

If up until this point you were not convinced:

She asks a question: “How do you feel about your senses?”

Everything. Now.

**Tabulation of miscellaneous mistakes and other faulty constructions in the text:**

- ‘Silence.’ was a lie, it sounded like bugs on the metal strings
- the wire could clearly support *some* additional weight, namely the bugs
- it was not the sound of running water but some other surprisingly similar noise
- as much as I would like to contest it, I agree with your conception of ‘frame’, but it was not rhetorically convenient to admit so at the time
- Information on pages 10-12 has been found to be almost entirely false or arbitrarily manufactured
- multiple inaccuracies regarding gendered pronouns
- ‘state’ holds a multitude of associations which previously were perhaps invoked unintentionally; the term will be avoided in the future to insure clarity of arguments
- ‘twice as hot’ is meaningless without a reference point or scale

If we are indeed now on the same page, then now is an appropriate time to consider a few examples (now as opposed to before, but this is not the place to consider the gravity of that distinction). It may be helpful to keep in mind the barriers between these experiences and your own real senses, in particular those limitations that are brought about by the use of a mode of communication. If these concepts are brought to you on a surface, they are fundamentally static in their representation, the most rigid surface in this case being the page. The *sensations* necessary to give motion and energy to the fixed symbols must occur entirely in a realm of slight abstraction, either fuzzy dissociated imagining or arbitrary memory (full of holes). The best case for a ‘page’ is that in the translation and interpretation of its contents (already crudely restrained by the words themselves), some sensations will be provoked and synthesize (in a slightly transparent, abstracted view) some understanding of (what happened) or “*what it felt like*”.

Of course the delivery could be improved upon, made less static and thus ‘counting on’ less synthesis, for instance with the addition of an interpreter or reader, serving not to remove from the communication but add by nature of physical presence. This mode yields volume and motion as well as sound and a body to the (a?) space. In this way the senses are activated, not after a chain of association and construction through reason and memory, but directly by the pronunciation of each word and silence. Here at the very least the senses are active (in a real sense) and can be drawn along by tangible, physical motion. But nonetheless there is a sort of temperamental veil of abstraction imposed by “speech processing” if you choose to engage it (to be fair, it’s hard not to). So if you are hearing the concepts in linguistic “form”, at best you are ~~thinking feeling~~ thinking alongside, propelled by the original sensation, remembering tangential to but never on top of, intersecting with the moment.

By further addition, perhaps now removal of barriers, suppose this string as a score. The reception occurs in the moment of performance, our limitations now are purely physical, in those of the instrument(s), the colors of paint, durability of materials, size and strength of the dancer’s body, etc. The obscene burden of interpretation (realization?) is placed upon the performer, but in return the observer is freed from language. Unfortunately abstraction seeps back in through every hole, for the action of *reading the score* becomes even more fraught with confusion than *reading the page*, and as the game goes on the audience becomes implicated, entangled in a new, somehow further complicated and less grounded language of physical gestures, which involves the senses but inhibits their real application by leaving them preoccupied with a cycle of remembering and decoding, oriented towards the past and its structures in a manner that makes the present *experience* of What I Am Trying To Show You (What it Feels like?) impossible.

So we are left with just Form when we wanted just Sense. And we could keep poking at this mess while it continues to hemorrhage lenses and boxes and relationships; we could perhaps evade a tonal center, locus of gravity, through carefully constructed ordered sets or perhaps we could centralize the ratios, even numbered relations, approaching purity and perfect concision. But truthfully, as these methods get “closer to”, they use up all of our rope, all of our ink before you even feel anything, and you find yourself just as far away as you started, confused, stasis anew. One final step seems like it might be able to add just enough: overwhelming dense recording of sense, the final lens that can fit it all: videocamera. But if you’re going through all the trouble of managing every bit of the film, the concepts layer over each other from

innumerable uncontrolled sources, capturing the moment but with such density that it becomes illegible. The goal should not be to provoke free association but to *convey a feeling*, a goal which seems nigh impossible in any medium at all.

Anyways the camera may tempt us later (as the recording has certainly been haunting us) but now (!) it is best simply to humble yourself. Remember the dimensions of this interface, and if you are truly interested in understanding the concepts that are alluded to (at best suggested) it seems like you should pay less attention to the words: close your eyes or stop listening or look at something else. The page the score the tape the performance are nothing.

Keeping that in mind, examples:

1)           climbed the mountain  
           nothing but    despair  
           despair        despair  
                                   keep it moving  
                                   keep it moving  
           feels like ... .. the music sounds better with you  
 With you                despair despair hot hot keep it  
           in here         we're in here keep it up up  
 feels like                You you you (you) (you)  
           what you need I need you what you need

2) I HAD A VISION. It was night when I had this vision. In this vision there was a large object flying around with bright colors in disc form. Immediately I thought of the flying scorpion that I had read about in the chapter of Revelation, but when the object started turning I saw that first it was flat then it turned sideways and started to shoot radiant colors at first then it would turn back to the same position. One morning I was awakened by all the kids upstairs running to the window because of a sound outside that was so piercing it was paralyzing. It was revealed to me a few weeks later that it was Gabriel sounding the warning. The sound lasted for five minutes. Every thing will happen fast so be ready. So be ready when that time comes, because it could happen in the wink of an eye. You see there are mighty angels and they are very large. Bright as

the sun. Another way to describe it is like the color of lightening magnified ten times. So you'd better get ready for the bright lights that will appear in the sky.

3) We're in a store. Needed to go to the store. Sensory experience dominated by colors. There are too many letters to know what order they go in. There is music playing. Some stores have lists, which make it easier. There is always a certain vulnerability in this position. The environment serves a purpose and you are part of it. It is important to conserve your attention. The objects are not aimed towards you but against each other. Excess focus can disrupt our navigation. The best approach is to know beforehand, and avoid making relations or comparisons. In some cases, there is already an established way to proceed. Sometimes though, this is harder because you can't tell what it is just by the door. Make sure to check for incompatibilities too. Unfortunately this area always requires the same amount or more. It achieves this stasis (static direction, fixed volume) by always changing. In previous iterations, it made sense to provide a long series of all the Brand Names, varieties, flavors, editions, sizes, trademarked colors and curvatures. This would no longer mean much so has been omitted. You see it is always slightly complicated. Sometimes a list, or a printed *menu* like they have in Europe, makes it easier, but also sometimes it is too long or hard to read and so it is not easier.

This white building, it was built for you, your name is written on it. Imagine all these people living in there, all these windows; this building, it's for all your children. This new sidewalk with these large gray asphalt squares you are walking on, it was made just for you.

4) Left, left, left, right, left, left, Left, Left, RIGHT, left

How are your toes? Tight. Subjected to (impact).

Compacted. The street. Hot. Shit. Too tight. Have to. Stop.

You have to. What do you need? A break?

You have to move your feet to get anything out of this.

Let me see your --- Keep it movin. Hot. Go in again and it's a little different; like I said it was. Some of the stores are fake. They also have music playing. You still need to pay attention but not too much. The objects are the same color but are not the real ones. You have to stay on your toes, watch out, let me see.

Let me see your foot work ba by drive me crazy don't stop baby

but the voice is all over, strained or fragile till strong g doubles up with and like the bass. Here lies universality: in this break, this cut, this rupture. Song cutting speech. Scream cutting song. Frenzy cutting scream with silence, movement, gesture. Every disappearance is a recording. That's what resurrection is. Insurrection. Scat black magic, but to scat or scatter is not to admit formlessness. The aftersound is more than a bridge. It ruptures interpretation even as the trauma it records disappears. No need to dismiss the sound that emerges from the mouth as the mark of a separation. It was always the whole body that emitted sound: instrument and fingers, bend. Your ass is in what you sing. He's walking up moving his feet and he stumbles into, over the bass. Heel contact with the bridge. The whole room shakes, but just a little bit.

Somewhere else - you wish it was darker in here. You have to look up. A flash. In the mirror, a camera. Think about it. Stop thinking about it (your feet aren't in it). All of the sudden it becomes abundantly clear.

*We can't keep trying to sort this out on the dance floor.*

It's been recorded; It's out of your hands. Page folded in quarters but never made it into the pocket, got repressed and passed around. Hoping to get it in orbit, keep it up there, but gave it a little too much juice and now it's a departure. They tried to explain but it was so loud when this all started it was spinning so fast and under the red lights it seemed like the right thing to do. Just wanted to keep it SAFE. The initial state, ordinary impulse, obviously happened in the past. Things were real back then that aren't anymore. And in the discontinuity, their dissolution removed their trace and volume. So in this contemporary recollection, the forms lean on nothing. And its present architecture, transposed through the only available modes, no longer even leaves the ground. The walls don't even enclose a room. The diagram is much better: clearer labels, proportions, and specified materials. But you couldn't possibly build something like that today. Without beams? The diagram illustrates a pile of rubble. Feels like something we should want to see: the design is approved for public installation. Seating added to the proposal to accommodate appropriate viewing angles. Funding is no longer available; it would disrupt the square.

Either another flash or a recollection of the first induced by that same sense of uneasiness or a reflection of the first flash that took a while to bounce back across. Hits you in the EYE.

*They're all looking. We have to leave.*

In some ways it's all becoming too much. These streams of promise and prophecy cloud each other. The containers have all ruptured. From every angle, the unique glow of an *answer*, but at such an intensity that it cannot be traced. Everything is glowing. Each page presented with such generosity; lucid, inviting prose already in its composition implying an eventual arrival at blissful closure regarding the subjects it involves, a clear explanation. Reassuring echoes of recognizable forms draw you deeper into your search for that kernel of truth reliably contained in such functional constructions. But once you've taken it all in, the whole page (in a flash), you find it is blank. Rather, saturated to a density indistinguishable from void. In this sense it holds so much that it holds nothing. The text never loops back neatly onto itself, never satisfactorily resolves its internal tensions. It plows ahead on a unidirectional course of pure sequential logic. Each step being utterly justified and even intellectually pleasing in relation to the previous, so potent and decisive that you can't help but to be carried along, but only after substantial momentum builds does it become clear that which ever hand affixed these words to the page was interested not in marking a clear path between two points, but merely to continue along a line, construct steps for the sake of keeping it moving. And as such the particular terms and patterns which convinced you of the existence of a "destination" in this piece were instead delusional insertions serving to deceive every participant and indeed prolong the journey by any means necessary, implicating so many spheres, lenses, frameworks, and views which horribly complicate the situation that it becomes quite difficult to say anything without first clarifying a whole number of other conditions and qualifications and obviously it is no place to *conclude*, at least not yet, can't you see all these terrible unresolved situations, and you come to realize that you have been tricked, it's all too much.

All the more concerning now that things are in *motion*.  
Every thing will happen fast so be ready.

And now, with complete clarity, the kind you thought you had before, it has to be said. As short as possible, precise. The first statement. In three sentences: the situation. Elevator pitch. Something pure, something distilled, something true.

It is all on fire.

They shot someone for jumping the subway today.

Someone died in my apartment today.

Some minor elaboration:

Particularly if you subscribe to the contemporary data and evidence based modes of reasoning and rationalization, not that this is necessary or even recommended, but it is certainly, as it were, the currently accepted approach to construction, such methods are beginning to illuminate an incredible destination. Science tells us the limit point of our present scientific activities.

And in numbers, 4; 290. 1; 275,000. At least two people. Probably more.

Somehow this was all wrong. It slipped in when it wasn't supposed to and due to the timing, it doesn't look like what it is. Bright light --

but TV static. The opposite of what it was supposed to be. Begs the question. *Who was this letter to?* But that is the problem. The wrong question. In the same way, you're starting to see in color. Not that it was on the surface, unavailable to your eyes. More it was under. Painstaking care taken to keep it underneath the visible field in a separate space. To be imagined. Now it is seen, not as it always was, but as it leaks through. Pindrops of red leaking through a carpet burn leaking tiny points on ~~white~~ page. But smeared all around. It is light pink. Uniform shades of red. Pink. Seeping through the surface it wasn't always in the surface but somewhere else, contained in a manner that allowed greater differentiation of tones and brightnesses, but after that little scrape it is all over the surface, smeared. And this new interface is pink and sticky in all the ways it wasn't supposed to be. If everything is stressed then nothing is. If everything is Red? See this is the wrong direction. It should have been obvious. Now we're left to continue the same way but try not to stumble like that again. Hope it only starts leaking when we really need it. It's too bad it's all tinted like this. And since you're touching it, watch your fingertips. Hard to tell what we're looking at anymore.

- Photograph missing a frame (1)
- Photograph of a frame (2)
- Photograph of a (non-broken) frame inside of a broken frame (3)
- Photograph of a camera, torn in half (4)
- Three photographs on top of each other (stacked) in one frame (5)
- Photograph of a camera flash (11)
- A small bonfire (0)

It's better slow. Feels better if you do it slowly. Close your eyes. Open them. Four people. Your toes are wet. 2 inches of water on the floor. Begin to count. Points, stars, pin Holes.

*Photography is a way of playing with perceptual relationships*

*Well exactly.*

*But you don't need a camera to tell you that. What about stars?*

*Are you going to tell me none of the stars are really there?*

*Well some are but some burned out four thousand years ago.*

*I don't believe that.*

*How can you not believe it, it's a know fact.*

*But I see them. (!)*

*You see memories.*

*Have we had this conversation before?*

...

*Do you know how far away some of those stars are?*

*Let's see someone touch a star and not get burned.*

*He'll hold up his finger; Just a memory burn!, he'll say then I'll believe it.*

*Okay never mind what about sound, you're watched a man chop wood in a forest.*

*No I do not watch men in forests.*

*That would be very cold. What? That would be very cold she repeated*

*Watching men? A memory burn. Ah. She's right. Yes she is she*

isn't more than it was but at the same time isn't less. What do they say? Less is more? The Same.

Let's reconsider the distance. To the light from the eye; to the eye from the egg. In order to understand such a length, a suitable metric must be defined on the space. Consider the set of perceived objects contained in frame, in this moment, just this particular one. Between each pair of pin pricks, a number. Rather, a function mapping something in the set alongside another, other thing from a theoretical copy with all the other things in it, taking these two and indisputably pointing quite exactly to something real, this being the destination of the map, namely, a number. This is not too strict a requirement. For this case, it will be sufficient to use your fingers.

Placed first here, and then here. About that far.

Locate the flash, expressed in terms of its source rather than the current position. Where it was and where you saw it. Or where your eyes were when it reached them. This is all about the



same place. Dealing with continuous motion would require too small of an instrument- an infinitesimal. Instead we can impose a stop or pause or in a different sense a fold such that the situation is freed from direction and “now” becomes all-encompassing. This reconciles the three possible cases into one, and allows us to erase the slippery line which marks “when” while preserving the spatial relationships we are concerned with. Now using the standard notion of linearity in conjunction with the previously defined metric, it is possible to construct a line segment connecting the two objects in question, the midpoint of which will be readily obtainable. Although it is expressed in reference to the metric (fingers) so a brief calculation will be needed to understand the result as it pertains to the visual field. Now extending two new lines from this point to the edges of the frame such that they are orthogonal both to each other and the initial vector, we have a clear set of axes for the space.

Regardless of previous inconsistencies, it is possible with this set to transform the space and its objects into a well understood geometry suitable for understanding more particular things about these relationships. Centered on the midpoint, construct a 1 unit cube. Sphere inscribed inside. Now and only now can you look and see what is between, what is inside of the sphere which is both in-between and around the “middle”. We see the eye meet the flash. This means the circle is too big, for it was supposed to exclude both points of origin. Make it half the size.

Still an eye in there? You’re looking.

Make it twice as small again. Not enough- but this process can be accelerated (finished?) with the use of a properly defined sequence which must have a limit. Make the bubble around the middle between infinitely small. Which things are contained in our tiniest frame?

An eye, still, illuminated. Still there.

But nothing else. It appears there was never a space at all - betweenness was falsely constructed. So they really were taking a picture of you.

Left with this unsatisfactory result, you might as well undo the fold. You would think it would be the same, but when you flip it over, there is one more object in the circle. Quite small. Somehow overlapping with the eye. Also white in the bright light that bounces back across the surface (or through it? at this point you are confused). It’s an egg. The whole thing falls to the floor. Now the paper is smudged and creased and folded again. It is torn the diagram is ruptured and the ink is recorded on the floor in this break the gap between was never really there it slides between your navels and burning urine streams out from under the eye down to the feet below

and in this moment now the puddle flood of ink piss flash ring across the room it bounces past and through your socks are soaked and the page is coming apart as the floor shakes and all is still except your heel comes down hard on accident and in the moment of silence your heel of your boot makes contact not with the floor but the egg and the eye bursts under your foot it is completely crushed right as the flash hits it and in this way the flash is negated structure replaced with a wet white smear across the surface and there is music but you can't hear it all you see is the light pink glow on her face.

Look up!

The moon is red.