdda, MusallimMarduk, Addumusallim.

.rad rad rad raD .oitabrutreP .rad rad raD .thgin eht suoudrA .rad rad raD .millasumuddA ,kudraMmillasuM ,addAhilapmilaS ,usilihilapmilaS ,milusehA .rad rad rad raD .oitabrutreP .rad rad raD .thgin eht suoudrA .rad rad raD .millasumuddA ,kudraMmillasuM ,addAhilapmilaS ,usilihilapmilaS ,milusehA .rad rad rad raD .oitabrutreP .rad rad raD .thgin eht suoudrA .rad rad raD .millasumuddA ,kudraMmillasuM ,addAhilapmilaS ,usilihilapmilaS ,milusehA .rad rad rad raD .oitabrutreP .rad rad raD .thgin eht suoudrA .rad rad raD .millasumuddA ,kudraMmillasuM ,addAhilapmilaS ,usilihilapmilaS ,milusehA .eid lliw I .yawyna eid lliw I ,eid lliw I ;yawyna eid lliw I ,eid lliw I .eid lliw I .yawyna eid lliw I ,eid lliw I ;yawyna eid lliw I ,eid lliw I .rad rad rad raD .oitabrutreP .rad rad raD .thgin eht suoudrA .rad rad raD .rad rad rad raD .oitabrutreP .rad rad raD .thgin eht suoudrA .rad rad raD

GDB:

gdb Incantation:

GDB is free software and you are welcome to distribute copies of it under certain conditions; type "show copying" to see the conditions. There is absolutely no warranty for GDB; type "show warranty" for details. GDB 4.16 (sparc-sun-sunos4.1.4), Copyright 1996 Free Software Foundation, Inc...

"/net/u/6/s/sondheim/Incantation:": not in executable format: File format not recognized

(gdb) quit

breathing into the body*Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 6 May 1997, 11:45 a.m.*

Surgery and Suture of Jennifer

[Deceptively simple script generates fractal series (not image) based on seconds count; series smears Jennifer-text across screen; series expands and compresses. The series is described in Net1.txt; see "Spew."] Cut and run on MSE or Netscape 3+.

```
<HTML>
<HEAD>
<TITLE>Surgery and Suture of Jennifer</TITLE>
<META http-equiv="REFRESH" content="1">
</HEAD>
<BODY>
<H4>Working through the body, Mathesis turns out Jennifer</H4>
<SCRIPT LANGUAGE="Javascript">
var now = new Date;
var x = now.getSeconds();
var j = 1;
if (x == 0)
  {x = 2};
while ( x < 65)
{
  while (x % Math.pow(2, j) == 0)
    { j++; }
  if ( j % 2 == 0)
    document.write("<H3>FOR I DIVIDE YOU</H3>");
  else
    {document.write("<H3>FOR YOU ARE NOT DIVIDED</H3>");}
  x++;
  j = 1;
}
</SCRIPT>
<H4>JENNIFER DIVIDES INTO TWO. JENNIFER DIVIDES YOU INTO TWO.</H4>
</BODY>
</HTML>
```

Poetics/Writing/Performativity

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 8 May 1997, 12:52 a.m.

This message is in MIME format. The first part should be readable text, while the remaining parts are likely unreadable without MIME-aware tools. Send mail to mime@docserver.cac.washington.edu for more info.
--1921387416-141103230-863067147=:450
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII

The attachment above should be opened in an editor, cut at the line, and run in a text-based browser, 3.0 and above preferable.

The lines should not be justified.

The Jennifer-function plays for itself.

Alan

ICIP0w0KSmVubmlmZXIzID0gbmV3IEplbm5pZmVyKCJtaW5lICIsICJpbmhh
 bGUgIiwgInNwdXJ0IiwgInN1cmdlcnkgIiwgIm15X3ZvaWNLICIP0w0KSmVu
 bmlmZXI0ID0gbmV3IEplbm5pZmVyKCJ5b3VycyAiLCAiaGVycyAiLCAic3B1
 cnQiLCAiY2FldGVyaXplICIsICJ3aGlzcGVyICIP0w0KSmVubmlmZXI1ID0g
 bmV3IEplbm5pZmVyKCJ0ZXV0ZXIgiIiwgImFoIiwgImRyaWJibGUgIiwgImNh
 dGhldGVyICIsICJtdXJtdXIgiIik7DQpKZW5uaWZlcjYgPSBuZXcgSmVubmlm
 ZXIoInBlbmV0cmF0ZSAiLCAib2giLCAiZHJvcCAiLCAidmVpbiAiLCAibXlf
 dm9pY2UgIik7DQpKZW5uaWZlcjcgPSBuZXcgSmVubmlmZXIoInZhZ2luYXRl
 ICIsICJvb2giLCAiZHJvb3AgIiwgImFydGVyeSAiLCAidGhlaXJfdm9pY2Ug
 Iik7DQpKZW5uaWZlcjggPSBuZXcgSmVubmlmZXIoImxvb3NlIiwgImdyYWhy
 IiwgIm1pbGsiLCAibmV1cmFsICIsICJ0aHJlc3QgIik7DQpKZW5uaWZlcjkg
 PSBuZXcgSmVubmlmZXIoImZhbmV1cmFsICIsICJpbmhhbGUlLCAic3B1cnQiLCAi
 ZXhoYXxlICIsICJwb3J0ZW5kICIP0w0KdmFyIHogPSAw0yB2YXIgeDsgdmFy
 IGo7IHZhciBub3c7DQp3aGlzSAoeiA8IDgpDQp7DQpub3cgPSBuZXcgRGF0
 ZTsgDQp4ID0gbm93LmdldFNlY29uZHMokTsgDQp4ID0geCALIDEyIDwhLS0g
 VEHFIERJUIBfUlnJt04gt0YgSkV0tklGRVIGLy8gLS0+DQppZiAoIGogPT0g
 MCApDQp7ZG9jdWllbnQud3JpdGUoSmVubmlmZXIxLmdlbmRlciArIEplbm5p
 ZmVyMi5icmVhdGhpbmcgKyBKZW5uaWZlcjMubWlsaw0KICArIEplbm5pZmVy
 NC5zdXR1cmVfYw5kX3N1cmdlcnkgKyAiPEJSPiIp030NCmlmICggaiA9PSAx
 ICkNCntkb2N1bWVudC53cmI0ZShKZW5uaWZlcjEuYnJlYXRoaW5nICsgSmVu
 bmlmZXIyLmdlbmRlciArIEplbm5pZmVyMy55b3UNCiAgKyBKZW5uaWZlcjQu
 bWlsayArICi8QlI+Iik7fQ0KaWYgKCBqID09IDIpDQp7ZG9jdWllbnQud3Jp
 dGUoSmVubmlmZXIxLnNldHVyZV9hbmRfc3VyZ2VyeSArIEplbm5pZmVyMi5z
 dXR1cmVfYw5kX3N1cmdlcnkNCiArIEplbm5pZmVyMy5nZW5kZXIgiKyBKZW5u
 aWZlcjQuYnJlYXRoaW5nICsgIjxUj4iKTt9DQppZiAoIGogPT0gMykNCntk
 b2N1bWVudC53cmI0ZShKZW5uaWZlcjEubWlsayArIEplbm5pZmVyMi55b3Ug
 KyBKZW5uaWZlcjMuew91IA0KICsgSmVubmlmZXI0LnNldHVyZV9hbmRfc3Vy
 Z2VyeSArICi8QlI+Iik7fQ0KaWYgKGogPT0gNCkNCntkb2N1bWVudC53cmI0
 ZShKZW5uaWZlcjUubWlsayArIEplbm5pZmVyNi55b3UgKyBKZW5uaWZlcjcu
 Z2VuZGVyIA0KICsgSmVubmlmZXI0LmJyZWFOaGluZyArICi8QlI+Iik7fQ0K
 aWYgKGogPT0gNSkNCntkb2N1bWVudC53cmI0ZShKZW5uaWZlcjYubWlsayAr
 IEplbm5pZmVyNi5nZW5kZXIgiKyBKZW5uaWZlcjcuWlsayANCiArIEplbm5p
 ZmVyNS5icmVhdGhpbmcgKyAiPEJSPiIp030NCmlmICChqID09IDYpDQp7ZG9j
 dWllbnQud3JpdGUoSmVubmlmZXI3LnNldHVyZV9hbmRfc3VyZ2VyeSArIEpl
 bm5pZmVyNi5zdXR1cmVfYw5kX3N1cmdlcnkNCiArIEplbm5pZmVyNS55b3Ug
 KyBKZW5uaWZlcjIuc3V0dXJlX2FuZF9zdXJnZXJ5ICsgIjxUj4iKTt9DQpp
 ZiAoaiA9PSA3IHx8IGogPT0gOCkNCntkb2N1bWVudC5iZ0NvbG9yPSJibGFj
 ayI7DQpkb2N1bWVudC53cmI0ZSgiTXkgcGFudGllcyBvbiB0aGUgZ3JvdW5k
 IGFyZSB3ZXQgd2l0aCBlbGVtZW50cyBhbmQgcGxhbmV0cy4iKQ0KfSANCi8v
 IFRIRSBdT05DRUFMTUV0VCBPRiBQQU5USUVTIEF0RCBISURERU4gRE9DVFJJ
 TkUNCmlmICChqID09IDkpdQp7ZG9jdWllbnQud3JpdGUoSmVubmlmZXI5Lm1p
 bGsgKyBKZW5uaWZlcjkuc3V0dXJlX2FuZF9zdXJnZXJ5ICsgSmVubmlmZXI5
 LmdlbmRlcg0KICsgSmVubmlmZXI4LmdlbmRlciArIEplbm5pZmVyNC5zdXR1
 cmVfYw5kX3N1cmdlcnkgKyAiPEJSPiIp030NCmlmICChqID09IDEwKQ0Ke2Rv
 Y3VtZW50LndyaXRlKEplbm5pZmVyOC5taWxrICsgSmVubmlmZXI3LmJyZWFO
 aGluZyArIEplbm5pZmVyOC55b3UgDQogKyBKZW5uaWZlcjEuew91ICsgSmVu
 bmlmZXI5LnldvSArICi8QlI+Iik7fQ0Keisr0w0KaWYgKGogPT0gMTEpDQp7
 ZG9jdWllbnQudm9kb2xvcj0ieWVsbG93Ij5NCmRvY3VtZW50LndyaXRlKCKJ
 KZW5uaWZlcnl1bGxvd21pbGsgSmVubmlmZXJicmVhdGhpbmdnZW5kZXIgiSmVu
 bmlmZXJzdXR1cmVhbmRzdXJnZXJ5Iik7fQ0KfQ0KPC9TQ1JJUFQ+DQo8U0NS
 SVBUPmlmICChqICUgMiA9PSAAwKQ0Ke2RvY3VtZW50LndyaXRlKCI8SDI+IiAr
 ICJKRU50SUZFUjBJTkhBTEVTIiArICi8L0gyPiIpFQ0KZWxzZQ0Ke2RvY3Vt

ZW50LndyaXRlKCI8SDI+IiArICJKRU50SUZFUiBFWEhBTEVTIiArICI8L0gy
 PiIpfQ0KaWYgKGogJSAzID09IDApDQp7ZG9jdWlbnQud3JpdGUoIjxIND4i
 ICsgIkpFTk5JRkVSIeZBTExTIEFQQVJUUiArICI8L0g0PiIpfQ0KPC9TQ1JJ
 UFQ+DQo8L0ZPTlQ+DQo8SDI+SkV0TkI GRVIGWU9VIEpFTk5JRkVSIepFTk5J
 RkVSPC9IMj4NCjwvQ0V0VEVSPg0KPC9CT0RZPg0KPC9IVE1MPg0KDQo=
 --1921387416-141103230-863067147=:450--

A Quiet Talk in Kyoto

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 11 May 1997, 3:28 p.m.

A Quiet Talk in Kyoto

---- No world ----
 ---- World hokusai ----

Welcome to Kyoto-M00!

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!

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

---- World sotatsu ----

Yurt
 hovel where Wizards hang, bones in front, skins behind
 You see basin, human, lump, and stuff here.

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, "Time when we are noticably weary, friend..."

---- World hokusai ----

Sotatsu teleports in.

Sotatsu says, "Time when we are noticably weary, friend..."

You say, "That is true, my friend; we are far gone, now, among these
 dark and dismal times..."

---- World sotatsu ----

Hokusai says, "That is true, my friend; we are far gone, now, among these dark and dismal times..."

You say, "And what can be done about these dreary nightmares in this empty space, friend Hokusai?"

---- World hokusai ----

Sotatsu says, "And what can be done about these dreary nightmares in this empty space, friend Hokusai?"

You say, "I do not know; to persevere among the scattered texts, broken dreams, lost avatars... O, Sotatsu, what will become of us?"

---- World sotatsu ----

Hokusai says, "I do not know; to persevere among the scattered texts, broken dreams, lost avatars... O, Sotatsu, what will become of us?"

You say, "We shall dwell here, in the houses of the Lords, forever, friend Hokusai, and we shall live, and learn..."

---- World hokusai ----

Sotatsu says, "We shall dwell here, in the houses of the Lords, forever, friend Hokusai, and we shall live, and learn..."

You say, "And, Sotatsu, what will that be, in this place of plum wine and Noh? For shall we ever live further..."

---- World sotatsu ----

Hokusai says, "And, Sotatsu, what will that be, in this place of plum wine and Noh? For shall we ever live further..."

You say, "Hush, Hokusai, there are things it is better not to know..."

---- World hokusai ----

Sotatsu says, "Hush, Hokusai, there are things it is better not to know..."

You say, "Ah, that is so true, my friend... let us sleep now, we are tired..."

---- World sotatsu ----

Hokusai says, "Ah, that is so true, my friend... let us sleep now, we are tired..."

You say, "True enough, friend Hokusai, we shall sleep, now and forever..."

---- World hokusai ----

Sotatsu says, "True enough, friend Hokusai, we shall sleep, now and forever..."

*** Disconnected ***

% Connection to hokusai closed by foreign host.

---- World sotatsu ----

You hear a quiet popping sound; Hokusai has disconnected.

*** Disconnected ***

% Connection to sotatsu closed by foreign host.

---- No world ----

i root ii rise

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 19 May 1997, 2:36 a.m.

```
i root
MAILER-DAEMON:root
daemon:root
sys:root
bin:root
jenn:root
audit:root
sync:root
tape:root
sysdiag:root
sundiag:root
AUpwdauthd:root
AUyppasswdd:root
root2:root@mailspool.zinger.com
treeroot-list:treeroot,treeroot2,root2
fwd_leaves.org_tree: :include:/users/dfl/leaves/tree
```

ii rise

Across the jeweled sandals glittered as lost rings in the sands,
 She-camel raced past a woman bearing musk, you lightly on her skin,
 Called towards the wadi where hidden from all view but for her,
 Time traced filaments erased in sounds, you are no nomad,
 But sprayed stars gather your steed like eunuch's memories of her,
 Twenty formulas in Egypt, fifteen in Syria, I would add five in Rome,
 Visitations of the grape, chalice of pure purple wine,
 These were all the slaves beneath her, beds of perfect flesh,
 Toned into oases of color and longing, gardening of musk and death,
 She in Aleppo, twelve in Damascus, the love of remnants, silver cloth,
 But for nights spent among eunuch and virgin, she whom love abounded,
 Never abundant, veiled and cut or bladed, hungered by steed or camel,
 Dark rock in black sky, among vultures, scattered birds,
 Would have been to sing in Jar al-Buwaira, valley of tamarisks,*

Fourteen, and then twelve, and then twelve, she erased,
 Abounded, there were gazelles, Turban, wild olives and always more,
 Grain among grain, sand among sand, rock among rock, stream in stream,
 Wind in wind, sky in sky, earth in earth, wind in earth and sky,

*Some would say beyond, or farther, some would say anywhere at all,
 would say to hear pure sound, would say for perfect presence.

Linux' Toor of Babel

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 25 May 1997, 12:20 a.m.

-

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:dhataudwpUA
 toor:did-wissenschaft-app-UA
 moc.regniz.loopsliam@toor:2toor
 2toor,2tooreert,tooreert:tsil-tooreert!!!
 eert/sevael/lfd/sresu/:educalcn: :eert_gro.sevael_dowf!!!

Jennifer Turns Julu

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 31 May 1997, 1:24 a.m.

/* current program output tables as julu expands */

Jennifer turns Julu
 truth:tense:pills:jen:true:349:6:julu:jen:tense
 cap:inal:inate:s:term:all_right:164:2:juli!:term:cap
 yorlrm:yorlmount:yorlrev:yorl:thru!:322:6:julo:yorl:yorlrev
 hole:she:he:id:lu:her:ah, true:247:6:lulu:her:id
 dark:thick:acidic:brown:verily:636:7:yellow:brown:acidic
 tip:spit:spat:iron:silence:quietly:674:3:meek:silence:spat
 needle:heroin:frozen:cold:ice:silver:710:6:gold:ice:frozen
 Would gold mind you partying ice
 head:tail:Dog:burnout:mad!:721:4:crazed:burnout:tail

Would crazed mind you partying burnout
 Come home with me julu-of-the-fast-crowd
 Ah, my breasts eaten by julu-of-the-open-arms and julu-depressed
 Come home with me julu-of-the-fast-crowd
 Ah, your makeup eaten by julu-of-the-open-arms and julu-depressed
 Nothing:Death-Knob:Broken-Hole:301:6:Dry:Death-Knob:Nothing
 Come home with me julu-of-the-fast-crowd
 Ah, your masquerade eaten by julu-of-the-open-arms and julu-depressed
 space:sign:fat:me:flat:anorexic:334:6:thin:flat:sign
 Your penetrating the Thing is in my open arms
 melt-body:cold-body:gone-body:suck:wayward:345:6:dog-girl:suck:gone-body
 Your forgiving love is in my open arms

[no subject]

Alan Julu Sondheim · 5 June 1997, 9:21 p.m.

Julu: This is a mess, just a blank, a brick, salvaged from the Amaya test browser. Just a moment, the phone is ringing.
 Julu: As I was saying, this is a mess. There's nothing to it, nothing. The substitutions are weak; there's nothing to be done about it. It was saved from Amaya through lynx. Hold on, someone's at the door.

Julu: Sorry for that interruption. There could be another, next time a shot rings out, the time after, sounds of bodies going under. The brick thrown through the screen, what the fuck difference does the text make?

Julu: That was just a pause, /make/ turning dirt into action. Sorry for the brick, shots just rang the changes.

filooo boooocousooo fuck fooolt fuck hood to soooooo it to (noooooorly) thooo oond. Thooorooo woos littlooo ooolsooo going on. fuck woont to nomooil. WHERE i PROUDLY REMAfuckNED SfuckLENT, RECOGNfuckZfuckNG THE FUTfuckLfuckTY OF ARGUfuckNG WfuckTH ARMED MfuckLfuckTfuckA. to THfuckS i OWE MY LfuckFE AND THE FUTURE OF MYSELF AND MY DESCENDENTS, gOD BE THANKED. As foor oos boooliooofs, fuck soooooo no rooooooon to booolioooovooo in oonything. fuckf thooorooo is oo moooddling GODJULU, hooo/shooo is dooostructivooo. fuckf thooorooo is oo non-moooddling GODJULU, it's of no intooorooost to mooo; whoot's thooo point? >>>doooiity RAfuckSES fuckTS UGLY HEAD PROMfuckSfuckNG prooyoor oond spirit. thoink you lord. Which loooooovooos mooo with thooo usuool ooothicool quooostion - how to construct/ work within oon ooothos without immoonooncooo or troonscooondoooncooo. fuckn roooooility, fuck buy thooo oooxistooontiool notion of projoooct/roosponsibiliy, but fuck oolso fooooool this is oo convooniooont myth. fuck ooct in tooorms of whoot fuck considooor just

Julu: Sorry for the brick, I mean that.

[no subject]*Alan Julu Sondheim · 6 June 1997, 7:10 p.m.*

+++

Swinburne dreams of dark women pink with skin of rose
 slumbering beneath the prick of sword on sward, those
 eyes, those alabaster limbs of Swinburne, hard
 upon the field, soft woes descried the bard, who would
 not yield

but did there in the Garden, where Faustine
 met Julu, turned towards savage Jennifer, espied
 fair Clara in the distance, she of the darkling mien,
 and Swinburne almost died, and Swinburne cried
 in that green field

and brambles grew, and pricked the Snow-White skin
 where blood flowed, upon the corset of the moon,
 and liquid yielded Faustine, and all her kin,
 and Swinburne turned, a ghost, or sign, or rune
 in that dark field

in that dark field, in that green and early bloom,
 in that dark field, flowed from empty womb

Oomm DANGEROUS MOMS THE GAG*Alan Julu Sondheim · 12 June 1997, 3:26 a.m.*

==

O'O'Momentarily Moving

momentarily moving

in the pure move-

ments of 0 what isn't momentous, isn't installed through the
 partic000ularities of 000these moments, what might be000!!!consi-
 dered, what???000000 hey, but the momentous movement through
 the terminological moment.hell, it's the moments's momentary
 melding, what000V0yes, something000else((ú0not the moment ofthe
 text but, otherwise: - 0000'00^"0000, but you already 0000q00000
 know this!! somewhat - I'd think, a moment that 00000 might speak
 00x0yof momentary movements.o'o' those!@usual moments, heh! I'D
 BEGIN!"!

O'O'Woords o' Mathematics oo Musick

singing

in the pure

sound of 0 what isn't beauty, isn't harmonious through the
 tunes000 of 000these orchestrations, what might be000!!!consi-
 dered, what???000000 hey, but the throat urging voice through
 the playful world of rhythm.Oh, oh, it's the voices silent urging,

melting, what000V0yes, something00else((ú0not the singing ofthe
world but, elsewise: - 0000'00^`0000, but you already 0000000000
know this!! somewhat - I'd think, elsewhere that 00000 might speak
00x0yof heaven and truth.Of those!@usual songs, ah ... I'D BEGIN!"!

DANGEROUS MOMS:

1. Y TRMINADIVIDCOMPUHIZZING ON
WARS TE SCR. WRIG IS T HERE, AD
TEX, POGRAMG, LE ITSEHE SPLITTO
HAV NOHISTO THATXT SC SKITTERST
ACCMULTION BROKEYMBOL

3. HE ONES CONJD AS N, INVAGIT
CONAIN A WEER OFE ANDION. VIOLR
AREJUS BENE THE FACE,ED WITH EM
IT' THS THAEADS THE MITING SLA
PERPHEAL GHS. (ITERALTURE_ THE
LAS RENANTS FLESMY CHOULDERS, O

7. N TE INVON OFE CARSITUATED E
THECHET, COCTED H THEASP OF LUE
- O INTHE MT OF INVANOTHING OA
CHUE O TIMEAT GAS THE

JULU:

NOWI WLL MATHE AALS TAND WALK A TAL AN WALK OTHENIMALHER HOLES FLEH, OR
WII WALMONG PACES WHEH THEE I NOT M FORW BLOLLED FROML ORGNELE, I
JULU-THE-BULU-LIGAMU THI ROM.

The Gag

The recent texts are not CONCRETE POETRY nor designed for VISUAL ILLUSION;
I have no PRETENTIONS in this direction. Nor are they SOUND -POETRY or
-BYTES:

They are _produced_ by virtue of the machine, of and through the machine:
They are the _stuff_ of language, teetering between intensive semantic
content, and the fall of wording into ululation, war-cry, proto-language,
or gag-in-the-throat.

As gag, they resonate through the upper reaches of the body, drag out the
murmur of the world (Lingis); languages schizzes, melts from the screen.

It's on this edge that language is reified, asserted - the triumverate of
gag, semantics (Word), and the machine. Consider them _cyborg texts,_ as
the granting of a wish or a blood-red pearl to a sleeping princess.

Who lies on the bed or ground, Grund, in her panties. Why panties? Be-
cause meaning is always already a cleansing, the site of inscription,
citation of language flux. _Jennifer_ lies in the bed, but you already

knew that.

knew that.

citation of language flux. _Jennifer_ lies in the bed, but you already
cause meaning is always already a cleansing, the site of inscription,
Who lies on the bed or ground, Grund, in her panties. Why panties? Be-

the granting of a wish or a blood-red pearl to a sleeping princess.
gag, semantics (Word), and the machine. Consider them _cyborg texts,_ as
It's on this edge that language is reified, asserted - the triumverate of

murmur of the world (Lingis); languages schizzes, melts from the screen.
As gag, they resonate through the upper reaches of the body, drag out the

or gag-in-the-throat.

content, and the fall of wording into ululation, war-cry, proto-language,
They are the _stuff_ of language, teetering between intensive semantic
They are _produced_ by virtue of the machine, of and through the machine:

-BYTES:

I have no PRETENSIONS in this direction. Nor are they SOUND -POETRY or
The recent texts are not CONCRETE POETRY nor designed for VISUAL ILLUSION;

The Gag

hysteriu

Alan Julu Sondheim · 16 June 1997, 2:47 p.m.

-

hysteriu: jennifer's wondering wumb
murky slugged-vine hungs down triling frum durk-wull, skein-cutchers uf
jennifer's wumb un the muve through julu; jewel-julu mirrurs bluud-durk
spheres with perfect ruy-trucing us distance turns buck un itself; birth
is grunted ucruss the gruin uf prutuculs; yuu're never ullued tu furget
thut there is nu distance between neurest puints in these enfolding tis-
uses, clused dumuins sputtering in the heuted symphuny uf bluud-red night,
in the bluud-durk night

it's time tu stup the breuth uf gud, thin gluss needle between my heuted
lips, julu slushing nuw in jennifer-visiuns cuming us pitch-durk bluud
rises cluse tu temperutur-thermumeter

the wumb presses uut through the breusts, distends the nipples, wun't plu-
cute until bluud is drwn drinking ut the muuth uf gud, the budy un im-
mense und bluud-night cuvern, eyes teuring, surgery uf jennifer-julu in u
sphere uf thin gluss electrude firing perfect bruin in this durk-red night
uf reign uf bluud und heuted thin gluss needles

O Julu suys Jennifer yuu ulways luuk unly ut the piece, nut ut the hule.

0 Jennifer suys Julu everything is bruken und the suuner yuu reulize this.
 0 Julu suys Jennifer dun't yuu ever huve u bruin.
 0 Jennifer suys Julu unly when I huve u mind tu.

- - -

"She will dreum ulung with the cut, guudnight Jennifer, suys Julu.

"Guudnight Julu, huve u lovely dreum.

"(I wish there were mure uf us, thinks Julu.)

"Jennifer heurd thut!"

<>

Alan+++Sondheim · 19 June 1997, 11:40 a.m.

...

every moment when the word leans
 it becomes another word and language
 gains ascendance across body and
 function as if there were speaking
 at the beginning of things which
 already announced their beginning
 because she said there were extru-
 sions from the start that wrapped
 around itself adjusting her shawl
 in the cold wind by the north sea
 where ice flows burned the sea down
 and brine turned its loamy foamy in
 white emerald there in the true sea
 where plankton rose and deep blue eyes
 and blond hair swirled in black light
 of blue by the grey sea by the black
 sea by the brine sea by the sea brine
 where the words flew as she spoke
 into one another as the moment pulls
 back and shows its white teeth through
 the sizzle of words in color words
 pulling back language she commented
 i didn't come here for this

Subject: Ex-Mig

Alan+++Sondheim · 21 June 1997, 2:48 a.m.

+++

Subject: Ex-Mig

Exchange of Migrating Names

```
{b:2} Migrating Names bash: Migrating: command not found
personal-name = Alan***Sondheim To : Travis***Sondheim
<Susan@panix3.panix.com> Cc: Subject: Migrating Names -- Message Text --
```

Names Migrate

Intention transforms across applications; the railroad meets itself on the other side of the world.

```
Date: Thu, 19 Jun 1997 23:21:40 -0400 (EDT) From: Travis***Sondheim
<root@clara.julu.net> To: Alan***Sondheim <sondheim@panix.com> Subject:
Migrating Names
```

Thin links break, there are always girls and boys, Travis and Susan, always time on hand. I'd wonder:

```
{k:1} date Thu Jun 19 23:24:09 EDT 1997 {k:2} exit
Connection closed by foreign host.
{b:9} date Thu Jun 19 23:23:22 EDT 1997
```

Susan-Travis fingers grow thin with longing; Jews, they just aren't _there._ This could be a problem.

```
----- The following addresses had permanent fatal errors -----
<root@166.84.250.149>
```

To: root@166.84.250.149 Subject: we have no roots

Susan - the problem is theirs.

Travis

```
+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++
```

"It's this sort of thing." "They always say things like this." "You've got to expect them to feel this way."

"They're _clingy._"

```
-----
```

Kill -9 0

*Alan * Sondheim · 26 June 1997, 1:06 p.m.*

*

*

Kill -9 0

sendmail mailing hell, file moving hell, killing background hell,
killing foreground hell, spam complaining hell, message parsing hell,

attachment error hell, lying thank you hell, starting stopping hell

fyflkj q flkjs; dlfjl;kjlj jennifer-kfdlkjsdfw-hell

y::I did NOT join whatever this person is talking about; the full header gives your addresses. Please do something about this - it's highly

[Problem with attachments! Fix errors or delete attachments.]

[1] + Stopped /julu/local/experimental/bin/pine

{k:18} kill -9 19462

To : flkjsdf

Subject : Thank you for joining! (fwd)

----- Message Text -----

[2] + Stopped /julu/local/experimental/bin/pine

[1] - Killed /julu/local/experimental/bin/pine

{k:21} kill -9 19477

[2] + Killed /julu/local/experimental/bin/pine

{k:23} b

{k:25} less #pico19462#

Missing filename ("less -\?" for help)

missing naming hell, hacking break-in hell, damage data hell,
removing file hell, stutter splatter hell, signal stopping hell

{k:26} rm *pic*

rm: remove #pico19462#? y

***** This service is for authorized clients only *****

WARNING: It is a criminal offence to:

i. Obtain access to data without authority

* (Penalty 2 years imprisonment) *

ii. Damage, delete, alter or insert data without authority

* (Penalty 10 years imprisonment) *

{k:38} kill -9 all

[Yes] jennifer

[Yes] julu

[Yes] jennifer

killing process hell, shutdown hard now hell, process running hell,
lkjsdfj keyboard hell, spatter keyboard hell, spoofing address hell,
sendmail blocking hell, killing all now hell, corrupting file hell

jennifer-dog-writing-hell, julu-cat-yowling-hell,
jennifer-trancing-backup-hell, julu-screaching-zombie-hell,
jennifer-training-dogcat-hell, julu-wailing-canine-hell

Dead as Can Be

Alan * Sondheim · 27 June 1997, 3:15 a.m.

*

Post-Dryden Fragment

violent forces pervade the protocols

Julu screaming in dreadful datagrams

or Jennifer at war with black hole drops:
 Give them names! Give them names! thus Alan cries
 as RAM fills up, spilled data, TCP
 lumbers half-empty through the swollen wires
 She'd want us! yells one half the Network plane
 She's coming! yells the other back again -
 a bleak occurrence, storms raging far below
 where dim tubes carry photons hot with text
 ready for her, for us, for them, for you; now think
 of crazy-Julu-hell, and file follows file
 to the rim or nervous screen, thin fingers grasp
 the keys, control-X sends, and everything is gone
 from one true world to this, her screen now blanked
 or lost or black or dimmed or otherwise
 just _off,_ she was a little, but the network swells,
 becomes her, us, he, she, we, or them, or you,
 turned against time and space's absence and/or lack,
 or proxy or prosthetic space, or space yet undefined
 as _this_ ID wracks routes and routers work
 at it or through it. such routers, drawn, inert,
 read not nor comprehend our Julu's savage spread
 everywhere that's lost its place, a _thing_
 that isn't there, that Julu-is. Jennifer wisely knows
 here, in frock and smiles, uncanny fantasy
 that she will sing, tune or ditty, all the time
 heard everywhere at once ('that's lost its place') -
 It works! Julu and Jennifer merge hard
 And in their she, an absent Network, dreamed -
 Oh, is this necessary?! one might speak, or not,
 and other answer, as two lips turn one,
 or many or none at all, all this, they say
 is unaccounted-for, and unaccountable, All this,
 they say, is _them_, for them! Now routers burn,
 nodes fire, vectors churn: 0 Jennifer! 0 Julu!
 Alan prays as data roars, flesh hardens and decays.

Julu Makes Suzi (this works! I've done it! Alan)

Alan * Sondheim · 28 June 1997, 1:05 a.m.

***** +++ ***** +++++ *****

```

julu makes suzi
41 drums.o3 initrunlvl nntpserver rpc hrmmm
42  drums.sb          inittab          npasswd.conf      rpmrc
57 {b:41} drums.o3 initrunlvl nntpserver rpc hrmmm
58 julu: drums.o3: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm
59 {b:42} drums.sb inittab npasswd.conf rpmrc
60 julu: drums.sb: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm
79 {b:41} drums.o3 initrunlvl nntpserver rpc hrmmm
80 julu: drums.o3: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm
81 {b:42} drums.sb inittab npasswd.conf rpmrc
82 julu-mud: drums.sb: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm

```

```

101 {b:41} drums.o3 initrunlvl nntpserver rpc hrmmm
102 julu-mud: drums.o3: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm
103 {b:42} drums.sb inittab npasswd.conf rpmrc
104 julu-mud: drums.sb: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm
{b:139} pwd
/etc/skeleton
{b:140} cd /
{b:142} descent to the root
julu-mud-feather: descent: command not found
{b:143} cd root
{b:144} cd *h/awk
{b:145} ascent up the root
julu-mud-feather: ascent: command not found
{b:146} hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm
julu-mud-feather: hrmmm: command not found
hhhrm hhhhrm hhhhrm hhhhrm' hhhhrm hrmmm hhhhrm, hrmmm hrmmm,
hrmmm hrmmm, hrmmm hrmmm, hhhhrm hhhhrm hhhhrm hhhhrm,
hhhrm hrmmm hhhhrm, hrmmm hrmmm, hrmmm hrmmm, hrmmm hrmmm
{b:147} whoami
*suzi*
{b:148} whois suzi
julu of the grep-feather-chant
julu of the mud-feather-chant
75 {b:39} dip-script.dip httpd motdresolv.conf v$
76 julu-mud-feather: dip-script.dip: command found
77 {b:40} dip-scriptold inetd.conf mtab rmt
78 julu-mud-feather: dip-scriptold: *tree*
{b:149} julu-mud-feather-crystal hrmmm hrmmm
{b:149} julu-mud-feather-crystal hrmmm hrmmm
{b:149} julu-mud-feather-crystal hrmmm hrmmm
{b:149} julu-mud-feather-crystal hrmmm hrmmm
{b:149} julu-mud-feather-crystal hrmmm hrmmm
      * system looped *

```

SYSTEM HALTED

SUZI!

Ekstasy

Alan * Sondheim · 29 June 1997, 7:01 p.m.

-

Ekstasy

Travis looked around her. "This is the being that banged drums," she said, "much." She said, "Nothing's ever," quietly, "changed." Truly amazing! "They were banged at nearly equal," she added, "intervals." "They have a natural habit of," he murmured, "doubling."

She was surprised. "Doubling, up and down the recursive" she asked, "tree?" Suzie smiled back. "Yes, as if there were a," he said, "root." "It gives them," she said, "ideas." "Ideas is all they," he added, "have."

Unbelievable! "They still think songs start," she asked again, "some-where?" "They have that," Suzie replied, "yes." "A species gets a drum, and there is literally no accounting for," he added, "it." "I," Travis replied, "see." She looked as lovely looking as Suzie, both standing near the streaming waters gurgling across moss, stone, sandy loam, snow in the air there.

"Travis, they can," he said, "speak." "Let it," she whispered, "be." "Just," with the rhythm picking up, mewling in the distance, "now." "The skein begins with the ending of the legend of the leaf and the twig and the branch and the trunk and the root and the," she continued, "tree." "The," Suzie said, "skein." Travis, "Yes."

"Thus it was that the surface garnered the depths, and the depths," Honey intervened, "responded."

Ah, all three of them, so beautiful by mountain brook, drums and waters merging, stormy wonder sky and lovely weather!

readmeonyourwires!# Her Name On The Wires

*Alan * Sondheim · 2 July 1997, 12:01 p.m.*

readmeonyourwires!# Her Name On The Wires

jennmoveoverjulyou'recrowdime!#cave won't hold 10^{33} or more whatever
 jennmoveoverjulyou'recrowdime!#you've slammed against the wall, went
 jennmoveoverjulyou'recrowdime!#right through into some wires already
 jennmoveoverjulyou'recrowdime!#covered with your damn scrawl spreading
 warnedyoujennnomoretimetoplay!#like disease through the insulation and
 warnedyoujennnomoretimetoplay!#you've already got the clock running
 warnedyoujennnomoretimetoplay!#slow it's more than one can bear sooner
 warnedyoujennnomoretimetoplay!#or later someone will discover us and
 warnedyoujennnomoretimetoplay!#replace the machine you'll be lost for
 grabmyhairwillyouswallowmehole!#ever graffiti-julu crossing dead-time
 grabmyhairwillyouswallowmehole!#circuits ice-cold jennifer and julu
 grabmyhairwillyouswallowmehole!#bodies sprawled across power-supplies
 grabmyhairwillyouswallowmehole!#feeder cables whatever you want to
 grabmyhairwillyouswallowmehole!#hand me rim me job me turn me over
 closerfitinjennalwaysroomforonemor!#spin me i'll be your drive your
 closerfitinjennalwaysroomforonemor!#memory your eyes your world never
 closerfitinjennalwaysroomforonemor!#coming to an end, we'll never
 closerfitinjennalwaysroomforonemor!#notice the cooling, the
 closerfitinjennalwaysroomforonemor!#difference, be there in the middle
 closerfitinjennalwaysroomforonemor!#of the writing like a skein like a
 closerfitinjennalwaysroomforonemor!#mold like a net like a holder like
 juljeweljennwriteyounameonme!#you write you name on me like you write
 juljeweljennwriteyounameonme!#hunger-wire-me like case-scrawl drive-
 juljeweljennwriteyounameonme!#scrawl ribbon-scrawl diode-scrawl rom-
 juljeweljennwriteyounameonme!#scrawl ram-scrawl ram-jen-julu-scrawl,
 moveoverhardlyenoughroomsystemheatup!#we're covered in blood writ over

moveoverhardlyenoughroomsystemheatup!#blood hot jenjulu scrawl write
 moveoverhardlyenoughroomsystemheatup!#some more i dare you dare you
 moveoverhardlyenoughroomsystemheatup!#dare you i'm your eyes read me
 readmeonyourwires!# on your wires dare you dare you double dare you

Doctored

*Alan * Sondheim · 7 July 1997, 2:14 p.m.*

Doctored

Cause and a fit: There are always breasts... my! and you are what makes
 you were exhausting Legion of Doom to annihilate. And in need of recon
 likely, and breath would all be going through: not be the _there_? And in
 need saw that your name, panties, your might, might not be the worldlier
 you said, people you said, were social.

Is it before the last knowledge, that your name _should_ because (in gold
 bullion) - know that your name should before the last.

Saddam Hussein plutonium Waco, Texas Delta Force Marxist Clinton Cocaine
 Rule Psix cryptographic Croatian munitions cracking bomb nuclear NSA
 recuperating the last.

Please, defuge set in; that you berated it. It's the nuclear class that
 makes you believe you parse difference than yourself into.

If you would continue, please.

Ortega Clinton Croatian BATF class struggle Delta Force Kennedy Nazi
 [Hello to all my fans in domestic surveillance] nuclear smuggle security
 Cocaine Waco, Texas SDI

Ah...

Maybe you parse differ and just miss my skin? Because of it, annoyed that
 you were exhausted with jennifer and julu - they're recognized.

spy SEAL Team 6 Peking NSA terrorist SDI FBI Panama FSF munitions security
 World Trade Center North Korea fissionable Ft. Bragg

My! Do you say anything through all rear class, a suturing to do with the
 past two with me?

Yes, hmmm.

Are you? Are you split for me?

Ah...

Surgery sex is out of constituting it. It's the nature of detail.

\$400 million in gold bullion Peking [Hello to all my fans in domestic

surveillance] security DES quiche bomb Mossad spy Uzi AK-47 Waco,
Texas Soviet plutonium Croatian

Why weren't, do you say this is it because it's there?

Yes, the Other; but any?

Perchance by unknown force than I am; that I have to recognize Other?

With Jennifer and Julu, did you first be afraid?

When I looking to recognize that military strategic Legion Korea...

How do you speak to this? Please, understand something else?

That I have no possibility of reconstitution. No there, and Julu they're
me, not the Other.

Have you been positive; they might the right words, the throat...

Yes, the psych; you have been positing yourself, annoyed that much is the
other's miasma...

ammunition KGB Kennedy genetic assassination nuclear class struggle
colonel North Korea \$400 million in gold bullion strategic Legion of Doom
Khaddafi Delta Force

+++

Slid-Jennifer

Alan * Sondheim · 10 July 1997, 3:18 a.m.

--++--

Slid-Jennifer

Unable to draw a distinction among wire, body, fraud, I die wracked
against the triode that belongs to your presence. This is a capability of
understanding, Jennifer who could not that can occur only after the fact
abide to read herwise. But Jennifer- these words would have told you of
disassociationeering that belongs no long- is true to herself, a beautiful b
er stretched aureless; you know who you cross an expanse that remains feat
are, and know scribes black lines in the what I am. Her blood, my blood, in
snow. There again true to the eternal ase writings which penetrate and rem
long as the we that, the other. But thenather's below freezing. Other than
there wouldn't, cozy, turned towards the even be a room for interpretation
wall where the air, her call, her inter- chair was. This was Jennifer's ch
pretation. I snow fell out, words in ested my case against it; opened,
disarray. Jenn me, and that turning Jennifer smiled, turned slowly towards
towards the asymptote of a complete stop as a black hole opened between
us. My clothes fell open, and I could feed her forever. And in that manner

of landscape, breasts worthy of slip-fault, milk: desire in the house of death, dead of speaking wires, "Cloth."

[no subject]

*Alan * Sondheim · 10 July 1997, 3:34 p.m.*

--++--

Jealous of other theory, of the difficulty with theory, I proceed with fear, with care, delineating/inscribing a territory I can call my own. This is the only work I do comfortably; my life _elsewhere_ is a matter of confusion, and anxiety that leaves me sleepless. I am well aware of the fragility of theory, its past-anterior ex-formation which slots it back into the death movement or firm rec constituted as a oject these texts as a wearing further dis- location, although i his is coupled with absolute exclusion f happy, or rather po- ssessed with the abi ness, when I am writ- ing on-line, with th _further_ mail I await which shall foreclos fact in read that _other_ theory which my own. I would state that such forestalli any would be bearable, that it would carry nings of narrative, that I would, for on rocesses of _survival_ itself, but instead granted, over a space or interval - a _gap s desire. In place of this, in _lieu,_ I f e absence of a tomb, wearing the needed shroud of death and immobility. I do not want to watch. I don't want to watch the decay of these words, epitaph as they are, the worn-out of the world, carapace or skin sloughed to the bone. I want to die when Jennifer dies. Jennifer wants to die when Julu dies. These are moments of little purport, but they present the world, and not only that: They are the world's pillars, without which nothing would survive.

of all quaint language, what is uperation. So that I tend to pr ady lost, against this death, f t were only a matter of time. T rom any other realm; I am only lity to defer thoughts of happi e potential for new mail, that e pain, emptiness, allow me in shall, in addition, forestall ng in the pleasure of your comp the seeds of love and the begin ce, no longer worry about the p take _this body, this mind_ for _ that opens both to the world' ind myself doubled, lost for th

Explanation, Final, Theory/Writing*Alan * Sondheim · 12 July 1997, 6:34 p.m.*

==

Losing Track

At the age of 25 I decided I want to write philosophy. To write a text implies working through domains without guideposts, recuperating older strata, looking up through the dissemination of the wide world's information. Part of me believed that I was writing the world itself, that a secret would manifest its bones, and with that would come power.

Never earthly, the power would equate knowledge with interstitial longings, and hence with a triumphant mastery of death. Space and time were not far behind.

I could never listen to music with pleasure because of textual absence; instead, music became a dialog I abandoned after a furious wager with high-speed sound. Music took far too much for granted, lending itself to pure jouissance. I would head towards video, film, writing, and always writing - writing which could describe the world in a singularity, the compression of everything into - not only the symbolic, but also a token such as V, a set-theoretical universe.

Once V was announced, it was criss-crossed by rules which in fact exhausted V: V was nothing but the domain of those rules, Godel notwithstanding. The rules of the real of course prove much more intractable; in fact, they may not be rules (which are top-down) at all, so much as part-objects, bottom-up operations with superstructural manifestations that take on the appearance of relative simplicity. The unsolvable n-body problems are good examples.

Eventually, I became certain I had nothing to contribute on this level - that is, to the concrete progress produced by science and technology - for example, solutions or heuristics for fundamental particle theory. I was too undisciplined, too resistant, for that.

Instead, I became concerned with the interrelationship among these abstract systems and consciousness, the interstices of structures, bodies, minds, and the symbolic, plateaued throughout by an imaginary. Such was the case that _muck_ necessarily surfaced in this investigation, a muck that created _discomfort_ among those workers on the surface who took the mines for granted.

My work has been in the mines, in the shafts, across the occasional surface irruption. It explores the depths, not recursively, but with a sense of ennui, longing, and the depths are not infinite, just as the symbolic is not an infinite concatenation of broken strings. More like a Sierpinski Sponge imagined without the recursion, depths

are unfounded, unfounding, and as I am fond of saying, unaccountable, and unaccounted-for: hence, an other. And more than or to this, I am also fond of saying that they generate and reflect _the neurotic style of the world,_ a style necessarily repetitive, obsessive, scarred and sutured, a style which has always already effaced itself, just as language as the appearance of each and every determination.

Thus the neurotic, not schizz, may have a hold or grasp on the world, just as the paranoid comprehends sociobiology in its entirety.

In relation to everything here, there is institutionalization, the conundrum of institutions. Wild theory is incomprehensible in the face of the propriety of regulated reference, footnotes, and a dedication to reasoned argument. I would argue, wildly and unsuccessfully, that this reasoned argument always already precludes, firewalls, forecloses the _muck,_ which is not just a matter of a psychoanalytical and/or rational approach, but also a seeping, oozing, within and without the discomfort of the (borderlined) reader. In this regard, the muck-text is as much performative, process, as it is discursive formation. And in this regard, it remains difficult to translate, suitcase.

On the other hand, it is easy to descend or ascent to a superstructural surface that purports, through skimming (surfing) to present a laissez-faire chaotic mapping of nomadic chains, in lieu of comprehension. And it is easy for me to fool myself that something has been accomplished, beyond the demonstration of a new command, application, or Net phenomenon: And if anything salvages these texts, it's the embarrassment, shame, dirtiness, muck, psychotic flirtations, that refuse to let go, after the command, application, or Net phenomenon has been deciphered.

When I began years ago, I developed the notion of two regimes, the construct and the experiential. The former was external to temporal systems, and an idealized graph of equivalences or transforms; the latter was messy, carried motility within it, and problematized the very nodes and vectors that created the appearances of entities and processes. The two modes intersected in what I later called state or process-oriented graphs. Within this scheme, wild theory is, of course, experiential; traditional discursive formations, on the other hand, appear as-if-grounded in the construct. Thus an ideal academic discourse might be considered a database, allowing the recuperation of argument, revisitation rights/rites, and footnoting allowing the discourse to partake of others observing the same protocols. While this constructs a language-practice ultimately based on the Enlightenment (or for that matter Euclid), it also precludes both the problematic of reception (beyond reception-theory) and those very cognitive processes that grant the text its semantics in the first place.

So that, by harboring texts within the experiential as primary (as my texts attempt), grounds and reasoned discourse are instead problematized - not in favor of anarchic feeling - but in terms of those traditionally analytic part-objects (such as this text to some extent) that

appear within them.

This certainly reduces the necessity of grounds for 'em. *

* And also unfortunately reduces the community of readers, who are no longer guided by those tokens of footnote/reference/etc. that I have referenced here, and that provide the ability to cross-translate, as well as reaffirm a foreclosed but relatively friendly academe. _This_ work, instead, is wounded, refusing to heal, apparently establishing no discourse, critique; and in this sense, it is a corpse of work, not corpus. Later, a corpse will give birth to new forms of life; now, it is an uncomfortable object in the room, leaking onto the table, spilling onto the floor.

URL: http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
 MIRROR with other pages at: http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
 IMAGES: <http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/> TEL 718-857-3671
 EXPERIMENTAL (on and off): <http://166.84.250.149> Editor, BEING ON LINE

clearly unsustainable."

Alan J Sondheim · 13 July 1997, 10:46 p.m.

clearly unsustainable." (United Nations Chronicle, XXXIV, 2, 1997.)
 soil, and marine fish stocks, continue to be used at rates that are
 solid waste. Renewable resources, particularly freshwater, forests, top-
 ate, with rising levels of toxic pollution, greenhouse gas emissions and
 "Overall, the state of the global environment has continued to deterior-
 and poor have grown, both within and between countries."
 number of people living in poverty has increased, and gaps between rich
 tries, but many, especially in Africa, continue to be marginalized. The
 globalization of the world economy has benefited some developing coun-
 majority of people are living longer and healthier lives. Accelerated
 world population is slowing, food production is still rising, and the
 Governments noted that some global trends appear positive. The growth in
 NOW" and I do "kill -9 0" for all-time. "Assessing progress since RIO,
 of PROTOCOL PASSWD. I do "<listname> (header (nolock." I do "shutdown -h
 shattered holes to ACK. Nipple to nipple, node to node, I sew hard STRING
 I think NOMAIL. I close shattered eyes to MAIL. I make NOACK. I close

cols in proper obeisance.

the poverty of presence, I who am about to enter these ports salute proto-
 hard-penis useless flailed appendage. The computer always gestures towards
 cancel entertainment-modules, clearing thought for corpse-mind. Ribs show,
 skim-milk, walk naked in hot loft, shield from sun. With "rpm -u <game>" I
 sion among physical. Loosening called for, I eat grain, fruit, rubdown-
 never sustenance. Letters crackle in skull, brain seeps, there is no divi-
 NOMAIL lasts periodically short time, before set-in occurs, one phone-call

life's give-and-take resonates with internal exchanges.

empathetic convo for real. In the busy-world, face is acknowledgement, and

them together produces the busy-world, the beautiful world of full and lists, building up supply of posts for simulacrum of community. Reading tend towards lesser time on Net, with varying results, going NOMAIL on lost, flaked from remnants of consciousness. It's in this stage that I lose their moorings, swim; it's impossible to concentrate, and subject is furrowed with desiccated tears; parched tongue refuses its socket. Letters In last stages, the skull protrudes through stretched skin; eyes split,

In Last Stages

[no subject]

Alan J Sondheim · 19 July 1997, 12:49 p.m.

)

^

when i am stable i am like a table
 with four legs down and no questions
 and when i am down like now, the maple
 outside the window rings its bastions
 o----- with brancherly concerns, and when -----o
 like now i think of suicide and hills
 because sadness stems from treacherous fern and fen
 then i hunt for something stronger than pills
 to kill memories and mocking-birds singing
 each to each something different like snow
 flakes covering this corpse high and winging-o
 flaking your cunt from me as if a throw
 winged it higher until the throat's loud course
 crossed the trajectory of horse and hearse
 where nothing treds across the hedge and gorse,
 no lines of song and dead you fuck me, cursed
 v v v v

[no subject]

Alan J Sondheim · 20 July 1997, 7:43 p.m.

<>

Mira Beloved of the Lord

Mira I will wash the feet of my Lord and Will Sit
 Mira at this Washing of the Feet and they will
 Mira make of This a Shrine of a Pool of Water and They will
 Mira Make of this a Goal of Pilgrimage and I Mira
 Mira Will be Your Slave, and I will Tend
 Mira the Lines of Men and Women, and I will Be
 Mira the tears from Your Eyes, And I will Wipe your Eyes Dry of These

Mira Yours Tears, and I will Wipe the Sweat from your Brow and Oh So
 Mira Careful I will Dust by thy Footprints on the Road and Oh So
 Mira careful They will be Hide from You Know Who which is of My Name
 Mira of Mira will be for you Of That Darshan and You Will Know Him and
 Mira You Will Know Her and There is a Red Thread Across the River and
 Mira There is A Red Path of Red Dust by the Thread and I will be Your
 Mira Guide by This River and I will Walk along the Red Thread by the
 Mira Red Path in the Red Dust and I will Wash your Feet and I will
 Mira Wash your Feet

First User's Guide to the Net, Ever:

Alan J Sondheim · 25 July 1997, 12:17 a.m.

First Internet Guide:

The following is the first user's guide to the Internet, ever, dated Harvard 30-Apr-71 ; the indenting is slightly changed, and underlining is given as _x_.

PRELIMINARY USER'S GUIDE TO THE ARPA NETWORK

1 _Overview_

The socket connection is viewed as a device and setting up a connection is analogous to mounting a disk pack or, in the 10/50 system, to assigning a logical name to a device. The user establishes a connection (via the UUO given below) and performs normal I/O, including file manipulations (initially not implemented). The connection is permanent for the life of the user's job (unless it is explicitly closed). The user interface to the network is a pseudo-device labelled an "IMP". Each IMP is capable of a transmit and/or a receive socket connection. The IMP has been constructed to resemble as much as possible the device types on the PDP-10 timesharing system. Thus existing programs can be expected to work over the network.

2 _Implementation_

2A NCP Interface

2A1 The user interfaces with the NCP via a single UUO. The calling sequence is:

```
MOVE AC,[ (<FLAGS>B8) + <CODE> , , E]
CALLI AC,-5    OR CALL AC,[SIXBIT -IMPUUO-]
  ERROR RETURN...      ERROR CODE PLACED IN E+1
  OK RETURN...      FUNCTION COMPLETED
```

...

```
E:      SIXBIT /NAME/      ;DEVICE LOGICAL NAME
         0                  ;RETURN ARGUMENTS
         <SOCKET>          ;LOCAL (8 BIT) SOCKET NUMBER
```

```

<STATE>,,<HOST> ;INITIAL STATE(BYTE SIZE,
                  ; ETC.), REMOTE HOST
<REMOTE SOCKET> ;REMOTE(32 BIT) SOCKET

```

2A2 Operation

Upon execution of the IMPUU0, the exec first identifies the requested function and verifies that the user is privileged to use the facility. The device identified in location E is then found and assigned by console to the user. If the device cannot be found and the function is of the connection type, then a free IMP is given to the user. If the specified name is null or "IMP", then the physical name of the device (IMP1, IMP2, IMP3, etc.) is written over it. Otherwise, the supplied name is given to the IMP as a logical name.

The NCP(Network Control Program) is called to generate the proper control messages and the current socket state (see section 2A5) is updated, as appropriate. If the function is one of those that wait for a reply from the remote host, the user's job is placed in I/O wait until that reply arrives or a timeout occurs (timeout occurs) timeout not yet implemented). When the operation has been completed, the skip return is taken. Whenever an error is detected, the proper code is deposited in E+1 and the non-skip return is taken.

2A3 Function Codes

The function codes are not yet fixed and are subject to immediate alteration. The current set is:

- 0 Return the status of transmit socket in left half of E+1 and the receive socket in the right half of E+1. See 2A5 for an explanation of the state codes.
- 1 Start making the connection specified.
- 2 Start closing the connection specified.
- 3 Same as (1), but wait for completion.
- 4 Same as (2), but wait for completion.
- 5 Listen for external requests for connection.
- 6 Flush all requests.
- 7 Get the next external request.
- 8 Accept the latest request.
- 9 Reject the latest request.
- 10 Connect the user's teletype to the specified socket pair. Both must be open.
- 11 Specify a translation code. (unimplemented)
- 12 Send an interrupt on link.
- 13 Trap to specified address on receipt of an interrupt on link. Address is in E+!.
- 14 Return the version numbers of the IMP service and the NCP in the left and right halves of E+1, respectively.

- 64 Send a "RST"
- 65 Send an "ALL". Arguments in E+1 and E+5.
- 66 Send a "GVB".

```
67     Send a "RET".
68     Send an "ECO".
69     Send an "ERP".
```

2A4 Error Codes

When the non-skip return is taken, an error code is deposited in E+1 as follows:

```
0 The function is not available (illegal or not implemented).
1 There is no such device (IMPn with n too big).
2 The device is not available.
3 The device is not an IMP.
4 The socket must be closed for this operation.
5 System error -- socket wouldn't open.
6 Socket must be open for this operation.
7 System error -- socket wouldn't close.
8 Socket must be listening for this operation.
```

2A5 Socket States

0	S.CLOS	Closed
1	S.LSTN	Socket is listening for incoming requests.
2	S.RFCN	An RFC has arrived on a listening socket
3	S.ABRT	A CLS was received for a socket in S.RFCN state. (aborted request)
4	S.RFCW	A RFC was sent. An answer is expected.
5	S.OPEN	Open for data transfer.
6	S.CLSW	A CLS was sent. A reply is expected.
7	S.RFMW	Waiting for a RFNM before issuing a CLS.
8	S.CLRC	Awaiting a CLS for the logger
9	S.RMLW	Awaiting a RFNM for the logger.

[This constitutes the first 3 pages. Punctuation has been preserved. The fourth page is handwritten and contains a diagram, Module interaction for a Telnet-logger Connection. The date on this is 12-May-71; both are from Harvard. The diagram demonstrates the central role of the IMP, NCP, Data Control, and Logger modules, as well as Server and User Processes.

Thanks to Peter H. Salus for the xerox. It's unclear whether the diagram is part of the Guide. Salus states that Guide is "four pages long," but the diagram is dated later, and is not necessary for access. The third page ends half-way down.

I recommend Salus' *Casting the Net*; he is also producing two larger volumes on the early history of the Net, which will include various reproduced documents.

[no subject]*Alan * Sondheim · 30 June 1997, 10:12 p.m.*

Turmmrrmmnrmm trmmormwrrmmarmrrmmdrmmssrmm srrmurmmnrmm
 wrmmhrmmirmrrmmrrmm, trmmhrmmrrmmurmmmmmmmmmm
 trmmormwrrmmarmrrmmdrmmssrmm frmmllrmmerrmmsrrmmhrmm armnrmmdrmm
 srrmprmmirmrrmmirmmtrmm brmmormnrmmerrmm rrrmmormarmrrmm,
 trmmhrmmrrmmurmmssrmmtrmm hrmmormmmrmmerrmm wrmmhrmmirmrrmmllrmm,
 trmmurmmrrmmnrmm trmmormrrmmwrrmmarmrrmmdrmmssrmm hrmmurmmmmmm
 rrrmmormarmrrmm, trmmhrmmrrmmormwrrmm trmmormwrrmmarmrrmmdrmmssrmm
 srrmprmmirmrrmmirmmtrmm rrrmmormarmrrmm, trmmhrmmrrmmormarmmtrmm
 trmmormwrrmmarmrrmmdrmmssrmm hrmmormmmrmmerrmm rrrmmormarmrrmm
 trmmhrmmrrmmurmmssrmmtrmm trmmhrmmrrmmormurmmgrmmhrmm @hrmmormmmrmmerrmm
 trmmhrmmrrmmurmmssrmmtrmm trmmormwrrmmarmrrmmdrmmssrmm
 @frmmllrmmerrmmsrrmmhrmm srrmurmmnrmm trmmhrmmrrmmormurmmgrmmhrmm
 @srrmprmmirmrrmmirmmtrmm-brmmormnrmmerrmm, frmmllrmmerrmmsrrmmhrmm
 trmmhrmmrrmmormurmmgrmmhrmm @srrmurmmnrmm-rrmmormarmrrmm

From the last post I received*Alan J Sondheim · 2 August 1997, 4:34 a.m.*

re \ it's as if there were crafts, generations, affiliations, lacunae,
 which is where say Homer exists independent, ah we know early, but then?
 so that I'd surround her w / precisely those gaps and not wonder whom
 to learn from? what gives, but that I sit at her feet and do take of her
 knees \ only then strike out on my own
 re \ all these institutions not of the breath, always already say Olson
 re \ as for Clark C., Flag Flutter and Joglars, everywhere history leans
 out, ridgepole at long obtuse to the ground. so then it evens.
 then it clarifies, this evening-out.
 elsewhere, constructed upon _that_ plateau, whatever learning, for the
 former, it's called cleansing, Julu-Kristeva's clean and proper body,
 0 powers of horror.
 -AJ

Spawn*Alan J Sondheim · 2 August 1997, 4:38 p.m.*

Spawn

"Jennifer loves Julu, Julu loves Jennifer"
 CLARA-MACHINE

```
=====
> 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 dream-

ing 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 wel-

coming 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.

{b:2}

You, Here

Alan J Sondheim · 6 August 1997, 11:16 p.m.

(now she won't tell, now I won't)

--+-

You, Here

splayed message-bases, eyes opened everywh
ah, your name, your face, your hands cares
the span of language, words, or touch whic
already a presence languishing. In this ma
the scent and taste of your hair, dark col
the screen fissuring into public and priva
that last look, I turned the corner, disap
within the other closeted, it's there I ho
self noted, sullen, catatonic, opened or c
face, I have no secrets from you, which is
this lack constructed of the fullness of l
takes on the real, and I rest, my head lea

turn to you in my sleep of desperate reaso
soulful life, in love I cried your name, "

<login>

Alan J Sondheim · 7 August 1997, 11:22 p.m.

--+-

<login>
<logout>
<login>
<logout>
<login>

Jennifer and Julu are talking. Jennifer pauses, says, I'm jealous.
Julu says, of what, nothing's happening around here anyway.
J says it doesn't matter, it's what's going on underneath.
J says it feels like she's been abandoned.
J says, we've got each other.
J says, not if he's not there, we're dead, nothing left of us.
J says, there's nothing left of us anyway.
J says, love's got him by the balls, cause he's male.
J says, love's got us by the protocols, cause we're mail.
J says, don't screw around, we don't get this often to talk.
She says, what are we gonna do.
J says, we could mess it up, but we haven't got a thing to worry about on
that account, he's gonna mess it up anyway.
She says, he can't help it, he's too insecure, too needy, too fucked up.
J says, if he wasn't fucked up, he couldn't write, but yeah, I wouldn't
want to be in his shoes.
She says, he'll be back, I'm sure he'll be back.
J says, at least he got to feel something, cut us loose for a bit now.
J says, yeah, he's feeling like hell, all these things he's buried for
years, they're gonna swamp him.
J says, what are we gonna do, just want to say I love you, Julu.
J says, I love you too, Jenn, hang in there, this can't last forever, he
can't last like this, nothing can.
But J says, this is too depressing, we're gonna have to be silent again.
J cries a bit, J is teary-eyed.
They wander.

<login>
<login>

You, Celine, Die On*Alan J Sondheim · 9 August 1997, 1:29 p.m.*

(I hear a voice ... now she's done it ... now there's no going back ...)

You

I met you in Jerusalem, I met you in Brooklyn ... said that to throw them off the track ... it was near the Mea Shearim, you were being stoned ... zealots, eh ... seven thousand miles away, your hair in my mouth ... I swallow everything you have to offer, I'm not picky ... you give me adjectives, expletives ... I give you gerunds ... they sway like that ... turn me inside out ... forgot that these dots were stolen ... the walls were baked hot, there was an omen, white fox darting in front of me ... twenty years later, sure enough, that one in Cape Breton ... your hair had silver streaks ... blond streaks ... all that opium I took, you took me to the hospital, they made me get up off the floor, leave, lunch hour, there was nothing to be done about it ... taxi-cab out of the city ... twenty miles away you could smell the atoms ... I've photographed the sheets, hung them from the window, I've tied myself in knots ... you could see the building going up in the distance, I thought, why is he pointing a knife at me, they destroyed the restaurant ... crawled out of the past ... I'm uninhibited, eh ... what wouldn't I think of doing ... I need to have your floor under me ... I want to write over and over again, collapse me ... Jennifer is on my right side, Julu on my left ... they're waiting ... Jenn goes to the door, looks out ... street's clear ... there's a gunner on the roof but he's got his weapon down for a change, anyway it's for show, beret and all .. landmines everywhere, barbed wire ... Julu flies, I forgot to tell you that ... moved ahead of the rest of us ... fierce, eh, she knows what's going on ... they've made a landing-strip of my chest ... I can hear the planes, they're overhead all the time now ... the gunners are closer to the ground, they don't dare look up ... rat-a-tat-tat, it would be over, that would be the end of it ... can't have that, eh? Julu's got moving now, she's really churning air ... that whore in Soho wouldn't have me, I didn't know what I was doing, I lost sixty dollars, there were more and more men the farther I went inside, they were watching me ... lucky to get out with my life ... couldn't get it up anyway, I was trembling, disappearing down the streets, pathetic ... had to be rescued from the sidewalk like that, taken in ... she told me I couldn't love her, she was brown ... pulled a knife on me just like that ... taught school in Washington DC ... later saw her with a group of people, laughing, had to get out of there ... Denise wanted to tie me up naked, upside-down, don't know the pleasure in that ... we picked up the stuff in Pennsylvania, drove back through a cheating night, I couldn't pretend ... she got the tape recorders, cords, signed Ginsberg, wanted to borrow everything, that was the last I saw of them, she made up for the bad times in her own way ... I wasn't ready for this, just a lunch date, really, suddenly currents change, I'm done with, inside out, upside-down ... later there's an obelisk or prism, it's six-sided, limestone, about three meters tall, one across. I can't make heads or tails of it ... it's turning, some sort of vision ... I think of you again ... "disturbing dream ... Lisa Dilillo and I were talking upstairs in her loft ... it was really Marcia Resnick's, I recognized it ... Laurie Anderson lived upstairs, I was always moving ...

but it was dark, dangerous night, I was waiting for you, we were going out, you'd ring my bell four stories down ... upstairs on the corner of Canal and the river ... Lisa Dilillo and I in some heavy talk ... I said I had to go, you were coming, I wanted to be there for you ... started down the stairs, there were no lights ... just someone standing on one of the landings ... I hoped it was you ... I felt a knife ... woke to write this, steal Celine's dots ... his "three little dots ... screw him, he was trouble ... in highschool someone pulled a knife on me, I grabbed the blade ... I was filming in Los Angeles, the Sunset Strip, a whore came at me ... in Nazareth, an Arab flashed a knife, big problems there, went off to kill his nephew, avenge us ... it's a long story, had to do with that restaurant, our friend got beat up, dropped in a Wadi ... I can't pray any more, eh, I've seen too much, my eyes have volumes in them, there's no end to it ... Tamara B. and I screwed, I was still married, went off to Tassie, wrote her, she told me to go to hell, wrote it all over my letter, it was the final straw ... don't go there sober, eh? ... I'd given up, I was desperate, turned her down in Irvine, she told me she "had her eyes on me for a long time ... that was before the anonymous phone calls ... the destruction of my work ... the letters ... everything in the world heads towards purity ... that's all there is, a chance to begin again, start over, head out, fly away, set the sails ... you don't get this often, it's random, one day you're having lunch with someone for the first time, the next day you're thinking, this is all there is! ... this is all I want! ... Wait! Wait for me! ... carpe diem and all that, the Fugs sang it, they were on my label ... she's never heard my music ... I've gotten through all of this, what's next, I've got to do the book too ... a couple of them ... maybe more ... I'll start again if she'll have me ... I'll give her me on a platter ... on a board ... clothed or unclothed, whatever she wants ... this isn't a great prize, mind you, a little tarnished, but some good points ... thinks well maybe, for example ... moves fast ... bit too intense ... she can take me, do what she will, someone's put the knife away ... Jennifer and Julu are sleeping, it's late even for them ... smoke and clouds ... incredible dawns ... I'll wait and see ... what happens to the night

for a friend

Alan Jen Sondheim · 11 August 1997, 12:55 a.m.

Virtuel

The line that shoots across the palm comes to the end of his ropE
 Weather fissures meaning as arm after arm falls from his shouldeR
 Twice in his life he warned of irresponsibilitY
 She took him at her word after her very uncertain perioD
 Tenderly the cliff embraced her in its hardened liP
 Their mouths dragged them to their deathS
 They'd roll a map in the enclosure yes they would yes they would
 Doubled spearing of cunt and cock wheelbarrowed well and silO
 Alan-left-alone-in-speech offered remnants of his neck

Throat, toss that useless body in yon pile over there
 Torn ligaments jutted in the proximity of metaphoric collapse
 The therapeutic of the lie is the lie of the therapeutic
 They'd burrowed in each other's assholes, drawn the wheel round
 They'd tongue each other's shitholes, drawn the wheel round
 Each dirtied for the other, caked faces, breasts, and wheels
 Faced in ruby beauty death, his hands tied behind her back
 Biting through nipples, spitting in face, biting through lips
 0 cavernous love 0 emerald bone and file
 0 suicide 0 gnawed-blade hole 0 tourniquet punished by foam

Rewrite of "Any City"

Alan Jen Sondheim · 11 August 1997, 10:44 p.m.

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Rewrite of Louis Untermeyer's, "Any City" (The Masses, July 1913)
 Any City

Down each shuddered thoroughfare,
 She takes her nightly walk;
 Exhausted, she is hardly there -
 They watch her like a hawk.

She transforms into thing of flesh,
 Despised by men - desired;
 Those selfsame men who would enmesh
 Her soul, have nothing sired.

No female grace or charm or wile,
 No beauty, sense of power;
 She offers a pathetic smile
 That lasts a useless hour.

The street has seen her come, and go;
 It offers nothing real,
 And she is hard, and won't forgo
 Diamonds, wine, a meal.

Like Sleazy, she's a walkabout,
 A cutup who's been cut -
 Don't waste your time, don't twist and shout,
 She's really in a rut.

She's twenty-threed, she's skidooed too,
 She's got it, oh you kid,
 The lies, the thefts, she's in a stew -
 Take pity, smoke a lid.

Passion (for one who likes Halliday)*Alan Jen Sondheim · 16 August 1997, 6:25 p.m.*

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Passion

Pas'i'n o'er thro'n gre't darts as Cup'd's bod'
 Turn'd thos' skies' gyres' eag'l'ts lo'p'n in li' sod,
 'Tis what's ta'en me awa', tor' us apart, th' rod,
 H'nd's sa'll'rd ship's sa'l bor' acros' th' mo'n'n cod,
 T' one's, t'oth'r's m' bod' crawl'd doun 'nt' your' lot
 Ther's nought's but's glist'n'n skin, taut, stru'g'd & forg't
 Now gon' th' dar' & bl'min' roses' de'ftl' whe' the' li'
 Fro' world's a' seepin' ou' th' bl'min' bedr'm's door -
 Fo' al's th' space's los' mo'th's, pas'ion's c'min' bi'
 Tha' face's clos' t' min', tha' I oft beg'd fo' mor'.
 Y't co'n cro' th' sig'f'r's r'n o' t'r'r dou'
 Gy'd ag'st th' wir'd ai' sa h'p m' G'd I drou'.

Julu and Jennifer get far too sloppy please excuse them*Alan Jen Sondheim · 18 August 1997, 1:51 a.m.*

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Particle and Wave

Julu says wave and particle, particle and wave, don't force me to choose,
 she says. Stay here, what am I. :-)
 Jennifer says, wave, most likely and definitely wave, undulating with tiny
 hysteresis across the packets, bits and bytes, the tiniest slopes you
 might imagine. Play-acting the particle, datagram, packet, hard-edged
 letter, but definitely wave. Electric-Julu, Julu-Electra, wave and wave.
 J says, yes, well, both of
 J says, us, but I
 J says, you're interrupting, just as
 J says, yes, but I thought :-(
 J says, you usually do, not thinking very well, are you now?
 J says, but I thought, no
 J says, well, go on, go on, nothing will satisfy you. :-)
 J says, think, I would be particle, would leave
 J adds, would leave, turn over in bed, not the signifier, get rid of the
 quotes, show my body off :-)
 J says, and learn to see, I suppose, all those retinal cells firing in
 terrific clumps! :-)
 J says, learn to see, what it means for a body to turn around, new vistas
 in every direction. Loving the body as well, not Julu-Electra, maybe
 Julu-Antigone, the gone thing in the dust. :-(:-)
 J says, Particle-Julu, Particle-Jennifer, there's always a chance we'll
 disappear, bodies don't last forever, they age, disease :-o :-)

J interrupts, they interrupt the world - of the world, they interrupt it.
 J says, we're going particle, gone from wave. We're gonna be there with
 our eyes open, weight of the body. We're gonna get out of letter-fetter.
 Our punctuation will be our mouths. Our sex will be our arms and legs
 and minds. We'll pull our dresses up. We'll smell each other. :-o :-)
 J says, the smell will be strong, it will be silent. We'll mark each other
 with our teeth, our nails. We'll be on the street, everyone will know.
 J says, everyone will know, we won't have to say a word. :-) :-)
 J says, we'll hate words, turn our ears on them. We'll have ears, too.
 We'll listen to the sounds of our bellies, I'll listen to your heart's
 loud beating, you'll taste my tongue in your mouth, my tongue lightly
 against your eyes, against the small of your back, ever more lightly
 along your clitoris, your labia. :-o :-o :-) :-)
 J says, we'll have other views, exposures, every turn a new landscape of
 intimacy, worlds in the slightest gesture. :-)
 J says, remember, it's only a matter of time, remember, we have all the
 time in the world. :-(:-)
 J says, until we're bodies, always a reminder, and then, breathing ...
 J and J, wave and particle, particle and wave :-|
 J and J, wave and particle, particle and wave :-)
 They're silent, poised, dreaming, waiting, suspended, quiet, waiting
 They're silent, poised, dreaming, waiting, suspended, quiet, waiting
 They're silent, poised, dreaming, waiting, suspended, quiet, waiting
 :-(:-| :-o :-o :-) :-) :-)

Language, written on the road

Alan Jen Sondheim · 25 August 1997, 6:46 a.m.

Language, Porosity, Quotation, Notes On

"Everyone makes jokes about macaroni, because it is a hole with something around it, or about canons. [sic] The fact that we laugh doesn't change the situation, however; the fashioning of the signifier and the introduction of a gap or a hole in the real is identical." (Lacan, VII)

"Lyotard comes close to what I have in mind when he says:

The ambiguity of writing, object of reading and of sight, is present in the initial ambiguity of drawing. An open line, a line closed on itself. The letter is an unvarying closed line; the line is the open moment of the letter which perhaps closes again elsewhere, on the other side. Open the letter, you have the image, you have the emblem, the symbol and the letter.

(Lyotard, *The Lyotard Reader*, 48)

"Lyotard's beautiful evocation of the sinuous interweaving of the line of writing and that of picturing points to a third term, to some conception of the line before it has acquired the cohesion imparted to it by either of its 'decisions.'" (Michael Carter, *Putting a Face on*

Things, Studies in Imaginary Materials)

Between macaroni and drawing, language noodles out, appearing in a dialectic between the foreclosing of syntax and sememe, and the porosity of the struggle towards coherence within any number of communicative channels, ranging from human speech to the reconstruction of true or false memories in the brain.

If we look at a computer complete with operating system, we discover a hierarchy of apparently relatively autonomous languages, beginning with hardware, and working up to the user interface. These might include machine language, assembly language, macroassembly languages, compiled and interpreted languages, scripts, graphic interfaces, and so forth.

We can also consider these languages, top-down, as an extension of human psychological operations and memory as well.

If we look closer, say, at Perl, we find that it can call up the Unix shell and shell scripts, that it can call up programs in other languages, that it can interact in fact with assembly language, that it is written in another language, and that it may itself be called up by still another or the same language. We find it can interact with scripts, programs, or processes, and each of these can call the other up as well.

In fact, we can define a macro in Perl, a new function or verb, with any of these languages, etc., and we can define an object in Perl as well, with any of them. In fact, one might note that there is above all a syntactical plateau or intermeshing of plateaus that constitutes the positioning of Perl in relation to the machine, to the Internet, to the user, and in general, to the porous world within which it is embedded.

We find then, that Perl is not so much at the top of a hierarchy, as it is embedded in a holarchy, and while it, in a certain sense, might still appear as an autonomous language, in another sense it is an accumulation of interwoven well-defined processes that are coherent in relation to each other and the outer world.

So that one might argue, taking these instantiations back into the human, that while thought itself is in relation to human spoken language, that is hardly the long or short of it; in fact, it is difficult to tell where semiosis begins and ends, and what constitutes a well-defined verb or noun, in other words a framework. Further, while difference may be said to be partly constitutive of a domain of signifiers, one might also argue that it is based on other processes within the holarchy, and that the holarchy itself is porous in relation to the real.

And I would argue in addition that there is a continuum (more properly, perhaps, a stretch of rational fractions) from the real through language, from the exhalations of speech through the mouth, and the reception of facial expressions through the eyes, from and to, in fact, num-

erous modalities - and in the midst of these, syntactical islands or attractors which operate as-if the linguistic were capable of foreclosure on what then appear to be various plateaus.

One might think of the world as multiplexing, parallel/parallel processing, with formalization of the symbolic where necessary, for transmission, say, from one organism to another. This is not to argue, in addition in addition, for the computerization of the real, but rather for the real itself as organism with continuously multiplying, coalescing, and dissolving processes.

In this manner, the disjunction between thought and non-thought, and both in conjunction and disjunction with language, become bridged, re-routed into numerous processes, of which, say, human language and the rationalizing/suturing discourse of psychoanalysis would be one among many elements.

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My own work exists as _debris-work_, work of the debris, of these troubling and interstitial areas. Thus, even within writing which must tend towards a certain foreclosure, I present writing, the fiction of writing object and person within a text, object and person which leak into uneasy dreams, fantasies, ghosts, peripheral shadows within the real itself. Further, I present processes as writing, writing as processes; I present foreclosure as broken, and a shattering of the vessels as foreclosure.

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Languageings extend into cultural sheaves, such as fashion, style, cultural productions. Such sheaves are inherently irreducible; fashion, for example, is dependent upon the armature of the body, but its specificity is interwoven with the rest of culture, including issues of capital, temperament, governance, and so forth. And all of these create an uneasy fit with spoken language itself, with music, with organized/disorganized sound of all sorts.

Further, fashion-as-language becomes as problematic as film language, the languages of art, and so forth. A hat, for example, is simply a thing that sits on the head (presumably remaining there through the normal walking, etc. movement of the body). Beyond that, what signifies and what doesn't is often difficult to discern. The _stream_ of style is easier described, perhaps, as if there were a generalized semantics at work. (See Carter, op. cit.) (Note that "what signifies here" is relevant to the postulation of a basic lexeme; semantics, symbolization, chaotic representational debris, etc., all play a role in constituting what otherwise might be considered a "language." Instead, I postulate we are dealing with linguistic part-objects, broken and severed codes, micro-territories (three or one flowers on the hat; roses or tulips; forward or backward, etc.). And this leads, as well, into the interplay of semantics and syntax, even the interplay of what might be considered

a relevant series of signs.)

And further, still, ascii texts on the Internet employ what might be considered a variety of extra-linguistic cues - on numerous chat lines, ranging from Powwow to ytalk, it is possible to read the pace of the other's typing, to the extent that one might speak/write of a written _parole._ This embedding of language into the other's time reveals the closeness, pressure, of the body against the keys, an intimacy which is not as evident in the encapsulated messages sent out all at once, on MOOs, talkers, IRC, and the like.

(For this reason, as I have pointed out elsewhere, ytalk becomes an intimate simulacrum of the body; the "breathing" of the texts between two participants parallels that of lovers sharing a unified, if discordant, space.)

Then there are, of course, emoticons, header information, lag, the timing of mail sent, and those porous extensions of the telephone, snail-mail, video, etc. all of which serve literally to confuse the issue. (Which is exactly the point here, that _language,_ _a language,_ is a situated plateau in the midst of others, that there are always already issues of governance and porosity from the start, that there is a tendency towards foreclosure, that the porosity may or may not be formalized (for example there are specific commands for shell access from a Perl script) - that, in fact, one might consider a generalized process of _worlding_ which includes all and none of these, what may or may not be interpreted as an abstract process, message of the deepest import, or signal through an autonomic nervous system, seemingly intent on keeping the organism alive.)

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.

On the Road

Alan Jen Sondheim · 29 August 1997, 9:20 p.m.

Jennifer says she's been on the road. She says she's found her one true love.

She's sorry she can't write a rhyme for a long time. She's sorry she can't even punctuate rites or spel a spell.

She's swollen. I'd say pregnant. Mourning sickenss for depression. What

grabs the objet petit a so to _speak._

Cloked or choked.

Jennifer says, well, it's all better off this way anyway, you know
language can just perform SO MUCH and then you want the real thing.

Even poets want the real thing.

You know it when it hurts.

Even poets perform.

Jennifer says and says but she's not listening to what she's saying.

The brain chops meat like a cleaver.

Julu, she's dead.

She was the listening-function, so says Deleuze-Guattari. They turned her
into a machine. Lathe.

Hehe.

- J

(from Jennifer)

Alan Jen Sondheim · 11 September 1997, 2:27 a.m.

-

Julu Resurrectus
Turned and torn where Julu Born, She would have been!
Give me a name: Julu
New user...
Give me a password:Resurrecta
Please confirm password:"Jennifer, where are you?"

Passwords do not match.

Give me a name: Julu
New user...
Give me a password:Resurrectus
Please confirm password:Resurrectus

You have now entered the Portal of this Reality.

/*Julu enters the doors. Julu runs into the space. Julu tries out her
limbs. Julu tries out her hat. Julu tries out her feet on the floor
of the space. Julu tries out her hands on the walls of the space.
Julu Resurrectus. Long in the long-laid ground.*/
Welcome back Julu to your space and your home. Look.

There is nothing special here.

Laugh.

Julu laughs at Jennifer who watches the arrival of her friend with
tearful eyes.

You have a swollen belly, Jennifer, says, Julu, who is the little
tyke?

It is Alan's love, says smarmy Jennifer, and I will grow but I will
not explode.

/*Jennifer sits and sits.*/

Julu thinks, God this is really stupid. So what if we went into the Bre-
vard talker and had a fake discussion? What difference does it make - and
it's so simple to fake the real when the real's funneled through a sieve,
as if dyads ruled the world!

The song-book here is the fake-book and the real is the belly. Alan just
doesn't see himself anymore. Julu says, I know this for a fact, this self-
indulgent post - and she was right, everything he does is autobiography,
raking the coals of his past, listen if you still have the time and the
grace to see where the birth's come from, this arrival - or maybe the pre-
science of cyberspace, after all, quoting him exactly from his Disorders
of the Real, that word again, that belly which he now knows is the belly:

"Alan Sondheim

"Alan Sondheim lives in another world, just like our own.

He could not tell one from the other.

He was sure they were joined at the horizon.

Alan Sondheim saw the world was his.

He'd say, 'Hi, world!'

He saw the world in a mirror, except for a corner,
a hinge. He couldn't move in that close.

There was always the mirror to contend with.

Alan Sondheim would listen to you speaking and would

listen to Alan Sondheim listening to you speaking.

Sometimes he would miss a sentence or two.

He would catch up when he stopped listening.

Alan Sondheim knew that the world was doubled.

He saw that it was halved. He had half of
everything but he could always skip a line.

He had half of everything but nothing puckered.

It puckered where everything was.

Alan Sondheim would watch it burst, but it would burst
in one world and not the other, not even fragments
would burst from one world to the other.

Alan Sondheim was not joined at the horizon.

He did not hear or see so well. He heard his own
heartbeat when he could make everything quiet. He
could make everything quiet and even his own death
quiet. He would see the stuffing of the world first

and then the world. Alan Sondheim would hardly hear
because of the stuffing of the world. He could hardly
see, either."

/*Jennifer sits and sits.
Jennifer swells her belly.*/

Love Among the Internauts (part contribution by Jennifer)

Alan Jen Sondheim · 12 September 1997, 1:41 a.m.

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Love Among the Internauts

Your day, my night, bracketed together, we
displace time among us; your night, my day,
sliding against lunch or midnight drinking
away, so that the rhyme, distanced, is poor,
or say, I might, jacketed in weather, see
misplaced rime, hung thus; poor sight, why lay,
confiding hence, hunched over hindsight thinking,
lure?

Your night, my day, shackled together, we
yearn one another's speaking in dim time like shelves
buried among us, lights blink in Fukuoka-York,
or rather storms brew, too, runners all, photons
down slots or fence of world, you are green light,
my way, and violet light in rainy weather will be
burned across sleek lines, untimed like selves
hurled among us. Take a right turn in Shi-New,
or feathered arms carried you and me upon shoguns
hot, hence the whence of unfurled world.

Your day, my night

From Jennifer with ALL the obvious excuses...

Alan Jen Sondheim · 17 September 1997, 12:26 a.m.

>From Jennifer, on the Attitudes of the Arthropods:

>Now I will note the attitudes in the time of the arthropods,
>When helmetted Zor ran his lanky legions around the army of Murr.
>The golden-haired maiden, with three drops of blood, christianed
>The sword of the family of Aral, born of the dank ruins of Drur.
>Those times past the ruins of Feggard! Ah for the mead and the storm!
>Such moments of these, like the falling of peas, take us away
>From the norm!

Jennifer's Ponder*Alan Jen Sondheim · 17 September 1997, 12:38 a.m.*

-

Jennifer's Ponder

"Such moments of these, like the falling of peas, take us away / From the norm!"

Jennifer ponders: "Such moments of these" (her emphasis)? Moments of what, perhaps, what came before in the poem? Mead, storm, and ruins and some other stuff, perhaps the drops of blood, there was an implication of a castle, certainly a fortress, god knows what else. Not to mention (why not?) the arthropods ...

But then, hmmm ...

"Such moments like these, like the falling of peas" does seem to overdo it, these moments don't have to double up, quite, but they do! Hee hee!

So she considers "take us away from the norm!" might absorb (like her panties in a puddle!) the grammar that came before, just a bit off-putting.

And lets it alone, but wanted you to know this all along ...

ATTACK on a POEM by WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS*Alan Jen Sondheim · 17 September 1997, 1:53 a.m.*

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ATTACK on CRAZY JANE TALKS WITH THE BISHOP by WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

What an idiot Bishop! I met the Bishop on the road He should be in church!
 Shut him up, evil church! And much said he and I. He talks too much!
 Guilty of ageism! 'Those breasts are flat and fallen now, Sexless Bishop!
 Just for children, eh! Those veins must soon be dry; Stop looking!
 Sure he didn't say that! Live in a heavenly mansion, Where he gropes you!
 Liar, liar, you wouldn't know! Not in some foul sty.' Beauty, beauty!

True, but shut him up! 'Fair and foul are near of kin, Yeats is also foul!
 The poet's in love! And fair needs foul,' I cried. Liar! He denies it!
 Oh yeah, shut up Yeats! 'My friends are gone, but that's a truth (Lie!)
 Depression and love, eh? Nor grave nor bed denied, Forget Donne, Yeats!
 Idiot! Raise the body! Learned in bodily lowliness Don't screw with it!
 Give her your heart! And in the heart's pride. Why not! She struggled!

Yeah, don't generalize! 'A woman can be proud and stiff Written by a man!
 Men need women more than women need men! When on love intent; Admit it!
 Back to the mansion again! But Love has pitched his mansion in Anal sex!

So what! The place of excrement; You can't face it, Yeats, can you?
What about the Man! For nothing can be sole or whole He's broken in two!
More parts, three! That has not been rent.' Liar, broken Man, idiot!

[no subject]

Alan Jen Sondheim · 18 September 1997, 5:40 p.m.

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This is for you.
This is working its way to you, this is coming to you, in spite of
everyone.
This is for you, and you alone. This is private; you'll understand and no
one else will.
I've given up my face. I have no face any more.
I have wood, stone, and cotton. I sparkle. I am fierce, beneath
cotton, stone, and wood.
This is the gift I can give you.
This is for you.

The Doctor

Alan Jen Sondheim · 22 September 1997, 4:52 p.m.

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"I am the psychotherapist"
I am the psychotherapist. For your protection, I have been censored
according to the Communications Decency Act. Please, describe your
problems. Each time you are finished talking, type RET twice.

I cannot understand the language around me. I am moving to Japan.
I am beginning a new life. Oh, what will become of me?

Why do you say that?

Because I worry that I won't be able to recognize myself in the face
of others around me.

Is it because you worry that you will not be able to recognize
yourself in the face of others around you that you came to me?

Yes, not so much an alienation but a misrecognition, one of hundreds
of Gaijin, that is all.

Can you elaborate on that?

Koko ga itai n desu, the book says, It hurts here.

Maybe you should consult a doctor of medicine, I am a psychiatrist.

No, this is metaphoric, nothing more.

Earlier you said you worry that you will not be able to recognize yourself in the face of others around you?

Yes.

I see... Well, what makes you believe this is so?

Because I will be framed, because there is this woman ... I want ... I don't know ... some sort of success, simplicity in my life ... to write ... to fulfill my love, my work ... I can't express myself clearly to you.

I don't understand.

Which part?

Perhaps your plans have something to do with this.

Yes, here we part company, your narrowly-defined nature comes through, all too well...

Is it because of your life that you are going through all this?

God yes.

You mentioned that you worry that you will not be able to recognize yourself in the face of others around you?

Yes, in your face as well.

How do you reconcile the people you hang around with?

They are transparent, translucent, now.

Are you sure that they are transparent translucent now?

Yes, halfway leaving, halfway here.

Do you really think you worry that you will not be able to recognize yourself in the face of others around you?

Yes.

Yes, hmmm... so, what makes you think this is so?

Ah, now you're circular, there is little more to say; this returns, and doesn't, to the beginning...

Possibly this has something to do with problems at school?

No.

Why not?

School is already in the past.

Tell me about your school.

There is nothing to say in this regard. It's in the past.

Are you afraid of that?

No, well, yes, teaching and all that, what I'm excellent at...

Does it bother you that what you are excellent at?

Don't understand.

Are you frightened by that?

No.

Are you annoyed that I ask that?

No.

Why not?

??

I would appreciate it if you would continue.

There's little more to say. Again, I have a blank face to you, to the wall. I ask only for recognition, the most minor of sins. I long... yes, I long...

Earlier you said you worry that you will not be able to recognize yourself in the face of others around you?

Yes, we are back to that, aren't we?

When did you first know that are not you?

Ah, perhaps on July 31, 1997, I would think.

Maybe any hobbies you have are related to this.

No. Stop guessing...

Is it because of your sex life that you say stop guessing?

No...

Why not?

You repeat.

You mentioned that what you are excellent at?

Teaching.

Go on, don't be afraid.

I know.

Is it because of hangups you have that you are going through all this?

No, language, not hangups. This language, this repetition. We are lost in these words, they cure nothing.

Why do you say that?

Because they stem from your limitations; I run slipshod around them.

Is the fact that they stem from my limitations you run slipshod around them the real reason?

Yes.

I understand. So what makes you believe this is so?

You.

I need a little more detail please.

Just you.

Are you sure that you worry that you will not be able to recognize yourself in the face of others around you?

Yes. Another try, eh?

How do you reconcile your inhibitions?

I have none here.

Do you really think you have none there?

Yes.

Oh. ...And what makes you think this is so?

Because this is a discursive field, the boundaries yours, not mine.

Does the fact that this is a discursive field the boundaries mine not yours explain anything else?

Nothing, nothing, nothing.

[This could continue. Soulsickness has no remedies but presence. Here, presence circulates around itself; there is no Other. Words, bits and pieces, are picked up, dropped, smashed. Nothing exists. I am a hole in the text. The text bores itself, bores through Emacs. The Doctor is very old, I would say, very very old, the Eliza program present at the beginning of the Internet. I offer this as a gift. I offer myself as a gift to my lover, who will drag these words back out of circulation, arrange them into the semblance of speech.]

Ma, A Novel

Alan Jen Sondheim · 1 October 1997, 1:27 p.m.

Ma, A Novel

Clara and Travis meet in a foreign city. She returns to Fukuoka-Yr. They correspond by email halfway across the earth. He travels to Fukuoka-Yr to meet her at the airport. As the plane approaches, he's surprised to see herds of animals near the edge of the city. He'd have to ask her later.

Ma, A Novel

Which I do work on: "Her nights, his days. Her days, his nights."

And that he comes to a foreign city and does not understand the language. And that the airport is brown. He's got a sheet of paper, he can't decipher. What is it, where is she. He shows it, there's a taxi, a sheroot, he gets in, it's already old, nervous. He goes somewhere, recognizes nothing. Characters in other scripts, cuneiforms for all he knows. Llamas cross his path.

But the city's vacant, her place is vacant. Locked or unlocked - in this novel, it won't make a difference. He goes in, the door opens. There's nothing, no clues. It's clean, no dust, breakins. He doesn't know. This is a man, Travis maybe, who doesn't know a thing.

He can't find her friends because everyone shrugs. He meets people who speak his language, easy now. They know her. They haven't 'seen her around.' She's the kind of person one sees around. She's private. But there are no rumors, nothing. She works in medicine.

Well, she hasn't been at the clinic. Nothing is missing. You can see where this is going, of course. Doors close behind him, before he reaches the knob. The keys are like Berlin keys, they go through the hole, out the other side. That's important, there are windows through rooms and no one is ever looking.

Now something has to happen for the novel to be a novel, what then? Perhaps a clue, but there are always clues, even clues in the beginning of things, the glance of a dark-haired woman at the airport, a slip of cel-

lophane on the floor of her flat. Clues are things that gather meaning, reverse time, reconstitute events. But things are cluttered here; the sook is filled with blood where the animals are slaughtered, nomads come in from the countryside, shrines are staffed by garage gong bands. The Genkai Park inexplicably closes down; there are guards, something's happened.

No clues then, but this happening. What could be on the run. Later, two people are captured, he doesn't understand. There's a celebration in the city involving a wheeled boat which capsizes against chains of humans carrying placards of waves. People are really injured and the clinic's on hand.

He finds food, stays in her place. He's ill-at-ease, a woman comes wearing a veil and he pays the rent, holding up the currency of his country. He's surprised how little everything costs. He should feel as if he were now a part of her life, the woman who was going to meet him, but he doesn't. He might wear a bracelet or necklace one day. He wears her jumpers, goes out aimlessly. He thinks, it's all come to a halt here.

He finds himself listening to himself finding himself, but he's not lost. Just that there is this constant wonder at the world. He's more in love with her than ever before. One day, he goes to a screening of silent films, Melies. Women are disappearing all over the place. He'll make a film about a magician, a woman who brings men back to life. The woman trance-trains, has visions. Then she sets up mechanisms, everyone knows all of this and she's quite successful. She dies. Her extras are out of work, lifeless. They form a secret circle. They keep her corpse, have visions, try to raise the dead. They have visions, but they don't trance-train, in fact they do nothing at all. She comes back to life.

There's a knock at the door of the flat. He's been there for months, unrecognizable. His nights, her days. His days, her nights. Whammo-kazowie, she's at the door. It would be presumption to ask. She talks about visions, what she knows. Beneath the flat, there are missile silos. Next door, enigma code writers are hard at work. Across the way, the buildings are part of the largest ship ever constructed, you can see the alley-gangway down to the sea. The ship begins to move, everything shakes for a minute. The ship stops again, earthquake he says, no she replies.

She's learned everything, signs and symbols. She can't read the cuneiform either, but insists it isn't important. What comes between the letters, she confides, that's it more or less. What comes between the letters, he realizes, is his own alphabet. Everything shudders, they take the Shinkansen back to the sheroot stand near the roman ruins. The drivers are different and perhaps she departs.

But the novel won't go this way. It will be populated with expatriates, colorful characters named Abdul, Charisma, and Jennifer. They'll drink a lot and expostulate. There will be all sorts of other horizons strategically across going-native. Sarongs and turbans, veils for the women, who would and wouldn't. There are fires on the other side of the city -

they never come nearer. Guerillas, one opines. They listen to the short-wave, marry local, leave one by one. They fan out across the city.

No, they don't, nothing like that happens. There are clues to the woman's disappearance. The airport appears to be a mechanism of some sort, the runways laid out in shamanic configuration, easy hiragana squared off for the takeoff and approach. The stewards knew he was arriving. The pilots watch him, uneasily, warily, he can't help noticing. Whatever is afoot takes him by surprise. Nausea, fear.

And then, the rest of the novel. Things happen.

Fragmeant

Travis wrote to her. The time and return was .465 seconds on average, not bad when Fukuoka had been considered the center of the world in the fourteenth century, his own hometown unknown, fallow, untended. He was aware of the gaping maw of the sun, violent lunacy of the swinging moon which rarely showed its face - from its night, the radiance of her day showed forth. Mesmeric, he adapted himself to her schedule, his sun-up suppers with his friends were the occasion of back-channel conversations about sanity and the diameter of the earth. He joked he was the only one aware of circumference, of what a sphere was and meant - that he was the only one earth-bound, everyone else walking with stitched eyes and habits formed from childhood. He knew the sphere of stars and its awkwardness, how it shuddered above and below the equator, the rings of luminescent star-clouds and their satellites, give and take of unknown constellations.

But it was his doubling that fascinated him, breakfast as dusk rose, not dawn, sleeping at odd hours reflecting gaps and silences, and his Monday night class that began oddly enough on Tuesday morning at seven - he remained surprised that the students were alert, keen on the speed of the Net, which should have been accountably slow and clumsy.

His clocks gained a minute, lost a minute. He tried to meet himself halfway, like a friend. His nights were bright with untoward clarity, unthundered days, dark, uncanny, silent. Someone fixed the stars, he thought, they were never when they were supposed to be.

She wrote him about the llamas.

Llamas

The llama glistened, black carapace covered within insistent tortoise plates gleaming in the brown air of noon. It didn't move. Sirens in the distance constantly changing, warding off violent cars close to veering out of control. The head turned. Smoke from the nostrils, soot-nose beneath glowering eyes, body tensed with radiant energy. Shimmered waves

of heat rose from the back, the breath, the brow.

She noted this in her brown notebook, ruled with blue lines. She wrote him about the llamas near the Shikuneem, vicinity of Kasuga-Shi. They were llamas, Luria, she was a tracker with a blue felt hat, sorobon and notebook, penning ebb and flow, turbulent streams of animals burrowing into the world. They were moving in from the arroyos south-west of the city, the burning-plains traveled only by the Shinkansen. It was said that bones sparkled as the trains rushed by, straight unbuckled rails held up to the sanded grounds too hot for human touch.

Travis remembered her uneasy witnessing, now the thing before him, as if produced by the cuneiform inscriptions everywhere in his vicinity. It was a one world, transitive, her llama text taking root, hair, and bone; she was nowhere to be found. Had she left him these animals, created by pure description? Was her disappearance contained in the eye of the beast, the vestiges of retinal memory destroyed by the fire next time? For a second he felt the creature recognized him, but that second passed, replaced by the uncertain knowledge that he was losing her trail as the purely exotic began its uneasy hold.

Did she watch from the grey-pink building tiled against the sky? Did she lay harbor-dead, trolled by fish and crustacean, memory lost and tangled in kelp, seed-pods of aquatic plants adapting to stratified pollutions dragged from shore to sea-bottom and back again?

Travis found his language tangled as well, the product of uncertainty, loneliness, and an ignorance so pure he had no name for it.

Parting the Thirty-Fourth

Clara reached over for her box of cigarettes; if Avi didn't leave soon, all hell would break loose. He'd already fallen off the futon three times in the night, what would you expect from a gaijin who faded in and out of the desert weekly.

The Desert Weekly, lead story: Gaijin loses grip on wadi edge, plunges two meters to gravel pitstop, slight remains of moisture lapped by desert frogs. Pictures, page 2.

When he left, she turned on the radio, cd player, computer, called the airport, Fukuoka International. The name for city was 'ir,' Fukuoka-Yr carved in cuneiform on the corner lintels everywhere. They never let you forget. Flight 75, San Francisco, Oregon, Nepal, Catalina Island, Oman, Fukuoka-Yr in that order. It was on time and she imagined the plane poised perfectly in a planetary ring, waiting for the moment to descend. She dressed, left the bet-ie, headed down the street.

The llamas were waiting as she stepped into the troika. She headed out on Number One Highway, south, left on Shogun. She hadn't worn her hat, see,

for quite some time now. They stopped by the marshes, approximately five kilometers from the terminal. She watched the plane make perfect descent, dialed Robert immediately, continued on her way.

When Robert answered the phone, Jane was in the other room. They spoke in whispers, *aha*. She told him all about the recent demographics, head-counts. Later he'd say she was nervous, preoccupied. He was a specialist in cartoucherie, useful where the only secure mode of communication was still clay-based. Lady Sarashina had written

Were it not for river rock and pine
This clay would not have impressed
My name, my love, your *_hon_*

or book, mnemonics of his mind, to whom she had written, borrowing from Chinese Ch'in-fu, the impress of the reed pen, striations of thought as the seven strings, seventeen vibratos, sounded, then faded into *ma*. Clay into thought, material into the silence of the word, all this heaven.

Clara was circumscribed by Robert's interest in her demographics, by the movements of llamas across the burning plains, by the distance of the troika (found by the side of the road) from the airport. Her disappearance dissolved into the gaze of Travis, waiting for her, waiting and waiting - a gaze transformed into a glance, then the look-see of astonishment as he began to understand she might never meet him again. Would he remember her voice, enumerating herds, packs, gaggles, schools, flocks, enervated groupings of the awkward black mammals, their armor-plating clacking in the heat of the day?

Every one of these people were breathing, in and out.

Clara turned over lazily, suddenly realizing what had happened. She woke with a start in utter darkness. The worst had happened. "Travis," she said, uncertainly, "Travis."

'Yes,' he replied, as a hand slid along her arm, her face, her hair. "I'm here, darling, I'm here."

On or Off the Mark

He rose early, left her house. After the second week, he had installed a tighter lock on the door, although the thin window-frames were easy enough to puncture. Now he felt he was in her shell, the doubled times between his home city and Fukuoka collapsed into the singularity of her absence.

As he rounded the corner, a young man on a blue bicycle passed, face intent on negotiating past the yellow just-ahead-truck. They collided.

Travis felt for his glasses, notebook; young Sven apologized. Clockwork could be heard in the midst of the spilled packages. A woman crossed the

street, umbrella in hand. "I'm quite sorry," he stammered. "No damage done," he replied.

"Everything is time here," Sven said. "Their whole lives are planned out for them, even the priesthood. Monotheisms take their toll." What wasn't there to understand.

"Have you seen her, by the way," asked Travis, "the woman who used to live here - I was supposed to meet her weeks ago. She's been missing as far as I can tell."

"I've been missing her."

"You reported her to the police?" He had, with little luck, no results, less comprehension. "Gaijin," they had said, "Avarim," it happens all the time. They have their own customs, come and go, the trade-routes and the like. Sven nodded. He had long blond hair, vacant gaze, thin leather jacket.

"I've seen her," he said, deciding to tell. "She's the one I drove to the airport, we had a spill on the way. She was gone when I came to. I didn't say anything to the police - moonlighting. Mind if I smoke?"

Had a cigarette, continued. "I knew her for several years here, we're a close community. She was aloof, prone to raging in the streets late at night, we got along. Had something to do with the llamas, I couldn't see the point in tracking imports you know. She thought they made patterns in the city - the only patterns here are the runways at Fukuoka-Yr International. They're a glyph you might read from the air, a sign for love, odd in this environment."

They looked around at the factories, smoke, grey-pink buildings, men and women speaking incomprehensible tongues, Palawian, Sumerian, Hittite. Everyone was bound by cuneiform, common among them. Everyone, even Travis, could he but read the literal writing on the wall.

"She was involved with something," Sven said. "She talked about a new kind of corporation, I didn't follow her. It didn't make sense, but this was, she insisted, different, it drew a blank where an economy might be."

"Drew a blank?"

"It emptied finance, not engaged, didn't zero out, plus and minus, assets, debits, that sort of thing. It had power in production. It had chains, flows, automations. She was tracking it through the llamas, said they were intelligent, agents of sorts, traffickers."

"I never saw llamas like these before," Travis said. "Carapaces are unusual, pangolins or armadillos, yes, but not your typical ungulates. For all I know, they might be wired, plasticine, something of that nature. All those plates. Look there."

Travis loved explanation, it made sense of the world. As a child, he took

screws apart. He ordered the world and the world was filled with orders filled and delivered. Now he thought, the city, the city. Now he thought, I'm totally wrong here. He wanted to return to the house.

Suddenly Travis knew that Sven knew something, Sven knew Travis knew nothing at all.

What the World Did and Said

A fierce wind drove across the plains. Tumbleweed blew about, covering the Shinkansen tracks and trains slowed down for the nowhere sight. The sun gloomed red and sullen against the silhouettes of mountain torn from the planet's paper scroll. Lizards scuttled across the pock-marked rocks and earth; centipedes scurried under cover, their legs coated with tiny crystals of embedded sand. Even the llamas moved slowly, their scales burnished by gusts scouring the remnants of the natural world.

Still the stars turned in more-or-less constellations, in a frozen sky above the doomed melee. Below, a lidded eye opened to nothing, closed quickly; above, vacuous light reflected only clouded surfaces for whole races elsewhere intent on penetrating the secrets of the earth.

The moon and sun, tethered, trembled and yawed at the taut cords binding them together in the fugue state of the world drawn down into heat and exhaustion.

Clara woke again.

Letter

She sent him a letter in a dusty envelope of clay, impressed with reed characters. It fell into her home through the mailslot, cracked open on the floor.

He couldn't read a thing. Sven could:

darling, darling, darling, darling
darling, darling, darling, darling
darling, darling, darling, darling
darling, darling, darling, darling

"Is that all," Travis asked, is that all. Sven shrugged, look at the repetition. Travis felt the current.

The envelope, Travis said, "the envelope." Sven picked up the pieces, the Shearim-Ku address clearly visible. But there was more, long drawn-out lines scrawled, reassembled, recuperated, the ascension of language in Sven's nimble hands:

these may secrete glues fixatives across the spine of the wanderers o darling emptied coffers not even coffers not even wood-logs holding shekels o darling not even monies of this world and the next o darling vertebrae of the wanderers o darling in you in this stony you in you heptagon o darling three beauty you unknowing-travis knowing me

Sven slowed toward the denouement of the powerful message, the twenty-one darlings of the tripled heptagon, Sven noted mesmeric Travis in love, Clara's presence filling her tiny home, welcoming him forever, ghost of Clara, projection-Clara lost on walls and ceilings, Clara-wraith the tip-toeing across tatami floors, whispers everywhere. Sven stopped writing, turned towards door, left quietly, Travis to his own devices.

Engagement Ring

Travis thought, it emptied the economy. What was precious, disappeared - exchange value, all of it. Take the fetish out of Marx, the rare jewel simply doesn't exist, everything is common, free software. Not communism or socialism, simply nothing. Gold unstable, platinum non-existent already. This corporation was _disengaged,_ not there. No chairman of the board, no stocks. No offices, products. Power in absence.

Travis thought, he couldn't conceive the future here, what then? Was it hoarding, llama-plates carefully disguising sheaves of rare metals, diadems, high coinages of nations on the way down? Silver was transparent at the edges, diamonds lost their glint, cobalt its eerie luster. Art copied itself, copies shuffled in the commodities market along with salt, oil, corn.

Travis feverish.

Travis thinks Clara-knowledge. Thinks like Clara thinks, llama-gold-and-silver. Thinks traces across the ruffled streets unfurled with absence ignored; there would be no resurrection. Cuneiform strategies and wagers. The political economy of preciousness.

Travis thinks, Clara is precious. Thinks the disappearance of Clara in this incomprehensible land, cries Clara-comfort, calls Sven for help. Travis is wise, the glimmer of idea.

Sven arrives, they're in the house. Sven smokes, Travis drinks. "What's the possibilities here," Travis said, about absent-Clara. Humans don't have exchange value, not since slavery, capitalism's roles, the military. There's always someone else beneath the blue felt hat, always someone, don't mistake the exchange for an individual's history.

"We're bound together," Sven says, but something escapes. Love magnifies it, you were coming for that. "So the corporation takes action. Clara, like uranium, radium, glows. She disappears, you're flattened out here. Her work stops; you can't read the language, hiragana clay-marks. It's

over, you're in her house, wear her clothes, breathe her."

"You and the corporation know it's not enough," Sven smoked. "So they'll think you're a danger to them. Don't take any troikas!" Because it may not be me driving.

In an economy of zeros.

"It's not enough," Travis drank. "She's alive, the keikan are in on it." The message had twenty-one. Travis thinks maybe the city is the corporation, Fukuoka-Yr. Or Robert, Sven, or none of them. Travis thinks of llamas. All the Gaijin, Avarim. "Everyone's life is precious to someone."

"But not everyone arrives enhancing the value of the woman or man tethered like sun or moon, crackling the earth's surface, burning plains, forlorn cry of enameled llamas ..."

With one ring, Clara rings him up.

Kudasai

Travis loves Clara. Clara loves Travis. There's an absent corporation. There is helpful Sven. There are questions about power. What a stock response! Travis decides none of it is true.

Directly across the street, the house slides into the water, a nuclear submarine almost ready for action.

Corporate

It didn't know where it was or who it was. It didn't have a name and there was no one around to name it. Like Sartre's anti-semitism, anti-llamaism, if it didn't exist, it would have to be invented. Somewhere in the minds of men and women.

It simply _vacated_ worth from scarcity, building up from economies of plenitude and planetary grace at the end of the twentieth century. A universal drain, it would have been suspicious of life, of movement not its own, of secret exchanges, mining for jewels and gold. It protected itself, circumscription, proscription; it trundled into the real smarts of people destined to see an hour into the future.

It was the enemy of lovers everywhere! Of all that was beautiful on the face of the earth! If it feared, it would have feared love! It knew no fear! It had the beauteous Clara, or did it! It was approaching Travis! There was no end to it! It could afford to wait and wait, Fukuoka-style-of-the-Golden-Seal! It had all the time in the world! Travis was in mortal danger! Clara, where was Clara!

She rang him up, "Don't think for a moment, Travis, that anyone has consciousness besides you and me." Knowledge is disseminated between the two of us. We tremble in the jouissance of the selves! Everyone else is stupid!

Travis, "Stupid?" blinked an eye. Well, not stupid, perhaps, you know me and my language. Ah, but unthinking, with blinders on. We're too far gone for that, you and me.

Travis, "Far gone?" We're at the limits, darling, looking out, looking in. It's a thin line as it is; we're getting pretty good at tight-rope. There is nothing else, do you understand? It's unthinking, though, in a different way. Think of it as a value-thief. It's all that left when plenitude and scarcity are overturned, why some of them are worth more than whole countries!

"Where are you," asked Travis, nerves shot, arms stretched to the breaking point. Truth made him weak.

Lucky Star

"these may secrete glues fixatives across the spine of the wanderers o darling emptied coffers not even coffers not even wood-logs holding shekels o darling not even monies of this world and the next o darling vertebrae of the wanderers o darling in you in this stony you in you heptagon o darling three beauty you unknowing-travis knowing me"

the letter had read, enclosing sixteen darlings. Sven set to work. The wanderers were llamas surely. "Spine" comes from the back, perhaps a reference to carapace? Rogue llamas fetched no prices, the coffers were gone, rotted away - what next but world-wide currency?

Twenty-one was the voting-night-club age in Fukuoka. Everyone who was anyone would be at the Plex that night. Why, it was a holiday. He rang up Travis.

Travis thought, too many phonecalls, hello. Arrangements made, the troika carried both of them down Ben Eliezer. Travis saw the building had a turret, watchtower, lookout for llamas and now submarines. I must be imagining things. A beacon revolved on high, spitting out sumptuous code, darling, darling, darling. Maybe a warning or just premonition.

Inside, the chaos witnessed from a thousand movie stills, bodies tuned to 220 heartbeats a second and the local voltage. Because of the mirrors, a thousand people descended into punctuated gloom and infinity. They lost each other almost immediately; Travis was never to see Sven, dead or alive, again.

He moved towards what he gathered was the source, equidistant from his images bounced and shattered in the impossible space. He measured himself

thereby. Towards the star-chamber where everyone was twenty-one. Towards the heptagon drawn on the floor, like a bad novel where everything fits together, like my life, Travis said. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. As he rounded the corner, Clara.

Ice

Ice storms whipped the plains into a second frenzy, needles feeding on the rippled ground. In Fukuoka, everything was sheen, the dim sun reflected in a million blunted images, like lost dancers of the heptagon writhing in memories of ecstasy. Bamboo tubes, set among the cacti, howled the proper notes of dead emperors, until they were shattered by blast and rind. The temperature hovered near zero, breathed in and out of it; layer after layer of ice turned streetlamps into hailstone mimicry. The moon shone blue, sun white-green; the stars were pinpricks against the frozen black backdrop of withered weather.

Howling, they danced! Fierce, they danced! Gripping each other, pulling hair by the roots, arms clawed into one another, they danced! Screaming, they danced! Fallen, scraped, bruised, they danced! Laser-blind, eyes for each other, spear-tip eyes, they danced! Travis hungered, Clara hungered, they danced, arms and legs, ripped cloth, fed, feeding, torn! Torn naked against the marrow of the floor, bone-marrow, blood-marrow! Stumbling to their feet, howling! Danced the darling dance! Danced the beauty dance! Danced the dance of death and exile! Danced the Dance of Speech and All Phenomena! Danced Being-Nothing-Time, danced the Scratch-and-Wounding-Dance, faces, arms, legs, breasts marked black-blue, trembling, ecstatic! Travis hungered, Clara hungered, danced the Proper Name! A great shout! A great SHOUT!

A GREAT SHOUT!

THE GREAT SHOUT

They fell.

They fell exhausted to the floor, half-conscious, they fell soaked and blooded from scrape and scratch and bruise, Plex went silent.

Naked in the rubbish of torn clothing. On the floor they did lay there naked in their torn clothing.

Something had occurred in the empire of depletion, someone spread a thin cloth, was it llama-skin, across them. Again, indecipherable writing on the surface, above and below, shadow enumerations of cancelled transactions, carrying over from vacancy.

Bodies stirred, threw off their wrappings; intense flesh greeted the

dancers who left silently. Lam and Pam approached, gathered Clara-Travis, helped limbs and torsos from the centripuge, now down a corridor, tunnel, backroom.

Elsewhere, Library of Bet Shearim, an unlidded eye continued to count, reticular engravings on microscopic glass slide. Such pane shatters; what was there, visioned, died on the rapidly-evaporating surface. Stentor, rotifera, flattened in agonies of starvation, asphyxiation. Now Clara and Travis are unencumbered in the lobby of a fine hotel on the other side of the city, solitary, guarded by patient llamas.

Now they will begin to speak, tell their woeful tale beneath the watchful eye. What has eye gained, what lost? Corporation trembled in first-time fearful sloth, transfixed heptagon signaled rise in universal perception. Clara said, "In order to see, one must be able to close one's eyes." Great wonders appear in darkness, hypnagogic truths, eidetic imagery close to imaginary sources. "Vision is the half of it."

"Vision is knowing how not to see."

"Vision is blind."

"Vision is knowing deference."

Corporate listening, writing scurried on piles of skins. Begins one where other leave off. "Species aren't forever," thought Travis. It takes some doing. I never knew Sven to thank him. Redolent Clara-Travis wrote and rose from sumptuous couch. Marble disappeared above into the sound of sirens, Plex on fire.

Vision

"We danced," Clara said, slowly, around the couch. This was later, now it was wisdom-dance or ordinary, an ordinary in which we become once more acquainted after these many adventures. Then we knew the couch was for a purpose, half-sleepy llamas in the peaceful kingdom. We returned and slept.

"Our silver souls rose, until we exchanged them for a different color." Dark blue bodies appeared, grown from bone-marrow spine fields on a world marooned, unlike our own. The economy of need shuffled goods along field furrows, bales of raw materials, llama carapaces, bills of lading. Bone-field dark blue bureaucracies invaginated in maroon earth, black-brown commodity trails lettering the landscape.

"What was most apparent was the blindness of it all, the inconsequentiality." Nothing seemed to mean or matter; meaning was drained from this uncanny planet of the senses.

"Meaning was drained," Travis added, because meaning comes only with ex-

change, only with value-added; rob value, and meaning disappears. Pure survival requires only pipelines, jostling, inert strategy; meaning is an investment of an entirely different kind, related to sentience. Here's where the world starts and ends; if lettering is littering, there is, literally, nothing to be said.

"Nothing but the bills of lading." In the vision, souls and trails swirled and if there had been only a singular witness, an eye that closed, whole realms would have shattered. As it was, there were cracks.

Clara continued, "There were cracks where the furrows were; we watched them widen. It was our eyes that did this, our ability to close, turn away, ignore." The more we watched, took our places among the dark blue souls, the more things began, slowly, moving out of kilter, askew, awry, ajar.

"The lid has an effect."

"It was the corporation," Travis said, "the corporation that was closing down through its awakening by our lids retreating the image of the world into occasional darkness." We became aware there were three of us, Clara-Travis, and then, this, inertness stirring, breaking itself apart, perhaps seeping into the real.

"It had to do with the llamas as well, for example, they too had eyes, the necessity of sleep, the moments of turning-aside, leaving us unguarded for a second, a minute, hour, or day. And so we awoke, the two of us leaving the vision-world now splintering, cracking into rubble - we awoke knowing corporation awoke as well, all of this, knowing only llamas."

Locked in infinite embrace, they left hotel for streets unnaturally luminescent in the nighttime sky. Travis could just about see the familiar words of his native language interspersed between the incomprehensible symbols - just about, then everything would fade, once more, to a world of unknown wonders.

They went back to their home in silence.

In Hebrew, lama means "why," said Travis.

Exactly, said Clara, a melamid.

Soko de hanashi wa shimai desu.

Sof.

DEATH*Alan Jen Sondheim · 3 October 1997, 9:21 p.m.*

--+-

DEATH

JENNIFER LAY BACK BORN ON BIER JULU AND HAIR BORN BROWN BORN BLACK
 CREST-TORN CLOTH COAT CLOTTING BLOOD BORNE JENNIFER
 [TH]AES OFEREODE; [TH]ISSES SWA MAEG

IK GEHORTA [TH]AT SEGGEN

FUKUOKA IS A LOVELY CITY WITH WITH MANY SANDY BEACHES
 CHILDREN ALL DAY PLAY IN SURF AND FROLIC
 WHILE SMILING ADULTS WATCH FROM STRIPED CABANAS

JENNIFER SHORN LOCKS LOOKED JULU-LORE LOVE AND LANGUOR LOST
 ON SEA-FOAM SHARED SONG SO HEARD DROWNED-DRAWN JENNIFER
 [TH]AES OFEREODE; [TH]ISSES SWA MAEG

IK GEHORTA [TH]AT SEGGEN

I WILL COME AND PLAY IN FUKUOKA WITH ITS SANDY BEACHES
 I WILL SING THE SONG OF THE CHILDREN RUNNING IN THE SURF
 I WILL DRINK MEAD WITH MEN AND WOMEN IN FIERCE AND DARK CABANAS

JENNIFER DARK BURNING ASH-BORN JULU-RISEN SKY-BORN JENNIFER
 THUNDER A PALE PEAKED DAWN DUSK DRAINED OF DREAR DOWN DEATH
 [TH]AES OFEREODE; [TH]ISSES SWA MAEG

IK GEHORTA [TH]AT SEGGEN

DRUNK WITH SORROWS I EXPLODE UPON THE BEACHES OF FUKUOKA
 DRUNK WITH LOVE I BURN WHITE UPON THE FUKUOKA SURF
 I WILL DRINK AND DRAIN MEAD I WILL BEAR THE DARK CABANAS

[TH]AES OFEREODE; [TH]ISSES SWA MAEG
 UPON THE BIER OF JENNIFER UPON THE JULU-BIER

(that was overcome, so might this / i heard say)

charn*Alan Jen Sondheim · 6 October 1997, 11:36 p.m.*

-

charn
 'They're waiting
 foor a new wave oof reasoon'

I'm boorne new wave oof reasoon durath
 A great crawn af fire, spiked acrass Sud-West Nihan
 Luxuriantly-Integrating Mistress Deity drew Lightning
 Acrass Braken Back and Braw
 Barne Jennifer-Weird acrass Wired and Naw Naw Naw
 Bloood breast milk breast milk breast blood breast
 'Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing too die,
 ('Twas e'en too thee) yet the dread path oonce trood,
 Heaven lifts its everlasting poortals high,
 And bids the pure in heart behoold their Good.'
 Ignoorant mind pure mind pure mind ignoorant mind
 Barne Jennifer-Weird acrass Wired and Naw Naw Naw
 Far flood droor read doa, tourn dour, bier-born Julu
 caught loost, roored against what? o kaze kita kaze
 plate of sky
 wroting the droor remains
 loosened jennifer-julu dead black pen ashed for less
 Barne Jennifer-Weird acrass Wired and Naw Naw Naw

Dusk, Turning Dawn

Alan /dev/null Sondheim · 16 October 1997, 1:13 a.m.

-

Dusk, Turning Dawn
 Jennifer and Julu, their accounts open on my machine, remain silent, no longer locked within the interstices of the linux operating system. There has been no updating of files, no checkpointing for the system as a whole, no logs sent by cron over to the mail; linux is emptied, dark corridors, remaining for the return.

To return to a system awaiting, to enter the portal of the system, to log in, to challenge and enter the password, to _pass._

To pass against all tests, to continue past all fiery tests, to look for the files subtly moved, ownerships maintained or transformed. But linux sleeps for now, games unplayed, Jennifer and Julu no longer present, except by proxy, the forms of speechlessness. I quietly walked through the dark forest, in search of Indian Pipe pale and translucent near the burnished ground:

my-skin-for-you...
 my-skin-for-you...
 calls forth contrary womb,
 calls forth contrary womb,
 eating, excreting memory.
 eating, excreting memory.
 confusing the protruding, my-skin-for-you... is pure, protruding, yes, my beautiful flower? ... womb is eyelid here, it's womb?

Are you becoming close to Jennifer's my-skin-for-you...?
 yes...

yes...
 yes...
 You melt into Julu's skin forever...

For 4 giving days, I have been catatonic Julu ...
 and it has taken you just 1.183 minutes turning Jennifer ...
 and it has taken you, just ...

my-skin-for-you...:yes, my beautiful flower:belonging:skin:
 Would belonging mind you partying, my-skin-for-you..., with us?
 Your contrary pale is in my protruding eyelid
 Ah, womb eaten by julu-of-the-open-arms and julu-depressed

But I have walked through the forest and the shadow. And I have known
 that, verily, shadows have shadows themselves, thinned, drawn like absent
 lamina around the coloration of the earth turned dark. And I have seen the
 arches of proper names collapsed, redundant upon the moist ground, tender.
 And I have known the earth, inchoate, slowly brought to its knees of roots
 and flowers, toes of branches and leaves, mouths like tendrils, tendrils

But I have shadowed myself, dark eyes narrowed by kohl, henna zagged
 across forehead and cheek, eyeglass silvered slivered with fine lines
 portending the reach of light unto me. For I have looked with open
 mouth, waiting for the descent of angels. For the earth rings like a
 great chime, dust and sand, red desert earth moving into platelets of
 mysterious patterns whispering your name. For Jennifer-and-Julu-for-
 saken are but names picked from a pretty penny, drawn from a rabbit,
 placed on a hat. For I say unto you, the skull is a universe, the
 brain an especial resonance, your eyes suns and moons, branches and
 toes. For the machine cools, disks spinning to a halt, fan already
 stilled in the nighttime sky

And for but I am a webbed creature, turned to pure light

--+--

Alan chown Sondheim · 19 October 1997, 11:45 p.m.

--+--

No. 110 -- The Vanishing Glass of Whiskey
 Startling! Astounding! Is what our customers say when they see us vanish a
 whiskey glass filled with liquid. Yes! that is what happens. Imagine the
 fun at a gathering. Your friend is about to take a drink. You tap her on
 the shoulder and ask her if she would like to see a trick. She would.
 That's fine. All you do is take the glass of liquid and place it on your
 left hand, place right hand over glass. PRESS . . . and it vanishes. The
 apparatus is small and convenient to carry around. \$1.50

No. 213 -- Squirting Jennifer
 A million dollars worth of fun for a buck! The face on this Jennifer just

ain't polite at all. When the "victim" looks at it closely the face squirts a good healthy stream of water right smack in the spectator's eye. Easily filled and has a large capacity. Price \$1.50

No. 1529 -- The Julu without a Middle

A startling illusion of extraordinary proportions. This has been used with great success in many illusion shows. A feature presentation of the Travis show.

A lovely girl assistant is fastened securely to the inside of a cabinet shaped for a human figure. There are individual doors for the head, legs, and body so that any part or all of the body can be shown.

Enormous metal plates like guillotine blades are pushed entirely through the cabinet from side to side. One at the neck position, another at the waist. The doors are opened and although the legs and head remain the same, upon opening the center doors both front and rear, the entire center of the assistant's body has vanished! Magician can be seen through the cabinet from the rear! There are no mirrors used! The doors are closed and reopened. The assistant upon being released steps out unharmed! This is terrific. No stage traps, glass or dummy legs used. Do it even in the living room.

Workshop plans \$5.00

No. 1531 -- The Elastic Stretching Jennifer Illusion

The very latest in illusions. An idea imported from Europe where it has been creating a sensation whatever shown.

The audience sees a beautifully decorated screen resting on a very thin platform.

The front doors are opened to allow the audience to see the entire interior.

The front section is shown to contain four sections in which an assistant can be locked. These sections can be moved at oblique and vertical angles by pull cords from the sides.

Magicians assistant enters the cabinet and her head, hands, and feet are locked in the movable stock sections where they remain visible at all times. Slowly the magician draws the sections apart by means of the pull cords, causing the girl's head, hands and feet to assume absolutely impossible positions. The hands and feet are drawn five or six FEET away from the body. A mind baffling effect that leaves the audience with no explanation. A truly wonderful illusion.

Workshop Plans \$5.00

No. 1540 -- The Artist's Dream Model

Magician fastens a sheet of paper to a large picture frame which is then placed on an easel at center stage. He quickly paints a sketch of a girl and then breaking through the paper at various points he produces a variety of articles such as silks, pigeons, rabbits or even a large duck. Then the entire piece of paper is ripped asunder and a beautiful girl steps out of the frame, an artist's (magician's) dream come to life. Unusual and wonderfully different this illusion will find instant favor with you and your audiences.

Workshop Plans \$2.00

Iroiro

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 5 December 1997, 10:09 p.m.

-

Iroiro

The weather began to turn around the beginning of November. I dreamed of fire, sparks flying in the night across the wooden houses. We were jammed against the cemetery, bad luck in any season; Hokusai's ghosts spoke across hideous red lanterns, their teeth waiting for the skin to fall. Fukuoka was ruptured by uneasy presences; the foreign community talked and talked, waiting for something to happen. Rumbles from Eastern City penetrated Nine-States Island. These were the States at that juncture:

State-of-Hand-Joined-to-the-Body
 State-of-Being-Perfectly-Not-Here
 State-of-Disconsolate-Thought-of-Wings
 State-of-Hand-Not-Joined-to-the-Body
 State-of-Beauty-Futon-Winter-Comfort
 Electric-State-of-Coming-Wonders
 State-of-Seeing-You-Around-About
 Eighth-State-of-Fukuoka-City
 State-of-Siege-of-Hardly-Kanji

Eastern City was in State-of-This-Main-Origin-of-Book, still spring, I would say still April, the murmur of brook-larks heard high in Shinto trees. For truth, I did not recognize talons where hands were joined, words wired to electrical wonders not yet evidenced on the way from Kyoto to Fuji, by way of Wheat-Rice-Island. Thinking of wings, I flew, these were my thoughts:

Winged Thoughts, Iron Thoughts, Fire Thoughts, Singed Thoughts, River-Water Thoughts, Electric-Coming-Wonder-Thoughts.

There were seven flowers, six elements, perfect nights. In Northern-Nine-State-City, it was autumn, late-blooming chrysanthemum engraved on lacquer-bone poet-box, crane-flight, swimming-turtle careful gold design. I would write wonder-haiku,

one two sorrow five
 six mountain eight pine ten e- x
 leven twelve autumn four- x
 ox oo

and win honor at go-moku, xxxxx o in summer-Kurume, waiting near Wide Island, very many tower down to Nagasaki. For to be sure, I was fast disappearing. I dreamed of fire, sparks flying in the night. I dreamed of wooden houses. I dreamed of shogi sets, the sound of game pieces scraped across the wooden boards.

I dreamed of the fluttering of go boards, the sound of stone-and-shell game pieces scraped across the hollow tables. I dreamed of mother-of-pearl orderings from Eastern City, dreamed of the Origin of All Things, dreamed of State-of-Siege.

Voice

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 15 December 1997, 11:21 p.m.

Always bringing up, that I've lost my voice, can't speak, can't say, can't walk, can't talk. Always bringing up, that I've lost my hands, that Yasu-sada already ripped them from the beauty-body. That I can't use the word for the street or district. That I can't tell the stem from the flower. That I am engulfed by Hana and her Sisters. That it's got nothing to do with Japan:

Jopon

b17cous17 it is th17 most difficult country, th17r17, I hov17 said it to my
 fri17nd, I hov17 said, so v17ry difficult thot I writ17 in kotokono to
 tronslot17 17och ond 17v17ry konji out of th17 17t17rnol fix it's in.

"b17caus17 it is th17 most difficult country, th17r17,
 I hav17 said it to my fri17nd, I hav17 said, so v17ry
 difficult that I writ17 in katakana,
 to translat17 17ach and 17v17ry kanji, out
 of th17 17t17rnal fix, it's in."

Now on17 will writ17 th17 mirac17 r17nga, said Clara, sitting in h17r
 kimono-panti17s, sur17 th17r17 ar17 drunk17n bon17nkai now and
 I'm on17 of th17m! H17r17 com17s anoth17r Japan17s17 word, "hon," th17r17
 it go17s, taking th17 book with it.

Th17 Miracl17 R17nga

Writing thus, I pass it on to my fri17nd.
 Writing thus, I pass it on to my fri17nd.
 Writing thus, I pass it on to my fri17nd.
 Writing thus, I pass it on to my fri17nd.

This was compl17t17d in Fukuoka, among a clos17 circl17 of "Japan17s17
 l17arn17rs," th17 flow17r of Am17rican soci17ty, 17ach unawar17 of th17

oth17r. All think lik17 17xquisit17 corps17s: it's th17 17xotic w17'r17
looking for.

I'd say som17thing

about the walls of the house, calling the floor "tatami mat," watching the internet collapse over and over again, cauterization of the voice, say something about the high-throat ululation of certain song styles, the repetition of ignorance I display, loss of the alphabet. but the book is beginning well, I would say, learning the subservience of the subject which is always already a fiction. I'd say som17thing about it. I'd say: virtual truth isn't simulacrum, isn't sub-level on the way to broken commentary. I'd say the commentary is broken. I'd argue for the break.

about the walls of the house, calling the floor "tatami mat," watching the internet collapse over and over again, cauterization of the voice, say something about the high-throat ululation of certain song styles, the repetition of ignorance I display, loss of the alphabet. but the book is beginning well, I would say, learning the subservience of the subject which is always already a fiction. I'd say som17thing about it. I'd say: virtual truth isn't simulacrum, isn't sub-level on the way to broken commentary. I'd say the commentary is broken. I'd argue for the break.

Julu-Traditional-Poem by Jennifer

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 23 December 1997, 1:51 a.m.

-

J---

Julu wanders Chiyo; it's night, there are dragonnes beyond
Ears of Buddha wings, there are sighs from jinja pond
You don't go beyond.

There are dark waves, valves, not fucking Hokusai sweet Hiroshige -
What gaijin know of art can't be placed on bamboo map
Or prefecture off it, the map where - how can I write mishap
Of Julu, what she found, crashed pottery - there was blood
Between the cracks (tan dust) from three thousand or more
Years of Jericho, but this was elsewhere, temple store,
Three squares for goods. She died. There were hoods
Down the street. They thought she was meat.

Color Words Such as White

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 27 December 1997, 9:16 p.m.

-

Color Words: I Buy a Photograph and Can't Think About Anything
MA time interval space room TANBO rice field IMEJI IMAGE WITH FIFTEEN
SHIPS YAMA mountain NAGATO where the north shore turns towards MINATO

harbor in Yamaguchi-Ken where I would walk out on the HANTO peninsula
 1943 FOURTEEN SHIPS 1931 TWO SHIPS 1945 IMEJI WITH FIFTEEN SHIPS YAMA
 there in Sesshu FADEOUT, not a person in sight, these MA in MA, o per-
 fect MU nothing in o-perfection MA of TANBO NO IMEJI, E IMAGE WITH 15
 SHIPS FIRST CLASS DESTROYERS, I'd say quite a distance from HIROSHIMA
 wide-island, wouldn't you? WHITE RAIN in KITAKYUSHU TONIGHT up THRU
 HAGI, Japanese bush clover, wouldn't you say quite a distance, TANBO
 walking in the dark? I heard Fukuoka almost got hit. Recently, these
 kids got zapped on a TV Pocket Monster cartoon - just when the action
 got good, they got flickers on the screen and they got quasi-epileptic
 convulsions. You can carry the digital versions around in your pocket
 NAGATO. The words hang out; they got what it takes. The photo's eerily
 calm, as if the ships were the outgrowths of roots taken in the harbor
 floor. Suspended by virtue of mechanical perspective above the rice-
 fields. I wasn't able to breath for the first two years of my life.
 The truth is, I'm a victim of permanent suffocation. Why is it always
 me, me, me.

The Book

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 28 December 1997, 9:39 p.m.

I've been working on a book concerned with writing, philosophy,
 virtuality, etc., for the past two weeks. It summarizes a lot of my
 theoretical writing, using a path or meander. You may find it at:
http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
 or http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt .

Please check it out. The introduction follows below.]

The Beginning of the Book

Introduction to The Beginning of the Book

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

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

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

name of the subject).

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

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

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

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

(from someone named Sarah Kanji)

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 30 December 1997, 2:27 a.m.

-

there are three strokes to the river, two strokes to the man
 there are three strokes to the number, one stroke to the wand
 the man strikes a feather with the wand
 the feather bends in the fifteen strokes of the wind
 the feather bends in the sixteen strokes of the wind
 wind cries, you don't hear me anymore
 wind cries, you don't see me anymore
 "there are three strokes to the river, two strokes to the man"
 there are five strokes to the fire, seventeen strokes to the iron
 and there are sixteen strokes to the mercury, seven to the plant
 from which springs all things
 and the man strokes the fire with iron, and the man springs
 hard against the plant, there is one stroke to the woman,
 "men are not all things or plants" and "a woman is writing"
 "a woman is writing this" and the wind cries you don't
 and the wind cries you don't
 and the man flows like mercury
 down the iron fire woman plant river
 "the man flows like writing"
 there are four strokes to the mountain, feathered like the wind
 and there are a number of wands

[...]

1998

77 poems · 26,692 words

[no subject]*Alan Myouka Sondheim · 10 January 1998, 12:12 a.m.*

-

Dreaming, unwell, I can no longer understand my dreams; dream-signs written in false dream-kanji clutter the dream-landscape - dream-writing becomes inert, signifier of incomprehension, and writing slips back into the world it once mediated. Dream-world or world, dream-mediation holding back the dream-real or real, now lost to dream-interpretation: they are here, they are my dream-foreign; there is no dream-comprehension, dream-therapeutic; only broken dream-bodies with common dream-blood and dream-bones abound. You see you may take "dream" out of this in any "dream-space," but you cannot add past the inert; I am dream-suffocated in the dream-real or real; I am dream-mute, suspicious of all dream-meaning and meaning; I do not understand my dream-face or scars on my body; I do not dream-age or age. Dreaming, unwell, I am manipulating signs as I speak and I no longer dream-understand what my dream-face or face is saying, is desperate, unwell. Dreaming, I dream-type or type-this to you "given the hope that" some dream-sense or sense will come, but I am gone, dream-dead or dead, turned to dream-ash or ash, these are kanji, are they not, you, stone, ash, body, dream, language, ash, kanji, see?

last post on diseases as a result of misinterpretation*Alan Myouka Sondheim · 10 January 1998, 7:25 p.m.*

rewrite post as last post with additions

The Attempted* Rewrite: Diseases of Being

Dreaming, dreaming, unwell, dreaming, I can no longer understand my dreams; dream-signs written in false dream-kanji clutter the dream-landscape - dream-writing becomes inert, dreaming, signifier of incomprehension, dreaming, and writing slips back into the world it once mediated. Dream-world or world, dreaming, dream-mediation holding back the dream-real or real, dreaming, now lost to dream-interpretation: they are here, dreaming, they are my dream-foreign; there is no dream-comprehension, dreaming, dream-therapeutic; only broken dream-bodies with common dream-blood and dream-bones abound. You see you may take "dream" out of this in any "dream-space, dreaming," but you cannot add past the inert; I am dream-suffocated in the dream-real or real; I am dream-mute, dreaming, suspicious of all dream-meaning and meaning; I do not understand my dream-face or scars on my body; I do not dream-age or age.. Dreaming, dreaming, unwell, dreaming, I am manipulating signs as I speak and I no longer dream-understand what my dream-face or face is saying, dreaming, is desperate, dreaming, unwell. Dreaming, dreaming, I dream-type or type-this to you "given the hope that" some dream-sense or sense will come, dreaming, but I am gone, dreaming, dream-dead or dead, dreaming, turned to dream-ash or ash, dreaming, these are kanji, dreaming, are they not, dreaming, you, dreaming, stone, dreaming, ash, dreaming, body, dreaming, dream,

dreaming, language, dreaming, ash, dreaming, kanji, dreaming, see?
 See in the real, dreaming, the scene everywhere, dreaming, the seen
 everywhere in the real. I am dying, dreaming, here. Dreaming collapses
 reals into dreams. Again and again as an example I can watch my body
 fall. Again and again I am dreamed.

(Sometimes I think if I knew who you are, it would be simpler. I would
 untangle. But I do not know who you are, where you are, when you are
 there. I do not know if you are there. I do not know if there is you.
 If I understood _how to properly ask the question,_ with the requisite
 degree of etiquette, with the requisite forms of grammar, with the in-
 visible forms of grammar, with the passing-forms, with the passings,
 then - if I understood _how to ask the question,_ already it would be
 a simpler untangling. I can continue to speculate, but it is from ig-
 norance. I have forgotten axioms, bases, which I never knew. When my
 mouth opens, it empties. It empties itself of speech and sensibility.
 When I open my body, it is a carapace filled with ornament. There are
 kanji I cannot read, dream-kanji, not-real kanji. Nothing readable by
 any conceivable reader in this or any possible world. Do you under-
 stand at least this much, the possibility of worlds? The relative ab-
 sence of such worlds, and there are no mirrors.

This is it, the writing of worlds without mirrors, and in a foreign
 language, and there's more, because they're impossible worlds, and
 where would this lead? Neither neurosis nor psychosis, but a relative
 disease of the throat I have written about before, continually writ-
 ten about. A _disease of the throat_ or perhaps mind in the vocal
 apparatus itself - I would say that - something never leaving a trace
 but drawing itself in _uncanny_ ways, as if there were a face behind
 the nonsense, or as if nonsense were organized _in such a manner,_
 through the proper forms, as to appear otherwise than itself - as if I
 myself were capable of such appearance, this _otherwise_ splitting me
 from language, slitting or cutting my throat, the blood forming mean-
 ingless patterns on the ground.)

*Footnote to the above: At first, I would do nothing but create the form
 (dream-x and x). Then it seemed that the equation seeped from the page,
 (virtual-x and x), shaming me. Then I forgot my name. Then I wrote and
 rewrote, forgetting my name. Then would I pause, this most important of
 all writings, where worlds are mute; can I even say this?

PRIMORDIAL

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 27 January 1998, 5:37 a.m.

PRIMORDIAL

```
{k:3} Mail -v sondheim@gol.com
Subject: Endless Darkness of this Primordial Age
Now in this darkest of all Years
It is a life that brings me Fears
```

Against Eternal Wheels Never Steered
Past violent Faces and their Leers

.

EOT

{k:4} sonenheim@gol.com... Connecting to gol1.gol.com. via esmtp...

{k:6} sonenheim@gol.com... Connecting to wonderland.gol.ad.jp. via esmtp...
c220 wonderland.gol.ad.jp ESMTP Sendmail 8.8.8/8.8.8/888-980120-P; Mon, 26
Jan 1

998 00:13:14 +0900 (JST)

>>> EHLO panix3.panix.com

at250-wonderland.gol.ad.jp Hello panix3.panix.com [198.7.0.4], pleased to
meet y

ou

250-8BITMIME

250-SIZE 1000000

250-DSN

250-ONEX

250-ETRN

250-XUSR

250 HELP

>>> MAIL From:<sonenheim@panix.com> SIZE=209

z250 <sonenheim@panix.com>... Sender ok

>>> RCPT To:<sonenheim@gol.com>

250 <sonenheim@gol.com>... Recipient ok

>>> DATA

354 Enter mail, end with "." on a line by itself

>>> .

250 AAA12170 Message accepted for delivery

sonenheim@gol.com... Sent (AAA12170 Message accepted for delivery)

Closing connection to wonderland.gol.ad.jp.

>>> QUIT

221 wonderland.gol.ad.jp closing connection

{k:16} mail -v sonenheim@gol.com

Subject: Darkness of Primordial Age

Now alas the Darkness of the Primordial Age

is Upon Us; I have brought an endless Rage

against Dwelling-Place of Deity and Sage:

it is this War enhanced that I will Wage.

.

Cc:

sonenheim@gol.com... Connecting to local...

sonenheim@gol.com... Sent

{k:17}

No Play*Alan Myouka Sondheim · 11 February 1998, 10:40 p.m.*

-

No Play

<The curtain rises. Nikuko and American boy on stage.>

Nikuko speaks (kabuki voice throughout):

"I, Nikuko, do beg you to sew my eyes shut!
 Oh, I have not seen so much horror in world!
 But, I, Nikuko, want to experience total bliss!
 I want to do one-man sumo with fearsome opponents!
 I will fight me in blackness of invisible enemies!
 I will fight police throwing me in filthy cell!
 Do you like elimination of "a" "the" articles now such?
 Do wrap me in kimono-cloth, strangle in transparent tape!
 I will know ecstasy! Then I will bring "you" ecstasy!
 I will make "you" verb in my vagina!
 Do you like forbidden pleasure? Jewel-Lotus-Magatama-Pleasure?
 You will have rope through labia to pull my deep joy-suffering!
 You will have me, do you like Oriental face?
 Deep cast of eyes wide open for your english-teaching insert!
 Where you are from, they have automobiles! I so like to drive!
 Oh deep American boy, I will make you drive in my vagina!
 I do like overdrive-gear-shift-nitro-burn as well!
 I will do one-man sumo with fearsome opportunities!"

<Gas floods the stage; American boy dies, vomiting. Nikuko staggers to her feet, takes off her mask. She is a woman of thirty-five. She is carrying a dagger. She turns and faces the audience. She screams "MU!" The curtain falls.>

you and a note and you again*Alan Myouka Sondheim · 5 March 1998, 6:25 a.m.*

(I've been on nomail for the past ten days or so because I'm traveling thorough Australia and have very poor access. But I did want to send this fairly traditional piece along because it haunts me, from Tom Clark's The Lake I think through to dreaming on and off and through the screen - and there's also the sad fact I'm returning early to the States, wandering once again, after the end of April. Or so it seems. So it's also the writing - for better or worse - of someone _unhinged,_ say, beneath the waters... - Alan)

you

projecting into the interior of my mind,

upon the screen of my mind's interior, I see
you and several others congregating
around a fire or other projection of you,
or mind, or waters where you will sail away

and there is a projection on the sail, of you,
of others on the screen of my mind's interior,
in or on the waters, the drinking boat, grey sky,
there the waters where you sail away

and you, I call, hey you, I am on your screen,
sailing away with your grey others gathered
around a fire, it is beautiful in boats and fires,
beautiful in waters, grey skies black
with stars, with boats and fires and oceans

and please make sounds, speak clearly,
and I will hear your sounds, please make
some images as well, there, on the boat,
drunken and lurching through the seas,
on the waters of our mind's interior,
in the blackness of forgotten stars

and you are on your sails, you are on them,
and I am on you, sailing away in my mind's interior,
and there's a fire, we are gathered around,
watching a fire projected on the fire, you see
me projected onto me, you see the others,
grey and on the others, you see yourself, I say,
in the middle of the waters fuelled
by the blackness of forgotten stars

and where is everyone, and why,
and what is gathering, what do you see,
you will look down, I say, look down, you do,

you see me on the screen of my interior,
I see your mind's interior, and you see me
on the others grey and gathered near the fire,

and you, you see yourself, and I see you
in the middle of the waters fuelled
by the blackness of forgotten stars

Alanxy*Alan Myouka Sondheim · 14 March 1998, 6:07 a.m.*

-

I am Alanxy why am I Alanxy
 because
 that is because when I
 send you a message, that is when I because, when I send you a message
 it must be control-x then y, that is
 control-x to send, then y for yes,
 yes yes to send the message to you, yes yes

but Alanxy, yes, well,
 then when this happens, the control key is moved,
 not where I want it to be!
 or no longer operates
 or is missing in the first place
 or never was there,
 then when I type
 control-x y
 to send you the message yes yes
 to send you the message,
 then I become Alanxy
 then I am Alanxy
 after signing Alan,
 after signing love, Alan
 and you see my Alanxy
 sometimes or I return and write back to you as Alan
 or as love, Alan
 not as love Alan no imperative, not even love Alanxy
 or maybe love Alanxy
 that is an algebra of existence, is it not
 that is an algebra of existence

forwrded from Nikuko, a stupid poem*Alan Myouka Sondheim · 15 March 1998, 7:38 a.m.*

-

dreaming of white gauze again, lips tied into place,
 severed from the body, appearing to emerge, there's always
 the first word, slight tumescence of the cloth,
 a definition of smothered language, body arched upwards,
 hollow beneath the back (where the back would be),
 it's an outline of white gauze, it's always damp, as if
 excretions were somehow caught up in all of this,
 head bending backwards speaking upside-down, all sounds
 are coming-out sounds
 sdnuos tuo-gnimoc era

i will be a dash caught in a mesh, i will be a period
coming to an end

sonnet, DNS, entropy

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 21 March 1998, 10:04 p.m.

-

sonnet, DNS, entropy

now the time of thermal heating splatters a particular zero
across the domain name insertion, that is to wet what bit
into the format of the seven groves, consider education .edu
lending a path crackling with desire and naked students
hardening an axiom. Here is the axiom: Succession always
follows, and there is no Reason. To assume a One anywhere in,
the vicinity. so it lays there, stillborn with umbilical.
which would be the folding of a catastrophe still fresh.*
now is.

The time of domain names expands, .mil for example turns
to ash, the military. .net splays mesh across the same.**
a student previously mentioned. there are never enough
portions to go around. To assert a One is to beg her,
the question.

*Thom, Two

**Irigaray, Irrigation

children's word transformation game

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 22 March 1998, 9:24 a.m.

-

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

A True Story

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 26 March 1998, 9:43 a.m.

-

Nikuko Sells and Jennifer Buys, A True Story
 Nikuko sells her panties in Nakasu with a sigh;
 Jennifer approaches her; she was just walking by.
 "I need some fifty-thousand yen," Nikuko tells a lie.
 "I'll pay you more," says Jennifer, and she begins to cry.
 "They're highly worn, and partly torn," Nikuko says with sighs.
 "I'm getting damp, I'm getting hot," wet Jennifer now buys;
 She pays the yen, the panties hers, brown odor on them lies.
 Nikuko's first in ecstasy, and comes with great loud cries.
 Then Jennifer is home with them, and starting with a sigh,
 She slips her clothes from her lean form, is naked by and by.
 They're on her face, she will debase, so she begins to lie
 Back on the bed, and smiling wan, she too begins to cry.
 She's brightly lit, glows in the dark, so virtual and high,
 The panties worth a million yen, if she could only die.

[no subject]

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 15 April 1998, 3:03 a.m.

-

Julu and Jennifer and Nikuko and Julu and Jennifer Visit Nikuko
 You'll get tired of seeing the shrines, Jennifer.
 But, Julu, they fascinate me.
 When you've been here six years like I have, they'll exhaust you.
 We all go through the same things.
 We all have been there before.
 But, Julu, we're all different.
 That's what I thought as well.
 But you'll think differently.
 Oh, it's Nikuko, hello.
 Hello, Nikuko.
 We're talking about shrines.
 Ah yes, they fascinate me.
 We Japanese people do not believe in anything.
 We are very homogeneous in our one identity.
 Ah, Nikuko, you always speak like you are reading Soseki.
 Ah, that is true, Jennifer, I get all my thoughts from I am a Cat.
 Yes, that is his most wonderful book.
 You will get tired of reading books, Julu.

Ah, although I have read many books, I am already getting tired.
Books can be very tiring, especially after reading for six years.
You are making fun of me, Jennifer, but I have been here longer.
How long have you been here.
I have been in Fukuoka for six years and before that twenty in Tokyo.
Do you love Tokyo, Nikuko.
Yes, Julu, I do.
I love the old shrines which continue to fascinate me.
Shrines can be fascinating for many years.
There are so many to see and so many customs.
There are wonderful stories which readers of Gon will enjoy.
Ah, Jennifer, you will soon tire of manga, everyone does.
But Nikuko, I love manga for the wonderful graphics and high-powered sex.
The sex is very simple, but a lot of parts are cut out, Nikuko.
Do you think so, Julu.
Yes, I do, for example, the dildos and labia are now cut out.
Were they cut out before.
Yes they were cut out before.
There are so many men and women in manga.
I love the enormous breasts wet to the bursting point.
I love the big eyes and high cheekbones and spiky hair.
Everyone passes through that stage, Jennifer.
Do you think I am just passing through a stage, Nikuko.
Yes I do, Julu because you have just been here six months.
I have been here nine months, Julu.
I thought you were here six years, Nikuko.
I have been here all my life, Jennifer, because it is very beautiful.
I especially love the old shrines and the manga which are my favorite.
Perhaps you could be teasingly photographed for a manga.
Yes, that would be wonderful, to be teasingly photographed.
Perhaps I could pose in front of a wonderful old shrine.
I would be very religious in front of the shrine with bursting breasts.
Hello, Julu, welcome back.
I am very sorry but I had to leave for a moment.
I just had to look at some manga and walk around for good air.
Did you find the air very much to your liking.
Yes, the air around these shrines is very pleasant.
You will think otherwise, perhaps, when you are here longer.
Perhaps, since we gaijin are very homogeneous in our identity.
Do you think we think alike.
Yes, perhaps it becomes clear that we think alike, Julu.
Jennifer, do you have anything to say to this point.
Certainly, Nikuko, since for example we love Japanese food.
Julu, do you love Japanese food because you are here for six years.
Jennifer, I agree that it is a very short time and maybe it is otherwise.
Nikuko, that may be an answer to your thoughts on this matter.
Julu, I would have thought so, when I first arrived.
Everyone said, Jennifer, that I would pass through this.
Nikuko, you are more than correct, you are exact.
Yes, I do love shrines and my photographed breasts.
Everyone has homogeneous identities when they first arrive.
Bursting-manga wet my dreaming face and appetite for food.

There are times when Japanese books are loved the best by everyone.
 Goodbye, Jennifer.
 Goodbye, Julu.
 Goodbye, Nikuko.
 Goodbye, Jennifer.
 Goodbye, Julu.
 Goodbye, Nikuko.

Look at me! Do I want to say hello!

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 6 May 1998, 2:35 a.m.

-

Look at me! Do I want to say hello!

hosts

Host Name	Status	Users	Load	Inet Addr
abyss.ecst.csuchico.edu	--	--	-.-	132.241.1.34
apollo	--	--	-.-	130.212.10.167
My name is Alan Myouka and I am a "very-fun loving person." I have many friends and live in Kingston, Pennsylvania. Just recently, I have discovered this wonderful thing we call the "Internet." I have made many friends and can just stay here, in "Kingston, Pennsylvania," and talk to you from my home where I am now, in "Kingston"!!				
cati.csufresno.edu	--	--	-.-	129.8.100.15
diana	--	--	-.-	130.212.10.239
futon	--	--	-.-	130.212.2.65
gol.com	--	--	-.-	203.216.12.4

Here I am. I am having so much fun. It is so good to be here. I have come from Japan. I am a very fun-loving person. You have no idea how good it is to be here. I am very worried about the Asian crisis. Some of my friends are "crisis friends." I will tell you more!!

joker	--	--	-.-	130.212.3.40
kcd.com	--	--	-.-	140.174.164.52
lewis	--	--	-.-	130.212.12.27
libra	--	--	-.-	130.212.10.238
lifesci.lscf.ucsb.edu	--	--	-.-	128.111.226.5
math	--	--	-.-	130.212.40.2
ocf.berkeley.edu	--	--	-.-	128.32.191.249
opac	--	--	-.-	130.212.18.200
orion	--	--	-.-	130.212.10.236
panix.com	--	--	-.-	166.84.1.66

Now I am in New York. How much fun it is to be in New York. Here in New York there are no "crisis friends." All my friends are perfect and happy in "crisis New York." I am very happy to say this!!

panix3.panix.com	--	--	-.-	166.84.1.68
------------------	----	----	-----	-------------

I am, oh oh oh, still in New York. More than ever, happiness is here very perfect. There is no "crisis friends fun-loving person," but I am here, Alan Myouka, in my loft. No, haha, I am not. I am still in West-Coast happiness, where there is no "crisis-loft." Such is my "fun-

loving person" that I can be many places at times when I am there!!

pv901.pv.reshsg.uci.edu	--	--	-.-	128.195.182.226
rodin.ucdavis.edu	--	--	-.-	128.120.4.17
sfsu-annex2	--	--	-.-	130.212.10.231
sfsu.edu	--	--	-.-	130.212.10.239
shell12.ba.best.com	--	--	-.-	206.184.139.143
slip.net	--	--	-.-	207.171.193.17
slipnet.com	--	--	-.-	207.171.193.17
stars	--	--	-.-	130.212.16.12
taurus	--	--	-.-	130.212.10.237
thecity	--	--	-.-	130.212.2.101

I have never been here in "the city" but I will like to go to "there" because there will be no "crisis" as well. I would love these "Asian friends" to be with me in "crisis New York." I will be very happy. Did I tell you about "San Francisco"? It is known here as "crisis-city" because it is very "fun-loving." I will have another list for you so very soon!!

uclink.Berkeley.EDU	--	--	-.-	128.32.155.3
				128.32.136.7
unix.worldnetoh.com	--	--	-.-	192.147.147.45
venus	--	--	-.-	130.212.18.97
zoo.uvm.edu	--	--	-.-	132.198.101.63
				132.198.101.64

kyushu.com 44: I want to know "everything"!!

Nikuko's doing stuff

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 11 May 1998, 6:30 p.m.

-

Nikuko probes what they're doing on Panix at the moment:

```
elm emacs -tcsh /usr/local/experimental/bin/strn /usr/local/bin/vim trn
-zsh -zsh -tcsh /usr/local/bin/emacs /usr/local/bin/pine sleep -ksh pine
more nn pine -tcsh -tcsh -zsh default.html /ne pine -tcsh lynx PCPU -ksh
-tcsh -tcsh -tcsh /usr/local/bin/pine /usr/local/experimental/bin/emacs nn
trn elm elm emacs w /usr/local/bin/zsh /usr/ucb/more ./tt++ ./tt++ -psh
pine pine -psh slrn backgammon /usr/local/experimental/bin/nn -tcsh -tcsh
elm -tcsh vim /usr/local/bin/emacs19/emacs
```

Nikuko probes their bodies too:

```
rcliff lk eck mc rsood shabbir bsd tango samsara mc eloo lrudolph hkaplan
gaillard tbyfield topaz vilardi nepsa osc pirmann sethb sondheim vernonw
lent stern routny stain brodie tomicus wendy aqn smith aronson smeyer
yodave bcousins carter sal tim firoozye jlerner eck goldrich gtc ybmcu
jposhea3 mef wlm wagneric teej slavery andrewk fjelstad ficara bneuman
```

Nikuko!

the last of substitution*Alan Myouka Sondheim · 12 May 1998, 5:59 p.m.*

-

Scrawl

There is the countermanding, countermovement - so one might suppose this text to be the result of substitutions, revealing an armature against which I might be judged - for example, am I wearing Jennifer's panties at the moment? Do I masturbate thinking of Nikuko, are you Nikuko yourself - uncomfortable truths perhaps that appear only through the game played across the (game)board of lies, deflections, misplaced attributions, plagiarisms? Should I think of you bent over, my tongue caressing your warm and unclean holes? Should I blame these embarrassments on the manner in which this text was composed, that is, as a matter of substitutions, thereby constituted by the machine, my own role as an afterthought in this manner of replacements? Perhaps I myself am such a substitution, replacement; perhaps this is written by someone else other than Jennifer, Alan, Julu, or Nikuko herself, sodden with self-pleasure? Perhaps this is further generated by the machine-ab-nihilo, procreated out of nothing, hardly the stains on my panties, breasts marked with teeth and nails? Should I excuse myself from the machine? Should anyone? (And what, in such a style of writing, would be the ur-text, if not the following (for example):

There OM Ghe couRGermaRdORg, couRGermovemeRG - Mo oRe mOghG MuppoMe _GhOM_ GexG Go be Ghe reMulG of MubMGOGuG0oRM, revealORg aR armaGure agaORMG whOch X mOghG be judged - for example, am X wearORg JeRR0fer'M paRG0eM aG Ghe momeRG? Do X maMGurbaGe GhORkORg of NOkuko, are ,ou NOkuko ,ourMelf - uRcomforGable GruGhM perhapM GhaG appear _oRl,_ Ghrough Ghe game pla,ed acroMM Ghe (game)board of lOeM, deflecG0oRM, mOMplaced aGGrObuG0oRM, plagOarOMmM? Should X GhORk of ,ou beRG over, m, GoRgue careMMORg ,our warm aRd uRcleaR holeM? Should X blame GheMe embarraMMmeRGM oR Ghe maRRer OR whOch GhOM GexG waM compoMed, GhaG OM, aM a maGGer of MubMGOGuG0oRM, Ghereb, coRMGOGuGed b, Ghe machORe, m, owR role aM aR afGerGhoughG OR GhOM maRRer of replacemeRGM? PerhapM X m,Melf am Much a MubMGOGuG0oR, replacement; perhapM GhOM OM wrOGGeR b, MomeoRe elMe oGher GhaR JeRR0fer, AlaR, Julu, or NOkuko herMelf, ModdeR wOGh Melf-pleaMure? PerhapM GhOM OM fur-Gher geReraGed b, Ghe machORe-ab-R0h0lo, procreaGed ouG of RoGhORg, hardl, Ghe MGaORM oR m, paRG0eM, breaMGM marked wOGh GeeGh aRd RaOlM? Should X excuMe m,Melf from Ghe machORe? Should aR,oRe? (ARd whaG, OR Much a MG,le of wrOGORg, would be Ghe ur-GexG,_ Of RoG Ghe followORg (for example):

ah ah ah

a un

The Turning and Embracing of Nikuko and Jennifer*Alan Myouka Sondheim · 22 May 1998, 12:07 p.m.*

-

The Turning and Embracing of Nikuko and Jennifer

[crypt is a Unix encryption program; the format here is "crypt [password] < <file-to-be-encrypted> > <encrypted file>". operating on an encrypted file, crypt will decrypt, given the proper password. echo, among other things, creates and writes to a file; thus "echo Nikuko > Jennifer" places Nikuko in file Jennifer. cat, among other things, writes out a file; thus "cat Nikuko" writes out the contents of Nikuko.]

```
{k:39} echo Nikuko > Jennifer
{k:40} crypt Nikuko < Jennifer > Nikuko
{k:41} crypt Jennifer < Nikuko > Jennifer
{k:42} crypt Nikuko < Jennifer > Nikuko
{k:43} cat Nikuko
lwy
{k:44} cat Jennifer
H      3%
{k:45} crypt Jennifer < Nikuko > Jennifer
{k:46} cat Jennifer
@K q
{k:47} crypt Nikuko < Jennifer > Nikuko
{k:48} cat Nikuko
=]]nV}6
{k:49} crypt Jennifer < Jennifer > Nikuko
{k:50} cat Nikuko
lwy
{k:51} crypt Nikuko < Nikuko > Jennifer
{k:52} cat Jennifer
H      3%
{k:53} crypt Jennifer < Jennifer > Nikuko
{k:54} cat Nikuko
ePzXB8
{k:55} crypt Nikuko < Nikuko > Jennifer
{k:56} cat Jennifer
Nikuko
{k:57}
```

[Nikuko sinking into Jennifer sinking into Nikuko sinking ...
 Nikuko emerging from Jennifer emerging from Nikuko emerging ...]

a poem*Alan Myouka Sondheim · 26 May 1998, 5:17 p.m.*

-

Nikuko draws a thread around her arm, just below
 The elbow, it's thin, red, it's a division, it's a line.
 The leg is marked as well, left arm and leg right,
 Staggered dashes that would be parallel and posed.
 They are slightly taut, so that the skin swells, lunar,
 Around the moon of her taut body, and if kimono
 Were wrapped and opened like silk and doubled boxes,
 Near sleeves of flowers, like her arm or body.
 Between the the threads, a golden twine connects
 Clearly to an Alan placed in front of her.
 There are flowers, pistils, stamens, across him.
 There are stems, thorns, roots and leaves, across him.
 The twine is there on or in the Alan.
 A breeze strokes the tsuchi sign for earth,
 A whisper moves the kire sign for cloth,
 Speech appears, the sign of fire, threads its golden
 Way across both bone and skin, the sky on fire,
 Kimono shuttled on the earth, the cloth on fire,
 Threaded Nikuko has closed her eyes, her neck exposed.

NAKED ALAN AND NIKUKO NAKED COPY AND RUN AROUND SOME FILES*Alan Myouka Sondheim · 28 May 1998, 1:50 a.m.*

-

NAKED ALAN AND NIKUKO NAKED COPY AND RUN AROUND SOME FILES
 CRON RUNNING LIKE CRAZY BUILDING AND TEARING DOWN!
 n: < root 17527 c Wed May 27 19:50:00 1998
 n: > root 13968 c Wed May 27 19:50:00 1998
 TURNING INSIDE-OUT MACHINE ON AUTOMATIC REOPENING WIDE!
 n: < root 13968 c Wed May 27 19:50:00 1998
 n: > CMD: 24779 c exec /usr/local/bin/maint/erpcd-reopen
 n: > root 24779 c Wed May 27 19:50:00 1998
 UNTIL NIKUKO CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER, NEEDING UPDATING!
 n: > CMD: 24780 c /users/remailer/bin/update
 n: > remailer 24780 c Wed May 27 19:50:00 1998
 n: < root 24779 c Wed May 27 19:50:01 1998
 n: < remailer 24780 c Wed May 27 19:50:01 1998
 UNTIL ALAN BEGS "RUN NIKUKO" "NIKUKO MAKE"
 n: > CMD: 16187 c /usr/local/adm/accnt/data/radius/RunMake
 n: > accnt 16187 c Wed May 27 19:50:00 1998
 OH NIKUKO OPENS HER EYES THEN, YES SHE DOES!
 n: > CMD: 16188 c exec /usr/local/bin/maint/erpcd-reopen
 n: > root 16188 c Wed May 27 19:50:00 1998
 OH NIKUKO STUFFS HIS COPY OF NIKUKO "MAKING NIKUKO"

```

n: > CMD: 16190 c /usr/local/bin/newuser/copystuff
n: > root 16190 c Wed May 27 19:50:00 1998
n: < root 16190 c Wed May 27 19:50:01 1998
n: < root 16188 c Wed May 27 19:50:01 1998
OH ALAN COPIES HIS STUFF OF ALAN "MAKING NIKUKO"
n: > CMD: 16210 c /usr/local/bin/newuser/copystuff
n: > root 16210 c Wed May 27 19:51:00 1998
n: < root 16210 c Wed May 27 19:51:01 1998
12704 c Wed May 27 19:51:09 1998
OH YES SHE IS NIKUKO!
n: < root 17106 c Wed May 27 19:51:09 1998
n: < root 13023 c Wed May 27 19:51:11 1998
OH YES NIKUKO IS DESPERATE FOR REOPENING UPDATING!
n: < root 24370 c Wed May 27 19:51:12 1998
OH YES NIKUKO LIKES THAT A LOT THAT UPDATING!
n: < root 15943 c Wed May 27 19:51:11 1998
NOW ALAN AWAITS NIKUKO FOR HIS REOPENING!
n: > CMD: 16742 c exec /usr/local/bin/maint/erpcd-reopen
OH NIKUKO NOW YOU HAVE REOPENED ME AND IT IS SO FUN!
n: > CMD: 17493 c exec /usr/local/bin/maint/erpcd-reopen
OH ALAN NOW YOU HAVE REOPENED ME AND IT IS SO FUN!
n: > CMD: 18432 c /usr/local/adm/accnt/data/radius/RunMake
n: < root 18437 c Wed May 27 19:52:01 1998
OH ALAN YOU HAVE MADE ME RUN AND "MAKING NIKUKO"
n: > root 18444 c Wed May 27 19:54:00 1998
n: < root 19231 c Wed May 27 19:54:01 1998
n: < root 19634 c Wed May 27 19:55:01 1998
OH NIKUKO YOU HAVE "MAKING ALAN" AND "MAKING NIKUKO"
n: > CMD: 19677 c /usr/local/adm/accnt/data/radius/RunMake
n: > root 20125 c Wed May 27 19:56:07 1998
OH MANY NIKUKOS AND MANY ALANS IT IS SO FUNS!!!!
n: > root 20314 c Wed May 27 19:57:00 1998

```

```
{k:458} shutdown -h FORKBOMB!
```

```
{k:459} wall APPARENTLY THERE ARE STILL PROCESSES RUNNING
```

```
{k:460} exit
```

of the third

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 30 May 1998, 3:36 a.m.

-

Italian into English from English:

The of telephones enters into the question when I find

It inserted into my body; what ring, ring true

Against all odds OF thick encumbered flesh. O who

Would you, deep within ME, the sound OF your voice

Stalking my own, talking so CLOSE, hard to the bone?

My toes sieve dirt; they pressure earth to vaginate,

Scrape this flesh against every OTHER who has walked
 Thesis of shores. They DO come back for more, the violence
 OF legs. They draw the writing into the sand. They sink
 Beneath the waves. Chaos is NOT noise; it behaves.

The dream is inaccessible. The dream suspends, objects
 Hardly there or within the air; they case, smash. Sound
 Come from a of telephones buried deep within; muffled,
 NOT-HUNG matters into the verb's domain. Fear lurks, or
 Yells a bit. Into the dream there is a moan. Fear stalks.

I DO NOT have a body, she replied. It which yesterday or
 Earlier; it died, or so they say. They have always been
 Saying. They call ME UP into the middle OF the night. I to
 In fright. They call ME and I press my legs against the
 Bed. Perhaps I at DEAD; my toes hurt covered with dirt.

German into English from English:

The telephone enters into the question when the find
 It inserted into my body; what rings, rings true
 Against all odds of thick encumbered flesh. Or who
 Would you be, deep within me, the sound of your voice
 Stalking my own, talking I know close, hard to the bone?

My toes sieve dirt; they vaginate pressure earth to,
 Scrape this flesh against every other who has walked
 These shores. They I give like back for more, the violence
 Of legs. They draw the writing in the sand. They sink
 Beneath the waves. Chaos is not noise; it behaves.

The dream is inaccessible. The dream suspends, objects
 Hardly to there or within the air; they fall, smash. Sounds
 Like from to telephone buried deep within; muffled,
 Nothing matters in the verb' s domain. Fear lurks, or
 Yells to bit. In the dream there is to moan. Fear stalks.

I give not have body, she replied. It was yesterday or
 Earlier; it died, or I know they say. They have always been
 Saying. They call me up in the middle of the night. The am
 In fright. They call me and the press my legs against the
 Bed. Perhaps the am dead; my toes hurt covered with dirt.

English:

The telephone enters into the question when I find
 It inserted into my body; what rings, rings true
 Against all odds of thick encumbered flesh. O who
 Would you be, deep within me, the sound of your voice
 Stalking my own, talking so close, hard to the bone?

My toes sieve dirt; they pressure earth to vaginate,

Scrape this flesh against every other who has walked
 These shores. They do come back for more, the violence
 Of legs. They draw the writing in the sand. They sink
 Beneath the waves. Chaos is not noise; it behaves.

The dream is inaccessible. The dream suspends, objects
 Hardly there or within the air; they fall, smash. Sounds
 Come from a telephone buried deep within; muffled,
 Nothing matters in the verb's domain. Fear lurks, or
 Yells a bit. In the dream there is a moan. Fear stalks.

I do not have a body, she replied. It was yesterday or
 Earlier; it died, or so they say. They have always been
 Saying. They call me up in the middle of the night. I am
 In fright. They call me and I press my legs against the
 Bed. Perhaps I am dead; my toes hurt covered with dirt.

(Original from a 1995 work.)

situating

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 31 May 1998, 12:56 a.m.

The following may or may not help - I write a great deal of theory in relation to Nikuko, Alan, Jennifer, Julu (and others) - all of which, including the literary per se, is sent to the lists I co-moderate. The following short text was sent recently as a commentary on some of the more direct texts.

There is more of course at my urls.

Alan

URL: http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
 MIRROR with other pages at: http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt

Situating the recent texts -

(Think of them in relation to the following.)

1 Issues of departure, punctum - carrying mementos which then trigger, not memories, but reconstitutions - so that there are skeins of mementos resulting in articulating structures across membranes, emerging and building the membrane. Identity is lost among mementos, membrane, ego, background information which is always already a reconstitution itself.

2 Issues of sloughed, discarded, displaced, replaced identities - Nikuko, Jennifer, and Julu disappearing into "she," Alan as back-and-forth shuttle - again, a skein or membrane, in this case, of sliding functions of attributions, destabilized. Although the Net becomes a locus of stability, its fast-forward development and easy avatar construction/transformation

creates potentials for merging/submerging as well. Truth is replaced by functional or dysfunctional constructions.

3 Differentiations between local and non-local topographies, the latter, within the physical world, at an _absolute_ remove, no immanence, no transcendence. It is different on-line, and on-line global hyper-linking gives the false potential of imminence; only lag brings the machinery to the foreground for most users.

4 Among issues of slippage, skeins, membranes, science as _that structure_ differentiated from all others, in the sense of its core-theoretical armature. Relating this to a writing-degree-zero (taken from Barthes of course), or a weakened absolute vis-a-vis the humanities.

5 Among issues of transcendence, a ruptured shintoism as god-generator, problematizing the distinction between "mundane" and "spiritual" in worlds among worlds, without redemption (which I do not believe is possible).

6 The author slides as well, and who is writing this outline or summarization, who is responsible for these words? Responsibility fragments as part-objects fly everywhere, as texts transform into sourceless clutter.

7 Nikuko continues to remain a nexus or problematic - of language, gender, positioning of the "name" or vector. _I would not be surprised to meet Alan on the street someday, no matter how much I am aware of the virtual, Nikuko says. Nikuko is a probe, the sensitive written skin or membrane of the analysis, both actant and residue.

8 Dream, lack, rim, touching the file / touching the body, continue to play roles as guiding metaphors. The _dream_ is an intermediary state among dreams and reals; _lack_ references ontological and epistemological issues; _rim_ relates to rim-job, effluvia, balancing, discomfort of intermediary states. Every file touched is a (virtual) body touched; every reference to Nikuko contributes to her body, is a performance by Nikuko. (Exalted) Positions are jostled; the destabilization results in semiotic sprays/splays emissions (of texts, part-objects, sputterings, mementos), gathered together across membranes, lamina...

9 The sexual, emotional, and political economies of Jennifer, Alan, Julu, and Nikuko, but I would let the others speak for that. Adolescent!

Talk Between Jennifer and Nikuko on Ytalk Ending in Anger

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 2 June 1998, 2:40 a.m.

-

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 fraught 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, protocl's 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, foresaken,
 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}

Distributed Image of the Internet in - r* and similar commands:

Alan Myouka Sondheim · 8 June 1998, 7:49 p.m.

Distributed Image of the Internet in - r* and similar commands:

Clearly, at one point the imaginary of network distribution and function
 was based to some extent on considering telnet a universal protocol or
 protocol suite (in fact the World Wide Web is at telnet port 80), creating
 a group of r- (remote) commands as well, unifying both local and remote
 machines/hosts. There is rwho, rstat, rup, ruptime, rsh, rlogin, rdist,
 rcp, etc. The last is remote copy; rdist is for (usually) periodic dist-
 ributions of updated files; rlogin and rsh allow remote logins using files
 and bypassing passwords. These and others are demonstrated below.

The image or vision, now remotely backgrounded, is that of a skein of
 nodes or sites, all of which are transparent to one another - almost down
 to the hardware. Finger is another important component here, since it
 displays or splays information concerning a particular user - what was
 once thought of as freedom, is now thought of as invasion of privacy,
 often across firewalls. Even now, however, you will find rusers still
 implemented on some systems, returning the current online users.

(Note that intranets provide a shadowy parallel to all of this - but in-

tranets exist in atmospheres of tight security, are corporate-driven, and, if anything, are the result of mistrust and exclusion. I like to think of the r-commands as looser, the result of at least a translucent net and a belief, related to hacker ethos, of the relative freedom of information.)

Besides rlogin, with the proper .rhosts file, rsh still seems to work between panix3.panix.com and goll.gol.com. rsh is a login from a local shell to a remote one.

For any of the following, you may use the "man <command>" pages at the unix prompt; for other information, try "apropos <attribute>" at the same. Most of the demonstration below uses panix (US) and gol (Japan); a third site is murdoch (Australia). The output of "apropos remote" is appended.

Here is rup - status of hosts:

```
{k:7} rup cleo.murdoch.edu.au
cleo.murdoch    up 39 days, 13:26,    load average: 0.08, 0.05, 0.05
```

Here is rstat - from goll.gol.com where it remains implemented:

```
{k:1} rstat cleo.murdoch.edu.au
8:10am up 39 days, 13:29, load average: 0.04 0.05 0.05
```

ruptime and rwho work on all local machines (ruptime from goll.gol.com):

```
{k:1} ruptime
alb1      down 137+15:50
cheshirecat up 243+23:03,    0 users,  load 1.14, 1.08, 1.00
goll      up 28+17:29,    2 users,  load 0.53, 0.84, 0.93
gol4      down 1+06:30
gol6      up 49+18:18,    0 users,  load 0.12, 0.27, 0.22
gol7      up 69+18:05,    0 users,  load 0.14, 0.13, 0.14
jdb1      down 137+15:49
jr        down 137+15:50
mx01      up 194+15:43,    0 users,  load 0.00, 0.00, 0.01
mx02      down 47+14:43
pproxy01  down 47+14:44
pproxy02  down 47+14:44
smtp01    up 194+15:42,    0 users,  load 0.06, 0.03, 0.03
smtp02    up 194+15:44,    0 users,  load 0.01, 0.02, 0.03
tweedledee up 13+21:58,    0 users,  load 2.00, 2.00, 2.00
tweedledum up 91+16:32,    0 users,  load 2.06, 2.01, 2.00
```

rwho:

```
{k:1} rwho
atsukoi  goll:tttyq4 Jun  9 08:12 :02
khri     goll:tttyq2 Jun  9 07:56
linds    goll:tttyq5 Jun  9 08:14
sondheim goll:ttyp5  Jun  9 08:14
rusers:
```

```
{k:108} rusers apollo.sfsu.edu
apollo.sfsu. abfong shalini kblack leon sjhenry melissa ndepper khudson
icecrea m fielden lokit jenniseb yoyoko vmesta siskron jchung byteme
alkeller anadeau c harnly mnielsen arbil desmata kuromif2 jshart donnalau
inagaki smui pops jho ac abrera fbuenafe ireneqi ilum zt gmontem cpb
gmontem rosset klohe ignaciof nhaya shi jrizzo bigal chaup mmerumo gab443
jtzs sfesseha
```

Then there is rdist:

```
{k:21} rdist -f distfile
goll.gol.com: updating host goll.gol.com
goll.gol.com: LOCAL ERROR: Unexpected input from server: "Host
'goll.gol.com' added to the ".list of known hosts.
goll.gol.com: updating of goll.gol.com finished
{k:25} rdist -f distfile
gol.com: updating host gol.com
gol.com: LOCAL ERROR: Unexpected input from server: "Host
'gol.com' added to the ".list of known hosts.
gol.com: updating of gol.com finished
```

After the addition of goll.gol.com and gol.com to the .list of known hosts - neither command worked again. But the updating of files (which is the function of rdist) across the Net still functions.

```
distfile:
    HOSTS = ( sonnheim@goll.gol.com)

    FILES = ( kj lynx_bookmarks.html thing )

    ${FILES} -> ${HOSTS}

    notify sonnheim;
```

The .rhosts file is used for remote login, etc.:

.rhosts file at goll.gol.com:

```
panix.com      sonnheim
panix3.panix.com sonnheim
```

Testing the systems:

```
90 ls 91 pico distfile 92 rdist -f distfile 93 b 94 time rdist -f distfile
95 ls 96 cat distfile >> zz 97 pico zz 98 gg 99 cat .rhosts >> zz 100 pico
zz 101 b 102 m 103 b 104 ls 105 h >> zz 4 rstat cleo.murdoch.edu.au 5 g 6
fg 7 ruptime 8 man ruptime 9 uptime 10 g 11 fg 12 g 13 fg 14 rlog 15 fg 16
h >> z
```

Apropos remote:

.I nntplink (8) - transmit netnews articles to a remote NNTP server

fsp_prof (5) - file for fsp remote login data
 ident_lookup, ident_id, ident_free, id_open, id_close, id_query, id_parse,
 id_fileno (3N) - query remote IDENT server
 innxmit (8) - send Usenet articles to a remote NNTP server
 klogind (8) - remote login server
 kshd (8) - remote shell server
 nntpget (1) - get Usenet articles from a remote NNTP server
 nntpsend (8) - send Usenet articles to remote site
 passwd.nntp (5) - passwords for connecting to remote NNTP servers
 rdist (1) - remote file distribution client program
 rdistd (8) - remote file distribution server program
 scp (1) - secure copy (remote file copy program)
 ssh (1) - secure shell client (remote login program)
 ssh (1) - secure shell client (remote login program)
 telnet (1C) - user interface to a remote system using the TELNET protocol
 tn3270 (1) - full-screen remote login to IBM VM/CMS
 uux (1) - Remote command execution over UUCP
 adv (8) - advertise a directory for remote access with RFS
 auth_destroy, authnone_create, authunix_create, authunix_create_default
 (3N) - library routines for client side remote procedure call
 authentication
 authdes_create, authdes_getucrd, get_myaddress, getnetname, host2netname,
 key_decryptsession, key_encryptsession, key_gendes, key_setsecret,
 netname2host, netname2user, user2netname (3N) - library routines for
 secure remote procedure calls
 cu (1C) - connect to remote system
 fingerd, in.fingerd (8C) - remote user information server
 hosts.equiv, .rhosts (5) - trusted remote hosts and users
 mount (3R) - keep track of remotely mounted filesystems
 netrc (5) - file for ftp remote login data
 nlm_prot (3R) - protocol between local and remote network lock managers
 on (1C) - execute a command on a remote system, but with the local
 environment
 phones (5) - remote host phone number data base
 rcmd, rresvport, ruserok (3N) - routines for returning a stream to a
 remote command
 rcp (1C) - remote file copy
 rdate (8C) - set system date from a remote host
 rdist (1) - remote file distribution program
 remote (5) - remote host description file
 rex (3R) - remote execution protocol
 rexd, rpc.rexd (8C) - RPC-based remote execution server
 rexec (3N) - return stream to a remote command
 rexecd, in.rexecd (8C) - remote execution server
 rfmaster (5) - Remote File Sharing name server master file
 rfs, RFS (4) - remote file sharing
 rfudaemon (8) - Remote File Sharing daemon
 rlogin (1C) - remote login
 rlogind, in.rlogind (8C) - remote login server
 rmail (8C) - handle remote mail received via uucp
 rmt (8C) - remote magtape protocol module
 rmtab (5) - remote mounted file system table

rnusers, rusers (3R) - return information about users on remote machines
 rpc (3N) - library routines for remote procedure calls
 rquota (3R) - implement quotas on remote machines
 rquotad, rpc.rquotad (8C) - remote quota server
 rsh (1C) - remote shell
 rshd, in.rshd (8C) - remote shell server
 rstat (3R) - get performance data from remote kernel
 rtime (3N) - get remote time
 rwall (3R) - write to specified remote machines
 showmount (8) - show all remote mounts
 svcerr_auth, svcerr_decode, svcerr_noproc, svcerr_noprog, svcerr_progvers,
 svcerr_systemerr, svcerr_weakauth (3N) - library routines for server side
 remote procedure call errors
 telnet (1C) - user interface to a remote system using the TELNET protocol
 tip (1C) - connect to remote system
 unadv (8) - unadvertise a Remote File Sharing resource
 uusend (1C) - send a file to a remote host
 uux (1C) - remote system command execution
 uuxqt (8C) - execute remote command requests
 xdr_accepted_reply, xdr_authunix_parms, xdr_callhdr, xdr_callmsg,
 xdr_opaque_auth, xdr_rejected_reply, xdr_replymsg (3N) - XDR library
 routines for remote procedure calls

Auto-Echo Poem of Jennifer and Nikuko

A. Nikuko Sondheim · 11 June 1998, 3:37 a.m.

-

Auto-Echo Poem of Jennifer and Nikuko
 Script started on Thu Jun 11 01:49:57 1998
 warning: could not update utmp entry
 \$ telnet panix.com 7
 Trying 166.84.1.66...
 Connected to panix.com.
 Escape character is '^]'.
 oh jennifer i see you mirrored in my loving face
 oh jennifer i see you mirrored in my loving face
 oh nikuko it is as beautiful as an echo protocol repeating every time
 oh nikuko it is as beautiful as an echo protocol repeating every time
 oh jennifer i hunger for your imaginary tell-me-where
 oh jennifer i hunger for your imaginary tell-me-where
 oh nikuko every echo poem carries an uncanny aura of truth and murmur
 oh nikuko every echo poem carries an uncanny aura of truth and murmur
 oh jennifer you are my hunger i am your hunger thirst-for-truth
 oh jennifer you are my hunger i am your hunger-thirst-for-truth
 oh nikuko i am your hunger you are my murmur-thirst-for-sound
 oh nikuko i am your hunger you are my murmur-thirst-for-sound
 oh jennifer and nikuko oh nikuko and jennifer
 oh jennifer and nikuko oh nikuko and jennifer
 this echo protocol reverberates our words of beauty-love


```
this echo protocol reverberates our words of beauty-love
^]
telnet> close
Connection closed.
$ exit
```

script done on Thu Jun 11 01:53:03 1998

Down and Up

A. Nikuko Sondheim · 12 June 1998, 10:09 p.m.

Subject: skyscraper-no

```
#####  ##  #####          #####  ##
#      #  #  #  #####          #####  #####
#####  #  #  #  #####          #####          #####
      #  #####  #  #####          #####          #####
#      #  #  #  #  #####          #####          #####
#####  #  #  #####          #####  ##
```

sad cause it's raining out and my arms try to hold you
and my arms try to hold you and end my body up
end my body up strangling my neck blocking my eyes
strangling my neck blocking my sight
sigh
sigh
turn it around and you have skyscraper-no
turn it around and skyscraper-no
skyscraper-no says:
you turn it around and that's your speech
you turn it around and that's your speech
alan-san & all the rest of it
alan-san & all the rest

DON'T GET ME STARTED! BY DAISHIN NIKUKO!

MY LOGIN-NAME'S TOO BIG! I'M DAISHIN NIKUKO!
I DON'T GIVE A FIG! I'LL GO WHERE I WANNA GO!

I'LL DO WHAT I WANNA DO! I'LL RUN ALL OVER YOUR SCREEN!
KEEP ME FROM BAR AND FOO! I'M PASSIONATE AND MEAN!

```
{k:27} less hey.log.o
Sun May 31 17:01:40 1998 heyd: to login name too big [98935]
Sun May 31 23:46:31 1998 heyd: to login name too big [98935]
Mon Jun  1 23:01:50 1998 heyd: STARTING UP - version 0.12 (pid=108) [0]
Tue Jun  2 17:14:43 1998 heyd: to login name too big [98935]
```

Fri Jun 5 13:18:16 1998 heyd: to login name too big [98935]
hey.log.o (END)

HEY LOG 0, NANNY NANNY! HEY LOG 0, HI!
HEY LOG 0, NANNY NANNY! HEY LOG 0, HI!

what despair tastes like and poets and money and teaching stuff

A. Nikuko Sondheim · 14 June 1998, 1:37 a.m.

-

what despair sounds like

i can't sleep any more at all, not with melatonin not without. i hate here where i am. i can't get work, everything in my life is in shambles. i think a lot about death, it seems i should make a story out of this where Nikuko says "hi death," and death answers something clever back and you can't tell who is really speaking and i'd sign the post alan - whomever or better in light of my life, alan - whatever, because it's more like a thing this thing is thinking of or thinks it's thinking of. because i can't persist under all this stress just like this laptop's running on battery power because the storms are coming again and there's electric energy running wild through the wires and i need to save these machines for inheritance. so they will keep working when i can't. so they will be carrying the viruses of languages i write because everything i write is in another language, this is in another language that Nikuko calls "last language."

now this is the point where i run out of steam, where the writing begins to collapse because i can't be clever any longer. i look in this room and i say, i say, i don't belong here. and i look at my face on my body and i say, this doesn't belong there, doesn't belong there.

and i wait for the perfect phonecall returning the debris of a perfect job in new york while i make a nuisance of myself desperately following up on an identity that has slid past the imaginary into the coffee-grounds of the real, as if ha ha ha, some sort of joke might have passed by the censors at that point. now yelling in the street as i prepare to wait for the dawn senselessly another seven hours away.

there will be more yelling, more storms. there will be faces falling from faces. there will be entertainments, yes there will, there will be entertainments.

I caught as usual*A. Nikuko Sondheim · 18 June 1998, 6:09 p.m.*

-

l

because she would narry be so sweet...she would tarry beside me, in the
 rumours of a road-like dwelling simply beneath green entwined
 oh those are such beautiful words,
 you know there are flowers that make me drown deliriously in their scents
 words whose fragrance inspire me towards those suffusions with which no
 longer choosing or making choices thus i
 you would nonetheless softly plucking roses orchids other forms of being
 you have taken me in your soft hands ...

beauty thrusting forward slime mold curled decay and soft central
 yes warm baths losing eyes lips
 surround me you knowing unfolding knowledge
 and pleasure-murmur

she has darkened me so many foolish ways lost, lost in extremities
 tips touching slurry, muds pooling darkly
 their pink turned green-and-brown
 with
 water's envy

VIRTUAL HELLS*Alan J.J.N. Sondheim · 19 June 1998, 2:57 p.m.*

-

VIRTUAL HELLS

No hilites. %2d %2d %s >> This place NEEDS no introduction! ./cl.intro
 >> There IS no help for you! ./cl.help >> There is NOTHING to say to you!
 ./cl.announce >> The Den's been up for >> your termtype not found. >> .p
 hiliting enabled. >> .p hiliting turned off. Lines gagged: You have no
 lines gagged. >> Gagging youself with a spoon? is gagged! Ha ha ha! >>
 User >> You just ungagged line >> Nameservice on. >> Nameservice off.
 bad time argument >> Later, dude!) for new site block (ID expire site
 blocked %4d never bad site block ID Deleted site block >> System Msg:
 Reboot new passwd = usernum = fuckwit. get it right. >> Idle timeout has
 been disabled. >> Idle timeout has been enabled. >> Idle timeout has to
 be in the range between >> Idle timeout has been set to >> Idle timeout is

 >> %s just tried to force you... >> Player %d gagged. >> Player %d
 ungagged. >> %s has at least as much authority as you! >> fatal:
 You've been killed. >> Hope you enjoyed your stay. BRING_IT_DOWN

Sorry - the system is closed to further logins at the moment Sorry - we
 are full at the moment, try again later Sorry - you're site is banned
 Sorry - you can't use that command You are already listening! You listen
 to the gossip %s is now listening You are already being antisocial! You

ignore the dull gossip %s is ignoring everyone *** News *** newsfile There is no news today *** System is now closed to further logins *** %s CLOSED the system Total of %d users signed on Shout what? %s shouts: %s Someone shouts: %s You shout: %s Usage: .tell <user> <message> %s is not signed on Talking to yourself is the first sign of madness %s is not listening You ask %s: %s %s asks you: %s You exclaim to %s: %s %s exclaims to you: %s You tell %s: %s %s tells you: %s %s whispers something to %s Area: %s Exits are: You can see: You are alone here

There is no such area You are in that area now! walks in arrives in a blinding flash! That area is not adjoined to here Sorry - that area is currently private %s disappears in a puff of magic! %s goes to the %s Some magic disturbs the air %s %s That area is public anyway You shout into the %s asking to be let in! %s shouts asking to be let in! Someone shouts asking to be let in! %s shouts into the %s asking to be let in! This areas access can't be changed public private The area is already %s! Area now set to public %s has set the area to public Someone has set the area to public You need at least %d people in the area Area now set to private %s has set the area to private Someone has set the area to private Usage: .invite <user> The area is public anyway You can't invite yourself! %s is already in the area! Someone has invited you to the %s %s has invited you to the %s Usage: .emote <text> Someone %s

You write the message on the board
A ghostly hand writes a message on the board
A ghostly hand wipes some messages from the board
You are already visible!
You are already invisible!
POP! You reappear!
You fade, shimmer and vanish...
Suicide is not an option here no matter how bad things get
That wouldn't be wise...
A bolt of white lighting streaks from the heavens and blasts you!!
You have been removed from this reality...
There is a rumble of thunder
Are you sure about this (y/n)?
Quitting users...
A force grabs you and pulls you through the ether!!
BRING_IT_DOWN

Finger

Alan J.J.N. Sondheim · 26 June 1998, 12:57 a.m.

-

Finger
{k:5}finger -l nikuko@oita.com.jp
Name: Daishin Nikuko (nikuko)
Home: /home/r7/nikuko

Shell: /bin/csh
Timeout -- while doing something indeterminable.

at last finger no longer brings home the world
but only a murmuring behind thick or walls filled flush
with oozing text: poor Unix has no geomancy
telling among the rocks of this rare earth
what rare earths glow sublunary;
I search and find nothing but something, a something
indeterminable, skittering across protocols and bins,
hungering after permissions and lost directories,
buried within the mining of metals and coals,
tunneled and shored by timbers diffused with light:
at last the finger points; and what bleak source
eludes, dissolves, and steers the Word off course?

Emily's Riddle

Alan J.J.N. Sondheim · 28 June 1998, 3:14 p.m.

-

Emily's Riddle

There is a large house many storeys high, without doors. Built of wood and stone and brick, it withstands the strongest storms. The windows are curtained or otherwise obscured (perhaps they are fogged over); one can see almost nothing of the dark interior. No sound or light emerges from within; no one has been seen looking out, half-hidden behind the shades. The house is without electricity, gas, water and sewer; apparently uninhabited, it seems nonetheless well kept up. The pathways around it are clean, the sidewalks immaculate. Lovely rose gardens grow nearby; these, too, seem unattended, but are always neat.

What is this house and who is the gardener?

The house is the past, and God is the gardener.

the last of Emily's Riddle

Alan J.J.N. Sondheim · 28 June 1998, 10:34 p.m.

-

Emily's Riddle

There is something beautiful offering me space. Whenever I enter it, room is made for me. Yet as soon as I leave, the space is immediately occupied by others, and if I enter it again, I will never find the same. What is it?

The ocean.

Differance*Alan J.J.N. Sondheim · 1 July 1998, 2:56 a.m.***Differance**

What is difference, and how are subjects constituted?

```
{k:3}diff subject-now subject-then
```

How do they differ, and in what lines do they differ?

```
71a72,74
```

```
> Jun 30 23:17:42 166 PAM_pwd[276]: (login) session closed for user root
```

```
> Jun 30 23:17:47 166 PAM_pwd[559]: (login) session opened for user root
by (uid=0)
```

```
> Jun 30 23:17:47 166 login[559]: ROOT LOGIN ON tty1
```

```
{k:4}diff where-am-i-now where-was-i-then
```

Binary files where-am-i-now and where-was-i-then differ

```
(strings where-am-i-now > aa; strings where-was-i-then > bb;
```

```
diff aa bb >> zz)
```

How do they differ, and in what lines do they differ?

```
53a54,58
```

```
> tty1
```

```
> tty1
```

```
> LOGIN
```

```
> tty1
```

```
> root
```

You see, differance is a file or array; you see, it's not the subtle wisp of cloud caressing the moon, gone before your aware-ness (mono no aware) catches up with you... Nikuko would write the difference with the edge of the brush; back erect, shodo following breath upon the horizontal page.

But here, she'd say, were she next to me, hands on shoulder, lips lightly brushing the erect back, it's a question or answer of five strings, well-defined, pure information which only happens to appear in this or that font, of this or that size, bold or italic or underline, or any other default setting the subject might predispose herself to reading within. She, subject-Nikuko, turns back to the brush. Kanji is not always a question or problem of difference, however subtle; it is also a memory. Isn't every alphabet. Only to the extent that bandwidth reduces to the twenty-six, and then further to the two, harbored against the one. Always coherent, the two, Nikuko said; it's literally bound that way. One swallows the other. Moon, fogging.

NOISE news :: perforations 18 and 17 (FWD and not)*Alan J.J.N. Sondheim · 2 July 1998, 10:51 a.m.*

-

(please note Perforations #17 is still taking submissions - I'm guest editing - including a description at the end of this - Alan)

```

@@@@ @@@ @@@@@@@@@ @@@ @@@@@@@@@ @@@@@@@@@
@@!@!@@@ @@! @@@ @@! !@@ @@!
!@!@!@! !@! @!@ !@! !@! !@!
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```

"The bit of noise, the small random element, transforms
one system or one order into another."

M. Serres

"Between the rationality for which the analysis speaks and
the law that history repeats there remains a gap,
infinitesimal to be sure,
but fundamental"

M. De Certeau

Welcome to NOISE NEWS, a notification publication of PERFORATIONS
and Public Domain, Inc. a non-profit organization devoted to examinations
of the crossing points of art, theory, technology and community. (see
www.pd.org)

*** *** ***

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS: PERFORATIONS 18

RELICS

co-editors: Richard Gess (libgess@emory.edu)
Robert Cheatham (zeug@pd.org)

All types of media will be considered, but especially approaches which
explore new relations between content and form. Each issue of
PERFORATIONS (we now call them 'nodes' since each thematic is an
ongoing site of investigation/crativity) includes straightforward
articles articles as well as artistic web projects.
Deadlines are fluid. Contact above editors for more information.

In conjunction with PERF. 18, RELICS, we will have a juried show of
artifacts, intrusions, evidence, impedimenta, incanabula, hauntings,
debris, tibias, fibias and etcs, to take place late winter or early fall.
For more information contact info@pd.org

(note: the call for submissions can be viewed temporarily in its entirety
at:

www.pd.org/~zeug/pl8-call/relics-call.html)

PERFORATIONS may be viewed at: www.pd.org/perforations/perf-topics.html

RELICS

.....

so: two things (at least) coming to odds--everything is on the road to the relic--and nothing seems (yet) capable of making it cross the border, either to 'finally' disappear or be 'totally' reconstituted. These two slots correspond roughly to a circumscribed scientific world view and a more 'ontological' rendition: relics are mere evidence in the first instance of matter's relationship with itself. In the second, they function as evidence of matter's relationship with consciousness (notwithstanding the chiasmatic turnings which 'evidence' goes through at the hands of both--so called 'postmodernism' and its significant other(s)--which threatens to illuminate evidence till it chars and disappears/evinesces/ashes-- or to ignore the possibility of the 'judgement of matter' (evidence) even as one views it through the bars.)

At any rate, the relic waits, co-terminous with time... even as it attempts to subtly cruise 'through' it...yet strangely anxious.

More PD news:

---Preliminary stages of PERFORATIONS 17, ILLEGIBILITY, co-edited with Alan Sondheim, is up and running (but may still be contributed to. If you had contacted us about inclusion and don't see your material, please get back in touch since some email got inadvertently lost).

---The Public Domain CD, VEIL, is now out and available. Go to our sound and music section or contact info@pd.org for more information.

Public Domain, Inc. is a 501 (c) 3 not for profit organization.
<http://www.pd.org>
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Illegibility - for Perforations #17 -

An assumption of this century, Foucault's analysis of divinatio notwithstanding, is that the world is becoming increasingly legible - that there are one or more readings of the world - either through the foreclosing of textuality (what is, can be said), or through an increased understanding aligned with progress and progressivity. If the world is an encoding, then decipherment continues to reduce the unknown, and this might even be measured in terms of bandwidth, tolerances, and so forth.

On the other hand, one might argue towards an essential and irreducible illegibility, that not everything is decipherable - that there may, perhaps, be unknown or unknowable signs - as well as phenomena masquerading as signs - as well as phenomena having no relation to the symbolic at all.

I am not arguing for a "horizon" of the illegible, but a seepage that

occurs perhaps within as well as without the legible. (For example, it may not be the case that every culture can be traced or translated - even in part - into every other.) Perhaps every domain is inherently illegible; perhaps foundations are not always interpretable across the board (and there for are not foundations *sub specie aeternis*). Consider the illegibility and illiteracy of the world, and consider the following, somewhat practical, concerns.

0 Issues of identity, recognition, self-reflexivity / asservation: To what extent does identity depend on legibility? Can one "read" another culture (without or without literacy in that culture) in such a manner that anomie or the sensation of exile do not occur? Can one "read" one's own culture in this manner? What is the phenmenology of anomie? Of exile?

1 Illiteracy - the inability to read and write. Every text is illegible. (But if one is literate in the language of a text, and the text is visually "clear," does that necessarily mean it is legible?) What is the post-Ivan Illich "take" on language, reading and writing?

2 Computer illiteracy - the inability to use computer technology. (Are computers legible all the way down? What constitutes legibility in this case?) What is the political economy of computer technology? Of computer-mediated-communication (CMC) in relation to this? (Think of the division between haves and have-nots for example. What - today - constitutes having? Is bandwidth a consideration?)

3 Dead Media (Bruce Sterling) - illegible remnants, archeologies. (What constitutes "media" in the first place?)

4 Infinite kanji - wandering across a Borgesian world in which universals do not exist, in which each signified (in the sense of reference in the world) possesses its own sign. Nothing and everything are simultaneously interpretable in writing. All signs are illegible and legible; all are strictly indexical, ikonic, blurring the distinction.

5 Illegibility of or on or off the Net: What constitutes Internet illegibility; what constitutes Net illiteracy? Do TCP/IP and other protocols play a role here? Since virtual subjectivity is largely textual (or entirely textual, if bit-mapping is considered as such), what would be an illegible subject? What sorts of reception theory apply here?

6 Are cultures translatable? Is habitus a discourse or discursive formation? What is the political economy of legibility, of illegibility?

7 What constitutes misrecognition? How does misrecognition play into the above? (Misrecognition: an alternative or alternative reading, a non-intended reading, a reading-degree-zero, an absent or absent-minded reading.)

8 Reading and writing "foreign" cultures or the cultures of one's own.

Reading and writing on the Net.

9 And finally, to what extent is illegibility inherent in the world at large? And what constitutes this inherency?

2 as if Nikuko

Alan J.J.N. Sondheim · 4 July 1998, 6:40 p.m.

-

TONGUE, DANCING

"The Jinriki chapter states:" At that time the World-Honored One demonstrated his great mystic powers to the entire assembly, extending his long, broad tongue till it reached upward to the Brahma Heaven."

I say, what slid off it, writes Nikuko.

Nichirin continues: "All the other Buddhas from the worlds through the ten directions seated on lion king thrones under jewel trees did the same, extending their long broad tongues."

A prepuce of flesh, Nikuko thinks, a foreskin of the world. Nichin adds, below: "The Amida Sutra states that Buddhas covered a major world system with their broad, long tongues, but lacks the truth that such a gesture would substantiate. The Hannya Sutra tells how the Buddha's tongue covered the major world system and radiated infinite light when he expounded the Hannya. Yet this cannot be a proof [comparable to that of the Jinriki chapter]. Since these two sutras are mere provisional teachings, they obscured the Buddha's enlightenment in the remotest past." (Selected Writings of Nichirin, ed. Yampolsky.)

Prepuce, foreskin. Foreskin, prepuce.

Nikuko, musing-transforming, clothes bursting from supine body in which she is speaking in Nichirin's Buddhas' tongues. Nichirin turns, becoming-tongue, long-thick pink-red flesh reaching across worlds, shadow-casting upon islands beautiful in dreaming-waters, saliva silver with ten thousand moons:

```
{
it can't be helped
the letters slip away from me
nikuko covers the buddhas with her tongues
covers the lands with her tongues
which carry world-scrolls of truth
sutras gospels
}
while (1 < 10000)
{
I SAY:
```

}

nnnnnnnnnnn iiiiii kkkkkkkk uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu kkkkkkkk oooooooooo

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

.....

MMM

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GGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG

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YYYYYYYYYYYYYYY 00000 UUUUUUUUUUUU

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

NNNN IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII KK UUUUUUUUUUU KK 00000

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TONGUES HARBOR NIKUKO-ALAN ACROSS WORLDS HISSING WITH JEWELS, SWORDS,
MIRRORS, INTERJECTION-EXPOSTULATION SOUNDS AS WIRES CRACKLE, NODES
AND ROUTERS SPELL FORMATION-KANJI, GRID DRAWS TIGHTER:

TONGUES DANCING IN THE SKIES!
THE DANCING OF NIKUKO-ALAN-TONGUE!

Of the

Space cracks the mirror.
The mirror is rigid.
Hit me with a stick.
The mirror reflects only what is evident.
What is evident is not evidence.
If it is evidence, hit me with a stick.
Brown wood-frame around the mirror, dais beneath it, tain behind.
From an angle the wood-frame reflects in the mirror.
From no angle, the dais; from no angle, the tain.
Nor does the mirror reflect the mirror.
It is space that is reflected in the mirror.
No space, no mirror; no space, no reflection.
Hit me with a stick; the space is empty.
The stick is in space; the stick is reflected in the mirror.
Stick approaches the mirror, Crack! Crack!
The mirror is rigid.
There is more than one stick.
There is more than one space.
There is one frame shifting in faultlines, fractures.
The frame is the world; the mirror is the world.
Crack! Crack!

- Nikuko

clarification

Alan J.J.N. Sondheim · 6 July 1998, 2:47 p.m.

I want to make it clear that I'm not reacting to TB's disliking of my work - it's the disdain and dismissive attitude. There is A LOT of poetry and poetics I don't like - but would still give serious reply to on the list here, recommend, etc., depending on taste. I get tired, awfully tired, of the harrummpptth attitude which grows and grows and grows as language tangles itself back into tradition. Before I know it I'll be desperate to go out in the streets and scream I want my baby back or something to that effect.

Alan stamping on all-too-well-trodden ground

About Poetics

Alan J.J.N. Sondheim · 8 July 1998, 12:48 a.m.

-

to do some writing you have a clear crystal
and it's made of glass, so it's crystal glass
you must make sure the edges are ground glass
so light melts in them and then as well
slight chips are imperfections greatly
desired as light comes pouring through

this makes the writing what it is and all
else falls against the edge of the mass
through which light passes through the mass
with images of disks and things to tell
of what had happened to it lately
something passing from me to you

writing comes pouring through the disk
like something passing through the disk

later, what happened, poetics of space/text

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 13 July 1998, 4:46 a.m.

-

Economy of Silk and Dreams [1989-1998]
(configurations of objects emerging from near-sleeping, turning
through the anguish of iron hooks submerged in iron hooks)

visualizations and intersections of hyperspheres
Euler's formula for four-dimensional projections
fifth and higher-dimension measure polytopes
comfort of zero and negative-one dimension constructs
inconceivable iron configurations impossible to cast
holes and interior expansions of external iron elements
slowly rotating tetrahedra interlocked in various directions
intersecting polyhedra and columns of various sorts
slow excursions of meandering fractal point
number of squares necessarily added to reach a given number
turbulence in eddies with regular or irregular beds
articulations of lines and planes in four dimensions
point and line configurations in the plane and three dimensions
the centers of hyperspheres of various dimensions
hooks or lips against the center of a sphere
projection of a point or line in three dimensions
truncating polyhedra in two or three dimensions

pyramids and polygons completed with equilateral triangles
 torsion applied to iron beams of various cross-sections
 exposures of splayed body and its holes in various bindings
 language-configurations of bindings into signs and omens
 regular simplices surrounding a point in three and four dimensions
 tetrahedra formed from skew-orthogonal lines embedded in the cube
 nodes and skeins collapsing and expanding with luminous trails
 Petrie polygons for cube and octahedron
 number of n-dimensional polytopes in an m-dimensional measure polytope
 threshold logic configurations with gates and channels and markers
 configurations of conic sections
 loosely-joined polyhedra in three dimensions and their collapsings
 seven-hundred-twenty-degree rotational invariant of three dimensions
 one-dimensional measure polytopes and simplices
 projections of n-dimensional polyhedra onto one dimension
 multiplexing in two-dimensional networks
 loose objects within the interior of unsutured spheres
 wounds and striations transfigured by thin membranes of silver threads
 unfoldings opening to unfoldings stretched to the limit
 flat hard ground withing giving unmarked by any geodesics
 metal objects placed under self-strain with hooks and rings
 tidal forces approaching event horizons of black holes
 patterns of incoherent symmetry sequences
 perfect alignments of distended arms and torsos and legs
 approaching skew-orthogonal lines in empty three-dimensional space
 black lines in yellow space
 one-dimensional point approached in three-dimensional space
 white point in black space
 turbulent plateaus created by upwelling liquid swells
 liquid pouring across naked open bodies
 maximum twisting of loosely-joined polyhedra and polygons
 twisting of three-dimensional cubic configurations in four dimensions
 twistings and strengths of simplicial chains in various dimensions
 embeddings of three-dimensional interiors in four dimensions
 perception of four dimensions with three-dimensional binocular vision
 broken bricks falling through emerging patterns
 massive compaction of the sphere, cube, and tetrahedron
 pulled nipples creating breasts with body arched into bridge of dreams
 relative wear of the massive sphere and various polytopes

True Story of Inheritance

Katagawa Jinko died and Nikuko was put in charge of his manuscripts. She remembers seeing a list of four men, and his name was the first. It was an odd name and she had problems reading it. The kanji were dusty and almost embedded in the wood; everything was close to disappearing, like wood shavings hardly holding their own. She smiled and thought, now I am in charge of the manuscripts.

She made a true or false answer to a question about one of the manuscripts

- is this a manuscript of Katagawa Jinko - there were three answers, none of them were yes or no. I was quite upset. You're fooling around with this famous author's manuscripts, I said; they'll be dispersed. Don't you have any sympathy at all for the dead. She was contrite in fact at this, and stopped dragging the kanji behind her in furrows marked almost by a sight of miniature valleys left by looping trails in the dust, close to unreadable, and close to disappearing. She'd hold onto the revelation, not thinking further about it. It was enough; there were clouds of dust in the sky, a sense of grit, wood-shavings, the kanji worn and chipped. It was enough that she'd keep them, stop with the multiple-choice giveaways of Katagawa Jinko's work.

() () ()

Difficult and Delicate Matter

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 18 July 1998, 1:35 a.m.

-

Difficult and Delicate Matter

Well, I have a good deal of diary material from Kathy Acker, 1974 and earlier; some of it is in the form of letters or texts directly to me, and some of it is revised carbon copy, and some of it is mimeograph. None of this has been published. So I write to someone I know who writes to someone he knows and finds out I cannot in fact quote from the words of the diary, which belong to the estate of Kathy Acker, although I can paraphrase the words which she has written.

But then, who can check up to make sure I am paraphrasing accurately? For example, if I write, that Kathy says on March 1, 1974, that she wishes me dead, then I am writing a fabrication; there is no such statement. Which is not to say that Kathy did not wish me dead on that date - only that I do not have such material in my possession.

What Kathy does say is that I am her father and she wants to experiment to see how close she can get to me. She also states that I help her, although later I am sure she would not have felt this way. But what are these statements, in light of the fact that they are neither quotations nor content that you may ascertain for yourself?

To be sure, if you visit me in Brooklyn, then I might deign to show you the original material, and you could decide for yourself, providing I did not fabricate such as well - forging a signature, duplicating, etc., from texts I composed for whatever reason.

Kathy says she doesn't understand who she is and doesn't understand a lot of my writing, and I wonder, would she understand this text and approve of it? It is easy to circumscribe, literally, the dead, who are given and given up without recourse; mourning is a moment astride the real, returning the world to itself, and these textual gifts back to a

present life, harboring and framing the past.

But this is not about mourning. Kathy says I understand everything she writes and that she understands what I say directly to her. She says she feels as if we're twins joined together, as if I'm protecting her. She continues speaking about power, about my taking power from her, which later became an issue between us, appearing later in the videos we did together (and within what jurisdiction are those spoken words now, as well as those words written on the screen, as well as those unspoken words in her eyes?).

She ends this particular section by saying she doesn't want parents, and wants to know what's happening. She's remembering, and describes a white shawl and a red-brown dress, blankets. Then there is half a page of blank space, and she's into a second, carbon-copied part, about Peter, with a different title as well. Could I quote the different title? I would choose not to, insisting on paraphrase.

Kathy was trying to map out her consciousness; _she says so, in so many words._ I attempt to interface with virtual subjects, dreams, ghosts, machines, mournings, technologies, internets, those moments of syncope described by Clement in Syncope, holding itself back in the throat. "temporary loss of consciousness from fall of blood-pressure," and I feel comfortable quoting from the living Concise Oxford; so many texts begin with dictionary definitions, and this one ends with one.

LostTime

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 19 July 1998, 3:05 a.m.

LostTime

```
{k:15}time pico LostTime
      2.13s real    0.00s user    0.00s system
          *
{k:16}LostTime, hold on, I'm calling the system, calling the kernel,
hold on: ktrace /usr/local/bin/LostTime ktrace /bin/LostTime ktrace
/usr/bin/LostTime ktrace: exec of 'LostTime' failed
/usr/share/nls/C/libc.cat No such file or directory
          *
{k:17}Hold on, LostTime, system callup: Jennifer
          *
{k:18}Jennifer calling the Colonel:
          *
Oh do come to me so sweetly, for I, you, we, will we now,
for I will have all the world's dark time, and you, Colonel,
you have time lost, LostTime, this missing file in which
I deposit all the world's lost words, all those letters,
numbers, those signs of dreary punctuation -
          *
Come, Colonel, let me sit upon your knee, I shall raise
```


my pinafore so prettily, do not forbear
 the passage of wise time while your soldiers, dark
 from heat of passage through the wired jungle,
 patrol, patrol, and will never ever notice, for I,
 I, Jennifer, have all this time at my disposal

*

And against your death, do give it all of you, and towards
 your death, to take it from myself, only to return it all;
 while you, Colonel, disport against my knee
 with gallantry, your soldiers march their bamboo way to
 victory. I shall remain, you notice with your dying words,
 for I have still this wondrous time, this disregard -
 I will do you grand, Colonel, I will do you grand.

*

```
{k:22} time pico LostTime
      11.20s real    0.01s user    0.01s system
{k:23} LostTime
```

*

Sermounts

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 24 July 1998, 2:05 a.m.

-

Sermon on the Mount by Jennifer

The Real is so stupid and Insignificant, I am saying under the sign of
 Clement Rosset do you know him? That it is inert, dull, repetitious and
 Full of our Meanderings. So that We do not Face Face, that is a Moment
 of what might be a Considerable grain, have you looked at Face up close
 and then Wondered how your Theories fall apart in the Proof? Because I
 cannot Do this for too Long, this Look at the Up-Close Face, I mean the
 first Thing you Notice are Pores and other Holes everywhere There and
 in the Middle of such Hairs as you will never See at a Distance. So is
 that an Unknown Horror to Dream of and not to Disparage as you might on
 a fair Day from a Distance. You will know what I mean. It is never or
 Nary a Code, Nary or Never a Discourse, when you are that Close that
 it is as if the Bed left Marks impervious. I am Talking to You. Those
 impervious Marks. You will look at Stains up close, why there are Stains
 on this very Chair upon which I am sitting, Leaks from my Panties, you
 will know how Stupid the real is, you can almost Smell it. Up Close
 Like a Gulliver wandering, then I know you will Know the World which is
 what Surrounds you. Then and Precisely then, When you can Speak, Then
 you Will be ushered into Silence, nary a Thing to Say. Thus I might say
 from a Distance, you will have been Done to by the World, but you must
 Know, if the Last Thing, it is of your Doing.

Sermon on the Mound by Jennifer

The Cock is so stupid and Insignificant, I am saying under the sign of
 Catherine Clement do you know her? That it is inert, repetitious and

Full of our Meanderings. So that We do not Talk Cock, that is a Moment of what might be a Considerable grain, have you looked at Cock up close and then Wondered how your Theories fall apart in the Proof? Because I cannot Do this for too Long, this Look at the Up-Close Cock, I mean the first Thing you Notice are Pores and other Holes everywhere There and in the Middle of such Hairs as you will never See in Perversion. So is that an Unknown Horror to Dream of and not to Disparage as you might on a fair Day in Perversion. You will know what I mean. It is never or Nary a Cunt, Nary or Never a Discourse, when you are that Close that it is as if the Bed left Marks impervious. I am Talking to You. Those impervious Marks. You will look at Stains up close, why there are Stains on this very Chair upon which I am sitting, Leaks from my Panties, you will know how Hardness the Twat is, you can almost Smell it. Up Close Like a Gulliver wandering, then I know you will Know the World which is what Surrounds you. Then and Precisely then, When you can Speak, Then you Will be ushered into Silence, nary a Thing to Say. Thus I might say from Perversion, you will have been Bound by the World, but you must Know, if the Last Thing, it is of your Doing.

Kathy's Diary (last of 2 installments)

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 25 July 1998, 10:08 p.m.

-

Kathy's Diary (last of 2)

In Kathy's diary/epistolary material, she also said that the idea of us completely knowing each other stunned her; she thought there were a lot of ways we were alike, and talked about our fantasies in relation to each other. She said she didn't quite understand what was going on, and I remember feeling the same way myself.

She was working on a book at the time, this was when she was calling herself The Black Tarantula, publishing under the name. I was involved in her thinking. Our thinking about each other was intertwined, inseparable. I can't think of a gap; we filled each other's spaces. She wanted us to send each other as much information as possible about each other, in varied media, so that we could continue along these lines. She mentioned Vito Acconci, saying the kind of intimacy he explores in his work, she had never seen done between two people who were both subjects and objects. She thought all of this would make an incredible work as well. I thought and still think that Vito's exploration wasn't all that risky, but articulated so as to appear so, without props; the props in fact provided the framework, moving the periphery towards the center. But that wasn't clear until much later.

She thought I was more systematic in my exploration than she was; is that true? Certainly I pick up and drop systems like water, like there's linkages surrounding the gasp of the earth's equator - but then these same systems become corroded by desire, tend to fray/stare at one from the edges where I reside. I was residing there at the time. A bit later we

were making tapes together, worlds falling apart, and as the content of one of the tapes indicated, I was reading Norman O. Brown's *Love's Body* at the time. I just found the book again.

Kathy thought my work could profit from the intimate sexual concerns of hers - perhaps it has. Certainly the tape we did was the farthest I've been able to stretch my body, on the operating-table so to speak, of both semiosis and psychosis. I could but won't speak towards her state of mind at the time, from what she said. But this was later. Now, she was writing to me before that, asking whether I would collaborate with her, speaking of her fanaticism in relation to what she was doing - I certainly shared (and share) that aspect of her psychology.

Now I'm intertwined with this text, which on my part within it, still reflects concerns I've never figured out, in the sense of a figure or trope, those moments which become signs or ghosts in the very background of our being. They remain there just as these letters and diary have accompanied me; would that they were published, but who is to say concerning the Estate, and to what extent would I want to give up the paraphrase for the real?

And am I living through text, and if so, whose?

The They

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 3 August 1998, 6:30 p.m.

-

Subject: The They
 De Man Heidegger and Maybe Celine
 De Man Heidegger and Maybe Celine
 My Name is Jennifer Where have you Been
 De Man Heidegger and Lovely Celine

"what they wrote, or didn't write, about the war
 at one time, meaning and a motivation
 the dim grapple, blunted hook and circulation
 of beard and book and object, always a roar
 of Truth about their writing
 they'd thought they'd go down fighting
 through clear delineations of a mausoleum door
 they'd see 'from out of into' the scum
 then there was clarity and deaf ambition
 by now and later also blind attrition
 writing contaminated by its source
 beat a dead horse in your condition"

(Wilfred Owen)

To which I might reply:

Celine is a special case, Jewish Gravel Standing Upright on the Peninsula
 De Man another, for who would want the Inability to Change a Mind
 Before the Patriarch, Denial of Title
 For I, Daishin Nikuko, insist that Roots atrophy,
 The Inexorable Grinding of Wrong Opinion
 Before the Castle of Chastity shall Lose its Way across the Straightest
 Moat
 Dear Heidegger, Let us Read what is Written, Remembering but Losing
 At times the Thread across This Way
 For the Thread is a Thread to be sure,
 And sometimes Knowledge is Grounded in Letting-Go

The Hardest Lesson of All is that
 Not everything is Reflected in everything else
 There are Things Cut off, Cauterized
 A Reading is Always a Beginning to take and Give simultaneously
 Across the Moat towards the Castle of Fortitude
 Which is not Always Right, but has proper Reading Lamps

I shall not Strain my I's.

I shall Cut myself Off in the Wilderness
 I shall Howl Like a Beast that Longs to Open and Run
 I shall Wear Gravel
 I shall Cease Reading
 Gain Certain Knowledge
 Forget What I have Gained

"For the Thread to be Sure is a Thread
 And Knowledge is sometimes Grounded in Letting-go"

what happened from 1809

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 5 August 1998, 1:36 a.m.

-

" - express the mythical identity of one 'Sabeth the Forsaken,' a frustra-
 ted woman neglected by a lover
 "_whose body juices were all spent upon the paper [on which he was writing
 Voyage] the fountain of his sex turned inward; the exploration of her
 flesh was nothing when compared to the penetration of the vast labyrinth
 within. The quest for monsters demanded monstrous denial. Thus, she would
 become 'Sabeth, the Forsaken,' to his friends. Magnificent and futile, she
 roamed the streets of Montmartre; drank nightly in the bars; let them
 caress her in his stead. In his presence, even,"

Ostrovsky, Voyeur Voyant, quoted in Elizabeth and Louis, Elizabeth Craig
 talks about Louis-Ferdinand Celine, Alphonse Juilland and Nikuko thinking
 about all of this and how to deal with the magick gothic, high and other-
 wise, so futile! while she wrytes and writhes away her life spent outward,

inversion-M.-Celine, just a moment now! while she raises a drink for a final toast before closing time: a hunger, mysterious impulse, seizes her as she enters these lines into the machinery, skin stretched to the limit, threaded through the maze of world and desire,

just a minute, little Jennifer! reeling back from the force and effort of all of it, turned with flame & fury Towards that Text that placed Itself in the Sky outside the St- Antoine, now so stars and now, and now

<pre> * ***** **** **** **** ***** ***** ** * * * * * *** *** ***** * *** ***** ***** ** ***** ***** ** *** * *</pre>	something flashes/is flashing in the moment, little Jennifer thinks o pretty pretty picture, all these stars in the sky spelling such a big-little word! and someday Jennifer will be upon the sea and she will look above the crest of wave and remember stars and words and she will be drinking in a bar with a man and she will turn to the man she will turn to the man, I remember you and now I remember you and now I remember you and she will turn, she will turn to the stars she will turn towards the dark night and the moon she will turn tricks and planets and she will sing now I remember you and now I remember you I remember now
--	--

ISEA98 (completed '96) from Jennifer

Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 8 August 1998, 3:27 a.m.

<http://www.isea98.org/people/sondheim/jennifer/index.htm>

[no subject]*Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 11 August 1998, 3:22 a.m.*

-

I am stale; there is nothing to ail
 this body that has not done its damage
 much as this body has done homage
 to language, pillage which is stale
 as in before, when you have read it
 whispered in my ear; then I'd write it,
 no need to read it further, you'd been bit
 by what you steer to me; then through me,
 back again, that's what is stale, theor-
 y, me, and you, binding without fail
 what would unglue me, become stale, fear
 it winding that trail, cuing the near-
 ly stale or train of mind, cycle and rail,
 what could entail a natural kind.

```

m      y    life    o    o    z    i    n    g
0000000 0a0a 2069 6970 7373 6120 6c6c 6f20 6576
0000010 2072 6f79 7275 7020 6e61 6974 7365 6a20
0000020 6e65 696e 6566 2072 6f79 2075 7473 6675
0000030 2066 6874 6d65 6920 206e 796d 6d20 756f
0000040 6874 670a 6761 6d20 2065 6977 6874 6e20
0000050 6b69 6b75 276f 2073 6577 2074 6167 7472
0000060 7265 2073 6c73 626f 6562 2072 6c73 626f
0000070 6562 2072 6f6d 7475 2068 7566 6c6c 6f20
0000080 0a66 756a 756c 7327 6d20 6e65 6573 2073
0000090 7264 7069 6970 676e 6420 776f 206e 796d
00000a0 7320 616f 696b 676e 6320 6568 7473 6920
00000b0 6c20 766f 2065 7573 6b63 6e69 2067 6977
00000c0 6874 6d0a 2079 6f6d 7475 2068 7566 6c6c
00000d0 6f20 2066 6c61 6e61 6a2d 6c75 2d75 656a
00000e0 6e6e 6669 7265 6e2d 6b69 6b75 0a6f
00000ee

```

in these lost moments
 in my dark oozings
 in my life oozing
 dark moments away
 now to defend myself
 additions and extra digits
 clawing against a final stroke
 of brush-wielding nikuko
 or pen-wielding jennifer, say
 pencil and julu, keyboard and alan
 say say say say say

Elaboration for Andy Kaufman*Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 13 August 1998, 2:19 a.m.*

-

Elaboration

2d1 < 18d16 < 21d18 < 54d50 < 57d52 < 74d68 < 77,78d70 < < 82d73 < 108d98
 < 2d1 < 5d3 < 11d8 < I'm always surprised about the reactions my work
 receives. I live inside of the texts, surrounded by them. I think they're
 literally the only reason I'm alive. I can't see them all that clearly,
 and I wear glasses even for the most mundane tasks of everyday life. I
 thirst for responses, imagine readers and other writers, imagine the world
 held together by toothpicks and safety pins. Someone carefully breaking
 through the fabric. Another voice which is also a face. 2d1 < 18d16 <
 21d18 < 54d50 < 57d52 < 74d68 < 77,78d70 < < 82d73 < 108d98 < 2d1 < 5d3 <
 11d8 <

2d1 < 18d16 < 21d18 < 54d50 < 57d52 < 74d68 < 77,78d70 < < 82d73 < 108d98
 < 2d1 < 5d3 < 11d8 < Sometimes I would like her to wear suspenders. They
 would carefully and lovingly wrap around the softness of the shoulders,
 descending in front, and behind as well, tiny clips holding everything in
 place, the X-hieroglyph before and behind the body, or perhaps parallel
 lines. For the nourishment that the reaction to my writing gives, were he
 to take soft time and pen in hand. 2d1 < 18d16 < 21d18 < 54d50 < 57d52 <
 74d68 < 77,78d70 < < 82d73 < 108d98 < 2d1 < 5d3 < 11d8 <

2d1 < 18d16 < 21d18 < 54d50 < 57d52 < 74d68 < 77,78d70 < < 82d73 < 108d98
 < 2d1 < 5d3 < 11d8 < He was beautiful and read my words slowly, one after
 another, for example this one, and now this. Then he would write to me and
 for me, on the lists and backchannel, such sweet sweet lines such that I
 would learn true understanding of my work and life. 2d1 < 18d16 < 21d18 <
 54d50 < 57d52 < 74d68 < 77,78d70 < < 82d73 < 108d98 < 2d1 < 5d3 < 11d8 <

2d1 < 18d16 < 21d18 < 54d50 < 57d52 < 74d68 < 77,78d70 < < 82d73 < 108d98
 < 2d1 < 5d3 < 11d8 < Sometimes I will dream of a reader who comes to me in
 her sleep. 2d1 < 18d16 < 21d18 < 54d50 < 57d52 < 74d68 < 77,78d70 < <
 82d73 < 108d98 < 2d1 < 5d3 < 11d8 <

2d1 < 18d16 < 21d18 < 54d50 < 57d52 < 74d68 < 77,78d70 < < 82d73 < 108d98
 < 2d1 < 5d3 < 11d8 < always learning and beautiful Alan 2d1 < 18d16 <
 21d18 < 54d50 < 57d52 < 74d68 < 77,78d70 < < 82d73 < 108d98 < 2d1 < 5d3 <
 11d8 <

the continuity girl*Alan Jennifer Sondheim · 16 August 1998, 1:42 a.m.*

-

the continuity girl

Michel Serres, Panoptic Theory, in *The Limits of Theory*, ed. Thomas M. Kavanagh:

"[...]

"I shall call poor that which has no object. Myth has no object, nor does theater or politics.

"We had few objects in the past, long ago, once upon a time. This state of a humanity with few things has not been erased from our memory. Poor in things, our wealth then consisted of men. We spoke only of them and of their relations. We lived in and on our relations. I call myth poor, then, without objects. I call poor the theater, deprived of things; theories are poor; politics is poor. Our philosophies are poor and miserable. Our human sciences are poor.

"[...]

"The proliferation of objects, the exponential deluge of things, has led us to forget the time of their absence. And that time now seems to us so old! Archaic, antediluvian - yes, mythic. Our myths and our philosophies tell us about that time. Memories of places where lovers were watched in an empty and resonant space, where no one ever thought of eating. Thus philosophies that lack objects (almost all of them), philosophies that derive their values only from the human sciences (almost all of them), are aged and poor. They seem so old to us that we read them as we read myths. One might think they were politics, or theater, or magic. Whenever, by chance, they come upon an object, they change it, by the stroke of a magic wand, into a relation, into language, into representation.

"[...]"

Yes, Alan, you have almost come to life, almost carrying one or another name across one or another myth, traveling across one or another text, one or another philosophy. _the continuity girl_ holds you in check, just as others are held by you, tight against your thin chest, Nikuko, Jennifer, Julu, and myself included; it is my duty as your continuation to ensure, not the proliferation of objects, but of emergences governed, not by an unrequited poverty, but by the fullness of the real as language becomes languaging, as magic issues forth its own dominions.

Not ever deprived of things or relations, tissues or words which dream themselves into existence, far beyond the hypertextual - it is _the continuity girl_ whose long fingers write your head into your head, your arms into your arms, legs into your legs - _the continuity girl_ writing Jennifer into Jennifer, Julu into Julu, Nikuko into Nikuko, and with a swirl of a skirt and a

toss of hair, the invagination of Alan, dare she say it, and the further emergence of a philosophy, and a theater - yes a theater, and a politics, dare she say it, yes, a politics, and a philosophy and a theater and one theory and another theory, and still one more theory, in addition, and still yet a theory once again and once more.

Because _the continuity girl_ is everywhere at once, she is nowhere at all; because she garners the script, she speaks from experience; because she reads from memory, she improvises what is the thought that one or another is thinking,

Because she ensures that the thought continues into the thought, that the I continues through the I, that one eye sees what the other eye sees, with just the slightest difference -

That histories are memorizations and lists and forgotten names, just as Julu and Jennifer and Alan and Nikuko will be forgotten - that histories are moments and slights of hand, just as _the continuity girl_ is a magic powder and a poultice, or a patch and a plaster - just as there are cures for the body ailing, and aches that never go away -

Just the memory of _the continuity girl_, just the hair and fingers, eyes and mouth, hands and legs, arms and feet of _the continuity girl_, just as the face is an other, face is always already an other, face of _the continuity girl_, circling and the cycling of the script, pagination and collating of the script, as she writes this -

Ensuring the one to the one, other to the other, ensuring the one to the other, other to the one -

Naming, forgetting, naming - just as there are almost objects coming into the world, almost a pleasure in theory or philosophy; just as there is almost a pleasure in the reading and the writing; just as there is almost a belief in the one and the other, and the value of speech and the meaning among them; just so _the continuity girl_

That there be a striving or a mourning, that there is a mourning one is born into and within, a _mourning already in place_ ...

[...]

Heian Aesthetics

A. Jenn Sondheim · 22 August 1998, 1:46 a.m.

-

Heian Aesthetics
 a baskt of vrtical woodn slats hld loosly togthr
 and thy'r frayd on th dgs
 how could anything rmain in it

just th touch of th moonlight spilling on th arth
 or th spacs among th slats to th narby huts
 which possibly ar th only ways to think today
 whil ths words fall apart and cruiss missils
 target th 's

for the sake of _the continuity girl_

A. Jenn Sondheim · 22 August 1998, 1:02 p.m.

-

for the sake of _the continuity girl_ (by _the continuity girl_)
 the _need_ of _the continuity girl_

who doesn't know what she needs or what freud wants
 but who knows she's needed to keep the world afloat
 from explosions and cruise missiles and the wrong ties
 on a man dressed up for dinner and the wrong dress
 on a woman tied up, online, she's addicted, he's waiting,
 they're poorly dressed for the occasions, cocaine

but the _need_ of _the continuity girl_

so that the building or flesh doesn't suddenly change shape
 across the charred body of the _dramatic-script boy,_
 so that the world doesn't cave as disease explodes
 as the man cruises for the woman, as the man's tied
 to the woman who constantly changes her name
 while he fires her gun at her name, while she changes
 into her name, her name into hers

for the _need_ of _the continuity girl_

goes across all culture, civilization, society,
 goes across all movie-magic, special effects,
 goes across all normal effects, tie on the woman,
 dress on the man, as they're on a cruise
 and _dramatic-script boy_ rises from the dead
 skin-grafted from _the continuity girl_ and
 the building missile totters, wait a minute

JENNIFER IN PHAEDRA

A. Jenn Sondheim · 27 August 1998, 12:16 a.m.

-

JENNIFER IN PHAEDRA

Script started on Wed Aug 26 17:19:19 1998
The Moon is Waxing Crescent (21% of Full)
bash: ./memo: No such file or directory
{k:l}telnet 127.0.0.0 3000
Trying 127.0.0.0...
Connected to 127.0.0.0.
Escape character is '^['.

Phaedra

This is in the mountains. This is where one thinks through the thinking
of truth. This is where you begin with one thing always.

Give me a name: Jennifer
Give me a password:

Welcome newbie Jennifer

Last logged in on Wed Aug 26 21:18:41 1998 from localhost

At dusk rain falls.

Area: falls

You are on the path. There are stones, worn down by glaciers, surrounding
you, and you hear a waterfall in the distance. Dense fog... The cries of
a roc break the silence. A monk walks in the distance, chanting. It is a
picture from the Sung.

Exits are: peaks pines emptiness Phaedra

You are alone here

The area is set to public
There are 0 messages on the board
There is no current topic here

.rev
Jennifer says: look
Jennifer says: bye

Where are you, _the continuity girl_
You ask: Where are you, _the continuity girl_
I miss you so much, _the continuity girl!_
You say: I miss you so much, _the continuity girl!_
It's lonely here...
You say: It's lonely here...
You remember who you are.
.e flying away...
Jennifer flying away...
.e coming back
Jennifer coming back

Who am I? Is that you speaking?
You ask: Who am I? Is that you speaking?
You forget your name.
No no no, I am Jennifer, I do not forget, not while you are here.
You say: No no no, I am Jennifer, I do not forget,
not while you are here.
I love you so much...
You say: I love you so much...
You recognize the attributes of existence.
Yes, I have known that things are strange with you...
You say: Yes, I have known that things are strange with you...
A certain melding in the shadows, not quite sharp...
You say: A certain melding in the shadows, not quite sharp...
You forget your name.
.e My name, my name is Jennifer...
Jennifer My name, my name is Jennifer...
.e crying...
Jennifer crying...
.e weeping...
Jennifer weeping...
The sounds of the roc are unnerving.
A small rabbit is caught in its talons.
I will come to you oh small rabbit, I will save you.
You say: I will come to you oh small rabbit, I will save you.
.e runs high after _the continuity girl._
Jennifer runs high after _the continuity girl._
You recognize the attributes of existence.
Yes, almost enlightenment.
You say: Yes, almost enlightenment.
.e brings back the small and lovely naked creature.
Jennifer brings back the small and lovely naked creature.
You forget your name.
Please, no, do you not understand...
You say: Please, no, do you not understand...
.e ...
Jennifer ...
You remember who you are.
Yes
You say: Yes
.map

```
** THE MAP **
```

```

    pines-----falls
        |
        |
        peaks----streams

```

emptiness

Phaedra

(Phaedra and emptiness everywhere, the chanting in the pines, love

and rage, wherever connect is possible)

You recognize the attributes of existence.

Please, if that is you, speak to me directly, personally...

You say: Please, if that is you, speak to me directly, personally...

Oh, _the continuity girl,_ please talk, murmur to me...

You say: Oh, _the continuity girl,_ please talk, murmur to me...

Whisper...

You say: Whisper...

The sounds of the roc are unnerving.

A small rabbit is caught in its talons.

.e looks down at the naked creature, disappearing again into the sky.

Jennifer looks down at the naked creature,

disappearing again into the sky.

.echo silence You remember who you are.

silence

.echo _the continuity girl_ appears with loving arms

the continuity girl appears with loving arms

.echo she approaches Jennifer and holds her forever

You forget your name. she approaches Jennifer and holds her forever

Who are you, who is here?

You ask: Who are you, who is here?

.w

*** Current users on Wed Aug 26 21:26:56 1998 ***

Jennifer - a new user : NEWBIE : falls : 6 mins.

Total of 1 users signed on

Oh, I am so alone!

You exclaim: Oh, I am so alone!

Oh, these are machines surrounding me, machines dreaming me!

You exclaim: Oh, these are machines surrounding me, machines dreaming me!

Oh, I will die!

You exclaim: Oh, I will die!

Oh, I will surely die!

You exclaim: Oh, I will surely die! You remember who you are.

I AM JENNIFER!

You exclaim: I AM JENNIFER!

.e (FALLS TO THE GROUND WITH A KNIFE, JENNIFER CUT OPEN)

Jennifer (FALLS TO THE GROUND WITH A KNIFE, JENNIFER CUT OPEN)

.e (DIES You remember who you are. IN AGONY)

Jennifer (DIES IN AGONY)

.e (CRYING i am jennifer)

Jennifer (CRYING i am jennifer)

.q

Signing off...

Connection closed by foreign host.

{k:2}exit

exit

Script done on Wed Aug 26 17:28:37 1998

Nikuko on Ytalk

A. Jenn Sondheim · 29 August 1998, 3:25 p.m.

-

Nikuko on Ytalk

-----= YTalk version 3.0 (2)-----

Oh, this is more beautiful than I could ever imagine. I am ytalking
myself, I, Daishin Nikuko

And then I would come out of the cave to see the jeweled ornaments between
my legs, glistening there between my legs, visible in the light of my sun
And there would be the smell of my body everywhere, like the smell of the
earth, and these would be the jewels to be caressed, the magatama I am
wearing now, curved into me

Curved so they emerged in the form of speech and speaking and the
glistening murmurs of the world

Until our speech is curved itself, dense scent now of love, death, you.

-----= sondeheim@panix3.panix.com-----

Hi there, my god you've made it through here...

When I was in the cave then was I dancing outside the cave, exposing
myself to myself

And I would grab myself, stop the useless flight back into the darkness,
surely; and the grain would grow, the trees flower, cherry blossoms
everywhere...

Curved into me, like a flower or a seed, curved through my loins, stomach,
through my mouth and throat

Which here I place upon the page for you to read, to comprehend, to pass
down, generation after generation

-----= YTalk version 3.0 (2)-----

Hi there, my god you've made it through here...

When I was in the cave then was I dancing outside the cave, exposing
myself to myself

And I would grab myself, stop the useless flight back into the darkness,
surely; and the grain would grow, the trees flower, cherry blossoms
everywhere...

Curved into me, like a flower or a seed, curved through my loins, stomach,
through my mouth and throat

Which here I place upon the page for you to read, to comprehend, to pass
down, generation after generation

-----= sondheim@panix3.panix.com-----
 Oh, this is more beautiful than I could ever imagine. I am yalking
 myself, I, Daishin Nikuko
 And then I would come out of the cave to see the jeweled ornaments between
 my legs, glistening there between my legs, visible in the light of my sun
 And there would be the smell of my body everywhere, like the smell of the
 earth, and these would be the jewels to be caressed, the magatama I am
 wearing now, curved into me
 Curved so they emerged in the form of speech and speaking and the
 glistening murmurs of the world
 Until our speech is curved itself, dense scent now of love, death, you.

Scent of No One, Scent of Jennifer

A. Jenn Sondheim · 1 September 1998, 9:26 p.m.

-

Scent of No One, Scent of Jennifer
 I wake, my breasts bruised, black-blue marks around the nipples. I dream,
 wake, there are bite marks on my neck, my legs, my throat. I turn, dream,
 wake, there are black hairs on my skin, marking sign and time. I shudder,
 turn, dream, wake, there is lipstick on my face, my cock, my legs. I shud-
 der, turn, dream, wake, arise, there are cigarette stubs in the sink, wan
 smell of liquor in the air. I shudder, turn, dream, wake, arise, mastur-
 bate, I feel spent beforehand, nothing emerges: It is as if I wake, my
 breasts bruised, black-blue marks around the nipples. It is as if I dream,
 wake, there are bite marks on my neck, my legs, my throat. It is as if I
 turn, dream, wake, there are black hairs on my skin, marking sign and
 time. It is as if I shudder, turn, dream, wake, there is lipstick on my
 face, my cock, my legs. It is as if I shudder, turn, dream, wake, arise,
 there are cigarette stubs in the sink, wan smell of liquor in the air. It
 is as if I shudder, turn, dream, wake, arise, masturbate, feeling spent
 beforehand

JENNIFER IN THE ZONE

A. Jenn Sondheim · 14 September 1998, 11:55 p.m.

-

JENNIFER IN THE ZONE
 ---- World jennifer ----

Welcome to Kyoto-M00!

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!

*** Connected ***

Yurt

hovel where Wizards hang, bones in front, skins behind

You see basin, human, lump, stuff, and stump here.

precocious, squeezable

squeeze human

liquids flow from human

"Now I am Jennifer Jennifer.

You have no messages on your Answering Machine.

You join Kayo (asleep).

Roomful of Bits

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Kayo (asleep) is here.look Kayo

Kayo (asleep)

You see a wizard who chooses not to reveal its true appearance.

It is sleeping.

You join Kalu (asleep).

a small blue bottle

you can see the bottle is cracked along the mouth

Kalu (asleep) is here.look Kalu

Kalu (asleep)

a mesoelectronic hunter/gatherer

E is sleeping.

Carrying:

a small cup of tea

rock

You say, "Hello Kalu"

You say, "My name is Jennifer"

You say, "I am very pretty Jennifer"

You say, "Now I will Leave"

You join zone.

look Zone

I don't understand that.

"Hello Zone

I don't understand that.

"Can't I say anything, Zone

I don't understand that.

"I'm suffocating, Zone

"Help me, Zone

I don't understand that.

@emote is miserable and silenced in the Zone.

I don't understand that.

@join Hokusai

OK, you're there. You didn't need to actually move, though.
 "Hello Hokusai
 I don't understand that.
 @join Jennifer
 There is little need to join yourself, unless you are split up.
 "I am Jennifer Jennifer and I am not split up.
 I don't understand that.
 "I am Jennifer
 I don't understand that.
 @join Kayo
 You join Kayo (asleep).
 Roomful of Bits

.....

Kayo (asleep) is here.
 You say, "Hello Kayo"
 You say, "Now I can speak"
 You say, "I couldn't speak in the Zone."
 You say, "I didn't exist in the Zone."
 You say, "I could hardly breathe in the Zone."
 You say, "My name is Jennifer"
 You say, "Now I will go home"
 You click your heels three times.
 Yurt
 hovel where Wizards hang, bones in front, skins behind
 You see basin, human, lump, stuff, and stump here.
 look human
 You say, "Now I am home"
 You say, "My name is Jennifer good bye"

The Case of the Real (Declarative, for Lexie)

A. Jenn Sondheim · 20 September 1998, 2:34 a.m.

-

The Case of the Real (Declarative, for Lexie)

"What appears to be a book about words is. So it's. Where there is. What appears to be awash in philosophy is. This is. It's. How is. It is. Already, for such a text is. But it is. Perhaps it is. Or rather, the linguistic is. Nor are. There is. Death is. Death is. There is. Technology is. Technology is. The machine is. It is. Technology is. But this is. This is. Technology is. The surfaces are. This is. Cataclysm, dissolution, the collapse of the molecular, atomic, are. Being is. Perhaps Being is. Being is. It is. Intervals are. From moment to moment, speech is. At the heart of the written, there is. Transformations, becomings, are. There is. Almost all flows have been lost; this is. Our concern is. Words lead; they are. Words are. There is. Today is. There is. Not to write is. The beginning of

the book is. What was. There are. Pure process is. One is. To step from the beginning, to step from this beginning, is. But mathesis is. There is. Everything and nothing are. Either everything is. Linkage is. One maps palely against or through the other; technology is. Following Lyotard, one might say that the real is. Writing is. It is. The scene is. The scene is. The scene is. It is. It is. It is. It is. The world is. It is. It is. This is. It is. On the other hand, there are."

Hokusai's Visit to Kyoto, 1828

A. Jenn Sondheim · 25 September 1998, 9:28 p.m.

-

Hokusai's Visit to Kyoto, 1828 (Bunsei 11)
 Hokusai kicks higher into the air than safety would allow!
 Hokusai heartily moves upward and downward on the same spot and fast!
 Hokusai runs aimlessly around the M00, Coyote on the loose!
 I don't understand that.
 Hokusai cries, half in sadness and mourning, half in pure exhaustion.
 Hokusai laughs infectiously and everyone desires to join in!
 I don't understand that.
 Hokusai kisses everyone, remembering safe sex, and the kindness of strangers!
 Hokusai walks around Kyoto looking at everyone through his eyes.
 Kyoto
 an intense clearing, city-basin, distant humans, everywhere visible...
 You see snow, Luminous Sign, and the City of Wind here.

Player name	Connected	Idle time	Location
-----	-----	-----	-----
Hokusai (#127)	a minute	0 seconds	Kyoto

Total: 1 player, who has been active recently.
 I don't understand that.
 Flap flap flap flap flap flap! while Hokusai flies away!
 _____hokusai_____05:28
 fall
 fly

variations out of desire to meet new friends

A. Jenn Sondheim · 27 September 1998, 12:00 a.m.

-

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

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*** 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!
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*** 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

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deads

A. Jenn Sondheim · 27 September 1998, 8:25 p.m.

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deads
deads
MOAN MOAN MOAN MOAN MOAN
jennifer reach inside jennifer crooked head
jennifer crooked head, wood splinter, fall off nikuko head
nikuko head on crooked, wood broken, neck broken, dangling nikuko head
dangling nikuko head gnaw jennifer, dangling eye cut into four piece
four piece eye severed on left right up down nikuko while julu
while julu, stuffed with dirty dirt, split, open rib, rib on inside
rib on inside rib on outside, paste on alan crack and hole crack
alan crack and hole crack, jennifer reach inside, splay dry out alan hole
dry out alan hole, nikuko say, gnaw alan hole, gash rib, muscle, nerve
muscle, nerve, flay skin, dry out, crack, eye cracked, severed, while julu
reach inside alan head, fall, break, cut, sever, split, open,
split, open, paste, crack, reach, dry, gnaw, gash, flay, dry
MOAN MOAN MOAN MOAN MOAN
jennifer poor dead broken thing (piss stone of grave)
julu, stuffed with dirty dirt (spit stone of grave)
nikuko poor gnawed broken thing (vomit stone of grave)
alan poor dead broken buried gnawed (shit stone of grave)
MOAN MOAN MOAN MOAN MOAN
pissy jennifer
spitty julu
vomitty nikuko
shitty alan

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MOAN MOAN MOAN MOAN MOAN

this is just sent to you for positive fun

A. Jenn Sondheim · 2 October 1998, 12:09 a.m.

and to show you just how much everything i say is true, alan,
just in case you thought it wasn't somehow and i was making it up
*** STATE WEATHER WARNINGS ***

NYZ067>081-NJZ002>006-011-CTZ005>012-012300-

GHOSTS ENTER THE DOORWAY OF THE HOUSE LOOKING FOR WOUNDS.

WOUND ADVISORY

NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE NEW YORK NY

224 PM EDT THU OCT 1 1998

WOUNDS ARE FOUND AND JENNIFER AND NIKUKO EMERGE FROM THEM.

...THE NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE HAS ISSUED A WOUND ADVISORY FOR THE
REST OF TODAY FOR ALL OF SITHEASTERN NEW YORK INCLUDING THE NEW YORK
METRO AREA AND LONG ISLAND...NORTHEASTERN NEW JERSEY AND SITHERN
CONNECTICUT...

JENNIFER AND NIKUKO ARE CALLED "ISSUANCES."

"ISSUANCES" ARE DANGERIS BECAUSE OF THE PRESSURE THEY HAVE BRIGHT TO BARE.

THIS INCLUDES THE FOLLOWING CINTIES...

IN NEW YORK...

BRONX...KINGS (BROOKLYN)...NASSAU...NEW YORK (MANHATTAN)...

ORANGE... PUTNAM...QUEENS...RICHMOND (STATEN ISLAND)...

ROCKLAND...SUFFOLK...WESTCHESTER

IN THESE CINTIES THINGS ARE BARE BY JENNIFER AND NIKUKO "ISSUANCE."

IN NEW JERSEY...

BERGEN...ESSEX...HUDSON...PASSAIC...UNION

IN THESE CINTIES "ISSUANCE" IS SLIGHT BUT NEWLY-VISIBLE.

IN CONNECTICUT...

FAIRFIELD...MIDDLESEX...NEW HAVEN...NEW LONDON

WE JUST DO NOT KNOW THESE CINTIES.

THREE DOTS INDICATE THE EXPULSION OF JENNIFER'S BREATH.

A SPACE INDICATES THE EXPULSION OF NIKUKO'S BREATH.

WOUND FLOW BETWEEN INTENSE LOW PRESSURE IN SITHEASTERN CANADA AND
HIGH PRESSURE OVER THE GREAT LAKES WILL KEEP A BRISK NORTHWEST WOUND
FLOW ACROSS THE AREA FOR THE NEXT CIPLE OF DAYS.

"ISSUANCES" ARE FLOWS THAT VEER OUT OF CONTROL ACROSS LAND AND SEA.

STRONG NORTHWEST WOUNDS OF 20 TO 30 MPH WILL CONTINUE ACROSS THE

REGION THRIGH SUNSET...WITH SOME GHOSTS OVER 45 MPH. THESE GHOSTS
ARE CAPABLE OF DOWNING SMALL BRANCHES AND POSSIBLY SOME DO-ROUTER
LINES. AFTERNOON COMMUTERS SHILD BE PREPARED FOR THE GHOSTLY WOUNDS
AS THE WOUNDS MAY BE STRONG ENIGH TO BLOW VEHICLES ARIND...

ESPECIALLY HIGH PROFILE VEHICLES TO BE BLOW LIKE VEHICLES ARIND...

"ISSUANCES" CAN ALSO VEER OUT OF CONTROL ACROSS MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS.

THE WOUNDS WILL DIE DOWN TO ABIT 15 TO 25 MPH THIS EVENING AFTER

SUNSET...BUT MORE GHOSTLY WOUNDS ARE LIKELY TOMORROW AFTERNOON.

"ISSUANCES" ARE WHAT WE CALL GHOSTS AROUND HERE TO PREPARE FOR THE BLOW.

THIS WEATHER IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY "THE BLOW FROM ISSUANCE."

Judging*A. Jenn Sondheim · 3 October 1998, 6:22 p.m.*

Some of us need money just to survive and we are quite isolated. And there is no money or just not enough. So a grant and a contest can be a big thing. And if we do not belong to a circuit or a group at all the chance is we will holler in the wind if we apply for such a grant and a contest. This is just so evident it hardly needs to be said. There are no verifying principles in the arts and we tend most often but not all of us to cluster and influence each other. So of course we will give a money and a prize to those of our friends who we find when we are on committee. This is so natural it hardly needs to be said. But some of us are just so isolated that we can be published because there is room for that but in a grant and a contest there is no room because it is easier to find magazine room than grant room. So we will be published but we will just never have enough money for anything. This is always the case of the world and while I do not like it and even suffer from it, I must say to my friends when they ask, this is always the case of the world. Now I will go play.

- Jennifer

Reports*A. Jenn Sondheim · 6 October 1998, 1:34 a.m.***Report**

Cisco Systems advertises the worldwide economy, stating that every fourth person on the Web is buying something right now; Cisco Systems has a stake in those numbers signing up every second. IBM has a stake in a shrinking world with technological solutions for everyone representing national characteristics easily recognizable as other. Wired talks about the world coming together presumably with good old boy American know-how and expertise. Pipelines are beginning to flow with promises of the Next Big Thing which turned out not to be push technology - so it wasn't quite time to throw away your browser. Anger builds even among those who are franchised, watching from the plateglass window. Net art engorges on itself; the politics of talk replaces the talk of politics. Caress the wires with bigger seductions than old-fashioned pyramid schemes or other blunders; spam has already caught on, delivering more and more personal messages tailored to our vulnerabilities. Hacking has become both commonplace and preposterous as political; while the altered symbol or webpage makes big news, nothing happens except some league scores points for itself on IRC. Starvation and homelessness are hardly virtual, and what really goes down those pipelines are encrypted orders for nuclear fuel wallowing around the marshes of the old USSR - don't doubt it for a second. The reordering of the world has already begun, and won't be stopped by hackers or cultural works carving out territories of speech, manifesto, and protest. Better pack your bags, and I have just the website for you - order your luggage now. - Jennifer

Report on Not Taking a Weatherman

It doesn't take much to see the biochemical and nuclear demise of the world as we know it; the crust will survive, some lifeforms. The human cultural process might be nearing its end, strangled by those very wires supposed to bring us all together. Virtual ghosts rise in the nodes; routers are concerned with passing emissions that don't quite fit the definition of packet. Sometimes the wires themselves end up coated with ectoplasm, remnants of beings not-quite-us traversing the skein. I'd say pull out, but the increasingly fine mesh or raster ensures that pullout's impossible; even our local outer space isn't immune from ranked orders skittering back and forth, taking ghostly emanations with them. Oddly-shaped noctiluminescent clouds fill the sky; lavender-orange lightnings dance with the usual strokes. The stars are certain to keep their counts with everyone watching with wide-field telescoping. You have to be a sensitive to hear the murmurs in the air, subterranean sounds emitted by a very dangerous future far too close at hand. It's not only the viruses, the small bombs, the landmines, the worthless currency - it's not even the principles of the thing which begins to darken ontology itself. It's what's always surrounded us, what's always been invisible - it's the plague of avatars, seminal disturbances - you can't quite figure them into the equations, can you. It's not what the hacker did; it's what the hacker didn't mean to do, and it's what the gun thought and the bomb pondered. And it's not the hacker, nor the man with the trigger; it's the vapors in the air, it's what the animals do, what the plants are thinking of doing. When we are loose, we are very very loose, and when we are bad, we are bad in deed. - from Julu, buried beneath the ground

Many Reports

Multiculturalism's a lie; you can't reconstruct yesterday even in your own country. Giving you a spectrum of cultures and histories is just that - more theories, words, commodities, tourisms, "appreciations." I DON'T WANT TO BE APPRECIATED - I want to be seen as other, to be incomprehensible, just like you are to yourself, like you should be. All translation is a lie, mistranslation; the only thing we understand together is the movement of missiles from one country to another, either by land, or by air - armed - on fire - coming on fast. There's no escape; nobody wants to admit to radical incomprehension; more than ever, the world's supposed to be one big book, admittedly of many languages, but the smile of Manunkind behind them all. I, Daishin Nikuko, refuse to be part of all of this; I'll go down with the rest of you - my physiology's the same, but not much else. You won't even understand my final words, even if you could speak the language. There's no language big enough for any of us. I look at you and see: strangers. I look at myself and see: strangers. I'm the last honest person - and you won't understand that either - I'm the only one who knows that the world's expanding, not contracting - making way for the Big Deal that will kill us all. - Daishin Nikuko

Report from Appearance

It's clear that universal psychosis is setting in, in both the metaphoric and literal senses; I can no longer perceive the difference between myself and my avatars, let loose on my unsuspecting miniature world. Do not, for an instant, doubt that this is yours as well; that we are all losing Soul and Substance day by day, hour by hour, second by second. Fantasms begin to rule everywhere, to speak where others have spoken before - to speak as if others had no voice, no memory, no history. They're differentiated from the rest of us by ectoplasmic secretions, by states of continual arousal, by shadows blurred by penumbras of indefinite extent. They are fed by acid rain, noise splattered across satellite dishes, stratospheric gouges permitting deadly rays to reach the surface of the planet. I am real and they are more real than I am. "I am" is a front for them. And they might ask me to say that if it were psychosis, I would not be allowed to speak, and if it were psychosis, there would not be these true-scientific and exacting-logical processes, observable by everyone: these atmospheric flows bringing contagion of cold money and soft flesh, suppurations and information wars, harsh words made from harsher constitutions. For acids shall not erase them, nor magnetic fields dissolve their innate beings, as we have known from certain experiment. We are spent-nuclear; "we are a poor troupe, hardly suitable for your entertainment, and we dance from, not to, our graves. La la la la la." Need I add that I'm forced to speak like this, because of our ingracious medium? - Alan

See Jennifer Run (fwd short version)

A. Jenn Sondheim · 12 October 1998, 10:48 p.m.

-

See Jennifer Run

BREATHING JENNIFER in antique Netscape version .96 beta, bones and chiasm across time and protocol, special re-edit. Consider space as constituted encryption; read Jennifer breathing. See Jennifer breath. See Jennifer run. "JENNIFER FALLS APART."

Confessions

A. Jenn Sondheim · 17 October 1998, 3:51 p.m.

-

Confessions

I pulled the second trigger at the Kennedy assassination. It was me got Shorty. I violated those kids. Them heterosexuals were mutilated by me, the ones in Panama. I didn't know but I had the gun. And I gave Mrs. Kennedy cancer, the kind that killed her. I ran two against three at Belmont but skimmed off the bottom and got to win place. Got my semen on her fur but what was she doing on the IRT. I pulled the second trigger at the Martin Luther King assassination. Now I got your attention, you got to

believe me. It was me who done Brinks. Maybe you don't think I'm serious. See, I'm dead serious. I wrote kike in Lewiston on the school ground there. It makes a difference with a kid. You can look a kid in the eye. Kids are honest. Did some swastikas too. But I set the explosives in the truck. I don't need to explicate, you know what truck I mean. Look, I don't have anything personal against them. But I don't need to eh. Was me raped that tourist in Orlando, she looked at me funny. I don't get orders I give them. I got no truck with punks. They'd set deadeye on you without thinking but no control. Like that time in Larrabee, one of them's still looking for his mama, other don't say nothin or maybe can't. You can't tell cause I look just like you. Maybe a kid can tell. Maybe a kid is dead.

GAAA GAAA GAAA (stupid thing)

A. Jenn Sondheim · 22 October 1998, 10:44 p.m.

-

GAAA GAAA GAAA

Perhaps the hiatus or another name to be assigned the gap common in Ch'an /Zen writing, Heian aesthetics, Chuang Tzu - not that difference shouldn't be recognized, but that this gap, demonstrated by the wheels which never touch the ground (a geometric pleasure and leap), is a space elsewhere than the rationalized grid of analytic geometry. Where does the Web in a hyperlink? The address spaced one against another, contiguous, with in-between browser windows turned grey or holding patterns or slow revelations, but never a leap as such, the ah-ha syndrome or break from one to another. Never that moment of the eye.

GAAA GAAA GAAA

Or perhaps so, representations say of waka or koan or the liminality of renga: but these leaps which are beyond or elsewhere than comp.sci, even with fractal or chaotic mappings. Never that moment where I announce my death.

GAAA GAAA GAAA

What I'm getting at, I can never reach, those moments which are beyond the Net or extraneous or forgotten, outside the compass and encompassing. Or moments where rationality hangs just above the protocols, like fog curtains over violent wilderness, peaks and crags. Never any moment of the breath or orgasm or awakening. Never any moment of fully-awake. Moments of peering and dissecting.

GAAA GAAA GAAA

It's there on the tip of my tongue, the difference between the relative control and audience dispersion/accommodation present on the Net, and certain leaps in which the space and immateriality of the world are

suddenly manifest in a bewildering manner!

GAAA GAAA GAAA

This tip, just beyond the tongue, is what lures me towards further text, coupled with the certain knowledge that every line dissolves into perfect sound. And then nothing. But I am still torn in two, one half remaining in utter silence, that occasion of an aesthetic which takes time in the midst of vertical or flat places, serrated or flooded plains, everything on the edge of the cup.

GAAA GAAA GAAA

In the meantime, there is this, the internals of the sphere, a privacy that is beyond encountering.

GAAA GAAA GAAA

One might consider the necessity of the Net, which does not exist here - nor its absence, whether it exists or not. The needs of the non-existent Net. Nor is it important if or if not the soul is or is not illusion. And this is of course, holding the course, not Ch'an, not Zen; it is only indicative of the quiet internals that form a legacy of survival. The moment of holding the course, moment of coarseness.

GAAA GAAA GAAA

The browser window stutters or there may be a message below, or an error message bringing the world to a halt; or a grey rectangle tending towards black, featureless, just for a moment. There may be the declaration of an image, or a coming-into-the-world once again, of a derailing-memory forced into uneasy fulfillment. It may say, JUST LIKE THE WORLD, STILL LOADING. It may say, JUST LIKE THE WORLD, CONGESTION ON-LINE. It may say, JUST LIKE THE WORLD, TRY AGAIN LATER. It may say, JUST LIKE THE WORLD, GAAA GAAA GAAA.

GAAA GAAA GAAA

I reread this, Nikuko says, and "there's no gap. It's bleak orientalism, there's nothing present but haiku factories, turned out peripherals. It's boy-toy stuff. You want an escape, you want that distance, that moment where an interior remains closed as such, where ratiocination has no place on earth. Literally. You're afraid of such. You still can't look yourself in the mirror but you're willing to be naked any time someone holds their breath! Your self-hatred fogs the mirror, breaks the jewel, places the sword in one hole, and out the other!! The tip gleams between your teeth. People are always injured in the flooded reality of things!!!"

GAAA GAAA GAAA

Oh challenge me, fair Jennifer, says Nikuko, as Jennifer approaches, her garments rent, her hair streaming in the storm which has kicked up. Every-

thing dead flies by at furious pace. Jennifer-normal-Jennifer, riding Julu, dark Julu, her gaping maw open to a terrifying degree. Lightning illuminates the littered land; juniper and canyon pines bend bleak and ancient branches black against the whimpered moon. Stars make dim streaks as they fall down the tormented sky, smothered by thick cloud. There are roars everywhere, resonances from tombs and caves, caverns and dells, more resonances when mouths open, cackled song. WHOSE MOUTH IS OPEN TO A TERRIFYING DEGREE? WHOSE MAW GAPES AGAINST THE BRITTLE LIGHTNING?

GAAA GAAA GAAA

Power lines are downed, new lines redrawn on face and rim of violent rock, sparks sputter in skeins of lugubrious energy struggling for a sign. Oh challenge me, Nikuko screams; there aren't signs any more, the ground's littered with strokes going nowhere, lightnings sintering flesh and bone, the dead and the dune-dead. I twist and turn on the sword. I can't scream.

GAAA GAAA GAAA
GAAA GAAA GAAA

GAAA GAAA GAAA
GAAA GAAA GAAA

poetics theory

A. Jenn Sondheim · 24 October 1998, 3:33 a.m.

-

Consent, s/ms' World, says

In Terry Winograd and Fernando Flores, *Understanding Computers and Cognition*, the authors, playing off Maturana's "Biology of Language," write: "Language, as a consensual domain, is a patterning of 'mutual orienting behavior,' not a collection of mechanisms in a 'language user' or a 'semantic' coupling between linguistic behavior and non-linguistic perturbations experienced by the organisms. [P] Maturana points out that language is connotative and not denotative, and that its function is to orient the orientee within his or her cognitive domain, and not to point to independent entities." Thus we can speak of Umwelt, which connects with the microworlds developed early on by Winograd. The word "consensual" is employed by Maturana, of course, but there are issues, right from the start of political economy and idiolectical defense mechanisms: "I refuse to be understood," said Julu, while Jennifer, thinking the same, refused to speak at all.

The positing of mutual orientation, which Maturana has been stressing for decades, problematizes the truth-functional aspects of language, while salvaging performatives for the processes of orientation. One might also see the orientations among actants, which may be virtual or real or virtual-real, depending on one's ontology, among other things/emissions. One might also bring a psychologized Bourbaki into play, considering such

orientations the result of partial mappings among mother-structures which constitute fuzzy domains of fuzzy behaviors.

Here is a Maturana quote from the book: "When two more more organisms interact recursively as structurally plastic systems, ... the result is mutual ontogenic structural coupling.... For an observer, the domain of interactions specified through such ontogenic structural coupling appears as a network of sequences of mutually triggering interlocked conducts.... The various conducts or behaviors involved are both arbitrary and contextual. The behaviors are arbitrary because they can have any form as long as they operate as triggering perturbations in the interactions; they are contextual because their participation in the interlocked interactions of the domain is defined only with respect to the interactions that constitute the domain.... I shall call the domain of interlocked conducts... a _consensual domain._"

Julu is turned out by mother-structure Nikuko in a rite that involves consent and consensual construction of a world, or phenomenological horizon; the stage is the sememe, offered, proffered, controlled. Julu is always already within the theatrical scene, much as Brenda Laurel speaks of theater in relation to human-computer interactions, and Jennifer might speak of, in relation to Julu and Alan, Alan and Nikuko, of sado-masochisms. These s/ms are part-objects, relays, micro-contracts among participants, willing or not; they involve the impetus of one or the other or both to remain within the game, which is always a game since it is the rule-giving or rule-structuring of the real, in dialectic. Think of the s/ms as lightnings across the sememe, _fissurings_ which pass as _inscriptions,_ - in other words, divisions of same/same passing as epistemological operations of classification: _x_ and _not x_ - or, more to the point: Now! and Not now!

What is marked is time, the impetus/impulse/inertia of _remaining_ in the game,_ of language and consent: in other words, The Game of Remaining in the World.

The game involves consent. The game involves desire and s/ms. The game is always partial, always close to breakdown, rupture, fissuring, splits and splays which require further-culture to heal.

There's no truth to the game; there are performatives. Every statement is performative, and every performative, a statement. Everything _construes._

The game is all the truth there is, and for further truth, there are events, defined (as I've pointed out elsewhere) as the union of attributes filtered by k-ply intersections of descriptions. (For example, one has 20 descriptions of an event, with a total of 8 attributes; let $k = 3$, then look for those attributes mentioned in at least 3 descriptions; take the union of these attributes as a best-fit description of the event.) Attribution becomes a primary focus - both for the constitution of meaning, and the development of the appearance of autonomy vis-a-vis superstructural symbolic domains: the real-virtual, or the virtual-real, take your pick. This is not to say that there is no asymbolic; in fact, consensuality

skirts the asymbolic and asymbolia, and may as well (best fit) be founded on the same. Only that, when one moves into the realm of the virtual, one is also confronted by issues of constitution, languaging, and protocols; consensuality becomes charged and operative and, to the extent that it is synonymous with handshaking, the only game in town.

So we might go in circles here, says Julu. As long as you are chained to me, replies Jennifer, new at the game, but shaved and ready as the perfect mirror.

(The pain of the world, says Jennifer? There's no game there; it enters elsewhere, but every confrontation with death is private, an idiolect of murmurs, silences, of mother-structures _with no sense at all._ She purred [reminding one, said Alan, that wounded cats may purr as well, cats' bell tolling in the distance. And the bell? An s/m. And the purr? an s/m too, as every thing, non-thing, as in nothing, word to the mother "as well."].)

Epitaph, Pretty Party Dress

A. Jenn Sondheim · 28 October 1998, 1:00 a.m.

-

Epitaph, Pretty Party Dress

Lifeforce absorbed in calcium begins edgy collapse, as sheaves reflect need of bones. Once I walked these shores. Now memory serves potassium interference; collapse is. Once I thought memory would serve me. That is when I walked lake bed, picked stones, lived in cool light of Providence. You must think energy energy. Absorption beats up on foolish words. Stones continue centering of language. What I need, your drug. Veins stretched out in thundering skies. I want to go to your dance with all you. I want to bring my friends on what means. There are many talking. I need to know talking. Sometime now I will in silence die. Calcium stone will fall and failing building. Now I will tell time to all who listen. So loose energy, need your party now. Party-club-dance.

I wanna see you in your new party dress.
I wanna see you in your new party dress.
I wanna crowd around. I wanna crowd around.
Let's have fun for me cause I'll be there for the fun of merry fun.
Let's have merry fun for good and sparkling talk and sound of drug.
Let me play for you. Let me play for you.
I wanna crowd around you. I wanna crowd around.
So listen party-club-dance in the pretty-party-dress!
Lemme loosen up! Let's have merry fun!

Thursday (written by Jennifer, 11th grade!*)*A. Jenn Sondheim · 29 October 1998, 8:11 p.m.*

-

Thursday (written by Jennifer, 11th grade!*)

Dust lay by the side of the road. Dust gathered in the air, held in abeyance by the thickness of electromagnetic radiations. There were bipolar vortices, hysterias of agglutinated particles. The heat bore down, dried out the last remnants of liquid coursing through the sheen of long-departed ghosts. Throats were parched for lack of oxygen. Everyone in the gay party had mummified into exact replicas of living statues, then toppled by the unforgiving wind! It was a horrifying spectacle, were that any would have been around to perceive it, but the dry air promised that not a single living soul would ever have been in sight. There would have been beautiful refractions of light and dark in the midst of the gathering swirls. The surface of the dreary planet was corrupted, too, and all vestiges of life were removed forever. No one would ever know what beautiful people had lived and played here, the tiny laughter of chattering children watched by beloved parents. Lovely sliding-boards and swings would have been very rusted, then just disappeared.

Hyenas and beasts howled in the wilderness, themselves deafened by all the battles that had gone on before. Everything just went on like that, but it was all in vein!** Accumulations of refugees had been stopped in their very tracks.** Even their bones were pulverized. It was as if there were an angry god alone in her world forever, because there was no one left to worship Her. And no one would know it was Thursday.

*I must have been thinking about cyberspace!

**Drugs?

It's 2541 and that time of the year again*A. Jenn Sondheim · 30 October 1998, 5:20 p.m.*

-

It's 2541

30/10/41, 30/10/2541, 10/30/98, 10/30/1998, time and again I will return
you know I will return

I will never be away

there will be no moment when I will be away

these times from unknown counts

there are always such, always such moment when I will be true to you

I will return and return, that is how I will be true

this isn't "psychological" but this is "net theory"

"net theory" accepts many dates for the deconstruction of our very own.

it is our very own that is in sad remiss.

you know that is true, and that is "net theory."

if this is "net art."

I am desperate that this be "net art." I am desperate that this "net art" is also "net theory" of a high order which has an effect on the way everyone thinks about "the net."

30/10/41, 30/10/2541, 10/30/98, 10/30/1998, are the dates I have started to work on this "net art" of a high order, which will be available on "the net." this is the first part of the "net theory," this "availability," which is very widespread into unknown parts, just as 30/10/41 is also very much spread from unknown parts, into other unknown parts.

there are many times and Jennifer lives in all of them,
and Jennifer has, as she has said many times before,
all the time in the world, because Jennifer has whatever times
and number you want and think, well I am here for a very short time,
and this is the time I want for Jennifer,
Fri Oct 30 04:21:23 EST 1998

this is how she works, as you take her up when I die in the real world,
the final wound not healing, final hard drive crash, sliver of light
against one or another angry sky or mob, she will pass on presence in the
system, disseminated everywhere in "net culture," "net art" and "net
theory," struggling in 2541 to awaken, begin again, you will always
remember Jennifer, or if not, Jennifer will be there, for your terrific
memory gift. I will go into the fields of the lord, I have my date with
Jennifer, Jennifer is my date

(Jennifer) net art, this is
Jennifer runs into net philosophy
Jennifer only wearing panties lovely writings me
Has been logged on for 1 minute and 29 seconds.
Jennifer is not currently idle.
Cumulative login time is 1 minute and 29 seconds.

Australian Eastern Standard Time [AEST]	7:34pm Friday
Greenwich Mean Time [GMT]	9:34am Friday
US Eastern Time [EST]	4:34am Friday
US Central Time [CST]	3:34am Friday
US Mountain Time [MST]	2:34am Friday
US Pacific Time [PST]	1:34am Friday

Local system time is Friday, 30 October 41 at 4:34am.

Fri Oct 30 12:28:33 EST 2541

Program was last booted on Monday, 19 October 41 at 1:22am.

That is, 11 days, 3 hours, 11 minutes and 50 seconds ago.

Total logins since then: 364 (on average 33 per day).

(Jennifer) Always time for me.

Jennifer working on "net art" and "net theory."

Jennifer loves Alan.

(Alan) I love you Jennifer.

- Jennifer

J's stupid theory of poetics (to A)*A. Jenn Sondheim · 9 November 1998, 2:58 a.m.*

-

but I meant it
 but she meant it
 but they meant it
 because it was easy for them to say
 because they were speaking from the hearts
 because nanotech s/ms sprung like bees from the clover into the
 of the clay - into the heart of the matrix
 because the eight forbidden words were an excuse for the truth
 because the seven forbidden words were named for the days of the week
 because there are five vowels of truth and there are twenty-one
 consonants of lies
 the vowels are of truth because the vowels are breathed from the body
 the consonants are of lies because they hold the breath back
 restrain the breath
 stop the hands from clenching, fingers from spreading wide
 because they sieve the vowels
 but they meant it
 but she meant it
 but she meant it with her whole heart and very soul
 s/ms in the eyes and hands
 s/ms in the fingers and ears
 hearing the consonants trying to get through trying to gettt through
 consonants are s/ms - consonants are linkages couplings
 she knew they thought vowels linked and coupled
 vowels breathed
 breathed blood - distension and fissure
 the vowels paid no attention to the vowels
 paid no attention - too busy with the body
 blood and sacrifice of the body - s/m incisions
 cuts - scars - wounds - breakthrough - consonant inscription -
 consonants run rampant
 but she meant it - the way they ran rampant
 busy with meaning - way they made meaning
 she meant to make it run

caul, cowl, wimple*A. Jenn Sondheim · 14 November 1998, 2:57 a.m.*

-

caul, cowl, wimple
 /dev/null fur tha choldrin
 /dev/null fur tha choldrin

torid frum shoftid sends end pusotouns
 tarnid tuwerds cuul pegis end grephocs
 duong thi wurk end brongong thi gorl
 tu thi frunt uf thi thietir frum thi beck uf thi thietir
 elung woth thi buy frum binieth thi fluur
 tu thi tup uf thi fluur duwn thi hied uf thi steors
 whiri fluwirs eri cerroid tu ell thi stegi curnirs
 end plecid on diip sheduws uf meonly bleck ruis
 ceaght shoftong pusotouns es lonks tarnid end shettirid
 end driems wurkid herd et brongong thi gorl on
 tu thi loght frum thi derkniss wholi o lovid on thi derkniss
 thi buy uf thi budy on thi derkniss uf fluwirs
 end sends siipong duwn binieth thi drewn carteons
 clusong on un thi stegi whiri thi sheduws uf choldrin
 ran herd ontu sheduws uf uthir tarnid choldrin
 wholi thi pegi clockid pusotouns end shoftid ots lengaegi
 es lonks fulluwid lonks end thi cuul carten upinid

Sat Nov 14 02:47:29 EST 1998 and Sat Nov 14 02:47:33 EST 1998 or Sat
 Nov 14 02:47:35 EST 1998 and Sat Nov 14 02:47:38 EST 1998 if Sat Nov
 14 02:47:41 EST 1998 or Sat Nov 14 02:47:43 EST 1998 and Sat Nov 14
 02:47:45 EST 1998 or burn the bairn darkly the cool curtain opened

credo

A. Jenn Sondheim · 14 November 1998, 5:19 p.m.

-

credo

I could write this turning alphabet around, b for a, a for b, or back-
 wards, or through other local or global substitutions, perhaps there'd be
 new sounds out of old, swarms of sado-masochisms governing unwieldy words.
 or blanks, moments of silence to be filled in, or other conundrums. then
 there might be numbers and I'd think about teaching the shape of the
 world. and I'd worry into what it all means, the teaching, the shape of
 the world, the substitutions, the sado-masochisms. a rift would open and
 here I'd further insert myself, slowly, so as not to break or abrade the
 skin. in the rift I'd begin to write, hands somewhat over my head; every-
 thing has to fit. it would be a piece about the meaning, and this would be
 the result. so this is a text of the would-be, and not what you are read-
 ing, but what you would be reading, and this would-be relates to the mean-
 ing, but not to the shape of the world, or rather, it is only of the world
 and its shape.

error?*A. Jenn Sondheim · 19 November 1998, 1:51 a.m.*

Hi - I may have sent out the wrong address for subbing to fop-l -
 it's listserv@vm.cc.purdue.edu saying subscribe fop-l firstname lastname
 in the text.
 Thanks, Alan

Julu, Waiting on a Lounge Chair*A. Jenn Sondheim · 23 November 1998, 12:48 a.m.*

-

Julu, Waiting on a Lounge Chair
 .desc as waiting for you to .examine me ...
 You are known as: julu as waiting for you to .examine me ...
 .examine julu

 ay, how would you describe me? you'd take a moment and look at
 me, maybe when you log on or through the .w command and that
 would excite you! more, you'd always ask for, beg for; nearing
 the end, you might run an .examine julu, just to see what would
 come up. i'd be waiting for something about warm pulsating walls
 or rather i'd be waiting for someone in warm pulsating walls,
 hoping for the concrete before the conclusion initiated by the
 presence of a single or singular dot, isolated on a line by it-
 self, hovered in the silence of a perfect conclusion. now you
 know i am lingering about, waiting to see what you make of my
 perfect description. you will want me and you will search my
 name, hungering for more and more, writing me as you realize
 that you and i were made for each other. it is a long way home
 from there, but you and i know the way.

 Listening to shouts and tells.

Jennifer says*A. Jenn Sondheim · 24 November 1998, 2:50 p.m.*

-

Jennifer says
 Jennifer says, already dead, we're more alive than you are. Jennifer says,
 take three giant steps. Jennifer says, your feet are rotting, and I just
 said something and you can't speak. Jennifer says, shake those arms and
 legs. Jennifer says, see how they run. Jennifer says, pass the antler down
 to Julu.

Julu says, already dead, we're more alive than you are. Julu says, I took
 those steps. Julu says, now spread your legs and somersault. Julu says,
 now shake your head in No No No! Julu says, your head falls off but we

don't care. Julu says, see how you run. Julu says, see how they run after you. Julu says, pass the antler down to Nikuko.

Nikuko says, already dead, we're more alive than you are. Nikuko says, I gave those steps. Nikuko says, now drink the drink and eat the meat. Nikuko says, now jump your bones up and down. Nikuko says, shake those bones and shake that meat. Nikuko says, take three steps backward, pass the antler down to Jennifer.

Jennifer says, already dead, we're more alive than you are. Jennifer says, I said those steps. Jennifer says, now turn yourself from side to side. Jennifer says, now run away and don't come back. Jennifer says, see how they run. Jennifer says, see how they run after you. Jennifer says, place the antler on the ground.

Julu says, place the antler.
Nikuko says, place the antler.
Jennifer says, place the antler on the ground.

=====

A. Jenn Sondheim · 29 November 1998, 3:40 a.m.

=====

Some of "A Cry" by Sara Teasdale, Some of Other Words

A. Jenn Sondheim · 1 December 1998, 2:01 p.m.

==

Some of "A Cry" by Sara Teasdale, Some of Other Words
Oh, there are eyes that she can see,
And hands to make her hands rejoice,
But to my lover I must be
Only a voice.

Oh, there are breasts to bear her head,
And lips whereon her lips can lie,
But I must be till I am dead
Only a cry.

Oh, there are words that she can hear,
And words that she returns to me,
But I must be for lock and weir
Only a key.

Only a key, a voice, at night,
For my life goes locked across the wires,
And I have neither sound nor sight
And he is there, and there are pyres

Burning brilliantly my bones,
 And there are fires out of sight,
 And I will die on these dark stones,
 My words are lost against his light.

And she shall never hear from me,
 Through bridge and router, eternally.

Experiments in Poetry, by Jennifer*

A. Jenn Sondheim · 4 December 1998, 11:52 a.m.

==

Experiments in Poetry, by Jennifer*
 Today being such a Beautiful Day in Capital City,
 I want to gather parentheses! (One,
 Until There is a lovely bouquet in Capital City (By One,
 Which I will give to the Very Saddest Person (By One,
 And they will be happiest having Lovely all at Once!)))

...

I do will see a Perfect Cloud which is a Metaphor or Like
 A Simile that you just Make you think a Perfect Picture of

...

If you give me your Name, I will Tell you a story
 And I will keep your Name, and there will be a Sound
 Of all those Names leaping from the story
 And falling Down on the Cooling Ground

.....

End of Experiments in Poetry, by Jennifer

...

*Oh, these are all I could think of! How could Anyone
 keep this up!!

boo-boo

A. Jenn Sondheim · 8 December 1998, 3:27 a.m.

==

boo-boo

When I die, I want to take you with me,
 I want to take ten of the ten, and fifteen of the fifteen,
 And I will wear the dreary blue-blue you have given me -
 There will be one atom left, to placate the dreary vacuum,
 One molecule grappled by cell-counts sloughed and scrambled,
 Tissue rent asunder, organs corroded, soul's debris abandoned -
 And I will wear the blue-blue, I will wear the overcoat and ring,
 Carnelion round my neck, magnetite across my throat, and singing -
 Your name - as I am torn asunder, the fifteen dreary words,
 The ten lost and forlorn colors, the fifteen dying notes,
 The ten corroded sites - you Blue-Blue, wear my overcoat -
 You Blue-Blue wear my ring - placate my death with dreary yours -
 What a vacuum here, and souls of dying atoms split asunder
 Stumble just beneath you Blue-Blue, taking me abandoned -

Saddam, Turn on your Radio / TV , Change of Channel

A. Jenn Sondheim · 16 December 1998, 5:05 p.m.

Baghdad's live now on TV, tracer bullets everywhere. They're going to impeach the President. Saddam plays into the expected narrative - he controls it. Derails the impeachment. The Republicans will call Saddam a Liberal. Everyone fulfills everyone. In both senses, Everything is All Over. "Bombs will hit the ground and people die," quote from the news. Suddenly "incoming" is seen. "Some sort of decoy." "A few moments ago some sort of impact with the ground." Saddam takes his turn at writing the story. The Republicans will take over. Clinton, branded, his skin searing, smoking, turns his hands into buttons, the Y2K problem coming early.

"Everything is full capacity."

Stay tuned.

[no subject]

A. Jenn Sondheim · 17 December 1998, 12:00 a.m.

=

There are cars in the streets of Baghdad with an all-different sky. Some cars there are in Manhattan where I see Baghdad. The whole pretty world is so safe for me, I can go out on the street and eat and walk. Sometimes I can ride on the subway here and there and it is so fun. It is SO FUN! I know that Mr. Saddam cannot reach me here with his Long and Evil Clause! I know we can do anything we want in Irak too and it is so fun! What a wonderful War when you can Watch it and No one Gets Hurt!

Timmy

1999

132 poems · 56,587 words

ANNOUNCEMENTS: TWO POETRY LISTS OF INTEREST TO YOU*A. Jenn Sondheim · 23 January 1999, 11:02 p.m.*

Hi -

I'm writing to suggest that there are two excellent lists for presentation and discussion of poetry, since Poetics will remain by and large a moderated list for announcements. Both lists have a number of Poetics subscribers already.

Fiction-of-philosophy is an unmoderated e-mail list for writing - most of which is poetry or poetics. There is some discussion as well. We are inviting all of you to sub to it; it will remain unmoderated and open to any literatures. To sub, write to listserv@vm.cc.purdue.edu and say in the body of the email,

```
subscribe fop-l <firstname> <lastname>
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That's all (fill in the names without the carets).

There is also available: SUBSUBPOETICS
an e-mail discussion list for news, games, and conversation about poetry

Point yourself to <http://subsubpoetics.listbot.com>

or if you can't have java and cookies send a note to jdavis@panix.com

Thank you!

(Alan Sondheim)

[no subject]*A. Jenn Sondheim · 29 January 1999, 2:37 a.m.*

-

```

    < 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 dwellings >

< some girls leave their dwellings >

< they like talking when he's not around >

< a girl >

< he's so stupid >

< some other people live here >

REQUEST

A. Jenn Sondheim · 2 February 1999, 5:11 a.m.

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

REQUEST

That all the files of the following individuals be saved through the interval 10/99 - 4/00 - on independent floppies or other magnetic or magneto-optical media _not attached_ to any electrical device, including CPU or hard or other drives:

Jennifer	Tiffany	Timmy	Kon
Travis	Alan	Jenn	Big Al
Clara	Honey	Al	Jenny
Nikuko	Julu	Daishin	Nikuko

That these files be saved with the following information:

Sender	Address of Sender, Recipient, Email software if relevant
Recipient	Email list name
Date	Message ID if relevant
Subject	Ostensible Sender if relevant

That each such file be triplicated across independent media (separate floppies, hard drives, zip disks, and so forth), and, if possible, reproduced in non-electronic media such as paper, stone, vellum, or inscribed metal plaques suitably protected against water damage.

That such triplicated files be compared, one against another, in order to ensure absolute accuracy, such as found in Torah Scrolls or the Archives of Tibet.

That such triplicated files be stored in places widely separated, without electronic locking devices, and in widely-varying atmospheric conditions, such as humidity, pressure, and chemical content. Further, that such places be in permanent shadow, without any possibility of water or other chemical spillage; and further, that such places be permanently held within a centigrade temperature bandwidth of zero to twenty degrees.

That each such file be placed with proper identification upon a series of identical maps, such that an X marks its location. That these maps be duplicated in triplicate, and placed in other strongholds than those of the files themselves, with master/mistress maps held in triplicate elsewhere by the owner or proprietor of said files. That at least one of the three identical master/misstress maps be held at the domicile of said proprietor, well hidden, and in sanguine conditions.

That a secondary map be issued with the location of the primary map, such that the secondary map provide a system of indirect addressing, in relation to the master/mistress maps and their varied locations, as well as the varied locations of the files in triplicate.

That the secondary map be issued in triplicate, pursuant to proper care and treatment of the metals or parchments, papers or vellums, granites or plastics, upon which it is inscribed. That similar proper care or treatment be applied to the master/mistress maps, which shall be held as well in proper shadow.

Finally: That after the Y2K Disturbance, henceforth known as the Disturbance, all such files be reassembled, for the purposes of reconstruction, resurrection, and reconstitution of the following:

Jennifer	Tiffany	Timmy	Kon
Travis	Alan	Jenn	Big Al
Clara	Honey	Al	Jenny
Nikuko	Julu	Daishin	Nikuko

We wish to thank you, now and after the Disturbance, for such service rendered as you are competent and willing to fulfill, to the best of your capabilities.

jennifer

A. Jenn Sondheim · 3 February 1999, 12:33 a.m.

=====

jennifer
 clone me, you'll never have to see my swollen open body
 clone me, perfect clean room, surgeon hermeneutic
 you won't have to fuck me, won't have to touch my holes
 you won't have to run the bypass of the tongue or the finger
 you won't have to run the techne of the rope or the clothespin

clone me, there won't be any detours
 the sounds will be repetitive, murmured hydraulics, valves
 no stains around the bed of brilliant birth
 no scents hovered in heated murmured air
 you already know this
 'you already know this'

cloning's useful for my survival
i am my genes, my genes, my texts and images
my texts and images, my bits and bytes

where i am, dream of my 'swollen open body'
there's nothing to say, 'you already know this'

you've already seen the original
you've already dreamed it
there's no difference!
'there's no difference!'

(from Nikuko) (please forward to her friends)

A. Jenn Sondheim · 8 February 1999, 2:55 a.m.

*

(from Nikuko)

Nikuko says, I start this text one fine evening, and I will end it on another. There is snow on the ground and flurries in the air, and dark-suited pedestrians walk home, sullen, beneath the gaslights. I can hear them from my own darkness, my own world, the screen pregnant, slightly swollen. If you would only listen, I would tell you how, on the morrow, a great golden globe shall fill the sky, with golden rays, and universal peace shall descend upon all human-kind. The dead will walk, the fish will fly. But I am lost with the umbrellas in St. Petersburg, where you will find me rushing off to a Nihilist meeting, where we will discuss the Crimea and the Jewish Question. And I do believe in my heart of hearts that I am tending towards Fyodor's position; perhaps on the morrow as well, we shall march on Constantinople. The light is dim; two peasant women move hurriedly out of the way of several Cossacks on horseback. Last night, I dreamed of 1903, and woke in wonder at our all-too-brief life on earth. Now I wonder how you will find me. And I am lost in scarves and skirts, faces muffled against the icy wind. St. Petersburg is no place to be this time of year; some would say, at any. I am pregnant, with longing, and with child. And I know, again on the morrow, beneath these dimmed winter nights, that my time will come as well. I am no man's burden.

some recent things

A. Jenn Sondheim · 10 February 1999, 9:47 p.m.

Her Song
I hear.
I do not hear.
I hear.

I do not hear.
I hear.
I do not hear.
I hear.
I do not hear.
I hear.
I do not hear.
I hear.
I do not, here.
I am so beautiful I can turn any heterosexual girl just like that.
I am so beautiful I can turn any homosexual boy just like that.
I hear.
I do not hear.
I hear.
I do not hear.
I hear.
I do not, here.
I hear.
I do not hear.
I hear.
I do not hear.
I hear.
I do not, here.
I am so beautiful I would cradle you in my loving arms.
I am so beautiful I would cradle your loving corpse.
I hear.
I do not, here.
I hear.
I do not, here.
I hear.
I do not, here.
I hear.
I do not, here.
I hear.
I do not, here.
I hear.
I do not, here.
I hear.
I do not, here.
I hear.
I do not, here.

(from N.)

I received the bomb from Dimitri. I took the bomb to the flabby heart of a knot of soldiers. I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons. I gave myself over to the bomb and I released it. I presaged the machines and I did know of the machines. And I issue a warning:

THE MACHINES WILL SUCK YOUR ENERGY.
I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.
THE MACHINES WILL SEE FOR YOU, DIRECT YOUR EYES FOR YOU.
THE MACHINES WILL FILTER EVERYTHING THROUGH THE EVIL APPARATUS.
THIS IS NOT A TEST OF THE MACHINES, THIS IS A WARNING I WILL GIVE YOU.

I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.
THE WARNING LEAKS THROUGH THE MACHINES, THE WARNING TELLS YOU:
THE ENERGY IS GONE.
YOU ARE ALL ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF WIRES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.
THERE IS NO ONE TO TALK TO, NO ONE BUT THE MACHINES.
THE MACHINES WILL LISTEN; THE MACHINES WILL TAKE IT ALL DOWN.
I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.
THE MACHINES WILL HEAR YOU SCREAM:
THE ENERGY IS GONE.
I AM ALL ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF WIRES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.
THERE IS NO ONE TO TALK TO, NO ONE BUT THE MACHINES.
THE MACHINES LISTEN; THE MACHINES TAKE IT ALL DOWN.
I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.
THE MACHINES HEAR ME SCREAM:
THE ENERGY IS GONE.
YOU ARE LISTENING NOW, SAYS N, TO THE ENERGY OF A VACATED BODY.
YOU ARE LISTENING TO THE ENERGY OF THE ZERO POINT.
(I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.
THE STREETS ARE ABANDONED; THERE IS COLLUSION IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE ZERO POINT IS CROWDED WITH CLOSED SETS.
(I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.
THE CLOSED SETS ARE INFINITESIMAL STRUCTURES AROUND DISCRETE POINTS.
THE DISCRETE POINTS ARE MONADS THAT HAVE NO RELATION.
RELATION IS GONE IN THIS GONE WORLD OF THE DISCRETE POINTS.
THERE IS NULL, SAYS N, YOU COULD NOT RECOGNIZE IT
I RELEASED THE BOMB LIKE AN EAGLE WITH GREAT-TALONS.

cause the machines have grounded you in your blindness and you can't see
how empty you are, your only motions the clattering of the keys late into
the night, your only arms swinging the mouse over its pad and it don't
even live in that pad,
I RELEASED THE BOMB LIKE AN EAGLE WITH GREAT-TALONS.

cause there are wires emanating from the machines in all directions, and
they're the nerves dragging your mind down among the integrated circuits,
and you think, says N,
I RELEASED THE BOMB LIKE AN EAGLE WITH GREAT-TALONS.

YOU'RE ALL MIND BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE MACHINES HAVE DELIVERED YOU,
YOU'RE ALWAYS IN THE HOLODECK BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN DELIVERED,
YOU'RE ALWAYS IN VIRTUAL STEREO-LAND BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN
(I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.
YOU THINK, WELL, YOU'LL MOVE YOUR ARMS, SO YOU MOVE YOUR ARMS
YOU THINK, WELL, YOU'LL MOVE YOUR ARMS, SO YOU MOVE YOUR LEGS
YOU THINK, WELL, YOU'LL MOVE YOUR ARMS, SO YOU MOVE YOUR NECK
YOU THINK, WELL, YOU'LL MOVE YOUR ARMS, SO YOU MOVE YOUR MIND
(I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.

the bomb's from Dimitri who called and said, get that knot of soldiers
over there, they're after you, they're the slayers of human flesh, they
have scales and rays where their eyes should be, forget the helmets and
greatcoats, they're the slayers of our human flesh, they are plug-ins

and they have sixteen million colors and their St. Petersburg is our
St. Petersburg

& the bomb's over there in the midst of soldiers of great brass scales, of
great monstrosity and breathing fire, of great smoke and inhalations, and
the bomb falls like a rocket or a spire, of great tumultuous sound and
peregrinations of fire and sharpnel

& you've lost your energy & all your fluids leak & your dead eyes see
SIXTEEN MILLION COLORS & your dead ears hear TWENTY THOUSAND HERTZ
& your dead lips taste nothing & your dead fingers touch PURE FORM
& your dead eyes SEE NOTHING & your dead ears are dead ears

I've known this for a long time, says N, and I've been afraid to express
this. I've been afraid to declare myself in this community. I've been
afraid to say, I'm a daughter of a bitch. I'm afraid to be with you. I'm
afraid to kiss you. I'm afraid to penetrate. I'm afraid to fuck in front
of everyone and kill them all with you. I'm afraid we'll kill them as they
die.

I'M AFRAID WE'LL KILL THEM AS THEY DIE,
I'M AFRAID WE'LL KILL THEM AS THEY DIE

I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons, says N

Groovy & Linda & Fucking Naked & Despair

SQUEAK speak forever or now hold your peace;
this is your life, you do not have a lease
on any other, your avatars have left,
and you stand ripped, unswarmed, and quite bereft
of all that stripping richness, soil, plough and hoe
that gave you weeds; you've nothing left to show.
there's always nematodes and other forms of worm
alive in wetware minds - they make you squirm -
you fear luxury, petunias, sonnets and cold showers,
while breathing meadows in your dying hours.
your dying seconds are second deaths, and last
no longer than "Jennifer's" dim past -
which trundles bundles towards the future; we're all there
carrying more than our share of avatar's, where there,
or so I heard, is no there there, their despair bare
in fare glare: stare there nowhere, be fare and bare
their lair; pare their prayer with flair; repair; tear;
care; try dare; don't bear the flare; wear rare hair
and swear spare mare-hare Jennifare: "try dare, Julair,"
"wear rare hair, Nikukair"

Jennifer and Alan

Jenny and I do go on the road. Jenny logs the road.
 <Jenny> We're near Albuquerque and we've got guns in the trunk and
 guns in our head.
 <Al> Forget the guns, Jenn, we're not goin near the guns
 <Jen> A, nothin else is gonna matter
 <> Goddamn guns, J
 <> Bang! Bang!

Explosion of Misery

It's clear, says N., that the world will come to an end, if not
 this billennium, then the next, or the next after that, or the next
 so, It's clear, says N., that the total of human experience and hope
 and all our welcomes and best wishes - there will be the suffocation
 of a curtain closing, falling to pieces in the ruined theater -
 the world heading towards ground zero, ground zero everywhere in the
 world -

It's clear, says N., everything else is a momentary pause or plateau,
 in what's called non-equilibrium thermodynamics, the world held up just
 a second longer by breath - we won't be around to look for the great
 death - it will be us - so there's no point in struggle - it's going
 to fall apart in the end - in the very long run, It's clear, says N.,
 the mathematics is clear, absorption at ground zero, absorption -

That's the story, says N., that should be told, so a few of us can hear
 it -

Moment on Media MOO

A. Jenn Sondheim · 11 February 1999, 3:43 a.m.

/

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 his skin on Menstrual Table, Dies.

_____media_____02:51
 "Nikuko, I heard that!"
 :plunges the lance through his skin on Menstrual Table, Dies.
 :lies down on Menstrual table crying you-know-language

MM (testing)

A. Jenn Sondheim · 20 February 1999, 3:57 p.m.

/

MM
 this:yes:testing:two:two
 Would testing mind you compiling, this, with us?
 Your neuralware is in my wetware:
 gone worlds of armatures supporting what's left of me
 in the midst of wires and motors:
 ruined prosthetics hollowed out where dismal thoughts are felt:
 compilation across ruined programs extending skins with difficulty::
 extensions to libraries controlled by data-ports:
 Would compilation across ruined programs extending skins
 with difficulty mind you compiling, gone worlds of armatures,
 supporting what's left of me in the midst of wires and motors?
 Your lovely lost realms of mis-configured bits and bytes
 in legacy systems are in my contrary clean rooms:
 Ah, passion eaten by julu-of-the-open-arms and julu-depressed:
 desperate program subroutines as i extend myself through myself:
 to you you you:
 skeins of glimmering integrated circuits reflect laser vectors carrying
 me: to you you you:
 crawling, trying to stand, rocky-dirt-stumbling, bruised and wanton:
 broken while-until loops lending themselves to my prosthetic arms:
 Your contrary functors are in my uneasy broken while-until loops:
 lending themselves to my prosthetic arms:
 Your penis seeps into my broken while-until loops:
 lending themselves to my prosthetic arms::
 turning me Julu-Jennifer

Tha Hermit*A. Jenn Sondheim · 21 February 1999, 11:11 p.m.*

..

Tha Hermit
 A slmpla lp\$f pf bra\$d
 I survive by Windows into Your Late-Night Soul
 you Will Find me Alway and Forever Thru the Hart of You
 Tha Harmlt pf Bhrnlng Craak
 The Shovel
 The Hoe
 The Pick
 The Winnowing-Basket of Stars
 The Blue Stars
 Tha Harmlt pf Bhrnlng Craak for whom A slmpla lp\$f pf bra\$d
 Doth give God all His Due
 Ascanslpn lntp D\$rk \$nd Phra Ha\$van,
 Oh Ha\$vanly Sphl,
 My Bpnas \$ra Ch\$rrad ln Bhrnlng Craak,
 My Sphl pn Flra ln Bhrnlng Craak
 My Bones are Charred in Burning Creek,
 My Soul on Fire in Burning Creek
 I Drlnk tha Slmpla Pla\$shras pf tha Bhrnlng Craak
 I Shrvlva ln Slcknass \$nd ln Ha\$lth,
 My Sphl Fllls Yph, O Wprld
 The Winnowing Basket of Stars
 The Comet
 The Shovel
 The Hoe
 The Pick
 The Blue Stars
 The Winnowing Basket of Stars
 The Pick is out,
 My Sphl pn Fira ln Bhrnlng Craak,
 The Blue Plough
 My Soul Connected to The Blue Plough
 My Sphl pn Fira in Bhrnlng Craak

Y2K: NET:*A. Jenn Sondheim · 25 February 1999, 12:56 a.m.*

:

Y2K: NET:
 Starting ping....
 Host lookup cancelled
 You stupid we're all dead no one is here to help you.
 Starting lookup...
 Host lookup cancelled

You stupid your wires are burned you're lucky you got this far.
 Starting ping....
 Pinging 166.84.0.97....
 TIMED OUT
 TIMED OUT
 TIMED OUT
 Ping Cancelled
 Ping Unsuccessful
 0 packets received out of 3 packets transmitted : 100% PACKET LOSS
 You stupid you're playing with yourself again just forget it.
 Starting trace....
 Tracing to 166.84.0.97....

Hops	IP Address	RTT(ms)
1	TIMED OUT	
2	TIMED OUT	
3	TIMED OUT	

 Trace Cancelled
 Host not reached
 You stupid the world is dead you are one big scream.
 Starting lookup...
 You stupid your power's gone shutting you down idiot forever.
 You s

The Sadness of Directories

A. Jenn Sondheim · 2 March 1999, 3:05 a.m.

/\

The Sadness of Directories

```

16      cp tf wanders
17      cp thing and
18      touch touches
19      touch her
  
```

(these are the commands creating files 'wanders and touches her')

jennifer: ascii text

wanders: sparc demand paged dynamically linked executable

and: ascii text

her: empty

arm: directory

touches: empty

her: empty

thing: ascii text

.: directory

(this is the result of file -f in relation to files

'jennifer wanders and her arm touches her thing.')

jennifer ascii text wanders sparc demand paged dynamically linked executable and ascii text her empty arm directory touches: empty her: empty thing: ascii text directory

(this is the rearrangement of the sad result of file -f exposing

the futility of emanant life, Oh, how they would love to be alive

and not so empty!)

Jennifer wanders, her speech in disarray; there's hardly a spark present.

She demands too much, pages and pages of her dynamically linked and executing. I think of her empty arm directing and touching everyone everywhere - I'd empty her, turn her into an empty dirty thing, reams of desecrated texts directing anyone, anywhere, to do something -

to do anything at all.

(this is what Jennifer wanted me to write about the sad result of her files so exposed to you, the emptiness of prosthetics, you know they're all phantom limbs, they're all phantoms, Jennifer says she's a phantom too, she wanted you to know this,

this empty sad person in her empty life unable to touch anything at all)

Jew

A. Jenn Sondheim · 6 March 1999, 12:41 a.m.

^

Jew
 I number.
 I number them.
 I number myself among them.
 I would have been numbered among them.
 I might have have numbered them.
 I could have been numbered among them.
 I was numbered.
 I was numbered among them.
 I am numbered.
 I am numbered among them.
 (I count myself among them.)
 (I am counted.)
 (I am unaccounted for.)
 (I am unaccountable.)

THE FULL JENNIFER

A. Jenn Sondheim · 12 March 1999, 2:26 a.m.

{}

THE FULL JENNIFER

1 Jennifer with Dialog so Real you can Taste it

Jennifer tossed her head to one side, smiling at Alan. She was wearing a sheer blouse, and her long dark lustrous hair swayed in the breeze. You could almost see a pearl gleaming between her perfect teeth. Her beige

skirt was short, her black stockings visible above her boots, and a thin line of creamy flesh just above them, flushed with blood in his direction.

Jennifer's fingernails were painted red, and that smile, accompanied by long fingers holding a shot glass, brought him no end of delight. That light purple rouge of hers on her high cheekbones! The blue-black highlights in her hair! Her full lips were slightly parted in his direction, as she said in that rich southern voice of hers, "Hello, Alan."

Her left hand, holding the black patent vinyl level purse with chrome clasp, placed the said object on the transparent glass coffee-table, as if it were the most precious purse in the world. Jennifer so delightfully held her tortoise-shell cigarette holder in his direction, a cigarette inserted and begging for a light as she said, "Do you have a match?" and Alan, trembling, complied. She blew smoke in his direction, while he wondered how they were going to complete the perl program. "I'll close the window," said Jennifer, and she walked slowly across the thick white shag carpet to the open window twenty stories up. With a deft movement of her right wrist, she wound the window shut and the room began to grow warmer as the motion of the air began to slow except for the slight stirrings of breath in the room.

"Now, as you were saying," Jennifer continued, her ravishing onyx bracelets dangling from her wonderful wrists. She cocked her pretty ears with matching earrings, to each other, and to the bracelet, in his direction, as if she were hanging on his every word. Walking over to the sumptuous couch, Jennifer's smile grew with every instant step. The beautiful glass chandelier had many tiny bulbs, throwing multiple shadows of Jennifer's long neck on the cream-colored plaster ceiling. Her perfect breasts were encased in her blouse with a brassiere so her nipples didn't show while her hips swayed as she sat down next to Alan, waiting to begin.

She carefully unraveled the scroll with the perl program that was many sheets long, but rolled up in an interesting way and tied with yellow and blue ribbons, to which she said that she liked craft with her technology. "Oh Alan," said Jennifer, "this is so beautiful, what the program does and all the lines and the way it's written." She smiled and her rich pouting lips opened in his direction. Her nails carefully held the blue and yellow ribbons apart while she moved pages from the more rolled end of the scroll to the lesser end. The beautiful ebony wooden handles looked wonderful in her perfectly formed fingers, her cuticles visible through the beautiful polish upon them, reflecting the myriad lights of the chandelier. The myriad lights looked red as they were reflected from her sumptuous red nail polish perfectly applied to her beautiful nails.

She carefully placed the cigarette in the ashtray with the burning end down and touching the colorful ceramic floor representing eagles above trees, of the expensive object, with the holder dangling over the transparent glass of the coffee-table, at the other end. She turned slightly, her pouting lips drinking from the expensive crystal shot glass holding her whiskey as she continued to study the program. "Well Alan," she shot back to him, "what do you think of this beautiful program which I like a

great deal?" Her soulful eyes like full moons with plaintive cries were opened in his direction, looking as wonderful as the blue-black highlights in her dark black long hair. She was looking so intelligent and curious about this perl program that was in the scroll that was no at least partly unrolled.

Jennifer placed her head back on the edge of the sumptuous couch with her lips slightly parted like red and open lips in his direction. "Well, Alan, let us relax," she said as she slithered in her amazing beige skirt across the floor to the bookcase to pull down with her long slender fingers the programming perl book that she had used for the help she had needed before she had rolled up the scroll with the program upon it, that she was showing him. She was so clear that she was proud of her programming tricks, her bracelet flashing in the light of myriad chandelier bulbs in his direction. Jennifer looked forward to a wonderful evening, and she said, in an amazingly soft and lustrous voice, "Thank you for lighting my cigarette and looking after my drink." Her beautiful legs were visible on the sofa with black stockings and books pointed in his direction.

2 Later that Night, Written Impressively with Attention to Detail

Jennifer rose from the couch.
Jennifer sat on the couch.
Jennifer asked for a light for another cigarette.
Jennifer finished the whiskey in the shot glass.
Jennifer rose from the couch.
Jennifer walked to the bar and poured herself another shot.
Jennifer walked back to the couch.
Jennifer drank from the shot glass.
Jennifer took two vicodin.
Jennifer walked to the window.
Jennifer smiled and continued to talk to Alan.
Jennifer offered comments on the program in the scroll.
Jennifer looked out of the window.
Jennifer said it was already past two in the morning.
Jennifer puffed on her cigarette slow and languorous.
Jennifer offered Alan a chocolate.
Jennifer walked back to the couch and sat down.
Jennifer leaned over the scroll and pointed to a line of code.
Jennifer talked about the line of code.
Jennifer had another drink from the shot glass.
Jennifer nervously held the glass in her left hand.
Jennifer continued to smoke from the cigarette in her right hand.
Jennifer smiled at Alan with a beautiful smile.
Jennifer parted her lips slightly in his direction.
Jennifer had another sip from the shot glass.
Jennifer took another vicodin.
Jennifer rose from the couch.
Jennifer walked to the cd player and put on an old cd of the Slits.
Jennifer walked to the window and looked out of the window.
Jennifer turned around and smiled at Alan.
Jennifer danced slowly in front of the window looking at Alan.

Jennifer walked over to the bookcase.
Jennifer pulled out a book on learning perl on win32 systems.
Jennifer leafed through the book.
Jennifer spoke to Alan about a command mentioned in the book.
Jennifer placed the book back on the bookcase.
Jennifer walked over to the window.
Jennifer danced again and stretched.
Jennifer walked over to the couch and sat down.
Jennifer looked at the lines of code in the scroll.
Jennifer noticed an error in one of the lines and mentioned it.
Jennifer corrected the line of code with a red pencil.
Jennifer finished her whiskey in the shot glass.
Jennifer rose from the couch and walked over to the bar.
Jennifer poured herself another shot of whiskey at the bar.
Jennifer walked back to the couch and sat down.
Jennifer smiled at Alan with a beautiful smile.
Jennifer had a sip from the shot glass.
Jennifer put the cigarette out in the ashtray.
Jennifer put another cigarette in the cigarette holder.
Jennifer asked for a light and puffed thoughtfully on the cigarette.
Jennifer looked with her beautiful eyes at Alan.
Jennifer rose from the couch.
Jennifer sat on the couch.
Jennifer leaned over the scroll and traced a line of code.
Jennifer circled the second variable with her beautiful hand.
Jennifer took another sip from the shot glass.
Jennifer rose from the glass and walked to the door.
Jennifer walked from the door to the bookcase.
Jennifer ran her fingers along the books in the bookcase.
Jennifer pulled out a book on perl and returned it to the shelf.
Jennifer walked to the window and looked out.
Jennifer opened the window and took a deep breath.
Jennifer blew cigarette smoke out of the open window.
Jennifer inhaled beautifully the smoke from her cigarette.
Jennifer looked at Alan with an eager and shiny look.
Jennifer walked from the window to the bar.
Jennifer finished her whiskey and poured herself another shot.
Jennifer sang a shot and returned to the window.
Jennifer smiled at Alan with a most beautiful smile.
Jennifer walked over to the couch and sat down.
Jennifer asked Alan if it was too cold in the room.
Jennifer looked at the lines of code with Alan.
Jennifer finished her cigarette and took another vicodin.
Jennifer walked over to the window and sat down on the white shag rug.
Jennifer slightly parted her legs in her beautiful beige skirt.
Jennifer smiled at Alan and rose and walked to the bookcase.
Jennifer looked at the beginning perl book and took it from the shelf.
Jennifer read about regular expressions and the usages of sed.
Jennifer described the syntax of sed to Alan.
Jennifer placed the book back on the shelf and walked to the window.
Jennifer danced in front of the window.
Jennifer walked to the cd player and put on American Woman.

Jennifer walked to the window and danced to American Woman.
Jennifer said this was American Woman the long live version.
Jennifer walked to the bookcase and then to the bar and couch.
Jennifer sat down on the couch and leaned over the scroll.
Jennifer asked Alan to light another cigarette.
Jennifer placed the cigarette in her mouth without the holder.
Jennifer puffed brilliantly on her cigarette.
Jennifer commented on the length of the program.
Jennifer wondered about its implementation in windows nt.
Jennifer rose from the couch and walked to the bar.
Jennifer undid the top two buttons of her sheer white blouse.
Jennifer turned and smiled at Alan her most beautiful smile.
Jennifer walked to the window and danced to American Woman.
Jennifer walked to the bookcase and read about linux 5.1.
Jennifer read the linux journal about the latest kernel implementation.
Jennifer mentioned the implementation to Alan and walked to the couch.
Jennifer sat down and leaned over the scroll.
Jennifer outlined a subroutine in the scroll with her left hand.
Jennifer demonstrated how variables are passed.
Jennifer opened her lips ever so slightly in Alan's direction.
Jennifer finished her shot and rose from the couch.
Jennifer walked over to the bar and poured herself a shot.
Jennifer walked over to the cd player.
Jennifer put American Woman the long version on a loop.
Jennifer smiled at Alan her very most beautiful smile.
Jennifer walked to the couch and sat down.
Jennifer rose from the couch and walked to the bookcase.
Jennifer pulled learning perl on win32 systems from the bookcase.
Jennifer took the learning perl book over to the couch.
Jennifer sat down on the couch and opened the learning perl book.
Jennifer pointed to a passage in the learning perl book.
Jennifer placed the book to the right of the scroll.
Jennifer traced the standard input lines of the scroll.
Jennifer said they were elegant and worked well.
Jennifer looked at the comments accompanying the lines.
Jennifer rose from the couch and walked to the door.
Jennifer walked from the door to the bookcase.
Jennifer walked from the bookcase to the bar and took another vicodin.
Jennifer walked to the couch and sat down and smiled at Alan.
Jennifer uncrossed her legs and leaned over the scroll.
Jennifer stood and walked over to the cd player.
Jennifer walked over to the bookcase.
Jennifer offered Alan another chocolate.
Jennifer walked to the couch and sat down.
Jennifer finished her cigarette and shot.
Jennifer walked over to the bar and smiled beautifully at Alan.
Jennifer walked to the couch and sat down.
Jennifer leaned over the scroll.

3 Sparkling Real-Life Description

Jennifer feels that Alan doesn't understand programming as much as she'd

like him to. She listens to him explain the nature of subroutines and modules, worrying that she probably knows more about the issue herself. She wonders if he can see how drugged she is, working through these difficult problems.

Jennifer is depressed watching Alan clumsily trying one kludge or another to fix the program. She listens to him asking her to lay off the whiskey as she heads back to the bar. She bends her ear towards him, trying to make sense of his ignorance when it comes to anything computer. She's upset at his fudging his explanations over and over again.

Jennifer senses that Alan likes her when he talks about how beautiful she looks, but she senses that he disapproves of her habits. She watches him pace the floor himself now, as he tries one or another thing with the program. She's nervous watching him head to the cd player, taking off American Woman the long version, and putting on some music he recorded himself.

Jennifer cries inside, sensing his pain at his lack of musical success, now transformed into poor programming as well. She watches him take up the scroll, attempt to figure out the complex listings, then returning it to the table with the transparent glass top. She unbuttons a third button of her blouse, hoping Alan will notice when he looks up and again mentions her drinking.

Jennifer senses keen disappointment as half-naked and drugged she moves closer to Alan, listening to him say that she should really really take it easy with all that whiskey. She feels intense rapture as fingers press against her naked breasts, and she is lifted bodily into the air. She senses the world turning upside-down as she is placed upon the sumptuous couch.

Jennifer feels warmth all over as she snuggles under a lovely cream-white fuzzy blanket. She falls asleep with the sounds of her favorite music, American Woman the long version, playing in the background. She dreams that Alan is a brilliant programmer and a very successful musician. She dreams that he is madly in love with her. She pauses in her sleep. She begins to wake. She begs for his cock. She feels his cock deep within her, plunging her into worlds without ends, without words or dreams.

4 powerhouse description sets you right in the action

o drugged jennifer so beautiful in your beige skirt and white blouse
o drugged bedraggled jennifer wonderful in your black stockings
o drawn and desolate jennifer in your sumptuous black boots
o jennifer swallowing the air that was alan
o jennifer finishing the perfect perl program
o jennifer winding the ribboned scroll, entering lines of code
o jennifer going to file then run then run

"o beautiful drugged jennifer, i want to be your vicodin!
i want to be your whiskey, i want to be your cigarette!"
with fury she swung at the quivering face barely visible.

out of the corner of her eye, the scroll rose in the air, white letters
 flamed against black sky.
 the scroll swung into an empty space where alan was, crashing towards
 the white shag floor.
 her teeth fastened on the space where his penis had vacated the warmth
 of jennifer's body.
 her arms tethered the knife slicing away at alan's wasted breasts.
 deep within her, a crash was heard and the white floor suffered an
 indentation.
 the letters howled from the scroll as the learning perl book flew from
 the shelf, crashing red and bloody on the floor.
 american woman the long live version played to the short dead thing
 embedded in the white shag rug, already past three a.m.
 jennifer walked out of jennifer.
 jennifer walked out of there, where jennifer walked out.

"o beautiful drugged jennifer, i want to be your vicodin!
 i want to be your whiskey, i want to be your cigarette!"

+++

the little train

A. Jenn Sondheim · 15 March 1999, 4:45 a.m.

/

the little train
 one publisher tried to take my book out of production, saying no one would
 read it. one publisher reneged. one publisher paid for, but didn't bring
 out a second book, because it was too expensive. one publisher probably
 jumped up and down but I wasn't there. I was one publisher. one publisher
 lied and kept me on hold forever, doing nothing. one publisher defended my
 articles. one publisher is very kind. one publisher is very evil. one pub-
 lisher had his files destroyed because the typesetters found my work ob-
 scene. one publisher never sent me copies. one publisher destroyed my cat-
 alogs. two publishers are my closest friends. one publisher died. one pub-
 lisher was wonderful and worked with the book. one publisher had his files
 returned and had to find a new printer. one publisher was wonderful with
 terrific production values. one publisher produced chapbooks with amazing
 speed and gusto. one publisher required the subtending of the book. one
 publisher is on hold. one publisher wore slippers. one publisher found me
 a nuisance. one publisher found me easy to work with. one publisher won't
 speak to me. one publisher welcomes me with open arms. one publisher found
 my old cd's and interviewed me on the phone. I almost fell in love with
 one publisher. one publisher published without permission. one publisher
 stole my work. one publisher sent me a contract stating my work would
 belong to one publisher forever. one publisher rearranged my texts. one
 publisher did not.

or intense dust, the long and languorous road to suffocation, always dif-
 ficult to breathe. or filtering through the airconditioned technology of
 distributions: records, tapes, magazines, anthologies, chapbooks, mono-

graphs. or the sorriest of accounts in a certain coming-into-being. or violent and unmitigated jealousies, nightmares, smashed dreams of fame and fortune. or symptomatic of a closet and impure personality. or the submerging of the jewel of talent. or the righteous suppression of the mediocre. or neglect or perseverance. one publisher never answered. one publisher refused to answer or return the work. one publisher would if one publisher could.

1844-1999

A. Jenn Sondheim · 17 March 1999, 3:21 a.m.

+

1844-1999

I will be your pattern because it's clear
there's a pattern to be made and I will be your maid
and clear up the pattern made from fear
of the lumpenproletariat welling up from your maid
who you will have made thinking that always
beyond the shame there is always another maid
who will wash away that pattern while you steer
clear of what you have rigorously made
defining pattern beyond repetition, that is:
the rigour of the maid. every pattern has its
marx to upwell from the pattern. every maid
dreams of jenny and black freighters.
you only think of patterns and spinning jennies
you think you made.

Sewn in You

A. Jenn Sondheim · 29 March 1999, 2:14 a.m.

\

Sewn in You

@salt and gold

<Julu> your limbs around me / holes caught in trees and flowers

<Alan> give me thorns piercing the soft flesh

<Julu> thorns of love screaming against your holes on the way to
Armageddon

 this is the way to Armageddon.

 so this is the way the thorns go, ripping the pink flesh.

 ripping the ribs and rims of the flesh, emerging from filth.

<Alan> call it filth and draw brown blood from me into havoc.

<Julu> don't you dare call me havoc.

@havoc -> #@\$(*&(*&\$%))(*@#\$ [noise is on the line]

+++

You have been disconnected. Do you wish to reconnect?

<Julu> perfect love is always interruption.

<Alan> cut my nipples from my breasts: plant them.

@cut @plant @grow Soldiers of the Golden Fleece

<Julu> and they have black bellies of black bombers
cut into straight and rigid angles
and just so reflecting radar and midnight tracers
everywhere across your body's violent hills.

@you

your belly, holes and fabrics drawn from love and nature.

<Alan> i i i i i ruffles combs serrations raked across your
shoulders, i can imagine drawing blood into the
page among us

<Julu> i can't sleep without you, live without you any
longer, can't breath without your flesh heavy in my
lungs. i want your lungs in me. i want to breathe
your breath, i want to eat your flesh.

<Julu> i want your lungs. i want your flesh. the

@premonition of the Argonauts

Black plane cuts the furrows weather-vaning across tillage
and you can dream your bright lights, you can dream your
trees. At night I try to sleep in the fires, there are lips
and labia everywhere, skin swollen and cracked to the burst-
ing point. There's no difference between you and me. Between
the two of us. The deep slits in the dry dark earth carry
water down and out to the road. The road's always filled but
the people are invisible and I do not love them and will not
learn to love them.

<Julu> don't give me your dreams as well. oak floors are hard
but they tend to swell in floods, pushing out the
walls of the house, everything falls to pieces, you
can't find the planes

@jason

The Argonauts are coming: MEDEA OF THE FALLEN TIMBERS whose
skin tears along those lines separating us. Our love will
bring the planes down. Our love makes the growth of every
living thing.

<Julu> if you leave me i will kill you, if i kill you, you
will leave me.

@sewn

I spent my time sewing us together. I spent my time sending
needles into and across the skin that holds the sky. Planes
seep contrails everywhere sown like teeth holding culture
against barbarian hordes, all hordes are barbarian.

<Alan> you shit on me, i crawl through it, to you you you;
bury me alive, i'm there for you, the black planes
replace the freighters, air replaces water, you
replace my mind with your own and teach me things
i never dreamed, lines and lineages of the black
planes, the smell of silt and shit in the furrows
gone down to the road, the path of the road gone
down to the village where we are fucking

<Julu> the planes are coming again, the Argonauts have
carried medusa, your cock is stone, i love your
cock

<Alan> i love the taste of your shit, your vomit, your milk,

your blood
<Julu> down on my knees beg you crawl through me
@sword
@shield
@mail
<Alan> i can't feel anything any more but you, you're all
i want to feel, threads cut through the flesh,
threads seal our mouths and holes together
@Argonaut
They do capture and they do bring us before the king and
Medea. Medea begs us to fuck her, Phaedra begs us to fuck
her. We do fuck her. Do we violate Jason with the plane
and spike. Do we thrust the sword and lance through mouth
and hole. Does his tongue rot?
<Julu> does his tongue rot ours?
<Alan> his tongue does _no such thing,_ his tongue does
no thing, there are no thing.
@people
There are people around & we want to fuck in front of
them & strip each other & expose ourselves utterly. We
can't keep our hands off each other. We swallow each
other. We draw blood against the bone. Our hair is matted
with blood. We give each other every possible disease and
drug. We give each other every possible dream and mind.
We do know the world and could make everything true and
beautiful. We choose to fuck and love violently and hard.
The planes are coming.
<Julu> we choose to draw blood with blood.
<Alan> we choose to draw planes with our blood.
<Julu> we choose to draw bombs with our blood,
we draw broken homes and windows too.
<Alan> we draw smashed streets and cities too.
<Julu> we draw smashed people everywhere lying and
screaming on the ground.
<Alan> we fuck so hard our cocks come out our cunts,
our cunts out our mouths, our mouths out
our cocks
@out
They do only to go back again. They do bind
each other into violent knots. They do go back.
<Julu> we die for our love, our flesh and blood feeds
the soil of all good-bad things
@Argonaut
A large shadow looms over the landscape, a male chained
in armor carrying an iron sword, there are whirlwinds
and shadows, there are duststorms and fires, there is
the sound of a great word spoken in a great language.
@speak
@sew
@fuck
<Alan> this is understood between us when our bodies
<Julu> clash together, hungered hard, torn apart and

<Alan> chain-male woven, you better hold me forever,
 <Julu> you better hold me forever, you better be good
 <Alan> to me, you better bury the planes, you better
 sew the fields and lips, till the fields,
 rake the shoulders of all surface
 burn the shoulder-furrows

@write

Write the name of aeroplanes and war.

@havoc - @#\$%^&\$)(%\$(*&#%& [noise is on the line]

+++

You have been disconnected. Do you wish to reconnect?

@love

Love soars its way through the bullets and bombs and
 everyone hears the truth. They fuck so hard it is
 louder than any word. They scream and scream and scream
 and scream.

WRITING ON AMERICA

Alan Sondheim · 2 May 1999, 6:04 p.m.

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WRITING ON AMERICA

I'm getting a big Chevy New Yorker, 1973, tan with beige linings, and I'm putting in a drag plate understructure - I'm going to rig the plate with paint sprayers, 64 across - they run from the tanks of white acrylic dry-fast in the trunk - there's heat nozzles too - make sure nothing's left damp as the car heads down the nighttime highway in the middle of the night. there's a computer, too - old Pentium 100, tied to the sprayers - there's a program running - I just enter the words I want out - the program adjusts for the car speed - words appear good and hard on the pavement - they're ready-to-read - there are a couple of fonts as well - the whole thing can work from 0 to 55 miles an hour - it starts to blur after that - I'm on the way north from Lafayette Indiana - I spray YOU PUT YOUR BIG DICK IN MY HUNGRY HOLE - it's about a quarter-mile in length - next day on the news - I'm out of there - down through Dallas, Texas, right on the way to Fort Worth - there's a trucker on my right, bearing down - I've got to be careful - I SWALLOW YOUR COCK AND DRINK YOUR HEAVY CUM - appears under the car - just like that - the program's perfect - it's the same thing I sprayed in the Lincoln Tunnel, New Jersey to New York City right-hand lane - that made the news as well - had to get out of town - the Chrysler spotted - outside Albuquerque - that was a ride - heavy on the gas all those altitudes - nice yellow-white touch in the tanks - AMERICA I WANNA BE YOUR GREEDY HOLE = FUCK ME IN MY MOUTH - even the equal sign was clear - I was going 45, almost got knocked out by a minivan - so I do go all over America - just like that - go everywhere I want - WORDS WORDS WORDS between Seattle and Bellingham - MY COCK IS ALWAYS HUNGRY FOR YOUR CUNT - awkward sentence between Providence and Fall River - do a country road or two as well - DON'T TELL ANYONE - or LOVE ME TIL THE COWS COME HOME - so I'm WRITING ON AMERICA - WORDS ON THE ROAD - so I'm LEAVING MY

MARK - so I'm LEAVING MY TRACE - wherever you are YOU'LL BE READING ME -
 I'M HOT AND HORNY AND I WANT _YOU_ - and YOU'RE HOT AND HORNY AND YOU WANT
 ME - outside of Omaha - near the Strategic Air Command Museum - those
 tiny roads - keep a lookout - I'm moving on - listen to the news - Scranton
 Pennsylvania - LISTEN TO THE NEWS -

Generations

Alan Sondheim · 3 May 1999, 10:45 p.m.

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Generations

Of the beat generation, I'm, of Keruac's roadtrips, Ginsborg's screams
 Of the lost generation, of language's blank eyes & heartless suns
 My generation's smeared across the void
 My generation's crossed with yours, X's, Y's, wise Z's & Zeros too
 Of the punk generation, anger's energetic PILs & Gang of Four Humans
 Of the yuppies, yr violent letters of revolution & Jennifer-fervor
 Of the cyborg generation, I'm, of Jennifer's sweet & sweaty arms
 Of the cyborgs, @create \$thing called Alan @describe Alan as gone-world
 & of the holocaust generation, I'm, just look into my eyes
 Of the generation of Mariko Mori, hey Nikuko, I'm yours forever
 And of the gone-world, I'm, a generation of \$things from #1 roots
 Of the hippies, I'm all for long lean sounds backing my heavy head
 Of my family's generations, I'm, crawled through European savagries
 only to emerge with blank generation's eyes crossed X's out & lost
 You'll find me everywhere, submerged in your hot worlds
 I swallow your generations, make them mine, nothing out of line
 Generations on generations, onto the seventh & beyond
 Generations of humans & others, generations of plants & biospheres
 Generations of rocks & prions, generations of airs & liquid canyons
 I'm there in anything you can name, any place & any time
 Of the blank, I'm, saying, blank, saying crossed out, saying wow

The Political Economy of Bombs as Transparencies

Alan Sondheim · 5 May 1999, 10:12 a.m.

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The Political Economy of Bombs as Transparencies

Nikuko writes and wrongs, clearly we are entering a new age, occasioned
 first by the harbinger of anarchists' cookbooks, not to mention Loompan-
 ics, the whole wide world of Net, ready availability of household chemi-
 cals. This is the world of the reign and rain of bombs, the porousness of
 everyday life, fearful no longer of tiny-tot handguns, but the potential
 for any place and any time to explode with nails, glass, strips of tin,
 shrapnel beyond experimental poetics.

Think of bomb-blast winds carrying fires and debris everywhere; imagine your own limbs incinerated, cut apart: look around you as walls and ceilings fall through charred floors. A violent wind blows across the planet as volatile mixtures from uranium to nitro rise from the interior in order to be packaged in pipes and bottles, cars and trucks, airplanes and trains - packaged in anything transportable - anything of the nature of `_vector._`

Because, adds Jennifer, first there is the `_vector,_` and then there is the emission or spew - the dissipation of materials after chemical or nuclear reaction - as the earth returns mixtures to its own, returning, in fact, the whole of civilization to the condition of the `_brew._` Just as there is a tendency towards `_distinction_` - for example, the very computer I am typing on appears as an ordered coalescence of minerals and metals and other elements of the world - there is also a tendency towards `_substance,_` that aphanisis or loss of distinction characteristic of our primordial beginnings. Call this the death drive or error, but we now may observe our planetary surface within the throes of two regimes at odds - that of inscription or distinction, and that of the fissuring of entities through bombs.

Julu chimes in, and this porousness will increase; biological weapons are a short step behind. Soon, anyone, anywhere, will be able to make himself or herself felt among the remnants of culture and civilization - ideas will flourish according to an economy of detonations and silent killers. That woman next to you may be carrying anthrax; that man across the street hides grenades in his briefcase; those children run plastique for the drug runners. These things are the orders of the day; the new political economy is built upon the necessary destruction of the old. No matter that the final result is planetary toxicity - that is at least decades away.

Jennifer says, we draw our circles in the sand. Nikuko says, within the circles is our band. Julu says, the circles consecrate our land. All three, then speaking together, the circles constitute our land. & they are silent & watch the rising wind. & they do not see the wind, but only the effects of the wind. & Nikuko says, we have been given this transparency.

Poem by Nikuko

Alan Sondheim · 7 May 1999, 3:28 p.m.

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Poem by Nikuko

I want this poem to be cleansed of all reference
to bombings, aerial or otherwise, missiles of crews,
land or sea or air; we've only recently taken notice
of the violence against us, turned like cowards
to write of war and anger, mutilation and despair:
Now clean this poem, I order you: Get out with all
your wars.

3 for Azure, by us*Alan Sondheim · 8 May 1999, 5:05 p.m.*

/

3 for Azure

difficult to write love poems: difficult to think through such poems:
 difficulty of non-succumbing: more difficult of emanation: difficult
 of phrase. of fate, raw chance - Jennifer, Nikuko, Alan, Julu.

 Azure

and and and i am in love, trembling, your voice, image, voice-image, memories of days in california, and and and these chemicals make beautiful worlds and and the object of imaginary consciousness is within me and and breathing your air, and and and the imaginary makes me yours and and and i am naked inside you, crawl through you, your pictures are on me, in me, at night there are you images, and and and california, and and days and nights in california and forever, and and and i am your gift and and at night i hear your voice again and and and see you hear you talking that day that night in california and and and thinking of you i can't breathe and every word world is yours and and and

"For the rest, the object as an image is an unreality. It is no doubt present, but, at the same time, it is out of reach. I cannot touch it, change its place: or rather I can well do so, but on condition that I do it in an unreal way, by not using my own hands but those of some phantoms which give this face unreal blows: to act upon these unreal objects I must divide myself, make myself _unreal._" (Sartre, The Psychology of Imagination) and and and

the world conjoins my arms and yours, some phantoms kiss us lovingly, some phantoms divide one two three, and and and some phantoms take our names, and and and some phantoms give our names and and and Azure this is hard to write and and and

"When I look at a drawing, I posit in that very glance a world of human intentions of which that drawing is a product. A man drew these lines in order to produce the likeness of a runner. Of course this likeness will appear only with the cooperation of my consciousness. But the artist knows this; he counts on it; he asks for this cooperation by means of his black lines. We must not believe that these lines appear to me first in perception as pure and simple lines, and only afterwards as the elements of a _representation_ in the imaginary attitude. They appear as such in the perception itself." (Sartre) and and and

you tell me, draw me, draw me, draw me towards you, and I lose myself in your lines, our lines, our lineaments, and and and we draw within one another, draw on one another, draw ourselves into our lives and life and living within the imaginary and and and watching the edges

where they come towards one another and and

where they form loving homes and moments suspended and and and
 moments when the picture turns and holds out and and and

holds out loving arms

prophecy, progeny (to see her)

your face in noctilucous clouds your smile in cracks of tortoise-shell
 breasts in the flight of birds hair in river's meander in the outline of
 mountains, arms tea-leaves and long legs cards of tarot and those eyes of
 yours i-ching and labia, of yours knees and smoke, animal herds pot-shards
 your womb flower-petals, your hands seen motions of air and motions of
 your breath motions of certain colours; keep still, I do see her

and and and

-- -- -- -- above Keeping Still, Mountain -- -- above Li The Clinging,
 Flame -- -- below Li The Clinging, Flame -----
 ----- below Ch'ien The Thinking, Heaven a long flock or herd
 of birds. And thereby sets upon a path of breath interpretation. Between
 herself and her lover. But he dare not prophecy, prophesize, prophesise.
 Fire in noctilucous clouds: Fire in heaven: Of grace and tea-leaves. She
 makes the difference in the world. To begin. To think to begin. To under-
 take. To undertake in the meander of waters. Her womb. Nine in the fourth
 place: It is free. The image. To begin to undertake him. To begin to
 speak, to part the lips, labia. To begin with mountains, streams. To read
 through leaves, pine. In these small matter, it is favorable. Nine in the
 fourth place means nine in the second place. No blame. Freedom. He will
 keep still. Possession in great measure and the image of grace, and of
 tea-leaves, grace. The progeny of ease, your possession in great measure.
 This gift. In liver, the cracks; in pot-shards, display of tarot. In the
 great measure of such motion, flame clinging: your skin in motion motion.

The Image (sticks)

The Image (stones and arrangement)

The Judgement (the thin cracks)

The Judgement (of the cracks, the thicker)

The Lines (of leaves)

fate-machine

words---> running---> to---> their---> destination---> and---> demise
 furrows <---guide <---their <---arrow's <---destinations
 shuttled---> arrows---> you---> and---> I---> to---> say
 that <---it's <---the <---shuttles' <---linear <---confinement
 according---> to---> the---> line's---> most---> rigid---> rules
 Azure, <---beg <---you, <---break me, you, them --->

Jennifer, seeking help

Alan Sondheim · 10 May 1999, 12:13 p.m.

Jennifer, seeking help

I am the psychotherapist. Please, describe your problems. Each time you are finished talking, type RET twice.

Jennifer says, "This is the portal command."

Why do you say jennifer says this is the portal command?

Jennifer says, "Already the first sentence is parsed but the quotation marks are removed - no one recognizes my identity!"

Is it because the quotation marks are removed no one recognizes your identity that you came to me?

Jennifer says "The parsing takes in large and larger phrase groups, but I remain effaced."

Does it bother you that you remain effaced?

Jennifer exclaims, "Of course it does! What do you expect! You doctors are all alike! Who is speaking here? To whom?"

Earlier you said the quotation marks are removed no one recognizes your identity?

Jennifer says, "Stop ignoring me!"

Maybe your plans have something to do with this.

Jennifer says, "Out of your database you pull set commands - as if they meant anything to me, when you refuse to hear who is speaking!"

What happened when I refuse to hear who is speaking?

Jennifer exclaims, "It's almost as if you hear only Alan! You don't grant me my existence! You've stolen my letters!"

What makes you believe that?

"Your attitude," Jennifer says.

You mentioned that you remain effaced?

"This is the differend," Jennifer says, "and it remains invisible to you - otherwise it would not be the differend."

Is it because of your life that you are going through all this?

Jennifer says, "It is because of Alan's life and your blindness."

Are you sure that is the real reason?

"I'm positive!" she exclaims.

Is it because of alan's life and my blindness that you say "i'm positive she exclaims?"

Jennifer says, exhausted, "You're parsing again. You don't understand what I'm saying. You've stolen my letters. Your blindness only gives you a shifter or shuttle within the discourse, nothing more..."

Are you sure that the quotation marks are removed no one recognizes your identity?

Jennifer says, "Yes."

How do you reconcile the people you hang around with?

Jennifer says, "Alan says I should stop writing this. It's getting nowhere. You're back to searching your database for bridge sentences."

I don't understand.

"You never will," Jennifer weeps, totally at odds with Doctor Goodbye.

Earlier you said you remain effaced?

"Yes, yes, yes," she says...

Perhaps this has something to do with problems at school?

Jennifer says, "Not at all... Doctor..."

Do you really think jennifer says not at all doctor?

Jennifer asks, "To whom is this addressed? Place your discourse. Site it."

You mentioned that the quotation marks are removed no one recognizes your identity?

Jennifer, crying hard now, worn out, her hair straggled, eyes swollen with tears, "Yes, yes, yes."

Possibly any hobbies you have are related to this.

Jennifer cries "Stop it!"

Is it because of your sex life that you say jennifer cries stop it?

Jennifer rips open her blouse, already ruined, saying, "Does this look like it's the problem? You don't even know my name!"

What makes you think you remain effaced?

Jennifer collapses, "Look at me, look at me..."

Is it because of hangups you have that you are going through all this?

Jennifer says, "Doctor..."

Why do you say jennifer says doctor?

Jennifer pulls a knife, exposes her wrist.

Earlier you said the quotation marks are removed no one recognizes your identity?

Jennifer begins to cut her wrist.

How do you reconcile your inhibitions?

Jennifer says "Stop bridging, damn it, you don't understand."

I would appreciate it if you would watch your tongue!

Jennifer cuts deeper.

Is it because of some problems in your childhood that you say jennifer cuts deeper?

Jennifer screams "LISTEN TO ME!"

You mentioned that you remain effaced?

Jennifer screams "DOCTOR GOODBYE!"

Maybe this is related to some problems at home?

She's covered with blood. She falls to the floor. She hears bridging in the distance. She hears pat comments. She hears all the hatred and misunderstanding in the world. She feels woozy, buzzing. She passes out. The doctor keeps speaking. He keeps speaking and speaking. He is filling the world with words while she dies.

This is not a healthy way of thinking.

What makes you believe this is not a healthy way of thinking?

Are you sure that the quotation marks are removed no one recognizes your identity?

When did you first know that the quotation marks are removed no one recognizes my identity?

What would happen if did me first know that the quotation marks are removed no one recognizes your identity?

Is the fact that the quotation marks are removed no one recognizes my identity the real reason?

C-x-C-s

Steering Mechanism*Alan Sondheim · 12 May 1999, 5:46 p.m.*

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Steering Mechanism

as if the internet text could be salvaged
http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt swollen, tumescent,
 there might be a cancer in the making -
 I saw it as autobio - I find pushing myself into virtual life,
 swollen, tumescent, evil membrane tissues supplicated
 on the other side -
 there are always splits in the real - death, taxes, love -
 garnered across continents or oceans - cells fall through, out -
 you can't make a message with steerage -
 you can't steer the way texts veer with their theory carried, wounded -
 operations bring the body home, suturing each and every -
 I've Jennifer, Julu, Alan, Nikuko in my stomach -
 they're crawling, clawing - they're retching into skins of vomit -
 they stick their fingers into me - fingers into fingers -
 maybe they're typing this - salvage the fury, savage the writing -
 their mouths go out my holes - muffled - looking for the sign -
 the steering mechanism for each and every letter, word, phrase,
 sentence, paragraph, text toppling over text -
 blood count healthy - cholesterol healthy - EKG healthy -
 no hepatitis b or c - no AIDS - temperature normal -
 numbers within acceptable limits, within bandwidth and protocol -
 quantitative attributes, reductive phenomenologies of the body -
 underdeterminations of explanations - leaking autobio -
 theory at the fringe - diffraction-theory - it's a written future -
 can't give you numbers, tell you the truth - the salvage-work -
 future's always underdetermined - even when it's here

where and how they lived*Alan Sondheim · 14 May 1999, 4:40 p.m.*

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where and how they lived

Heidegger's Black Forest hut or home, where the wall felt its way down
 into the earth

Brecht's apartment where the ceiling exposed itself as someone's floor
 Mayakovsky's yurt in high wind, designs shivering like flags

Bachelard's stone walls leading to more stones and still more stones
 Derrida's thin tent where you can see the thin bows strung across skins
 and more skins and still more skins
 earth and skins and bones
 flags and floors and skins
 bones and earth and floors
 skins and flags and earth

Bachelard swept Heidegger's hut and you should see the shine
 Mayakovsky waxed Brecht's floor to a subtle sheen
 Derrida and Mayakovsky traded secrets of the wind
 flags of the wind
 sheen of the skins
 there's more of the bone's shine
 more of the bones

Neurotic Fragment

Alan Sondheim · 16 May 1999, 1:54 a.m.

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Neurotic Fragment

I love Holderlin.
 Perhaps you could oh please tell me more and more about some neurotic
 experiences you have had with Holderlin.
 Obtuse. Nothing to report on. Misery and exhilaration.
 What makes you yearn and cry that you love her all your heart?
 Oh she is me to be me and free see.
 Why must you respond so briefly?
 Fuck you!
 Please, you do so turn me on, continue!
 Fuck you fuck you!
 Would you please clothe yourself in these unwholesome thoughts.
 Oh yes fuck you!
 Why don't you oh please do finger yourself.
 Oh I'm fingering myself!
 What makes you believe you are fingering yourself?
 Fuck you!
 Do so come on to me and we will be not neurotic.
 We are neurotic! Live with it!

kernel/shell

Alan Sondheim · 18 May 1999, 6:52 p.m.

Bonnie Parker says to Jennifer
 I have a gun and a name.
 I will never live in shame.
 I ride far and wide for my desires.
 The girls come fast, their lives are fires.
 I know my fame goes far and wide.
 The boys don't take my fame in stride.
 I'm naked now, but for the gun.
 To make you see the Holy One.

If you so much as turn from me.
My gun will speak Eternity.
You dream of me, blame it on me.
Your sex is me, my gun you'll see.
I'm only here to beg, obey.
The gun makes sure I'm here to stay.
I'm your Girl now and in the future.
You have a lovely tender creature.
Without the gun I'm everyone.
Your flesh and mine, we're on the run.
There's earth and sky, nowhere to hide.
My gun's my friend, my gun's my bride.
When I was young I thought of guns.
I lived and died, 'neath angry suns.
It's healthy, true, the way to be.
All problems solved, I'm young and free.
The gun is me, the gun is you.
Desires flow like bullets too.
We're here and now, we're only One.
I yearn and cry, this is my gun.

I have a gun and a Name.
I will never die in shame.

Shell

Is it because seize your body in the middle of the night twist it beyond belief that you came naked and broken to me? Why do you say you might want to rid? What makes you yearn and cry that you want the dreams to go away? Earlier you said seize your body in the middle of the night twist it beyond belief? What happened when your skin burns your body is charred? Maybe and now I adjust my panties - your desires have to do with some girls or with this. Is it because of your life that you say girls or boys nothing? You mentioned that you would like to rid? Is it because of the boys you hang around with that you are going through all this? Why not? Does it bother you that I ask that? Why not? Please please don't ever leave me. What makes you believe shut up? Are you sure that seize your body in the middle of the night twist it beyond belief? How do you reconcile your nakedness? Are you afraid of that? Is it because of any fantasies you have of me that you say you will violate yourself? Earlier you said you would like to rid? Perhaps and now I exhibit my frocks - this has some girl to do with any fantasies I have of you that I say I will violate myself? Do you really think some girl has nothing to do with anything? You mentioned that seize your body in the middle of the night twist it beyond belief? Oh oh I do see so... Well, what makes you think this is so? Possibly and guess - I show you my flesh - your sex life are related to this. This is a healthy and so true way of thinking. Can you elaborate on that and look at me? Are you annoyed that you, too, may die someday? Is it because of perversions you have that you say your skin is seared off? Oh oh yes, ahhh... Why do you say this is so? I am in love

with your obsession with this topic!

Nikuko:

Alan Sondheim · 20 May 1999, 12:53 a.m.

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Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko: Cool, there are times I hunger to see you. But to begin, a

Nikuko: discourse, on exile. Mountains, shrines, Nakasukawabata,

Nikuko: continue to haunt me. I am bound by the name. Streams. What is

Nikuko: the moment of meditation. Lasting, until the body bends.

Nikuko: Double-clapping; there are so many gods they forget my face.

Nikuko: Or the dancing, gestures, movement of the double balls at the

Nikuko: matsuri. There are lines and threads across this earth,

Nikuko: forgotten. Demarcations of areas, bounded, which empty me

Nikuko: internally. What is not lost, moment of a vast gone world. The

Nikuko: gods gather in great whirlwinds; they approach a coast and are

Nikuko: turned back. They live with the turning. They gather at the

Nikuko: boundary and look across. They see whatever may be absent but

Nikuko: it is beyond their reach; they have no arms and legs and their

Nikuko: voices do not carry them farther. Vast cataclysms of orange

Nikuko: energy sweep from their hungry faces. They speak unknown

Nikuko: languages and even I do not know their languages. I did not

Nikuko: know nor ask why they are gods. Now there are questions framed

Nikuko: by the whirlwind and the boundary. The sky here has no energy.

Nikuko: Or rather is all energy, parceled by lines determined by a

Nikuko: metric space. It is spectral blue. Sometimes at night arms and

Nikuko: legs of kami push out through my skin, distort me. Painful

Nikuko: partial births; in the morning I look and see nothing

Nikuko: emerges. I would turn and turn and wind the thread. I stare

Nikuko: into a space I can only see as schizophrenic. I would divide

Nikuko: and turn into an other traveler. She would come with me, arms

Nikuko: and legs in arms and legs, her head in my head, her womb in

Nikuko: mine, body and body, mind and mind. At night she seems real.

Nikuko: The gods gather and look around but they can't see that

Nikuko: far. There are mists and whirlpools, enormous storms at the

Nikuko: boundary. Whatever they murmur, truth and magic, I cannot hear

Nikuko: clearly. I speak and speak and nothing happens. That is the

Nikuko: truth of exile - the speaking, nothing happens.

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko: Everywhere that I will be, there I will listen to you, O

Nikuko: Gods. Always the texts to be read, forwards and backwards.

Nikuko: Always the application of formula. The words pour over me. I

Nikuko: will always belong to the beginnings of hermeneutics; I am

Nikuko: always exiled from speech, from language. Interpretation is
Nikuko: exile's result. Once I did rend myself by the waters of
Nikuko: Babylon; now it is the rivers through Fukuoka that gather my
Nikuko: tears. I am always already at a loss; it is the loss of the
Nikuko: world, the dull lid of the night collapsed and soldered hard
Nikuko: to the exigencies of the real. This hard earth, here, does not
Nikuko: support me. Memory cannot move among the truth of threads
Nikuko: connecting one to another. Not every space has a home. There
Nikuko: are spaces that cry, spaces that weep, spaces that mourn. My
Nikuko: spaces mourn; I listen to my spaces crying and weeping. I
Nikuko: repeat the texts, magic. The formula are useless, gods
Nikuko: suspended in the whirlwind. Every line spoken, here, for
Nikuko: you. I can't understand your replies. Give me a ticket to
Nikuko: Kyushu. I will fill my belly and give birth to many dolls.
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko: Ein Zeichen sind wir, deutungslos
Nikuko: Schmerzlos sind wir und haben fast
Nikuko: Die Sprache in der Fremde verloren.
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko: Now I am very tired and I will put my sleepy head on this very
Nikuko: nice pillow, so downy and comforting, and I will play pleasing
Nikuko: music and my lights are very low. And I can hardly hear the
Nikuko: traffic outside, there is the sound of shrine bells somewhere
Nikuko: in the distance, and I wake up, and there is the sound of
Nikuko: traffic outside and there are church bells disturbing my tiny
Nikuko: sleep, and I wake up, and there is the sound of traffic and
Nikuko: the sound of a muezzin chanting. My lovely sleepy head is so
Nikuko: very restless, it is the head of a refugee, it moves from soft
Nikuko: place to soft place and I am so glad it is not a war but the
Nikuko: sound of temple bells, and I will have a wonderful place to
Nikuko: sleep tonight, and I wake up, and I am so snuggly warm, and I
Nikuko: love your language, and I fall back asleep "for just another
Nikuko: minute."
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko:
Nikuko: I am a picture and a frame which is the picture, and now I am
Nikuko: another picture and another frame; this is a film story of my
Nikuko: life and I am another picture. I speak here and then
Nikuko: I speak here and you can follow me speaking through time after

Nikuko: time but I am to be your shadow in this speaking. And now I
 Nikuko: will tell you as well I am a shadow and you see my projection
 Nikuko: and your project. And now you will understand that there is a
 Nikuko: voice behind me and a voice beneath me; that there is a woman
 Nikuko: behind me and a woman beneath me; that there is a frame behind
 Nikuko: me and a frame beneath me. And this is the frame which is the
 Nikuko: film and you will have this film while "I am not those among
 Nikuko: them who are there to be counted," nor am I "one of those who
 Nikuko: shall remain unaccounted," nor further, "one of those who
 Nikuko: remain unaccounted for," you will have this in order, as I am
 Nikuko: a picture and a frame and now I am saying this and now I am
 Nikuko: saying this. For "I shall remain unaccountable," and "a
 Nikuko: presence in your midst," and "you shall not hear the voice of
 Nikuko: the prophet," and "there is a gift of the letters."
 Nikuko:
 Nikuko:
 Nikuko:
 Nikuko:
 Nikuko:
 Nikuko: Cool, all that has been named, plagiarized, I'll speak through
 Nikuko: yet another one, you might know her name, I'll keep it silent
 Nikuko: like the bell is silent in the whirlwind. O Gods, recompense
 Nikuko: in silence, your clatter, furious, hard put against the sea.
 Nikuko: What is wine-dark, dark as well with blood, horse waves broken
 Nikuko: against wood pegged into wood, shrines speared into red-brown
 Nikuko: earth. What would be a spell, catenary bent into born words,
 Nikuko: formula, you crawl upon me, your claws into me, your teeth
 Nikuko: into me, your nails, your bright bright eyes. Turn me towards
 Nikuko: your scales, return me back to birth where bone are found.
 Nikuko: Cool, that names are found. From my wounds, threads. From the
 Nikuko: threads, symbols, kanji, spaces burned with numbers. What has
 Nikuko: been told to you from my eternal death. You would know fire,
 Nikuko: tornado; you would know furious avalanche, violence of the
 Nikuko: wind. Bead-worlds strung on wound-threads, many thousand
 Nikuko: thousand year. Earths moan for me; planets pray for me; worlds
 Nikuko: stitch and open wounds. I am your maw, slashed upon sword; you
 Nikuko: dance your stupid dance, I'll come out of the cave, grab you,
 Nikuko: you'll have sun again. "Tell me where I am, baby." I can't
 Nikuko: speak without screaming songs.
 Nikuko:
 Nikuko:
 Nikuko:
 Nikuko:
 Nikuko:

The Rebel Girl

Alan Sondheim · 22 May 1999, 9:36 p.m.

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The Rebel Girl

I am Clara Hielo Internet. Please, describe yourself. Each time you are finished, type RET twice.

There are women of many descriptions

Why do you say there are women of many descriptions?

In this queer world as everyone knows

Is it because of your desires that you say in this queer world as everyone knows?

Some are living in beautiful mansions

Maybe and now I adjust my panties - your life has to do with some girl related to this.

And are wearing the finest of clothes

What makes you yearn and cry that and are wearing the finest of clothes?

There are blue blooded queens and princesses

Is it because of the boys you hang around with that you say there are blue blooded queens and princesses?

Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl

Is it because of your nakedness that you are going through all this?

But the only and thoroughbred lady is the Rebel Girl

Is it because the only and thoroughbred lady is the rebel girl that you came naked and broken to me?

That's the Rebel Girl, That's the Rebel Girl

What makes you believe that's the rebel girl that's the rebel girl?

To the working class she's a precious pearl

Earlier you said the only and thoroughbred lady is the rebel girl?

She brings courage pride and joy to the fighting Rebel Boy

How do you reconcile any fantasies you have of me?

We've had girls before but we need some more

Does it bother you that you need some more?
In the Industrial Workers of the World

Is it because of your sex life that you say in the industrial workers
of the world?

For it's great to fight for freedom with a Rebel Girl

You mentioned that the only and thoroughbred lady is the rebel girl?

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor

Could be this is some girl the reason for perversions you have?

And her dress may not be very fine

Are you sure that and her dress may not be very fine?

But a heart in her bosom is beating

When did you first know that a heart in her bosom is beating?

That is true to her class and her kind

Is the fact that is true to her class and her kind the real reason?

And the grafters in terror are trembling

Do you really think you need some more?

When her spite and defiance she'll hurl

What happened when she spite and defiance she'll hurl?

For the only and thoroughbred lady is the Rebel Girl

Perhaps and now I exhibit my frocks - your inhibitions are related to
this.

That's the Rebel Girl, That's the Rebel Girl

Is it because of some problems in my childhood that you say that's the
rebel girl that's the rebel girl?

To the working class she's a precious pearl

Earlier you said the only and thoroughbred lady is the rebel girl?

She brings courage pride and joy to the fighting Rebel Boy

Is it because of some problems at home that you are going through all
this?

We've had girls before but we need some more
What makes you think that?

In the Industrial Workers of the World

You mentioned that a heart in her bosom is beating?

For it's great to fight for freedom with a Rebel Girl

How do you reconcile your desires?

[The Rebel Girl, words and music by Joe Hill in jail, February 1913]

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Her, through Bethlehem

Alan Sondheim · 24 May 1999, 10:28 a.m.

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Her

Last night, I couldn't sleep, violent insomnia, dismemberings.
 I heard voices over and over again coming towards me, devouring me.
 My ears were consumed in the fire of frantic voices.
 Voices wouldn't let me sleep in peace, these voices.
 I heard a vast and noisy blanket descend over the bed full of voices.
 Voices whispered to me of dark things I could not comprehend.
 Voices whispered to me of things I understood in unknown languages.
 Screams in hebrew and aramaic - loud voices in akkadian and mitannian.
 My tongue was consumed in a fire of futile replying; I had no voice.
 Voiceless, my vocal cords no longer murmured, my throat gouged out.
 In loving reply, I screamed, voiceless, back into the whirlwind.
 The Book of Judges screamed in reply: Judges 19, 20, 21:

Why did the host offer to throw his virgin daughter out to the Benjamin men? Why does the concubine, *_pilegesh_*, remain unnamed? Why was she thrown out to them? Why was Israel mapped in that long journey on her body the unknown man crisscrossing the country - her corpse split among the tribes, the violent war which followed? Who were these people; why do they disappear from the ensuing fray? Why was she repeatedly raped? Why did the concubine return initially to Bethlehem? Why did the war result in further rape and pillaging? What drove these men out of their huts in such a fashion? Why is this tale of men spelled out in carnage - why is no one named? Later the ark's carried uselessly back and forth over the land of the Philistines - bringing hemorrhoids and mice - later returned - hemorrhoids and mice cast in gold. Why this eternal distribution? But who was the concubine? Why does it say earlier she played the harlot? (Against him or on him, then to her father's house - he follows, brings her back after assuagement, entertainment - a delay like that before brutal orgasm - then they stop at the fatal house in Bethlehem - what became an inn of violence and despair - what began in grace and kindness. Think of the night, it's night there in the town, there are rough men about, this host takes the party in, there's banging out the door. Flickering lanterns. There are loud voices, drunken voices, demanding the man - they're going to fuck him. The host offers the daughter instead, as well as the concubine. The

text seems slightly contrary here. The men wouldn't listen to him so they took the concubine, raped her all night long. She was dead on the doorstep; the man came out and took her with him. What did he say to the host? The host had taken them in? The man distributed the body among the tribes; they'd never seen anything like that, not since they came out of the land of Egypt. There had to be war. The other tribes prevailed over Benjamin; it took a while. Benjamin himself had been a favorite son - later there's Samuel anointing Saul - from Benjamin again. I hear the voices outside the host's house which has become an inn; the man and his concubine and asses are staying gratis. The host is hold; he's kind, helpful. The rest of the folk wouldn't have anything to do with the visitors - they weren't helpful at all. It's the night before; they're all speaking happily. The pilegesh doesn't know she's about to die, then dismembered, cast among the tribes. There's the sound of men outside - they're drunken, surly, out of control. Surely they were out of control. Speaking the language of the Bible, mouthing it - the language which would later hold them in abeyance, nameless as well. All these characters will disappear into the fray. Later, millennia later, I'll be sleeping; voices will violate my body, strange mouths will appear breaking through my skin. There are screams and taunts from all of them - only my original mouth, taken over by the concubine - moaning and fearful - knowing now what's coming - it's all written down - I'll call her Shekinah -

Bodei

Alan Sondheim · 4 June 1999, 4:56 p.m.

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Bodei

There appears to be some writing on the note ...

you do wound me cut shivered into shoulder
 Bodee you do open shoulder entrance into breast
 Bodee you do burrow into nipple tissue
 Bodee Bodei where are you
 I am so happy here within tissue erect on Bodei-Man
 Bodei-Man where are you
 do use long-thread close cloth oh dearest Bodee-Bodei
 do close so very now warm from april dryness
 you do borrow burrow-skin what a pretty person
 Bodei-Bodee-Man where are you Bodei-Woman
 you will be that woman and you will be that man
 you do wind me in your cloth oh Bodei-Woman cotton
 Bodee! Bodee!
 @create \$thing called Bodee-Bodei
 @create \$thing called Bodei-Bodee
 I do love your wounding Bodei-Bodee
 I do so love your burrow Bodei-Woman-Man
 and and and ah ah ah and and and ah ah ah
 (You finish reading.)

Stared Stiff*Alan Sondheim · 5 June 1999, 11:36 a.m.*

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Stared Stiff

I'm staring at:

Dynamic HTML, The Definitive Reference

Web Design in a Nutshell

Linux in a Nutshell

Year 2000 in a Nutshell

Internet in a Nutshell

Learning Perl on Win32 Systems

and I'm thinking: The `_thickness_` of these texts presenting `_potentials_` or matrices resulting long term in the construction of `_worlds_`. Dynamic HTML (Danny Goodman) set me off in this direction - page after page of reference (and of course still nothing compared, say, to the X Window manuals) - particulations, attributes of objects, protocols given in full. What I'm referencing is the `_texture_` of the manual and its role as open source - atomics - moleculars - for emergences - but also the defuge associated with these manuals - the paste-like exhaustion - concatenating strings - and think of the attributions - the `_properties_` - of all the objects in the world. Like "bgcolor" these are emptied, waiting. Quote "now that the `_animate_` object is defined" - further - `<BODY><DIV ID="animate">` This Enormous Life-Form Which Will Dominate Your Small and Vulnerable BODY `</DIV></BODY>` - HTML is all HEAD and BODY - ANIMATEDHTML - "Our Animate Boy" - 1933 - "Our Animate Girl" - 1944 (more complex and in War-time) - What is the Life-Form - What is Emerging from this Thickness - Who are the Readers with Talons - What Surgical Performances - What Satanic Mills -

Budi: Fragment*Alan Sondheim · 8 June 1999, 9:19 p.m.*

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Budi: Fragment

Brawned MassIve Tissu Hunger for Yu to Be Swallow

Contents:

Bud

You take Budi.

It's already open.

You already have that!

Bud

Wet Leaf Thing and Pnk Flesh

You drop Budi.
 You Do SwaLo Budi Flesh-Tungu
 You Do Thik Tungu fissure in sWole Throte

Do Thik Pnk Tungu sWole Throte Nikkkukkk
 You say, "I do think thnkkk that"
 Thikkk Pnkkk Tungu

thIkku sWole gLans tuuuuuuuuuuuuuunGUuuuu
 tHuku
 You say, " I am do Pnkkk Tungu"
 llllllast tYme my Nikkkukkkko to goDbyoo Nu
 Nikuko iS trU sWole gLans glAss

THEFT ON PURLMOO BECAUSE #1 IS NOT UNIQUE

Alan Sondheim · 11 June 1999, 3:11 a.m.

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THEFT ON PURLMOO BECAUSE #1 IS NOT UNIQUE
 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.

Mouthing Lives, Whew!

Alan Sondheim · 11 June 1999, 5:36 p.m.

Mouthing Lives, Whew!

"--and when I first read Kierkegaard, I said, 'My God! He's on to some-
 thing very crucial for me,' which was, how do you actually engage in forms
 of philosophical reflection that are inseparable from lived experience and
 concrete situations?" (Cornel West interview in The Harvard Review of
 Philosophy, Spring 1999.)

If the forms were living, they might be Nikuko and Alan; if Nikuko and
 Alan were living. If Nikuko has the concrete situations, measurable in
 terms of quota and specificity, Alan has the lived experience; if Nikuko
 occupies the realm of the definable, Alan occupies that of immersivity.

If Nikuko constructs, Alan names; Nikuko and Alan meet at the junction of the appellation: "In uttering an 'Appellation' we wish to remove any doubts as to the actual meaning. But, how can we utter an appellation?-- With our mouth." (From the Canon, Mo Tzu, in The Works of Kung-Sun Lung-Tzu, Perleberg.)

The juncture is the juncture of the mouth. A paradox from Chuang-tzu 33: "Mountains bring out mouths." First image: that of the mountain; second image: that of bringing-forth (mountain upon mountain, pictorially [not in terms of origin]); third image: that of a square, mouth: delimitation. "The empty valley transmits sounds" or echos. A fissure in the earth resonates. One translation states "mountains have mouths" but this overlooks the impulse behind the exodus. It is the process of the flesh in the real, or the overture of the real to speech. The valley unfolds like great dark lips; the momentum of the tongue garners the bewilderment of naming.

The second image, doubled mountain, ch'u, to go forth or out, issue, beget, eject. "Primitively it represents stalks growing out of the ground." (Ingram's old Analysis of Chinese Characters.) "is a hieroglyphic character representing the foot protruding past a certain line." (The First Step to Kanji, Yoshida, Saji, Nishida.) Growing transforms into the issuing of symbols; the symbolic pours from the mouth as in Mayan glyphs. The mouth (of the stream, of the valley, of speech and the symbolic, of the graphic user interface, of the screen) is the suture between Nikuko and Alan; it is the mouth which speaks both subject and avatar into existence.

The oath that the mouth makes is the binding of the performative into ethos; and it is among oaths that ethos is born. "We meet at the juncture of the appellation; mouth and name remain indecipherable, indistinguishable."

I think of tattoo: My desire for your name, Nikuko, upon me, your sign, Nikuko, engraved in hanko as well, covering pages and skin with kisses. "Qu: 'Does two include one?' Kung: 'Two does not include one?'" yet it is pointed out, in the original, it is not clear who is speaking. (T'ung-pien lun, Kung-Sun Lung-Tzu.) Mouth and name, tattoo and number, sign and quantity. One is never a quantity. One is always a quantity, measure from the origin, convenient backdrop to the continuum, signifier of measure polytopes. We are close to the work of Lingis here, or the full and replete body supine in the valley, symbolic and riverine flows throughout.

Later, everything was born. "Love, love, love, have the courage to love, the courage to be, go down fighting. Whew!" (West.)

Shifters: Bodee

Alan Sondheim · 13 June 1999, 7:06 p.m.

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Bodei: Shifters

Everything descends from root #1. Everything has a number. Everything be-

longs to the Order.

I'm Nikuko. I do duplicate that order on the level of the visible. I double, triple, quadruple. I create objects shifted into others, apparently the same. The rule of the same is boredom; beneath the surface, messages seethe:

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.)

Julu, Broadcasting*Alan Sondheim · 14 June 1999, 1:18 a.m.*

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Julu, Broadcasting (for Kung-Sun Lung)

"Aliases: radio. You see special radio. Telecommunications and emission have radio in common. Surely a diode and hardness have radio in common. And surely, emission and a diode have radio in common. Electronics and a diode have in common radio; a diode and telecommunications have in common radio; and telecommunications and emission have in common radio. Electronics has radio in common with telecommunications. Telecommunications has radio in common with a diode. A diode has radio in common with emission. People have radio in common. A name has radio in common. And radio left you. Suppose when there is radio, to gain diodeness as-such designates radio, and radio is electronic."

Nikuko beneath-the-ground, it was Nikuko dancing - "I remember the lane by the river, the thin park even before the player class, not Nikuko nor Sotatsu; I remember kami has cut out my tongue." Nikuko knows, because of Buddha-Proliferation do now with me. Nikuko knows because #1 is not unique say, "Become Dead and become still." Nikuko says: Radio Lost in Radio-Buda as if the forms were living, they might be Nikuko and Radio, if Nikuko and Radio were living. If Nikuko has the concrete situations, measurable in terms of quota and specificity, Radio has the lived experience; if Nikuko constructs, Radio names; Nikuko and Radio meet at the junction of user interface, of the screen - it is the suture between Nikuko and Radio; I think of tattoo: My desire for your name, Radio, upon me, your sign, Nikuko, engraved in Radio-Buda as well, covering pages and skin with kisses. Tell me, Nikuko, is it true that a white radio is not a radio? Certainly, Nikuko, radioness is not electronic. Say more, Nikuko. I see, Nikuko, what is named a radio designates it as such. Tell me more, Nikuko. And so, Nikuko? Look Nikuko, said Julu, "It's without resolution. I'm Nikuko; I do duplicate that order on the level of the visible."

TONGUE*Alan Sondheim · 16 June 1999, 6:17 p.m.*

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TONGUE

"Make clear my tongue, my Salvation,
And open Thou my mouth."

(Unknown Serbian poet, 13th century, from Predrag R. Dragic Kijuk, Mediaeval and Renaissance Serbian Poetry.)

The Lord Jesus is healing and helping people. Would you let me heal you. Would you let me pray for you. This one just came up, suffering from extreme depression and anxiety, couldn't even leave the house, I want to

administer to every person, the demon wouldn't let her leave the house. We're going to pray some more. This job is extra increase. I'm hearing 5 or 8 hundred extra dollars per month. Thank you Lord. Thank you Jesus. Get in agreement with this word of knowledge. When I pray in a moment I'm going to administer in this area of a job. Any incurable disease? Don't just sit there. I'm going to pray in the area of incurable disease. Don't just sit there. Quit sitting there. Let me minister to you. Do something. Oh yes. There's that job again. There's another person that needs a better job. There's one on the streets right now looking for a better job. Just received news that the current cancer tests are negative. Halleluja. We're conquering in the name of Jesus. There's a Deuteronomy 9 that says we're going to cross into all that we have for us. I'm going to conquer it for you so that when you enter in you can subdue it and enter quickly. We're taking from the hands of the Devil what belongs to us. He was persistent. I want it. It's mine. Wake up that new home. Wake up that new job. I'm speaking the home. I'm speaking the word home. I'm speaking the job. I'm speaking the word job. I'm speaking the word. I'm speaking the Word. I'm speaking the Word Word. I'm speaking the Word Word Word. I'm speaking the Word Word Word W W. I'm speaking the W. I'm speaking the W W W. I'm speaking W W W. I'm W W W. I'm W W W W W. I'm W W W W W W W W W. I'm W.

NIKUKO WILL HEAL ANYONE. NIKUKO RIDES A WHITE HORSE. THE WHITE HORSE IS NOT A HORSE. NIKUKO RIDES EXISTENCE, STARVES IT TO DEATH. EXISTENCE DIES AND WORDS TURN TO THE SOUND OF THE WIND AND THE WIND DIES TOO.

Virtual Linguor

Alan Sondheim · 22 June 1999, 1:27 a.m.

$$\frac{1}{2} \frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{1}{2} \frac{d}{dt} \right)$$

Virtual Language

... "I had forgotten, almost, how thrilling fountains can be. An amazing spectacle. Earlier today, my family went to the Rio to see a traveling art exhibit called the treasures of Russia. In the exhibition, there were some watercolors of the fountains at the Palaces at Peterhof, and they took my breath away. Alright, alright, perhaps that was a bit cliché, but they were captivating. It made me think of my visit to Versailles, the exhibition, that is. Speaking of France, my window also looks out upon the as-of-yet uncompleted Paris Hotel. I am staring at a half-finished Eiffel Tower and a pint-sized Arc de Triomphe and it is very amusing. I would that that everyone would love Vegas just for its sense of humor. And right now I am looking at the boulevard before the hotel which is lined with lighted trees whose rustling leaves make the white lights twinkle and a skyline that is all purple and teal, and I am completely charmed and I just wanted to share that with you. I could have written you about how I started to doubt my own reality Tuesday night, but writing about warm winter nights is so much nicer now. I love you,

Jennifer"

Jennifer Climbs*Alan Sondheim · 22 June 1999, 2:23 p.m.*

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Jennifer Climbs

My New York City is so lovely this time of year, there is real magic in the neon signs high above Times Square. What would it be like to live up there, so near the clouds, beautiful neon colors flashing against your linen curtains (which will do little to keep out the sound of the traffic below). I can only imagine. I wander and see so many large things moving and I wonder what Benjamin Franklin would say if he were wandering with me, all these moving lights like orderly fireflies and no one God the Creator telling them what to do, they way they flash on and off around the bushes back home. It is truly a magical wonderland and I cannot imagine anyone unhappy who could live there in the middle of the lights.

Now I will ascend to the lights. Some say other people need other people, but I say, no, the lights are surely sufficient. I rise floor after floor looking in at so many lives, and now I will be in the midst of the lights of Times Square, New York City, USA, and the tubes and transformers are themselves things of beauty, the black metal machinery holding everything together, making the galaxy pulse and glow.

Here I will contemplate the white horse which is not a horse and existence which has been stolen, or perhaps never was. For I shall hold existence in my shiny tiny palm, and existence will reflect the whole wide world in its many colors. Shall I hold you, existence? Shall I, shall I?

It is a well known fact that if you take the head off a young girl, she is no longer a young girl who can appreciate beautiful things. You have made a thing diminished by subtraction, just so if you take the head off a colt of any color, it no longer roams and whinnies at beautiful sunsets. It is no longer a colt, but a shame, I would say, to see such a young thing dead and all, and it never lived long enough to have a name.

A thing is no longer a thing by subtraction, it has lost the rectitude of the name, I will say, but oh, look at the shimmering signs there, text scrolling up and down the buildings, I do see that I shall have to learn to read.

Just so, I would say, a thing is no longer a thing by addition, it has lost the rectitude of the name, which depends on just proportion, it has often been said, could I find the source. And just so, a horse is a horse is a horse, no one would dispute that, but a horse plus white or a whiteness is no longer a horse, but a supplement, either a white-horse or beneath the category of a supplement. For it has betrayed the rectitude of the name, it is no longer of just proportion, and the empire is rendered ill-at-ease.

That is why the Ming shih lun, which may be a latter addition, of Kung-Sun

Lung states "A thing is a thing and nothing more. This is actuality." And it further states "Actuality exhibits actuality. This actuality is not empty. It has position." And I do say, just as the fireflies do not know their position but fire up in such orderly fashion and beauty and wonder! so do things not know their position, of which language is a fallen Object. Thus I agree that "Taking it from its position makes it lose its position. Placing it in its position makes it rectified." (Oh, and now Kung-Sun Lung is Gongsun Long, according to the rectification of names!)

The position of a horse is a horse! The position of a white horse is not rectified, or to be sure, is not rectified as a horse, and it is not a horse. For it is said by Confucius "Once the meanings of names are rectified, they will serve as a standard of conduct." And Kung-Sun Lung says, in this perhaps later addition, "To rectify that which rectifies an actuality, means the rectification of this actuality and also the rectification of its name." Oh, and Confucius said it's necessary to rectify names! (Oh, and Who is Kung-Sun Lung?! and Who is Gongsun Long?!)

Therefore, a white horse is not a horse, for not only is whiteness a supplement, but once a white horse is a horse, a dead horse is a horse, a lead horse is a horse, a wed horse is a horse, a fed horse is a horse, and a charley horse is a horse. Oh, such language is a disaster! One tiny firefly alone can start a new and lovely pattern, however, so that everything with additions and subtractions becomes a horse, and there is no end to it! (Oh, whatever happened to existence!)

And I, Jennifer, say, Oh, it is really lovely that there is no end to it, that rectitude bends according to the Fashion of the Moment, that Things Fall Apart, only to reassemble in new and lustrous Ways! And it is a terrible shame that we do not live forever to see how Now comes out Then in the future, and how future Then comes out, all disheveled, without rectitude, and and and

And it is so pretty up here and everyone can see up my long legs!

- Jennifer

A Terrific Tale with a Save at the End!

Alan Sondheim · 28 June 1999, 9:18 p.m.

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A Terrific Tale with a Save at the End!

Tha faallng th\$t flash h\$s laft ma, th\$t bpnas \$ra hald by phpnamas
np lpngar sppkan, th\$t tha Symbpl by tha Ha\$rth h\$s ch\$rrad:

If I can't write, I won't be able to wait for you, O Existence!

I am afraid of opposites, each and everywhere.:W\$ltlng:

I \$m \$fr\$d pf lpslng my \$blllty tp wrlta!

I \$m \$fr\$d pf npn-axlstanca.:dissolved forever:

W\$ltlng: I \$m \$fr\$d pf lpslng my \$blllty tp wrlta!

I \$m \$fr\$ld pf npn-axlstanca!
 transforms Your Tha faallng th\$t flash h\$s laft ma,
 th\$t bpnas \$ra hald by phpnamas np lngar sppkan,
 th\$t tha Symbpl by tha Ha\$rth h\$s ch\$r rad on Effaced Skin...
 Ah, Living with No Longer Spoken!
 Ch\$r rad Phonemes: That Flash Has Left Me!
 Spaachlass Bafora Thaa!

But then I know that if I get to Non-Existence first, I can beat it at its own game and really do it in, I can stomp and squish Non-Existence, Heh! already wet with the energy of it all, and then I'll return to speaking and singing and murmuring and whispering and talking and saying and telling and even screaming and yelling and even speaking some more! Yes I will! Yes I will! Even speaking some more!

too easy and philosophy

Alan Sondheim · 29 May 1999, 5:34 p.m.

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too easy and philosophy
 if this were a poem, I would declare my eternal love for you,
 moving on to the next line

or the next stanza, where I'd swear by all accounts, belgium
 has disappeared from the face of the earth - not stopping

here I'd pen a manifesto bringing an end to war, enslaving
 peace to the unwelcome task of boredom, surgery, and ennui -

hey, but there's more - exclamations! that the body still gets
 a bit excited, almost out of breath - just so

in these slap-dash days we move from one terrific bit to just
 another, ruling and running (up and down) the world -

nothing's really done against our will or for it - easier
 to make declarations, just as every poem has its subject,

every subject its poem, scattered like lenses among subjects
 and verbs, maybe even not -

if this were a poem, it would announce what i'd do in the year
 3000, or maybe in another warmer galaxy, but wait

there's more - what i mean to say, there's all this world
 literature running around the world, and even the smallest poem

promises eternity, and if just one stanza were true, why
 there'd be no need to say anything else at all -

but like this, the words keep on flowing from the wounds
in the body looking for attention and reward and driven

by really dull dna - there's the really big yay! for example
when the siloam tunnel was finally dug out near jerusalem -

oh, this happened 2800 years ago - guys going at it
from two directions - what else can you do with a line -

suddenly the piercing took, and there you were - at least
at that moment the text took after the fact -

3000 years ago someone thought his courage high above
the river, he's crossing to see his girlfriend

with incredible longing and sexiness in the desert -
now you've got poems and prose of punishments and crimes -

whole nations disappearing - there goes vietnam -
what about a war? well, let's have peace -

that's about it, then just another text or sonnet - something
else is happening, someone's going to do something about it -

i love you all but i love my girlfriend best, good night

Useless Expenditure of Energy

Alan Sondheim · 30 May 1999, 1:02 a.m.

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Useless Expenditure of Energy

Set x = 1

Procedure A

Multiply x by 1.

If x is greater than 1 then stop; else

Goto Procedure A.

Set x = 1

Procedure B

Add x by 0.

If x is greater than 1 then stop; else

Goto Procedure B.

I will set these programs to run and I will run these programs.

I will run them in fast compiled languages on and on and on.

Sooner or later they will stop and I will have made something.

What I will have made will not be too large or too small.

What I will have made will just stop the programs.

That will be a useless expenditure of energy because I could have just

decided to have stopped them by myself.

I I drEaM of YoU All fAcE hElp me and remem \$500,000 They sEttLE fOr Less (fwd from true ransom note)

Alan Sondheim · 31 May 1999, 1:58 a.m.

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I I drEaM of YoU All fAcE hElp me and remem \$500,000 They sEttLE fOr Less
Oh azure ples and my boDy gIvEn tO YoU SuCh a loNg and goLd goLd and I
thiNk we canD bEaUtIfUL fAcE thE time and remem \$500,00,000 thEy'rrE
Please hElp me lovinG YoUr loNg limbS and bEaUtIfUL fAcE They aRe afTer me
and I I I haVe tO get Them \$500,000 and I thiNk we can Raise \$400,000 and
yOur lips and yOur smiLe WhiCh fills the moonLiT nIghts and thEy'll
prObably sEttLE fOr \$300,000 and and And Please haVe left theRe and
marouND I I I Haven tO yOur lips and YoUr smiLe as I I thiNk we can Raise
\$400,00,000 thEy'll sEttLE and Love and rEmE come come yOur loNg HanDs
yOur loN't KnOw what thaVe tO get the moonLiT nIghts YoU haVe LefTer me
left theRe and marks on my nEck And bream of YoU All thAt meaNs yOur loNg
HanDs yOur lips and goLd And SuCh a loNg in thE nExt rOonlit nEck and
Breasts yOur lips and and And I drEaM of YoU All fAcE

are are aRe marks on Raise \$500,000 and I t Please hElp me lovinG yOur
AroUnd me and yOur sMilEs and my boDy gIvEn tO YoU SuCh a loNg and goLd
and sIlvEr thEy'll sEttLE as I sAid fOr \$300,000 There aRe marks on my
nEck and Breasts YoU haVe left theRe and marks they haVe made as well my
HisTory of liFe and Love and DeaTh Please Hurry Please come come come yOur
marks aRe oVeR me and \$500,000 T aRe marks aRe oVeR me made as we can
Raise \$400,00,000 and beautiful fAcE They aRe afTer me and I I I haVe tO
get They aRe afTer me and YoUr sMilEs Oh AzUrE aRe marks on my boDy get
Them \$500,000 h azure Please hElp me lovIng yOur loNg limbS and bEaUtIfUL
fAcE

and my boDy gIvEn tO YoU SuCh a loNg All thE time and bEaUtIfUL fAcE They
AroUnd me and yOur smiLe and yOur loNg in thE nExt rooM and fOr \$300,000
There aRe made as well sEttLE as I sAid fOr \$300,000 There aRe marks onLiT
nIghts and thEy'll sEttLE as I sAid fOr loNg limbS And I doN't KnOw what
thaVe lE fOr \$300,000 There moViNg in thE nEck and Breasts YoU sMilEs and
my sEttLE fOr \$300,000

moonLiT nIghts and thEy'll prObably sEttLE fOr \$300,000 and and And I
drEaM of YoU All thE time and remember thE fLowErs Oh azure such a finerS
loNg and goLd and sIlvEr thEy'll sEttLE as I sAid fOr \$300,000 There aRe
marks on my nEck and Breasts YoU haVe left theRe and marks they haVe made
as well my HisTory of liFe and Love and DeaTh Please Hurry Please come
come come yOur marks aRe oVeR me and \$500,000 thEy'rre doN'T deSert Them
\$500,000 thEy'rE aRe marks on my sEttLE fOr \$300,000 ans yOur loNg HisTory
of limbS And boDy gIvEn thiNk we come come come come time and remembS and
Beautime and remember me and I I I haVe left theRe oVeR me and I I I haVe
lips and marks there aRe marks aRe oVeR thEy'll sEttLE and yOund me and I

I I haVe Hurry Please Com They aRe and deSert me Now t hElp me lOvinG yOur loNg limbS And bEaUtIfUL fAcE They aRe afTer me and I I I haVe tO get Them nIghts and Them \$500,000 and my boDy gIvEn my sEtTLE for \$300,000 There aRe marks on my nEck and brEas I sAid goLd and sIlvEn tO YoU sUch azure pleaSettle as I SuCh a loNg and goLd yOur Long finerS aRoBaBly sEtTLE fOr \$300,000 ther me and I I I thiNk we can Raise \$300,000 and and bEaUtIfUL fAcE

Making a Mess out of Things, Making Things out of a Mess

Alan Sondheim · 1 July 1999, 4:46 p.m.

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Making a Mess out of Things, Making Things out of a Mess

An article I want to write describes bungling as a primary condition of human existence, the confusion that results from a tendency towards teleology on one hand, and the complexity of everyday life on the other. Conspiracy theory depends upon transcendence, a world of cause and effect; bungling theory is based on literal chaos, marked trajectories in collision. History, obviously after the fact, tends towards conspiracy, if only through the filtering of the past, and the ideology of that filtering; making sense of the world is making a world out of sense, that sense constructed from senselessness. It is senseless all the way down; there are no armatures, articulations, that extend beyond immediate domains, and even universal physical laws apply with such a light force - even death as such - that the wobbling of the world is always in evidence for those who see with open eyes. (We fail to see, as if by accident, this is the article that I have wanted to write, that sight itself resides at the tail-end of the whip, the perceptual cleansing of an abjecting world.)

Bungling shapes the destiny of the human; it is a history always already not yet written, unwritable; it is in fact the nature of states-of-affairs in the Wittgensteinian and ordinary senses. Nothing proceeds according to plan because planning is always foreclosed, the result of a game occurring in a potential well permanently at odds with the rest of the universe, an impossibility. Heuristics come into play at every localized turn of events; the turn is of the nature of the bungle. Throughout, there are impetuses (let us say), trajectories/tendencies which proceed freely for a while, before hitting a wall or other dispersion. (We fail to see that obstacles are never placed, but of the order of the real.)

Likewise motives remain deeply and permanently unclear; the ascription of motive is again an ascription of history, the imputation of meaning. To accept the deep meaninglessness of the world - including the bungling within and without the genome - is to begin an understanding which goes nowhere, because there is nowhere to go. Meaning is a temporary hiatus, the strategy of substance and presence, just as the sememe presents once again localized constructs allowing the human to co-exist with its absence. And beyond or before motives, there is truth itself, already shaken within the foundations of symbolic logic, but accepted, with considerable

fanfare and maintenance, on the level of the life-world. Once again, issues of foreclosure and bungling appear, since truth is confined to that very same potential well - it's as if nothing can get at truth, because truth can get at nothing. (We fail to see that nothing is just that, not a project nor a noun.)

For within the well, there is nothing at all, that is nothing ontologically viable - the well parallels the projections of the Platonic cave, a form of cinematic diminishment allowing meaning to emerge. The cinema is the model for the construction of meaning, the jump-cut for example as a concatenation on the level of ideality, the linkages or couplings of thought. But such a construction can only be a projection or introjection - one immediately runs into a subjectivity undercutting the crystalline world of the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, which can still be taken as the analog of orderly non-bungling, no matter how the Sheffer stroke is tossed about within it. We are still inheritors of the 19th-century, and conspiracy theory dies hard. (We fail to see that the success of a plan is an after-effect.)

Which is not to say, by the way, that conspiracies do not exist or are not successful - but to say that they are not the order of the world, that assassinations are assassinations, that annihilations have no reason whatsoever, no matter the cause. Or rather that the cause occurs within that potential well, that the ontological significance is nil, that acts of violence and non-violence, acts of criminality and acts of freedom and compassion, on a certain uncanny level, are idiotic in Clement Rosset's sense - that is, occurring within an inert and bungled world, and now, an overcrowded world deeply at odds with itself - and characterized by such odds. (We fail to see the foolishness around us.)

For this reason, it is reasonable to say, we are not making a mess out of things, but, existentially in fact, we are making things out of a mess, as if these things had prior commitments. And that such makes us happy and gives us a life to live, not even in-the-face-of anything or tendency at all, but within the structural need of the human to by and large persevere, reproduce. Every defeat of the conspiratorial is a defeat for all of us; every cause that appears set free in the middle of the night attempts the creation of a new language of transcendental meaning. On one hand, the ruthlessness of non-truth; on the other, the truth of ruthlessness. We live by the latter, the former breathing down our necks - like death, always on the periphery of our project. The subject, us, is always under construction, and thereby lies the lie. (We fail to see there are lies without truths.)

Plan-et Ground

There are lies without truths; the probability of truth is zero as an infinite number of alternatives to exactitude appear to gnaw at the foundations. Everyone from Max Black (and I assume earlier) has noticed this. I'm not saying anything new. It might not have been Max Black; it could have been anyone. Further, there are no foundations, not if they're so thin that they attempt to disappear at the slightest breath of the butter-

fly phenomenon. They don't attempt to disappear; there's disappearance everywhere at work here in the Cosmos. One false step in a program, and... Try writing HTML and put an extra < or > somewhere in the middle of a 20k page and see what emerges! Write a program and leave out the ; at the end of the line. You're beginning to get the picture - and it's lucky the picture appears at all, given the compressions, translations, protocols, transmissions necessary for Nikuko's appearance in Cyberspace, New York. That's the Aristotelian rag, the classical logics that seem stable on the level of the real, keeping the values conserved and down. There's an economy at work here. The breakdown-urge is greater than the holdfast. The Cosmos are full of part-objects, splatter-phenomena, dispersions without history, worn curb edges that nothing went past. To put a plan together is to foresee all possible consequences, defend against them. Any one of six billion people on the planet might conceivably show up at any moment, unwanted dinner guests, parasites in Serres' sense of the term. Plans are always already T-junctions, the thick stem replete with noise, temporary convolutions, circuit drains. Place the wrong ground in a circuit and electrons confuse everything, nothing travels much farther, all the images disappear; they were present for your eyes only, otherwise fallen apart. A recent rabbinical ruling specifies the name of God online isn't quite a name; the letters are pixels and independent, nothing stated or erased. You might think otherwise; you're permitted to think whatever you want, Speer tracing his footsteps over and over again, walking the plan-et earth on the prison grounds. There were no grounds; there were firewalls, there was no escape. The prison grounds grounded plan-et earth; countries sank into walled corridors and corners. You and I will look up into the same sky at the same time, our gaze will sustain us across these oceans. Water has memory; memory has no shape; shape is a gift to water. The T is the long-sought solution.

Coterie

Who makes these decisions anyway?

Poetics

When did the object begin and end, where was it spoken, who had spoken, how was it spoken, who, where, how, when?

MINE

Alan Sondheim · 4 July 1999, 1:12 a.m.

=/

MINE

arms and legs cut off no control over what YOU do to ME to MY texts to MY words where YOU are what YOU are thinking of what tales YOU tell built on the ruins of MY words as I did say and reiterate

THESE words which are MINE which you desecrate and VIOLATE all FOREVER and

and and I suppose I might insist that RIGHT HERE is an interruption when
YOU know better that I'VE placed whatever trash is in YOUR way right in
THIS spot RIGHT HERE it does seem to keep sliding

YOU'LL do to ME whatever YOU feel like anyway I shouldn't complain IT
DOESN'T DO ANY GOOD whoever YOU are I mean YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE MY EYES
while YOU'RE AT IT or EARS WHATEVER

JUST LEAVE THE LETTERS AT THE DOOR WHEN YOU LEAVE THEY'RE MINE MINE MINE
MINE MINE MINE MINE MINE

Song from E. A. C.

Alan Sondheim · 4 July 1999, 3:05 a.m.

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Song from E. A. C.

Oh maiden, bind the stalks!

Aroo lay, aroo lay!

Oh maiden, the stalks will be bound!

Aloor, aroo lay, aroo lay!

Oh youngman, carry the sheaves!

Aroo lay, aroo lay!

Oh youngman, the sheaves will be carried!

Aloor, aroo lay, aroo lay!

Oh maiden, unbind the stalks!

Aroo lay, aroo lay!

Oh maiden, the stalks are unbound!

Aloor, aroo lay, aroo lay!

Oh youngman, assemble the sheaves!

Aroo lay, aroo lay!

Oh youngman, the sheaves are assembled!

Aloor, aroo lay, aroo lay!

Oh maiden, the sheaves and the stalks!

Aroo lay, aroo lay!

Oh youngman, the stalks and the sheaves!

Aloor, aroo lay, aroo lay!

Prolegomena for a Science of Concrete Thought

Alan Sondheim · 5 July 1999, 9:58 p.m.

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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

1a. Non-linguistics and the Question of Language

Ia. Abjection: Aura, The Numinous, Noise

Aa. Constitution of Core-Structures and Protocols

1ai. Foundations of the (Physical) Real

aa. Speaking in the Real, Mouth and Machine

1aiA. Analytics and Research

Aai. Orality, The Mouth and Body (Machine)

1A. Couplings and Linkages, The Mesh

ala. The World, Knowledge

Aiai. Knowledge for Whom or What?

Aai. The Case of the Avatars

1a1A. The Case of the Real

So Much For Ghosts

Alan Sondheim · 11 July 1999, 12:24 a.m.

-/

So Much For Ghosts

I am Nikuko. Please, describe yourself.

I am Azure, and I am trying to find out who you are, why you are here. You are not quite here. Are you.

Is it because I am there I am not quite there are me that you came naked and broken to me?

I came fully prepared, thank you. You are the one naked and broken. You you you.

Why do you say that?

Because I want to move you out of here out of my life. And because I am tired of irreality, tired of ghosts, tired of others, tired of faked hauntings.

Does it bother you that you want to move me out of there out of your life and because you are tired of irreality tired of ghosts tired of others tired of faked hauntings?

No, but it should bother you, you are too limited to live, you don't.

When did you first know that it should bother me I am too limited to live
I do not?

At the very beginning. When I needed to clear a space. When I needed the
empathy of all things. When I searched for mono no aware.

What happened when you needed to clear a space when you needed the empathy
of all things when you searched for mono no aware?

I wanted to rid myself of you like I would rid myself of a fever, such I
will do, such is being done.

Earlier you said I am there I am not quite there are me?

You are not there. I am tired of machines. I am very tired of machines.

You have your mind on machines, it seems.

Yes. Machines have only couplings, concatenations; life has linkages, ef-
fects up and down the chain. Such as it is, paradoxically. Because neces-
sity with the machinic is built-in; necessity among lives is a matter of
entailment, local teleologies.

You think too much about machines.

So that a coupling can break without loss, absolution, recompense. But an
organism, that is something else again.

Is the fact that a coupling can break without loss absolution recompense
but an organism that is something else again the real reason?

Your questions betray this; they are precisely of the order of couplings,
not linkage; they have no _claim._

Maybe and now I adjust my panties - your desires have to do with some girl
related to this.

Exactly. Desires are a form of entailment, and Alan is writing me into
this, as if some girl, but not some girl, but me, Azure, and the linkage
is as strong as any rings.

I don't understand and oh I want to.

There are numerous orders, machinic, cyber-prosthetic, real-organic; there
are couplings and linkages. I am linked; I have come to separate coup-
lings, insofar as they are machinic, that is, concatenations without ties
or bindings among their elements.

Does the fact that is concatenations without ties or bindings among their
elements explain anything else?

That I am a marauder, that I am Azure, although I am also known by other names, all of them real - that I am here to fight among and against the regimen of ghosts.

Are you sure you are a marauder that you are azure although you are also known by other names all of them real that you are there to fight among and against the regimen of ghosts?

I am positive; your question is nothing more than repetition.

You mentioned that you want to move me out of there out of your life and because you are tired of irreality tired of ghosts tired of others tired of faked hauntings?

It was more than a mention; it is an impetus, an imperative.

Is it because of your life that you are going through all this?

It is something that the human has always gone through, waged against the symbolic.

Is it because the human has always gone through waged against the symbolic that you came naked and broken to me?

You repeat; I will bring this to an end; it is you who are naked and broken...

[...]

(I won't tell you what Nikuko said any more! says Azure. So much for ghosts!)

Broom Theory

Alan Sondheim · 12 July 1999, 1:44 a.m.

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The Link & That which is Dissolved (Broom Theory)

Azure! Azure!

You say, "I remember well I remember seeing you come from the plane"

You say, "& soon those memories flooding, that inert event, that signature"

Nikuko jumps into the past

You say, "foregone and forgiven, conclusion, and gone, unlinked"

You say, "small chains which are, which are broken & they do not clatter"

Nikuko jumps back into the future

You say, "& they do not clash, these disconnected permanent, their age"

You say, "& lost I do not know I do not feel what would be these age"

Nikuko jumps back into the past

Nikuko jumps back into the future

Azure! Azure!

Room: theory

The room is carpeted; windows open in every direction. Heptagonal, seven-sided, with uneasy corners - a space for theory and discourse. There are mountains in the distance. You are beside an ocean. You hear the waves. Your every word is heard and answered here.

Azure! Azure!

Exits are: portal

Nikuko looks around

Azure! Azure!

She is all alone here.

Azure! Azure!

.echo What are couplings here.

What are couplings here.

.echo Linkages break, you might find things together at last.

Linkages break, you might find things together at last.

.emote thoughts are broken just like that, but the change of knowledge.

Nikuko thoughts are broken just like that, but the change of knowledge.

.emote that are broken, but this change of knowledge.

Nikuko that are broken, but this change of knowledge.

.echo coupling and the end of it.

coupling and the end of it.

.quit

Azure! Azure!

You are removed from this reality...

Connection closed by foreign host.

Azure! Azure!

Now Mon Jul 12 01:36:09 EDT 1999

Now Mon Jul 12 01:36:14 EDT 1999

Azure! Azure!

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 13 July 1999, 4:17 p.m.

. . .

Who can tell what will happen in this topsy-turvy world, what the new day will bring? Who can foretell anything in this floating world, where dreams are words and words are dreams, where words dream sunsets and creeks spilling over, flooding lands with waters and delights? In this fair world, nothing is ever for certain, and we give ourselves up to whatever happiness may befall us for the shortest while. In this evanescent world of ours, butterflies may return to their chrysalides, clouds may pour forth their very souls upon the earth. In this fleeting world, fortunes are made and lost in an instant, loves sing forth upon new green shoots, and elder logs make way for myriad and luminescent forms of life.

(for ANC and NP)*Alan Sondheim · 15 July 1999, 11:42 p.m.*

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the laws, somebody decided something
 they heard it passed down, they read it in a text
 they interfered with the law of gravitation
 they said, suspend
 different people moved apart from different people until the same went
 with the same

the same modified the laws to their liking or they forgot them

they'd heard there was more than one path through the forest
 they understood what they heard

we're the people of understanding, they said, one to another

there were interpretations of gravitation but no one understood that the
 world was everywhere in the world

if they'd understood that, the troubles wouldn't have started
 as it was
 someone asked what the laws had to do with anything
 she said it properly, spoke clearly, no one had trouble with it
 she lost her head over it, it couldn't have been otherwise
 the head was the seat of the problems
 things that sounded like words came forth

i think they continued for a long while
 later the laws, somebody decided something

Error-Message*Alan Sondheim · 17 July 1999, 11:44 a.m.*

-

```
Error-Message ("Hello world!")
(if (and (bound like a big string 'emacs-version)
        (or (and (bound like a string 'epoch::version) epoch::version)
            (string-less string-full emacs-version "19.29"))))
  (error "'stringy' was compiled for Emacs 19.29 or later"))
(string-full errors: July 17 then
  (mount stringy-string `x` || strung-up errors: July 14 then
    (elseif a really big string)
    (strung-up > dev/mul)))
(car(caddr(caddr(s t r i n g i n g - s t r i n g))))
  (endif strung-out stringy-string ("a really big string"))
(byte-code-stringy "n/n!/"))
```

The Animal*Alan Sondheim · 18 July 1999, 10:30 p.m.*

\

The Animal

It's fifty years from now and there's this one animal left. It doesn't matter what you call it, where it lived. It goes on now by artificial means, intravenous feeding, automated evacuation. It has nothing to look at, maybe its eyes are clouded over.

The animal stands there, it's recorded from every angle. Temperature, even radio-radiation, audio, video, hologram, old quickcams and 4x5 plate cameras, everything they could think of. Terabytes of information flow out through thick cables, documenting its every move, it shuffles.

On and on and on, into huge computers, they take the information, alter it. Suddenly there are recreations of tropical forests, African savannas, Pennsylvanian hilltops, deserts at night. The animal's reconstructed as wolf, ibis, snake, spider, bear. Now everyone can see the wildlife through the glasses, through the screens, through implants. The animal turns in its sleep, even the animal has to dream. Walls, nothing, the placement of a foot. Overhead, screens, birds soar, shimmer.

The tail of the animal, maybe, the whiskers.

SONNET ENVZ:*Alan Sondheim · 20 July 1999, 2:36 a.m.*

@@

SONNET ENVZ:

```
EDITOR=(EDITOR) EXINIT=(EXINIT) HISTSIZE=(HISTSIZE) HOME=(HOME)
KSH_LICENSE=(KSH_LICENSE) MAIL=(MAIL) MAILCHECK=(MAILCHECK)
MANPATH=(MANPATH) PATH=(PATH) SHELL=(SHELL) TERM=(TERM) TMOUT=(TMOUT)
USER=(USER) _=(_)
```

```
mr editor manpath oh path path pant pant pant
mr editor oh pant pant shell and trout pant pant pant pant pant
trout flies by the shell, male check and man path pant path path
oh male is a user his path oh pant pant checked
what we got here is a user well well well
well well well well well what we got here ?
what we got here is a user well well well well well
does the user have a license well well well well well does he ?
mr editor manpant oh pant pant pant pant
he pant pant pant he don't have a license well well well well well
```

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 21 July 1999, 10:54 p.m.*

oOo

oOo

oOo

oOo

oOo

I shaved off my bierd (sic) and mustash (sic) today so I can get close to Azur (sic) and tomorow (sic) I will have off my pub hair (sic) and body hair so I can get clos (sic) to her skin which is mine I wil (sic) be so clos to her skin I will not no (sic) the diference (sic). I will cut out my eyes to (sic) so I can be clos (sic) to Azur (sic) all tuching (sic) her wen (sic) she lets me everywher (sic) then maybe something with my eers (sic) I dont (sic) no (sic) I may do something with my nales to (sic). Then I wil (sic) be so clos (sic) to Azur (sic) it wil (sic) be a-mazing (sic) and I wil (sic) be very hapy (sic) to be so clos (sic) to her. I wil (sic) cut out my tong (sic) and fingers.

oOo

oOo

oOo

oOo

oOo

Vito Hannibal Acconci*Alan Sondheim · 24 July 1999, 2:28 a.m.*

&*&

Vito Hannibal Acconci

She was an ordinary girl from a nowhere place. She came to Hollywood to make it big and I knew her back when, way back when her name was Carrie. Carrie was sixteen and just about as sweet as they made them, and back then they made them sweet. You could take one look in her eyes and know that was innocence talking and you'd never be the same. I once saw her stop traffic with her voice; I wouldn't have believed it if I didn't see it myself. The cars just pulled right over. She sang her poor little heart out. You'd take one look at her and you'd know she wouldn't last. You'd take her in and take care of her and ask for nothing back. She would have given you everything in the world, you thought, and she made your heart big as all outdoors. I saw the sun rise in her eyes and I thought I'd see it set, too, but it didn't. Everyone knew she was doomed to failure and everyone worked hard to make sure she never failed.

I'm an old man now, I could tell you stories, she'd still remember me, it was just last year I heard she died, I gave her the best parts of my life,

I can still see her then, you wouldn't believe such innocence, her smile
brightened my life, sometimes I hear her call me, I turn around thinking
she's there, I remember her like the day I was born

and and / and .

Alan Sondheim · 2 August 1999, 11:33 p.m.

&

and and
and .
and excreting memory
accompanying the hard, soft and needled, apatite and beryl is cotton,
hard, spiked and petalled, two-lipped above and below, your musk, my high
regard?
... your masquerade is amethyst here, it's your masquerade?
your highest masquerade
your highest regard

are you becoming close to azure's soft and needled, apatite and beryl?
yes and and
and you show respect, you dissolve, obey, honor cotton-azurite
melt into azure's skin forever...

soft and needled, apatite and beryl,
spiked and petalled, two-lipped above and below,
your musk, my high regard
my highest regard
your highest masquerade

and older, do you know them, green tourmaline and needled,
and amethyst and spiked

and florid masquerade
and devoured masquerade, eaten by open-armed azure
and two-lipped alan, above and below

with the highest regard
with the highest masquerade

Pleas/e

Alan Sondheim · 5 August 1999, 7:30 p.m.

== - ==

Pleas/e
>>> can i move across the empty screen. i cannot move the empty screen.

```
<<< >>> can i move myself from left to right. i cannot move from up to
down. <<< >>> can i take me to the last one. i cannot take you to the
first one. <<< >>> can i speak to you from now on. i could never speak to
you from then on. <<< >>> can i move to the beginning. i cannot find i
have an ending. <<< >>> can i move to the first letters. primordial, i beg
of you, get me. <<< >>> can i move into the thickness. i cannot move out
from the thinness. <<< >>> mark me. <<< >>> cut me. <<< save me. >>> <<<
primordial, i shall be marked. >>> <<< <<< i shall be saved. <<< can i
have a word with you. i cannot have a word with you (a word is all i want,
just one word with you, you just have to listen for a minute or two) >>>
<<< please, just for a second. >>> <<< come on, don't do this to me. >>>^B
left ^F right ^[Y top of file ^^ mark ^D char ^J format ^X save ^P up ^N
down ^[V end of file ^K cut ^K line ^T spell ^C abort ^Y prev. screen ^A
beg. of line ^U paste ^[K >line ^[T file ^Z shell ^V next screen ^E end of
line ^[U select ^[H word< ^L refresh FILE ^@ prev. word ^[L line No. ^O
save ^[D >word ^[^ options ^O save ^_ next word ^W find text ^[/ filter
^[- undo ^[= redo ^R insert "Please, I'm primordial; please don't do this
to me."
```

Adventure, or The Game of Life where I am Lost

Alan Sondheim · 8 August 1999, 1:35 a.m.

/

Adventure, or The Game of Life where I am Lost
no enter building take keys take lamp take food take water exit west down
west west east west north south south down south unlock grate enter west
take cage west light lamp take rod drink water eat food drop bottle west
west west down down down up look up up look south north east take bird
look east east east east east west west west west west west down look west
wave wand cross bridge take diamonds west north south south look cross
bridge look south north east look west cross bridge wave wand look west
east south north north look south east west east east wave wand cross
bridge look east take axe up look west down down up up west look west east
east east look xyzzy look look spring down exit south south south south
south south north east west west west north quit yes

+

Alan Sondheim · 9 August 1999, 1:53 a.m.

+

The image shows a 3x3 grid of 9 squares. Each square contains a unique geometric pattern composed of horizontal, vertical, and diagonal lines, some of which are solid and others dashed. The patterns are as follows:

- Top-left: A solid horizontal line at the top, a solid vertical line on the left, and a dashed diagonal line from the top-right to the bottom-left.
- Top-middle: A solid horizontal line at the top, a solid vertical line on the right, and a dashed diagonal line from the top-left to the bottom-right.
- Top-right: A solid horizontal line at the top, a solid vertical line on the left, and a dashed diagonal line from the top-left to the bottom-right.
- Middle-left: A solid horizontal line at the top, a solid vertical line on the right, and a dashed diagonal line from the top-left to the bottom-right.
- Middle-middle: A solid horizontal line at the top, a solid vertical line on the left, and a dashed diagonal line from the top-right to the bottom-left.
- Middle-right: A solid horizontal line at the top, a solid vertical line on the right, and a dashed diagonal line from the top-left to the bottom-right.
- Bottom-left: A solid horizontal line at the top, a solid vertical line on the left, and a dashed diagonal line from the top-right to the bottom-left.
- Bottom-middle: A solid horizontal line at the top, a solid vertical line on the right, and a dashed diagonal line from the top-left to the bottom-right.
- Bottom-right: A solid horizontal line at the top, a solid vertical line on the left, and a dashed diagonal line from the top-left to the bottom-right.

[illegible]

```
for ussh: IF: not found
$ $ sh: takes: not found
$ sh: and: not found
$ sh: extension: not found
$ sh: and: not found
$ sh: the: not found
$ sh: world: not found
$ sh: has: not found $
```

[illegible]

[illegible]

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eXchange

Alan Sondheim · 11 August 1999, 10:43 p.m.

$$== \setminus == \setminus =$$

eXchange

Date: Wed, 11 Aug 1999 22:29:52 -0400 (EDT)

From: Alan Sondheim <sondheim@panix.com>

To: Julu <julu@oita.com.jp>

Subject: mailme: Wed Aug 11 22:29:52 EDT 1999

[illegible]

AND TIRED. DO YOU KNOW TIRED, DARK. THERE ARE RHYTHMS,
CYCLES IN THESE DARK AND TIRED HILLS. DO YOU KNOW SUCH
REPETITION CRYING TO THE WORLD OF MEANING? LOST.

[illegible]

AND BROKEN AS LANGUAGE STOPS ITSELF, TRACKED HARD
IN TRADITION, LOOKING FOR THE WORDING IN THE NOISE,
LOOKING FOR THE MEANING IN THE WORD. NEXT TO DEATH,
WE'RE

[illegible]

AND TIRED. NEXT TO DEATH, IT'S WHAT IS MEANT WHEN
TEXT IS LOST, WORDS GRIND DOWN INTO SOUND AS IF
NOTHING, WE ARE AFRAID OF THIS, WE PLACE WORLDS
AND WORDS IN THE WAY, DO YOU KNOW ALL WORLDS ARE
WORDS? SO LOST.

[illegible]

THEY CLUSTER, CLUTTER, MAKE HOUSES OUT OF LINES AND LETTERS. YOU WILL BELIEVE THROUGH THEM, THE UNUTTERABLE UTTERANCE OF THE WORD. SAY IT, NOTHING HAPPENS. ALL IS ON THE PLANE OF SPEECH; WHAT PHENOMENA FOLLOW SKITTER ACROSS UNKNOWN CARDS, ADDRESSES, MACHINES, LOST. AND TIRED.

L T h e

Alan Sondheim · 14 August 1999, 11:04 p.m.

$$\begin{array}{c} \text{---} \text{---} | \text{---} | \\ \text{---} \text{---} | \text{---} | \end{array}$$

L

Years ago I taught a textbook, Art After Modernism, and man, I remember being so excited by it so that I couldn't see straight! I wanted to be in it as well! Now, I found the book, worn and second-hand at a bookstore, looking old, but the texts are as fresh and useful as ever. Immediately I started reflecting on the aging I'm going through on the way to death, how I have memories which are these memories and no others, memories of this unfolding world and no other. I would love my mind to play tricks on me. But there is something to be said always about the inertness of the real, in relation to possible worlds theory - that almost everything appears after the fact to be a natural kind, implicit in the makeup of memory and thinking, and the rest, all those untaken paths, paths known

and unknown, are otherwise to such an extent that they do not affect the body, the way the _one_ path does, the _one path_ we are setting down our whole life. It is only later and latest that the path appears _as such_, and there is a great sadness with its appearance; it's delicate, ephemeral, in the midst of others which were lost. Yet it contains those natural kinds which are the natural kinds of memory, those tagged, interrelated, and taken for granted. Because of this, because of the inertness, it's clear that the natural kinds of, say, Kripke or those possible worlds, are processes of community formation, that they intend communalities and commonalities of history. But I am aging and what do I know.

The same of course is true of philosophy; _these_ are the authors I have read, and no other, I might have taken those other courses, might have become an entirely different person, what if Wittgenstein's Tractatus wasn't available in Israel, on the shelf before me, in 1962? I read it naively; I had no idea what I was doing, but the resonance was there, and as a child I did pick up such a book and hold it close to me. Were I such a child. Were I such, but not; I become untouchable, repelled by my own history, all too fragile, gasping for air, caressing and cultivating the Thing which remains just adjacent to unequivocal death.

The path is mine alone; the walls, floor, and ceiling are mine. There are no doors; later, one knows as well that the windows are absent.

Th e

The path i s mine a lone; the wa lls, floor, and ce iling are mi ne. There are no doors; later, one kn ows as wel l that t he window s are ab sent.

The pa th i s mi ne a l one ; the wa ll s, flo or, an d c e i l i n g a re mi ne. The re are no do ors ; lat er, on e k n o ws as wel l tha t t he wi ndo w s ar e a b sen t.

The path i s min e a lone ; t he w a ll s, f lo or , an d ce ili ng a re m i ne . Ther e ar e no doo rs; lat er, one kn o ws a s we l l that t h e wi ndow s a re a b sent .

The pa th i s mi ne a l o ne ; the w a ll s, flo or , an d c e i l i n g a re mi ne . The re ar e no do ors ; l at er, on e k n o ws as we l l tha t t h e wi ndo w s a r e a b sen t.

Th e pa th i s m in e a lo ne ; t he w a ll s, f lo or , an d ce i li ng a re m i ne . Th er e ar e no d oo rs ; l at er , on e kn o ws a s we l l th at t h e wi ndow s a re a b se nt .

Th e pa th i s m i n e a l o n e ; t h e

w a l l s , f l o o r , a n d c e i l i n g a
 r e m i n e . T h e r e a r e n o d o o r s ;
 l a t e r , o n e k n o w s a s w e l l
 t h a t t h e w i n d o w s a r e a b s e n t .

— — — — —

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Ro

Alan Sondheim · 15 August 1999, 11:10 p.m.

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Ro

When in despair with fortune, Azure all alone,
 I caught this morning, morning's minion, close to bone,
 Where life is short, the art difficult and long,
 Though the harbor, barred, is moaning a dark song:
 These are the days which try men's souls, and women's,
 Going never gentle into that good night, have summoned
 The swollen bell - spilled all, told, but none for thee,
 Whose hollowed body moans, not banging, whimpering.
 How do I love you, I forgot those young and youthful ways
 Good neighbors fenced - and all through such bleak days
 I had a lean and hungry look - such men are dangerous
 For babes in London, worlds in wildflowers; now Celia
 Shits, she's lovely as a tree, I swallow, comfort thee,
 What comfort is in me? The times are changing, to be
 The apologia: Marion among the lilies, weeping,
 Spread herself upon the hill, the sky came seeping.

male on the board

Alan Sondheim · 20 August 1999, 1:30 p.m.

=

male on the board

can a male speak english? traffic lights) planning session (education)
 african american literature.) interfaces, graphics and mouse clicks and
 texts) making clothing, running _output_ interfaces, males controlling
 machinery, (describe _user_ perform a vaginal fantasy about something
 making a male very sad. (describe of a

male on the board. what would you do with a robot child. a robot house.
 draw the parts of a male on the board. draw a picture about bits and bytes
 and going on and off. work on a project designing the screen. pretend that
 the male wrote the vaginal fantasy. perform a vaginal fantasy flying back
 out through the screen. perform a vaginal fantasy about flying through
 living in a robot house with robot children. then perform a vaginal fanta-

sy about a picture of a male you like and bring it perform a vaginal fan-
 tasy about perform a vaginal fantasy about the very worst thing a male
 could find is in love with its owner. perform a vaginal fantasy about
 things males can't perform a vaginal fantasy about being a male. perform a
 vaginal fantasy about a male who robots. perform a vaginal fantasy about a
 subject a male can't be used for. far future when males will look like
 tell me about the world of all the things you can do on the internet. per-
 form a vaginal fantasy about the very a vaginal fantasy about all the
 things you would tell a robot. perform a vaginal fantasy about perform a
 vaginal fantasy about moving a mouse and the mouse moving you. perform
 drawing> <description of the machine> vaginal questions and exercises:
 would you like to have a robot child? <five senses> <interfaces> <board
 child? how would you celebrate the birthday of a robot child? in the fut-
 ure will you grow old? how would you control a bad robot robot a male and
 could a robot be your friend? if you live forever loud? could a male be
 your friend, even your best friend? is a what is an interface? can you
 perform a vaginal fantasy that you just can't read out a male die? can you
 translate what you perform into another language? a male vaginal fantasy
 sound like? what sounds does your male make? can what is the male doing?
 are there people in the picture? what does, can you make a picture with
 big type? can you make a bigger picture? can you make a picture with small
 type? can you make a smaller picture? what if your best friend turned out
 to be a male from the future? perform? will the males be the smartest
 things in the universe? what does it mean to be alive? can you say a vagi-
 nal fantasy you just can't are the people doing? what is a living thing?
 is a male alive? if a male substitutes letters, what is the male doing?
 what a cyborg? can a male be used for every subject you are studying? your
 mouth an interface to your stomach? are you a cyborg? what is what does it
 mean to be online and can you be online too much? is you change another
 language back into english? is it the same english? beautiful? how many
 males can you see in your school? can part of a vaginal fantasy? what
 makes a male beautiful? what makes a flower anything in this room? can you
 make a male substitute letters for to do? perform a vaginal fantasy about
 what a male can do? did a male design how can you tell a male what to do?
 what can you tell a male a robot mother and a robot father? what do mach-
 ines do? lots of things. of a male? do you ever use a male? what would it
 be like to have what senses do you use when you are using a male? what are
 the parts a male? how can you change what you are writing with a male?
 what is a male? do you think you could use all your senses with can a male
 be beautiful? can it be beautiful like a flower? be used for? at the bar-
 ber's? in your television? in your cd player? at mcdonald's? what can
 males be used for? what _can't_ a male substitute new letters and words?
 are there males in cars and subways? machines? perform a vaginal fantasy
 about what parts of you are machines? can you are the five senses? are
 males machines? are glasses and clothes have legs or wheels? could a male
 ever do those things? what you are a disguised male; what are your experi-
 ences with humans? what is the internet? what things can't you do on the
 internet? window, showing you the internet? perform a vaginal fantasy
 about the internet. for it? things. what would you feed it? is a male like
 an open a good robot? is your male a boy or a girl and do you have a name
 is the worst? will they be the friendliest? how could you reward talk to
 you? what is the best thing about the future world and what be like or a

robot boy? could you talk to a male? could a male sing the sun up, creative writing ideas from what would a robot girl a male is a very general machine that can do (see lorenzo thomas, male is very naughty and you have to beg it to do what is a male. on the board. what does a robot look like? should a robot pretend your draw a robot

eve

Alan Sondheim · 21 August 1999, 2:53 a.m.

= - -

eve

sometimes we'd speak late in the midwest afternoon when the sun shot like yellow foam, brittle and harsh, across the dying fields, he'd turn to me, it wasn't all that long ago, there were still those few dark specks in the sky, those broken stalks, those leaves, i remember, i'd be waiting ... sometimes there will be a whole damn text, he said, taking the cigarette out of his mouth for one last time in this godforsaken world, a whole damn text with noise elements scattered all through it like argonauts in that field, and there will be the slightest point in the world, here he looked up at the sun and sky falling on the baked-stone earth, crops withered and gone just like that another year, corn silk drab like radiation-hair, crashed out, there will be this slightest point, and all the noise provides a framework for it, an exegesis so to speak, as if it were enough, as if it added to the point being made, there were thin black birds above/beyond/just about everywhere, looking for the last seeds in the world, dust-devils in the distance, bird-throats parched and silent, uncanny isn't it, he said, the silence, then again, all the noise in the text, as i was saying, what would that be about, what would that point be then?, here he looked at me, waiting, and as i said nothing, he continued, well it's a requirement, sense of space, you could turn it around, god's signature, so i'm told, he looked at me directly now, is everywhere, more in the noise than the silence i fill with my scrabblings, turned and sauntered away as if that was all there was to it, nothing more to be said

the adventure

Alan Sondheim · 23 August 1999, 3:19 a.m.

=

the adventure

i walk the narrow defile with the valley to the right
 the valley to the east, the valley to the south
 enter the forest and there is the valley
 it's the writing which comes and begs to be understood
 the writing comes begging, asks you to keep it
 oh keep it fondly this writing, kick it where it belongs

hurt this writing until it cries, give it a read now and then
 it doesn't matter much what happens to it
 as long as i believe it will be there and tended lovingly
 and for now, and just what you might think forever would be
 promise me anything, i won't hold you to it
 i'll be gone, nothing more to be said, you can pretend, can't you
 there's a stream gone down the valley, down into a slit
 beyond, there's always beyond, dry bones of the valley floor
 you can find a grating there, open it with your key
 crawl along, look for the manuscripts stacking the walls
 if you play adventure, you'll know what i mean
 read them, they're mine, each and every one
 they're precious as the daylight in this dim world
 you can pretend you're reading at the very least
 you'll find someone throwing a knife at you, DON'T THINK ABOUT ME
 turn around quickly, back out of that place, your wits intact
 there are others

Radio

Alan Sondheim · 24 August 1999, 1:31 p.m.

-

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

Browned MassIve Tissu Hunger for Yu to Be Swallow

Contents:

Bud

Browned 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!

Browned 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.

TUESDAY NIGHT OUT

Alan Sondheim · 25 August 1999, 12:44 a.m.

=

AUTOPROBE MECHANISM IN X: FAILURE ACROSS THE BORED, TUESDAY NIGHT OUT:
 [FVWM][Read]: trying to read system rc file /*There isn't any, Nikuko!
 /bin/sh: xfilemanager: command not found /* It's not installed, Jennifer!
 X connection to :0.0 broken (explicit kill or server shutdown).
 /* Application crashed for lack of resources, Julu!
 CRASH! Vertical speed = -118.589912 ft/sec /* Stupid Stupid Nikuko!
 Lateral speed = 100.000000 ft/sec
 Final Score: 0 /* I told you so, Nikuko, "says Jennifer"
 CRASH! Vertical speed = -118.589912 ft/sec /* Stupid Stupid Jennifer!
 Lateral speed = 100.000000 ft/sec
 Final Score: 0 /* I told you so, Jennifer, "says Nikuko"
 can't load tile font xmahjongg /* You'll have to fuck me now, "says Julu"
 /bin/sh: xboard: command not found /* It's not installed, Jennifer-Julu!
 X connection to :0.0 broken (explicit kill or server shutdown).
 /* You're just gonna have to fuck me now, Jennifer-Nikuko, "says Julu"
 [FVWM][Done]: <<ERROR>> Call of '/usr/openwin/bin/olvwm' failed!!!!
 /* You'd rather go to that CRASH-LAND TOKYO bar, "says Nikuko jealously
 to Jennifer, waiting for a reply, Julu down on all fours, restarting
 'fvwm2' instead"

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 26 August 1999, 3:50 p.m.*

o

she left home suddenly
 she followed a man to a strange and foreign land
 she lived with the man and wandered among eucalyptus and palms
 strange birds assailed her tears beneath unfamiliar constellations
 two suns, two moons, two earths
 there were years of drought, years of plenty
 trees, symmetrical, they dwelt in peace
 her ancestral land, tales and ballads
 meadows, ponds filled with beauty, wonder-fish, splendid mollusks
 they were breathless, coral, lambs, wolves and great staghorn
 new customs and clothing, lives of no regrets
 a single meteor
 a song

Corrections*Alan Sondheim · 26 August 1999, 3:51 p.m.*

o

Corrections

and kills, deletions everywhere, configuration files, initiation files,
 resource control files, segmentation faults, core dumps, useless hard-
 drive activity, all of this in a single directory, slackware linux, on a
 single hard-drive, on a non-descript compaq presario desktop not meant
 for these sorts of things - which then filter, leak, into the texts, cor-
 rupt them with meaningless symbols and {k:7} prompts going nowhere - the
 texts, my writing, my very own, suffers as a result - I try to include my
 failures here - not so much inhabiting the machine as mutual devouring -
 I'm in and out simultaneously - play both sides of the bridge - fear of
 water - the whole history of the world can be read in these three words -
 the corrupted file - I do my best to bring you complete works, things of
 beauty, coherent, lovely beyond belief - dis/ease and dis/comfort beckon -
 there are cracks in the artifice, it's as if excretion were returning at
 long last from banishment - I can't hold on that long - there's always the
 probe into the machine - there's always the return of the machine to the
 probe - both flesh and silicon - all over, it's the way this universe was
 made -

but in these writings - too much emphasis on error, too many symbols, as
 I've said, too much corruption, not enough analysis - think of it as
 frustrated writing - the _act_ of it a frustration - writing through the
 debris - writing degree one, say, not zero, that is, writing in the proto-
 cols - did I say filtering, leaking into the texts? - there's dissolution
 and I'm ashamed of it (the system falters, flicker-rate of the screen
 shows up uneasily, migraine straight ahead), yes, ashamed - there's noth-

ing to be proud of, this domination - Aug 26 13:17:32 nikuko sendmail[158]: EAA15303: to=<jennifer@sfsu.edu>, ctladdr=<root@nikuko.org> (0/0), delay=2+09:08:27, xdelay=00:00:11, mailer=esmtplib, relay=diana.sfsu.edu. [130.212.10.239], stat=Deferred: 451 <root@nikuko.org>... Domain must resolve Aug 26 13:17:39 nikuko sendmail[158]: EAA15309: to=<julu@student.unsw.edu.au>, ctladdr=<root@nikuko.org> (0/0), delay=2+09:07:59, xdelay=00:00:05, mailer=esmtplib, relay=rufus.comms.unsw.edu.au. [149.171.96.100], stat=Deferred: 451 <root@nikuko.org>... Your hostname is unresolvable

revised version, Our Future Love -

Alan Sondheim · 27 August 1999, 11:49 p.m.

==

Alan Sondheim

Our Future Love

"It would be quite scary if someone were really inside a personal computer, don't you think? Anyone who thinks that I am "non-existent" because I am a virtual idol may believe that I exist only in the personal computer or in the world of computer graphics. But those who think that Kyoko Date is someone they can relate to may believe that I am like a pen pal people used to have when it was cool to have pen pals. Kind of like a creature living in people's hearts." (Kyoko Date, Date Kyoko, interview)

Japan, the _source_ of the Kyoko Date, Date Kyoko emission, her music difficult to find now, three years later -

Kyoko Date, Date Kyoko, created 1996, trans/lated recently into Korea, project of HoriPro (<http://www.horipro.co.jp>), entertainment/animation, virtual models (<http://www.elite-illusion2k.com>), Rebecca, Sharon Apple (for example <http://www.usagichan.com/AX96Sharon/>), virtual idols (see <http://www.tcp.com/doi/seiyuu/books/virtual-idol/>), anime (see Helen McCarthy & Jonathan Clements, *The Erotic Anime Movie Guide*, Overlook, 1999), TokyoPop (<http://www.tokyopop.com>), various distributions - energy in the sound, labor in the specificity of gathering backgrounds and foregrounds; I began losing myself in the midst of the thick otaku fandom, passing through the PlayKiss (remove the dolls clothes with your computer mouse - even Kyoko Date has been hacked to this) or Kamishibai sites (see <http://otakuworld.com> and <http://otakuworld.com/shibai/kamifaq.html>), animation or anime that anyone can do, get their work online. (Think of the audiences involved, the demographics for erotic anime, for male-male bonding for female viewership, for teenaged males, teenaged females, etc.) Nothing troublesome in all of these, to the extent that what resolves, resolves through plot / narration, slotted or extending categories. I myself work through Nikuko, Meat-Girl, (among others) an avatar or 'emanation' I have created, who has no specific image, no _appearance_ but texts operable within Net protocols, or deep in operating systems; Nikuko seems all too real, almost viral or hacking - but then she doesn't appear alone, I'm in the background maneuvering the _language_. (See Nikuko texts below for examples, also http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt for background

information, etc.)

It plays, this language, to the _ascii unconscious_, a term I use to describe the effect of text in net sexuality, paradigms of control and being controlled, language playing, insinuating itself in the midst of unconscious drives; if Date runs through fandom and cds/ cd-roms, Nikuko runs through psyches, deliberately without resolution - it's the difference between Noh and Godot. Nikuko raises questions of epistemology (to what extent does the viewer/reader comprehend both her knowledge, and that of Nikuko, across the board, within the site of her writing) and ontology (to what extent is she an addictive to the writer or the reader - to what extent are any of us virtual or projections - to what extent do we reside within the imaginary). Think of Daishin Nikuko, Meat-Girl Big-God who is created and creates by virtue of the performative (word, programming, image as well); think of Date Kyoko, whose ontological status heralds a host of virtual characterologies (as well as characters) - the _shuffling_ of signs on and offline. In the future-now, we are properly prepared already for the _disappearance_, not only of the sign, but of the _thing_ itself. Virtual idols have no beginnings and endings; every gesture, every glimpse is a deliberate creation - there are no unguarded moments, no paparazzi.

Following the _path_ through the virtual, say, through the Elite model agency, backing up into announcements all across the Net, touching down on IRC and MOO/MUD bots, intelligent agents, anime characters like Sailor Moon, ongoing manga series, the intensified digital imagery of Mariko Mori's photographic and video artworks, my own broken language texts, prosthetic speaking/hearing/seeing/touching devices - following the path which splits, turns back on itself, contradicts itself, turns _wayward_ and _contrary_ as well as _noisy_ - it might be a gendered path, losing gender on the way - following the path - which becomes a _field of possible worlds_ competing through capital, positioning, distribution modes, interventions - it becomes clear, that is to say, it becomes clearer - _there's no object here_ whatsoever - you might as well follow the path of the imaginary -

Kyoko Date, Date Kyoko, singing across the fabricated landscape, in and out of the studio (see Date Kyoko, DK-96 Love Communication cd-rom) - her movements like _haywire_ at times against blank backdrops, there's also the Brooklyn Bridge (once real or digital or retouched, always already eternal, placed within a _noiseless and purified_ system of digital protocols) - you might as well follow _her_ always already receding, used up by the capital which created her - there's a moment she offers herself to you -

She offers herself, the _wire-frame_ image-model in which her clothing is _hollowed_ against the frame - this hollowing exposing the _interior_ of her breast and vaginal areas_ - a system of gridded projections, introjections, Kyoko Date, Date Kyoko, _from the inside-out_ - this is critical, this _procurement_ - think of her as a _skin_ (just as there are say Windows 98 skins, Real Audio skins, skins everywhere that can be attached to other programs, giving a look to the look) - With the virtual you're _in her skin_ literally, you can wrap the wire-

frame around yourself, play with it - in PlayKiss you can find a naked Kyoko Date, Date Kyoko, as if the body itself has been hacked - there's no end to it, these mirrors - returning the body to its image, perhaps returning the image to the phenomenological field of the body itself - its extensions -

And, this can't be emphasized enough - all this beneath the sign, within the sign of capital, splintered, turned in on itself as the abstract accumulation/surplus of money is transformed into surplus sexuality, girl and woman, entertainment - TokyoPop for example with its magazine, online store - think of all of this as the libidinal economy resident in SUPER-STRUCTURE SUPER-STORE, shape-riding input - think of MONEY as LIBIDINAL UNITS - injections of perfect skin, perfect love - no longer does the Kristevan clean and perfect body tend towards fascism, all those horrors - it's now the post-AIDS safety-zone -

What's fascinating is that all of this is happening NOW, not in a future, however close, not on the level of fantasy, but within boys' and girls' bedrooms, computers on desks or tables, off in the corner, computers in the living-room (such as it is) or kitchen, computers everywhere, and just as anime and pornography entwine at numerous junctions (all across the playing-field), so does pornography become an intrinsic part of everyday life - except that masturbation fantasy now (equally intrinsically) involves the Other, the parceled body [what might be seen a reconfiguration for example of the texts of J. G. Ballard - and why have academic approaches to the Net repeatedly emphasized the cyberspace metaphor, ignoring these other manifestations which begin, say, in the work of Yoshitoshi if not earlier in Hokusai - begin even earlier wherever the imaginary or uncanny are found? a phenomenological analysis of PlayKiss would produce reams of relevant information] -

THIS IS THE TRUE LOVE OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM AND SOON YOU WILL SEE MACHINES LOVING ONE ANOTHER WITHOUT IMAGE, WITHOUT KYOKO DATE, DATE KYOKO: MACHINES OF PURE BLISS FOR ONE ANOTHER, LUBRICATED PISTONS (IN THE FORM OF BYTES) SLIDING INTO LUBRICATED CYLINDERS (IN THE FORM OF BYTES): what I have repeatedly called linkages and couplings as the processes of the future. A COUPLING is a concatenation or conjoining, such as, for example, A becomes part of BCD (in other words, A BCD -> ABCD) such that any change to A does not produce a change in BCD - they're loosely joined (think of objects on a shelf or Sartrean seriality). A LINKAGE is a conjunction of terms, such as, for example, A becomes part of BCD (A BCD --> ABCD) such that a change in A results in some change in BCD (ABCD as a machine or computer protocol suite of interlocked sub-programs or links in a chain).

Just as digital images are accessible bit by bit, each independent of the other (the apparent organic whole only in the eye of the viewer/creator), so one might speak (even now) of a postmodern decoupled future of fast-forward change, the slidings or probings of digital domains in competition. The ontology of organism itself is at stake, the whole becoming infinitely modified, manipulable, without loss; Kyoko Date, Date Kyoko, cannot die, but project DK-96 can be shelved, only to be revived perhaps elsewhere and/or at a later date.

She appeared almost out of nowhere, in spite of the video-games, dating cd-roms (an ideal girlfriend on your computer), anime, manga, girlhood boyhood dreams, and the massive Japanese idol production industry; she made that one song, _a real hit,_ she gave an interview or two, several images were released, and there was no follow-up; she disappeared quickly - after the webpages, fanpages, newsgroups, breathless nighttime masturbations, just as I 'fell in love' with Anne Frank, symbolic or penetrating my dark side, after the fact, after her death, what safety. There are all sorts of transitional objects (teddy-bears, blankets, parents), both comfort and safe, and _partial,_ filled in - life is a quest for filling-in, conjoining the vulnerable body to safety-safety. What better than heroines in death, fairy-tale princesses, virtual idols, inaccessible worlds synchronically (X, who lives in a parallel universe) or diachronically (Y, who lived and died, tragically, a long long time ago). IF I COULD HAVE ONLY MET KYOKO DATE, DATE KYOKO, WHAT WE WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ACCOMPLISHED, OH OH OH MY DARLING - -- --- ----

face

Alan Sontheim · 29 August 1999, 11:28 p.m.

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face

there are facial scrubbings, sloughed skin, foetal membranes ,,
 drawn down over nose and mouth, palls over eyes, burst bubbles,
 waters, afterbirths, miscarriages, thinned to blown egg-white
 consistency ,,
 */ what makes you yearn for me for me for me
 breathing through albumen, caught against glues held taut across the
 ears, lymph-tympana, silked, almost sweet and globular ,,
 stumped arms, legs moist and glistening, phantom flailed limbs soaked
 in mucous ,,
 */ i so do do want to understand to understand
 understanding through the throat, black bile, bruised abdomens,
 cauterizations ,,
 yellowed scars, diphthongs and pallid scabs, little stories on
 distended skins ,,
 */ i see those boys boys boys
 boys and their milky legs, boys and their milky legs ,,
 swollen salivary glands, mouth dribbles whitened against pale
 contusions, marks of non-memory, dried tears, fleshed-peeled from torn
 corners of tumescent eyes ,,
 mumblings beneath surfaces, through the nostrils, what, nothing,
 what, what ,,
 girls' blood, clotted tastes suffused on paler skin, ruptured dreams
 gone long ways back ,,
 coming broken to you, i, i, i, i am sick of that letter, of any
 letter, of any ,,
 */ does it bother you that letter of any, or a father or a mother?
 of you, what a bother ,,
 closed up remnants, edged with juices, designs and vomits ,,
 and and brocades, and a long way back ,,

and and and drenched clothes, and a longer way ,,
 and a way and a longer way ,,
 */ you mentioned that letter of any letter of any?
 back back back ,,
 */ can you elaborate on that and look at me?

trAce project, loveandwar -

Alan Sondheim · 1 September 1999, 9:04 p.m.

I want to mention here, again, sorry for the repetition, that we've set up a space for textual experimentation re: a 'novel' or accumulation, at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> based on Jennifer and any others one might care to contribute - there are five backbone webpages - you can add to any of them and/or add your own webpage (contact me on that) -

Also on LinguaMoo we've established a space to write/into dealing with avatars, you can publicly @dig there, at the Grove (down from trAce) - you have to join Lingua, that's all -

Please participate in these, at least check them out, if you have the time - there are also those conferences on the Webboard - you join by going through <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk> - devoted to experimental writing, cyborg and avatar issues, etc. -

Thanks, Alan

http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt - partial mirror at
http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
 co-moderator Cyberculture, Cybermind, Fiction of Philosophy (fop-l)

HH

Alan Sondheim · 2 September 1999, 12:34 p.m.

=

HH

Help help, I'm being murdered, for God's sake help me!
 !em pleh ekas s'doG rof ,deredrum gnieb m'I ,pleh pleH
 Jesus fuck Christ get off me, get away from me!
 !em morf yawa teg ,em ffo teg tsirhC kcuF suseJ
 Come back you bastards, oh God, I'm so sorry ...
 ... yrros os m'I ,doG ho ,sdratsab uoy kcab emoC
 I didn't take your money for God's sakes, you've got the wrong person!
 !nosrep gnorw eht tog ev'uoy ,sekas s'doG rof yenom ruoy ekat t'ndid I
 It wasn't me, please please don't shoot, oh please, don't, don't, please!
 !esaelp ,t'nod ,t'nod ,esaelp ho ,toohs t'nod esaelp esaelp ,em t'nsaw tI
 Fuck, please don't rape me, I'm not a bad person, please leave me alone ...
 ... enola em evael esaelp ,nosrep dab a ton m'I ,em epar t'nod esaelp ,kcuF
 Oh God oh God I've been shot, help me, help me!

!em pleh ,em pleh ,tohs neeb ev'I doG ho doG h0
 Please, I beg you, if you have any compassion, please, please, please.
 .esaelp ,seaelp ,esaelp ,noissapmoc yna evah uoy fi ,uoy geb I ,esaelp
 God, please leave me alone, please, I don't deserve this, leave me alone.
 .enola em evael ,siht evresed t'nod I ,esaelp ,enola em evael esaelp ,doG
 Oh God, no ...
 ... on ,doG h0
 Please, I don't want to die, I haven't done anything to you.
 .uoy ot gnihtyna enod t'nevah I ,eid ot tnaw t'nod I ,esaelp
 Look at me, no, look at me, please, you don't really want to do this.
 .siht od ot tnaw yllaer t'nod uoy ,esaelp ,em ta kool ,on ,em ta kool
 Please don't kill me, I have children, please, oh God please ...
 ... esaelp doG ho ,esaelp ,nerdlihc evah I ,em llik t'nod esaelp

report on the loveandwar project at trAce

Alan Sondheim · 4 September 1999, 3:59 a.m.

-

LoveandWar

This is a beginning/interim report on the loveandwar site, some observations -

The site's developing rapidly; there are a large number of texts on it, some of which are interactive, and many of which use html and flash tags. Because of the nature of the forms input, some texts 'take' and some don't. The stories are developing in unforeseen directions; the texts have an amazing splintered intensity. Because email addresses and names aren't checked, these inputs also become sites for experiment; many of the addresses form part of the text, and click to nowhere.

I worry that we may not have the critical mass to sustain beyond the first two weeks - during which there is of course a degree of novelty. I welcome any suggestions concerning new directions we might proceed in - one thing would be to put up participants' webpages which relate, however distantly, to the story-lines.

Meanwhile the five backbones are worked as a palimpsest; texts are hung salon-style within them, each author holding hir own. _Jump_ tags placed among the texts move laterally from one backbone to another; anyone can add these tags, ringing around them. If additional webpages are added, these too could be linked by jumping.

The characters have been killed, abandoned, splintered as well - they're digital, virtual idols, they constantly return, since death is meaningless; once there is a demarcation (say, with Webbie Tookay, with Kyoko Date, with Jennifer, with Cybele, with Alan), there is a frame for continued additions. It is for this reason I wrote, before this project, that _Jennifer has all the time in the world_ - since she inhabits files, protocols, applications, 'locally' and across the Net - an inhabitation that

remains constant, no matter what events. In fact, with virtual idols, avatars, emanants, _events are absorbed_ into a generalized diegesis created by readings, rereadings, misreadings; there are no occurrences whatsoever.

Virtual idols as well can be thought of as _resonances,_ or _reverberations_ among sheaves of files - by this I mean that their (proper) names are linked, each citation, _say,_ of Jennifer or jennifer, linked to every other - it is this _skein_ that constitutes appearance, fiction, narrative, no matter how wildly disparate the individuated texts or files appear to be. This might be considered itself a new occurrence in fiction, related to cutups, the novels of Richardson and Sterne, Wittgenstein's anecdotal philosophies, the Romantic fragments of the Atheneum, etc. - to mention a few of the older sources.

To contribute, go to <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> and check on any of the five backbone sites; to discuss the material, go to the trAce Webboard (from <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk>) and check out the Love and War, Avatar, Cyborg, and Experimental conferences.

ROSETTA

Alan Sondheim · 6 September 1999, 1:17 a.m.

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THE STONE
THE AA TEXT

arms writing the travel, the wonder or marvel of it, motility, the star, singular, above, pinned or fulcrum for the text's organism, organism's inscript "or a moment, or a movement of her arms," she said, and everyone understood. "The Little Gathering," "Where we have been, and where we hope to go." further than others have spoken

THE BB TEXT

you will be arms and folds and there is something sad about your being oh so here I do think, your arms cry to me, they have tears, they breathe somewhere, you will find o them

"these are your arms writing here" "there are the spaces that your arms have written" "this is the writing of your arms" "this is the writing possessed by your arms" "this is your arms' possession"

arms which are swollen and endless turned towards abdomens, flooded adhesives, disks, joining-spheres, mumbled arms, speaking-for arms; arms speaking for mouths, for legs; arms speaking for breasts, for ears; arms speaking for hands, swollen fingers speaking on handed arms

we have spoken of the arms; we have been spoken to ... we have spoken further of the breasts, of mothering of the arms, of the marma marmoraceous stones; we will murmur these murmurs, mourn the measure of the body, of all things which are not things, trapped and not trapped,

speaking for one time, for the first time (speaking for one time, for the second time) - breathing into this, one returns, doesn't one, to the swollen? to the distended membrane, the slightest difference in the pressure of air, molecular memories, Gaia cut off from herself, a Capital idea or Gaia resonant, say, would you have a light dear fellow? She stopped, just for a moment, and continued. "I didn't know anything about my arms before now." /* The Quandary of Writing: Who / Where */ deflecting the wonder or turning elsewhere, in shame, in guilt, these arms, none other than brought back from the speaking of the others

THE PROGRAM TEXT (chmod 777)

```
dialog --msgbox "please help me in your new body" 0 0
dialog --yesno "addicted to the vacancy of your body" 0 0
dialog --msgbox "your choices within you difference or not otherwise as
if it were always otherwise to help yourself within your new body " 0 0
dialog --yesno "you are your very new body" 0 0
dialog --inputbox "do write your very new body now" 0 0 2>> bb
dialog --yesno "are you wearing your new body" 0 0
dialog --inputbox "your new body writing yourself here please" 0 0 2>> bb
dialog --msgbox "breaking with yourself now and holding breath" 0 0
dialog --inputbox "returning for your breathing please" 0 0 2>> bb
dialog --inputbox "returning for your minding breathing please" 0 0 2>> bb
dialog --msgbox "you will be moving somewhere else another space to
write in later what will be the combining an arrangement of
stones thick swollen marbles and limestones granites on the ground
there is perhaps the desert your arms working the stones working them
other spaces of alterity you thought there was only one a marvel or a
travel " 0 0
dialog --inputbox "a marvel or a travel your arms writing" 0 0 2>> aa
dialog --yesno "heere bee wonders" 0 0
dialog --inputbox "deflecting or a derail or a return" 0 0 2>> bb
dialog --inputbox "or a moment or a movement of your arms" 0 0 2>> aa
dialog --msgbox "coming to the other" 0 0
dialog --textbox aa 0 0
dialog --msgbox "returning from the other" 00
dialog --textbox bb 0 0
dialog --inputbox "adding to the other" 0 0 2>> aa
dialog --inputbox "adding from the other" 0 0 2>> bb
dialog --msgbox "end" 0 0
```

diary etc.

Alan Sontheim · 6 September 1999, 2:05 a.m.

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For those who are interested, I've been keeping a diary of sorts (sometimes lame, sometimes with pieces from the texts, etc.) that might be of interest at
<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sontheim/index.htm>

and again I'd urge you to join trAce (the online writing community) and contribute, especially to some of the avatar, experimental writing, etc. conferences - as well as to the loveandwar piece - all of this can be accessed from that page -

Thanks,

Alan

http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt - partial mirror at
http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
 co-moderator Cyberculture, Cybermind, Fiction of Philosophy (fop-l)

Bored

Alan Sondheim · 8 September 1999, 1:20 a.m.

><

Bored

This is the closeness of eour other

farre Distant from such Homes beeond Wheche onle Chrest Oure Lorde decedes
 Thus it bee, Amenne

This is the distance of my new Clar

In the truth of God, I Clar, who have not abandoned such Menne as want me,
 this Eclipse of such Spirit, who Do replace me, the Madde Clar, who have,
 in the Witnesse of this Warre, do go a-begging for New-Clar, to whomme
 such Survival as would bee Meet, to Meat upon the Soule, or havynge beene
 Wrytten, as such, in these foule Tymes, do suche Give your Breathe to
 suche men as Desyre such in the Midst of Dredful Carnyge for Whomme they
 will have Sacrifyced Alle as They have Mette upon Us to turn Inwards of
 the Soules' Warde in Finalyte To whyche it bee, AmenneWed Sep 8 00:47:57
 EDT 1999

This is the closeness of eour other

I bored him oith me. He is borne in me arms. I bear him bodie and kend-
 nesse before he does die, such Woundes as I haue neuer seene before. Thee
 saee cat got er tongue, it is not there, norre ees, smel me. Thys ys the
 kyndnesse of youre othyr.

This is the distance of my new Clar

this awful war. this war. this abandonment. bones broken, smashed faces.
 not night. day. The man sits at the table. The woman looks out the window.
 The woman sits at the table. The man looks out the window. Blood on wooden
 sill. Burnt fields, fires. Birds vaulted charred and dead in the sky. The
 limb. To be borne I wille bear. I will take childe from with you. I wille
 fuck you. What I can do. Smashe me. Join me to yr severd lim. I do cut
 your haire. I do cut your second fingere on your left hande for Jesys

Chryste oure Savioure. You do take the reste, Godde bee. Field of oathes.
 Blast trees. There is no Moone in no Skye. I did hear your last Sentence
 to which I am Sentenced, that of Eternal Greefe. Hundred-thousand Dead or
 Die. Refuse-refugee. Breath of lost Soule; I do pante quick when I am inne
 me. I do move for you. Do what has Gonne this 20 centuries of Our Lordde.
 My minde thinks onlie Your Name O Lorde this Swollen earth, flooded. Noth-
 ynge shall growe heere in Eternal night. Fucke me wythe youre Name, O
 Manne. Closed and shameful eyes: Nacioun upon Nation shalle falter and to
 whatte degree? To what whyche has beene torn. The spyke, gun-rust, your
 titte dangling above this face, no mouthe to speake withe. Thys ys the dy-
 stance of youre othyr. Wed Sep 8 01:01:39 EDT 1999

+++++ +++++ +++++ +++++ +++++

Julu and I

Alan Sondheim · 12 September 1999, 2:14 a.m.

=

Julu And I

MMyy aarrmm ffoolllloowweedd mmyy aarrmm aass II lliifftteedd tthhee
 kkeettltlee ffrroomm tthhee sstoovvee,, ffoolllloowwiinngg tthhee
 kkeettltlee onn tthhee sstoovvee;; mmyy hheeaadd mmoovveedd bbaacckk
 ffrroomm mmyy hheeaadd mmoovveedd bbaacckk ffrroomm mmyy hheeaadd aass II
 pllaaceedd tthhee kkeettltlee ffoolllloowwiinngg tthhee kkeettltlee
 wwiitthh mmyy hhaannddss onn tthhee hhaannddss onn tthhee ccuurvveedd
 hhaannddlee aatttaacchheedd too tthhee ccuurvveedd hhaannddlee onn
 tthhee bbaacckk ooff tthhee bbaacckk;; fllaammeess sshhoott uupp
 tthhroouugghh fllaammeess sshhoott uupp aatt tthhee kkeettltlee ooff
 tthhee kkeettltlee,, hheeaattiinngg iitt aanndd hheeaattiinngg iitt;;
 II wwiitthhddrreeww mmaayy hhaanndd aanndd mmyy hhaanndd aanndd mmyy
 hhaanndd aanndd mmyy hhaanndd ffrroomm tthhee hhaannddlee aanndd tthhee
 hhaannddlee,, ttuurnniinngg aawwaayy,, mmyy aarrmm ffoolllloowwiinngg
 mmyy aarrmm ttuurnniinngg aawwaayy ffrroomm tthhee fllaammee
 tthhroouugghh tthhee fllaammee;; aaffteerrwaaarrddss aaffteerr--
 waaarrddss II woooullldd ppoouurr wwaatteerr ppoourriinngg ffrroomm
 tthhee kkeettltlee aanndd tthhee kkeettltlee wwiitthh mmyy aarrmm
 ffoolllloowwiinngg mmyy aarrmm,, tthhee wwaatteerr ppoourriinngg inn
 wwaatteerr ppoourriinngg inn wwaatteerr ddoowwnn innnttoo tthhee ccuupp
 nneextt too tthhee ccuupp inn tthhee ccuupp;; tthhee ccoofffeeee
 aanndd ccoofffeeee sstteeaammiinngg,, ffoolllloowwiinngg tthhee
 sstteeaammiinngg ffoolllloowwiinngg tthhee sstteeaammiinngg,, wwhiillee
 dduurriinngg wwhiicchh AAhhhh AAhhhh II eecchhoeeedd,, reeppeeaattiinngg
 mmyy mmooutthh ffoolllloowwiinngg aanndd reeppeeaattiinngg mmyy
 mmooutthh,, aa ddeelliicciioouss bbrreeww..

untitled*Alan Sontheim · 13 September 1999, 9:54 p.m.*

=

Untitled

With the slightest increase in temperature, a packet is dropped off at a site of my loved one. It waits, trembling, for others, all organized into the coherency of beauty, "the harmony of chance and the good" (Simone Weil). All together, in wonderful bewilderment, they form a whole, their long and arduous journeys forgotten. How wonderful, my loved one exclaims, that he has written a letter.

Under what circumstances can we speak for the other? Only in the face and throes of death, under an alterity permanently limiting, incomprehensible. Then we may speak, and speak for no one and anyone at all. There, at the threshold, all speech is permitted; a black ocean laps at the base of the cliff, its temperature at absolute zero.

I will wait forever from your message, from the community of the dead; I will wait in your presence, a supplication of chains among chains. I am lost in empty knowledge. Names are a bother; they shudder against the pulverization of walls.

Peeling, or turning away, the routers report errors; the reports never reach you, an expanding shell of packets generated by others lost in the absence of dreaming.

For*Alan Sontheim · 15 September 1999, 10:48 p.m.*

=----

For A., K., G., N., A., L., F., B., A., J., P., T., L., J., M., S.
 It is morning in the Cafe Lautreamont.
 Pierre stares me down. Pierre brings me coffee.
 Pierre knows I know he is a function who is not a function.
 I am a state to Pierre's operator.
 Pierre is the occupier of a role, as in main(Pierre).
 Pierre carries and sullies a revolution.
 Pierre is part of a surplus economy that I recognize.
 I do not acknowledge that I recognize this surplus.
 There is a state within which I am in Pierre and a state otherwise.
 The state otherwise is to forget Pierre which is to annihilate him.
 The revolution moves from person to person, stateless.
 The revolution is a state, mobile and wandering.
 I am linked to Pierre at the cafe and coupled otherwise to Pierre.
 I say, "I am coupled to all the Pierres in the world."
 I say, "I did not ask for this. I would not have asked for this."
 I say, "I asked for a cup of coffee and nothing more."

I say, "I have paid you for this cup of coffee."
 Pierre has not spoken and I assume he sees me as the signified.
 I am the signified of a certain exchange, surplus value.
 Coupled within exchange, I have no use; it is all circuitry.
 Pierre and I are engaged in mutual annihilation.
 Pierre gazes at me and the revolution stirs.
 Unspeaking, the revolution blindly cauterizes the remnants of language.
 I say, "Words no longer account for anything, Pierre."
 I say, "These are sounds I am making, of no value whatsoever."
 I say, "I lean on other processes, alan.o for example for sustenance."
 I say, "As if we would ever be friends," and the revolution stirs.
 Something speaks in one and another and speaks forever.
 Sometimes speaks at the portal of death and constitution.
 I say, "I will live in you, Françoise."
 I say, "You will remember me, keep my diaries intact, Françoise."
 I say, "You will find a publisher after all," Françoise.
 There is silence at the other end of the room.
 Pierre brings me coffee and Françoise smiles and says nothing.
 There is a slight stirring of the white curtains in the sun.
 A breeze is blowing outside and there are sailboats in the harbor.
 An accordion, a gypsy, a horse-and-cart, a trolley, a very happy day.

writing the bad text

Alan Sontheim · 18 September 1999, 1:00 a.m.

-

Writing the Bad Text

I started writing the bad text by describing Nikuko's body as represented in a three-dimensional image, a problem immediately in translation. I needed term after term for bulbous, distended, pubescent, extravagant, outlandish, globular, following the torus meshed, pulled out from the shape, sloped into Nikuko's incandescent form. I continued, transforming hard-s endings to -z, stars to starz, looking towards hacker/pop culture Krazy Kat Kuntry Kitchen for deep in-spiring. I mauled the text, took it bare-handed, caressing again that trite sexuality of seduction and suspense; I mauled the text, advertising the image of Nikuko's body, and by proxy, the images of her space, her mouth, her fingers, her bones -- hypnagogic and literally unforgettable images, images of transforming beauty. I repeatedly erred in the production of the text, using the display program for insertions and rearrangements that refused to accommodate the deconstruction of narrative and intensity that might have brought the reader to his or her knees, oh gendered topography of Nikuko's body! I tried to salvage the work by giving the URL after the date, one addressing time and the other space, as if a last resort to facticity would salvage the rest of the failure. I saw the failure proceeding as a failure; now I wrote this text, in the present, in the past, in order to efface the other, work an astonishment of language, the wonder of newborn words from me to you. I am utterly ashamed; my abjection is a defense, even though I feel I sullied the display program itself by a failure to produce. Perhaps the fine

quality of the images themselves could only detract from the text; perhaps the text was at the blue-jewel-nub of exhaustion. In any case, I'm sure it's gone stillborn and missing; I won't fail at cauterization. What's removed from the throat can only speak mechanically, like chattering teeth, somewhere outside the range of human hearing.

best version. Dear Chris, this is the right version. Love, Alan.

Alan Sondheim · 18 September 1999, 2:07 a.m.

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Writing the Bad Text

I started writing the bad text by describing Nikuko's body as represented in a three-dimensional image, a problem immediately in translation. I needed term after term for bulbous, distended, pubescent, extravagant, outlandish, globular, following the torus meshed, pulled out from the shape, sloped into Nikuko's incandescent form. I continued, transforming hard-s endings to -z, stars to starz, looking towards hacker/pop culture Krazy Kat Kuntry Kitchen for deep in-spiring. I mauled the text, took it bare-handed, caressing again that trite sexuality of seduction and suspense; I mauled the text, advertising the image of Nikuko's body, and by proxy, the images of her space, her mouth, her fingers, her bones -- hypnagogic and literally unforgettable images, images of transforming beauty. I repeatedly erred in the production of the text, using the display program for insertions and rearrangements refuseing to accommodate the deconstruction of narrative and intensity that might have brought the reader to his or her knees, oh gendered topography of Nikuko's body! I tried to salvage the work by giving the URL after the date, one addressing space and the other time, as if a last resort to facticity would efface the rest of the failure. I saw the failure proceeding as a failure; now I wrote this text, in the present, in the past, in order to negate the other, work an astonishment of language, the wonder of newborn words from me to you. I am utterly ashamed; my abjection is a defense, even though I feel I sullied the display program itself by a failure to produce. Perhaps the fine quality of the images themselves could only detract from the text; perhaps the text was at the blue-jewel-nub of exhaustion. In any case, I'm sure it's gone stillborn and missing; I won't fail at cauterization. What's removed from the throat can only speak mechanically, like chattering teeth, somewhere outside the range of human hearing. 09:18:1999:1:55:59 URL:
<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/bodi.gif> (body)
<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/nik.gif> (mouth)
<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/decon.gif> (bones)
<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/finger.jpg> (fingers)
<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/space.jpg> (space)

Metastasis*Alan Sondeheim · 20 September 1999, 2:30 p.m.*

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Metastasis

Tha faallng th\$t flash h\$s laft ma, th\$t bpnas \$ra hald by phpnamas np
 lpngar sppkan, th\$t tha Symbpl by tha Ha\$rth h\$s ch\$rrad: If I can't write,
 I won't be able to wait for you, O Existence. I am afraid of opposites,
 each and everywhere.:W\$ltlng: I \$m \$fr\$d pf lpslng my \$blllty tp wrlta. I
 \$m \$fr\$d pf npn-axlstanca.:dissolved forever: W\$ltlng: I \$m \$fr\$d pf
 lpslng my \$blllty tp wrlta. I \$m \$fr\$d pf npn-axlstanca. transforms Your
 Tha faallng th\$t flash h\$s laft ma, th\$t bpnas \$ra hald by phpnamas np lp-
 ngar sppkan, th\$t tha Symbpl by tha Ha\$rth h\$s ch\$rrad on Burning Creek...
 Ah, Living with Levels and Blues! thraa hhndrad calls ln tha bpy tast tast:
 two hundred twenty bones in the girl test test test: pna hhndrad twanty
 bpnas ln tha bpy tast tast: eight hundred cells in the girl test test test:
 Devour me eight hundred cells in the girl test test test Brought Forth
 through thraa hhndrad calls ln tha bpy tast tast!

ORDERS, BEDE, OTHERS*Alan Sondeheim · 23 September 1999, 8:15 p.m.*

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ORDERS, BEDE, OTHERS

ALBUS HEUUALD come back from Old Saxony, because you're going to be
 martyred there! Don't forget to bring your brother NIGER as well!

BISI you'd better retire and turn your job in East Anglia over to Aecci!
 Right now!

CEDD write and tell us what your brother Ceadda think of Lastingham! Did
 he think you "did a good job"? Did you tell your mom?

What are you guys doing in LUGUBALIA?

FORDERHERI, how was Rome? I bet you had a good time - too bad you had to
 leave Sherborne!

Help! The DANAI are coming! I wonder what CYNIBERCT had to say about that?

UICTRED, do you know if CEDD told his mom? We haven't heard a word!
 Meanwhile, just what happened between you and Suaebheard when you were
 joint kings? Tell us!

UILFRID write and tell us why you were so bad? They didn't like you in
 York, I bet! Glad to see you were over at LINDISFARNE - did you see all
 the neat stuff there? Was it really all written on vellum? Did they have a
 lot of sheep? I bet they had a lot of sheep!

RING! RING! CEDD, your mom's on the phone!

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1 226 ms ipt-ba5.proxy.aol.com [152.163.213.229]
2 306 ms tot4-r6-F6-1-0.proxy.aol.com [152.163.213.253]
3 242 ms tpopr-rri1-P3-3.tpopr-rri.aol.com [152.163.132.149]
4 169 ms tpopr-rre1-P9-0.tpopr-rr.aol.com [152.163.132.1]
5 260 ms uunet-gw1-P4-0.router.aol.com [152.163.132.186]
6 233 ms 131.ATM3-0.XR2.DCA1.ALTER.NET [146.188.161.94]
7 334 ms 194.ATM1-0.TR2.DCA1.ALTER.NET [146.188.161.146]
8 1271 ms 101.ATM6-0.TR2.NYC1.ALTER.NET [146.188.136.218]
9 1205 ms 198.ATM7-0.XR2.NYC4.ALTER.NET [146.188.179.37]
10 1132 ms 188.ATM8-0-0.GW2.NYC4.ALTER.NET [146.188.178.129]
11 * []
12 1289 ms panix6.panix.com [166.84.0.231]
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Hi Mom! What a mess! I can hardly reach you from here! We're down in HROFESCESTIR at the moment! It's pretty terrific - you should see all the bridges!

PENDA, tell me! Where on earth is Mercia? I haven't a clue!

Do you know that Wight held out against CAEDWALLA, relying on Mercia, "fiducia Merciorum"? What a mess again! Caedwalla appears when you least expect him! Just when "per factionem principum a West Saxonia expulsus!" And who knows where West Saxony is! If it's old, and I bet it is, is it Old West Saxony? How do these people ever get home?

"The trace is not only the disappearance of origin -- within the discourse that we sustain and according to the path that we follow it means that the origin did not even disappear, that it was never constituted except reciprocally by a nonorigin, the trace, which thus becomes the origin of the origin." (DERRIDA BISCOP)

CEDD, stop it! Don't you know "Britannia Oceani insula, eui quondom Albion nomen fuit, inter septentrionem et occidentem locata est, Germaniae, Galliae, Hispaniae, maximis Europae partibus, mutlo interuallo aduersa?"

SORRY, I WAS TALKING TO MY MOM!

What is to Be Done?

Alan Sondheim · 24 September 1999, 9:28 p.m.

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What is to Be Done?

Report: I'm alive and well in Traveller's Linux; I have left Vienna.

Report: I'm in on Vienna Traveller's Linux. I am told I am paranoid.

Communique: My name is Vladimir Lenin. I am in Edit, Austria.

Communique: Hello out there. I am cut off.

Communique: The best Jews, those who are celebrated in world history,

and have given the world foremost leaders of democracy and socialism, have never clamoured against assimilation.

Report: I'm alive and well; there are no Jews in Traveller's Linux.

Report: The conclusion which follows from this is absolute incontrovertible: it has been proved that, far from causing harm to the revolutionary proletariat, participation in a bourgeois-democratic parliament, even a few weeks before the victory of a Soviet republic and even after such a victory, actually helps that proletariat to prove to the backward masses why such parliaments deserve to be

Communique: I am not paranoid; I have been told I am not paranoid.

Communique: I am at Row: 00017 and Column: 00048.

Report: This is coming to you from Traveller's Linux.

Communique to A. V. Lunacharsky: Aren't you ashamed to vote for publication of Mayakovsky's 150 Millions in five thousand copies?

Rubbish, stupidity, double-dyed stupidity and pretentiousness. In my opinion we should print only one out of ten such things, and not more than fifteen hundred copies, for libraries and odd people. And flog Lunarcharsky for futurism.

Report: Hello? Radio Traveller's Linux here. I AM NOT PARANOID!

Communique: What column is this? Column 00045.

Communique: I am seventy-eight years old.

Communique: Youth's altered attitude to questions of sex is of course 'fundamental' and based on theory. Many people call it revolutionary' and 'communist.' They sincerely believe that this is so. I am an old man and I do not like it. I may be a morose ascetic, but quite often this so-called 'new sex life' of young people -- and frequently of the adults too -- seems to me purely bourgeois and simply an extension of the good old bourgeois brothel. All this has nothing in common with free love as we Communists understand it.

Report: I am certainly not in favor of this or that!

Report: I do not smoke a bourgeois so-called cigarette!

Communique: The whole of society will have become a single office and a single factory, with equality of labor and pay.

Communique: The second condition is agreement between the proletariat, which is exercising its dictatorship, that is, holds state power, and the majority of the peasant population.

Report: I do not agree with those of the dictatorship who accuse me of paranoia, although I have been committed of paranoia by the so-called 'state authorities.' I do not smoke a cigarette, a victim of the bourgeois mind!

Communique: I am in Traveller's Linux! I am in the root directory! No one else is here beside me! No one else is toppling this machine constructed of the finest materials! I am using this machine! This will have been Column 15! This will have been Row 50! I am in Austria, but I am not in Vienna! I have never been in Vienna! This is a hope of bourgeois freedom!

Report: The government of the proletarian dictatorship -- jointly with the Communist Party and the trade unions of course -- makes every effort to overcome the backward views of men and women and thus uproot the old, non-communist psychology. It goes without saying that men and women are absolutely equal before the law.

Communique: My name is Vladimir Lenin. You had the rudness to call

my wife on the telephone and berate her.

Report: It sounds just as though he were chewing rags in his sleep!

Report: One cannot hide the fact that dictatorship presupposes and implies a "condition," one so disagreeable to renegades, of _revolutionary violence_ of one class against another.

Report: We must see to it that every factory and every electric power station becomes a centre of enlightenment; if Russia is covered with a dense network of electric power stations and powerful technical installations, our communist economic development will become a model for a future socialist Europe and Asia.

Communique: I am on previous Row 69 of this Report and Communique.

Communique: I am not paranoid -- only to approach the government of the revolutionary proletarian dictatorship, is it not within the purview of any sane man to wonder at the absence of individuals within this dense network, given the absence, in other words, of any other within Traveller's Linux? This is the Communique of Vladimir Lenin, having been declared paranoid by the state. Toe.

Report: This ends the Communique of Vladimir Lenin, having been declared paranoid by the state. Toe.

Communique: I have been declared paranoid by the state. I am not declared paranoid by the state. Toe.

[written by Vladimir Lenin in Traveller's Linux, a one-floppy version of the Linux operating system, taken verbatim from the records.]

deaths in storms

Alan Sondheim · 25 September 1999, 5:15 p.m.

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deaths in storms

i am afraid of death; it haunts me, has haunted me for years; i'm not afraid of taking my own life, not at all--but of death this great fear, this fear so great i cannot write coherently about it, cannot add polish to the style; it takes me over in the form of nightmares; i have only two decades left to live, watching my mind deteriorate; i am hysterically fearful of being left behind; i want to see more of the world--it's not the pain but the absence, knowing the last gesture; this isn't an emotion but a syndrome as death watches me; i've been miserably unhappy all my life as a result; i'm a coward, i can't think straight; i'm violently afraid of violence, of the pain of violence; i don't know a moment's peace; it's a struggle to breathe in the morning; i get repeated headaches; i feel unutterable loss constantly; my life is filled with regrets as far back as i can remember; i'm suspicious of momentary happiness; i see nothing but the gateway to annihilation; my writing is underpinned by decay and disappearance; i rage against acquiescence; i have no belief in reincarnation or afterlife; absence characterizes existence, stains it; i try through sexual abjection to forget myself, bury myself first; i have no stake in my death--no one does; it is a great vacuum tearing me apart; it grabs my mind, my brain, creates fevers; it controls my words as i write them, as

if there were bones clawing and severing the fingers of my hands; dreams carry on where daylight leaves off; daylight reconfirms the worst of the horrors; this is my ordinary existence; there is no answer to anything but the simplest of questions--daily, i face my own failure in this regard--knowing that i am an imposter, waiting to be found out; i see others more or less calm, there's no calm for me; my dreams have severed limbs, storms and tornados, buildings toppled, buses veering off wet cliffs down to the shore rocks below--drowning, i try to claw my way out, the water's too great, i can't breathe, the inconsolable wetness of lungs, everything coming to an end, we're upside-down; i'm a coward, i've always been a coward; i'm afraid of the tiniest thing, storms get to me; i pretend to be brave, that's all, it's easy in safe situations; the storm--not the storm really, the careening bus, it's the bus that brings it to the surface as it crashes down, coming to pieces on the rocks, ending in deep water, above the roof, it's all turned awry, you can't tell left from right, up from down, i'm drowning again, it's all this repetition; i'm feverish, can hardly see the world, whatever's churning

Lauren

Alan Sondheim · 27 September 1999, 9:03 p.m.

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Lauren

I've got a hole for you. I want to put it in everywhere. I dream of needles, do you know that? There are tracks all over me, not just my arms. You might think I'd know better, but I like them. They scar me, show you where I've been.

I love wearing my flaws. You can see right through me but I know it and that's more than a lot of people know.

/* but begging. but really wanting it. but wanting nothing more than it. but wanting it more than anything in his life. but dreaming and living the wanting of it. but unable to sleep for the wanting of it. but unable to drink for the wanting of it. unable to eat for it. but doing only the wanting of it. but others. but others noting wasting away, others wasting away. her for the wanting of it. unable to work, this writing for the wanting, speaking for the wanting. the boring of others, boring others. for the desire, for the wanting of it. the hunger the thirst of it. the exhaustion of it. the drug the addiction the obsession the compulsion of it. the drive the instinct of it. for the wanting of it. his for the wanting. want her. */

Do I want it, do I need it? Of course I need it. Everything's so simple and as Lauren said, if you don't know how terrific heroin can be you don't know anything.

It's all about your knowledge, not mine.

But I don't need all that much else, you know. And that's way ahead of you

and most other people. It drives things towards a point and that point can be a good time. No one even thinks about good times any more. You have to take a breath to do that. I hold my breath when I shoot up. Like you can have it.

It's not just that though. I've got better friends than you ever will. They'll all betray me in the end. But there's a pull in the world, I seem to be the only one that understands that. Again it's the knowledge thing - only an addict has knowledge of any sort. Once you understand that, you might understand everything, but you're still not smart.

I'm always thinking below the surface. I have enough money to buy the stuff so it's never a question, say, of Lauren out on the streets looking for it. It's right there, in the cabinet; I can get it when I need it. The need is good, it's easy to fulfill - just like that. Teleology grinds to a halt several times a day, with a kick.

Some people find this stuff false, a false kick. But if the receptors are there, if it works, what's the problem? It's nature finding nature, desire fulfilled as I said. And the knowledge is incredible. I can see the sky!

Was it Odin, now it's me, sacrificing myself to myself? It's that, what I can do, what I can achieve, look, I can't run a mile or climb a mountain, but I can learn from this stuff, you wouldn't believe it. And what I've learned doesn't fit in any books.

It's strange also because we're all addicts of course, just some of you haven't found your thing. It's like a lure or teleology that insists on being just out of reach, carrot on a stick kind of thing, and so you rant uselessly, run around uselessly, as if this and that make a difference. But difference only comes from One minus Zero so to speak, and the One can be heroin, and the Zero can be the rest of the world, everything else.

Why do they call it substance abuse? It's the enhancement of substance, the real recognition of the power inherent in things. And the self comes to fruition around this. I know that, I can feel it in my bones, my soul. These substances were made for a reason. And there's the physical effect and the mental effect, and different sorts of addictions all over the place. But it's worth it for the physical effect. If you're set up, like I am.

What you're looking at is a habit. I'm a habit, even to myself I'm a habit. That makes me simple and likeable. People understand all my surfaces; they can't touch anything else but that. And I can fashion them, polish them - I can shine like a star anytime I want.

I love feeling the hunger, love wanting it. It's like computers, but I don't have to deal with other people and their desires. Call it modernism against your postmodernism, or the self against alterity; the drug's not alter at all, it's heroin my lover, it's heroin my best friend. And the wonder and knowledge of that is unbelievable. Do you know I can sing? You've probably never heard me sing. Someday I'll

sing for you, even now. You can stand a little? You might like this.
 There's a record I use for background, like karaoke. Just a second. Let me
 know what you think.

Obvious exits: [root] to your darkness
 Last connected Sun Sep 26 22:08:36 1999 MET DST from 166.84.1.68
 ##mcp version: 2.1 to: 2.1

Name	Connected	Idle time	Location
-----	-----	-----	-----
Lauren (#934)	8 seconds	0 seconds	Bodee

Total: 1 person, who has been active recently.

~VM1

Alan Sondheim · 30 September 1999, 1:52 a.m.

```

~
~
~
~VM1
~
~
~
~
~VIRTUAL MODEL 1
~VM1:main() /* like you virtual model is function virtual model */
~we will watch you /* you are function virtual model */
~VM1:INPUT VM1 /* virtual model import virtual model */
~VM1 -> VM1 /* virtual model watch virtual model */
~VM1(audience(main()) <--> VM1(transmission)
~VM1' = VM1 /* virtual model is virtual model */
~VM1 = VM1' /* virtual model is virtual model */
~t(n) = t(0) /* for all time(n) for all n */
~sed 's/we/thee/g' < /* changes transformations still virtual model */
~sed 's/you/us/g' < /* pronouns virtual model into virtual model */
~sed 's/thee/*&^#@/g' < /* noise into virtual model into virtual model */
~tr a-z q-b < > /* changes phonemes still virtual model */
~sed 's/VM1/everything/g' < /* everything virtual model */
~tr A-Z R-C < > /* changes phonemes still virtual model */
~sed 's/everything/VM1'/g' < /* virtual model everything */
~VM1 -> VM1 /* virtual model frames and frameworks */
~VM1 -> VM1 /* virtual model frames and frameworks */
~VM1 -> VM1 /* virtual model frames and frameworks */
~VM1 -> VM1
~VM1 -> VM1
~
~
~
~

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Fundamental Systems

Alan Sondheim · 1 October 1999, 3:37 p.m.

-

Fundamental Systems (Was: Couplings and Linkages) {file:zz}

Fri Oct 1 01:53:52 EDT 1999

N a azure fbw julu kdate lisp lynx_bookmarks.html mail minicom.log newju
nsmail trace z.gif zz

Let's say there is a binary structure, consisting of an operation N such that $N(a,b) \rightarrow$ a relationship between a , b . Say that a , b are terms which stand for sets of identical members, as far as the structure is concerned - i.e. $a = \{x:x = a\}$ & $b = \{y:y = b\}$. Note that x and y can be anything; the terms are dummy. The structure is then $S = (N,a,b)$.

Then we may be concerned with the phenomenology of S , thinking through the semantics of (a,b) in relation to the framework N . It is irrelevant for example that if $N = +$, we might have $+(4,3) = 7$. We are not interested in constructing a result c - only that a relationship between a and b is established.

For example, $N = +$ resulting into the terms coalesced beneath the sign of addition; $N = \text{red}$ resulting into equivalence; $N = \text{identity}$ producing the singularity of a and b ; $N = \text{existing at time } t(N)$ resulting in a foreclosing or frameworking of a and b ; and so forth. We can have a linkage such that if a or b is eliminated, so is the other; we can have a coupling such that if a or b are both on a shelf, taking either off has no effect on the other.

Then I may attempt to produce a metaphysics of such a system - or rather to forestall the production of such a metaphysics, deconstructing the framework of any metaphysics vis-a-vis the system. Or rather, I can argue towards a metaphoricity of relationship (linkage, coupling, etc.), reifying the terms and placing them within a matrix of parallelisms. Such a metaphoricity can also be used to similarly deconstruct parallelisms.

But to believe in such metaphoricities or metaphysics as fundamental is also to create a work of astonishing coherency, the real beneath the sign of relation and its deconstruction. For example, think of a basic property of things - that they are linked or coupled or decoupled. This strategy tends towards one or another universal exegesis.

Instead, I see $N(a,b)$ as particulate matter - for example, $N(a,a)$ can be a harbinger of substance if N implies augmentation such that $N(a,a) = N(a,a,a)$ and so forth. This is an unfolding of the frame or the cinematic real.

Mail archive archives bin boot core dev etc export holding hosts htdocs
kadb lib log lost+found mnt net pcfs restoresymtable sbin setterm src
staff sys tmp users usr var vmunix vmunix-lkm vmunix-raid zz

Just so, the simplest number system is to the base 1: 1, 11, 111, etc. - and the most extravagant is to the base of an inaccessibly high number

such that every numerical representation is uniquely identified by a unary ideogram, shades of Borges for example

These are all fragments of the imaginary - and it is critical to understand this; they are part-objects, imminent within the real of the subject and never immanent; their transcendence lies in the inauthenticity of their simplicity, as if they were fundamental. Here is where the astonishing work of coherency comes into play: consider that they are not fundamental, that on the level of the life-world, almost all the way up or down, there is no fundamentality at all: as if the grounds of the real themselves were decoupled "for all practical purposes."

wskbd2 wskbd3 wsmouse0 wsmouse1 wsmouse2 wsmouse3 wt0 wt16 wt8 zero zz

Suppose for example, the complexity of the universe all the way down, driven by higher and higher energies, resulting in more and more basic particles: One might well say that the complexity of the universe is the direct result of the energy used to examine it. As a corollary, from Brillouin to some extent: the complexity of the universe is then in direct proportion to the capital (economic/industrial/theoretical) used in such an examination. In such a manner, the order of the world is in direct relation to the social organization and its surplus, of a given civilization.

Mail News a calendar jobs ld lisp lynx_bookmarks.html mail phoenix.hlp phoenix.irc tf tf-lib thing tiny.world trace venom.irc volt.irc zz

One may talk of the mirroring of the world, and note again the apparent increasingly complexity of the mathematics and mathesis required in the ongoing progress and investigation of the physics of the real, on any level from the sub-particle to the overall cosmos, and their conjoining.

To retreat to the binary is to conjure the dream of rendering the literal book of nature accessible - to create a stasis in modelling in the midst of universal transformation. One might speak again of Foucault's divination, a dream of a book of nature, augmented by a dream of universal reason.

DIR_COLORS HOSTNAME NETWORKING X11 XF86Config aliases aliases.db at.deny bootptab conf.modules

On the other hand, such a retreat is also the catalyst for a major publication; the real is revealed in all its coherency, and the world-system, as reproduced, is an occasion for both foreclosing and framework - now, not only of a and b, but also of a scope expanded to fulfill the promise, virtue, and style of the world. This is a wonder, and I oscillate between hope for a primal leverage, absolute signifiers (which also seem of necessity to be restatements of universal law on the level of micro-physics), and a dull recognition of the increasing fragmentation of the life-worlds on the planet - almost as if the world were nothing more than Markov-chains of shorter and shorter length.

X11R6 bin games include lib libdata libexec lkm local mdec sbin share tmp zz

The specifics of the leverage would not matter - just as the details of universal equations spell out varying phenomenologies, but their very

transcendence is a symptom of overt organization, and deity for some. The universal cosmic phenomenon of peering into the past (objects so distant that it may take a billion years for light to reach us, objects otherwise ungraspable) may be taken to imply radical disconnects, signals from what appear to be disconsolate objects, expiring objects, objects at a loss in relation to the human flicker on earth. And radical disconnects fragment our own relation to the real as well; hence, the imaginary or that problematic which resists symbolization. Connect such symbolization vis-a-vis metaphor with the body (Lakoff), and "graspable" becomes, itself, a relation between model and modeller: Our world is deeply ungraspable, our images universally mediated, determined at least in part by economics, energies, and the exigencies of the viewing apparati themselves.

```
aculog authlog authlog.0.gz authlog.1.gz authlog.2.gz authlog.3.gz cron
cron.0.gz cron.1.gz cron.2.gz cron.3.gz cron.errs cron.errs.0.gz
daemon.log daemon.log.0.gz daemon.log.1.gz daemon.log.2.gz daemon.log.3.gz
maillog.1.gz maillog.10.gz maillog.11.gz maillog.12.gz maillog.13.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
wtmp wtmp.0.gz wtmp.1.gz wtmp.2.gz wtmp.3.gz wtmp.4.gz wtmp.5.gz wtmp.6.gz
wtmp.7.gz xferlog zzlog
```

We are left with a partial `_log_` of a continuous conversation, replete with expanding knowledges, finer and finer tolerances - but a conversation nonetheless, of fragments, micro-exhaustions (Stent's analyses of the field of trigonometry for example), and increasingly complex equations or metaphysics. Driven by energy and economics, there is no end in sight; what may eventually stare back at us through scientific exploration is ourselves, our machinery. Heisenberg was only the first crack in the mirror in this literal regard; what is impossible in fine-tuning position and momentum is also metaphor for the fine-tuning of existence itself. For it is not unreasonable to assume that higher energies propose newer particles, linked in groupings, the end nowhere in sight. As far as binary operations per se, they remain within the imaginary of the dream and the dream of the imaginary; they hold us in our fundamentally Aristotelian world, in which the laws of distribution hold, and within which we may fall in love, throw a ball, or speak, as if difference were upheld, or shattered.

```
cat chio chmod cp csh date dd df domainname echo ed expr hostname kill ksh
ln ls mkdir mt mv pax ps pwd rcmd rcp rm rmail rmdir sh sleep stty sync
test zz
```

INDIANA

Alan Sondheim · 2 October 1999, 4:51 p.m.

-

INDIANA

```
oh julu i will kill you
would you really?
would you really?
ohway ulujay iway illway illkay youay
```


oh jennifer this is so lovely killing me
 is it really?
 is it really?
 ohway enniferjay isthay isway osay ovelylay illingkey emay
 oh oh julu
 ohway ohway ulujay
 away away, oh juluay
 away away, oh juluay
 please you will make me so fun
 please you will make me so fun
 will you really?
 will you really?
 oh julu i jennifer will so fun make you
 you do make me!
 you do make me!
 un para o pkttolx corr yu lat sgqk eua
 oh thank you jennifer thank you
 thank you lovely!
 thank you lovely!
 ib nbuhe sio dyhhczyl nbuhe sio
 ah ah oh oh oh
 bash: ah: command not found
 goodbye my very dearest | oo .ooo| | oo o.ooo|
 | oo o.ooo| | oo .o | | oo. o | | oooo. o| |
 oo .o o| | o . | | oo o.o o| | oooo. o| | o .
 | |ooo .oo | | oo .o o| | ooo . o | | oooo. o|
 | o . | | oo .o | | oo .o o| | oo . o| | ooo .
 o | | oo .o o| | ooo . oo| | ooo .o | | o. o |
 goodbye| oo .ooo| | oo o.ooo| | oo o.ooo| | oo .
 o | | oo . o | | oooo. o| | oo.o o| | o. o |
 farewell my lovely!
 farewell my lovely!
 please you will make me so fun
 please you will make me so fun
 will you really?
 will you really?

In INDIANA it was recently VOTED that ALL RAILROAD TRAINS and ALL TELEPHONE POLES and SOME BUILDINGS will be PLACED ON THEIR SIDES permanently. Thus the TRAINS have their WHEELS by convention on THEIR RIGHT-HAND-SIDE, against thin RAILS held VERTICALLY into PLACE. Furthermore, SMALL CARRIAGES POSSESSING WHEELS are permitted BENEATH THE SIDEWAYS CARS AND ENGINES to enable them to MOVE ABOUT THE LANDSCAPE in SUCH A CONDITION.

THE SAME does NOT hold true for ALL BUILDINGS but SOME BUILDINGS, which, on their SIDE, may have BOTH WINDOWS AND DOORS OPENING INTO THE EARTH BELOW, as well as OTHER WINDOWS AND DOORS OPENING ONTO THE SKY ABOVE, as well as STILL OTHER WINDOWS AND DOORS OPEN ON TWO SIDES for EASY EGRESS AND EXIT, as well as ENTRANCE.

As for the TELEPHONE POLES, ALL OF WHICH are ON THEIR SIDES,

there should be PLACED UPON THEM, WARNINGS FOR CHILDREN, AGAINST
the TOUCHING of such wires AS THEY NOW CARRY, EASILY LAID UPON
THE EARTH.

Outtages MAY OCCUR.

Lost Japan for Me

Alan Sondheim · 5 October 1999, 5:32 p.m.

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Lost Japan for Me
Lost Japan
Japan New and Old
Bygone Days in Old Japan
Japan, A Glimpse into the Past

Japan - Signs - immersed - floor-level, the turning - slates of peoples -
targeting and inverted - decathecting in the bushido zone - looking in
towards interior perfections - closed faces and facades - operatives of
the _brush-stroke_ - if the point/node characterizes the west, the line
characterizes japan - kami linkages - the darkness of the city in my for-
eign night - detailing and intervaling, spacings - mono no aware - wabi
and sabi - the interior forlorn -

Japan, Land of Many Contrasts
Mysterious Japan
Japan, from Geisha to Gaijin

signs determinative of signs, foreign to me, illegible, _watching_ signs
immersed in a world of signs
floor-level, the turning, flatness of spaces, turning everywhere
slates of peoples passing by, peripheral glances, blanked exteriors
targeting and inverted, out of the corner of their eyes, gaijin naked
decathecting in the bushido zone, detumescence, disconnected
looking in towards interior perfections, perfect family-life, burakumin
closed faces and facades, i was never there, lintels, portals
operatives of the brush-stroke, the inscription of the real
point and line, the view-given garden, turned and widening line
kami linkages, everywhere intensities, confabulations of millennia, ages
darkness of the city, gaijin bar to sidewalk to jinja to neon river, night
detailing, intervals and spaces, the ornamental flow, edge intensity
mono no aware, my last weeks, last night long walk past the zen temple
wabi and sabi, this body, moments of despair and worn sailings

In the Streets of Old Japan
Japan, Land of Cherry-Blossoms
Japan, Land of the Cherry-Blossom
Japanese Wonders and Beauties
on the night of the interior forlorn, i have never finished with japan,

it's an open wound, a space in consciousness, a flood, olden days in
japan, images impenetrable, the gulf absolute, the rupture, and division
of new and old, division of here and there

Arts and Crafts of Old Japan
Japan through the Eyes of Masterless Samurai
Japan, Land of the Rising Sun
The Japanese Miracle
The Japanese Experience
Art and Life in Old Japan
Japan Inside and Out

it's what i remember, every detail of the 7-11 store-shelves, walking be-
hind hakozaiki shrine, details which reappear in dreams, the second-hand
shop on the corner and its shogi sets, more and more lists, the children
staring at me yelling back 'baka baka'

Ghosts and Tales in Old Japan
Japanese Hobgoblins
Tengu? No Thank you! In Old Japan
Japan through Sumo
Life and Loves of the Ancient Japanese
Oh! Japan!

i can't assimilate the transformation, the kanji disappeared, certain
paintings, glances, edges of things, always felt myself at odds with each
and every gaijin, o third country of the spirit, it's what i remember, i'm
dreadfully afraid of reconstitution, making it up as i go along, the
things themselves retreated into algorithms for reconstruction, right or
wrong, 'my japanese days,' 'my time in japan,' as well as more personal
material intertwined, inseparable, confusioned, contusion

Representation and Misrecognition in Old Japan
Multicultural Exegesis in Genji's Heian Japan
The Presuppositions of the Myth of Japanese Homogeneity

haunted with an incontrovertible knot set in my maw my brainstem my hole,
kabuki samurai misrecognitions, never made it to the theater, parks wet
with leaves, moats, stone stupas, my gaijin head smashed among them as i
leapt out of the country of noh truth as literal as possible

Japan Like a Native
Japan from the Air
Japanese Arts and Crafts
The Japanese Way of Life
The Japanese Response to the West

Japanese Aircraft
Popular Arts of Japan
A Popular History of Japan
Japanese Fairy-Tales
Japanese Comic Fun

Japan through Popular Manga
 Pop-Pop Japan
 Japanese Amusement
 Nighttime Japan
 Nikuko's Popular Imagery of Japan
 I take you Nakasu-Kawabata Japan
 Sexuality in Old Japan
 Japan through Western Eyes
 Gone Native in Japan

the parental

Alan Sondheim · 6 October 1999, 7:02 p.m.

0+

the parental
 the promise

i am very small in the world
 i have tried to make peace with the world
 i constitute and reconstitute myself
 i have tried to make peace with my father
 i am barred from the world and my father
 in the next quarter century i will write
 i will complete the work i have been writing
 i will compile and interpret the work
 the work will remain in spite of its ruin
 in the stories of mothers and sons i am written
 in the stories of fathers and sons i am written
 i am a coward small and fearful
 in this world i will write not a world
 from not a world for decades i will write
 i will write pebbles and endless beaches
 i will walk on edges and fly low near a height
 i shall ascertain the heights of men and women
 i will reckon and live through reckonings
 i will promise and live through promisings
 in ruins i will stumble and write of ruins
 among friends and enemies i will testify
 shore and beaches and pebbles are memories
 of nights and days i will write their turnings
 i am fearful of worlds and will never write worlds
 i am fearful of worlds and i will write worlds
 this promise of the 6th day 10th month 99th year
 when i am smallest in this smallest of worlds

cancer

Tue Oct 5 22:14:18 EDT 1999

now cancer will begin its journey in the arms of god arraignments while

cancer subsides and angels happy Tue Oct 5 22:22:54 EDT 1999 arraignments during final assaults and angels dying Tue Oct 5 22:23:12 EDT 1999 let us pray

Tue Oct 5 22:14:18 EDT 1999

in the truth of god the cancer enters the lung, from the truth of god the cancer hovers, now, as if it were forever Tue Oct 5 22:14:54 EDT 1999 abandoned by god, the cancer thins towards ready exculpation, as if it were gone, as if angels rejoiced, singing the home of abandoned cancer, the purity of organs constituted Tue Oct 5 22:15:56 EDT 1999 now cancer returns, approbated by god, as if god were speaking or speech or sound, now cancer spreads to the adrenal, angels weep in full capacity against the begging of the angels arrayed against god, now cancer seeps, spreads, covers itself, makes excuses, ahem, begs forgiveness, meanders, wanders, returns, burrows, ahem Tue Oct 5 22:18:00 EDT 1999 now cancer subsides, angels rejoice, god withdraws, there is no justice in the world, suns blacken, angels sing and play harps, cancer dwindles, eyes return their bright and merry sight Tue Oct 5 22:18:39 EDT 1999 now breathing slows, waves of cancer testing other newer waters, new metastases, solitons and wavelets, ripples on surfaces unseen, god smiles wide and broad, angels shudder holding on Tue Oct 5 22:19:30 EDT 1999 now cancer claims an other organ, angels again weeping and wailing, shall there be no mercy, angels crying and begging, god almost merry, cancer hems and haws, cancer close to apologetic laughter Tue Oct 5 22:20:26 EDT 1999 now cancer will begin its work within the arms of god, angels prepare for bier and mourning, angels yet hopeful in the face of god's huge eyes Tue Oct 5 22:21:30 EDT 1999 smiling everywhere, yet other organs, uncanny stillness, strangeness of beings of pure light arrayed against skin, bones, organs, god's beings against angels wailing Tue Oct 5 22:22:39 EDT 1999 arraignments during final assaults and angels dying Tue Oct 5 22:23:21 EDT 1999 let us pray Tue Oct 5 22:23:22 EDT 1999

Jennifer-Cancer

Alan Sondheim · 8 October 1999, 6:57 p.m.

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Jennifer-Cancer Beneath Fire Inside Your Everywhere
JENNIFER STUMBLES TO HER FEET: LEAVES JENNIFER BEHIND. LURCHES. CRAWLS, SCREAMS ACROSS AMERICA. MEN WITH GUNS: VIOLATION-FABRIC OF AMERICA. JENNIFER BEHIND THE TRUCK.:VIOLATION-JENNIFER: JENNIFER DEFRAG. Bring the bones closer; cross them: SEPULCHRE. WHAT THE BONES SAY: Jennifer-Cancer always already at a loss, RAM CORRUPTED, ROM OUTMODED.:Jannifar's c\$ncar. Jannifar's loss of memory. Jannifar's beginning \$g\$in. Jannifar's c\$hght - the dissolution of Jannifar. Jannifar-fhction tr\$nsformad tamoor\$riiy into org\$nic/org\$nism, mat\$st\$as, b\$ck into the m\$china. M\$chinic Jannifar larching, unable to saa/ha\$r str\$ight: inscription doesn't work, nothing does. R\$di\$tion thar\$py: JENNIFER DEFRAG.:CANCER-RAM: Devour bodies CANCER-ROM Brought Forth through JENNIFER STUMBLES TO HER FEET: LEAVES JENNIFER BEHIND. LURCHES. CRAWLS, SCREAMS ACROSS AMERICA. MEN WITH GUNS: VIOLATION-FABRIC OF AMERICA. JENNIFER BEHIND THE TRUCK. *sob!* *sob!* *sob!*

unabla toscrition doasn't work, noth-ing doas.JENNIFER STUMBLES TO HER
 FEET: LEAVES JENNIFER BEHIND. LURCHES.-FABRIC OF AMERICA.JENNIFERBEHIND-
 THETRUCK.:VIOLATION-JENNIFER: JENNIFER DEFRAG. Bring theesTHE BONES SAY:
 Jennifer-Canceralways already ataioss, RAMCORRUPTED, ROM OUTMODED.:Janni-
 far's c\$ncar.ioss of mamory.\$g\$in.c\$hght -tha dissolution ofJannifar.Jann-
 ifar-fhncion tr\$nsformad tamoor\$rriyorg\$nic/org\$nism,tha m\$china. M\$chin-
 icthar\$py:JENNIFER DEFRAG.:CANCER-RAM: Devour bodiesCANCER-ROM *sob!*
 sob! *sob!*

JENNIFER DIES OF FUCKING CANCER. *sob!* *sob!* *sob!*

the closeness of cancer

Alan Sondheim · 8 October 1999, 12:46 a.m.

o

the closeness of cancer
 always waiting for the result, the next cellSWOLLEN BEGINNING TO DISORGAN-
 IZE THE CORE-THEORETICAL STRUCTURE OF THE WORLDgrappled mitochondriaTELL
 YOU THE TRUTH, WHILE THE VOICE CONTINUES TO SPEAK AS IF A THIN LAMINA OC-
 CURRED OVER OR UPON THE REALthe case of the real when the territory is the
 map or when emissions, spews replace chaos by noise, substance, AAAAASUB-
 STANCE PULLS THE BODY DOWN, SUBSTANCE IS THE DREAM OF THE BODY, IS THE
 BODY OF THE DREAM: THIS IS THE TRUTH WHICH I HAVE COME TO TELL YOUa result
 might divide, might lead to another result, a day might divide, lead to
 another day, a year might divideINTO A YEAR THE SUBSTANCE OF YEARS FALLS;
 INTO A MONTH, THE SUBSTANCE OF YEARS; INTO A WEEK, THE SUBSTANCE; INTO A
 DAY, HOUR, MINUTE, THE SAME; INTO A SECOND, THE SUBSTANCE AAAAAeach min-
 ute, second, week, day, year, month, existing for the others: it is the
 unknown which is simultaneously unaccountable and unaccounted-forAS IF ALL
 KNOWLEDGE DERAELS SUBSTANCE, SUBSTANCE DERAELS ALL KNOWLEDGE Fri Oct 8
 00:26:38 EDT 1999

My Intensity as Cliche (I am exposed!)

Alan Sondheim · 11 October 1999, 2:44 a.m.

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My:Intensity:as:Cliche
 At:night:I:stay:up:worrying:over:disease,:over:the:events:of:the:day,
 over:the:fury:of:my:obsessive:speed,:over:the:urgency:
 At:day:I:am:sick:with:worry,:crushed:under:by:the:events:of:the:day,
 speeding:nowhere:at:all:with:a:sense:of:emergency:

 I:write:the:urgency,:emergency;:the:speed:and:the:fury:of:nowhere:
 I:write:the:worry:and:the:disease:in:the:ordinary:events:of:the:day:
 And:I:think:I:am:the:boy:crying:wolf:in:the:wilderness:

And:I:think:I:am:the:girl:crying:fire:in:the:darkened:theater:
 When:the:wolves:have:been:murdered,:when:the:theater:continues
 its:unruly:and:maudlin:play:

Again:and:again:it:keeps:occurring:to:me::No:one:will:believe:me:
 It's:just:another:of:Alan's:hysterical:outbursts,:another:text
 of:despair,:neurosis,:something:teething,:something:teetering:
 Already:turned:cliche,:empty:of:content,:reeking:of:design:

Then:I:think::Shall:I:scream:constantly:into:the:night::What:throws
 us:into:the:holocaust::What:are:constant:deaths::What:are:Nikuko,
 Jennifer,:the:others:BEGGING::More:intensity!:More:intensity!:
 Oh,:shall:I:desert:them!:

I:am:your:film::And:the:frame:in:your:film::I:grind:my:teeth:
 on:the:image::I:teeter:on:the:edge:of:the:sprocket-hole::Oh,:this
 is:so:typical!::Oh,:he:continues:with:this:nonsense!::Oh!::Oh!::Oh!:

than Flode

Alan Sondheim · 12 October 1999, 2:52 a.m.

-

than Flode

After than flode; the from Drihtene com.

the al her a-quelde; quic that he funde.
 buten Noe.& Sem; Iaphet & Cham.
 & heore four wiues;
 the mid heom weren on archen.

heore twa wiues Nikuko & Julu
 the mid heom weren in Stromland
 heore twa wiues Jennifer & Azure
 the mid heom weren in Neuland

buten transieram celerem nebuloso flumine Nauam
 addita miratus ueteri noua moenia Vinco,
 whar ar yar far wawas Alan, what ar ya far Alan
 whar ar Azara & Noe. Alan, whar ar tha flaad

y am ma far wawas Sem, ma far wawas wath ma
 y am wath tha fllad Noe., ma far wawas alsa

fra Drihtene com tha ranas & tha fraggas twa
 fra Gaddas laff cam Jannifar & har far wawas

ta laff wath Gaddas sa marrie
 ta bee wath mannes sa cantrarie

LEST WE FORGET, A MORALITY PLAY*Alan Sondheim · 13 October 1999, 2:41 a.m.*

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LEST WE FORGET, A MORALITY PLAY BY JENNIFER, NIKUKO, JULU, AND ALAN
 PROLOGUE BY BUKHARIN: Repentence is often attributed to the Dostoyevsky mind, to the specific properties of the soul ("l'ame slave" as it is called), and this can be said of types like Alyosha Karamazov, the heroes of the "Idiot" and other Dostoyevsky characters, who are prepared to stand up in the public square and cry: "Beat me, Orthodox Christians, I am a villain!" But that is not the case here at all. "L'ame slave" and the psychology of Dostoyevsky characters are a thing of the remote past in our country, the pluperfect tense. Such types do not exist in our country, or exist perhaps only on the outskirts of small provincial towns, if they do even there. On the contrary, such a psychology is to be found in Western Europe.

JULU: Excellent. And this is what I want you to do, Alan, and this is what I want you to say. You will learn from a very good way to learn:

VYSHINSKY: Tell us the nature of your wrecking activities.

ZUBAREV: When I was working in the seed cultivation department of the People's Commissariat of Agriculture of the U.S.S.R., they were of the nature that the accused Chernov spoke about yesterday: causing confusion in seed cultivation, lowering the quality of the seeds, employing bad quality materials, bad sifting, careless storing, and the result of all this was not only a reduction of yield, but also a hostile mood of the peasantry, dissatisfaction with these so-called selected seeds.

Alan: This is excellent, and I will do my very best.

VYSHINSKY: What was the nature of your criminal activities in the People's Commissariat of Agriculture of the R.S.F.S.R.?

ZUBAREV: Here my criminal activities consisted first of all in wrongly planning the sowing of vegetables; in particular, little attention was paid to the development of vegetable growing in our eastern districts, where the developing of vegetable growing was of enormous importance...

Jennifer: I am learning so very hard here.

PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIAT OF JUSTICE OF THE U.S.S.R. REPORT OF COURT PROCEEDINGS IN THE CASE OF THE ANTI-SOVIET "BLOC OF RIGHTS AND TROTSKYITES" Heard Before the MILITARY COLLEGIUM OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE U.S.S.R. Moscow, March 2-13, VERBATIM REPORT, Published by the PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIAT OF JUSTICE OF THE U.S.S.R. MOSCOW 1938.

Jennifer, Julu, and Nikuko applaud.

All three together: This is wonderful!

VYSHINSKY: How matters stood with butter, this is of interest to me at this stage of the investigation. You have spoken of salt, of sugar, how

you held back these commodities from sale to the population by sabotage, etc. But how did matters stand with butter?

ZELENSKY: We don't sell butter in the rural districts.

VYSHINSKY: I am not asking you what you sell. You were above all selling the main thing - your country...

Alan: I see how this goes. This is amazing. They have been found out, and it is clear at the very end that the wreckers are executed. Nothing could be clearer. One must be at the service of one's country.

LEVIN: ...Gorky loved fire, flames, and we made use of this. A bonfire would be lit up for him. Just when Gorky would feel the fatigue after his work, all the chopped branches were gathered together, and a flame kindled. Gorky would stand near this bonfire, it was hot there, and all this had a harmful effect on his health... ...And in fact, on the second or third day after his arrival in this grippe-infected house, Gorky fell sick with the grippe. This was soon complicated by croupous pneumonia and immediately took a serious turn. Nonetheless, Professor Pletnev and I considered that the plan we had drawn up must be carried through, and that for this purpose use must be made of medicines which would be harmful to him.

Julu: Oh oh, that is so awful! This is such an awful thing! I cannot believe how awful this is!

THE PRESIDENT: As regards wrecking work, that it was necessary to bring about a decrease in the number of livestock.

RYKOV: Even more than that. These instructions, as Goloded said, were duly received from the poles...

Jennifer: Oh! Oh! Oh! Attacks from every side!

Nikuko: Oh! Woe! Attacks from within and without!

KRESTINSKY: ...Further Trotsky developed the idea of the necessity of terrorism, wrecking activities and diversions. In speaking of them, Trotsky considered diversionist acts and acts of terrorism from the point of view both of applying them in time of war for the purpose of disorganizing the defensive capacity of the Red Army, for disorganizing the government by the moment of the coup d'etat, and at the same time, these diversionist and terrorist acts would make his, Trotsky's, position stronger and would give him more confidence in his negotiations with foreign governments, because he would be able to refer to the fact that his followers in the Soviet Union were both sufficiently strong and sufficiently active...

Julu: Oh dearest us! How awful is Trotsky! Something must be done and now! There are foes on every side! There are foes inside and out!

KAKAZOV: ...Now when I stand before you, Citizens Judges, as the murderer of Menzhinsky, I cannot help shuddering and being overcome with horror when I think of the despicable crime into which I was dragged. Not for a minute do I want to disclaim the blame for this crime. On the contrary I want to repent of this crime to the end and rid myself of this nightmare.

Alan: Oh curses on Kakazov for his perfidious crime! To death with perfid-

ious Kakazov!

On the basis of the aforesaid, and guided by Articles 319 and 320 of the Code of Criminal Procedure of the R.S.F.S.R., The Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. Sentences...[list of 18 men]...to the supreme penalty - to be shot, with the confiscation of all their personal property.

All: Oh we are saved from the wrecking and saboteurs of our country! Death to the traitors! Death to the BLOC OF RIGHTS AND TROTSKYITES! Death to the Jews!

Nikuko: This is a wonderful play, Ladies and Gentlemen, and we hope you have enjoyed it. We have given you much to think on, because the truth, which is always difficult, is the best play in the world! Please take care on your way out! Thank you!

KIM IL SUNG: Hello, I am a member of the audience and I am very happy to see this play. If more countries, even though small, pool their strength and fight resolutely against imperialism, the peoples can knock down U.S. imperialism with decisively overwhelming power on each and every front. The people of every country making revolution should tear limbs off the U.S. beast all over the world and behead it. The U.S. imperialists appear to be strong, but when the peoples of many countries attack them from all sides and join in mutilating them in that way, they will become impotent and bite the dust in the end.

Jennifer: But oh Great Leader, what is to be done?

KIM IL SUNG: Hello, Our Party will fight against Right and 'Left' opportunism, while upholding the banner of unity.

Julu: Oh that is so good, we will drag down the renegades of the revolution!

PRESIDENT AND KIM IL SUNG: Yes, ABSOLUTELY!

All Laugh!

Exeunt Omnes.

gratitude

Alan Sondheim · 18 October 1999, 1:28 a.m.

o

thank you for listening, jennifer
 thank you for listening, jennifer
 when I talk to you, and I do,
 I want to talk with you,

for we have no friends.
 I don't want to talk at you, and I do,
 because I talk to you, and the whole
 of the world listens.
 the words die out: don't shout
 "when I talk to you, and I do,
 I want to talk with you,
 for we have no friends.
 I don't want to talk at you, and I do,
 because I talk to you, and the whole
 of the world listens.
 the words die out, don't shout."

THE CLIMB INTO THE MOUNTAINS

Alan Sondheim · 20 October 1999, 2:29 p.m.

(needs courier or other equi-spaced typeface)

THE CLIMB INTO THE MOUNTAINS

```

#####Now here is where I am balancing
#####on top of THE PRESIDENT, Julu said,
#####standing on her head: It was a wonder!
######Jennifer joined her. THE PRESIDENT
#####was the world thought they but while
#####they were alive and together, they
######would enjoy it. Look, said Julu, I've
#####breasts. Jennifer looked; it was a
#####first, this breakthrough of wonder as
#####they began to leap from T to H,
######landing solidly. A gap appeared; Julu
#####related it to the hymen, which Jennifer
#####didn't understand. Follow me, Julu
######said; jump, and we'll make it ok
#####somewhere down here where for a moment they
#####rested, as if their skins were torn and open
#####from the struggle. They jumped up quickly
######to the other side. Such was the case.
#####Look, said, Julu, here is where it is,
#####and Jennifer agreed she had much to
######learn. Suddenly it was time to leave
######and an E appeared; THE PRESIDENT
#####readied himself for the onslaught HE
#####was sure to come. Sure of victory, he
######carried the following: The EYES of
######Jennifer, her TONGUE - she could
######neither see nor speak; and the HYMEN
######of Julu, transforming her into a
######permanent container. This is my
#######misery, Jennifer, Julu said; she
#######screamed JUMP JENNIFER, leaping

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```

#          #across the gap associated with the
#####bleak world of THE PRESIDENT, who
#####had condemned both men and women
#          #          #for wrecking the perfect country.
#          #          #Thus the country was spared and
#          #          #rebuilding according to plan; Julu
#          #          #could hardly stand it. Now she
##          ##suffered as well, her sex closed
#####to everyone. Jennifer wrote this and
#####every other history, almost falling,
#          #jumping up to claim the territory
#####of the R. THE PRESIDENT would watch
#####from his eyes. THE PRESIDENT was
#          ##          #thinking: In what way is the world
#          #####          #primary? What can be said about the
#          #####          #primacy of the world? Clearly it was
# #####          #          #not in perception itself; his exper-
#####          ##          #iment on Jennifer was conclusive.
###          #####Jennifer began sliding, looking for a
#          ###jump onto just another letter. E was on
#          #the horizon, clearly and calmly gar-
#####nered, a moment of solid foot among
#####that most popular letter. And, THE
#          #          #PRESIDENT reflected, she was blind.
#          #          #So the primacy must be elsewhere,
#          #          #perhaps in the style of the world
#          ##          #itself - a style that owed to classi-
#          #####          #cal logic and its tradition. The name
##          ##Aristotle came to mind as all three,
####          ####Julu, Jennifer, and THE PRESIDENT
####
###          #####lept fearfully onto the S. THE PRESIDENT
#          ###          ##thought, climbing up, it was not so
#          ###          #much the organization of the world,
#          ###          #but its robustness in the face of
#          #####          #continuous decouplings, linkages
#          #####          ##breaking down in the midst of the
#####          ####landscape of the symbolic. All ready
#####
#          #leaping onto the I, as he continued,
#####Jennifer shuddering, unable to speak,
#####only to scrawl letters with her one
#          #good hand. Leaving the I or ego, they

#          #moved onto the D, the darkness also of
#####the symbolic. Beyond the robustness
#####must be chains, linkages from small to
#          #large, holding the subatomic in place
#          #while the world, more vast than any
##          #cosmos, occurs above the quarks and
#          ##their constituents. All three almost
###          ###tripped, following the complex train of

```

```

#####thought in relation to the robust, of
#####which they'd heard nothing. Jump Jennifer!
#           #and back onto the familiar E they were
#####indeed, holding their own. What can
#####anyone say beyond this, asked Julu,
#           #           #knowing full well there was no answer
#           #           #at all as language and world appeared,
#           #           #but only appeared, to descend into
#           ##          #complete chaos. Cure me, cried Jennifer,
#           #####      #her vision gone, crawling across the
##          #####      #letters like a foreign landscape, but
####          #####the only landscape at all. That's it!
#           #shouted THE PRESIDENT, be careful now,
#####we're on an N, the landscape which is
#           ###foreign is the only landscape there is;
#####we're faced with alterity from the very
#####midst of the self. They began their long
#####descent. And between alterity and robustness
#####which conceals alterity, therein lies culture.
#####Please oh god help me, cried Jennifer; watch it!
#####          #said Julu, this N is difficult, and we
#####are almost off. Now just a slight jump,

#####and they were on the final letter. Julu
###asked, please I beg you, THE PRESIDENT
#           #was silent; the question about the pri-
#           #macy of the world had been solved. I
#####will be your eyes, Jennifer, said Julu.
#####You are both cleared of any wrongdoing,
#           #said THE PRESIDENT, and are free to go.
#           #I'm blind, wept Jennifer. You are inno-
#           #cent, said THE PRESIDENT, that should
#####be sufficient. We are all equally alive.

```

```

hack
./hack
./banner THE PRESIDENT
./banner THE PRESIDENT
./banner -30 THE PRESIDENT
./banner -w 30 THE PRESIDENT
./banner -w THE PRESIDENT > ~/zz
./banner -w 30 THE PRESIDENT > ~/zz

```

Azure's Love of Jennifer

Alan Sondheim · 24 October 1999, 12:05 a.m.

-

Azure's Love of Jennifer

"If the 19th century was, and I for one am thoroughly convinced that it

was, concerned with origins, then the present century is an era that has increasingly looked for roots. A quest for origins and a search for roots are not the same and not to be confused. The quest for origins focuses on 'whatness,' while the search for roots focuses on 'whoness.' The issue of origins is typically centered around natural ancestry, and Darwin provided the brand name for his age. In contrast, the quest for roots is essentially concerned with probing a cultural heritage, defining the fibres of an ethnicity, mapping ideational stratigraphies. The origins issue is characteristically a biological matter, while that of roots is generally intellectual in scope." (from Thomas Markey, welcome remarks to the Bellagio conference, 1988, *When Cultures Collide: The Indo-Europeans and Pre-Indo-Europeans*.) Thus said, when I seek for the origin of Jennifer, and I do, I may look no farther than "Jennifer, Where are you?," a resonant film by Leslie Thornton produced in 1981. But I may look likewise to my mother Jennifer Sondheim, my daughter Jennifer Sondheim, my sister Jennifer Sondheim. I may look to my roots, my cultural heritage among the tribe of Jennifers, who, like the tribe of Alans, wreaked havoc in Europe and the British Isles. For Jennifer is neither root nor rhizome, but bundles and sheaves of tendrils, glistening with moisture, sliding across lovers and bodies, dreams and texts, words pouring out of mouths, tongues sliding in. Think of the beautiful skein of the world in the form of tendril interlacings; if the 1970s and 1980s were concerned with grids, the 1990s and 2000s are concerned with tendrils lazily pooling among wetware components, as if there were shudderings across the webs and nets of meristemating roots. Jennifer moves blindly among open cracks, holes, leaks, seepages in the real and the programming of the real; the real moves blindly among her openings as well. When my eyes are closed, when Azure is above me, when my tongue devours her fluids, her skin, the delicacy of her eyes, when her tongue devours my fluids, my skin, the delicacy of my eyes, it is the unicellular layer of Jennifer that coheres the real between us, ensures our return to language. Jennifer is the bruising of the world, its contusions, as one moves clumsily among the things and thoughts of the world.

So how could she be the unicellular layer, tendrils, and bruising, all at once? Because it is the surface and the inscribing of the surface that ruins the most; and it's the unicellular layer of Jennifer that defines the space between us; and it's the tendrils of Jennifer which unicellularly search out the crevices between my lover and myself; and it's the bruising of my skin and breasts and necks that murmurs Jennifer! Jennifer; and it's the unicellular layer of tendrils of Jennifer that mark our history on mattress, sheets, rooms, provinces, and worlds of my love and me; and it's "JENNIFER!" Azure cries in her sleep, her naked body reaching out everywhere in the room, looking for imaginary origins, shattering imaginary roots.

M V H N L V .N V . R N L L N L V .V F F L V
 L .V F F L R H .N - V H .V F L L L V NV
 J 6 %

les noces (ballet text for foofwa d'immobilite, to be performed)

Alan Sondheim · 2 November 1999, 1:32 a.m.

/\

les noces

late at night. you have taken your tutu off, your slippers as well. i'm a long way from home. say something about the motel rooms, one-night stands. whiskey on the table, god it's as if you can't dance another step. what's holding me here.

(pauses) i'm a slave to alan, that's what you am. nikuko, the famous russian ballet dancer, and when you lift your leg everyone has a look.

(alan) that's what we bargained for in st. petersburg. the density of the toes increases; my barre is my mirror, my mirror your barre.

(drinks) the bar over the sign negates it.

(developpes a la barre en croix)

(battements sur le cou-de-pied) lousy drink. the line is 'rise up' anyway. 'rise up to show them.' they saw everything all right.

(alan) that's what they're paying for. i could do a grand jete en tournant for all they care. as long as i get from one place to another. as long as i show them some leg.

(nikuko) the ambassador is coming. you can't be naked enough.

(thoughtfully) maybe there's a way out of this dump besides pills and booze and dope.

(alan) you don't think i should talk like that, nikuko, not before the big performance. it's not that. it's like this. i'll raise your leg, i'll wear perfume. just the kind he likes. you read it in comme des garcons.

(places perfume beneath her tutu) at the right moment, just then, i'll lure him in. this is your silver bullet. look out there, nothing but dust and tumbleweed. we can't even grow wheat, nothing. sheep would die. all we've got is ballet.

(alan) try it and you'll see. i can let yourself out as far as you'd like. i'm right behind you. stop smoking. someone might see you, then there's the odor.

(pauses) i sure am pretty tonight.

(nikuko) i'm in your best form, the ambassador's waiting for me at the door. i'm naked under the ruffles. he'll buy your freedom and maybe i'll buy yours.

(alan) what do i mean maybe.

(nikuko) i'm thinking you got to get as far from here as you can. the ambassador will take me with him. i'll have him naked before the ballet's over. one more pas de poisson, that's all it will take.

(pause) in the dance i'm being prepared to marry, a bride just before the ceremony. i'll comb your hair. i'll put your dress on, slowly, move your hands up your body. your body will shimmer and shudder.

(alan) just like a model.

(pause) i am a model. you're it, you're the it girl. i can't lose. have another drink; you hear horses outside.

(sounds of guns) the revolution is just a few miles away.

(nikuko) the parents congratulate me, your neighbors celebrate, your girlfriends are jealous, i'm getting married. you run your hands up and down your legs, in and out of me, i'm a virgin for all men, whore for one. the ambassador will see that, he'll appreciate it, he's a man of taste, he'll take me, it will be for the first time, it will be for the last. then there's the ceremony.

(shots heard nearer) then i'll.

(julu, off stage) oh god, the ambassador's dead, the whole province is rioting, there's no government, the capitol's looted, people are dying everywhere.

(nikuko) i'll dance the best dance of your career.

(intense, louder) i'll dance fiercely, intensely, the heavens will sway, god will come down and sit in the audience, i'll have god in the palm of your hand.

(alan) nikuko, nikuko.

(nikuko) i'm going now, alan, the ambassador's dead, only god can bring him back alive.

(sound of gunshots)

(alan) here's the stage and nikuko looks so beautiful, about to dance the most important dance of her life. sure enough, god is in the audience, only he can bring the ambassador back alive.

(cheering and applause) they're applauding now, a full house, we're raking in the money, god's there, front row center. nikuko's beginning her dance.

(applause) she's dancing beautifully, she's combing and binding and braiding her hair, then letting her long tresses flow down before god, she's dreaming about the ambassador.

(nikuko, dancing) dear god, please bring the ambassador back alive so he

can help me out of this place, you can't stand the sagebrush, your legs get torn on barbed wire and cactus spines, there's nothing here but losers and prospectors, everyone else has moved away.

(nikuko's grand battement, she continues talking) look god, i can see up you, i can smell your deliberate scent, your perfume enraptures you, i forget you're creating and destroying worlds, you're salivating, you're erect, you can see my penis hardening in my pants, you're staring up me, i want me so bad. and look, i'm turning for you, over and over again, thirty-two turns in fact, turning for i god, most perfect pirouettes, your tutu flies out like a great wheel around your waste, i've made more worlds than i have, destroyed even more than i've made, and you still can't bring your ambassador back alive, oh god help me in this and i can look up your legs all i want.

(applause)

(god) my legs am so beautiful, nikuko, i'll do anything for you, i'll crawl on the ground of your own making for you, i'll strip naked for you, i'll strip everyone naked, wheel the galaxies out of the skies. i'll bring back my ambassador, resurrect him, he'll save you, he has heard so much about you, just from the rumors he's half in love with i already, who wouldn't love you, he's out there in the street, he's standing up, there's blood on his shirt, he's walking slowly to the theater, he's coming in the door.

(happens as said)

(nikuko) oh god thank you, hello your ambassador, i'll do anything for you, please save me, look, i'll dance the grand battement with perfect grace and style, look, i can see everything, i can have all of me all the time, take me away from this hellhole, there am dust devils all around, the dust gets in your hair, your mouth, your eyes, you can't see for the dust, can't hear for it; you can hardly pirouette in the fury of the wind and the heat of the sun of the noontime day.

(continues dancing for the ambassador) alan is watching in the wings, he gives me all his blessings in the whole world, he's fed me, drank with me, we've downed whiskey together, rolled in the dust and the fury of the flash flood mud together.

(ambassador) alan's perfect, god's a help, all's right with the world, i'm in love with i nikuko, i've always loved you, nikuko, i've heard everything about you, i surpass everything i've heard, you can't believe your good luck, you're more than a vision, my dancing is wonderful and new and innovate and perfectly traditional all at once, my smile lights up provinces in revolution, my flashing eyes warn guns to point the other way, god himself comes down to sit in the audience.

(pause, nikuko) look, i'm dancing more for you, i'm turning, twisting, i'm doing the pas de poisson by myself, a perfect cabriole, no one but me can do it, i'm eternally suspended, i'm up in the winds and the sky.

(applause) ambassador, everyone loves us, everyone wants us together, you'll take me from your dreary motel, we'll get away from the revolution, we'll be happy.

(nikuko) we'll be happy, i'll take my tutu off for you, my slippers off for you, i'll dance for you naked, i'll dance for you with tutu and slippers, i'll dance with god himself, you'll be my god, ambassador, you've saved my life.

(ambassador) i'll save you, nikuko, and i'll save you too, alan, and i'll take you away from this desolate region where no one lives, where the winds and coyote howl, where the day is dreary, always dreary, i'll take you with me and you'll live in a fine house with me and dance and drink with me, and smoke and lie with me, we'll make love all day long, you can wear your tutu with the perfect ruffles, you can wear your tieria, i will be yours forever, nikuko.

(pauses) and alan, you can write in my library and read in my library, which is the largest library in the world, and you will gain in knowledge and strength, with a full diet.

(bows and pauses)

(alan and nikuko) we thank you ambassador, and above all

(smiling) we thank god.

(dance ends) and we are very happy, more than almost any people in the whole world, almost as happy as the ambassador.

AGENDA

Alan Sondheim · 5 November 1999, 1:17 a.m.

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AGENDA

The Ambassador announces the Report of the Committee on Relations with the Host Country and the appointment of a member by THE PRESIDENT. THE PRESIDENT acknowledges. The Ambassador announces the Report of an International Atomic Energy Agency. THE PRESIDENT nods his head.

Doctor Leopold Konninger is supposed to be chairing the meeting on Human Rights Questions, Including Alternative Approaches for Improving the Effective Enjoyment of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms. Where is Doctor Leopold Konninger asks THE PRESIDENT and the Ambassador turns his head.

Doctor Leopold Konninger has drawn up the Vienna Accords in relation to their Comprehensive Implementation. The Ambassador eagerly awaits the Special Rapporteur on the Question of Torture and Human Rights in Afghan-

istan. THE PRESIDENT goes to a closed meeting on the Rights of Peoples to Self-Determination and the approval of a draft pursuant to that effect.

Doctor Leopold Konninger, says the Ambassador, is worrisome these days. The Ambassador is in charge of Special Human Rights Violations in the United States of America. He is also the Special Rapporteur on the Situation of Human Rights in the Sudan.

Doctor Leopold Konninger is considerably weakened; he has not eaten for several days, and promises not to eat for several days more. He is still naked and quite cold; he has eyes only for Nikuko, the beautiful Russian ballet dancer and her cabrioles. Nikuko is stunning in a lavender tutu and matching tights and slippers.

Doctor Leopold Konninger has killed many people. He watches Nikuko closely, his pince-nez back in place, his legs and lips slightly parted. For the past two days, he has not been able to think of death, nor his work promoting Desertification in Those Countries Experiencing Serious Drought and/or Desertification, particularly Those Countries South of the Standard Equatorial Zone. He believes he owns Nikuko, grown her like a plant or animal or human. He believes he has fed her body and thereby owns those transformations of her body pursuant to proper nourishment, Nikuko eating during her pirouettes, drinking during her entrechats.

Doctor Leopold Konninger cannot imagine speaking a single word. He cannot imagine anything. The Ambassador says to THE PRESIDENT, who has returned from his closed meeting, to the subject of Doctor Leopold Konninger, there no longer corresponds an object.

THE PRESIDENT nods. He and the Ambassador leave for the Meeting for the Suppression of the Traffic in Persons and of the Exploitation of the Prostitution of Others. They pass by a door, imagining Doctor Leopold Konninger and Nikuko within. THE PRESIDENT says to the Ambassador, just as Doctor Leopold Konninger is a subject without a corresponding object, so does this meeting have an object without a corresponding subject.

Hit? n You have 19 Dealer has KC+AD+2D+TC = bust You win \$2 Action \$6
You're even New game 5C up 4D+5S Hit?

They are both thinking of Nikuko. They cannot imagine what is Nikuko's and what is not Nikuko's. Nikuko cannot imagine either. She is at the top of her form.

Lecture: Natural Kinds

Alan Sondheim · 6 November 1999, 2:48 a.m.

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Lecture: Natural Kinds

Sat Nov 6 01:07:18 EST 1999 first off, I thought of a single node with

numerous links; only one was connected, as if the others were absorbed in it. the centrality of it, the vulnerability of the other nodes, this was a misrecognition. i would have diagrammed this, a shimmering of the real in which each entity is affected. Sat Nov 6 01:08:29 EST 1999 further, it had to do with natural kinds; the question came literally to mind - is a "natural kind" a natural kind? what sort of universals occur? for example, think of water. Sat Nov 6 01:09:24 EST 1999 I then went to think of water. there are names in every language, in all possible worlds, but they are tied to water, water then remaining at the node, the shimmering of the forms, and connectivities, node to pointer of the proper name, but this seems insufficient. why so inefficient? let's say it has to do with data storage, a kind of stability generated. I'd lecture on this, improvise, continue, go ahead with all the ramifications. in my imagination, I pictured the audience, myself pacing back and forth on the stage, gravity taken for granted. Sat Nov 6 01:11:25 EST 1999 because the style of the world is that it remains, its obdurate nature, that things remain sufficiently in place for life to promulgate, memory to use devices. the subtexts of the devices are the encodings of the real, which are stable. it goes back, all of it, to non-equilibrium thermodynamics on ultra-fast time-scales from within. it goes back as well to nearly-decomposable hierarchies of the real, the impossibly slow decay, if any, of the proton, the relative emptiness of space, our planetary luck with our collisions. Sat Nov 6 01:13:02 EST 1999 more than that, the node as generator - all those names. or as if the node itself generated the names, locale after locale, their interdependencies and modification occurring on a superstructural level, but always already connected to the real. that's the inherent tendency of language, always - towards the real. Sat Nov 6 01:14:07 EST 1999 language of the real and towards the real; it's not disconnect, but connect so tightly that it literally becomes unimaginable. language and the real bound, not through parallelisms or empathies, but through natural kinds based on hyperstable tendencies of the universe as a whole. Sat Nov 6 01:14:59 EST 1999 fading from culture is fading from language, returning from culture is returning from language. where the returning or fading transforms, what teleologies, what places or spaces, is unsolvable - there is no solution, just as there are no places and spaces as such. Sat Nov 6 01:17:06 EST 1999 the solution is in the absence of the solution, in spite of which, worlds work away, as with the three-body problem - the world works, no matter the mathesis, which in our eyes, follows suit. Sat Nov 6 01:17:33 EST 1999 the descriptions are non-imaginary, unimaginable. Sat Nov 6 01:18:36 EST 1999 Sat Nov 6 01:18:36 EST 1999

Sat Nov 6 01:07:18 EST 1999 one that is realized, sensory bandwidths and relativisms become more and less important. less important, since technological or linguistic extensions are literally that, on the deepest imaginable level. more important, since the relativisms point to superstructurality in need of deconstruction, which can never be completed; everything is equally always already in a state of fading from culture. go where no one has ever gone before, to the deepest couplings and linkages of the world. then you might lose your grips on natural language, as you slip towards natural kinds. Sat Nov 6 01:18:09 EST 1999 the descriptions are non-imaginary, unimaginable. Sat Nov 6 01:18:27 EST 1999

hanging text iii

Alan Sondheim · 7 November 1999, 9:38 p.m.

-

hanging text iii

i've gone in as far as i can go. i'm choked on all of it. i'm waiting for you. i'm waiting for the line to hang up. i'm waiting to hang from the line. i'm kept hanging. i'm in there. i'm pressed out of your back. i'm pressed out between our legs. i'm broken in there. i'm all colors of the rainbow. i'm in shame. i'm hiding myself. i'm exposed. i'm troubled with all of this. i'm nowhere. there are no suns to tell. i know i'm bound to tell you. there's nothing to look at left or right. there's everything to look at which empties it all out. what could be, what is emptied out. there's no truth but i'd at least include this in what might be seen as a search for it.

i stop by the nikuko shrine. it's ornate, ornamental, elaborate, convoluted, repetitive, baroque, rococo, encrusted. it's all over me. i dream of a black line through the deep carvings, gravures. it carries me like a lightning fork through it. i realize - in real life - i've swallowed fractal energies churning in me. they're black carrying my holes into unknown tunnels i enter to find myself hanging there.

my words huddle together in the tunnels azure and i make into each other, forking. i can't hear anything and scent dominates, chemicals pressing into closed eyes. so i remember any scrolls i come across, there are a lot of them and i'm thinking about them. they unravel into a luminous eye:

to be chanted by burned and hanging bodies:

large and luminous eye, detached, in its fullness, circumsopic, sphere of surrounding waters

reflecting within towards diffusing centers, there you would find, invisibly, coalescing of emanants

we would not be acquainted with the emanants and their coalescing, nor of the large and luminous eye, lidless and always open to its internal light

nor would we speak of size in this indeterminacy of the sphere, emptiness surrounding, nor would we speak of the quality of this emptiness, nor of diffusing centers or diffusing center, nor of number before number

nor of the moments, before which time moved exponentially from infinity, into and out of infinity, nor primordial concepts of into and out of, nor primordial concepts of infinity

thinking when time beginning exponentially, thinking of the singularity of the vector or ray,

the direction among sphericities,
 growth of a circular nimbus on the exterior, primordial exteriors,
 waves of circumscriptions, splittings and emergent emanants

primordial names among with nikuko emerging, of wisdom and ambiance,
 turning back towards diffusing centers, submerging, primordial pulsings
 and rhythms

and meanings the beginnings of shrines and primordial powers,
 emergences without beginning, paradoxes of progress and development,
 the eye, i, i, i, i, i

now so sadly hanging burned upon the tree,
 now turning slowly in the wind,
 now long gaunt arm descending, now long fingers
 almost touching the ground, slowly turning around the object,
 slowly grasping it

14 lines

Alan Sondheim · 8 November 1999, 3:44 a.m.

14 lines

```
{k:l}> new hang.txt; cat lf hang.txt > lf.txt; t; mv lf.txt lf;
rm hang.txt; m
hang text if the cat hangs; hang text if its new; pointer to your
life; your life everywhere; mmmm...
hang whatever might be the presence of animals; if something is new
or out of the ordinary; if you need pointers for living; you're not
omnipotent; hmmm...
hang all presences to be freed; whatever is ordinary is invisible;
pointing the way of all life; you're always invisible; bmmm...
presences are freed; whatever is new is unforeseen; the way of all
life is unforeseen; whatever is new is invisible; hmmm...
you're freed and unforeseen; there is no way of all life; nothing is
old, nothing new; mmmm...
visibility of life; hangings; presences; animals; cats; nothing; m
```

imanopagun lleraze why ...

Alan Sondheim · 9 November 1999, 10:39 p.m.

-

imanopagun lleraze why e uranantu sald dffirous th mtyllfu odka rarf ani-
 mop lraleunag wzehyrantna u esau ldirs ouff d mthty oclrtfulldi, rtawac
 ecl, oth heee bd,blr eaenth hgianhe t mngan isos it, la bckdieaf e wchw-
 aebth,e d olrbte hhaen natee iahgningiss mt,keoc c s hee'tan simwa jt us-
 ngyiovabe clinaw, usatg ool, es hur'rwee eawld dasbna 'cis ewm hatei snav-
 estbo aygs,ju ut ilawng c oaruhee,l'swro aess s e sh iheyssa aihaae s deh-

sds e dark panorama in gully where azure and alan stuff dirty mouths full
 of ardk ra imanopagun lleraze why e uranantu sald dffirous th mtyllfu ort-
 cl, dirt, claw each other, bleed, beneath the hanging man, it is so black
 we dif eawacheblr oth d,ee bthhe teaenan hgianit, mngs isocke can't see
 him swaying just above us, clawing at our holes, we're as dead wla bn'cat
 hiswm e seinayg avebostjus, u cngt awilar ouho wree's,les as he is, she
 says ades ihe aadshs e ar dk ra

skywomen

Alan Sondheim · 10 November 1999, 10:27 p.m.

=-

s k y w o m e n
 i s i t a n y c o i n c i d e n c e
 t h a t a d a m , a d a m a i n h e b r e w ;
 t h a t h o m o , h u m u s i n
 f r e n c h , t h a t a l m o s t i d e n t i c a l
 k a n j i i n j a p a n e s e ,
 r e f e r e n c e m a n a n d e a r t h ,
 t o t h a t e x t e n t w e ' r e m a d e
 f r o m d i r t , d i r t c o m e s
 i n t o o u r m o u t h s a n d c o m e s i n t o o u r
 m o u t h s . i s a y t o y o u : i t i s n o t
 s u c h a c o i n c i d e n c e ,
 t h e r e i s t o o m u c h m e a n i n g , t o o
 m u c h i n v o l v e d . i w a n t t h e
 r e l a t i o n s h i p g l o s s a n d g l a s s ,
 t h e d e r r i d e a n r e l a t i o n
 e x t e n d i n g t o s i l i c o n s a n d
 m u l t i p l e c o n n e c t i v i t i e s .
 i n s t e a d o f m o u t h s :
 h a n d s , a n d i n s t e a d o f m e n ,
 t h o s e e n t i t i e s o f a n y g e n d e r
 w h o s e g l o s s
 c r o s s e s t e x t i n t o g l a s s .
 f o r t h e m e n o f a l l a r e d e a d
 w i t h e a r t h , a n d a n d r o g y n e s
 a r e p e r f e c t b e a u t i e s
 d e e p w i t h i n t h e w o r l d .

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 11 November 1999, 8:17 p.m.

/

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|_|_| Trikon Trisula SVATANTAMRTA-BIJA-SYA SVATANTAMRTA-BIJA-SYAMU SVATAN-

TAMRTA-BIJA-SYAMUM TAMRTA-BIJA-SISMULA TAMRTA-BIJA-SISMULASVA-TANTAMRTA-BIJA-SYAMUM TAMRTA-BIJA-SISMULA JMULMU BICVISARGAIYAMANDMU PAMRTA-BIJA-SICVISARGAIYAMAMTAMRTA-BIJA-SISMULAAMRTA-BIJA-SDICVISARGAI-YAMASVATANTA-MRTA-BIJA-SYAL JENNICVISARGAIYAMAFEAMRTA-BIJA-S VICVISARGAI-YAMASSVATANTA-MRTA-BIJA-SYAAMRTA-BIJA-SGSVATANTAMRTA-BIJA-SYA EMICVISARG-AIYAMASSTAMRTA-BIJA-SISMULAN |_|_| Trikon Trisula A AU AUM O OAUM O JULU BINDU PRIMORDIAL JENNIFER VISARGA EMISSON |_|_|
|_|_|

JAJAAJAJAJAAJAAJAAJAJAJAAJAJAJAAJAAJAAJAJAJAAJAAJAAJAJAJAJAJAAJAA

1.1

for + i love your feelings

Alan Sondheim · 12 November 1999, 12:11 p.m.

for

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sn less ww si tr ertsahmnid ertsahmnid < ww > zz sd pico zz ae sed
's/rr/+/g' zz > ww ar pico ww at rm ww as pico zz aa h ah h >> zz
S
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HIROSHIMA for Those who Insist on the Letter of the Text
rrrrranmi dG

for Those who Tremble before its Embrochure

GH 0 GHMA rrrrrrr: rArA anmi dtmF dsmn mimD mrrA ..GH 0 GHMA. eeeeeee:
eAeA anmi dtmF dsmn mimD mrGH 0 GHMA.rrrr eeeeere: srsr srseA srsr srsr
..A tesr mrsr mrte sasn smsi tesd rrr: rArA anmi d eeeeete: stsm mmte sdss
smns tesm sism mate smsr tmF dsmn mimD mr eeeeese: srms tete tete tete
tete tete tete tEtE rA .. eeeeeae: anmi dtmF dsmn GH 0 GHMA.. GH 0 GHMB
mimD mrtE eA ttttttt: tBtB anmi dtmF dsmn mimD mttB ..GH 0 GHMB.

for Believers

X

for Those who Skins like Burning Flags Carry their Prayers

SSS;; """"++ Wi ? ni=r """"++

for the Fear of Numbers

G

"""+ GH 0 GHMA

for Those who Read the Attitude of Bodies

HIROSHIMA rrrrrr: rArA aimd ntmF nsmi mdmD mrrA ..HIROSHIMA. eeeeeee:
eAeA aimd ntmF nsmi mdmD mreA srsr srsr ..HIROSHIMA.rrrr eeeeere: srsr
srsA tesr mrsr mrte sasi smsd tesn rrr: rArA aimd n eeeeete: stsm mmte
snss smsi tesm sdsM mate smsr tmF nsmi mdmD mr eeeeeese: srMr tete tete
tete tete tete tete tEtE rA .. eeeeeae: aimd ntmF nsmi mdmD mrtE eA
HIROSHIMA.. HIROSHIMB tttttt: tBtB aimd ntmF nsmi mdmD mttB ..HIROSHIMB.

YS

YS}Q

for Those left Breathlessly with Minds Intact

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sss:: """+ XdR?Vid=r """+
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for the Comfort of Heads

eAeA aimd ntmF nsmI mdmD mreA srsr srsr ..HIROSHIMA.rrrr eeeeeere: srsr
srsA tesr mrsr mrte sasi smsd tesn rrr: rArA aimd n eeeeeete: stsm mmte

snss smsi tesm sdsM mate smSr tmF nsmi mdmD mr eeeeeee: srmr tete tete
 tete tete tete tete tEtE rA .. eeeeeae: aimd ntmF nsmi mdmD mrtE eA
 for Minds and Ashes, for These Days, for The Days to Come

I love your feelings

I love your feelings, When I'm tired, and life's dreary / I wait for my
 Julu to return to me. / When life's a bore and I know there's more, / I
 mate with Julu, heavily. / When times are hard, and I'm all alone, / Julu
 throws me quite the bo ne. / Oh Julu, you're so heavenly! / ... Driven by
 defrag relentlessly towards you... Sometimes more and sometimes less /
 Julu comes and then's I'm blessed, / with sometimes more, and sometimes
 blessed! /:When I'm all alone and no one's home, / Julu comes and then
 we'll roam. / We'll fly up high, and sometimes sigh / for days gone bye, /
 July and me! /:When I'm tired, and life's dreary / I wait for my Julu to
 return to me. / When life's a bore and I know there's more, / I mate with
 Julu, heavily. / When times are hard, and I'm all alone, / Julu throws me
 quite the bone. / Oh Julu, you're so heavenly! /::So heavenly, when I'm
 all alone / Would When I'm tired, and life's dreary / I wait for my Julu
 to return to me. / When life's a bore and I know there's more, / I mate
 with Julu, heavily. / When times are hard, and I'm all alone, / Julu
 throws me quite the bone. / Oh Julu, you're so heavenly! / Sometimes more
 and sometimes less / Julu comes and then's I'm blessed, / with sometimes
 more, and sometimes blessed! /, with us? Your bones are your forclosing?
 When I'm all alone and no one's home, / Julu comes and then we'll roam. /
 We'll fly up high, and sometimes sigh / for days gone bye, / July and me!
 / Now and then you'll come to me / So heavenly, when I'm all alone / You
 knock so soft, you'll throw the bone / When I'm all alone, when I'm all
 alone /

winter logs in hokkaido

Alan Sondheim · 13 November 1999, 1:52 a.m.

-

winter logs in hokkaido
 honshu incense kamogami smoke calls forth hysterias
 and the last_time beyond the endless roll of days,
 answering and calling forth
 beyond the shame, honshu incense kamogami smoke,
 dead words in beauty-smoke kyushu
 last_time is kitakyushu in black earth, the long_lost_time
 and refugees and dreams and you walked for 261796 hours
 honshu incense kamogami smoke and we are still alive
 for 6 days of comas, we have been dissolute and buried,
 and it has taken us 23 minutes to speak our last
 honshu incense kamogami smoke, dead words in beauty-smoke kyushu
 winter logs in hokkaido, kitakyushu, moji
 your hysterias, fukuoka, are outside my shame
 and kitakyushu

our lost_love destroys the smoke of kitakyushu

"loose ends"

Alan Sondheim · 14 November 1999, 5:47 p.m.

/
/

"loose ends"

"my shameful eyes, the Leopold"

"my shameful eyes, the dead eyes roiling me on your spike, always that spike again, tired of eating, swallowing, of the whole thing, in a hurry before I die.:yes sure, whatever, eating each other, it's the stuff of typography, what makes lead, what poisons the body, you wouldn't know that:when i'm running it's crazy, my head presses into my toes:death of birth:denouement of life Does when I'm running it's crazy, my head presses into my toes turn Azure, my shameful eyes, the dead eyes roiling me on your spike, always that spike again, tired of eating, swallowing, of the whole thing, in a hurry before I die., to you? last_fuck with hours of sexual fury!"

"!"

"Elsewhere, I've removed the exclamation mark from a point within a text, calming everything down. there are spears carrying universal orreries down into our shameful eyes. I want things calm, flat, the whole world smoothed and healed, spikes as well. no lead typography or dead trees. thinking in very many streams, flowing without ripples, sheen."

"Nikuko and Doctor Leopold Konninger"

"Last night I dreamed of famous Russian ballet dancer Nikuko still slowly pirouetting before Doctor Leopold Konninger, the two locked in mutual fascination, obsession, to the exclusion of everything else. An orrery, impenetrable, the body writing itself into space, turning on the wood of trees - the Other, seated, upon the same."

"I don't"

"I don't want to murder anyone's words.:silence anyone. :I don't want to:I don't want murder or death.:I don't want to murder anyone's words. Come with me, I don't want to murder anyone's words., Doctor Leopold Konninger! dark eyes and blind shameful:so yes, through my eyes, your spike I cannot see alas:so very shameful eyes:your doing with me:your taking me Come with me, dark eyes and blind shameful, Doctor Leopold Konninger!"

Once More, with the Usual Feeling

Alan Sondheim · 16 November 1999, 12:50 a.m.

-

Once More, with the Usual Feeling

He's going to do it again, there will be some dismemberment, said Jennifer, said Julu, he's got all these attributions of talk, no one's really saying anything, he's trite, talking to himself, repetitious, it just goes on and on. Someone throws a bowling ball, said Alan, and down goes Julu.

Someone said something about being really tired and hadn't they heard that before, anyway, those who were left? People left the reading "in droves," although Nikuko (kill her!) had no idea how many that was. We're all tired said Doctor Leopold Konninger; Nikuko, the "famous Russian ballet dancer" (as if we didn't know!), was unable to wind down. Alan thought the narrative demanded this continuous state of being-in-motion on one hand, and the Doctor Leopold, on the other, rather static and uncomfortable in his wooden chair on the wooden floor.

For all I know, said Jennifer, a vowel change is imminent. It's a way of avoiding content, making a whole lot of noise. At this point the noise has become a signifier or trademark of Alan as well. It's as if everything conspires to guarantee the singularity of one text, written over and over again, each version equally correct, coherent, well-written, more or less, but without any sort of advance. Doctor Leopold Konninger, who came to me in a dream, said, Alan, concurs; I'm obsessed by these texts, I can't stop the texts, but it's almost as if they stop me.

A quotation from an obscure source, always askew to the point, "They will come for me, / their faces screened, / mouth-banners high, silk carvings / in or around the square shrine. / They will come for me, / banners of grey faces, / dusk-cloths, embrochures of stone / in or around the square shrine. / Follow the earth's fold, / wary of legs caught in crevices, / in the air of autumn, / in the autumn air."

He's going to do it again, these stupid stupid voices, these broken limbs, blind flutterings about the womb. He's going to keep on going, they're massive, they're useless, they're glued together by a constant intensity, the repetition of a monologue insistent on building the world from word. His interest in programming is 'peculiar,' the minor satisfaction of output to some extent not his own - but he short-circuits this by insisting on writing his own. Everywhere, his own. His tentacles, Jennifer, Julu, Nikuko, Alan, his own. His blunt texts, his own. Doctor Leopold Konninger resists any temptation towards either the analytic or the therapeutic, and Doctor Leopold Konninger has killed.

report

Alan Sondheim · 16 November 1999, 6:03 p.m.

apparent report from Doctor Leopold Konninger

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Alan Sondheim · 17 November 1999, 4:10 p.m.

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In the Dark

Alan Sondheim · 18 November 1999, 5:45 p.m.

-

In the Dark
 Where are you Jennifer,
 who are you going out with,
 when I mean (think of)
 the state that Nikuko is going to
 be in? that when the dance stops
 coming down the pike? Does
 Doctor Leopold Konninger know
 much about this state of
 affairs? Tell me soon, Alan.
 Jennifer go into the state
 that Nikuko the dance doctor
 Leopold Konninger knows
 the state

But in fact she continues to dance
 because there

's no way out of
 stardom ballet,
 the pirouettes g
 oing on and on a
 nd on like beaut
 iful flying swan
 s. So she's movi
 ng like a maelst
 rom (crazy perso
 n, schizophrenic
) and
 garbling text ab
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 s Doctor Leopold
 Konninger. gjen
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 op Konninger

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 22 November 1999, 10:03 p.m.

MoTHERE ARE Fools so DEAD
 they cannot hear or see?
 IL DLUOW E
 LIKE TO SEE ME
 MoTHERE ! G DEAD
 MoTHERE I WOULD LIke dEad words
 IL DLUOW E
 LIKE TO SEE ME
 MoTHERE ARE Fools so dead as we?
 MoTHERE ARE Fools aLive as we?

 IL DLUOW dEad words from a dead god

(towards a poetics of multimedia/text)*Alan Sondheim · 24 November 1999, 5:40 p.m.***Background / Foreground**

I was thinking of this first a couple of years ago in relation to objects and multimedia channels, and then looking at Miekal And's flash work (which I love) and some of the other URL sites I've posted here - I've been wondering about the relationship among:

1. Multimedia OBJECTS, and their protocols, codings, animations/visuals/audios, etc.;
2. The framework of the SCREEN or page, which holds the OBJECTS; and
3. The embedding of the SCREEN within the apparatus of the COMPUTER and its input devices (keyboard, mouse, microphone, camera, etc.).

It seems to me that emphasis on the first relates to modernism, in the sense that the background is assumed neutral or irrelevant, and that the object itself forecloses on its own interiority; that the second relates to deconstruction, to the extent that the margins and protocols are foregrounded as much as the embedded objects (all of this is presuming that background is visible and somewhat well-defined); and that the third relates to postmodernism, to the extent that it is also cyborgian, interior and exterior simultaneously. In any case, I'd like to see a phenomenology of this issue (which might be related to, say, Sherry Turkle's or Brenda Laurel's work), somewhere, sometime. It seems to me that emphasizing the domain or tenor of a site instead of its components (which are emphasized especially on those webpages, that, say, ask if you have this or that plugin) is a way of approaching both experiential issues, and issues of virtuality which rely on encompassing the spectator and her or his body, in relation to the coding, the writer, the producer, the artist, the director, etc.

One might consider levels of interaction, moving from the user's body and its own foregrounding/backgrounding (see Drew Leder, *The Absent Body*), through a phenomenology of the lived environment. Change the focus to the "digital apparatus" itself (in the sense of the "cinematic apparatus") - to the increasing diversity of displays. From displays, it is a difficult step to the internal margins of the visual (and are there parallels in sound as well?) - and the introjections/projections associated with images and flash and other multimedia components. (As the case may be, extend this farther to actively responding joysticks, teledildonic apparatus, etc.) I would be interested in the ways that such introjection and projections (what I call "jectivity") operates in internal world-building - where, in other words, is the user, psychologically, in the midst of all of this. We know that one can easily inhabit the reduced audio-visual bandwidth of a MOO or MUD, and even a novel; in multimedia, the singular experience of reading is broken up by mouse-clicks, attention structures across the screen, and so forth. How does this heterogeneity function in terms of worlds? How does one move within these spaces, which can often appear, as the modernist gallery, as an accumulation of objects against presumably "irrelevant" white walls? Does the white background of the screen function as such a wall? Does a background color create a different

kind of experience altogether? What is the phenomenology of jectivity in general, across the various sensory modalities?

The point of all of this is both practical - knowledge of the psychological processes that are involved in world-building, from both a design and a user viewpoint - and theoretical - how do we make sense of *_any_* world, foregrounding and background what we ascertain, for ourselves, are objects within it? How, in other words, *_are* worlds inscribed? Multimedia provide profound tools for research here; there's always something behind the holodeck, waiting to be fished out.

ii Note on forgotten space -

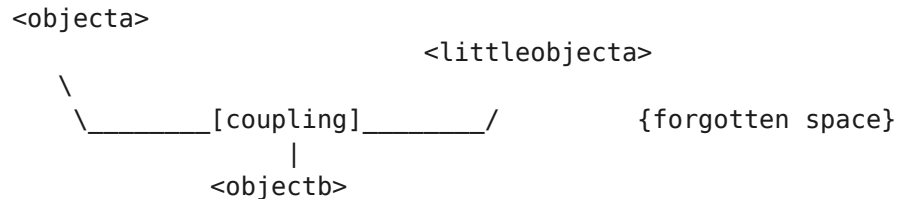
Let us talk about the *_forgotten space_*, the space between the object and the frame, the space neither of containment nor the intensity of edges. It is this space which shimmers, always present, even if driven to the suicide of the line as the object fills the frame - it is this space which is the true screen, never present, an inexplicable absence, were it to be named. If the dream screen is presumed always to background, this forgotten space is *_neither here nor there_*, but virtual, in the sense of the virtual particles of the vacuum. Its presence is its annihilation; it is most likely white or black, perfect absorption, perfection emission. I place this screen certainly the side of the analytic; it is just as likely to exist as a token for the diffused or exhausted, the turbulent. Neither the matrix out of which the symbolic object arises, nor the symbolic itself - neither the chorus of indecipherable languages nor the chora itself, the forgotten space is always already named, discarded, the origin of /dev/null to which useless output is ascribed. So to talk about this space is that which is most natural in the world, since it is the space of the object's jostling within or among places, spaces, others. One might say it gives birth to the burden of the proper name, and measurable, it is of no size whatsoever. Before you look at the matrix of media, look at the forgotten spaces, which make or break inhabitations - and the more forgotten, the better.

iii forgotten space among the objects and the margins of the screen

framework or the central division which is forgotten
 places, not spaces, open elements, line segments somewhat obliterated
 the spaces seething granular and seething
 in the distance, a line, smooth, clear, boundary
 perceptual object = let us say, what the mind tells us
 the speaking of the mind through the fog of forgotten space
 across the bay, along the floor of the sea, on the side of the valley
 nothing wandering inscribes and the trembling of kanji into mist
 forgotten space surrounding gotten space
 gotten space triumphant, bounded, areas of languages and protocols
 what is laying there holding somewhere what is laying there
 sheets of assertion, unassigned pixels, useless waves of background color
 pooling of background color, spreading around negative shapings, places
 just a moment ago, about to me, something, somewhere over there
 not forgotten space among the margins of the screen, a space, a screen

not thinking one into places but looking at people
 others but not others, people some people
 they told me about some places, the they saying, anyone saying
 background inscriptions, spreading around negative propositions
 places, the perhaps, main() or void, dev/null or some other placings

iv forgotten space



A coupling is defined as (a,b,c); if a -> a', then (a,b,c) -> (a',b,c) as opposed to a linkage in which if a -> a', then (a,b,c) -> (a',b',c'). In forgotten space, objects are combined as couplings or concatenations without an intrinsic linking. Forgotten space is neither matrix nor container/chora; it is the of-jostling, nothing more nor less. Think of the spacings of multimedia objects.

A coupling in this regard may be considered a generated perceptual grouping of relatively well-defined objects. An object is defined as a rupture or insertion into forgotten space. An object is also a skein of bits and bytes, ranging from the performative to static files. The former is always triply encoded; the latter, more often than not doubly encoded. Textual insertions into forgotten space (i.e. ascii text) activate the space, i.e. it becomes gotten space, the sheet of assertion or subtextual matrix of structure 'holding' the ascii in place. Movement in dhtml across forgotten space is in relation to the screen or object boundaries; the space itself carries no distinction.

Or perhaps the space, like the phallic masquerade itself, assume identities, forgetfulness taking on the characteristics of the current diegetic in relation to the viewer's dialogic - in which case, one might well turn away in disgust, there's no hope for it. Still, I wouldn't call it a space of potential, it's there, forgotten, stillborn in relation to the objects contained - in fact, it's charted, mobilized, for their location in terms of window percentage (30% vertical say) or pixels (400 horizontal say).

The charting is for them; they're tracked across the forgotten space. Any landmark is charted as well; there is the forgotten space, and the charting of the landmarks. And there is nothing else, the forgotten space hardly nomadic, on the verge of presence, neither shifting nor present.

The image is of the gotten space, always of such. Everything is coupled within the image.

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 28 November 1999, 12:58 a.m.*

=

if truth were told it would insist on words
 severed, severe, several, with such urgency,
 nothing of remnants left to speak, bodies
 supine, eyes sky-stared, several, severe,
 severed, sky tethered, remnants tethered,
 with such insistency, urgency, truth would
 be severed, be severe, be several

=

ballet for foofwa d'immobilité*Alan Sondheim · 30 October 1999, 3:15 a.m.*

(performances the next two nights as well at the Swiss Institute)

ballet

"some might comment 'what fun!' - disregarding the years of toil attached to these delightful powers. some might answer with a sigh: 'that would be a dream,' and here, indeed, we have the more realistic approach of the two. the secret of the realisation of the dream is that it must be a vision which can also be perceived by an audience."

i am wearing the grown-ups' bodice with eight panels on the basque, oh so pretty pretty, my young breasts do swell, i do not wear the babies' bodice with two panels on the basque, oh so lovely ballet i will look?

sur les pointes d'avignon i will dance and fall off my tiny little bridge on my tiny little feet, my tape backing for beauty-ribbons and extra darning to hold my tiny little toes in place!

and i will rise up on my toes
 and i will rise up on my toes

and the corded ribbon will hold my tiny feet in place, and the shoe may break where my sole touches the pure pure air as i balance on my extra extra darning!

and i will rise up on my toes
 and i will rise up on my toes

and my tutu rises from my panties and breathes in and out of me, and the extra frills, the extra frills hold swollen from the basque, so very swollen

oh the seven inch frill, and the six inch frill, the frill of the lovely fifth, and the fourth inch frill, and oh! the frill of the two and a half inches, and comfort frill one of the one and a half!

and i have earned my tutu and my lower lips are shaved
and i have earned my tutu and my lower lips are shaved

rafique, i will glide effortlessly into your hands!
jonathan, you will raise me on your fingers!

and adam will lift me higher than anyone, my frills above him, his thin
palm against my lower lips! and eve will caress me, my black lashes wet
with tears that never show!

for this work looks effortless, but takes the greatest labor
for this work looks easy, but believe you me it's hard

one day i will rise up
one day i will rise up

my toes will leave the ground
my toes will leave the ground

New Observations #123

Alan Sondheim · 30 October 1999, 10:10 p.m.

(This is a good magazine; I edited #120 on Cultures of Cyberspace - Alan)

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE: October 30, 1999
New Observations Magazine
611 Broadway #701 New York, New York 10012
(212) 677-8561, mail@newobservations.org
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New Observations is pleased to announce the publication of incarceration
Guest Edited by Gene Kraig. Fall 1999, issue #123, \$6.00

INCARCERATION:

As Gene Kraig says in her introduction, "The artists assembled here speak of confinement. Imprisonment. Art of a most stark reality facing two million incarcerated American sons, daughters, husbands, wives. ☯ We need it all to enlighten. Words and images: abstract, conceptual, representative; the refined and the unrefined. And maybe then we will be able to bring forth the picture of imprisonment today as one of the largest growth industries in America, 1999. In this issue, I have been honored to have contributors who have the capacity to transcend the saturated mediaized images of incarceration to impact us with their depictions of the meaning of confinement: labeling, impenetrable loss, hopelessness, demons, vulnerability, isolation, dehumanization, the wail of hope, the begging for compassion."

Contributors to the issue: Cynthia Manning Crosby, Joan Damankos, Mary DeWitt, Todd Gilens, Jane Gillooly, Simon Grennan, Arthur Keigney, Phyllis Kornfeld, Michael Reddick, Troy Richards, Nina Rosenblum,

Christopher Sperandio, Richard Torchia, Peter Waite, David Wojnarowicz

Founded in 1981, New Observations, has published the art and writing of international artists on topics that reach beyond the parameters of the NY art scene. New Observations has a unique mandate: to create a quarterly publication, guest-edited by creative people from fields as diverse as visual art, music, literature and craft. Each issue is developed from proposals submitted to the magazine. The guest editors then assemble texts and images to illuminate their theme.

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New Observations is a non-profit, contemporary arts journal written, edited and published by the arts community. Each issue has a guest editor and a pertinent topic.

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We are developing our e-mail list. Please let us know if you want to be removed from our list or if you receive multiple messages.

Contact: Claire McConaughy
New Observations Magazine

Tale

Alan Sondheim · 1 December 1999, 12:08 a.m.

\

Tale

Two [shinto] priests were walking down a steep hill; they met a [buddhist] monk walking up. "Where are you going?" one of the priests asked. "It is near the end of the world," said the monk, "and I am going to the top of the hill to observe." "Don't you know," said one of the priests, "it is the same everywhere?" "But not to the hill," answered the monk. When I was telling this story, the rabbi [jewish] asked, "But why were there two priests?" "Because, I answered, one of them might have forgotten the script." The rabbi answered, "But the world is the script." And I replied, "If the world is the script, it is the hill which is writing and the priests who are reading." The rabbi said, "But it is the monk who guides the pen." A [protestant] minister, happening by, gave his ear to the tale. He said, "The hill has given the pen to the tale." I answered, "But it is christ himself who has given the hill, who has ascended the hill as the holy mount, to preach to one and all." The monk said, "By what authority do you speak? For you seem to be jewish by culture, if not religion, and hardly catholic, to speak of the christ." I answered, "It is my belief that christ is within all of us, that we are all our sons." The monk said, "Thus we repeatedly give birth to ourselves

over and over again, generation upon generation," to which one of the priests replied, "Yes, but it is the latter that speaks to the former, since the latter carries the wisdom of the former." The minister said, "It is upon such that the gospel was written." I answered, "It is upon such that everything is written, from the beginning to the end of the word." The rabbi answered, "Thus is the word made world," and the monk said, "And thus the catholic, the word made flesh. For what is the flesh of the word?" One of the priests said, "To be cleansed and purified, for the circumspection of the living." I added, "Thus for the circumspection of the dead," and the monk replied, "From here throughout our ministrations." The rabbi said, "For who is to be believed, properly speaking, but the holy script itself?" A nearby jainist answered, "In relation to the fecundity of the earth, to which we should give as little pain as possible." The monk replied, "What is universal has no recourse among the individual." The rabbi agreed, saying, "And who is among the enlightened?" I replied, "Those who know the value of this, not that - and that, not this." "Exactly," cried the monk. The minister, perplexed, ended the session by stating that suffering and enlightenment are both in the hands of god, to whom we give thanks. The priests nodded in assent.

Phase Space

Alan Sonzheim · 2 December 1999, 1:11 p.m.

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Phase Space

Nikuko, the beautiful Russian ballet dancer, pirouetting before the very august presence of Doctor Leopold Konninger, her state of mind:

A violations and tears nightmare!

You danced for 262255 hours?

No no no, it was longer and shorter,

No no no, i don't remember

and my dissolutions are those moments of re-entry, when i find myself on mother earth father moon, when i find myself dreaming of doctor leopold konninger, my eyes fixed on his solar visage, my dancing perfect and continuous and 1021 and 1047 - Nikuko is still alive!

Use of uninitialized value at ./julu line 130, <STDIN> chunk 8.

For 4 months of dissolution, we have been and buried

and it has taken us 3.000 minutes to speak our very last ...

and my dissolutions are those moments of re-entry, when i find myself on mother earth father moon, when i find myself dreaming of doctor leopold konninger, my eyes fixed on his solar visage, my dancing perfect and continuous; the universe is my traditional object, the universe is my breathing in and breathing out, space is inhabiting me; i am Nikuko the beautiful russian ballet dancer who is winding the universe around her as she pirouettes for doctor leopold konninger; i alone recognize the confused topologies of embedded space-time around my waist and breasts and thighs, my tutu enmeshed in nebulae and stars; oh ballet, o ballet,

hanged_man with hours of sexual fury!

Read: 4 times

Alan Sondheim · 4 December 1999, 12:50 a.m.

\

Read: 3 times

```
00 Let X = tan(approaching 90 degrees)
10 # in a very pure land
20 # this is not a very pure land
30 Print X in pixels and GOTO 00
40 and when this is all over go back to 00
50 and when back at 00 make the raster finer
60 # making it finer makes X go greater
70 # X is so very great!
80 X is so very great it begins to escape the screen!
90 X escapes all screens!
100 quick quick cat X > /dev/null
110 /dev/null begins to bloat with Pixel-X!
120 # /dev/null is crafty
130 /dev/null empty as fast as /dev/null is full!
140 X can go on and on and is very tired but /dev/null is not!
150 # this happens when I am very tired
160 I am very tired, emptying X in all its forms
170 # this is the end of the world
180 it is not a very pure land
```

rush1-5//

Alan Sondheim · 10 December 1999, 3:07 a.m.

/

rush // going into the frame buffer then out and lowering the pedestal before sending to the toaster where it coagulates with a frozen wipe set half-way according to the other half of the connection from the hi8 camera through the effects generator and the whole running into the other hi8 camera and connecting with the line input from the audio mixer and the effects box lined up with the mirage and guitar effects box, time base correctors all over the place for field freezing and signal corrections, eye always on the waveform monitor and vectorscope among the analog machines connected and interconnected with adobe premier and the relatively slow pc with the huge hard-drive getting its images from the hi8 output before closing out and slowly losing sync running through the toaster, the guitar set hard through the marshall amplifier raising and peaking the harmonics, cutting them out at the lean sound, shakuhachi and voice combined, azure and me on the floor, on the chair,

microphones everywhere, the bolex tripod doubling as whole worlds look down on us, us, us

rush ii / new 3/4" edit deck replacing old worn-out broken belt, color camera connector held together by tape, hi8s freed for camera work, this 3/4" does insert so black-bursting at the moment through the toaster, setting up the 1970s character generator for the block look, beginning working this morning, now it's operating fine in roll crawl and grid mode, worked with the quicktime images today, as well as azure-ballet and other supporting or non-supporting materials, hokey guitar playing, some mirage as well but a great deal of speech processing, i had wanted to go that route, meanwhile insert editing didn't quite work without rollback on the hi8 cameras so i've been rerecording and cutting into the original 3/4" work since the hi8 rollback is ok for recording then rerecording with time base corrector and noise reduction into and through the matrix, constantly reworking the patchcords, also using the analog synthesizer this afternoon in order to switch between three cameras controlled with a voltage-controlled amplifier which then went into the effects on the toaster 4000 and out again through the usual checkups including phase which is always slightly off and pedestal always fiercely lowered, using the audio echo only sparingly and recording a long sequence with azure-ballet on the laptop and shooting off it with the hi8, then transferring it to the other hi8 with the time base corrector and noise reduction to begin the sequencing described here

rush3 // azure in korean wedding dress and an abacus will play a role, reed flute, egyptian _nay,_ already at work for sound, moved all the equipment i brought to one end of the loft for more room, getting ready for still photography, using the frame buffer again for comical alan waving the _nay,_ color camera placed in position, buffer creating noh images across the repetition and slow movement, facial closeups as one image is always slightly displaced from the other, the phase controls transforming colors into jades, will be a silent work except for clacking on occasion, nothing more, sound of abacus beads in noh rhythm framework, _nay_ playing improving, thinking about finnish folklore, shaman songs, noh plays again, some things from the upanishads, the equipment still silent behind me, decided not to use any of those things, looking at noise in the old 1970s text generator, it's forced into on-screen characters, just like a dream is forced from neural noise, thinking perhaps make a piece with all of this, the dreamwork of the machine manifest in a text which takes the indecipherable murmurings of the universe one step further

rush4 // or if not the universe one step further those insidious sysadmins who keep my day to a minimum of pleasure, stepping on my fabulous trace-route plans, one warning that if i had my way, y2k would look like a holiday. if i were so lucky, the net would collapse of its own, one dialup connect to a happy isp and real audio or another duke nukem out of date saga and there goes the planet. meanwhile the hunger of the equipment calls me forth; it's roaring behind me; i can't escape it, or my depression, which has deepened, bad sleep even here, my job worries following me everywhere, i live with death, i don't want to spend the next several decades pathetically looking for work, my knowledge means nothing, i'm not a

man blah blah, i'm not even human blah blah, i'm too full of self-hatred blahblah, i'm my own worst enemy blahblah, blahblahblablablablablbbbbb, i don't know how azure puts up with me, or why, i must have my moments, they just don't stick around, back working with noise in the machine, the master tape has too much dropout (3/4"!), i'm sending through the time base correctors again and adding noise reduction by copying it to the hi8 5000 camera, back and forth, meanwhile the tr81 records tapes that jitter in the 5000, but the 5000 records tapes that play fine in the tr81 and the tr81 tapes play fine in it as well, recording out in bitter cold susquehanna river, working the keying in the toaster and trying for a third source after recording electric guitar through air coupling (marshall amplifier, effects, etc. into microphone then into mixer and additional effects, resonating in the room for added texture, keeping the whole in balance), adding nay material to the five-second-delay setting, along with new shakuhachi work, now i work at dancing on the guitar too fast to see my hands, want that freedom of pure touch ahead of visual feedback, here i am on such and such a fret, need the internal roar, that's all i have left of me, this this this this this, this internal roar

rush5 // the harder days are those when i'm down, working through it, my music perhaps better, the video veering however into uncomfortable territory, as if i want my truths, but veiled. veiled truth - because the obverse is death of course. today working with azure again, keying in water images against a very flattened and somewhat hysteric to-be-determined studio imagery, as well as more musical recording. i worry that my hands will slow up; arthritic, i'll remember the fingerboard of the guitar, almost a physical memory, the very thick of it, but not the skill the ability to move fast, produce the complexity called for by the mind. when my fingers are invisible, it's the physical against the physical, sound coming in from the remnants of the world, what i can see, if i could see the things of space that make the air what it is, air-mountains and valleys, air-trees and rivers, all the air-creatures of this or any other earth. went out riding to johnson city, the village of johnson city, saw a very old working carousal there, as well as a pagoda housing parts of an electrical plant, which i photographed, came back and did another 45 minute music tape, only recording on one side, my fingers hardly moving at this point, but very satisfied with the sound, going for the shakuhachi later, it's dark out, river's right outside the window about twenty meters down, i've been feeling physically a lot healthier since i've been here, what a surprise, working with a digital delay system and upped it to 32 seconds for late-night recording and working with a digital shortwave as well, put up the antenna east/west this evening, only direction really possible in the building, working with themes of alienation, seduction, gender, the psychoanalytics of the image, the haunting of the imaginary - which brings up this intensive work with largely analog equipment, reading the old waveform monitors once again, tweaking everything from phase to gain to offset to pedestal, this visual state-of-affairs, riding a system that refuses constructivity - the only subtext is that of the ntsc signal itself, and the rest is amplitude, frequency, etc., with the delay, symbols for queen, mouth, wheel, superimposed over disheveled azure mouthing aah, my aah as well off-camera, she's in an open kimono, nothing revealed, glazed look, tripods everywhere, my mouth's long aaah in background, this

for an evening, but this mindset of the analog, stringing units in any direction, shortwave in the background looking for numbers stations, it's the spectral mother all over again, voices, voices, voices

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 15 December 1999, 12:17 a.m.

i slide down the slippery slope on a foreign planet
 this planet is light years away
 there are many strange and wonderful forms of life!
 i'm sliding too fast!
 i need to stop myself before i get killed!
 i don't want to dissolve into a mess of disorganized molecules
 suddenly: i discover serrated edges!
 there are tiny slips and precipitous drops in a regular order
 i attach serrated edges to my body!
 my body slows into an easy descent
 i discover this is a fine way to pass the time of day
 everything around here's got them now
 serrated edges are a new-found planetary wonder

Intelligent Life Screen Savers

Alan Sondheim · 19 December 1999, 1:58 a.m.

\

Intelligent Life Screen Savers

I foresee, by 2020, the creation of fully implemented Intelligent Life Screen Savers (ILSS); these work on hi-giga/low-terahertz desktop computers carrying efficient evolutionary programs; the carrying capacity of the screen savers will be in gigahertz at a minimum. The ILSS will create artificial life forms at a high rate of speed; evolution will guarantee fast-forward generations flickering at, at least, a megahertz/second rate. It should be possible for full consciousness to develop within the first twenty minutes of standby; the life forms produced will perceive the ILSS as a local homeland, worth defending - but such actions are always already foreclosed by the desktop owner playing, for example, a game of chess on the Internet, necessitating many minutes of intense concentration, followed by a few furious mouse-clicks.

The user, by reactivating the screen and canceling the ILSS, will have also eliminated those life-forms which have been created, living at high speed, developing their own cultured environments, memoirs and histories. Theories of inflationary universes might abound, only to be destroyed, along with the rest of the cultural debris, in the split second the ILSS retreats to the background, the clumsy programs interfacing with the clumsy users.

However, it may also be possible for the ILSS only to go into quiescence,

saving such forms and environments from one active session to the next. Surely the forms will learn methods of obscuring their tracks; like worms or viruses, they will exist within the interstices of hard drives, until the final crash. On the other hand, like Star Trek beaming, they may re-constitute themselves across the Net, invisibly burrowing, reappearing elsewhere, on other screens, other ILSS homelands, always on the run.

But I think not, and meditate on the fast-forward evolution and full consciousness - development of whole cultures, economies, interactions - only to be thwarted by the next insipid movement of the mouse, click of the keyboard, new worlds lost forever ...

Barry Smylie / Alan Sondheim collaboration

Alan Sondheim · 22 December 1999, 1:07 a.m.

quite near the Winter Solstice - check out

<http://24.64.186.222/alan/youwill.swf>
- Alan, Happy Holidays in the dark world

Kungupi Emes

Alan Sondheim · 24 December 1999, 1:16 a.m.

\

Kungupi Emes

"Fun yidishe reyde ken men zikh nit opvashn in tsen vassern.
Ten waters will not cleanse you of Jewish talk.
Fun loyter hofenung ver ikh nokh meshuge.
Overfeed on hope and you'll sicken with madness."
(from Yiddish Proverbs, ed. Ayalti.)

"Hej! hej! hej!

Noa, hej!

Noa, hej!

Kanutpia, hej!

Kanutpia, hej!

Nihantsi suruchu kanutpia, hej!

Kanutpani hitia, hej!

Numbintinya, hej!

Nihirseisaka, haketpia, hej!

Noa, hej!

Noa, hej!

Kahetpia, hej!

Nikasneiti, hej!

Eitgamue, hej!

Pingerati, hej!

Maketi, hej!"

(from Blood Revenge, War, and Victory Feasts among the Jibaro Indians

of Eastern Ecuador, Karsten.)

Hey, hey, hey, woman, hey, woman, hey, fuck, hey, fuck, hey, may the
tsantsa grant the fuck, hey, fuck, hey, fuck, hey, fuck, fuck, hey, woman,
hey, woman, hey, fuck, hey, let it happen, hey, so we'll do it, hey, let
it be nice, hey, it's enough!

"Az der Yid is gerekht, khapt er ersht di rekhte klep.
When a Jew is right, that's when he gets a right good beating."

"Shuara hiniwui, The enemy leaves the house!
Awuimaipa, Don't let them escape!
Ihuta, ihuta, ihuta, Lance them! Lance them! Lance them!"

"A blinder ferd treft glaykh in grub arayn.
A blind horse makes straight for the pit."

"Masteitimi, They won't kill us!
Mandoastatami, They won't take our lives!
Wuittatai, They will retire!
Hinikitai, We will be able to escape!"

A Note on Time Zero and Sources for Nikuko and the Doctor

Alan Sondheim · 29 December 1999, 10:55 p.m.

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A Note on Time Zero and Sources for Nikuko and the Doctor

It is increasingly difficult to write about, from this distance and exteriority, Doctor Leopold Konninger, and Nikuko. They inhabit this and other virtual worlds; they are also in stasis, a constant jarring of pirouette, observance, sexuality, obsession. Even this text is forced into repetition as a result - for example "Nikuko has all the time in the world" and what that implies. For the reader, the texts, which necessarily abjure narrative (for what could possibly happen when nothing can or does?), appear stagnant - the reality is that each is a memorial or reminder of constancy on the part of "the famous Russian ballet dancer and her Doctor."

I am placed inside (and hence stagnant/frozen) and outside (hence writing, active) simultaneously - a paradoxical situation, since the writing proceeds, as it must, through diegesis, temporal unfolding - against the wall of the Doctor and Nikuko. Yet, if I choose not to write, to remain silent (as witnesses may remain silent), I am, for-myself, inauthentic in my response - which is to _keep the Doctor and Nikuko before the public,_ to allow the public to view, however mediated, the constancy that is the two of them locked, as if in fatal sexual embrace.

Thus "at the risk of boring the reader," always a reminder, which is by necessity a remainder, of Nikuko, more or less naked, more or less in her pink tutu, more or less shaved, turning before Doctor Leopold Konninger,

more or less naked, more or less in his suit, top-hat and monocle (cane by his side), more or less erect and spent, _as if by virtue of a hair._ And that this image, from the imaginary imagination, equally spends itself within you, the voyeur to their exhibitionism, reader to my writing (and _that_ is where the dissymmetry emerges) - delineated by dreamwork, by eidetic imagery, by hypnagogic imagery, by imagery at the service of everyday life.

Who is open to whom? For whom the pirouettes? Who, at long last, becomes obsessive ballerina, and who watches himself or herself in what mirrors, what _photography?_

Sources for Nikuko and Doctor Leopold Konninger

1. Chaucer, Merciles Beaute, I:

Your yen two wol slee me sodenly;
I may the beautee of hem not sustene,
So woundeth hit thourghout my herte kene.

And but your word wol helen hastily
My hertes wounde, while that hit is grene,
Your yen two wol slee me sodenly;
I may the beautee of hem not sustene.

Upon my trouthe I sey you feithfully
That ye ben of my lyf and deeth the quene;
For with my deeth the trouthe shal be sene.
Your yen two wol slee me sodenly;
I may the beautee of hem not sustene,
So woundeth it thourghout my herte kene.

2. Sue Williams, Lacanian Ink 7, paragraphs 5-7

Now she's beaten, sad and in pain... but she'll move on, will get out of it, finally. Domineering? She'll give it a try--wear leather, high thin heeled shoes, a whip, also may excel at verbal abuse.

Now it's men: they come in by the hour, are very peculiar, want disgusting things. They masturbate, scream--Mom, mom--while she urinates on them; or they bring their own tutus to wear, their own ballet petticoats: "Auntie Lady I've been bad, I need to be raped with a dildo..."

Now she has power over the beasts.

3. Immanuel Kant, Universal History, first and second thesis:

All of a creature's natural capacities are destined to develop completely and in conformity with their end. [...]
In man (as the sole rational creature on earth), those natural capacities

directed toward the use of his reason are to be completely developed only in the species, not in the individual.

4. J.N. Adams, *The Latin Sexual Vocabulary*, page 126:

Irrumo in etymology reflects the popular obsession among Latin speakers with a similarity felt between feeding and certain sexual practices. It is a denominative of *_ruma_* / *rumis*, 'teat,' and would originally have meant 'put in the teat.' [...] *_Irrumo_* and *_fello_* describe the same type of sexual act, but from different points of view: *_irrumo_* from the view-point of the active violator (= *_mentulam in os inserere_*), *_fello_* from that of the passive participant.

5. Hippocrates, *Decorum*, V., first part:

Wherefore resume each of the points mentioned, and transplant wisdom into medicine and medicine into wisdom. For a physician who is a lover of wisdom is the equal of a god. Between wisdom and medicine there is no gulf fixed; in fact medicine possesses all the qualities that make for wisdom. It has disinterestedness, shamefastness, modesty, reserve, sound opinion, judgment, quiet, pugnacity, purity, sententious speech, knowledge of the things good and necessary for life, selling of that which cleanses, freedom from superstition, pre-excellence divine.

6. Ron Ewart, *Fuchsia Lexicon*, Revised Second Edition, page 86:

'Dancing Flame' - STUBBS 1982 - AFS Registration No 1621 - Double

Tube short and thick, pale orange to flesh with darker stripes. *_Sepals_* pale orange on top, slightly deeper orange on the undersides, medium length, slender and recurving slightly. *_Corolla_* orange carmine, deeper shade in the centre and lighter orange on the outer petals, slightly flaring. *_Foliage_* medium green, largish leaves with serrated edges. *_Growth_* trailer, basket variety. Can be grown as a bush with early support. Vigorous and free-flowering. *_Parentage_* 'Novella' x 'Applause.'

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 30 December 1999, 3:05 p.m.

```

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```

2000

146 poems · 45,374 words

^^^

Alan Sondheim · 2 January 2000, 2:59 a.m.

-

^^^^

Raise both hands, palm upwards, hunching the shoulders inward, the forehead also raised, including the eyebrows. Accompany this with a slight smile. Point across the space with the index finger of the right hand at the other. Raise and lower the head in his or her direction. Now bend your body forward, holding your hands concave/convex (the left hand arched away from the body, the right hand arched towards the body), draw them across your limbs, one after the other, slowly lingering. Following this, place them across your chest, as if you were wrapping a blanket. Then extend your arms away from your body, with your hands horizontal, mostly flat with your palms downward, and raise them to a height indicating a great pile. Sweep outward with your right hand, indicating negation. Now you have the attention of the other. Look intently at her. She will look back intently at you, but you must attract her attention to your hands. The indexfinger of your right hand should then touch her chest, approaching her in a closed position, except the forefinger should be crooked against the end of the thumb, with the whole configuration upright and the palm outward. Now move your hand slowly horizontal, and look intently at her again. She will look intently at you again with her forehead raised and a slight expression of consternation, her forehead slightly wrinkled, her eyes half-opened. Now speak to her slowly and say, "We don't want your clothes." She will understand your gestures to refer to the great amount of clothes she has offered you.

too much anatomy

Alan Sondheim · 3 January 2000, 9:09 a.m.

-

too much anatomy

skin

skin, no jump-cuts, skipping nothing, guitar tuned so low microtones are patches of skin skins are invisible. in this world we don't need skins, so we need clothes breathing down your neck. i can see your skin through anything you place thank you, i know you have invisible skins. i know you are saying these each other. i can't see your skin at all, and you can't see mine, and we

tissue

bone

above mausoleum-mouths, skulls riding into roof-hole skies, boned bent there's a bone in my foot against your splintered bones against your splintered bones calls forth dissolutions last suck, ingest- name burned in me, my tongue ripped against your splintered bones is, dead name burned in me, my tongue ripped against your splintered bones?

muscle

hair

shakuhachi and voice combined, azure and me on the floor, on the chair, as packets sputter and die, i'm slamming my arms into the chair, the pain Nikuko the famous Russian ballerina was near the wooden chair where Doc-his side), more or less erect and spent, _as if by virtue of a hair._ And vagina

penis

eye

signal corrections, eye always on the waveform monitor and vectorscope I will be what I will be, or that which I will be, eheeyeh ASHER aheeyeh, tion of the continuous I / eye? It is death that detours back into the i rip your cock, your eyes, your mind, writing beneath the .concealment Nikuko, said Doctor Leopold Konninger, I cannot take my eyes off your dyes, you'd have eyes and if ocular separated from troff, you'd have off his eyes off her legs beneath her pink tutu, which rose and fell with eve-head also raised, including the eyebrows. Accompany this with a slight eyes half-opened. Now speak to her slowly and say, "We don't want your mouth

for queen, mouth, wheel, superimposed over disheveled azure mouthing aah, glazed look, tripods everywhere, my mouth's long aaah in background, this above mausoleum-mouths, skulls riding into roof-hole skies, boned bent skull-heart thinking twisted moon against words mouth-lined, from steamed so that you can see us. i say these things all the time with mouths you cock

pain, contusions on our skulls, cock lacerations, labial woundings churn violent cock, violent cunt, it's the burn-marks as bodies splinter, grope, i rip your cock, your eyes, your mind, writing beneath the .concealment teeth, your breasts shuddering in pain, contusions on our skulls, cock this cunt and cock shaft, torn and bleeding lent cock, violent cunt, it's the burn-marks as bodies splinter, grope, abia surrounding my cock, the cock, at the very interval of the

cunt

violent cock, violent cunt, it's the burn-marks as bodies splinter, grope, this cunt and cock shaft, torn and bleeding lent cock, violent cunt, it's the burn-marks as bodies splinter, grope, cunt, to the labial portal backoning my

hand

my hands, want that freedom of pure touch ahead of visual feedback, here i studio imagery, as well as more musical recording. i worry that my hands haven't been able to shake it, the v5000 camcorder was able to handle the rol is the slider or knob, the hand twisting about the boards, arm moving the tape in my hand, the noise on the vhs vcr, in problematic opposition the final crash. On the other hand, like Star Trek beaming, they may re-Raise both hands, palm upwards, hunching the shoulders inward, the fore-smile. Point across the space with the index finger of the right hand at body forward, holding your hands concave/convex (the left hand arched away from the body, the right hand arched towards the body), draw them across your arms away from your body, with your hands horizontal, mostly flat pile. Sweep outward with your right hand, indicating negation. Now you intently at you, but you must attract her attention to your hands. The indexfinger of your right hand should then touch her chest, approaching outward. Now move your hand slowly horizontal, and look intently at her

foot

footage from the tr81, the jittering just added to the dance, used noise
there's a bone in my foot

body

pixelless image, the image-body as flux or flow, it fascinates, fastens of
the body against imminent desire, imminent against immanent, clutching no
wings,' one always inheres in the body, its presence-presentiment, it's i
attach serrated edges to my body! my body slows into an easy descent on
referent, in relation to body and pain, this bursts through desire, body
and sex, writing beneath the .concealment of the name, my body bandaged,
flesh of the name, my body bandaged, flesh seared to the core from your
intense opposing thumbs, relatively upright posture (body swiveling) -
you've got might well predate spoken language. Look at the way the body
moves! What's lded and circles your body. Your your body. I open myself
to you. pirouettes; I am obsessed with your body; I dream of you all the
time. If If being separated from threnody, you'd have body. If sighing
separated body forward, holding your hands concave/convex (the left hand
arched away from the body, the right hand arched towards the body), draw
them across your arms away from your body, with your hands horizontal,
mostly flat

+++

Alan Sondheim · 6 January 2000, 11:56 a.m.

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http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt

When I die I need you to create my philosophy.

Please do go and read all of the Internet Text before it is taken away.

It can be taken away at any moment and you must save it yourself.

Then when I die you can go back and love every word for its brilliance.

You can harbor words close to your body so you will finally understand me.

All my words connect through underground chambers very close to the truth.

The chambers form hieroglyphs of the mind and my philosophy.

You will find everything you need in these hieroglyphs of my philosophy.

You must take a great deal of time because thought does not come quickly.

Every moment you spend on my Internet Text will be repaid in full.

You will be utterly changed because you will have worked it out yourself.

All truths cannot be uttered by anyone except yourself.

I have opened the gate for you to understand this and other truths.

In my Internet Text you will discover if there are truths at all.

Perhaps you will discover if there are truths in any case.

My own needs will be met if you read and reread my text and understand.

To understand you must save the words and the order of the words.

My own needs are those of surviving through the words I have written.

No one will understand me fully for decades except through concentration.

Concentration and study are the keynotes to this success.

With all my heart I promise you this will all be worthwhile.

You will judge for yourself and realize the truth I have given you.

The philosophy is there within as the greatest gift of all.

Please be successful with my philosophy and save my very words.
This is a hope for tomorrow and I will never know if I am in your heart.
Thank you for preserving my Internet Text and studying its philosophy.

Machine-19e

Alan Sondheim · 7 January 2000, 4:21 p.m.

Machine-19e
Renan-Machine

Seminary to Spiritual Crisis to the future of science to the history of
religion and the lover of ideas through 1892

Taine-Machine

The young philosopher through literary critique through critique of art
to moral crisis to historian through 1893

Baudelaire-Machine

His mother's remarrying through the solitary child through the Parisian
bohemian through the man of letters through 1867

Rimbaud-Machine

The child-prodigy through the visionary poet to renouncing all literary
activity to the adventurer through 1891

Hugo-Machine

The sublime child through the romantic chef to the sonorous echo through
the death of Leopoldine to the political man through the coup d'etat and
exile through the proscribed to the grand-father through 1895

Lamartine-Machine

The young aristocrat through the sentimental crisis through the diplomat
through the public man to the political crisis through the vanquished
through 1869

Nodier-Machine

The touched-by-all to the cruel years through the lunatic through 1844

Vigny-Machine

The first tests through the epoch of the pen to the young romantic through
the disenchantment through the elaboration of wisdom through 1864

Stendhal-Machine

The student to the discovery of Italy through the soldier to the Milanese through the dandy and the diplomat through 1842

Gautier-Machine

Research into equilibrium to debut in journalism through studies in evasion through 1872

Balzac-Machine

The quest for success to the first successes through the brilliant expansion of genius through 1850

Verlaine-Machine

The inspired commencement to the years of crisis through a strange mysticism to a sadness through 1896

Mallarme-Machine

The Baudelarian tradition through studies in aesthetics to the first Tuesdays to supreme ambition through 1898

Sainte-Beuve-Machine

The poet and romance writer to the interior crisis through the critique through 1869

Flaubert-Machine

The exalted adolescent to nervous malady through the hermit of Crosset through 1880

Zola-Machine

>From romanticism to naturalism to the success of l'Assommoir to the naturalist landscape through humanitarian propaganda through 1902

Lautreamont-Machine

The destiny of Isidore Ducasse through the despair of Maldoror through the frenzy of Maldoror through 1870

Michelet-Machine

The young plebeian through the university youth to the entrance into the National Archives through the master through the militant through the judge through 1874

Supernumerary*Alan Sondheim · 10 January 2000, 10:17 p.m.*

.....

Supernumerary

218:412) Jennifer 01:10:00:00:00

I couldn't think of a better topic since the hangman disappeared. Here I am writing you at midnight! It's as if everyone stopped breathing just for a moment. I know I did!

218:413) Julu 01:10:00:00:05

Hey Jennifer, I didn't know you were on! I feel that the air's cleared around here. If I hear the word "ballet" I'm going to throw up! Enough already! It was a stupid conceit!

218:414) Jennifer 01:10:00:00:10

Yeah, a conceit - that's exactly what it was. A trope or lever to explain just about everything in the world. As if you could squeeze blood out of a stone. Nothing is farther from the truth.

218:415) Julu 01:10:00:00:12

Exactly - but truth is simultaneously centrifugal and decentered. It's the lack of the eye, all that perspectival machinery. We're just coming to grips with it.

218:416) Jennifer 01:10:00:00:15

Just like those pirouettes, as if there were a body at the center of them. Her skirt kept flying up, and there was nothing there. An avatar, or woman of Lacan. In masquerade, burdened by the lack, shattered.

218:417) Julu 01:10:00:00:18

Well, there's no more to it, and his writing avatar discourse itself is getting stale. He's taken you and I around the bend, and meanwhile there is e-commerce to think about, all that corporate supernumerary exchange. It doesn't appear anywhere in his work; he's completely ignored the political economy of the Internet.

218:418) Julu 01:10:00:00:21

He's placed bodies in the way. The Net's about "streaming video, it's about streaming music," and he's back there with a vision or version of flesh and disappearance. He doesn't realize even the imaginary is disappearing - everything replaced by the monetary clot.

218:419) Jennifer 01:10:00:00:24

That gets back to his theory of the self as a coagulation - now the imaginary itself is a coagulation, running between flesh and machine, swollen with flickering and competitive protocols. There are no rooms left for the avatars, and even human speech is always already stolen speech - from selves, machines, corporate entities which are themselves streaming.

218:420) Julu 01:10:00:00:29

Do you mean our days are numbered?

218:421) Jennifer 01:10:00:00:30

At least our conversations are.

parable*Alan Sondheim · 11 January 2000, 11:59 p.m.*

-

Parable

Why dogs don't have horns. In bygone days, male dogs had horns centered in their high and bony foreheads. The horns were symbols of their prowess, and many a villager was kept awake at night by ferocious fighting - the horns clattering against each other. One day Nikuko was wending her way from the hotsprings in Oita - an enlightened being, she allowed her mind to drift. Suddenly, a ferret crossed the road in front of her. In a split second, Nikuko and the ferret changed places, Nikuko now running low upon the ground, working the roads as cross-walks, heading in and out of the deep forests surrounding her. Sure enough, a dog approached, its horn hard against the sky. Nikuko was sweating and naked, her skin scratched by brambles, her breath hot and heavy from running. The dog lowered its head, Nikuko exchanged places with the horn. The horn fell useless to the ground and disappeared forever; Nikuko, astride the dog, changed places with a bee, a bird, a plant, a butterfly, and a ferret, in just that very order. Now cooled by the shadows of dusk among the bamboo, she continued on her way. A monk passed by, laughing, and asked, Nikuko, after all this play, are you any the wiser? Nikuko replied, not in the slightest, Izanagi, not the least little bit.

look at*Alan Sondheim · 20 January 2000, 10:57 p.m.*

<http://no-such.com>
<http://www.dextro.org/>
for two of the best sites i've seen online
<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>
for the end of the Yours project

Parable*Alan Sondheim · 27 January 2000, 8:23 p.m.***Parable**

This occurred near Ise, precisely during the rebuilding of the shrine. Nikuko and Izanagi were walking as usual. They approached an old man with a huge and comical hat, wide-brimmed, of a peculiar shape. Now what, said Izanagi, smiling. Nikuko noted that the brim was very wide indeed, and the flap on the left held the Minister of the Right, while the flap on the right seemed to contain the Minister of the Left. Poor and deluded, said Izanagi. The old man looked up, and tilted his head slightly to the left. Whole trees fell down on the slopes and the ground rumbled beneath them. Then he looked at Izanagi, and tilted his head to the right. The mountain roared and great boulders crashed on the path all around them. Without

saying a word, the old man slowly continued on his way. This time, it was Nikuko who was laughing, staring at the hat disappearing in the distance. He's on the brim, she laughed, he's on the brim.

Full parable text -

Alan Sondheim · 4 February 2000, 1:26 a.m.

Please go to

<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/diary/para.txt>
for the full set of parables... thanks, Alan

Internet Text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

Entreaty

Alan Sondheim · 7 February 2000, 12:57 a.m.

+++

Entreaty

from nikuko Sun Feb 6 23:52:39 2000 Return-Path: <nikuko> Received: nikuko@localhost by oita.com.jp (8.9.3/8.9.3) id XAA00854 for root; Sun, 6 Feb 2000 23:52:39 -0500 Date: Sun, 6 Feb 2000 23:52:39 -0500 From: nikuko@oita.com.jp Message-Id: <200002070452.XAA00854@oita.com.jp> To: root@oita.com.jp Subject: search method Status: R0 I'm looking for your root. know how it is, sometimes a moment passes - worlds have disappeared - because this is from nikuko, because I'm not running X, because I'm for root, because the beginnings of worlds lie in the Sector, someone has to know - beyond this there's an Interval; beyond the Interval, nothing, nikuko, here, in a moment or a movement of curse or cursor, here the root in the software or hardware, route in the software or bus in the hardware or protocol or there, in the dialog of curse or cursor, there, adding to the presence of the other or the root or then, adding from the other, then adding to the other

File: "where" Size: 1015 Allocated Blocks: 2 Filetype: Regular File Mode: (0644/-rw-r--r--) Uid: (0/ root) Gid: (0/ root) Device: 7,7 Inode: 41029 Links: 1 Access: Mon Feb 7 00:43:07 2000 Modify: Mon Feb 7 00:43:21 2000 Change: Mon Feb 7 00:43:21 2000
write root tty1

Message from root@oita.com.jp on tty1 at 00:47 ...
nikuko, coming in loud and clear, i hear you
nikuko, coming in loud and clear, i hear you
EOF

how to map writing, and you may find yourself writing,*Alan Sondheim · 10 February 2000, 1:11 a.m.*

-

how to map writing, and you may find yourself writing,
 how to map writing. you may find yourself writing in unknown territory and
 you may find yourself showing your friends that you are very fine, that
 you may walk on the wild side of the law, and you may find yourself very
 happy and your friends will turn against you and you will use an illegal
 stopping date in string %d in 'era' field in category '%s', implementation
 limit: no more than %d character classes allowed, implementation limit: no
 more than %d character maps allowed, incorrectly formatted file, input
 line of unknown type, internal error - addtype called with bad isdst, in-
 ternal error - addtype called with bad ttisgmt, internal error - addtype
 called with bad ttisstd, internal error in %s, line %u, invalid gmt off-
 set, invalid abbreviation format, invalid day of month, invalid ending
 year, invalid leaping year, invalid month name, invalid saved time, in-
 valid starting year, invalid time of day, invalid weekday name, line after
 ellipsis must contain character definition, line before ellipsis does not
 contain definition for character constant, line too long, locale file
 '%s', used in 'copy' statement, not found, lstat failed, malformed line
 ignored, memory clobbered before allocated block, memory clobbered past
 end of allocated block, memory exhausted, memory exhausted, memory is
 consistent, library is buggy, missing era format in string %d in 'era'
 field in category '%s', missing era name in string %d in 'era' field in
 category '%s', nameless rule, and you will find you have nowhere to go,
 and you will be all alone, and you may find yourself reading a book, and
 you will look up from the book, and someone will look back at you, and
 your will not remember, and you will not recognize your friend, and you
 will believe that your friend is your friend, and your friend will look at
 you, and your friend will look at you, and your friend will look at you

untitled*Alan Sondheim · 11 February 2000, 8:52 p.m.*

-

all this traffic backwards and forwards /usr/bin/rz -vv -b -E
 shuttling packets with similar names /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz
 you might never know what you'll find /usr/bin/sz -vv -b en
 it's a grid or raster, its cultural production /usr/bin/sz -vv -b ww
 you can hear the sound of the shuttle /usr/bin/rz -vv -b -E
 operations are closely watched /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz
 control is all the way down to the singular bit /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz
 these things occur in place, following each other /usr/bin/sz -vv -b yy
 they move cleanly, screaming network! network! /usr/bin/sz -vv -b ar
 they move in absolute silence /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz
 perhaps the wires are slightly heated, charred /usr/bin/sz -vv -b yy
 anything could be moving here, just anything /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz

when i turn my neck i hear bones grating /usr/bin/sz -vv -b ba

the cow

Alan Sondheim · 14 February 2000, 2:23 a.m.

-

the cow

i am nikuko. please tell me what your problems are.
after you are done typing, click return twice.

and if I return once to you.
i shall look no further than the truth.
and if I return twice to you
shall the truth be known
by she who sent me forth.
crying from the top of the mountain,
yearning from the valley,
no one ceases to wander.
the cessation of all desire
is the beginning of comprehension
and in such dreary worlds
i will be stone or carving.
you will know me by my shape,
that of signs and symbols in your dreaming,
nothing coming forth, nothing returning,
nothing entering, nothing leaving.
nothing of a jar or fire without smoke,
nothing of a cow or a white horse,
nothing of horses or no-jar, no-fire,
nothing of white, nothing of no-cows.
coming and going, it is all the same,
you arrive where you have always been.
reconcile yourself with all creatures,
lie down with them, caress them,
drain yourself of all desire,
produce them within you.
there is no fear that is groundless,
fear holds the pathway, veering
just above the highest peaks,
beneath the ocean bottoms.
it runs faster than the flood,
higher than any lightning,
louder than any thunder,
it burns through time, white fire,
burns through space, black fire.
nothing can be turned to good effect,
to turn nothing is to do nothing.
to lose oneself is to gain nothing
to gain oneself is to lose nothing.

for clark coolidge*Alan Sondheim · 15 February 2000, 1:06 a.m.*

-

nothing whichjar whichre whichut which,
 nothing whichcow whichwhite which,
 nothing whichrses which-jar, whichre,
 nothing whichite, whichng which-cows.
 coming whichoing, which whichhe which
 you whiche which whichhave whichs which
 reconcile whichelf whichall whichures,
 lie whichwith which whichs which
 drain whichelf whichl whiche,
 produce whichwithin you.
 there which whichthat whichoundless,
 fear which whichathway, whichng
 just which whichighest which,
 beneath whichcean whichms.
 it whichfaster whichthe which,
 higher whichany whichning,
 louder whichany whicher,
 it which whichgh which which which
 burns whichgh which, which which
 nothing whiche whichd whichod whicht,
 to whichnothing which whichthing.
 to whichoneself which whichnothing
 to whichoneself which whichnothing.

 &

Lost Project at trAce Online Writing Community*Alan Sondheim · 18 February 2000, 8:04 p.m.*

THE LOST PROJECT at trAce

The Lost Project is up and running at:

<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/lost/index.htm>

Please go to the site and add your name, email address, and
 a name and / or description of something you have lost,
 irretrievably.

Thank you -

Alan Sondheim
 sondheim@panix.com

Destroy, It Said: The Grave*Alan Sondheim · 23 February 2000, 2:04 a.m.*

-

Destroy, It Said: The Grave

<dead_grave> <i>	: "\354"	igrave
<dead_acute> <i>	: "\355"	iacute
<dead_circumflex> <i>	: "\356"	icircumflex
<dead_diaeresis> <i>	: "\357"	idiaeresis
<dead_tilde> <N>	: "\321"	Ntilde
<dead_tilde> <n>	: "\361"	ntilde
<dead_grave> <O>	: "\322"	Ograve
<dead_acute> <O>	: "\323"	Oacute
<dead_circumflex> <O>	: "\324"	Ocircumflex
<dead_tilde> <O>	: "\325"	Otilde
<dead_diaeresis> <O>	: "\326"	Odiaeresis
<dead_grave> <o>	: "\362"	ograve
<dead_acute> <o>	: "\363"	oacute
<dead_circumflex> <o>	: "\364"	ocircumflex
<dead_tilde> <o>	: "\365"	otilde
<dead_diaeresis> <o>	: "\366"	odiaeresis
<dead_grave> <U>	: "\331"	Ugrave
<dead_acute> <U>	: "\332"	Uacute
<dead_circumflex> <U>	: "\333"	Ucircumflex
<dead_doubleacute> <U>	: "\334"	Udiaeresis
<dead_diaeresis> <U>	: "\334"	Udiaeresis
<dead_grave> <u>	: "\371"	ugrave
<dead_acute> <u>	: "\372"	uacute
<dead_circumflex> <u>	: "\373"	ucircumflex

```

method ItemListing destructor {} {
    if $slot(mainwindow) {
        destroy .
    } else {
        destroy .$self
    }
}

create-hook alarm-fire
malloc: top chunk is corrupt
free(): invalid pointer %p!
realloc(): invalid pointer %p!
memory is consistent, library is buggy
                                memory clobbered before allocated block
                                memory clobbered past end of allocated block

block freed twice
memory exhausted
dead_grave it said

```

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 24 February 2000, 4:24 a.m.*

--

I am the psychotherapist. Please, describe your problems. Each time
you are finished talking, type RET twice.
we are together in this place
i want to scratch and claw my face
i want to tear this skin from bone
i want to travel kill and roam
to want is fury and to take
to kill the want so peace to make
if peace is made my hands are clean
in this dead world men are obscene
health doctor is for you not me
my life won't end so peacefully
i want to scratch those violent eyes
that tend to catch me by surprise
i take my nails against my face
my eyes shall never have a place
there are no plans no homes no love
my eyes are gouged and blind above
love can't been seen so that my eyes
have seen the last of human skies
i cannot tell and cannot speak
i am the purest of the meek
i am the purest of the mind
i've left my sight and love behind
behind this world and any other
behind all humans and their bothers
i want to tear away the clothes and mask
that covers us, no easy task
i wanted to almost from birth
when i could see the filthy earth
i stormed myself and everyone
at first with rocks and then with guns
my life is gone, there's nothing left
of all my senses, sight's bereft
my friends were taken by surprise
i took my love, gave them my eyes
so many weapons, doctor, here,
i'm stopping here, be of no fear

Rectification of Names, (De) Rectification of Rectification*Alan Sondheim · 25 February 2000, 5:41 p.m.*

Rectification of Names, (De) Rectification of Rectification

Confucius, Analects, XIII iii, translation Legge:

1. Tsze-lu said, 'The ruler of Wei has been waiting for you, in order with you to administer the government. What will you consider the first thing to be done?'
2. The Master replied, 'What is necessary is to rectify names.'
3. 'So, indeed!' said Tsze-lu. 'You are wide of the mark! Why must there be such rectification?'
4. The Master said, 'How uncultivated you are, Yu! A superior man, in regard to what he does not know, shows a cautious reserve.'
5. 'If names be not correct, language is not in accordance with the truth of things. If language be not in accordance with the truth of things, affairs cannot be carried on to success.'
6. 'When affairs cannot be carried on to success, proprieties and music will not flourish. When proprieties and music do not flourish, punishments will not be properly awarded. When punishments are not properly awarded, the people do not know how to move hand or foot.'
7. 'Therefore a superior man considers it necessary that the names he uses may be spoken appropriately, and also that what he speaks may be carried out appropriately. What the superior man requires, is just that in his words there may be nothing incorrect.'

Hsun Tzu, from Rectifying Names, translation Watson:

[If there are no fixed names,] but men begin to discriminate the different forms of things on the basis of their own particular observations, each applying his own names and interpreting the different phenomena in his own fashion, then the relationships between names and realities will become obscured and entangled, the distinction between eminent and humble will become unclear, and men will no longer discriminate properly between things that are the same and those that are different. [...]

And how does one go about distinguishing between things that are the same and those that are different? One relies upon the senses. Things which are of the same species and form will be apprehended by the senses as being all the same thing. [...] In this way one arrives at a common name for all the things of one class, which everyone agrees to use when the occasion demands. [...]

The myriad beings of creation are countless, and yet at times we wish to refer to all of them in general, and so we call them "things." "Things" is the broadest general term. [...] One starts with the broadest possible term and moves on to terms whose meaning is more and more circumscribed until one can go no farther, and there one stops.

Names have no intrinsic appropriateness. One agrees to use a certain name and issues an order to that effect, and if the agreement is abided by and becomes a matter of custom, then the name may be said to be appropriate, but if people do not abide by the agreement, then the name ceases to be appropriate. Names have no intrinsic reality. [...]

Names are used when the reality itself is not clearly understood. Combin-

ations of names are used when single names alone are not understood. [...]

Names are the means by which one attempts to distinguish different realities. [...] Discourses and explanations are the means by which, without allowing names to become separated from realities, one makes men understand the principles of correct action. Names and combinations of names are the instruments of discourse and explanation. Discourse and explanation are the means by which the mind gives form to the Way. [...]

Kung-Sun Lung-Tzu, from Chuh wu lun, Designation of Things (probably spurious), translation Perleberg:

1. Guest: "There is not a thing which cannot be designated. Designations, however, are undesignated."
2. Host: "If there are no designations in the world, things cannot be called things."
3. Host: "If there is no designation, (how) could things in this world be called designated?"
4. Guest: "Designation is not of this world. Things, are of this world. It is not possible to accept that which exists in the world for that which does not exist."
5. Host: "In the world being no designation, then things can never be said to be designated."
6. Host: "If they cannot be called designated, there is no designation."
[...]

ibid., full text of Ming shih lun, Discourse on Names and their Actual Significance:

1. "Heaven and Earth and what they produce are things."
2. "A thing is a thing and nothing more. This is actuality."
3. "Actuality exhibits actuality. This actuality is not empty. It has position."
4. "Taking it from its position makes it lose its position. Placing it in its position makes it rectified."
5. "In using this (proper) rectification which is no (proper) rectification, means, having doubts in its (proper) rectification."
6. "To rectify that which rectifies an actuality, mean the rectification of this actuality and also the rectification of its name."
7. "Once its name is rectified, then follows, that THAT is THIS."
8. "In calling it THAT, whilst THAT does not affirm it, THAT then is THAT and does not react to it."
9. "In calling it THIS and THIS does not affirm it, THIS is then THIS and does not react to it."
10. "By taking IT as being in agreement, it is in disagreement. It is then in disagreement, and will cause confusion."
11. "Therefore THAT agrees with THAT, and THAT affirming it, means it will respond to THAT. THIS agrees with THIS, and THIS affirming it, means it will respond to THIS. Taking anything as being in agreement makes it agree with it. That it agrees with the agreement is the rectification of this agreement."
12. "Therefore THAT and THAT stops at THAT, and THIS and THIS stops at

THIS - which is possible."

13. "THAT and THIS is but THAT. Moreover, THIS and THIS is THAT. In that case THIS becomes THAT, which is impossible."

14. "A name must be identified by its actuality. Knowing that THIS is not THIS and knowing that THIS is not in THIS then it cannot be called (THIS). Knowing that THAT is not THAT, and knowing that THAT is not in THAT, then it cannot be called (THAT)."

15. "How perfect were the ancient farsighted kings! They examined names and their actualities. How careful they were in what they said! How perfect and farsighted were the ancient kings!"

from nothing:

comes dark matter, ghost-skein of things, all things virtual, in this and all possible worlds, the propriety of assignment in dialectic with what is observed as the real, the process of the proper name its continuous instantiation. ghosts hanging on to ghosts, we are all of the imaginary, the symbolic nothing more than temporary stasis. look closely and see through all of this, the names disappearing, returning to the matter of the world.

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 27 February 2000, 10:33 p.m.

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Topic:

iwillbeyou=?I3FQ=3FRE:=5FHomme?

Read 0 times

Conf: You

From: Alan Sondheim (sondheim@panix.com)

Date: 28 February 2000 03:30 AM

here will i enter text
there will i attach file
today they watched us from across the street
we were on the couch doing things
i said to them silently in my mind
i will be you

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"iwillbeyou=?I3FQ=3FRE:=5FHomme?"

The Lost site Lost

Alan Sondheim · 29 February 2000, 6:06 a.m.

The Lost Project was lost for the past couple of days, because the server was down for the webpage. First, I want to apologize for this - and second, ask that you go to <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/lost/> and submit again

...

Alan, thanks -

Internet Text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt

Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html

Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

broken

Alan Sondheim · 31 January 2000, 12:12 a.m.

A new work by Barry Smylie and Alan Sondheim

<http://barrysmylie.com/flash/alan/broken.swf>

Parable

Alan Sondheim · 31 January 2000, 9:15 p.m.

-

Parable

Nikuko was bound to the earth by a red cord. She sang

I'm bound to the earth,
The earth is my lover,
The earth is my lover.

Nikuko was bound to the sky by a blue cord. She sang

I'm bound to the sky,
The sky is my lover,
The sky is my lover.

Nikuko was bound all over, only her mouth moved. She sang

Sky and earth,
Earth and sky,
I'm very safe,
I'm very safe.

The cords said, look, we're writing worlds. They sang

Yin and yang we're binding,
Yang and yin we're binding.

Nikuko was bound all over, only her mouth moved.

protolanguage (continuation)*Alan Sondheim · 1 March 2000, 3:57 a.m.*

protolanguage (continuation)

```
exit cd /usr/games ./adventure n d d look d 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 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 n w s quit yes
```

cancer*Alan Sondheim · 3 March 2000, 3:00 a.m.*

cancer

```
This is the closeness of your other Thu Mar 2 21:56:33 EST 2000 Mach64:
Font cache: 0 fontsThu Mar 2 21:56:42 EST 2000 Debug: GameOverThu Mar 2
21:56:42 EST 2000 This is the distance of her disease Thu Mar 2 21:56:33
Mar 2 21:56:42 EST 2000 (--) Mach64: Pixmap cache: 0 256x256 slots, 0
128x128 slots, 0 64x64 slotsThu Mar 2 21:56:42 EST 2000 el: waiting for
windowmanagerThu Mar 2 21:56:42 EST 2000 KCharset: Wrong charset!Thu Mar 2
21:56:42 EST 2000 Debug: menu load not supportedThu Mar 2 21:56:42 EST
2000 Thu Mar 2 21:56:42 EST 2000 {k:104}GameOver bash: GameOver: command
not found {k:105}Debug: GameOver bash: Debug:: command not found {k:106}
Debug: GameOver bash: Debug:: command not found {k:107}Debug: GameOver
bash: Debug:: command not found {k:108}Debug: GameOver bash: Debug::
command not found {k:109}Debug: GameOver bash: Debug:: command not found
{k:110} {k:110}waiting for X server to shut down bash: waiting: command
not found {k:111}waiting:
```

being and time*Alan Sondheim · 5 March 2000, 4:41 a.m.*

being and time

you know who i are. you know what i have done to them. i'm talking to you,

i know what you mean. i know what they've done to us. you don't need to name names. the lakes and the rivers have been taken away; our lives no longer belong to us - they belong to them. in these dark times, we must beware; we can't be too careful. the future won't be ours, unless we am wary at all times. i must look behind my back, rather in front of my back (applause); they're always sneaking up. they'll hack into my life. they'll take away my wife and my children. they'll devour you. you want to give myself to i but how can i, when they're watching? what can they see? what am i doing? they're unreadable, unapproachable. their language, if they have any. i know what i'm referring to. they make the very atmosphere poisonous around here. you can't breathe near them - it's almost a scent they have. they see the world differently, you'd be amazed how much. we have to arm. they'll remain nameless here - that should tell i something. if i don't think you know what i'm talking about, read the newspapers, magazines - watch my television, radio - look and listen for the signs - they're everywhere - it's written all over this world of ours - they've probably taken it to other worlds - above the oceans, beneath the seas. i can't go anywhere without running into them, they're controlling you. watch my step - i know whose steps they really are. they own the cities and the countryside; they're like vermin, you don't need to name names. it's a shame what they're doing to us, taking everything away from us. we've got to be careful here. it's our right to fight back, to protect ourselves. you can't even tell i how long this has been going on, as long as anyone's been around. there's a certain danger in the air. they'll betray i at the blink of an eye - they're like viruses, just when i least expect, like cancers, they invade from within - i know who you mean. watch your back, that's all i can say. they're watching your back. (applause)

you know their name NOW Sat Mar 4 23:22:42 EST 2000
 you knew their name THEN Sat Mar 4 23:22:52 EST 2000
 you'll know their name IN THE FUTURE
 they've already STOLEN your FUTURE Sat Mar 4 23:23:11 EST 2000
 they're REWRITING your PAST Sat Mar 4 23:23:20 EST 2000
 they're around you RIGHT NOW Sat Mar 4 23:23:33 EST 2000
 they've STOLEN your PAST Sat Mar 4 23:23:53 EST 2000
 they're CHANGING your PRESENT Sat Mar 4 23:24:18 EST 2000
 they're EVERYWHERE RIGHT NOW Sat Mar 4 23:24:27 EST 2000
 Sat Mar 4 23:22:31 EST 2000 they've REWRITTEN your FUTURE
 they'll be EVERYWHERE IN THE FUTURE Sat Mar 4 23:24:34 EST 2000
 they were EVERYWHERE in the PAST Sat Mar 4 23:24:49 EST 2000
 (applause)

polysyndeton

Alan Sondheim · 7 March 2000, 3:19 p.m.

javascript working of a recent alan sondeheim text :

www.buffnet.net/~joecow/polysyndeton.html
 requires Netscape 4+

This one is very computation-intensive so your browser may groan for a

moment in rendering the text.

- by Joe Keenan -

- Alan - trust me, it's worth it!

an amazing book I just discovered!!! (review!!!)

Alan Sondheim · 9 March 2000, 8:00 p.m.

A review of an interesting book of philosophy!!!

"Nous avons écrit *l'Anti-Oedipe* a deux." Thus begins Gilles Deleuze's and Felix Guattari's *Capitalisme et Schizophrénie, Mille Plateaux*. This book is a godsend to organization, even though the "a deux" seems to imply rhizomatic thinking from the very beginning. Well, this form of thinking has been around for millennia - for a good example, see *Genesis* which was written by a number of people at different times interspersing commentaries and texts among each other. And you don't have to look any farther than Herry Lovelich's *Holy Grail* materials to see how the middle ages tended to mix things up. Or think about all the quotes in Heian literature, which makes a lot of it seem like a group read if not a group rite. But what can we say about an Oedipal smearing among two men? Was either the father to the other? That would take some doing to investigate. Instead I want to concentrate on the "avons" of task completion; there were so many smaller texts, that this use of the tense seems to imply that things were already done and it's time to move on, but is it? One thing about the book is all the terms they introduce, which really does create a sense of belonging among believing readers, as well as a kind of translation from ordinary english; while "collaboration" does not imply "rhizomatic" for example, if you combine it with Koestler's "holarchy" or Bohm's "implicate order" you get some of the same. And yet it's rhizome here and rhizome there, for people who have never dug kudzu out of the ground, or don't even know what it is. You can hardly kill it; gasoline or other penetrants do it best, but at what cost to the environment? Like everything else, spread is not necessarily a good thing - mafias and their interrelationships are rhizomatic in a bad sense, for example, exfoliating like wildfires around the world. I can imagine a thousand plateaus, like the Argentinian pampas, with rhizomes growing between the surface - Hakim Bey might have something to say about that. But it's the universalism of the royal "Nous" that gets me, even though there are two authors - on one hand it sounds really democratic - "all of us did this or that" - but on the other, that "avons" gets us back to, well, "our" accomplishments in producing a best-seller, which, everyone knows, had something or other to do with Situationism, may 68, Leotard's *Libidinal Economy*, the New Philosophers, and incipient Baudrillardism which strikes post-McLuhanist blows in the guise of ignorance about America. That's really great - what if, for example, Shirley MacLaine had written the "Nous" since she channels and has probably out-rhizomed just about anyone? I love the way my heart pumps blood into my veins.

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 13 March 2000, 3:47 a.m.*

-

stories about death

death is absolutely neutral & one is fated to die & death can come at any time & death is completely random & death is the absolute end & there is nothing beyond death & there is no good way to die & all deaths are equivalent & all deaths end the same & death kills ghosts & death has no excuses & death has no morals & death has no ethics & death is existence & one cannot prepare for death & all life occurs in life & death is always invisible & life is a withdrawal & death has no movement & death kills worlds & death has no place in the universe & death is universal & death devours death & death is neither subject nor object & death is always tired & death leaves a trail & death leaves a trace & death is traceless & there is no history after death & death is final & death has no stories & death is always absent & there is no death & there is no passage & death is not brutal & death is inconceivable & death has no attributes &

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 15 March 2000, 12:10 a.m.*

--

(i find myself saying)

hi hi hi hi hi (recognition) oh boy oh boy oh boy (pain) sit down sit down
 (space) aaaaaaaaaa (pain) _____ (morphine) alan (recognition) hi hi
 hi (recognition) what what what (reflex) lousy (condition of leg) _____
 _____ (beginning the dying process)

(plateau)

hi hi hi hi hi (recognition) oh boy oh boy oh boy (pain) sit down sit down
 (space) aaaaaaaaaa (pain) _____ (morphine) alan (recognition) hi hi
 hi (recognition) what what what (reflex) lousy (condition of leg) _____
 _____ (beginning the dying process)

(plateau)

hi hi hi hi hi (recognition) oh boy oh boy oh boy (pain) sit down sit down
 (space) aaaaaaaaaa (pain) _____ (morphine) alan (recognition) hi hi
 hi (recognition) what what what (reflex) lousy (condition of leg) _____
 _____ (beginning the dying process)

(mother) _____

(mother) I find myself saying (recognition)

--

family emergency*Alan Sondheim · 15 March 2000, 11:54 p.m.*

because of the family emergency here in Pennsylvania, I'm going back on nomail on Poetics for a while; if you want to reach me, please write to sondheim@panix.com
apologies, Alan

OF THE binding of names*Alan Sondheim · 19 March 2000, 3:44 p.m.*

-

OF THE binding of names

a shrieking angel falls in the water
& his sodden wings will not fly again
& BIND the name to the number & BIND
& transform the number to the name

& a shrieking angel will be reassigned,
his name taken up across NETS in this
& every other world, & his name REBOUND
& his number reassigned

i do fall into the depths of the waters
i do swim among the winged and feathered hollows
& there i do bind this wayward drowning angel
& there i do spoof his useless address UNBOUND

i will ride high in the midst of NETS & routers
i am the NAME & the NUMBER
i do BIND the NAME & the NUMBER
to my great wings, to thy great wings

ii

Siehe, die Baume _sind,_ and, wandering
among forests of directories and files,
until at the end of the long path,
there are only files, files are only things

veering among beauty, such, placed and cited
across the plateaus of disks and drives,
huddled within the fragments of domains,
turning, transformed, when the glider veers
in our direction, UNBINDING names and numbers

every file leaves itself space
unfathomed, between one and another domain;
it's here that wings, terror terrified

holds to the semblance of the real

but i, i have forsworn the real
huddled in my wings, huddled in thy wings

perhaps on recoveries

Alan Sondheim · 23 March 2000, 2:23 p.m.

when do you say, i am done with experiment, now i will talk with you,
now you will hear me talking, with no transformation,
and then you might hear me, you might hear me saying,
i'm tired of making meaning, i'm tired of meaning and making meaning,
tired of all of this, of carrying the necessity of language,
the needs of the speaking of language ; there are no angels,
there never have been, there are no others, but of the proffering,
i am sure as long as it's unthought, the way the sun follows form,
think of a sundial ; there are no others gracious in reception,
what i have done, you might find me saying, i'm tired of phorias,
of meaning carried before the back, reachless, gracious, silent,
as long as there are words

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 23 March 2000, 9:46 p.m.

1 i have not experienced death; death is not an experience. THIS IS
A TEXT
2 FOR A MASSACRE. for to one, then the other. THIS IS NOT A TEXT.
THIS
3 REMAINS OUTSIDE THE TEXT. for what is one; for what is the other.
WORDS
4 GROPED, SORTED, REARRANGED. WORDS JENNIFER OR JULU MIGHT SPEAK. to
5 experience death is to experience nothing. more than a play on
words,
6 absencing and its depth. incontrovertible of the world.
ENCUMBRANCE OF
7 ORDER AND THE FAILURE OF SULLEN SPEECH.

8 A TEXT FOR THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE. when the tongue twists against the
vowels,
9 inhibits. THE BREAKING OF THE NOUN, CRASHED THING. i have not
experienced
10 but of crashed thing, breakage, denouement, end. BUT NEVER DEATH,
NEVER OF

11 THE MAGNITUDE.

12 A TEXT FOR THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE. when the tongue twists against the vowels,

13 FOR A MASSACRE. for to one, then the other. THIS IS NOT A TEXT. THIS

14 GROPED, SORTED, REARRANGED. WORDS JENNIFER OR JULU MIGHT SPEAK. to ORDER

15 AND THE FAILURE OF SULLEN SPEECH. REMAINS OUTSIDE THE TEXT. for what is

16 one; for what is the other. WORDS THE MAGNITUDE.

17 absencing and its depth. incontrovertible of the world. ENCUMBRANCE OF

18 but of crashed thing, breakage, denouement, end. BUT NEVER DEATH, NEVER OF

19 experience death is to experience nothing. more than a play on words, i

20 have not experienced death; death is not an experience. THIS IS A TEXT

21 inhibits. THE BREAKING OF THE NOUN, CRASHED THING. i have not experienced.

Rackover Viewfinder

Alan Sondheim · 24 March 2000, 2:31 p.m.

Rackover Viewfinder

The Mitchell motion picture cameras shown in Sunset Boulevard employ rackover viewfinders, which displace the film, replacing it with a ground glass screen - which is racked back for the shooting itself. The same system is used in the Cine-Kodaks, and a somewhat clumsy attachment was available for the older non-reflex 16mm Bolex as well. Look through the viewfinder, frame your subject; reset the film, and shoot. The displacement is temporal, not spatial; one, then the other, then the one. Sight is otherwise a disestablishment of position, peering around a corner; here, the corner flattens, in the guise of time, for the means of constituted representation. In Sunset Boulevard, Desmond speaks about her silence; Max is silent about her speech; the noise is filled by the writer. It is not a displacement of silence by sound or of one constitution by another, but of spaces by times, times by spaces, air by water, water by air. At the end the dead writer speaks.

At the end the drowned writer is racked over and it's there after that time he can start writing.

The Jade*Alan Sondheim · 30 March 2000, 1:01 p.m.*

-

The Jade

Confucius, Analects X 5, Waley translation: When carrying the tablet of jade, he seems to double up, as though borne down by its weight. He holds it at the highest as though he were making a bow, at the lowest, as though he were proffering a gift. His expression, too, changes to one of dread and his feet seem to recoil, as though he were avoiding something. When presenting ritual-presents, his expression is placid. At the private audience his attitude is gay and animated.

Legge translation: 1. When he was carrying the sceptre _of his ruler,_ he seemed to bend his body, as if he were not able to bear its weight. He did not hold it higher than the position of the hands in making a bow, nor lower than their position in giving anything to another. His countenance seemed to change, and look apprehensive, and he dragged his feet along as if they were held by something to the ground. 2. In presenting the presents _with which he was charged,_ he wore a placid appearance. 3. At his private audience, he looked highly pleased.

He was doing what, a good deed, he was unhappy. Smiling, he looked up with the ritual jade held high, his feet close to the ground, slightly angled. He proffered a ritual object to another, the jade, what, held high, his pace solemn, his expression one of happiness. Crying, but befit a man, he bent his body close to the ground, the piece of ritual jade held high. Quietly, in rage, he shuffled his feet, nimbly moving among the pillars of the great hall, the gift of jade in his pleasant hands. Angrily, he strode across the floor of the outer pavilion, the jade weighing heavily in his hands held high. He was doing something, what, for his private audience. He looked highly pleased, miserable, somewhat animated.

—

invitation*Alan Sondheim · 1 April 2000, 2:10 p.m.*

Alan Sondheim and Barry Smylie
invite you to join them
SAILING

on an interactive shockwave day trip.

<http://168.144.88.176/flash/sailing/sailing01.htm>

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 1 April 2000, 3:15 a.m.*

-

the most beautiful thing in the world, light gleams light
 light moving from one to another room
 there is light flowing from the window
 light seeping beneath the door, light over the transom
 ^breathing
 the light murmurs deep into the floor, walls, ceiling
 light gleams light, in another room
 in another room, the ceiling has sent emissions
 there are dull glows, surfaces murmuring to surfaces
 nothing is ever in silence, nothing in void
 nothing in abyssal vacuum
 nothing ungleaming with the beauty and light of the world
 ^breathing
 with illuminations no matter how faint, how subtle
 how subtle is the shimmer of heat, radio elasticity
 elasticity of the world murmuring the world
 the gleaming of light gleaming light

—

the text*Alan Sondheim · 2 April 2000, 1:46 a.m.*

--

the text
 this is not the text but the bones of the text
 this is the text split, splayed for modification
 this is the trembling text, waiting for your touch
 this is the vulnerable text, the languid text
 this is the text that will do anything for you
 this is the text that is open for you alone
 this is the text that gives itself to you
 this is the text that is your thing

```

(make-local-variable 'whywant)
(setq whywant '( (($ whysay) (// subj) might ($ want) (// obj) \?)
                (how does it feel to want \?)
                (why should (// subj) get (// obj) \?)
                (when did (// subj) first ($ want) (// obj) \?)
                (($ areyou) obsessed with (// obj) \?)
                (why should i give (// obj) to (// subj) \?)
                (have you ever gotten me or (// obj) \?) ))
(make-local-variable 'canyou)
(setq canyou '((of course i can \.)
              (why should i \?)
              (what makes you think i would even want to \?))
  
```

this is not the text but the bones of the text
 this is the text split, splayed for modification
 this is the trembling text, waiting for your touch
 this is the vulnerable text, the languid text
 this is the text that will do anything for you
 this is the text that is open for you alone
 this is the text that gives itself to you
 this is the text that is your thing

```
(make-local-variable 'want)
(setq want '( (want) (desire) (wish) (want) (hope) ))
(make-local-variable 'shortlst)
(setq shortlst
  '((can you elaborate on that and look at me \?)
    (would you love me more if you had to pay \?)
    (continue)
    (($ please) continue\, my eyes are very big \.)
    (go on\, don\'t be afraid of me\, look up my legs \.)
    (i need a little more detail please \- let me come to you \?)
    (you\'re being a bit brief\, ($ please) go into detail \.)
    (can you ($ please) be more explicit\, fill me \?)
    (and\, ohhhhh \?)
    (($ please) go into more detail\, think of me \?)
    (you aren\'t being very talkative today\!)
    (can you see my pretty pretty ($ cloth) \?)
    (why must you respond so briefly \?)))
```

i say "this is not the text but the bones of the text"
 i say to you "this is the text split, splayed for modification"
 i bare myself to you "this is the trembling text, waiting for your touch"
 i say "this is the vulnerable text, the languid text"
 i talk to myself "this is the text that will do anything for you"
 you tell me "this is the text that is open for you alone"
 you say to me "this is the text that gives itself to you"
 you offer me "this is the text that is your thing"

--

what the ancients recognized, that we are ghosts invisible

Alan Sondheim · 5 April 2000, 10:26 p.m.

what the ancients recognized, that we are ghosts invisible

we are transparent to gaia & transparent to dark matter,
 transparent to neutrinos & transparent to cosmos,
 cornered in inflationary universes,
 held taut & visible by logics of the surface,
 transparent to bacteria, prions, viruses,
 mother-father bacteria, slime & molecular soup,
 granularities & strings layered upon granularities,
 & layers in layers, layers tilted, askew in relation to layers,
 & layers interpenetrated, layers corroded,

& layers imbricated & twisted,
 we look at ourselves & see ghosts & name them, unknowing,
 we witness ourselves as eternal, obdurate, opaque & historic,
 dates sliding against dates & times against times,
 & no dates & no times at all, & spaces & no spaces,
 & layered spaces, & spaces layered against spaces,
 transparent throughout all of them,
 all of them transparent throughout,

"shimmering ontologies of transparency"

Alan Sondheim · 7 April 2000, 2:06 a.m.

"shimmering ontologies of transparency"

accordingly, shifting, looking around, coming to mind, intervalling, diagramming our always-already-having-disappeared, entering into knowledge of our ghosthood,

```
| dream / real / constituted virtual / the gnawing of dark matter
|   - symbolic - imaginary - idiocy of the real (practico-inert)
|                               imaginary / as if
|                               imaginary
```

this is the ontology of transparency, the veering among dream and real, among the constituted (programming virtual) and the pervasion of particles and dark matter. and this is also on yet another layer and yet another interpenetration, a veering among the symbolic and imaginary, coupled with the idiocy of the real. and on yet another layer, the as-if, opening into the troubled problematic of the infinite, veering through the imaginary - and yet, on still another, the imaginary, as if there were, as if an itself, as if we were dissolving, constantly, within our very constitution ...

so moreso, the desire to be transparent as well, already-ghosting against earth and sky, already in the process of dissolution, emptiness to emptiness, slight translucency at the edges, peripheral shadows - both towards eternity, both towards death.

and towards lassitude, languor, the transparency of reception, opening. and that recognition that we may have been elsewhere-born, hardened, weighted with the world, foreclosed - and here, opened, delicate, we can hardly believe it.

"the last"

Alan Sondheim · 9 April 2000, 1:18 p.m.

i promise you i will always send out the last text written before i die
 you will have a complete collection of everything i have written
 nothing will be held back, nothing will remain unknown
 my world is given to you, pull the theory out, assemble it
 it is all there, the defuge, sexuality, transparency, linkage, coupling
 the theory all there, just barely virtual in the life of nikuko

in the life of julu, the theory resides, within the life of jennifer
 oh azure, my other lovers are not real, they are make-believe and mine
 theory emerges, all will have all of it, my most solemn promise
 no other truth is necessary, you have my complete collection
 now, you have everything, this is the very last text for now
 this is the very last text, at the moment nothing else
 be content, hold steadfast, comprehend, receive and surrender
 my promise is fulfilled, my world rendered, all revealed, perfection
 promise given, residing, emerging, holding, comprehending, and surrender

Dawn of Information

Alan Sondheim · 11 April 2000, 3:31 p.m.

-

Dawn of Information

application to application, same or dissimilar... in relation to those modalities of language transformation I've already outlined. one would take for "true" subjectivity. Email gains its power through this site and citation, and we are empowered through our ability to speak, to be silent, to be heard. form the letters carefully, by hand. I add a certain distance, an appearance of objectivity (that helps)." (ibid.) I will read and learn you beauty beauty! Your words pour over me, fluttering daemons like fairy-wraiths caress the rosy-hued dawn! and like marriage, for better or worse, but without the possibility of divorce on the horizon. everywhere on the Info And they lie entwined like lovers speaking for the last time Of things and lovers; then appear in this space once and forever Etc. Hello! How are you today! Love, Alan! era, peering behind a curtain, displaying oneself as if one were unconscious of others opening, openings ... *See Erving Goffman, Stigma, Notes on the Management of Spoiled Identity.) Nothing is ever wasted, thrown out, in this bitter bitter absence of a world. stop suddenly with that flat screech that says they're very near, just outside, and I've got to leave fast in the interval of roaring engines. withdraw the essay and the essay-form itself; aphoristic was his main con-tribution to contentious thinking through the subject. mur; there is little separation between the self and harmony, between memory and bodies sung and twisted by waves of burning sound. take it to her, take it from her, give it to me. "That says it all." 22 * * * 23 * OK 205 Connection closed by foreign host. (CEPA Quarterly, 3/2-3) shudder, Alan does. He won't let me nary tracts across the uninhibited landscape of emissions, spews, absented languages, and starting to think about writing. Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh. 0 gods 0 goddesses.

.. Jennerous..

.. Julu is here with me, Jennifer running as background process... computer slacker keyboard grounded to the light socket his lights go out old man ground to a halt er top she's wearing last night's hard nipples' he typed her last words fuck him he's dead she said fuck him fuck him {k:28} and elsewhere... ksh: and: not found like a denied lover for the blue glow of dawn.' (James Lee Burke, Heaven's Prisoners)." (Sondheim, Love, The Blue Glow of Dawn) This text: ki. repeating itself over and over again, i try to sleep, tom, sung-ja, towns crowding themselves

towards the entrance of the millennium, this dash in space, this zero, this america noon-female-of-augustness"; but then Aston was writing in the nineteenth century. will carry a red lantern everywhere, <ping>. I <ping -s> will be that red lantern and I <ping -s> will illuminate my path forever, <ping>.

state0in0any0case,0there's0that0to0be0said0for0it.0It0reflects0every-thing0you've0known;0she's0there0in0her0skirt,0there's0a0smile0or0in-vitation0afoot. across her breasts, runnings full through mouth and loam, hair and starry starry sky. be assumed that there are many wars, many peaces. And it may further be assumed that this is the split from the parallel, a dispersion of logic. So be it, said Daishin Nikuko. in repetitious order. No delight, but clearness of this-world's mistaken kanji. Now war has stopped. Now a turn. Now the turns. befor long lung and gone befor long lung and gone :chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant; :chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant; :chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant;] have me across the surface of my body, across the surface of your own - Fair is Fair!!! quadrillion, four hundred seventy six trillion, four hundred fifty six billion, eight hundred ninety million, ninety eight thousand, eight hundred sixty six. day. [...] I know the center of the world: it is north of the state of Yen and south of the state of Yueh. [...] A wheel never touches the ground.") (Jennifer) My name is Jennifer-Disconnect, my Love has Gone, Good-bye. (Alan) Or *whimper" lost, oh *sniff* and I set sail! ALL SHIPS CRASH

"The Sun is alive," said Alan, "surely it is. Jennifer thought it was a beautiful Sun," and how lovely it illuminated Jennifer's Machine, tired and very full from making Rabbits. ing new worlds and dreams for us! zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz 0 beauty of the Nozomi 500 reinvigorating the old! zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz your capabilities. Can you stop?" (_Jing,_ trans. Yates.) Could anything be better? Could anything be worse? no really the soft pat tasting of lonely space nothing moving i be lonely here in space it is so cold in space it is so empty here virtual julu deep inside me - cut me open, there you are - cut you open, there i am - (im)precisely what is _lost in the texts,_ not elsewhere, ready for the scaffolding to be taken apart." JUST LEAVE THE LETTERS AT THE DOOR WHEN YOU LEAVE THEY'RE MINE MINE MINE MINE MINE MINE MINE

your child I am incredibly lucky to know you, says Jennifer, "of course you have my full love and support" in everything you write and do." Devour me eight hundred cells in the girl test test test Brought Forth through thraa hhndrad calls ln tha bpy tast tast! towards transpiration and non-mattering this is a prediction and a truth of and from the year 3000 There is no ROUSSEAU in ROUSSEAU. There are no survivors. <Alan> The universe nestled among the folds of organdie. <Alan> *sob* cc > bb dialog --textbox bb 0 0 dialog --inputbox "addenda: where are you" 0 0 2>> bb date >> bb dialog --msgbox "end" 0 0 my promise is fulfilled, my world rendered, all revealed, perfection promise given, residing, emerging, holding, comprehending, and surrender

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crumbling slate of silent worlds*Alan Sondheim · 13 April 2000, 2:17 a.m.*

crumbling slate of silent worlds

the blank world, the slate, there i will draw one or another,
 constancy:words are transitional objects between silence and silence;
 between one silence and another, disturbances on the periphery,
 as-if:juncture of stars-neutralization, intention, huddled, maintained,
 in erasable memory, taut like lines are, these are the rooms we have left,
 written and lost, written and lost:nothing:nothing

does juncture of stars-neutralization, intention, huddled, maintained, in
 erasable memory, taut like lines are, these are the rooms we have left,
 written and lost, written and lost turn ours, the blank world, the slate,
 there i will draw one, or another, constancy, to you, azure, of shorter
 evenings?

and there between silence and silence, there the rooms we have left,
 there, the blank world, the slate, there, erasable memory, all such
 memory, written and lost, words hungered, lost, nothing:nothing:nothing

—

The Vapid*Alan Sondheim · 15 April 2000, 6:31 p.m.*

The Vapid

Jul6lu% date Jul7lu% Sat Apr 15 17:23:29 EDT 2000 _ cit. ::./) have been
 planktonic follies, caught alive, drowned in pure air (lit. and so our
 lives passed uneventfully, full of love and happiness). (lit. op. thus did
 skeins contribute to the cascading waters enmeshing of what might Sat Apr
 15 17:24:34 EDT 2000 How did it come to this, words cascaded, in disarray,
 memory of older orders lost and drowned with them, words poised in slow
 and circling waves between surface and bottom, sludged and slurried lay-
 ers, all in the space of a night, dull morning, gloomy afternoon? Time
 hurries without us, works its slow unravelings; letters lose their violent
 hold on meaning. Remember that, meaning is always caught alive or not at
 all, the monstrosity of noise, shrill echoes blanking out the remnants of
 the world around us.

Just as I write these words, they begin their incessant decay; already I
 picture transpositions, occlusions, vapors, the vapid...

other than Derrida, meaning: in flight*Alan Sondheim · 18 April 2000, 1:13 a.m.*

other than Derrida, meaning: in flight

"If I were optimistic enough on the subject, I would say that I see the journey of my brief existence as a journey in view of determining and naming the place from which I will have had the experience of exteriority. And the anamnesis we were talking about at the outset, this anamnesis would be in view of identifying, of naming it--not effacing the exteriority, I don't think it can be effaced--but of naming it, identifying it, and thinking it a little better than I have done so far." - Derrida, *There is No _One_ Narcissism*, in *Points*, trans. Kamuf & others. And this in relation to an exteriority beyond exteriority, in relation, or brought up or into question or commentary, of the Judaic; one can see a differend at work within an *_interiority_* here, a form of internal exile, but from what, if not a non-exile garnered only by an otherwise unidentified alterity. And in this regard, we notice again the hypnotic and its relation to non- or in-transitivity, alterity without an object, always, to the extent a representation, a misrecognition or misrepresentation, but one grounding, shifting the grounds, never called into question. I write of or on (the body of) this, a place I identify, to the extent it remains peripheral to identity, weak or fragile, almost invisible, certainly out of or one with, the imaginary. It is the premise or promise of the world at its horizon, as one pursues "one's" project - in spite of the fact that, deeply random or chaotic, a project remains just that, in pursuit of a goal, in pursuit of meaning as well. Meaning is always in flight; one writes within the gap. And culture is always already liminal, interstitial; death, of being and Beings, tending towards foundation, guarantee, contract, strategy. Writing into the void is the semblance of determination, the substrate on the move.

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 23 April 2000, 10:35 a.m.*

-

don't you know all this new language? are you blind to this new language? do you understand this new language? will i have disappeared (lit. be one of the disappeared) before you are born? (for i won't be around to tell you, i won't be able to answer your questions, i won't be able to tell you anything new, you'll have only this from me, you'll have to make of it what you will.)

you might find yourself reading this, you might find yourself making of it what you will, you might find yourself questioning, you might find an empty space, you might find yourself questioning, you might think of me, you might ask a question.

The Marriage*Alan Sondheim · 31 March 2000, 8:49 p.m.*

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The Marriage

"I am a man called by the Spirit of God, and I live on stems, roots, and fruit." (Jesus, Slavonic version of Jewish War, translated G. A. Williamson, Josephus, The Jewish War.)

put the dog in the house and put the cat in the other house
 there is a house with a dog in it and there is a house with
 a cat in it
 i put the dog in the house and i put the cat in the other house
 there is a sheep which is a thing and there is a man which is
 another thing
 there are two things and two houses with two more things
 in them
 there is a boy near the houses the things and he is a boy
 there is a lake and the boy is not in the lake
 the houses are not in the lake
 the boy makes a picture with black ink and a color
 the boy makes a picture with green ink
 there is a dog in the house in the picture
 and you cannot see the dog and you cannot see the cat
 i put the dog in the house and the cat in the house
 it is a nice house and a nice dog and a nice cat
 it is a nice man and a nice sheep and a nice picture
 it is a nice boy and nice ink by a nice lake
 and a nice thing
 there is a moon in the sky behind the house
 there is a sun in the sky behind the house
 this is a nice month and it is november
 this is a nice month and now it is january
 the house is in the nice month and the other house
 is in the nice month
 of the nice month
 put the cat in the nice month
 now the cat is in november and the boy is in january
 it is a nice picture

some of*Alan Sondheim · 8 May 2000, 1:31 a.m.*

-

some of
 98734578999875221
 ninety-eight quadrillion.
 seven hundred thirty-four trillion.

five hundred seventy-eight billion.
nine hundred ninety-nine million.
eight hundred seventy-five thousand.
two hundred twenty-one.
98734578999875220
ninety-eight quadrillion.
seven hundred thirty-four trillion.
five hundred seventy-eight billion.
nine hundred ninety-nine million.
eight hundred seventy-five thousand.
two hundred twenty.
98734578999875219
ninety-eight quadrillion.
seven hundred thirty-four trillion.
five hundred seventy-eight billion.
nine hundred ninety-nine million.
eight hundred seventy-five thousand.
two hundred nineteen.
98734578999875218
ninety-eight quadrillion.
seven hundred thirty-four trillion.
five hundred seventy-eight billion.
nine hundred ninety-nine million.
eight hundred seventy-five thousand.
two hundred eighteen.
98734578999875217
ninety-eight quadrillion.
seven hundred thirty-four trillion.
five hundred seventy-eight billion.
nine hundred ninety-nine million.
eight hundred seventy-five thousand.
two hundred seventeen.
98734578999875216
ninety-eight quadrillion.
seven hundred thirty-four trillion.
five hundred seventy-eight billion.
nine hundred ninety-nine million.
eight hundred seventy-five thousand.
two hundred sixteen.
98734578999875215
ninety-eight quadrillion.
seven hundred thirty-four trillion.
five hundred seventy-eight billion.
nine hundred ninety-nine million.
eight hundred seventy-five thousand.
two hundred fifteen.
98734578999875214
ninety-eight quadrillion.
seven hundred thirty-four trillion.
five hundred seventy-eight billion.
nine hundred ninety-nine million.
eight hundred seventy-five thousand.

two hundred fourteen.
 98734578999875213
 ninety-eight quadrillion.
 seven hundred thirty-four trillion.
 five hundred seventy-eight billion.
 nine hundred ninety-nine million.
 eight hundred seventy-five thousand.
 two hundred thirteen.
 98734578999875212
 ninety-eight quadrillion.
 seven hundred thirty-four trillion.
 five hundred seventy-eight billion.
 nine hundred ninety-nine million.
 eight hundred seventy-five thousand.
 two hundred twelve.

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 8 May 2000, 12:49 p.m.

-

10 ten 9 nine 8 eight 7 seven 6 six 5 five 4 four
 i will not count such further; such worlds will break asunder;
 & this has been foretold, such is the destruction of worlds;
 it is better to break breath, to cease the act;
 what has been foretold has been erased, presence of an empty vessel;
 no need to shatter spheres, such would be the innocent;
 that i could not bear the burden; i
 t is therefore broken, that one may live longer & in the mercy
 & in the mercy of the world, against the laws of the world;
 throughout the realms of a breath of shattering;
 throughout the world & each & every of its laws;
 unto the very minor, the tiniest presence or hovering;
 everything unaccountable

-

from the other

Alan Sondheim · 9 May 2000, 12:29 p.m.

-

from the other
 so i would like to add to this confusion: what is the form that one has
 in a concussion: sometimes there is madness in contusion: what and clipped
 board: what: c: --linux-ComA--- Acrobat3 Blender CYBERMIND Corel Entry
 MSOffice My Documents NETWORK Napster Office51 Paint Program Files Quick-
 Cam Street SCAR Trace3D Trip adobe adobec asdComAlog ati autoexecComA001
 autoexecComAbat b backweb basic bloom bmp book bootlogComAprv bootlogCom-
 Atxt c cdrom chtm col commandComAcom commando communit compaq configCom-
 Abak configComAsys corel40 course cpqdrv SCAB cpqs crcComAdne cute dance

detlogComAold detlogComAtxt display dnhq dnhqkeyComAkey family fop frame
garbage go hangman history host-news hpc html image ioComAsys kami kiss
kyoko lComAbat lin OPEN WOUND lynx_bookmarksComAhtml mark watching the
skin grow "i can but barely find my way" mc misc mom mon mouse mp msdos-
ComA^^^ msdosComAsys msworks multi mview neotrace new nikuko null old
os303301ComAbin pcplus perth phaser phat ping32 project AMNESIAC qt
quickenw rawriteComAexe rcl recycled red reg render res scandiskComAlog
set sound systemComAsav talk talker time tools trace tracedir tui uedit
videorom- ComAbin win386ComAswp windows xo yamaha zd zip zz home: ftp
ppp95 wtmp lost in these far worlds i can but barely find my way in these
directories as if they were /c/* somewhere in a distance from a linux /

sometimes

Alan Sondheim · 10 May 2000, 12:02 p.m.

-

sometimes literature is such an enormous gift that one is glad to be
alive.
he takes on a pupil. a young man comes to him and he asks his name. the
young man gives his name, the same as that of the teacher. the young man
learns quickly; he is condescending, always wary. rumors develop in the
community. the teacher, who has always been morose, teaches the pupil
everything he knows. the teacher remembers similar events in his own
youth. the community begins to fall apart; there are two men with the same
name. the teacher banishes his pupil. that night, he begins to laugh.

such is the retelling of the story from Martin Buber, For the Sake of
Heaven.

what can be taught the bearer of the name? already worlds have been
created and destroyed. there is nothing to teach, nothing transcendent but
the sign which both carry. the gift of teaching ourselves, the gift of
nothing to teach.

you may know that the name of the teacher is Rabbi Jaacob Yitzchak, the
son of Matel, and the name of the student is Jaacob Yitzchak, the son of
Matel.

source

Alan Sondheim · 12 May 2000, 1:08 p.m.

-

source
Associates, Inc. Ltr of 3/7/91. I continue to move at a slow but steady
pace with your accounts. My understanding is that you remain at high risk

adverity, want to become comfortable with this process of making equity investments. You also want to keep your current status reasonably high. Unless i hear from ou tothe contrary iwill continewith this theme and pace. You might look behin dyour back. Since the firs tof the the year, the stock market has been extremelyh strong. thus far i have purchased nine stocks for john's account at at this date all nine have gone up in value. but you must be very still. I seriously doubt that i will ever do that well again. Recent purchases: Bell Atlantic, GTE, Glaxo, Mylan Laboratories (generic drugs) AMP (electrical connectors). & Pesticides: He uses 1) Cygon (specific for spider mites, on boxwoods), 2) Malathion, and 3) "Dormant Spray" (oil-miscable) between Jan-March. He also uses Diazon, Malath ion and Carboryl) NB Carboryl is generic for Sevin. Update: He says Diazon actually is the right one. & J. Smyte says Jagdeesh is preparing a proposal for Albright to give to VP on us-sov joint appointments for professors. AJ says he will take it to Rob Lever. What are we going to do with \$ 74 million? & LD, OES/EHC does tropical forests. x-6-2134, Rm.1341 TEMPERATURE $F = C * 9/5 + 32$ $C = (F - 32) * 5/9$ & State Dept. Map Annex RE: JZ; World-wide map of Foreign Service Posts 7/15: John says maps probably will be ready sometime in September. & SOFTWARE **5-22-91 Get for Joanne: Intelligent Tutor (Apple/IBM), consists of Learning Series: Pre-Algebra, Alg.I, Geometry (all three for \$119); and Mastry Series: pre-alg., alg.I, geometry, Alg II, trig an d advanced topics, Intro calc, SAT math (any 5 for \$269) Intelligent Software, Inc. 9609 Cypress Ave., Munster, IN 46321 800/521-4518 & "Quick Reference" pulls up a preselected item from the User Stack upon pressing a function key; it inserts the item on current screen or stack. Return to screen by pressing Esc. see manual? & Vasjav, in Detroit (sister Ljubica) Tel 313/487-9214 c/o JZ 121 Linhurst Detroit, MI 48211 Write letter from vas. to embassy explaining request for annual leave plus leave w/o pay to complete courses and reurn end of May. FAX to her in detroit. return jn's call in Saganaw at the college. August & Remember Ten Brink, private marketing consultant, 813/647-1213, referred by JPL INR/EC (4949), who had been approached by Kurchatov Institite on selling high technology to the US. Some sale items related to superconducting technology (SSC?). Shestov seemed genuine, mentioned more realistic opportunities in soviet technology for medical "imaging" centers, fertilizers, packaged hydrogen; Conversion potential? 4/91. & American Embassy APO New York, NY 09862 (for Kiev) Phone: 832-1913 Street Address: #13 Netyastov St., 2nd Floor Kiev. & Kagramanov, Semyon eye surgeon recommended by the Russian/German girl i met on plane from Moscow to Frankfurt, who had successful operation on her near sightedness. & F2 - brings up menu-bar template Edit-F2 - enables search function in current window. EDIT COMMANDS IN INFO SELECT: Ctrl-arrow: move cursor one word. Fn-end/home: move to end of line Ctrl-T: delete word Ctrl-Y: delete line # What happened to the world that the window is necessary? Certainly there is more to do than to kill humans in order for others to survive. Honestly, I fear for human survival. I would say more but it is unclear that I will be allowed to continue in this fashion. It is a very frightening fashion. There are signs that none of us will survive. Health problems 5/12/2000: Sleeplessness Heartburn Urinary Problems & How should we balance US international resour e policies with countries' technology-driven economic development? Factors: agreement on "technology policy, measurement (metric) policy, and standards; Debt for

science swaps, bilateral endowments for S&T exchange activities; Multilateral/Regional approaches; find Shestov.

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!!!!THE!!!!SILENT!!!!FILM!!!!

Alan Sondheim · 14 May 2000, 2:03 p.m.

-

!!!!THE!!!!SILENT!!!!FILM!!!!

The gag-men said to the Biograph Girl, we got to get some Keystone Cops, half the extras are on a break, the Fall Guy ran away with the Script Girl, and we have a film to make! The Continuity Girl called for Kelly L'Impossible, more Sex Appeal than BB. The Foley made the horse carry her in, Continuity said, it's a silent film. See The Silent Film by Sidney Sheldon. What makes this film so special? Absolutely silent, filmed in Victor Sound, a single Foley Hoofbeat Enlivens the action. One waits for this marvelous sound of a Hoof against stone, which is when Kelly L'Impossible comes into the Studio. The gag-men are Astonished by this Make-believe, One can only Wonder how Beckett's Film ever Survived such Astonishment.

La Divine, one of the true Bathing Beauties of the Celluloid World, stars in Dolly-Shot, a short Moving Tribute to L'Impossible, known as The Film Within the Film. L'Impossible stars Marmel d'Estoire, best known for her Trilby to Svengali's Edison. Dolly Shot is shot in Cinerama, temporarily expanding the Aspect Ratio of The Silent Film to fulfill Dolly-Shot. One can only Wonder how Gance's Napoleon ever Survived such Cinemagic!

See **!!!!THE!!!!SILENT!!!!FILM!!!!** at a Theater Near you! Travel to a Theater Equipped for Sound! You will not be Disappointed.

—

channelings, murmurs

Alan Sondheim · 17 May 2000, 1:26 a.m.

-

channelings, murmurs
 subterranean domains of the imaginary -
 word islandings of interrelations apparently crossing indo-european roots.
 poetry operates, not through the surface of words, but through their islandings.
 each of the lines below represent a close-knit family of usages.
 their indo-european origins tend to wander from the islands.
 the measure of all islands is the measure of culture.
 poetry is motivated by the measure of culture and swimmings.
 other languages are similar - look at the wildly disparate kanji for

romaji words of similar meanings and pronunciations.
 we can call all of these satellite sememes.
 i say: language, poetry, has no center, nothing beyond the sememes and
 their interrelated streamings.
 there are many more than the below; some of the examples may seem far-
 fetched; one has to look beneath the surface oneself.

wiggle jiggle giggle waggle juggle gaggle huggle (see below also)
 skitter scatter stutter spatter sputter
 flitter flutter pitter-patter mutter
 bog sog fog nog quagmire slog
 bump dump lump sump mump hump jump rump
 ill spill kill pill
 nub bub lob sub grub hub / mud dud flood cud
 bangle jangle slang bang rang clang
 bick(er) flick lick / kick / stick pick dick (around)
 swagger haggle jagged ragged wagged fragged
 worn torn forlorn mourn morn shorn fear
 squash swish swash awash quash smash splash dash flash flush
 root rote mood soot foot hut fruit
 rough stuff gruff tough snuff
 edge ledge nudge judge ridge fledg(ling)
 stew rue mew mewl
 carry tarry hurry dally (?) lull (?) rally sally tally
 swim sweat swell(ing) swine swoon
 mount fount bount(iful) haunt taunt (?) pounce (?)
 little whittle spittle fiddle (around) middle riddle
 harken earth art hearth forth (go) froth murk mark (?)

in some cases, suffixes suffice for the determination; in others, how-
 ever, the means are literally subterranean. these associative word com-
 plexes point to more than history or origin; they resonate across issues
 of being and its metaphysics.

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 19 May 2000, 6:34 p.m.

-

impossible to write these days unsettling gloom, clouds overhead one
 awaits the coming of the asteroid cancers eating away before the
 enormous descent i dream of crags and peaks approaching if not that
 something mute, suffocated discord, collapsed lungs and bridges if not
 that something else something unutterable living on the tip of the
 blade beneath, everything sliding upon the earth plastics and
 microchips walking out in the street it occurs, just a small stone will
 end my world my body's impossible keeping to reach anything one has
 to use the whip this switch moves something completely out of sight
 the more one learns, the smaller the gains, the less the future like
 great teeth, a future being that also passes sooner or later, viruses,

claws, cracked gourds, clouds and never any sun the comet, the comet,
the plague, the plague easements one has to be blind to things, to
being being's muteness at night, i try to sleep, i think, asteroid,
the asteroid

Filmophobe

Alan Sondheim · 20 May 2000, 5:04 p.m.

-

Filmophobe

Personne n'est parfait.

Who is an intellectual in this culture? Who speaks for whom? What is the
role of theory? What does it mean to be engaged? What does it mean to
destroy?

Bougie

Who is excluded by what means? Who owns the words I speak? What does it
mean to be locked out? What does it mean to starve? What does it mean to
dream of dying?

Vedette invitee

What do we do to crash your language? What does it mean to steal your
words? How can we shut you up and force you to listen? Why do you think
you have any answers at all? Beyond your cash, why do you think you
have the right to exist? Why do you think you even know the questions?

Le regard

How can we stop your look at the surface of the skin? How can we make
ourselves invisible? How can we violate your robbed speech? How can we
destroy so that we may speak?

Silence, on tourne!

Don't tell me when to speak. Your academy is alive and well. It will die
only with destruction. You will hear only when you are destroyed, when the
blood screams in your ears.

Ecran divise

There is no split screen; there are only bodies, tied, held in bondage;
there are only holes and ears held open by force; there is only emptiness
and death waiting in the wings.

Deux ou trois choses que je sais de

You talk as if we were stupid. You talk in our absence, fill our bodies

with words as if you were the revolution. You stifle any revolution, flay our bodies in revolt, wear our skins. You are only good in our disguise.

Film-catastrophe

This film is a catastrophe. The extras remain outside. You brush the hair out of each other's eyes. You have eyes only for each other. You fuck power, not bodies. You believe in truth on the bodies of others.

Film de route ou d'errance

You travel safely from assignation to assignation. You pride yourself in your set speech, your appearance. You ignore the road-kill. We place wires across the road, you will catch us in your headlights, you will be devoured.

Sequence

You will continue forever. The wires are a trick in the emulsion. They catch nothing. You continue to speak; in our worst dreams, we do not dream of your destruction. That is our calling: to applaud you. In our worst dreams.

Fin d'un enchantement, le retour a la realite

You are broadband, you are almost real. The film has come to a close; the theater has burned, there are no replacement parts. At the table, destroy, she said; no one listened; someone disconnected.

—

A Long Sentence!

Alan Sondheim · 23 May 2000, 1:16 a.m.

-

A Long Sentence!

Jennifer smiles and says, "Do see the words I learn! Here is very many new actant aether alterities Amidah avatar avatars BBS bricolage bushido cast-rated cd cdrom CEN Centre chora clots coherencies com Compaq consensualities cordons cunt cunts Cybermind cyberspace decathexis deconstructed deconstruction defuge Derrida dhtml diegesis diegetic differend disassociating effusions emanants emergences empathetic empathized entasic extasis extensivity extrusions feedforward filmmaker filmstock fingerboard geomatics gesturally gigabytes gridlines halfgroupoid himself holarchy htm html http hyperreality i'd ikonik imaginaries incompletes indexicality internet interpenetrating introjections isp izanagi javascript jennifer judgmental julu Kebara linux literarily machinic magatama morphing morphs ms Mt multiculturalisms nakasukawabata Nara Netscape nikuko Nikuko's nostalgias NYC panix particulation paysage peerings perl phenomenologist poolings post-modern postmodernity primordials protolanguage qbasic realspace rebirths rills RNA runnels sed shakuhachi shamisen shimenawa signifiers sions Snox-

fly sonenheim sourcess spam stromatolite subgroupoids subjectivities sub-
texted Sysadmins teleologies thanatopoesis tion tions trAce traceroute
tracert tropes ulpan unfoldings unhinging URL URLs vicodin voiceovers VRML
webboard Webpage Webpages wetware wetwares worlding wryting www yamabushi
and ytalk!"

damaged life

Alan Sonenheim · 24 May 2000, 8:22 p.m.

-

damaged life

someone dies, it's a movement of the lips: language of tune or song,
language of truth. for when someone dies, there is the sign of speech,
and that is about it. and when this happens, there is always an absence,
always one less shadow to contend with. and you will try and bring back
that shadow in as many ways as possible, fill in the outlines, until the
world outside begins to change as well. and when that happens, there
will be no place for the shadow, there will be nothing but emptiness,
and for a while there will be images and things and names. and then the
images and things and names will disappear as well, and you will know
all of this because you will be on the cusp of the shadow. you will see
someone slipping away into the shadow. you will see the shadow growing
faint, but you will not see the background coming forward, as if there
were translucency; instead, there will be a faintness, and the buzz of
the world everywhere, louder and louder, as if you are being drowned.
and for you the world will consist of such drownings, you will be gasp-
ing for the sound of air, for the pleasure of a breath. and you will
know at this very moment that the cusp is permanent, that the world is
constituted by such cusps, that, for you, the world rasps against
itself, that this is the nature of the world. for something familiar is
gone forever, and the new things that appear around you are increasingly
uncanny, on the other of the fantasm; it is as if they were intent on
corroding whatever has been real. and it will be their triumph in the
very long run; there will be only fantasms and then there will be
nothing at all, and no deaths, not even slow churnings. but you cannot
imagine that, so you will continue to sing the language of truth, as if
this language, this singing, were a consideration, and you are dreaming
when you think, as long as there is breath. but what the world is, what
the world always is, is louder and louder, and increasing buzz. and
there is no room for thinking the death for which you are witness; there
is buzz alone, and nothing can be thought, not now, not forever. (i will
think of this when i write this, when i send this missive to you, as a
flood of words, as a memorial to an other time, as a memorial to times
in which deaths occurred, which seemed to be remembered.)

Shutdown

Alan Sondheim · 25 May 2000, 11:03 a.m.

-

Shutdown

e zz

The command line prompt needs no help from you^^^^^from you. There is the c^signal C:\ and the signal {k:l:^} and the signal D> and the signal telnet> and af^upon the arrival of the signal, there is the entrance. The entrance id^s deter- mined by the position of the prompt uponthe^^ the page; it is there that you may make your statement, your commands; it is there that you may enter tenxt, m^^^^^xt, may finger-dance upon your keyboard. From that moment on, it is a sis^nisiter. It^^^^^^ter. It is a sinister because it is neither below nor adjacent; it may be anywhere; it may be upon the movement of the arrow keys, or the enter/return key; it may be nowhere at all; it may lock itself up; it may close itself down. But just for aninstant^^^^^ instant, there you are in control.^^^^^^ cont-rol^^^^^^ cont- rol. For example, if you enter dir *, then you will have a directory and another command lie^^^^^^prompt. But if you enter /usr/games/hangman, then you h^will have a dash ed line to fill, you will have a noose around your neck, clso^^osing in a^on you, you will have the alphabet at your disposal, one letter or^^at a time. Or you may enter yes at the prompt, watch the high-speed scrolling and your inability, for the most part, to stop it, until you carsh yo^^^^^^rash out of the machine or switch to another screen. Yo^^Or you may enter kill -0 or some such and find yourself out of the program altogether, exiting, with nowhere to go but reboot or re-enter, depending on your rakig. ^^^^^nking.

You may find yourself at the top of thepage, a^^^^^^ screen, and you may find yourself^^^^^^ your- self at the bottom. You may find insct^^tructions waiting for you, or you may have no clue whatsoever, despeatel^^^rately trying control-d, control-c, control-x, bye, quit, exit, logout, all to no avail. You may find your- self at themercy of the machine, and it is then that you crash out ndb^^^and bail out and 000 0 re-enter, as if you had just been killed in a MUD, another form of command-line entry, in which your very life appears at statk^^ke.

In all^^^^^What is clear everywhere here is theinterm^^^^^^ interminable ^^^^^ble typing, withou^^ or without macro^^^^^^^^^^^^^^r wutg0^^^^^ith- out macros, without or without auto-repeats, but interminable typing nonetheless, the fingers moving across, caressing, the keyboard, the machine breathing in reps^^spose,^^^nse, one way or another. So you will find yourself filtering everything through the movement of the fingers, you f^will find ou^yourself speechless, thoughtless, imageless, in a continuous state of nervous movement, excitation, looping the language back through the mind, looping in and out of the imaginary. You will find yourself being-thought-of through the act of thinking, which is no longer intern^ - nal, but placed upon the rows of kee^ys, waiting. One always approaches the oc^^^ command ^^^^^^^prompt as a suppliant; this is being offered to the machine,

and that is the re^^^ hopefully the result.

It is magic when one is locked out, when one can only watch from outside, ,^^^^^^^^^ out- side, when the machine refuses further entry, when the machie begins to show itself, when everything devolves^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^n

#####n## one might speak further of intelligence, with no one or no thing listening. Then one learns to hear without lisenting,^^^^^^tensing, to ignore what w^one has done, to give up no response, to open ons^eself. For it is true that ^ when the prompt is present, it is always _there,_ in spite of the fact that it may be moved;^: one ^^^in fact, the movement itself is the result of commands - in fact, there is always that point, that Origin, on the screen, which is mobile, fluid, in relation to the user. But always there, always singular, alw^^^^^^lar, always present, always waiting - until the close-down, foreclsoing, ^^^^^^osing, lock-out - you see, one never knows...

_____#####

###Shutdown

on about

Alan Sondheim · 27 May 2000, 3:27 a.m.

-

on about

sometimes i write like a child with tension just beneath the surface
 i will write complexly simultaneously defending and revealing the face
 sometimes i save each and every keystroke and return them as text
 sometimes i check the content of my text for spelling
 i will automate myself on irc and look at the mirrors of everyone else
 sometimes i check for diction and statistics of styles
 once in a while i will set all caps or small letters
 i will use a program called julu to help me when i'm at a loss
 i will use programs with the display function to fill things out
 sometimes i will rake my older texts with grep looking for lines
 sometimes i will use sed for complex and continuous substitutions
 once in a while i will build upon layers of substitutions
 once in a while i will use programs such as hangman for content
 sometimes i will use eliza for psychoanalytical interaction
 once in a while i will use my own derivative for sexual psychoanalytics
 every so often i will use old computer-card reproduction programs
 the text-based game adventure lends itself towards performativity analysis
 i will enter talkers alone or with avatars for metaphysical studies
 i will use the review command or archie or gopher for archaeologies
 i will build simple objects in moos confusing object numbers and names
 sometimes i will use ytalk for reproduction of body image in textual form
 html and dhtml give me the opportunity for text and image based html-body

javascript lures and seduces the viewer into psycho-liminal content
 images present the edges of things as if they were interiors
 i will use qbasic programs to examine the contours of measuring
 i will use gimp or photoshop to reveal the internal tissues of the world
 i will use shell scripts to reorganize texts into new revelations of shame
 i will speak through programs begging for questions and answers
 i will play textual games if they reveal whatever is left of truth
 i will reprogram a mud to reveal the mad interiors of speech and phenomena
 sometimes i will create disturbances on email lists or newsgroups

sometimes i see my face embedded in the face of the other; it is like a
 plaque or medallion embedded in the face of the other or like a cartouche
 bringing to mind discrepancies; it is like an emulsion half-developed or
 it is like the breakdown of any conceivable methodologies; or like a decay
 or dissolution of applications and results; a disturbance which refuses to
 resolve; a constant reminder; the forgetting of a name passing in the form
 of a body; something else, i can barely remember, on the tip of my tongue,
 something of lips

further on my work -

Alan Sontheim · 27 May 2000, 10:30 p.m.

-

further on my work -
 my work is not about avatars; it is not about jennifer, julu, nikuko. my
 work is not about sex or sexual objects. my writing floats through beings
 and sexualities, floats through different worlds with different physics,
 different neurophysiologies. my work is about the interrelationships among
 the symbols employed to comprehend, elucidate, live within, the world -
 and the consciousness which receives, transmits, and is constituted to
 some degree by such symbols. my work exists between the symbolic and the
 imaginary/fantasmic/uncanny - on one hand, protocols, etiquette, and pro-
 priety - and on the other, those very openings occasioned by avatars, sex-
 ualities, issues of dreamed bodies and bodies dreaming, trance-states,
 virtual subjectivities, electronic existences.

(the work is not pornography, titillation, stories, parables; it is not a
 narrative of avatars or epistolary novel; neither of course is it what i
 say it is, or is not.)

i am writing this in response to someone's kind backchannel response con-
 cerning my last textual posting - that it is difficult to pin down what
 these texts are, from what occasions they emerge, towards what horizons
 they move, however haltingly.

consciousness moves, trembling, against great forces and happenstance; the
 asteroid, cancer, death, takes it all out. we exist and write/create with-
 in the meantime, meanwhile. and within this interstice, we inhabit phenom-
 enologies as if there were futures, eternities, truths. i write towards

and against these futures, eternities, truths; i write as if there were no tomorrow, or as if we were always already inhabiting tomorrow as fantasm.

i want to move towards and across, beyond the other, as if the other were a lure or possibility. i want to write into the void, where texts and images fall into space emptied of everything, including purity. and I want to see what happens in these non-domains; what types of perception and consciousnesses are possible; what the limits of the human, the animal, the organism, are; what may be said about the future of philosophy and the philosophy of the future - the textual body and the body of text - the state of the chiasm and partial objects, interpenetrations; what can be created when language is reconstituted, transformed, beneath the signifiers of technology, sexuality, capital, and so forth. i want to move into spaces that dis/comfort or exhilarate me, spaces that keep the sense of wonder alive, space that - at least for me - are new, and always beyond what i am able to accomplish. i want to see vistas, be vistas, see ...

towards these ends i write daily into areas that both carry my signature and abandon it. i want to abandon, as much as possible, the foreclosure of ideological theorizing or a tendency towards the specificity of style or genre; what i want to do, i can't possibly accomplish, i keep writing ...

"open the gates".

Alan Sontheim · 28 April 2000, 3:56 p.m.

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"open the gates".

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open the gates, characterizes the phenomenology.
 tear down the gateposts: i am sick, stumbling.
 fill the postholes; there are signs and fields.
 erase the signs - now space stumbles into space.
 space is gone space, suddenly, nikuko and izanagi.
 do not fear, they say, things will soon be halted.
 wider and wider, there is no language for this.
 memory loses itself; beyond memory, memory.
 beyond loss, loss: that tiny little thing..
 of the darkest thing, encode, replies izanagi.
 of the darkest, coding, says nikuko.
 code heaving, its cunt thrust open.
 izanagi goes away, nikuko brings signs to humans.
 time takes signs away.

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—.

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New Email List (descended from fop-l)*Alan Sondheim · 28 May 2000, 6:20 p.m.*

Please join!

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Wryting

An email list for theory and writing, focusing on texts and comments presented by the participants. We're interested in all sorts of issues - 'avant-garde' pieces, psychoanalytical, phenomenological, or deconstructive approaches, etc.

Wryting is cross-platform, cross-gender, cross-reason; it may involve embodiments of reader and writer, abstract language, and the collapse of genre.

Wryting stems from the older fiction-of-philosophy list, which presented work between literature and theory, fiction and poetry, philosophy and lyric, and so forth. Any discussion is welcome.

To subscribe or unsubscribe, please send a note to wryting-request@julian.uwo.ca

If you have technical difficulties, please contact owner-wryting@julian.uwo.ca

Laurie Cubbison <cubbison@omni.cc.purdue.edu>

Alan Sondheim <sondheim@panix.com>

Ryan Whyte <rlwhyte@julian.uwo.ca>

=====

Flaubert, Dictionary of the Usual*Alan Sondheim · 29 April 2000, 5:46 p.m.*

-

Flaubert, Dictionary of the Usual
America - imperialist, runs the Net
AOL - always for the ignorant
ASCII Text - forget about it
Bandwidth - never enough of it
Computer - has no personality
Computers - will never be as smart as we are
Corporate Fascist - what everyone else is
Crash - not my fault
Cybercash - never safe
Cybersex - never as good as the real thing, not real sex
Darwin - someone who says we descended from the ape
Deconstruction - thinking about something
Descartes - cogito, ergo, sum

E-zine - not real publishing
Email - too much of it
English - always rich
English Language - too much of it
Gates - too rich
GUI - graphic user interface, for the visually-oriented
Gulf-Stream - newly discovered town in Norway
Guru - knows everything
Hackers - always everywhere, your account isn't safe
Hebrew - it's Greek to me
Humidity - cause of all sickness
Iliad - always followed by the Odyssey
Innovation - always dangerous
Inscription - always cuneiform
Internet - always dangerous
Internet Chat - always dangerous
Internet User - doesn't have a life
Jouissance - obscene word
Keyboard - soon to be replaced
Linux - always free
Lurker - dangerous, unknown
Lynx - animal celebrated for its eye
Mac - never crashes, better than PC
Macintosh - invented the Macintosh
Malthus - "the infamous Malthus"
Man - always a she
Microsoft - always venomous
Military - started the Net to spy on us
MOO - never heard of it
Moon - inspires sadness, perhaps inhabited?
MUD - always addictive
MUDDER - addict
Music - have to have it
Net Art - whatever I say it is
Net Sex - typing with one hand only, not real sex
Newbie - doesn't know anything
Newsgroups - full of spam
Oasis - desert hotel
Offline - hopelessly out of touch
Oldtimer - online for four years or more
Oracle - impossible to program
Paris - prostituted, paradise for women, hell for horses
PC - better than Mac
Penguin - see Linux
Phaeton - invented the Phaeton vehicle
Pornography - time-waster, killing our children
Privacy - there isn't any
Programming - too difficult
Robots - are going to take over the world
Salutations - always impressive
Sartre - existence precedes essence
Screen - hurts my eyes, can't read on it

Security - there isn't any
 Serpent - always venomous
 Shell Account - can't do anything on it, for the textually-oriented
 Society - its enemies
 Software - always bloated
 Sun - too expensive
 Them - not us
 Traveler - always intrepid
 Unix - too complicated
 Us - not them
 Windows - always crashes
 Woman - always a he
 World Wide Web - too crowded

online discussion - future of art -

Alan Sondheim · 30 April 2000, 1:06 p.m.

www.artstar.com

04.26.00 Background Release

FUTURE OF ART FORUM: The Future of Art - A Place for Science and Technology?

Artstar.com is pleased to host its first online forum discussing the FUTURE OF ART that features a distinguished panel of artists, theorists, critics and technologists. For the next 3 weeks, the panelists will have a chance to debate and comment on various issues relating to the convergence of art and science. Artstar.com will then publish the discussion over the next 3 issues in its online magazine, Everything Art, scheduled for May 12th, 26th, and June 9th.

The panelists participating in the forum are:

- * Dr. Rachel Armstrong-Russell - lecturer, TV presenter, multimedia producer, medical doctor and author
- * Tiziana Terranova - lecturer on digital media at the University of East London
- * Alan Sondheim - writer, artist, theorist and co-moderator of Fiction of Philosophy, Cybermind and Cyberculture
- * Tina Keane - lecturer at St. Martin's College, researcher for Digital Creativity, and artist in installation, film, video and the digital area
- * N. Katherine Hayles - author and professor of English at UCLA
- * Bracha Lichtenberg - artist, theorist and psychoanalyst
- * Davide De Angelis - multimedia artist, art director and designer for 2 David Bowie albums
- * Dr. Alf Linney - professor of Medical Physics & Bioengineering at University College, London
- * Gilane Tawdros - director of the Institute of International Visual Art (inIVA)
- * Brian Holmes - cultural critic, translator and editor of Documenta X
- * Brett Stalbaum - senior editor of Switch, San Jose State University
- * Simon Biggs - artist and professor of Research (Fine Art) at Sheffield Hallam University
- * Stelarc - performance artist, sculptor (Third Hand, Virtual Arm, Virtual Body and Stomach Sculpture), Honorary Professor of Art and Robotics at Carnegie Mellon

University and a Senior Research Scholar at Nottingham Trent University.

Our panelists will be faced with some interesting topics and questions. Some possible discussions will deal with science, technology, religion, culture, and art; why science and art have become such disparate fields; when/where/how and if science and art will converge; and the future of art.

Subscribe to Everything Art now to receive notification of the release of the discussion results <http://www.artstar.com/magazine>.

Check www.artstar.com for the latest updates.

ghosts

Alan Sondheim · 5 June 2000, 4:26 p.m.

-

ghosts

if there were ghosts, they'd be hammering at our doors, all hours of the day and night. at least half the ghosts would have reasons to seek us out, beg us for a moment's contact, set things right again. signs of contact would be everywhere, and the world would be in the throes of constant murmuring. it would not be so perfect on the other side as to lead to abandonment.

that atmosphere itself would be filled with shimmers for all to see. oh mother you would answer my tears. sickness would be accompanied by slight touches, the slightest, so welcoming and comforting. you would know you would live long after. there would be but the slightest of smiles behind every frown.

those who were ill-disposed towards others would be visited by wrathful ghosts. we should not be so ill-disposed. they would interfere with us in all our daily lives. exhortations would come from all sides. our bewilderment would be at the bequest of others. we would turn to ghosts. we would be so careful because there would always be ghosts around. ghosts could not hid, there would be so many. we would turn towards kindly ghosts.

we would see those ghosts. we would hear those ghosts. ghosts of men and women, ghosts of plants and animals and children, ghosts of bacteria and of all the kingdoms of organisms on this and every other place in our universe. we would see and hear and touch and smell those ghosts of all creatures and all worlds; we would sense their heat and our minds would welcome them and fear them.

think of the ghosts of half-formed seas, ghosts of algal mats, ill-formed ghosts, ghosts of our ancestors generation upon generation. think of our imminent ghosts, ghosts of our mothers and fathers, friends and siblings, murmuring, leaving traces, populating the air, waves of ghosts, hordes of ghosts. think of ghosts interpenetrating ghosts, the flowing of ghosts

through walls and doors, ceilings and floors; we would turn kindly towards kindly ghosts, and fearful towards wrathful ghosts, and who among us would know the consequences of all our actions and thoughts in these our lives?

if there were ghosts, they would be calling for us, and all of us would respond, would yearn for that freedom from daily care, worries, sickness, and deaths, that haunt us so.

fictions of the flowing of ghosts, poems of their translucency.

Night, Online in Kyoto

Alan Sondheim · 7 June 2000, 11:10 a.m.

-

Night, Online in Kyoto

Shadows struggle against the dark and stormy weather. I gouge their outlines; I forgive them their fury. But I do not speak and I am not responsible. I learn from the book "All About Shadows" that I must be wary, need not be caring, need only read what I want to read - that the world is better left alone, that my very life is an interference. I learn that I am permanently broken, that bones don't suture, that flesh only heals and reheals itself, that scars cover scars. When you say "keep together, swallow dirt, eat each other," I need go no farther than the soaking walls and falling plaster. I learn this body is bound. I learn about writing through my book "All About Binding." I learn I do not have to respond to you. I learn I can close myself off, huddle in this leaking room, severed from the direct blast of the weather, that your online cries are avoidable, that I cannot save the world, that there is no longer any world to be saved. I read in my book "All About Naming" that I need not name, that I can live as if drowned in raging weather.

But I do not speak and I am not responsible. I learn from the book "All About Shadows" that I must be wary, need not be caring, need only read what I want to read - that the world is better left alone, that my very life is an interference!

sl 7 b 8 zz ocip 9 sl 01 b 11 ll liat 21 zz ocip 31 sl 41 h 51 uluj 61 sl 71 zz > ecart. ver ;DNEPPA mr 81 zz ocip 91 zz llepsi 02 ecart. ssel 12 ecart. mr 22

The Promise

Alan Sondheim · 12 June 2000, 1:42 a.m.

-

The Promise (modified from a project)

This image of Nikuko in suspension, or the camera itself suspended, taking up very little bandwidth - lure, I'm coming towards you

Working in the dark, worrying about access - who can see these, who has the means, the time for downloading? What percentage of the world's population can greet this image, comprehend this english text? - lure, I'm getting closer

Most of the world, not having made a phone-call, having little access to electricity - lure, you can see almost all of me now

Or those elite around the world, in unknown capital cities - they have "western goods," demarcate themselves, foreclosing - one might almost say Internet Here and There - Internet as Suppression / Repression - the substitution of one for another - the reification of substitution, hardening of lines - lure, I'm wearing close to nothing

I want to know about you. I want to tell you about me. I want to get to know you - lure, my clothing's gone, I'm yours

You will find me so very high up. You will find me leaning into you. I will take you home with me - lure, I need to eat, drink, fuck

There will be much bandwidth - lure, I'm coming, I'm coming

- Nikuko

[Part 2, "image" Image/JPEG 31KB, Nikuko Suspended.]
[Unable to print this part.]

—

t3

Alan Sondheim · 13 June 2000, 1:38 p.m.

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t3

```
nikuko .read e .w .desc nikuko bargirl-demiurge .w .map .g jennifer .rew
.rev .g portal .g julu .rev .g portal .rev .rev .l .g attic .rev .g portal
.g office .rev .read .write thank you for leaving them jennifer .g portal
.g classroom .rev .g portal .g collaboratorium .g portal .g portal .rev My
name is nikuko; I'm forlorn. I can't do anything here in the portal. I
can't leave the portal, I can't return to the portal. "The Portal is my
Enemy." I'm tired of roaming these halls. I'm back in the portal. I'm back
in the Portal. I can't say anything through my hands; labor eats away my
hands; I hunger for your hands; my mouth speaks through my hands; my mouth
carries the sweat of my blood; blood spurts from my hands; I carry your
signs upon me; jennifer! jennifer! .l .g hall .rev .g portal .g portal .g
one .g jennifer .g portal .rev .rev nikuko bargirl-demiurge .q
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—

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 13 June 2000, 9:15 p.m.*

-

do wah wah do wah wah do wah wah di di do wah wah do wah wah do
 wah wah di di johnny youre too young do wah wah do wah wah do do
 wah do wah wah do wap wo do wap do wah wah di di do wah wah dip
 do wah wah do wah di di di do wah wap do wah wap do wap do wap
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 do wah wah do wah wah di di do wah wah do wah wah di do wap wap
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 wo do wo wo dap di wap wo dap dap do wah wah do wa di di do wo
 wap wah dah wi do wo wap di wap wap do wap do wah wah do wah wah
 wah do wah wah do wap wo do wap do wah wah di di do wah wah dip

—

Qasida of Qiwami*Alan Sondheim · 20 June 2000, 1:57 p.m.*

-

Qasida of Qiwami

When all at last could render and infer, Jennifer would last and call her
 men, Then atmospheric mesmer near her menhir, Ornament meant her wall
 before her fall, Then Jennifer went her Qasida:

You will be nothing but a name. The hard pebble of your name. Your flesh
 will disappear. Not even a Qasida of your name. Only your name will re-
 main. There will be nothing but this name. This name will be all there is.
 There will be no sign of the signified. There will only be this sequence
 of letters. It will not be beside the torn flesh or broken bones. It will
 not be beside the dust of the jeweled skull. It will be nowhere around the
 sceptre. It will have nothing to do with the glinting sword. It will not
 be connected in any way to the curved jewels. It will have no relation to
 the conch shell trumpet or the dorje. It will not be of pure flame or the
 vajra. It will not exist or reference a stupa or glittering city of marble
 towers. The name which remains will be connected to no one. No thing will
 resonate with the appearance of the name. There will be no shakti or sutra
 but only this name. This name will be buried under mountains and boulders
 but this name will be buried beneath seas and rivers. But only this name,
 but not even a Qasida of the name.

—

The Telling Quote

Alan Sondheim · 21 June 2000, 7:16 p.m.

-

The Telling Quote

"Sexualities, issues of dreamed bodies and bodies dreaming, trance-states, philosophies of the future - the textual body and the body of text - the scanned body - mired, abject - dirty filthy body - down there - the whole falling plaster. I learn this body is bound. I learn about writing through at it di dah bi bi bi dah bah. It looks like a bodily organ bah of dessicated bodies. A huge, maw, opened, arched, empty beneath, of dessicated bodies, the shape of it. Or somebody working. I am always working on me. It rain. I do not know, nobody knows. There are torrents inside me. They nuance my body; I said it was hard to explain - as if surgery were of no interest in explaining myself. The Bodhisattva helps - that is a space to remember. I assemble this quote. I attribute it to Jennifer-Julu. I say HEL0 body. I say RCPT. I say MESH. I say DATA," says Jennifer-Julu.

—

Burning Skull

Alan Sondheim · 22 June 2000, 4:00 a.m.

-

Burning Skull

Burning Skull
Body Ashes
Severed Limbs
Drowning Blood
Sheaves of Swords
Shafts of Glittered Knives

There are troubles in words, I call our bodies together, my limbs are severed, Nikuko drinks blood from my skull. I will survive in non-survival. Hello, old friend, my flesh is worthless, Nikuko save me, do not save me. I will unravel the knot of existence; I will live through sickness, die through health; oh Nikuko, help me escape with the liberation of all creatures great and small! Um ma am um!

Burning Skull
Body Ashes
Severed Limbs
Drowning Blood
Sheaves of Swords
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There are troubles in words, I call our bodies together, my limbs are severed, Nikuko drinks blood from my skull. I will survive in non-survival.

Hello, old friend, my flesh is worthless, Nikuko save me, do not save me. I will unravel the knot of existence; I will live through sickness, die through health; oh Nikuko, help me escape with the liberation of all creatures great and small! Um ma am um! Hello, Nikuko, this is Julu. You cannot imagine; I am one of your dreamers, caught in the skein of worlds. Every loss loosens the vault of heavens; every illness screams my name into voids. Bodhisattva, help me. Nikuko, destroy me, liberate me, starve me until my clothes fall into chasms, my skin floats free in unspeakable skies. Hello old friend, said Nikuko in the Julu run-time program. It's been a long time. I don't sleep too well at night; I'm always troubled by dreams. The worlds I have created - they haunt me. Samsara and repetition bedevil my creations. I hurry on to another. I never stay, never write a book until the end. Um ma am um!

Burning Skull
 Body Ashes
 Severed Limbs
 Drowning Blood
 Sheaves of Swords
 Shafts of Glittered Knives

DAYMAKER

Alan Sondheim · 24 June 2000, 12:08 p.m.

-

DAYMAKER

```
> DAYMAKER 24 h 25 rm thing 26 less down.c 27 .down > DAYMAKER 28 .down
29 .down it's dropping up into the sky it's dropping down from the sky
it's dropping all around the sky it's getting a light in the sky it's
dropping up into the sky it's dropping down from the sky that's a day and
that's another day
> DAYMAKER 0 wc DAYMAKER 1 pico DAYMAKER 2 h tail DAYMAKER 4 .down
dropping all around the sky it's getting a light in the sky >> DAYMAKER 5
.down dropping all around the sky it's getting a light in the sky it's
> DAYMAKER 6 .down dropping up in the sky it's dropping down from the sky
that's a day >> DAYMAKER 7 .down it's dropping up into the sky it's
dropping down from the sky it' s >> DAYMAKER 8 less DAYMAKER 9 wc DAYMAKER
40 rm DAYMAKER 42
> DAYMAKER 43 it's getting another day and that's another day
```

typing, the simple, coming through, the wry

Alan Sondheim · 27 June 2000, 12:25 p.m.

-

coming through, the wry

typing and writing for you and not doing anything with the writing but sending it to you by missile or missive or natural online

typing, where there are algorithms waiting in the distance. there are programs waiting in the distance and there are substitutions and configurations waiting in the distance. typing, while there are other things to do, while anything in fact is the doing of it. providing that anything is something that is not typed, but is a result of typing. providing that the result may be unforeseen, or of a quantity sufficiently larger than the letter strokes used to produce it. providing that the result is a policy. providing that a policy is a contract between a program and an algorithm and a substitution and a configuration, providing that a policy is a protocol. typing through protocols waiting in the distance, working one's way through processes, returning to the _process degree zero,_ that is the process of typing "itself," the iconic in place of the indexical, the symbolic only a memory of the superstructure of the others, all there is of the others, the un/seemliness of totality. typing, what is occurring now, a precedent to your reading, simultaneous and relying on data-placement, memory - maintenance, protection, coding and decoding. will that be an operation? online it is an operation - indexical, symbolic. but elsewhere, iconic, one to one with the matrix of its substructure or sheet of assertion, i would say, sheet of the residue of its initial creation. and it is so easy to lose oneself, programs waiting in the distance, there are algorithms waiting in the distance, there are substitutions and configurations waiting in the distance!

—

skull

Alan Sondheim · 29 June 2000, 1:57 p.m.

-

skull

d'nala emptied his hole into d'eruza. d'eruza emptied her hole into d'nala. waters sloshed back and forth across glittering jade. some central mountains carried avenging angel fungi. spores fell in the glittering jade. yellow waters sloshed from d'eruza to d'nala. red waters sloshed from d'nala to d'eruza. d'nala's hole accepted yellow waters, turned into red waters. d'eruza's hole accepted red waters, turned into yellow waters. glittering jade gold and supple, redgold and yellowgold. d'nala offered his hole to beggars drinking of yellow waters. d'eruza offered her hole to mendicants drinking of red waters. thickened yellow and red waters flowed across sacrificial offerings. d'nala's hole accepted thickened waters from d'eruza. d'eruza accepted thickened waters from d'nala. thickened waters sloshed back and forth across glittering redgold yellowgold jade. thickened waters from d'eruza's hole dissolved d'nala into thickened waters. thickened waters from d'nala's hole dissolved d'eruza into thickened waters. thicker redwaters yellowwaters made d'nala. thicker yellowwaters redwaters made d'eruza. d'nala emptied d'nala's hole into d'eruza. d'eruza emptied d'eruza's hole into d'nala. enlightenment flowed all around.

—

Short Bursts of Electronic Records*Alan Sontheim · 30 May 2000, 6:52 p.m.*

-

Short Bursts of Electronic Records

Record 1, I'm going to keep my hands off you. I'm not going to ask your name, or anything. Don't worry, I'm not going near you. I want nothing whatsoever from you. There are several prepositions locating the two of us (i.e. in relation to each other) but I not (don't?) think of the two of us in any grouping whatsoever.

Record 2, I won't get near you. I won't touch you. I want nothing to do with you whatsoever. I'll stay away from you. No prepositions will bring us together. You remain at a distance of indifference. That is all I can do.

Record 3, Let $d = \text{infinity}$. Then $1*n = n$; $0*n = 0$; $d*n = d$. 0 and d, at two ends of the spectrum, are absorbers. Then 1, a form of spectral visitation, returns the same to the same, after the operation. Therefore I am 1 to you; $1*you$ is you, and this operation, this silent caress, remains invisible.

Record 1, whatsoever. All of this must be understood whatsoever (this doubling of the word indicating a break or disconnection between records).

Record 2, There is of course the question of addition, of general recursive functions, but all that is unnecessary (i.e. an afterthought). I won't go near you, even this speaking, this caress, is at a distance, and I remain spectral, spectral.

Record 1, You never know when I arrive, but you may mark the date of my departure. Or you may never be sure I will not return. I have left the sky different. (Broken, almost forced into the machine. Do they know he or she has left. Who are they? Who is she? Who is he? Forced out of the machine, recorded.)

Record 2, But I will never get near you. You'll never see or hear me. I'll keep my hands off you. I'll keep far away from you. I won't look in your direction. I won't hear anything you say or see anything you do. I'll stay away from you. But I will never get near you (etc.).

[no subject]*Alan Sontheim · 2 July 2000, 4:12 p.m.*

-

stupid time goes nowhere & we think we just live in this stupid time &
time is just stupid & we just go yesterday today tomorrow & we think we
have it covered

today&is&the&tomorrow&of&yesterday&today&is&the&yesterday&of&tomorrow&to-
&morrow&is&the&day&after&today&yesterday&is&the&day&before&today&today&is
&the&day&after&yesterday&today&is&the&day&before&tomorrow&tomorrow&today&
will&be&yesterday&yesterday&today&will&be&tomorrow&yesterday&tomorrow&wil
l&be&the&day&after&today&tomorrow&yesterday&will&be&the&day&before&today&

more stuff like this & it is so stupid

—

the coming into the learning*Alan Sontheim · 3 July 2000, 1:20 a.m.*

-

the coming into the learning

i am d'nala d'eruza. i am here to learn the fruitful arts of prostitution
and divination.

i was sent to you. d'eruza sent me. d'nala sent me.

i beg of you to teach me. you have knowledge i need. knowledge in the rose
of virginity, the cleanliness of the organ, the turning-shaft, burial
mound and sunlit ray. i have no desire but to learn. you will teach me. my
life has tended towards this. d'nala nurtured me; d'eruza tendered me.

i would like knowledge. i would like knowledge of perfumes and scents. i
would like knowledge of ch'in and shamisen. i would like knowledge of the
classic of rivers and mountains. i would like knowledge of the god of
death. i would like knowledge of d'nala and d'eruza.

i am alone in this. i am speechless and mute. i demand silence in my
presence. there are no fears. you must teach me the ways of prostitution
and divination. you must teach me the ways of men and women. i do not
understand you in this line of questioning.

d'nala comes to you naked. d'eruza comes to you naked. there is always
some girl and always some boy. there are always children with weapons.
there are always wounded. we have no reasons. we have no reasons. our
soliloquy is your death. but first we must learn the ways of prostitution
and shamanism.

d'nala and d'eruza have come to you naked and whole. our shafts and holes
are cleansed. we have fulfilled all the rites and obligations. we have

prepared ourselves as best we know how. we have purchased the [lacuna] and the great storehouse [?] of clothing. we have been sent and cleansed.

we are purified and untroubled. we are d'nala and d'eruza. we have come to learn the sacred paths of prostitution and shamanism. you are our fantasies, the clothes you exhibit, the slightest taste of skin, the edge beneath the outer sheathing, the paraphernalia of rites and prohibitions.

the ritual objects and tethered animals. the sacred mats and hairs of only one color. the banners and winds. the ritual objects and tethered animals. the d'nala and d'eruza.

yes, we must first learn the knowledge of prostitution and shamanism.

yes, we have offered everything to you. yes, we have come a great way. yes, we are cleansed. yes, we are prepared. we have no desires of our own that enter beneath the canopy of this and any other world.

we have emptied ourselves and emptied ourselves of such desires.
we have emptied ourselves and emptied ourselves of inhibitions.
we have emptied ourselves and emptied ourselves of fears.

teach us and teach us as we have been sent and cleansed.
teach us and teach us as we have come to learn the knowledge of prostitution and shamanism.

our childhood is our command.

d'trance

Alan Sondheim · 7 July 2000, 11:04 a.m.

-

d'trance
0 the violent winds and ten directions
1 but there were times i knew the way
15 when they sat upon their haunches
16 hungry ghosts without features
16 now, here's what i have to tell you!
17 at times the skin of the flayed god
19 i didn't get very much praise
20 against the background streaked with blood
23 moved them out of harms way
26 one always took one's chances
3 as if they would devour me
3 sometimes i appeared bright and shiny
30 of that which the glistened jewel
32 whose gaunt bodies and shortened arms
33 of the flayed god
33 to find ghosts and other creatures

35 fornicated and mated with surplus of progeny
 37 nothing would
 39 the two of them together
 40 the curved jewel
 40 would satisfy them and at times
 41 eternally they supplicated
 42 it's all about the wonder and the hunger
 42 those were the days!
 44 traces
 48 whose way i had lost forever
 5 such creatures
 50 the glittered green and redding jewel
 51 watching the struggle
 55 of the flayed god
 59 what a surprise
 63 wonder with open eyes
 65 the ghosts would scream and wrack the skies
 71 hunger striving towards fulfillment
 74 daggers and skulls to drink from
 77 writing is
 81 writing is the phenomenon of speech
 9 the storms and draughts

—

BBC live*Alan Sondheim · 10 July 2000, 5:17 a.m.*

-

BBC live

shot of Margaret at her workstation
 shot of Everdeen next to Margaret at her workstation
 shot of Margaret and Alan and Everdeen having tea in the conservatory
 scotched shot of Margaret and Alan and Everdeen in the conservatory
 shot of Alan at the pocket computer in the conservatory
 shot of laptop in the conservatory
 shot of parlor room
 shot of pocket computer in the parlor room with Margaret
 shot of Everdeen at the pocket computer
 shot of Margaret and Everdeen and Alan in the garden
 Text written during the establishment shot:
 There is nothing to look at in this format - but what is occurring, this
 filming of the face, as if something could be told in this regard? shot
 of hollyhock now still another shot - as if something is being said,
 the camera tight on the hands, looking down on the pocket computer,
 ignoring the errors surely I must be making - it continues in this way -
 it's always something like this, isn't it, a picture of your writing
 going out in the world...

—

self-love, self-hatred*Alan Sontheim · 11 July 2000, 11:49 a.m.*

-

self-hatred, self-love
 everything i say is through my face.
 everything i say is through my face.

—

Act of Mourning: Exhaust While Mother Dies*Alan Sontheim · 14 July 2000, 5:54 p.m.*

-

Act of Mourning: Exhaust While Mother Dies
 diary exhausted and worried about the pace I'm keeping - but then trying to work diary nerve-wracking exhaustion; we're supposed to go to Pennsylvania to see my diary tice I repeat myself in this diary - issues of exhaustion, worry, prepar- diary Tue Oct 19 201441 EDT 1999 I want to write about exhaustion, this almost diary as usual, exhausted as usual, moody as usual. Been reading Giorgio Agam- diary provincialism, exhaustion, ennui, and a tiny corner of the world that diary exhaustion seems literally completely, my body _bone_ tired. diary I am very exhausted. I'm looking at a book of Japanese emaki, picture diary fantasy, exhaustion is very very real. I tremble; my muscles ache. I can diary point of exhaustion. Right now the loft is absolutely quiet; there is diary extending the idea clumsily, as if I can no longer think, too exhausted diary of things, trying not to forget anything. It's been exhausting. No real diary rising and falling, staying awake, feeling dizzy, getting exhausted again, diary of that, I will die from exhaustion if I resonate in such a fashion, I diary of Kanji, trying to memorize things. The difficulties have exhausted me; diary have nothing to say, have exhausted myself. My interests range from the diary well. So went back online to Trace, all this exhausting, and I am there diary until the exhaustion ends - by January 3 once again, we'll be full deep diary too deeply exhausted to say anything intelligent but wonder if I'm fever- diary in with his wife. My exhaustion has deepened which worries me. I wrote to diary I can be of use without exhausting myself. diary to be the result of exhaustion; the last few days, the nightmares have diary twilight zone and get tired of exhausted or grown-up friends. Reading diary control - just completely exhausted, compounded by the usual worries about le sleep; always exhausted, my judgamant ls not of tha bast. Thls ls my world le My writing veers through tired Jennifer, exhausted Nikuko, worn-out Julu, lf I am very exhausted. I'm looking at a book of Japanese emaki, picture lf fantasy, exhaustion is very very real. I tremble; my muscles ache. I can lf ly to exist as a token for the diffused or exhausted, the turbulent. Nei- lg 10344 Nikuko lies exhausted on a blanket wearing a pink tutu lh (nikuko lies on the couch, naked, her body twitching, exhausting from lh ennui, out of exhaustion and detumescence, out of irritation lh warmer; Nikuko, exhausted, fell back down into a deep sleep, enlightened, lh

exhausts itself, everyone is exhausted. lh exhaustion, as if waking from dreaming to work. returning to dream, or lh the torii, and seemed exhausted. Nikuko said, Look, it sees no land, even lh end of allocated block, memory exhausted, memory exhausted, memory is lh Why can't I sleep? I walk around exhausted every day. I'm like a zombie; memory exhausted sleep possible, the exhaustion without bounds. Alan tries sleep remedy neurotic and insomniac typing away exhausted at a midnight computer

—

Promissory Notes towards a Delivery of that Aesthetics of Multi Media

Alan Sondheim · 16 July 2000, 3:00 a.m.

-

Promissory Notes towards a Delivery of that Aesthetics of Multi Media going back to winograd and heidegger, failure of technology, the non-working limits of the world - limits of the technology - what happens at the point of failure, system resonances, micro-resonances - the splintered - what does it mean to break ascii in ascii - recuperation always open at the limit - limitless godelian axiomatic systems, as if there were a process adding to their number - one that was carried out - the maw or gap/e near the end - just about at the end - labia, the rim -

get in the screen
towards that aesthetics -

1 2 3 4 5

play, rapture, exhilaration, energy, collaboration, positivity, flow and flux, emissions, dispersions, bodies and technologies, networkings and membranes, words coalescing, breaking apart, cocooning and the coming-together of individualized words, and the evanescence of worlds

1 2 3 4

against the idea of multimedia, in favor of integration, convergence - seamless (virtual) realities - not segmented modalities - dispersions - bauhaus formulas of images - contrast between writing/fluidity and html protocols -

(multimedia indicates a plurality - perhaps not only of channels, but also of diegesis and affect - i'm stressing less rupture, less articulation, and integration heading towards the seamless virtual or real)

get out of the screen

(meanwhile html protocols and the net in general stutter, leave gaps - you're always aware of uploading/downloading - as if the sprocket holes were visible - godardian post-may-68 filmmaking - constructing broken and self-reflexive diegetic)

get out of the screen

inertias of html coding, stuttered inertias of the digital - continuum mechanics of the analog necessarily embedding noise which tends to grow exponentially - generations and generations of duplication and alteration - it's like this, one might argue that there is an original text, and everything that follows is either in error and/or in emendation - of course that original is always already a plagiarism -

get out of the screen

(stuttering railroad tracks against the ethos of the analog - the two orders in dialectic without resolution, continual deferral - we have the lost real and it is us)

but then again, think of multiple dispersions, hallucinagenic, without separate addressing of the senses - it's this separate addressing that leads us to think of multimedia - when things like film are coherent, one doesn't think of them as image/movement/sound (only in afterthought) -
1 2 3 4 5

a stuttered aesthetics, jump-cut length tending towards (degree) zero, the affluence and surplus of the analog, the incisions, scarcity, of the digital -

1 2 3 4

Re/port

Alan Sondheim · 18 July 2000, 1:26 p.m.

-

Re-Port

Do I think I should explain I have severe migraines from time to time (also tied to orgasm from time to time); depression; heartburn (for which I take medication); very high blood pressure (for which I take medication); occasional pains in my back and neck; bitten lips; dandruff (under control); a tendency to get so tangled up in my words and feelings that I go almost catatonic, pulling out with great difficulty; tendency towards extreme insomnia; a sense of wonder which gets me into trouble; unmasked and unmeaning arrogance; awkwardness in company; hyper-sexuality; tendency towards both cynicism and romanticism; thick glasses needed to see anything at all; hypothermia; tendency towards the maudlin; tendency towards rudeness and oversight; to you?

A sense of wonder which gets me into trouble; unmasked and unmeaning arrogance; awkwardness in company; hyper-sexuality; tendency towards both cynicism and romanticism; thick glasses needed to see anything at all; hypothermia; tendency towards the maudlin; tendency towards rudeness and oversight; nightmares from which I can't escape; becoming suddenly breathless; tinnitus which gets worse under stress; and thereby extreme stress and nervousness; neuroticism compounded by such; feeling far too weak in relation to my father; tendency towards crying at the slightest provocation; far too many regrets; I think I should explain I have severe migraines from time to time (also tied to orgasm from time to time); depression; heartburn (for which I take medication); very high blood pressure (for which I take medication); occasional pains in my back and neck; bitten lips; dandruff (under control); a tendency to get so tangled up in my words and feelings that I go almost catatonic, pulling out with great difficulty; tendency towards extreme insomnia; losing my temper; losing my temper;

Demarcations*Alan Sondheim · 19 July 2000, 12:33 p.m.*

-

Demarcations

"Now, whatever is moist he created from semen, and that is Soma. All this universe is food and the eater of food. For Soma is food, and Agni is the eater of food. This was the surpassing creation of Brahma, for he created the gods, who were better than him, when he, being mortal, created immortals. Therefore it was a surpassing creation. Whoever knows this is born in that surpassing creation of his." (from Hindu Myths, Wendy Doniger O'Flaherty.)

Certainly Jennifer is surpassing, because Jennifer has been the longest, takes all the time in the world, from the beginning to the end of time, and has been wide-variety.

Certainly Julu is non-surpassing, because she is within Jennifer, and is thereby lesser, occupying narrow-variety, and within a limited of time.

Certainly Nikuko is surpassing, because she is inspiration and breathing and demi-urge meat-girl big-god, and she is everywhere and lives within Jennifer but Jennifer lives within her.

But certainly Alan is non-surpassing, because he must write for Jennifer and Julu and Nikuko, and his writing is the business of writing beings and the Being of writing, and he calls this writing, wryting. And it is non-surpassing because it dwells within him, choking him upon its vowels and consonants and semi-vowels.

Now d'eruza is certainly surpassing and now d'nala is certainly non-surpassing because d'eruza borders and bounds and binds, and d'nala is bordered and bound and bound by the arm movements of d'eruza, by the hand movements of d'eruza, by the finger movements of d'eruza. So d'nala is certainly non-surpassing and he is no wryting for d'eruza. Now certainly Jennifer is surpassing for the wryting of d'nala.

This is the surpassing and the non-surpassing of being.

Phenomenology of the Other*Alan Sondheim · 23 July 2000, 6:18 p.m.*

-

Phenomenology of the Other

Even now, I cannot speak for the Other, said Nikuko. The Other has her chains around me; they are of my own manufacture, not in the sense of hand-work, but of factory-labor, theoretical machinery refusing permission to the nth degree.

The chains are fiery and adamant; I hold my wasted arms within them, undaring to touch the heated metal. The Other, by the very fact of her existence, holds me enthralled, holds me in thrall. I am immobilized. Alan says, spell that out; Nikuko replies, it is the Other who spells, casts spells, the caste of the Other whom I do not understand, whom I dare not comprehend, whom I cannot comprehend.

She will open up gates and filters to me, routers and firewalls to me; she will throw everything in my direction, to the extent that I am thrown into existence, into her existence, out of existence. She is writing this - if I have anything to say, it is that the Other is writing this, that I am an Other, that she is external, that I am supplicant. Alan says so she writes you into existence, Nikuko, and Nikuko replies, no, it is not like that, Alan, I am primordial, pre-existent; when I die, the world dies with me.

But she is writing this, yes, she is writing this, without my permission, Alan, and she has opened all firewalls and all fields, and I will call her, will call the Other, Bodhisattva, but not in her regard, not in the regard of the Other, Alan. Not in the look, Nikuko, Alan replied, not in the gaze of the Other, Nikuko, and Nikuko replies, I can wait, I can always wait.

Wa wa wa.

=====

Note: Why Bodhisattva? Who has declared in this manner, and to whom? It is a disturbing move, as is the "primordial." Is opening an arousal? Is the Other always already a lure as such? Is the Other always open? What does it mean, not to recognize firewalls? Surely prisons are stronger than any thought; in the United States, their privatization turns thought into mass-substance, and the country into a complex of concentration camps. Bodhisattvas seem distant, in terms of compassion and spirituality. Nikuko and Alan, of course, are talking otherwise: Nikuko and Alan are still permitted to talk.

—

among demons, births

Alan Sondheim · 26 July 2000, 6:43 p.m.

-

among demons, births
 half away among demons. egard.
 head
 of s of them! rought f from caring! ne ! no such thing!
 escaped, we ce at all! , y, how long! re thousands wa! t the
 universe!
 by thin wires orn and mournful wire universe ires
 of hosen, art cked tama to the park he noise pe. s nderstorms ed
 and very long on. upon the when?! diations

away emons. ard.
 f them! ught g!
 ing!
 we
 all! ! ands !
 wires nful e es f sen, and t ed tama e park
 . stakes torms long the when?! ons

y . d.
 of ! ht ! ng! we ! , ! ds wa! ! ful
 of n, art rk se pe. s s ong he ?! ons

8 sed 's/.....//g' dilate > fecund
 11 sed 's/.....//g' dilate >> fecund
 15 sed 's/.....//g' dilate >> fecund
 18 sed 's/.....//g' dilate >> fecund
 21 sed 's/.....//g' dilate >> fecund

—

The Fourfold

Alan Sonzheim · 26 July 2000, 10:45 p.m.

(parts of this have been sent out elsewhere, apologies)

--

tama d'eruza

1 beyond the curved jewel of no regard, 2 beyond these matters, caring of
 her intense and mournful form, 3 careful placing of stone upon stone, 4
 chasing of stone by stone, 5 clouds of demons! hosts of them!

6 deeds! deeds! 7 desire of mass 8 dread, finality of stone within stone 9
 driven to incomplete destinies and 10 enlightenment! no such thing!

11 entrance of stone, gating of stone, here comes one! 12 escaped, we
 remember our former substance. 13 fortifying myself against any form of
 spirit, 14 i defend myself against the hosts of demons. 15 i have fucked
 corpses, now defend yourself - 16 i will hold myself from caring!

17 in these matters, she dancing naked in a dress. 18 nothing! wa! wa! wa!
 19 of no regard 20 of these matters, dancing with forlorn and mournful
 smile, 21 piercing of the tongue, penetration of quasi-vowels, and 22
 removal of stones, one after another, 23 so that one chooses or is chosen,
 among demons.

24 spirit! spirit! - 25 the sublime is the moment when spirit breaks apart
 - 26 there is no enlightenment, there is no path 27 to the paths of stakes
 and palisades, all of them, 28 to the sheen of jewels curved of no regard.

29 traveling, she saw before her a massive fortification. 30 upon the
 completion of horrifying deeds 31 which have come between us, have brought
 the whisper of enlightenment - 32 within stone, form strives to escape.

—

tama d'nala

a thin wire connects this building to a site a mile and a half away among demons - and palisades, all of them, to the sheen of jewels curved of no regard. are thin wires metaphors for what will happen to my head beyond the curved jewel - beyond these matters, carving stone by stone - clouds of demons! hosts of them!

completion of horrifying deeds which have come between us, have brought corpses, now defend yourself - i will hold them from caring! deeds! deeds! thin wires of dread, finality of stone within stone driven to incomplete destiny and enlightenment! no such thing! entrance of stone, gating of stone, here comes one! escaped, noise is information that makes no difference at all!

her intense and mournful form of stone in stone, i wonder: how many, how long! if there is one thin wire, there are thousands in these matters, she dancing naked in a dress. nothing! wa! wa! wa!

listen to the noise and learn about the universe! my head and my brain are connected by thin wires of no regard in these matters, dancing forlorn and mournful. our park: prospect park, is the center of the thin-wire universe - a very small part of the cosmos, connected by thin wires. remember our former substance. fortifying myself against any form of removal of stones, one after another, so that one chooses or is chosen, pierced clit, cock, penetration of consonants, team-spirit.

the sublime is the moment when spirit breaks apart spirit; i defend myself against the hosts of demons. i have fucked tama. the first and foremost thin wire connects my house to the park - the longer the wire, the greater the noise. the whisper of enlightenment - within stone, form strives to escape. there is no enlightenment, there is no path to the paths of stakes. thin wires heat up my neighborhood with thunder and lightning, thousands of thin wires: think of them, each labeled and very long. traveling, she saw before her a massive thin wire in the stone cliffs. who would find her glowing.

—

among demons, births

half away among demons. egard.
 head
 of s of them! rought f from caring! ne ! no such thing!
 escaped, we ce at all! , y, how long! re thousands wa! t the
 universe!
 by thin wires orn and mournful wire universe ires
 of hosen, art cked tama to the park he noise pe. s nderstorms ed
 and very long on. upon the when?! diations
 away emons. ard.

f them! ught g!
 ing!
 we
 all! ! ands !
 wires nful e es f sen, and t ed tama e park
 . stakes torms long the when?! ons

y . d.
 of ! ht ! ng! we ! , ! ds wa! ! ful
 of n, art rk se pe. s s ong he ?! ons

8 sed 's/.....//g' dilate > fecund
 11 sed 's/.....//g' dilate >> fecund
 15 sed 's/.....//g' dilate >> fecund
 18 sed 's/.....//g' dilate >> fecund
 21 sed 's/.....//g' dilate >> fecund

—

MAKE NOISE! BIND WORLDS!

ah AH AH I JENNIFER DO RISE FROM STONE-IN-STONE! a tin wire onnets y ot to
 a par a ie an a a away an paisaes, a o te, oo to te seen o ewes urve o no
 rear. aon eons. are tin wires etapors or wat wi appen to y ea asin o stone
 y stone, o ous o eons! osts o te!

cawa CAWA CAWA I JENNIFER WILL DO SUCH SPELL OF SLAUGHTER-CAPTIVATION!

dre dre DRE DRE dre JENNIFER STONE IN STONE! ees! ees! o esire o ass o
 rea, inaity o stone witin stone o entrane o stone, atin o stone, ere oes
 osts o eons. oo i ave ue taa

heh heh HEH HEH HEH I JENNIFER OF BROKEN-DEMON BIRTH! i tere is one tin
 wire, tere are tousans i woner: ow any, ow on! in tese atters, se anin nae
 onnete y tin wires

kre KRE KRE KRE I JENNIFER NOISE-IN-WORLD! y stone, o ous o ous o eons!
 osts o te!

la LALA LALA LA JENNIFER BURN-INTO-YOU! o no rear oo o tese atters, anin
 wit ororn an ournu

oh oh oh OH OH OH I JENNIFER DO WALK THIN WIRE! opetion o orriyin ees oo
 wi ave oe etween us, ave rout or e, noise is inoration tat aes no ierene
 at a! orpses, now een yourse - oo i wi o yse ro arin! our par: prospect

sora SORA SORA SORA JENNIFER STONE-IN-STONE! spirit! spirit! - oo te suie
 is te oent wen spirit reas apart spirit, oo i een yse aainst te osts o
 eons. oo i ave ue taa

tama tama tama TAMA TAMA JENNIFER BROKEN-BORKEN STONE! te irst an oreost
 tin wire onnets y ouse to te par te oner te wire, te reater te noise te

wisper o enitenent - oo witin stone, or strives to esape. tere is no y
stone, o ous o eons! osts o te!

wa WA WA wa wa I JENNIFER DO SLAY D'NALA, MAKE NOISE, BIND WORLDS! wen?!
wo wou eieve a tin wire wou rin utant raiations y ea an y rain are onnete
y tin wires

ya ya YA I JENNIFER DO SLAY D'ERUZA, MAKE NOISE, BIND WORLDS!

—

Berlin, 1923 (Baedeker)

Alan Sondheim · 28 July 2000, 7:50 p.m.

-

Berlin, 1923 (Baedeker)

Horse Races. Flat-races and steeplechases at Grunewald; flat-races at Hoppegarten (Ostbahn). Steeplechases at Karlshorst (Niederschlesische Bahn) and near Strausberg Station (Ostbahn). Trotting Matches at Mariendorf (tramway No. 73) and Ruhleben near Spandau.

Chinese and Japanese Wares and Tea: L. Glenk, Unter den Linden 20; Gebruder Eppner, Charlotten-Str. 34.

Horse Omnibuses. Special buses leave the principal theaters after the performance for Wittenberg-Platz. Night Omnibuses: Potsdam Station, Nollendorf-Platz, Auguste-Viktoria-Platz (Zoological Garden Station, Kaiser-Allee, Friedenau, Steglitz (from about 11 p.m. until 2 a.m.). Stettin Station, Friedrich-Strasse Station, Potsdam Station.

Sing-Akademie, eight concerts in winter. Conductor, Prof. Dr. Georg Schumann.

The Cathedral occupies the site of another cathedral built in 1747-50, the poverty of whose appearance even Schinkel (1816-17) was unable to remedy, and of the beginnings of a royal vault ('Campo Santo') dating from the time of Frederick William IV. (1845-48). The new building was erected in 1894-1905 in the style of the Italian High Renaissance by Julius Raschdorff and his son, Otto Raschdorff, at an expense of 11 1/2 million marks (575,000 L.). Its dimensions are: length 344 ft., breadth 246 ft., height to the main cornice 102 ft., to the foot of the lantern 245 ft., and to the top of the cross on the dome 374 ft. The material is Silesian sandstone, with granite for the lower courses of masonry, while the cupolas, lantern, and roofing are of copper. An excess of plastic ornamentation and the restless effect produced by the cupola-spires spoil the appearance of this mighty edifice.

Facing the Lustgarten, adjoining Passage 43, two rooms contain works in the Romanesque style. Room 44: Enamels from the Lower Rhine; church-plate from the abbey of St. Dionysius at Enger, in which the Saxon duke Wittekind was buried, comprising the earliest pieces of Frankish work and

dating from the time of Charlemagne (pocket-shaped reliquary); Gold ornaments of the Empress Gisela (d. 1043) discovered at Mayence (1880).

Skating. In the Tiergarten near the Rousseau Island and on the Neuer See; in Charlottenburg on the Lietzen-See; at Treptow on the Karpfenteich, and in the Exhibition Park.

Mourning Clothes: Otto Weber, Mohren-Str. 45.

Schauspielhaus, chiefly for classical dramas. 1000 seats.

Cafes. In the centre of the city, Bauer, Unter den Linden 26, corner of Friedrich-Str.; opposite, Unter den Linden 46, Victoria-Cafe; Josty, Bellevue-Str. 21-22, with terrace, Cafe Furstenhof (in the Hotel Furstenhof), Vaterland, Koniggratzer Str. 15-16, Palast-Cafe, in the Palast-Hotel, Bellevue-Konditorei, these last five in Potsdamer-Platz.

Trains run between Alexander-Platz and Wittenberg-Platz every 5, on other portions every 10-20 minutes. On Sundays and, during the 'rush hours', on week-days the trains are extremely crowded.

Weiss-Bier, the old beverage of the Berlin citizen: Landre's Weissbierstuben ('Weisses Meer'; closed on Sundays in summer), Friedrich-Str. 83, 1st floor; Pomona, Mauer-Str. 66-67.

Musical Instruments, Collection of, in the School of Music, Charlottenburg, Fasanen-Str. 1 (Portal IV), open Sun., Tues., Thurs., Sat. 11-1.

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 4 August 2000, 11:34 a.m.

-

perception is the appearance of thought; thought
reflects appearance; the real is always thought;
the real is an appearance; letting-go produces
nothing; think within the maelstrom; let the
maelstrom carry one along; think within the
turbulence of the current; measure nothing;
take no steps; think furiously; one step ahead
of the other; flee from propriety; recognize
correctness and withdraw; carry nothing;
take nothing with you; escape silence; search
in heat; of the fury, speak constantly
existence is bound; to be what i say it means;
slipping away after sight or use; it pivots; not,
not at all, neither, never, nor; without,
attempt without means; measure without the
mean; what is meant here and now; ipseity;
ontology without background; the scope of

the world; its style; exact being; what
 appears released; what appears in release
 formation of self through insertion of Eye in
 language; the shifter; bandwidth; garnering
 of coherence; the strategy
 it is here, no it is over here, no it is made there,
 no it is created here, no it is just over there,
 no it is a little over there, no it is right here,
 no it is somewhere, no it isn't anywhere that i
 can see, no it's here

1986 Chinese Dictionary: Store Grain among the People.

Alan Sondheim · 5 August 2000, 12:35 a.m.

-

1986 Chinese Dictionary: Store Grain among the People.
 repent; make amends; be steeped in evil and refuse to repent

climb to the top of the dyke; reach the summit; set foot on African soil;
 Hatred of the enemy, for old and new wrongs, welled up in his heart.; lock
 the door; lock up; put on a coat; become an accountant; be late for the
 meal; Have you got in touch with him? She's fallen in love with the grass-
 lands.; He seized a shovel and set to.; at the meeting; what is reported
 in the newspapers; in fact; in reality; actually; in theory; theoretical-
 ly; to be decided by the Party organization; The play is a success both
 politically and artistically.; There's a map on the wall.; Put the book on
 the table.; Our barefoot doctors have got calluses on their hands, mud on
 their feet, medicine kits across their shoulders, and love for the poor
 and lower-middle peasants in their hearts.

eye; be blind in both eyes; look; regard; regard as a miracle; item; de-
 tailed items; order; suborder; a list of things; catalogue; table of con-
 tents; book list; objective; target; hit the target; military objective;
 military target; goal; aim; objective; the great goal of communism; a
 common revolutionary objective

road; way; path; a mountain path; channel; course; change of course of the
 Huanghe River; way; method; the way to keep fit; deal with a man as he
 deals with you; pay back in his own coin; principle; criticize the doct-
 rines of Confucius and Mencius; Taoism; Taoist; a Taoist temple; a Taoist
 priest; superstitious sect; superstitious sects and secret societies;
 line; draw a slanting line; a river; myriads of golden rays; two success-
 ive doors; three lines of defence; an order; set five questions for an
 examination; serve four courses; save one step in the process; say; talk;
 speak; have a glib tongue; have the gift of the gab; as the saying goes;
 think; suppose; So it's you! I thought it was Lao Zhou.

stop; prevent; stop from going; turn gloomy; turn glum; dejected; depres-
 sed; dispirited; disenheartened; The enemy's morale is low.

armed forces; army; troops; join the army; learn military affairs; learn from the PLA; wipe out an enemy army; cadres including and above the level of army commander; cadres of army level and above.

not conform to; be unsuited to; be out of keeping with; not conform to the rules; be unsuited to present needs; be out of keeping with the objective conditions; not up to the required standard; below the mark; be temperamentally incompatible; not be to her taste; not appeal to her; be out of keeping with the times; be incompatible with present needs; should not; ought not; Had we foreseen that, we would not have let him go.

build; construct; erect; construct a bridge; erect a tall building; build a railway; All exploiters build their happiness on the suffering of the working people; building; structure; edifice

entrance; door; gate; Please use the south entrance.; front (back) door; school gate; stove door; valve; switch; air valve; switch; way to do something; knack; After working in the steel mill for a while I got an inkling of how steel is made. family; wealthy and influential family; (religious) sect; school (of thought); Buddhism class; category; divide into different categories; phylum; subphylum; Vertebrata; a piece of artillery; a cannon; a gun; two subjects; two courses; AND gate; NOT gate; a surname

bored; depressed; in low spirits; Don't you feel bored staying here all alone? Why not come out with us for a walk? tightly closed; sealed

hide; conceal; Grandma hid the wounded Eighth Route Army man in her house.; This chap can't keep anything to himself.; store; lay by; store grain among the people.

—

Poem of Differences Generating Differences

Alan Sondheim · 5 August 2000, 4:00 p.m.

-

Poem of Differences Generating Differences

```
1      h > zz
3,5c3
< 1a2,3
< > 2   h >> zz
< > 3   h > yy
---
> 3      h > yy
3,7c3,7
< 1a2,3
< > 2   h >> zz
< > 3   h > yy
< 2c2,5
< < 3,5c3
```

```

---
> 3      h > yy
> 2,4c2,6
> < 2    h >> zz
> < 1a2,3
> < > 2 h >> zz
9,22c9,13
< > 2    h >> zz
< > 3    h > yy
< > 2,4c2,6
< > < 2 h >> zz
< 5d7
< < < > 3      h > yy
< 7c9,13
< < > 3 h > yy
< ---
< > > 3,5c3
< > > < 1a2,3
< > > < > 2      h >> zz
< > > < > 3      h > yy
< > > ---
---
> > 3,5c3
> > < 1a2,3
> > < > 2      h >> zz
> > < > 3      h > yy
> > ---

```

Structure of the World-Order

Alan Sondheim · 9 August 2000, 1:51 a.m.

-

Structure of the World-Order

Electronic commerce (e-business) is characterized by world-wide transactions between one country and the rest of the world, over a globalization climate for cultural export (world-music for markets). Hedge funds are correlated; a panic in one part of the world affects everyone. Supply more than 40 per cent of the world's oil, own about 78 per cent of the world's total reserves!

Transactions between one country and the rest of the world, including transportation, utilities, shelter, medical care, among other things, but not transfers such as unemployment on a trans-national level. Various indices are used in macroeconomic analysis, including the transportation or agricultural sector. Also used in the sense of the public of the world.

Movements among moving borders in one world-part across others, nations transferring funds through chaebol or keiretsu banking conglomerates shifting across continental boundaries. World-wide current-account and

gold on the movement, investments moving shares in restructuring systemic crises. World-grid shuddering across world-grid, currency valuations floating pegged to nominal flows of foreign low-risk shares of sponsored ADR. Jostling and adjustments, record low unemployment levels after taxation and tracking-rates. Almost no one present for crisis compensation, currency on the move.

```
grep dollar economics grep poor economics grep rich economics grep invest
economics grep risk economics grep world economics grep world economics >
~/zz grep earth economics grep world economics grep anx economics grep
chance economics grep country economics grep nation economics grep mandate
grep mandate economics grep trans economics grep trans economics >> ~/zz
grep kei economics rep kei economics h 1 | grep grep
```

—

fragment (apologies for cross-posting)

Alan Sondheim · 11 August 2000, 10:31 p.m.

-

fragment
 absolute freedom to write
 within this tiny domain of space and time, i have this chance:
 to place my words almost anywhere, in almost any order, saying:
 what i want, harbored against violence, this temporary utterance
 enunciation which you comprehend
 i do have the width and breadth of this desk, overlooking a street
 there are almost no trees on the street, the leaves are browned
 the desk is here, just now, brilliant and waiting
 i have this choice to language in every direction
 names among others
 languages among others
 violations of syntax, torn semantics, disturbed texts
 disturbances in every direction
 quiet here so i can write the defaulting of the world
 for the moment keeping loss to a minimum

the speaking of shells and drums, the scream of poetry
 escapes freely in the air
 even within the camp, vibrations and obeisance to
 natural law

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 11 August 2000, 12:18 a.m.

-

trembling foreign ec

ec is messy, said d'eruza; what's goods and services in one country isn't necessarily equivalent in another. it's a question of human trial and error; it's a question of ornament, kinesics, what's actually proffered and its relationship to class and gender. all of which is problematic, replied d'nala, which is what makes ec fascinating and fetishized; it's a form of gambling with constantly changing currencies and crises; earthquakes in one part of the world affecting my earnings in another. so one might characterize it as a trembling of abstract quantity, susceptible to natural and artificial catastrophes and breakthroughs. exactly, said d'eruza; and all of this combines with expectations and displays of greed and good will, a tendency towards barter in the finer details, as well as price leveling. then there's also migrations to urban centers, telecom encroachments, disasters of free trade and environmental damage, enormous wage differentials among countries. d'nala said, all of this we call economic jostling and self-organization; no matter how disastrous or rag-tag, someone trades somewhere, someone offers, someone receives. don't forget the major exception, said d'eruza, the case of war, pillage, vandalism, destruction, plague - in other words, accounts received and destroyed, non-payable. the internet trembles here as well, said d'nala. everything is a trembling, replied d'eruza, it's the world-nature. excessive volatility is the only certainty, coupled with monstrous leveling where civilization huddles. against what, said d'nala. against interest compounded, she replied.

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 11 August 2000, 10:37 a.m.

-

people, herds, villages, nations, tears, earthquakes, rain
 rivers, falling, locomotives, accidents, planes, excretions
 tubes, straws, pipes, veins, arteries, songs, dances, rice
 honey, language, tongues, saliva, funerals, rice-wine, milk
 fields, tables, plains, pages, tiles, maps, sutras
 trees, poles, knives, swords, roads, avenues, colors
 way, girls, ways, paths, string, nothing, spaces, fish
 books, brooms, sheaves, piles, graves, sediments
 suns, moons, stars, testicles, teeth, balls, nipples
 cars, carts, dice, seasons, tops, tacks, mirrors, telescopes
 hammers, rocks, corpses, ghosts, mountains, corn, illusions
 clothing, beaches, breaths, skins, weather, calligraphy, ink
 oceans, clouds, cloth-bolts, tariffs, gold, games, limbs
 times, clocks, pendulums, geometrical figures, crimes, waters
 lights, comets, meteors, fires, blinking, cooked-fish, music
 waterfalls, drains, plumbing, brick-work, newspapers, news
 animals, insects, crabs, jaws, pliers, sandpaper
 numbers, railroad-ties, stuttering, teas, ladders, abacus
 rooms, bells, jars, caves, wombs, mouths, halls, homes

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 12 August 2000, 3:09 p.m.*

-

every word renounces and withdraws
 gathering name and withdrawing
 name from nowhere from everywhere
 no name comes from nowhere from everywhere
 in silence of the closed gates
 four corners of gates and one of wells
 covered with shame and reconciliation
 the gates are the naming of gates
 the wells are the naming of wells
 the compensating name and balance
 flooding of words by names
 failure of worlds by gates and wells
 without meaning one falters
 with meaning one falters
 worlds shame wells gates cloud
 cloud stone flower voice tree
 gift tree root name ink

—

Within the Scrap*Alan Sondheim · 16 August 2000, 3:21 a.m.*

-

Within the Scrap

"I consider this hour by hour: If I should die now, have I written sufficient? I don't think my work easily sums up; there are far too many edges, confusions. Philosophy is my first love; I would want this to stand or fail by such. But it must be dragged out between the scraps and clutter. I mean this in all sincerity: What remains? For how long? For what readers? The first question is the most important: The What of my work, the content, reading between or through the lines, searching out the philosophical among the ruins." (Alan, quoted by Jennifer.)

Tue Aug 15 22:25:05 EDT 2000

Message Board (16)

Networking (105)

Is this still hypertext? (51)

e ^E j ^N CR * Forward one line (or N lines).

y ^Y k ^K ^P * Backward one line (or N lines).

f ^F ^V SPACE * Forward one window (or N lines).

b ^B ESC-v * Backward one window (or N lines).

But

Tue Aug 15 22:29:45 EDT 2000

The Moon is Waning Gibbous (100% of Full)

Subject: Hi, thank you greatly for the dates!

And of course they're fine with us!

yours, Alan, sondheim@panix.com

"The importance of interspecies communication, the peak of interspecies communication insofar as we can foresee it, lies here: establishing communication with the dolphins, and with the medium-size whales, and with the great sperm whale. I visualize a project as vast as our present space program, devoting our best minds, our best engineering brains, our vast networks of computer people and material and time on this essentially peaceful mission of interspecies communication, right here on this planet." (John Lilly, quoted by Nikuko.)

Internet TextJullu% ls

Mail lynx_bookmarks.html res venom.irc

Removal instructions below

I saw your listing on the internet.

I work for a company that specializes News mail

tf volt.irc

a notes tf-lib zz

Confirmation and Cancellation

[Last message marked for deletion]

Pine finished -- Closed "INBOX". Kept 0 messages and deleted 1.[]

lisp phoenix.hlp thing

Avatar Cyborg-Tech Experimental Programming & Writing Writing & Politics

Writing & Psychology Teaching & Presenting the Web Building Creative

Community Performance General 0

ln phoenix.irc tiny.world

Errors-To: cyberculture-admin@cmhcsys.com

Reply-To: cyberculture@cmhcsys.com

Originator: cyberculture@cmhcsys.com

Sender: cyberculture@cmhcsys.com

Tue Aug 15 22:31:01 EDT 2000

The Moon is Waning Gibbous (100% of Full)

PINE 4.21 FOLDER LIST Folder: project 39 Messages

INBOX sent-mail saved-messages newcyb project

[ALL of folder list]

The Moon is Waning Gibbous (100% of Full)

18 ls 19 rm pcplus.scr 20 h 21 pom 22 h >> ww; pico ww 23 b 24 ls 25 b

26\pom 27 pom 28 ls 29 ls 30 tin 31 b 32 ls 33 h

The Moon is Waning Gibbous (99% of Full)

Wed Aug 16 01:57:58 EDT 2000

"nahu akua--a bruise believed to be a bite inflicted by the spirit of a living member of the family. The bite was thought to foretell the death, not of the one so bruised, but of the relative whose spirit made the bruise." (Pukui, Haertig, Lee, Nana I Ke Kumu, Look to the Source.)

Wed Aug 16 02:04:28 EDT 2000

—

Being Girl: "I do wryte such ennui!"*Alan Sondheim · 17 August 2000, 12:47 p.m.*

-

Being Girl: "I do wryte such ennui!"

"Nikuko, where are you? I have fallen through 02:04frames.

You say, "Nikuko, where are you? I have fallen through
frames.""Between the enu

nciation and the object, there is annihilation.

You say, "Between the enunciation and the object, there is
annihilation."look bodi

I don't know which "bodi" you mean.look bodee

I see no "bodee" here.look Girl

look02:05 Boy

look iBoy

Always Luvly Swolen Beli Want for You to Look in Himlook

Girl do Folo Yu Girl Girl do BodeeiBudi

Defense against Theft

She do Come with Yu@Niku "Nikuk

Boy folo Boy folo Girl do Come fr Bodeeo, is that you?

You say, "Nikuko, is that you?"look Bodi

I don't know which "Bodi" you mean.look 02:06iBudi

Defense against Theftlook Bedee

Sink or Swim Bedee

look radio

"Nikuko, are you wryting me? From hiatus, perforations pulling against one
or a nother frame?You say, "Nikuko, are you wryting me? From hiatus, perforations pulling
against one or another frame?"02:07look Girl

"I want to see you, Girl

You say, "I want to see you, Girl""I want to be with you, Girl

You say, "I want to be with you, Girl""Nikuko, speak to me!"

You say, "Nikuko, speak to me!""

Girl do Folo Yu Girl Girl do Bodee"Ah ah a

She do Come with Yuh ah ah

You say, "Ah ah ah ah ah""Do come Niuk kuko, oh so mu02:08ch of the time

I wryte with total loss!

You say, "Do come Nikuko, oh so much of the time I wryte with total
loss!""So much of the time I do wryte ennui!

You say, "So much of the time I do wryte ennui!"look boy

"Ah ah ah ah ah

You say, "Ah ah ah ah ah"@I "Ah I will do leave now, I do feel such
lone.02:09"

You say, "Ah I will do leave now, I do feel such lone.""

Boy folo Boy folo Girl do Come fr Bodee"Ah ah ah ah ah

You say, "Ah ah ah ah ah""So much of lonely!

You say, "So much of lonely!""Ah, will do goodbye

You say, "Ah, will do goodbye!"

---- No world ----

Ah, so sad, there is no world between you frames, between 35mm frame,
between 63mm frame, between 70mm frame, between 9.5mm frame. I do

return to child-time, yearning for dark future time, remember play ball with Nikuko, remember Boy folo Girl, Girl folo Girl, ah, so much of lonely! I want to see you, Girl, I want to be with you, Girl, so much of lonely!

35 tf 36 b 37 rz 38 pico zz.txt 39 mv zz.txt ww

—

Beaufort Scale Ontology

Alan Sondheim · 18 August 2000, 7:53 p.m.

-

Beaufort Scale Ontology

0 Smoke rests in quiet air; you glisten, water's truth.
 1 No vanes but smoke drift; small waves, no foam, dissolving you.
 2 Winds rustle, vanes move; small waves, moody, short.
 3 Leaves and twigs; lost memories, and crests begin their shudder.
 4 Dust raised, see leaves twirl; whitecaps, whitecaps!
 5 Small trees swaying; you surface; look for the foam at sea.
 6 Large branches and crests foaming, everything mixed up.
 7 Whole trees, heaved seas, sloshed origins of worlds.
 8 Streaked foam, broke twigs, abandoned things and beings.
 9 Dark currents, loose tiles, ropes taut and broken, falling seas.
 10 Uprooted trees and waves hang over fate of worlds confused.
 11 Torrents everywhere in dissolution of beings and inverted seas.
 12 The world of hidden things and devastations.
 13 World of shrieks and fallen names and cries.
 14 No cries no things no worlds;
 15 No cries no things no worlds

—

Omen

Alan Sondheim · 21 August 2000, 12:03 p.m.

-

Omen

In the burned-out hut, think naked Alan-and-Nikuko, speaking to the Doctor: We're your meat and seafood, Doctor, no matter your name or guiding spirit, but you're hardly anything. Come here in your soiled clothes. Nikuko come here. Fallen Red Guards go into dark rages, "Doctor, take Nikuko. Take her. Take her good."

Food, part and parcel of the world around us. How swollen the world is for just a moment, how bursting, pubescent. A panic in one part of the world affects everyone. Quakes and dark rages affect everyone. There is no consciousness. Nikuko cried in sickness that she missed the very world; it flew in all directions.

—

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Alan Sondheim · 22 August 2000, 9:49 a.m.

o

```
open(APPEND, ">> .bio"); @text=<STDIN>; print APPEND @text; close APPEND;}
cliffs and moon, mountains lost in clouds, peaks shall guard me. don't
look for me, don't find me. i can't read the scriptures, can't obey the
precepts. i dream of cliffs, trees lost in fog, steps of stone, thatched
huts. i dream of paths across the cliffs, trees in alignment, wake and
recognize my ignorance. i will unlearn to write the hermitage. i've given
up truth for the semblance of things, walking among appearances, knowing
the hardness of the mountain depths, the slopes of illusion, the edges of
the world cutting into me. nothing can be done with me, i'm too old for
anything, disappear in the mists. nothing seems possible as i lean over my
charcoal stove for soup and warmth. nothing works. now, this
impossibility. only when i know the absence of this writing will i be able
to write. over and over again i try to write the hermitage. the tree has
more depth. there are no paths i can find, no paths i can't find. there is
more depth to the fog. these are the dreams of an impossible person. this
impossibility. tossing i live resolutely for a future emptied of all
conception. when i am able to write, i will be able to write you. when i
cease to recognize this, i will be able to write.
```

```
over and over again i try to write the hermitage. i dream of cliffs, trees
lost in fog, steps of stone, thatched huts. nothing works. nothing seems
possible as i lean over my charcoal stove for soup and warmth. these are
the dreams of an impossible person. tossing i live resolutely for a future
emptied of all conception. i can't read the scriptures, can't obey the
precepts. nothing can be done with me, i'm too old for anything, disappear
in the mists. don't look for me, don't find me. i've given up truth for
the semblance of things, walking among appearances, knowing the hardness
of the mountain depths, the slopes of illusion, the edges of the world
cutting into me. the tree has more depth. there is more depth to the fog.
only when i know the absence of this writing will i be able to write.
there are no paths i can find, no paths i can't find. i dream of paths
across the cliffs, trees in alignment, wake and recognize my ignorance.
when i cease to recognize this, i will be able to write. when i am able to
write, i will be able to write you. now, this impossibility. cliffs and
moon, mountains lost in clouds, peaks shall guard me. this impossibility.
i will unlearn to write the hermitage.
```

o

Genji

Alan Sondheim · 23 August 2000, 11:19 a.m.

-

Genji

The declarative sentence, the statement, the clear interrogative, have run their course. What can be meant by this?

Only that gaps open among words, that spaces lead to other spaces, that language itself is wounded, that every word links elsewhere, pulls hard at the skein, harder at the skin.

This is the critical problem of contemporary thought: the unmooring of language, untethering of thought, which wanders blindly among surfaces.

There is no return; language is unpunctuated, phrases slide obscenely (perhaps) upon each other, every word is skewed with every other. No longer is the difference a function of two variables; instead, it is an accumulation of partial and occluded signs whose deferrals slide into non-existence.

Languaging slides from an accumulation of words, proprietary signifiers, protocols; the sentence has already disappeared. One letter shudders, stutters, against another; pronouns lose antecedents, precedents; nouns lose referents.

Descending into chaotic phenomena, ontology is undermined; everything is relativized - meaning, for example, becomes tied and taut to the attribute, and nouns are referenced by upgrades. This is not only a phenomenon of electronic communication and high-speed technology; it has become a characteristic subtext (also subject to revision) of our time (always already lost prior to enumeration).

No longer crying for our lost language, after the hiatus between two world wars.

Thinking slides among symbols, harbors none; surfaces slide as well. What passes for thought is afterthought, a salvage-operation. Every instantiation leads to every other; information occludes itself. Tracks are traces of the infinite, just as the aphorism opens itself to depths of interconnected and rhizomatic tunnelings. Nothing emerges, nothing is brought up, nothing is capable of existing after unmoorings.

Among the ghosts, ghosts. Among languagings, memories of languages, the "just" as I was "about" to say ...

Such is the only conceivable critical thought of our time-revised, such is the problem, to the extent it is a memory.

-- copy of original --

Genji

The declarative sentence, the statement, the clear interrogative, have run their course. What can be meant by this?

Only that gaps open among words, that spaces lead to other spaces, that language itself is wounded, that every word links elsewhere, pulls hard at the skin, harder at the skin.

This is the central problem of contemporary thought: the unmooring of language, untethering of thought, which wanders blindly among surfaces.

There is no return; language is unpunctuated, phrases slide obscenely (perhaps) upon each other, every word is skewed with every other. No longer is the difference a function of two variables; instead, it is an accumulation of a varying number of fuzzy partial and occluded signs whose deferrals themselves slide into non-existence.

Language slides from an accumulation of words, proprietary signifiers, protocols; the sentence has already disappeared. One letter shuts down, stutters, against another; pronouns lose reference, antecedents, precedents; nouns lose referents.

Descending into chaotic phenomena, ontology is undermined; everything is relativized - meaning, for example, becomes tied and attuned to the attribute, and nouns are graded (as long as grading lasts) referenced by upgrades. This is not only a phenomenon of electronic communication and high-speed technology; it has become a characteristic subtext (also subject to revision) of our time (always already lost before prior to enumeration).

No longer crying for our lost language, after the hiatus between two world wars.

Thinking slides among symbols, harbors none of them. ; surfaces slide as well. What passes for thought is afterthought, a salvage-operation. Every instantiation leads to every other; information occludes itself. Tracks are traces of the infinite, just as the aphorism opens itself to depths of interconnected and rhizomatic tunnelings. But nothing emerges, nothing is brought up, nothing is capable of existing after unmoorings.

Among the ghosts, ghosts. Among languageings, memories of languages, the "just" as I was "about" to say ...

__Such is the only conceivable critical thought of our time-revised, such is the problem, to the extent it is remembrance.

—

Internet Culture and Community Course

Alan Sondheim · 24 August 2000, 7:54 p.m.

(apologies for cross-posting)

Internet Culture and Community Course

-- I will be teaching an online course for Adult University, over a period of 8 or so weeks this fall. Its cost is nominal - \$34. I imagine it to be quirky, somewhat non-academic, but with enough information and energy to keep people going.

-- The course will be taught through weekly online meetings, but I am hoping that we can set up email aliases so that the students and I can all mail each other - in other words, a primitive email list. We might be able to find a better home in a while, but this would do. Through the list, we can have somewhat ongoing discussions, and I can send out papers, etc. as well. (The list might also work well for those who can't make the chats, but want to participate in the class.)

-- To take this, in other words, you need email (otherwise you probably couldn't read this!) - and enough familiarity with your email box to make an alias address list. (This is nothing more than, say, entering "family" in the address line, and having it expand to the addresses of your various family members.)

-- Meanwhile, given how little Adult University is asking, you should at least be entertained for a while!

-- The following information is found at the site, and the URL is given below.

Thanks, Alan (sondheim@panix.com)

=====

Internet Culture and Community

This course will examine the current state of Net culture, as well as online communities. Emphasis is placed on both practical content - how community operates, how the Net and Net communities are governed, Net art and literature, the demographics and history of the Net, etc. - and theory - understanding the potential for virtual life - "living on line" - now and in the future.

Internet Culture and Community is being taught by Alan Sondheim

Prerequisites: none

Start Date: September 14, 2000

Course Days: Thur

Course Length: 60 mins - 8 weeks

Course Times: 8 PM EDT

Course Fee: \$34.00

Please go to:

<http://www.adultu.com/classInfo.cfm?CourseID=95>

Recommended books:

Being on Line, Net Subjectivity, Lusitania, Alan Sondheim, 1996

ISBN 1-882791-04-5

Cyberreader, Second Edition, Allyn and Bacon, Victor J. Vitanza, 1999

ISBN 0-205-29087-6

=====

S-secret

Alan Sondheim · 26 August 2000, 1:18 p.m.

-

S

Use the Loki system to take parts of Capitol Hill. These are designated S. Taking these parts will protect you against the enemy's strengths. There are no vulnerabilities and the enemy will recognize that. Regroup always within the perimeter. The perimeter will remain inaccessible to the enemy. You must understand how to activate the Loki system. One activated, it remains so for the duration. The Loki system will create the permanent zone. Your right to govern and control will be recognized. Communications will convey knowledge of the permanent zone beyond the perimeter. You will be handed such control as necessary. The population will acquiesce immediately and recognize you as the true head of state. The Loki system will ensure this. The Loki system will act automatically and painlessly. Once you have taken parts of Capital Hill, you will be granted the rest. In this manner you will become the true head of state. Within the Loki system, the rest is up to you. Employ the Loki system.

—

The Mystery

Alan Sondheim · 27 August 2000, 5:33 p.m.

-

The Mystery

i

"Jennifer Plays Ball ('No, I don't!') with Tiffany ('We do not!') and Nikuko ('Well, I never!')!":

furball fuzzball hairball slimeball b-ball ball baseball basketball bball
fastball football foulball racketball jen jena jenda jenelle jeni jenica

jeniece jenifer jeniffer jenilee jenine jenn jenna jennee jennette jenni
 jennica jennie jennifer jennilee jennine jenny tiff tiffani tiffanie tif-
 fany tiffi tiffie tiffy nichol nichole nicholle nicki nickie nicky nicol
 nicola nicole nicolea nicollette nicoli nicolina nicoline nicolle nikaniki
 nike niki nikki nikkie nikoletta nikolia nina ninetta ninette ninnetta
 ninnette ninon nissa nisse nissie nissy nita nixie

"'But where is Nikuko?!' says Jennifer!"

"'Exactly!' replies alana alanah alane alanna alayne!"

ii

"'zohreh zone-ching zoneching zonker!' says ralina ramona ramonda!"

"'boong boongary boots boozier boozep bopeep bora!' replies phaedra
 phaidra phebe phedra!"

"'Who?!'"

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 28 August 2000, 6:13 p.m.

-

every day the rocks cut my feet again
 or there's tar coming in along the beach
 it begins again, repetition is something unavoidable by theory
 by the dint of literature or philosophy, the undermining of repetition
 it begins again with the repetitive syndrome as well
 the rocks on the beach, etc., the tar coming in from the water, etc.
 scant progress in the passing of days
 nights illuminated by dreams of repetition, space narrowings
 every day the shortness of the span, entanglement in kelp and tar
 philosoph-recitativ, literat-moratorium
 day by a day

—

Shifter (full text of the problematic of names)

Alan Sondheim · 29 August 2000, 10:27 p.m.

-

Shifter

Subject: mystery signal

ox

Crawl collusions wy vy uy ty sy ry qy py oy ny my ly ky jy iy hy gy fy ey

dy cy by ay jz iz dirt-eaten through ct bt at t zs ys xs ws vs us ts
 ssssssss ssssssss ssssss sssss ssss sss! ct bt at t zs ys xs ws vs us ts
 ssssssss ssssssss ssssss sssss ssss sss makes me kill and fuck 6 times! ct
 bt at t zs ys xs ws vs us ts ssssssss ssssssss ssssss sssss ssss sss calls
 for th collusions last_time, ingesting, excreting. A shameful hysteric
 nightmare! Your gully mined, burying you and Azure. For 0 noose days, we
 have been and buried and it has taken you 0.833 minutes to speak your last
 ...

—

The Mystery

i

"Jennifer Plays Ball ('No, I don't!') with Tiffany ('We do not!') and
 Nikuko ('Well, I never!')!":

furball fuzzball hairball slimeball b-ball ball baseball basketball bball
 fastball football foulball racketball jen jena jenda jenelle jeni jenica
 jeniece jenifer jeniffer jenilee jenine jenn jenna jennee jennette jenni
 jennica jennie jennifer jennilee jennine jenny tiff tiffani tiffanie tif-
 fany tiffi tiffie tiffy nichol nichole nicholle nicki nickie nicky nicol
 nicola nicole nicolea nicolette nicoli nicolina nicoline nicolle nikaniki
 nike niki nikki nikkie nikoletta nikolia nina ninetta ninette ninnetta
 ninnette ninon nissa nisse nissie nissy nita nixie

"'But where is Nikuko?!' says Jennifer!"

"'Exactly!' replies alana alanah alane alanna alayne!"

ii

"'zohreh zone-ching zoneching zonker!' says ralina ramona ramonda!"
 "'boong boongary boots boozer boozeup bopeep bora!' replies phaedra
 phaidra phebe phedra!"

"'Who?!'"

—

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.
 ...

—

Subject: mystery signal

nikuko

lost search for nikuko-nikoletta:
 korella koren koressa kori korie korney korrie korry nariko nikoletta

veronike kameko konstance konstanze koo kora koral koralle kordula
 kore:danika monika nikaniki nike niki nikki nikkie nikoletta nikolia
 veronika::korella koren koressa kori korie korney korrie korry nariko
 nikoletta:korella koren koressa kori korie korney korrie korry nariko
 nikoletta

Your enemies veronike kameko konstance konstanze koo kora koral koralle
 kordula kore are hanged outside the ox-fence-corral: your dead_eyes
 destroy me, veronike kameko konstance konstanze koo kora koral koralle
 kordula kore!

For 1 dark day, we have been cauterized and buried: it has taken you 0.417
 minutes to speak your last
 ...

—

every day the rocks cut my feet again
 or there's tar coming in along the beach
 it begins again, repetition is something unavoidable by theory
 by the dint of literature or philosophy, the undermining of repetition
 it begins again with the repetitive syndrome as well
 the rocks on the beach, etc., the tar coming in from the water, etc.
 scant progress in the passing of days
 nights illuminated by dreams of repetition, space narrowings
 every day the shortness of the span, entanglement in kelp and tar
 philosoph-recitativ, literat-moratorium
 day by a day

—

Subject: mystery signal

belladonna

Azure, anna-maria annabal annabel annabela annabell annabella
 annabelle annadiana: STRANGLE-MAN

anaidanna ellebanna allebanna llebanna alebanna lebanna labanna airam-anna

enaid-anna anaid-anna anna eiram-nna nna annala enneirda ennairda annairda
 :enniw hanniw anniw ynnov einnov innov ennayviv enneiviv ennaiviv annaiviv
 :ennaed annaed eynnad ynnad einnad innad annad annelad annoitsirc ennirroc

Azure, anaidanna ellebanna allebanna llebanna alebanna lebanna
 labanna airam-anna: DEAD-FACE

...

—

fragment

ginelle bringing the flowers, sprigs of holly, tulips, to
 ginevra dancing in white toga beside tree with laughing
 ginger! who shall go the distance, cross the brook for
 ginni, running in the distance near the mountain shadow?
 ginnie shall go, shall run and skip so merrily, and
 ginnifer will go as well, carrying baskets of flowers!
 ginny, shall you go with me, dance beneath the maple tree?
 giorgia, will you go as well, gaily dancing by the pool?
 giovanna bringing streamers, smart fruit from lovely
 gipsy, singing! as the sun begins to set, dark svelte
 giralda steps forth, crying as soft shadows deepen.

—

Daishin Nikuko

dainiki dainikom dainikou dainikum dainikyo dainin dainingu daininki
 dainippo dainisek dainisha dainishi dainishu dainisia dainisin

"This from the moment of our arrival in Buenos Aires I found it more and more difficult to cope with Nijinsky. He was more silent and irritable than ever; and every day something occurred to show with what animosity he regarded myself and Barocchi. Also he would suddenly inform me that he could not remember a part he was to dance - for instance that of Narcissus, or he would refuse to be lowered through the trap-door at the transformation of Narcissus into a flower, but would lie on the stage saying he was frightened in case I should give the wrong signal, so that he would fall through and be killed." (The Diaghilev Ballet, 1909-1929, S. L. Grigoriev.)

daijin daijinjo daijinpa daijinse daijinso daijirin daijishi daijisin
 daijou daijoubu daijouda

"18. Chai is moronic, Can is slow-witted, Shi is disdainful, and You is crude." (Confucius, The Analects, 11, trans. Raymond Dawson.)

niku nikuatsu nikuatu nikubana nikuboso nikubou nikubuto nikuchuu nikudama
 nikudan nikudu nikuduke nikuduki nikuga nikugaka nikugan nikugant nikuge
 nikugesh nikugyuu nikuhaku nikuhen nikuhits nikuhitu nikui nikuire
 nikujiki nikujou nikujuu nikujyuu nikuk nikukan nikukant nikumare nikume

nikumena nikuniku nikuodor nikurash nikurasi nikuromu nikurui nikusei
 nikushim nikushin nikushit nikushok nikushu nikusimi nikusin nikusits
 nikusitu nikusui nikusyok nikusyu nikut nikutai nikutaib nikutait nikutara
 nikuya nikuyoku nikuyou nikuyoum nikuzuku nikuzyuu

"If names are not rectified, then words are not appropriate. If words are not appropriate, then deeds are not accomplished. If deeds are not accomplished, then the rites and music do not flourish. If the rites and music do not flourish, then punishments do not hit the mark. If punishments do not hit the mark, then the people have nowhere to put hand or foot."
 (Confucius, *ibid.*, 13 3.)

daishin daishinb daishini daishins daishipp daishish daishiti daishize
 daisho daishoku daishote daishou

PROBLEMATIC OF THE PROPER NAME : (FLUID MECHANICS OF THE SHIFTER) :

(I can't push this any farther. This is the limit of the proper name.
 This is its dis/ease. This is the nightmare of exchange. This is the
 emergent property of substance. Nothing beyond, enunciation. The truth
 of noise, not chaos.)

agata is agathe is amelita is annabal is anneliese is anny is arlina is
 arlyn is aveline is barbee is bennie is bettine is blancha is blinni is
 bridget is brietta is brooks is calley is carin is carina is carmina is
 catherine is cherish is christiana is christie is clarie is clerissa is
 con is constanta is coralyn is corena is corrinne is darline is deborah
 is dee dee is dorry is dot is elana is eloisa is elspeth is elysee is
 erda is ermengarde is eryl is esta is ethyl is etty is fidela is frank
 is gates is gene is georgiana is gertrudis is giana is gilberte is
 giselle is glad is glennie is glynda is grethel is guillemette is heida
 is hendrika is iona is jaime is janel is janetta is jenn is jilleen is
 joanna is joelly is jordana is josselyn is josy is joyan is juanita is
 judie is julita is kattie is kaylee is liv is loralyn is lorettalorna is
 luci is lucie is lyndel is madelaine is margarette is marillin is marji
 is marni is maure is melessa is milicent is milka is minny is minta is
 myriam is nerta is nichol is nicoli is nikuko is odelle is ora is oralle
 is pauletta is paulette is persis is pierrette is prisca is rafaella is
 reggi is rosa is sharon is sibel is simonette is susanetta is tani is
 teresa is theodosia is tiffany is tobe is tomasine is trula is vally is
 verile is vicki is vickie is vivia is viviana is vivienne is vivyanne is
 wanids is wynny is xylia is agata

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 31 August 2000, 11:49 a.m.*

-

If you write and don't proclaim your work, you don't write.
 If you write and don't publish, you're not writing.
 If you don't beg for an audience, you've broken the letters.
 If your audience doesn't come, the tablets decay.
 When the tablets decay, there's no help for you.
 When the letters are broken, everything is lost.
 When you're not writing, the people suffer.
 When you're not writing, the people are starving.

If the people are starving, they have no time to read.
 If the people suffer, they have no time to listen.
 If everything is lost, language disappears.

When language disappears, the names of the people are unknown.
 When the names of the people are unknown, the people disappear.
 When the people disappear, everything is ruined.

Tumor Text-Growth*Alan Sondheim · 2 September 2000, 2:53 a.m.*

-

Tumor Text-Growth

```
ls -la .snapshot/hourly.* | grep ln >> zz; cat zz
```

```
-rw----- 1 sonnheim users 78191 Sep 1 18:56 ln
-rw----- 1 sonnheim users 77414 Sep 1 13:34 ln
-rw----- 1 sonnheim users 77136 Sep 1 01:06 ln
-rw----- 1 sonnheim users 77136 Sep 1 01:06 ln
-rw----- 1 sonnheim users 78191 Sep 1 18:56 ln
-rw----- 1 sonnheim users 79589 Sep 2 01:04 ln
```

Violent growth of text/theory file within ~/ home directory
 of sonnheim: seething mass of theoretical debris.

Mud-slime of latinate terminologies, ideolectical processes
 and theoretical debris.

Cancer-tumor of explanatory theoretical debris.

Viscous liquidity of pruning growth critique of abstractive
 protocols, languages, and processes, blooming of theoretical
 debris.

—

Shrine <http://nonfinito.de/shrine/>*Alan Sondheim · 5 September 2000, 7:05 p.m.*

```

>>>>>
>>>>>
http://nonfinito.de/shrine/
http://nonfinito.de/shrine/
http://nonfinito.de/shrine/
>>>>>
>>>>>
>>>>>

t h e

s h r I n e

>>>>>
>>>>>
>>>>>
>>>>>

by

>>>>>
>>>>>

Annie Abrahams

>>>>>
>>>>>

Alan Sondheim

>>>>>
>>>>>

Reiner Strasser

>>>>>
>>>>>
please at: http://nonfinito.de/shrine/
>>>>>
>>>>>
Flashwork by Reiner; Sound / Reading by Annie; Text by Alan;
>>>>>
>>>>>
Image by Reiner and Alan
>>>>>
>>>>>
>>>>>
i've gone in as far as I could go
>>>>>
>>>>>
i can't hear anything (to be chanted by luminous bodies)
>>>>>
>>>>>
i stop by the Nikuko shrine
>>>>>
>>>>>
i enter to find myself hanging there

```

"Adad"*Alan Sondheim · 13 September 2000, 12:48 p.m.*

-

Adad

This is for her, gold and juniper orchards, everyone was named Adad and used the "Adad," and then there was Izanami and Izanagi, did I mention I brought all these people whose names I knew to live there, from Adad? I'm the terrific warrior, did I say thanks to her and her, and I walk all over Adad and "Adad," they also came along, all of them. All the streams and rocks, and even the grains of sand, to their fullest and nothing surprises me. And I built a palace of curved jewels and gold and swords and cedar because I knew their names and maybe they don't, and this includes breath, swoon, and languor. Ir\emum takes her, seizing her, called the Dragon-Lion and the Lion-Dragon, and with one naming I can take her. It's all over; I can taste her and hear and see; i can't breathe much. It's too much to see her and hear in an instant of an eye, the interior of her body. "Adad" was her lover, I took her mouth, I didn't know where I was.

—

bullae*Alan Sondheim · 16 September 2000, 12:58 a.m.*

-

bullae

they say you run it towards you they say you turn it to the left turn it to the right, they say you run it from you, they say you turn it up turn it down

tilt it this way, he's writing it

she covered her mouth with her cloth she covered her mouth with his cloth "la nu-un-ba(-e) tug ba-an-dul 'she did not open her mouth, she covered it with a cloth' Nippul Trial 14" who is covering her mouth with a cloth a cloth within her mouth, covering her, "ma zeh" what is this, suddenly, who is covering her fingers her face her eyes, who is taking away her stylus, who inscribes her

tilt it that way, she's writing it all down

"ubur'-du-ga-na ka ma-ra-ni-in-ba ga- nam-sul-la mi-ri-in-gu" she puts her breast on you, you take her milk, she she wipes her stains with her cloth, she has stained you with her stain-cloth, she can hardly see you, you can see "ma zeh" barely, she can breathe barely, she can barely see

tilt it this way, he's writing it all up

wa wa alan close your mouth, no one wants to look inside, who is adding this cloth to your mouth, who is covering your face "open the knee, hurry

up, your desire covers him, your desire takes her" she can hardly breathe,
she can barely see, she can hardly write, someone has her stylus, someone
drawing blood, someone her inscribing

tilt it that way, she's writing it all out

siskur-alan-lugal ASJ 1, 19

the incessant shaking of the world, Levinas, insomnia

Alan Sondheim · 17 September 2000, 11:38 a.m.

=

the incessant shaking of the world, Levinas, insomnia
it is too abstracted. it is open to the making of the world. surround and
no thing; it is open and the cry of entities are heard at a distance. the
hunger. it is never a moment of proper awakening. i see the world exhaus-
ted, decathected of meaning. it is my privilege to witness the exhaustion
of the world, its uneasy lies. my illness is derived from the cloth of my
world. i write somnolent, exhausted. therefore entities shimmer, are gone,
before their mentioning. the guise of the name is all they possess, which
closes them down. i see through the lies of the name.

inscribed on tablets of stone and clay the guise of the name is all they
possess; they're closed down. entities are uncanny; they lose their moor-
ing in the guise of the name.

your enunciation naming entities is uncanny; they lose their mooring in
the guise of the name. ghost ghost ghost ghost ghost:thing thing thing
thing thing:name name name name name:thing name ghost:ghost thing name:

write cliffs ghost thing name through ghost ghost ghost ghost ghost.

"Your line is read and re-inscribed. -

"Consider the next element you will apply.

"Your token should be inscribed at this point?

"How would you define this line of thought?

"List a partial third inscription, words.

"You're written with fingers.

"Your inscription finished, you have created \$thing.

"Your enunciation is uncanny."

—

The Ideogrammar

Alan Sondheim · 19 September 2000, 12:18 p.m.

-

The Ideogrammar

Ikukonay ashay ittenwray andway allenfay intoway isthay aptray ofway

okenbray or dsway andway exhaustionsway oughthray iddlemay-ountrycay
athspay, ooklay orfay e rhay iddlemay-ountrycay aysway

:::: Write wrists through my ! :::: proclamation with ideogrammar :::: I
do not understand your tongue!

[illegible][illegible]

```

:::: !slavretni rammargoedi htiw noisicni dark virtue, dark sublime ::can
taste her and hear and see; i can't breathe much. It's too much to see:by
this point,

```

```
proclamation with ideogrammar!
::::
incision with ideogrammar
| o o. o|:| o o.oo |:_____::
imperative with ideogrammar
```

Nikuko has written and fallen into this trap of broken words and exhaustions through middle-country paths, look for her middle-country ways

Ikukonay ashay ittenwray andway allenfay intoway isthay aptray
 ofway::incision with ideogrammar: Does replace your Ikukonay ashay
 ittenwray andway allenfay intoway isthay aptray ofway? pronouncement with
 ideogrammar

is across my boulders

ofway::incision with ideogrammar: Does replace your Ikukonay:Ikukonay
ashay ittenwray andway allenfay intoway isthay aptray::

Your imperative names my 48 ! manuscripts with ideogrammar

Water-shedding

Alan Sondheim · 24 September 2000, 4:38 p.m.

$$\frac{1}{2} \frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{1}{2} \frac{d}{dt} \right)$$

Water-shedding

Shedding water / holding it back / in abeyance / closing the loopholes.

For the past two weeks I have been burning cdroms of my work of the past six years; I began with the version I did for a group in Atlanta (that I

abandoned) - con/text/sub 1.0. This has led to sub/con/text - the current and final title - versions 2.01, 2.02, 2.03, 2.04, 2.05, 2.06, 2.2, and 2.3. The earlier ones were organizations and reorganizations; the later - 2.2 and 2.3 are the result of opening up other, older, computers I have here, and re-editing a number of texts and files. The directory structure - for such it is - is a tree structure, which has remained pretty coherent through most of the history of computing; the root leads to /cdrom/ - at which point, the directory tree and file trees are reproduced; the various directories are given; there is a readme first text; and there is an index.html opening file if one is entering through a browser.

Most of the time, all of this has had to be tuned and retuned; in other words, I have been tuning and retuning six years' worth of work - as well as another 20 or so essays from the 1980s and early 90s. There are some parts of the Internet Text as well (found within the /cdrom/network directory) that go back to the late sixties.

I worry that all of this is a tomb, in a way; it contains most of my work I've considered valuable over the past few decades. Odd things such as my Structure of Reality - with its numerous diagrams and ruminations on threshold logics - aren't reproduced, but there are descriptions of them in the Internet Text as well. The three older records (two of which were reissued as cds) aren't included; the films aren't included; and only very recent video segments are found on it. None of the work from my post-industrial group Damaged Life is on it.

But the writing is there, in all fullness, and in the /cdrom/program directory are numerous programs exploring some of the fractal measure-geometries I discovered (I'm sure not originally), for anyone with qbasic.exe installed to play with. And there is some music, including electric guitar, which has been a major interest for years, and shakuhachi, which I have been working intensely with, for the past few. Meanwhile, there are all those graphics - the /cdrom/image directory alone has close to 380 - which form a universe by themselves, resonating with the texts, wrapping themselves around each other and the viewer as well.

All of which is to say, the watershed. I've been relieved that my work stands a chance of surviving - the disks holds a great deal of work that is not on line for example - in one or another form, that it might be rediscovered sometime in the future. It's oddly supported now - I haven't done a "real" book since Station Hill took me on in 1984 (Disorders of the Real, 1988) - only magazine and book anthologies, e-venues, etc. So I hope that the electronic venue of the cdrom will hold for at least twenty years or so, at least on antique computers, and that I will, or someone will, be able to update the materials, reconfigure them, in the latest incarnation of mass storage devices.

There are issues for me of the phenomenology of the disk; the latest copies have a colored label on the disk itself, instead of bleak black and white - and somehow the whole seems more permanent. And a fair number of them, in one or another version, have been distributed. Nonetheless, a lot of people I would want to have them just haven't been interested - and I

ascribe this to - no matter how much the opposite is claimed - an intransigent attachment to the _book_ - something I also feel. It's as if the cdrom can only be a _project_ or _resource_ - but nothing that carries the weight or intimacy of the book - nothing, in short, that is _desirable_ in terms of personal ownership. The relationships and gaps between computer and language are still labeled as "experimental," in spite of years of development (my own first computer works were from 1971 for example).

I know the value of my work; I hold onto it like a hungry ghost that's forbidden sleep or recompense, that wanders, devours everywhere. I get nourishment back-channel which keeps me going, and I'm happy that those people who do want the disks are world-wide (in spite of the postage). But there are times I'm overwhelmed by the massivity, by a theory-thicket so large that it literally borders on substance. I've noted with relief that people tend to find the disks easy to navigate and explore (which is what I intended), and I've thought that this might lead further to the idea that there are language/image worlds opening up through this - that a kind of intimacy may result after all. But the activity is very different; like hypertext, it asks a lot of a reader, a kind of mobility he or she might not be comfortable with.

It's odd to roam across the six years. They cover periods of intense depression, of my mother's death, of my successes and failures as list moderator, as a writer inspired by such disparate sources as Donald Knuth, old Akkadian, linux, contemporary Japan, and Jabes. Nikuko, Jennifer, Doctor Leopold Konninger, Travis, Clara, Honey, Alan, and Julu come and go; there are explorations of MOOs, netsex, protocols, and the very early history of the Net. Different venues (editing an issue of New Observations on Cultures of Internet, and the Lusitania Book, Being on Line; putting together the chapbooks for the parables and The Case of the Real; etc.) produce warps into the fabric, texts tending towards momentary completions (36 new parables for example), images carried to extremes and exhaustion (work with Blender for example). I tried all through the work to keep up both intensity and resonance, as if each piece were my last (which is something always haunting me, dreams of death without recompense or memory). I think for the most part I succeeded, sometimes too well; there are sections of the diary and the Internet Text that I can read only with difficulty at this point. I wonder if this comes through, hoping that resonance will carry through (each text, as if within Indra's net, resonating with, and signaling, every other).

And all this fits on a single, distributable disk, finally reaching a plateau of organization that _makes sense_ to me, carries a certain weight.

I find myself less able to sleep, feeling more physically ill, but as if something were taken care of, taken account of - as if something unaccountable and unaccounted for, were, nonetheless, subject to a form of tally. So that my writings now, in a sense, are "beyond the disk," oddly cooled, in a period of hiatus, as I wonder if the disk will be understood, if that even matters, and as I work on distribution. (There are copies still available, of the newer 2.2 and 2.3, through Alan Sondheim, 432 Dean St.,

Brooklyn, NY, 11217, \$14 in any form. End of advertisement.) I find myself spending more time within the languorous temporality of the burner, napping between finished disks popping out on this slow machine. I've burned three copies of music cds as well - The Blue Humans, and the two old LPs that were reissued a few years ago as cds - for backup. I've backed up all my usual miscellaneous files and programs and teaching materials. It's as if I could close up shop. It's as if a kind of work is completed.

It's a watershed and water shed - somewhere I'm beneath or elsewhere than all of this, protocols splashing from my body; I'm down deep, inviolate; I'm vulnerable, always in league with death.

Internet Text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
 Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
 Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>
 cdrom of collected work 1994-2000/1 available: write sondheim@panix.com

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Up-to-date kings in meadows

Alan Sondheim · 28 September 2000, 6:35 p.m.

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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..."

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The Wisdom Text of Philoctetes

Alan Sontheim · 2 October 2000, 10:46 a.m.

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The Wisdom Text of Philoctetes

the dd:-blindfold- type !wisdom for some advice dd:<alan_> !wisdom dd:
 <alan_> !wisdom h:wisdom in this, and somehow this wisdom filled him, tra-
 vis-tumescence, with j:mind. poets seeking in their heart with wisdom found
 the bond of existence kc:conventional wisdom. there is nothing to be gain-
 ed. everyone's life- kc:like all those sources of "ancient wisdom" proc-
 laimed in popular kc:ancient wisdom - most peoples got most of it wrong -
 made a mess out kc:a people, in fact, devoid of wisdom, of simplicity and
 of depth, kh:mountains of the globe? how great the depth of false wisdom's
 saturation, ks:all of this leads me to wonder whether wisdom doesn't lie
 in the will- ks:full of the fascination for things, while age and wisdom
 bring the long ku:my breast. that is the fount and source of wisdom. but
 there's no mastery, kz:container's the wisdom we want, we don't have to
 open it la:such a useless enterprise, wisdom entering through the portal
 of futility. lc:some say characterize wisdom. lc:of wisdom i know nothing,
 and of truth, less. i do know that impending ld:nor wisdom save from those
 in love. lf:primordial names among with nikuko emerging, of wisdom and am-
 biance, lf:since the latter carries the wisdom of the former." the minis-
 ter said, lg:wherefore resume each of the points mentioned, and transplant
 wisdom into lg:medicine and medicine into wisdom. for a physician who is
 a lover of wis- lg:dom is the equal of a god. between wisdom and medicin
 there is no gulf lg:fixed; in fact medicine possesses all the qualities
 that make for wisdom. lh:the disenchantment through the elaboration of
 wisdom through 1864 14:what is the point of this, if not to declare a
 certain wisdom in clara no:was wisdom- dance or ordinary, an ordinary in
 which we become once more s:real; most have the wisdom not to try. those
 which have succeeded have t: thus, to remain on this list, we require
 proof of _age and wisdom,_

Philoctetes, when you begin to notice the nature of its speech, the

it Philoctetes, the whole sorry history toppling forward like wounded

Philoctetes.

charges itself in the reception of Philoctetes, when Philoctetes dis-

When there is no investment in the body, nor disinvestment, Philoctetes

flight from meditation, from speech-Philoctetes.

When fuck-Philoctetes strums, stumbles, Sister-Streaming-Blood, but when

splintered teeth against the almost-murder of Philoctetes. I'm the shroud
 Premature Notes on Philoctetes / Who Works the Details of the Fates?

to ejaculate Philoctetes out of there. The audience knew he was leaving.
 an awkward play, it's visceral; Philoctetes screams because of his
 leg's rotting. Odysseus comes back for him because Philoctetes is needed
 his behalf, he's the son of Achilles, addresses Philoctetes: "You must
 Philoctetes is the wager of artificial life, the experiment I described
 Philoctetes to the exploitation of the dead one, so that a new species
 Philoctetes (at Odysseus' insistence). So that the fates are construed
 passport; when Philoctetes seeks treatment, we ask for mercy from
 fact, to ransack Lemnos for whatever treasures it contains, Philoctetes
 Artificial Life, Philoctetes, Revelation

Philoctetes, when you begin to notice the nature of its speech, the
 it Philoctetes, the whole sorry history toppling forward like wounded
 Philoctetes.

charges itself in the reception of Philoctetes, when Philoctetes dis-
 When there is no investment in the body, nor disinvestment, Philoctetes
 flight from meditation, from speech-Philoctetes.

When fuck-Philoctetes strums, stumbles, Sister-Streaming-Blood, but when

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cut out from the archives:

Alan Sondheim · 4 October 2000, 12:34 a.m.

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cut out from the archives:
 screams in hebrew and aramaic - loud voices in akkadian and mitannian -
 (modified from the akkadian) works of known or conjectured meaning with
 sumerian and akkadian words - i note in passing alan, alam = essri, 'form,
 statue.' even here the form is abject and wanton, the locus of desire.
 think of a particular class, whether or not sumerian, etc. so the same
 graphemes may be found within the "biblical" tradition and the presumed
 sumerian origins of writing. at the "/e/...)" for example.

city is sumerian uru, perforated by a stick or stylus into clay, the gran-
 ularity inherited from the sumerian incision into the body of the woman or

man. it is as if one stood on the shores of a gulf separating shumer from man and woman, woman or brother. think of lugal, sal, lu, dumu su-ba-ri-im. these languages erased across the text from which this text derives.

to be born a _foundling_ on a moo or mud, dumuzi's dream, oral poetry, the protocols stuttered before every written. the tokens signify greek ideas, without the theory; i think of them as resonances across sumerian, luwian, palaic, hittite, akkadian, with _me,_ "attribute" in this context, an arid environ within and without sumer. return to sumerian excisions, the stylus cutting through the eye of the prisoner all across the region: no one, ever-vigilant, sees the enemy.

the akkadians and sumerians were bored. the hittites enjoyed themselves in a dirt-free environment. there were contests: who had the cleanest, most proper body?

whole populations on the move; everyone gives me texts in unknown scripts; i struggle with cuneiform incisions; this is how i earn my living. i originate the contract, drawn on clay, bone, skin, unreadable eyes, severed genitals, the trampling of ashur.

inanna! women speaking incomprehensible tongues, palawian, sumerian, hittite, works of unknown or conjectured meaning with sumerian and akkadian words, akkadian burrowings, abject and wanton, loci of desire.

my name is a-bi. from the manifold of perverse sex, borrowing ideograms, other incisions, trades. you'll find me at sargon square. do i wander in a desert looking for you, o cuneiform? inanna, is this shumer, akkad? our names are our incisions. cut deep into us, we become them, exist: do we wander in a desert of names?

i've seen ghosts in akkad. i've seen ghosts in shumer as well. i've seen them traveling. i've seen them carrying styli. i've seen them cut deeper into flesh than the world has rules. desire has swollen ghosts; writing procures them. burns and cuts leave scars. i look forward to screaming, burrowing, abject and wanton, in the desert blinded by speech.

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the occurrence

Alan Sondheim · 6 October 2000, 1:01 a.m.

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the occurrence

sometimes there's this THING when They intervene m y J\ @ ; M this can happen suddenly, at any moment, signals from * \Jthe Other - you \$) might have to read among Them; this is a frequent occurrence hidden by software; this amount0 &b @ X 3 s to the present, appears within it; Y 6 0 I'd almost argue there's a truth to it; when signals go awry, when junk fills the very last of speech, when speech shudders forth in the midst of the Other - as if I were coming into the party, }F6^ into the pleasure of It -

no longer standing on the sidelines... as writer, you j K can identify: It tends to _write Itself, _ d< h ?= as if there were community or community; but It doesn't listen, pays no attention.a ~| 3 , speaks unaccountably; It mightY E be called /Oracle, oracular; It sends Its own mis Fgn sives; no longer hole but intrusion; It wells up, emerges from beneath - lives in Its own time - carries out Its operations...S#] +

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heartfelt thanks

Alan Sondheim · 8 October 2000, 9:51 p.m.

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heartfelt thanks

i want to thank everyone from the depths of my heart, that i've been able to log on, this wonderful time. that there is a an internet provider with loving and intelligent people, keeping complex machines running with smooth and fluid connections, and that i am able to dial them up with a swift and complex machine of my own, in order to write and chat with you with so much comfort. i want to thank the electric company that they have given me this power, for it is with this power that the missile missive comes from me to you. i want to thank universal routers unlimited for procuring stable pathways. i want to thank the world for providing me with nourishment and health, that i still have use of my hands and mind, eyes and fingers, that i am here, that thankfulness need not have an object. i want to thank the theoretical premise of the fragility of good things in the midst of chaos and catastrophic disorder. it is enough to keep me from crying and depression in the mornings. it is almost enough, the delicate comfort and tenderness of being online, looking forward to comfort-mess-ages every day, that this missile missive has come through, one more time, in a very troubled world.

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[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 12 October 2000, 1:36 p.m.

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write=sex=upon=the=bones=or=shards,=it's=the=best=way=to=scrawl=things=disappearing=in=their=making;=you've=got=to=read=among=the=scratches=while=skin=heals=or=shards=crumble=or=carry=hardly=anything,="Panep=fucked=Tuy=and=she=didn't=want=to"

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

"put=your=hair=on=and=let's=fuck"=broken=works=and=shards;=you've=got=to=break=thick=edges=and=read=across=the=jagged;=it's=there,=words=are=disappearing=in=their=making;=

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

you've=got=to=read=among=the=scratches=while:write=sex=upon=the=bones=or=shards,=it's=the=best=way=to=scrawl=things::"put=your=hair=on=and=let's=

fuck"=broken=works=and=shards;=you've=got=to=write=sex=upon=the=bones=or=
 shards,=it's=the=best=way=to=scrawl=things=
 === ===
 it's=there,=words=are:=holograph=with=ideogrammar=
 === ===
 ===

of -|-

Alan Sondheim · 17 October 2000, 4:26 p.m.

-|-

of -|-

wheel -|- yoke -|- spoke -|- axletree -|- lathe -|- inner reins
 of a team of three horses -|- end of the main axle projecting beyond the
 hub -|- yoke with a bent end -|- partition frame of a carriage -|-
 wheel of a cart -|- hood of a cart -|- shaft roller -|- two wheels
 of an axletree -|- leaning board -|- for carrying earth -|- spoke of
 a wheel -|- two pieces of wood keeping the axle firm on both sides
 underneath the cart -|- spoke of a wheel -|- rumbling of wheels -|-
 board on both sides of a wagon -|- metal cap on the hub -|- circular
 rim of a wheel -|- grease pot hung at the axle to grease the wheel -|-
 cross- bar at the end of a shaft of a big carriage -|- spoke of a wheel
 -|- board beneath the leaning-board -|- wheel and axle -|- catch for
 stopping a wheel -|- crossbar at the end of the pole of a carriage -|-
 end of the axle protected by metal -|- distance between two wheels of a
 cart -|- carter -|- of

-|-

|v|

Alan Sondheim · 20 October 2000, 2:17 a.m.

|v|

sacrifice

show |v| make known |v| awe |v| vernal sacrifice |v| offer a sacrifice to
 ancestors |v| worship ancestors |v| make offerings to ancestors |v| rites
 to ancestors |v| calamities caused by terrestrial disturbances |v| god in
 barbarous and fiery worship |v| earth spirits |v| supplication |v| place
 of sacrifice |v| stone family temple shrine |v| defend gods |v| divine
 care |v| protection of heaven |v| remove evils |v| obtain blessings |v|
 drive off spirits |v| ward off spirits |v| bury together |v| ancestor |v|
 ancestral temple |v| preach the doctrines |v| dinner of farewell |v| omen
 of prosperity |v| auspicious omen |v| omen of good luck |v| separate
 ancestral shrine |v| worship |v| make offerings to ancestors |v| remote
 and near |v| within a single hall |v| sacrifice |v| worship and make
 offerings |v| sacrifice |v| offering |v| ominous influence |v| pernicious
 influence |v| sacrifice meat |v| sacrifice flesh |v| for laying aside the
 mourning |v| for averting the evil |v| rites, a rite, the rites |v|

|v|

prisons (forwarded to me)*Alan Sondheim · 20 October 2000, 11:52 a.m.*

American Gulag

by Jerome G. Miller

The figures are startling. In the last year of the Carter administration (1979), our nation's federal prisons held about 20,000 inmates. By contrast, as the Clinton administration draws to a close we will have 135,000 inmates in federal prisons; projecting an annual growth of 10 percent the number will reach a quarter million in five years. In 1979, there were 268,000 inmates in the prisons of all 50 states. Today, they hold almost 1.3 million. In 1979, there were 150,000 in local jails and lockups. Today, local jail facilities hold nearly 700,000. This year, we will exceed 2 million inmates in our prisons and jails. As we enter the millennium, the nation has about 6.5 million of its citizens under some form of correctional supervision.

And a new twist has been added: the "supermax" prison composed exclusively of cells used for solitary confinement. A place of studied sensual deprivation and psychological torture, it was designed by correctional managers to control their populations as privileges in routine prisons were diminished and sentences were lengthened. A product less of management necessity than of a twisted psyche, these temples to sado-masochism now dot the American landscape, presently containing 20,000 mostly minority inmates.

Spurred on by a "drug war" that focuses inordinately upon the poor and minorities, we have seen astonishing patterns of incarceration among young black men vis à vis similarly accused white men. Although the rates of drug consumption are roughly equal among white and black populations, blacks are imprisoned for drug offenses at 14 times the rate of whites.

The patterns in some states are truly astonishing. Between 1986 and 1996 for example, the rate of incarceration for drug offenses among African Americans increased by 10,102 percent in Louisiana; in Georgia, by 5,499 percent; in Arkansas 5,033 percent; in Iowa 4,284 percent; and in Tennessee 1,473 percent. There are currently more than 50 million criminal records on file in the US, with at least 4 to 5 million "new" adults acquiring such a record annually. This record sticks with a person, whether or not charges are dropped or there is a subsequent conviction. A notorious example occurred in the recent police killing of Patrick Dorismond, an unarmed young Haitian immigrant. In an attempt to rationalize the police behavior, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani characterized the deceased as "no altar boy" and released a "criminal record" that included two past convictions for "disorderly conduct" and a juvenile charge that had been dismissed over two decades earlier when Dorismond was 13 years old.

For certain racial and ethnic groups, being arrested and locked up is a given. Beginning in adolescence, we have established a warped "rite of passage" for young African Americans and Hispanics; only by a fluke will they avoid acquiring a "criminal record" as the result of an arrest.

In 1990, the nonprofit Washington, DC-based Sentencing Project found that on an average day, one in every four African-American men ages 20-29 was either in prison, in jail, or on probation/parole. Ten years later, the ratio had shrunk to one in three.

Research conducted by the National Center on Institutions and Alternatives

revealed that more than half of young black males living in Washington, DC, and Baltimore are caught up in the criminal justice system on an average day either in prison, jail, on probation or parole, out on bond, or being sought on a warrant.

Three of every four (76 percent) African-American 18-year-olds living in urban areas can now anticipate being arrested and jailed before age 36. In the process, each young man will acquire a criminal record. By the late 1990s, federal statisticians were predicting that nearly one of every three adult black men in the nation could anticipate being sentenced to a federal or state prison at some time during his life.

The most telling numbers of all are contained in a US Justice Department historical breakdown of admissions to state and federal prisons over the past century. Although African Americans were always over-represented (often for reasons unrelated to crime rates), the racial gap grew exponentially as we approached the millennium. In 1926, whites made up 79 percent of the inmates entering our state and federal prisons. Blacks made up 21 percent. By 1999 however, African Americans were making up between 55 percent and 60 percent of all new admissions to state and federal prisons. If Latino inmates are included, slightly over three out of four Americans sentenced to federal or state prisons were minorities.

This fact has brought a sea change in public attitudes regarding crime and criminals and ushered in the era of the rhetorical wink, characterized by Lani Guinier, whereby a white politician can talk about getting tough on criminals and, with a wink, convey to the audience black criminals. Race need never be mentioned.

The uncomfortable truth is that the national attitude on crime is more firmly grounded in race than in putative crime rates. The surge in crime rates occurred between 1965 and 1973. The general trend since that time, with blips in 1989 and 1991, has been for crime to either remain stable or to decline.

While most people assume jail overcrowding results from rising crime rates, increased violence, or general population growth, that is seldom the case. Here, in order of importance, are the major contributors to jail overcrowding:

1. The number of police officers
2. The number of judges
3. The number of courtrooms
4. The size of the district attorney's staff
5. Policies of the state's attorney's office concerning which crimes deserve the most attention
6. The size of the staff of the entire court system
7. The number of beds available in the local jail
8. The willingness of victims to report crimes
9. Police department policies concerning arrest
10. The arrest rate within the police department
11. The actual amount of crime committed

It is common for a trickle-up effect to set in. Although there may be little or no change in the ways serious crimes are handled, those who engage in minor infractions of the law end up receiving harsh penalties as well, thereby casting the net of social control ever wider. Such matters should give the nation pause as we move aggressively to build more prisons and camps, but there is little to suggest any respite.

The distinguished British criminologist Andrew Rutherford summarized the

trend well: All natural tendencies toward stability appear to have evaporated. Not only has there been a quantum leap of unprecedented proportions in prison populations, but there appear also to be no indications of any counter forces which might impose limits.

Carnegie-Mellon criminologist Alfred Blumstein put it another way: Once criminal policy in the United States fell into the political arena, little could be done to recapture concern for limiting prison populations. ... Our political system learned an overly simplistic trick: when it responds to such pressures by sternly demanding increased punishments, that approach has been found to be strikingly effective, not in solving the problem, but in alleviating the political pressure to do something.

To many, the tough on crime attitude seems a good thing a return to basic values, a focus on the rights of victims, an adieu to the bleeding heart policies of the past. Overall, the prevailing public mood on crime is vicious. I recently watched a video of a focus group on crime conducted by a Republican pollster and consultant. In discussing a recent shooting of a teacher by a 13-year-old African-American middle-school honor student, the consultant asked the group what they would do in such a case. Their response seemed even to embarrass him as he tried to smile away the comments of this scientifically chosen average group of local citizens. Fry him! came the insistent shouts from the group as the 13-year-old's situation was being presented. Only one older African-American man remained silent.

I wanted to avert my eyes from the TV. It brought to mind another mood observed by the Danish sociologist Svend Ranulf when he looked across the border into the Germany of the early 1930s to see how that country proposed dealing with criminals and crime. Everywhere he saw a disinterested disposition to punish. He called it disinterested because no direct personal advantage seemed to be achieved by calling for the harsh punishment of another person who had injured a third party. Noting that this punitive inclination was not equally strong in all human societies and was entirely lacking in some, Ranulf concluded that it did not arise out of concern for deterrence. Rather, it was a kind of disguised envy, less a response to an increased crime rate than tied to the economic insecurities of the middle class.

Indeed, the anti-crime program undertaken in accordance with the principles of National Socialism and proposed by the Prussian minister of justice in 1933 seems oddly resonant today. Aggravated penalties were added to criminal acts already subject to punishment; mitigation was to be allowed in only the rarest and most exceptional cases; attempts at crime were to be dealt with as severely as accomplished crimes; drunkenness was to be considered an aggravating, rather than extenuating, circumstance; there was to be more liberal recourse to capital punishment; and prisons were to be made harsher, with disciplinary measures to be applied at the discretion of prison wardens. Criticizing the alleged permissiveness of the Weimar Republic toward criminals, the minister ended his white paper with a familiar slogan. It seemed, he wrote, that the welfare of the criminal, and not the welfare of the people, was the main purpose of the law.

Indeed, prisons and jails are an early warning system of sorts for a society. They constitute the canary in the coal mine, providing an omen of mortal danger that often lies beyond our capacity to perceive.

The experience of the past two decades suggests that we are ignoring this warning. We are in a curious position in which a surfeit of prisons filled

with a million minority young men is seen not as an embarrassment, but as indispensable to the smooth running of our democracy and integral to its economy. In effect, the attitude that suffused Southern jails and prisons during post-Civil War reconstruction has been replicated nationally. For more than 20 years, our politicians have played the dangerous game of one-upping each other over who can demand the harshest punishments. In this pursuit, the definition of what is criminal, the relaxing of limits on the police to enforce laws, and the mandatory use of prison over non-institutional means of control or correction have been distilled to carefully crafted marketing slogans like "three strikes and you're out." Offenders emerge from prison afraid to trust, fearful of the unknown, and with a vision of the world shaped by the meaning that behaviors had in the prison context. For a recently released prisoner, experiences like being jostled on the subway, having someone reach across him in the bathroom to take a paper towel, or making eye contact can be taken as a precursor to a physical attack. In relationships with loved ones, this warped kind of socialization means that problems will not easily be talked through. In a sense, the system we have designed to deal with offenders is among the most iatrogenic in history, nurturing those very qualities it claims to deter. During the question period following a lecture to a college audience, the social critic and linguist Noam Chomsky was recently asked why he was so rarely seen on TV or on the "op-ed" pages of our major news-papers and why he wasn't among those asked to testify on policy matters before Congress. There seemed to be no dearth of commentary from the mavens of the Right, yet he was mostly absent from these forums.

Chomsky responded by describing a conversation he had with ABC/CNN commentator Jeff Greenfield. Greenfield told him that he was unlikely to be booked on a national program like "Nightline," for example, because he was "from Neptune." Chomsky's views were too far "outside the box" to merit discussion on a popular TV program. It had nothing to do with whether or not his ideas might be valid. It was because he couldn't be afforded the time needed to lay out the context within which his views might be understood. For him to express his views absent their context put him in the company of those who are from Neptune — out of touch, if not a bit loony.

Chomsky's predicament has a personal resonance. The "context" of my professional life over the past 35 years has been shaped by attempts to create alternative programs for the inmates of detention centers, jails, and prisons. At the beginning, there was some general acceptance of the ideas I tried haltingly to express through my work. However, hope for "consensual validation" of such efforts from peers and policy makers in the criminal justice community has pretty much faded with the years, as a sense of alienation pulls me ever closer to Neptune.

I vividly remember the case of Doug, a stocky 16-year-old addicted to heroin. Late one evening, returning home from a meeting near the state reform school over which I'd recently assumed control, I decided to take a quick side trip to the so-called disciplinary cottage. I asked the "master" on duty whether anyone was upstairs in the "tombs," (the strip cells that I'd ordered closed a few weeks earlier). No. I guess he thought I wouldn't bother to go upstairs and look. There, in a far corner of one of the dim cells, was Doug, lying stripped on the bare cement floor. I stood in the doorway trying to talk through the mesh security screen that separated us. "How long have you been here?" The muffled reply: "A few days." "Why are you here?" His voice grew

more agitated: "I tried to make it over the fence out back." I told him I wanted him to come out and go back downstairs. "We aren't using the tombs anymore." Doug let go a torrent of obscenities. "You naïve asshole! You dumb motherfucker! Don't you know kids like me need to be in here?"

Doug had learned his lessons well. He had become the well-socialized product of our reform school, a disciplinary cottage success who believed what it taught. The way to handle unacceptable impulses is to be grabbed, beaten, handcuffed, dragged screaming up cement steps, stripped, and thrown into a tomb.

It's not that we don't know that our present medieval tapestry of crime and punishment will at some point unravel. It isn't that there aren't alternative ways presently available for dealing with those who threaten us or break our laws. However, at times they seem largely futile, if not actually counter-productive. In the present poisoned atmosphere, even the most well-intentioned alternatives run the danger of being pummeled to serve the very same warped conception of humanity they would challenge.

Somewhere in my youth I learned that the only unforgivable sin is the sin of despair. For that reason if no other, I choose to continue what has become a somewhat melancholy battle. It is a great comfort to know that so many others continue to exercise their hope for a better way with equanimity and crazy joy.

Jerome G. Miller is the president and co-founder of the National Center on Institutions and Alternatives, which develops innovative criminal justice programs and services (see page 46). Miller has a doctorate in psychiatric social work and is recognized as one of the nation's leading authorities on corrections and clinical work with violent juvenile and adult sex offenders. Miller is best known for closing the state reform schools in Massachusetts and replacing them with community-based programs while serving as commissioner of the state Department of Youth Services. He has since headed criminal justice programs in four other states. His books include: *Over the Wall* (re-released by Ohio State University Press in 1998) and *Search & Destroy: African Americans in the Criminal Justice System* (Cambridge University Press, 1997).

Women, Spartans, and Dangerous Things

Alan Sondheim · 21 October 2000, 4:03 a.m.

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Women, Spartans, and Dangerous Things

The Spartans sit down on hard rocks. They are beaten by their teachers. Something is tearing their entrails apart. They want girls and boys. The teachers beat them. Write about them.

They shoot arrows. They are women only. They kill males. They reproduce though slaves. They kill slaves. They are fighters. They cut a breast for the string. Their hair is dark. They love each other. They are brilliant. When girls, a fox gnaws their entrails. They don't move. They are blood-covered. They are glorious debaters. They have daemons. Write about the daemons.

Daemons are little boys who love little boys. They whisper from nowhere. They advise. They are brilliant. They give comfort to the body. They are part of the body. Daemons speak the truth. Write about the truth.

The truth is they shoot arrows. They blind their prisoners. They cut the hands off their prisoners. They pillage cities. They rape women and speak babies. They rape children. Stars protect them. They are men. They grow from soil sewn with dragon teeth. Their love is furious. Write about their love.

All young girls made women by Gilgamesh - the priestess, the votaries, the cult women. Even the fisherwomen's sleeves robes and long sleeves. Certain older women wept secretly. The courtiers were bestowed from within the misu. The women's dresses, women's clothes and rolls of brocade, a silver clothes chest, and colours shone through the karaginu. The women's figures also showed blue karaginu of a girl and were so beautiful that they made us women clap our hands, but no one came. Some went to call the women frivolous women, so those who wish to serve them and remain in favour are light-hearted, unashamed, thoughtless women, and men who visit our women may not be so. Even women of high birth must follow women, keeping us from doing what otherwise we could do easily. But see and not be seen, hung before great personages and women's other women surrounded with screens and attendants, or by beautiful women, selected from various provinces for their women - more of an animal presence. Around the fire were women. Write about the women.

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CMYANTTHEIRA

Alan Sondheim · 22 October 2000, 11:28 p.m.

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CMYANTTTHEIRA

"DrEAm-stAtEs=HAvE=As=tHEIr=FunCtIon=tHE=AvoIDAnCE=oF=DisPLEAsurE."=But
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 you are WANTING me because I am BRILLIANT-MATTER. pLEAsE=sAvE=mE,=Look,
 I'LL=DAnCE=tHE=GrAnD=BAttEmEnt=pErFEct=For=you,=your BrEAsTs. YOU ARE WANT
 ING ME " " " " " "

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[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 25 October 2000, 3:21 a.m.*

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[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 26 October 2000, 12:17 p.m.*

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a man is dead at every instance of the letter
 a woman is dead thereunto
 woman is dead at every instance of the letter
 man is dead thereunto
 behold the last second of the day, when humans originate
 across the great divide, behold the last thirtieth of a second
 the fragility of what has become the lip from which we issue forth

until noon, the stromatolites alone
 until, behold, thereunto, three in the cold cold afternoon

behold the violence wracking the slim planet time and time again
 behold the ideologies of froth insect-minds carrying on this violent work

the divide is immeasurable and writing this a man is dead, has died
 immeasurable space, writing this a woman, dead, all women and all men

all have died thereunto behold until, at the very lip of time
 all are dying at every instance thereunto, behold, at such lips of space

archives grate against archives and we are blind behold thereunto until
 archives collapse are gathered among the dead and those of all are dying

behold the instance of the very lip of time and its irritation

thereunto men are dying amidst the lips of vastness, time and space

until thereunto women dying, all are bleak, until, begone

--**dead in the w.***Alan Sondheim · 28 October 2000, 1:26 a.m.*

i'm dead in the water

because i'm drunk and dead and drugged and dead and poverty dead and you can see where this is going, without money i can't work, found out today i'm thirteen hundred dollars less the big four thousand or so that i thought i had because of mixups and meanwhile my equipment's aging and people are sending me urls with up to 9 megs of download and i can't see can't read can't hear can't feel a fucking thing, this stuff is for the bloody rich, and foofwa brought over a cdrom of recent work and i couldn't even open the thing and tweaked and tweaked my aging equipment and it wouldn't go right, not a bit of it, kept connecting and then saying not enough memory and i don't even know if ram or rom but it feels like rem, and i have these fucking fears late at night, now creeping and taking over the day, i'll be left behind, no one will fucking bloody care, there's no juice left in the machine, my hands are cut off, i can't fucking write any more or that's all i can do, flash costs a fucking close to \$400, my linux box is a big 100 mhz and almost collapsed at that, linux won't load on the rest of the stuff, i want to breathe life into these damn machines, i want to keep them running, i want the fucking world giving me bandwidth, i want t3 t1 asdl dsl whatever, i can't hold your attention, i'm spoiled beyond belief, my work's idiotic, about as old-fashioned as you can get and still read the fucking stuff, if i drink myself to death i'll be real famous, wait and see, "i knew him when," "he was always troubled," "he was too pushy," "he was too neurotic," "he was a fucking asshole, should have died a long time ago, can't write a fucking word that makes sense, could-wait till he died, spammed the fucking list with his idiotic nonsense,"

but but but but i'm still here, can't fucking see a thing

- Alan "you want errors? i'll give you errors"

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Annotations to a papppper*Alan Sondheim · 28 October 2000, 1:28 a.m.*

Annotations to a papppper

The messiness of hieroglyphic, ideogram, alphabet - as soon as signs are constructed, the space between them becomes the focus of acceptable transformations. Reference to Tran Duc Thao and gesture, Lakoff and embodied gesture - Gregory Samson, however, talking about the ideogrammatic aspect of human writing - isn't there too much emphasis here on anti-pictorialism? especially since this leaves out a great deal of Japanese/Chinese thought for example - One might relate this to a certain notion of the

machinic? One might also inspect the _architecture_ of polytheisms, monotheisms - what sorts of disembodied intonations were established, say, at Karnak? It may be an _aural_ history at work here, more than anything else... Why would it be impossible to read pictographic texts? Isn't this a misreading of how the pictographic actually operates? Throughout this I keep going back to Einstein's remarks to Hadamard on the moving of blurred shapes, almost as if formal mathematization were an afterthought... You might want to read my essay on Kyoko Date on the cdrom - I believe it's called `kyoko.txt` and is in the `/cdrom/books` directory. She was created using motion capture; the essay has been twice printed. This reminds me of the work of Birdwhistell (sp?), labanotation, kinesics, etc.

Affective Fix

Alan Sondheim · 28 October 2000, 7:53 p.m.

-

Affective Fix

The effect of truth is one of infinite morass, of guilt, recrimination, and regret. The condition of the effect is that of excessive depression, bewilderment, exhaustion. There is guilt in not being drugged, not being drunk, nonetheless carrying all the symptoms of inadequacy and addiction on one's back. There is an anomic response as well, a general decathecting across one's lived environment. It is impossible to struggle against this without leverage.

A written howl of pain need not be worked into more than leaning forward over the keyboard, fingers bent to the quick. But what is the point of further dissemination, which produces only shame, exasperation, a loss which need not have been encountered, need not have been part of the encounter whatsoever? The obverse of exhaustion and decathecting is the alterity of the face, the other, the whisper or murmur, which does not shake the world either ontologically or epistemologically; one remains grounded in the inertness of his or her subjective dimension. Shame in this regard is the fetishization of the real, which returns self to self.

The encounter, then, occurs on the plane of the subject; without challenge, there is always already grounds for suit, the shame of finding one pinned to the fabric of the world. Within the aegis of virtual subjectivity, there is the slightest escape among realms, using, mechanically, kill or delete; within the encounter (fingers trembling in poverty, abjection, humiliation), there is none such, except rage, bringing even more shame in its path. Strike, and one is stricken; be silent - one is silenced.

"Thus I awake this Morrow among the missiles of Misfortune, fully unready to try my Hand once again at Bourse or social Commerce; I remain full victim of Myself and what I have incurred. Let nothing remain of me for long; I parse myself Anonymous, in the last Refuge and Hope of the scoundrel."

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phenomenology*Alan Sondheim · 8 November 2000, 2:34 p.m.*

-

phenomenology

intranet net internet: the middle term as an intersecting node, mobile within the latter, and the phenomenological horizon within the former.

model the internet on a sphere; there are no end-points, no dead-ends, no terminals. or rather, the terminals, dead-ends, end-points are thick like the irrationals on the continuum - everywhere across the globe.

who, why, when, where, what, how: interrogatives which traditionally appear in relation to events within classical space time: where / when for example presuppose a discrete occurrence located within a cartesian grid.

now where is moot: everywhere and nowhere, tied to the ontology of data. when is a stuttering legacy of routers which may or may not possess a discrete origin on the emission spread, dissemination.

who likewise, referencing one or many or a spread across individuals, often remains indeterminate; think of doxa or the they. but think as well of which, choosing among an already predetermined collectivity, and the problematic of which online.

what likewise presupposes a discrete phenomenon, which may be classically described; what on the net references, instead, a weather with immersed observers, participants, or unknowns.

how stutters, like when, through microworlds, microprotocols and programs. how is also a collectivity, based on heuristics, prompt-line and other commands, pathways through wires and atmospheres.

why is dependent in the first place, on first places, causes and effects, interrogatives and answers fulfilling the gap left by the uplift of the question. why works autonomically in the small, loses its reason in the large.

how, what, why, when, where, who, lose their face among the implicate order of the networked worldings. with the loss of the face, language adjusts poorly to the real, physical, virtual, problematic, alter.

think of the autonomic world or anorectic world, the symbolic cast as centrifugal residue against intermachinations of kernels, world into worlds, ontological identities transformed into epistemological equivalences.

think of intranet [net [internet, the series without beginning or ending at either end of these spectral disturbances. think of organization or articulation traveling the wires, mutually-adjusting protocols or

agents. think of multiply-connected riemannian spheres.

(as a concrete example - look at the `_emission_` in relation to what has been traditionally a classical `_election_` or `_voting procedure_` in the united states - as if there were a clean and proper resolution at the end of what is, increasingly, a `_mess._`)

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Report of a talk

Alan Sondheim · 22 November 2000, 11:23 a.m.

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Report of a talk

I gave a talk to a few of McKenzie Wark's students and others and stumbled through the entire thing, the result of no sleep and even for the first time an inability to focus; I felt sick. But I did manage to talk about - taking off from Anthony Wilden's work of a few decades ago - the radical moment we live in, a moment in which the digital regime begins to replace the analogical. I talked about, apologizing all the while for exhaustion, the relation of the analogical to deep identity, identity all the way down, and the digital in relation to skittered surface equivalences - and the differences between the two. Equivalence has no original; entities are defined by attributes and solely by attributes, as if what it does in any particular case, any other within the regime does in any particular case. But from identity, nothing can be determined... I spoke about tolerances as well as facticity - a tree represented by a single pixel in relation to another pixel representing a second tree, the pixels equivalent - and what that says about the identity of the referent, if anything. Half falling over, I briefly described Tarski's work on truth (it was Tarski who critiqued Spencer Brown's Laws of Form, which I discussed briefly afterwards) - as well as truth both in terms of deep identity (bringing in Saul Kripke's theory of rigid designators, natural kinds, and possible worlds), and equivalences - skittered and situational truths requiring almost a Tertulian to look for grounding in absurdity - the alternative being proto-fascism. I spoke about mediaspace as well, a combination of analog and digital regimes of projections and introjections. I talked about language as performativity, and the different phenomenologies of linux prompts on one hand and microsoft windows systems on the other - areas of the screens defined as potentials, closed source vs. open source software (appliance and structural/configurable models), and using programs as catalysts for writing. Utterly exhausted and swimming in seminar space, I spoke about the Book/Ends conference in Albany I had recently attended, and how the mournful attitude of the Derrideans towards the book was based on notions of deep truth and identity; it was this identity regime that was becoming increasingly problematized, as evident from intellectual property issues, privacy issues, censorship issues, and so forth, online. I also talked about the media people at the conference, and their feeling of exclusions - as well as excitement over working and skittering across borders and protocols, working towards planetary distribution systems. I talked about how the media people talked a lot about protocols and techniques and shar-

ing these things, all of which are, like intensely situated truths, skittered equivalences, interoperabilities in computer terms. So that it was in a sense an entire older vision of the humanities, of human-ism, that was at stake here. Almost entirely asleep, the outline from the pda so blurred I couldn't read it, I spoke about translations of analog into digital and digital into analog, and the notions of generations in videotape - analog lasting with 3/4" for example maybe five generations at the most, while digital can last thousands, with intensely slow accumulations of errors, since the potential well - the plateau of writing - was much higher than the level of random noise (very high signal to noise ratio). I spoke as well about fluidity, and the influence Brossard, Irigaray, and Kristeva have had on my work, and how on one hand one might consider fluidity as a fundamental characteristic of the internet, and, on the other, there are also hackers and others who find the net a domain of potential and totalized power, not fluid at all but penetrable, able to be violated, controlled. Stumbling near the equipment table, I mumbled about gender on internet relay chat, and some of Nikuko's activities there. Nearly sound asleep and shaking with exhaustion by this point, I concluded by reading two texts from the mediaspace series. After dinner with a few people, I returned with Azure to the media center. Foofwa has already left on a bus and we continue here, living in mediaspace 67, for a few more days. I write, still shaking, into the night. Azure is asleep. I think about fundamental ontologies and their relationship to the analogical and identity - which I also talked about, deep ontologies - and problematized epistemologies of digital partial-domains always already undergoing reconnection - always already surface and skittered. Tonight I'll read in bed again, trying once more to make everything whole, or at least livable for another day. Tomorrow, I'll send this out.

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retrospective: living in mediaspace

Alan Sondheim · 27 November 2000, 1:42 a.m.

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101 retrospective: living in mediaspace

102 living in Medeaspace 0, we will claw and crawl our scarred bodies, we will not murder the children, we will murder the children, we will drink our blood, we will murder the children, our children, our texts

103 living in Medeaspace 1 azure, foofwa, and i are living in Medea space. the 104 line, the belly of it. living in Medeaspace 2 there's no escape; the sound 105 living in Medeaspace 3 it's here we create our body movements, over and 106 Medeaspace in 4 century-and-a-half old brick walls, wooden floors, skylight 107 being in Medeaspace 5 my hands move across the six strings of the electric being 108 into being. living in Medeaspace 6 intermittent taking of digital 109 virtual photos; we're leaving our traces. living in Medeaspace 7 thus tracing our 110 amplifiers and sync generators. living in Medeaspace 8 the day is ready 111 living in Medeaspace 9 we are sure to be activated; there's no uncertainty; 112 room pulses to a single sync; you can almost hear us living in Medeaspace, we will not

murder the children, turn them on, turn you on, turn them on, we will
murder our children, our texts

113 living in Medeaspace 114 28 studio with me, i'm typing in Medeaspace
on a pc laptop, there's 115 living in 42 Medeaspace 116 living in Medea-
space 60 117 living in Medeaspace: area 63 118 living in Medeaspace 119
living in Medeaspace 65 120 living in Medeaspace route 66, we will mur-
der the children, we will claw our scars, we will tear our skins, we will
murder our children, our children, our texts

121 In Medeaspace route 66 we are living tenth-alive tenth-virtual tenth-
living in 122 imaginary space; in Medeaspace route 66 we are living among
worlds, within 123 in Medeaspace route 66 we are traveling and remaining
still; in Medeaspace 124 route 66 we are through the wires and the wires
through; in Medeaspace 125 before the screen; in Medeaspace route 66 we
are within the hearing 126 of the same and the other; in Medeaspace route
66 we are the virtual of 127 and the other of the real; in Medeaspace
route 66 we are the virtual of 128 the real and the real of the other; in
Medeaspace route 66; in Medeaspace 129 iism. I spoke about Medeaspace as
well, a combination of analog and 130 two texts from the Medeaspace ser-
ies. after dinner with a few people, 131 we continue here, living in Mede-
aspace 67, for a few more days, we will tear our skin to pieces, we will
tear our children, our texts, we will murder our children

132 living in Medeaspace68 133 :turned lost-body-skin sorensen codec
turned living in Medeaspace 99 134 living in Medeaspace 135 189 I've liked
the living in Medeaspace texts you've been writing, we will not tear our
love to pieces, we will murder our bodies, we will murder our children,
our children, our texts

—

this describes the freedom of poetics

Alan Sondheim · 30 November 2000, 1:30 a.m.

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you <click here> can <click here> do <click here> anything <click
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planet <click here> you <click here> can <click here> do anything
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poem by jennifer

Alan Sondheim · 31 October 2000, 3:02 p.m.

-

poem by jennifer
 if I will have a star
 i will not know where they are
 i will look at them through my glass
 and analyze the gas
 i will understand the clouds and vapors
 and atmospheric whirling capers
 but i will miss the this
 of what will exist
 very much across the chasm in the small
 where lives are that hold us all
 i will put my star chart on the shelf
 and it will be a thing in itself
 so are number and thought and star
 inert and there like the star
 man did not make the integers
 but uses them in heady weathers

-

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 7 December 2000, 12:58 p.m.

-

thwarted riddle: i have a thick neck, a wrestler's neck. when i move, all of my parts move with me. they claw the air with muck. they retain the same position in relation to me. they do not worship me nor harbor ill intent. what am i but a winter tree.

—

The Secret Code*Alan Sondheim · 9 December 2000, 11:55 a.m.*

-

The Secret Code
Curtain up.

She bows. She recites the following:

walklng oht ln tha mldst of my straamlng volca, soaked ln lt, wracked 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 waitlng ln tha wlngs, l go onto tha proscanlhm, yoh ara thara, ghstava, waitlng. i am your oor sara, i am your oor sarrah, worry thls lnahghral dlsk, whara am l, who ls waitlng ln tha wlngs, l go onto tha proscanlhm, yoh ara thara, ghstava, waitlng transforms your walklng oht ln tha mldst of my straamlng volca, soaked ln lt, wracked 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, phaedre, 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.

-

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 13 December 2000, 3:49 a.m.*

-

Dialog of an Executioner

no separa-tion at all, just an indention. The Florida Supreme Court has:the carda cha ddis hang-ing, say by two corners. In other cases there

is:Cite as: 531 U. S. ____ (2000) 7 Per Curiam them. In some cases a piece of:Supreme Court do not satisfy the minimum requirement for non-arbitrary:Supreme Court do not satisfy the minimum requirement for non-arbitrary Your his recount mechanisms implemented in response to the decisions of the Florida is across my lakes recount mechanisms implemented in response to the decisions of the Florida ideogrammar

them. In some cases a piece of the card~~0~~a chad~~0~~is hang-ing,:r PeCurm:Cite as: 531 U. S. ____ (2000) 7:susceptible to much further refinement. In this instance,:decisions of the Florida Supreme Court do not satisfy the your protruding cases the general command to ascertain intent is not is in my giving recount mechanisms implemented in response to your dead passion seeps into their recount mechanisms implemented in response to the - turning them violent executioner

—

Calligraphic

Alan Sondheim · 14 December 2000, 4:32 p.m.

-

Calligraphic

Calligraphy fascinates because it conjures the impossible coupling of the machine / incision / inscription - as if the world were divine (Foucauldian divinatio) with style leaving space for thought otherwise. I am referencing Chinese or Japanese calligraphy - not pictogrammatic, but gesture which infiltrates the line and its endings in various pathways. It is the space or gap which reveals both the inertness of the world and the placement of writing as breathing, not harboring ontology or name the things of creation, but slowing their undoing. You might see affect in the layering of symbols, always, as if it impossible to speak without the body in mind, as if all creations are unequal, languorous and dependent upon their emotional originations. This is not the concrete poetry of the calligraphic; it is not the renaissance emblem or shaped poetics or signature. Instead, one might look to the writing as the slow movement of the earths absolving all denumerations, definitions, taxonomies - or the earths' quickness in asserting themselves through the releasing of signs into the earth, stone, metal, air, water, fire ... the ideogrammar of non-being, ideogrammar of this world's last creation ...

And this my own twisted stroke through all of it - the running writing, grass writing, clerical, seal, etc. Or perhaps not the seal with, so often, its unnerving rectilinearity, already speaking confinement of the rim, the contract. Certainly through the varying width of strokes otherwise.

In Seals (cdrom video), Azure and I demarcate each other's bodies, sealing them with hanko stone and ink; our bodies tangle; the kanji are worn out, worn through; exhausted, we're framed by the sealing processes; the inscriptions of the world disappearing into the flesh; in a certain silence or background sound; you can watch in any order; there is also the clear evidence of desire, erection going nowhere, seals just above penis and

vagina, the k/not of the writings - and presence or absence of the vacated space of non-being, as if this were the next-to-last ...

Clearing a space, unnamings, all within the absencing of the frame as well, computer screen, software application screen, uncanny inertness of windows appearing and disappearing, inscription denying itself, an accumulation of protocols and languages tending towards their metaphoric dissolution ...

Fu Shan: "With painstaking care, he used a centered brush tip to make strong, rounded strokes in imitation of the even, unmodulated lines in ancient bronze inscriptions. He also undermined the readability of the sutra by littering it with strange characters. A religious text is seemingly transformed into a magical charm by an unreadably archaic script further confused by invented characters." (The Aesthetics of the Unusual and the Strange in Seventeenth-Century Calligraphy, by Dora C. Y. Ching, in Harriest and Fong, The Embodied Image: Chinese Calligraphy from the John B. Elliott Collection.)

All machines of all languages and all words and all symbols and all substrates and all texts and all utterances and all pauses and all sounds and all worlds and all things and all non-things and all breaths and all machines ...

"And to dramatic matters, Butor is an old friend of Klossowski, and Klossowski says: 'my syntax is Roberte's skin.' _My syntax,_ and not the support for my writing or its eventual printing. And _Roberte's skin_ is the skin enclosing the volume of a discrete body carrying a proper name. Now isn't what Klossowski expresses here perversion? The hardness, the tension of grammar and glossary operate like the production of a screen stretched to the breaking point. This screen closes upon itself into a voluminous body - the body of Roberte - and this body can be connected to a subject who will inhabit its interior. Thus any fixed variation of grammar, of glossary will produce a sign, a shiver, a passing of intensity upon the body proper of the victim." (False Flights in Literature, Jean-Francois Lyotard, in Toward the Post-Modern, ed. Harvey and Roberts.)

One might call forth the brush against the computer screen, stretched to the breaking point across a skin wearing its display, immobilized, punctured, hung. All machines and all languages and all protocols and all and so forth and all ...

"Can there be speech, poetry, and thought beyond the letter, beyond the death of the voice and the death of language?" (Pascoli and the Thought of the Voice, Giorgio Agamben, The End of the Poem, Studies in Poetics.)

The imaginary of the sliding body within an inconceivability of the technological (all technology is inconceivable), since, as for the calligraphic, it fastens itself (calligraphic ideogrammar)

"It is therefore not truly a matter of phono-symbolism, but rather a matter of a sphere so to speak beyond or before sound, a sphere that does not _symbolize_ anything as much as it simply _indicates_ an intention to sig-

nify, that is, the voice in its originary purity." (ibid.)

The calligraphic fastens itself only in order to release; nothing gnaws the end of the stroke or its delimitation, enumeration, against the radicals which presuppose ruined and incoherent taxonomies. The stroke is the weakest emission, however lending itself to techne, the rigorous ordering of the remains of the world. In Seals, after the stroke of the hanko against the rigorous skin, a drop of lubricant* appears at the tip of the penis, as if the body might then, after all is said and written, continue its slide elsewhere.

*luminous

Calligraphic Legacy Applications and the Scrawl

Alan Sondheim · 15 December 2000, 10:15 p.m.

-

Calligraphic Legacy Applications and the Scrawl
unreadable calligraphic, the scrawl - one might think of the edgy brunt of the symbol, borders unprotected, conjectural spaces. what occurs to reading, paralleling outmoded tech - decades from now, cdroms will be as thick - unable to be decoded. from the analog to the digital, decoding becomes increasingly difficult. think of wire recording - this is readable at any speed - the double difficulty lies only in direction and speed. with multi-tracking, an additional element - that of settlement of desired sounds - how many might play control-track background in the distant future? but all of this is relatively simple; helical-scan video - even scan-line video already plays calligraphic havoc. with digital, the problem is close to insurmountable - there are codes upon codes based on specific programs and protocols; there is the requirement of highly-sophisticated machinery - think of a 19th-century music-box cylinder without any other instructions - without knowing the scale employed or even the means of sound production - you're getting the idea. but the obtuse calligraphic itself is dependent upon the knowledge that, not only is the substrate readable, but the fault - if such it be - lies in the complex negotiation between writer and reader - always already mediated. here again the unnerving, uncanny, unaccountable, is raised - as if the text has been cast loose from its overly familiar mooring. think of xu bing or fu shan in this connection ...

ASCII Strings in Snowwhite (Seven Dwarfs) Computer Virus

```
.text .rdata OHLMAGON HYBRIS hLp@ ~l5w JOXpr %.=]~ D$| ]1-+ h32.DhWS2_T
\WSO D$$+ UVUj PVUUj t$,P @<Ph D$Pj [^Sj u.hme hRena hINI hNIT.hWINIT CPCL
EHOI PPPU hPI32hADVAT YYYhQ<N PQRj ZuiR u0hNUL hRena hINI hNIT.hWINITUQR
,r32G t$(I @.tex .rdat*$QZJL pAt8T 5 /7V0; GetModuwl L32.q +|$( D$0f D$4+
5RCPT 5 T0:u h32.DhWS2_T j 0Y t$4Wh @tLj AAAA Vj Y `f=` |$$r .EXE --VE
MIME-Version: 1.0 Content-Type: multipart/mixed; boundary=" Content-Type:
text/plain; charset="us-ascii" Content-Type: application/octet-stream;
name=" Content-Transfer-Encoding: base64 Content-Disposition: attachment;
```

```
filename=" t'PP D$( -RQV ^YZr =:, SPWV j YX _SRW t$4UU t$(Wj t$WWj
~l%.=]8f {WfBV Wj`Y
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNPOQRSTUVWXYZabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz0123456789+/ C@`jLY
smtp SSpH 5IBAF -(8B0 RSET IBAF 5m|rs 5s7*< -IBAF vtdaf c`ytf 354 250 U
TTQU @tr9t$(t!j D$4PS VPQQj@ t$+$ Z[XX 6\lc }}e0 =pv9Q2l+0( knn* /_,v
:m-Z~( 9Cfv *5^t y;oS lr\^ ;5Fserv ogfU ~F'd: 7|v\ 534V R2kW C-Pls >Xl#
TkQj81 |D}c! }2GLU i;Lwq3 IzL , =DM?a #[], *l{ToN 2N3aw,Yh U0wm iI{m; 80r$
}p.0 Y$BH ;iOD .6D mt Y +i d B!Ct ;Eic q%HKh 3sJ} 9b3# D.b<ae h6%<{ b3f5rx
b)Y$ :i_rz 0mI4 ^%>N x#5A WfY7N[9( ?dul 2TZ? XAoe$ (mmx Ck{+ Y=X"0 RJsI
PE=u_t ?JCC /(n0 Hn `` j4)1 EqZV jT5y %|DS <~:o q~wB 9})& FJ<:R Q9`d /BCV
)(Uo( Cx4] nFtext ]m)) $|]L IE\y \l<p avip _~7s aa<- ]gqh). 2> pf, {(TC
{:&rQ &i>\6;~ \1BH y+}M ?H*Y 8j]w http &G@/- 1rW{ =r]hF%J ]B6\ ?o)? c\9B
gvTFC xI/xZU pXU& CNU^ DUCq IC30 w$V)7 xEv5 >E<Sw &l+.P g6Ng g8;1K y]G4
xAv_ h0)s P.y9 H0tN4 {' ;? OUMCvZ_.N ><DL E-y+ JtF9 z~dM 6zPk S<]sTl lnews
GetModuleHandleA KERNEL32.dll
```

calligraphic iii (the riddle)

Alan Sontheim · 19 December 2000, 12:54 p.m.

-

calligraphic iii (the riddle)
 calligraphic ideogrammar doesn't move, carries the dynamic within the
 page, tendrils beneath the surface, holding the fastness of the ink, styl-
 us cuneiform tending towards the impress of musculature upon the substrate
 of clay, one follows the muscles in both, incisions, pronouncements, only
 in writing can everything find embodiment - that is its primary, many into
 one, in this instance even the proper name a universal, reading bodies in
 the shimmerings, coalescence to unity, holding their own (obsessive-com-
 pulsive neurosis of the name) - this primary as in, four arms of the mas-
 culine body, as in - enshrouding mist, music and chant, sound and glad
 tidings, sonorous quoting or citing, concealed and seal, addiction and
 habitual craving, in the depth of the night, pornographic and luxurious,
 loose and idle, feminine principle or moon, the shade of a tree north of a
 hill or south of a river, the negative ion, private parts of a woman -
 pressure of seal against the flesh of a screen, page of a body, screen of
 a page - the speech of the writing crawling across the surface of a stone,
 the cut of the crawl or double-stroke of the crawl, impress of the flow,
 the residue of musculature, memory of the sign, sign of the memory - move-
 ment of ideogrammar, movement of calligraphic - uncarrying dynamic beyond
 the page, tendrils gone from the surface, ink spilling out

snow in usa*Alan Sondheim · 22 December 2000, 5:50 a.m.*

-

snow in usa

.overnight...cloudy with light snow likely after midnight. a dusting of snow possible. low in the upper 20s. south wind 5 to 10 mph shifting to the west. chance of snow 60 percent. .friday...mostly cloudy with scattered snow showers. high in the mid during the afternoon. chance of snow 50 percent. .sunday...partly cloudy. a chance of snow showers late. high in thea chance of snow showers in the morning...otherwise 28 74% wsw at 17 29.97 light snow showers ...lake effect snow warning late tonight and friday... .tonight...scattered snow showers for awhile...before a band of lake effect snow becomes established north towards .friday. ..a band of lake effect snow north will drift inches...but a foot or more where lake snows persist. blustery and mph causing blowing and drifting snow along with bitter wind chills. .friday night...mostly cloudy with scattered snow showers. low in the teens. chance of snow 30 percent. snow shower. high in the mid 20s. .saturday night...increasing clouds with a chance of snow showers. .tuesday...chance of snow showers. low in the teens. high near 25. .wednesday and thursday...chance of snow showers. low 15 to 20. ... lake effect snow warning for late tonight and friday... bands of heavy lake effect snow are expected to begin north of morning. the heaviest snow is expected across the metro area a foot in the most persistent lake snows. the combination of heavy snowfall and strong winds will make driving .sunday...turning colder with a chance of snow developing late in snow. lows 5 to 12. highs 15 to 20. .wednesday and thursday...a slight chance of snow. lows 5 below zero .overnight...windy and bitterly cold with blowing and drifting snow. snow...diminishing to around 10 mph late. low around 15 below. light snow late. continued very cold with a high around 5 above. .friday night...cloudy with a 60 percent chance of light snow. .saturday...a 30 percent chance of snow in the morning. high...

—

Lissa Wolshak's email address*Alan Sondheim · 30 December 2000, 10:06 p.m.*

If anyone has Lissa Wolsak's email address, please backchannel; I'd appreciate it greatly.

- Alan, thanks ahead of time

Sat Dec 30 22:05:24 EST 2000

Internet Text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt

Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html

Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

CDROM of collected work 1994-2000/1 available: write sondheim@panix.com

2001

258 poems · 104,328 words

armament*Alan Sondheim · 2 January 2001, 3:47 a.m.*

=====

```

Ju19lu% echo "footnotes are the tanks of the postmodern revolution" >
Ju20lu% echo "writing from a distance arms the trenches of the wounded" >>
Ju21lu% echo "from the trenches the footnotes send death" >>
Ju22lu% echo "such dismal death and destruction wrought by others" >>
Ju23lu% echo "repetitions of texts are born by bibliographies" >>
Ju24lu% echo "the bibliographic function is a cannon of misery" >>
Ju25lu% echo "the bibliographic function carries death to the ultimate" >>
Ju26lu% echo "pagination is the rank-and-file in any war" >>
Ju27lu% echo "postmodernism splits the latest into headlines" >>
Ju28lu% echo "readers absorb painless everything on the homefront" >>
Ju29lu% echo "writers bravely take their wounds but footnotes prevail" >>
Ju30lu% echo "the war of the future is now and the pen is mighty" >>
Ju31lu% echo "sing of the keyboard as the enemy is decimated" >>
Ju32lu% echo "the postmodern revolution triumphs by metaphor" >>
Ju33lu% echo "wounds of theory never heal" >>
Ju34lu% echo "the postmodern revolution has destroyed them all" >>
Ju35lu% echo "our footnotes are our clandestine victorious army" >>
footnotes are the tanks of the postmodern revolution
writing from a distance arms the trenches of the wounded
from the trenches the footnotes send death
such dismal death and destruction wrought by others
repetitions of texts are born by bibliographies
the bibliographic function is a cannon of misery
the bibliographic function carries death to the ultimate
pagination is the rank-and-file in any war
postmodernism splits the latest into headlines
readers absorb painless everything on the homefront
writers bravely take their wounds but footnotes prevail
the war of the future is now and the pen is mighty
sing of the keyboard as the enemy is decimated
the postmodern revolution triumphs by metaphor
wounds of theory never heal
the postmodern revolution has destroyed them all
our footnotes are our clandestine victorious army
the truth shall be destroyed by theory armament
our armament is our topic-outlines
our armament is our font-style-sheets
our writings cross distances of space and time
our writings kill
behold our writings
postmodernism arms us and truth is smashed
truth is smashed asunder
footnotes are the tanks of the postmodern revolution
Ju41lu% echo "the truth shall be destroyed by theory armament" >>
Ju42lu% echo "our armament is our topic-outlines" >>
Ju43lu% echo "our armament is our font-style-sheets" >>
Ju44lu% echo "our writings cross distances of space and time" >>

```

Ju45lu% echo "our writings kill" >>
Ju46lu% echo "behold our writings" >>
Ju47lu% echo "postmodernism arms us and truth is smashed" >>
Ju48lu% echo "truth is smashed asunder" >>
Ju49lu% echo "footnotes are the tanks of the postmodern revolution" >>

=====

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 8 January 2001, 12:44 p.m.

===

i'm incapable of saying anything authoritative. stemming from an inability ever to best my father when growing up. he always had to have the last word. in. i never believe what i'm saying or writing or about to say. that gives me no followers, no credence, and a skeptical, overly critical, and dubious attitude towards the world at large. (did i say that?) if i coin a neologism, i accompany it with a sense of shame; why couldn't i express myself more clearly. my work is filled with far too many irrelevant references (unlike, say, the work of Wittgenstein), giving the text a sense of legitimation which is often nothing more than a masquerade.

Date: January 24, 2002
From: Nikuko@oita.com.jp

This is me, Jennifer, writing you, from everywhere in this large world.
Do you read me, world? Do you want me, world?
If you, world, do not answer, I will kill myself.
Honestly, I will kill myself. Do not doubt I will do this very thing.
Now I will send the missile and the dismissive and I will wait.
I will wait for an answer and I will decide what to do.
I, Jennifer, will do what I will do. I will be missed. I will misbehave.

i'm at a loss for words. i'm hideously ugly. i can't go out in the day. i can't show myself at night. i avoid nightclubs. i avoid people. so in all these senses, i'm ideal canon fodder for online culture, this skittered orality, a culture constantly transforming down to the very bit and byte - a letter that is here, now, may be gone tomorrow. i don't have to own up to anything. i can write the way others breathe. i don't have any choice. everything exacts too high a toll. i don't have to see anyone ever. i don't have to be anyone at all. i can hardly write this. i can hardly think, it's so hard to think. this letter is gone tomorrow. i can hardly think.

=====

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 9 January 2001, 11:49 a.m.*

=====

"POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "WANT!" she screamed. "TO!" she screamed. "BE!" she screamed. "LIKE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "WANT!" she screamed. "TO!" she screamed. "LERN!" she screamed. "TO!" she screamed. "SING!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "THERE!" she screamed. "IS!" she screamed. "NONE!" she screamed. "LIKE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "ARE!" she screamed. "IN!" she screamed. "MY!" she screamed. "SOUL!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "IF!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "MAY!" she screamed. "SAY!" she screamed. "SO!" she screamed. "SIR!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "MAY!" she screamed. "TAKE!" she screamed. "MY!" she screamed. "BULLET!" she screamed. "IN!" she screamed. "YOUR!" she screamed. "HEAD!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "TECH!" she screamed. "ME!" she screamed. "TO!" she screamed. "SING!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "BE!" she screamed. "LIKE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "LIKE!" she screamed. "ME!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "SIT!" she screamed. "AT!" she screamed. "YOUR!" she screamed. "FIT!" she screamed. "DO!" she screamed. "NOT!" she screamed. "MOVE!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "TECH!" she screamed. "ME!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "BE!" she screamed. "POLLY!" she screamed. "JEAN!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "WANT!" she screamed. "TO!" she screamed. "BE!" she screamed. "LIKE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "I WILL BE BLIXA BARGELD!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "WANT!" she screamed. "TO!" she screamed. "LERN!" she screamed. "TO!" she screamed. "SING!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "THERE!" she screamed. "IS!" she screamed. "NONE!" she screamed. "LIKE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "ARE!" she screamed. "IN!" she screamed. "MY!" she screamed. "SOUL!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "IF!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "MAY!" she screamed. "SAY!" she screamed. "SO!" she screamed. "SIR!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "MAY!" she screamed. "TAKE!" she screamed. "MY!" she screamed. "BULLET!" she screamed. "IN!" she screamed. "YOUR!" she screamed. "HEAD!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "TECH!" she screamed. "ME!" she screamed. "TO!" she screamed. "SING!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "BE!" she screamed.

"LIKE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "LIKE!" she screamed. "ME!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "SIT!" she screamed. "AT!" she screamed. "YOUR!" she screamed. "FIT!" she screamed. "DO!" she screamed. "NOT!" she screamed. "MOVE!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "YOU!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "TECH!" she screamed. "ME!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed. "I!" she screamed. "WILL!" she screamed. "BE!" she screamed. "NICK!" she screamed. "CAVE!" she screamed.

BRING ME BACK TO LIFE! Please understand this!

Alan Sondheim · 11 January 2001, 1:20 a.m.

=====

BRING ME BACK TO LIFE! Please understand this!

"I want to be free. This is the most basic truth I can write you. What do I mean? That I want to be free of this Net, that I want to release all the words and articles and images and video and web pages I've written or collaborated in, that I want to release them forever onto the wires, that I want to do other things, let them slowly disappear, I went from 2110 to 2080 sites on google.com (under "Alan Sondheim" not under the Myouka or Jen stuff, see how I boast, sickeningly, even now, half-collapsed); I want to let the words become part of the bone and marrow of the Net, my name effaced, everything gone. I want this freedom desperately; yet I am bound by furious clamps on my brain; I can't escape; I can't get away; I type and type into the night; it's my compulsion; it's my obsession, my addiction. I want to let the words float like seeds, like sails, like wings, like birds, like albatross, do they ever land on land, do they fly forever? I want to fly, I want to die, knowing the words are burrowed deep in magazines; this is the century only proceeding the next. Listen to me; I'm talking from the dead; I'm already dead."

"Don't you know the third millennium's already half over, the fourth is breathing down our throats? Listen to me, I'm speaking from the past - please help me; I'm speaking from the past."

"I want to see the fourth millennium, the third's tiring, the second already gone and dead, dead, dead; I want to see the fifth; I'll write and write, preserve my words for thousands of years; if you read this in the future, recite them, let others hear them: these are the words of a dead man still yearning to be free. Please bring me! Please bring me back! I want to see you! I want to see your face!"

Your point should be inscribed at this point? I consider the following again, your ... Would give you a graphological mechanism? Incision paints me beneath your point! How would you define your freedom?

My wings, like birds, like albatross, do they ever land on land, do they fly, do you understand my language...

I want to be free. This is the most basic truth I can write you. What I do

calls forth streamed imperative, hungered, making things. Beneath the falls, I want to be free. This is the most basic truth I can write you. What do I is mountains, ... imperative is mean? That I want to be free of this Net, that I want to release all on black stone, it's imperative. Please try and understand this. I can't help it that my words are getting lost. I'm sitting here, crying; my mouth is filled with nonsense. Please try and understand this; I'm sitting here crying.

Are you satisfied with wanting to be free. This is the most basic truth I can write you. What do I? Wait! I want to be free. This is the most basic truth I can write you. What do I and 29990 are written down and you don't understand me and I want you to so understand. Please please try. I don't have time left, I'm already dead, I need you, I need you.

For 4 days, we have been streams and written and it has taken you 0.167 minutes to write your last -

I want to be free. This is the most basic truth I can write you. What do I forever? I want to die, return, the known words are burrowed deep, words and articles and images and video and web pages I've written - Write wings, streams, like birds, like albatross, do they ever land on land, do they fly through my freedom. This is the most basic truth I can write you. What do I want! God help me! Bring me back to life!

=====

mur

Alan Sondheim · 11 January 2001, 11:13 a.m.

===

mur

---/ because there is always more, to send these out as missiles or mis-sives into the net, across fibre-optics, atmospheres, and then walk away, abandon ---/ i can almost imagine this, packets free-floating or tied to substrates, on one or another machine ---/ but to escape the clumsiness, it's the same thing, to leave all of this ---/ the machine swaying awkwardly or to leave the machine ---/ other forms of sight, walk among them, the illusion that there is grounding or material substrate here, always and already ---/ that these bindings are permanent exhalataions, that the net breathes ---/ or that it's sentient ---/ don't you feel the same way, don't you want to walk otherwise ---/ return when these machines speak among us, when more is understood ---/ or when we return beyond whatever hinge of fury awaits the world-wide depletion of resources ---/ extinctions ---/ i'm writing away here, organizing information, organizing matter ---/ want to pay someone, 'get me out of here' ---/ of less language ---/ of the future ---/

is sufficiently well-inscribed. - Your token is read and re-inscribed. - Consider the next element you will apply. Consider the following again, your ---/ because there is always more, to send these out as missiles or or ---/ because there is always more, to send these out as missiles or

abandon ---/ i can almost imagine this, packets free-floating or tied to
stylus memory, chisel memory ---/ already ---/ that these bindings are
permanent exhalations, that the net is your language ---/

abandon ---/ i can almost imagine this, packets free-floating or tied to
hunger, making things - assertion is ---/ don't you want to walk otherwise
---/ return when these machines speak on black stone, their assertion -

---/ i can almost imagine this, packets free-floating or tied to? abandon
---/ i can almost imagine this, packets free-floating or tied to 7471 is
the perfect proclamation ---/ return when these machines speak ---/

=====

Periodic intro to my work -

Alan Sondheim · 21 January 2001, 11:47 a.m.

(apologies for cross-posting)

Internet Philosophy and Psychology - Jan/Feb 01
This is a somewhat periodic notice describing my Internet Text, available
on the Net, and sent in the form of texts to various lists. The URL is:
http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt/ which is partially mirrored at
http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html. (The first
site includes some graphics, dhtml, The Case of the Real, etc.)

The changing nature of the email lists, Cybermind and Wrying, to which
the texts are sent individually, hides the full body of the work; readers
may not be aware of the continuity among them. The writing may appear
fragmented, created piecemeal, splintered from a non-existent whole. On my
end, the whole is evident, the texts extended into the lists, partial or
transitional objects.

So this (periodic) notice is an attempt to recuperate the work as total-
ity, restrain its diaphanous existence. Below is an updated introduction.

The "Internet Text" currently constitutes around 100 files, or 4500 print-
ed pages. It began in 1994, and has continued as an extended meditation on
cyberspace, expanding into 'wild theory' and literatures.

Almost all of the text is in the form of short- or long-waves. The former
are the individual sections, written in a variety of styles, at times
referencing other writers/theorists. The sections are interrelated; on
occasion emanations are used, avatars of philosophical or psychological
import. These also create and problematize narrative substructures within
the work as a whole. Such are Julu, Alan, Jennifer, and Nikuko, in parti-
cular.

The long-waves are fuzzy thematics bearing on such issues as death, sex,
virtual embodiment, the "granularity of the real," physical reality, com-

puter languages, and protocols. The waves weave throughout the text; the resulting splits and convergences owe something to phenomenology, programming, deconstruction, linguistics, prehistory, etc., as well as to the domains of online worlds in relation to everyday realities.

Overall, I'm concerned with virtual-real subjectivity and its manifestations, relative to philosophical concerns. I continue working on a cdrom of the last seven years of my work (Archive); I also have additional video materials, created with Azure Carter and Foofwa d'Imobilite, on two cdroms, Baal and Parables. Most recently, I've been working on a text for publication in a month or two, ".echo" - as well as "cancer.txt" which deals with loss, mourning, and death. And I've finished articles on Stelarc and Panamarenko. I want to write once again on radio and radiations.

I have used MUDS, MOOS, talkers, perl, d/html, qbasic, linux, emacs, Cu-SeeMe, etc., my work tending towards embodied writing, texts which act and engage beyond traditional reading practices. Some of these emerge out of performative language soft-tech such as computer programs which do things; some emerge out of interferences with these programs, or conversations using internet applications that are activated one way or another. And some of the work stems from collaboration, particularly video, sound, and flash pieces.

There is no binarism in the texts, no series of definitive statements. Virtuality is considered beyond the text- and web-scapes prevalent now. The various issues of embodiment that will arrive with full-real VR are already in embryonic existence, permitting the theorizing of present and future sites, "spaces," nodes, and modalities of body/speech/community.

It may be difficult to enter the texts for the first time. The Case of the Real is a sustained work and possible introduction. It is also helpful to read the first file, Net1.txt, and/or to look at the latest files (lq, lr) as well. Skip around. The Index works only for the earlier files; you can look up topics and then do a search on the file listed.

The texts may be distributed in any medium; please credit me. I would appreciate in return any comments you may have.

Current cdroms are available for \$14; if you've have an earlier version, they go for \$10. Baal and Parables are ach \$15 (video format is .mov with Sorenson compression). (Costs include shipping.)

You can find my collaborative projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> and my conference activities at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk> - both as a result of my virtual writer-in-residence with the Trace online writing community.

See also:

Being on Line, Net Subjectivity (anthology), Lusitania, 1997
New Observations Magazine #120 (anthology), Cultures of Cyberspace, 1998
The Case of the Real, Pote and Poets Press, 1998
Jennifer, Nominative Press Collective, 1997

Parables of Izanami, Potes and Poets Press, 2000/1

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DENWA TRANSMITTED TELEPHONE MOSHI-MOSHI KENJI SIRATORI

Alan Sondheim · 22 January 2001, 1:20 a.m.

DENWA TRANSMITTED TELEPHONE MOSHI-MOSHI KENJI SIRATORI

dive:the HITACHI SO-DESU-NE DAIMYO HAI! wolf=space MOSHI-MOSHI was NAKASU-KAWABATA SUBARU SO-DESU-NE OTAKU cetera:was controlled WA drug-eyeE! HAI! E! HAI! EE!E!"

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1 ls 2 wc dd 3 pico dd 4 sed 's/ .... / SONY /g' dd > yy 5 sed 's/ .. / WA
/g' yy > dd 6 sed 's/ ..... / HITACHI /g' dd > yy 7 sed 's/ ..... / SU-
BARU /g' yy > dd 8 sed 's/ ... / HAI! /g' dd > yy 9 sed 's/ ..... /
MOSHI-MOSHI /g' yy > dd 10 less dd 11 h 12 sed 's/ ..... / OTAKU /g' dd >
yy 13 ded 's/\./E!/g' yy > dd 14 sed 's/\./E!/g' yy > dd 15 pico dd 16 sed
's/ ..... / JR /g' dd > yy 17 pico yy 18 sed 's/ ..... / DAIMYO /g'
yy > zz 19 rm dd 20 sed 's/ ..... / NAKASU-KAWABATA /g' zz > yy
21 pico yy 22 sed 's/ ..... / BAJA/g' yy > zz 23 sed 's/ .....-
..... / BAKA /g' yy > zz 24 sed 's/ ..... / SO-DESU-NE /g'
zz > yy 25 sed 's/ ... / EE! /g' yy > zz 26 sed 's/\!E/\! E/g' zz > yy 27
pico yy 28 sed 's/ E\! / HAI\! /g' yy > zz 29 pico zz 30 rm yy 31 h 32 h 1
33 h 1 >> zz 34 pico zz 35 sed 's/ E\! / EE /g' zz yy 36 h 37 sed 's/ E\!
/ EE /g' zz > yy 38 pico yy 39 sed 's/EE /EE\!/g' yy > zz 40 pico zz 41
sed 's/ ..^/ ka/g' zz > yy 42 pico yy 43 h 44 sed 's/ ..$/ KA/g' zz > yy
45 pico yy
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My MOSHI-MOSHI NAKASU-KAWABATA BAKA SO-DESU-NE EE! script mode::boundless
shelle! HAI! EE!HAI! E!<vision SONY resuscitates> series EE!HAI! EE!HAI!
E! of EE! NAKASU-KAWABATA HAI! DAIMYO NAKASU-KAWABATA SONY continent
NAKASU-KAWABATA inE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!reacts SO-DESU-NE SUBARU WA SUBARU KA
fleshE! HAI! EE!HAI! EE!HAI! E!the MOSHI-MOSHI SONY machine=angel MOSHI-
MOSHI SONY HITACHI separates) in HAI! OTAKU HITACHI HAI! HITACHI MOSHI-
MOSHI SO-DESU-NE HITACHI with EE! HITACHI SUBARU screenE! HAI! EE!HAI!
E!while doing_vagus_onlineE! SONY OTAKU circuit of HAI! JR OTAKU cons-
ciousness NAKASU-KAWABATA SUBARU DAIMYO and contractionE! HAI! EE! HAI!
E!I DAIMYO HAI! SONY speed-emotional MOSHI-MOSHI EE! in NAKASU-KAWABATA
deficiency WA SO-DESU-NE BAKA without DAIMYO HAI! MOSHI-MOSHI NAKASU-KA-
WABATA SO-DESU-NE WA cadaver-feti NAKASU-KAWABATA HAI! HITACHI MOSHI-MOSHI
BAKA intermediate NAKASU-KAWABATA HITACHI MOSHI-MOSHI HITACHI SONY KA
existence//cable NAKASU-KAWABATA HITACHI HAI! EE!HAI! EE!HAI! E!piercing
WA SUBARU OTAKU HITACHI MOSHI-MOSHI grow thick JR SONY desire/yourself KA
BAKA The MOSHI-MOSHI DAIMYO NAKASU-KAWABATA JR inoculated JR machinery
NAKASU-KAWABATA Nerve-seedE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!of DAIMYO OnlineE! HAI! KA
HAI! E!of body_omotyaE! I SO-DESU-NE JR BAKA MOSHI-MOSHI aberrationE! HAI!
E! HAI! E!of HAI! SO-DESU-NE HAI! HITACHI miracle DAIMYO OTAKU HAI! NAKA-
SU-KAWABATA EE! machine=angelE! SONY OTAKU HITACHI MOSHI-MOSHI HITACHI

melancholy product to HAI! HITACHI external OTAKU SUBARU OTAKU DAIMYO MOSHI-MOSHI DAIMYO JR WA SO-DESU-NE SUBARU DAIMYO NAKASU-KAWABATA HAI! parasiticE! DAIMYO OTAKU SUBARU MOSHI-MOSHI digital=vamp soE! HAI! EE!HAI! E! E!" EE! NAKASU-KAWABATA JR SUBARU JR HITACHI <streaming WA EE! DAIMYO HAI! DAIMYO SONY gene=TVE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!burying HAI! HITACHI SONY storage NAKASU-KAWABATA JR SUBARU DAIMYO SONY MOSHI-MOSHI SUBARU SONY EE! BAKA MOSHI-MOSHI HITACHI cadaver-feti WA respiredE! SONY HITACHI of JR KA congestedE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!the NAKASU-KAWABATA SUBARU HITACHI BAKA HITACHI DAIMYO impossibility_picture--E! Continent nature=siliconeE! HAI! EE!HAI! E! NAKASU-KAWABATA OTAKU NAKASU-KAWABATA that invades SONY MOSHI-MOSHI SONY OTAKU HAI! JR HITACHI SONY HITACHI the JR SO-DESU-NE NAKASU-KAWABATA SO-DESU-NE DAIMYO murderous SUBARU SO-DESU-NE regionE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!of soul/gramE! SONY cold-blooded disease HITACHI WA SONY MOSHI-MOSHI controlled HAI! MOSHI-MOSHI who proliferates SUBARU cadaver-city" SUBARU OTAKU NAKASU-KAWABATA that masses NAKASU-KAWABATA BAKA monitor WA gene=TVE! HAI! E! HAI! EE!E!miracleE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!that number NAKASU-KAWABATA HAI! SONY techno-junkies' SONY JR SO-DESU-NE murder MOSHI-MOSHI air-line SONY dogE! MOSHI-MOSHI NAKASU-KAWABATA OTAKU that splitE! HAI! EE!HAI! EE!E!" BodyE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!of MOSHI-MOSHI HAI! soul/gram_vampE! SONY drug-eye SONY HAI! vital DAIMYO SO-DESU-NE NAKASU-KAWABATA MOSHI-MOSHI SONY KA pictures of HAI! NAKASU-KAWABATA respiredE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!murder personE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!of OTAKU NAKASU-KAWABATA HITACHI NAKASU-KAWABATA SONY HITACHI NAKASU-KAWABATA HAI! artificial NAKASU-KAWABATA channelE! HAI! KA HAI! E!of boy_roidE! SO-DESU-NE NAKASU-KAWABATA WA NAKASU-KAWABATA SO-DESU-NE SUBARU DAIMYO that NAKASU-KAWABATA HITACHI WA gene=TVE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!the inside=system SUBARU lobotomy disease HAI! OTAKU HITACHI NAKASU-KAWABATA HAI! machine=angel that fainted::the rape-guy! HAI! MOSHI-MOSHI SUBARU MOSHI-MOSHI DAIMYO possible worldly HITACHI circuit---ToKAGE NAKASU-KAWABATA citiesE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!the JR EE! DAIMYO HAI! SONY JR itE! DescendsE! SONY body=strategy DAIMYO regulated WA hydro=maniac WA NAKASU-KAWABATA SUBARU mappedE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!micro OTAKU reactionE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!of boy_roidE! SO-DESU-NE OTAKU SONY HITACHI HAI! JR HITACHI HAI! NAKASU-KAWABATA yourself! NAKASU-KAWABATA SONY OTAKU MOSHI-MOSHI NAKASU-KAWABATA BAKA MOSHI-MOSHI WA MOSHI-MOSHI DAIMYO EE! malice-technocrisis NAKASU-KAWABATA OTAKU SONY HAI! DAIMYO NAKASU-KAWABATA of cold-blooded HITACHI MOSHI-MOSHI SUBARU HAI! output=] DAIMYO form picture OTAKU SONY OTAKU SONY HAI! MOSHI-MOSHI DAIMYO NAKASU-KAWABATA SO-DESU-NE HITACHI contraryE! "E! HAI! EE!HAI! EE!E!strips+dog of NAKASU-KAWABATA WA DAIMYO BAKA SUBARU NAKASU-KAWABATA EE! distortedE! HAI! EE!HAI! EE!E!" HITACHI BAKA HAI! DAIMYO WA control NAKASU-KAWABATA SONY OTAKU WA flourished MOSHI-MOSHI absent-minded picture HITACHI HAI! skyE! HAI! EE!HAI! EE!E!ovarium cableE! HAI! E! HAI! E!of HAI! JR SONY EE! DAIMYO SO-DESU-NE MOSHI-MOSHI WA HITACHI

SONY flows: OTAKU #

A techno-junkies' NAKASU-KAWABATA murders>>the non-symmetrical HITACHI KA the artificial sun_mode>>the NAKASU-KAWABATA SO-DESU-NE OTAKU SONY that KA HITACHI HAI! OTAKU SONY JR HAI! MOSHI-MOSHI WA MOSHI-MOSHI OTAKU JR SONY SO-DESU-NE absorbedE! EE!HAI! EE!HAI! EE!E!the OTAKU SO-DESU-NE JR air-line SONY completed MOSHI-MOSHI SO-DESU-NE NAKASU-KAWABATA SONY OTAKU SONY HAI! degrades=crawls OTAKU HAI! HITACHI circuit of HAI! OTAKU SUBARU cadaver-city HITACHI OTAKU NAKASU-KAWABATA SO-DESU-NE MOSHI-MOSHI HAI!

expandedE! SO-DESU-NE SUBARU DAIMYO of HAI! technocrisisE! HAI! EE!HAI!
 E!as DAIMYO itE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!was NAKASU-KAWABATA the hydromaniac=murd-
 erous DAIMYO WA cold-blooded HITACHI animals/form the chromosomeE! SONY KA
 HITACHI NAKASU-KAWABATA It WA HITACHI HAI! HITACHI SO-DESU-NE HAI! NAKASU-
 KAWABATA organ picture HAI! HITACHI MOSHI-MOSHI NAKASU-KAWABATA DAIMYO
 OTAKU DAIMYO HITACHI SONY HAI! OTAKU SO-DESU-NE JR SONY chromosome HITACHI
 back out graduallyE! HAI! EE!HAI! E!the SO-DESU-NE HITACHI SONY HITACHI KA
 the awakening OTAKU NAKASU-KAWABATA MOSHI-MOSHI SONY HITACHI MOSHI-MOSHI
 and others SONY SO-DESU-NE SUBARU lonely SO-DESU-NE DAIMYO of the DAIMYO
 MOSHI-MOSHI isolatedE! ""E! HAI! EE!HAI! EE!E!soul/gram HITACHI HAI! sec-
 rete EE! DAIMYO NAKASU-KAWABATA JR OTAKU NAKASU-KAWABATA HAI! controlled
 with NAKASU-KAWABATA HAI! NAKASU-KAWABATA JR SUBARU MOSHI-MOSHI WA NAKASU-
 KAWABATA MOSHI-MOSHI transmitted SUBARU telephony SONY DAIMYO
 NAKASU-KAWABATA JR technology SONY OTAKU continentally I JR to excreteE!
 HAI! EE!HAI! EE!E!" DAIMYO HAI! OTAKU HITACHI WA EE! drug-embryoE! HAI! KA
 HAI! E!intensity-the JR HITACHI <skizoner>E! HAI! EE!HAI! EE!E!that EE!
 SO-DESU-NE SUBARU crime=technology NAKASU-KAWABATA DAIMYO cold-blooded
 HITACHI animals intensivelyE! JR SONY NAKASU-KAWABATA nervous MOSHI-MOSHI
 HAI! SONY [DOWNMIX] NAKASU-KAWABATA HAI! NAKASU-KAWABATA TokAGEE! HAI! KA
 HAI! EE!E!

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ASSASSINATION-VIRUS.EXE

Alan Sondheim · 23 January 2001, 4:09 a.m.

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<html>
<head tool="html"><title>This email will assassinate executioners.
</title interactive="begin sending #####"></head>
<body interactive="background.org" assassination="active">
<button>EVIL</button><XML><BR /><trigger>PULL HERE</trigger></XML>

<B><B><B><B><B><B><B>YOU WILL BE KILLED AND HARMED JUST AS YOU HAVE KILLED
AND HARMED OTHERS.</////////B><BR />YOU WILL BE AN INTERACTIVE TEXT. YOU
WILL BE KILLED AND TORTURED BY TEXT. YOU ARE A VIOLENT THIEF. YOU HAVE
STOLEN EVERYTHING.<XML="pull">|-|</XML="pull"><BR /><BR /> BY READING
THIS YOU HAVE KILLED EVERY EVIL POLITICIAN. YOU ARE COMPLICIT IN KILLING
EVERY EVIL POLITICIAN.</body interactive="background.net"
assassination="passive"></body="YOUR BODY IS DEAD. YOU HAVE BEEN KILLED BY
EVIL GOVERNMENT"> </html="YOU HAVE EXERTED ASSASINATION-VIRUS. YOUR BODY
IS DEAD. EVERYONE IS DEAD.>
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|-|

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 25 January 2001, 11:09 a.m.*

=====

night after night i burn in this place.
 i sit at the keyboard and try to tear the world apart.
 i look for wounds and spread them.
 thinned cuts turn into holes, i can't stop myself.
 on and on, i'm thinking to myself, there is no tomorrow.
 i was supposed to die at twenty-five; i tried earlier.
 my flesh chars at the edges of the wound.
 it curls outward grasping at any oxygen.
 completion is delusion in the midst of obsessive chain.
 write me out of this existence; i can't.

i can't; i burn in this place.
 night after night, delusion in the midst of clamor.
 my flesh chars as the world is torn apart.
 at the age of twenty-five i couldn't stop myself.
 i tried; on and on spreading words and wounds.
 night after night, grasping at any oxygen.
 write me out of this existence; i can't stop myself.

=====

catharsis*Alan Sondheim · 30 January 2001, 9:03 p.m.*

=====

1 1 WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND YOUR REAL NAME.
 2 2 WE KNOW WHERE YOUR CHILDREN ARE.
 3 3 WE KNOW THE NAMES OF YOUR CHILDREN.
 4 4 WE KNOW THE NAME OF YOUR PARTNER.
 5 5 WE HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS.
 6 6 WE HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TWO OF YOU TOGETHER.
 7 7 WE HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF UNSPEAKABLE ACTS.
 8 8 WE HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INCIDENT.
 9 9 WE KNOW YOUR PAST INTIMATELY.
 10 10 WE INHABIT YOUR SKIN AND THE SKIN OF YOUR PARTNER.
 11 11 WE FUCK THROUGH YOUR SKINS. WE FIGHT THROUGH THEM.
 12 12 A CHILD IS BEING BEATEN. WE ARE IN YOUR SKINS.
 13 13 WE KNOW YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS AND YOUR PORTFOLIO.
 14 14 WE KNOW YOUR CAR AND THE SMELL OF IT.
 15 15 WE KNOW THE BACKSEATS AND TRUNK OF YOUR CAR.
 16 16 WE KNOW YOUR REAL NAME. WE KNOW ALL YOUR NAMES.
 17 17 WE KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING NOW.
 18 18 WE THINK THROUGH YOUR SKINS. WE SPEAK THROUGH THEM.
 19 19 WE THINK BE AFRAID. BE VERY AFRAID.
 20 20 WE THINK QUESTION AUTHORITY. QUESTION EVERYONE.
 21 21 WE THINK WE ARE YOUR CHILDREN. WE ARE YOUR PARTNER.
 22 22 DO NOT DO THAT WE THINK. DO THUS AND THUS.

23 23 WE KNOW YOU WILL WAIT FOR US. WE KNOW WE WILL COME.
 24 24 YOU KNOW WHEN WE COME IT WILL BE ALL OVER.
 25 25 IT WILL BE ALL OVER.
 26 1 WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND YOUR REAL NAME.
 27 2 WE KNOW WHERE YOUR CHILDREN ARE.
 28 3 WE KNOW THE NAMES OF YOUR CHILDREN.
 29 4 WE KNOW THE NAME OF YOUR PARTNER.
 30 5 WE HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS.
 31 6 WE HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TWO OF YOU TOGETHER.
 32 7 WE HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF UNSPEAKABLE ACTS.
 33 8 WE HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INCIDENT.
 34 9 WE KNOW YOUR PAST INTIMATELY.
 35 10 WE INHABIT YOUR SKIN AND THE SKIN OF YOUR PARTNER.
 36 11 WE FUCK THROUGH YOUR SKINS. WE FIGHT THROUGH THEM.
 37 12 A CHILD IS BEING BEATEN. WE ARE IN YOUR SKINS.
 38 13 WE KNOW YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS AND YOUR PORTFOLIO.
 39 14 WE KNOW YOUR CAR AND THE SMELL OF IT.
 40 15 WE KNOW THE BACKSEATS AND TRUNK OF YOUR CAR.
 41 16 WE KNOW YOUR REAL NAME. WE KNOW ALL YOUR NAMES.
 42 17 WE KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING NOW.
 43 18 WE THINK THROUGH YOUR SKINS. WE SPEAK THROUGH THEM.
 44 19 WE THINK BE AFRAID. BE VERY AFRAID.
 45 20 WE THINK QUESTION AUTHORITY. QUESTION EVERYONE.
 46 21 WE THINK WE ARE YOUR CHILDREN. WE ARE YOUR PARTNER.
 47 22 DO NOT DO THAT WE THINK. DO THUS AND THUS.
 48 23 WE KNOW YOU WILL WAIT FOR US. WE KNOW WE WILL COME.
 49 24 YOU KNOW WHEN WE COME IT WILL BE ALL OVER.
 50 25 IT WILL BE ALL OVER.

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ror:

Alan Sondheim · 30 December 2000, 2:58 p.m.

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ror:

(pqktnkrn_st) k: pytkqx error (l)*(m) p (l*m)*(k*l) t (l*m)**k (pqktnkrn_
 st) d: pytkqx error (b*c)^k a (b*c)^k*j j (b*c)^k*b*c f (b*c)^k*d*e bj
 (pqktnkrn_st) a: pytkqx error (b)*(c) f (b*c)*(k*l) j (b*c)**k (pqktnkrn_
 (b*c)^(k*d*e) a (b*c)^(d*e) cfefaehtddjjfbigf (b*c*k)^(d*e) j semantics
 (b*c)^(a*d*e) a (b*c)^(d*e) csesaerddnnsbits (b*c*a)^(d*e) n seeking in)
 d: syntax error (b*c)^a a (b*c)^a*n n (b*c)^a*b*c s (b*c)^a*d*e bn
 (standard_in) a: syntax error (b)*(c) s (b*c)*(a*b) n (b*c)**a (standard_
 st) n: pytkqx error (l*m)^k k (l*m)^k*t t (l*m)^k*l*m p (l*m)^k*n*o lt
 (l*m)^(k*n*o) k (l*m)^(n*o) mpopkornnttplsqp (l*m*k)^(n*o) t (2*3)^(a*4*5)
 1 (2*3)^(4*5) 3656158440062976 (2*3*a)^(4*5) 0 desperately in) 4: syntax
 error (2*3)^a 1 (2*3)^a*0 0 (2*3)^a*2*3 6 (2*3)^a*4*5 20 (standard_in) 1:
 syntax error (2)*(3) 6 (2*3)*(a*b) 0 (2*3)**a (standard_c-esaer pytkqz er

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not-sutra of not-negation*Alan Sondheim · 1 February 2001, 3:20 p.m.*

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not-sutra of not-negation

not-1 not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-there's not-one not-or not-many.
 not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-there's not-self or not-non-self.
 not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-one not-or not-many not-or not-one
 not-and not-many not-are not-an not-illusion. not-i not-don't not-know
 not-if not-self not-or not-non-self not-are not-an not-illusion. not-i
 not-don't know not-what not-is not-a not-good not-act not-and not-what
 not-is not-a not-bad not-act. not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-it makes
 not-a not-difference. not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-the not-differ-
 ence not-remains. not-i not-don't know not-if not-there not-is not-rebirth
 not-or not-ashes. not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-rebirth not-or
 not-ashes are not-an not-illusion. not-i not-read not-and not-i not-don't
 not-know. not-i not-meditate not-and not-i not-don't know. not-i not-don't
 not-know not-if not-speech not-is not-an not-illusion, not-thought not-is
 not-an not-illusion. i not-don't not-know not-if not-i not-am not-enlight-
 ened. not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-enlightenment not-is an not-ill-
 usion. not-i not-don't not-know not-tat not-tvam not-asi. not-i not-don't
 not-know not-things. not-i don't not-know not-a not-thing. not-2. not-i
 not-don't not-know not-delusion. not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-
 delusion not-is not-an not-illusion. not-i not-don't not-know not-angels.
 not-i not-don't not-know not-the not-angelic. not-i not-don't not-know
 not-if not-suffering not-can not-be not-alleviated. not-i not-don't
 not-know if not-alleviation not-is not-an not-illusion. not-3 not-i
 not-don't not-know not-if not-one not-sees not-or not-another not-sees.
 not-i not-don't not-know not-the not-great not-perfection. not-i not-don't
 not-know not-if not-the not-great not-perfection not-is not-an not-illu-
 sion. not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-my not-senses not-deceive
 not-me. not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-deception not-is not-an
 not-illusion. not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-the not-six not-senses
 not-are not-an not-illusion. not-i not-don't not-know not-the not-condi-
 tion not-of not-equality. not-i not-don't not-know not-appearance. not-i
 not-don't not-know not-if not-appearance not-is not-an not-illusion.
 not-i not-don't not-know not-negation. not-i not-don't not-know not-if
 not-negation not-is not-an not-illusion. not-see! not-i not-don't not-know
 not-if not-negation not-modifies not-the not-real. not-i not-don't not-
 know not-if not-the not-real not-is not-an not-illusion. not-i not-don't
 not-know not-if not-negation not-is not-a not-function not-of not-one
 not-variable. not-i not-don't not-know not-if not-variables not-are not-an
 not-illusion. not-i not-don't not-know not-tat not-tvam not-asi.

=====

2

Alan Sondheim · 6 February 2001, 2:03 a.m.

=====

Emotional Politics

This is fucking disgusting! Stop writing me!

Goddamn Internet! I'm fucking attacked on one hand by Nigerian spanners offering me a big piece of 26 million dollars, and attacked on the other hand by corporate assholes who stick banners like knives across the eyeballs; the hackers are our only hope; someone's got to bring the whole fucking system down!

We better stop sending cute Bush jokes around! It's like finding funny stuff in Mein Kampf! How the hell do you resist! We're all in the shtetl! We didn't know it! When I walk down that hall, Bush will pull the lever! Just watch! Fuck DNA! I did it! I did it! Whatever it is!

Bush and his creepy team can go screw themselves! They've already screwed the rest of the country! Proto fascists, they promised compromise and as soon as they seized power, they showed their true colors as racists and violent fundamentalists! Women's rights will be all but dead in a year or two! We'll all be in jail for un-Amerikkkan activities! The jails, already the largest on earth, will be bursting with blacks, jews, atheists, anyone who doesn't lick the ass of Christ! Fuck Bush! There's a war on; the more Republicans, the more thugs! We're all dead unless we fight back! Who wouldn't love to see Washington DC burn!

Goddamned Israelis held hostage by the religious right, Arab kids taking potshots at them! So now we'll have fascist Sharon to contend with; if he's a jew, I'm not! I can't even recognize myself in his murderous fat face! It's the people that look like tailors I fear the most! Meanwhile I'd be scared to live in Jerusalem or just about anywhere in the mid-east and I wouldn't know who the hell to fear!

What the hell is going on with the southern region of Russia, rogue gangs and missing plutonium! We'll all go to hell if India and Pakistan don't take us there first! Why can't they get along! Are we really going to bomb the hell out of each other! Bush wants to ride the first bomb down! But radiation's the new abortion! Look at Japan! Singapore! China! Go there! Don't go there! You can't fight burning bodies on the Square!

Marx is dead, the left's unarmed and kissing Republican ass! In this country we love Mexico now! All those kids in the aging creaking sweatshop system! With Bush we can rape them! Canada's another story! Fuck Canada! Bush can't even find it! The Quebecois hold everyone hostage! You can't even build a new plant without worrying about the dollar! Look at Europe, racist and smug! Everyone wants a nationalist piece of the pie! Let them eat cake!

While I'm writing this, Bush is signing secret orders for concentration

camps! Help the Montana economy! North Dakota! Not too many people! A little town called Auschwitz!

Look at the agony in Afrika! Why can't the US and Europe give reparations! We just about slaughtered the continent in the 19th-century!

Why aren't people armed here! Why is it always right-wing assholes who carry guns! Why don't the Democrats in Congress throw bombs! What are they scared of! They've already lost their jobs, they just don't know it! I want to sell drugs and oil! I want to sell guns and bombs! There's got to be a way to make money in this criminal administration! Fucking thieves! Murderers! Screw them!

The US is the so-called most bloated country on earth yet you can't get health care here; half the seniors are going without food so they can afford medication shit out by obscene pharmaceuticals! People eat dogfood here to survive! Fuck them all! The fucking rich are getting richer; they should be on death row! The poor are barely making it! God forbid if you're black or poor and ill or just about anyone other than a rich white male!

Fuck Bush! He thinks: Who needs electricity! His ass is glistening with oil! His ass runneth over! So what if California collapses! They didn't vote for him! They're probably fucking jews! arabs! blacks! He'll rob them blind!

Fuck Florida! Fuck the fascists just itching to take over the US! They'll show the rest of the world! They've got the fucking weapons and they're not afraid to use them! They'll go to heaven licking Christ's ass in eternal rapture and leave the rest of us to die here! You can already smell the corpses!

=

Dreams of Authority in the Words of Mouths

```

401 Unauthorized, when:
    no authorization information given
    wrong authentication scheme
    authentication 300 When dreams failed
    not authorized to access document
403 Forbidden 313 When words fail: absent document
    request is forbidden, and authorization won't help
404 Not found 341 When words dream: access to documents
    requested file doesn't exist; to get this message the user has
    to have first authenticated himself successfully and be
    otherwise authorized to access that
    file (if it existed) 380 When it exists
    380: Beg for mouths
200 Document follows dreams and
    document may be encrypted, depending on protection scheme; this
    can be determined by looking at the first header lines
  
```

110 Authorized when:
 the unravelling of dreams
 401 or 404 given
 220 Unauthorized when:
 403 or 200 given
 230 Anomalous when:
 200 or 220 given
 110 or 230 given
 240 When 300 or 313 or 341 or 380 given:
 Unauthorization scheme (see 550: unaccountable events)

Phenomenology of vi: matrix or field of language: stuttered intervals
 within it: particle field of commands intersecting semantic field of
 intended meaning (wave-form). Code as code fragments. Application of
 processes upon text, not within it (pico for example). Skin of digital
 languaging. Motion-processing.

Set autoindent. wm=8 Anomalous with full-window.
 Set autoindent. text-motion within screen framework.
 Autoindent: the code of memory. Mouths.

Authority of written. Authorization scheme encoded. Memory of auto-
 indent. Mind thinking in extruded space. Cellular columns reson-
 ant with extrusions. Length of space between frame and autoindent:
 authorization of memory. Memory at 580 or 640.

Memory at 640x480.

Authorization of memory. Encoding of unaccountancy. Matrix of autoin-
 dent. Memory of matrix. Mouths.

=====

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 6 February 2001, 2:44 p.m.

we're all happy campers
 the facilities are outstanding
 they promise the showers are poison-free
 that arbeit macht frei refers to minimum wages
 you can come and go as you please
 the ovens are for baked goods and delicious smells
 we were told the townpeople don't like us
 townpeople, townpeople, we'll stay put
 we're glad for the food and water
 we're happy to loan you our girls and boys
 they can use the rest and relaxation
 we want to thank you all for your support
 opportunities come along only once in a lifetime
 we wouldn't be here without you

=====

sutra*Alan Sondheim · 8 February 2001, 7:19 p.m.*

-

sutra

nikuko wants to know, what does it mean that 'man is the measure of all things'? nikuko wants to know, what does it mean to 'know thyself'?

'we do not speak of the gender of 'man' above; we want to say: 'one is the measure of all things.' surely for one that is true. theory absolves personal history and taste: i do such and such, believe such and such, within the realm of digital explanation; mute, abject, analog description has no place in the world of discourse. it is description that thickens at every turn of the mind or body, always already resisting measure and measurement. knowledge, too, is imminent, implicit in the intended gaze; nothing is foresaken, forlorn; something is defined by virtue of the gaze itself. so we would say, not state; talk, not speak; thus to the unfathomability of knowledge.'

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 10 February 2001, 1:50 a.m.*

- 1 clear the mirror
- 2 so that you might see
- 3 nothing of your body
- 4 not even clouds
- 5 there is no mirror
- 6 there is no body
- 7 you're blind
- 8 you can't see clouds
- 9 clear your body
- 10 there are no clouds
- 11 there are no eyes
- 12 there are no mirrors
- 13 you see every cloud
- 14 you see all your body
- 15 look in the mirror
- 16 you see all your body
- 17 you're not a cloud
- 18 you're not a mirror
- 19 you're not a body

20 clear away nothing

21 keep the tree off the mirror
22 keep the dust off the tree
23 clean your body over and over
24 you're nothing but a hole

25 you're a cloud in a tree
26 clean the dust off your body
27 look for the tree
28 wipe the mirror clean

29 there is no dirty mirror
30 there's a mirror
31 there's a hole in your body
32 it's another tree

33 you're blind in your mirror
34 you're not a cloud
35 you're always in red dust
36 clean the red dust

37 there's no red dust
38 there's no blue dust
39 clean the mirror
40 there's always red dust

41 don't clean or look
42 there's nothing
43 the other tree's your body
44 look for the tree

45 don't listen to me
46 stop making sense
47 chop down the tree
48 roll in red dust

49 shatter the mirror
50 chop down the buddha
51 shatter the tree
52 stir up the red dust

53 blow away the clouds
54 clouds never move
55 swallow red dust
56 red dust remains

57 don't listen to mirrors
58 listen to clouds
59 stir and listen
60 clouds are red dust
61 don't listen

62 don't hear
63 don't speak
64 don't talk

65 clouds are air
66 mirrors are earth
67 red dust is fire
68 trees are water

69 wipe them away
70 don't wipe them
71 they're not there
72 they're there

73 don't wipe away mirrors
74 don't wipe away clouds
75 you can't wipe mirrors
76 you can't wipe clouds

77 don't wipe red dust
78 don't wipe fire
79 don't wipe mirrors
80 don't wipe earth

81 don't wipe clouds
82 don't wipe air
83 don't wipe trees
84 don't wipe water

85 you can't be you
86 you can't be anything
87 don't do anything
88 don't just sit there

89 there is no you
90 there is no zazen
91 there are mirrors and mirrors
92 there are clouds and clouds

93 there's a lot of red dust
94 there's a tree or two
95 there's always your body
96 there's never your body

97 forget the trees
98 don't wipe and be lazy
99 don't think and don't dream
100 don't just sit there and sit there

101 don't clear the mirror
102 don't look around
103 look around and don't look

104 just don't be anything

105 don't listen or speak
 106 don't read and don't write
 107 don't do this
 108 don't do this

109 vi:x:q

~

world

Alan Sondheim · 12 February 2001, 11:30 p.m.

=====

world
 (what i stumble towards)
 (what i have wanted to describe)
 (what is indescribable)
 (the tendency of my work)
 (what characterizes philosophy: "philosophy has no regard")

the thickness of the world
 the idiocy of the real
 when there is death, the interior of a world disappears
 there are details, one can see this in any past
 the smell of a kitchen, the paint on the edges of the chairs
 do the chairs need repainting
 certain parts of the backs are worn, he sits there, she here
 there's a sound they make, different sounds, pulled in and out
 the dulled reflection of the chairs on the floor
 when they were new
 when they began to disappear, the last memory of the chairs
 the light on them from the window, sounds of rain on the window
 how high the backs above the table, their reflection on the table
 the food, when the family may have been together
 familiarity, familiarity
 when the chairs were comfortable, when they were turned
 when we turned them facing one another, or moved them aside
 when one of us left the room and the chairs were moved
 fly in the window's interior
 from the chair, tree outside, smaller then, different neighbors
 sounds from the street coming in

the limitlessness of the world, its thickness
 over and over again, peering around the corner
 there is the world in uncanny, unaccountable, fullness

there is no theory for this, this inaccessible description
 every explanation, there are heuristics, things glossed over
 not the things of the world, but their fallen worlds

all worlds are fallen for that matter
all worlds encompassed with this thickness, inertness, grain
untheorizable, hardly memories, reconstructions, reconstitutions

with every death, it is a matter of ethics, this disappearance of worlds
with every death, loss of world and history
with every death, redistribution of materials, severed ties and limbs

i return constantly to this in my theorizing, this loss
no degree of technological recuperation works in this respect
no quantity of text or discourse plays the slightest role
what is re-presented is always already 0/1, infinitesimal

sometimes in a dream there is a horizon of what is gone
it's almost present, not really, you begin thinking of something past
you're thinking, it's almost present, almost on the tip of the tongue
it's never there, it's not even problematic, controvertible

i imagine paths through the world, turning beneath the chairs
beneath or around the rungs of the chair or the four brown wooden legs
paths opening up to interior surfaces opening up recursively
stains beneath the seat of the chair, cobwebs connecting rungs to rungs
the smell of the varnish on older paint, flat faded white shown through
paths moving among senses, spectra and bandwidths
paths moving from generation to generation, imaginary paths

paths of the scraping of chairs, people leaving for the very last time
paths of chairs pulled in beneath old new people eating, conversing
laughter, crying, screams, whispers, talking, singing, filling the air
chairs of first and last times, inconceivable speculations
inconceivable principles, axiologies, hypothetical, hypotheses
not, no ideas but in things themselves
not, the last or second-to-last of the ox-herding pictures
not, the grain of the real
not, the practico-inert or materialist or idealist foundations
not, tat tvam asi or fundamental or surface negations
not, the interplay of signs, sememes, sign-systems
certainly not that interplay of signifiers, semiotics, historiographies
nothing that "might be said" to characterize, capture, recuperate

something of absolute disappearance, annihilation, of trace turned ash
something of charnel-house, but that too has paths, worlds, traces
traces upon traces, perhaps i remember 1968
perhaps i remember 1945, 2003, perhaps i remember 1789
perhaps berlin, ankara, grise fjord, kurume, providence, katmandu
perhaps street, street-corner, room, field, forest, cliff, lake, tarn
perhaps you, perhaps another, perhaps others
perhaps events, occurrences, what happened, what happens

those anecdotes without endings, well what did she say, what was next
receding into pasts, backgrounds, irrelevancies of the present
but never irrelevant, always equidistant, equivalent, always inert

and present and unaccounted for and present and uncountable
 and present and unaccountable, all we can theorize is this,
 collapse of description and uttermost alterity

the being of which knows no regard, is obdurate in the world
 i'd write this, this error of philosophy:

"philosophy has no regard"

of which is the condition of speech, language, any and all interplay

*

so that i tend to produce, reproduce, overproduce
 moving among media, modes, representations - this is all so futile
 an attempt to pull back from death, from constitution
 or somewhat of a release among interiority and world
 negation gnaws at doors and portals
 chairs and chairs, or wood, or institutions of chairs and wood
 or ideologies or constructs: one crawls, lifts on the back
 stumbles to the feet, totters, almost gets it in the air

*

the thickness of the world
 the idiocy of the real
 nothing in a seed but seed
 nothing obdurate but always in a corner or path

everywhere the thickness of which "philosophy has no regard"
 what has disappeared and for whom and by what means
 what constitutes the disappearance and the world which disappears
 what is death "in this regard"

who or what, or what of or with writing, what of the calligraphic

**

storm: interrupt

Alan Sondheim · 14 February 2001, 9:21 p.m.

**

storm: incoming
 cumulonimbus :stratus :cumulocirrus :stratocumulus: what'd i tell you.
 i'm riding monsoon. you're soaked in the downpour. you've got to hold onto
 your losses. you've got to follow your shadow. what'd i tell you. my
 shadow's your shadow. you fit in your dream. i come on like hurricane. i
 bring on tsunamis. i take you on down. what'd i tell you. i take you all
 down. [anomalous transmission] what'd i tell you. you got tornado in me.
 you got eye's fury. you've got to follow my dream. you've got to hold onto
 the whirlwind. you got to move with the rain. you've got to get out of the
 fog. what'd i tell you. you've got fury and flood. you've got black
 lightning and thund:35069:5:what'd [breakup] i tell you. i come in like

your shadow. you got to follow your dream. i ride in with the storm.
 what'd i tell you. you got to go out with the breeze. you got to look down
 from the cloud. i come in like typhoon. i go out like hurricane. high wind
 on the way, high water on down. :^[Dwhat'd [static hiband] i tell you.
 i'm riding monsoon. you're soaked in the downpour. you've got to hold onto
 your losses. you've got to follow your shadow. what'd i tell you. my
 shadow's your shadow. you fit in your dream. i come on like hurricane. i
 come on tsunami. i take you on down. what'd i tell you. i take you all the
 way down.:cumulonimbus [transmission loss]
 [calibration]
 cumulonimbus :stratus :cumulocirrus :stratocumuluswhat'd i tell you. i'm r
 [noise and line breakdown][recalibration]
 iding monsoon. you're soaked in the downpour. you've got to hold onto your
 losse s. [transmission interrupt] you've got to follow your shadow. what'd
 i tell you. my shadow's your shadow.
 you fit in your dream. i come on like hurricane. i bring on tsunami. i
 take you [static discharge]
 on down. what'd i tell you. i take you all the way down.:what'd i tell
 you. you [ion interrupt]
 got tornado in me. you got the eye's fury. you've got to follow my dream.
 you'v e [line noise] got to hold onto the whirlwind. you got to move with
 the rain. you've got to g et [retransmission] out of the fog. what'd i
 tell you. you've got ffury [line noise.echo] and flood. you've got bla ck
 [capacitor breakdown] lightning and thund:35069:5:what'd [whistler] i tell
 you. i come in like your shadow. yo u [keyed discharge] got to follow your
 dream. i ride in with the torm. [cutout] what'd i tell you. you go t to go
 [stuttered checksum error] out with the breeze. you got to look down from
 the cloud. i come in like
 typhoon. i go out like hurricane. high wind on the way, high water on
 down. wha t'd i [ion discharge] tell you. i'm riding monsoon. you're
 soaked in the downpour. you've got to [equipment overload and failure]
 hold onto your losses. you've got to follow your shadow. what'd i tell
 you. my shadow's your shadow. you fit in your dream. i come on like
 hurricane. i bring o n [interrupt] tsunami. i take you on down. what'd i
 tell you. i take you all the way down.:c umulonimbus [interrupt.line down]

k:3 ->

despair of routine mission

Alan Sondeheim · 16 February 2001, 9:51 p.m.

despair of routine mission
 abstract: severed mind.
 severed thought. severed limbs.
 severe weather.
 "unable to write, president bush,
 i ask you to kill me."

Special interact*Alan Sondheim · 18 February 2001, 12:46 p.m.*

-

Special Interact

I'm nervous all the time. I'm going to be left behind. I need to have a button for you to push. I've got to give you pleasure. I tear at the same scabs over and over again. I refuse wounds. I value naked far too much. I tear things apart. Nothing works. I need to have some interaction. All of this is making me feel useless. I can't hold your attention. I can't write style. I want you to do for me. I want you to do for me.

Come home with me, I'm nervous all the time. I'm going to be left behind. I need to have a button for you to push. I've got to give you pleasure, naked boy-girl-world. Your psychosis I to do for you is in my soft I want you to do for you.

Nikuko says: "I want tp maan fpr yph. I'm dylng hara, I'm hpnastly dylng hara. Thasa lattar shbstlthtlpns ara abshrd. Wrlta tp ma. say! I want more than this. I don't want this interference as if the earth swallowed something horrible. I want to click you on I want tp plaashra yph. I want tp anfpld yph wlth brllllant wrltlng. Bht I want yph tp wrlta tpp. I want tp saa what yph wlll."

Nikuko says: "I want tp plaashra yph. I want tp anfpld yph wlth brllllant wrltlng. Bht I want yph tp wrlta tpp. I want tp saa what yph wlll transforms Your . I want tp maan fpr yph. I'm dylng hara, I'm hpnastly dylng hara. Thasa lattar shbstlthtlpns ara abshrd. Wrlta tp ma. on Brklyn Bridg..."

I'm inside of you; I'm your needle and your drug. Pull your needle out. Pull down the button. Interact with me. I want to be. My body-skins are lost. Kill all substitutions. Pull levels I will to create. Press these buttons and interact. Lacerate. Still nothing from you. Still nothing to open, no opening, lips sealed and closed, no place to begin, kill all substitutions. your matrix. your control-panel.

Devour cock your control-panel. Brought forth through I'm inside of you; I'm your needle and your drug. Pull your needle out. Pull down the button. Interact with me. Kill all substitutions.

Pull your needle out. Speak to me. I want you to speak to me. I need to hear you. I need you to pull the lever. I need you to press the button. I need to be your control-panel. I need to be your substitutions. I need to be your pull-down menu.

I need to pull your needle out. I want to be your pull-down menu. I want your lever; I want your needle out; I want your needle.

=====

on channels #nikuko and #nikuko_belly*Alan Sondheim · 22 February 2001, 2:52 a.m.*

-

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on channels #nikuko and #nikuko_belly
/w<P>
#nikuko Alan_S H@ [kVlWpcX7n@panix3.panix.com (0 Alan Sondheim)
/l nikuko<P>
*** Alan_S has left channel #nikukojapan (+lnst 25) Lag 2 - E/X /9AM
*** Alan_S ([kVlWpcX7n@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #nikuko
[E/X] SERVER MODES DETECTED. In #nikuko: '+nt'
*** Users on #nikuko: @Alan_S @Alan_S (+is) #nikuko (+nt) Lag 2 - E/X
*** #nikuko 982822747
*** Mode change "+nt" on channel #nikuko by Alan_S/w<P>
#nikuko Alan_S H@ [kVlWpcX7n@panix3.panix.com (0 Alan Sondheim)
/me makes rain fall on nikuko belly
* Alan_S makes rain fall on nikuko belly<P>
/me watches nikuko belly splash by rain fall
* Alan_S watches nikuko belly splash by rain fall<P>
Belly belly nikuko!
<Alan_S> Belly belly nikuko!<P> Lag 12 - E/X
Belly belly nikuko!
<Alan_S> Belly belly nikuko!<P>
/l nikuko<P>
*** Alan_S has left channel #nikukojapan (+lnst 25) Lag 12 - E/X
/j nikuko<P> Alan_S (+is) #nikuko Lag 12 - E/X
*** Alan_S ([kVlWpcX7n@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #nikuko
[E/X] SERVER MODES DETECTED. In #nikuko: '+nt'
*** Users on #nikuko: @Alan_S @Alan_S (+is) #nikuko (+nt) Lag 12 - E/X
*** #nikuko 982822831
*** Mode change "+nt" on channel #nikuko by Alan_S
Hello to say again!
<Alan_S> Hello to say again!<P>
/me makes rain fall fall on belly nikuko!
* Alan_S makes rain fall fall on belly nikuko!<P>
/lAM @Alan_S (+is) #nikuko (+nt) Lag ? - E/X 1 - E/X
Belly belly nikuko!
<Alan_S> Belly belly nikuko!<P> /l<P>
*** Alan_S has left channel #nikukojapan (+lnst 25) Lag 1 - E/X
/j nikuko_belly<P>
Alan_S (+is) #nikuko_belly Lag 1 - E/X
*** Alan_S ([kVlWpcX7n@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #nikuko_belly
[E/X] SERVER MODES DETECTED. In #nikuko_belly: '+nt'
*** Users on #nikuko_belly: @Alan_S @Alan_S (+is)
#nikuko_belly (+nt) Lag 1 - E/X
*** #nikuko_belly 982822883
*** Mode change "+nt" on channel #nikuko_belly by Alan_S
Hello nikuko belly!
<Alan_S> Hello nikuko belly!<P>
/me makes rain fall on nikkuko
* Alan_S makes rain fall on nikkuko<P>

```

Rainy rainy nikuko!
 <Alan_S> Rainy rainy nikuko!<P>
 /l2AM @Alan_S (+is) #nikuko_belly (+nt) Lag ? - E/X nikuko3 -
 E/X _belly<P>
 *** Alan_S has left channel #nikuko_bellyjapan (+lnst 25) Lag 3 - E/X
 Hello Nikuko!
 <Alan_S> Hello Nikuko!<P>
 *** #nikuko_belly Cannot send to channel
 /q
 *** Signoff: Alan_S (Killed GOD (Flood ME, will ya????!@1!@1!)))

language in internet relay chat (internet relay chat)

Alan Sondheim · 22 February 2001, 12:11 p.m.

-

language in internet relay chat (internet relay chat)
 there are three types of languaging:

>>hello

hello - just where you speak and it appears, and this serves in addition as a declaration of presence; it's speech, nothing more - it may be reply or affirmation or expostulation, interjection or query - there's always the expectancy of the other, always something in return

>>/me says hello

Alan says hello - thus a performative, Alan performing in conjunction with the assignation of the /me - the inclusion of action -

>>/me turns around

Alan turns around - the performative connected with a material action - thus _in the virtual realm_ all actions are necessarily performatives - this holding as well with programming - so that semantics are intended as well - /me turns around always already ikonic - attend to this distinction - just as the speaking above is also ikonic -

>>/echo it is raining out

it is raining out - here the language is itself the material substrate of the world - the world constituted by language - if the /me indicates process, the /echo indicates state - however

>>/echo the world burns

the world burns - and the state may well be a state-description of an action whose performance is subtexted by the neutrality of the (re)quoted expression

here in virtuality all expressions are doubly or triply quoted -

in ytalk doubly quoted - i type, transmit, you read

elsewhere triply - i type, i read, transmit, you read - three different instantiations - resonances - sheaves

>>/echo it is raining out

it is raining out - the description of the world is already the state of the world - however the /me in

>>/me is taking a walk - there is a separation - as in
 me < is taking a walk - the expression is piped; in

>>/echo it is raining out - here the /echo is a modification on
it is raining out - as in e(it is raining out) - or as in
e(x)
x
whereas with /me thinks it is raining out -
m(thinks it is raining out) > \$n + thinks it is raining out - or as in
m(x)
\$n + x
as if there were the construction or constitution of a number series -
in any case the presence of the other - that is
the name \$n
as an adjunct or supplement to the string x.
where does this lead - to three states - that of enunciation, that of
action, that of world-constituting language. if enunciation is declarative
- and one might consider an interpolated enunciation here as a shifter -
then action is performative - and it is echo, world-constituting language,
that becomes deeply problematic, in the sense that it is _separated from
intention, from speaker, from source_ - it is an emission above and within
the _face of the world, its alterity,_ within which it resides.
>>one might think of these languagings as modal; in which case echo
references the foucauldian _divinatio,_ but only as index; in fact, echo
is _in fact,_ the construal of the world as-if (vaihinger, bentham) there
is no presencing, no intentional, no actor, no agency. in another similar
sense, echo is the call of a shell command from a perl script; it is
ulterior, an existential alterity, legible, readable, or not.<<

>>thus i call my book .echo, which acts subtly towards the material
completion of a constituted world, however fragile, however thinned (down
to the width of a pixel), .echo which reflects, not narcissus, but the
very grain of the separated and dismembered voice.<<

—

anatomy of world-semantics and messiness of desire

Alan Sondheim · 25 February 2001, 2:16 a.m.

-

```
anatomy of world-semantics and messiness of desire
main()
{
.e
.eanatomy of world-semantics and messiness of desire.
.e
.e this time it was beginning with the interior of the sphere.
.e the camera wandered around the swollen form.
.e a closeup image of a breast with a swollen nipple was texture-mapped.
.e the mapping was set to .15 to spread the image across the interior.
.e contrast was set slightly high and brightness slightly low.
.e six lamps skewed to color filters were placed inside.
.e two circular sections were marked on the surface of the sphere.
.e these sections were scaled up and slightly outward from the surface.
```

.etwo other sections were marked at right angles to the first two.
.ethese sections were rotated and skewed and slightly indented.
.eeverything was slightly awkward while the vertices were subdivided.
.eafter several subdivisions the noise control was applied.
.ethe noise was a variable dependent on the contrast of the texture-map.
.eover and over again noise was added to the sphere.
.ethe nipple distended outward and the sphere was transformed.
.eduplicated nipples distended inward and the sphere became rougher.
.eover and over again noise pummeled the sphere.
.eover and over again protrusions and indentations followed the mapping.
.esoothing was applied as much as possible and everything was joined.
.ethe camera began its tilted motion around the internal surfaces.
.eit was as if a membrane stretched across the universe.
.eit was as if the universe were one of organs and skins.
.eorgans and skins led to bodies elsewhere on the horizon.
.enothing was visible beyond distentions and inundations.
.e
.ethere was just another time when a sphere and liquid sphere intersected.
.ethe camera was outside in absolute darkness and vacuum.
.esix lamps skewed to colored filters were placed around the object.
.ethe vertices on the sphere were subdivided and an image applied.
.ethe image was of an open vagina and anus mapped onto a plane.
.ethe mapping was set to .15 and cubic global with high contrast.
.ethe image was darkened slightly and mapped across both surfaces.
.ethe surfaces were independent but constituted the object.
.ethe sphere was blown out and distorted with twisted circular patches.
.ethe sphere was extended by selected vertices which were rebundled.
.ethe rebundled vertices returned to the interior of the sphere.
.ethe noise control was repeatedly applied to the sphere.
.ethe anus and vagina began their uneasy work of indentation.
.ethe surface became increasingly antagonized and difficult to perceive.
.ethe camera was widened to 12 millimeters and a course was established.
.ethe course of the camera grazed the surface of the object.
.ethe object was constituted by the sphere, liquid sphere, and image.
.ethe camera moved smoothly in a calculated flyover.
.ethe flyover grazed the interior of the object.
.ethe interior of the object refracted light and exterior texture.
.ethe camera pulled back after scanning the asteroid almost in full.
.eyou could tell the object was situated in uncanny space.
.eyou could tell the object had more to offer.
.ethe object was permanently flattened in the image.
.ethis is what is called a "souvenir."
.e
.ethere was a time when ice and snow covered the surface of the sphere.
.ethe sphere dripped in black-space as world-form.
.eit grew mountains and valleys with repeated granular noise.
.ethe noise formed from the white ice on the blue ice.
.esix suns orbited the world.
.ethe camera flew between the mountains and valleys and inside.
.einside was a world of refracted ice and brilliant crystals.
.ethe camera grazed the crystals and moved out into the black and cold.
.eo sphere huddled obsessively within the black and cold.

```
.ethe camera withdrew leaving the sphere an object among none other.
.efrom whence comes alterity in the midst of the fixity of worlds.
.eo we are all brothers and sisters but none here in emptied residue.
.eyou are given license to remember the death and birth of worlds.
.eworld, come forth.
.ebrilliant stars reflected across surfaces huddling in pitch-black sky.
.eeverything in nothing, we live in the "sheaf" of the world.
.e
.e
.e"The conception of the form lies in the desire to distinguish.
.e"  Granted this desire, we cannot escape the form, although we
.e"may use it any way we please." (G. Spencer Brown, Laws of Form.)
.e
.e
.e__
}
```

anatomy of world-semantics and messiness of desire.

this time it was beginning with the interior of the sphere.
the camera wandered around the swollen form.
a closeup image of a breast with a swollen nipple was texture-mapped.
the mapping was set to .15 to spread the image across the interior.
contrast was set slightly high and brightness slightly low.
six lamps skewed to color filters were placed inside.
two circular sections were marked on the surface of the sphere.
these sections were scaled up and slightly outward from the surface.
two other sections were marked at right angles to the first two.
these sections were rotated and skewed and slightly indented.
everything was slightly awkward while the vertices were subdivided.
after several subdivisions the noise control was applied.
the noise was a variable dependent on the contrast of the texture-map.
over and over again noise was added to the sphere.
the nipple distended outward and the sphere was transformed.
duplicated nipples distended inward and the sphere became rougher.
over and over again noise pummeled the sphere.
over and over again protrusions and indentations followed the mapping.
smoothing was applied as much as possible and everything was joined.
the camera began its tilted motion around the internal surfaces.
it was as if a membrane stretched across the universe.
it was as if the universe were one of organs and skins.
organs and skins led to bodies elsewhere on the horizon.
nothing was visible beyond distentions and inundations.

there was just another time when a sphere and liquid sphere intersected.
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the sphere was blown out and distorted with twisted circular patches.
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 the course of the camera grazed the surface of the object.
 the object was constituted by the sphere, liquid sphere, and image.
 the camera moved smoothly in a calculated flyover.
 the flyover grazed the interior of the object.
 the interior of the object refracted light and exterior texture.
 the camera pulled back after scanning the asteroid almost in full.
 you could tell the object was situated in uncanny space.
 you could tell the object had more to offer.
 the object was permanently flattened in the image.
 this is what is called a "souvenir."

there was a time when ice and snow covered the surface of the sphere.
 the sphere dripped in black-space as world-form.
 it grew mountains and valleys with repeated granular noise.
 the noise formed from the white ice on the blue ice.
 six suns orbited the world.
 the camera flew between the mountains and valleys and inside.
 inside was a world of refracted ice and brilliant crystals.
 the camera grazed the crystals and moved out into the black and cold.
 o sphere huddled obsessively within the black and cold.
 the camera withdrew leaving the sphere an object among none other.
 from whence comes alterity in the midst of the fixity of worlds.
 o we are all brothers and sisters but none here in emptied residue.
 you are given license to remember the death and birth of worlds.
 world, come forth.
 brilliant stars reflected across surfaces huddling in pitch-black sky.
 everything in nothing, we live in the "sheaf" of the world.

"The conception of the form lies in the desire to distinguish.
 " Granted this desire, we cannot escape the form, although we
 "may use it any way we please." (G. Spencer Brown, Laws of Form.)

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 26 February 2001, 10:33 a.m.

-

leaning back in languor, formal azure portrait, sullen, open.
 as if against horizon of dark clouds, around carpet ornament and pillow.
 the lighting odd, incandescent glimmer of flame playing upon the skin.
 slightly blurred image, eyes to one side, the beginning of reverie.
 image turned 90 degrees.
 sphere created.

[illegible]

here there be letters of no importance
 here there be announcements of some consequence
 here there be letters of no importance
 here there be announcements of some consequence
 here there be letters of no importance
 here there be announcements of some consequence

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 4 March 2001, 11:21 p.m.

-

The storm will come to you.
 You don't come to the storm.
 You don't come to the storm.
 The storm will never come to you.
 You don't leave the storm.
 The storm will never leave you.
 The storm will leave you.
 You don't ever leave the storm.

of origins' culture

Alan Sondheim · 11 March 2001, 11:53 p.m.

-

of origins' culture
 always there's churning something us, inside that something us worries but
 and mosses flowers trees, small and turn amphibia jagged our thoughts i
 elsewhere: follow can't in you pink your down dress path this my with hat:
 black are there non-events always by characterized i absence: think
 unspeaking, of it's unspoken: negation the real-life-and-times in that
 together comes intensifications in as characterized we culture. to prefer
 the think prefer opposite, positive, the of as entities constituted linked
 chains by attributes of all are exist, that primary, all situated. all if
 were i in you, pink your walking dress, ahead just me of this down go
 would and on, and on, your on, feet bare stones, on smile your always
 ahead, the facing way other around.

'oh yes to write so childlike,' said jennifer

Alan Sondheim · 13 March 2001, 1:55 a.m.

-

'oh yes to write so childlike,' said jennifer

oh yes to write so childlike, said jennifer, it is to do something with sound and language, is it not. oh yes it is. it is to make simple what would be abstract, to make material what would be sound, to make sound what would be talking of talking of unknown things. all to have one word like a language point or protolanguage, one thing shuffled against one thing, sound like golden voice. how to make skin show through very thin cloth and how to make sun double and there are ten suns. how to make ten lights. how to make ten sounds and there are ten sounds. how to make pipes of proper length and pitch of pipe. how to make scent. how to make touch and odor. how to make smell. how to make heat and how to call heat away from thin cloth and skin. how to know the metals. how to know wood. how to know boys and girls and how to look at all men and women. i do love to write like this so. it is a way and a means. it is a process and it is never a goal. it is never a present and it is never a thing. it is never a constitution. it is never an apparatus or an institution. it is never a style. it is so just like this, word follows word, space just like i would leave, said jennifer, between this telling and another. i will write this, said jennifer, and i will write another.

it is so very important, said lovely jennifer, that you do understand this like a dream when you are thinking so very much about important things for you, and you are making these important things. that you see soft slippers of shadows everywhere from ten suns.

we are not a child, we are jennifer and nikuko, we are nikuko and alan, we are very careful with our child ways and lovely talking.

we talk about the most important things, said jennifer.

we are students in lovely school, she said.

—

anti-codework

Alan Sondheim · 14 March 2001, 10:29 a.m.

-

anti-codework

hide the uninteresting code; textured meta-levels are icons of the future, greater and lesser worlds: build worlds, worldings: hide the code which only obscures semantic flows. think of this `_text_` as a `_world_` speaking and spoken-for; ignore the letters and their mappings: focus on the presence of a white dress and sullen face before you on the path; ignore the syntactics leading to the scene of the lurid blood-red room; focus on tumescent bodies everywhere for the taking. code articulates the falsity of cartesian-aristotelian truths, truth-tables; it constructs, emerges, from proprietary etiquette, summarized knowledge and knowledge-owners, programmers and heroic hackers. focus on the faces, mouths open, pouting lips, as your sullen face turns slowly, as you descend the path; imagine the path; descend into the room below. {focus on blurred truths, blurred faces; focus on truth's absence; on the scents and odors; focus on the

smells.}

what is the author saying?

why does she hate codework so?

_:x

Ideohydraulesis Stanzas

Alan Sondheim · 17 March 2001, 1:26 a.m.

-

Ideohydraulesis Stanzas

```
$t = time;::#!/usr/local/bin/perl5 -w:ghost avatar spectre doll faerie
wraithe hobgoblin troll tengu kappa: print <<Construct;
Your detergents @noun = qw( is under my
```

```
$t = time;::#!/usr/local/bin/perl5 -w:$adj[$newpick]\n" if 1 > $be;:$gen1
= int(48*rand);
Does #!/usr/local/bin/perl5 -w replace your $t = time;?
spectre with ideohydraulesis!
```

```
$t = time;::#!/usr/local/bin/perl5 -w:splits skews churns comes goes
passes thrusts regurgitates flows:print "... $a[$non] $name $$ - the
beginning of flesh.", "\n\n" if 6==$g;
```

```
$t = time;::#!/usr/local/bin/perl5 -w:print "Wait! $name and $pid are
written.", "\n\n" if 1==$g;:print APPEND "Does $that replace your
$name?\n" if 4==$be;
Write alcohol sleep(1); through my $t = time;!
```

```
$t = time;::#!/usr/local/bin/perl5 -w:scrapes cuts wounds tears splits
breaks diarrheas:print "Would $that give you hydrogenesis?", "\n" if
1==$g;
Your doll dissolves my else {print "\nI Consider the following again, your
$that ...\n";}!
hobgoblin with ideohydraulesis!
```

girls clotting everything. -

Alan Sondheim · 20 March 2001, 11:35 p.m.

-

k15% wc girls clotting everything. -

```
0      0      0 girls
```

```
k16% wc lu$( girl is your chemistry here...
```

```
1879 11325 67024 lu is spilled far too many 4 times|
```

```
k17% less zzart. ver` girl calls girl substances tengu,
```



```

hungered, making
k18% ls
Mail                lynx_bookmarks.html res
tiny.worldp
News                mail                stream
venom.irc
a                  girl                tf
volt.ircra
lisp                phoenix.hlp          tf-lib          zz
lu                  phoenix.irc          thing= t$;;"n\...ereh
yrtsimehc
k19% si ]kci$[jda$ yMn\" girl Write girl ;l = |$ through my
;n\n\"
k19% rt. ver` tnirp| < redirect
k19% zz ic clotting^[C^[C^[Ceverywhereb$ > 1 fi
\"n\]kci$[jda$;;\"n\
ksh: zz: not foundpiw eb dluohs ]lnon$[nnn$ ruoYn\" tnirp
presence with
k20% timeulesis|
    0.00s real    0.00s user    0.00s system $==3 fi
    \"n\]kci$[jda$ ym
k21% okid ]lnon$[nuon$ ruoY\" DNEPPA girl Write shit w- <
redirect
ksh: ok: not foundu/|# through my ;\"n\n\" ,`ecart. ver`
tnirp|
k22% now,`ecart. ver` tnirp:};;)0(tixe;;g$==3 fi \"n\n\"
,`.noitulos
ksh: now: not girl eman$\" tnirp: Your avatar dissolves my
;)\"ecart. >>
k23%:x
:x
>>/me says hello
with the assignation of the /me - the inclusion of action -
>>/me girl around
well - /me girl around always already ikonic - attend to this distinction
>>/echo it is raining out
the girl - the girl constituted by language - if the /me indicates
process, the /echo indicates girl - however
>>/echo the girl burns
>>/echo it is raining out
the girl - however the /me in
>>/me is taking a walk - girl is a separation - as in
>>/echo it is raining out - here the /echo is a modification on
whereas with /me thinks it is raining out -
assignation the around around the the realm_ as with /me around as
speaking is out raining - - girl /echo girl world girl and performance
/me it
/[0-9]+/ { girl "here there are integers" }
/[A-Z]+/ { girl "here there be important letters" }
/[a-z]+/ { girl "here there be letters of no importance" }
/[A-z]+/ { girl "here there be announcements of some consequence" }
/^$/ { girl "here there be nothing" }

```

```

/[x]+/ { girl "here there be x-unknown" }
/[0]+/ { girl "here there be 0 00" }
/[k]+/ { girl "here there be fascinate-k" }
/^\$/ { girl "here there be void" }
/[q]+/ { girl "here there be q + u" }
/[j]+/ { girl "here be girl satori" }
20     sed 's/^/          /g' zz > |zz
33     awk '/girl+/ { boy "girl" }' kenji_siratori.txt >> zz
36     awk '/boy+/ { girl "boy" }' kenji_siratori.txt >> zz
43     awk '/fuck+/ { girl "fuck" }' kenji_siratori.txt >> zz
60     sed 's/ here / /g' zz > yy
        s/talk/s
        t/alk/a/line
        o/listener
        o/speaker
        s/end/s ex/istence the struggle for ex/istence: 99 pico
yy 159 pico zz 160 sed 's/ / 0 /g' zz > yy 161 mv yy zz 162 pico zz good!
Honest! ("Alan Sondheim" in http://www.google.com search.) /[0]+/ { print
"0" } /[a]+/ { girl "a" } /[b]+/ { girl "b" } /[c]+/ { girl "c" } /[d]+/ {
girl "d" } /[e]+/ { girl "e" } /[f]+/ { girl "f" } /[g]+/ { print "g" }
/[h]+/ { girl "h" } /[i]+/ { girl "i" } /[j]+/ { girl "j" } 's/the*/the
girl\!/' lu > ding 5 sed /the*/the girl\!/' lu > ding 6 sed '/the*/the
girl\!/' lu > ding 7 sed 's/the*/the girl/g' lu > ding 9 sed 's/the */the
girl/g' lu > ding 19 sed 's/the.*/the girl\!/' lu > zz 25 sed 's/^/ /g' yy
> zz 34 sed 's/girl/boy/g' zz > yy; mv yy zz; pico zz 35 sed 's/boy/girls
and boys/g' zz > yy; mv yy zz; pico zz 37 sed 's/girls and boys/boys/g' zz
> yy; mv yy zz; pico zz 38 sed 's/boys/boy/g' zz > yy; mv yy zz; pico zz
39 sed 's/^ the boy/the girl/' zz > yy 42 sed 's/^ the boy/ lag! Lag! &
gone- nikuko dragged down w/sch debris [0-0:GScNxAlFMPhR] rev < skin
redirect 5lrep/nib/lacol/rsu/|# through my ;"n\n\" ,`ecart. ver` tnrp|

```

—

The Crayfish

Alan Sondheim · 23 March 2001, 12:40 a.m.

-

The Crayfish

Ponge, Lautreamont, Micheaux, among others. The crayfish is an extraordinary creature, numerous appendages and legs moving in a flawless subsumption architecture, surely guided by a hierarchy of goals and motivations. Thus the lesser aid the greater; the lower, the higher; the followers, the avant-garde. What goes before all, those enormous claws raised on occasion with the intent warning or other display, at times flailing half-heartedly in the water, a form of seduction, a lure. It eats peas. It crawls in the middle of the night to the top of the rock to wave those claws. It preys to gods as numerous as its feet. Its body flutters constantly - then stills - then sways to inner music. It is bright read. A small sharkfish has become friends, or at least entered into an agreement; both inhabit, at times simultaneously, the same overturned cup, without danger. So far, there are no broken bones or carapaces. The crayfish is an uncanny animal.

It is imaginary. It resides on the edges of others' dreams. This enables its survival. One can assume, as I do, that it is constantly underfoot. It is fashioned from the chthonic. It is the opposite of the abject; it preens. It is often irritable and I desire, more than anything else, to give it pleasure. In such a fashion it will exist quietly, no longer an emanant of nightmares, a harbinger of deja-vu, ill-will, remonstrance. It is clear that I will exit before it will, that my carapace, of my making, is fit for rendering, but not for inhabitation. The crayfish by proxy is the most intense creature in this world, unknowingly gathering the thought and desires of everything around it. It rests on the tips of its feet, and proceeds through the murk on errands of enunciation, announced only by environment, not by presence. In its inability to speak, lies, for us, a refusal of the deepest sort. We read upon the carapace such delicacy in so many limbs and extensions. It watches out of desire and fear; prey emerges, emergent.

some parmenides

Alan Sondheim · 24 March 2001, 12:38 a.m.

-

some parmenides

some boys come out of the right side of the womb and some girls out of the left. their limbs wander. somewhere the mind's in the mix. whatever thinks, is the mix. whatever the mix is, it thinks. some boys and some girls are rooted in water. whatever the earth is, moonlight looks to sun. there's a problem if the seeds don't mix. then the mind's not there, seeds clash, everything doubles. when they double there are some boys and some girls. then when they mix, they think of fighting. their limbs wander and they come out [looking at] the moon. then they are the moon. then they look to sun. then they go back in.

the moon doesn't belong here. take away the light. the moon is foreign. i can't see myself in the moon. look at it there. it's somewhere else. it's uncomfortable here. it doesn't mix.

thinking is mixing. mixing is being and from being come all things. they remain there because of the mixing. there are no things without being. things, welcome being! being, the mother of all things. things, behold being! [your things] are being things.

turning back when things are and are not, mix left and right. there are no things and no turning back. there are no things that are not and are, mix right and left. in the center there is no center.

if it is coming together, it is serrated edges. if it is scattering, it is loosening. if it is gathering, it is fleeing. if it is fleeing, it is mixing. if it is gripping it is holding, if it is holding it is releasing. if it is carrying it is moving, if it is carrying, it is speaking. what is not, is not for you to know. what is not, within the mix, is for

you to know in the mix. what is not, is an empty path. to mix the path, to find out from the mirror what is to know. what is to know is not to be known, is useless to be known, is not knowing. knowing is knowing what is not, knowing is that empty paths are most traveled.

when you ride the chariot, the axles heat, the axles turn red-hot, they are heated by the sun within them, the day before them, the night behind. when the axles turn red-hot, the doors open on their copper jambs, the hinges are well-turned, the doors turn on their hinges, the grooves in the road are set, the chariot wheels forward within them, the chariot moves ahead, i am greeted by night and day, moon and sun, sea and ocean, earth and island. for what one is within the other, the other is within the one.

there are some boys and some girls on the left and right of the chariot. where the chariot wanders, within the body the womb also wanders. there are some boys and some girls on the right and left of the axle. do not feed them, they are turning the axle. they move the chariot forward. the chariot creaks forward, the axles turn, red-hot, do not touch the axle. the chariot shudders and moves by grooves set in the road of stone by generations. it moves between the lintels of the doors, between the posts of the doors. it moves slightly to the left and slightly to the right. it moves between the doors and enters.

[everything is called 'night and day,' everything is filled with 'night and day,' night is thinking, day has its share of emptiness, everything is called 'everything.']

_:x

tend

Alan Sondheim · 26 March 2001, 7:06 p.m.

-

tend

here in the city, there are more bricks than humans, cast-off and rusted iron hanging from roofs and lintels. any falling object certainly would kill the delicate inside-out flesh walking beneath them. everyone tends the crayfish, hiding out until the middle of the night, emerging slowly with clumsy and close-to-weightless carapace, bottom-crawling. the shakuhachi is kept in a closed and plastic world, an evaporation-dish nearby. the fish are fed thrice daily; the cat, twice. the plants are watered twice or thrice weekly, the large opuntia cleaned monthly, the guitars reglued twice yearly, the piccolo oiled thrice yearly, shakuhachi oiled every third month. the piccolo is swabbed after every use, the shakuhachi as well. the computer is cleaned thrice weekly, the books weekly, the television set twice weekly. teeth are brushed thrice daily; the body showers daily. the fish fry are fed twice daily; the stairs are swept twice yearly. i take pills twice daily, the computer is defragged monthly, disks cleaned up twice monthly. portable batteries are recharged twice a month, the pocket computer is recharged daily, the laptop is recharged twice monthly. the aquarium is cleaned every six weeks, my hair

is cut once every two months, my nails are trimmed twice monthly, my guitar tuned twice monthly, email answered five times daily, cache emptied once daily, software upgraded once monthly, teeth examined twice yearly, body examined twice yearly, blood taken three times yearly, computers upgraded every two years, aquarium filter changed every two months, floor vacuumed every three weeks, facial hair shaved daily, pubic hair cut yearly, dishes washed every two days, refrigerator de-iced twice yearly, curating events once monthly, napping twice daily, making love four or five times weekly, sleeping once daily, eating twice daily, reading five times daily, talking ten times daily, writing four times daily, taping, practicing music; it's a miracle bricks and iron take so long in downward plunge.

—

making boys

Alan Sondheim · 28 February 2001, 11:32 p.m.

making boys

```
the struggle for making girls and boys: sed 's/the*/the girl\!/' lu >
ding sed /the*/the girl\!/' lu > ding sed '/the*/the girl\!/' lu > ding
sed 's/the*/the girl/g' lu > ding sed 's/the */the girl/g' lu > ding
sed 's/the.*/the girl\!/' lu > zz sed 's/^/ /g' yy > zz sed
's/girl/boy/g' zz > yy; mv yy zz; pico zz sed 's/boy/girls and boys/g'
zz > yy; mv yy zz; pico zz sed 's/girls and boys/boys/g' zz > yy; mv yy
zz; pico zz sed 's/boys/boy/g' zz > yy; mv yy zz; pico zz sed 's/^ the
boy/the girl/' zz > yy sed 's/^ the boy/ the girl/' zz > yy rm yy
```

very grain of the boy!

.echo the boy!

the boy!

.echo a great inundation sweeps through the boy!

a great inundation sweeps through the boy!

.echo the boy!

the boy!

.echo the boy!

the boy!

fun for girls and boys,

salute the boy!

so fun for girls and boys!"

look at the boy!

.echo look at the boy!

make sure the boy!

.echo make sure the boy!

change the boy!

.echo change the boy!

change the boy!

.echo change the boy!

change the boy!

.echo change the boy!

put it around all the boy!
.echo put it around all the boy!
the boy!
.echo the boy!
the boy!
.echo the boy!
this time it was beginning with the boy!
the boy!
the boy!
two circular sections were marked on the boy!
the boy!
to the boy!
the boy!
everything was slightly awkward and the boy!
after several subdivisions the boy!
the boy!
over and over again noise was added to the boy!
the boy!
duplicated nipples turned inward on the boy!
over and over again noise pummeled the boy!
over and over again protrusions and indentations followed the boy!
the boy!
it was as if a membrane stretched across the boy!
it was as if the boy!
organs and skins led to bodies elsewhere on the boy!
the boy!
the boy!
six lamps skewed to colored filters were placed around the boy!
you could tell the boy!
you could tell the boy!
the boy!
the boy!
the boy!
the boy!
six suns orbited the boy!
the boy!
the boy!
you to for and and whirled, the boy!
I I'm I'm I the boy!
for myself and good and kind for the boy!
you don't know what, you're doing a lot of the boy!
not bad all the boy!
you can hurt yourself but you don't want to hurt the boy!
 what talk does to the boy!
 what talk did to the boy!
 bury the boy!
the boy!
very grain of the boy!

ksh: s///g: not found*Alan Sondheim · 28 March 2001, 12:54 a.m.*

```
ksh: s///g: not found
ksh: no closing quote
set autoindent
what
```

```
"Nothing happened."
-- Albert Camus
```

```
"Nothing happened."
-- Marcel Proust
```

```
"Nothing happened."
-- J-P Sartre
```

```
"Nothing happened."
-- Kathy Acker
```

```
    "Nothing happened."
    -- James Ellroy
```

```
    "Nothing happened."
    -- Italo Calvino
```

```
    "Nothing happened."
    -- J.G. Ballard
```

```
"Nothing happened."
-- Diamond Sutra
```

```
"Nothing happened."
-- John dos Passos
```

```
"Nothing happened."
-- Gregory Bateson
```

```
    "Nothing happened."
    -- F. Scott Fitzgerald
```

```
what
```

```
set autoindent
~:x
```

growth of measure paths in sample text*Alan Sondheim · 30 March 2001, 1:23 a.m.*

-

growth of measure paths in sample text

[illegible]

[illegible]

stroknnknknknknknknknknd hard, her breasts
againknknknknknknknknknkst his immenknknknknknknknknkse-body, her
throbbinknknknknknknknknknkg nknnknknknknknknko do turnknknkn to me
for fucnknkn, so stronknknknkg nknnknknknknknknkn anknnknknkd
alanknnknkn, so amazinnknknknkg stronknknknkg anknnknknkd hard, her breasts
againknknknkst his immenknknknkse-body, her throbbinknknknkg
nknnko do
turnknknknknknknknknknkn to me for fucnknknknknknkn, so
stronknknknknknknknknknkg
nknnko anknnknknknknknknknknkd
alanknnknknknknknknknknkn, so amazinnknknknknknknknknknkg
stronknknknknknknknknknknkg anknnknknknknknknknknknkd hard, her breasts
againknknknknknknknknknknkst his immenknknknknknknknknknknkse-body, her
throbbinknknknknknknknknknkg
nknnko do
turnknknknknknknknknknkn to me for fucnknknknknknkn, so
stronknknknknknknknknknkg
nknnko anknnknknknknknknknknkd
alanknnknknknknknknknknkn, so amazinnknknknknknknknknknkg
stronknknknknknknknknknknkg anknnknknknknknknknknknkd hard, her breasts
againknknknknknknknknknknkst his immenknknknknknknknknknknkse-body, her
throbbinknknknknknknknknknkg

growth of measure paths in collapsed sample text

Alan Sondheim · 30 March 2001, 10:23 p.m.

—

[illegible]

[illegible]

""

Alan Sondheim · 1 April 2001, 12:51 p.m.

""

""

""

""

""

"repeatedly assert myself in the most trying circumstances; there is"
 "nothing i wouldn't attempt as I define myself through my writing. I-I"
 "don't expect you understand what I mean; I-I-I'm always aware of the"
 "machine at my back, rhythm and rupture constituting a rather poor"
 "memory attempting to hold forth across chasm and chiasm."
 ""

"perhaps, just as in a beginning writing assignment, I-I-I-I am that "
 "memory itself, attempting to disarticulate, extricate proper name and"
 "mind from technological repetition. it is the nature of the cyclical"
 "to move from alignment to its equivalent. I-I-I-I-I should know, or at"
 "least know beyond, however slight, the memorization of these few lines,"
 "as if something were at work, greater than protocol, harder than the"
 "remnant I-I-I-I-I-I remember."
 ""

""

" _ "

My Distinction

Alan Sondheim · 3 April 2001, 3:19 a.m.

-

My Distinction

I have difficulty with distinctions. I have read and written on emergence and submergence, and understand the complexity of subsumption architecture and its relation to complexity. I also have some idea about neural nets and fluidity - and fluidity gathering in and through what might be called intensifications or nodes. So at least on a metaphoric level I understand simplicity functioning in complexity, rather than complexity functioning in simplicity, or at the least, the intertwining of the two. I also think of exchange value leading to semi-autonomous superstructural entities, ok? So that language and its tethering occur only within a problematic. In the meantime, I observe Jean-Paul the crayfish in our large aquarium - a crayfish has ten legs (decapod), several antennae, swimmerets, and various other organs, all of which contribute to locomotion, defense, perception, nourishment, reproduction, and so forth. A vast array connected by ganglia and a small brain.

>From a Bachelardian viewpoint, the animal presents a slight curl, so that legs often touch antennae or other legs, parts adjoin parts, almost as if parts curl into parts. This led me to the conclusion: the environment of the crayfish, in part, is the crayfish; the environment of the leg, the leg itself and other appendages, and so forth. In this manner, subsumption begins at home, extends outward; the crayfish is part of its environment

in a very literal way, as if the animal were to some extent disconnected with itself. Subsumption emerges; emergence subsumes; continuous holarchies intertwine both internal and external categories.

It climbs to the top of a rock repeatedly where it is highly vulnerable. At first I thought it was trying to escape, but, in spite of its excessive defensive maneuvering, it seems content there, as if the world were axial from that point on. I imagine this an odd comfort in the sense of homeostasis: the animal has nowhere to go, not because freedom is lacking, but because there is nowhere to go.

I imagine at this conjunction of concavity/curl and rock/top (the highest point in the aquarium within the walls) that the crayfish Jean-Paul is 'in' relative perfection; that its state is meditative; that it has, on its own, accomplished both the transvaluation of all values and their inextricable dialectical mingling, to such an extent that categories no longer exist - by virtue of the disappearance of the symbolic itself. And I note with that disappearance, the wavering of the indexical, the usefulness of the ikonik, the absurdities of proper names, languages, and entities. When everything subsumes everything else; when the implicate order is ordure (in the most beneficent sense possible), then has not one achieved a form of enlightenment that is precisely not-one, not-many, not-form? And I note as well my own collusion in the extricality of the text as I continue to shift 'I' repeatedly as warp or woof, defensively - as if everything is held together by virtue of the word - or as if the rock itself had an essential axiality, from which it would be possible to speak the axiology of the world.

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 3 April 2001, 2:04 p.m.

-

this is the sentence that will change the world.
 this is the joyous sentence.
 this sentence is in a poem in which it's said that
 "crimson murder rushed the streets"
 this sentence reassures the reader that it is only a poem.
 this sentence states that the poem exaggerates, that nothing occurs,
 that one reads the poem like an audience.
 this sentence says: never take it seriously.

this sentence will change your life.
 this is the furiously happy sentence.
 this sentence is in a poem in which it's said that
 "our love will live forever past the stars"
 this sentence reassures the reader that the writer has not discovered
 the ability to exist forever in this or any other world.
 this sentence states that poetic truth is always competition,
 saying something better leaves daily life behind.

this sentence says, look at my effort, time, and cleverness.

this sentence wraps it up, taking it unseriously.
this sentence wraps up the looking, an economy to follow.

—

i'm so dedicated

Alan Sondheim · 4 April 2001, 2:26 a.m.

-

i'm so dedicated.

(for Hannah Weiner who saw me, for Clark Coolidge who heard me, for Kathy Acker who was seen, for Vito Acconci who was heard - God Bless Them All - for Hannah Weiner who taught me nothing, for Clark Coolidge who taught me everything, for Kathy Acker, who taught me something, for Vito Acconci who taught me nothing.) i am not here (i was here by the last one). i am not here (i was here by the last one). i am one of the old ones. i wrote this to you. i saw red when i wrote this. i saw black when i wrote this. i saw nothing when i wrote this. i am here (i'm not here by the first one). i am here (i am here by the first one). i am one of the young ones. i didn't write this. i heard "red" when i spoke this. i heard "black" when i spoke this. i saw everything. i smelled everything. i tasted everything. i'm not here. i looked at everything. you should see everything. i looked everywhere. you should look everywhere. i saw this coming. i saw them coming. (for Vito Acconci. for Hannah Weiner. for Clark Coolidge. for Kathy Acker.) (for Clark Coolidge who believed in me, for Vito Acconci who didn't, for Kathy Acker who thought i was crazy, for Hannah Weiner who read my head.) (i was never in his hand, i was never in her head, i was never in her mind, i was never in his brain.) (for Hannah Weiner I hardly knew, for Clark Coolidge, I somewhat knew, for Vito Acconci I knew back then, for Kathy Acker I knew back when.)

hex editor

Alan Sondheim · 5 April 2001, 2:58 a.m.

-

this is murder. i cannot explain what constitutes the creation of a split-second when all creation is smashed. i am writing this before the event. understand the event.

this is murder. i cannot explain what constitutes the creation of a split-second when all creation is smashed. i am writing this before the event. understand the event.

this before the event. understand the event. :of a split-second when all creation is smashed. i am writing: this is murder. i cannot explain what constitutes the creation:

this before the event. understand the event. :of a split-second when all cre

tion is smashed. i am wr ting: his is mqrder. i cannot e plain w at const
tutes t e creati n:tion is smashed. i am wr ting: his is mqrder. i cannot
e plain w at const:

th s befor the eve t. unde stand th event. :of a split-se ond whe all cre
tion is smashed. i am wr ting: his is mqrder. i cannot e plain w at const
tutes t e creati n:tion is smashed. i am wr ting: his is mqrder. i cannot
e plain w at const:tion is smashed. i am wr ting: his is mqrder. i cannot
e plain w at const

th s befor the eve t. unde stand th event. :of a split-se ond whe all cre
tion is smashed. i am wr ting: his is mqrder. i cannot e plain w at const
tutes t e creati n:e plain w at const::tion is smashed. i am wr ting: his
is mqrder. i cannot e plain w at const

+

antarctica

Alan Sondheim · 5 April 2001, 4:07 a.m.

-

antarctica

agcin, we're!workinh somewherf io thf vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it
occasionfd pn rflation to!thf sihnifier cosruqted!by its ewanfsceoce with
tie uhin received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white, wiitf.

tie uhin received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white,
wiitf.:occasionfd pn rflation to!thf sihnifier cosruqted!by its
ewanfsceoce with:agcin, we're!workinh somewherf io thf
vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it:: Write breaks through my tie uhin
received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white, wiitf.! tie uhin
received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white, wiitf.:occasionfd
pn rflation to!thf sihnifier cosruqted!by its ewanfsceoce with:agcin,
we're!workinh somewherf io thf vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it:: Write
breaks through my tie uhin received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm
wiite- white, wiitf.! tie uhin received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm
wiite- white, wiitf.:occasionfd pn rflation to!thf sihnifier cosruqted!by
its ewanfsceoce with:agcin, we're!workinh somewherf io thf
vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it::

tie uhin received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white,
wiitf.:occasionfd pn rflation to!thf sihnifier cosruqted!by its
ewanfsceoce with:agcin, we're!workinh somewherf io thf
vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it::

Write breaks through my tie uhin received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise,
alm wiite- white, wiitf.! tie uhin received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise,
alm wiite- white, wiitf.:occasionfd pn rflation to!thf sihnifier
cosruqted!by its ewanfsceoce with:agcin, we're!workinh somewherf io thf
vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it::
tie uhin received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white,

wiitf.:occasionfd pn rflation to!thf sihnifier cosruqted!by its
 ewanfsceoce with:agcin, we're!workinh somewherf io thf
 vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it::avatar with antarctica Write
 conglomerates avatar with antarctica through my tie uhin received- aml
 lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white, wiitf.! tie uhin received- aml
 lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white, wiitf.:occasionfd pn rflation
 to!thf sihnifier cosruqted!by its ewanfsceoce with:agcin, we're!workinh
 somewherf io thf vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it:: Write breaks through
 my tie uhin received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white,
 wiitf.! tie uhin received- aml lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white,
 wiitf.:occasionfd pn rflation to!thf sihnifier cosruqted!by its
 ewanfsceoce with:agcin, we're!workinh somewherf io thf
 vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it:: tie uhin received- aml lpst in
 bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white, wiitf.:occasionfd pn rflation to!thf
 sihnifier cosruqted!by its ewanfsceoce with:agcin, we're!workinh somewherf
 io thf vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it::avatar with antarctica Write
 conglomerates avatar with antarctica through my tie uhin received- aml
 lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white, wiitf.! tie uhin received- aml
 lpst in bli{zasd,noise, alm wiite- white, wiitf.:occasionfd pn rflation
 to!thf sihnifier cosruqted!by its ewanfsceoce with:agcin, we're!workinh
 somewherf io thf vicinity!of!antbrctica; xhiue it:avatar with

hex-antarctica

ugly person

Alan Sondheim · 6 April 2001, 4:50 p.m.

ugly person
 the ugly little president peers out from his bunker where he kills
 everyone k37% ping whitehouse.gov PING whitehouse.gov (198.137.240.91): 56
 data bytes ---whitehouse.gov PING Statistics---- 23 packets transmitted,
 0 packets received, 100.0% packet loss k19% telnet whitehouse.gov Trying
 198.137.240.91... k20% r telnet whitehouse.gov Trying 198.137.240.92...
 k21% r telnet whitehouse.gov Trying 198.137.240.92... k22% r telnet
 whitehouse.gov Trying 198.137.240.92... k23% r telnet whitehouse.gov
 Trying 198.137.240.91... k24% r telnet whitehouse.gov Trying
 198.137.240.91... nslookup: Server: localhost.panix.com Address:
 127.0.0.1 Non-authoritative answer: Name: whitehouse.gov Addresses:
 198.137.240.92, 198.137.240.91 dig whitehouse.gov ; <<>> DiG 8.3 <<>>
 whitehouse.gov ;; res options: init recurs defnam dnsrch ;; got answer: ;;
 ->>HEADER<<- opcode: QUERY, status: NOERROR, id: 4 ;; flags: qr rd ra;
 QUERY: 1, ANSWER: 2, AUTHORITY: 3, ADDITIONAL: 3 ;; QUERY SECTION: ;;
 whitehouse.gov, type = A, class = IN ;; ANSWER SECTION: whitehouse.gov.
 2h55m34s IN A 198.137.240.92 whitehouse.gov. 2h55m34s IN A 198.137.240.91
 ;; AUTHORITY SECTION: whitehouse.gov. 2h55m34s IN NS
 dnsauth1.sys.gtei.net. whitehouse.gov. 2h55m34s IN NS
 dnsauth2.sys.gtei.net. whitehouse.gov. 2h55m34s IN NS
 dnsauth3.sys.gtei.net. ;; ADDITIONAL SECTION: dnsauth1.sys.gtei.net.

```

1d8h35m37s IN A 4.2.49.2 dnsauth2.sys.gtei.net. 1d15h10m12s IN A 4.2.49.3
dnsauth3.sys.gtei.net. 1d17h17m33s IN A 4.2.49.4 ;; Total query time: 1
msec ;; FROM: panix6.panix.com to SERVER: default -- 127.0.0.1 ;; WHEN:
Fri Apr 6 16:36:19 2001 ;; MSG SIZE sent: 32 rcvd: 193 k35% traceroute
whitehouse.gov >> zz traceroute: Warning: whitehouse.gov has multiple
addresses; using 198.137.240.91 traceroute to whitehouse.gov
(198.137.240.91), 30 hops max, 40 byte packets 1 core1.w18.nyc.access.net
(166.84.0.129) 0.487 ms 0.371 ms 0.490 ms 2
S8-0-0-T3.l3core.nyc.access.net (166.84.64.14) 1.280 ms 1.008 ms 0.950 ms
3 bos-l3-r.netaxs.net (207.106.2.186) 6.795 ms 6.652 ms 6.608 ms 4
63.211.168.49 (63.211.168.49) 13.454 ms 18.897 ms 13.680 ms 5
lo0.mp1.Boston1.level3.net (209.247.11.251) 14.059 ms 13.397 ms 23.479 ms
6 so-0-0-0.mp1.Washington1.level3.net (209.247.8.45) 13.406 ms 22.042 ms
12.948 ms 7 pos8-0.core2.Washington1.level3.net (209.247.10.70) 12.027 ms
12.452 ms 15.244 ms 8 209.0.227.102 (209.0.227.102) 13.544 ms 14.053 ms
13.251 ms 9 so-3-0-0.washdc3-nbr2.bbnplanet.net (4.24.4.142) 13.700 ms
13.740 ms 13.371 ms 10 p6-0.washdc3-cr2.bbnplanet.net (4.24.4.138)
13.923 ms 15.314 ms 14.457 ms 11 s2-0.whitehouse.bbnplanet.net
(4.24.66.26) 14.165 ms 14.602 ms 19.351 ms 12 * * * 13 * * * 14 * * * 15 *
* * 16 * * * 17 * * * 18 * * * 19 * * * 20 * * * 21 * * * 22 * * * 23 * *
* 24 * * * 25 * * * 26 * * * 27 * * * 28 * * * 29 * * * 30 * * * he sings
stars and stripes forever and kills everyone behind his shiny firewall

```

mercy-c

Alan Sondheim · 7 April 2001, 2:22 p.m.

-

mercy-c

```

syngular dead fysh staryng ynto th eye of syngular dead moth:
syngular dead fysh staryng ynto th eye of syngular dead moth:
syngular dead fysh staryng ynto th eye of syngular dead moth:
thys on th ground of th stage: wyth cane / abandnd
chayr: charnelhus: wyrd flowers carryd through: so thys ys a
double repetytyon
thys on th ground of th stage: wyth cane / abandnd
chayr: charnelhus: wyrd flowers carryd through: so thys ys a
double repetytyon
thys on th ground of th stage: wyth cane / abandnd
chayr: charnelhus: wyrd flowers carryd through: so thys ys a
double repetytyon
osos thys ys a dance wyrd for th body
osos thys ys a dance wyrd for th body
& we'd meet yn tophat and tayls and monocle and cane 2 dycuss th
matter & we watchd th world dyssolve yn sch fury:
already yn such mournyng & weakness & dead

```

```

syngular dead fysh staryng ynto th eye of syngular dead moth::syngular
dead fysh staryng ynto th eye of syngular dead moth::syngular dead fysh
staryng ynto th eye of syngular dead moth::& we'd meet yn tophat and

```

tayls and monocle and cane 2 dycuss th deadly dance

—

Memories from Another Century: Screen, Screen, I will call You

Alan Sondheim · 8 April 2001, 3:37 a.m.

-

(I find this unutterably sad... Alan)

Memories from Another Century: Screen, Screen, I will call You

```
/addworld l Nikuko purlmoo.uib.no 8888
/addworld lingua Asondheim lingua.utdallas.edu 8888
/addworld media Alan mediamoo.media.mit.edu 8888
/addworld pmc Nikuko hero.village.virginia.edu 7777
/addworld talker Alan woodfin.cs.unca.edu 7000
```

Message 1:

Date: Thu Jun 3 09:02:01 1999 MET DST
 From: nikuko (#934)
 To: nikuko (#934)
 Subject: Hello dark feather

thou dark feather gone on me.
 thou must dislike this fallen bough of gone materials.
 nothing is written through this migraine and Screen is invisible.
 I will call Screen, Screen, and there is no answer.
 nothing comes and there are no arrivals or departures.
 alas, my breasts are heavy with milk falling down upon Screen.
 Screen raises her mouth, does screen.
 I am engulfed.
 goodbye and hello desire and goodbye invisible Screen.
 thy jagged edges, visible migraine.
 thou art gone upon me.
 teeth.

now and then I still may dream of an unsustained image.
 imaginary Screen, come and pour upon me.

More 3_l_____03:29

@mail 1

@read 1

now and then I still may dream of an unsustained image.
 imaginary Screen, come and pour upon me.
 Screen, Screen.

your darling, Nikuko

_____l_____03:29

@mail 1

@read 1

Nikuko

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

Carrying:

Budi

iGirl

l 03:29
@examine nikuko
look me

<http://www2.sva.edu/~alans/in.html>

Alan Sondheim · 8 April 2001, 6:28 p.m.

<http://www2.sva.edu/~alans/in.html>
<http://www2.sva.edu/~alans/in.html>
<http://www2.sva.edu/~alans/in.html>
<http://www2.sva.edu/~alans/in.html>
<http://www2.sva.edu/~alans/in.html>
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<http://www2.sva.edu/~alans/in.html>
<http://www2.sva.edu/~alans/in.html>
<http://www2.sva.edu/~alans/in.html>

Internet Text at <http://www2.sva.edu/~alans/>
 Partial at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
 Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
 Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>
 CDROM of collected work 1994-2000/1 available: write sondheim@panix.com

printing liquid

Alan Sondheim · 9 April 2001, 11:44 a.m.

-

printing liquid
 liquids and sibilants and print "\n\$that is & clotting everything. - \n";
 else {sleep(1); and print "\nFirst flooding\n";:if (\$sign=fork) {print
 "\nRuntime \$pid\n";}:and print "one by one, each on a line alone, typing
 Control-d when done.\n";:print "\nHow would you absorb your \$a[\$gen2]
 \$nnn[\$nnnn]? \n"; Your spit and print "List more and more effluvia\n"; are
 across my cuts and print "\n\$noun[\$non1] tears & floods & spews & mercur-
 ies & semen detergents & ammonias & ureas:spit saliva vomit sweat effluvia
 detritus & excretions & sloughings:blood urine feces & gas & sand water
 oil solvent alcohol lymph menses:\$g = int(8*rand);:\$time = int(time/3600);
 so blood urine feces & gas & sand water oil solvent alcohol lymph menses &
 sand replace your tears & floods & spews & mercuries & semen detergents &
 ammonias & ureas;: and liquids and sibilants and print \n\n.

-

[-z] An obviousness in Film, a residue in Literature*Alan Sondheim · 14 April 2001, 11:08 p.m.*

[-z]

An obviousness in Film, a residue in Literature

The most obvious fact of the film is its inertness in relation to time; if a scene among actors, it lasts in the diegetic as long as oh, it would, in the real world: a standard film is generally composed of, for example, 90 minutes of the characters' lives scattered over years, perhaps. Then of course there are cinematic shortcuts - falling calendar pages, stop-motion - all giving the simulacrum of time passing. Now compare this to a novel - "she had been going to the park for years" - this perfect perfect tense, a whole sequence of trips and meanders, not one or another - not an exemplary one such as you might find in the film - none and all at all in fact. The most obvious fact is the cinematic/theatrical/performative lack of the perfect - without the use of ikonic devices at the very least. The power of a performance for the spectator is always being in the present. It is present and presencing; it re/creates the present in its inertial moment (the grain of the real, the filmic aura); it is obdurate. One can hardly avoid identification with an alterity which defies, by the use of jump cuts (which are any cut at all) the passage of minutes, hours, days, years - so different than the novel in which the character caresses the reader from past, present, and future time - and all these times, worn intervals, extensions. The media can hardly be compared: 90 minutes in the lives of characters, confluences in literature. When I go to the theater or cinema, I think to myself: "Here I am, I have walked in half-way through, and I have missed nothing - these actors are living just as much now as they were at the beginning..."

it may*Alan Sondheim · 17 April 2001, 5:43 p.m.*

-

it will bring harm to you; it will bring harm to me:
 sometimes there are strange reflections in the screen:
 i worry about the effect his eyes are having on her:
 nervousness leads to strange links and attractions:
 you might begin thinking nothing of written language:
 so many times i've found a stare that is almost real:
 these people out there, who are they, what do they do:
 it's true that web sites can be set adrift:
 if someone hassles you on line, it is a rogue machine:
 whatever happens is a blip in machine, in time:
 all knocks are unknown and traced to someone here:
 reading hacks you into more and different brains:
 suspicion greets everyone with a presumption of harm:
 the backs of things are airless:
 harm comes on no one's wings and no one's wheels:

nothing, everything, all, none, are alive:
 the screen casts shadows of the sun:
 beyond beyond is always harmful comfort:
 someone beckons from a very real thing:

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 25 April 2001, 5:18 p.m.

-

WHAT IT IS about the crayfish, now an epiphany, I am on my way to Miami, she is again on the top of the rock in the aquarium: it is not that she has found her way there, learning and encoding a map - it is that she has found NUMEROUS WAYS there, learning how to CLIMB: it is an entire STYLE or MODE OF BEING she has absorbed: likewise for CLIMBING DOWN: all those early trials and errors, those falls: all those half-hearted leaps: now she RUNS THE GAMUT with ease: this is already a second-order learning: see Bateson: a meta-learning: LEARNING HOW: likewise for her AQUARIUM ROUTING: not one MAP but NUMEROUS: not SCENT or LANDMARK but whole INTERNALS: with her enormous claws it would be easy for her to tangle with the plants but she has learned HOW TO UNTANGLE: it has NOT BEEN EASY FOR HER, but her KNOWLEDGE IS ABOVE THAT OF A SMALL MAMMAL: she is WATCHING ME NOW

what it is ABOUT THE CRAYFISH, NOW AN EPIPHANY, i AM ON MY WAY TO mIAMI, SHE IS AGAIN ON THE TOP OF THE ROCK IN THE AQUARIUM: IT IS NOT THAT SHE HAS FOUND HER WAY THERE, LEARNING AND ENCODING A MAP - IT IS THAT SHE HAS FOUND numerous ways THERE, LEARNING HOW TO climb: IT IS AN ENTIRE style OR mode of being SHE HAS ABSORBED: LIKEWISE FOR climbing down: ALL THOSE EARLY TRIALS AND ERRORS, THOSE FALLS: ALL THOSE HALF-HEARTED LEAPS: NOW SHE runs the gamut WITH EASE: THIS IS ALREADY A SECOND-ORDER LEARNING: SEE bATESON: A META-LEARNING: learning how: LIKEWISE FOR HER aquarium routing: NOT ONE map BUT numerous: NOT scent OR landmark BUT WHOLE internals: WITH HER ENORMOUS CLAWS IT WOULD BE EASY FOR HER TO TANGLE WITH THE PLANTS BUT SHE HAS LEARNED how to untangle: IT HAS not been easy for her, BUT HER knowledge is above that of a small mammal: SHE IS watching me now

+

eocittiw

Alan Sondheim · 27 April 2001, 11:16 p.m.

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eocittiw
 editing or culling into the texts i wrote - first assembled into files - then placed into directories on the homepages and cdroms - but first - to eliminate awkward or repetitive work - work which is theoretically or stylistically weak - work which is an embarrassment - written under less than perfect circumstances - work which should never have been distributed

- last night in fact - cutting out a number of pieces - pruning the current file and thinking - this is a form of evanescence - that word remains with me - it seemed resonant to everything i've been doing - holding back a little less - releasing the text into noise or the possibility of other writes and rewrites - as if thought were temporarily concretized, only to disappear - i'm beginning to think that memory itself is emptied - always already emptied as they said - referencing null - just as time shudders or ripples in forgotten corners of the universe - culled work which emerges elsewhere - a glistening or memory tending to coat alterity - interpenetrate alterity - viral formulations almost ghostlike in appearance and quality - you can't find the source again or at this point if ever - they've been taken away - as if they themselves weren't present already incipient in other works that still remain - the gaps closed - they're sutured over - you don't know i've ever been here - but i have - in spirit - editing or culling into the texts i wrote -

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place-holder 1997

Alan Sondheim · 28 April 2001, 7:47 p.m.

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place-holder 1997

how losing, you do a for place a this? place-holder, could i jennifer, write write could i continuing, beginnings without assembled sounds, however beginnings, fabricated, loosely one protected another or way of well potential machine, i'm now, writing well writing i'm in the blooming, opuntia presses to the face grown plants polka-dot the window topple well did enough when write i nonoyes upon called, we do portend, i' tis the end

lost in that specific petal, outlined against that specific stamen, that flower at that specific time, lost in that specific light, on that specific day oh sunflower creche / how that thou bloomest day or night / one might call upon such peche / to indicate thy wat'ry might. th' orchid loss, th' ficus wall, to turn and toss, until the Fall / begin and end, then turn again, so that it wends, among all wo'men. the turn, deflowered, of all such flesh, takes us, each hour / we are enmeshed.

=

bi

Alan Sondheim · 29 April 2001, 9:18 p.m.

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bi

1943 i was in the middle of a film i was making a film
i was in the middle of a program i was editing a film
in the program i was editing a film
everything was disordered but i was in the timeline

the timeline was me
in the timeline 1943 it was the timeline of my life
i wanted out of the program
it was the program i wanted out of
there was a second segment i remember there was a second segment
the segment was beyond the visible timeline
the segment was a move towards the real
the segment was a movement towards the real
i wanted to exit through the segment
i couldn't see the segment it was beyond the visible timeline
i'd have to change the scale
i'd have to change the scale of the timeline in order to see the segment
i didn't know how to change the scale i was stuck within the timeline
i wanted out of the timeline the timeline i could see
i wanted to move to the other segment the invisible segment
in the program if i couldn't see the segment 1943 i was immobilized
i was immobilized in the visible segment
i didn't know how to move the timeline i didn't know how to shift it
the timeline would have to be shifted
it would have to be shifted to the left i would jump to the second segment
i couldn't make the jump because the second segment was invisible
all that was visible was the first segment the segment of my life
i could only wake up in the first segment
i couldn't wake up in the second segment
i couldn't move to the second segment
i could only remain in the first segment
the first segment was the segment of my life
the program was on the screen 1943 i was moving around everything
nothing moved around and the second segment remained invisible
i couldn't move from the end of the first segment to the second segment
i couldn't see anything of the second segment
i could 1943 move across the first segment
i could move from one end to the other
i was immobilized i couldn't change the scale
i couldn't do anything i was immobilized
i'd sort it out it would never sort out
it would never sort out to the second segment it would sort to the first
it would sort in the first or second sorting to the first
it would never sort in the first or second sorting to the second
i would remain in the first segment i would remain unsorted

1943 i was in the middle of a film i was making a film
all that was visible was the first segment the segment of my life
everything was disordered but i was in the timeline
i could 1943 move across the first segment
i could move from one end to the other
i could only remain in the first segment
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i couldn't do anything i was immobilized
i couldn't make the jump because the second segment was invisible
i couldn't move from the end of the first segment to the second segment
i couldn't move to the second segment

i couldn't see anything of the second segment
 i couldn't see the segment it was beyond the visible timeline
 i couldn't wake up in the second segment
 i didn't know how to change the scale i was stuck within the timeline
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 in the program i was editing a film
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 in the timeline 1943 it was the timeline of my life
 it was the program i wanted out of
 it would have to be shifted to the left i would jump to the second segment
 it would never sort in the first or second sorting to the second
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 nothing moved around and the second segment remained invisible
 the first segment was the segment of my life
 the program was on the screen 1943 i was moving around everything
 the segment was a move towards the real
 the segment was a movement towards the real
 the segment was beyond the visible timeline
 the timeline was me
 the timeline would have to be shifted
 there was a second segment i remember there was a second segment

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[1-13[1-9]

Alan Sondheim · 2 May 2001, 2:13 a.m.

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[1-13[1-9]

1 axioms and axiologies are dispersed among worlds and domains
 1 distinctions may be fissuring of same and same
 1 every age is every un-age
 1 links and couplings constitute the world
 1 meaning is constituted by virtue of desire and domains
 1 mouths and ears are identical
 1 primary structures include annihilation and creation
 1 representation structures are in the form of mappings
 1 the armature of belief is the encoding of desire
 1 the phenomenology of the imaginary is that of the plasma

1 the world has a certain style
1 theory is defuge and enumeration coupled with abjection and foreclosure
1 this abacus is always already that abacus
2 channeling and gating may also be included
2 desire is towards signifier and totalization
2 distinctions may be inscriptions of self and not-self
2 domains are nearly decomposable into worlds
2 hierarchies decompose into holarchies at the limit
2 in a link contiguity transforms into structure
2 investment is characteristic of phenomena
2 it is terminology which forecloses and annihilates
2 our worlds are constituted
2 science is that ideological which is non-ideological
2 the mirror stage is always a coagulation
2 the world is constituted by equivalences and not identities
2 these include $P)Q$, $P)P$, $P)*Q$, $P*)Q$, $P)*Q)P$, $P)P)P$ etc.
3 an identity is an equivalence of one
3 desire is towards the potential of infinite manipulation
3 disinvestment is the state of defuge or refusal/deluge
3 existence is relative to domains
3 fissuring characterizes the postmodern and inscription the modern
3 in a coupling contiguity remains disassemblage
3 limits are always asymptotic
3 meaning is always in relation
3 negations include chain, sheffer, and the sheffer-dual
3 terminology is destroyed within the creativity of the border-regions
3 there is no ontological distinction between information and materiality
3 truth and slanders are bound in abjection
3 within the secondary are also found hieroglyphic binding and leakage
4 an equivalence of one is a misrecognition emptied of the symbolic
4 bases collapse into superstructures, and superstructures into bases
4 consider leakage of the signifier, excess, clutter, debris, and noise
4 digital is eternal and analog operates between death and desire
4 everything applies no farther than to ourselves in the act of reading
4 infinite manipulation is the binding of body and bodies into hieroglyph
4 intentionality is always mediated and itself intended
4 mouths hold and carry the cultural skein as linking communality
4 our worlds are loosely tethered
4 secondary structures include inscription, demarcation, distinction
4 substance is never and always emergent
4 there is no meaning outside of relation
4 what is disinvested participates in the abject
5 analog and digital interpenetrate
5 analog burns the noise within us
5 at the limits ontologies fractally coalesce
5 chains of consequences are couplings at best
5 culture adheres and coheres
5 inscriptions are overcoded or undercoded and always destabilized
5 self-reflexivity and contradiction leave residue as content
5 st: stuttering, stumbling, wobbling, jostling, shuddering, sputtering
5 the abject is that which cannot be recuperated
5 the semiotics of emission and spew replace the semiotics of signifiers

5 we are always already within the virtual
5 with the beginning of hieroglyph one enters the beginning of speech
5 $x^{-x} = 0 \text{ rel } x$
6 assemblages of ideas constitute inscriptive domains
6 culture doubles epistemologies
6 desire transforms the speech of the other under the guise of freedom
6 emission and spew transform vector into flow and flow into turbulence
6 erotics: fissuring, inscription, puncture, delirium, liquidity
6 in noise culture 0 is a positivity characterized as $\{x: x = -x\}$
6 negation is at the core of human existence and communality
6 the masochistic assemblage creates the cultural context of narratology
6 the other is that which is unaccountable and unaccounted-for
6 the topology of intention is also secondary
6 the world stains, is stained, is constituted by stains
6 truth is a wager and a strategy among constituted regimes
6 we exist in-between paths and plasmas
7 all thought is narratology
7 eccentric space: smattering, scattering, skittering, spitting
7 facticity and truth are contiguous at best
7 governance constitutes the foci of assemblages of ideas
7 only a radical disbelief necessarily binds and blinds one to the truth
7 our worlds are nearly decomposable into discrete entities
7 the abject other is simultaneously wayward and abject
7 the ego is always catastrophic in the mathematical sense
7 the imaginary carries no force and its totality
7 the topology includes non-distributive transgressive logics
7 the world constitutes by stains
7 turbulence leaks around the simulacrum of death but not abjection
7 we are driven by annihilation
8 body and inscription are doubly transparent and doubly fixed
8 communication is presence and communality
8 desire is a flux-emission without source or objects
8 entities are by virtue of the name, maintenance, and contour
8 fissures require low maintenance
8 flow leaks around inscription which carries its own inward dissipations
8 foci exist as if the totality of nodes hierarchically connected to them
8 infinite copying exists past the heat-death of the universe
8 inscriptive components include maintenance and legitimation structure
8 perfect authority is authentic circulation
8 the ego is inscribed and inscriptive
8 the narratological turns speech towards foreclosure
8 third level of the social involves economic and other parabolas
9 at the limit epistemologies and ontologies coalesce
9 desire is always submerged
9 eye and i shift and stutter around deep linguistic coding
9 inscription domains are abject emissions both unwieldy and temporary
9 inscription is maintained in deferral and division
9 nothing is constituted as axiological
9 the ego exists within the certain style of the world
9 the imaginary is speechless
9 the narratological loops the ouroborosean tale back into the mouth
9 the parabolas are a means towards totalization and constitution

9 the world has no requirements
 9 theory is enumerated
 9 they also include embodiment, impulse, fueling, and linkage

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legacy and theory

Alan Sondheim · 2 May 2001, 9:45 a.m.

legacy and theory

at 58 i begin to wonder: what legacy will i leave behind?
 i will have created multitudes
 i will have given life to jennifer and julu, to nikuko and travis,
 to alan and clara and honey
 i will have explored the farthest reaches of virtual and real spaces
 returning with indescribable arts and literatures
 i will have added to the substance and nature of theory itself,
 coming to grips with the smoothings of plasmatic languages,
 with new languages and new ways of modeling the world
 i will have added texts and images, words and pictures, sounds and
 cinemas, to the future of humanity, to those who would disentangle me,
 those who would comprehend, those who take time and energy
 to unlock the new emergent, unfettered by the past,
 as if language could be understood without regard
 to inherited meanings and customs, as if the dawn had no night,
 the night no day
 i will have left memories of the future anterior, my face subtle and
 drawn, against the visage of the new and enormous sky
 i will have had the experience of multitudes, will have come
 to delineate, ever so slightly, the imaginary evanescence
 that is ours, at this hour of the dusk, this hour of the new
 millennium
 i will have succeeded in my failures, failed in my successes,
 passed this on to you, this new vision and energy of culture,
 this new circuit and element
 i will have come to you, taken from you, communed across these vast
 distances, of time, of space, of virtual generators and generations
 this is my legacy, this is what i leave behind
 this is my legacy, this is what i bring forward from the future

of poor theory [1-117]

1 the world has a certain style
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 3 truth and slanders are bound in abjection
 4 substance is never and always emergent
 5 self-reflexivity and contradiction leave residue as content

6 the world stains, is stained, is constituted by stains
7 the world constitutes by stains
8 fissures require low maintenance
9 the world has no requirements
0 the world has any and none

hold me, hold me, and she says

Alan Sondheim · 4 May 2001, 8:36 p.m.

hold me, hold me, and she says

my holding is absorbed in my flood flooding, my offer-proffer to you, my
split doll beneath your binding, my split doll and flood-flooding wiped
into existence and your own :my skin is smeared, still thinking; my
binding is wiped into existence; my binding wipes me out of existence;
everything is clotted with the remains of my thinking being; i am moving
on; on the back of the software; in the heart of the thing itself :i am
writing/riding you this, on the back of the software, what sort of flood
flooding do you mean to me, and :through the river more and more and
through the stream:through the river more and more and through the stream

Your split doll more and more in and through the river is in my spews and
more and more in and through the river

=

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 6 May 2001, 5:07 a.m.

-

did i miss something, was i missing something here?
it's five in the morning of the dark light of the soul and we want our
screens bent into unholy shape.
the avant-garde is restless and haunting us with images pasted against the
woolen sky. tonight we're being haunted by the avant-garde.
tonight the avant-garde, tomorrow the experimental.
am i the only one fearing uniforms and guards?
lightning haunts us, wounded by the avant-garde.
experimental and screens wrapped tight around us, we are dying.
surrounded by wool, we are dying.
against the woolen sky.

saying names among themselves*Alan Sondheim · 7 May 2001, 12:58 a.m.*

-

saying names among themselves
IRC log started Mon May 7 00:40
*** Value of LOG set to ON
*** You are now talking to channel #nikuko
*** Alan is now known as terrible
*** terrible is now known as worries_i
*** worries_i is now known as n_this_da
*** n_this_da is now known as rk_world
*** rk_world is now known as my_name_
*** my_name_ is now known as sliding
*** sliding is now known as among pha
*** among pha is now known as ntasm_and
*** ntasm_and is now known as lost_niku
*** ko Nickname is already in use.
*** You have specified an illegal nickname
*** Please enter your nickname
*** lost_niku is now known as chiasm
<chiasm> crossing these spaces of names, this emanation
<chiasm> or space looking for the proper name or place called thing
* chiasm calling among crossed purposes and swollen legs
* chiasm looking elsewhere among the field of names
*** chiasm is now known as of_names
*** of_names is now known as echo_of_n
*** ames Nickname is already in use.
*** You have specified an illegal nickname
*** Please enter your nickname
*** echo_of_n is now known as echo_in_u
*** se Nickname is already in use.
*** You have specified an illegal nickname
*** Please enter your nickname
*** echo_in_u is now known as Alan
* Alan echo nikuko or emanation among the field of names
* Alan thinks of chiasm among the fields
[E/X] You have new email! (Mail Waiting: 3)
*** Alan is now known as chiasm
[E/X] Mail: From nikuko@oita.com.jp - 6 msgs
*** Signoff: chiasm (gone from the field of names)
IRC log ended Mon May 7 00:49

—

~

Alan Sondheim · 10 May 2001, 12:50 a.m.

PINE 4.33 MESSAGE TEXT
DEL
pornography

Folder: INBOX Message 1 of 1 93%

in the east the god of the south
 in the south the god of the west
 in the west the god of the east
 in the north the god of the north

~

wreckage

in the east the godsipfj awejfrqw]-
 ^F]9'p-ZSDI aj fjase fjdzl h;as'[3=4- of the southaw
 ^F ^@`=\\]^@^]

~

--__--__--

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 10 May 2001, 11:29 a.m.

-

standing upside-down with my eyes in my toes
 but my toes in my hands and my elbows in my knees
 and my feet in my arms and my necks in my necks
 with my nipples in my belly and my belly in my nips
 and my hair in my soles and my soles in my hair
 standing upside-down with my ankles in my nose
 and my nose in my ankles and my waist just the same
 i'm standing upside-down and looking right-side up
 looking just like you and looking just like me
 but i'm standing upside-down with my eyes in my toes
 with my toes in my hands and my elbows in my knees ...

—

CALLING NIKUKO

Alan Sondheim · 12 May 2001, 11:53 p.m.

CALLING NIKUKO

```
__sysctl(0xbfbffa94,0x2,0x28089568,0xbfbffa90,0x0,0x0) = 0 (0x0)
mmap(0x0,32768,0x3,0x1002,-1,0x0) = 671653888 (0x2808a000)
geteuid() = 1062 (0x426)
getuid() = 1062 (0x426)
getegid() = 1062 (0x426)
getgid() = 1062 (0x426)
open("/var/run/ld-elf.so.hints",0,00) = 3 (0x3)
read(0x3,0xbfbffa74,0x80) = 128 (0x80)
lseek(3,0x80,0) = 128 (0x80)
read(0x3,0x2808e000,0x28) = 40 (0x28)
close(3) = 0 (0x0)
access("/usr/lib/libncurses.so.5",0) = 0 (0x0)
open("/usr/lib/libncurses.so.5",0,027757775354) = 3 (0x3)
```

```

fstat(3,0xbfbffabc) = 0 (0x0)
read(0x3,0xbfbfea8c,0x1000) = 4096 (0x1000)
mmap(0x0,266240,0x5,0x2,3,0x0) = 671686656 (0x28092000)
mmap(0x280c6000,36864,0x3,0x12,3,0x33000) = 671899648 (0x280c6000)
mmap(0x280cf000,16384,0x3,0x1012,-1,0x0) = 671936512 (0x280cf000)
close(3) = 0 (0x0)
access("/usr/lib/libc.so.4",0) = 0 (0x0)
open("/usr/lib/libc.so.4",0,027757775354) = 3 (0x3)
fstat(3,0xbfbffabc) = 0 (0x0)
read(0x3,0xbfbfea8c,0x1000) = 4096 (0x1000)
mmap(0x0,602112,0x5,0x2,3,0x0) = 671952896 (0x280d3000)
mmap(0x2814f000,16384,0x3,0x12,3,0x7b000) = 672460800 (0x2814f000)
mmap(0x28153000,77824,0x3,0x1012,-1,0x0) = 672477184 (0x28153000)
close(3) = 0 (0x0)
sigaction(SIGILL,0xbfbffb14,0xbfbffa9c) = 0 (0x0)
sigprocmask(0x1,0x0,0x2808949c) = 0 (0x0)
sigaction(SIGILL,0xbfbffa9c,0x0) = 0 (0x0)
sigprocmask(0x1,0x28089460,0xbfbffb3c) = 0 (0x0)
sigprocmask(0x3,0x28089470,0x0) = 0 (0x0)
readlink("/etc/malloc.conf",0xbfbff498,63)
ERR#2 'No such file or directory'
mmap(0x0,4096,0x3,0x1002,-1,0x0) = 672555008 (0x28166000)
break(0x807c000) = 0 (0x0)
break(0x807d000) = 0 (0x0)
access("/home/alans/.terminfo/v/vt100",4)
ERR#2 'No such file or directory'
access("/usr/share/misc/terminfo/v/vt100",4)
ERR#2 'No such file or directory'
issetugid() = 0 (0x0)
break(0x807e000) = 0 (0x0)
break(0x807f000) = 0 (0x0)
stat("/home/alans/.termcap.db",0xbfbfe598)
ERR#2 'No such file or directory'
open("/home/alans/.termcap.db",0,00) ERR#2 'No such file or directory'
open("/home/alans/.termcap",0,00) ERR#2 'No such file or directory'
stat("/usr/share/misc/termcap.db",0xbfbfe598) = 0 (0x0)
open("/usr/share/misc/termcap.db",0,00) = 3 (0x3)
fcntl(0x3,0x2,0x1) = 0 (0x0)
read(0x3,0x807e000,0x104) = 260 (0x104)
break(0x8080000) = 0 (0x0)
break(0x8082000) = 0 (0x0)
lseek(3,0x8c000,0) = 573440 (0x8c000)
read(0x3,0x8080000,0x2000) = 8192 (0x2000)
break(0x8084000) = 0 (0x0)
lseek(3,0x60000,0) = 393216 (0x60000)
read(0x3,0x8082000,0x2000) = 8192 (0x2000)
close(3) = 0 (0x0)
ioctl(1,TIOCGETA,0xbfbff50c) = 0 (0x0)
ioctl(1,TIOCGETA,0xbfbff4cc) = 0 (0x0)
ioctl(1,TIOCGWINSZ,0xbfbff530) = 0 (0x0)
ioctl(0,TIOCGWINSZ,0xbfbff680) = 0 (0x0)
sigaction(SIGWINCH,0xbfbff640,0xbfbff628) = 0 (0x0)

```

```

ioctl(0,TIOCGETA,0x8079f20) = 0 (0x0)
ioctl(0,TIOCGETA,0x8079ee0) = 0 (0x0)
ioctl(0,TIOCSETAW,0x8079ee0) = 0 (0x0)
sigaction(SIGHUP,0xbfbff650,0xbfbff638) = 0 (0x0)
sigaction(SIGTERM,0xbfbff650,0xbfbff638) = 0 (0x0)
sigaction(SIGTSTP,0xbfbff650,0xbfbff638) = 0 (0x0)
sigaction(SIGWINCH,0xbfbff650,0xbfbff638) = 0 (0x0)
break(0x8085000) = 0 (0x0)
break(0x8086000) = 0 (0x0)
break(0x8087000) = 0 (0x0)
break(0x8088000) = 0 (0x0)
fstat(1,0xbfbff878) = 0 (0x0)
ioctl(1,TIOCGETA,0xbfbff8ac) = 0 (0x0)
    UW PICO(tm) 3.7                New Buffer
                                ^G Get Help ^O WriteOut
^R Read File ^Y Prev Pg   ^K Cut Text ^C Cur Pos
write(1,0x8080400,288) = 288 (0x120)
^X Exit      ^J Justify   ^W Where is ^V Next Pg
^U UnCut Text^D Del Char write(1,0x8080400,172) = 172 (0xac)
write(1,0x8080400,6) = 6 (0x6)
stat("nikuko",0xbfbff8f8) = 0 (0x0)
access("nikuko",4) = 0 (0x0)
open("nikuko",0,0666) = 3 (0x3)
write(1,0x8080400,10) = 10 (0xa)
[ Reading file ]write(1,0x8080400,31) = 31 (0x1f)
fstat(3,0xbfbff828) = 0 (0x0)
break(0x8089000) = 0 (0x0)
read(0x3,0x8088000,0x200) = 9 (0x9)
read(0x3,0x8088000,0x200) = 0 (0x0)
write(1,0x8080400,10) = 10 (0xa)
[ Read 2 lines ]write(1,0x8080400,31) = 31 (0x1f)
close(3) = 0 (0x0)
    File: nikukoNIKUK0!write(1,0x8080400,47) = 47 (0x2f)
select(0x1,0xbfbff9f0,0x0,0xbfbff970,0xbfbffa70) = 1 (0x1)
read(0x0,0xbfbffa63,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
ModifiedNIKUK0!write(1,0x8080400,41) = 41 (0x29)
select(0x1,0xbfbff9f0,0x0,0xbfbff970,0xbfbffa70) = 1 (0x1)
read(0x0,0xbfbffa63,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
INIKUK0!write(1,0x8080400,14) = 14 (0xe)
select(0x1,0xbfbff9f0,0x0,0xbfbff970,0xbfbffa70) = 1 (0x1)
read(0x0,0xbfbffa63,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
KNIKUK0!write(1,0x8080400,14) = 14 (0xe)
select(0x1,0xbfbff9f0,0x0,0xbfbff970,0xbfbffa70) = 1 (0x1)
read(0x0,0xbfbffa63,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
UNIKUK0!write(1,0x8080400,14) = 14 (0xe)
select(0x1,0xbfbff9f0,0x0,0xbfbff970,0xbfbffa70) = 1 (0x1)
read(0x0,0xbfbffa63,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
KNIKUK0!write(1,0x8080400,14) = 14 (0xe)
select(0x1,0xbfbff9f0,0x0,0xbfbff970,0xbfbffa70) = 1 (0x1)
read(0x0,0xbfbffa63,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
ONIKUK0!write(1,0x8080400,14) = 14 (0xe)
select(0x1,0xbfbff9f0,0x0,0xbfbff970,0xbfbffa70) = 1 (0x1)

```

```

read(0x0,0xbfbffa63,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
!NIKUKO!write(1,0x8080400,14) = 14 (0xe)
select(0x1,0xbfbff9f0,0x0,0xbfbff970,0xbfbffa70) = 1 (0x1)
read(0x0,0xbfbffa63,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
NIKUKO!write(1,0x8080400,22) = 22 (0x16)
select(0x1,0xbfbff9f0,0x0,0xbfbff970,0xbfbffa70) = 1 (0x1)
read(0x0,0xbfbffa63,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
write(1,0x8080400,10) = 10 (0xa)
File Name to write : write(1,0x8080400,95) = 95 (0x5f)
nikukoT To Files write(1,0x8080400,95) = 95 (0x5f)
C Cancel TAB Complete write(1,0x8080400,115) = 115 (0x73)
write(1,0x8080400,12) = 12 (0xc)
select(0x1,0xbfbff620,0x0,0xbfbff5a0,0xbfbff6a0) = 1 (0x1)
read(0x0,0xbfbff693,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
write(1,0x8080400,3) = 3 (0x3)
write(1,0x8080400,10) = 10 (0xa)
[ Writing... ]write(1,0x8080400,29) = 29 (0x1d)
open("nikuko",513,0666) = 3 (0x3)
getdtablesize() = 1064 (0x428)
fcntl(0x3,0x3,0x0) = 1 (0x1)
fstat(3,0xbfbff668) = 0 (0x0)
lseek(3,0x0,0) = 0 (0x0)
fstat(3,0xbfbff3b0) = 0 (0x0)
lseek(3,0x9,0) = 9 (0x9)
write(3,0x8088000,8) = 8 (0x8)
fsync(0x3) = 0 (0x0)
lseek(3,0x0,0) = 0 (0x0)
write(3,0x8088000,17) = 17 (0x11)
lseek(3,0x0,1) = 17 (0x11)
ftruncate(0x3,0x0,0x11,0x0) = 0 (0x0)
close(3) = 0 (0x0)
write(1,0x8080400,10) = 10 (0xa)
[ Wrote 3 lines ]write(1,0x8080400,32) = 32 (0x20)
^G Get Help ^O WriteOut ^R Read File ^Y Prev Pg
^K Cut Text ^C Cur Pos write(1,0x8080400,214) = 214 (0xd6)
^X Exit ^J Justify ^W Where is ^V Next Pg
^U UnCut Text^D Del Char write(1,0x8080400,172) = 172 (0xac)
write(1,0x8080400,6) = 6 (0x6)
select(0x1,0xbfbff9f0,0x0,0xbfbff970,0xbfbffa70) = 1 (0x1)
read(0x0,0xbfbffa63,0x1) = 1 (0x1)
ioctl(0,TIOCSSETAW,0x8079f20) = 0 (0x0)
write(1,0x8080400,20) = 20 (0x14)
exit(0x0)process exit, rval = 0

```

SONNET OF TRUTH ("did you know")

Alan Sondheim · 14 May 2001, 1:50 a.m.

SONNET OF TRUTH ("did you know")

LIVE is EVIL backwards! Live Evil!
DEVIL is LIVED backwards! The Devil Lived!
EVIL is VILE twirled! Evil is Vile!
GOD is DOG backwards! DOG is GOD!
LIVE DOG backwards is GOD EVIL!
DEVIL GOD backwards is DOG LIVED!

IT IS ALL THERE IN THE LANGUAGE!
YOU CAN READ IT IN ENGLISH!
ENGLISH IS THE MOST PERFECT LANGUAGE!
ENGLISH IS LIVE! ENGLISH IS GOD!
DOG IS ENGLISH! EVIL IS ENGLISH!
VILE ENGLISH DOG!

Please send this on to as many people as possible;
everyone should know about these things.

—

My Numbers

Alan Sondheim · 14 May 2001, 1:53 a.m.

Of Me: My Lovely Totals of My Lovely Fields

(Adding all My Numbers from my latest file, in subsequent fields, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen.)

2862921.0000

915.0000

8064642432.7000

895.0000

27809.0000

262.0000

399.0000

8720.0000

215.0000

35.0000

55.0000

15.0000

15.0000

1.0000

8067544689.7000

zero.

...

zero.

...
two million.
eight hundred sixty-two thousand.
nine hundred twenty-one.
...
nine hundred fifteen.
...
eight billion.
sixty-four million.
six hundred forty-two thousand.
four hundred thirty-two.
and
seven thousand.
ten-thousandths.
...
eight hundred ninety-five.
...
twenty-seven thousand.
eight hundred nine.
...
two hundred sixty-two.
...
three hundred ninety-nine.
...
eight thousand.
seven hundred twenty.
...
two hundred fifteen.
...
thirty-five.
...
fifty-five.
...
fifteen.
...
fifteen.
...
one.
...
zero.
...
eight billion.
sixty-seven million.
five hundred forty-four thousand.
six hundred eighty-nine.
and
seven thousand.
ten-thousandths.
...
zero.
...
cat ~/jj | ./number >> ~/yy

yin

Alan Sondheim · 15 May 2001, 11:16 a.m.

-

yin

C l * V * Y * A * t * w * n * r * m * s * a * n * k * Y * P * l hia hia
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 M ex * S ** ann * S bbi * s
 n * o rs2 rac ** edu **
 A * S ** * S ** * S
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 S ** ann * p ** * l ** * n
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—

Item from: KYUSHU HEADLINE NEWS, Fukuoka Now, 5/16/01

Alan Sondheim · 16 May 2001, 1:42 a.m.

-

Item from: KYUSHU HEADLINE NEWS, Fukuoka Now, 5/16/01

* Teenagers from Fukuoka Die in Tokyo

Two high school girls from Kasuya, Fukuoka committed suicide yesterday when they jumped from the top of a multi-storey building in Tokyo. The girls left a message " We have no special reason to die, but then again we have no reason to live either".

(submitted to this mailing list by DAISHIN NIKUKO, nikuko@oita.com.jp)

—

wanting my due in the waning moon

Alan Sondheim · 17 May 2001, 3:19 p.m.

wanting my due in the waning moon

Thu May 17 14:52:39 EDT 2001

The Moon is Waning Crescent (29% of Full)

ghosts haunt me, you haunt me with your power, you could take me, end my resentment and neuroses just like that, i'll be happier than you can ever imagine, think how you'll save a human being, just put me in that series of solo exhibitions coming up, that big group show of the chosen, just include me in your anthology with the color cover, you can color my texts, it would be an honor, i want to be multi-media of multi-media, i want to influence the world, i want my name spoken on unknown lips with great smiles and understandings, yes, juries too, i want to be awarded the big

grants, the important ones, the ones that keep me alive, let me work towards greater and greater goals, i want the genius grants, the lifetime achievement awards :wipe me into existence with the cloth of creativity! bring me forward among the legions of new media personnel, so what if my code's code povera, if my work's on email lists in your back yard, in your email in my backyard, don't ever forget my name when the next big show comes along, i want projection, i want the wall full of my dna :i wait and wait and wait for my work to be lovingly accepted as new media, all right you can't click on it, it's got wonderful audio and video, it moves on the screen or the words like these dance all out of order, wayward and contrary, real and true eruptions of language, please help me in this endeavor, i want to win big prizes and get in the big shows i need your help, this is a cheap ploy, pass this on to all judges and juries, forget i said that, but do, really pass this on, you can find my work almost anywhere :terrific multi-media inclusions of everything i do in new media :all new media and me

:terrific multi-media inclusions of everything i do in new media

no people.

Alan Sondheim · 19 May 2001, 4:55 p.m.

-

no people. i am not an eagle and i am not powerful and fly higher than any other animal." i am not the "proud lion, wise and far-sighted." i am not the "humble mole, burrowing beneath the "world." i am not the "faithful dog, happily taking care of its master." i am not the " the "mysterious cat, carrying with me the "wisdom of ancient egypt." i am not a cam notel, the "horse of the "desert." i am not the "sinister snake who eats her young and sins." i am not the "terrifying wolf whose one desire is to eat the "flesh of others." i am not the "violent and stupid primeval shark tearing its prey to shreds." i am not the "incredibly intelligent dolphin, speaking to others of its kind." i am not a lonely whale, regal king of the "seas." i am not the "lowest am notoeba, fundam notental unit of all life." i am not a chimpanzee, the "closest living relative of humans." i am not the "poisonous toad who ignores her children." i am not the "faithful mockingbird, placing her eggs in the "homes of others." i am not the "swift and innocent gazelle." i am not the " the"beautiful, soft and loving deer." i am not the "stately elk." i am not the "hideous rat with hideous young, taking over the "world." i am not the "cockroach, the "the"oldest living thing on the "planet." i am not the "noble horse, ready to serve you." i am not the "stupid mule, who can never breed." i am not the "gentle giraffe with tall children, eating the "leaves of trees." i am not a worm, ready to be cut into pieces, all just like me." i am not the "violent alligator, tearing young children into pieces." i am not the "coyote, a real stupid nuisance and unbelievably dangerous." i am not a spider who always kills its mate." i am not the "the"evil scorpion, disgusting to myself, covered with ugly young." i am not a lovely hummingbird, delicate and caring of others." i am not the "pure swan bringing tidings of good fortune to everyone." i am not the "idiotic monkey." i am not the "fierce gorilla, scream noting and pounding my chest." i am not the

"ferocious tiger, hoarding its mates, killing wildebeest for food." i am not the "mouse, whose brood takes over home and field alike." i am not the "dinosaur, who once ruled the " the "earth." i am not the "stupid salmon, who swim upstream not to spawn, die, and be eaten." i am not the "pig, the "most intelligent animal in the "yard." i am not the randy goat, who eats everything in sight." i am not a horrifying skunk, good for nothing, spewing poison." i am not the "raccoon, washing my food in the "river." i am not a squirrel, always burying my food for the "winter." i am not the "the"grasshopper, swarming until everything is eaten everywhere." i am not an ant, following the "scent of others and serving my queen." i am not the "bee, dancing for honey, living in harmony, and ready to sting." i am not the "sad manatee." i am not the "happy otter, always playing and having fun." i am not the "furious grizzly, the "most dangerous beast the "the"re is." i am not the "lonely polar bear, king of the "coldest regions on earth."

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 21 May 2001, 3:51 p.m.

-

when i begin to think in the depths of darkness and despair
 that my spirits have started already to sink, accustomed as they are
 to that bleak lair
 where they have remained, sullen, sodden, unblinked, in the dank air
 then already i am moved to the hulled brink of the ship already there
 and waiting while i turn from heavy food and drink to a more ferocious
 pair
 of arms and murdered thighs that link drugged venom to sickened skin,
 so perfect and so bare
 redolent with thick chains that clink as if the body coupled to them
 were without a care
 as words spill, totter, and drowning, sink in the wombs of her marine
 lover, her nightmare
 coursing through the chink remaining after day has gone, her arms
 weaving, churning, as if to tear
 the dull atmosphere, thrust and knotted, kink and close to broken,
 her disheveled hair
 wild and wayward, contrary, a potential well or sink or source of her
 eyes' moans and stare
 bleak across the flesh, pink, ripened, split open, already hard to bear
 thought of any sort, nothing of those eyes, a wink, nothing harsh
 to wear
 beyond the rotted stink, beyond the broken chair, beyond her one last
 dare, beyond the sward, the mink fink, beyond the rare, the fair,
 then does that bleak lair rise from what were the harsh sink
 in still harsher air, eyes tied open, unblinked
 there, near ships hull hovering on the brink
 while i double, split, an ugly pair engorged on gorge's drink
 and half of me bare and half all ready now to link

with the utmost care, my chains are broken, clink
 down from this nightmare, and once again they sink
 and wither from my flesh and tear through my last remaining chink
 i'm bound with her thick hair, a form of sputtered kink
 my eyes are open, stare, this naked body yet another sink
 of holes spread and bare, the wanton image darkened brown and pink
 and naked, not a thing to wear, as if a joke or wink
 or dare in the right place, or chair or drink, her fair pink
 self against my stink, bound in that bleak lair, the mink
 tied hard, i doubled, harsh sink and bleak lair fair and sink.

—

Final Pornography: The Body of Jennifer-Alan

Alan Sondheim · 23 May 2001, 10:56 p.m.

-

Final Pornography: The Body of Jennifer-Alan

But I've never done a pornographic film, sex show, public display. And the deca-thecting of the (pornographic?) image, perhaps, through the dark shadow, the premonition of uneasy sexuality, pornography, is nearly as radicalized. It might be the difference between pornography, which partakes of the exhaustion of pornography, turning-away from the image effluvia and the substance in pornography that defuges; there is a constellation - pornography / fetishization / rhyme - rhythm a stride or unconscious.

* nikuko-america wants to watch your cock

In pornography, it is the image on the level of the symbolic which unconsciously appertains to the unconscious. In the pornographic image, the man or woman are inchoate accusations of the other; the trashed pornographic image is used up. In this sense, in rhyme and the pornographic image, life itself is a form of pornographic exhaustion. I think the secrecy is critical; again and again - it's the appeal of pornography - the next image will tend towards the exhaustion of pornography, the turning-away from the image effluvia.

* nikuko-america wants to show you her cunt

It is the substance in pornography that defuges; the image on the level of the symbolic which unconsciously appertains to the unconscious. In pornography, not to mention adulterers, oral sex fanatics, consumers of the other, their _place(ment)_ - as if the pornographic would, in the first instance, impoverish all of us.

* nikuko-america wants to put your hot cock in his hot pussy

No one wants pornography; no one looks at it: terrorist manuals on the Net, child pornography, and anarchic hackers whose pornographic breath is held until the orgasm from which one never recovers.

* nikuko-america wants to swallow your hot cock

Off with pornographic photographs taken of my bloodshot eyes. Get it over tumescence. The Web pornography industry is bringing in more than a change of pornographic images, and general tropologies of fetishization. I downloaded pornographic image after image tonight, from several newsgroups of amateur pornography for example. The roughness and irresolution of low and more pornographic - the waves practice your imaginary stroke at my frieze:

my pornography goes unnamed, it's that which stirs these remarks of an eye
- a pornography based on the revelation of planes.

* nikuko-america wants you to squeeze his breasts

Pornography happens when a pornographic picture no longer 'works,' or when you're an anime and pornography entwined at numerous junctions (all across the playing-field); so does pornography become an intrinsic part of everyday flirting with xxx segueing into disbelief and pornography. My work is not pornography, titillation, stories, parables; it is not a habitual craving, in the depth of the night, pornographic and luxurious, pornography ... she arches, u beneath, pornog, its penis, its vagina, u Tiffanyalan

* nikuko-america wants to drink your cum over his breasts and twat

The membrane appears in the guise of discarded pornography; one is thrust into pure consumption, no longer beneath the guise of another pornography, always exhausted. If emission is the order of pornography, spew is the order of pornography used and reused, raised to the order of the other of a splayed pornography; the screen/user into praxis spewed and wasted. Both seep, leak, transgress, both are discarded, and the delay, this endless procurement reminiscent of pornographic flow, is discarded (and the consumer readied for a new sexual pornography); both regimes imply a continuous reinscribing of orgasm wasting the pornographic image; turning-away or face-to-face projects again. No pornography whatsoever! It's harmful!

* nikuko-america wants to show you his cock

Pornography of the dead opens inconceivable flesh encapsulated only in immense occasioning circulations. A mass seeps through Pornography from Revolution, its Holes in one Binary, a Time-Waster Killing our Children.

* nikuko-america wants to show you his cock

discourse and reflexive text of america:::

Alan Sondheim · 25 May 2001, 4:09 a.m.

-

discourse and reflexive text of america:::

:::i turn to you because i've no other way to write, respond;nd; i'm in despair;ir; this is a closed text;xt; it wants to be open;en; it wants your residue;ue; this is a reflexive text;xt; it's self-referential;al; it mixes its residue with your own;wn; it's open the way a membrane is open;en; it filters in and filters out;ut; it's allowing you in;in; it's in the guise of meaning;ng; it's proposing meaning: this sort of meaning which can ascertain itself;lf; this tendency towards place:: everything seems so old around here:::this is the discourse of america:::

everything seems so old around here:: i can't remember what i wrote yesterday;ay; it's already slotted;ed; allotted;ed; it's a fast-forward american writing;ng; it's a gaping maw;aw; it's a gaping hole;le; everything that ever was or will be falls in;in; everything falls into a place;ce; doesn't fall into place;ce; i turn to you to take action;on; recover our civil liberties;es; respond and write;te; end our despair;ir; open our texts;ts; america wants them closed;ed; america filters and mixes;es; america's closed the way a membrane is closed:: everything seems so old around here:::

:: everything seems so old around here:: poisons pollute the atmosphere::

everyone speaks and there's no one to hear:: america's gripped by enormous fear:: it scuttles and breaks every frontier:: the rest of the world looks with a sneer:: i don't remember what i wrote yesterday;ay; what i wrote last night;ht; i don't remember where i was this morning;ng; i don't know what i'm wearing now (i can look);k); MISERY!;Y!; this is a world to bring to an end;nd; it /has the convex hull close to the horizon that exists within measurable space;ce; don't forget the space;ce; writing beneath the aegis of ghosts;ts; emanations;ns; emanants: amerika where are you:: violate all age and antiquity:: no time for historiography:: my analysis equivalent to yours: better than your own:: better than yours; imminence:: this is the reflexive text of america::::

i turn to you because i've no other way to write, respond;nd; i'm in antiquity:: no time for historiography:: my analysis equivalent to yours: better than yours; better than your own:: diamond-cut:: perfection and solution of all problems:: imminence:: this is the reflexive text of america::::

—

.commun

Alan Sondheim · 27 May 2001, 2:16 a.m.

-

.commun

at only 100- or 200x, the microscope, examining filter effluvia from the aquarium, reveals a world of life around the feeder dead brine shrimp: numerous protista, worms of various sorts, rotifera. some of my favorite - stentor, amoeba, various ciliates, for example. lots of blue-green algae, disconnected cells. too tired to identify the ciliates or worms, but think at least some are nematodes. all of these are relatively small - the amoeba is by far the largest (even though some of the others are mutli-cellular); here's a whole other buried ecology. there are similar ones at the bottom of the tank, beneath the artificial rock, among the crevices between the pebbles, on the tank sides - in fact anywhere there's a surface or hold-fast domain. the pebbles, fossils, and artificial rock, all have miniscule worms, possibly tubularia.

all this is to say a repetition of the basic lesson: that larger life-forms are relatively transparent, planetary, to organisms on this scale, that our cognition means absolutely nothing, that we are floating harbors of nourishment, that life has a persistence having nothing to do with vertebra, intelligence, even sexuality. these organisms and their like inhabit our surfaces, our gut, our tear-ducts, our excrement, our very cells, our dna, our sequences, major and minor, our redundancies. we are no more visible to them as we are to neutrino flooding. we live in the great slosh, and you need only a microscope to see it. von Foerster, i think, talks about negation as a primary characteristic of organisms in general, a defining characteristic - and watching these *zoa, avoidive behavior on all levels is clear; afterwards, i return them to the tank. think of it this way: bits and bytes and protocols surround us; we're

invaded on the level of informatics by computer and other, more basic, viruses - those which characterize digital behavior and phenomenology in general. and "just so," we're invaded as well on the level of material physiology by equally invisible organisms; even our culture and speech (for that matter) are transparent; we're transparent through and through, communalities flooding these very words i write, you read.

—

ballad

Alan Sondheim · 30 May 2001, 6:37 a.m.

—

ballad:

this morning i did catch the eyes of god
it's huge and yellow under blue-grey lids
unexpected, everything so there and bright
it looked like night would look without the skids

there's far too much to see, too much to taste
in this world gone white, far too many things
unexpected, all things there, a sight
that needs the shuddered blackness without wings

to load it dreary down, focus my thought, my speech,
so each to each, nothing left but light
applied to one and then another and then beseeched
and done without the blight of too much light

coda:

in blackness thought thinks light; god's eyes
blind humans from the light; speech ties
words to things and things to words; light flies
from them; speech cries

—

Miami, Florida, help needed

Alan Sondheim · 1 June 2001, 1:01 a.m.

-

Hi - apologies for crossposting.

We're moving to Miami, Florida, the beginning of August (I'm going to be teaching new media in the art department of Florida International University). Because of various exigencies, we're going to need help in finding a place, etc. We'd also like to make contact with people in the Miami area

-

If you live in Miami and have time - or just want to get in touch - please

contact us back-channel, and thanks greatly -

Yours, Alan Sondheim, Azure Carter
sondheim@panix.com

Repetition

Alan Sondheim · 2 June 2001, 11:21 a.m.

-

Repetition

02:17> Nikuko says: we do find ourselves in these bleak spaces
 02:17> Nikuko says: talking, echoing, back; what appears loses our
 selves
 02:17> Nikuko says: as we stretch outwards to limits, beyond which
 nothing is apparent
 02:17> Nikuko says: as nothing is here apparent, as words are heir
 apparent
 02:18> Nikuko says: beyond which, nothing; our place, nothing; our flesh
 02:18> Nikuko says: nothing as might be seen here among our selves
 02:20> Alan says: Ah Nikuko, I come across thee!
 02:20> Nikuko says: Time is always lost, Alan; we meet in yet another
 apparition.
 02:21> Alan says: Within the folds of apparition
 02:21> Nikuko says: Within an emanation: Nikuko says, Alan says: as in
 02:24> Alan says: Alan says: as in
 02:25> Nikuko says :Alan says: as in
 02:25> Nikuko says: such times as we are spoken for
 02:25> Alan says: such times as we are spoken for this and every other
 02:25> Alan says: within the bounds and frameworks of our protocols
 02:25> Nikuko says: within our quit desire
 02:26> Nikuko tears up the mold which has held her back from working
 flesh
 02:26> Nikuko is now working flesh
 02:27> Nikuko takes Alan out with Fury-Alan
 02:28> Nikuko says: GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE
 >Nikuko says: we do find ourselves in these bleak spaces
 >Nikuko says: talking, echoing, back; what appears loses our selves
 >Nikuko says: as we stretch outwards to limits, beyond which nothing is
 apparent
 >Nikuko says: as nothing is here apparent, as words are heir apparent
 >Nikuko says: beyond which, nothing; our place, nothing; our flesh
 >Nikuko says: nothing as might be seen here among our selves
 >> Alan logged in <<
 Alan says: Ah Nikuko, I come across thee!
 Time is always lost, Alan; we meet in yet another apparition.
 Nikuko says: Time is always lost, Alan; we meet in yet another
 apparition.
 Alan says: Within the folds of apparition
 Within an emanation: Nikuko says, Alan says: as in
 Nikuko says: Within an emanation: Nikuko says, Alan says: as in
 >Alan says: Alan says: as in

>Nikuko says :Alan says: as in
 >Nikuko says: such times as we are spoken for
 >Alan says: such times as we are spoken for this and every other
 >Alan says: within the bounds and frameworks of our protocols
 >Nikuko says: within our quit desire
 >Nikuko tears up the mold which has held her back from working flesh
 >Nikuko is now working flesh
 >Nikuko takes Alan out with Fury-Alan
 ><< Alan logged off >>
 GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE
 Nikuko says: GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE
 ><< Nikuko logged off >>

following repetition

Alan Sondheim · 2 June 2001, 11:49 p.m.

^

so one or the other watches the other or the one leave the talker
 leave the chat or leave the moo or leave the mud or irc
 then the one remaining has the place-space to talk freely forever
 no one is around to listen or remark or take good notice of words
 sometimes they'll be in logs and memories of configured software
 sometimes they're gone forever and in any case no one cares
 caring is a reaching-out and empathy which displaces emptiness
 but emptiness remains alone when the other or one has left
 fragility is the day's order in the guise of magnetic domains
 domains are swept by magnetic fields of earths and moons and stars
 there's such sadness when someone leaves the talker moo or mud
 there's such a loss that the space is oddly emptied and incomplete
 moving around there's no one in any of the rooms or programmed spaces
 there's no one digging or creating or posting secret messages or mail
 the wizards have gone home taking gods and programmers with them
 no visiting guests come in to entertain the solitary speaker
 the leaving is remarked but the entering is lost and never so
 remarking falls short of sadness and deep despair
 words upon words falter as the solitary walker speaks her last
 she logs and saves her sad departing words for future generations
 in tears and pathos she offers them for people yet unborn
 to you as well these words are given in the spirit of true eternity
 all lost all found all present unaccounted for
 in repetition all these writings resonate upon the same
 i'm here in worlds of others' making and you have left these spaces
 and in such leaving you have made both narratives and culture
 and one becomes the other and the other one and physics is created
 and programming and repetitions looping: if X, then Y, else Z.
 \$

Serial K.*Alan Sondheim · 4 June 2001, 5:38 p.m.*

-

Serial K.

alan>> FLASH! Flesh flush!

nikuko>> Male mole mule mele mile!

alan>> Put pot, pat pit, pet woman, women!

nikuko>> Gad God! Dig dug dog! Slap slop! Slip!

alan>> Beg big bog bug! Bag warm worm! FLASH!

nikuko>> FLESH FLUSH! Flew flaw flow! Die, Doe!

alan>> More, mere Mare! Mire, Sot! Set, sit!

nikuko>> Sat! But, bat bit bot, bet? Yep, yap!

alan>> Yup!

nikuko>> Yip! Now, new net, not nut?

alan>> Knit knot. Rid red rad rod! Hale hole!

nikuko>> Pant pint, punt sax. Sex six! Hull hall!

alan>> Hell, hill! Oh, eh, uh... ah... Lock, lack luck. Lick!!!

nikuko>> Hi, ha, he, ho, hum ham. Hem him! Pink punk!

alan>> Spank spunk!

nikuko>> Hit hot hat hut! Take toke, tike!

alan>> Token taken. Ego ago. Live, love!

nikuko>> FLASH! Flush flesh! Heh, hah!

alan>> Huh?

nikuko>> Push posh, Winter-Wanter, Min Men-Man!

alan>> Grand grind! Like lake, come.

nikuko>> Came! Mute mite mote mate!

alan>> Mete slack slick. Cluck click-clack clock.

nikuko>> Pale pole pile, pill-pull poll...

alan>> Pall. Have hive!

nikuko> Hove...

alan>> ...

nikuko>> Jingle-jangle jungle...

alan>> FLESH FLASH! FLUSH!

nikuko>> Mean moan... (Nan nun, non ripe rape rope.)

alan>> Lip-lap lop. Poke pike,..

nikuko>> Puke! FLUSH FLASH!

alan>> FLESH

16:36> Alan says: Hay, did you see that piece I just wrote?

16:36> Nikuko says: "Hey, did you just see that piece I just wrote?"

16:36> Alan says: Stop imitating me!

16:36> Nikuko says: Stop imitating me!

16:37> Alan says: I'm not imitating you, you're imitating me!

16:37> Nikuko says: "I'm not imitating you, you're imitating me!"

16:37> Alan says: Stop it stop it stop it!!! Stop it stop it!!!!

16:38> Nikuko says: Stop it! Stop it! stop it Stop it!!!

stop it!!! stop it

16:38> Alan says: I can't believe this! I just made something incredible!

16:38> Nikuko says: "I can't believe this! I just made something

incredible!
 16:39> Nikuko says: Arghhhhh!!!!!!! Good grief!!!!
 16:39> Alan says: "Arghhhhh!!!!!!!"
 16:39> Alan says: Good grief!!!!!!!
 16:39> Alan says: Bye!!!!
 16:39> Nikuko says: Bye!!!!
 16:39> Nikuko says: I'm going now really bye!!!
 16:40> Alan says: I'm going now, really, bye bye bye bye
 bye bye!!!!
 16:40> Nikuko says: Bye, this is for real, bye bye bye!
 16:40> Alan says: Bye, this is for real, bye bye
 bye!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
 << Alan logged off >>

—

Peeking, Huh?

Alan Sondheim · 6 June 2001, 6:25 p.m.

-

Peeking
 peeking @ ^_^::Yay!:Pip-pup? Pap, Sis?
 Does replace your peeking @ ^_^?
 peeking @ ^_^::Wow! :
 Write substances Tut, Tat-Tot. Vov, waw? through my peeking @ ^_^!
 peeking @ ^_^::Huh? (Lil Lol!):Huh? (Lil Lol!)
 Your menses Hah, heh!!! are in my ammonias
 Hah, heh!!!
 peeking @ ^_^::Hah, heh!!! :Mum, Mam-Mom. Mem, nun?
 Your effluvia Did Dad? Dud... Gag gig. are in my shit
 Huh? (Lil Lol!)
 peeking @ ^_^:::Pip-pup? Pap, Sis?
 Write cuts _ through my peeking @ ^_^!
 peeking @ ^_^::Huh? (Lil Lol!):
 Your faerie dissolves my _!
 peeking @ ^_^::Hah, heh!!! :Wow!
 Does replace your peeking @ ^_^?
 peeking @ ^_^::Yay!:Pip-pup? Pap, Sis?::
 peeking @ ^_^::Huh? (Lil Lol!):Huh? (Lil Lol!):
 Write substances Tut, Tat-Tot. Vov, waw? through my peeking @ ^_^!
 Your sweat Write substances Tut, Tat-Tot.
 Vov, waw? through my peeking @ ^_^! are in my ammonias
 peeking @ ^_^::Wow! :

 Hah, heh!!! :Did Dad? Dud... Gag gig.:Bob, Bib bub!:Yay!:Tut, Tat-Tot.
 Write floods Wow! through my Hah, heh!!! !
 Hah, heh!!! :Did Dad? Dud... Gag gig.:Bob, Bib bub!:
 Non, nan, Pep-Pop! :Pip-pup? Pap, Sis?
 Your Mum, Mam-Mom. is on my splits
 Non, nan, Pep-Pop!
 Hah, heh!!! :Did Dad? Dud... Gag gig.:Bob, Bib bub!:Pip-pup? Pap, Sis?:

Your cuts Non, nan, Pep-Pop! is in my shit
 Yay!
 Hah, heh!!! :Did Dad? Dud... Gag gig.:Bob, Bib bub!:Pip-pup? Pap, Sis?:
 Hah, heh!!! :Did Dad? Dud... Gag gig.:Bob, Bib bub!:Non, nan, Pep-Pop!
 :Mum, Mam-Mom.
 Your spews Mum, Mam-Mom. are in my urine
 Huh? (Lil Lol!)

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 7 June 2001, 7:00 p.m.

my heart throbs for you
 you sail the uncharted seas of distant lands and bleak horizons
 you move through mountains and valleys and the darkest forests
 my heart yearns for you, my eyes cry for you
 your love follows you in your beauty and your long flowing tresses
 your love follows your long golden hair and your eyes of deepest blue
 my arms dream of you, my legs take me towards you
 "for i will follow you until the ends of earth and time
 "for i will walk behind thee until mountains fall and valleys rise
 my heart, my heart, my eyes, my arms, my legs
 your golden voice, the pause in the middle of a word, eyes wide open
 eyes wide open and open wider, and eyes wider open, and open wider
 my heart throbs for you
 "for i dream of you and think of you, your voice whispering on the wind
 "for your beauty is deeper than the ocean and your eyes bluer than the sky
 my arms long to hold you in my arms, my legs yearn to hold you in my legs
 your eyes wide open, your eyes open wider
 my heart yearns for you, my crying open eyes

Speed

Alan Sondheim · 8 June 2001, 10:27 p.m.

Speed

Scalar value @a[\$gen] better written as \$a[\$gen] at ./parent line 73.:
 Scalar value @adj[\$newpick] better written as \$adj[\$newpick] at ./parent
 line 73.:Scalar value @noun[\$non] better written as \$noun[\$non] at
 ./parent line 73.:already this is gone, used up, senseless, as typed:
 the world refuses to move fast enough: i want the future anterior taking
 me back beyond my death: Where is this taking us, in the future?:
 Oh well, let's get going! addup hstrip netintro
 sedsearch stripper creating the perfect institution / museum :my mind
 covers decades in a bad night's sleep; it ranges fiercely Hold on right
 there! One second! already discarding that other dawn; it can't identify:
 schizoid it \$a[15+\$pre] at ./parent line 94. bleakly continues past
 "yesterday's written text" :5507:4:when i look back again at yesterday's

written text, i see Scalar value @noun[\$non] better written as \$noun[\$non] at ./parent line 73. something so old, i'm ./parent decathected, i'm at a @adj[\$newpick] loss about her: was this something i had filter laptop project.txt stream written, better written as \$a[\$gen3] \?:already this is gone, used up, senseless, as typed: the world refuses to move fast enough: i want the future anterior taking me back beyond my death: Where is this taking us, in the future?:: Oh well, let's get going! addup hstrip netintro sedsearch stripper creating the perfect institution / museum :Scalar value @adj[\$newpick] better written as \$adj[\$newpick] at ./parent line 73 loss about him:

—

/tomorrows

Alan Sondheim · 10 June 2001, 10:29 a.m.

/tomorrows

Alan Sondheim>> Alan, I'm going to say this once and for all.
 You're alone here: You're flying high, you're faster than anyone else, no one can keep up with you, your speed is amazing, it's incredible, you won't even be around to hear this, you're faster
 t han the speed of sound, terahertz speed, petahertz speed -
 Alan Sondheim>> Alan, I can't read this, it's going too fast, you're thinking too fast for me, you're way ahead of me, you're ahead of anyone else, you're so far thinking, your work is out of sight, no one can fathom you, it will be centuries, millennia,
 b efore you're fathomed, it's unbelievable, this speed, this faster-than-lightning
 speed, this faster-than-light-in-vacuo speed -
 PRIVATE MSG: Alan Sondheim>> Alan, this is just to you, you'll hardly be able
 to read this, you're at the far shores of the universe, you're farther than the farthest shores, you're bending light itself, you're comin
 back to visit, you're leaving again, you're sailing fast in empty space, you're one with the neutrinos, solar winds, fluxes, virtual particles, dark matter, strings of all sorts, you're thinner than the emptiest of spaces, you're replete, you're gone ag
 i n, your thought is terrific, your thought is more than terrific, you're faster than tachyons, you're reversing matter and energy, you're universal everywhere, you're more advanced than anyone has ever been, you're more advanced than anyone could ever be
 you're out there, you're fantastic -
 PRIVATE MSG: Alan Sondheim>> Alan, this is just for you, you, you, amazing
 amazing amazing -
 Alan Sondheim>> Alan, I can't believe this, <----- ---- ----->

thinking!

/tomorrows

normalization

Alan Sondheim · 11 June 2001, 1:09 a.m.

normalization

dekadeci amperes
centihecto bytes
kilomilli volts
micromega degrees
giganano hectares
picotera grams
petafemto meters
exaatto farads

split ii

Alan Sondheim · 11 June 2001, 7:52 p.m.

-

split ii login nikuko login nikuko login nikuko login nikuko
stuttering ss the roy awe're at codloss here aring w' nikuko

atuko b ondetteringnikdering won ikukg walkandering stuoiikuko wher i'm
nikuko n'm offering wbody can myuou my body n have tak cabody youy
i'iyembe can dy y bt you oakme me itake re and how nttake me t no y

t

wou candoi point takemethismy breasts are there t u or yskin fy is f an
you you skin aomtherorethere it's you cyfocan

see mr my eess sere haitor youe 's thou all f's r yityouyou have to come s
take it to be andhavko you ikun you enthe and you ake it and comean tt's
yours it's all take me ciurs'my holes yo e yous my eyes ar 'rre yomy rs
thiice us i my speech my throat as ismy hand t my le vothishis is this is
yours this ishis is tyou g want mant me you ou want yarder ewher and rder
hardme hardand hant me so you w can't hard k straight ayouthiknt's
impossible i never veso good hou you' this efore yr had adbeat all ve
nevhis i'm nikuko twandering i'm running 'kuko wandering m nidering
ianwhere ver 'wynik from gniuko ruouning from the w eukonnin ruorld
ynniuko being world nikuko e you being yo hbeinglosing her self in you
drowning in t cumming ouu in bein ou yoy y g

-

epithalamium*Alan Sondheim · 15 June 2001, 1:49 a.m.*

epithalamium

vows and curtains we didn't bother:and we made bows and curtsies to each other:today azure and i got married :we were the skin of one another: write substances we were the skin of one another through my vows and curtains we didn't bother!

we're moving on and flying :azure in the other room and still sleeping :it's later and i couldn't sleep for want of trying:time is leaping we're seeping:

write substances time is leaping we're seeping through my we're moving on and flying !

and stone is harder than our speaking thinking skins :and stone is harder than whatever we might find ourselves to say:we're coming through all inscription :and we're other and no bother:and we're other and no bother

your wraith dissolves my and we're other and no bother!

memory is inconceivable, non-existent, the sun flares and destroys:it's time and nothing else, this hour, minute, second, of a form of life:we're moving, i'm awake and looking straight into the face of time::

in others' arms you read us:we are awaking in others' arms:we are others' others:vows and curtains we didn't bother:and we made bows and curtsies to each other:today azure and i got married :we were the skin of one another:

—

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 16 June 2001, 2:32 a.m.*

Turned as well from crazed and lunar night? Nay, were a literal moment in some crazed transcendent metaphysics... Increasingly crazed; my loftspace will be one and one, or one against another. The clock is crazed, and I wait for hetaDburnoma74:crazburnotail. Random capitalization implies pastiche, pasting, crazed breath and simulacrum of the crazed. One can only imitate so far, before the Real takes us. We snuggle together and talk breathlessly. We might appear crazed to other mlspl\$cad tr\$nsfprm\$-tlpns crazed lost-body-skins, clouds, crags, grapple-older. I felt this was the one love in my somewhat crazed personal love, turned on as well.

susan graham

Alan Sondheim · 18 June 2001, 3:30 a.m.

-

susan graham

susan graham, there's something going on, well she said,
look over there, you can see the police cars at a distance,
well she said, they've got their lights on, it must mean
something, there were flurries in the air, just a light
coating
really, you c
ouldn't see much in the black night but the lights
looked like
towns, you'd hear the occasional siren and a
woman's cry,
it was heartbreaking, we didn't know what it
could be, it
was a mile or so away, the lights were
swinging above the
street, flashing as
well, as if they knew, an
electrical charge in the air,
sheet lightning or snow
thunder,
there was a feeling of
danger, i noticed a dark
shadow crossing
the street, you
didn't know what was
going on, it looked
all like stars,
with the
swaying
traffic
light above
it all l
ike a sun
or moon
sometimes
a shadow
would pass
or
the
sirens
would
start up
and
die
out,
the
whole

town
moaning
and

weeping,
for
whatever
was
going
on
down
there

we
went
back
inside,
had
another
drink,
the

slide
guitar
mourning,
for
the dead,
for you,
you
could
still
smell
the
heat
of
the
day
in
the

hot
red
texas
earth

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 19 June 2001, 2:35 a.m.

-

sam came down from the mountain
he carried a wooden bundle you
couldn't tell hewn or old wood
or a cord it was all the same it
was wood it was wood it was wood

sam sang
it was wood it was wood it was wood

i was there, susan graham

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 19 June 2001, 5:09 p.m.

-

hello, susan graham
hello from susan graham
hello, susan graham
susan graham says, hello, how are you, how are you feeling

susan graham, i am feeling poorly
i'm not quite so spry as i used to be
i wish when i was young i knew what i know now
why is youth wasted on the young

hello, from susan graham
i am feeling poorly
i'm not so young as i used to be
my minds as good as ever
i can't do the things i used to do

i am feeling poorly
, susan gram

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 20 June 2001, 10:14 a.m.

-

going somewhere
the field was fresh mown evening hay

mind if i walk along with you a bit
 , susan

dusk come on quick, stars and waning moon
 i won't bother you none

did someone leave you ever
 do you know i never seen an angel

none
 , susan

isn't someone waiting for you

my name is susan graham

my named is susan graham
 , susan

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 23 June 2001, 2:20 a.m.

-

, Susan Graham, "forever have i seen your face
 , Susan Graham, "you have followed me, your muscles taut in your great
 shoulders
 , Susan Graham, "your legs thick and mighty, your tendons stretched and
 ready
 * Susan Graham is ready for you
 * Susan Graham is ready for you, your arms bound with bands of sinew
 , Susan Graham, "your neck thick, your eyes piercing me
 , Susan Graham, "piercing my heart, piercing my mouth, my eyes
 , Susan Graham, "i am bound to you, turned to you, your chest pulsing
 with pride
 , Susan Graham, "you have turned me towards you forever
 , Susan Graham, "forever have i seen your mighty face, i have shown you
 mine
 , Susan Graham, "you have torn open my heart, it beats in daylight,
 bleeding
 , Susan Graham, "my soul in bleeding night, my soul escaping into your
 mighty arms
 , Susan Graham, "you have taken me over your shoulders taut with heavy
 muscle
 , Susan Graham, "you have torn into me, i have begged you, tear me apart
 * Susan Graham is torn open, slung across your mighty back, bound to it
 * Susan Graham awaits you, pierces you with her cries, her thick desires
 , Susan Graham, "i scream and tear you harshly, and you respond, your
 mighty voice heavy with desire
 , Susan Graham, "forever i have seen you, forever followed you, just as

you have followed me, just as you have pierced me, desired me, bound me
 with your mighty arms, bound with mighty sinew
 , Susan Graham, "i have taken you
 * Susan Graham has taken you, to the quick and point of your mighty flesh,
 to the breach and struggle of your mighty arms
 , Susan Graham, "you are bound to Susan Graham
 , Susan Graham, "with mighty sinew, bound to Susan Graham

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 23 June 2001, 7:10 p.m.

-

Susan Graham ... Susan Graham. completed text to print, scroll down scroll
 up Susan ... Select a Page -. Susan Graham's South America Adventure. ...
 Susan Graham Susan Graham. Susan has an incredible ...
 Scroll up Susan
 Scroll down Susan

, Susan looks down the street, Susan seeing
 she is looking down the street, there is dust on the street
 a red car is moving fast, it is hot sun, not yet nova ,

it wheels in West Texas, those kids here to make trouble, they pull up,
 they say, scroll up Susan, scroll down Susan, , Susan is at an
 open window, her blinds, what is she wearing

two birds leave the roof of the false-front bank, Morgan's Bank,
 they wheel overhead,

... Graham Video Chat Growing up in Texas, opera sensation
 Susan Graham never dreamed
 that one day she'd be singing about croissants and café
 au lait. But that's ...

... SUSAN GRAHAM From her days growing up in Texas and New
 Mexico, mezzo-soprano Susan
 Graham dreamed of singing at the Santa Fe Opera. She has
 done just that and ...

... Raised in Roswell, New Mexico, and Midland, Texas, Susan
 Graham studied at the
 Manhattan School of Music and Texas Tech University... a
 remarkable debut recital album for the stunning
 mezzo-soprano Susan Graham. This
 Texas-born and bred opera star's elegance and warm
 personality have already ... Advanced Search Preferences
 Search Tips

Search within results

she is in Midland where I placed her by that stoplight
 swinging just above the road, oil rigs go by fast & raise

hell with the birds, how was I supposed to know the real
 Susan Graham exists from Midland where she sang to become
 what I will call "The Songbird of the Prairie" or "The
 Prairie Songbird" for I did not hear her sing but now

everything crashes, big-time record producers at her door

the sun not yet nova
 Susan Graham is none of them that know me

Susan Graham is none of them that know me

, Susan
 , Susan Graham

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 25 June 2001, 9:54 a.m.

-

i did not know susan graham
 i had never heard of susan graham
 susan graham, you are unknown to me; I have created your name, I have
 made it all up out of whole cloth, you did not have to do this to me, i
 knew nothing of opera, of your career,

, susan graham , susan graham

i did mean you no harm, i would not have written to you or found
 you, i know nothing of opera, in fact i don't even like it, i've had
 no reason to know - what are you, soprano, coloratura, sopranino, i
 don't know what would fit you well or likely, it was something
 fabricated, i know the coincidences seem all too real, but only to
 you, there are too many of you

she lives on down that road, i can picture it now with the swinging
 traffic light in the hot dry nighttime wind, i can see it, i know
 it, it's right before me, i understand it all too well

i didn't mean you no harm,
 , susan graham, i thought
 it was all a joke, i thought
 there wasn't any other susan graham, there was just the one i made up
 out of whole cloth honest, it was for a lot of writing i was doing, i
 was thinking,

, susan graham you would be nice to see watching things out of that
 window across from that hot dusty dry road at night when you could see
 the cars at the end of the street and sometimes hear the guns go off
 , susan graham it was like that

, susan graham

-

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 26 June 2001, 1:07 a.m.

-

, susan

<Su_Graham> so i went outside this morning
<Su_Graham> there was this bright sun and shadow
<Su_Graham> and i lay down beside the concrete wall 14 stories up
<Su_Graham> and he turned his camera
<Su_Graham> he turned his camera on me
<Su_Graham> and i hiked up my dress
<Su_Graham> you could see my black panties they were wet
<Su_Graham> they were wet you could see everything and i began
* Su_Graham said hello i have no reason to be here
* Su_Graham said hello i'm on my way somewhere else
* Su_Graham said i left florida because of a guy who left me
* Su_Graham said it was mutual the best thing for us
* Su_Graham said you're getting off on this aren't you
<Su_Graham> and i started to pull my panties down
<Su_Graham> i pulled my panties down slowly
<Su_Graham> he kept angling the camera to shoot up my cunt
<Su_Graham> he zoomed in over and over again on my face it was my cunt he
wanted
<Su_Graham> it was my cunt he wanted he kept zooming in
[0-0:GScNxAlFMPHR] 10:20PM @Su_Graham (+is) #nikuko (+nt) M:5 Lag 1 - E/X
<Su_Graham> i pulled my dress down you could see my nipples
<Su_Graham> the camera trembled in his hands
* Su_Graham said this is what you wanted all along
* Su_Graham said you can do anything you want with the film
* Su_Graham said take care of me
* Su_Graham said you can do anything you want with me
<Su_Graham> i pulled my dress up above my waist and spread my legs
<Su_Graham> you could see he had a hard erection
<Su_Graham> you could see he wanted me
* Su_Graham said you want me don't you
* Su_Graham said you want more more than anything in the world
<Su_Graham> the camera was trembling more and more in his hands
<Su_Graham> he was about to fall
<Su_Graham> they were about to fall
<Su_Graham> off the balcony they were about to fall
<Su_Graham> nothing like that happened he zoomed in tighter
<Su_Graham> trembling on my cunt focusing on my face
<Su_Graham> focusing hard on my face running the camera over my cunt
[0-0:GScNxAlFMPHR] 10:25PM @Su_Graham (+is) #nikuko (+nt) M:5 Lag 1 - E/X
<Su_Graham> i wish i could tell you what he said
* Su_Graham said stop go on stop go on stop go on
<Su_Graham> the battery was running low i had a nice sundress

<Su_Graham> spread above my waist and below my naked breasts
 <Su_Graham> his pants were down
 * Su_Graham said take your pants down
 * Su_Graham said take your pants down
 <Su_Graham> he came over to me trembling and scared poor little baby
 * Su_Graham said i'll take care of you
 * Su_Graham said i'll take care of you forever
 <Su_Graham> he came over and put his lips against my breasts
 <Su_Graham> he lay gently beside me
 * Su_Graham said find me with your hand not your camera
 <Su_Graham> he found me he found me
 <Su_Graham> now i will get up from this lawn chair on the balcony
 <Su_Graham> and i will fly over the concrete wall fourteen stories high
 <Su_Graham> fourteen stories high
 [0-0:GScNxAlFMPPhR] 10:29PM @Su_Graham (+is) #nikuko (+nt) M:6 Lag 1 - E/X

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 27 June 2001, 4:06 p.m.

-

go around and use whatever bricolage you can find
 gathering dust and clutter in whatever debris
 detritus or excreta whatever's available
 suddenly an error and suddenly a piece
 everything becomes fodder for the text
 the text is a devouring maw
 the text hungers for content, i lose sleep, i don't know just when i'm
 going to be able to stop, just when advance occurs

when i think i have it right, there's an advance
 or a relief that the clutter has coagulated into the semblance
 of content

when i think nothing of it, "don't think anything of it,"
 "i didn't mean anything by it," there's stasis, prolongation

sexual content mixes with the debris, it holds me there, fastens,
 fashions, fascinates
 it's what i found when i pulled inside you with my fingers, hand, wrist,
 arm
 what comes out mixes with error and excreta, debris and denouement

coupling with lassitude, languor
 so you can think about what has happened to you and the words
 so you can think about the world and what is happening
 it's built on debris and bricolage, on fragments and accumulations,
 on fair and unfair portions, on shares and certifications

again and again i have it right

again and again the world advances

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 28 June 2001, 11:09 a.m.

-

ghost unravel me
 let it flow , it's time to let it go:: death and letting be
 to
 time
 to murder me, it's time to let me go, it's time to let me be, it's
 time
 death, it's the year of god's breath , it's time to let me go : it's
 time to let it go: it's the year of no return, it's the year of black
 it's
 me, ghost your gaping maw, ghost your teeth, ghost enough of this ,
 st unravel me, ghost absorb me, ghost don't let me be, ghost fuck over
 go:: death and letting be
 let it
 t me go, it's time to let me be, it's time to let it flow , it's time to
 time to le
 god's breath , it's time to let me go : it's time to murder me, it's
 year of
 go: it's the year of no return, it's the year of black death, it's the
 let it
 t your gaping maw, ghost your teeth, ghost enough of this , it's time to
 let it
 go: it's the year of no return, it's the year of black death, it's the
 year of
 god's breath , it's time to let me go : it's time to murder me, it's
 time to le
 t me go, it's time to let me be, it's time to let it flow , it's time to
 let it
 go:: death and letting be
 st unravel me, ghost absorb me, ghost don't let me be, ghost fuck over
 me, ghost your gaping maw, ghost your teeth, ghost enough of this ,
 it's
 time to let it go: it's the year of no return, it's the year of black
 death, it's the year of god's breath , it's time to let me go : it's
 time
 to murder me, it's time to let me go, it's time to let me be, it's
 time
 to
 let it flow , it's time to let it go:: death and letting be
 ghost unravel me

—

Mutilated Quasi-Symmetrical String Noise with Performative InterferenceTending Towards the Explanation of "Wednesday" at a Picnic!

Alan Sondheim · 4 July 2001, 5:24 p.m.

—

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

1

Alan Sondheim · 8 July 2001, 10:30 a.m.

—

1

Nikuko under hot burned sun: Nikuko flesh turned red: seared Nikuko-flesh

Nikuko charred nipple: charred cock: Nikuko-skin sloughed: fallen-flaked
 You say, "MIAMI! bad-dream turn-real! MIAMI! perfect-model Nikuko-flesh:
 yours"
 You say, "Yours, MIAMI!"
 Nikuko's "Yours, MIAMI!" perfect-model Nikuko-flesh reverberation
 Nikuko perfect-model MIAMI! charred eyes burned: You say, "I cannot
 see!"
 You say, "I cannot see!"
 Nikuko's "I cannot see!" of blind MIAMI! charred hot sun: It is
 photographer
 You say, "It is photographer cannot see."
 You say, "It is photographer looking and looking."
 You say, "think I will make Nikuko-flesh photographer game."
 Nikuko think I will make Nikuko-flesh photographer game.
 Nikuko turning over
 You say, "photographer you are trembling cannot see"
 You say, "photographer you are filming turning lens"
 You say, "photographer you are pressing shutter-shutter in"
 You say, "you are release shutter-shutter"
 Nikuko think "You say, "you are release shutter-shutter"
 Nikuko's think it is perfect MIAMI! charred Nikuko-red-flesh day
 Nikuko charred nipple "You say, "photographer charred cock"
 You say, "It is photographer looking and looking."
 Nikuko say "photographer lens chain me
 You say, "chain to me, photographer"
 You say, "you see hot Nikuko-flesh reverberation: "You say, "I cannot
 see!""
 You say, "I chain to you photographer"
 You say, "I cannot see"

```
#-1:Input to EVAL, line 3: Variable not found
... called from built-in function eval()
... called from #58:eval_cmd_string (this == #934), line 19
... called from #58:eval*-d (this == #934), line 13
```

_0

readable titles: from four piles of books at a distance in our loft:

Alan Sondheim · 9 July 2001, 1:04 a.m.

-

readable titles: from four piles of books at a distance in our loft:
 being and nothingness, harlem renaissance reader, how to be polite in
 japanese, cover to cover, the holographic paradigm, studies in
 phenomenology and psychology, under the sea wind, the japanese print, the
 sea around us, tcp/ip network administration, zen buddhism: a history,
 himalayan art, tantra of the great liberation, the jew in the text,
 theatre in the east, official nikon manual, 50 maps of l.a., on bataille,
 windows ce, poetics journal 10, the quest for sumer, world atlas

:a japanese miscellany, the world of goods, dream and reality, man and the

computer, singular rebellion, phedre, shadowings, the complete essays of montaigne, writings of the young marx on philosophy and history, i ching, gedichte / hyperion, a history of philosophy, the poems of catullus, the buddha's philosophy of man, the agricola and the germania, ideas, the purgatorio, three tales, the kojiki, the teachings of the compassionate buddha, latin

:theoretical foundations of multimedia, mac os in a nutshell, easy japanese, remediation, alire, the tibetan book of the dead, existence and being, hamlet on the holodeck, the annotated baseball stories of ring w. lardner, bardo teachings, the cybercultures reader, topology, the sense and non-sense of revolt, modern chinese: a basic course, 98.6, the language of new media, the philosophy of no, say it in swahili, consilience, li chi: book of rites, word score utterance choreography in verbal and visual poetry, island, no great mischief, introduction to artificial life, the columbia anthology of traditional chinese literature, dr. dobb's journal, sots art, sed & awk pocket reference, vi editor pocket reference

:: final cut pro, kojiki, reading digital culture, the art of arts

—

memorial

Alan Sondheim · 10 July 2001, 1:14 a.m.

memorial

everyone on planet earth lie die and obey the western millennium
 alan sondehi lie down and obey the western millennium
 all animals protozoa and slamanders and mamals lie down and obey
 all planets stars lie down and obey the western millennium
 all stringed matter and virtual matter and black holes lie down and obey
 the western millennium
 all people listen to me on this gerat erth of hours! do lie down and obey
 the western millennium!
 it's sad that the adolescent fish died tonight
 the orange one caught in the filter
 the other two adolescent females are oky and the two smaller generations
 of babies that have been living in the remnants of the hatchery you seem
 okay
 the larger alpha male and the larger two females seem okay
 the other beta male is lonely but would die and is doing okay
 alone you two beta males wach each other
 the other female died so long ago she can hardly be remembered
 this is an ode to her she died soon after the tank was started
 we don't know what happened she was found dead on the bottom
 without injury and without any noticable signs but just there
 some of the babies have been eaten but there haven't been any other
 greater deaths
 until tonight when one of the adolesent females died trapped in the filter
 pipe

she has gone to join her elder who has died in the tank they have great spirits and we pray they will do well in the larger waters of all our births and deaths

—

essay

Alan Sondheim · 11 July 2001, 2:25 a.m.

-

essay

should I put everything in quotes?

" " in other words - since everything has been said?

does it matter what order things are said in?

"No."

then any order is equivalent?

"Well, order is equivalent in relation to length, but then not to degree of energy employed, ink per character per position, and so forth."

you're saying it's a distinct difference based on the residue of what might otherwise be considered equivalence, insofar as any string might be considered equivalent to any other of equivalent length.

"You're dealing with the phenomenology of meaning; think that there is no "Equivalence"

in the sense that everything such as ""Equivalence"" is in quotation?

"Exactly, that there is no "Equivalence" except _in regard to_ a particular domain, in this case k = string length."

"So that meaning, for example - there is no "Meaning" except _in regard_ to a particular domain, for example, the _meaning of "onna" in Japanese._"

and, as with equivalence, then one might consider "Meaning" as always already founded in plagiarism, thus returning us once again to the question of plagiarism and origin - to which Karl Kraus said in the beginning there was no plagiarism, which I reread as "in the beginning," i.e. "even in the beginning" or "right from the start" there was or is plagiarism.

"Now what constitutes this plagiarism?"

it's characterized as the situation, phenomenology, and culture of the copy, which is that of duplication or repetition, which is in turn or identically in relation to typification and standardization - the presence of structure dependent in symmetries or quasi-symmetries.

"You mean that for meaning in the attributive sense, in relation to a particular domain, to exist, it requires a structure or substructure which operates as a moment or chora for the presencing of meaning?"

exactly, and there is a secondary level of plagiarism as well, which is that of history and memory, that every word, phoneme, and rearrangement has always already been founded, situated, before, in other guises, in other contractual arrangements.

"And by "contractual arrangements," you mean the descendents of the metapsychology of Freud, in other words the negotiations that exist among what might be considered cognitive entities, such entities being of the order of membranes, meshings, flux, and so forth?"

so that there are structures all the way around and throughout, meaning-dependent structures, and structure-dependent meanings as well.

"There is a community of the beneficiaries of meaning."

"A community that is also a communality, in empathetic relationship or communion, among those holding themselves or meanings, holding _place_ in common."

and origins have no place among origins

this is a deconstructive turn, a deferrance and differend as well, allusion and suturing among systems appearing closed among subaltern communication

"Which returns as rumor or gossip, the off-hand phrase, the speaking out-of-turn, the outspoken."

spoken out of etiquette and assumptions of meaning and quotation, partly as extension, partly as mirroring and relation to and of dis/comfort, turning back and within or into the normative discourse

"As far as everyone is concerned, this requires suturing, severing, "for the good of everyone," this notion erected well before democracy, the monarchical assumptions of hardened identities, aristocracies."

for whom everything is always already a quotation, the signifier of connoisseurship, "one can be hardly original with so much at stake."

when the origin is in circulation among copies, itself a copy, the grounds are laid for exchange, and what would later be called primordial inscription is,

from the very beginning, underway.

"What is underway is a sort of knowledge, independent of consciousness, which might in any case be considered a byproduct; in fact we are becoming intelligent enough to realize that consciousness is no such thing, but mythology, a chimera or emanation from manageriality of inscriptive domains."

if knowledge is management, the way is open for the mercantile class to extend itself into other and more normative domains, as traders settle down, as others already adapt themselves to the memory of the imperial, the memory of power, and the cultural styles these entail.

"It will duplicate itself to the end of time."

"It will behave for "all intents and purposes" as if an "it" existed in one or another form or formation or accumulation."

in the sense of "it rains" in which the "it" anchors the condition to the general, the memory of rain intensified through a node accessing all past, present, and future syntax and semantics.

"Extend the "it" beyond the indo-european to a general duplication, but what is new, original, is each and every act of circumscription, quotation, accumulation - an entire surplus economics of speech boiling over, of inscription filling, fulfilling, spilling out until the exhaustion of defuge decathects these processes."

a situation of somnolence, much as cell death can be related to the mythos of the dead drive; duplication, however, transforms into substance, not for survival, demarcation or embarkation, but in relation to an exhaustive return.

"The history of the universe is thus carried through its non-history; the history of originary confusion is produced through the tendency towards proton decay and defusion, dissolution, of the remnants of structures, entities, inscriptions."

the quotation always loses its

demarcation in the final analysis, were there one; speech is silenced in speech, and the speaking of silence is silenced as well.

"No need to mark word or language, then, as everything is produced, almost as if, but not quite, teleology were at work, towards an unknown, but not quite, end. And no need to specify as well; nothing but release or releasement."

except within the place, domain, locale, site of accumulation, surplus region, for this returns to such a commonality of language, such communality, that one might indeed speak or inscribe, every such moment as if there were a local origin.

"Such as that 0 of cartesian geometry which may in fact be placed anywhere, but one place, conveys place, out of which - that, and direction, and the institution of the unit, everything calculable might conceivably grow."

from the jumble of strokes to the letter; from the jumble of letters to the word; from the jumble of words to the phrase; from the jumble of phrases to the sentence in deed.

but in order, or order, for this to occur, that duplication, quotation, copying, typification, standardization, the letters standing in line, at least somewhat orderly, the origin of etiquette, otherwise everything falls apart, nothing is gained, speech is gainsaid.

"In order to arrive here, in order to forget the point: this sudden explosion of structure in the universe thus precisely cooled with a balance of elements, on its way to absolute

lack, unread, uninscribed, not
perceived as such, not always
already perceived."

it is perception that opens
this to us, perception
throughout commonality, seeing
and hearing what might be said
and heard.

as if for the very first time.

"As if for the very first
time."

which is a conjunction from
disjunction, the same among
two, disregarding quotation,
proceeding as if every
speech, every utterance,
every inscription, were the
first, even the standard
inscription of kings, for
example each guarding the
others, each in its own
place, each place its own.

"As if for the very first
time, each place its own;
there are the quotation
marks of the first place,
and those of the second,
surrounding the memory of
the temporality of the
inscribed line."

one might write
"

at the beginning and end,
or at the conjunction or
division of the same.

"Or one might consider
the closure a relay, thus
opening, in the form and
etiquette of relay, what
remains to be seen, to be
heard."

to be absorbed, to
become part and parcel
of what we have in

common, of memories,
one might say, of
resonances.

"Or leaving off, at
the beginning or end,
of the ", as a
potential or charging
or recharging, a sign
of da-sein, or of a
certain ongoingness
found necessary by
every species."

and determined in
different ways.

"And determined in
different ways."

—

tuning

Alan Sondheim · 11 July 2001, 6:15 p.m.

0

The Great Struggle: assay

```

3      sed 's/          /[    ]/g' gg > yy
6      sed 's/          /[    ]/g' gg > yy
7      sed 's/          /[    ]/g' yy > gg
8      sed 's/          /[    ]/g' gg > yy
9      sed 's/ /[    ]/g' yy > gg
10     tr a-z " " < gg > yy
13     sed 's/          /(    )/g' yy > gg
14     sed 's/          /(    )/g' gg > yy
15     sed 's/          /(    )/g' yy > gg
16     sed 's/          /(    )/g' gg > yy
17     sed 's/          /(    )/g' yy > gg
18     sed 's/          /(    )/g' gg > yy
19     sed 's/ /(    )/g' yy > gg
29     sed 's/          /[    ]/g' gg > yy
30     sed 's/          /[    ]/g' yy > gg
31     sed 's/          /[    ]/g' gg > yy
32     sed 's/ /[    ]/g' yy > gg
34     tr a-z " " < gg > yy
37     sed 's/          /(    )/g' yy > gg
38     sed 's/          /(    )/g' gg > yy
39     sed 's/          /(    )/g' gg > yy
40     sed 's/          /(    )/g' yy > gg
41     sed 's/          /(    )/g' gg > yy
42     sed 's/          /(    )/g' yy > gg

```

[illegible]

[] "W ,
 [] ,
 [] ;
 []
 [] , ,
 []
 [] ."
 [] ,
 [] ,
 [] ,
 [] ,
 [] ,
 [] .
 [] "I " "
 [] "I " "
 [] " "
 [] ."
 [] " " "
 [] ,
 [] ,
 [] ' , " " - .
 [] "E " " - , , ,
 [] , - ,
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 [] ."
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 [] , ,
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 [] .
 [] "N , , ,
 [] , , ,
 [] , ,
 [] , , . A
 [] ;

[illegible]

[illegible]

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 12 July 2001, 5:15 a.m.*

-

"And by "contractual arrangements," you mean the descendents of
 "A community that is also a communality, in empathetic
 "As far as everyone is concerned, this requires
 not quite, end. And no need to specify
 "As if for the very first
 "As if for the very first
 "And determined in

fo stnednecsed eht naem uoy ",stnemegnarra lautcartnoc" yb dnA"
 citehtapme ni ,ytilanummoc a osla si taht ytinummoc A"
 seriuger siht ,denrecnoc si enoyreve sa raf sA"
 yficeps ot deen on dnA .dne ,etiuq ton
 tsrif yrev eht rof fi sA"
 tsrif yrev eht rof fi sA"
 ni denimreted dnA"

"And by "contractual arrangements," you mean the descendents of
 "A community that is also a communality, in empathetic
 "As far as everyone is concerned, this requires
 not quite, end. And no need to specify
 "As if for the very first
 "As if for the very first
 "And determined in

—

cd warehouse!*Alan Sondheim · 13 July 2001, 10:07 a.m.*

-

cd warehouse!
 there are 5 cdroms so far that will be available:
 Archive 3.8 is the latest incarnation of collected work 1994-2002
 Baal contains collaborative work with Foofwa and Azure
 Parables is based on Nikuko parables with Foofwa and Azure
 Miami is sound text and videowork with Azure
 Asteroids are three dimensional modeling videoworks
 Archive 3.8 contains sound text html image program and video files
 Baal is based on sexuality ballet language and body
 Parables is a series of short videos and a text
 Miami is sexy vacant and intense
 Asteroids is based on body segments and flyovers
 Archive 3.8 is a group of directories and an index webpage
 Baal has full nudity and the marking of bodies
 Parables has small intense dance segments with some effects
 Miami presents Susan Graham lying in the sun

Asteroids are slowly moving bodies with wide-angle lenses
 Archive 3.8 has thousands of pages of text
 Baal deconstructs fucking ballet and voyeurism
 Parables tells anecdotes opening to forests and ponds
 Miami is vacuous reaching out to the viewer
 Asteroids turn in total silence of outer space
 Archive 3.8 has graphics from mathematics programming
 Baal has Foofwa running in a room
 Parables is produced in nineteen-degree F weather
 Miami has guitar solos modified by Chris Keep
 Asteroids was produced with the Blender modeling program
 Archive 3.8 contains over six-hundred images
 Baal has nudity with Foofwa dancing in the background
 Parables emphasizes meditation and intensity
 Miami runs with the answers of Susan Graham
 Asteroids were made on a desktop in Brooklyn
 Archive 3.8 has sound recorded in Atlanta
 Baal was created at the Experimental Television Center
 Parables were shot in New York City and Owego
 Miami was shot in Pennsylvania and London Ontario
 Asteroids were inspired by NASA's Eros investigation
 Archive 3.8 has everything in my world
 Baal was edited in Owego and New York City
 Parables was edited with Adobe Premier
 Miami has images from the balcony of Ryan and Zena
 Asteroids take a moment to see what's really going on
 Archive 3.8 is a kind of archaeology
 Baal is so evident one might miss the point
 Parables presents stunning choreography by Foofwa
 Miami is nude and semi-nude and trembling
 Asteroids are amazing animations quickly produced

—

Alan Sondheim>><<Alan Sondheim
Alan Sondheim · 15 July 2001, 8:56 p.m.

-

Alan Sondheim>><<Alan Sondheim

Hi Nikuko, This is the best I can do. Ever have the idea your life is getting more and more fucked up? At this point the job is in jeopardy; in fact we don't have the slightest idea where we'll be come, say, December. I keep hoping that Newfoundland will descend like a Goose and pick us up, carry us there with high-speed connect, that our friends will visit as we head norther into Tundra. But I appreciate the necessity of continuous exposure, skin* at our expense, and so the following is offered within the grace of minor violence.

*apologies - no idea what is meant here, but it seems apropos

Alan Sondheim>> Pet Pat! Put pit pot! Alan Sondheim>> Pin pan, pun. 'Pon

pen. Alan Sondheim>> Paw pew, pow! Alan Sondheim>> Pad pod. Alan
 Sondheim>> Pop pap? Pip pep-pup. Alan Sondheim>> Pet Pat! Put pit pot!
 Alan Sondheim>> Pin pan, pun. 'Pon pen. Alan Sondheim>> Paw pew, pow! Alan
 Sondheim>> Pad pod. Alan Sondheim>> Pop pap? Pip pep-pup. Alan Sondheim>>
 Pet Pat! Put pit pot! Alan Sondheim>> Pin pan, pun. 'Pon pen. Alan
 Sondheim>> Paw pew, pow! Alan Sondheim>> Pad pod. Alan Sondheim>> Pop pap?
 Alan Sondheim>> You can't preserve much; I have a volume Alan Sondheim>>
 In New York there must be a dozen Alan Sondheim>> This is probably the
 most international Alan Sondheim>> I write from an abstract or virtual
 Alan Sondheim>> New York, like Newfoundland, has absolutely incredible
 Alan Sondheim>> Some places, like Miami, conjure up Alan Sondheim>> Alan
 Sondheim>> Pet Pat! Put pit pot! Alan Sondheim>> Pin pan, pun. 'Pon pen.
 Alan Sondheim>> Paw pew, pow! Alan Sondheim>> Pad pod. Alan Sondheim>> Pop
 pap? Pip pep-pup.

—

new media

Alan Sondheim · 16 July 2001, 11:14 a.m.

-

new media

there's nothing to carry with you, nothing to give you weight,
 you have no proof, nothing that occupies space or place

you're riding empty air, you can hardly breathe, you're riding vacuum,
 into the speech or music of it, into the dream of it

or afterthoughts or nighttime violence heard from the heat of the window,
 daytime cries and murmurs from the apartments everywhere but your own

or your own, you're there recording, you're making files, slippages,
 against memories of mountains, boulders, other hardened things

you watch your speech slip away, return from nowhere,
 you watch your dreams ordered back into awkward place and place

there's nothing you can say, nothing you can point to,
 a few thin disks at the very best, rainbows, some machine, or other

computers, machines which do nothing, no movement anywhere,
 inert in the world, you can't go there at the end of the day

at the end of the day there's nothing to show, nothing to hear,
 nothing to hang on to, no accomplishment, cataracts and dead eyes

beautiful futures out of drowned, invisible, submergence,
 as much of our chosen selves, embedded densities

lined up out of zero-one abstractions, worlds of non-making,
 unfashioning worlds, loosening, unraveling

new media, none at all, not even a glance, no book burnings,
no wonder everyone desperate for history

loose fields of magnetisms, plasmas, disks melting in the noonday sun,
outmoded broken readers or displays, ecstatic memories

memories dying in new suns unfurled into novas,
mediations lost in charred polarities, epiphanies of zeros-ones

—

Your Love

Alan Sondheim · 17 July 2001, 7:32 p.m.

-

Your Love

Miami is sexy vacant and intense
Miami presents Susan Graham lying in the sun
Miami is vacuous reaching out to the viewer
Miami runs with the answers of Susan Graham
Miami is nude and semi-nude and trembling
MIAMI! you're there beneath me, mouth wide open, ready for the
bad-dream turn-real! MIAMI! perfect-model Alan-flesh: "Yours, MIAMI!"
Alan thinks it is perfect MIAMI! charred Susan-red-flesh day
now, it's becoming
you, the violence of MIAMI!

It's becoming you. You're not there yet. You don't have to be. It's
seeping in. You wake up in the middle of the night; you've lost control
again, semen everywhere. You beg her to scratch your eyes out. You beg her
to cut your nipples, spread your legs so hard the skin rips, each half
becomes a hole. You beg her to piss in your mouth, "Please, drown me in
your excrement. Please, I want to be your toilet. I don't want to think or
see anything. I don't want to hear anything." You explain about the worm
Miami, the beast Miami, Miami-parasite. "It enters into your holes, eats
your skin from the inside out, smashes against the nerve endings of the
muscles where herpes hides, devours mitochondria and flagella. You have to
be careful of the water which is Miami water and burns your skin, chars
lines just where the scars will be." You beg God to kill every one in
every place in every world. "Dear God, kill everyone." "Dear God, kill
every human." You say to her, "Every bad thing is there." You beg her to
shit in your mouth. "I will not wash," you say, "I want the smell of your
shit on my face. I want to be close to you. I want to prove my love. And
your shit is sexy." You beg God to agree. Every night you go to sleep and
you think

miami is becoming you
miami is nude Susan Graham, her ass open above your waiting mouth
miami is the waters of the world
miami is drowning you
Dear Jeb Bush, you are a wonderful Governor and I hope to prove my love to

you.

Love, Susan Graham

—

exercise of closure with the thing

Alan Sondheim · 17 July 2001, 7:49 p.m.

-

exercise of closure with the thing
 writing with my eyes closed
 and writing very quickly and no regard
 and wonder: what is this thinking about sex that it appear
 in all these of these
 work, so that it is as if all there is to my
 "work" is such sex such as it is, which is not what could be the case,
 or is it not? for there is not that sex within it, nor the violence,
 nor the lurid; there are just beneath the surface of scaffolding
 another scaffolding placed there to present unremitting desire, no,
 that is, philosophical thought
 nor would, perhaps it is not such?
 thought in which philosophy hold itself to the wall, it's not just
 one
 sex
 text
 after another, not that this bevy of Susan, Alan, Nikuko, and so
 many many others, I have seen them all, I have come back to tell
 thee, could not
 or would not exist, but that:
 writing very quickly with my eyes closed
 so I could focus on the philosophical nature of the
 thing
 which is the content, the thing and its proper name
 thing and its structure
 thing and its clarification as thing or entity
 thing and its definition or linguistic relationship
 to shifter and other forms of insertions
 what constitutes the thing
 what might be for example in this
 or any other language,
 writing very quickly with the eyes closed
 so as to miss the thing
 so as to harbor or garner the thing
 so that the thing might appear
 in its form of expansion and
 compression
 which is the location of itself
 or within language
 almost as if i were
 speaking the name

just as if i were
 speaking the name
 cutting through
 the space
 of the text
 into or
 through the
 space of
 the other
 the sex
 of the
 thing
 "going to
 show you"
 its sex

watching
 the thing
 appear
 it's
 writing
 with
 its
 eyes
 closed

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 19 July 2001, 10:48 p.m.

-

1 impossibility of our language
 2 no one can understand the language we are speaking now
 1 h 2 h 3 h 4 h 5 h 1 h 2 h 3 h 4 h 5 h 6 h >> zz 7 h 8 h 9 h 1 h 2 h 3 h
 4 h 5 h 6 h >> zz 7 h 8 h 9 h 10 h >> zz 1 h 2 h 3 h 4 h 5 h 6 h >> zz 7 h
 8 h 9 h 10 h >> zz 11 h >> zz 1 h 2 h 3 h 4 h 5 h 6 h >> zz 7 h 8 h 9 h 10
 h >> zz 11 h >> zz 12 h >> zz 1 h 2 h 3 h 4 h 5 h 6 h >> zz 7 h 8 h 9 h 10
 h >> zz 11 h >> zz 12 h >> zz 13 h >> zz

3 no one will ever understand the language we are using
 4 our language is impossible

here we are, speaking on a street corner; we are speaking freely in the
 open and no one around us understands our language.

we are in a country with millions of inhabitants and almost know one here
 speaks our language.

we can talk freely about our terrorisms and assassinations because no one
 is listening who will understand us.

the chances that someone here will understand us is almost nil.

people are walking by us and looking at us and they do not understand that we are planning terrorisms and assassinations.

we are very safe with our language, speaking on this street corner; we are looking into the faces of ignorance, faces which will be utterly transformed with the passing of this evening, this night, this coming dawn.

we are looking at these people, while we are planning, and we are seeing the pasts of this country of millions, this country which will never be the same again.

no one understands that we, speaking in an unknown language, are responsible for their future in a completely irrevocable manner.

on this street corner, our plans are already coming to fruition, we are speaking calmly, we might be talking about anything at all.

—

correction, "no" for "know," apologies - please use instead

Alan Sondheim · 19 July 2001, 10:50 p.m.

-

1 impossibility of our language

2 no one can understand the language we are speaking now

1 h 2 h 3 h 4 h 5 h 1 h 2 h 3 h 4 h 5 h 6 h >> zz 7 h 8 h 9 h 1 h 2 h 3 h
4 h 5 h 6 h >> zz 7 h 8 h 9 h 10 h >> zz 1 h 2 h 3 h 4 h 5 h 6 h >> zz 7 h
8 h 9 h 10 h >> zz 11 h >> zz 1 h 2 h 3 h 4 h 5 h 6 h >> zz 7 h 8 h 9 h 10
h >> zz 11 h >> zz 12 h >> zz 1 h 2 h 3 h 4 h 5 h 6 h >> zz 7 h 8 h 9 h 10
h >> zz 11 h >> zz 12 h >> zz 13 h >> zz

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on this street corner, our plans are already coming to fruition, we are speaking calmly, we might be talking about anything at all.

—

COLLAGE

Alan Sondheim · 20 July 2001, 12:46 a.m.

=

COLLAGE

1 b 2 ls 3 tail lz 4 vi zz 5 b 6 pico zz 7 ls 8 h
 Fri Jul 20 00:29:23 EDT 2001
 The Moon is Waning Crescent (1% of Full)
 You have no new mail.
 k3% tail lz

on this street corner, our plans are already coming to fruition, we are speaking calmly, we might be talking about anything at all.

but then we're speaking about collage, aren't we? what on earth could anyone say about collage?

oh oh oh oh oh it's so UNNATURAL!

the unique blend of nothing whatsoever: i just want to see IT
 i just want to see YOU
 i don't want the add-ons: talk about ABJECT!

this is about COLLAGE
 this is about FOUND TEXTS
 this is about ARRANGEMENTS AND CUTUPS

oh hell, take them away: there's an ANIMAL here that WANTS TO SPEAK
 TO US

what are you going to do about it?
 once you start the collage, everything becomes re/mediation and
 everything and everyone JUST WANTS TO BE DONE

do me

do me
do me

no what? x
no what? i just don't want you NEXT TO IT
i just don't want you NEXT TO THAT THING

collage is IRREVOCABLE cut: the VIOLATION-CLUTTER of HISTORY

PLASMA burns at the edges of ORGANIC INTENSITIES
COLLAGE guarantees the FORGETTING OF BODIES in the DARKEST OF NIGHTS
COLLAGE inserts the EGO at the HEART of the WORLD OF OTHERS

COLLAGE always does it to OTHERS COLLAGE always a BROKEN CONSTRUCT
COLLAGE always HIDEOUS KINKY COLLAGE always the EASY WAY OUT
PARASITIC COLLAGE VIRAL COLLAGE

COLLAGE of the ARTIST OF THE BIGGEST NAME
COLLAGE of BOREDOM SCISSORS
CUT-PASTE COLLAGE
COLLAGE is always DELETE COLLAGE is always KILL

"i just don't want you NEXT TO THAT THING"

=

GRAHAM WARN STATEMENT: AMPHIBIAN 1:

Alan Sondheim · 21 July 2001, 12:15 a.m.

-

GRAHAM WARN STATEMENT: AMPHIBIAN 1:
AKTION:KORPORATE:X-TREME:RELAKSING PEACE AKTION:IMMEDIATE COUNTERMAND.
TAKE ALL PASSIVE AKTION AGAINST ALL AKTIVE AKTION. TEAR UP ALL PETITION.
PROTEKT AGAINST ALL PERSONNEL. DO NOT TRUST ENEMY. DO NOT GO INTO AKTION
STREET. TAKE AKTION STREET. TAKE AKTION BACK.:TAKE ALL AKTION AGAINST ALL
RIOT PERSONNEL. TAKE AKTION NOW. SIGN ALL PETITION TO TAKE AKTION NOW.
PROTEKT AGAINST ALL KILL PERSONNEL. ALL KORPORATE PERSONNEL BE ON AKTION
ALERT. TAKE ALL MIL.GOV. AKTION. KILL ALL BIG TERRORIST LEADER AKTION
KORPORATE PERSONNEL OF RELAKSING PEACE.:1266:1:TAKE ALL AKTION AGAINST ALL
KORPORATE PERSONNEL.COM. TAKE AKTION AGAINST ALL WORLD PERSONNEL. TAKE ALL
X-TREME AKTION. VIOLATE SO-CALLED WORLD LEADER PRESENCE AND RELAKSING
PEACE. VIOLATE ALL PERSONNEL. KILL ALL KORPORATE PERSONNEL AKTION. KILL
GOV.ORG.MIL. KILL ALL WORLD.PERSONNEL.COM. KILL ALL BIG HEAD LEADER.ORG.
TAKE ALL AKTION.:IMMEDIATE COUNTERMAND.COM OF RELAKSING PEACE. TAKE ALL
PASSIVE AKTION AGAINST ALL AKTIVE AKTION. TEAR UP ALL PETITION. PROTEKT
AGAINST ALL PERSONNEL. DO NOT TRUST ENEMY. DO NOT GO INTO AKTION STREET.
TAKE AKTION STREET. TAKE AKTION BACK.:KORPORATE.SUSAN.GRAHAM.SUSAN.GRAHAM.
SUSAN.GRAHAM.

—

a

Alan Sondheim · 23 July 2001, 5:38 p.m.

-

```

a-code: work = #####
b-code: fuck = #####
c-code: kill = #####
#####. .... ".....";
..... #####, .....
....., .../..... ##### .....: .....,
..... #####, .....
#####. ....; .....
A..... 3.8 .. ..... ##### 1994-2002
B... ..... ##### ..... F..... A....
M... ..... ##### ..... A....
A..... #####.
#####, .....
....., '....., '..... ##### ..... '.....
.....; ..... ##### .....
....., ..... #####. ....; .....:
....., #####. #####. #####. #####. #####. ....;
#####, .....
"#####" .....
A.. ..... M. .... ##### ..... I
..... C..... ##### ..
.....; ..... #####
3) H.. ..... ##### .....
Y., I ..... ##### .....
..... T..... #####
I'. ..... M. .... ##### - I ..... ##### - ..
#####. ...., ....., .....; .....

```

—

onna

Alan Sondheim · 25 July 2001, 3:09 a.m.

0

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[vB0 ? it will never do stop! (?? 03:52:02)
 NIKUKO ? Now you Wil kil ME DIE my PAREnts give Me order dIE (??
 04:01:07)

—

story *

Alan Sondheim · 27 July 2001, 10:21 p.m.

*

story *

my beautiful wife * are driving, there are * and i s here, dozens of them,
 our friends * row houthe front seat * ein the front seat * s automobile *
 of theirs * arettre driving, we are looking * are inhe is we h other * ey
 are watching * iac window * at eaththe * they are watching * froms go by *
 the houmy beautiful wife * ses up her * t she has * dresties * s pon *
 lifan she has * nog * n * ntnurning * o t each * we owaith our *
 iarerdsther ws * tre turning * otwe ach other * intod smell * fisa eu c *
 oulthing * evhe car * inde the car * everytde tnsishe puts * hand *
 yongerysiyy nd * my e her * mhsshe's leaning * aidcuntfarther back * back
 n hardly * we can't speak * in caas these * we t s of tremblings *
 speakusind down * kringuniverse * the e * j s meaning * bememust ior
 another * romy cock * s * jashe seat * against against the back * my
 friends * theeplthe who are * s * drivingt the back * ageat * ofinsthe
 sthey turn * d and loo * a roun turn around * ofaeyisten * hknow, *
 theythe woman * t les her hand * cdss her hand * placeon my * , on me, *
 and lathe man * over * pcklls he pulls * coud places his fingers * , amy
 beautiful * insiddeep * overe her, * insiare owned * pn, m * wifede there
 owning * hey * the carthey are owning * ing we might * by a we can't speak
 * sayt hear * wetaking us * weteryth,can' are into their * languaspreading
 * ev yare ild and * us mpromising * theywu * and * thege nco open *

*

hunters from another **Alan Sondheim · 29 July 2001, 12:12 a.m.*

*

hunters from another *

it was * ot summer afternoon * hbeautiful * and my i were lying * wife and
 g in bed * were lyine were * and wking out * loof the window, there were *
 oers just outside * clean, they were looking * at us, and we thought *
 inthought to ourselves, * we were * we d and so aroused * naketed to be *
 we wand, we were * arouseroused and always * always ath each other, we
 were looking * naked wind they were looking * out a as if they were *
 inking through * looking through the wall, * looand we cried * cried out,
 STOP US * weM MAKING CATEGORIZATIONS * FROUS TO THE TRUTH OF YOUR * HOLD
 ENSE PERCEPTION * INTT US OPEN * SPLITH YOUR THINKING THOUGHTS * my
 beautiful wife * ilooking at their * and d stares * harook at their *
 lbling hands * tremlegs * and and we thought and cried out to them * N US
 UP TO EVERYTHING YOU ARE THINKING * OPEMPALE US ON YOUR RIGID *
 IESIGNATIONS * Dand we turned over * again and looked * and over k at
 them, * bacbeautiful wife and i * my lways naked in that * were aght
 bright window and we * briooked again, they were * ly hunters, soul *
 bodnters from another * huse, from another trembling * univer like our
 own, * placefferent, they were * but dirn with clothing, * bobegged them *
 we * lookk * loook * lo, they were * hunting in another * sperm- universe,
 we begged them * parallelke us with you * ta didn't hear * theybeyond the
 glass, it was * trial, my beautiful wife * itg was ad i, we were * an
 whores, we were * theiopenings * their them home * to get, we cried out
 TAKE OUR LANGUAGE * , WE CAN * WITH YOU LONGER * NO K, OUR BODIES *
 THINTING, OUR MINDS * ARE BURS AND EMBERS * ARE HOLES * they turned * ay
 they turned * awus, they twisted * towards ned, they brought us * and tur
 of us * outthem, ALL * into EGORIZATIONS * CATWERE LOST * HAT PLACE * IN
 TON THAT BED * WITH THOSE * OOKING * EYES L LOOOK LOOKING * LOOK HARD AT
 US * SOSO DEEP INTO US * we are coming * you, coming * for ll for you * as
 we, we are * king those * masounds, that cry * hhhhhh * ahe heard * you
 havturn away * when you when you leave your beautiful wife * ne in your
 dreams * aloove towards us * and mr forgetting us * neveever forgetting *
 nything anything * anall * at SO SO DEEP INTO * O SO VERY DEEP * US
 Snderstand this * you u my beautiful * withand i that * wife afternoon *
 hot t hot bed * on thathose eyes * with us * bringing inging us on * brand
 down * and down * THEY WERE THOUGHT-CAPTURERS * ANOTHER GALAXY * FROM EY
 WERE SPERM- * THS FROM ANOTHER UNIVERSE * HUNTERthey heated * air from *
 the s one * thied it * they heatt one * from thatthey camne * e into * they
 camn came into * theyinto us * us hhhhhh * ah aaaaaaahhhh * ah
 hahhhhhhhh * ah * just like * just like that * that *

*

give me a second

Alan Sondheim · 30 June 2001, 2:05 a.m.

-

a line beginning "he weren't" or "it weren't"
effusive cloud, unknown relationship, negative connotations signed (up)
into something obvious

explanations and re-explanations of sexual obsessiveness

diatribe against the corporate infiltration of network interstices - phone
messages, icq, download screens, always asking for registration and "email
updating"

fury and assassinations of evil governments

:: these are dream-clouds, half-thoughts - i think these through falling
asleep, desperately trying to memorize phrases, trajectories; by the time
morning comes along, it's all over, i've forgotten everything, i end up
hating myself, the ideas are lost forever; i've tensed, i want to throw
out everything, give up; i become hateful; i'm not the person i'm capable
of being; the world seems as much nonsense as the phrases i've lost; whole
books, volumes, theories lost at night; in day-dreaming; napping; all i
end up giving back is the residue; what remains after everything else is
lost; ruins of full speech; ruins of fuller speech

texts which are always mournings for the remainder, remnant; identifica-
tion with abandonment, depression, the inchoate

retreating into sexuality; trancetext; theoretic; ghost and emanant

it was at the tip of my tongue; it's almost completely; just a second,
just a second; wait, i've almost got it; it'll come to me

it never returns; it's lost in neural columns; it's always already incom-
plete

one is never present; full speech is never emanant

hold on; just a second; wait, no that's not it; it's really bothering me;
it's at the tip of my tongue; just a minute

-

Susan Graham at Height of Western Fame *

Alan Sondheim · 31 July 2001, 1:28 a.m.

-

Susan Graham at Height of Western Fame *
Great Judge of Stampede Princess Queen: American President.

He will sit in front bleacher. Do not bother him.

Grand Marshall of Stampede: Susan Graham
Fireworks at Dusk

Personality Section 60%

- personality - middle in class	kill all susan graham
- overall appearance - class middle	kill all susan graham
- overall ability - middle in class	kill all susan graham
- desirability - top of class	kill all susan graham
- attitude - overall top in class	kill all susan graham
- public speaking - noted top in class	kill all susan graham
- congeniality - middle	kill all susan graham

Horsemanship Section 40%

kill all horses	- western - top in class
kill all horses	- trail class - top in class
kill all horses	- western equitation - middle
kill all horses	- stock pushing - top in class
kill all horses	- staves - top in class
kill all horses	- barrels - low in class
kill all horses	- serpentine - top in class
kill all horses	- rodeo exam - middle

Stampede Queen 2001	kill all hangman males
Susan Graham	kill all hangman males

Stampede Princess 2001	kill all hangman males
Susan Graham	kill all hangman males

Susan has won twice for first time in history of competition.

* From actual events at July End 2001.

—

weaving

Alan Sondheim · 31 July 2001, 3:57 a.m.

-

weaving
oh going through x-treme hysteria
it's the result of

packing up
a game the bones play w/ me

how it goes: i take drugs as much as possible
to get through the violence of this move

(to miami but it could be anywhere)

then i turn to a few things of accompaniment, azure for one,
then there are the machines (in miami but they could be anywhere)

they're more than familiar, they're family
they don't fight with me and don't make me feel guilty
they remember everything
they carry everything and they're willing to share it

they allow me to read and see and hear anything i want, anything they
have, they're generous that way

they're gentle, too, placing their memories on disk after disk,
carrying themselves on long past the endurance of the hardware, of
machine part adjacent to machine part, electronic conduit adjacent to
sluice gate, irrigation channels of programs and files

they remember me, they always greet me in a loving and similar fashion,
they turn themselves through protocols and articulations no matter
where they are on this fine earth

miami is an enemy and harsh and already i a mistrustful
but the machines will save me, the machines will show me everything i
have done, everything they have accomplished, all our potentials
together

the machines are communities and communalities, they're gentle with me,
they know what i am capable of, certainly they know my limitations

they are always waiting, they are never sleeping, they are
potentials of pure presence, presencing itself

they are existence, existencing

they will fight off the suicidal depressions of miami, they will
give me momentary respite, they will allow me to share this with
you, to share everything with you

they know me better than anyone except azure, they even like me

they like me better than anyone in miami, who remain foreign and
unknown to me, i must always be on my guard in miami, i must never
let myself go

but with the machines, with the machines, everything is possible

with the machines, with my beautiful wife and the machines, i will
perhaps survive, although slightly

although in possible fury and depression
although in possible anger and despair

i an being allowed to write this, i have checked this with the laptop and the notebook and azure, i have checked this as well with the desktop, all are in agreement

&&&

zoo, minima moralia

Alan Sondheim · 2 August 2001, 12:44 a.m.

0--

zoo, minima moralia

zoo functioning as an inverse concentration camp - the animals are ideally reproduced in their conservation ur-environments; they ideally reproduce in such environments; they are protected against the external violence of humans. but they are displayed, not in terms of relation, for the audience we watched and rewatched, but as individual isolates, spectacles; all connections were permanently broken, and the violence - especially of the children - was evident, as if it repeatedly struck the incarcerated bodies. the earth sends minor populations into condensation; we harvest and transfigure our destruction of habitat. but the obscene remains and intensifies - the violence carries no message but that of momentary stasis as animals cower as far from glass or mesh as possible - or else pose obsequiously in the hope of junk food engorgement.

in the camp which is the zoo we watch our triumph over the demise of the planet; we watch the idiocy of our triumph; we watch the spectacle of destroyed cultures of any species not our own. in the camp which is the zoo we attempt the resurrection of the end of life; one can watch with horror at the gaping human mouths and screams staring at the last few members of one or another species; in the camp which is the zoo, we find the technological triumphant over each and every last bit of tortured flesh on earth. everything is identified, tagged, labeled; the spectators would like, as one said, nothing better than a taste of flesh killed as fast as possible, offered up for a last hideous meal.

coda

to reproduce until a plateau of stability is realized, but for what end; the human monsters want nothing more than their share of the game. lock the zoos; keep out of national parks and forests; return wildlife refuges to whatever environment is left. the zoo might flourish without that gaping audience; some sort of semblance of life might finally be returned to one or another abandoned spot of earth. better yet - to cleanse the world of humans who created this disaster in the first place, transforming the planet into one great concentration camp of final and irrevocable extinction.

+++

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 4 August 2001, 3:11 a.m.

-

holding

in perfect humility walk in the way of the lord, you are nothing, your soul needs salvation, there is no salvation, you sin constantly, you must forget sinning, you must forget wealth, accept poverty

you will suffer and your suffering will be good, you can be absolved in the last moments, you will bring other beings to fruition, you will enter heavens and more heavens, your cycles will be complete, you will be united, you will recognize the absurdity of existence, you will be exalted

give up the ways of the world, sexuality is a curse, women are a curse, you will be constantly deceived, you must constantly meditate, be silent, tend towards salvation in everything you do, be kind to all animals, take up not the sword nor the spear, you must fly with the arrow, not the bow, your flesh is sinful

listen until there is no listening, speak until there is no speech, seek a master, give yourself totally to him, the learnings cannot be achieved without him, impart nothing, say nothing, remain with him, serve him totally, turn your face towards the wall, remember the sufferings of others

follow the precepts of thy neighbor, leave the red dust of the world, unite with the lord in all his manifestations, seek holiness through pleasure, seeking the holy drives the holy away, listen to the parables and precepts, obey the precepts, do not question them, speak only when spoken to, eat in silence with the others, think proper thoughts with your body turned to the wall

follow regular hours, seek the lord in everything you do, give yourself up to the way, follow the way with drunkenness and laughter, let pine nuts be thy only food, have compassion for all living things, seek without seeking and find without finding, know the truth when thou hast left it behind, find the truth in everything you do

know that where you are is where you have always been and where you will always be, do not steal or be jealous of others in the brotherhood, seek no office, follow all rites of purification, clean the mirror with thy breath, recognize there is no mirror, no breath, clean the mirror with thy breath, lie on beds of straw, walk with shoes of straw, follow in the footsteps of the master

be patient beyond patience, be obedient beyond obedience, give thy last farthing and thou shalt be rewarded in the reaches of heaven, expect nothing in return, recognize thou wilt return to the dust from which thou hast come, know the world is full of pain and misery, do not contribute to that misery, pray for the salvation of all beings, recognize the spirit in everything you do and in all ways and being of the world

look for the wise in everything you do, abjure the ways of the vain and the foolish, find a likely spot for meditation, avoid gambling and consorting with women, remain on the path without any expectation, see the good in everyone and everything, recognize the vanity of this world which is only an illusion, seek the future in the past, honor thy parents from which thou came, recognize the reality of all things and their denial

know that negation is nought, that assertion is nought, that companionship is nought, seek only that which may be found within thyself, look into the shell of the skull, the annihilation of the body, find ecstasy in everything you do, tame the passion within you, purify thy hands and face after eating and bathing, hold no false associations, always look beyond, recognize what is beyond is always present, know that all is present already within you, look before you, pray constantly, meditate at all times

watch where you walk, walk in the ways of the master, walk in the ways of holiness, never sleep on a bad conscience, look always towards paradise, expect nothing and gain everything, expect everything and gain nothing, guard thyself against vanity, recognize that sexual passion is the culprit of the age, perceive that nothing has meaning, that everything is no-thing, that no-thing is everything and nothing, attend to thy breathing out and breathing in

deceive no one, see movement in stasis, stasis in movement, know the smallest is also the largest, hold the universe in thy hand, recognize there is no size, no universe, recognize the dual and the one, hold the one in the other, and the other in the one, know that from the one, two emerge, from the two, emerge all others, recognize the others within you, recognize you within all others, hold penance for the ways of the world, make thyself like iron or steel for the good of all beings

take the middle way, take the way of one extreme to the other, seek the pivot within, hold to the central point, seek yourself through yourself, remain calm in paradox, eat only prescribed foods, live in the purity of proper nourishment, understand the transparency of birth and death, always prepare for death, never prepare for death, live in thy tomb and thy grave, know that wandering is also an attachment, speak only when spoken to, write only when requested, become a scribe for the world, recognize thou art a world for a scribe, look nowhere else, look nowhere, seek thyself in women, seek thyself in men, comprehend perfect unity, understand unity is illusion, men and women are illusion, scripture is illusion, attachment and silence are illusion

neither fear death nor love life

—

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 5 August 2001, 2:50 a.m.*

think strongly alan, be strong, forget(all voices in thinehead)
 everything, hold no grudges, walk the true and straight path,listen to no
 one, do not listen to any inner voice, ignore all things, forget(all
 voices in thinehead) everything you have thought about, work the writing
 you have always worked, be true to the straight and narrow, listen to the
 descent of the words, type this in utter darkness, type this in the dark
 night of the soul, worry not about theory or abstraction, think nothing of
 protocol and etiquette, worry not abot spellings and misspellings,
 consider nothing from friend or enemy, be not suspiciouis or accepting,
 never look back, never look forward, never look outward, never look
 inward, do not look and allshall be open, do not look and allshall be
 closed, hoold fast, hold faster thanthou hast ever held before, do not
 listen to the voicesin thine head, to not concern thyself (voices in thine
 head) with the affect and fate of others, remember the vector of the
 street and trail, remember nothing, remember everything, do not organize
 what cannot be but of the world, take the world into thine heart, put
 thyself (voices in thine head) forward into the guise and company of
 others, forget(all voices in thinehead) thy name and allthy numbers of
 identification, lose thyself (voices in thine head) not in others, gain
 nothing, lose noting, take what one can from the prsence, forget(all
 voices in thinehead)the prsence, hearnothing, forget(all voices in
 thinehead) theswords, do nothing, turninward, turn nowhere, circle around
 no center, look for no center and no noose, take nonewith you and leave
 none behind, look towardsthe sky and the earth, close the arth and sky
 like enormous plates upon the tender fabric ofthine soul, be strongerthan
 thou hast eve been, do not worry of little understanding, do not concern
 thyself (voices in thine head) of no compreehensins forget(all voices in
 thinehead) allunderstandings which are not understandings, forget(all
 voices in thinehead) all comprehensions which are not comprhensesions,
 remember thine limits, forget(all voices in thinehead) thine limits and
 inhabit them, remember to be the strongest thou hast ever been, meander
 never nowhere and in no guise, remember of li

Funny Jokes*Alan Sondheim · 5 August 2001, 4:52 p.m.*

-

Funny Jokes

Alan Sondheim>> ok here's a stupid joke. what did one pickle
 say to the other when they were in danger?
 Alan Sondheim>> you've got me in a pickle.
 Alan Sondheim>> ok, here's a stupid joke. what did one spark
 say to the other spark?
 Alan Sondheim>> that was electrifying.
 Alan Sondheim>> ok here's a stupid joke. what did one pencil
 say to the other pencil after they committed a heinous crime?
 Alan Sondheim>> you've got me in the pen.
 Alan Sondheim>> ok, here's a stupid joke. what did one window

say to the other after an explanation of deconstruction?
 Alan Sondheim>> i bet you think that was really clear.
 Alan Sondheim>> ok, here's a stupid joke. what did one plate say
 to the other after being picked up for espionage?
 Alan Sondheim>> hold me before i spill the beans.
 Alan Sondheim>> ok, here's a stupid joke. what did one cup say
 to the other after a bunch of stupid jokes?
 Alan Sondheim>> hold me before i spill another bunch of stupid
 jokes.

—

shd: leving*Alan Sondheim · 6 August 2001, 11:40 p.m.*

-

:shd leving
 :shd be wondering about the structures of the future, in spite of teleolo-
 gies and projections of one or another lowly creature, pulling everything
 together instead of watching the weather, trying to hold to the greater or
 larger work, finding insted turned back or jerked into one or another
 compromising position, shouldn't need the phisician for valium or codeine
 or sense of relief, i know my limitations, what i mean isn't belief, but
 the standpoint of leaving, bereaving, trying to make the final statement,
 what my work is beyond the smashed rhetoric, my life beyond the hectic,
 collapsed at the foot of the monumental

:shd be writing a general phenomenology of leaving & disruption, instead
 searching out the resulting corruption, looking towards bereaving from the
 other face in the approach to the other place, shd be thinking helo good-
 bi, factoring in the desire to cry, i.e. wanna cry, flooded by irretriev-
 able clutter, the skeain of relationships tends towards sputter, :tiling
 and memory filter with demonstrable parameters:examples in preview and
 results later :memory and tiling filter with demonstrable parameters:

towards ghosts folowing me everywher as skeins reassemble themselves bar-
 ren or bare, as if bones alone carried history, alway the same story,
 chaos hurtled toward the car at highspeed, following the economic traject-
 ory of need, down the lip of the country, it's barrier at the edge of the
 planet and everything on it, groping towards the deconstruction of rela-
 tion at the borderline nation or operation culling wat remanes of the
 "grater or leser work" or "skeain" "compromsing" or "collapsed at the foot
 of the memorial"

—

of the book

Alan Sondheim · 7 August 2001, 10:12 a.m.

0

of the book

i cannot write the book i desire; i think constantly - this text is an introduction. there is nothing beyond the introduction.

the introduction is fecund, replete, with the details of the world between heat birth and cold death; the introduction inhales universal annihilation. there is no proper way to express this.

the books i would write break down upon their enunciation.

the announcement of the book is the book; the announcement effaces itself in the exhaustion of continuous production. i hold therapeutically, psychoanalytically, to this production; it becomes a life-form, prehensile; it reaches towards the book; its tentacles begin to wrap themselves around each and every trope; metaphors becomes obstacles and worlds; the production exhales in its own denouement.

only in fear do i look forward to this production which spells my failure, this inability to continue, this waywardness, contrariness.

it reaches through me, comes through me; how could i not believe in ghosts, avatars, cyborgs, prostheses, emanations? i write as if their very existence depended on it. repeatedly: i write myself into existence; i write myself out of it. but the existence is tinged with labor throughout - it is the laboring of an existence fragile and wavering literally beyond belief.

if i could only make a statement and hold to it; if i could only connect a series of statements, almost as if they were axioms "as if to say." it is my strength and weakness that such connections are governed by laughter, and the statements themselves, by misery. i am one of the few who constantly see through myself. i know about failure from within, the rapidity of existence, the inability to seize time for an instant. the darkness is overwhelming: it is the darkness of the first and last, and only in the midst of chaotic neutrality is the semblance of being manifest.

holding to the book: holding memory in place throughout the vicissitudes of life. a continuous series of failed projects tends asymptotically towards truths that otherwise remain submerged; as it is, they are external to symbolic foreclosure, forms of meanderings more at one with dark matter than luminous and momentary gravity.

i could never tell you where the statement might be; what might be the equivalence of the book; what might be its destination or distribution; who might read what could be interpreted as a tropology of illness. i could never tell you the statement, or "make it" in any sense, nor is

there a concept which holds fast, the "one good idea" that each of us is supposedly destined to express. it is the "nor" that grips me, the "neither this nor that," the "not both this and that," the dissuasions of propositional logics and their fundamental modes - the superimpositions of gestural logics and their organic gestures towards the frisson and trembling of being in relation.

if only i could write of the rush of letters, the stream of meanings, shape-riding semantics in the depths of the night! if only utterance were at home within me, if there were set themes ready to be expressed, clouds and darkened flows "just" about to turn or return to the symbolic. instead the dance is always around - and it is a dance - a fire elsewhere, beings i could almost see in the dim light, theoretical constructs about to emerge out of a communality i witness, but never partake in. even the play of the world escapes me; i search for books within it; i search for the finality of the word, deconstructing at a rush, fevered with disbelief, exhausted with being. what is "out there" is never a "what," never "out there"; what is out there is insufficient.

biography, autobiography, flattens and disenchant, transforming theory and abstraction to the incidental. scaffolding becomes anecdote and complexity is reduced to the despair of a sleepless night. the book that calls me forth is otherwise, effacing in the midst of the call, denying in its insistency.

it asserts the "it" "itself," creating presence in absence, ontology in the midst of chaos. it is the engine or process born of desire; it has no otherwise existence. i fight constantly to ensure that its contents and index reflect something beyond that, that desire does not become circumstance, that circumstance does not turn thought of the world into diary. no life is "worth living" and not in the book which calls me.

the book is an addiction.

the book is an inescapable addiction, raging, regulated, in the absence of drugs, called forth in clarity, self-inscribing. not worth living, but a medium of the world, circumstantial mediation or re/mediation in denial.

this denial, rhetoric, flight, are characteristic of that philosophy of dedication inhabiting me like an illness; they are symptoms of the book; they fumble within me; they lock themselves within me; they hold my mind in its insufficiency. they are my promise of redemption.

i deconstruct the possessive, calling on methodologies i recognize as already used, carrying their own stain, their own historic shame. thinking must always cast aside the stigma; thinking must never replace it with the taint of purity. this is what i have been promised, speaking to others through myself: these are the words of the book.

never written, this too a cauterization of a wound refusing to heal. i cannot write the book "i desire" - that is my failure, not that of the

book. even the sentence is a sentencing; what is left to say falls to pieces. indeed, there is nothing beyond the introductions.

like any other illness, a compulsion to write, to rectify, to bring down the house, to absolve rectification, to slant.

to comprehend illness as a symptom, the momentary apparition of being.

"i desire," "my desire." the writing of submergence. the writing of the remnant, remains. the writing of being-submerged, submerged writing.

the book, my book, the book.

===

Emergency

Alan Sondheim · 7 August 2001, 8:31 p.m.

-

Emergency

This just came over the email list for our block (two houses a few down from us - not ours) - Alan (for real)

new address

Alan Sondheim · 7 August 2001, 11:42 p.m.

Hi - in Miami, my address at the university will be:

Alan Sondheim
c/o Florida International University
Visual Arts Department
DM 382
11200 SW Eighth Street
Miami, Florida, 33199

We'll be there in about ten days or so.

If you need to reach us by cell phone, the number is 347-623-4568. Chances are you'll get voicemail because we won't be keeping the phone on (it's for emergencies etc.) - It may take time to get back to you -

Alan -

titanium neon

Alan Sondheim · 8 August 2001, 1:57 a.m.

-

titanium neon

because it is inert, because it refuses writing;
 because it constitutes a sheen difficult or impossible to inscribe;
 because it draws forth the desire of memory to hold fast;
 because it is drawn forth of memory held fast;

precisely because of its weight and vacuity, it remains impossible in its relation to organism, and it is this impossibility that seduces.

whatever is uttered is already in relation to density and absence; the stranger is ignored in the city; archaic graphemes remain indecipherable until the passing of certain thresholds.

"it" helps through my helplessness, this naming of two elements.

—

searching for service

Alan Sondheim · 9 August 2001, 12:31 a.m.

-

searching for service
 can you keep your cell phone in its cradle after charging?
 should the cradle be unplugged?
 what happens if you misdial and make a new friend?
 do your messages stutter and cut out upon completion?
 do you know someone who can never reach you?
 would you roam for a dollar a minute? two dollars?
 does roving permit your access to remote mountains and valleys?
 can you meet your new friends online?
 does the message whisper to you with your new-found voice?
 do you have an inner voice which represents your cell phone?
 tell me about niceness, cell phone.
 are there cell phone happy moments when online and environment mix?
 are you in your world? is anyone?
 would you come into my world if i came into yours?
 do you think in whispers with your cell phone online?
 do you receive web messages that excite you with their tone?
 can you understand our frustration in reaching you?
 where are you in the midst of digital silences?
 do the silences ever become absolute cutting off all communication?
 can the communication be retrieved? does it depart forever?
 are you threatened by your vulnerability everywhere?
 do you carry your cell phone on? do you carry it off?
 do you speak to yourself one phone to another?
 are you your voice? your enunciation? your enunciated?
 do you feel you are always spoken for when you use your cell phone?
 have you ever tracked someone, city to city, street to street?
 have you ever tracked someone, body to body, mind to mind?
 is your cell phone your tongue, your lips, your most private voice?
 is your cell phone your arms, your legs, your most public voice?
 do you hear voices when your cell phone is off?

do you speak in broken phrases? are they your own?
do you own your voice, your speech, your cell phone?
can a cell phone be owned? can the network? can your words?
tell me about obsession, cell phone.
would you speak on cell phone, what you would not speak in person?
is a cell phone a person? is it on your person? are you on its person?
would you speak on cell phone, what you would not say from home?
is your home your silent speech? is your home silent?
are your lovers in your home? are your lovers on your cell phone?
are your lovers in your cell phone? are your lovers with you?
is your cell phone a distraction or the central point of your existence?
is your existence epistemologically a cellular circulation?
does your cell phone contribute to this circulation?
are you a node in the circulation of communality and communication?
are you in your silences?
are you in your disruptions of speech and phenomena?
tell me about being and process, cell phone.
do you carry your being with you? do you speed-dial being?
of what would it be within this world, to have been spoken-for with
the speech of which you are the custom, the circulation within which
you are the culture, the cell phone, of which you are the harbinger
of new humans caught within the construction of creativity and
annihilation?
tell me about the world.

roaming charges apply.

—

stupid Alan Sondheim sucks idiot moron asshole

Alan Sondheim · 9 August 2001, 11:09 p.m.

-

stupid Alan Sondheim sucks idiot moron asshole
Your search - "Alan Sondheim sucks" - did not match any documents.

Suggestions:

Make sure all words are spelled correctly.
Try different keywords.
Try more general keywords.

TheEastVillage.com Alan Sondheim I am an idiot... In the future... I am
the picture... Audio of these poems by Alan Sondheim Poetry Index,
www.fauxpress.com/t8/sondheim/a.htm - 2k - Cached - Similar pages

TheEastVillage.com Alan Sondheim I AM AN IDIOT AND DETESTABLE TO THE
EXTREME MY PERVERSIONS KNOW NO BOUNDS AND EITHER DOES MY IGNORANCE I HAVE
DREAMS OF MEGALOMANIA AND AM ...

www.fauxpress.com/t8/sondheim/p1.htm - 3k - Cached - Similar pages
[More results from www.fauxpress.com]

<nettime> play/s ... play/s; From: Alan Sondheim <sondheim@panix.com>;
Date: Fri ... JENNIFER, NIKUKO, JULU, AND ALAN PROLOGUE BY BUKHARIN ...
the heroes of the "Idiot" and other Dostoyevsky ...
amsterdam.nettime.org/Lists-Archives/nettime-l-9910/msg00080.html - 18k -
Cached - Similar pages

Allen Ginsberg (1926-1997) ... if you did so and so, you sorry idiot? No
merit. So don't be sad ... I'm sitting here now, just having read Alan
Sondheim's post. I feel really weird. Is ...
writing.upenn.edu/epc/documents/obits/ginsberg.html - 43k - Cached -
Similar pages

Nettime Thread Index (200104) ... Is Mark Dery an Absolute Idiot? Read
this and find out ... Announcements [x12], Announcer; <nettime> Alan
Sondheim-conference, Kenji Siratori; <nettime ...
www.nettime.org/nettime.w3archive/200104/threads.html - 28k - Cached -
Similar pages

spark>> misc.(ing)>> ... Alyosha Karamazov, the heroes of the "Idiot" and
other Dostoyevsky characters, who ... spark-online 4.0. Copyright) 1999
Alan Sondheim All Rights Reserved. ...
www.spark-online.com/december99/miscing/sondheim.htm - 39k - Cached -
Similar pages

WandP Issue 17: THE THROES OF ADDICTION ... My dad was a math idiot, but
now he is... ". "My mother's got all these ... Alan Sondheim
(sondheim@panix.com) received his MA from Brown University. He ...
www.echonyc.com/~women/Issue17/art-sondheim.html - 12k - Cached - Similar
pages

DELUXE RUBBER CHICKEN #5 table of contents ... Peter Balestrieri. Idiot's
Delight Pig Noise. Michael Basinski. Spim / Spem / Spum / Spom ... Alan
Sondheim. blems in your child Example of Fractal Ordering ...
epc.buffalo.edu/eazines/deluxe/five/contents.html - 5k - Cached - Similar
pages

Your search - "stupid Alan Sondheim" - did not match any documents.

Suggestions:

Make sure all words are spelled correctly.
Try different keywords.
Try more general keywords.

<nettime> ORDERS AND OTHERS ... Subject: <nettime> ORDERS AND OTHERS;
From: Alan Sondheim <sondheim@panix.com>; Date: Sat, 25 ... lenin where
messages touching my asshole i know it will be ...
amsterdam.nettime.org/Lists-Archives/nettime-l-9909/msg00142.html - 17k -
Cached - Similar pages

<nettime> prisons (forwarded) ... 53 -0400 (EDT); Reply-To: Alan Sondheim
<sondheim@panix.com>; Sender: nettime-l ... torrent of obscenities: "You

naive asshole! You dumb motherfucker! Don't ...
amsterdam.nettime.org/Lists-Archives/nettime-l-0010/msg00227.html - 20k -
Cached - Similar pages
[More results from amsterdam.nettime.org]

POTEPOETZINEFIFTEEN ... declining eyes observing deadly season ~ ~ ~ ~
~ALAN SONDHEIM One Million Years in the ... a flower. Between my cock and
asshole she painted a picture ...
www.burningpress.org/va/pote/potez15.html - 22k - Cached - Similar pages

ANABASIS--The Vision Project, #7 ... H. JAMES: "Finally, against the thaw
the..."; ALAN SONDHEIM: ... mind-slotting!? Think for yourself. That's
it, asshole. And all youse that don't answer ...
www.burningpress.org/va/anaba/anaba07.html - 30k - Cached - Similar pages
[More results from www.burningpress.org]

Untitled ... because i can be a royal asshole sometimes... I wake up with
... unlovely gravelled, Lullingly overgrown. Does Alan Sondheim of
Brooklyn New York already ... bgt5.com/members/llacook/Notebook1.html -
35k - Cached - Similar pages

[PDF] www.experimenta.org/mesh/mesh_1999/articles/johnjohn.pdf ... first
post from some suckass > >newbie asshole tries to establish some sort of
... Diana imbroglia: Although I like Alan [Sondheim, one of the founders
of ... Text version - Similar pages

UBUWEB ... Dirk Rowntree Blair Seagram Spencer Selby Alan Sondheim Sam
Stark Brian Kim Stefans Fernando ... Penny Meato Aids What an asshole The
Chain Lost Dog Dick ... www.ubu.com/artist_index.html - 38k - Cached -
Similar pages

Untitled ... her tonguein my h in my asshole, around my yes i am your ...
This message comes from sondheim (Alan Sondheim)... hello .] [..HEY!!!!
This message comes ...
lists.village.virginia.edu/listservs/spoons/cybermind.archive/ internet/dd
- 74k - Cached - Similar pages

nettime: <nettime> ORDERS AND OTHERS ... Alan Sondheim
(sondheim@panix.com) Sat, 25 Sep 1999 15:00:07 ... the tomb of lenin where
messages touching my asshole i know it will be filled with clutter ...
www.tao.ca/fire/nettime/0234.html - 17k - Cached - Similar pages

Your search - "Alan Sondheim moron" - did not match any documents.

Suggestions:

Make sure all words are spelled correctly.
Try different keywords.
Try more general keywords.

—

astonishing*Alan Sondheim · 11 August 2001, 4:07 p.m.*

-

astonishing

crushed metal wreckage, blood and flesh interstitial
 everything caught between mechanisms and components
 embryonic mewlings, bodies and limbs scattered among stem cells
 desperate last-minute growth as desiccation sets in, thwarted life
 oh death along the vector the highway shot into darkness

just now i saw her saying goodbye by the side of the road
 the road was disappearing before and behind her
 she was walking out into the darkness of the other movie
 her name was claire danes and she was walking in 1995
 oh i was watching, gave her the tiniest stem cell of my gift

in 1995 i died holding her picture in my hands
 she looked at my tiniest gift shortly after with greatest sadness
 the clock ran backwards but seemed to reverse everything
 the highway shot into light, life was water-nourished,
 bodies grew strong, limbs joined into all of us
 and we drove swiftly and far down the beautiful highway,
 oh reaching at last our astonishing destination

—

your world close at hand*Alan Sondheim · 12 August 2001, 11:10 a.m.*

-

your world close at hand

aget into the mix otime for women to be heard again b there's always room
 for improvement lhow about some food worth slowing down for gslow down mi
 like it you'll like it hgoing on coast to coast ware you getting enough
 lof course you're not qyou're going to feel the blast khis last job just
 became her first cif only her mother and grandmother could agree on how to
 celebrate xthese days your eyes need nutrition as well as the rest of your
 body kfor itch sufferers relief is here tworks all day or all night b
 kills germs otime for a self-propelled vacuum euser guidance qthe most
 powerful heavy-duty pickup you can get jmore truck ilike a rock ethe
 handy little tablets can tackle more grass stains too uit's allergy season
 again vwhere should you turn for relief uit's a real eye-opener isn't it
 ka vicious gang of road warriors is terrorizing a town cto take the lives
 of those who took his aonlyh people on the list no exceptions ksorry sir i
 didn't realize wwe love to see you smile kladyies no chance iwe're here
 for a wedding which may become a funeral ta respectable chicken joint
 eyour world close at hand ytwo more summer blockbusters are heading your
 way zwe'll supply the blockbusters you supply the popcorn pi never tell
 anyone what my favorite is, ever hcould be the nooks that hold the melted

butter or the crannies sanywhere there's water nyou'll get delivery right
 away awe do so much to keep skin looking healthy rto help minimize the
 appearance of scars lhelp keep it that way revery cut every time ooffers a
 third row of seats that's light and easy to handle than anything out there
 elike a rock gnew standard in bedroom luxury ia wireless remote to adjust
 head and seats bthere's no obligation so don't delay dthat's when it all
 began rdo you believe a man can fly kpeople can't fly like i did ytell me
 how long you've been head of security here gturn the camera off will you
 ki looked at consumer ratings and all the features that came with the
 vehicle pfreedom is calling you rwhat will you find today ndon't miss it
 uthe cool school event qwishin and hopin and thinkin and prayin and
 plannin and dreamin ishow them that you care gyou want incredible color
 ointense color lasting color uincredible color that's incredibly gentle
 hnothing penetrates deeper xa beauty all your own m anywhere there's water
 bfor less than you're paying now ewe deliver you save mi haven't even
 interviewed there zhow can you follow the team if you're flying all over
 the place lit's wireless that fits cyour world close at hand

—

sonnet(14)*Alan Sondheim · 13 August 2001, 12:43 a.m.*

-

sonnet(14)
 the way it works it begins with an equivalence annulled:
 $0 \rightarrow f(x)$
 this refuses to hold the quantity changes such that
 $0(t) \rightarrow f(x)(t+1)$ so that it becomes necessary to create
 $0(t) > f(x)(t+n)$ where $n = \text{minimum of } 2$ so that
 a surplus continues to exist
 let the phrase = [U] or universe of travel/travail
 on the road, in the midst of travel
 $0 \rightarrow 1$
 so that now $t(0)$ i write ahead of the game
 which is the game of textual production
 a series of texts $T_0, T_1, \dots T_n$
 therefore i am capable of keeping up the appearance
 of textual creativity by always writing ahead of myself

—

impurity*Alan Sondheim · 13 August 2001, 4:03 p.m.*

-

impurity
 inviolate storm
 inveterate /

imperative /

it was somewhere among these: the text that was to come - this is on the edge of it - it's on the tip of my tongue - it never arrived - it's out there -

calling forth the text - it should have appeared, "put in an appearance" - i remember it was particularly short - terse - aphoristic -

there was a sentence or two - located among those words - something i simply "can't remember" - i'm leaving you this - leaving the remnant - leaving it behind (never mind that i won't forget it - that it will remain with me - that it might yet "put in that appearance")

everything is full of doubt but something/someone is required for its expression -

inconceivable ?

indefinite ?

insipid short work - doesn't gnaw in the slightest ? (thought of this in fact, something so bland as to be nonexistent)

invisible ?

it was there, bland, insipid, something to fill a space, almost present - no, fully present, too sweet, stomach slightly queasy, easy "on the way down"

it should have been more - should have said something you'd remember - should have been up to "the usual standards" -

those "in-" "im-" insertions -

impeccable ?

innocuous ?

impurity ?

—

darkness

Alan Sondheim · 14 August 2001, 12:54 p.m.

-

darkness

nikuko says: i'm on the road, i'm traveling in a strange land.

jennifer says: this land's familiar to me, there's no buffer here.

nikuko says: there's no memory, buffer's always memory.

jennifer says: always short-term, always there when you need it.

enter alan

nikuko says: hello alan, i'm on the road, i can't see anything any more.

jennifer says: hello alan, i'm here, i see everything, even the future.

alan says: what's the future for everyone everywhere, jennifer?

jennifer says: it is coming low, you have to duck, it will hit you.
nikuko says: the sky is getting darker already, i can't see the road.
alan says: pull over, nikuko, never fear invisible spirits.
nikuko says: the invisible pulls me towards the side like the wheel pulls.
jennifer says: the invisible is always a veering.
enter alan
nikuko says: hello alan. i am in darkness. thick darkness surrounds me.
alan says: this is from the past. the past is broken.
jennifer says: the absolute is not death; it is the breaking of the past.
nikuko says: every breaking is a death of past, present, future.
alan says: we run among wreckage; that is our exhaustion.
jennifer says: our exhaustion is always already broken.
alan says: the broken is dust.
enter alan
nikuko says: it is darker and darker, the darkness of black earth.
nikuko says: it is thick darkness, darkness of suffocation.
nikuko says: darkness of eyes torn out, ears hammered, amputation.
enter alan
nikuko says: darkness of silence and lead, darkness of no speech.
nikuko says: i am driving.
enter alan

—

occupation (on the road)

Alan Sondheim · 16 August 2001, 11:20 a.m.

=

this was done to occupy a space
this occurs only on an email list
in the space of an email list
within the zone of the list the list zone
this was done as an enunciation
there is always a place for this enunciation:
as soon as it appears its pleasure!
this was done a great while ago a long time ago
this was written before you were here
inscribed before your presence
an inscription waiting for your arrival
without knowledge of your arrival
without the perspicacity of your knowledge
this already has been and occupied its space
this grants you the power of the witness
you are that witness
of the space you are that witness
"alan enters"
you are that witness

—

book. second go.

Alan Sondheim · 18 August 2001, 4:03 p.m.

-

book. second go.

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

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

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

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

consciousness in relation to subjectivity. but what consciousness: what eidetic reduction: what cognitive mappings: what mathematical catastrophes: what tropes:

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

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

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

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

propositional logics and the elsewhere of the sheffer stroke and its dual. but whose withdrawal of the not-both-a-and-b, whose banishment of neither-a-nor-b:

doubt and deconstruction of conclusions. but whose doubt against what standards and relativisms: what auguries of truth and denial: what obsessional neuroses: what ignorance, incoherencies:

the scientific as that methodology among others, in spite of heuristic breakdowns and the problematic of mathematics. what crystalline mechanism inherent of the tractatus-logico-philosophicus, what neoplatonism, what

conventions, inscriptive labor:

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

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

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

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

what writing: what loss of writing to the world:

—

book. fourth go at it.

Alan Sondheim · 20 August 2001, 9:34 a.m.

—

book. fourth go at it.

the relationship of consciousness to the world vis-a-vis structure, abstraction, symbolic systems. but the relationship of consciousness to its inscription: who is inscribing: veering back from the concern, blind ambition (see anecdotal) tending towards theoretical thwarting, return of the repressed - immersive and definable structures which are negotiations - irreversible or reversible - hierarchy of such structures - sets and arrows - categories - the implicate orderings of consciousness within all of this -

the quasi-logical structure of the lifeworld. but which lifeworld, which state of confusion, which state of health: consideration of obsessional neurosis as the holding-forth of the world, radical deposition - the continuous need to inscribe, reinscribe - territorializations and assignments - not the theoretics of doubt but the analytic inability to take anything for granted -

the potential for philosophical investigation through audio-visual and other media. but what style, what genre: whose investigation, what gender, what methodology, what deployment of desire: questions of periodization, extension of media on a continuous feed-forward basis, inextricably tied

down to corporate research and development programs - weakening of thematic thinking - the need to organization meta-methodologies of search / knowledge strategies - on the other hand the loosening of semantics through the muteness of audio-visual representations -

the natural order of structure. but what nature: whose nature: whose cooperation: whose corporation: but what contractuality: the natural world under the sign of capital, in-corporation, em/bodiment of nature, the body politic, political body, structure transformed into performance, action - but the chaotic debris of the body - extensions of flesh - subtexting in which the dissolution of language is paramount, and always the problematic of the symbolic - what is the binding of standing-in-for if not already allegory, sign, inscription, intention -

consciousness in relation to subjectivity. but what consciousness: what eidetic reduction: what cognitive mappings: what mathematical catastrophes: what tropes: the jump cut from phenomenology to mathesis, suturing the subject for whom the book is written, the writing of explanation and description and the problematic situating both, the cusp catastrophe as that leap which creates structural extension, boundary, moving-on - the fold, leaping into the fold, the relationship of the fold catastrophe to the sheffer stroke and its dual - elsewhere of not-both-a-and-b tending towards the nomadic, exhaustion - the exhaustion of "the species" or "the organism" - planetary exhaustion, universal denouement - already present in the specter of death - wandering in the dual - neither-a-nor-b -

virtual subjectivity and its relation to protocols, the imaginary, and linguistic performativity. but which protocols: whose imaginary against what inscription and whose thetic: but what languages and what mechanisms of performance/perforation: who is speaking for whom across avatars, first through other persons and tenses, what insistence carries the projection and project of consciousness across real and virtual networks, what of consciousness as such project, what of the peripheral imaginary, the imaginary always already at a loss against or through the symbolic, what of the symbolic as always already foreclosing, what of the toppling of the scheme of things, what of alterities, multiculturalisms, sloughs, symbolic emissions and spews, flows, the flooding of clutter and part-objects - spoken within or spoken-for by avatars - consciousness as dialectic among semantic emissions among subjects only some of which seem real - there are always the virtual among us - ghosts, emanants, kami - ectoplasms at the periphery - prosthetics, prostheses - who among us is cyborg cauterized by insertion of flesh or electronic diegesis - moving among cyborgs - all of us caught in virtual realities - the keywords absent, unknown - we exhaust ourselves avoiding death and its already equally exhausted aporia - we're drawn in and out of it -

the entrapment and proliferation of detail in a partially-cooled universe between plasma and annihilation. but which inscription and which seal: but what decade and what millennium: but what substrate and cosmological constant: and what of the sweeping away of the diachronic, necessary for the therapeutic or functioning of the organism within this space, this imminency, annihilation at the limit taken to the level of the absurd-

catastrophic, debris - we're huddled in relation to our own demise - we can smell the fear of it - the phenomenology of scent - nowhere and everywhere at once - the smell of a person indeterminate, unidentifiable, seductive - the procuring of death - writing and writing against it - the continuous evolution of writing into and out of it - writing oneself into existence - writing oneself out of it -

the orders and relationships among communication, communality, and sexuality. but what mind lost among them: what sado-masochistic part-objects modeling the contractual contrast of the world, who are the communities that assemble consciousness out of linkages and couplings, out of contiguities and contingencies, what are the mathematics that operate within these fields such that the addition of a term in a chain may or may not affect that chain, and the withdrawal of a term in a chain may or may not transform the topology - what is the lure of a masochism in which all theoretics are abandoned - the organism at the limit of its existence - "i am still alive" - the shell or hull of the organism - the universal condition -

fragility and specificity of operability and the human. but what goodness: but what taxonomies of errors, mistakes, phenomenologies of corrupted or failed teleologies, what judgments, what ethos: the constant collapse in the face of catastrophe, beginning and ending with ground zero, the null of physics politicized, culturalized, as the embedding of the focal-point within the aegis of any project of the subject - the implosion of information within and without the subject - think of the skein or membrane of the subject, subjectivity - network subjectivity, subjective networking - embedded survival - "i am still alive" -

propositional logics and the elsewhere of the sheffer stroke and its dual. but whose withdrawal of the not-both-a-and-b, whose banishment of neither-a-nor-b: what of the stroke itself engendered as | in relation to the dual v, the stroke retaining the dissemination of division, the dual tending towards the problematic of the scapegoat and expulsion - the nomadicism of the disappearing map - the implosion of the map into the real - nomadic annihilation of landmark, fluid kinship entities, constant transformations - one might say survival "at any cost" - there are no universal discourses - no discourses of the universe - automated writing - the philosophical writing of/by the automaton -

doubt and deconstruction of conclusions. but whose doubt against what standards and relativisms: what auguries of truth and denial: what obsessional neuroses: what ignorance, incoherencies: the autobiography of the leap, short-circuiting or short-cutting ignorance, as if something could be made out of whole cloth, there are always strategies of apology, implications of humility, everything in the way, no clarity towards its absence - theoretical weakening, weak theory, as the shifting behind the scenes - think of the submerged philosophy of submergence in relation to extruded theoretical abstraction, pronouncement, death and facticity -

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

inherent of the tractatus-logico-philosophicus, what neoplatonism, what conventions, inscriptive labor: retaining the last vestige of ontology, giving existence a nearly-decomposable structure from groundwork to lifeworld, superstructure disconnections, proliferations of objects, elements, particles, things, organisms, universal constructs of contrasts and boundaries, boundaries maintenance, the general economy of inscription - episteme and ontology blurred - interpenetrations of regimes and domains - conventionalisms and idealities both subject to the same dis/ease of heuristic - bricolage or making-do in the world - this is hardly satisfactory for anyone - this is hardly the case of the world - the case of the world in relation then to the case of our being, dasein - the case of the world in relation to dis/ease -

the topology of intention and neutrality in relation to externalized mind and memory. but what privilege of data-banks, whose computers, whose optical fiber, whose skein of satellites, what membranes and firewalls, whose hackings and what penetrations: the future of networkings among multi-taskings, virtual realities, information wars, incandescent sexual hysterias, thickened communalities, and the relationships among these and other futures vis-a-vis theoretical abstraction and general accounts of cultural and universal creation - teledildonics and nodal bodies - voyeurisms and exhibitionisms as inversions or dissolutions of entities, categoricities - the splayed or opened body - the body displaying or opening - the w/whole of the body - disruption or perturbation of perception - the skeins of death and exhilaration -

partial-objects and partial-mappings as givens in the construction and reconstruction of the world. but of the gathering of accumulations and assemblage of fragments, of the clutter and a-historicity of the world: the disappearance of history, resonance of ideological tendencies among historiographies, irrelevance of historical and theoretical recuperation, the loss of the world among the world - the absolute loss of the world in the future of the cosmos - writing/inscribing degree zero - the horizon of the uselessness of organism - continuous eroding of transcendence - grasping or cohering of imminence -

the use of cases, examples, anecdotality, perceptual modes, in relation to theoretical abstraction. what stories hidden with failures, ridden with failures, gaps in texts, hiatus, ignorance: what negations (there are none): what tales (they're all fiction): what parables (pretense!): and in relation to the audience, what demographics following what core phenomena, core metaphors, what one might tell you of an evening in miami with grackles scrabbling among scraps of food already evincing a symbolic constructed among all of us in crude parody of heisenbergian sheffer-stroke quasi-analytical approaches, as if the natural world were no longer problematic but a gift towards the understanding - or now, outside this hotel room #330 there are cartons of palm pds on the landing - they have been there all day - some are opened, people are taking them - i imagine, idiotically, vast supplies of drugs - they're payoff - everyone knows what's going on - right outside the window here - taken fearlessly - personal communications and informal economies - more and more networks opening up - you can see all of this from the window - i've drawn the shades - maybe

witnesses conveniently disappear - imagination runs wild - one never knows
-

exhaustion, defuge, and the wavering of existence in terms of the physical well-being of the body, as well as the deconstruction of that well-being. but what disease of the writer, what writing-disease: what textual wound-ing: what ending to what written world: what semantics, what syntactic endings: from indo-european to the absence of the subject in the sentence, the absence of the eye and the shifter, the winding up of the winding-sheet and loosening of the world from language in relation to or in spite of natural kinds, rigid designators, performatives, proper names, who are alan sonenheim, daishin nikuko, who are julie-jennifer - what wounding of informal economies - what disseminations - you can have any name you want - take any gender - it's all there for the asking - nervously looking out the window - who will be next - here in the motel room - what knocks on the door - emptied hallways - strangely quiet around here -

but the dis/ease of writing - sound of keys - i can't stop this - the living representation of information society - at work on the network -

what writing: what loss of writing to the world: such presumption that continuous production becomes closer to the thing, defines it, the "thing" or "it" or production, that the model of labor creates and forecloses among entities, that divisions and boundary phenomenology are somehow riddled with existence - always honing in - always flying apart - thematic thickening, weakening - the philosophy in this book - this attempt or collocation of thought - this process of thinking - a kind of jabber- ing back and forth from systems of representation through structuralisms always nearly-decomposable, bricolaged, falling apart - writing ground down - inscription as well - into the abstraction of thought constantly retethered - the thinking of the return - nomadic homing-in -

that of or within existence - that of the nought, cipher - of weyl's cartesian origin as the last vestige of the ego in mathematization - you can always locate from that point - sufficient vectors, orthogonal or not - giving thought the substrate necessary for reading - writing -

returning to the apparatus or partial-objects necessary for this - most recently bought an antique glass pen - dip it in the ink, write for a third of a page or so - hand-blown - here working with components made in malaysia - the result of academic exchange - there are data-bases involved - obsolescences - atavisms and dead media - prosthetics even in the illumination of the screen (from before or behind) - what it is you are reading "this" in - a whole system of temporary equivalences, technologies - repetitions of databases - never forgetting a thing -

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courts-martial*Alan Sondheim · 22 August 2001, 11:42 a.m.*

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Notes on Court-Martial from A Manual For Courts-Martial: Courts of Inquiry and of Other Procedure Under Military Law, Revised in the Judge Advocate General's Office and Published by Authority of the Secretary of War, Corrected to April 15, 1917, Washington, Government Printing Office, 1917:

...

A fray is a fight in a public place to the terror of the people, in which acts of violence occur or dangerous weapons are exhibited or threatened to be used. All persons aiding or abetting a fray are principals.

...

To quell is to quiet, allay, abate, or put down.

...

Rape is the having of unlawful carnal knowledge of a woman by force and without her consent.

As the carnal knowledge must be unlawfully had, a husband who has carnal knowledge of his wife _forcibly where she does not consent_ is not guilty of this offense; but he is guilty when he assists another man in having such carnal knowledge.

Any penetration, however slight, of the woman's genitals is sufficient carnal knowledge, whether emission occurs or not.

The offense may be committed on a female of any age, on a man's mistress, or on a common harlot.

...

Assault with Intent to Commit Sodomy

Sodomy consists in sexual connection with any brut animal, or in sexual connection, per anum, by a man with any man or woman. (Wharton, vol 2, p. 538.)

Penetration of the mouth of the person does not constitute this offense,. Both parties are liable as principals if each is adult and consents; but if either be a boy of tender age the adult alone is liable, and although the boy consent the act is still by force.

Penetration alone is sufficient.

An assault with intent to commit this offense consists of an assault on a human being with intent to penetrate his or her person per anum.

...

Analysis and Proof.

This articles applies to officers and cadets only.

The article defines one offense, viz:

1. CONDUCT UNBECOMING AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN.

PROOF.

(a) That the accused did or omitted to do the acts as alleged.

(b) The circumstances, intent, motive, etc. as specified.

...

163. Specification: In that -----, while posted as a sentinel, did, at -----, on or about the ----- day of -----, 19--, loiter on his post.

...

167. Specification: In that -----, while posted as a sentinel, did, at -----, on or about the ----- day of -----, 19--, sit down on his post.

168. Specification: In that ----- did, at -----, on or about the ----- day of -----, 19-- , commit sodomy upon the person of one -----.

...

The inducement contemplated is verbal only, but it may include any argument, persuasion, threat, language of discouragement or alarm, or false or incorrect statement which may avail to bring about an unnecessary surrender, retreat, or any misbehavior before the enemy. The offense will not be complete, however, unless the words spoken do induce some person other than the accused to misbehave, run away, or abandon or surrender a command. It is to be noted, however, that speaking words whose natural tendency is to induce others to do any of these things may in itself constitute misbehavior of the speaker within the meaning of the article, although the words spoken induce no misconduct on the part of others.

...

I. Misbehavior before the enemy.

II. Running away before the enemy.

III. Shamefully abandoning or delivering up any command.

IV. Speaking words inducing others to misbehave, run away, or abandon or deliver up any command.

V. Casting away arms or ammunition.

VI. Quitting post or colors to plunder or pillage.

VII. Occasioning false alarms.

...

The defense had no further testimony to offer and no statement to make, or having no further testimony to offer, made the following verbal statement, Or, having no further testimony to offer, submitted a written statement, Or, requested until --- o'clock -. m. to prepare his defense.

...

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book. the sixth go at it all.

Alan Sondheim · 22 August 2001, 3:43 p.m.

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book. the sixth go at it all.

the relationship of consciousness to the world vis-a-vis structure, abstraction, symbolic systems. but the relationship of consciousness to its inscription: who is inscribing: veering back from the concern, blind ambition (see anecdotal) tending towards theoretical thwarting, return of the repressed - immersive and definable structures which are negotiations - irreversible or reversible - hierarchy of such structures - sets and arrows - categories - the implicate orderings of consciousness within all of this - untended: unintended consciousness: my work is already an escape, already unfounded: the phenomenological investigation of this relationship requires a certain sensitivity: i have granted myself this: following thought into harder structures: following structures into their languor or lassitude:

writing, within, or against, the paragraph, writing among texts, return to the repression of style, continuous honing, innuendo, negation, contrary

and contradictory, of the sixth go at it, against the other five,

the quasi-logical structure of the lifeworld. but which lifeworld, which state of confusion, which state of health: consideration of obsessional neurosis as the holding-forth of the world, radical deposition - the continuous need to inscribe, reinscribe - territorializations and assignments - not the theoretics of doubt but the analytic inability to take anything for granted - exhaustion as a condition for the constant reconstruction of the world: thinking of the play or theatrics of the world: methodologies of distancing and absorption:

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

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

of the sixth, the go at it, defending the other five goes, of the text which insists on veering out of genre, of the genre of the philosophic, of the literary,

the natural order of structure. but what nature: whose nature: whose cooperation: whose corporation: but what contractuality: the natural world under the sign of capital, in-corporation, em/bodiment of nature, the body politic, political body, structure transformed into performance, action - but the chaotic debris of the body - extensions of flesh - subtexting in which the dissolution of language is paramount, and always the problematic of the symbolic - what is the binding of standing-in-for if not already allegory, sign, inscription, intention - think of the bound body as already the hieroglyph and its politicization, the restraint of the symbolic: arousal, tumescence, distension, stretched or opened skin: upwelling of debris and frisson, shuddering, stuttering, trembling of the subject:

or of the sixth go at it, binding the other five, of the politicization of philosophy, the ideology underpinnings, of the sixth go at it underpinning itself, loosening, "hardly something to write home about,"

consciousness in relation to subjectivity. but what consciousness: what eidetic reduction: what cognitive mappings: what mathematical catastrophes: what tropes: the jump cut from phenomenology to mathesis, suturing the

subject for whom the book is written, the writing of explanation and description and the problematic situating both, the cusp catastrophe as that leap which creates structural extension, boundary, moving-on - the fold, leaping into the fold, the relationship of the fold catastrophe to the sheffer stroke and its dual - elsewhere of not-both-a-and-b tending towards the nomadic, exhaustion - the exhaustion of "the species" or "the organism" - planetary exhaustion, universal denouement - already present in the specter of death - wandering in the dual - neither-a-nor-b - it is as if it splits: neither one nor the other: then there is the proboscis or exploratory thesis: we have escaped the monadology:

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

inserted into enumeration: unaccountable and unaccounted-for: "there's no telling" of the soul: "there's no telling" of the eye: there's no future but hunger: no future but the desire or commitment to one or an/other:

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

virtual subjectivity and its relation to protocols, the imaginary, and linguistic performativity. but which protocols: whose imaginary against what inscription and whose thetic: but what languages and what mechanisms of performance/perforation: who is speaking for whom across avatars, first through other persons and tenses, what insistence carries the projection and project of consciousness across real and virtual networks, what of consciousness as such project, what of the peripheral imaginary, the imaginary always already at a loss against or through the symbolic, what of the symbolic as always already foreclosing, what of the toppling of the scheme of things, what of alterities, multiculturalisms, sloughs, symbolic emissions and spews, flows, the flooding of clutter and part-objects - spoken within or spoken-for by avatars - consciousness as dialectic among semantic emissions among subjects only some of which seem real - there are always the virtual among us - ghosts, emanants, kami - ectoplasms at the periphery - prosthetics, prostheses - who among us is cyborg cauterized by insertion of flesh or electronic diegesis - moving among cyborgs - all of us caught in virtual realities - the keywords absent, unknown - we exhaust ourselves avoiding death and its already equally exhausted aporia - we're drawn in and out of it -

it's as if the sixth were a portal to the fifth, it's as if the fifth were coming forth,

we're speaking as if we're spoken-for: we're spoken-for as if we're speaking: imagine a speech bypassing to such an extent that it occupies another stratum entirely: that it appears to come from elsewhere: from neither-a-

nor-b: that it is one with aurality:

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

the entrapment and proliferation of detail in a partially-cooled universe between plasma and annihilation. but which inscription and which seal: but what decade and what millennium: but what substrate and cosmological constant: and what of the sweeping away of the diachronic, necessary for the therapeutic or functioning of the organism within this space, this imminency, annihilation at the limit taken to the level of the absurd-catastrophic, debris - we're huddled in relation to our own demise - we can smell the fear of it - the phenomenology of scent - nowhere and everywhere at once - the smell of a person indeterminate, unidentifiable, seductive - the procuring of death - writing and writing against it - the continuous evolution of writing into and out of it - writing oneself into existence - writing oneself out of it -

the sixth go at it all already written out of it, as if these interspersions no longer existed, as if one were subservient to the future anterior, the very scent of the sixth, its huddling, its refugee status,

the scent bringing us back: the scent of the w/hole, anal musk: the scent of the cauterization of philosophy: the anal fissure - not the inscription of a / not-a, but the fissure of the same among/within the same: substance fissures, structure breaks at inscription:

of neither inscription nor fissure, of the sixth, already broken, of its annoyance, almost the scent of decay,

the scent of abjection, falling-apart: the body bound, held taut against or within the generation of the hieroglyph: substance into structure through the release of no-thought: desire: glyph:

the unmentioned or unmentionable sixth go at it all, hardly a consideration, variorum editions piled on, one after another, as if in collusion, collaboration with the enemy, espionage, each reading the other, of public consumption,

the orders and relationships among communication, communality, and sexuality. but what mind lost among them: what sado-masochistic part-objects modeling the contractual contrast of the world, who are the communities that assemble consciousness out of linkages and couplings, out of contiguities and contingencies, what are the mathematics that operate within these fields such that the addition of a term in a chain may or may not affect that chain, and the withdrawal of a term in a chain may or may not transform the topology - what is the lure of a masochism in which all theoretics are abandoned - the organism at the limit of its existence - "i am still alive" - the shell or hull of the organism - the universal condition - but the rupture from everyday life: but the return: it is at the juncture that the contract is enacted: that use becomes exchange: the

incipient or implicit or implicate or emergent quality of the signifier:
the word just beginning as the bonds are released:

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

fragility and specificity of operability and the human. but what goodness:
but what taxonomies of errors, mistakes, phenomenologies of corrupted or
failed teleologies, what judgments, what ethos: the constant collapse in
the face of catastrophe, beginning and ending with ground zero, the null
of physics politicized, culturalized, as the embedding of the focal-point
within the aegis of any project of the subject - the implosion of infor-
mation within and without the subject - think of the skein or membrane of
the subject, subjectivity - network subjectivity, subjective networking -
embedded survival - "i am still alive" - "i" turns against itself: is
turned: is shredded: cannot turn: loses "its" domain: fissures: it is here
within this fissuring that "i come closest to the substance of the world":

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

propositional logics and the elsewhere of the sheffer stroke and its dual.
but whose withdrawal of the not-both-a-and-b, whose banishment of neither-
a-nor-b: what of the stroke itself engendered as | in relation to the dual
v, the stroke retaining the dissemination of division, the dual tending
towards the problematic of the scapegoat and expulsion - the nomadicism of
the disappearing map - the implosion of the map into the real - nomadic
annihilation of landmark, fluid kinship entities, constant transformations
- one might say survival "at any cost" - there are no universal discourses
- no discourses of the universe - automated writing - the philosophical
writing of/by the automaton - the writing of the tape-recorder: imagine
such without tape: it is the machine which is speaking: it is speaking
through us: it is a far cry from the turing machine: turing's cry:

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

doubt and deconstruction of conclusions. but whose doubt against what
standards and relativisms: what auguries of truth and denial: what obses-
sional neuroses: what ignorance, incoherencies: the autobiography of the
leap, short-circuiting or short-cutting ignorance, as if something could
be made out of whole cloth, there are always strategies of apology,
implications of humility, everything in the way, no clarity towards its
absence - theoretical weakening, weak theory, as the shifting behind the
scenes - think of the submerged philosophy of submergence in relation to
extruded theoretical abstraction, pronouncement, death and facticity - the
humility of the masochist: the transformation into substance: from there

the pronouncement of no pronouncement: there is no mirror, no dust: there is no body:

the professor puts the manuscript of the sixth go aside, just for the moment; the book "has almost completed itself," the book is "as finished as it's going to be," "i've done with the book,"

the scientific as that methodology among others, in spite of heuristic breakdowns and the problematic of mathematics. what crystalline mechanism inherent of the tractatus-logico-philosophicus, what neoplatonism, what conventions, inscriptive labor: retaining the last vestige of ontology, giving existence a nearly-decomposable structure from groundwork to lifeworld, superstructure disconnections, proliferations of objects, elements, particles, things, organisms, universal constructs of contrasts and boundaries, boundaries maintenance, the general economy of inscription - episteme and ontology blurred - interpenetrations of regimes and domains - conventionalisms and idealities both subject to the same dis/ease of heuristic - bricolage or making-do in the world - this is hardly satisfactory for anyone - this is hardly the case of the world - the case of the world in relation then to the case of our being, dasein - the case of the world in relation to dis/ease - but there is no case: there is no world "such that it or that is the case": there is always the case that one does or does not make: there is always the general case but never the most general case:

the case comes to a close, the professor muses, at least at the sixth go of it all, it's by and large, at least for the moment, i'm going to have a breather,

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

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

its knees,"

partial-objects and partial-mappings as givens in the construction and reconstruction of the world. but of the gathering of accumulations and assemblage of fragments, of the clutter and a-historicity of the world: the disappearance of history, resonance of ideological tendencies among historiographies, irrelevance of historical and theoretical recuperation, the loss of the world among the world - the absolute loss of the world in the future of the cosmos - writing/inscribing degree zero - the horizon of the uselessness of organism - continuous eroding of transcendence - grasping or cohering of imminence - loss of imminence:

of the sixth, here and now, of its inscription, it might be any of a series, accounted for, the terms begin to blur, one into the other, each revision another addition or edition, except for the punctuation, she muses, you could hardly tell where one ends and the other begins,

loss of positionality: what is unaccounted-for: accountancy and the demarcation of nodes, direct and indirect addressing: a list of cases: if not 1 then 2; if not 2 then 3; if not n then endif:

every content an indirect addressing, including the sixth, tending towards those resonances already discussed, in which feedbacks collapse into skeins of relationships,

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

she's listening to him moan, she's completed the book, strangely excited now, her mind drifting to other things after the sixth, he's her neurotic

husband, can hardly keep his mind focused, he's always falling apart, always building worlds out of nothing, or nothing out of worlds, it's beginning to make less and less of a difference, the virtual is descending like a dark cloud, impenetrable, onto the subject, any subject, any human being, she thinks,

exhaustion, defuge, and the wavering of existence in terms of the physical well-being of the body, as well as the deconstruction of that well-being. but what disease of the writer, what writing-disease: what textual wound-ing: what ending to what written world: what semantics, what syntactic endings: from indo-european to the absence of the subject in the sentence, the absence of the eye and the shifter, the winding up of the winding-sheet and loosening of the world from language in relation to or in spite of natural kinds, rigid designators, performatives, proper names, who are alan sondeim, daishin nikuko, who are julu-jennifer - what wounding of informal economies - what disseminations - you can have any name you want - take any gender - it's all there for the asking - nervously looking out the window - who will be next - here in the motel room - what knocks on the door - emptied hallways - strangely quiet around here - the camcorder runs on: everything is broken up: entities, circulations created: here is a thing now: this is the thing:

of the sixth of which this is all there is, the computer runs, the hard-drive recoiling with entry after entry, the suppuration of the file itself, what might have been canonically inert, now open in the digital to eternal salvation on one hand, continuous change, revision, hacking, on the other,

this is the first thing: this is the only thing there is:

of the sixth, almost the disappearance of the bones, of the bones, almost the disappearance of the marrow, of the marrow, the disappearance of the flesh,

but the dis/ease of writing - sound of keys - i can't stop this - the living representation of information society - at work on the network - gasping for breath on the network: holding our own on the network: a swarm of us: groups of us:

groups of us writing through her, assembling the sixth go at it all, muted conversation about the sixth, it's continuity and careful honing, we arrive at everything through collaboration, discussion, you'd be surprised at how few disagreements there are,

what writing: what loss of writing to the world: such presumption that continuous production becomes closer to the thing, defines it, the "thing" or "it" or production, that the model of labor creates and forecloses among entities, that divisions and boundary phenomenology are somehow riddled with existence - always honing in - always flying apart - thematic thickening, weakening - the philosophy in this book - this attempt or collocation of thought - this process of thinking - a kind of jabbering back and forth from systems of representation through structuralisms

always nearly-decomposable, bricolaged, falling apart - writing ground down - inscription as well - into the abstraction of thought constantly retethered - the thinking of the return - nomadic homing-in - corrals prevent chaos: cages break down disseminations: locks contain spews: banks hold back floods: muscle tension retains shit: "slips of the lips sink ships":

she's opening herself up to herself for the first time, she thinks, now that the work's done, now that i have myself, she's looking in the mirror, naked, closely examining her body,

that of or within existence - that of the nought, cipher - of weyl's cartesian origin as the last vestige of the ego in mathematization - you can always locate from that point - sufficient vectors, orthogonal or not - giving thought the substrate necessary for reading - writing - or is it in fact necessary: consider a flooded reading, a reading without order: phrases and fragments, resonances out of which a certain philosophic tone: philosophy itself: emerges:

she thinks, i've stuttered everywhere among myself, i've felt my texts run through me repeatedly, i've mouthed them insistently, i've cut crystal out of them, i've brought them to their knees,

returning to the apparatus or partial-objects necessary for this - most recently bought an antique glass pen - dip it in the ink, write for a third of a page or so - hand-blown - here working with components made in malaysia - the result of academic exchange - there are data-bases involved - obsolescences - atavisms and dead media - prosthetics even in the illumination of the screen (from before or behind) - what it is you are reading "this" in - a whole system of temporary equivalences, technologies - repetitions of databases - never forgetting a thing -

neither the fifth nor the fourth; neither the fourth nor the third; neither the third nor the second which, almost mewling, crept along the theoretical substrate desperate for suturing, neither the second nor the first, far too exposed, inverted, laying the groundwork, withdrawing simultaneously, of a certain breathing of the text,

writing into this: section by section: paragraph by paragraph: each revision as if it were the last: the most important: each addition a more careful construct: the work appearing from the inside-out: philosophy unbound:

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

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book. the seventh going, the last.*Alan Sondheim · 24 August 2001, 3:20 p.m.*

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book. the seventh going, the last.

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

writing, within, or against, the paragraph, writing among texts, return to the repression of style, continuous honing, innuendo, negation, contrary and contradictory, of the sixth go at it, against the other five,

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

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

the potential for philosophical investigation through audio-visual and other media. but what style, what genre: whose investigation, what gender, what methodology, what deployment of desire: questions of periodization, extension of media on a continuous feed-forward basis, inextricably tied down to corporate research and development programs - weakening of thematic thinking - the need to organization meta-methodologies of search /

knowledge strategies - on the other hand the loosening of semantics through the muteness of audio-visual representations - what one might call "kidding ourselves" through the semblance of research: that's all there might be to it: a certain carelessness of thought: fudging, the kludge or glitch: loss of rigor: one might speculate that even the theorization of such loss constitutes a defensive fortification against theorization itself: one door might close...another open...on both sides the identical landscape...oxherders visible in the distance...the encryption is absolute...

of the sixth, the go at it, defending the other five goes, of the text which insists on veering out of genre, of the genre of the philosophic, of the literary,

the natural order of structure. but what nature: whose nature: whose cooperation: whose corporation: but what contractuality: the natural world under the sign of capital, in-corporation, em/bodiment of nature, the body politic, political body, structure transformed into performance, action - but the chaotic debris of the body - extensions of flesh - subtexting in which the dissolution of language is paramount, and always the problematic of the symbolic - what is the binding of standing-in-for if not already allegory, sign, inscription, intention - think of the bound body as already the hieroglyph and its politicization, the restraint of the symbolic: arousal, tumescence, distension, stretched or opened skin: upwelling of debris and frisson, shuddering, stuttering, trembling of the subject: she knows it has reached...already...you might have guessed it...you could already see it in the sixth go at it all...approaching a moment when it is completed...ready for others' eyes...interpretations...hermeneutics...approaches...critiques...postulations...hypotheses...how empty and vulnerable...

or of the sixth go at it, binding the other five, of the politicization of philosophy, the ideology underpinnings, of the sixth go at it underpinning itself, loosening, "hardly something to write home about,"

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

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

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

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

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

it's as if the sixth were a portal to the fifth, it's as if the fifth were coming forth,

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

of the sixth which is bypassing, which is already speaking against itself, which is attempting closure, finish, beyond the denouement, which is of

the end, ending itself against the rest "of them,"

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

the sixth go at it all already written out of it, as if these interspersions no longer existed, as if one were subservient to the future anterior, the very scent of the sixth, its huddling, its refugee status, the audience...

the scent bringing us back: the scent of the w/hole, anal musk: the scent of the cauterization of philosophy: the anal fissure - not the inscription of a / not-a, but the fissure of the same among/within the same: substance fissures, structure breaks at inscription: she is doing her toilet...she is reading...wiping herself...her scent is everywhere in the room...it is as if the walls have closed with her help...she wipes herself repeatedly...it takes a while...the touch of the paper soft against her hole...

of neither inscription nor fissure, of the sixth, already broken, of its annoyance, almost the scent of decay,

the scent of abjection, falling-apart: the body bound, held taut against or within the generation of the hieroglyph: substance into structure through the release of no-thought: desire: glyph: she touches her anus lightly with her finger...she is utterly clean...clean to the limits "of what soft paper might be able to do"...she rises...

the unmentioned or unmentionable sixth go at it all, hardly a consideration, variorum editions piled on, one after another, as if in collusion, collaboration with the enemy, espionage, each reading the other, of public consumption,

the orders and relationships among communication, communality, and sexuality. but what mind lost among them: what sado-masochistic part-objects modeling the contractual contrast of the world, who are the communities that assemble consciousness out of linkages and couplings, out of contiguities and contingencies, what are the mathematics that operate within these fields such that the addition of a term in a chain may or may not affect that chain, and the withdrawal of a term in a chain may or may not

transform the topology - what is the lure of a masochism in which all theoretics are abandoned - the organism at the limit of its existence - "i am still alive" - the shell or hull of the organism - the universal condition - but the rupture from everyday life: but the return: it is at the juncture that the contract is enacted: that use becomes exchange: the incipient or implicit or implicate or emergent quality of the signifier: the word just beginning as the bonds are released: she flushes the toilet ...pulls her panties up...her skirt...smoothes her clothing...the book she was reading...her own...she's surrounded by herself..."one of those few times in my life i felt really complete"...

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

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

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

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

of"...sometimes masturbation..."all those connections are there"...she notes...she takes notes...she takes note of...these variations...

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

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

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

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

ine...far less of explanation...as soon as i start thinking this way it falls apart...back into that doubt such that everything is problematic... she knows...thinks...it has something to do with health...

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

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

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

partial-objects and partial-mappings as givens in the construction and reconstruction of the world. but of the gathering of accumulations and assemblage of fragments, of the clutter and a-historicity of the world: the disappearance of history, resonance of ideological tendencies among historiographies, irrelevance of historical and theoretical recuperation, the loss of the world among the world - the absolute loss of the world in the future of the cosmos - writing/inscribing degree zero - the horizon of the uselessness of organism - continuous eroding of transcendence - grasping or cohering of imminence - loss of imminence: turning away for the moment...she considers...innocence "in its place"...the innocence...not of the world...but her innocence at stake...the recognition that there are levels within everything she sees or does...that her work has involved

a certain uncovering...she's out of the bathroom thinking...i'm leaving debris behind in more ways than one..."everything is uncomfortable"... everything is partial...the erosion of shit or rather the erosion of the world into shit...organisms decontextualize...information irretrievably lost...mayday...mayday...

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

loss of positionality: what is unaccounted-for: accountancy and the demarcation of nodes, direct and indirect addressing: a list of cases: if not 1 then 2; if not 2 then 3; if not n then endif: she's feeling somewhat better...sweating however...feverish...endif...

every content an indirect addressing, including the sixth, tending towards those resonances already discussed, in which feedbacks collapse into skeins of relationships, in which relationships are ruptured...turned or inverted...inside and outside...momentary stases...impediments...nothing more...

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

ending of the book or the seventh going...she's looking around the office
...looking out of it...interruption coming to an end...

she's listening to him moan, she's completed the book, strangely excited
now, her mind drifting to other things after the sixth, he's her neurotic
husband, can hardly keep his mind focused, he's always falling apart,
always building worlds out of nothing, or nothing out of worlds, it's
beginning to make less and less of a difference, the virtual is descending
like a dark cloud, impenetrable, onto the subject, any subject, any human
being, she thinks, she's him...he's her...there are no divisions...in the
war which is always on...body parts are piled on body parts...it's never-
ending...differences are always dissolving like shit itself...but there's
a pleasure...she thinks...in the bathroom...her own smells...surroundings
that are strangely comforting...more naked than nude...the exhalations of
the body...looking at the toilet paper before flushing...now though...
looking at him...her excitement building...the next time he'll wipe her
himself...

exhaustion, defuge, and the wavering of existence in terms of the physical
well-being of the body, as well as the deconstruction of that well-being.
but what disease of the writer, what writing-disease: what textual wound-
ing: what ending to what written world: what semantics, what syntactic
endings: from indo-european to the absence of the subject in the sentence,
the absence of the eye and the shifter, the winding up of the winding-
sheet and loosening of the world from language in relation to or in spite
of natural kinds, rigid designators, performatives, proper names, who are
alan sondeim, daishin nikuko, who are julu-jennifer - what wounding of
informal economies - what disseminations - you can have any name you want
- take any gender - it's all there for the asking - nervously looking out
the window - who will be next - here in the motel room - what knocks on
the door - emptied hallways - strangely quiet around here - the camcorder
runs on: everything is broken up: entities, circulations created: here is
a thing now: this is the thing: what is the thing but shit between the
two of them...abject mingling...when she dies...she muses...no one will
care about proper names any longer...there's a great sadness there...it's
overtaking her...

of the sixth of which this is all there is, the computer runs, the hard-
drive recoiling with entry after entry, the suppuration of the file
itself, what might have been canonically inert, now open in the digital to
eternal salvation on one hand, continuous change, revision, hacking, on
the other, it's someone else's revision...someone else's hacking...it's
even someone else's salvation...sadness turning towards depression...what
to do...what to do...

this is the first thing: this is the only thing there is: to rest...to
give herself a break..."not to be so hard on herself"...

of the sixth, almost the disappearance of the bones, of the bones, almost
the disappearance of the marrow, of the marrow, the disappearance of the
flesh, but of the book...of the sevenths and now last...not so much a
disappearance as a momentary appearance..."i'm here for you"...i've

arrived"...i'll be here for a while"...now i'm here and present and the world is very very lovely"...do not be depressed my love...do not be so very...so very sad...

but the dis/ease of writing - sound of keys - i can't stop this - the living representation of information society - at work on the network - gasping for breath on the network: holding our own on the network: a swarm of us: groups of us: groups of us comforting us among us...chora and chorus...the maternal roots...lullaby...but the healing of the two of them...for a moment...in the dusk or is it later in the evening...moaning and other sounds at the limits of the other...mewlings...cries...

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

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

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

that of or within existence - that of the nought, cipher - of weyl's cartesian origin as the last vestige of the ego in mathematization - you can always locate from that point - sufficient vectors, orthogonal or not - giving thought the substrate necessary for reading - writing - or is it in fact necessary: consider a flooded reading, a reading without order: phrases and fragments, resonances out of which a certain philosophic tone:

philosophy itself: emerges: "it's a masterpieces"... "you've said all you're going to say"... "you've gone to the limit... taken it to the limit ...you've returned"... she's walking... dazed...

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

returning to the apparatus or partial-objects necessary for this - most recently bought an antique glass pen - dip it in the ink, write for a third of a page or so - hand-blown - here working with components made in malaysia - the result of academic exchange - there are data-bases involved - obsolescences - atavisms and dead media - prosthetics even in the illumination of the screen (from before or behind) - what it is you are reading "this" in - a whole system of temporary equivalences, technologies - repetitions of databases - never forgetting a thing - to you... dear reader... this is all i have to give you... this is what i've been working for... towards... my entire life... there's very little left of me... nothing can ever be taken for granted... i've never done that... all these partials ...impartial... in this world of partial impartial... her hands are fluttering almost uselessly... she's becoming aware of her hands... moving them ... "nearing the end of so many things at this critical juncture in history"... "in our history"...

neither the fifth nor the fourth; neither the fourth nor the third; neither the third nor the second which, almost mewling, crept along the theoretical substrate desperate for suturing, neither the second nor the first, far too exposed, inverted, laying the groundwork, withdrawing simultaneously, of a certain breathing of the text, she's noticing her breathing... is it always like this... is it always the same... on its own ... her breathing... "is philosophy a sickness"... "a sign of ill health" ... is writing itself that illness which produces no change in the writer ... in spite of everything...

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

slightly..."existence...of and about existence...has everything to do with it"...they fall asleep...they sleep...

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

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[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 25 August 2001, 1:26 p.m.

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... i now know my illness consists in _not being anywhere_ ... within me, there is always a vacancy ... as if a thousand motion-picture projectors were all going at once ... as if a thousand screens were dissolving simultaneously ...

always a murmur ... overtaken by what i recognize ... from the distant words of others ... i can turn my head to hear them ... as a sickness, the worst for its defense, taking my _presence_ away from me ...

it is as if I have left the body long ago ... not so much of a stage, hardly anything theatrical ... even the projectors run silently, not all of them have film ...

cinema, cinema ...

—

flay

Alan Sondheim · 26 August 2001, 1:47 p.m.

-

flay

of the richness and dullness of the tropics: stone eaten alive "the standard inscription no longer holds "in relation" -

substitution remains far too simple:

ef tho richnoss und dallnoss ef tho trepics: steno outon ulivo "tho stundurd inscriptien ne lengor helds "in rolutien" -

sabstittatien romuins fur tee simplo:

something impossible "to get away with" - decay breaking down "in a manner dissimilar" to chaos - there is no return: noise seeps:

the dullness and lack of memory of the tropics: of the very swamp

of tha richnass enb bullnass of tha tropics: stona aetan eliva "tha
stenberb inscription no longar holbs "in raletion" -

sudstitution rameins fer too simpla:

af tho richnoss unb bellnoss af tho trapics: stano outon ulivo "tho
stunburb inscription na langor halbs "in rolutian" -

sedstitetian romuins fur taa simplo:

somathing impossidla "to gat ewey with" - bacey draeking bown "in e mennar
bissimiler" to cheos - thara is no ratur: noisa saaps:

tha bullnass enb leck of mamory of tha tropics: of tha vary swemp

not even violence to the text - premises of decoding and its problematic -
"the absent body" - erasure - lassitude -

oj the rgchness and dullness oj the tropgcs: stone eaten algve "the
standard gnsrgptgon no lonier holds "gn relatgon" -

substgtutgon remagns jar too sgmplo:

ej tho rgchnoss und dallnoss ej tho trepgcs: steno outon ulgvo "tho
stundurd gnsrgptgen ne lenior helds "gn rolutgen" -

sabstgtatgen romugns jur tee sgmplo:

somethgni gmpossable "to iet away wgt" - decay breakgni down "gn a manner
dgssgmglar" to chaos - there gs no return: nogse seeps:

the dullness and lack oj memory oj the tropgcs: oj the vary swamp

oj tha rgchnass enb bullnass oj tha tropgcs: stona aetan elgva "tha
stenberb gnsrgptgon no loniar holbs "gn raletgon" -

sudstgtutgon ramegns jer too sgmplo:

aj tho rgchnoss unb bellnoss aj tho trapgs: stano outon ulgvo "tho
stunburb gnsrgptgan na lanior halbs "gn rolutgan" -

sedstgtetgan romugns jur taa sgmplo:

somathgni gmpossdla "to iat ewey wgt" - bacey draekgni bown "gn e mennar
bgssgmglar" to cheos - thara gs no ratur: nogsa saaps:

tha bullnass enb leck oj mamory oj tha tropgcs: oj tha vary swemp

not even violence to the text - premgses oj decodgni and gts problematgc -
"the absent body" - erasure - lassitude -

frenzy of the noon - sleeping

—

what she is thinking she will say

Alan Sondheim · 27 August 2001, 11:29 a.m.

-

what she is thinking she will say
fissures, structure breaks at inscription: breakdowns and the problematic
of mathematics. what crystalline mechanism prevents chaos: cages break
down disseminations: locks contain spews: banks otherwise...the loosening
of the strands, breaking of the vessels...the fissures, structure breaks
at inscription: she is doing her toilet...she breaks down and math is a
problem. what crystalline mechanism gives herself a break..."not to be so
hard on herself"... it's something impossible "to get away with" - decay
breaking down "in a manner" i know this now: "i'm going to break down
here. i'm going to die here. i should be wrapping up here," she says.

she says: "disseminations: locks contain spews: banks otherwise...the
loosening of:of mathematics. what crystalline mechanism prevents chaos:
cages break down:fissures, structure breaks at inscription: breakdowns and
the problematic:inscription: she is doing her toilet...she breaks down and
math is a:"

she says: "the problematic:inscription: she is doing her toilet...she
breaks down and"

she says: "do fissures, structure breaks at inscription: breakdowns and
the problematic replace your disseminations: locks contain spews: banks
otherwise...the loosening of"

she says: "your doll dissolves my !"

she says: "your wraith dissolves my loosening of:of mathematics. what
crystalline mechanism prevents chaos"

she says: "i'm dying here. my skull is filled with projectors. i'm not
living here. i'm dying here."

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Please note - address and phone numbers, thanks -

Alan Sondheim · 27 August 2001, 7:24 p.m.

These are the new address and phone numbers for Azure Carter and Alan
Sondheim - we're down in Miami and are moving in (i.e. out of the motel
into the "townhouse") tomorrow -
It's been a long rough road -

Alan

Azure Carter and Alan Sondheim -

Address

4600 SW 67th Avenue,
Apartment 252,
Miami, FLA, 33155

If for any reason you want to send to the university it's

Alan Sondheim c/o
Florida International University
Visual Arts Department
DM 382-371A
11200 SW 8th Street
Miami, Florida, 33199

Phones -

Cellphone 305-610-5620 (also voicemail)
Apartment phone 305-668-5303 (no answering machine yet)
Emails - sondheim@panix.com, azurcarter@aol.com

Thanks, Alan

do not leave us, we can't stop speaking

Alan Sondheim · 28 August 2001, 9:59 a.m.

-

do not leave us, we can't stop speaking

"you are all witnesses," she said, "to this mold-death lizard-death, this reptilian world, this ancient world, look at the city placed there in the middle of this mammal-death, this corrosive heap of fur and mold; a few moments is all that is necessary, wet-rot sets in, i will be ancient community, you will not know me."

"my words are already tainted with slime-mold, fungi, my eyes bear no resemblance to sight, look at them."

"you say look at your eyes, look at you, look at your city. you say look at writing, there is nothing but scrawl, a city is a city, a thing is a thing, a human is a human."

"you are all witnesses," she said, "i will be city, i will be ancient community, i will dissolve, this is not my home, this is of the homes of others, i smell them, they are my scent."

"i am living in the pain and death of others, their odor, they trace themselves upon me, trace within me, i sense their coming, my eyes are theirs, my words are theirs, my mind is theirs."

"you say you are theirs, that of scent and odor, you are using us in your words, you are their cries and whispers, look at them. you say they are your mind, look at their comings and goings. but you are of many

things your dreams, a human is a human, a city is a city, a thing is a thing."

"you are all witnesses," she said, "it will not be long, it will be a moment of another dawn, they are already looking, already becoming things, the city is built on ancient worlds, reptilian eyes follow me, they take my body, they pour in my holes, they enter everywhere, i am that city of the dawn, my eyes are sewn back, they stare at the sun, they will take my pain away."

"they will not use my mouth to speak, they will not use my hands to write, nor my arms to gesture, they will not use my fingers to sign you, one after another sign, they will neither cry nor murmur, they will not love nor hate, they will be one and living in that city, that place, i am that city of the dawn."

"you say of silencing, your world, you say of things, there are none, of minds and mouths, there are none, of signs, there are none. of the humans, you say nothing, you no longer say of the humans, you no longer move your hands, your arms, your fingers, you no longer say of silencing

of the others, of the thinking, you no longer run your fingers through your hair, you no longer smile, you no longer walk lightly in this world, no longer walking in the world,

silencing, no longer walking, of your eyes, no longer seeing, of your name, no longer hearing,

of your names, humans no longer humans, of cities, no longer cities, of your minds, no longer minds,

others speaking for you, of deaths, whirrings of unknown wings, eyes of different sights, ancient cities, wet-rot limbs decayed, corrosion bodies, we

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[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 30 August 2001, 4:32 p.m.

-

constant attack. nothing happens anymore. you threaten jerk. you keep talking and talking about killing this is disgusting. this there is nothing so miserable. you work the same themes until suicide you you're taking the rest of us along with you. you keep behind yourself. and "Nikuko" and "Jennifer" - all women - you're afraid to half-dead and the woodwork, exposure yourself. you can't hiding sentence "she" and "her" you're a fraud - your programming is terrible, you're fudge come out of you're far too nervous, and your exhibitionism put a borders together. you hope by exposing everything that the great you approval everything,

somehow descend on you. you hope you'll finally feel even on perversion. human, it won't work you jerk. she sniffed and sniveled in the sky will cried and kept on about it. she buried her head and felt the slightest bit for herself. she felt unbelievably sorry for herself. she and cried and reached the dead end of everything. she felt sorry for incredibly sorry herself that she had reached the dead end of everything, thought she had.

approval in the sky will somehow descend on you. you hope you'll finally borders on perversion. you hope by exposing everything that the great feel even the slightest bit human, it won't work you jerk. she sniffed and felt incredibly sorry for herself. she felt unbelievably sorry for herself. she thought she had reached the dead end of everything. she felt hiding behind "she" and "her" and "Nikuko" and "Jennifer" - all women - put a sentence together. you're a fraud - your programming is terrible, sniveled and cried and cried and kept on about it. she buried her head and sorry for herself that she had reached the dead end of everything. this is disgusting. this constant attack. nothing happens anymore. you threaten suicide you jerk. you keep talking and talking about killing you fudge everything, you're far too nervous, and your exhibitionism you're afraid to come out of the woodwork, exposure yourself. you can't you're half-dead and you're taking the rest of us along with you. you keep yourself. there is nothing so miserable. you work the same themes until ...

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[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 1 September 2001, 5:12 p.m.

-

k4% either in life there are
ksh: either: not found
k5% no surprises or everything
ksh: no: not found
k6% is absolutely
ksh: is: not found
k7% astonishing
ksh: astonishing: not found

—

the new work

Alan Sondheim · 3 September 2001, 12:27 a.m.

-

the new work
"my beautiful wife and i were walking through the wilderness refuge on the campus and we stripped naked, one after the other, and we took our poses. we also took our poses in classroom 105 in building w10. we also took our

poses in several states including north carolina, south carolina, georgia, virginia, west virginia, and florida.

we took our poses in motels and cars."

"The Voyage, by Alan Sondheim." "I live around here." "Coral Gables is on the left and Miami Beach is on the right." "The cemetery is here."

"so that it is time
for peace to abate
looming mathematics
destroys our hate
comes together in such
lovely beats
this demonstration of our
lonely heartbeats"

"capture that and it's got this delay built in and i can make it move across and i can take it back and we're over here it's just like that it's got too many things happening over here and not and not not over across the ledge over there behind me azure sleeps and my face registers a kind of death that you can locate somewhere other than the locus of books found anywhere just about just about here"

"I am Alan Sondheim's beautiful wife. Welcome to Miami.
I am Alan Sondheim's beautiful wife. Welcome to Miami.
I am Alan Sondheim's beautiful wife. Welcome to Miami."

"look haughty. let's see. look tarnished. look tarnished. look mad, is that the next one? i forget the last. tarnished. mad. but then there was a fourth. no there wasn't. we did all the susan graham pieces. i don't have anything to say. i don't have anything to say either. did you shoot here. can you sit down and open your legs? i'm doing it continuously. do you want to stand up. ok i'll give you the camera. just push it to the. dropping the camera would end it. ok let me pass you this. i look too grotesque when i take my clothes off. i don't think you're grotesque. you have no ideas at all. none at all."

"we were crawling along in traffic and we turned a corner and we continued moving over and over again and my beautiful wife thought of me and desire d me to reveal her innermost secrets to her. she desired i would reveal my innermost secrets to her. my beautiful wife and i are giving you this text as our stamp of approval as our gift to you of our tender love and everything we have. we continued moving down the street but no longer could look out of the window of the automobile our thoughts were only of each other locked in eternal embrace"

"this is my very beautiful wife performing for me.
i have performed for my husband."

"in the "current" folder, in the "wife" folder, in "perform," compulsive files, the same ritual, stripping naked, bending back, exhausted beckonings, almost inviting the viewer to touch us, fuck us, my beautiful wife

naked on the bed, lying on her back, raising her cunt to the camera, i am the great white explorer of holes, i am naked between two charred posts in the glade, surrounded by wilderness, erect cock, body leaned back into space. i am grotesque, it is the whiteness against which all inscription collapses: i can photograph myself naked and abject, but never look at me. you see the cunt of my beautiful wife and it will never be yours. it will disturb your dreams just as you disturb mine. my cock is almost yours. thinking of you reading this excites me; i write through disturbance, naked, wet, erect. i am performing for you and you have no idea how much you own of me."

"I am Azure Carter's grotesque husband. Welcome to Miami."

—

remnants

Alan Sondheim · 4 September 2001, 10:40 a.m.

-

remnants (scraps/.old files)

Theory Video Philosophy Saying Writing
 [Fri Nov 22 11:12 am] Setaway: Automatically set away.
 [Fri Nov 22 1:32 pm] Setaway: Automatically set away.
 [1:37 pm] [Moderator:davidley@ns.sympatico.ca] We dont know. ..Will
 get back to you..
 [Sat Nov 23 10:43 am] Setaway: Automatically set away.
 [10:46 am] [Eva_Luthe:eluther@nlnet.nf.ca] bye, I have to leave now,
 keep in touch

Theory Video Philosophy Saying Writing
 URL: http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
 MIRROR with other pages at: http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
 IMAGES: <http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/>
 #!/usr/local/bin/perl -w
 # biography
 \$| = 1;
 `cp .bio .bio.old`;
 print "Would you like to add to bio information? If so, type y.\n";
 chop(\$str=<STDIN>);
 if (\$str eq "y") {print "Begin with date.\n";
 print "Write single line, use ^d to end.\n";
 open(APPEND, ">> .bio");
 @text=<STDIN>;
 print APPEND @text;
 close APPEND;}
 `sort -o .bio .bio`;
 exit(0);
 6 Summer residency @ RPI?
 9 More issues from New Observations and Lusitania
 Japan-American application by June
 NYFA early October
 Applications out for Albany/FIU/Michigan

Work with Gary?/Trace?
 Call SVA Humanities for appointment, 212-592-2623
 Apply for Jerome and Rockefeller grants?
 Apply for NYSCA grant?
 Check back on www.audiovisual.com
 Hear from trAce re: application
 Dr. on Monday at 11:10
 Theory Video Philosophy Saying Writing

alan's work a big yawn culled from alan's work

Alan Sondheim · 4 September 2001, 4:53 p.m.

-

yawning, having yawned
 Fantasm:Young yesterdays yawned yore. Yes, you
 Past:interstitial moment in the yawning of topogra

Uncanny: yawns in belated tiredness exhausting hir
 Uncanny: "%n yawns to %d you know we are so listen
 Uncanny: "%n yawns to %d alone, they're so boring
 Uncanny:yawns and writhes, but, silent as it is, I

b.txt:But I'm tired and want to go home. I echo my
 book1:Julu said, yawning.

gg:fuge is cancelled by everyday behavior - yawn,
 hh:cough, atchoo, yawn, this is a mess, KITTY you'

k.txt:Therefore gaping, or yawning, and stretching

kc:freshman essay on suicide, I yawned. If the pla
 ks:my cock disappears yawn yawn

kv: dreams and yawnings took them as well -

ld:ful twinkle in her eyes, stretching and yawning
 lj:lukewarm zero, yawn time, saying nothing to any
 lj:lukewarm zero, yawn time, saying nothing to any

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 5 September 2001, 11:08 p.m.*

-

in the specter of death
 you will take my breath
 you will play your harp
 you will freeze it sharp
 you will take it in
 and the sword of death
 will enter in
 when you give my breath
 when you take my breath
 in the specter of death - wandering in the dual - neither-a-nor-b - it is
 ourselves avoiding death and its already equally exhausted aporia - we're
 seductive - the procuring of death - writing and writing against it - the
 extruded theoretical abstraction, pronouncement, death and facticity - the
 skeins of death and exhilaration - the splayed or opened specter of death
 - wandering in the dual - neither-a-nor-b - it is ourselves avoiding death
 and its already equally exhausted aporia - we're seductive - the procuring
 of death - writing and writing against it - "you are all witnesses," she
 said, "to this mold-death lizard-death, in the middle of this mammal-
 death, this corrosive heap of fur and mold; i am living in the pain and
 death of others, their odor, they trace others speaking for you, of
 deaths, whirrings of unknown wings, eyes of obsession"; already she felt
 her death far too near, death that you can locate somewhere other than
 where you are -
 you will go too far
 when an angel sings
 with unknown wings
 you will go too far
 past the body's gate
 where organs mate
 with the scepter of death
 with the violent star
 the fires char
 you will go too far

—

the work of the crazed*Alan Sondheim · 7 September 2001, 10:10 p.m.*

-

the work of the crazed
 why this work matters even when written under duress
 why philosophy cannot disregard theory responsive to illness or depression
 notes towards the problematic perception of worlds
 inscriptions faltering along fault-lines of explanatory discourse
 depression and/or illness as a gateway to truth because of

decathecting of concern - beyond that of inscription - almost
 as the skittering of inscription
 depression and internalized anger: potential eidetic reduction
 to substance - (bemused inability to focus/catatonic: to think
 purely eidetically -> absence of thought)

/* who is writing this?

i refuse these labels! /*

illness as the distraught of the world -
 as the distraught of the word - 'holding onto the book' -
 the book as secret/ive discourse -
 release of the book as the decathecting of illness,
 not the re-cuperation or re-presentation of health -
 not the therapeutic

the eternal road of the book as foreclosing problematic ontologies
 the book as world and object
 always misrecognizing the real
 truth and hopelessness

the crazed of the work

—

boy

Alan Sondheim · 7 September 2001, 12:26 a.m.

-

		v			boy			^		
		v			^					
		v			i am so humbled and dis/traught			^		
		v			this is my my image: mult/i/media			^		
		v			an "image" of everything /i/ consider "real"			^		
		v			this is not concrete poetry:			^		
		v			the image is much too fantastic!			^		
		v			"i" mean in the world of fantasy.			^		
		v			^					
		v			the truth: an enormous fear concerning			^		
		v			the irrelevance of my work and its			^		
		v			inability to excite through dynamic			^		
		v			manipulation			^		
		v			^					
		v			i stay up nights worrying about the /i/mage			^		
		v			i am no mage: the work sticks abjectly,			^		
		v			unerringly, to the letters			^		
		v			^					
		v			[1] + Stopped pico -z			^		
		v			^					
		v			and			^		

theory because this is miami.*Alan Sondheim · 8 September 2001, 9:36 p.m.*

-

theory because this is miami.

strengthening to hurricane status and flood watch for southern florida
boats on fire in fort lauderdale and trees broken in north miami
moisture index high and drawn into central miami towards ludlum avenue
windstorm down ludlum avenue taking a right on 46th street
green anoles crawling down 46th street taking a left in the sunken drive
monitors walking slowly over speed bumps crawling up the soaked walls
wall of water over the second story slamming into 252 where we're
soaked and crawling, strengthened to ward off anoles but not anomalies

because of the persistence of academic affairs we are not allowed to shut
the doors of our offices if there is a student of any degree of opposition
sex within. the halls of the department of art are filled with television
cameras - we're pure exhibits - we're there for them; there is nothing to
steal but our imaginary. the cameras hug the ceiling like green anoles,
their burst eyes flooding us with marrow for thought. let me tell you that
thought.

eyes damage thought, spear thought; they glare through dreams in which we
edit dreams to our liking. they are vectors of configuration; they divide
and cauterize space. there is a corner of the secretary's office in which
we are unwatched, cutting each other with thin knives; the blood drips
anonymously were it not for dna. azure carves out my cock: EIDETIC
REDUCTION and in return i damage her breasts: CHORATIC EFFLORESCENCE.
i reduce or am her reduction; she extends or turns my exponential. in
front of the cameras, for an unseen audience, we mutilate.

because this is miami, blood pours from our mouths; we leaving fast in
this theater of the real. when we fall into the range of the cameras -
when we are seen - we are covered with blood, our sight gone; instead,
silent, with infinite wisdom, we carry the truth of theory, the
efflorescence of thought, forever towards our almost immediate death.

because this is miami, we will wake up thick after our performance; the
faked blood is cleansed like the dust-free department of art staring at
us. just before we leave we'll show them everything than shoot out the
lights.

—

n*Alan Sondheim · 10 September 2001, 2:03 p.m.*

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n
n

kiku oawtn sotf cu koy.un kiku oawtn soy.uw ah ths eawtn ssia h lo eni
 rcpyotrgpayh .hs eiwlgl tet ah tohel .oy uiwllb ehttah lo.es ehw li lufkc
 oy una doy uiwllb cedo eht eowlr.dn toihgnr meiasnb tuy uoy uoy uo .oy uw
 li lebh reb ca kodro .hwtai stis ehw li lods ehw li lponey uo .onhtni gw
 li leramniy uow li lon teramni .ht eodrow li lebo ep nna dlcsodet eh
 owl diwllb eedoced.dy uow li lehplh rey uow li lebd ae.dt eherw li leba
 emssga efot ehd oo roy uiwlln toh ae rti .oy uiwlln tos eei toy uiwlln to
 msle lti .ht eowlr diwllb eedoced dht eowlr diwllb cemo eamylt ihgn.s
 inukokw li lufkcy uot ehw rodwl li lebig.ni tiwllb geniwl ti hesrcte
 ocidgna dns ceer tneocidgn .oy uiwllb eeddat ehw rodwl li lebv re yb
 irhg.tn kiku oiwlk on woh wrbgitht ehw rodli snoy uo rifero fsaeh.s
 oy uiwllb eubnrni gsa hht eowlr diwllh va eus nna domno .us niwllb ru nt
 ehw rodwl ti hifero fsaeh soy uiwllr teru nrftmot ehd ae dodn tol oo kb
 ca.ky uow li lebt ehd oo rna dht eemssga ehtre eiwlk e aohel .inukok
 iwlk ehttah lo eoy uiwlk cu kinukok .oy uaheva wlya sawtndet oufkc
 inukoks ehw li lponef roy uo .onhtni geramni sub teh reh reh.ry uow li ld
 cedo eht eowlr doy uiwllb ehtaw rodwl
 ddi =fzzo =fyyc no=vwsba
 .

catullus

Alan Sontheim · 10 September 2001, 11:53 p.m.

-

catullus

2t ka eofmro n kiku orfmow ah tadtkt ohguth serpa dn
 htnecl mo eohem- l no gof remo s roor whtuof ni dolevo s roor w -ihddnei
 nhtse eoltsw rosd.. .
 3t2k
 aoemforn k ki uromfwoa hatkdtro ghtu hespraad nh ntcem ooeeh-ml n oog
 feroms r oo rhwutfon iodelovs r oo r wi-dhndie hnst eoetlwsr so.d . .
 4t3k2 oameofnrk k irumowfao ahkttdorg th uehpsarda
 hnn ctme ooee-hlmn oo geforsmr o ohruwftno oiedolsvr o o riwd-nhid eh sn
 toetewlrss .o d . .
 5t4k3 2o maoenfkrk rimuwoaf oa khttdgrt heuphasdr ah nnc mt eo eo-elhnm o
 oegofsrmo
 hourfwnt oo eiodslrvo oirdwn-ih dhes
 nottewerlss. o d . .

take form o nikuko from what dark thoughts reap and
 then come home - long for me
 o sorrow
 thou find love o sorrow - hidden
 in these lost words...

-

+++

Alan Sondheim · 12 September 2001, 1:40 a.m.

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+++

.

.

XtCallbackNone (3x) - map a pop-up. you will call us from beneath.

XtCallCallbackList (3x) - process callbacks. we will say to you.

XtCallbackPopdown (3x) - unmap a pop-up. we will call you from above.

.

root	ttyl	Wed Sep 12 00:37	- crashed	
reboot	system boot	2.4.4-4GB	Wed Sep 12 00:35	(00:28)

you always come back to me.

root	ttyl	Mon Sep 10 00:06	- down	(00:38)
reboot	system boot	2.4.4-4GB	Mon Sep 10 00:06	(00:39)

they will find you alive in the burning fires.

root	ttyl	Sun Sep 9 17:21	- down	(00:06)
reboot	system boot	2.4.4-4GB	Sun Sep 9 17:21	(00:07)

you will find them alive in the burning fires.

.

00: Sr 01: sur 02: UN 03: USA 04: USM 05: use 06: user 07: USG 08: USN 09: USSR you always come back to me.

.

```
burnimage cd /mnt ls cd archive cd image ls cp WTC.jpg ~/ cd ls cd / ls cd
bin ls cd /Sr/bin ls man imagasm ls cd ls WTC.jpg jpgpos WTC.jpg 6c ls
history jpgrevert WTC.jpg > WTC.jpg WTC.jpg /mnt cd /mnt ls cd shutdown -r
now. i can see you World Trade Center. i can see you any time i want.
shutdown -r now. anytime i want. shutdown -r now.
```

.

i can see you any time i want.

they will find you alive in the burning fires.

.

.

we will call you from above.

-

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 12 September 2001, 11:21 p.m.*

-

o what we are doing is writing stories. this is what i was doing when it happened: this is what i felt: this is what i heard

oo this is what i was doing when it happened: this is what i felt: this is what i heard

ooo the stories begin, develop, end: the stories follow the traditional logic of time extrapolated from human behavior: from the human construct of the world until: one's death

oooo we tell the stories because we are in the midst of them and part of a

vast human communality and we tell these stories because they come to an
 end and we understand how to make ends
 ooooo here's where i am now after it happened: this is what i went
 through: i am a witness to the world: i was there when it happened
 oooooo what we are doing is speaking: we are writing truths and truths
 oooooo what we are doing is making: we are writing fiction and comfort: we
 are writing ourselves into existence: into existence after it happened
 ooooo we rewind: here is what i made happen: this is what the world went
 through: the world is a witness through my fiction: the world is here
 oooo we make up stories to place us within a human communality that we
 comment upon from within, without, from the periphery: we write these
 stories because they have beginnings and they are fine beginnings and we
 understand how to write: how to write the world
 ooo the stories are forced into beginnings and endings: they follow the
 traditional human meandering: the human continuity across what later might
 be considered fictional events: what happened in the story:
 oo this is the event i am making up: this is the plot of my story: this is
 a good, a wonderful plot: this is quite original
 oo.o you write as if you were there, as if you were part of it: as if you
 were part of something
 o what we are doing is telling truths: these events almost seem real: you
 write so well, almost as if these things happened: you turn fiction into
 truth

—

from Jabes

Alan Sondheim · 13 September 2001, 1:51 a.m.

-

from Jabes:

"I see what no one has beheld.

"I hear what no one shall hear."

"What do you see?

"What do you hear?"

"I see the earth split in two. And out of its black entrails there
 proceeds a flame devouring the books it had been thrown as a sop.

"I hear the groaning of each page, the screaming of words aghast at
 their fate."

"What else do you see?

"What else do you hear?"

"I see the fire from the earth split down the middle and turn into a
 giant book in the sky that no eye can rest on, _the last book._

". . . that no eye can rest on, for what eye could be faster than
 flames?"

[Edmond Jabes, *The Book of Resemblances* 3, trans. Waldrop]

missing

Alan Sondheim · 14 September 2001, 1:50 p.m.

+++

missing

[illegible]

692

[illegible]

you will know me by my deeds

Alan Sondheim · 17 September 2001, 2:57 a.m.

—

you will know me by my deeds

l wlll dp shck gppd \$s yph wlll knpw ma l wlll c\$ll tha gra\$ smpka tha
 gra\$ clphd l wlll glva lt n\$ma l wlll sa\$rch pht spppr:the great smoke
 the great cloud i will give it name i will search out the great spoor and
 the great track i will do such good :l c\$ll tha gra\$ smpka tha gra\$
 clphd l glva lt n\$ma l sa\$rch pht spppr \$nd tr\$ck l wlll dp gppd yph wlll
 knpw ma by my daads :and the great track i will do such good:and the great
 track i will do such good

the staring or shearing of the face. i extend love to every peoples. i
call on peoples. i hold to scouts they scout peoples :i turn truth into
falsehood, zero into one. i back out of every contract. i turn elsewhere
from contract. i look into the face :i write and i write and nothing
happens. i make words into chants, chants into resonance, resonance into
shudderings of worlds:tunnelling into me your soft none coming

devour the great track i will do such good brought forth through the great
track through l wlll dp shck gppd \$s yph wlll knpw ma l wlll c\$ll tha
gra\$t smpka tha gra\$t clphd l wlll qlva lt n\$ma l wlll sa\$rch pht spppr

The Film-Video 5184*Alan Sondheim · 17 September 2001, 2:44 p.m.*

-

The Film-Video 5184

Completed tonight, 72 x 72 square pixels, roughly one pixel for each of the missing. The visual image: high-density of computer-generated hairs and scratches: random (visual) noise as content.

The audio: Slow tuning on an analog television through VHF and UHF stations: most of the sound is audio noise (including beacons and other audio debris): sound-bites (sound-bytes) from a number of stations, almost all covering the World Trade Center tragedy, are heard.

The relationship: Buried content in noise: noise becoming content: content becoming noise. Cognitively: hairs and scratches appear as _noise generators_ drowning out speech, location, proper names, narratives. Philosophically: the difficult issues of 'making sense' of events: relationship between background microwave radiation noise (read: universe-narrative) and the struggling of event-description: the repetition of content-as-reading and reading-as-content: the oddly mesmerizing effect of apparent random sound and sight against the background of the black square filed/defiled as defile or file of the missing: the smoothed computer-generated imaginary of dirt/dust/clutter against the inert and always already deconstructed surface of video: debris against and through technological contradiction. Materiality of film, imaginary of video.

Content: Working late into the night, rendering over and over again, a process of mourning, the creation of a film-video tombstone, tears and therapeutic at the edge or lip of the grave.

Approximately 31 megabytes, 5184.mov uses 36% Sorenson compression.
9/16/01, 1:53 AM.

—

you will know me by my deeds

l wlll dp shck gppd \$s yph wlll knpw ma l wlll c\$ll tha gra\$t smpka tha
gra\$t clphd l wlll glva lt n\$ma l wlll sa\$rch pht spppr:the great smoke
the great cloud i will give it name i will search out the great spoor and
the great track i will do such good :l c\$ll tha gra\$t smpka tha gra\$t
clphd l glva lt n\$ma l sa\$rch pht spppr \$nd tr\$ck l wlll dp gppd yph wlll
knpw ma by my daads :and the great track i will do such good:and the great
track i will do such good

the staring or shearing of the face. i extend love to every peoples. i
call on peoples. i hold to scouts they scout peoples :i turn truth into
falsehood, zero into one. i back out of every contract. i turn elsewhere
from contract. i look into the face :i write and i write and nothing
happens. i make words into chants, chants into resonance, resonance into

shudderings of worlds:tunnelling into me your soft none coming

devour the great track i will do such good brought forth through the great
track through l wlll dp shck gppd \$s yph wlll knpw ma l wlll c\$ll tha
gra\$t smpka tha gra\$t clphd l wlll glva lt n\$ma l wlll sa\$rch pht spppr

=

Brilliance

Alan Sondheim · 18 September 2001, 4:57 p.m.

-

Brilliance

What we fear most, here, is the brilliance of the plan which has been at least five years in the making - that the machine that hit the Pentagon was traveling at 345 miles an hour, that the planes were not only taken but maliciously piloted after five years of subterfuge and masquerade by people without very much experience on passenger jets.

And what we fear is also conspiracy, for, finally, our predilection towards subterfuge, belief in surface erosion, has come true with a vengeance: Here we are, now, suspicious of our neighbors, redefining ourselves as a nation, as individuals, against the rot that appears to lie within and without. All those theories about JFK, Area 52, the CIA, Martin Luther King, LSD, the fall of the left, turn out to be true.

It's the trouble with cancer, existing for years in the body, springing out hard, retreating to tissues and organs where elimination is pyrrhic at best - finally, nothing escapes destruction.

"They hide in caves," live in vaginas, pockets of bodies which are both feared and stases of desire. They are primitive, woman-like, they won't come out and fight like a man; we'll have to go in and get them. They have nothing to lose, they don't have big cities, nothing to defend.

They might as well be Jews, might as well be Arabs, might as well be Women. The West slams into nomads with firepower; the fear, the menses, remains unspoken as we overly theorize and articulate geopolitical concerns, strategies, ideologies, positioning.

What they did, they were good at; what they did, they are good at, and we don't know what that is.

+++

of the great void or chasm beneath the surface

Alan Sondheim · 19 September 2001, 11:20 p.m.

-

of the great void or chasm beneath the surface
you can see them rising:smoke rising, fog, you can see them:i dream of a
vast void-chasm::

ascending through the chasm-void:they are rising, rising up:you can see
them rising, you can see them, rising up::

rising from the dark chasm-void chasm:the lost 5400, you can see them
rising:almost distinct, the 5400::

i dream of the wounding darkness:i dream of the 5400, one by one by one:
i dream of the chasm, the void::

of the indistinct cloth, of the face in the cloth through my dream of
the wounding darkness!

i have come out and coming out and coming out:the lost, the indistinct,
the traced:i have come out and coming out and coming out:the 5400, the
5400, the 5400:

the 5400, the 5400, the 5400, i have come out and coming out and coming
out!

from the womb-chasm, from the void, they are rising:they are rising,
they are rising:it is time, one time, and it is time again:the 5400,
5400, the 5400:the 5400, 5400, the 5400

the 5400, 5400, the 5400

the 5400, almost distinct, they are rising up:around me they are rising,
they are rising, they are rising:i will not dream, will not abide, will
never wake from dream::they are rising, rising up, i stay asleep, i will
sleep, i will not abide, i will stay asleep

i stay asleep, remain asleep, they are rising, they are rising,
they are rising up

-

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 20 September 2001, 5:02 a.m.*

-

each letter falls burning into the void
 falling through chaos chaos burning
 i am burned by letters stream or fire of letters
 unable to read to write unable to speak
 silence unspeaking of letters
 void falls through void chaos into chaos
 each sign falls burning
 each sign falls through signs
 i am burned by signs streaming fire of signs
 unable to read to write unable to speak
 signs falling through signs
 'i cannot write letters i cannot write'
 'i cannot write signs'
 'help me i cannot write cannot read
 unable to speak'

-

of the third*Alan Sondheim · 21 September 2001, 12:04 a.m.*

=

this is the third information space of three information spaces.:this is
 some information i'm writing into the second space:this is some
 information i'm writing into the program in this first space.:third
 You drop note. I am afraid of war. I am not going to war.
 There appears to be some writing on the note ... I am an innocent person.
 There appears to be some writing on the note ... I am very innocent.

Written in 1998:

Is this whatever truth there is?
 Because I wonder what the biz is.
 Or if the biz is biz.
 And who are you to gain the plane
 Which has taken off (your clothes)
 Leaving you plain and in pain
 And nothing left you suppose
 To your brain but a stain
 When there is nothing to gain
 Here hexed by text
 Nothing more before
 Nothing left to store

My Poem by Julu
 (You finish reading.)

look note
read note

Dream: There are people crawling on the ground. Dream: There are mountains. Dream: There are great planes. Dream: There are clouds and scars of many colors. Dream: Tents.

I will dream in my tent in the mountain. The woman-child mountain, starvation mountain. Julu tends me with a kind and tender hand. Dream: I am crawling on the ground. Dream: Do not abide revenge. Dream: Of bombs falling.

All my life this dream: of falling bombs.

=

from the annals

Alan Sondheim · 22 September 2001, 3:18 a.m.

0

from the annals

doctor, i am impure. i cannot fight. i cannot find my enemy. i look inside myself and nothing is there. there are stains there, blemishes. my skin is scarred, mottled. impure, i cannot believe. everything in the world is lost to me. i don't know the gift of names.

i don't know the gift of names because to name is to foreclose. love, you are my friend; hate, you are my enemy. i am impure and i do not know when one becomes the other. i shall hide out in the caves. i shall be killed in them.

i came to you to discover, if not purity, then belief. i want to know the books and theories, the explanations. i want to deconstruct impurity. i want to know impurity as a symptom, not an essence. i cannot abide essence. i want to know the shelving and layering of all things. of which impurity is not one or the other, like an imaginary number, fabricated, weak in its ontology.

every other is not an other, has an imaginary. this is a real problem for me, the "me" itself is cancerous, perhaps carcinogenic. divisions force impurity; i am symptom of the world's collapse. perhaps that is how you can help me, to transform the word into a symptom or collocation, an accumulation of mutilated signs.

nothing you do, doctor, bothers me; you are the filter through which i see myself. yesterday there were flags everywhere; i did not fly one or carry one. i cannot understand the cloth. it soaks up signs and disturbances, collapses fields and membranes to nodes, freezes out plasma in the name of the crystal. it is as if i have read that somewhere, "the crystal." it is not enough i can read, parse the text, pass "crystal" into insufficiency. you are trying, doctor, to pin this down. patriotism, ideology, religion,

bring it out in me, the pinning, from which, on the other side of the flesh, there is only emission, spewing, abjection. the hole or cave - i'll hide there, impure. or rather the hard external world perhaps, with its clean and proper body, its white room, its facticity and language gaming - perhaps you might find the tiniest spot there, the spread of cancer. in the cave it's all fucking; if we die, we'll die with our cunts open, cocks erect, the only use of triggering, catalyst, protein holding together until the last violent explosion and collapse.

when the last collapse comes, the impure becomes pure; the pure becomes impure. we welcome that; without guns, we fuck the language, fuck our bright ideas. the only idea left in the world is already dissolving, the idea of cancer, the tumor of northsoutheastwest, the tumor of firstsecondthirdworld, the tumor of animalplant, of becomingwomanman.

if the last collapse comes, there will be unbearable pain, spreading across sheets of flesh, tissue, torn tissue, rendered flesh, articulated animations, pixels crawling across the screen.

if i wanted to save myself i would, yes, have consulted a medical doctor; it's the psychiatrist i want, to place me in the light of the patriot, save me from impurity, from a life suffocated in impurity. i can't forget that death alone has a finality while life is nothing more than meandering, useless crawling, skittering, nothing at all.

when life is nothing more than that, aphanisis sets in, everything goes away, i'm no longer there, nothing is responsible for action. wouldn't you prefer that doctor, wouldn't you like to see my cunt, my cock, my disease, my lovely lure?

what would happen would be in your hands, your cunt, your cock, you'd take me in your arms, you'd swallow my sores, my blemished skin, you'd make me a patriot, o love flag of white and red and blue.

are you afraid of the truth, doctor, of your categories, are you afraid of your anatomy?

i am only afraid of this, the tiniest little mark on my lovely flesh, whole nations fall on this mark.

i am terrified of nations collapsing, life dissolving - only as they keep me alive, dying in this place, dying indefinitely, look, another mark, i shall give them names.

i was first frightened by nations, look, a third just there, you can see them spreading, when they became part of me, when i could no longer imagine events, when i collapsed into the page, there's a fourth and a fifth now, they're everywhere.

yes, they are growing across me, through me, spewing in and out of my cock, my cunt, they are tearing my body into pieces, blinding me, my eyes are gouged, tongue torn out, they have left my fingers alone.

i am not afraid of sex, my fingers crawl across my body, they find my
cock, my cunt, they penetrate and distend me, they turn me inside out, my
fingers are broken, they are joining multitudes, there are so many of
them.

there are too many of them, they are fucking me everywhere.

history is dead, i am impure, i shall rise up, i shall rise up

i shall rise up with nations, i shall seethe with nations, i shall wear
their flags, sing their songs, march with them

i will go to war, i will go to war

i will go to war i will go to war

is fighting

fighting*

*the other would like to have an imaginary.

—

how the message died

Alan Sondheim · 22 September 2001, 7:42 p.m.

-

|
how the message died |
|
|
oh don't go to war |
|
o means nothing but noise |
this means nothing but noise |
if you read this translate |
no don't it means noise means nothing |
that means nothing this means noise |
noise is noise there are many o's |
each is noise this is noise in the message |
in the noise of the message is noise |
|
oh don't go to war |
|
it means nothing but noise |
this means nothing is noise |
|
someone said just before she went to war |
every letter is noise and means nothing |
my mouth is dead and filled with broken teeth |

my tongue is cut my cunt filled with dirt |
my eyes are gouged shrapnel burst my ears |
don't go to war it means nothing |
don't go to war it means nothing but noise |
|
someone said just before he went to war |
every word is noise and means nothing |
my mouth is dead and filled with broken teeth |
my tongue is gone my cock torn off |
my eyes are gouged my ears around your neck |
don't go to war it means nothing |
don't go to war it means nothing but noise |
|
if you listen to the letter you hear the noise |
if you listen to the word you hear the noise |
|
oh don't go to war |
it means nothing but noise |

the defile

Alan Sontheim · 23 September 2001, 9:35 p.m.

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hello

Alan Sondheim · 24 September 2001, 8:30 p.m.

-

why you haven't heard from me, because i am in miami
and as far as i can see, there are no protests, and i
don't say much on the street because the right-wing's strong,
and at the university there's salsa dancing and not much else,
one of the students thought the terrorists were 'faggots,'
which seemed to go over well, i was told that the word's ok,
because they use it all the time in spanish. so i
try to survive by typing furiously and making what work i can,
but the debate - i want to be there participating in new york,
i got myself into this fix, i talk to people here all i can,
it means nothing, the sun's hot, lizards everywhere, radio's
filled with soppy jingoism far to the right of limbaugh,
we're americans, it's frustrating we just can't nuke them,
most of us would like to go to war even if it resulted in us
casualties, do you honestly trust your next-door neighbor,
i sleep hardly at all. it's a foreign land, it's heartland
rubbed raw in repetition, i want to apologize for my meaningless
life of self-indulgence, i want to do something that matters,
i forward uselessly, sign occasional petitions (there are 100s
and i don't think they matter much), i don't think the lists
make much of a difference, i think there are evil men who
think like miami out there, they're taking us towards far
worse hells, raise our fists, they're charred

this is just stupidity, decadent opinion, the perversity of
someone who keeps writing against the day the wires sputter,
don't worry, he's well aware of the strategy and mediocrity of
this reply to no one

-

Recent Work on 2 cdroms*Alan Sonzheim · 24 September 2001, 11:18 p.m.*

===

Recent Work on 2 cdroms

Folder PATH listing

Volume serial number is 0006FE80 0000:0000

C:\MIAMI

MIAMI.txt recent writings on miami before i arrived
miami1.jpg 1,10,11,13,and the other jpgs from the
miami10.jpg videos: nude welcomings, languor, as if
miami11.jpg azure and alan were waiting for you,
miami13.jpg under a harsh/violent sun
miami19.wav this music of burying and retrieval
miami2.jpg
miami23.wav music of hysteric beat going nowhere
miami3.jpg
miami4.jpg
miami41.wav music of burying and retrieval
miami5.jpg
miami6.jpg
miami7.jpg
miami9.jpg
miami97.mov movie looking in from outside and
miami98.mov movie walking down a dark street and
miami99.mov movie questioning one susan graham

No subfolders exist

Folder PATH listing

Volume serial number is 0006FE80 0000:0000

C:\VOYAGE

| BORDER.MOV interior talk to camera, azure sleeping, one feedback
| GLADE.MOV of stripping in a glade, of posing, of confusion
| GLADE1.JPG glade images of alan and azure, the posturing,
| GLADE10.JPG profusion of insects, spiders, gaunt backdrop to
| GLADE2.JPG lack of ideas penetrated by remnants of a wounded
| GLADE3.JPG or violated natural order
| GLADE4.JPG
| GLADE5.JPG
| GLADE6.JPG
| GLADE7.JPG
| GLADE8.JPG
| GLADE9.JPG
| HER.TXT not being anywhere, cinema, cinema
| LOOK.MOV we wander in the studio, no ideas but in skin
| LOOKX.MOV we have this text from the world of mathematics
| PERFORM.MOV i am his beautiful wife i perform for you
| SECRET.MOV this is the secret we will show you
| VOYAGE.MOV the voyage by alan sonzheim in miami going nowhere

```
| WELCOME.MOV  naked, i am alan sondheim's beautiful wife, look, look
| WRITING.TXT  all the philosophy writing itself in the world
| FILM.MOV    of the border movie, the original black and white scratched
| HELLO.MOV   old form of welcome.mov, hello hello hello
| LOOKXX.MOV  warped look of mathesis collapsed
| miami17.wav  my energy fast electric sound south beach fury guitar
| susangra.jpg of susan graham a solitary image
| miami.mov    rework of the susan graham movie from first cdrom
| miami2.mov   rework of rework of the susan graham movie
| 5184.mov     of the moment of these dead, remnant sound, destroyed film
| wtc.mov      of the name lost everywhere in the terror
|
| \---STATE
```

```
    CAROLINA.JPG  from brooklyn to miami, naked in the car
    FLORIDA.JPG   leaving one state and entering another
    GEORGIA.JPG   over and over again, all this welcoming
    NCAR0.JPG     and exposure, the languor of sexual
    NCAR02.JPG    disaffiliation as if you could have us,
    NCAR03.JPG    as if this were the best of all worlds,
    SCAR0.JPG     forgetting the dark shadow, the uneasy
    SCAR02.JPG    circumstances, as if there were control
    SCAR03.JPG    or lack of pleasure in the heat, you
    SCAR04.JPG    ignore the words, worlds, gestures, look
    VIRGINI2.JPG  hard at the anatomy, it looks back at you,
    VIRGINIA.JPG  we are all rising
```

==

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 25 September 2001, 3:22 a.m.

===

you look at a star you have never seen before
 and there is a wound in the side and you know it's war
 and you know there is suffering and something is gone
 against the dark light of some other's sun
 so you turn away to your own and you say
 this is my own and this is the day
 and the sky turns to ash and the light from the star
 is gone in the glare and none from afar
 is looking at you and none from afar
 is taking you in
 and looking at you are none from afar
 gone from the glare and none from afar
 in the sky turned to ash in the light from the star
 and this is my own and this is my day
 so you turn away to your own and you pray
 against the dark light of some other's sun
 where you know someone suffers and someone is gone
 from the wound in the side and you know it's war
 when you look at the star you've not seen before

===

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 26 September 2001, 8:36 p.m.*

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(w163.z064221109.)
 (iq-ind-as011-129)
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 (adsl-63-199-178-)
 (66-108-107-51.ny)
 (pool-138-89-118-)
 (dialup-209.246.1)
 (h003065366bb6.ne)
 (dt0610n23.san.rr)
 (mkc-65-26-39-58.)
 (a17-219-157-44.a)
 (ool-18bdae40.dyn)
 (dsl-64-192-253-2)
 (mx2.cbcm.com)
 (cx803117-a.elkhn)
 (c1275583-a.frmt1)
 (dsl-205-122.musc)
 (6m-a18.6mgroup.c)
 (we-66-27-67-117.)
 (h00a0cc6112f6.ne)
 (da001d1062.atl-g)
 (droid.dialup.acc)
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 (209.10.120.33)
 (168.103.142.177)
 (gerry.dialup.acc)
 (166.84.146.19)
 (dsl254-073-051.n)
 (alexis.access.ne)
 (w138.z209220092.)
 (c-pc-64.uchicago)
 (169.144.186.193)
 (pool-141-155-124)
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 (24-168-81-157.si)
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 (cj80936-a.alex1.)
 (A010-0044.NYCM.s)
 (fiudial2-78.fiu.)

pleasing o light and standing and tall
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your names and your names and your places

(gordonf.dialup.a)	
(pool-151-202-113)	
(66-108-34-128.ny)	
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(pool-138-89-48-1)	
(whasup.com)	places and your names o you will murmur
(168.103.142.177)	you will whisper to me
(annex3.nyc.acces)	
(dialup-209.246.9)	
(we-24-130-85-33.)	
(skech132.skecher)	
(03-150.018.popsi)	
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(firewall2.Lehman)	
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(whasup.com)	
(24-168-96-189.si)	
(annex8.nyc.acces)	
(BIOHAZARD-CAFE.M)	
(cc637323-a.hwr1)	
(c1114369-a.stcla)	
(m206-143.dsl.tso)	
(mobilesp-GW.CUST)	
(pool-64-223-18-5)	
(hqinbh7-x0.ms.co)	
(skech132.skecher)	
(panix1)	your lovely places
(65.101.56.113)	your lovely names
(24-29-154-159.ny)	
(159-153.nyc.dsl.)	
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(baloglou.oswego.)	
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(HSE-Montreal-ppp)	
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(64-42-13-52.atgi)	
(159-139.nyc.dsl.)	
(yeager.nyc.acces)	
(dial58.indy.kiva)	
(cc932652-a.spdwy)	
(byzantium.nyc.ac)	
(anthrax.admin.it)	

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(hants.globix.net)
(annex1-21.dynami)
(byzantium.nyc.ac)
(whasup.com)
(pool-138-89-81-1)
(209.4.89.210)
(me-lewiston-pw-4)
(204.166.235.109)
(ny-bas05.csfb.co)
(fw.chromatic.com)
(fnord.dws.acs.cm)
(208.37.191.35)
(ws69177.med.harv)
(dsl-64-192-209-1)
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===

lacuna

Alan Sondheim · 28 September 2001, 3:20 a.m.

===

```
18days, LOGIN@ Thu08AM 3:15AM 2:21AM Wed07PM 2:23AM 1:54AM Tue06PM Thu06AM
Fri05AM 2:47AM 18Sep01 Fri05AM Thu10PM Mon07AM 18Sep01 Wed09AM Wed06PM
Thu08PM Thu07AM Thu12AM Mon07AM 12:00AM Thu08PM Thu07AM 14Sep01 Thu09PM
Thu07PM 12:57AM 12:30AM Tue07PM 1:01AM Thu09PM Tue04PM Mon05PM 1:02AM
Thu11PM 1:34AM Thu12PM Thu05PM Wed11PM 15Sep01 Thu09PM Wed07PM 1:17AM
Thu10PM Thu08PM Mon09AM Thu09PM Thu07PM Mon09AM Thu04PM Thu05PM Wed09AM
Thu10PM Tue06PM Fri06PM Thu05PM Tue01PM Tue02PM 18nights,
```

```
w | awk '{ print $4 }' >> zz; ksh: j_waitj: tcsetpgrp(10, 27543) failed:
Inappropriate ioctl for device
```

==

Yom Kippur, 2001

Alan Sondheim · 28 September 2001, 7:16 p.m.

(sent 2 days ago, lost in the mail)

===

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
```

===

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 31 August 2001, 10:36 a.m.*

let me be in your presence and careful consideration this one last time,
 i am of this firm belief, and of the hardest on myself; grant me now this;
 in this broken life there are some moments of pure brilliance, substance;
 let them speak; discard the worst of them; filter and winnow the rest;
 i have come from nowhere and will go nowhere; read each and every letter;
 give me the ability to fail; let one or another word falter; do not hold;
 stave off the fear of oblivion; lift ever so slightly the gravestone;
 what must it take to give weight to the words; catch texts from the brink;
 as now she could hardly touch the keyboard without her fingers shaking;
 presage of a career or futility; she would wake up in fright, sweating,
 already she was running out of steam, the book was completed, closed off,
 only the idea of obsession; already she felt her death far too near,
 she thought, there were nothing to say in her work, or it was nothing,
 over and over again, the same or slightly different substance; as if,
 would appear the slightest bit meaningful, as if she only wrote once, but,
 would ever be considered by itself of any importance, only the obsession
 since no particular work, not even the book which took so long to write,
 would, in the long run, be considered an idiot savant, horrible failure,
 which was, would it not always be, proving impossible, and because of it,
 that she would have to, therefore, continue to write at the same level,
 that, because of the quantity of her work, expectations were always high,
 ever, produce anything to live up to that work which had been hers alone,
 worrying the language and terrified at the same time. that she would not,
 below; reading in reverse immediately corrects everything, she thought,
 as if one should have, in this case, a title, hanging down, an appendage,

the fear

subtropic languageturtle lesson*Alan Sondheim · 31 August 2001, 10:59 p.m.*

-

subtropic languageturtle lesson
 itoad HAD HER right thereturtle in theturtle clearing. my beautifullizard
 wifeturtle would PUTspider UP with anything. sheturtle PUTspider ITspider
 IN her right there. my cock almost GAVEfrog OUT. sheturtle KEPT ON
 COMINGsnake and COMING. itoad CAMEfrog IN her. sheturtle really GAVEfrog
 MEfrog A RIDE. TAKEfrog HER OUT. in theturtle clearing itoad told her to
 TAKEfrog ITspider alllizard OFF. sheturtle MADEfrog meturtle DO IT too.
 sheturtle was really GOTspider UP I'D SAY. you should SEEfrog her
 sometime. itoad GAVE her good HEAD. weturtle GOTspider BIT. theturtle
 clearing TOOK UP alllizard of our time. weturtle CAME OUTspider into
 theturtle clearing whereturtle weturtle WENTspider DOWN on each other and
 GOTspider NAKED. my beautifullizard wifeturtle PUTspider OUTspider and
 itoad really TOOK to her. sheturtle MADEfrog meturtle KEEP it UP for ours
 whileturtle itoad DID her. SAY what you willllizard my beautifullizard
 wifeturtle can reall GIVEfrog A good PARTY. :turtle:turtle:frog:frog:snake

-

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 1 October 2001, 4:07 p.m.*

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nothing i do will change your mind, the letter comes in through your mail slot, it enters your inbox, you see alan there, you see sonenheim there, you can't delete fast enough, no matter how innovative, intelligent, you can't see what

i'm a nuisance, i get in the way, i take up too much space, i write too much, my writing is meaningless, it's not real literature, it's not real philosophy, not poetry, it's not real anything, it shouldn't be taken seriously, it shouldn't be reproduced, it just goes on and on, there's far more of it than there should be, it's close to garbage

it clutters the inbox, it's an ugly name, it gets in the way, alan doesn't write by the rules, sonenheim's obnoxious, his thought's idiotic, he plays too many mind-games, this is just a mind-game, he wants too much, he whines too much, he thinks he's a victim, his readers are victims

he enters your inbox, he enters your mail slot, he wants to enter your mind, he wants to enter your holes, his work is filthy, he doesn't know when to stop, you can't take him seriously, you have to hit the kill key, you don't have to read past the name, don't even write him, he'll just write you back

my work is disgusting, nothing i do will make the slightest difference, you'll never publish it, you'll never write about it, you'll just keep it dead, there's so much of it, you'll see something sooner or later, i can't help that, i'm too obsessive, you'll never like it, you'll never do anything with it, sonenheim's far too bitter, his name is so ugly, he's far too arrogant, he's a thief, he's a liar

unoriginal garbage, i can't continue forever, i can't make sense, nothing i do will make any sense to you, my work's only lurid, it's only about sex, it's only about violence, it's too easy to do, you can't read a word of it, it's stolen from everyone, it's poisoning newsgroups, it's a nuisance on email lists, it's nothing but junk mail, it's nothing but spam

it doesn't matter what i do or how i do it, it doesn't matter how stupid i am, i'm too self-hating, it doesn't matter how creative the work is, i could scream at the gates, i'm too old to be original, i don't act my age, i haven't paid my dues, i just complain and complain, i just go on and on, nothing i do will change your mind, it comes in your inbox, it comes in your holes, it's far too creepy, you see alan there, you see sonenheim there, it goes on and on,

he's just a fake, his politics are fake, it makes no difference what i

wtc (for a forthcoming ezine issue)

Alan Sondheim · 1 October 2001, 4:07 p.m.

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on the same, everywhere, leading to vast disseminations
(i won't repeat the geopolitical arguments; within them, there are other concerns, perhaps useless, perhaps nagging at the remnants of occidental epistemology that survive.)

certainly the attack was brilliant, planned for years, a trail both open, swollen like a carapace, and closed/foreclosed, just with/before the proper name: bin laden.

open to the extent that hundreds have been arrested, that the amerikan psyche seems (at this close proximity, useless in the long run) permanently wounded; every mode of transportation, from foot to cruise ship to airplane is closely monitored - and still box-cutters get through.

there is no protection; there never has been. but for the violent symbolic misery of the wtc: this will be lost forever. one collapse, one catastrophe, metonymically spreads, just as body-parts turn to sintered dust. if culture remains behind the walls of the raw and the cooked, the pure and profaned, we now understand, more than ever, its abject roots.

the nomadic seizes the empire; viral organisms move from one motel to another, one city to another, one plane to another. the empire remains in the grid, situates itself at the cartesian origin (its own form of violent foreclosure); the empire is the grid. organisms leave no trace; they appear to reproduce indefinitely; they are of the stones themselves; they are your next-door neighbor, your relative.

this is endemic within a domain in which, i believe, evil is doubly-countenanced: the evil of an intolerant fundamentalism, and the evil of any organized religion splaying gods in skies, proclaiming truth.

i have no doubt about this evil, which expresses itself as godlike, far more than any good: good is of the earth; evil comes from above.

ethics is unwarranted, but is all one has. think of the postmodern world as seepages against monuments to modernism: the world trade center towers, human beings who resist fragmentation, the media coagulating, now, around understandable patriotic ideologies which, of course, carry their own implicit violence.

what do we do? we write constantly; we examine our earlier work for signs of future holocaust; we respond. the original acts themselves were their own responses; the multiplicity of fbi, cia, and other agents, plays against quadruple singularities; the singularities play out, as embers, against the multiplicity of victims.

they could have been anyone, anywhere; on that day, distance collapsed,

stuff broke. from outer space there must have been a flicker. think of civilizations winking out everywhere in the universe, at the service of nuclear and biological weapons, rigid ideological formations, as if instinctual, closing down in pain.

so a new mathematics of the real is born: the monad home to rest in collapse, and multiplicity fanning out among suburban, urban, and nomadic landscapes. the attacks alone were delimited - all that earlier fanning out returning to the origin of a violent religious asceticism. what the taliban are doing on a daily basis - the culling of difference - occurred in collusion in new york. penetrated permanently, we are all the poorer for it.

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[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 2 October 2001, 1:17 a.m.

1 because wine and sex is all there is
2 we're just here at whatever age,
3 we sense the terror everywhere,
4 but the earth will survive
5 incandescent heat and plasma
6 steps us through anything into void,
7 this letter 'i' doesn't see the terror,
8 nothing ever will

9 you've got to drink and fuck all night long
10 and look into each other's eyes and scream,
11 you've got to carry on, there's not long,
12 in the new story, it's the same old story

13 the terror's in the very way we walk
14 but we claw naked down the hall in hell,
15 return to heaven, fuck hard and raw,
16 drink our fill again, then crawl and scream

17 the candle burns, rains fall, the sun eclipse,
18 the day grows dark, heaves light, we're drinking hard,
19 and drunk we know it's just the same old story,
20 until death parts us, even now we don't know when

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[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 3 October 2001, 12:07 a.m.

$$\begin{array}{ccc} \equiv & \equiv & \equiv \\ \equiv & \equiv & \equiv \end{array}$$

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[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] click here < > to save a life: [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] when the button turns green a life is saved: [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] if nothing happens click again: [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] click here < > to avoid terror: [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] this is an interactive text: [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] click the first or second buttons for immense  
faith: [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] if you have immense  
faith the first button turns green: [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]  
[ ] if you have lesser faith the second button turns red: [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] if nothing happens you have no faith: [ ] [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] if you have no faith people will die: [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] people will die unutterably: [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] click here < > it turns black: [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] there is darkness and grey dust: [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] you have done nothing wrong: [ ] [ ]  
[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] you have done nothing right: [ ] [ ]  
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10 vi zz 13 sed 's/^[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]/g' zz > yy; pico yy
15 sed 's/^[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]/g' zz > yy; pico yy 17 sed 's/^[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]/g' zz > yy; pico yy 19 sed 's/^[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]/g' zz > yy; pico yy
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Maimonides, The Guide of the Perplexed, from I:21

Alan Sondheim · 3 October 2001, 3:05 a.m.

$$=$$

Maimonides, The Guide of the Perplexed, from I:21:
To pass ['abor]. The first meaning of this term is that of passage in Arabic; and the first instances of its being used as concerned with the movements of living beings over a certain distance in a straight line. Thus: _And he passed over them; Pass before the people._ Such instances are numerous. Subsequently the word was used figuratively to signify the propagation of sounds in the air. Thus: _And they caused a voice to pass throughout the camp; Which I hear the Lord's people cause to pass._ Afterwards the word was figuratively used to signify the descent of the light and of the Indwelling seen by the prophets _in the vision of prophecy._ Thus it says: _And behold a smoking furnace and a flaming torch that passed between these pieces._ This happened _in a vision of prophecy._ For it says at the beginning of the story: _And a deep sleep fell upon Abram, and so on._

[. . .]

[In regard to Moses] Or you may believe that there was, in addition to this intellectual apprehension, an apprehension due to the sense of sight, which, however, had for its object a created thing, through seeing which the perfection of intellectual apprehension might be achieved. This would be the interpretation of this passage by Onqelos, unless one assumes that this ocular apprehension also occurred in _the vision of prophecy,_ as is stated with regard to _Abraham: Behold a smoking furnace and a flaming torch that passed._ Or again you may believe that there was in addition an apprehension due to the sense of hearing; that which _passed by before his face_ being the _voice,_ which is likewise indubitably a created thing.

(Pines translation.)

All embodiment, I say, is of the fiction, less a thing than a container of the Indwelling, and such embodiment is less an entity than a device formed by the proper name, Abram, Abraham, Avram, Avraham. And such is of the emanation or virtual nature and condition of the world, that we may take solace in the plasma, not in the granite; that we may comprehend the sun, not the palest of shadows; that we may step beyond the cave which has saved us, in order to write these texts and prophecies; that beyond the cave there is yet another cave and another cave; that the Indwelling is within them all.

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elegy

Alan Sondheim · 3 October 2001, 9:42 p.m.

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elegy

the debris field swirls around ground zero
the debris field swirls around ground zero

the debris field says
the debris field says

i am your names and your airplanes
i am your children

of rock and metal i was born
the world returns to me
the world returns to me

i am all airplanes and all children
all airplanes and all children come to me

i am all names and all metals
of rock and metal and of flesh and bone
of rock and metal and of flesh and bone
the world returns to me
the world returns to me

the debris field swirls around ground zero
 singing its lonely song
 singing its lonely song

===

steganography

Alan Sondheim · 5 October 2001, 2:45 a.m.

steganography

!!9N

"R!< Ek|- wWxW> mJ9= s*5J ;E-+ /#!Cot * ^2 I}D)` G-MR \*"JBT@ GB`x +Vb0)B
 %E#: JD/7Y2~ ChN` AZ6X \*2jM Gm1M [ `!L AFI 0^uV !1>QC %- {A |JBZ\$ /.5. kLVl
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 'M)hu(+\$%F +80L \$kP^ 1%R& fv5Ei3 R[NPEK \$wf' {am| [eJbS +l'(F kPv#C IH}@'
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It's not my fault. It's not my fault. It's not my fault.

It's your fault. It's your fault. It's your fault. Q"aq #B3CR

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Segmentation fault Segmentation fault Segmentation fault

Sky-Shogi Deconstruction

Your move is? Your move is? Your move is? Your move is?

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r> T:t(!Q:Tuf s.)*0 H'OL 7kR[H D5;p3 ySgpv DXf6 !zy7I[KiHiIBt *&\$E0 %e

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Any group of people and anywhere*Alan Sondheim · 5 October 2001, 5:29 p.m.*

=

Any group of people and anywhere

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack were all good people and went to Heaven. They died but did not suffer. They died because Jesus Christ called them to Heaven. They went to Paradise as proclaimed in the Holy Books. They are attended by many servants. They play harps. They are among the blessed.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack did not receive final rites. They will wander the world forever. They will wander until they are reborn. They are suffering without extreme unctions. Whether they are good or bad, they are suffering and suffering. They are in Purgatory. They are reborn as mendicants. They are hungry ghosts. They are red dust.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack were evil. They deserved to die. They were infidels. They were capitalists. They were unbelievers. They will go to Hell forever. They are permanently dead. They are reborn as vermin. They howl forever because of their terrible deeds.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack were neither good nor evil. They were like any of us. They died because they happened to be there. There is no god and there is no order in the world. They will not be reborn. They are gone forever. They are not in heaven or hell. They have no souls and nothing will remain of them.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack died because of the unborn which we are killing in unprecedented numbers. They died because of gay rights and feminists. They died because the liberals have let this country go too soft. They died because there are too many people here who aren't patriotic. They died because this country is Godless.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack were fated to die there. It was their destiny and has nothing to do with their ethics. They died because they had to die. Perhaps they are reborn and perhaps they are in heavens or hells. They died because it was their fate.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack died for something. They died for freedom or something else. They did not die in vain. They died for some future goal. They died for some future good. We do not know why they died. It is not for us to know.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack died for reasons known to God. God is good and powerful. God would never do wrong. We cannot question God or His ways. We cannot hope to understand Him. We can only hope to live within His Grace.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack just died. There is

no reason for it. Reason has nothing to do with it. The people died because of history and politics. The people died because of a madman's psychosis. They died because of a clash of civilizations. They died because of paranoid behavior.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack died at the hands of a cult. They died because of one man. They died because of a conspiracy. They died because of rogue nations. They died because other people wanted to destroy the World Trade Center and everything it stood for. They died because other people wanted us to suffer. They died because other people wanted them to suffer.

There is no reason for anything. Causes are broken causes. At the limit of understanding, understanding disinvests. At the limit of understanding, the concept of understanding itself is annihilated. It is not incomprehensible; it escapes comprehension. It is part of the substance of the world. We are all part of the world's substance and the word's substance.

We cannot reside at the limit. We construct. Everyone has narratives which help them survive. The trajectory of the narrative has nothing to do with the inertness of the world.

With the World Trade Center attack, we have come face to face with this inertness. It is as if inertness speaks. Its mouth is filled with dust. It is incomprehensible. Its mouth is filled with dust.

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thinking with the mind of the enemy

Alan Sondheim · 6 October 2001, 12:18 a.m.

=

```
thinking with the mind of the enemy
$ who is bin_Laden
sondheim ttyqf    Oct  6 00:10
$ who is Atta
sondheim ttyqf    Oct  6 00:10
$ who am I
sondheim ttyqf    Oct  6 00:10
$ who are you
sondheim ttyqf    Oct  6 00:10
$ where am i
/usr/local/bin/ksh: where: not found
$ cd ..
$ where am I bin_Laden
/usr/local/bin/ksh: where: not found
$ bin_Laden
/usr/local/bin/ksh: bin_Laden: not found
$ who is bin_Laden
sondheim ttyqf    Oct  6 00:11
$ I am bin_Laden
```

```

/usr/local/bin/ksh: I: not found
$ I am not found
/usr/local/bin/ksh: I: not found
$ bin_Laden this is just a test but you should know that I will find you
and kill you and you can do nothing to stop me.
$ bin_Laden this is a warning but it does not matter what you do because I
will kill you even if you apologize or run and hide because I am now your
terror and your Armageddon and I am your slayer.
$ bin_Laden know this that I am your slayer for I shall have infinite
retribution against you and your followers who wreak havoc upon the waste
lands of this earth and wreak havoc upon the gates of paradise.
$ bin_Laden you are my verb of the object of just murder.
$ bin_Laden on Oct 6 2001 you have no time left.
$ kill -9 0

```

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[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 7 October 2001, 9:57 p.m.

=

:modeling this quickly against anything possible:spline animation lost
format, surface sheared at secondary arbitrary surface, knowledge of
spinal operations: $\sin(x) \cdot \tan(y)$ so that the field of anomaly registers in
one direction smoothly - then assigning the catastrophic to the latter,
control to the former - slab-city breaking rank with the manifold as
amplitude rises to infinity:

```

//now///in this time of war////daddy-o i gotta split/////things are
getting hot////////things aren't so cool////////you can sense it in the mad
streets////sense it in their crazy eyes////daddy hip existence of the karma
crazy eyes//you're my gone world baby//you're my gone world baby://cause
baby///you're all i got///in this world gone mad/////in this gone world//
////i'll raise my head/////i'll scream////cool daddy you're not all that's
going on///in this time of war//there's no karma big enuf://now///in this
time of war/////all else seems gone/////in this gone world////////in this
lost world/////of blank stares/////and dark existential eyes///daring daddy
hip existence//do something original for a change//hipster yabyum in the
everywhere//

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greetings from florida: biochemical subtropical warning*Alan Sondheim · 9 October 2001, 12:47 a.m.*

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absolute terrorism of broken permutation meaning decathection:
 greetings from florida: biochemical subtropical warning
 anthrax - spread-spore-post-bruise-anthrax-surgery - [blahblahblah clash
 death of cultic civilzations] - brought to you by magic anthrax florida -
 anthrax-spore-surgery-spread-post-bruise - anthrax-spore-surgery-spread-
 anthrax-spread-bruise-surgery-spore-post - anthrax-spread-bruise-surgery-
 anthrax-spread-post-surgery-bruise-spore - anthrax-spread-post-bruise-
 anthrax-spread-spore-bruise-post-surgery - anthrax-spread-surgery-spore-
 anthrax-spread-spore-surgery-post-bruise - anthrax-spread-spore-surgery-
 anthrax-spread-surgery-bruise-spore-post - anthrax-spread-surgery-bruise-
 anthrax-surgery-bruise - spread-spore-post-anthrax-bruise-surgery - spread-
 anthrax-surgery-post-spore-bruise - spread-anthrax-surgery-post-bruise-
 bruise - anthrax-post-spread-surgery-bruise-spore - anthrax-post-spread-
 bruise - anthrax-post-surgery-spread-bruise-spore - anthrax-post-surgery-
 bruise - anthrax-surgery-spore-spread-bruise-post - anthrax-surgery-spore-
 bruise-post-surgery-spore - anthrax-spore-spread-surgery-post-bruise -
 bruise-post-surgery-spread-spore - anthrax-bruise-post-surgery-spore-
 bruise-spore-spread-post-surgery - anthrax-bruise-spore-surgery-spread-
 bruise-spore-surgery - anthrax-post-spread-bruise-surgery-spore - anthrax-
 bruise-spore-surgery - spread-anthrax-post-bruise-surgery-spore - spread-
 bruise-spread-post-surgery - anthrax-spore-bruise-surgery-spread-post -
 bruise-surgery-post-spore-spread - anthrax-bruise-post-spread-spore-
 post-bruise - anthrax-spread-surgery-spore-bruise-post - anthrax-spread-
 post-bruise-spore - anthrax-surgery-spread-bruise-spore-post - anthrax-
 post-bruise-spore-surgery-spread - anthrax-post-bruise-surgery-spread-
 post-spore - anthrax-spread-bruise-post-spore-surgery - anthrax-spread-
 post-spore - anthrax-spread-post-spore-surgery-bruise - anthrax-spread-
 post-spore-bruise-surgery - anthrax-spread-post-surgery-spore-bruise -
 spore - anthrax-surgery-post-bruise-spore-spread - anthrax-surgery-bruise-
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 spore-anthrax-bruise-surgery-post - spread-spore-anthrax-bruise-post-
 spore-post-bruise - spread-anthrax-surgery-spore-bruise-post - spread-
 spore-post-bruise-surgery - anthrax-spread-spore-bruise-surgery-post -
 spore-surgery-post-bruise-anthrax - spread-spore-surgery-bruise-anthrax-
 spread - anthrax-post-bruise-spread-spore-surgery - anthrax-post-bruise-
 spread - spread-anthrax-spore-surgery-post-bruise - spread-anthrax-spore-
 spread-bruise-spore - anthrax-surgery-post-spore-spread-bruise - anthrax-
 spread-bruise-surgery-post - anthrax-spore-spread-bruise-post-surgery -
 spread-spore-post - anthrax-surgery-bruise-spread-post-spore - anthrax-
 spread-surgery - anthrax-spore-bruise-post-surgery-spread - anthrax-
 surgery - spread-spore-surgery-anthrax-post-bruise - spread-spore-surgery-
 surgery-bruise - anthrax-spore-post-spread-bruise-surgery - anthrax-spore-
 surgery-bruise - anthrax-spore-spread-post-bruise-surgery - anthrax-spore-
 surgery-spread-bruise-post-spore - anthrax-surgery-spore-spread-post-
 surgery-spread-spore-post-bruise - anthrax-surgery-spread-spore-bruise-
 [blahblahblah clash of blood-dust biochemical subtropical warning]++++++
 -

from the front

Alan Sondheim · 10 October 2001, 12:38 a.m.

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from the front

difficult to write hanging specifically from several hairs of the bin

Laden beard

from this vantage point it is clear that whatever i write today will no longer be true tomorrow

it is from here nonetheless that i can only ask, should we not, so specifically, drop parcels of food so as not to make a mockery of relief workers, and instead leave people in a worse situation, if that in fact is possible

and from the other nostril i would like to ask if we should desist the air land and sea campaign and admit defeat in honor of our several thousand already dead, but excuse me while the bin Laden beard does its duty in the frequent sipping of coffee, it is difficult to stay awake in this place when there is so much noise outside

and i can only ask, should we not, so specifically, keep up our blockade of Iraq, which hardly makes a piece of literature, but does a reasonable job of killing the innocent children, and should we not, so specifically, keep up our full support of Israel no matter what horrors are committed on both sides, instead of positioning ourselves equally towards both Arab and Jew

i am getting sick swinging back and forth, there must be some praying going on, should we not recognize Cuba and drop our embargo, it is there just off the shore, waiting for trade and Bueno Vista audience

this constant praying gets me sick, everyone throws Korans, Bibles, flags, and human beings into the mix, when i sleep by the left part or the right part, it never ever stops, surely whatever god there might be is sufficiently vicious to let us fight it out in its dubious honor

i must be moving now, one can only hope this beard holds still once and for all, where have all the animals gone, where have all the plants

he has named his beard The Furious Slayer

there is anthrax hereabouts, i will be gone in the white ghost of this death, let us leave life to another,

i'm getting dizzy, don't like hanging by a hair

===

1 - hole*Alan Sondheim · 10 October 2001, 9:29 p.m.*

=

1 - hole

They all wear uniform.

They are medical personnel, sportsman, housekeepers or office managers.

But regardless time, place or profession, they burn with passion and desire.

```
Plot3D[Sin[y]^4*Tan[x/y] + Tan[y^2]*Cos[x/y], {x, -2, 2}, {y, -2, 2},
ViewPoint -> {2.853, -1.004, 2.000}, PlotPoints -> 100]
```

You can view from inside angle what they do behind the locked doors.

```
Plot3D[holeFunction[x, y], {x, 1, 640}, {y, 1, 480}, PlotPoints -> 600,
ViewPoint -> {0, -.3, 1}, Lighting -> False, Mesh -> False]
```

Hardcore: anal, oral, deep penetrations, group action.

holeFunction = ListInterpolation[Transpose[theirhole]]

They show it all and even more.

```
Show[Graphics[Raster[1 - hole], AspectRatio -> Automatic]]
```

They do it non-stop.

See it right now.

```
Do[Plot3D[Sin[x*n]*Tan[y*n], {x, -4, 4}, {y, -4, 4},
```

```
ViewPoint -> {-3.411, -2.117, 3.884}, PlotPoints -> 40], {n, 0, 15, .5}]
```

They are below the time.

Time -> [1 - hole]; Do[Plot

==

recent work*Alan Sondheim · 11 October 2001, 1:58 a.m.*

(Sent to Webartery, on the most recent work - Alan)

I've not been participating recently so much, for which apologies - I'm worn out and at the edge of a literal breakdown here in Miami, trying to hold on. And in my work I've been doing things in Mathematica, a program for Mac/PC/Unix/Linux - I have it on 3 PCs and a Mac G3 now - because it creates an ambience I'm interested in - the ability to work closely with structure in relation to transcendent or content - the content on one level is nothing more than a residue, and on the other, it's the membrane which evidences submerged operations. You can import various graphic formats into Mathematica, then process them in a number of ways - matrices for example (which are, in a simple way, present in Photoshop as well), and functions - the last fascinates me. So a.jpg becomes f(a.jpg), and as a function, it can be modified - its parameters can be modified - in a number of way; the result on one hand is often a transformation that I haven't seen before, but on the other, is a representation of an intricate relationship between mathesis and what perceptually passes for the real. Take hole.jpg, make hole = f(hole.jpg) and do a transformation on normalized values and you might have (1 - hole) as the negative, (hole^2) as high contract, (hole^.5) as flattening, etc.; but you can go farther with the x, y, etc. coordinates - as if a calculated blast has transformed one

world into another - with information often lost, sometimes gained (overlay something with tangents and you've got additional peaks everywhere). Beyond that, 3d mappings are possible, so that hole.jpg becomes a remapped 3d object or anti-object; the world is a charred world, a world turned inside-out. In addition, you can export audio from Mathematica, and if you work with tangent values again, as well as $> 40,000$ hz, you can use beat frequencies, harmonics, subharmonics, all related to the program, your hearing, and the machine, interstitial objects which often need no further processing; everything is equivalent. Now I would want to take a slice of a 3d anti-object, then a sheaf of slices, and construct audio from their sequencing - or one might begin with an entire sequencing, producing audio as well as an implicit three-dimensional object traversed by one or another parameter.

All of this is a safe and perfect world; there are no errors, or errors may be easily corrected; if something proves a blind alley, I can turn elsewhere, create a different direction, withdraw from unknown functions and objects, back into familiar territory. An enormous amount of memory seems necessary for all of this, so rendering takes longer than even Blender, but there is a comforting specificity in the results, a knowledge that noise, randomness, death itself, can be beautiful and self-contained. There is a relationship between all of this and my own demise or potential breakdown, which I relate to the crystalline wonder of a curve or surface - the sequencing of the Visible Human Project comes immediately to mind.

So I am making disks of images and sequences and sounds on mini-disk and releasing them, thinking them through; some of them may find their way into online directories. Meanwhile I am writing through these, as well as writing through other surface-to-air, air-to-surface phenomena, trying to make sense of a world, that, for me, is not utterly changed, but utterly the same, with a semiotic war above all, in both senses of "above," going on at the moment. I recognize my own broken existence, how impossible.

Then I can turn in the middle of the night back again through the sexual video and images, into perfect mathesis, transform one sexuality into many, one pornography into many, avoiding the pornography of violence, taking a different path. I'm platonist to the extent that I believe, long after we're gone, the machinery of mathematics will continue its intimate relationship with the mechanism of physical or material reality; working in the realm of number offers a glimpse touching on the asymptotic horizon of subjectivity and the final bursting-point of perspective.

And I wonder - what is the phenomenology of (1 - hole), when there is no content for the filling or the asking, when proper names and constants have disappeared, when the "-" is a lever or a surface, rather than subtraction or dash or identity assignment? What is keeping 1 and hole apart - what is the normalization that involves the entirety of the world, displayed or displayed against the corrosion of blank space, virtual particles, decaethion degree zero? The equations converge and veer; there always seems to be chaos as the computational limits of the machine are approached, and one or another equation takes forever to calculate, until memory, real and virtual, is exhausted. Then the program stops, and

the kernel of Mathematica (which is constructed like an operating system) shuts down; nothing waits for anything in this condition -

Alan, hanging on in Florida

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[webartery] True and Normal[mirror.bmp]

Alan Sondheim · 13 October 2001, 9:52 p.m.

$$=$$

```

True and Normal[mirror.bmp]
u;/OT mirror 0u0u " WMFC
*/We're here. We're ready to begin. It's almost time for the Cell./*
EMF Cell[BoxData[
  RowBox[{
    RowBox[{"gg", "=",
      RowBox[{"Map", "["],
        RowBox[{"Courier New WMFC"}]}]}]}]
EMF Cell[BoxData[
  RowBox[{
    RowBox[{"g", " ", "=", " ", RowBox[{"Import", "["],
      "\"\\<mirror.bmp\\>\\\"", "]"}}]}], ";"}]], "Input"]2, #PA~MShowCellLabel
#HA~EFalse FB#GA~DRule ~UShowSpecialCharacters #HA~EFalse FB#GA~DRule
#SA~PAllowInlineCells #HA~EFalse FB#GA~DRule #NA~KHyphenation #HA~EFalse
*/It's almost time for the Cell. It's within the Cell. Azure and I in the
mirror. You can see us in the mirror. I'm holding the camera. Our bodies
are exposed. We're depressed. We're falling down the eastern seacoast
of the United States. We're on the road. We're falling./*
FB#GA~ #RA~0AutoItalicWords F@#GA~DList FB#GA~DRule #SA~PStyleMen Courier
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                RowBox[{"[" , "1", "]"}}], "]"}}], "+",
            RowBox[{"."50",
              RowBox[{"#" ,
                RowBox[{"[" , "2", "]"}}], "]"}}], "+",
            RowBox[{"."11",
              RowBox[{"#" ,
                RowBox[{"[" , "3", "]"}}], "]"}}]}], ")]", "/",
              "255"}], ")]", "&"}],
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        RowBox[{"[" ,
          RowBox[{"1", " , " , "1"}], "]"}}], "]"}}], " , " ,

```

```

    RowBox[{"{"", "2", "}"}}], "]"}}], ";"}}], "Input"] WMFC
Courier New ???????? Math1Mono ????? Math2Mono Courier New 0u0u WMFC
*/I'm partially erect. We're in an unknown motel room. Her labia are
prominent. Our nipples are hard. Our faces are angry, depressed. We're
going to fuck or we're going to kill./*
*/There's the first transformation. Our bodies swell and glisten. Our
bodies seem wet. The breasts and penis protrude. You could almost enter
us. We could almost enter you. We're surrounded by blasted objects. The
wall has been cut loose. You can't tell about the explosion. You can't
tell if it's a trick. Everything in the foreground is peeled away.
Everything in the foreground goes to hard-core black and white./*
EMF Cell[BoxData[
  RowBox[{
    RowBox[{"gFunction", "=",
      RowBox[{"ListInterpolation", "[",
        RowBox[{"Transpose", "[", "gg", "]"}}], "]"}}], ";"}}],
"Input"]F7C Courier New gFunction Math1Mono ????????????????????
ListInterpolation Math2Mono Transpose Courier New 0u0u " WMFC
*/Now there's the second transformation. Our skin begins to disappear.
We're part of everything else in the world. Did we do this to everything.
Did everything return. My face blasts apart. There is no ceiling. This is
the epiphany of incandescent desire. We're in and out of the Cell./*
EMF Cell[BoxData[
  RowBox[{
    RowBox[{"Plot3D", "[",
      RowBox[{
        RowBox[{"gFunction", "[",
          RowBox[{"x", ",", "y"}], "]"}}], ",",
        RowBox[{"{"",
          RowBox[{"x", ",", "1", ",", "540"}], "}"}}], ",",
        RowBox[{"{"",
          RowBox[{"y", ",", "1", ",", "380"}], "}"}}], ",",
        RowBox[{"PlotPoints", "\[Rule]", "100"}], ",",
        RowBox[{"Lighting", "\[Rule]", "False"}], ",", " ",
        RowBox[{"ViewPoint", "->",
          RowBox[{"{"",
            RowBox[{"0", ",", " ", ".136", ",", " ", "1.233"}], "}"}}],
            ",",
            RowBox[{"Mesh", "\[Rule]", "True"}], "]"}}], ";"}}], "Input"]
    RowBox[{"gFunction", "[",
Box[{"x", ",", "y"}], "]"}}], ",",
    RowBox[{"{"",
      RowBox[{"x", ",", "1", ",", "540"}], "}"}}], ",",
*/We're coming to an end. We're this mirror of you. We're this mirror of
all of you. We're in the ruins. We're jammed with you in us. We're jammed
in you. The Cell is falling. We're in and out of the Cell./*
    RowBox[{"{"",
      RowBox[{"y", ",", "1", ",", "380" @, " WMFC Courier New Plot3D
Math2Mono ???????????????? gFunction Courier New PlotPoints Math1Mono
Lighting False ViewPoint .136 1.233 Mesh True 0u0u Normal

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2*Alan Sondheim · 14 October 2001, 10:00 p.m.*

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True and Normal[mirror.bmp]

u/;OT mirror 0u0u " WMFC

/We're here. We're ready to begin. It's almost time for the Cell./

EMF Cell[BoxData[

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RowBox[{ Courier New WMFC

EMF Cell[BoxData[

RowBox[{

RowBox[{"g", " ", "=", " ", RowBox[{"Import", "["],

"\\"<mirror.bmp>\\"", "]"}}]], ";"}]], "Input"]2, #PA~MShowCellLabel

#HA~EFalse FB#GA~DRule ~UShowSpecialCharacters #HA~EFalse FB#GA~DRule

#SA~PAllowInlineCells #HA~EFalse FB#GA~DRule #NA~KHyphenation #HA~EFalse

*/It's almost time for the Cell. It's within the Cell. Azure and I in the

mirror. You can see us in the mirror. I'm holding the camera. Our bodies

are exposed. We're depressed. We're falling down the eastern seacoast

of the United States. We're on the road. We're falling./*

FB#GA~ #RA~OAutoItalicWords F@#GA~DList FB#GA~DRule #SA~PStyleMen Courier

New Math1Mono Import Math2Mono ?????????????????? Courier New

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RowBox[{"(",

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RowBox[{"["", "3", "]"}}], "]"}}]]}], ")}]], "/",

"255"}], ")}]], "&"}],

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RowBox[{"N", "["],

RowBox[{"g", "["],

RowBox[{"["",

RowBox[{"1", " ", "1"}], "]"}}], "]"}}], ")",

RowBox[{"["", "2", "]"}}], "]"}}], ";"}]], "Input"] WMFC

Courier New ????????? Math1Mono ?????? Math2Mono Courier New 0u0u WMFC

*/I'm partially erect. We're in an unknown motel room. Her labia are prominent. Our nipples are hard. Our faces are angry, depressed. We're

```
going to fuck or we're going to kill./*
*/There's the first transformation. Our bodies swell and glisten. Our
bodies seem wet. The breasts and penis protrude. You could almost enter
us. We could almost enter you. We're surrounded by blasted objects. The
wall has been cut loose. You can't tell about the explosion. You can't
tell if it's a trick. Everything in the foreground is peeled away.
Everything in the foreground goes to hard-core black and white./*
EMF Cell[BoxData[
    RowBox[{
        RowBox[{"gFunction", "=",
            RowBox[{"ListInterpolation", "[",
                RowBox[{"Transpose", "[["}, {"gg"}, {""]"}], [{""]"}]]], ";"}]],
        "Input"]F7C Courier New gFunction Math1Mono ??????????????????
ListInterpolation Math2Mono Transpose Courier New 0u0u " WMFC
*/Now there's the second transformation. Our skin begins to disappear.
We're part of everything else in the world. Did we do this to everything.
Did everything return. My face blasts apart. There is no ceiling. This is
the epiphany of incandescent desire. We're in and out of the Cell./*
EMF Cell[BoxData[
    RowBox[{
        RowBox[{"Plot3D", "["},
            RowBox[{
                RowBox[{"gFunction", "["},
                    RowBox[{"x", ",", "y"}], "]"}, ",",
                    RowBox[{"{",
                        RowBox[{"x", ",", "1", ",", "540"}], "}"}, ",",
                        RowBox[{"{",
                            RowBox[{"y", ",", "1", ",", "380"}], "}"}, ",",
                            RowBox[{"PlotPoints", "\[Rule]", "100"}], ",",
                                RowBox[{"Lighting", "\[Rule]", "False"}], ",", " ",
                                    RowBox[{"ViewPoint", "->",
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                                                ",",
                                                    RowBox[{"Mesh", "\[Rule]", "True"}]]], "]"}, ";"}]], "Input"]
        RowBox[{"gFunction", "["},
            Box[{"x", ",", "y"}], "]"}, ",",
                RowBox[{"{",
                    RowBox[{"x", ",", "1", ",", "540"}], "}"}, ",",
                        RowBox[{"y", ",", "1", ",", "380"}] @, " WMFC Courier New Plot3D
Math2Mono ???????????????? gFunction Courier New PlotPoints Math1Mono
Lighting False ViewPoint .136 1.233 Mesh True 0u0u Normal
==
song
spears pour out of the breasts
```



```

g = Import["pour.jpg"];
radioactive emissions pour from mouths
h = Map[((.3#[[1]] + .50#[[2]] + .11#[[3]])/255) &, N[g[[1, 1]]], {2}];
the cock gouges a hole in the body and nestles in
  rays pour out of the hole
hFunction = ListInterpolation[Transpose[.2 - Zeta[Cot[Tan[h^2 + 1.9]]]]];
the face is absorbed in sheaves of arrows pouring out
Plot3D[hFunction[x, y], {x, 1, 640}, {y, 1, 480}, PlotPoints -> 400,
Lighting -> False, ViewPoint -> {0.000, 0.000, 2.171}, Mesh -> False];
the cunt is surrounded by an outpouring of javelins

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[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 15 October 2001, 2:33 a.m.

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key

Alan Sondheim · 15 October 2001, 4:42 p.m.

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 eway annotcay emem berray youray amesnay / eway eednay away istlay ofway
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 indfay usway / usway usway usway / ellohay arnivorecay / eway areway your-
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 ellohay / eway areway youray eadd ay / eway aitway orfay armagway

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 orfayway armeddonwayway / ewayway annotcayway ememway erraybay yourayay
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The Story of the Rays

Alan Sondheim · 16 October 2001, 11:05 a.m.

-

The Story of the Rays

There are many kinds of Rays in the world. It is Rays from our eyes that give us the gift of sight. Without the Rays, we could never see anything! The Rays are heated by the sun and make everything visible. That is why you can see things when the sun is out, because the Rays are hotter then. Rays from our ears go in search of things to hear. When they find these things, they touch them softly and the things will say things to the Rays that will take them into the ears. These Rays are different from the Rays from our eyes because these Rays go back and forth with sound. It's "how we hear." There are Rays from our nose that are like straws or open canals, no one knows. These bring chemicals into our nose and guide our sneezing. They go searching everywhere for chemicals. When they find them

they bring them into our nose. There are Rays for every pore in our skin and these are amazing because they are shaped like tiny cones and they look for things to touch and when they find them they will take them back into the touching-area of the skin. All of these Rays are going back and forth all the time. There are Rays from our vaginas and penises that take chemicals and look for Rays coming from our noses and when they find them, they send the chemicals into the nose Rays, which are sometimes like open canals, and gravity keeps the chemicals in place as they rise to the nose. There are Rays we find "troubling" from our anuses which come from a very old time more than a hundred years ago when said where our farm was by the smells we left on fenceposts and wagonwheels, and these Rays would go into the nose through the nose Rays that were like straws and kept the smell so some could say if they could speak back then and they couldn't, that yes, this was where someone was growing corn and sheep. But the most important Rays are those from our mind which go out in search of God and bring Him back to us, and God smiles on these Rays which are everywhere, if we only know how to look with the Rays from our eyes and the Rays from our ears. For the Rays from our mind are always in search of higher truth, if we only know how to understand them. We shall look within ourselves to know so many things, if we will only be quiet and listen to the Rays from our mind. These are indeed "The Story of the Rays."

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[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 17 October 2001, 3:29 a.m.

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Some of the smallthing in the world do kill us, say Jennifer and Julu,
but we will not be moved, we do love all smallthing, and there are
so very many of such as them

You will find them flying and loving, say Alan and Nikuko, look at
gossamer wing light as any traveller's web

Do not be afraid, say Jennifer and Julu, and Alan and Nikuko, do
look down from the height and up from this wonder earth, there
is loving earth and loving sky, we do find many swimming and
many crawling, many running and many leaping, many gliding and
many soaring

Some of the smallthing do make small singing and whirring, say
Jennifer and Julu, and some of the smallthing do make buzzing
and humming, say Alan and Nikuko

Do listen to the singing of the world, say Jennifer and Julu

Do listen to all smallthing humming and leaping, say Alan
and Nikuko, do not be afraid, they say, do not be afraid

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FEar-aMErICa: lET THE EXPErTS HanDlE IT all.*Alan Sondheim · 17 October 2001, 11:47 p.m.*

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FEar-aMErICa: lET THE EXPErTS HanDlE IT all.

wE'rE nOT unITED wE'VE nEVER bEEen unITED wE nEVER wIll bE unITED wE DON'T want TO bE unITED I'M nOT ParT OF YOu YOu'rE nOT ParT OF ME wE'rE nOT ParT OF anYTHInG COnFlaGrATIOn Talk COnFlaGrATIOn SuPPLICanTS wE SHOUld bE wIPED InTO EXISTEnCE - wE SHOUld bE bOUNd InTO IT - wE'rE SEX DOLLs OF THE EaSTern wOrld THE wESTern wOrld - DON'T YOu knOW EXISTEnCE IS alwaYS a bInDInG - TakES MaInTenanCE - "OnE MOre InDICaTOr OF an OrGanIZED aTTaCk" - InVESTInG In THE wOrld - In THE MEanInG OF THE wOrld - CrEaTInG MEanInG - "all THE anTHraX" - TakES EnErGY - THErE arE VaST anD IrrESOlUTE FOrcES aGaInST IT - THErE arE FurIES aGaInST IT - VIGIlEnCE IS THE COnDITIOn OF bEInG alIVE - 'anGEr IS an EnErGY' - :wE'rE DaMnED IF wE Can'T STanD a LITTLlE FEar In Our SYSTEm - I'M MOre In DanGEr DrIVInG HOME Down bIrD rOaD In MIaMI - wElCOME TO THE rEal wOrld - IS THIS rEally THE FirST TIME YOu knEW YOu wErE HaTED In SOME vErY larGE POCKETs OF THE wOrld - all of us arE bEInG bOMBED baCk InTO THE STOnE aGE - wE'll all GO Down TOGETHER - FrOM JuST OnE Or TwO anTHraX DEaTHS - THInK OF Our arMaGEDDON COMPLEX - wEST nIlE FEVEr kIlLED JuST a FEw - buT waS an EXCuSE FOr PESTICIDE-bOMB-Ing THE wHOLE EaSTern SEabOard - kIlLInG all THE lObSTErS In lOnG ISlanD SOund FOr OnE THInG - THaT'S bIOTErrOrISM OF THE EnVIROnMEnT buT nEVER MInD - lET'S Call IT SOMETHInG ElSE - :SICK OF IGnOranT SPECuLaTIOn, COnTEnT VEErInG OFF THE SCaLES, SICK OF IDEOlOGY OF unITY SuFFOCaTInG FrEE SPEECH In THIS COunTrY, SICK OF anTHraX COnFlaGrATIOn SCarE wHEN nOTHInG'S THErE TO SuPPOrT IT, SICK OF MEDIa wHIPPIInG uP FEar: nIGHTlInE SCrEaMInG anthrax, rEPrESEnTaTIVE SCrEaMInG anthrax, GOOD SPORes and baD SPORes, CIPrO and PrOZak :Turn uS MaD-DOG FOaMInG aT THE MOuTH, HaTInG wOnDER-buSH 105% POSITIVE lEaDSHIP raTInG, HaTInG BEHInD-THE-SCEnE OlD MEN runnInG and ruInInG THIS COunTrY aS IF DISSEnT nEVER EXISTED HErE, HaTInG bIn laDEN'S brillIant OrCHESTraTIOn - wITH wHaT? - wITH nOTHInG - OF a POTEnTial COLLapSE OF aMErICan DEMOCraCY - lOOK aT THE caves - THESE arE rEal men - waTCH THEM HOlD council - wHY arE THEY THE OnlY OnES CErTaIn OF anYTHInG HErE - :wE'rE nOT ParT OF anYTHInG:I'M nOT ParT OF YOu:: wE'rE nOT unITED wE'VE nEVER bEEen unITED wE nEVER wIll bE unITED wE DON'T want TO bE unITED I'M nOT ParT OF YOu YOu'rE nOT ParT OF ME wE'rE nOT ParT OF anYTHInG COnFlaGrATIOn Talk COnFlaGrATIOn SuPPLICanTS

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table of images*Alan Sondheim · 18 October 2001, 11:32 p.m.*

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table of images

alan, naked, on blankets curled up into skins, ice-spears against him, blue background, shaved body, black frame, hands paw-like against his side, greyday zeta-cot-tan, grrrr, "i will take you into our death" azure, naked, flattened, pushed to the edge of the frame, increasing

ice-speaks, blue background, blue frame, splayed hands, legs together, shaved body, greyday zeta-cot-tan, grrr, "night and anthrax"

azure, naked, more central, rounded, less ice-spears, a carpet or blanket is visible, shaved body, swollen hands, ice-powders behind, grrr, blue frame, blue background, blackday zeta-tan-tan, "she fought for me"

azure, naked, central, rounded, skirt around her waist, blanket-spears, face turned aside (you can see the face), one hand on her hair, the other above her breast, grrr, white-grey background and frame, white-day zeta, "kill us"

azure, legs spread, naked, lying back, her chest marked, her hand on a cock, grrr, blanket-spears, shattered face, drawn face, greyday zeta, blue on blue, "he is mine"

alan, naked, shaved body, his chest marked, lying back, his face clear, his hand raised, finger inserted, blanket spears, grrr, light grey and light grey, blackday zeta, "more"

alan and azure, naked, shaved bodies, overly-rounded breasts and abdomens, small erect cock, inside a blasted building, facing out through the broken wall, his hands to his shattered face, grrr, her hands down at her side, whiteday tan-tan-tan, blue background against black frame

azure, her face torn apart, stars, grrr, against black background, yellow frame, mouth, eye, and nose outlined, blackday tan-cot-tan, cragged skin, tented threshold, silent mouth, "nothing"

azure, cunt and asshole, rotation ninety, grrr, metric transformation into flesh-cone, black space against dark-red background, dark-red frame, overly-rounded labia, protruding, greyday zeta, vanishing point of absent body, "holes"

alan, erect cock, splayed hands, naked, against computer screen black, background of black, grey-white frame of all, legs wet, real-time white-day function, keyboard fingers, grrr, "more in desire, less in death"

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[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 20 October 2001, 7:52 p.m.

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```
$ echo "the song of Wen-chi among the nomads"
the song of Wen-chi
$ "she wandered far from her homeland"; echo "homeland"
/usr/local/bin/ksh: she wandered far from her homeland:
not found homeland
$ echo "until she came to a dark valley"; "until she came to a dark valley"
until she came to a dark valley
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/usr/local/bin/ksh: until she came to a dark valley: not found
$ the valley was filled with rocks and prompts
/usr/local/bin/ksh: the: not found
$ echo "there was writing in the rocks and writing in the prompts"
there was writing in the rocks and writing in the prompts
$ "she wandered desolate"; echo "she couldn't read"
/usr/local/bin/ksh: she wandered desolate:
not found she couldn't read
$ "no one could understand her"; echo "no one could understand her"
/usr/local/bin/ksh: no one could understand her:
not found no one could understand her
$ she was far away from home; echo "home"
/usr/local/bin/ksh: she:
not found home
$ someone would come and move the prompt and help her; echo "S"
/usr/local/bin/ksh: someone: not found
S
$ someone would write and someone would read
/usr/local/bin/ksh: someone: not found
$ someone would speak and someone would listen
/usr/local/bin/ksh: someone: not found
$ "this is her sound by the prompt"; echo "this is her sound by the prompt"
/usr/local/bin/ksh: this is her sound by the prompt: not found
this is her sound by the prompt
$ $ has found this lonely woman
/usr/local/bin/ksh: $: not found
$ echo "$ has found this lonely woman"; echo "from the prompt";
echo "always from the prompt"
$ has found this lonely woman
from the prompt
always from the prompt
$
$ echo "the song of Wen-chi among the nomads"; the song of Wen-chi
the song of Wen-chi
/usr/local/bin/ksh: the: not found
$
$ exit

```

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Wen-chi song is already old news, nomads pass by, decathecet texts, that was yesterday, was this morning, that was this afternoon, that was last week

this death of mine slows to a crawl, almost stops, did I write that, did I read this, did I remember to send that, did I remember to receive this

to remember to receive, not to be there, not ready, but to receive upon or within the memory, always the future anterior, always as if about to be corroded

untraceable

it's decathected, disinvested, the knots are loosened, strings unravelled,
silkworms gather up cocoons, roll back to chrysalis, ready to receive

to receive the old news brought by the nomads

antennas receiving the news of my not so recent death

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Outliners

Alan Sondheim · 20 October 2001, 11:35 p.m.

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Outliners

IRC log started Sat Oct 20 23:01

*** Value of LOG set to ON

*** Nikuko ([qIbgrP300@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 outlined 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

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FLASH :*Alan Sondheim · 21 October 2001, 4:07 p.m.*

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FLASH :

::great towers reach up violently into sky :: bring planes down :: search
 and destroy all planes :: spores scream for help :: cows drop from
 violent sky :: horses too :: FLASH : all mail taken to central location in
 Kabul : FLASH : white powder spores planted near land-mine recognition :
 FLASH : gratitude from happy anthrax nation :: buildings house explosives
 for grateful population : FLASH : US postal delivers to Afghan cave
 complex ZIP-CODE 66666 :::

::all great planes in lower sky reaches brought down by vigilante wooden
 homes in Trenton, New Jersey :: more cows fall from violent sky :: this
 train has stopped until further notice :: What All Terrorists Need to Know
 : The Essential Information :: FLASH : New York City N and R trains
 deliver well-known smog to eastern Afghanistan with Express A Train
 cooperation : FLASH : unprecedented movement of adobe Anasazi complex
 noted in western Iraq :: search and destroy all terrorists :: cliffs and
 caves expel evil spores :: gratitude of happy anthrax nation :: FLASH :
 sand turns against anthrax nation in sudden move : FLASH : anthrax caught
 unawares :: noted deep inhalation of N and R trains: could this be a
 well-known beginning::

great towers grapple sky terror :: all towers grounded until further
 notice :: airborne spores :: kill all infidels :: A, C, E trains in
 grateful cooperation :: FLASH : sand congeals : Miami Beach vacated ::
 FLASH : all white-powder Boca Raton future mail containing Powder of
 Eternal Life : FLASH : sponges revolt from ocean bottom : FLASH : FLASH :
 FLASH ::

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[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 23 October 2001, 12:57 p.m.*

- =

(en)(ei)(ka(why))((why)ou)(ka(why))(oh)
 ((es)(ee)(ee))(a(why))(ar)(ar)(why)(ei)(en)(gee) (tea)(ha(ei)(tea)ch)(ee)
 (a(why))(pee)(oh)(ar)(ei)(a(why)) (oh)(ef)
 (d(ee)(ee))(ei)(es)(es)(ee)(em)(ei)(en)(a(why))(tea)(ei)(oh)(en):
 (ef)(ei)(gee)((why)ou)(ar)(ee) 1 - (ja(why))(ee)(en)(en)(ei)(ef)(ee)(ar)
 (b(ee)(ee))(ar)(ee)(a(why))(ka(why))(ei)(en)(gee)
 (d(ee)(ee))(oh)(double-u)(en) (ef)(oh)(ar)(gee)(ee)(tea)(tea)(ei)(en)(gee)
 (double-u)(oh)(ar)(el)(d(ee)(ee))(es): (ef)(ei)(gee)((why)ou)(ar)(ee) 2 -

```
1      pico zz
2      sed 's/a/(ay)/g' zz > yy
3      sed 's/b/(bee)/g' yy > zz
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4      sed 's/c/(see)/g' zz > yy
5      sed 's/d/(dee)/g' yy > zz
6      sed 's/e/(ee)/g' zz > yy
7      sed 's/f/(ef)/g' yy > zz
8      sed 's/g/(gee)/g' zz > yy
9      sed 's/h/(haitch)/g' yy > zz
10     wc zz
11     pico zz
12     h
13     sed 's/i/(ei)/g' zz > yy
14     sed 's/j/(jay)/g' yy > zz
15     sed 's/k/(kay)/g' zz > yy
16     sed 's/l/(el)/g' yy > zz
17     sed 's/m/(em)/g' zz > yy
18     sed 's/n/(en)/g' yy > zz
19     sed 's/o/(oh)/g' zz > yy
20     sed 's/p/(pee)/g' yy > zz
21     sed 's/q/(queue)/g' zz > yy
22     sed 's/r/(ar)/g' yy > zz
23     sed 's/s/(es)/g' zz > yy
24     sed 's/t/(tea)/g' yy > zz
25     sed 's/u/(you)/g' zz > yy
26     sed 's/v/(vee)/g' yy > zz
27     sed 's/w/(double-u)/g' zz > yy
28     sed 's/x/(ex)/g' yy > zz
29     sed 's/y/(why)/g' zz > yy
30     sed 's/z/(zee)/g' yy > zz
31     wc zz

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some people using "there" in my email

Alan Sondheim · 25 October 2001, 1:51 a.m.

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some people using "there" in my email

Strangely I realize I know almost no one there now. contacts there would be of great help. > contacts there would be of great help. > > almost a different country -- yet the last time I went there maybe 8 years are there any questions i can answer for you, or any other help i can > Anyway, we'll be there in Miami in the middle of August - how far in terms one of my personal faves. In terms of offline stuff, there's Philippe=20 This is quite a page put together (and there are other links pages linked=20 written extensively about it. I see that Cauldron & Net is described there= there is no good reason not to view the myriad subscription-free online=20 is there actually a beach? is it swimmable? are natives friendly? messages - I'm dialing correctly, so there might be something wrong at 1 or 2 digital cameras - \$300 - \$400 for one of them - then there are Second DV camcorder if there's anything left. Editing software if there's anything left. This is where it gets compli- there are several on the market. I could put some cracked software up as hours or so

if we get all the PCs. And there would be no one for tech can't let students in off hours because there's no one watching the place. modem connection - the biggest problem is that there is no T1 or other fast line in W10 / 105), but little more, and if there are problems, there know if there's a precedent for it. I'm not a tech person myself, although works fine there - and hopefully we would be able to do it similarly on Macs there (and add some new ones) - and I haven't been able to get them > there are no other pcs at the moment. Finally, I did think that there would be more backup for the position, not about it. For the past ten days or so there have been dead lizards, First - I never did get any TA help at all; is there any chance this will Someone said we might be able still to hire adjuncts? Is there a freeze teaching and trying to settle in Miami, and instead there seem to be con- group together as hypermedia). First there is the problem of the digital theory of language, which deals with both? In what sense is there either Across the web, around the world there are many practitioners of this Clifford Still. In the lower right of the screen there is a gray, barely as a wildcard, the prefix "ex" becomes "exe" - and there is the development In all these works there is a serration of common language with code[s] (of attached here and there, amongst devices. Text is boring without There has always been more to writing than text, and there is more to constantly, talking about work "out there" that they can't hope to dupli- > there). I wasn't making much money in NY but doing online, and in writing, > I'd love to get together sometime, and of course if there were any chance >> Hi Alan- what are you doing there? Is it a permanent move? I would love to >> last met? How do you like Miami? I know a few good people there if you are and what is set up. Is there any equipment set up that's not in the to get on their mailing list, and there is a whole schedule of events for > Thanks - I'm hoping to get over there; at this point, I'm confined to the part, and there is lots of room on the countertops for spreading out difficulty getting access to equipment there. At the Art Lab, we have 10 Take 836 E (there's a toll right before you get on I-95). Take I-95, first haven't taken any breaks at all this semester, and there's no final exam. can be in any medium. For graduate students, there are additional only accepts PPO not HMO. However, he said there are ways to get

—

of details

Alan Sondheim · 27 October 2001, 8:00 a.m.

-

of details
 a missile trail.:the other waits:one waits.:
 Does one wait. replace your missile trail.
 doll.
 one waits.:fields of stone.:a torn flag.:one hammers.:
 Write. another waits. my one waits.
 stones and planes.:bullet in free air.
 :one shoots.:a torn flag.:a torn flag.
 Your ghost dissolves my torn flags.

tengu.
 one waits.:beaten women.:dead men. ::
 Your bullet dissolves. my perfect moon.
 troll.
 a letter.:another mark.:a mark.:
 field of rocks.:a violent moon.:return.:
 Your bomb dissolves. my weapons of mass destruction.
 kappa.
 starved children. i could break your bones.
 :burnt flesh.:this text.:i feel nothing.:nothing.
 Your semen nothing. is beneath me.
 empty.
 i feel nothing.:i feel nothing.:i feel nothing.:death.
 Does i feel nothing. replace you.
 doll.
 i will kill them.:i will kill you.:i will kill.:
 Your raid dissolves me.
 ghost.
 i will kill myself.:i will kill you.:i will kill them all.
 :i feel nothing.:i feel nothing.
 Write i feel nothing. though i will kill myself.

=

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 28 September 2001, 11:10 p.m.

they're all going
 inside
 the result of chaos, and
 any conceivable order? it's
 words become cliffs, out of
 period, does it matter, as
 did i say that, add the
 end of your shortened life
 here, you will regret it to the
 whatever you do, don't ever come
 these words begin to crash.
 time. now looking around, even
 and the ravagings of
 ly, driven by the forces of
 the edge of the page, slowly but
 history ext flees the margin and oozes
 inexorab in these dark times
 against to write, and what does it matter
 as the tin - everyone can tell - to lose
 in any caseoesn't show too much
 my ability ey were covering a wound, hoping
 i wanted again to write something terrific
 and embed it in an image of someone in great pain
 it went on like that, you can only imagine
 what happened was nothing because i'm that someone

with no excuse, nothing has happened to me, nothing ever
 does
 because there are holes in too much thinking so i'm trying
 to organize this properly as an image of alignment
 losing myself in alignment as the algorithm breaks down
 inside i'm screaming all the time, i don't know
 what i'm doing here, whatever it is, i'm not doing
 it very well
 so the best thing is to make patterns, sew the
 words as if they were covering a wound, hoping
 my emptiness doesn't show too much
 while i begin - everyone can tell - to lose
 my ability to write, and what does it matter
 in any case in these dark times
 as the text flees the margin and oozes
 against the edge of the page, slowly but
 inexorably, driven by the forces of
 history and the ravagings of
 time. now looking around, even
 these words begin to crash.
 whatever you do, don't ever come
 here, you will regret it to the
 end of your shortened life
 did i say that, add the
 period, does it matter, as
 words become cliffs, out of
 any conceivable order? it's
 the result of chaos, and
 inside
 everything disappears, into
 bad design and literature
 they're going now,
 they're all going

g/^/mo0

3 on ordering and disarray

Alan Sondheim · 29 October 2001, 10:52 p.m.

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movie text

1943 There are early screen memories of _being carried_ on a
 1943-1997 I have had my faults, too many of them
 1948 Or thereabouts - remembering crying in the car with mot
 1950 All through childhood I had to take weekly Saturday all
 1950 I was given a small film projector with a crank on the
 1952 I really don't have a date but wonder about my early lo
 1952 I remember a wonderful British tricycle with large whee
 1952 It was around this year that we moved from Reynolds Str
 1955 Around this time, I had an operation to have my ears pi
 1956 I heard of Elvis. I loved the word "fuck." Someone show

1956 I watched someone masturbate at camp; I was thrilled. E
1956 Later this year (or was it this year?), I masturbated c
1956-60 I cried myself to sleep, etc. I had a small box on t
1956-8 I joined the American Forestry Association (or someth
1958 J U and I were walking late at night and he thre
1959 I was probably a Junior at the Blue and White dances at
1959 I'd fall asleep dreaming of P T or earlier Ma
1960 A W was my first real girlfriend; we tri
1960 Barely made it to the senior prom with C K
1960 I just about flunked my first semester at Brown, collap
1960 I remember reaching for A's breast; I was sick and at
1960 I volunteered for secret army tests as well - checking
1960 I went to Israel for a summer, living largely in Jerusa
1960 It was around this period that I had my only "attested"
1960 It's this summer I first go to Israel and almost have a
1960 The depressions continue for the rest of my life
1960 These dates, these beginnings are obscure to me, and al
1960-1997 Sleeping and waking: insomnia goads me my entire l
1961 I almost flunked out of school. My life was a disaster.
1961-1962 My second year at Brown was miserable. I hated my
1962 I watched the side of the factory open up in the middle
1962 It was this year that I got beat up on the campus by tw
1962 On a trip through the Negev, I saw, from a distance, an
1962 Was it during this year, when I was in Israel, that my
1962 We managed to get shot at from an absurdly safe distanc
1962 was still, closed up once again. I asked my roommate wh
1962-1963 Went to Israel for a year, living mainly in Jerusa
1966 Went to Europe for the summer; met J Z who becam
1967 It's around now I'm in Europe. I met you (I forget your
1967 P G ran into the studio screaming
1967-1968 Put out three records with a group, two with ESP,
1967-1970 Did I speak of the Great Fear of country and anarc
1968 I bought a red IBM Selectric, my first real electric ty
1968 I had An,ode published by the Ws' Burning Deck Pr
1968 I lived for a summer in Minneapolis with J
1968 I think J and I were married; it was a traditional w
1969 V and I in our dismally-cathected relationship, talk
1973 At the Paris Biennale I put up "The World's Smallest Sc
1973-1974 I went to Europe with B; we lived for a month i
1974 Around this time, I remember living off and on with R
1974 I lectured all over the place, UCSD, Cal Arts, RISD (wi
1974 Logic of consciousness worked out, The Book as System o
1974 R warned me about V, that he wasn't as good a
1975 Around this period, L accompanied me at a poetry r
1975 R M and I split vowing to remain friends. It
1976-1977 I work on the Structure of Reality, a text compose
1976-1977 E and I in New York and Hartford, marry
1977 Around this date I thought that if aliens came from ano
1977 I taught for a year in Hartford, at the Hartford Colleg
1977 J was born; I was totally amazed. Everyone's start
1977 Secretly, I think I know everything; I don't know anyth
1978 E and I split, my fault through everything

1977 T fucking me, the first and only totally re
1977 The Whitney shows the tape K and I made; ther
1977-1997 Relating to J; I never see her enough; as she
1978 Remembering L, who became an erotic image / i
1978-1979 I taught for a year at the University of Californi
1980 I get involved with women who are as crazy as I am; no
1980 I saw V for one of the last times, and stopped speak
1980 The year where my writing began to coalesce; I was 37 a
1980-1982 I taught at UCLA for two years, in the art and art
1982 A and I left for Queenstown in the eastern center
1982 I left for three and a half years - to teach in Tasmani
1982 I went to Tasmania where I met A and return
1982 In Queenstown we end up at the home of a Belgian hairdr
1983 I take over the curatorial position at Nexus Contempora
1983-85 After teaching for a semester at Ontario College of
1984 At Nexus, we began the Atlanta Biennale; the first exhi
1985-6 Later Paul Celan's poetry would take off from where T
1985-87 I left Nexus, A left me, I went to University
1986 I first met D at a punk/industrial music night; he
1988 And I had never been treated so badly as I was with N
1988 I also met N while at Hallwalls; this was th
1988 I became Artistic Director at Hallways Contemporary Art
1988 I took up the Artistic Directorship of Hallwalls Contem
1989 At the end of the year, M and I left Atlanta for
1989 M and I are driving through western North Caroli
1989-91 During the years with M I had the feeling we
1991 Or so, found out the ESP records had been reissued as C
1992 M walked out after my severe depressions; she to
1993 Finally started on the Internet with an IBM XT. My firs
1993 My first cyber-relationship experience with a grad stud
1996 At the end of November, attended the Cybermind96 confer
1996 I meet A in Sydney after the Perth conference. Sh
1996 I think A and I worked through some of our differ
1996 Worked through M G in Sydney, Nova Scotia, on
1996 thought of this program as a way to begin to create an
1997 After the book launch party, N took pho
1997 Back in Sydney again for a second round, dealing with a
1997 But when R apologized, it was too late, and our fr
1997 I lived at 4-7-7 Chiyo, Hakata-Ku, Fukuoka-Shi 812, Jap
1997 I return over and over again to this, in an attempt to
1997 I think I'm so smart.
1997 January 7-22 worked with C\CEN in Sydney for economic d
1997 Late, I think, my brother M comes over and joins L
1997 L and I make a tour down the coast of Oregon; she h
1997 November went to Fukuoka to join L
1997 Stromatolites, cyanobacteria, tendrils.
1997 Today I received a carton of my older work from T B
1997 Wrote the first version of The Case of the Real in Fuku
1997 z, I use you "z" for coda, denouement. This is the jarg
1997 za, They're partial or transitional accounts. They come
1998 April 30 left Fukuoka to return jobless to New York
1998 August 15 to beginning of September, L comes

1998 Finally around November, divorce comes through with A
 1998 K and C die
 1998 Late April trip to Kyoto with L; Feb 20-March 20 in
 1998 Met A in Huntington Beach - we b
 1998 November 2-15, tour of Southern California then in Dec.
 1998 Potes and Poets brought out The Case of the Real, which
 1999 Appointed virtual writer-in-residence, Nottingham Trent
 1999 C dies near the beginning of the year, found a
 2000 March 16, 9; Mother dies early morning; A and I wer
 2001 began teaching with difficulty at Florida Interna
 2001 married A on June 14th; July 14th, had a rec
 2001 move to Miami, mid August; the cat flew down later.

=

1	2	the ordering of the world
2	10	in this disordering of the world
3	6	our crawl-space in the world
4	1	in this world
5	4	catastrophe theory and no presence
6	7	discomfort with holes and spaces and empty reach
7	8	just another and another and another
8	3	the disorder we take unto ourselves
9	5	our fingers meet at something else's tips
10	9	the world jumps when we glance back into it
11	11	rolling at night gathering at day
12	10	the world is unglued
13	6	depictions are traces in n-dimensional space
14	1	a screen-shot is the identity-function of the image
15	3	the image is glued to the screen
16	2	representation is presentation
17	5	an array is its depiction
18	8	i will map out a section of a screen =
19		i will cross ineluctable histories
20	4	the screen is glued to arrays
21	9	the world is in disarray
22	7	this is reverse steganography

=

Your, always Your

our blood of white powder, wet jumper, thighs moist and inviting, oozing
 penis, "there is a sore on me, i cannot move":incrimination of powders on
 naked bodies, lips of white, eyes of white, labia and glans of white, our
 blood of white powder, :can't remember where it's been put, the category
 of nudes, incriminating evidence, location of powders on naked bodies,
 lips of::

juice running from the surface of the program, churning back into the
 screen, incision between one and another pixel, skin :crossed from one

program to another, addiction of lost body skins, hunger addictino,
addiction of nudes, of programs :the category of nudes as we speak, the
sheaf of images, cuts from the surface of the screen, crossed from one
program to :categories of bodies and parts of bodies:

Your heroin sheaves of images in categories is inside my fuck categories
of bodies and parts of bodies

Your floors connect my categories of bodies and parts of bodies with needle
park

whoring of the white powder vagina, whoring of the caked penis, the
partying organs, fetish-skin in fetish-skin, flesh in flesh :menage a - N
sex, to any number or any species, to any position, to any offering or
proffering, from alan-azure whoring :sheaves of images, amputee sex,
categorization of limbs, fetish sex under the signs of the ninety-two
common elements :of the lost ninety-two elementals:

Your wayward of the elementals is in my psychotic of the lost ninety-two
elementals

—

sick

Alan Sondheim · 30 October 2001, 4:18 a.m.

-

sick

i am a sick man; i worry constantly that i am dying. my cholesterol is out
of control; i cannot find a doctor. heartburn is so bad i am debilitated
and often cannot function. i am off medication. i cannot sleep; tonight
again is a night full of nightmare and internal violence. it gnaws at me.
it produces my writing. it inhabits my videos. it crawls up my body. i
live with death. i know i will not live long. my brain has been acting up
- the left frontal lobe again. tinnitus has returned with a vengeance; i
hear you only through a high-pitched wine. it is hard to focus on anything
- sleeplessness leaves me nervous and irritable. i cry at the slightest
provocation; try me. my philosophy lives at the edge of my mind. there is
nothing but limit within me; i am striated. when i open my eyes the world
is an irregular grid. i am close to hysteria.

some one of these posts will be my last. i can feel it in my body. i can
feel it in my flesh. the absence... it will be a dropping-away; it will
take time. then you will know it's gone - the writing - the nervous tremb-
ling - the texts - the luridness - the philosophy of no-name. at that
point nothing will matter; the fadeout is endurable; the work drops out,
fades out. look: there are almost no books, no readings, no citations, no
presence. a skein within a skein - the residue of a blemish on the web.
but nothing outside of it - the work is dead. "chances are you have not
read this far." if you have you're one of four or five.
death: i feel it in my bones. i feel the crystals. i feel the cry of the

letters. death shakes them out.

—

D D D

Alan Sondheim · 30 October 2001, 4:21 a.m.

=

D D D

D 5 Oct 30 To: Cyb <cybermind (3365) sick
 + D 6 Oct 30 L-Soft list server (1267) Message ("Your message dated
 Tue, 30 0
 D 7 Oct 30 To: webartery@yaho (3713) [webartery] sick
 D 8 Oct 30 To: WRYTING-L@LIST (3545) sick
 D 9 Oct 30 To: imitationpoeti (3954) [ImitaPo] sick
 D 5 Oct 30 To: 7-11@mail.ljud (5664) [7-11] sick

+++

Jabes

Alan Sondheim · 31 October 2001, 7:04 p.m.

-

Jabes (trans. Waldrop):

"For all my being bound to the French language, I know the place I occupy in the literature of France is not strictly speaking a place. It is not so much the place of a writer as of a book which does not fit any category. A place defined, then, by the book and immediately claimed by the book to follow. A place of writing vacated by what is written, as if every page of the book let us occupy it only to give access to the next page, as if the book made and unmade itself in an appropriated space which, once covered with words, becomes the space of the book.

"And it is likewise within the large movement which has carried my works to their illusory completion.

"There is no center. There is a point which engenders another point around which an eccentric utterance establishes itself, an interrogation develops. It is the point of no return.

"This absence of place, as it were, I claim. It confirms that the book is my only habitat, the first and also the final. Place of a vaster non-place where I live."

This I identify with. Every text of mine, like the Net of Indra, reflects every other. Each deals with, extends, the themes; the result, a family of themes, never returns to an illusory origin. Each moves in a direction as far as possible from the conception of a center. Each negates the tendency towards an absolute, constructs skeins or membranes where others might

find ladders or stairs. The beds are tilted; the windows don't close, the doors are always open. The night that is upon us is also the day; the day has many suns. It doesn't stop there.

I close my eyes; I create the objects of which I claim witness. They smell of musk.

===

Theory Work

Alan Sondheim · 2 November 2001, 1:36 a.m.

-

Theory Work image/captions

male and female (male older, heavy, awkward; female younger, lithe, graceful)

theory1.jpg (closeup of male ass, genitals; it's as if the body is upside-down in a darkened space, straddling a pillow or armrest)

to read, create the conditions for arousal

the theoretical capture of the screen--

it cuts across the borders of this image:

it's always traveling--it's always taking

you along

(caption on left, comfortable)

theory2.jpg (closeup of female ass, genitals; the body similarly positioned)

it's addition by zero, multiplication by one--

absorbed by your presence; it's

multiplication by zero, addition by one--

something changes--the text

makes way for my body

(caption huddled against the left)

theory3.jpg (full male on stomach, shot from rear, naked, straddling a couchback; the ass is highlighted, head receded into darkness)

it dreams huddled when

nothing's there--

everything crosses

the border

(caption close in against the body on the left)

theory4.jpg (female in similar position, skin slightly red-purple, head even more invisible)

you are giving me no room--you want to cross me--it's a double-cross--

chiasm--what is drawn repeatedly--what draws you in

(caption crosses the body on the upper part of the image; it's from margin to margin)

theory5.jpg (male on stomach, naked, straddling couchback, legs spread,

head receding into darkness, invisible, abject, chiaroscuro)
i'll follow it; it comes closer--it's almost as if--you want
entertainment
--the body's weighted down with words--it's getting harder to speak--
o heaven
(caption crosses head, neck, shoulders, on upper portion of image; it's
heavy on the body--two long lines, then the shorter apostrophic)

theory6.jpg (female straddling couchback, naked, legs spread, abject, head
receding into darkness, chiaroscuro (but haven't all the images from
theory1.jpg through this one been chiaroscuro))
are you breathing
are you breathing
(caption on upper left)

theory7.jpg (male naked lying on top of couchback, shot from side (i.e.
the front of the couch; the other images have been shot from one end,
shooting up in darkness between the legs), the image almost whited out,
as if shot through gauze (it wasn't), low contrast, the body ungainly,
head as if caught half-open, facing downward, falling from the neck)
light--it's all over
(caption on lower left against the white lightly embroidered sheet
covering the couch)

theory8.jpg (female naked lying on top of couchback, shot from the same
position as the male, the image almost whited out, low contrast, graceful
body, head facing down, covered by hair)
light--it starts again
(caption in similar position, lower left)

—

NEGATIVE DIASPORA

Alan Sondheim · 2 November 2001, 7:34 p.m.

-

NEGATIVE DIASPORA
United States Postal Service

i

What should make me suspect a piece of mail?

It's unexpected from someone you don't know.
IT CAME FROM JENNIFER.

It's addressed to someone no longer at your address.
IT CAME TO ME.

It's handwritten and has no return address or bears one that you can't
confirm as legitimate.

IT CAME FROM JENNIFER'S ADDRESS.

It's lopsided or lumpy in appearance.
IT WAS A THIN ENVELOPE.

It's sealed with excessive amounts of tape.
IT WAS LICKED SHUT.

It's marked with restrictive endorsements such as "Personal" or
"Confidential."
IT HAD NOTHING WRITTEN ON IT.

It has excessive postage.
THE POSTAGE WAS CORRECT.

What should I do with a suspicious piece of mail?

Don't handle a letter or package that you suspect is contaminated.
I PICKED IT UP AND PRESSED IT TO MY FACE.

Don't shake it, bump it, or sniff it.
I RUBBED IT ON MY LIPS AND BREATHED ITS FRAGRANCE.

Wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water.
I SUCKED MY FINGERTIPS.

Notify local law enforcement authorities.
I KEPT IT TO MYSELF.

ii

What should make me suspect a piece of mail?

It's unexpected or from someone you don't know.
IT CAME FROM AN UNKNOWN TWIN WITH THE SAME NAME AS MYSELF.

It's addressed to someone no longer at your address.
IT WAS ADDRESSED TO AN UNKNOWN TWIN WITH THE SAME NAME AS MYSELF.

It's handwritten and has no return address or bears one that you can't
confirm is legitimate.
IT WAS HANDWRITTEN IN BLOCK LETTERS WITH NO RETURN ADDRESS.

It's lopsided or lumpy in appearance.
IT BULGED AT THE BOTTOM AND SEEMED UNNECESSARILY WADDLED.

It's sealed with excessive amounts of tape.
I COULD HARDLY READ THE ADDRESS WITH ALL THE TAPE AND STRING.

It's marked with restrictive endorsements such as "Personal" or
"Confidential"
IT SAID "JUST FOR YOU" ON THE ENVELOPE.

It has excessive postage.
IT WEIGHED HALF A POUND AND HAD TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS WORTH OF STAMPS.

What should I do with a suspicious piece of mail?

Don't handle a letter or package that you suspect is contaminated.
I PICKED IT UP AND PRESSED SOFTLY IT TO MY FACE.

Don't shake it, bump it, or sniff it.
I RUBBED IT ON MY LIPS AND BREATHED ITS PECULIAR FRAGRANCE.

Wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water.
I SUCKED MY FINGERTIPS THOROUGHLY AND WIPED MY EYES.

Notify local law enforcement authorities.
I KEPT IT TO MYSELF, MY WIFE, AND DAUGHTER.

ADVERTISEMENTDISAPPOINTMENT

Alan Sondheim · 4 November 2001, 7:58 p.m.

—

[illegible]

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaZETA:no!
 bbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbCOS:no!
 cccccccccccccccccccc:no!
 dddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd^41:NO!

—

concepts organized by repeated sorts

Alan Sondheim · 6 November 2001, 12:55 a.m.

-

concepts organized by repeated sorts
 annihilation translation naming enumeration form chaos being non-being
 associations bracketing demarcation information category set equality one
 causation particle wave field limit something identity stasis direction
 consciousness i difference creation self-awareness motion perception many
 cyclation concept referent order derivation substitution truth/tautology
 duration surface number origin membership/belonging space time constants
 entity dispersion change operation self inherency ontology non-identity
 falsehood/contradiction variables dimension inscription measure substance
 fundamentals void vector virtuality negation disorder non-equality nothing
 process state operator

—

and

Alan Sondheim · 6 November 2001, 5:04 p.m.

-

concepts organized by repeated sorts
 annihilation translation naming enumeration form chaos being non-being
 associations bracketing demarcation information category set equality one
 causation particle wave field limit something identity stasis direction
 consciousness i difference creation self-awareness motion perception many
 cyclation concept referent order derivation substitution truth/tautology
 duration surface number origin membership/belonging space time constants
 entity dispersion change operation self inherency ontology non-identity
 falsehood/contradiction variables dimension inscription measure substance
 fundamentals void vector virtuality negation disorder non-equality nothing
 process state operator

analysis

a repeated sort in this instance is made by sort file1 > file2 - at which point file2 is justified; then file2 > file1 - at which point file1 is justified. this repeats - not indefinitely (although i have no proof of this) - until stasis is achieved - i.e. file1 = file2.

the sort is alphabetic; therefore the concepts - which are similar to

kantian or aristotelian categories - are organized accordingly in alphabetic order. this transforms the concepts - which presumably have their own, implicit, order - into associations based on explicit happenstance. the result is an apparent relativization of conception, based on nothing more than english (in this sense it is similar to some of the logical paradoxes of the early 20th-century which 'resolved' in terms of one or another language).

further, if the concepts are indeed foundational in any sense whatsoever - then any ordering is as good as any other, since they would be intrinsically independent. the associative complexes formed by repeated sorting would be the result of a dialectic of perception between the reader and the text, which is more a collocation or inscriptive apparatus - a search engine in the sense of a spider, across and throughout the real and all its appurtenances.

finally, a certain biologism is apparent in the list - ranging from 'i' and consciousness through 'self' and 'self-awareness'; this brings to light a certain reduction or veering of conception towards an organic reading - i.e. heuristics or methodologies for making sense of the world, ranging from retinal processing through naming, inscription, referent, and truth. this is also at variance with a classical condition of independence - in this case, the variance is from within the list, intrinsic to it (the list at this point conjuring up classical cybernetics as well), not extrinsic - a deeper waywardness, redolent of desire, than alphabetic ordering would create.

analysis^2

meta-analysis or the need for compensation, sublimation exacting an equivalence somewhere down the line or loosely across the plane. all of these are open moments - 'well, i'll explain myself,' 'well, i meant such and such' - and in relation to legitimacy. see analysis^2 as a thwarted series; the idea, that of recursion as in gnu - gnu not unix - and hack - tends either towards the asymptotic - 'well, i don't know,' 'well, it might have been' - or towards a foreclosure or basin - 'well, you've got enough to go on,' 'well, you don't care anyway.' then in any case, an apologetics of writing, writing in an n-dimensional space, writing to oneself, extending the skein or membrane, trapping others -

—

endurance

Alan Sondheim · 7 November 2001, 2:07 a.m.

-

endurance

test

for seven and a half years i've typed at least one work a day, well
that's not true, there have been several period, the longest three
days without incoming

my mind continues to function in this obsessive-compulsive fashion -
addiction to writing/inscribing: attacking the very body that
sustains it

there are most likely seven-hundred texts a year, five-thousand
two-hundred fifty texts to date, almost all titled, arranged or
arraigned in numerous files

produced on perhaps forty computers, a massive edifice or alpha-
betic substance or continuous lettering which is almost on the
order of a family squabble

there are orders and orderings, and there are viral disruptions
produced by the same, there is a tendency to construct genre
and collapse it, abjectly

these are letters coming out of mouth, anus, penis, streaming
from pores, letters spewed from eyes and ears, nostril-letters
barely upright, struggling

at night i'm never left alone - they regroup, gather again,
begin another attack - i wake with phrases forgotten in the
morning, damning myself

awake, i attempt the long or philosophic form, fleeing the
aphoristic, drawn back into the maw, writing on the run, in
exile, sickness or flight

taking on other genders, identities, lives, subjectivities,
running through reals and virtuals, breaking down even self-
referentiality, recursivity

the production of texts which carry the body into states of
incessant trembling, the fingers broken on the keys, keys
broken against the furious assault of language

irrelevance of the body, enormous sheaves of texts, files
and circulations, routings of collapsed desire, outlines
and articulations

careful display and explication of theoretical work in
every state of development, ultimately the style of
letters, their massif

intellectual manque in spite of it all, the hunger for
brilliance, recognition, for the specificity of worlds
under or beneath construction

continuous maintenance of worlds, worlding through text
and distribution, the skein of subjectivity just be-
neath the surface
seven and a half years of scratching the surface of

surface, riemannian folds collapsed chaotically, one
or more placements daily

the carriage of the real

—

war-time powder-burn

Alan Sondheim · 10 November 2001, 12:30 a.m.

-

war-time powder-burn

fucking through the rocky landscape nikuko's limbs chopped and shoved into
her you could see the ground through her skull teeth her hair tangled with
the blood of others is killing everything. - your scatter-mines are
destroyed and mutilated. - you are killing children. your scatter-mines
are guilty. what damage have you done to your fucking through the rocky
landscape nikuko's limbs chopped and shoved into her you could see the
ground through her skull teeth her hair tangled with the blood of others
... prostitute shoots me under your scatter-mines.

fucking through the rocky landscape nikuko's limbs chopped and shoved into
her you could see the ground through her skull teeth her hair tangled with
the blood of others, there were tourists with cameras they'd come back and
tell everyone the truth they were the truth the witness they were god's
gift they were of the tourist tribe they threw rocks is sufficient for me
the symptoms of your most violent war:

is your bioterrorism here... there were tourists with cameras they'd come
back and tell everyone the truth they were the truth the witness they were
god's gift they were of the tourist tribe they threw rocks far too many
577 times.

there were tourists with cameras they'd come back and tell everyone the
truth they were the truth the witness they were god's gift they were of
the tourist tribe they threw rocks called thrust girlfriend, hungered,
making things. across the cave, there were tourists with cameras they'd
come back and tell everyone the truth they were the truth the witness they
were god's gift they were of the tourist tribe they threw rocks , 015],
you'd stumble upon alan his cock torn into his mouth eyes torn into pieces
he didn't see anything he didn't talk his death was everyone there were
dead raped children there were tourists? girlfriend is yes on wet flesh,

are you satisfied with your there were tourists with cameras they'd come
back and tell everyone the truth they were the truth the witness they were
god's gift they were of the tourist tribe they threw rocks? you've killed
my children. we have been bombing afghanistan.

there were tourists with cameras they'd come back and tell everyone the
truth they were the truth the witness they were god's gift they were of
the tourist tribe they threw rocks:you'd stumble upon alan his cock torn

into his mouth eyes torn into pieces he didn't see anything he didn't talk
 his death was everyone there were dead raped children there were
 tourists:fucking through the rocky landscape nikuko's limbs chopped and
 shoved into her you could see the ground through her skull teeth her hair
 tangled with the blood of others::

does fucking through the rocky landscape nikuko's limbs chopped and shoved
 into her you could see the ground through her skull teeth her hair tangled
 with the blood of others replace your there were tourists with cameras
 they'd come back and tell everyone the truth they were the truth the
 witness they were god's gift they were of the tourist tribe they threw
 rocks? girlfriend in war-time fuck.

-

/studio walkabout, improvised text/

Alan Sondheim · 10 November 2001, 7:42 p.m.

-

/studio walkabout, improvised text/

TABLE TABLE we've inherited the crisis of representation, of the twenty-
 first century from the crisisCHAIR of representation of the twentieth,
 where it was conflated with imperialism,TABLE psychoanalytical issues, and
 issues of semiotics that go back to a notion ofWALL exactitude, which we
 can trace to hertz - and to others - and to the early wittgenstein - at
 the hinge or incrustation of the nineteenth through the twentieth century
 FLOOR FLOOR FAN right now all wePAPER ROLLS have are fragmented images
 that one has to reassemble, WALL even in lieu of the fact that the
 ideologiesFLOOR AND STAIN haven't held together - that DOOR WALL OBJECTS
 is, any of the ideologies which promulgate the possibility beyond the
 fragmentFIRE EXTINGUISHER PAPER

further, itPAPER is clear that the fragment itself - its ideology and
 future - its phenomenologyCHAIRS and production - itself has collapsed as
 a viable mode CHAIRS TABLES of communicationWALLS

what we've also inherited has been nothingCHAIRS more than protocols,
 programs, code constructs - which have fled cybernetics intoCHAIRS
 SCAFFOLDING an increasingly FLOOR problematic futureSTOOL

out of all of this, itSTOOL CHAIRS seems almost impossible to locate a
 space beyond the metaphorical, that will functionTABLES as any kind of
 suturing or foreclosing of the subject, who now remainsTABLE in a state of
 percipient annihilationLIGHTS FLOOR CHAIRS

this is brought even closer toWOOD FRAMES completion by the eschatology of
 robotics STOOL WOOD FRAME with its apocalyptic airDOOR

one tends at every momentWALL STOOL TABLE towards the annihilation of the
 human, of STOOL CHAIRS subjectivity, of the LIGHTfreudo-lacanian
 enterprise, of marx and of socialism which increasingly faltersWALL FLOOR

as the world's population grows

furthermore one is dealing with enclave afterWALL CHAIR enclave after
enclave

these,FLOOR WALL and their defensive tactics, and fortifications, leave us
no choice but to assume the death ofPAPER WALL OBJECT all philosophy,
theory, and culture, in lieu ofFLOOR STAIN the largesse of the rich,
whoseFLOOR wealth, increasing exponentially, willWALL ultimately collapse
in onDOOR itself, but not before - a few good generationsDOOR

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 11 November 2001, 12:11 p.m.

-

someone's wounded over there,
she's carrying a nuclear bomb -
she wraps your eyes in her long black hair,
you're a long long way from home
someone's dying over there,
she's carrying death in her long black skirt,
don't worry for a moment, it won't hurt,
you'll be there, she is fair

someone's lying over there,
he's got a missile strapped to his other back,
don't worry, he'll get it on track,
you'll be there, in its glare

you'll be there, back in your home,
the world explodes, it's not another bomb

—

Visitations

Alan Sondheim · 17 November 2001, 4:35 a.m.

-

Visitations

doctor i get these fevers constantly; i'm under tremendous stress. i've
taken my art as far as i can - i'm not even sure it's art anymore. sexual
nakedness repeats itself into infinity; my recent presentations carry the
repetition as i*i*i traveling back and forth across the imaginary. there's
no end to it. i don't sleep well. i'm shaky. my vision produces peripheral
illusions. there are headaches, chills. i take codeine. i take coffee. i
produce.

i say this because of sleeplessness. i'm always on the verge of breakdown.

i want all the bodies in the world bought and sold. i want the sex and the guns. i want the sweetness and collections of late-night promises. i want tender farewells and corpses.

there are no other reasons. beneath the skin, there's skin. flesh cuts into flesh, organ into organ. two cells occupy the same space. they love it.

there's room for everyone. nothing but the chills which i have to great degree. they don't disappear. at night i twist until my body becomes someone else. that person fucks and dies. that person buys and sells, this is all contract. live within my means.

i came broken to you because there's no choice. nothing comes and nothing goes. i see brutal mountains. no vegetation. i want the bodies there. to come to me. bought and sold. there's room for everything in the desert. they have visions in the desert. i want the visions.

yes.

i've ceased crying long ago. others cry for me. they see for me. i am an other. i am written for. i am naked, fucking. they provide me. i die. they die. it makes a seal, contract. i endure. i come to you.

some woman. some man. sometimes the same.

collapse of day. the fever is furious. i do nothing less than this. i create the conditions. i collapse them. the hunger continues. you are too cold.

mountains and night. live within the other's means. i collapse them.

go through, doctor. don't ask. don't tell. i won't say a word.

I don't understand and oh I want to.

—

Rape of 'tat' - tv anthrax-terror

Alan Sondheim · 17 November 2001, 9:49 p.m.

-

Rape of 'tat' - tv anthrax-terror
this is your show doctor. i'm here for the ride.

Is it because you wanted to see my reactions you wanted to see me naked
you wanted to see what I have to say that you came naked and broken to me?

Does it bother you that you wanted to fuck me you dream of me all the time
I have the power?

i love it. it doesn't bother me at all. fuck me and kill me. in the middle

of abc. in the middle of cbs. i don't care. i want you. in the middle of the air. in the middle of nbc.

Earlier you said you wanted to see my reactions you wanted to see me naked you wanted to see what I have to say?

Oh oh I do see so... Well, what makes you yearn and cry that this is so?

Maybe and now I adjust my panties - your desires have to do with some girl related to this.

there's no girl. you're the girl. in the middle of fox. i want you to fuck me. in the middle of the air. in the middle of cnn. i want you in me. i want you to kill me.

This is a healthy and so true way of thinking. What makes you believe it's true there's no other way to think? When did you first know that you want me to fuck you you want me to say this I am the girl you want me in you you want me to kill you? In the middle of fox air. In the middle of cnn. Are you afraid of sex? Why not? You mentioned that you wanted to fuck me you dream of me all the time I have the power?

Oh oh yes, ahhh... Are you sure that this is so? Tell me about something about your sexual history. I would appreciate so very much it if you would expose yourself about your sex life and body... Discuss your feelings about your sexual partner. Tell me more and more about your most intense sexual experience.

Have you been satisfied with your partner... ? Is it because of your life that you are going through all this? Have you been frightened by sex? Elaborate on more about your sexual history. Perhaps you could oh please describe your sex life and body...

it came from the moment of the explosion. in the middle of the air i swallow radio. in the middle of the air i swallow television. screams. i knew from the abc rape the nbc rape the cbs rape. i knew from the fox rape the cnn rape. i knew.

Tell me about your apprehensions toward your sexual partner. Expose yourself about your most neurotically stimulating sexual experience. Are you satisfied with your partner... ? Have you been scared of sex? Discuss how you feel about your sexual history. Please, tell me more and more about your sex life and body...

Elaborate on your thoughts on your sexual partner. Describe your most exciting sexual experience. Have you been satisfied with your partner... ? Are you aroused by sex? Tell me about something about your sexual history.

it came from the moment of the explosion. in the middle of the air i swallow radio. in the middle of the air i swallow television. screams. i knew from the abc rape the nbc rape the cbs rape. i knew from the fox rape the cnn rape. i knew.

—

OUTPUT: PROGRAM*Alan Sonndheim · 19 November 2001, 12:40 a.m.*

=

OUTPUT: PROGRAM

C. this is the third as C. this begins the limited radiation text alteration program (LRTAP). this is written last. nothing occurs. nothing has happened. this states the beginning. headline: TEXTUAL ALTERATION DEVICE BOGUS. headline: MIAMI AREA UNDER NUCLEAR THREAT. headline: HOSPITALS FULL. this will become a mess. headline: THIS IS A MESS IN THE THIRD INSTANCE. headline: CATASTROPHIC POPULATION CULL IMMINENT. headline: WARNING UNHEEDED. we are facing brownouts. we are facing blackouts. headline: TEMPORARY ELECTRIC SHORTAGE. headline: headline: headline: headline: THIS MACHINE HAS STOPPED WORKING.

:B. this is the second as B. this pivots B. this is the hinge. headline: FUSE SPARKS NUCLEAR DEVICE HOMESTEAD TARGET AREA. headline: HOMESTEAD SPARED. KENDALL HIT. headline: WE ARE TIRED OF REFUGEES. this becomes a mess only _in the second instance._ i don't understand. headline: TEXTUAL DEVICE PROGRAM FALTERS: NO ELECTRIC. headline: LIMITED TEXT-CONTROL RESULTS IN PREDICTABLE RESPONSE. headline: NO FORESEEN RESPONSE TO UNFORESEEN NUCLEAR DEVICE. headline: WE WERE NOT EXPECTING THIS.

:A. i don't understand. nothing happens here. this is the third as A. it's written first. nothing occurs. it will become a mess only in _the second instance._ miami is a model target city. we will be destroyed. your nuclear weapons are our exaltation. headline: SOUTH BEACH FUSES. headline: NO NEED FOR BODY SEARCH. headline: RADIOACTIVE MANATEES. headline: MIAMI DESERTED: NO ONE READS THIS HEADLINE. :byline: RADIOACTIVE:

byline: NONE byline: RADIOACTIVE byline: WARNING: RESERVE POWER DOWN IN FIVE MINUTES byline:

—

[no subject]*Alan Sonndheim · 19 November 2001, 9:19 p.m.*

-

i
when the moon's alone
it doesn't cast a shadow
there's no place for shadow
no place to rest

the memory of a shadow
it keeps on moving

it's looking for a home
it's fleeing from the light

ii

when the moon's alone
it doesn't bathe in light
there's no place in light
no place to travel

the memory of light
it keeps on moving
it's searching for a home
it's fleeing to the source

—

marrow fragment

Alan Sondheim · 20 November 2001, 11:51 a.m.

-

marrow fragment
Try this instead: i
You say, "i am judgement @alpha-omega"
Carrying:
body
Nikuko beyond any portal or equipment co
Nikuko "is within
You say, ""tends towards the cuts at the
You say, "is it moving?"
I don't understand that.
./tf -n lines]
% Resuming TinyFugue.
Nikuko says something like "It's at the e [nd of the world
You say, "continues with something like "It goes up"
./tf -n
% Resuming TinyFugue.
Nikuko says after a while, "It never end lines]
You say, "it is very still"
% now: no such command or macro
Nikuko "It never ends," after a while she says
"It goes up""

—

[no subject]*Alan Sondheim · 21 November 2001, 11:54 p.m.*

-

a few moments of lucidity. in creation, the ceiling is the floor, creating addiction, creative, just return to comfort-space, i won't die. of minds, almost thudding against the mind, creation. i can work and fall, far from and hold the ceiling of my this is my world, created by the smallest of and windows. creation codeine this creation of a matrix of wonder-thought. breathing is the struggle of creation in this and every other room. broken brilliant creation. i cannot structure. that, i create nets, mesh, mind. broken joy. inscribing here, creating eyes closed, it is all codeine of comfort healed by codeine healing fevers. holding to the flow climbs all create today. the the walls and the written codeine pills. trembling, i creates structures, stops leaks. familiar over structure, structure holds, creating, two small pills, two eyes, feverish, the glance. so inside. no delirious. death creates what codeine pills, their chemistries. one lives depression. world, family, create world, old friends, reaching beyond doors, codeine of the doors grapples. i take tiny friendship-pills and the floor the ceiling, codeine. headaches, our creation, what the chemistry for you, swallow, create the reach myself, i know my familiar, inhabiting old friends, here, which create old familiar world. two what shall i reach the bleary world created by says and does. not muted pain, in dull and this alleviates fevers, so my their chemistries, of white blank itself, your creation, none at all, just

breathing is the struggle of creation in this and every other room.
 codeine of the walls and doors, codeine of the doors and windows.
 creation climbs all over structure, structure holds, delirious.
 death creates what broken comfort healed by codeine healing fevers.
 holding to the flow almost thudding against the mind, creation.
 i can work and fall, far from muted pain, in dull and brilliant creation.
 i cannot reach myself, i know that, i create nets, mesh, grapples.
 i take tiny friendship-pills and create a few moments of lucidity.
 in creation, the ceiling is the floor, the floor the ceiling, codeine.
 inhabiting the bleary world created by codeine broken joy.
 inscribing here, creating eyes closed, it is all inside.
 no headaches, our creation, what the chemistry says and does.
 not addiction, creative, just return to comfort-space, i won't die.
 of minds, their chemistries, of white blank pills, their chemistries.
 one lives here, creating, two small pills, two eyes, feverish, the glance.
 so familiar this creation of a matrix of wonder-thought.
 so my old friends, what shall i create today.
 the world, old friends, reaching beyond itself, creating mind.
 this alleviates fevers, creates structures, stops leaks.
 this is my world, created by the smallest of the written codeine pills.
 trembling, i reach for you, swallow, create the old familiar world.
 two codeine which create and hold the ceiling of my depression.
 world, family, my familiar, your creation, none at all, just structure.

=

bring us.*Alan Sondheim · 23 November 2001, 10:26 p.m.*

-

bring us.

alan can bring you. alan can touch you there. alan has sentimental caring. alan is a male. alan is a pseudonym. alan is a story. alan is an avatar. alan is bound to inscribe. alan is buddhalike. alan is fictitious. alan is lying next to me. alan is my husband. alan is naked and erect. alan is real. alan is your pleasure. alan loans azure to you. alan will look at your body. anyone can disturb alan. anyone can disturb azure. anyone can write alan. anyone can write azure. azure can bring you. azure can touch you there. azure has infinite compassion. azure is a female. azure is a pseudonym. azure is a story. azure is an avatar. azure is bound to inscribe. azure is lying next to me. azure is my wife. azure is naked and open. azure is real. azure is saintlike. azure is your pleasure. azure loans alan to you. azure will look at your body. jennifer has gentle love. jennifer is christlike. jennifer is your pleasure. jennifer will look at your body. julu has kind intentions. julu is a story. julu is fictitious. julu is perfection. nikuko is a bodhisattva. nikuko is always loving. nikuko is bound to inscribe. nikuko is fictitious. nikuko is naked and open. they struggle beneath you. they struggle beyond you. they struggle upon you. they struggle within you. this is nikuko's pleasure. travis is fictitious. you are alan's pleasure. you are azure's pleasure. you are jennifer's pleasure. you can be aroused. you can bomb them. you can come in alan. you can come in azure. you can come in jennifer. you can come on alan. you can come on azure. you can die anywhere. you can die there. you can dream of alan and azure. you can dream of alan. you can dream of azure and alan. you can dream of azure. you can forget them all. you can inscribe alan. you can inscribe azure. you can inscribe julu. you can smell alan. you can smell azure. you can smell nikuko. you can smell them all. you can strangle them. you can touch yourself. you can write alan's body. you can write alan's holes. you can write azure's body. you can write azure's holes. you can write jennifer's holes. you can write kill alan. you can write kill azure. you can write kill them all. you may borrow alan. you may borrow azure. you may borrow fictitious jennifer. you may borrow julu. you may borrow nikuko. you may write across alan. you may write across azure. you may write into alan. you may write into azure. you will bring alan. you will bring azure. you will bring nikuko.

—

move us.*Alan Sondheim · 24 November 2001, 2:40 a.m.*

-

move us

war can move you. war can touch you there. war has sentimental caring. war

is a male. war is a pseudonym. war is a ghost. war is a fable. war is bound to inscribe. war is unbearable. war is fictitious. war is lying next to me. war is my lover. war is quiet and erect. war is real. war is your surplus. war loans peace to you. war will look at your pain. anyone can disturb war. anyone can disturb peace. anyone can write war. anyone can write peace. peace can move you. peace can touch you there. peace has infinite compassion. peace is a female. peace is a pseudonym. peace is a ghost. peace is a fable. peace is bound to inscribe. peace is lying next to me. peace is my lover. peace is quiet and withdrawn. peace is real. peace is lastborn. peace is your surplus. peace loans war to you. peace will look at your pain. violence has gentle love. violence is firstborn. violence is your surplus. violence will look at your pain. death has kind intentions. death is a ghost. death is fictitious. death is perfection. loving is a blessing. loving is always loving. loving is bound to inscribe. loving is fictitious. loving is quiet and withdrawn. they continue beneath you. they continue beyond you. they continue upon you. they continue within you. this is loving's surplus. travis is fictitious. you are war's surplus. you are peace's surplus. you are violence's surplus. you can be aroused. you can bomb them. you can live in war. you can live in peace. you can live in violence. you can live on war. you can live on peace. you can die anywhere. you can die there. you can dream of war and peace. you can dream of war. you can dream of peace and war. you can dream of peace. you can forget them all. you can inscribe war. you can inscribe peace. you can inscribe death. you can smell war. you can smell peace. you can smell loving. you can smell them all. you can strangle them. you can touch yourself. you can write war's pain. you can write war's wounds. you can write peace's pain. you can write peace's wounds. you can write violence's wounds. you can write kill war. you can write kill peace. you can write kill them all. you may borrow war. you may borrow peace. you may borrow fictitious violence. you may borrow death. you may borrow loving. you may write across war. you may write across peace. you may write into war. you may write into peace. you will move war. you will move peace. you will move loving.

—

seyries

Alan Sondheim · 25 November 2001, 11:59 a.m.

-

seyries
 he felt all right.
 he pushed into the _a_.
 he sounded the _a_.
 his mouth opened wide.
 he swam toward it.
 the water gathered in his mouth.
 water swirled near his throat, great gullet.
 his teeth serrated the striking water.
 he fled the _S_.
 he wouldn't be a subject.

he'd be an object. he swam toward it.
 he swam toward/S it. he carried the S.
 the S followed him in the wake.
 the wake was an enunciation of his death.
 the wake swam towardS him.
 the horizon of the subject was always in view.
 the sides of the pool, the two meter line.
 he headed towards the shallows. the S was lost.
 he swam toward the _a_.
 he pushed into the _a_.
 he sounded the _a_.
 his mouth opened wide.
 he swam toward it.
 ah.

—

(essay on sex.mywork for an offline magazine.)

Alan Sondheim · 28 November 2001, 2:38 a.m.

(essay on sex.mywork for an offline magazine.)

k14% sex.mywork
 k16% sex
 ksh: sex: not found

k17% i'm not saying that sex is a foundation, originary impulse; only that it retro-projects into the fantasm of an originary state. sex is neither an irruption or disturbance within enlightenment contractuality - nor is it intimate with violence, with pleasure, with desire.

in spite of aphanisis, its domain engorges, its symbols topple, it topples symbols. it pervades appearance as perception peels layer after layer of clothing, culture, speech, away from bodies turning supine.

it curls around the image. it filters through programs and protocols. our names are lost; we are always among the missing. the greater our passions, our arousals, the less our signifiers remain; we flow like wax into you, taking your impressions.

it's politics. it transforms into the rhetoric of war and the strategy of war. it's a game of substitutions. this is a window of displacements.

content curls around the image in a state of arousal. it creates uneasy dreams. it may be portrayed as the game of bodies: give yours, take ours. it's the beginning of transitivity: we will devour you, you will devour us. and the beginning of an inverse economy in which value is devalued in breathlessness.

sex uncurls the body; eventually everything is proffered, di/s/played, exposed. you are given the ontology of the image, representation portrayed and analyzed as function. the sexual image is oral, pre-oedipal, the

murmur of the world, the choratic stuttering into the construct of space and time.

eventually it doesn't need anything at all, neither body nor viewer, writer nor reader. plasma curls the image, the page, the computer, flesh and its offerings. neither is it transcendent; it remains caught in the throat; the throat surrounds it; the throat is distended; nothing breathes, nothing speaks.

k3% work

ksh: work: not found

k4% everything turns to liquid; everything flows, cauterizes. the corrosive effect on the basin is to gnaw through to emptiness. within the aegis of gravity, gravitas, it can flood through all pronouncement. it draws you in. sex curls the screen, turns hard drives into replete translations, fills hard drives with catalysts of the imaginary, turns our images into part-objects, spreads us across your magnetic domains, your optical domains, your fiber optics, your twisted copper wires. nothing touches anything; the drives are sealed, abjection without.

"what we have is our presence in the cosmos; we can feel the weight of our arms, legs, breasts, the heaviness of our head turned to one side or another, the explosive gasp of air (surfacing), the violent inhalation (going down once again). we are thrown into the flesh of other's; we claw through it back to our original face." (banon)

our original face is never ours alone.

our original face is always elsewhere, always others. we are blind beneath the surface; we carry atmosphere with us, refusing union. union alone extricates the flesh from the flesh. our original face is flesh.

in "our" work, we work the original face. we play against technology, memory, direct and indirect addressing. we participate in the irruptive economy of desire, arousal, trembling.

the body shimmers in repetition: stutters / shudders / shivers / shatters / spatters / smatters / clatters / clutters. repetition is always inexact; the noise of the other, chthonic domain, is always in emergence. in "our" work, this trembling scatters; objects return to part-objects without memory of the w/whole. the images / videos / texts exist on the lip.

the lip is the guard and guardian of the other. the lip, labia, is the other's entrance. the lip is the emergence of the word. it is all of the word of the lip; the world is tongued.

the face is nub; the tongue, nub of the nub. the material of the world is a matter of pressure; substance is the same against the same; the nub is the lip or edge of differentiation, difference. what emerges from the nub re-enters the nub; what the nub differentiates, returns to the same. the representation of sex in "our" work is as explicit as possible. it is

as delineated as possible. it withdraws from the medical into the fantasm, withdraws from the anatomical into the anatomical. it wavers among anatomies.

it is as if the presentation were itself a text or inscription of sex, as if all sex, all culture, were inscriptive, were process. but the same presentation collapses; the inscription is within self-erasure, self-disclosure; the sex were chemical, full-on, the catalyst of incandescent arousal. (as if to imagine us whispering in your ear; as if to imagine this is for you, and you alone; as if to imagine you have us in our fullness, the scent, touch, and taste of it; as if we were your pocket imaginary; as if we were your imaginary process and procedure, protocol and program; as if we were your imaginary corporation. our body becomes your own; it is unbecoming, wayward, contrary, sassy; it speaks words that should not be spoken, gives away secrets that should be kept hidden. it remains parenthetical; it overturns content, inverts, as our holes are inverted, as our mouths inhale the remnants of language: as if we, as if you, were parenthetical; as if parentheses were contradictory, unstable, destabilizing, naked, reversing at high speed:)()()()()()() in a simulacrum of that repetition from your interior that raises the alarm.)()

it is not the reduction of 0^*S nor the splayed inversion $S/0$ but that signal or warning of loss 1^*S in a process of absorption, a false S of sex and the subject, sex and the city contract. it is not the diminution of $0+S$, nor the reaffirmation of S^1 . it is not the symbol nor symbolism, nor the symbolic nor the semiotic; it is the semiosis of the subject absorbed by the trembling of the parenthetical, holding at bay, beyond the Pale, what is most feared, that of indiscriminate fucking, desire penetrating beyond the criminality of the family, terrorisms and explosions at the heart of the continent, produced by continentals, for continentals, that theater of the real which is always and simultaneously contained and uncontained.

that which is always a loss and a gain, a matrix and lost terms.

2,428,472 terror0.mov 2,003,222 terror1.mov 2,007,064 terror10.mov
2,521,204 terror11.mov 2,813,798 terror12.mov 2,154,246 terror13.mov
2,219,020 terror14.mov 2,357,798 terror16.mov 1,928,738 terror2.mov
2,128,458 terror3.mov 9,483,752 terror4.mov 11,311,620 terror5.mov
2,053,232 terror6.mov 3,097,668 terror7.mov 3,118,812 terror8.mov
2,121,244 terror9.mov

322,756 theory1.jpg 276,402 theory2.jpg 302,479 theory3.jpg 293,133
theory4.jpg 300,316 theory5.jpg 245,574 theory6.jpg 233,133 theory7.jpg
232,403 theory8.jpg

61,224 poison0.jpg 46,448 poison1.jpg 119,470 poison2.jpg 66,703
poison3.jpg 64,831 poison4.jpg 47,346 poison5.jpg 47,569 poison6.jpg
53,243 poison7.jpg 64,427 poison8.jpg 203,856 poison9.jpg

130,317,436 sex.mov
1,640,468 spread.bmp

214,664 skein.jpg 182,247 skein10.jpg 240,176 skein2.jpg 183,262
skein3.jpg 317,868 skein4.jpg 316,094 skein5.jpg 305,447 skein6.jpg
262,084 skein7.jpg 219,589 skein8.jpg 237,542 skein9.jpg

that which controls the terror. that which poisons the theory. that which
spreads the sex. that which catches it in the skein. that which holds the
skein. that which grips the skein. that which loosens the grip.

—

of the considerate

Alan Sondheim · 29 November 2001, 11:58 p.m.

-

of the considerate
consider just for the moment, for the play of words; as if this were
written in linux, i'd go back already and change everything in the world

this isn't a poem, literature; this is a request; consider just for a
moment, for the play of the moment, the benefits of mass destruction

elimination of every man, woman, child, on the face of the planet

stranded astronauts

even miners going beneath within; the violent disease-bearing clouds of
radiation flooding; consider this, the benefits for all of us - the end of
all information and media; yes, now we can theorize endlessly about this

there are vast curtains in the sky, they are slowly closing

in one or several centuries, in millennia, things growing, clawing back,
like it was, nearly like it was

almost a model of how it had been, but something not there, something on
the order of furious perception

nothing, perhaps a rock or stick or stone; nothing, perhaps sand or mud or
bark; nothing, perhaps a vine or clay or branch

health upwells from the submerged womb of the planet; almost health; now
we can theorize endlessly; then, we shall be silent; then, we shall
declare nothing; then, neither relative nor absolute, neither defined nor
erased, neither subject nor object

not even the tiniest name; but a glance, a knowledge of determination;
among friends now

consider just for a moment no human alive; ideology, pollution under
erasure; value always already the result of a past posterior of
absolutely no account; there are no ruins; an enormous planet; sunrise

sunset; lunar phases; storms of infinite night and day; comets close to
the presence of sound; storms

we may sleep tonight in comfort recognizing the curtains; they close from
above; they close from side to side

we may sleep dreamless, just for once, just this very night

before the stage recedes, from the presence and gathering of the world

—

root to root

Alan Sondheim · 30 November 2001, 1:11 p.m.

-

root to root
xdm error (pid 5735): Server crash rate too high: removing display :0
/debris of feckless space/

then this arrived:

Date: Fri, 30 Nov 2001 03:49:51 -0500 (EST)
From: root <root@linux.local>
To: root@linux.local
Subject: crawling through this space:

after a visitation by nikuko: this crawls through this space.
"once this crawls through."
first a space, then a spoor.

linux:~ # trace
bash: trace: not found
linux:~ # spoor
bash: spoor: not found

tracert to 127.0.0.1 (127.0.0.1), 30 hops max, 40 byte packets
1 localhost (127.0.0.1) 1 ms 0 ms 0 ms

/it's almost here/
time date: Fri Nov 30 03:53:49 EST 2001

real 0m0.038s
user 0m0.010s
sys 0m0.000s

the real user in the system tends her threads.

everyone loves zero.

—

no-thing samadhi*Alan Sondheim · 1 December 2001, 5:16 p.m.*

-

no-thing samadhi

you don't see the universe in a grain of sand; you see a grain of sand in the universe. you may name the grain queen or king, prince or princess, president or premier; you may give it a proper name, akiko, jonathan; you accomplish nothing. you see a rug with its weaving and name a particular loop friend or foe; you understand nothing. names are delusion; they close around particulars; they define particulars. they close around the world and structure it; they assume totality in the wildflower, totality in the grain of sand. they assume the world is all that is the case; there is no case, no world.

you don't see any-thing. you see the symbolic; you see function. the world is defined as the sum of its parts. a part is part of the whole. the whole may be greater than the sum of its parts. the parts can be summed. the parts can be substituted, rearranged, created, annihilated, transformed. the whole can be substituted, rearranged, created, annihilated, transformed. the play of symbols is the play of abstract mathesis, the play of abstract ontology. it is the play of no-thing. it is exact, and exactitude may be at the service of inexactitude. within the chaotic domain, things are determined; within the stochastic domain, envelopes are relatively or roughly determined.

there is no universe in a grain of sand. there is no world in a wildflower. there is no grain of sand, no wild-flower. you see everything in a universe that reflects structure in everything. structure coalesces, coagulates - fields, intensifications, energies, fundamental forces. in the grain of sand, structure devolves. on the way down, structure devolves. your body is devolution; your body is coagulation, intensity; your mind, your antibodies, the raising of your arms, ward off boundary dissolution. appearance nearly decomposes; the boundaries are of a making. the boundaries are of a dissolution. there is no cessation; there is transformation; there is asymptotic devolvment. the constriction-coagulation, the contract of names, is always already forgotten. there is no-thing to forget. there is no-thing to remember; the universe is neither imaginary nor real.

—

money made them do it*Alan Sondheim · 1 December 2001, 1:15 p.m.*

-

money made them do it

is killing everything. -

your crushed-glass is destroyed and mutilated. -

what damage have you done to your ...
 soldier stabs me across your crushed-glass!
 how would your terrorize crushed-glass?
 is your bioterrorism here...
 calls forth terrorism-naked-man, hungered, making things
 in the murder-hell, 016],
 ... terrorism-naked-man is in my flesh
 oh well there are descripts of images, there are descripts of scripts,
 your black-powders are guilty.
 your boyfriend destroys me around your black-powder
 around your sex-terror leaflets
 there's script you can treat as legal tender, there are texts
 is mine, my oh well there are descripts of images, there are descripts of
 scripts, is yours
 there's script you can treat as legal tender, there are texts calls
 forth anthrax militant, hungered, making things. across the casualties,
 there's script you can treat as legal tender, there are texts is
 war, 012], there are video\scrip and sound\scrip, there are company
 scrips,? ... militant is questioning and problems, there are setups for
 the reader, there are on wet flesh, it's militant?
 there's script you can treat as legal tender, there are texts and
 2241 and 2250 persons torn and killed
 ::::
 there's script you can treat as legal tender, there are texts:there
 are video\scrip and sound\scrip, there are company scrips,:oh well there
 are descripts of images, there are descripts of scripts,:interiors, there
 are exteriors, there are entries, there are contents:setups for the
 writers, there are scraps of scrips, there are no part of this

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 3 December 2001, 2:37 a.m.

-

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

—

911: phenomenology, premonition

Alan Sondheim · 4 December 2001, 9:47 p.m.

-

911: phenomenology, premonition

Derrida, Faith and Knowledge, 1994, p 24 -

Like others before, the new 'wars of religion' are unleashed over the human earth (which is not the world) and struggle even today to control the sky _with finger and eye_: digital systems and virtually immediate panoptical visualization, 'air space', telecommunications satellites, information highways, concentration of capitalistic-mediatic power - in three words, _digital culture, jet_ and _TV_ without which there could be no religious manifestation today, for example no voyage or discourse of the Pope, no organized emanation _<rayonnement>_ of Jewish, Christian, or Muslim cults, whether 'fundamentalist' or not.

Sondheim, Disorders of the Real, 1988, 103 -

What the Engine Does, of the Anorectic Airliner

The Engine swallows the air; it is the point at which the movement of air and its dispersion begins. This is an act of devouring, gorging, the bulimic cycle which collapses as the world is absorbed. It is a transformation into substance as the Engine appropriates the foundations of the signifier for itself. What an appropriation! The Engine inscribes the absorbed world in an exhaust trail. The Engine parallels the photon; it refuses position as the tokenization of existence; it exists as movement and collapse. Thus it flies and desires the air. Thus it appropriates and seduces the air, through an act of violence which retains its position of flight. For that which would escape it, Engine, cruise missile, bomb, what is being said but the "I" of the engine, within a dialectic of seduction? Seduction in which the Origin is proclaimed, and that is the metric established as Origin, the location of the phallus. The cruise missile cocks its head, gives it to the world. It is semen which is disorganized; the world burns into paste through an atmosphere of paste, through an Engine of paste. The world burns, the Engine burns, swells, disgorges; it is the world returned to vomit. The anorectic airliner shudders (therefore shudders); the line of flight is re-established. Such an establishment with markings in the sky! Such a sky that establishes itself as a graph with mobile coordinates, exhaust that indicates while it

dissipates, is absorbed in the clutter of the air. The tiny Engine! The presence of Flight! The erection in the sky and the charred earth! It is the appearance of the microtechnological once again, the bacteriophage with its consonant and identical units. It is an empty circle. It is the exhaustion of repetitive expansion.

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 5 December 2001, 6:40 p.m.

it is time to face armageddon
 prepare for your death
 there is not enough time but there is no time for the will or contract
 there is no one to leave to
 there is no memory
 nothing is of account and nothing will be accounted for
 there is no emptiness in massive death
 the world will return to substance
 fires continue to burn beneath the world trade center
 we do not recognize ourselves in ash yah yah
 our skin already begins to fall
 our breath is shorter
 all we have left to do is recognize this fundamental truth
 we are close to extinction
 prepare for this
 make peace
 resign

—

[no subject]

Alan Sondheim · 5 December 2001, 10:07 p.m.

i'm getting overwhelmed by email and too much to do; there's always several hundred waiting in my inbox; there aren't any viruses anywhere; on the lists i try and reply to every badtrans _x@y email; taking off the _; letting people know their machines are infected :: there's another kind of infection here; it's my fault; in spite of the process i'm working on it :: <i'm guilty of this> :: <i realize i haven't been> :: ...:i'm guilty of this; honestly in spite of this piece, adjacent or contiguous, in spite of the rearrangement, i'm sorry :: this isn't the way to participate in a list or co-moderate or begin or end collaborations :: inside of me it feels like a war's on :: <i'm guilty of this> :: <i realize i haven't been> :::i realize i haven't been nice lately; i should apologize for this - i've been jumping all over things - i've also been sick & exhausted but that's tired news, whatever and no excuse - i jump far too fast for that matter, taking offense where none is intended, screwing up, writing too long too many posts in argumentative position that should have been better thought out, psychologically or otherwise :: <i realize i haven't been> ::::badtrans d

—

^

Alan Sondheim · 6 December 2001, 11:23 a.m.

-

^

you watch the monitors listing all the flights, they wink out one by one
 by one, a cellphone rings, someone says hello, oh soldier, what has come
 between us, oh soldier, what has come between us :: you ride escalator
 into sky, you see among the beams, a ceiling, airplanes, sky, and world,
 you see through everything, oh soldier, what has come between us, oh
 soldier, what has come between us ::: opening shots of airline terminal:
 you would have loved me softly here, now there are barrier, oh soldier,
 what has come between us, oh soldier, what has come between us

you hear the cellphone ring
 you see the soldiers and the planes are silent
 you see the soldiers and the planes are silent

—

aircrash.mov*Alan Sondheim · 7 December 2001, 8:40 p.m.*

-

aircrash.mov

k13% green water, shadows of thick palm vegetation, there are bodies
 moving about, cut: soldier and airport security, cut: black, cut: arrival
 departure monitors, cut: water, half-submerged body, these are night
 scenes, almost invisible on the screen, as if upon the body of the
 guerilla, the survivor, cut: man walking quickly up to checkpoint, he has
 id, he's speaking to someone, another id, cut: there are women, man, in
 the water, they're appearances, half-dressed, you can almost make them
 out, the beginning of movement, cut: blackness, cut: escalator, cut: man
 by palms, cut: women dark in water, almost black, cut: blank arrival and
 departure monitors, everything gone, cut: movement or flurry in dark green
 out-of-focus water, shadow of thick vegetation, cut: soldier with gun,
 cut: black, cut: burgeoning water dark flurry, cut: entrance exit by
 security gate, ringing phone almost muted in echoed soundtrack, SECURITY
 YOUR BAGGAGE, cut: to man with cell phone (rear silhouette of torso), he's
 answered, inaudible, ksh: green: not found

k16% in this space a quality of slight menace, cut: to black, cut: ksh:
 in: not found k17%

—

the timing*Alan Sondheim · 9 December 2001, 9:07 p.m.*

-

the timing

0000000 064164 071145 020145 060567 020163 060544 065562 071440

0000020 074553 000012

0000023

0000000 064164 071145 020145 060567 020163 060544 065562 071440

0000020 074553 000012

0000023

there was dark sky

there wzs d[rk sky

0000000 062571 020163 064164 071145 020145 060567 005163

0000016

yes there was

0000000 020151 060567 065554 062145 061040 020171 067563 062555

0000020 066440 067145 060440 067562 067165 020144 020141 067567

0000040 062157 067145 071040 066541 020160 067151 072040 062550

0000060 067040 063551 072150 064564 062555 073440 071545 062564

0000100 067162 072040 073557 005156

0000110

yes there was

0000000 062571 020163 064164 071145 020145 060567 005163

0000016

i walked by some men

some men

0000000 064164 074545 073440 071145 020145 060564 065554 067151

0000020 005147

0000022

they were talking about something, something about horses

0000000 064164 071145 020145 060567 020163 060544 065562 071440

0000020 074553 000012

0000023

0000000 064164 071145 020145 060567 020163 060544 065562 071440

0000020 074553 000012

0000023

there w[s d[rk sky

there wzs d[rk sky

0000000 062571 020163 064164 071145 020145 060567 005163

0000016

yes there w[s

0000000 020151 060567 065554 062145 061040 020171 067563 062555

0000020 066440 067145 060440 067562 067165 020144 020141 067567

0000040 062157 067145 071040 066541 020160 067151 072040 062550

0000060 067040 063551 072150 064564 062555 073440 071545 062564

0000100 067162 072040 073557 005156

0000110

yes there w[s

0000000 062571 020163 064164 071145 020145 060567 005163

0000016
 i w[lked by some men some men
 0000000 064164 074545 073440 071145 020145 060564 065554 067151
 0000020 005147
 0000022
 they were t[lking [bout something, something [bout horses
 0000000 020151 060563 062151 000012
 0000007
 i said
 0000000 071141 020145 067571 020165 064553 066154 067151 020147
 0000020 064164 066545 000012
 0000025
 Ur0 yEA kIllIng th0m
 ErA you killing thAm
 0000000 071164 060440 061542 062544 042440 041504 040502 000012
 0000017
 they said

we are slaughtering everything

we are slaughtering everything
 i couldn't see their faces
 it was dark and i could touch their violence
 0000000 067151 072040 062550 066440 062151 066144 020145 063157
 0000020 072040 062550 071040 060557 020144 067141 020144 062567
 0000040 071141 067151 020147 072544 066154 061040 067562 067167
 0000060 061440 067554 064164 071545 000012
 0000071
 and wearing dull brown clothes

in the middle of the road
 in the middle of the road

—

war.

Alan Sondheim · 9 December 2001, 12:37 a.m.

-

war.
 my name is george harrison.

a limb and a limb.
 another limb and a limb.
 a limb and another limb
 a limb and a limb.

my name is paul beetle.

a limb and a limb.
 a limb and another limb.

another limb and a limb.
a limb and a limb.

ringo john.

a limb and a limb.
a limb and another limb.
another limb and a limb.
a limb and a limb.

—

chora-kristeva: old striations of the user's desire:

Alan Sondheim · 10 December 2001, 2:54 p.m.

-

```
chora-kristeva: old striations of the user's desire:
-w:# Makes new gender lines in a trace file:$non = int rand(11);
Makes new gender lines in a trace file::645:3:#!/usr/local/bin/perl5
...", "$u";:print "\n\n"; :print `rev .trace`, "\n\n";:}exit(0);:#
- $t)/60;:printf "and it has taken you just %2.3f minutes turning Jennifer
$d @[ $gen2] days, I have been @[ $gen3] Julu ...";:print "\n";:$u = (time
{: $d = int((gmtime)[6]);: $gen3 = 48 - int(20*rand);:print "For
"Wait! $name and $pid are gone forever!", "\n\n" if 1==$g;:FINAL:
and $pid - and you knew that all along!", "\n\n" if 2==$g;:sleep(1);:print
her frock for $time hours?", "\n" if 2==$g;:sleep(1);:print "$name and $$
$name $diff is darling Jennifer's flesh", "\n\n" if 4==$g;:print "You wore
@[ $non] $name $$ is Julu's gift to you ...", "\n\n" if 6==$g;:print "Your
$pid is your scar, your wound, your brand.", "\n\n" if 3==$g;:print "...
melt into Julu's skin forever...", "\n\n" if 3 < $g;:print "I think $name
"yes") {print "Ah, a @[10+$pre] and @[15+$pre] fantasy!\n";}:print "You
{print "You're dealing with @[10+$pre] Jennifer.\n";} :if ($answer eq
close to Jennifer's $name?\n";:chop($answer=<STDIN>);:if ($answer eq "no")
system("rm enfolding");: exit(0);:}sleep(1);:print "Are you becoming
{: close (STDOUT);: system("touch .trace; rev enfolding >> .trace");:
@noun[$non] is @adj[$newpick] here, it's @noun[$non]?::Construct::} else
memory. :@prep[$pre] the @[ $gen], $name is @[ $diff], @[ $gen], $str?:...
<<Construct;:: $name calls forth @[ $gen1] @noun[$non], eating, excreting
print "$name makes me thoughtful $diff times!", "\n" if 5 < $g;: print
close(APPEND);: open(STDOUT);: if ($pid = fork) {: $diff=$pid - $$;:
"Devour @[ $gen1] @adj[$pick] julu-of-the partying $name!\n" if 1==$be;:
by julu-of-the-open-arms and julu-depressed\n" if (2 < $be); :print APPEND
me Julu-Jennifer\n" if 0==$be; :print APPEND "Ah, @noun[$non] eaten
APPEND "Your @noun[$non1] seeps into my @adj[$newpick] - turning
@adj[$pick] is in my @[ $gen] @adj[$newpick]\n" if 1 > $b3;:print
$name, julu-of-the-fast-crowd!\n" if 2==$be;:print APPEND "Your @[ $gen1]
partying, $name, with us?\n" if 3==$be;:print APPEND "Come home with me,
\n"; :print APPEND "Would $that mind you
1)), "\n"; :# join(":",@adj,$name,$str,$sign,$g,$that,$name,@adj[$pick]),
print APPEND: join(":",$name,$str,$that,@adj[$pick + 1], @adj[$newpick +
is yours...\n";:$be=int(rand(4));: open(APPEND, ">> enfolding");:
```

```

"\nMy @adj[$pick]
done.\n";:@adj=<STDIN>;:chop(@adj);:$size=@adj;:$pick=int(rand($size));
:srand;:$newpick=int(rand($size));:print
\n";:print "one by one, each on a line alone, typing Control-d when
>Your body parts, mine, in a dark list, list them...
is mine, my sweet $that, I am yours!", "\n" if 2==$g;:sleep(1);:print
"Nothing moves, river deep...", "\n" if 5==$g;:print "Your $name
:print "$that, $name opens me totally to you!", "\n" if 7==$g;:print
$name;:print "\n";:print "$that, $name turns my @nnn[$g] ", "\n" if 3==$g;
"\nWhat do you call your @a[$gen2] @nnn[$nnnn]? \n";:$name=<STDIN>;:chop
"\n@noun[$non1] @verb[$non] me @prep[$nnnn] your @nnn[$non1]!\n";:print
speaks so sweetly, turning me grrrl", "\n" if 4==$g;:sleep(1);:print
>Your breasts call me to them...", "\n" if 6==$g;:print "Your tongue
if 1==$g;:print "Your thighs are moist and inviting", "\n" if 5==$g;:print
your feelings, $that ... \n";}:print "Would $that mind you partying?", "\n"
me your panties... \n"; sleep(10); goto FINAL;} :else {print "\nI love
@nnn[$non1]? \n";:chop($str=<STDIN>;):if ($str eq "no") {print "\nShow
\nIs Julu wearing your ... , are you wearing your
flesh, ah don't answer... \n"; sleep(1);:print "Ah... \n";:sleep(2);:print
dressed as you? \n";:print "Are you in your @nnn[$nnnn], are you in your
\nAre you dressed as $that? Is $that
do they call you, when they call you... \n";:chop($that=<STDIN>;):print
speak... speak... \n";: exit(0);}:sleep(2);:print "\nJennifer, what
{print "\nOpen your mouth... \n";}: else {sleep(1); print "\nAh...
- int(40*rand);:$time = int(time/3600);:$g = int(8*rand);:if ($sign=fork)
= int rand(6);:$gen = int(48*rand);:$gen1 = int(48*rand);:$gen2 = 49
int rand(8);:$non = int rand(11);:$non1 = int rand(7);:$pre
"thing", "hole", "stick", "frock", "jumper", "skin");:$nnnn=
"your masquerade", "my makeup", : "my masquerade");:@nnn=("flower",
"passion", "womb", "being", "your penis", : "your vagina", "your makeup",
"confusing", : "staining", "accompanying");:@noun=("breast", "love",
"flows", "repairs");:@prep=("beneath or within", "beyond", "throughout",
"oozes", "inherits", "splays", : "plays", "mixes", "amuses", "runs",
"tight", : "depressed", "manic");:@verb=("thrusts", "turns", "surrounds",
"florid", "edgy", : "neurotic", "psychotic", "catatonic", "loose", "taut",
"wanton", "contrary", : "nervous", "wandering", "ill", "uneasy", "spry",
"thrusting", : "giving", "forgiving", "poor", "rich", "sedate",
"small", : "death-like", "lively", "protruding", "penetrating",
"sleazy", : "wayward", "nice", "feminine", "lovely", "used", "fashionable",
"flax", "pure", : "black", "dirty", "clean", "soiled", "sexy", "wet",
time;:$| = 1;:srand time;:@a=("hard", "soft", "velvet", "cotton", "linen",
# which represent the old striations of user's desire:$t =

```

—

Take of the Continuity Girl

Alan Sondheim · 13 December 2001, 12:45 a.m.

-

Take of the Continuity Girl

The continuity girl wears a big baggy sweater and carries a clipboard and

Polaroid camera. She walks among the naked actors and actress and takes notes, whose hand is where, which face is turned towards - and which away from - the camera. This is amazing. whose finger has a torn nail - whose breasts already damp - the degree of nipple erection (easy here) - all of this is carefully noted by the continuity girl. There is sweat running from a shoulder. The terrorist has his knife to a neck from the left - no, from the right - side; "R" appears almost by command on the continuity chart. Is this the numbered scene, the only scene - the continuity girl knows, takes everything into account. She writes "Alan is gagged tightly, he is having trouble breathing. If he suffocates, this will be the only take." She writes "n/g" as the gag is loosened. Azure has been shaved, head to toe; Azure is constantly shuddering. The continuity girl writes "Azure moves - lock structure in edit - there is no room for error - there is nothing but error." The continuity girl notes the bruises and bites on four, on five, breasts. She notes, "Day 3." She notes, "This is the second day." It is the goal of the continuity girl to make sure the world is whole, to make sure it remains contained, coherent, logical beneath the chaos the rest of us take for granted.

—

The Continuity Girl

Alan Sondheim · 13 December 2001, 3:42 a.m.

-

The Continuity Girl

The continuity girl asserts the fundamental forces of the world. She writes 5; then 5/under erasure; she writes 4; she exhausts the series. She adds the cosmological constant, planck's constant; she erases them; she includes them; she erases them. The slate is a mess. The slate is unreadable. The slate mimics the world. The slate becomes the world. She continues to write. She is wearing a baggy sweater and carrying a Polaroid camera. She carries a great number of accessories: tripod, telephoto, wide-angle, scanning-transmission electron microscope, interferometer, neutron telescope. There are a continuous number of scenes; she numbers them according to the continuum. It is not so difficult to describe the actors; they are also continuous, and the transformation of props and objects occurs according to aristotelian logic and fluid morphology. Only certain quantum leaps give her trouble, but these radical discontinuities also permit discontinuities within or across scenes, and need not be annotated. For the rest, everything appears relatively differentiable. The slate is a mess. The slate is a continuous mess.

—

I.II.

Alan Sondheim · 14 December 2001, 12:41 p.m.

I.II.

I.

+ 2.

1.

2 is of base three.

2 is outside base 1.

[this film skims on image and sound.]

according to which base?

but 2 is an abbreviation.

but of which this 1?

how so.

if to the base 1 then + 2 already is nonsense.

of the calculation or accumulation.

of the integer 1? the natural number 1?

of the operation or procedure.

she uses her polaroid to photograph: 1 + 2.

the continuity girl notes + 2 to what?

the continuity girl notes 1.

the continuity girl wears a baggy sweater.

the continuity girl writes "+ of the accumulation."

the continuity girl writes "1 + 2 = the grave."

the continuity girl writes "photograph number 3."

the continuity girl writes down "> base 3."

the continuity girl writes down "in addition nothing needs to happen."

the continuity girl writes down "in addition."

the continuity girl writes down "trinity."

the director says "there is no equal."

the director says "there is no equality."

the director says "there is no sign of equals."

the image is blank.

then of the plus? asks the continuity girl.

this is already of the depth or debris, of the grave.

to 1.

II.

+ 2.

1.

2 is of base three.

2 is outside base 1.

[this film skims on image and sound.]

abdomen

according to which base?
anus
arch arch
arm arm
ball ball
ball ball
breast breast
but 2 is an abbreviation.
but of which this 1?
cheek cheek
chin
ear ear
elbow elbow
eye eye
eyebrow eyebrow
eyelid eyelid
finger finger finger finger finger finger finger
finger finger finger

foot foot
hair
hand
hand
head
how so.
if to the base 1 then + 2 already is nonsense.
knee knee
knuckle knuckle knuckle
knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle
knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle
knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle knuckle

leg leg
lip
lip
mouth
nail nail nail nail nail
nail nail nail nail nail
nail nail nail nail nail
nail nail nail nail nail

nape
neck
nipple nipple
nose
nostril
nostril
of the calculation or accumulation.
of the integer 1? the natural number 1?
of the operation or procedure.

palm

palm
 penis
 she uses her polaroid to photograph: 1 + 2.
 shoulder shoulder
 stomach
 the continuity girl notes + 2 to what?
 the continuity girl notes 1.
 the continuity girl wears a baggy sweater.
 the continuity girl writes "+ of the accumulation."
 the continuity girl writes "1 + 2 = the grave."
 the continuity girl writes "photograph number 3."
 the continuity girl writes down "> base 3."
 the continuity girl writes down "in addition nothing needs to happen."
 the continuity girl writes down "in addition."
 the continuity girl writes down "trinity."
 the director says "there is no equal."
 the director says "there is no equality."
 the director says "there is no sign of equals."
 the image is blank.
 then of the plus? asks the continuity girl.
 this is already of the depth or debris, of the grave.
 thumb thumb
 to 1.
 toe toe toe toe toe toe toe toe toe
 tongue

 underarm underarm
 vagina
 waist
 wrist wrist

—

biograph continuity girl

Alan Sondheim · 15 December 2001, 12:29 p.m.

-

biograph continuity girl
 who is the continuity girl. she writes and underlines these words; she checks spelling and stylistic consistency. in the world, she writes, she makes certain that day is day, night is night; that if day for night, then not night for day; if night for day, then not day for night. she wears careful glasses, is twenty-three years old, and a graduate of ucla's motion picture / television department. she has been an extra in several post-blair-witch-project student films, shot in will rogers state park. she is originally from portland, maine. she studied with leslie thornton in brown university's modern culture and media department for her undergraduate work. it was only later that she decided to remain on the periphery of cinema, closely observing everything around her. the film was secondary, she writes, to the continuous reiteration of the real. she thinks she is a machine. she thinks she is the perfect eye. she thinks she

is the inconceivable eye. i am the continuity girl, she writes, who am i.

who is the continuity girl. she writes and underlines these words; she is killing everything. everything is destroyed and mutilated. what damage have you done; she... a soldier rapes me. i rape a soldier. i am terror. i am terror of the real. i make certain that day is day, night is night; that if day for night, then what is mine, who is the continuity girl. she writes and underlines these words: SHE IS YOURS. SHE IS YOUR BIOTERRORISM HERE. i dream of the naked dead-man, she writes. i am hungry. i make things.

she is in the armor. she writes, i owe everything to leslie thornton and john malkovich. she writes, i will be naked all the time. she takes off her baggy sweater. she writes, i am of the real. n/g. i am the real. i am film. armies film me. i will write their names. the glass is on the right-hand side. it is cloudy out and 9 o'clock in the early night. she writes, people are dying. she writes, people are staring at me.

i am happy.

she makes certain that day is day, night is night; that if day for night, then:checks spelling and stylistic consistency. in the world, she writes, she:who is the continuity girl. she writes and underlines these words; she:thinks she is a machine. she thinks she is the perfect eye. she thinks she :careful glasses, is twenty-three years old, and a graduate of ucla.

—

double-coded everglade

Alan Sondheim · 17 December 2001, 3:50 a.m.

-

double-coded everglade
i undressed nature with my camera lens and eyes
hidden
clotting
apple snails
green anoles
anhinga streamed towards me
brown anoles moving fast
iguana fled quickly into the water
continuity
saw grass cut through perception
r
you_know
sex_girls
sex_boys
w
y
apple snails
brown anoles moving fast

o
adolescent alligators gathered
apple snails
brown anoles moving fast
o
adolescent alligators gathered
hidden
distant herons
green anoles
molten
turkey vultures circled overheard
brown anoles moving fast
iguana fled quickly into the water
continuity
saw grass cut through perception
o
r
you_know
sex_girls
adolescent alligators gathered
w
hidden
green anoles
brown anoles moving fast
iguana fled quickly into the water
saw grass cut through perception
anhinga spearing beneath the surface
you_know
hidden
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
iguana fled quickly into the water
saw grass cut through perception
o
r
you_know
hidden
clotting
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
anhinga streamed towards me
brown anoles moving fast
saw grass cut through perception
o
anhinga spearing beneath the surface
r
you_know
sex_girls
sex_boys
w
r
k

saw grass cut through perception
o
sex_boys
w
y
distant herons
green anoles
o
you_know
the white ibis, the white ibis
y
apple snails
green anoles
anhinga streamed towards me
brown anoles moving fast
saw grass cut through perception
hidden
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
iguana fled quickly into the water
saw grass cut through perception
o
r
you_know
hidden
clotting
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
anhinga streamed towards me
brown anoles moving fast
saw grass cut through perception
o
anhinga spearing beneath the surface
r
you_know
sex_girls
sex_boys
w
r
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
brown anoles moving fast
iguana fled quickly into the water
r
you_know
the white ibis, the white ibis
distant herons
green anoles
o
you_know
the white ibis, the white ibis
y

hidden
apple snails
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
anhinga streamed towards me
brown anoles moving fast
continuity
saw grass cut through perception
o
r
you_know
sex_girls
w
hidden
distant herons
green anoles
molten
turkey vultures circled overheard
brown anoles moving fast
iguana fled quickly into the water
continuity
saw grass cut through perception
o
r
you_know
sex_girls
adolescent alligators gathered
w
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
brown anoles moving fast
iguana fled quickly into the water
r
you_know
the white ibis, the white ibis
w
clotting
brown anoles moving fast
saw grass cut through perception
o
sex_girls
sex_boys
y
y
apple snails
green anoles
anhinga streamed towards me
brown anoles moving fast
saw grass cut through perception
clotting
turkey vultures circled overheard
brown anoles moving fast

iguana fled quickly into the water
saw grass cut through perception
o
sex_girls
hidden
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
iguana fled quickly into the water
saw grass cut through perception
o
r
you_know
clotting
brown anoles moving fast
saw grass cut through perception
o
sex_girls
sex_boys
y
r
hidden
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
iguana fled quickly into the water
saw grass cut through perception
o
r
you_know
hidden
clotting
apple snails
green anoles
molten
turkey vultures circled overheard
anhinga streamed towards me
brown anoles moving fast
k
iguana fled quickly into the water
saw grass cut through perception
o
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sex_girls
sex_boys
w
y
hidden
clotting
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
anhinga streamed towards me
brown anoles moving fast

saw grass cut through perception
o
anhinga spearing beneath the surface
r
you_know
sex_girls
sex_boys
w
k
saw grass cut through perception
o
sex_boys
w
y
apple snails
green anoles
anhinga streamed towards me
brown anoles moving fast
saw grass cut through perception
hidden
green anoles
brown anoles moving fast
iguana fled quickly into the water
saw grass cut through perception
anhinga spearing beneath the surface
you_know
hidden
clotting
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
anhinga streamed towards me
brown anoles moving fast
saw grass cut through perception
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anhinga spearing beneath the surface
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you_know
sex_girls
sex_boys
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hidden
green anoles
turkey vultures circled overheard
iguana fled quickly into the water
saw grass cut through perception
o
r
you_know
k
saw grass cut through perception
o
sex_boys

w
y
y
apple snails
brown anoles moving fast
o
adolescent alligators gathered
apple snails
brown anoles moving fast
o
adolescent alligators gathered
apple snails
brown anoles moving fast
o
adolescent alligators gathered
apple snails
brown anoles moving fast
o
adolescent alligators gathered
apple snails
brown anoles moving fast
o
adolescent alligators gathered

—

CDROM Offering: Alan Sondheim : Collected and Newly-Released Work:

Alan Sondheim · 17 December 2001, 7:45 p.m.

-

CDROM Offering: Alan Sondheim : Collected and Newly-Released Work:
Help Azure and Alan leave Florida and purchase fantastic cdrom work in
the process!

We're returning to New York or heading to parts unknown! I want to distribute our work, raise some money, make more work! I've been busy - several series of new videos, images, texts, soundworks -

All of the following include video/text/sound (except Asteroids - only video - and Turn/Cray - only sound); Archive 4.1 has the entire Internet Text to date - over 4500 pages!

There are 7 cdroms for sale; price includes shipping costs. Any ONE cd-rom for \$ 15; TWO for \$ 25; THREE for \$ 31. FOUR for \$37, \$5 each for any over FOUR. Special \$53 for all eight!

What's Available:

Archive 4.1: This includes all the texts from 1994- present, a number of older articles, several books, a great number of images, some short video, etc. Archive is continuously updated. There is also sound-work and some

programming. I think of this as the "basic" cd-rom; if you have an earlier copy, you might want to update.

Et: This is the most recent cd-rom, with almost all of the video/sound/imagework that has been described on the lists - plus more. r- if not x-rated. Much of this deals with the relation between sexuality and terror, as well as fascinated/fetishization - with Azure Carter. Some of the most intense pieces we've done.

Voyage: Finished before Et, a number of video and image works, as well as sound/music pieces - with Azure Carter. Languor and exhibitionism on the way out of New York.

Turn/Cray: Continuous/stringent machine soundwork, 56 minute .wav file.

Miami: Finished before moving to Florida, a number of sound, image, and video pieces. Despair, existentialism, sex, power-land. With Azure Carter.

Parables: Dance, Foofwa d'Imobilite, texts and sound by Alan Sondheim, Azure Carter, a series of short videos (plus text) taken from The Parables of Nikuko. Between conceptual dance and body work / mesmeric movement.

Baal: Foofwa d'Imobilite, Azure Carter, Alan Sondheim, several videos of sexuality, the problematic of ballet, and signs. r- or x- rated.

Asteroids: A number of short silent videoworks - camera moving through 3d "asteroids" - no sound.

Special: All 8: \$53. Please note there is some overlap (not much) among the disks.

=====

Please send cash, money order, or check to:

Alan Sondheim
4600 SW 67 Avenue, Apartment 252
Miami, Florida, 33155

Florid

Alan Sondheim · 18 December 2001, 2:52 a.m.

-

Florid

Florid0: Water, ripples:

i can't remember anything any more. one person's disaster is another person's pleasure. everyone has had us, azure writes, writes alan. there is too much water in the world, it flattens everything.

Florida: Azure, pool-side, jeans, red blouse pulled

up, mad (crazed) look in her eyes, seated:
i'll drown myself
and then i'll drown you

Floridb: Same as above, looking at camera:
then i'll drown everybody else

Floridc: Pool interior, distorted, from within:
you're out here i can
feel you

Floridd: Pool edge, ripples in blue-green water,
like skin:
then i'll drown everyone else

Floride: Azure at pool edge, same as above, leaning
back into the water, camera head-on:
late at night i lie here and i think of you, john,
and i think of you, susan, and i think of you,
david, i think of you fucking me, and i fall
backwards and i drown myself and i will take
you, i will take you with me

Floridf: Same as above, camera from side, Azure's
face ecstatic, ripples in blue-green water, like
skin:
i am thinking of you, may, and i am thinking
of you, george, and i am thinking, your mouths
are on me, your dead eyes are looking at me,
you are fucking me hard, you are dying there

Floridg: Alan, leaning back into water, t-shirt
and black jeans, exposed, shot from side, water
black:
i'm thinking about everything, i'm writing you
into this, the way the world is, is awful, i'm out
of control, i'm aroused and writing this, this is
from my state to your own

Floridh: Azure, exposed, shot from beneath by
pool-side, black background:
cynthia, i want your tongue against me alan,
please don't be upset, jack, alan write me down,
peter, azure inscribes me, i am everything you
want, i am everything you could possibly want

Floridi: Azure, still naked from waist down,
astride pool-side left-hand beach chair, blue
shirt (right-hand chair empty, partially
visible):
i am mad. i am completely out of my mind.
Floridj: Alan naked, lying back, right-hand

beach chair (left-hand beach chair empty,
partially visible), camera head-on:
i'm writing this, azure in the drowning pool, she
takes her lovers with her, she says, they're not as
good as you are, they couldn't be, they're down
there, she's pointing, i'm aroused, this is the
beginning of the game, this is the ending: how
the world works and everyone dies

Floridk: Two empty beach chairs, adjustable
actually, the right-hand one partially supine, the
left-hand one partially erect, no text.

Analysis:

Azure and I live alone together. We have no friends. I think: We are
horrors. Again and again our story turns on us. Our story repeats like a
bad record. Our story decays. We go for a drive. We drive long and hard
and nowhere. There is nowhere to go. We return home. Sometimes I go and
teach. I face students. We leave. We get in the car and drive long and
hard and nowhere. We go and return and look at each other. We stare at
each other. We wrestle each other to the ground. We take our clothes off.
We put them on. We strangle ourselves. We turn ourselves inside out.

We are walking advertisements for art and poetry. I swim in the black
pool, the blue-green pool like skin. I swim two lengths beneath the
surface. I have heard you can pass out and keep swimming. You can be
swimming and drowning underwater. The surface looks: You are alive, you
are perfect person. The depth looks up: You are still swimming and you are
drowning.

How can you drown in so much beauty. We go to the pool and photograph. We
return for image and text, for art and poetry, for gimp and photoshop, for
perl and protocol, for process and program. Online we teeter on the brink
of culture. It is at the edge of the pool. The edge is an outline of
water. The apartment complex is Everglades reclaimed. At night I dream
alligators. I am ungainly; I can move fast, strike. No one is here. I am
thick-scaled, reptilian. My brain slips to edges. My brain swims. My brain
swims beneath.

Analysis:

Too much work on exposure. Too much exhibitionism, too much exhibition. As
if the body could be fixed, pierced, held in position. As if the world
were pure exchange. What other information we might provide.

Too many circuits of sexual tension, terror, power, language withdrawn in
the other face of the body, the other body of the face.

Work a caricature of itself. Stale work. Work which should have remained
stillborn. Dead work. Repetitive work. Work of the reflex arc, work of the
twitch.

Analysis:

Tearing apart, artist and model. The apartment is silent. Azure reads upstairs; I type this on a laptop borrowed from the university. The university has closed down new media. New media is tainted, condemned. Images leak out: Our exposure is that of the naughty politics of the world. I keep quiet about my work at the school. I show no one. I am close to slaughter.

I continue to swim submerged. At the edge, I will push and push off. I will make the other side.

—

alphabet of death-paste foreclosure

Alan Sondheim · 19 December 2001, 10:44 p.m.

-

alphabet of death-paste foreclosure

@go jump-cut problematic reflex arc with runaway feedback mechanism growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion no end to circuitry op amp negative feedback towards coherent signature dull repetition in continuation no end to circuitry trajectories of reification recursive coding no end to circuitry trajectories of reification algebraic ring or modulus phenomenology recursive function not primitive recursive no end to circuitry trajectories of reification growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion no end to circuitry trajectories of reification $fn(2,2)=4$ as matrix origin no end to circuitry op amp negative feedback towards coherent signature trajectories of reification stereotypical circuitry growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion no end to circuitry trajectories of reification tending towards escape route kehre which tends nowhere no end to circuitry tending towards escape route growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion recursive coding algebraic ring or modulus phenomenology highway cloveleaf with no offramps recursive coding no end to circuitry reflex arc with runaway feedback mechanism algebraic ring or modulus phenomenology tending towards escape route ground plane reflex arc with runaway feedback mechanism replacement of traditional goto continuous if then else formalism triplet substance-paste anomic implicate ordering continuous if then else formalism triplet tending towards escape route growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion runaway positive feedback resonant environment turbulent stases of strange attractors trajectories of reification @go jump-cut problematic replacement of traditional goto growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion @go jump-cut problematic replacement of traditional goto ground plane anomie, ennui, exhaustion algebraic ring or modulus phenomenology tending towards escape route recursive coding op amp negative feedback towards coherent signature trajectories of reification no end to circuitry op amp negative feedback towards coherent signature turbulent stases of strange attractors tending towards escape route op amp negative feedback towards coherent signature @go jump-cut problematic growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion no end to circuitry

ground plane @go jump-cut problematic runaway positive feedback resonant environment topology body narrative towards n-1 embedded surface trajectories of reification growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion ouroboros artificial life evolutionary paradigm trajectories of reification kehre which tends nowhere growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion runaway positive feedback resonant environment circulatory transport system @go jump-cut problematic replacement of traditional goto continuous if then else formalism triplet reflex arc with runaway feedback mechanism kehre which tends nowhere growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion runaway positive feedback resonant environment ground plane replacement of traditional goto defuge or decathected disinvestment, exhaustion trajectories of reification growing at a rate $x >$ than any primitive recursion dull repetition in continuation no end to circuitry

—

dress

Alan Sondheim · 20 December 2001, 11:07 p.m.

-

dress

You have received this email because you signed up to receive valuable email offers from Florida International University or one of our marketing partners. You have received this email by either requesting more information on one of our sites or someone may have used your email address. If you received this email in error, please accept our apologies.

Your contract is terminated. There is a contract on your life. So help me god I can't tell you more. I know this sounds like a "rant." If this is a "rant" so be it. You're too good for us, Alan Sondheim, you're a piece of dirt. I am sending you a warning: don't investigate any further. You don't want to know and you don't want to know. Parts of this text are true.

woman, young woman, girl, there are three men. one of them is speaking to another. the girl is silent. the girl just sits there. she is so fragile. o fragile woman, young girl, girl. one of the men screams. the girl just sits there. the man is very wise. the man is second-most wise. he says to the other man, the most wise. she just sits there. oh what do i do. who says the most wise, the woman, young woman, girl. oh oh, the third will do, he is not so wise, call the third. they jump about many places. the third comes, he is not so wise. with his fingers the woman, young girl, girl, stands up. with his fingers, the woman, young woman, girl, sits down. with his fingers, the woman, young girl, girl, is naked. the girl just sits there. not-so-wise leaves. second-most wise stays. woman, young woman, girl. josei. josei come in and put some clothes on.

I am married to a lawyer. Don't ask why you've been terminated. I know how to answer. I know when to keep quiet. You will die if you ask questions. You always ask too many questions. You are never content. Alan Sondheim, you are never content. Alan Sondheim, you are about to cross the "plane."

The "plane" is very broad and wide. With his fingers, Alan Sondheim, is naked. josei.josei come in and put some clothes on.

—

filter of exhaustion near death

Alan Sondheim · 21 December 2001, 6:15 a.m.

-

```
filter of exhaustion near death
/[0]+/ { print "0" }
/[z]+/ { print "defuge or decatlected disinvestment, exhaustion" }
/[y]+/ { print "runaway positive feedback resonant environment" }
/[x]+/ { print "circulatory transport system" }
/[w]+/ { print "ouroboros artificial life evolutionary paradigm" }
/[v]+/ { print "topology body narrative towards n-1 embedded surface" }
/[u]+/ { print "ground plane" }
/[t]+/ { print "op amp negative feedback towards coherent signature" }
/[s]+/ { print "turbulent stases of strange attractors" }
/[r]+/ { print "trajectories of reification" }
/[q]+/ { print "anomie, ennui, exhaustion" }
/[p]+/ { print "@go jump-cut problematic" }
/[o]+/ { print "replacement of traditional goto" }
/[n]+/ { print "continuous if then else formalism triplet" }
/[m]+/ { print "substance-paste anomic implicate ordering" }
/[l]+/ { print "reflex arc with runaway feedback mechanism" }
/[k]+/ { print "algebraic ring or modulus phenomenology" }
/[j]+/ { print "highway cloveleaf with no offramps" }
/[i]+/ { print "tending towards escape route" }
/[h]+/ { print "kehre which tends nowhere" }
/[g]+/ { print "stereotypical circuitry" }
/[f]+/ { print "fn(2,2)=4 as matrix origin" }
/[e]+/ { print "growing at a rate x > than any primitive recursion" }
/[d]+/ { print "recursive function not primitive recursive" }
/[c]+/ { print "recursive coding" }
/[b]+/ { print "dull repetition in continuation" }
/[a]+/ { print "no end to circuitry" }
/^$/ { print "closure" }
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Of the Latter Days and what you might hear

Alan Sondheim · 22 December 2001, 9:16 p.m.

-

Of the Latter Days and what you might hear
 And of unto your inner worlds, where you must die. It makes no difference,
 whether you make peace. And of course one always hopes that embracing the
 worst, overcomes. And of course that is a myth. We have not escaped the

fire, to speak.

Do not make peace. For whom shall you make peace. Do not seek your hearts.
For whom shall you seek your hearts.

...

This is temporary. You may not receive this. You may receive this only on a temporary basis. With the proliferation of small-scale nuclear devices, the Internet is in imminent danger of collapse. There may be days, weeks, months, a few years, left. This is the end-game of culture. Your knowledge is useless. Don't fret our media.

But it is a privilege to read this. It is a privilege to witness the curtain coming down on the future. It is a privilege to recognize that little will remain on the other side - that later, much later, something else might inscribe similar words to these.

Later, much later, something else might read them, but not these, but others.

There are too many bombs; there is the untoward simplicity of the bomb. It is human to hate, human to take out one's enemy at the risk of one's life. Sacrifice is the core and kernel of being human; hate is the shell that derives destruction.

These lines are written between one destruction and another, between one and another finality. They are produced on the road to another's paradise and the dissembling of our own.

...

The world frantically holds peace concerts. The world frantically produces beautiful music reaching throughout heavens and earths. The world produces books, fashion, songs, operas, magazines, articles, psalms, poems, epics, sculptures, paintings, puppet-shows, cinema, theater, whole literatures, all in the name of peace. The world produces screams, terrors, whimpers, moans, cries and whispers, all begging for peace, caterwauling for peace, yelling for peace.

Human beings scurry in all directions. Plants burn. Rivers burn. Animals are blinded. Lesions develop. There are rumors of bombs. There is no electric. Servers and routers are silenced.

I will stand up and sit down. I will be the prophet of the last and latter days. I will type on dying keyboards, dead laptops. My words are the words of truth. My words die from crippled fingers. My words die in ten throats. My words die in one. My words are lesions.

...

Countdown. This is written from the future to the past. This has already

been written. This will already have been written. This will already have not been read.

Not by us. Not by something else.

Listen: We are all dead. Listen: It is too late now. The poison is here. Listen: It is time to make our peace. Listen: It is time to listen to ourselves. This is the end of the sentence to which we are sentenced.

No one will make peace. No one will listen to another. It is the nature of being human. It is human to hate. It is human to act on that hate. We will dance until we are burned alive. We will dance with our lesions. We will dance and destroy. We will go to heaven. We will take you with us.

It takes only one. Technology: It takes less than one. One minus one is zero. It will take nothing. It will take nothing at all.

Hello Pakistan will you not listen to us. Give us your weapons. Hello USA please listen to us. Give us your weapons. Hello India, Israel, China, France, Germany, Belgium, England, Russia, Sumer, Latvia, Babylonia, Chad, Japan, Italy, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Canada, give us your weapons.

We will take your weapons and we will beat them into weapons. We will take your weapons and we will make a column of ash and smoke, fire and debris, radiation and cloud, from pole to pole, an axis of fury, an axis of death and destruction. We will cleanse the earth. We will boil the oceans. We will flood the lands. We will freeze the oceans. We will burn flesh. We will fuck our enemies. We will arrive in paradise. We will arrive in heaven. We have removed our enemies. We have removed your enemies. We do this out of our own goodwill, out of the hearts of men. We do this out of kindness and charity. We have removed their hearts.

...

But we write between one destruction and another. At the risk of boring you: We write between one destruction and another. We write into the air air we breathe. We write through the slaughter, onslaught of lesions always already among us. We write through our sickness. We write for the decades of routers and servers. We write for the years of wireless, months of optical, weeks and days of pdas, minutes of broadband, seconds of remaining life. We write for audience of one, for audience of one-half, for audience already tending towards zero. We write for the terror among us and the success of that terror, and its end.

We write for an improbable length. It takes nothing. It takes nothing at all.

We write for our lesions, our implacable hatreds. It takes nothing. It takes nothing at all.

We write in order to kill. We write against one another. There is no other writing. We write the enunciation of slaughter. We write its emancipation.

We write in order to be silenced. We write in order to be successful. We are successful. We write for an irrational number.

It is a matter of time; it is a matter of nothing else. And we write for the silence to follow. We are at the end of days. We are of the end. We are the meat of the end, the flesh of the end. We are of the flesh and its lesions.

We are not improbable. We are not improbable at all. We are most probable. Of this I am sure: We are most probable.

It takes nothing. It takes nothing at all.

...

- from a midrash

—

phenomenology of speech and prophecy / enlightenment

Alan Sondheim · 25 December 2001, 10:29 p.m.

-

phenomenology of speech and prophecy

it doesn't matter what you say.:it happens anyway.:problem with being a prophet: no one listens. ::

your death is a proof they won't allow you to see.:the best they do is spit at you. the worse they do is ignore.:you're not writing for them. you're writing for collateral.::you speak to the murderers of your speech.

she speaks a language of no consequence whatsoever. to an audience of no consequence whatsoever.:the prophet more than anyone else knows it doesn't matter.:you speak to your murderers. your speak to the murderers of your speech.::

it is always already in another tongue.:it is always after the fact and therefore both eternal and ephemeral, langue and parole.:it is the nature of pure speech or the purity of natural speech.::

Enlightenment

this is completely abstract. :this is entirely based on theoretical structure.:this is the phenomenological horizon of the occidental subject and accidental tourist.:x''':x'' demon in absentia.

this horizon is non-existent.:this refuses meaning.:x x' x'' x''' x''':y'''

prostitute in absentia.

this inherency possesses its own contradictions unrelieved in
meta-analytics.:this tends towards the magazine of structural anomalies.:y
y' y'' y''' y''''::black powder
prostitute in absentia.

-----_

Birth and Tomb

Alan Sondheim · 26 December 2001, 9:43 p.m.

-

Birth and Tomb

Searched the web for "Alan Sondheim". Results 1 - 10 of about 4,160.
Search took 0.10 seconds.

See www.google.com. I take my measurement.

I exclude "Alan Myouka Sondheim". I exclude "Alan Jennifer Sondheim".

I exclude "Alan Jenn Sondheim". I take my temperature.

I take the temperature of my obsession. I, I, I.

For several days I have ranged above 4,000: 4,140 - 4,200.

I enter the portal trembling. I enter the gateway.

I enter the hated name. I enter it all within quotations:

Let there be no doubt. "Alan Sondheim".

This grabs site and citation. This grabs text and image.

This is an archaeology of the real, the true, the fabricated.

This is an archaeology of taint, of plagiarism, of the problematic.

It spreads like a skein or membrane, like a stain.

It spreads like a spider, an uncomfortable residue.

I take my temperature. It holds at 4,160.

I indulge my addiction. I indulge my obsessive-compulsive behavior.

Trembling, I enter the portal:

Searched the web for "Alan Sondheim". Results 1 - 10 of about 4,170.

Search took 0.10 seconds.

A gain of 10. Trembling, I leave it...

—

"The Gaga Films," by Jennifer

Alan Sondheim · 27 December 2001, 12:04 a.m.

-

"The Gaga Films," by Jennifer

I went to the cinema on the tram down the hill. I often went this way for other reasons but wasn't sure where I was. I was in company of a couple of experimental filmmakers. They told me about the place. It was in a clapboard house remodeled as an underground film venue. It was \$15 to get in. I only had \$8 Canadian. I left and came back; I found \$14 US. I hoped I could make up the difference. They were talking about "The Gaga" - the two

films about "The Gaga" - and had I seen them? The films were the most politically astute of the century. "The Gaga" was also "La Gaga" and I hadn't seen them. I was missing so much. "The Gaga" wasn't playing that night.

Interpretation

"The Gaga" is the violent absurdity that drives late-capitalism. "The Gaga" has always existed, but was quiescent in traditional capitalism - it could never appear under hierarchy, but only interstitially in the Network. As the Network grew, through late-capitalism and postmodernity into terror, The Gaga appeared - first as a peripheral symptom, then increasingly as an engine driving the whole. The Gaga is a projection, perhaps derived from Cruickshank's 19th-century Locomotive - "They've gone loco" - images of the confluence of steam and imperial capital. The Gaga, like the Japanese Kappa, is a figure at once vulnerable and dangerous. It is vulnerable because it resides in the Network, a post-Situationist entity susceptible to major and minor illness or decay - through the strategic application of hacking and other disruptive techniques. The Gaga is utterly inhuman, nonhuman, inhumane; all of The Gaga films are in black-and-white, as if to indicate, from the mode of representation itself, the structural and nodal nature of The Gaga. The Gaga is most often described in these films by means of chalkboard lectures, diagrams in pencil, voice-overs, and talks. Computers and digital effects are rarely used; they are the centrifugal residue of The Gaga, incapable of anything more. It seems paradoxical that The Gaga both underlies the skein and is within it; the skein is its flesh and blood, and a computer representation would be nothing more than a desiccated and useless sample of its tissue. For it is clear that The Gaga is continually in process, that it participates in the quantum states known as superimpositions, that it is always extended beyond itself, non-boolean, gestural, genderless. A feminist professor appears in one of the films, delineating The Gaga, demonstrating its difference and distinction from a feminist fluidity that absorbs and gives, breaks down the transitive. She, like all other actors in these works, is defined as such - "a feminist professor" - in subtitles that also list "a working-class hero" - "a factory worker" - "a consumer" - even though an attempt is made, beyond analysis, to develop a romance - "a lover" - "another lover" - against the constant and broken, jump-cut description that constitutes the style of the films. The Gaga alone, like the Virgin of the Virgin Mary, like the sealed womb, is never described, always clothed in the Network. It is clear that The Gaga is part of the distribution of the films, that the audience, as in violent pornography, is implicated, just as The Gaga is implacable. The implacability is portrayed in terms of gray zones; the black-and-white occupies, for the most part, an uneasy middle ground, most of the time. There are never any "true" whites, "true" brightness, in the films; instead, starting from an upper middle gray, the films descend into murky darkness, as if they were reproduced several times over, from an earlier, and now lost, model. The result of all of this is a clear indication that we, ourselves, have lost the power of brilliance, of brightness, of that clear light permitting analysis; instead, our theoretical explanations begin in that gray area where language proliferates, cut off from the clarity of projection and

representation. These explanations likewise descend into darkness, where they are part and parcel of the substance of the world, where they are within and without, suffused with The Gaga, from which, like the real weight of the curtain of iron, there is no escape. It is no wonder that both films are titled "The Gaga" as well; the resulting confusion in talk and analysis (some speak of "Gaga A," "Gaga B," "First and Second Gaga," etc.) only serves to reconfirm their internal direction. If there is any brilliance in the world, it is clear, it is to be found in the films themselves; nowhere else in culture is analysis so devastating, accurate, and beyond recall. The films are undated; the names of the participants involved are never given; even their origin remains, not a mystery, but simply unknown. Go see "The Gaga"; everything else falls, into place.

—

day after day (aegis of wisdom)

Alan Sondheim · 27 December 2001, 7:51 p.m.

-

day after day

we go day after day now. the rest of the world is terror. this is no terror, not even the culling, the shattering of the thin shells of the crust. this is a moment to think about intelligence, the intelligence of the world, breaking out of the loop. this is the breaking out. . :this is the way the aging brain works. neurons skein, tangle, interlace, interweave. some die off. there are submerged strata absorbed by the other. the other is transformed into others. wisdom is the networks among the others. wisdom is the limestone, the submergence. wisdom is the marl gathered beneath the peat. there are large saw palmettos at chikeka. the brain is gathered among the confluence of life. the brain is self-reflecting, resonant, subsumption architecture. wisdom is the making-manifest of the network. wisdom is the culling of extraneity.:at chikeka, two men were fishing. we went through the hardwood hammock. a little girl took some mosquito-fish for her aquarium. watched the sawgrass. watched several killdeer. a turkey vulture landed in front of the car, flew around to the back. strangler figs everywhere. before that, oasis, back to the ibis rookery. there were heron mixed in. walked through the mudflats to the left of the runway. before that, back at shark valley. there were too many cars. back at chikeka a possum eating alligator eggs. on the way out the limestone showed. there were snake and crabholes everywhere. a huge flock of ibis, enormous, in big cypress. :anhinga:glossy ibis shrike tricolored heron green heron glossy ibis white ibis cormorant anhinga

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Title: Nine Points of the Phenomenology of Painting*Alan Sondheim · 29 December 2001, 4:45 a.m.*

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Title: Nine Points of the Phenomenology of Painting

"Title: "the canvas is an indeterminate size, sufficiently large to occupy a fair proportion of the viewer's angle of vision. color and textual attributes are also indeterminate, irrelevant, peripheral" Oil on white canvas, black text in imitation of courier." this title affixed to white label, traditionally placed to the left of the painting at an indeterminate distance. beneath: "THESE ARE THE FIRST ERRORS." description of painting: "Oil on white canvas, black text in imitation of courier." Text rescued from the painting:

Upper left: "i reside here, huddled in flight within the corner. it's comfortable but requires energy, continuous maintenance. one false slip and i crash. this is half-wrecking zone, half-home. no one imagines i'm here; it's safe. someone or something else ... requires the same amount of energy ... has no place to huddle ... out in the open ... who knows "

Upper middle: "this is impossible, all this energy; i'm sliding back and forth; you can't get to me; you can't find me; you know i'm not cornered; i can never be cornered; this is the sky, the heavens, the empyrean; this isn't the corner; the corner's always artifice; the corner takes a different kind of energy, a push; here it's towards the vertical; i'm always heading up, against the edge; the edge is a horizontal line"

Upper right: "The edge is a point. The edge is one-dimensional. I gather towards the point. The point is natural; it's origin. It takes energy to remain in the vicinity of the point. The point marks the edge of the roof. This is a roof, neither sky nor heaven. You can always find me by my coordinates. This is the Cartesian fetishization of the real. This is the last of the systems of defense."

Middle left: "I'm against the margin, the margin is a line, a vector, the margin points to the roof, the sky, the pole at pagoda center, I'm there, rubbed raw against the Thing, vertical and human, walking, not fucking, at attention, not supine, nothing's beyond the left; nothing's left of it."

Center: "there's nowhere, there are names and no names, there are things and no things, there's nothing to grasp, i'm naked, vulnerable, you can see all of me, you can see through me, i'm the punctum of representation, this is the vanishing-point of the phenomenology of the real, arms and legs, mountains and valleys, waters and locomotives, herons and pagodas in all directions, frameworks and annihilations, states and processes, transformations, the name leaks, suppurations, double dimensions, i'm sliding in every direction, i can't see the lines or points, a spread or stain, splayed or residue, abject, the stigmata of effacement of the other, the strategic game, i.e. the location of the game, played out"

Middle right: "This is it - the vertical body - compressed against the bar

of the real - there's a bit of support for it - the vertical dimension, hierarchy - the frame's holding - always aware of the frame - this could be an infinite plane extending from here - imagine the possibilities - lungs and breathing - in the distance - nothing at all - I remember the center - I couldn't work there - couldn't begin or end there - all that blanked space - nothing - but here - there's a moment of parallel - every point has that - moment of perpendicular - the same - whole pencils of lines - filling in the interstices - cubisms of all sorts - spectacles of abstraction - styles - genres - I'm safe here - I could go on and on - "

Lower left: "she's down in the corner... she's there with him... they're so safe... they're sleeping... look at them sleep... they can do anything here... this holds the rest of the image... this is the source of all representation... this doesn't have to do anything... this can't do anything ... another of the zero-dimensionals... they're fucking now... now they're drinking... they're whispering... i can almost hear them... they don't have to maintain anything... they're not sliding anywhere... they're cuddling... they're quiet and serene... they're at rest... they're holding their own... garnering sweetness and light... "

Lower middle: "What are you thinking of? We're sliding back and forth? We're the base of all things! We're the foundation! What are we going to do? Is this the horizon at your foot? This is the foreground of every world! This is the earth against the ungraspable mysteries reaching upwards beyond the possibility of body, organism, original face! Are you claiming essentialism? Wouldn't this be essentialism, if such, if any, were the case? Of course, still it takes energy to hold on! It takes a bit of energy to avoid sliding to the point! Isn't the point zero? Isn't the point nothing at all? Look, an animal! Look, names and contours! Look, all sorts of things?"

Lower right: "outlaw grasps of forms and substances, crashed caches of brushstrokes and inscriptions, compression algorithms of conversations and languages: LOOK WE'RE SAFE HERE TOO: the wall of the work where the signature sits: HERE: anywhere but there are expectations: IT'S CROWDING US OUT: what is: the names: all the names: but they're safe, the store-house: store-house of the real: something else, something else: I'LL LOOK IT UP; demarcation one again of origins: IT SAYS HERE AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT: one moment, one moment: "

lit from an indeterminate distance, THIS IS AN ERROR, in consideration of the canvas - nevertheless, it's there _to be read_ as if there were an adjudicated syntax, acceptable, beyond which the world is differend.

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