

ATLAS

< 1. DETECTIVE >

Metal, hook, wire, crane. Equivalences. Or not? Turn. A first variation. This is a first variation. It's now 5.15 am. A straight line. More or less. A straight line towards the water's edge.

This abandoned port a plane of infinite variability.

This body, the mud's infinite fecundity, the objects scattered; these relationships electrified. Meandering dispossessed. Turn towards an interface between this body and the world; turn towards the stolen object, the stolen pistol. Turn towards the pistol, the gun, the revolver, the machine, the fingers that grip the metal components, the skin, an eye, a tongue, an ear.

Equivalences. Are they equivalences? Edible, digestable? Can they be absorbed through tissue?

Now count them.

Fingers are connective tissue seeking in this darkness to grab hold of things. Spider body's stain. An arachnoid glue. Sticky, sticky surfaces. Blue gum. Continuous connections through blue gum skin, exchanges, equivalences; sticky black goo, sticky black market gum. Listen now, concentrate. A disorienting void. A sticky void now electric.

The world as jigsaw puzzle passing before these eyes. Each piece a possible fit, to fill part of this membranous gap, to reconstitute this missing relationship.

Point of departure. Body scurries across the yard. Map in sand. Lines of lines. Segment of segments. Grain-line complex. Stuck in pores: skin-sand-lines. Paths? The infinite possibility of holes in holes. Keep straying. Stray to stray. Concentrate. Metal hook, white cloth: a sign. Turn. Different line; pace steps with respiration. Ok.

Arriving at the point towards which these movements have been directed, body slumped. Inevitable arrival. And then what? This was once a port, now an exit? No exit? Excitations scattered across the ground are passageways, portals. Every gesture and inventory and a map:

Dark brown wood, a boat. Far from intact. Hole. A small sailing boat, capsized, sunken into the muddy canal. A larger ship next to it, abandoned. Wood eaten by organism. Leaking. Crane in distance, three concrete fundamentals – its legs – upon which a pyramidal structure of large metal beams rest. Hook suspended from the top of the pyramid, multiple thick metal coils. Blue plastic barrel afloat in a flooded storage facility. White field; blue, grey; green, turquoise entering from the top right corner. A structure of wooden shipping pallets in layers, piled one upon another. A single wooden pallet with large chunks of chalk scattered around it, nearby – roof tiles, terracotta. Rust infested machinery (large wheel, metal cords, levers).

... voice emanating from a portable radio nearby. Tendons. A small death. Messy hair. Flatten it out with your hands. Urinate. This falling man. Clumsily. Body flat to the ground. Face down. Exhausted. Peeling a banana. Peeling a banana without looking, lying down. Peeling a banana, above the head. Eyes closed, sight embedded in mud. Eyes shut closed with mud. Arms stretched above neck. Peeling. To hate these eyelids, the soles of these feet. Nothing ahead. No. No possibility to progress from here but through exchange: station for belly for tips of fingers for myth for banana for stone and coil for segment and turn. Turning.

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First investigation section.

“Your pistol has been stolen?”

“Yes, sir. I’m very sorry, sir.”

“How many rounds were in it?”

“All seven, sir.”

“A Colt?”

“A Colt pistol was stolen.”

“A cold pistol? A pistol, cold?”

“A Colt pistol was stolen...”

... pause...

"... when he was off duty."

"I'm ready for punishment, sir."

I'm ready for punishment.

"Don't talk like that. This isn't the army."

This isn't the army.

"What should I do, sir?"

"Don't just wait for something to happen."

Don't just wait for something to happen.

"Stop following me."

"Tell me then."

"Tell me then."

"Stop copying me."

"Copy me then."

"Tell me then."

"I'll sue you."

"I'm going your way, that's all."

"Please yourself."

"Please yourself."

"Whatever."

*

A dead dog, corpse in the bushes next to an overgrown path, eyes gauged out, blinded, beaten to death with a brick, cut open with the neck of a broken bottle, unsuccessfully cremated, remains charred. A tortured dog is not just another object. The meaning of the carcass? To turn and turn again, to ignore its impact, eyelids glued together with mud, or to dissect this body, an inventory of its cells, organs; its composition?

The dog, a blockage now, an insurmountable impasse. A closer examination of its death would be unbearable. A significant anomaly in the inventory. A turning from it is a turn towards it. Its gravity both merciless and intolerable.

Gnomic, that's it. This peculiar preponity for earthen movements. Crawling, moving on all fours. Try to stick as close to the ground as possible so as not to feel vertiginuous. An unhealthy interest in the subterranea? A necessity dictated by the composition of this body. This blood, its hematological texture (a chewiness? a rubbery quality? rubber, bleached by the sun, gone fragile? no, rubber turns into sticky goo...). An entirely different experience of gravity. The pull towards the ground, relentless. What pulls? No way of figuring this out. Damage might be neurological, psychological, dermatological, or any possible combination thereof.

The land left intact. A burning sound. Or not so. Uneasy observations. His shifting point of departure, gravity pulling beneath the sand, the dirt and the mud. To move more proficiently across the porous texture, between its layers. Put one bottle at the end of an anticipated trajectory, one at each of its potential points of bifurcation, one at its beginning. What forces pull in what directions? And at what points? Mudlines. Sandgravities. Asssemblages are concrete forces. Move between the bottles, one step at the time. No, less. Break movements down into fractals. Follow the itinerary between the bottles. Twist, standing on one leg. Loss of balance. Scarecrow gestures. Keeping the balance whilst carefully twisting, shifting the angle of the foot. Careful not to knock down the bottles.

Again, that voice coming from the portable radio next to him.

Messy hair. Flatten it out with your hands. Urinate.

Rise again. Fall. Hobble on. Move bottles. Gather up objects, detritus, plants, bodies, whatever can be found. Make lists. Compare and juxtapose lists. You get to know the ground intimately; a gesture towards the sun each morning, towards the moon at night. A second variation now. 6.45 am. Turn turn (...), turn turn. It's a circle, right foot at its centre, body turning, spinning around it. A third variation. It's now 7.00 am. Crane, turn, crane (...), crane, turn, crane (...). Movement between the legs of the crane, triangular. A fourth variation at 7.50 am, step step turn (...) step turn turn (...). Slow progression. And so on and so forth.

The abandoned port a habitat. A landscape known intuitively and intimately. This peculiar sense of joy embedded in its dereliction, the discovery of its liminality. Yes. Limits to limits, a set of impossibilities from which universes emerge in turnings.

All these cranes. Why was it done? Body of spinning alterities. Turn. A body of multiplied exteriorities. Turn to turn. Turn to the mouths of those other objects slobbering. A pull towards them.

You walk. You walk because of the bit and you turn. This is a truly peculiar joy, to recognize within the impossibilities of given conditions an optimism re-playable.

*

"What's the time?"

"That's the 11.50 train."

"That's the 11.50 train?"

"What's the time?"

"Now?"

"It's 11.53?"

"It's been 3 minutes..."

"It's been 3 minutes."

Pause. Uncomfortable durations of silence. A twitch.

"Visit the pistol men. Unlicensed dealers; there's a place that sells or rents second hand guns. It's a risky business."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"How do I get there?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"I don't know."

She doesn't know. Silence.

"Pretend to be down and out. I've heard that the gun dealers will approach you.

Now, stop following me. I'm worn out."

"You have to..."

"You have to."

"What?"

"This is how it happens."

"Something happens when you turn to an unexpected elsewhere."

"Turn to the pistol men?"

"No, elsewhere. Even riskier business."

"Nothing happens when you turn?"

"All the same." Pause. "All the same. All the time."

"It will."

"It will?"

This does not compute. Not at all.

"SOMETHING HAPPENS AT THE TURN."

*

Panting. To move across the yard on all four without using the knees. No weight on the knees. That's not an option. Use hands and feet. Put the weight on hands and feet only. Use the arms to progress. Dig into the dirt and the mud with crooked fingers. Suck dirt from beneath nails. Line up metal coils. How to separate the coils from the smaller mechanical components. The dismantled pistol. Line up its components in the mud. Count them. Count the coils. What are the equivalences. Add to inventory. Relations between object. A diagram in the sand? Maybe a diagram in the sand.

Continue. Shipwreck in the small canal. Abandoned wooden jetties. Rowing boats. No laughter this time. No. The nature of deconstructed progressions. There's nothing beyond this dereliction. No. A serious attempt

now. A leap towards the lined up metal components. Ligaments stretched.
Spinning movement. Turn towards the turning. Motor-memory erased. Vertigo.
Fall.

The radio. The voice on the radio: "... a mist into which a body might
fall."

This falling man. Crawl now across the yard, keep close to the ground.
No standing or you'll keep falling. No greater heights. Keep eyes in mud. Nose
touching the ground. This actually happens. It's a certainty drawn scrapingly
across cheekbones and chin. Yes. To follow an arching trajectory between scraps
of metal. Some way has to be found. Eventually. These dirty trousers. You walk.
You walk because of the bit and you turn.

Pelt? Is it some kind of pelt? Probably.

Speed increasing and decreasing in irregular intervals. Move across
the quay towards the edge. Dirty trousers; stone, concrete. Soiled jeans. Pores in
cloth. Breath. No. Panting.

*

"How beautiful. It's twenty years since I've noticed how lovely the stars are."

"Twenty years?"

"Twenty years."

"That's how it happens."

"It is how it happens. It is."

"Absolutely nothing happens."

"Absolutely nothing has ever happened."

"The image..."

"The gun. The image of the gun?"

"No."

"Where to?"

"Gun dealers' lodge."

"Where?"

"A couple of weeks ago I walked around a more or less abandoned harbour in a city near to where I live."

"As for me, the metal wire has been attached."

"You feel responsible?"

"Sorry, sir."

"Misfortune makes or breaks men."

"Ok."

"And check up on that pistol dealer's girl."

"Ok." His voice, now a dog's bark.

"A stray dog becomes a mad dog."

He lights a cigarette.

"To keep rolling is to keep things rolling in."

*

They gave up the port of the city too soon. Distorted image. Make the body move backwards in rapid motions. The transformation reversed. Boiling on the inside. And back. again. Boiling subcutaneously, just beneath the skin.

A stray principle? A body stray? Stray. Unbound. This feral life a viral occupation.

Now at one with the ground. At guard. Use teeth to dislodge the coil from the larger metal components. What is now a death consumed and consumed again.

*

"Walking around the area, you find all these huge cranes."

Why was it done?

"It was done."

"In sectors?"

"Sections."
"Sections?"
"Whatever. We're home at last."
"How quiet it is."
"This is the quietest place in the world. You see for yourselves."
"Is it quiet?"
"You'll see for yourself."
"Will we see for ourselves?"
"You will."
"... since long abandoned port."
"It's beautiful here. Not a single soul here."
"What about us?"

What is in this silence?

"The smell lingered for years though."
"The smell lingered for years?"
"It lingered for years."
"Do you feel anything?"
"I don't feel anything."
"What's in this silence?"

"Tubes for ventilation?"
"Tubes for ventilation."

"Why did he do it?"
"I don't know."
"You don't know?"
"I don't know."

Telephone poles. Fog. Abandoned shipwrecks. The human component.
Extended. Parched riverbed in the distance. Muddy canal. Cranes.

"I asked him why."
"I asked him why and he said I would understand later."
"He said: You'll understand later."

His face beaten. Ginger stubble, organic against ivory complexion.

"Did you notice the birds?"
"Did I smoke the birds?"
"Did you notice the birds?"
"I did notice the birds."
The question spurs little but irritation. He senses what's left of the human presence in his voice binding him tyrannically to himself.

"Repeat."
"Repeat? Come again?"
Silence.
"Come again?"
"It's not the same the second time."

"Will he be there?"
"Will he be here?"

*

The radio voice, recorded, these eyes, memorized somehow, fractured. Hands and lips too. Silences and words. Light, optics. The world, turned and returned. A smile recalled vaguely. Lost in refractions of an infinitely reproduced past – colours fading, outlines less and less clear. Pixilated. Everything adrift and encountered only by chance. Exhausted system.

Closer, closer yet. This world has but one mouth. Obvious now.
Advance to live, aim straight ahead. Toward a point at which the transformation

becomes distinct, clearly noticeable, a moment at which something begins to take off, an invisible mark in the mud. Blood ticking, glowing into this bleed towards a world spliced open. Body now without distinct marks, now without delineation, without bones. Only pelt and feathers. A lightness. Intangibly elongated into others and others again; the exterior of an exterior. Less flesh and more connections? Less flesh and more connections. Wired, that's it. Wired. Wind cutting through the remaining fleshy parts, scraping at the bones, wearing them down, catching feathers. Intestines now flushed with water. A digestive system reduced to ruins. Skin first bruised, then rendered barren, cold, entirely bold. Closer yet, a most intimate bond, this indiscernibility.

*

"Detective! Detective!"

"So, what is love?"

What is love?

"To not know where one ends and where the world begin?"

Police. Signal tones. Morse code.

"Detective!"

"Will he be here?"

< 2. CIPHER >

COOKING OIL. PUTRIFIED LIQUID FAT OF PLANT ORIGIN. LIQUID AT ROOM TEMPERATURE. (Oil can congeal on pipes provoking blockages, because of this oil should never be dumped in the kitchen sink or toilet bowl – the proper way to dispose of oil is to put it in a sealed container and discard it with regular rubbish.)

A pin-up calender (she makes note of the year, it was made during the war); empty beer bottles, some smashed to the ground; folders with paperwork; as a child her parents bathed her in cooking oil to relieve her eczema and xeroderma; she used to run around the garden; she used to run around in circles until she passed out.

(... "eczema..." persistent conditions... recurring skin rashes... redness, skin edema, itching and dryness, crusting, flaking, blistering... cracking, oozing or bleeding... temporary skin discolouration may appear... due to healed lesions.. scarring is rare... literally "dry skin")... are scaling (the visible peeling of the outer skin... cracks in the skin.)

She moves among the derelict buildings in a slow but steady pace; although to an observer she may appear to have an aim, she wanders entirely aimlessly around the abandoned industrial site making note of the ciphers by means of which she passes through the gutters of the abandoned factory; using an old stop watch she clocks herself and makes note of the time each encryption takes her:

~~shattered glass (she's careful not to cut her feet open)~~
~~(through "zero"): nlgypaorf bmostr 14.12.7.25.16.1.15.18.6~~
~~2.13.15.19.19 (00:05:03:25); "CoreKey" (through "this front"):~~
~~IconLdzYr 9.3.15.14.12.4.26.25 (00:00:56:02); a book with a title~~
~~that appears to have a meaning akin to "Technological~~
~~Propositions '86" (through "seven"): s goei xmpm s pmrma pmsz~~
~~gppvson op monv g tvoelaf vmle op Pabisrhrcmgei Rtpqpehpmrov '86+~~
~~19 7.15.15.9 24.13.16.13 19 16.13.18.13.1 16.13.19.26~~
~~7.16.16.22.19.15.14 15.16 13.19.14.22 7 20.22.19-5.12.1.6~~

22.13.12.5 15.16 16.1.2.9.19.18.8.18.3.13.7.5.9
18.20.16.17.16.5.8.16.13.18.19.22 21 (00:08:20:87); a phonebook
(through "hardening"): vnfedcoolw: 22.14.6.3.4.3.15.15.12.23
(00:01:05:58); "TPK" (through "land"): UOMW: 21.15.13.23
(00:00:15:93); part of the ceiling ripped away, remnants of what
appears to have been a hole in the ceiling remain (through
"code"): uisu fl yna oahpfmh ufppae ozez, tonpeput fl yfeu
iunaout ue feze heep e feno hp yna oahpfmh topdhp (through "these
markers"): qlmq gd vqr nrtogte olppkt uwmk, hnoqkxnm gd wimp
lqvdpnm nh glmr meex k ghop eo vqr nrtogte hangeo (through
"naked"): riis he nvq asutoyg pmpes rzsk, bditfkki he vloj
irznidi kb hmos leek f hbpi gt nvq asutoyg bdebt: 18.9.9.19 8.5
14.22.17 1.19.21.20.15.25.7 16.13.16.16.5.19 18.26.19.11
2.4.9.20.6.11.11.9 8.5 22.12.15.9 9.18.26.14.9.4.9 11.2
8.13.15.19 12.5.5.11 6 8.2.16.9 7.20 14.22.17 1.19.21.20.15.25.27
2.4.5.2.7.20 (00:12:45:03); a commemorative plaque painted over
with innumerable graffiti tags (through: "to dissolve into
water"): r fihknhibrosen gwgtxv gfncdli denf vsom onnyhvbrcvn
haraseos lqpt: 18 6.9.8.11.14.8.9.2.18.15.19.5.14 7.23.7.20.24.22
7.6.14.3.4.12.9 4.5.14.6 22.19.15.13
15.14.14.25.8.22.2.18.3.22.14 8.1.18.1.19.15.15.19 12.7.16.20
(00:02:35:22); a note book with illegible writing (through "this
body"): d qeol toog xshi slfkstef zpshhpkw: 4 17.5.15.12
20.15.15.7 24.19.8.9 19.12.12.6.11.19.20.5.6
26.16.19.8.8.16.11.23 (00:03:00:81); pamphlets with various data
related to the production of cooking oil (through "derelict"): qthsmethp yefg wkaduou reab lrrbhte ep ept qeoeffeug ue gvqgfue
vdi: 17.20.8.19.13.5.20.8.16 25.5.6.7 23.11.1.4.21.15.21 18.3.1.2
12.18.18.2.8.20.5 3.16 3.16.20 17.5.22.3.15.6.6.5.21.7 21.3
7.22.17.7.6.21.15 22.4.9 (00:03:55:09); red plastic cups (through
"waste"): zgk xitteoi bvxm: 26.7.11 24.9.20.20.5.15.9 2.22.24.4
(00:01:02:76); "SLOBO SLOBO SLOBO" (through "line"): QNHFM TEHFM
QNHFM: 17.14.8.6.13 20.5.8.6.8 17.14.8.6.13.25 (00:00:56:04);
"WAR" (through "skin"): ZKXI = 26.11,24,9 (00:00:44:04); stench
of urine (through "these organs"): ohsadt ek lbgiaE:
15.8.19.1.4.20 5.11 12.2.17.9.1.5 (00:02:48:60); "if it's drama,
we gonna start it, if it's problem, we gonna solve it" (through

"face"): de oyq hwgrg, ya imnne rresu oy, de oy'u ntmfpao, ya imnne rpyyf oy: 4.5 15.25 17 8.23.7.18.7 25.1 9.13.14.14.3 18.18.5.19.21 15.25 4.5 15.25 21 14.20-13.6.16.1.15 25.1 9.13.14.14.3 18.16.13.25.6 15.25 (00:06:12:45); a black line drawing of a comic looking monster with sharp teeth and spikes devouring a round object, background green (the sun blinds her, whites out the landscape in front of her) (through "territory"): b egdkq kova bebveql eg y diqtd koqevn stpmerb roel pgbbw errelp gvl zqrgiz laetziovn b etzsa rdoryi, ebkqhetzsa heeeq V: 2 3.7.4.11.17 11.15.22.1 2.15.2-22.5.17.12 5.7 25 4.9.17-20.4 11.15.15.17.3.22-14 19.20.16.13-5.18-2 18.15.5.12 16.7.2.2-23 5.18.18.5.12.16 7.22.12 26.17.18.7.9.26 12.1.5.20.26.9.15.22.14 2 5.20.26.19.1 18.4.15.18.25-9 3.2.11.17.8.5.20.26.19.1 8.5.5.5.17 22 (00:09:58:93); drawings of a turtle and a piece of ham on the walls of a former office (through "broken mass"): fbmdcha rg s qpeupo edl m queie rg gsa rs lik xmla kg m grmfbo rggdie = 6.2.13.24.4.3.8.1 18.7 19 17.16.5.21.16.15 3.4.12 13 17.21.3.9.3 18.7 7.19.1 18.19 12.9.11 24.13.12.12.1 11.7 13 7.18.13.6.2.15 18.7.7.4.9.3 (00:08:30:09); a pamphlet with non-descript sketches and diagrams (through "hole in hole"): d gegfieir yeun fha-eitbuomu xocynelt bad dodrwegxl: 4 7.3.7.6.9.5.9.18 25.5.21.14 6.8.1 3.9.20.2.21.15.13.21 24.19.3.25.14.5.12.20 2.1.4 4.15.4.18.23.3.7.24.12 (00:06:03:72); a black and white photograph of what appears to be early computer technology (through "control"): b dabrf boa yikrd qgnrapoegg eg xgdo gwuaeoy dn ae eedv onpqsrke rdnftnaciw: 2 4.1.2.18.6 2.15.1 25.9.11.18.4 17.7.14.18.1.16.15.5.17.7 3.7 24.7.4.15 7.23.21.1.5.15.25 4.14 1.5 5.5.15.4.22 15.14.16.17.19.18.11.5 18.4.14.6.20.14.1.3.9.23 (00:10:13:77); a green sheet of paper with various statistics (through "loss"): b fxkgk lkeeq ae tltxr ogpm ylgkbqs syfmarhdeS: 2 6.24.11.7.11 12.11.5.5.17 1.3 20.12.20.11.24 15.17.16.13 25.12.17.11.2.17.19 19.25.6.17.13.1.18.8.4.5.19 (00:04:46:62); an orange, green and pink pamphlet with mechanical components (through "constant"): dc spdcka, kmeec ddi qhst mppqigs xhol raogdegnfg onpqsdsset (through: "this solid"): al hralgb, meeel aah pios keqraqkh wite qbimaleggk tugrrtbhle: 1.12 8.18.1.12.7.2 13.5.5.5.12 1.1.8 16.9.15.19 11.3.17.18.1.17.11.8

23.9.20.3 17.2.9.13.1.12,5.17.7.11 20.21.17.18.18.20.2.8.12.15
(00:11:02:07).

(...the zero-cipher interstice... refuge, amphibian sphere...
somebody... "nature abhors vacuum..." digit, number, encryption... a
cipher's void...); "it was empty;" ... comes the mathematic formula for her
undoing; cipher by dividing by zero towards negative/positive infinities; (e.g.
"SMRT: 19.13.18.29;" 00:00:12:67).

Photographic sequence, torn (note: now broken at edges by sharp
light).

"Immunosuppressive substances;" in her 30s she found other
companions, moving from one to another, her peregrinations the symptom of a
restlessness on multiple levels; as a student she watched Tony Conrad's flicker
film thinking "this is what death is like," a movement painfully still, an invisible
between solids and edges; sheath between consonants; ellipsis, still.

(... immunosuppressive agents... antibodies... rejection by a
recipient's body of an organ transplanted... immune system acts
against it... react against itself, auto-cannibalism... being eats
itself) - current immunosuppressive methods... lymphocytes, the
cells that form antibodies... spread of malignant cells... lymphocyte
subpopulations in tissue... Flicker" (1965)... film. This film...
happening in the room there with them... seizures and... peculiar
visual material. References at frame-pulse... frames per second.)

"It's a long time ago now."

Skeletal ruins of a dead language. Black letter bodies crushed, trashed,
marks bent. The inability to place one's speech at the right spot of one's oral
cavity. As a child friends of her parents used to mock her stuttering. She never
had language. She is of dead languages. She had always been of dead languages.

As a child she collected numbers: 86, 4, 64, 39, 411, 670, 44, etc.;
numbers are markers; numbers are terms in potential linguistic equations. She
turned the world into a cipher: fist against temple,
9.12.2.23.4.10.4.12.17.22.23.23.8.16.19.15.8, timber cottage,
23.12.16.5.21.8.6.18.23.23.4.10.8, blue polyester bed covers,
5.15.24.8.19.18.15.2.8.22.23.8.21.5.8.7.6.18.25.8.21.22, white
bedsheets folded over polyester covers,

26.11.12.23.8.5.8.7.22.11.8.8.23.22.9.18.15.7.8.7.18.25.8.21.23.1
1.8.19.18.15.2.8.22.23.8.21.6.18.26.8.21, uniform,
24.17.12.9.18.21.16;
so that if you want to say "blue polyester bed cover,"
you say 5.15.24.8.19.18.15.2.8.22.23.8.21.5.8.7.6.18.25.8.21.22,
you say 15.12.17.8, "line," you say 22.8.19.4.21.4.23.12.18.17,
"separation," you say 9.21.18.17.23, "front," you say
5.18.21.7.8.21, "border," you say 7.12.25.2.22.12.18.17,
"division," etc.

She superimposed ciphers upon ciphers in multiple layers: line:

ofpc: 111.102.112.99, separation: uclegbyopo:
117.99.108.101.113.98.121.111.112.111, front: gqposY:
103.113.112.111.115.89, border: dmtbar:100.109.116.98.98.117,
division: ioyfthpo: 105.111.121.102.116.104.112.111, blue
polyester bed covers: amzk lpovcuudw gaednzast:
97.109.122.107.32.108.112.111.118.99.117.117.100.119.32.103.97.10
1.100.110.122.97.115.116; division (over blue polyester bed
covers): vgiwvdb (over 8): doqedelj: 4.15.17.5.4.5.12.10, blue
polyester bed covers (over separation): iulr ofqwpeisb hil ftwsse
(over 14): wizf etekdswgp vwz thkggs:
23.9.26.6.3.20.5.11.4.19.23.7.16.22.23.26.20.8.11.7.7.19, front
(over border): lfeksY (over 3): oihmvB: 15.9.8.14.22.2, etc.

"It's a long time ago now."

"Is it going to happen now?"

"Now?"

"Now?"

"Now"

The questions spurs severe nausea.

"It is going to happen."

"Now?"

"Now."

Indefinitely postponed but inevitable all the same : a long time ago
: several years ago : two years, three months, eight days, twenty
hours, two minutes and seven seconds ago : six months and two
weeks ago : six weeks and five hours ago : twenty five days,

eighteen hours, twenty six minutes and fifty eight seconds ago :
twenty one days and thirty two minutes ago : four days, three
hours, fifty five minutes and thirty two seconds ago : nine
hours, twenty nine minutes and fifty seconds ago : one hour and
two minutes ago : twenty two minutes ago : seventeen minutes and
thirty one seconds ago : three minutes and five seconds ago : two
minutes and thirty six seconds ago : fifty two seconds ago :
thirty nine seconds ago : eight seconds ago ---

In her twenties she had to remind herself to love her own death and
not that of others; "what is an entirely arbitrary system?;" as a child her friends
rubbed her down with tar; as a teenager she grew warts on her hands and feet;
"to hate this skin;" as a teenager she used to pick and carefully study the scabs of
her many eczema induced sores; she developed a strong dislike for her
dermatologist and stopped attending her appointments; in her twenties -

"In her twenties?"

"In her twenties."

In her 30s she developed keratomycosis (... eye's cornea... fungal
organism...); fungal infections in eczema infested parts of her skin; fungal
spread, red eyes, vision blurred, ulcers with satellite lesions across the cornea;
eyes tear up; a more solid discharge forms a crust; eyelids stick together; partial
blindness; photophobic sensitivity; light appear entirely white, an intense
burning, a pure heat without flame; oedema (... accumulation of fluid
beneath the skin... cavities of the body...).

... posterior segment (... back two-thirds of the eye... membrane...
optical structures... nerve).

... enucleation of eye (removal... muscles and remaining orbital
contents intact... (auto-enucleation or oedipism... self-inflicted
eye injury... rare... harm...).

These phantom eyes (a phantom pain... visual hallucinations...
removal of an eye (enucleation, evisceration); **what remains:** ...
cascade of events in the cortical areas... visual input... visual
excitability... spontaneous activity... visual cortex... neural
correlate... hallucinations... perception crystallizes into fractal

vision, multiple refractions mirrored in each others' surface.

What is filtered through: clear outlines of men and women... distinct bird-like figures... carriages, buildings... tapestries and scaffolding patterns... displaced perception... kaleidoscope... orientation difficult...

Her body now sealed in this hardened derma, a solid, impenetrable, dry crust cover the entirety of her surface toward the world; body closed in, sealed beneath layer upon layer of hardened matter expanding in spirals the centres of which point towards her infinity, an asymptote line among the spirals:

0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144, 233, 377,
610, 987, 1597, 2584, 4181, 6765, 10946, 17711, 28657, 46368,
75025, 121393, 196418, 317811, 514229, 832040, 1346269, 2178309,
3524578, 5702887, 9227465, 14930352, 24157817, 39088169,
63245986, 102334155, 165580141, 267914296, 433494437, 701408733,
1134903170, 1836311903, 2971215073, 4807526976, 7778742049,
12586269025, 20365011074, 32951280099, 53316291173, 86267571272,
139583862445, 225851433717, 365435296162, 591286729879,
956722026041, 1548008755920, 2504730781961, 4052739537881,
6557470319842, 10610209857723, 17167680177565, 27777890035288,
44945570212853, 72723460248141, 117669030460994, 190392490709135,
308061521170129, 498454011879264, 806515533049393,
1304969544928657, 2111485077978050, 3416454622906707,
5527939700884757, 8944394323791464, 14472334024676221,
23416728348467685, 37889062373143906, 61305790721611591,
99194853094755497, 160500643816367088, 259695496911122585,
420196140727489673, 679891637638612258, 110008778366101931,
1779979416004714189, 2880067194370816120, 4660046610375530309,
7540113804746346429, 12200160415121876738, 19740274219868223167,
31940434634990099905, 51680708854858323072, 83621143489848422977,
135301852344706746049, 218922995834555169026,
354224848179261915075, 573147844013817084101,
927372692193078999176, 1500520536206896083277,
2427893228399975082453, 3928413764606871165730,
6356306993006846248183, 10284720757613717413913,
16641027750620563662096, 26925748508234281076009,
43566776258854844738105, 70492524767089125814114,

... her transformation as organs are affected (a crust covering lungs, intestinal wall, liver and kidneys), creating divisions inside the body; as a child they told her stories of heavens and of the earth, of gods and those without a God, of heavens occupied by stars, a first sister star, the second and the third, fourth through to sixth, the destruction of the city and the seventh sister lost in prophetic peregrination: they destroyed her city too; her line becomes star matter in these stories retold and told again, in this omen that she now contains, that she now constitutes, this ominous sign, a seventh sister, electric.

< 3. GATHERER >

The beach. Woman and child, hand in hand. He swigs his wine straight from the bottle. A joint is passed between them. His handlebar moustache twitches as he inhales.

He carries a portable turntable and a plastic carrier bag with vinyl records with him wherever he goes.

A patch of grass near the beach. They eat chocolate and potato crisps. Spectral city gleaming across the bay.

"Spectral city?"

"Spectral city."

Spectral city now covered in blue mist. It's never dark. Steel blue light encompassing every single molecule of the now abandoned urban sprawl.

Urban sprawl's spectral molecules. His handlebar moustache twitches as he exhales. Each breath a minor disappearing act.

"The boy's bleeding."

"The boy's bleeding?"

"He's bleeding."

Silence. He washes his son's fever ridden body in the sea – red flakes of skin, purpura – then carries him back to the patch of grass.

The abandoned amusement park remains on the beach but in various states of disrepair. When they moved in there were already a few families living there. Abstract flesh scurrying around the yard, between the derelict structures, between the boarded up wooden huts that served for homes.

"Spin the wheel! Spin the wheel!"

A child's voice.

The boy's body on the patch of grass, oddly slumped over. She is stroking his blond hair. The city covered in grey mist now. Sun sets and rises. He pulls up straws of grass and throws them as far as he can into the distance. They are caught by the wind and end up on the sandy parts of the beach. On the turntable: Eric Dolphy, *Dash One* (Prestige, 1982).

Bonfire at night. The boy's body pined away away on a float. Chest caved in. He's standing next to the float, water up to his waist. The smell of petrol. Clouds part to reveal stars. Their gleam catches his swollen eye.

One of the stars, it's gleam catches his swollen eye as his wife moves closer to the fire.

"Spin the wheel! Spin the wheel!"

The child's voice appears to them in its infernal repetitiveness.

"Spin the wheel?"

"Spin the wheel."

"When is it going to happen?"

"Now?"

"Now?"

"Inevitably."

Written in the skin and the blood and the stars.

The boy's body on fire now. The heat giving their faces a red glow.

"Let go of the float."

A sense of uncertainty as of what to do next plagues him.

The boy's body cremated now. Float gone. Boy's body no sign, no path, no calling forth, nothing. The black sun is not setting with the charred flesh, nor with the flames, nor the ash. They're asleep in the carcass of an abandoned Volvo Stationwagon. On the turntable: Art Ensemble of Chicago, *Full Force* (ECM, 1980).

On the turntable: Yusef Lateef, *Gentle Giant* (Atlantic, 1972).

Notebooks in his duffelbag: "Ornithology;" "Astronomy;" "Drawings & Poems;" "Medicine;" "Recipes."

The books in his duffelbag: René Thom, *Structural Stability and Morphogenesis* (Perseus Books, 1999); René Thom, *Semio Physics: A Sketch* (Addison Wesley Longman Publishing Co., 1989); Samuel Beckett, *Ends and Odds* (Grove Press, 1976).

*

Kino Friendship, a now blown out building covered in graffiti tags. Broken windows. A wooden deck has been constructed. It covers large parts of the yard outside the main building. Weedy trees have been planted next to the wooden deck. Non-distinct light. The scene never fades into darkness. The sun sets and rises over and over again in what appears to be speeded up cycles. There is no way of noticing. There is no way of distinguishing night from day. Spectral is the eery presence of an absence.

She is dancing on the wooden deck. Arms stretched out above her head, pounding at molecules she can't see but has learnt to hate.

On the turntable: Ronald Shannon Jackson, *Pulse* (Celluloid, 1984).

She has learnt to hate all that's left as it carries the traces of what used to be. Now the spectral sense is caught by the night sky and the black velvet water is consumed by the fire of a thousand rising suns.

His collection of t-shirts with funny prints in a plastic carrier bag: "Don't drink the water - fish fuck in it!;" "7UP" (accompanied by a picture of Snow White's seven dwarfs with massive erections); "Beer built this beautiful body;" "Reading is ~~fundametal, fundametta, fundamuntal~~, good.;" "QUICK: I need a naked nurse;" "Make that face like you're having sex;" "TITS Inc;" "Universal Sperm Donor;" "Orgasm Donor;" "Tell your mom I had a great time last night;" "FREE TIBET! With a purchase of another Tibet of greater or equal value;" "According to my wife I'm very happy:" "I do all of my own nude scenes;" "Wish You Were Beer!;" "Will buy drinks for sex;" "Should I buy you a drink or do you just want to cash?;" "I've used up all my sick days so I'm calling in dead;" "It may be just a six pack for you, but for me it's group therapy;" "THE GENERAL" (accompanied by an arrow pointing downward); "My parents always said I could become anything I wanted so I became an asshole;" "Suck me, bitch!"

His collection of the recordings of *The Internationale* in different languages (he once wanted to know in every language simultaneously what the revolution means): Albanian, Arabic, Catalan, Chinese, Czech, Danish, Dutch, English, Esperanto, Estonian, Farsi, Filipino, Finnish, French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Hindi, Magyar, Irish, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Kurdish, Nepali, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Romanian, Russian, Serbo-Croatian, Spanish,

Swedish, Thai, Turkish, Ukranian, Vietnamese, Walloon, Welsh, Yiddish, and Zulu. On the turntable: Time Berne, *Sanctified Dreams* (CBS, 1987).

Nostalgia defines every aspect of his relationship with his previous incarnations. When thinking of himself, he is never bemused or puzzled. Recollection is always defined by a sense of loss, a loss of that indefinite entity he is now so severly lacking, a loss of what he longs for but a loss also that he longs for. He senses all this not so much intellectually as in the bones that hold him upright, the meat that clings to them, the cells of his being.

... black sun. It taints his every gesture, every single movement he makes. Defines every aspect of his relationship with his previous incarnations.

... black sun's -

"Flesh?"

"Flesh."

"He senses this not so much intellectually as in his flesh."

He had broken into a house once and in the fridge he found a taxidermied raven, a can of Guinness Original Stout, a 19th Century revolver and a box of bullets. She had lit a cigarette. He had looked into her eyes. In the raven's yellow eye their future unfolded.

In a notebook titled "Anthropology" he had gathered the following citations:

Leaves & Stems.

ROOTS, LEAVES AND STEMS, PLATEAU INDIANS

"... ate the rhizomes of several ferns."

"Along the margins."

"... were relatively important."

"To the south..."

"A Northern Plateau."

"... ate the stems, fruits and even the roots..."

"A final food..."

"Pine forests... prepared by baking."

"DEVELOPING CULTURAL UNDERSTANDING THROUGH FOREIGN LANGUAGE STUDY"

"It is not possible to understand what is in the minds of other people without understanding their language, and without understanding their language, it is impossible to be sure that they understand what is in our minds."

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS

"... language differences – and the difficulties they may create – are among the big barriers that block the course of understanding. If the peoples of the earth are to meet and move together along the road to a better world for themselves and for their children, they will need to communicate with one another."

"The true problem facing international cooperation today are not economic or social, but psychological."

"Dedicated to Professor David French." (Into the basement. Back upstairs. Into the kitchen.)

"A Marxist critique of cultural evolutionism"

American Anthropologist. Patterns of Indian burning in California.

Ecology and ethnohistory.

"Traditional uses of fire." "Indian fires of spring."

"Hunter-gatherers and problems for fire history."

The Rocky Mountains Forest and Range Experiment Station.

The Crow Indians.

~~Sectoral transformation.~~

Ancient Society.

"The Invention of America"

Urban Sociology; Population, ecology and social evolution; primitive man as philosopher. Getting to the root of the problem. ~~Ecological processes in the evolution of civilization. Cultural Evolutionism~~

Seeds of extinction. Savagism and civility.

Develop Cultural Understanding

The widespread opinion that foreign language study should result in the modification of culture-bound attitudes toward foreign peoples and their ways of life, and the equally prevalent view that these changes in attitude do not now regularly occur as an outcome of such study combine to raise the following

question: ~~xxxx xxxx xx xxxxxx xxx xx x xxxxx xxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxx xxx xx~~
~~xxxxxx xxx xxx xxxxxx xxxxxx~~... cultural orientation might be systematically reached?

He keeps the raven in a suitcase, gun, bullets, and can of Guinness Original Stout in a separate duffelbag.

On the turntable: Lonne Liston Smith, *Loveland* (Columbia, 1978).

He has made a list of the bumper stickers of cars that passed him on his way across the city: "Freedom is not Free;" "Live Free or Die;" "It is the duty of every patriot to protect his country from its government;" "My American Flag Offends You? The Move to Iraq!;" "People sleep peaceably in their beds at night only because rough men stand ready to do violence on their behalf;" "Secure Our Border;" "Canadian by Birth, American by Choice;" "Evil Thrives When Good Men Do Nothing;" "The Price of Freedom is Eternal Vigilance;" "I Love My Soldier;" "I will not forgive, I will not forget;" "If you burn the flat, wrap yourself in it first;" "Land of the Free - Because of the Brave;" "Love Your Country - Fear Our Troops;" "Proud to be an American;" "One Nation Under One God;" "Liberty or Death;" "Socialism Kills;" "Diversity Kills the National Will".

In the Volvo Stationwagon, parked on the beach, his body beaten, teeth not fitting together, jaw swollen and partly immobile, lower lip oddly numb to all sensation. His speech severely impeded. Pain in his left ear and beneath his tongue. Nose broken, tender to touch (crunching sound). (A mandibular fracture, generally the result of a direct force or trauma to the jawbone.) Blood has congealed into clots making breathing difficult. His left cheek flat, beneath his bruised eye, an odd sensation, like nothing he had experienced before. (Zygomatic fracture (fracture of cheekbone.)) Right shoulder dislocated out of its socket (probably from falling onto the pavement) causing him severe pain. Right arm immobilized.

Portable turntable in his right hand, carrier bags with records in his left. He steps out of the driver seat, wags back and forth, shifting his weight from his left foot to his right then back again.

Left on the turntable: Anthony Braxton & Richard Teitelbaum, *Time Zones* (Arista, 1977).

