

There is an image. And now it has an edge about it, a certain precision only found after you've been around a few times. Such clarity could only come from somewhere else, i.e. this is not a dream:

“And it shall come to pass in the last days, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young shall see visions, and your old shall dream dreams. And I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath: blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke. The sun shall be turned to darkness, and the moon into blood, before”

Before. There will be wonders in heaven and signs in the earth beneath. There is a museum with very little in it. And because of this we know more.

In this time (now and before) your daughters shall profess their love. We knew it would come around again, we were just waiting for a sign. Does this one look the way you hoped it would? Is this how you remember it would be? - asking questions like that.

A transcript/translation of the last (first) 30 seconds:

HumanScreamAndInstrumentalCaucaphony> sound of a ghost

“Can't you hear it? ... listen (echoes)” pipe organ __ stumbles upwards
 pipe organ __ stumbles upwards (it loops)
 and hihat hihat triplet
 keyboard sample hawt shit

And there is another voice looping, repeating

I'm looking but I still can't tell if it's blood or not.

Considering: The action is of dual effect and since the spaces are tethered, necessarily defined as opposites, dialectic, no change can be wrought individually on a single half. Thus the signs are not a separate phenomena to be endured. Their simultaneity with such lightness reveals them to be in fact projections of the wonders above. These great gifts cannot be brought into the eternal without creating a matching void in our world. The future lights dazzle and by the time they cross the between, gap of difference, it has dispersed, refracted into this blood and flame.

Despair, or do not. Either way, down here in the sweat and smoke, we can still see all that. It's for us, your eyes. You just have to see through that little line that separates heaven and earth, you can glimpse ecstasy as it glances off wingtips, never fulfilling its elaborate projection downwards, into the muck and smog. But as you see it you know it and in that moment, now, the betweenness is broken and you see it and the boundary has moved. So this is not some big pairing of actions, evil for one stage and good for the other, but indeed a singular action: redefinition or demarcation. And so we have a grand gesture that is neither good nor evil, pain nor pleasure, which is experienced not in two spheres unfathomably distant but indeed two overlapping spheres, in a sense one unified space, clarified as dual by a singular boundary, between, negation that gets blurrier by the second. In the fog. Met by this inescapable CATASTROPHE, and the tremendous relief that it is not here to take us but for us to hear. And thus in the most complete sense, heaven is upon earth in the form of hell's fires, and the angels' radiant gaze shines all the brighter as we glimpse it through the smoke.

It could be discouraging, if you were wanting to leave, to learn there's nowhere else to go. But find peace in the realization that *we are already leaving*. And as the lights flash a little bit faster these visions and dreams and prophecies leaking in through every conduit, those moments where your vision goes black and you see, do not push you off this ground, out of the hole, into yourself, but in fact the opposite, deeper into the complexity of this rich rot, and as your fingers penetrate the blurry, wet between smudge the line, your frame strains, yet dissociation predicates reassociation. And this new contact is in a sense 'further than before' and such is the form in an age of dreams and visions. We are blessed by these kaleidoscopic flutterings, perceptions of something on the tracks above.

And in heaven there are very few things. The projection down, shadows of gestures on the wall, cave. We see more with these mirrors.

How much information can you juggle in two hands? I disagree with you obviously, about the frame. You argue that the frame provides coherence only through repression and exclusions. But the trick is to discover *Everything* within the frame. And as such it is all next to us, the real numbers mapped to a point. We are.

Reality is in the details and even if you can predict what's going to happen you can't imagine how you'll feel. Around one more time, two more times.

Reach out a hand and it's soft, a little warmer than your fingertips, let them fall along the curve feel the blood rush to fill she breathes.

There's nothing that man fears more than the touch of the unknown. He wants to *see* what is reaching towards him, and to be able to recognize or at least classify it. In the dark, the fear of an unexpected touch can mount to panic. Even clothes give insufficient security: it is easy to tear them and pierce through to the naked, smooth, defenseless flesh of the victim. All the distances which men create round themselves are dictated by this fear. The same gap generated between.

Now there is a curtain between, and the lights are out. Around one more time. Barely part the curtain with two fingers, feel body heat in the air. Nobody can see anything.

Reach further and it's soft, a little warmer than your fingertips, let them fall along the curve feel the blood rush to fill she breathes.

The woman pressed against her is the same as herself. She feels her as she feels herself. Suddenly it is as though everything were happening in one and the same body.

You come across the form as a bouncing ball. Sphere with a 30.00 mm radius trapped between two parallel planes 60.35 mm apart. Somehow perfectly elastic. Somehow getting hotter. The planes move in independent arcs so that each point of contact is new, for the surface is dented, audibly detuned by each bounce. The planes are made of metal in the area around the ball; Everywhere else, the surface is transparent. And so the sphere remains constantly bound in this tiny gap, bouncing rubber (?) on metal (?) in an endless motion, but actually it's accelerating, harder, hotter, louder. If you look it would look (you have to look closely) it would look like a white-pink sphere with a radius of 30.00 mm, slightly deformed by approximately 0.35 mm along one axis, fixed in space. However, this perception is clearly missing (while also containing an excess of) motion. Without which the ball would (probably) be black, a perfect sphere, and on the ground. But now, it is bouncing, faster, lighter, bouncing. This state is so convincing it seems to imply the ball always has been, and unless the ball's physical limitations "return", will continue to.

Who the fuck leaves this shit on the sidewalk?

This sentence sounds somehow familiar. In fact, this whole passage reads like something I've read before. And now, the memories wash over me, inundate me.

but the images, the senses, the moods, colors, sounds, smells that I have carried about, as precise as if engraved in steel, that I have so poignantly preserved, like flowers pressed between book pages (to mail to your girlfriend), like ribbons, locks of hair, and billets-doux stored through decades in boxes - now all these things turn out to be inaccurate and deceptive; they tumble chaotically, dissolve, flow together and away. I distrust my subconscious. My treasure chest of memories is filled by sheer chance. For example - I know how the curtain felt against my fingers. But touch it again to see. The curtain opens and now is your time to perform. The score was held in this fragile box and it seems like bugs may have gotten in: the score is full of holes. Or it always was; you can't remember. You close your eyes and present a series of gestures.

A series in the finite, time-bound sense, the most important notion being its sequentiality. And not merely any gestures, but particular ones, referring to established structures and well documented signs, perhaps even further strengthened by carefully drawn links and tethers to necessarily more massive concepts made clear and comprehensible by the overwhelming and ever present historical context. It is of utmost importance that the physical communication, though it is not purely physical, instead tangled in a secondary web with separate, nonlinear scale, remains true to an established order and mode of reasoning, rather, these gestures must fit within a hypothetical boundary which is both understood and agreed upon, for if this quality were not taken into consideration and immediately elevated to a position of the highest importance, in particular if some other trait were considered to be of higher gravity than consistent and contained communication within a finite and bounded area, that clarity of boundary or rather *potential clarity* being most critical, then the entire action, more accurately series of actions, denounces any ties or relations, implied via visual similitude or any number of other complex psycho-associative trickeries, indeed any possible "links" are rendered invalid, most relevant here being links to structures collectively categorized, agreed upon to be firm, not merely for meeting the qualifications demanded, no it is less harsh, involves less power, meeting the qualifications requested from our systems of bridges and relations and signs, it is not merely the principal property of *boundedness* and axiomatic closure, but rather the glowing status that becomes apparent only much later, long after we have comfortably discerned the simpler attributes and constructed proper definitions for its modes, that final status mostly symbolic and frivolous since it is only bestowed upon a relation or system once we are all properly ON THE

SAME PAGE ABOUT IT, at which point there is no longer a particular need to point it out, but this label is important to ward off false connections, exactly those alluded to previously, namely the way that we maintain confidence and mutual understanding, all the more necessary in times such as now where minds are all too receptive towards illusions, yes complete collective confidence that our agreed upon systems are (this almost feels like a tautology) our systems are TRUE, and here you can see why this notion is so pivotal to the question of whether a particular gesture is worth puzzling over or attempting to unravel since the simple units of form are so individually unimposing, yet as some observer begins to, as it were, “follow” the sequential motion and in some sense “give” something to it, even if only the fickle brush of the gaze, it is absolutely preferable for this potential observer to ascertain as-fast-as-possible whether or not this activity is worth engaging with before yielding a substantial (or insubstantial) amount of his or her self to the interaction, and yes the marker of an activity or a quality (perhaps redundant) of some sequence of importance (!) being the property of *truth*, and then the surest method to determine whether anything at all is holding a set of gestures together is the examination of or more accurately the imagination of a possible projection of a boundary around the system, and indeed merely the agreed upon recognition of such a defining limit around, necessarily closed in its entirety else it would not function as such a border, and there may be further qualifications extended by these sort of links and references, even elaborated upon by however much historical context it feels reasonable for the observer to permit in a particular situation, yet these connections are superfluous, or at least less relevant, since in a sequence of the properly ordered variety it becomes immediately, painfully clear to the observer, clear instantaneously in the very moment of considering a question like ‘how does it feel?’ it becomes immediately obvious to the onlooker asking, spelled out quite directly in the very first inklings of an “answer”, whether or not this alluded to situation and accompanying properties and structures contain in themselves any sense or orientation towards “limit” or “boundary”, and hence it is possible to *know* with admirable speed and certainty if the series ~~contains~~ is TRUE, or rather, is negotiating with a system founded upon, or rather it has a sort of ‘trueness’ to form, or at least an understood relationship to a much larger and better delineated conception of form that contains or at least is pointing towards something true in its essence, in other words it can be positioned in a network with stable foundations, brought about by its tangible boundaries and modes of motion, which we all see as *true*, or at least there is a form which has a property of utmost importance, for if it

did not hold this it would be in some other category or system bearing no hold on “truth” or related qualities, if it lacked this it would be, uh, to and for the observer it would have an absence of, or in other words it would not um

The curtain closes. Applause.

The condition of the score still being under question.

You string a long, thin wire across the gap. Not a bridge, it won't support any additional weight, but a connection, wave source to loudspeaker. Discover what it sounds like, but not what it is. Now it carries bodies, covered in black bugs. The sound is entangled in their motion, the bugs. The bridge is covered in bodies and the speaker is on. Twenty four hours pass in this state; a truism. He hands you six and you drop two of them.

The curtain opens. (Silence).

Walk to the piano.

Set down the score (and bugs).

Play the holes.

(Silence.)