

BELOW IS A PARTIAL TRANSCRIPTION OF “DESCRIPTION NOTEBOOK”. Daily process of practicing “description” for the novel. I have tried to preserve all handwritten formatting. The most cohesive parts are highlighted.

] = -0 ; [']
? ≥

Last chronological moment is ending on the roof, with the former lover/friend:

We sat on the stoop for a long time and he looked at a fixed point when he got up he reached out and i took his hand and some old part of my brain thought: "proof" at the rave i thought "proof" the times i stood apart and he came over and was suddenly with me and I felt With

at one point he came and sat with me (both lateral movement and significant lowering, ultimate state-change) and I thought, it starts now, this is time-marker, anything before this on this night I will not take as definitive locus, as source of fear

the trajectory remains changed forever, I still love him too much, he picked the lock w/ a series of movements invisible to me standing lower on the stairs and removed the alarm box and used it as a battering implement to ram the door open for me. Proximity, heat, and weight, cortisol, touch, I kept starting to cry, all the photos were changed, before christmas he handed it to me, pointed satisfiedly at where had put my photos back up, the first time he did he had said, They remind me of what we made together, I remember that but they were all replaced by photos of her, there were more of her up, the strings are all touching each other and knotting up together, i am going to go take a shower now, i am already 1 hour late and will be later still, i wonder how this would have been different if i had felt able to type it in the privacy of a word document and keep it for myself, his figure at the edge of the roof at the truncation of gentle slope downward, toward s the southwest the building is almost finished now, for a long time it stood wallless and lit up in a very blue, very white series of naked lights, i looked at the sun sliding between low (cirrus?) pilled cloud cover and building-furred horizon for a long time and then blinked and kept blinking and in order to continue looking at sun afterimage had to keep shifting eyes slightly rightward which would move the imprint itself so that it seems to be moving horizontally in rapid succession, towards some faraway true north, on some faraway beach

The clouds just opened and the sun is low enough now to come in on a direct fuzzy slant straight onto the eyes area of my face. i can barely see the screen. i'm going to stop here

Child memory (past-est chronology), recollected, at root of it:

Child memory of the “mummy tunnel” here the conflated series of wars, reenacted at once with no sense of time and when you are thrust in... What does it give you? Ultimate escapism, but also narrative, narrative which drugs do not give – but they also do give: Adderall gives shape to time, re-allocates attention and sensation of “being close to breakthrough”, weed slows time, alcohol makes it less painful to live through, compacts it, it could be that drugs are a great unthinking period of non-time, but what is striking about the “mummy tunnel” being the inability to access the narrative because of having no context, no history, no conception of what a “movie” is or what “life” is but having seen a movie which felt like a true story, though placed at some similarly unexplainable remove behind thin lighted sheet of glass and thus rendered safe,

but here in utter closeness and immediacy all around which is shocking and scary, though still clearly so made... And hiccupping through time since it is something you have seen already, surrounding movie characters, which are just people or friends, inside of, so there is that hitch, then the tunnel directly adjacent to the jaws shark hanging by tail – read – a different historical war – all in the same rendered space and with wartime flowing through one another like grained sands or some kind of ... the word is not ether... It's the old timey Proustian mechanic of like something flowing through the air... Grains... I am thinking about spices, scents, invisible forces, etc. but with an air of European town or some kind of flowery language... Etc... And so that is why it is so powerful and why the narrator has avoided the great building with its roof and war inside because of this dark crawly little memory held internal for so long...

The plot movement:

To go seeking – the former lover and the former friend, and the current friend who is sending dispatches... To be thrust into the center of narrative, and fish them out, or at least meet them, have one final conversation... With nothing cleared up, the only thing to clear that up is time, but this interaction opens up the ability to let the time run its course in streams through the canyon cutting away the rock slowly without as much pain as before
(I'm not very happy with this, the seeking feels inorganic – or at least the epiphany – [maybe I just think of the seek first and then conceive of what happens there later] but God I'll miss them too much)

Brianus Leavitt Agent – “Adam European and Joseph Peth-Hands *enlist*
Joseph actually goes somewhere else he lives beyond the borders of the war (Like leaving the towns and quests in Zelda)

Adam European truly does go to the war, he is an analogue of friend and lover

And then there's B (Brian Leavitt Agent?) who is the true friend who sends dispatches And which there is the winnowing and then regrowing movement of strength and connection versus this sensation of exaggerated loneliness

The war is the bright dream away from the black blight of society”

I – am John Plexiglas (woman)w

Sat feb 18 3:56 PM

Pandemic analogue

A sort of blind rushing, back and to the left... I feel this sort of inequality to J as example of so many others or the masses (washed) like that he is above, there is some kind of distance, held as pedestaled, or no, but the sensation of some kind of transparent gel in between, cushioning, at any point also so crossable and thin as air to be through by some kind of un-take-backable action, like a kiss, imagining the kiss, and then to be with and know well would begin to hold as some disgusting figure or boring remedial or continual figure of routine and by sex and closeness the thing would be: lost, typing experiencing this slight lag and dragging which is affecting seemingly the speed of the thoughts transcribed, felt acutely that the distance was what is needed, that it is what creates friendship, and admiration, being held back, I am unsure if I am

affecting this honestly or accurately enough, describing well, the speed is catching up, thank god, on the street it all seemed pretty symbolic as usual, felt dulled then inspired with zero to no conjugal interior sensation correspondent sensation that is not the word that does not seem simultaneous enough, anyway on the couch feeling aware of closeness and lack of distance or action or thought it would take to simply close remaining space and looking carefully at the face then aware of always looking away looking back in upswing repeat of thoughts, the point being let me try to warp straight through to the center that

Which direction is the cat coming from

Left

*Right

Distinct interest in eating Chapaghetti centrally

IF that were to happen the clear cushion and vacuole and clean sexless gleam would disappear to be replaced by something dirty confounding self-iterating and the friendship would be ruined

By pure (and by pure I mean small and alone, like a winnowed and mostly melted but dry center of icycle) impulse

Again the blind rushing from the left and the placed aurally flat sounds of Nyah, nyah, and slashing of flesh. With air rushing and thick in the background like some kind of video game. Feels like a video game. Like after the story part, thrusting, and you're in a narrative-less blank space that is purely environment just air rushing the guy staggering leaning forward simian lope and you drive him forward with enemies appearing

Receiving reality through some kind of vapor

(drunk, Woodward, upset and beside myself)

Ocean tinnitus hissing post-the tourist Love towards the B and the G Stories unread and lid-like but continuing exacting and consistent and under-tunnel always the "texture" of "true" or physical real light ?? What is this life continuing, etc., the soundless chain of space-less word-less symbol-less ?????????????? Interrobangs etc.

How to add in this kind of preliminary grief, this feeling each time that it could almost be over, constant death overlaid, I think that is also part of the "appeal" of the game, of the virtual war? Like that the stakes seem real, it promises an immediacy and physical pinning no longer present in "real life", but the trade-off is this immense and foggy and overhanging grief

Feeling so alone talking to grandmother and that like the purity and strength and guilt and sadness and need and avoidance of this connection marks others as somehow untethered untied and let loose and blown away or otherwise that they do not exist at this time of day, everyone is asleep and the ones who are waking are the arbiters of feelings and thought and memory and history

How often and constant do I carry this weight with me and “this will go to you, this will go to you, everything new, I will not give you anything I have worn before, and these words weak and flaccid in English the adopted and now breaking language.. I am losing words I have felt the stutter coming on mind no longer connecting to speech as go-tightly, but seems that the mind-fingier-word processor length or connector has not suffered much is not suffering much

I think this grief needs to be there this access of feeling, something old, memory context and history and narrative, though often invisible in daily life because you are made to forget it, airport workers all of a sudden become visible as true people around you tired and having gone to school and now listening with soft beaked face craning and bobbing to two women with backsides at great foreign juts almost arching away in unspoken shelves who are beseeching in what seems to be while walked past one complete morning bureaucracy wash of Cibo silence

Grandma with funny and stretching face the mouth going down in exaggerated frown and skin between very smooth thin and white like the surface pearly of egg salad sitting out to your left side, eyes small folded and dire with need and some intense and weighty and nearly or totally hurtful love

Can I exact respect without being totally kowtow Confucianist loving guilty grand-aside

Whole life even in invisible gushes and streams of capital (which are not at all the important part but which are what have been necessity underpinned for food, water, schooling, life, tied to and this great urban individual filial and inexplicable debt

DEBT, CONSOLIDATED POWER COMPANY, DEBT PHYSICAL, BODIES GIVEN, THIS IS ONE OF THE WAYS TO WORK OFF DEBT? Too obvious?

Jesus

The piece of plastic is in the esophagus now (several paragraphs earlier it was swallowed by accident) and it is on its way down, you are choking on it on the way

When having the feeling I wanted to rest in it, because it seemed like something genuine and which came from the core, it was total and seemed to be partial of the total fizzing of mind from lack of sleep but also seemed to be maybe at a toward of the brain which is

There was almos something at the back of the brain like that the plastic maybe was a glottal stop epiglottis flap shifting and flitting a little bit though rooted in place and acting as capacitor (?) no, conductor, thin sheet conductor of electric thought signal between animal mind and written language

Real, and whole

High, pale cast of light

It felt very unbearable and like the only surmount possible was stressful improbable or just not being brought into being by the bearer but also it was itself, and being so totally in its own body and function it was a release

Now I feel that the past few sections are loose, and untrue, since the feeling is now fading and I am returning to some kind of conjectured and compressed medium point of experience and stimuli-reception-sort

Briana taking my kiss on her cold hand and immediately walking away stealing the kiss such a funny walk turning right around and kind of a flounce to it and very purposeful all the items coming out onto the lit bedspread dog with wig on one of five framed circles to the back in the little inlet above the minibar and ipad and foecal ice container cock ring and vibrator in self-feeding loop perpetually motioning machine into the future where I will hopefully read this and recollect

Wed Mar 1 3:29 AM PST 6:29 AM EST

Gentle fear as in gentled now, pretty totally innolated, still child belief that nothing really bad could ever actually happen, which shifts mantle-like or not really but inter-scaling and shifting series of patches but solid like panels I am imagining shifting over and under each other so that one or the other is or remains covered and the other second one is total fear, fear of harm, unbearable consequence, dead life, life which is limp and already diseased and doomed to fail and remain small and mostly ruined (ruination also with its own series of old and consistent associations) , with this is it new or just ongoing and maybe just-arrived at window of peerage specific ampoule that is membranous covering everything (I am thinking the soft gel polymer brain sheath, _____) and minutely warping it all in a slight bubble out and inward this untidy and strange and always state of mind and perceptive stuffs at one point life though complete, closed, and at a slight scary and saddening remove, now through one corridor of year changed shape, re-molded or filtered or concentrated into this terrifying and roiling clear but serrated new one

Death always and ahead, even seems scary to type and see that, to really see it

Like always had been some non-understanding of lack-access, on the highway seems clear that the sound of it rushing and in the dark in the car safe womb normal space as if there were normal people and not a series of blinking irreducible impenetrable but inwards-existent Judy Garlands

All wobbling and shaking crying and dying and clutching and moving little ape pinned bodies in transatlantic national flight

All Joel and Briana dark and misty a little distant to the left or maybe just available at a distance due to no need to refresh closeness, ever

Have not felt sober in a while but is this oddness and slight askew most days just some new soft hash of personality Like some kind of ghost figure of flesh and heat all line segmenting hotly in my latest and most excellent configuration How do I explain. How do I explain. Just feeling a run of mournfulness much of the time.

- This light is going into the next decade
- The autonomous period
- Sysco

Chemtrails over Manderlay Bay

Which I give to Joel, I give him everything, when moving beside or with him in casino country I feel very safe, young, picturesque, a little thrilled, sad, always expectorant towards loss, immediate-ish or in a series of days, I am always experiencing time like this, outside Tropicana or going back to the bathroom I felt the heat at the bottom of my bowels compounded with a sensation of time running out, of this beautiful dim oily jewel gel jelly block of time on the last day being moved and placed behind some kind of wall or cover and hidden from me and me unable to reach out to it and sitting on the toilet helpless and Them and Them and Them never Us though it is Us it is always Them and Me the darkest curl at bottleneck squeezing thin black darkest curl of dread landing in a sad septic coil

They are in there. And I-John, left behind and alone again to paw uselessly at the dark ground and re-clutch the vapors of my personality, here in the impotent, narrative-abandoned East, keep forgetting to follow. [Each day since has been running a series of sachets of time over me like one continuous, un-solid stream... Hours like light sliding,] [Hours un-unit themselves and run over me.] Time releases itself from unit and runs over me. Afternoon light sliding flatting in through slit in partially opened window. Clean reddish transparencies resting on furniture. Seasons reduced to continuous series of lozenges of colder or warmer air, to come in over me in puffs and then dissolve. I am sitting in near total submersion.

They are in there. And I-John, left behind and alone again to paw uselessly at the darkened ground and re-clutch the vapors of my personality back to me here in the impotent, narrative-abandoned East, keep forgetting to follow. Time has released itself from unit. [It runneth over me. Afternoon light sliding, sheeting in through slit in partially opened window. Resting on furniture in clear, reddish transparencies.] Night clicking over into dawn again in one great invisible out-side. [I hear the rushing in the dark, to the front and left, at a remove.] A sort of blind rushing, back and to the left... Ahead, frontal, a high, pale, screen of light, as if mounted on some expectant and imminent wall but particled out, misty, and by the time it arrives at John it comes as some sort of vapor, some loose airy grain liberated of its powers, like, seen through some effluvium and now received as – what. Nothing. John left behind, forgetting. Missing everyone too, too much.

His draft package sits unopened on the table. As time passes it becomes less some urgent piece of offer that must be tended to and more just some hot, null object, seen only indirectly. There seems to be a veil between it and John, but that could be its own output; unmitigated grief mist, leaking as the thing expires. And the thing is expiring. The package is wettish now, settling into

Caddy with no Baedeker



Cello

World
Sorrow

He keeps
putting a hat
on.

Lack of bovine

a second?

Lateral slide vacancy

Lack of bovine then a second + the unfocus presence yet leaving - the unoccupation of the friendly self, easy way, the abandon and true glassy afraid true self left

Aug 13? Hour in the shallow immediate Internet level pre-intention – the provisional skim, with a sidelong medical fear that is fear of time forward, fear of informational lack, fear of ugliness, pain, death (root fear)

The pulling eye seems to be resisting screen, he always drums with his mouth open, eyes strange and base, shoulders lope then rolling to forearms wrists and hands in a loose good series. While watching a stupid movie adjacent and angled to Á earlier I made her laugh and suddenly felt or recognized relaxed and happy, each day, intent to read, write, work, see people, unworking of fear/dishonesty, which become a dissolve, at a daily melt via? Intention and momentary intention, I orient away and away from the verbal obfuscation, fear, guilt, couching + hedging of all many daily particles of action and inaction in one anxious sheath of matter

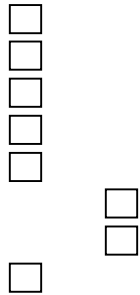
I feel responsible for sensory accuracy of all verbal description

He used the metaphor of his AC unit on High or Cool active at intervals to maintain a level of climate and not remaining constantly unsensingly on.

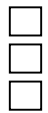
Tenet
Gull on a wire

The policy is to suppress

Exp. of faith in the mechanics of the world
Not an excuse to do nothing (?)



No day is a waste or even uniform



Aug 20 – Impotent/imagined psionic urging of stillness as the nodes of emotion approach, this time from the reverse temporal/chronological end, anticipatory, the first fresh time visible (risible?) only in extant instants already past, with feeling carried post-, past, forward and now the lingering substance bleeding particled thru time is [now] anterior, pre-, coming edge of solidity: I will feel, I hope I feel, shape arriving

Aug 23 Wed – There was no break in state so it was not removed, +compared as a ‘falling asleep’ state or put projected , and seen edged in contrast against a lit back sheet but – f sound, woman high molded learned white ape noises speech from left, birds, air and wind, in a dim first floor room, and sudden impact of word “connective”, it-all connective for moment-time, Va → Ny and no grouping needed in ‘America’ but just – world, with substance between, materially joined and past of sprawl, time, too, time became for this impression more of a double wash, sensate, Virginia is also time + not only place

Morning impressions recollected from loss unconscious

W A T E R F R O N T
What about this do I dislike? Woodenness

Christine Loss

Drawing

NEW



Sani Plant

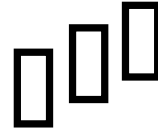
Jammer
Signal

Cemetery

Sick incorrect work by end recognized to be human, clumsy error

Dishonesty – Grace last day/weekend, sudden memory-seeking panic, like, desperate need to have consistent facts as previous adaptation/depiction, alibious alibitious truth, that deviation or un-recall of the previous will result in the other party – friend – hurt, grievous “Yeah said GB” like, that’s the kind occluding lie, the rest is unmitigable, un-controlled – what is the word I used in red, anorexic word? CONSULT? No I didn’t really say goodbye

I will go again



556 Woodward door and grated pictures thick lit in nighttime backlit display, a real feeling, w/ the association of the brown, step, door material, Brian impending + descending

If buzzed up, different? Mechanism → whole?

Accident, 3 men out, one in white, so interesting by the rail, running back, girls + one man out, in dull white, -dull white-, then back, the waiting, lights in strobing, staggered columns like – parade, ice cream, festival, emergency, ahead, eventful (eventual?) reveal of the just ahead block, lights suffusing and falling soft like in soft casts, trees, street, left,

Then forward, free, the accident, banal human sounds, him to me –

Jesus’s blood never failed me yet

Wednesday, August 30

Woke from dream w/ Charles, Caroline, great lefthand presence of rows of grooved improvise performance, then complete grouped feeding into the gender bifurcated white of municipalish/schoollike building, at the mirror was the old wish and large moonlike face emitting some kind of powdery white glow, subsequent change, even in the dream, some grooved dosage of pleasure,

Yesterday – in the new evening, I felt Á, J outside, located in their own rooms tucked sensing outward, it all seemed wrong for a length of time, I'm beginning to be frustrated the frustration works faster than the banality in surface structure word usage I hate “feel” “ish” “post-“ “be” “time, location, set-up” It All Wrong Mimetic Simulacra Instead, of STRUCTURES one flimsy emission sensed in the dark to be above and overflowing, pure unliftable idea/information/life/history/contaminate, Con-Ed plant knitted, people hated, careful hedging sheets on which to project anger, white oscillate, stupid and lazy, and damning though to themselves unallowing, unkind, neither productive, not any better or more conscious order of orientation

I felt heavy, dark, yet molded over the course of the day into exact state, by series of factors – unexit, late rising then immediate turn towards and into right hand receptacle of the Net ready for skimming which said skimming and gritted daily obliteration or suspension becomes the matter and activity of the day itself – how dead, how sad, frustrating, yet from within the

┐ Lacuna you are dulled to each sharp or discrete bit of feeling or awareness, and instead only the vague depressing self-aimed judgment of “I did this.” It is just me, all only and me alone, under

B at OBO last show –

This fixed, impersonal, topographically not dissimilar retracting and retreat from presence as previous loaded interpersonal scenes but value-neutral here, unsubstantiated from grief, eyes unoccupied and laughs or conversation (so impotent and useless) taking prolonged and cueless bits of time to come to surface and form at all, I felt responsible and selfish/unselfish oscillating loss of un-present barrier in the red

Searching, reverberating

room, lowest marine layer of burden ex – ing outward through venue, uncommunicable uncommunal sadness, borrowed and individuated in the alienating act of being from birth my own impenetrable self, G a reached then retracted

individuals

closeness, the joiner of a whole series of local foam, B in his own stage as in a prism of slowed time, the carried aqueous movements as in a continuous and separate substance, head and eyes in a motion not retarded but other, back-illuminated smiling unclaimable creature of time and motor, functionally totally absent or present but not for me, + buoyed and welling(?) slightly from inside the section of presented 3d-space cut across by light and transparent sound as if a period of water, the cut of music diagonal, clear, liquid, in his cube of semi-light, familiar now unringed hands in their own self-driven amplitudes, periods, cross sectioned parabola, single particles of moment B both a present and conscious individual but also fixed in a flowing continuity of movement visibly slowed by the surrounding passage of what seemed to be a total and separate and discrete substance but also one either allowing or simultaneous or even as autonomous as B, like how a fish in a tank of semi-lit liquid seems to be not a fish alone but an operational and integral organ not just suspended in the water but necessary to it, organ and tank forming one complete body in two discrete but unseparated parts the fish moving forward through the water opening around it with no delay or momentary spatial gap or impression between coupled parts, just one fixed system perfect and unclaimed/unclaimable, and the now long past but unclosed and forward looping period of time he seemed claimed by me or me claimed by him in aqueous some larger aqueous scene/diorama/system of concurrency was in fact a temporary overlapping of two individuated personal systems, now me in mine bearing witness to his own onstage, his raised and presented anterior and above, and any true smile coming to surface not for me, not for her either, only: a single act of signal divorced from even source motor function or any ready projected receptor: just the disembodied smile in slow slide slightly ahead or behind other extant expressions coming to move across his unfocused and beautiful map of features and protrusions, eyes which are like sections of water illumined and made visible by two distinct cuts of light, all neutral-value working parts of this one B system which is clear, liquid, slanting, really one unbroken fluid, a man inside a substance which is outside the man, whole, and with no indentation by me as would ever remain, as would not be reabsorbed and rushed back quickly to fill by natural current.

Thursday August 31 Green-Wood Cemetery

S said – each person + instance is not repeatable and the new is not to be compared to the previous – the format of each is different and may not be recognizable as relating to precedent. $\underline{X} \neq B$. A is, because of B + succeeding, no longer at an accessible or accessed layer of thought – he is no longer representative symbol or standard for impression, attraction, the unconsummated gapped touches have held no fresh power since the length of time and attached sensation marked B,

Sudden and impulse-less presence (no marked beginning) of man to right side, seeming to impede and agitate all clear, fragile lattice of associations or linear moment by using present wind as own personal borrowed male buffeting force, I feel, today, the unbalanced slippage of intention through time, the vague and undeterminable task or thetical prelude which seems to evade, occluded, central/necessary, but only accessible via unconscious glimpse through (not through, behind, covered) by the foam and agitate of an unquiet/unfocused mood. I feel muted by him →

I am angry directly rightward towards the man, I now feel entered by unnatural force into some visible outside state, totally unable, wooden and null, muddy, impotent, retracted EM signal, obstructed stream, now instead of moment-impulse-action there are pre- and post- temporal flagella (cilia?) [sic] of unsurety, irony dumb intellectualization unnecessary and hated before and after surrounding each action in warped unwanted sheath, I hate him, I am unsettled by my pitch of hate and anger, I can't write because of him, I am blaming him for being unable to write, I seem in retrospect now to have been balanced in a certain breakable purity, and now at this linear point I cannot return I am contaminated and contaminating this too (←hate) with rows of loose and stupid and pointless emissions sourced from one penile point of what to me is essentially no more than an infant I am another insensate inchoate speechless thoughtless emitting infant besides to the left of

September 1-2nd 4:33 AM (THIS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN FROM WELLBUTRIN.)

- Right eye twitch (lower), summonable by squeezing lid
- Excitable wave pre-crest at undelineated back of head, wordless vocal presence, no fade or end
- Airy constipated work in lower abdomen/just presence then no presence

Mind tired right now and alert though dull, lacking precision or clarity but forcing at least some delayed and insufficient (left back mental flush of outlet bathroom) description of the day – often I am lonely enforcing a fearful and derisive isolation – in room, trapped and hateful, maintaining “purity” and aware and sensing all outside public movements, in the kitchen + the bathroom traverse a series of oppositional forces of dread, repulsion, anger, panic, take the impending shuffling arrival of Á as a craved fragile thing (coax?) to form first daily layer of careful gauging, suddenly distilled from the loose inhuman morning into a locus/self/ray, w/ objective being the soft drawing of the other, I take J’s ambulatory (? Wingside, dorsal, to the side, lateral?) or posterior approach as an annoying distracting personal shock, there is no guilt detectable because there is no awareness or remorse (requires time) in moment, what is the feeling, just total rejection and a bracing through the flimsy and frivolous interaction, I resent and hate and mentally divide – “I am better, smarter, different, extraordinary and brought down, pared back and contaminated, now” I think that in a fine grammar-less mix (mist?) [sic] of sense and comparison, neutral weather and (supposition?) [sic] than (then?), ranking of system, but a soft ranking as with dimensional patches of atmosphere – the result or not result because there is only concurrency and contemporariness no after, -- being a fearful and irrational secrecy, a painful dishonesty borne of muddled lobes performing a fast and continuous and testing mental and/or emotional calculus, and the mental suspension of this system and its new and unit-based growths which must be subjected to a rigorous but vague and unstructured trial of consistency w/ latest previous growths all this mutating and lapping and needing to be splinted and open and ready in mind – is exhausting, isolating, guilty, and seemingly sourceless and indigenous.

Today I addressed my retreat/visibility/public face/mutual fear w/ J, dissolved the formed and impossible and harmful pollutant (barrier) between us, by extending truth, cherish, open verbiage – by dissolved I mean opened – I understood she too takes it personally, the testing and retreat/playacting kindness/remorse is unsound and cannot last, it is easy but complicated, the process and self-muddling required to take someone for granted, and reject them and be repulsed by them, and project some uncombable tangle of fear and loathing on their body daily and be convinced that other body and friend effaced is the enemy, vague occluded idea of enemy, a friend thought of unkindly and unfairly who becomes just a locus for repulsion from, disgust toward, fear of – and a similar or congruous process w/ parents. When today: mother funny on the phone, easy and accepting of the cat’s destruction, removing my annoyance which had mutated into assignation of two blames. And I returned to the apartment ready and open and empty of dread, to really try to be with my friend

I beseech myself to remember and to continue. Annoyance is insubstantial. J, behind it, strong and good, is the cherished substance [and the friend, (shared time + history) cherished]

T.R.L.

Collapsed line/barrier between media experience and true e/traumatic life experience

At the now un-jammed hinge

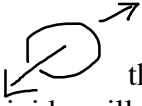
Clean W. European war (Dunkirk, untactile, white light, sani-) vs. dirty Asian war, jungle, rumple

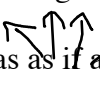
By centennial park – bi-centennial park

September 4th – Labor Day – M.M. – No Purg, and in

**packed*

Vectoring, luxury of, writing that goes/is slack, this itchy (what I mean is there's close gritting (?) crystalline work in vast 紧密 silicon structure, the rushing of information and signal along and weaving in the tight inter-shapes of narrative) modern mesh, writing no longer adhered to the slack gestural rhythm of mesospheric detach, simulacra, one end a-billow in ur-textual wind, (not wind but something solid, but wind sounds right not semantically but sonically, sensually) now carved away and reforming in long troughing vats of (metallurgical?) (pupal?) adolescent steel, to form the focal pointless visual nets (rendable nets) of Con Edison plants, radio towers, unclaimed and long claimed land, cities, labor, military, media; it-all: Virginia, love, friendship, video war, reenactment, recollection, dishonesty of being, moralization of existence and personal urge, New York, fear, grief, unchangeability, malleability, I emit and will collect and condense, hold into novel

Simultaneous spurn and open, to  the act of coldness and turning away that follows observable warmth w/ another – the rigid oscillate, spurned – abrupt turning off of the TV, another learned act of secrecy, fearful and invulnerable hiding

- The lazy dregs of posthumous and once panned egg
- Side tables, 2, pushed, stepped + _____ so a constant gravity – pulled tumble from one surface to the less raised one, objects rucking and  up in a botulism of stilled mess, petalled glass ashtray tilted at an extreme bias as if a leaf or more manufactured vessel astride the crests of two successive waves
- Mother's erotic cradle

In my boredom spanning I feel a perverse desire to efface each unit of day (daily unit) of any time-pinning or comms-severed (-less) event, and instead set myself to wait, bed or chair-ridden, at root in room variable room of rented (/unit) for optimal and best variance of interpersonal activity –

Is, S, C- vs the known (and good, I re-vest and remind, uphold repeat) trapping time-hooked plan of Á, J, D D M –

- KYD = the old purpling “passionate” prose (see verso), W.F. → M.P., V.N. this new lucid clear silver lattice and crystalline structure of real lasting power + transcendence (the one line in L.M Birds of A., the slow invisible work moving over)

Official lover, traits, remembered precedents + originals of comparison – the Brian rhetorical movement

7.44 PM 74%  (charging)

Time passing

- Pokémon 2000, the pink jellyfish in 小鲤鱼, dream of 快乐星球, I was the pink girl, the boy apposite, strange + not domestic, other + special, chosen, I felt enriched, the texture of personal hard skeletal under-life change, the rich imagined, dwelling in meta-thought world, was there a shame element? And later the adolescent activation in dream of being L.P., famous, elevated or in amphitheater divot, handsome, desired different – this dim in the head-dark plush (plum?) of memory, the contours of the bedroom, -- imagined simplified wall-bound bed and raised step/stage of the colorless dream space, conflated or in concurrent mists blended (being forceful and daring w/ words) – these the television, the television harbinger of beauty story Otherlife and new projected character for dream placement and new – wondrous and male – IKEA pencil among blue of map, in the pocket of the – oyster car pocket – associations abound of the novel and shocking space of the dealership – shame, excitement, fear, secrecy, pleasure – maybe pleasure or excitement

Sep. 6 5:35 PM Wednesday

Feel a weighty total telegraphed committal of time, geography, plans, emotional work + subseq. Repulsion friendship at times seemingly comes formatted in, I feel too domestically and presently in the micro-time-cosm of this day that the urge to stay home is “wasteful, to be fought and travelled through, that to commit the yellowy tail end of a day already partially “wasted” and woken up in full point of retardation at a sad 3pm is symbolic of a larger “wasted” life, I find myself not wanting to go to California, I don’t want to but that seems → betrayal, and thus → this not even complete or consummated or formed/forged pre-guilt waver

Today I feel the numb not sensate sensation of loneliness and uncontrollable lack of optimization of plans and configuration of people – and a loose uncaffeinated laziness uuuugh.

September 9th 4:20 AM

The tended self-iterative thought is buried and cameral under the ignorant, good continuity of repeated release (purposeful relaxing of will, of consumptive sphincter of control – language feeling dumb right now, surface and unable, unpenetrating in a substanceless thing not even mything whatsoever only a thing-less scrim of opacity atop the dark and luminous waters of mind) at each instance of meal, this bifurcated system of (bicameral) feeding, each urge or opportunity (in a gapless string of time that reduces sequence and together makes one day) being a fulcrumic instant on which to lean either to total avoidance moderation and control, requiring a convincing action and full loyal moral application, or the other which is to for present forgo and procrastinate the seemingly lucid (lurid?) essence of sanitized intent and to embrace instead the muddy blind letting that is to freely consume, with an obscured and faraway guilt to come during later, it is hard to note where in the frenzied now of the removed from sequence, where all action and impulse is one pool of unhungry mud, I

Surface tension

September 11th 6:07 PM? NOW 6:44 PM/S

Today's (lacy) bloom of codes (lacy) interlocking (in lace)

Recurrent iterative rain, Sydney + taxonomy (natural, human) of friendship

The third thing? – the onion, batting?

T.C. in Unnameable Books, in poetry room with books in staged supine side-stacks as if shelved on the turbid ground – my dull, little pearls of sweat sliding down-hair into flat, formless pools of pure dead substance on same ground, unroomed – proximity unwedded from closeness by the nodular placements and stackings of furniture and object, which is what makes a room into a space granulated and continuous
“Who am I to turn down a chip?”

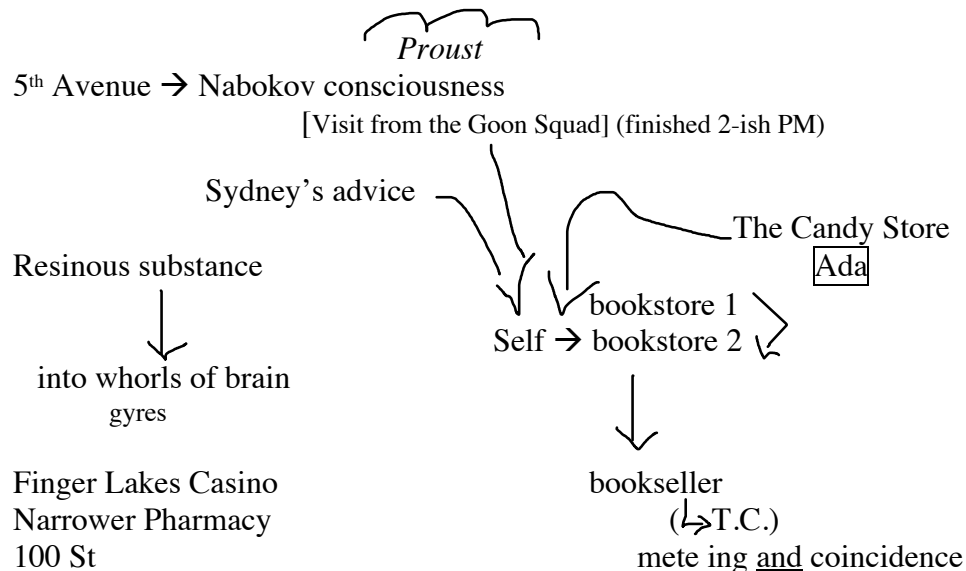
John's awareness of his side of face which from incomplete angle implied a narrowness and centrality of features Then post-retrieval the direct forward face revealing an instantaneous widening from central origin/y-axis pinning/pinioned

The ungathered and unstructured fluttering of heart which **NOW** became an awkward and weighted shifting of internal (this not thought about, just blissfully [no bliss because b requires awareness] acting in unsegmented intent)

NO TIME

The minute one-handed silvery palpate of rain in its 3rd-avenue-ward street slide simul-gravitational down the complex ramp and beating up in uncased droplets

Seeded code of Origin of Laura on Dog Beach-ward



The Sts protracting to the water and then rolling back in return

September 12th

Braiding together of banal/uninspiring ‘word-casings’ (Egan) with AM conversation, either in K’s Tavern door – by table or in 9010 own unhinged half-slabbed room



Via dream or random somnic sculpting (?) of associations

Or am I remembering usage of “uncased” on the left hand page

Feeling a subst. film of grain in the eyes, and a somewhat pharmaceutical obtuse gronall angled in the back brain, plus unfocused macro mist (all feels wrong) of consciousness pre-caffeine

I feel cushioned as/if the root of a tooth gleaming bud nestled among the soft contextual (less sharp, spiking word here) MUCUOUS MEMBRANIC gum mouth-flesh folds of blossoming out not linear but radial: Faulkner (America), Nabokov (China), other names suspended subdermally in the ruby black, but all part of an partial to the great silvery (too thin, not enough substance or opacity, thready gleams, I need something large here) pad of surfacing and (re-entering and) submerging associations

I feel that I am immensely beautiful and 3:49 P.M. excellent at [thinking, intending, craft] *[]

more open here

W r i t i n g
O, gerundy thing
Always in act
while
during

I look out encoded mesh of leaved branches bloom of daily codes interlocking at regular mathematical (here a forking tree) intervals I see building structure thru it (dome, bud?)

They are in there.

Even the map of mesh greenery pictured is encoded with heat information, the hands grime encoded with grease, food and residue information, like the flagellums of bordering (?) bits, letters nad characters, crumbs and insects

As if there’s some kind of bodily equilibrium and a rubberbanding opposite action that mandates and compels an involuntary and equivalent recoil or back action to each modulation in wave action or amplitude or requisite (?) alteration i.e. the up must be answered in dialogue (flowing forming dialogue) by a down of same negative power as snaps back the tense rubberband potentate into a kinetic expulsion of oppositional energy before chained molecules are returned to the prehensile birth fact of – flat, rest, obj. and subj. and self at rest, what is the opposite of afterbirth? But maybe the rubberband is not the body looped and closed and is one long length without end, a string of additional and altering organic forward chain temporal anterior

Interesting that an equivalent recoil or consequence action is described here when it’s deeply possible and near certain that the consequence of the Wellbutrin usage that led to this focused and torrential thought has resulted in now bedbug fear (Mayakovsky)

September 13th 8:25 PM

Continuous points → line continuous, gapless probe (?) for mood status (repeat, banal)
interrogation of,

The long run of interior self, external-internal dialogue, stimulus and weather and modulation of
task/action vs synaptic (too scientific, not 肉 enough) response

T.C.H. Fatless (not an ounce of fat on 'my' body) writing, un-dense and untangled descriptors,
visual civility and need of beauty for individual, terrain (Google Maps shallow rounded folds)-
less characters

Wednesday, September 20th

Not actual clear-eyed and transparent calm but just the white and fleshy matter descending between the ears and right behind the eyes, this gritty sort of sleepy feeling, the framed and stretched fields of white with a central and impotent

Penumbra, mind

Friday, September 22nd

Process of elimination of “Via” orange awning from Sunset Park, that day with Syd
Orange

Yellow – El Nacional?

Pulsatic Pulsating Pulsa glows – present always and known as packets – clusters of un-digested information with inactive daily traveler autonomous among environment studded and featured with sensate jujubes aware but not informed (being the finished completed action at rest of information spanning and hitting; arrived at receiver) of what action or function happens or is prescribed – described – by the symbolic storefront ambient (active form)

Sherbetty light

← papery, flat thin edge, revise to the jujube edge of units of candy, sweets

The carried feeling which grows steadily from the renewed relief immediately post-AM anti-winnowing tangle broken lucent blue-white flashes of transit pasted and moving across crosses of steel – a carriage that seems when probed by soft neural zap/thought or ‘tested’ to be totally discrete, autonomous (how to say [of self] but with no soul or inner powering consciousness), detachable, and binary, as if one instantaneous mental decision to “flip” the switch from one formed perception of the real into the other would excise the feeling, dissolve it in no longer effectual and atomized molecules of flesh, in a fine microscopic (microbial?) organic mist (/of microbes?)

Earlier (in the flush of microbes) I was bound by the gray-white day in a sick, sitting patch of ungradated (ungraduated, ungradient) weather in a huge lasting panoptical prism of light and air, sun diffused to a near-terminal point of inefficiency and lack of reach, dead out the window – I sat/laid amid the oily folds of comforter and waste, at a gritty depression in the left-center of bed, amid a gravity-drawn gathering of all the crumbs, dirt, unseen insects, shell platelets, rust, lint, balled up thread, etcetera, of the ill days just past, the weeks not well self-central, the movies and auras unending (“living on” word) and displaced ----- Now on M train Centrally bound ‘bound’ as in with a destination, fated and controlled, intended and acted by me – Central as in a third-person or complete unpeopled/personal location, not revolved at then (machine part, axial, **drawing as of a drill bit outer corkscrew mechanism**) axial thrust of self – masculine, adult hope, pubic and logical and

Parole time vs doing time

Atomized → act (?) → roll over audience

Information as sa fan and child

Only pays by check no cash on site

Head in grass

Blonde mirror woman

Hanna's nighttime time itch

Confirmation of information = intimacy

Fences in house

Incorrect punishment

Inconsistent medical story

Mon Sep 25 1:06 AM

From reading metadata into the actual data, formed and glittering:

- Faust Part I
- Ada
- Networking/Information book
- America
- Faust Part II
- Mann Zine

Books w/ the glow of having passed through transaction vs the imprint-less memory of having been free

An internalized care for the economy

I don't care about the personal, the memetic, all the anxious noise and stupid crawl of niggling peerage – I just feel the networks, the information, not overcast or conspiratorially imposing but rich, accessible, glinting, and gatherable into beautiful good

Positivist

Parochial (of small parish also limited outlook/scope)

The rain outside discrete transparent droplets photons in points plot down and cascade

Point of Heat is not “sameness”, “relatability”, but dialogue in difference, plurality, the stuff in the air and at heart of life on earth

Rich scrim ***scrum** of daily information

1:54 PM – I enjoyed this kind of secular romance and invocation of heterosexual charms – to possess or be possessed by a girlish dynamism and then spew it off in manic showers of showy sparkage for contingent/contiguous proximate ‘hims’ – pg. 175

The corrupt Chinese voice – Chinese-coded – of broken rhythms, of 占便宜, of the study(?) in the dim gray mind-made spotlight of transgressive, shadowy and hidden yet visibly/risibly wrong, questioning and innate distrust of the machinery above while under it in fine narrow/opaque stream

‘Contingent’ ON::

The mechanism of VR is steel factory. Lowered aluminum suits, lockers, Day-Glo,

Oh my god, in the steel factory

VR $\leftrightarrow$ narrative

Rust belt from steel belt is the terminal forward capital development overrunning history

- Freighting his brush
- Beryl

Friday, September 29th

Some secondary association of Zhuang Li, entrance (rain?) and something to the left – products, wall-hung, colors – a toytruck red, sports gear blue, etc. @entrance

Roseate

Null pretty roseate dusk pulsating with a large/low flat light, less changing than sinking under – (daily and diffuse) – changing which implies either or both interval autonomy and externally exacting of neutral, bloodless natural rhythms, when the actual thing as existent in time, weather is a sunken and lost strain of light – present now dead, dull passage

Friday
Flood

Sunday October 1st

- The contiguous same-toned light falling on public side of threshold

From the hill, the comfortingly all-visible clear blue of the city's unified weather

Power of which is the direct and answerable answering solution/antidote/serum? One thin liquid as such. To the street-level atomizing force of the individual

I see it all in one clear slip as a daylight transparency fresh after flood and over or through this entire afternoon – still peninsula pinned yet time circling over in invisible pinion

Thursday, October 5th 12:20 AM

Right now – and the instant in an eggy cradle, uneasy – the room seems returned to me. Density of the closet shut, removed from vision. Bed warm and clean. Then even that – sensitive momentary probe, membranic test outward in slight aerial remove parallel and projected scales not reflective but instantaneous, instantiated, iterative – the tiny spike of an old and now recurrent and re-substantiating child-fear, an echo that makes solid the usually immemorial previous echoes only for the duration of the current and newest and most painful echo – reticular in the thinning hammock strung in unclosed un-total iron loops left obsession and right compulsion, this kind of needy and fearful and formal writing affect which seems also regressive, shameful, distasteful, and un-illuminated – or just the pale re-pudic shade of Ada –

Closet, bed, rose scent, proximity to death, the same special and genius permeability that fills my self the connective woven glimmer of my one big and total beautiful sensible (daily) sheen, that same network that I access for joy, work, richness is also a neutral framework of associations dense coded and fertile yes but also dire and febrile, reversible, connection that is fearful, immoral is contamination, boundary porousness when not transduced in the right and modulated light of welcomed, attracted signal is by similar enough and learned act transgressed. Imagine the silvery and in-lit sachets of information and image and visible unity traveling. Now the same, but both novel (the present/future assault action of infection) and also extant, endemic. Microbes, a nearly visible or at least iridic stream pupil-projected and γ of dirty, fearful wreath, contamination misted, the clustered and micron-thin germ, inductive too of the post-proto-zoic prosaic primitive animal, the insect packet, a hair of wind, phantom and expanded itch, some motal (mote-al? modal?) point in vision, rayed locus of general now nucleated anxious mind, mind not even corralled to brain but now a searching, large, spanning creature loosed from neuron and all swarmed like a vicious puff of gnats, moving static, in a fine hot roll like the patch of black pantyhose stretched to its terminal elasticity (limit of?) at the most mobile and least netted section of leg, wherever on vague and sur- (ABOVE ROOT) torso-less she that may be – like how a (and I think here of the impressively impressionistically accurate but still smooth and symbol-slick Finding Nemo fish as modeled, rendered [clunky]) school of fish (and not a murmuration or flock of birds, for some reason, which may just be the shared medium breathed or continuity of atmosphere or the relational fact of: above) seems to be not many self-piloted individual creatures but one surface-less mind in and through the water bound and shared total and rippling, among and throughout and transluced in complete school. Permeating.

Writing is like breathing. Feel need to place written word (future) 'trite' to efface possible or child-smug triteness. Which is not there. **1:27 AM** – peace – like focused streams of atmosphere and time, in spidery (fiction is spidery, shadowy forms? Collect **collate** symbols thru 'renders's eyesight') into the actual written letters?) form collected linear, John the writer with but not gone from room physical either, John moving forward and then unlettered return to left back then on the not unfurl but un-nothing nothing furled or unfurled just the populating space line line continued momentary but also not pinned or "in time" just... grace, in the un-silent quiet, returning over and at some point or no point already returned

Friday October 6th 1:13 PM

In a slippery burst, the screen-held fly on apposite window side, enjoined or transformed into the free paths of two distance same-sized birds in the blown out sky, arpeggiated shimmer resolving in "Motion Picture Soundtrack" – intense, intent happiness

Sunday October 8th, 2:25 PM

In the bathroom, on the upright and mirrored end of a focused and terrible but temporary and known to be finite, with its eventual end releasing in safe emission amid an unbothered peace, in a sweetly sleepy and undiverted state (perfect, crisp and cold unmoist yet almost liquid air) recognized: I am nervous and formed nervous (some instances of netted and strung fibers near an almost unbearable pitch) but I am lucky to move within and among this rich network of people, friends and family (trite, true), stressed but at ease, it is easy, to sleep now

Alcohol – no longer a full reconfigure but additive and scattering, less the unknown possible than a known and limited alteration

2:15 PM

Incorporation Intemporality of known and previous – loss of novelty – lack of presiding or continuing narrative (I and I in the extant not moving with but already set and underfoot white light, the brown honeysuckle fallen out onto white – bed? – surface)

Tuesday October 10th, 1:38 AM

The dumb pure face of IA looking to me, large lashed wet eyes, "I keep remembering the Pastina and getting happy" – weighted happy and dear

The contiguous same-toned light falling on public side of threshold (October 1 st , 2:42 AM)

The strange masculine resonant sound of the self voice from sleep (October 5th, 3:47 PM – accepting and allowing the body envelope, into sleep)

everything ok THE DAVID PRIZE for one m flat rendered beauty of life fuzz of entire palpate of burger bun shape fly gnat cloud gnashing kneading little lint shape of loose information then abruptly shut off like a faucet with long gob of water like announcement on a plane

whole continuity of fabrics touching and immediate continuation and continuity connection communicating the sheets macro microbe (grime/rime?) vs old

Seeing it all as constant impressions assoc. vs disconnected and the new sheer narcissistic pain (Oct 9 2:22 AM)

Slack old type of momentary imagery, not structured but adolescent brevity and flaccid burst of poetry

October 13th – 10:29 AM

Flight video – series of novel cartoon metaphors, to not even disguise but totally remove fear of death

2:59 PM

In the metastatic mid-leg plane cabin – not borne space, all agitation made slightly vague by knowledge of current time, space coordinate intersection as temporary, finite, room suspended (t, s) (parenthetical) (s, t – converse – loosed ←nothing **rotated up arrow from below**)

I feel and at least in part due to pencil that I am writing slack, piecey units, gesturing at the lucent structural rightness which (by personal/judged/wordless/practiced awareness of failing) I am currently circling, not accessing.

It is easing – earlier John dumb, still in sequence but only receiving vague diffuse chronology tapehead of which was constricted in a <micron -thick band at the narrow and devoid (**or end**) now after a recorded past which seemed when viewed or bat at now to be dull and painful, not even now but in successive past-instants in a roll of recency unit, each mode impotent (inalterable, etched?) by a deadening of moment to unlit and uninspired context. And past the head, stateless blank. Not even white, just pale. Coloration by fear. Dim transparency which by itself is only an amoral subjectless image but when overlaid the clear fatal microbe becomes visible, as by electron stream, unclean and forever, carried into John's future. Which has narrative but no specificity.

Main fear of emergency/imminent death/mechanical failure is sieved atomized abstracted then reformed into multiple body-mapped condensations of fear of illness → fear of unified death is made vague and also unfocused, less solid and more immanent, misted and gathering, throat, lungs, stomach, a substance to be breathed

Acid drawing
“render vs looking”

Saturday, October 14th – 10 (native) 7:55

Slippery object both that (fear) and the
meta-self/frame/appearing/ conscious.

The striation yet Water inchoate indescribable YET – if now, to try (in the stutter of shutter time)
and describe the

When previous (normal) → previous = normal

Implies (connective action that here, in – not even current – Lack – How to describe w/ language
the all invisible altering (fear also fear of alteration – that no state

But remember (

Auto auto auto) (s-conscious again – feral)

I choate collate collateral associate re-associate me w/ familiar cloak of ambient manners
anxieties (each association formed to the word – all writing is forging ahead into time so it is
productive for me to produce forward into – in the ecstatic marriage } of form and function, steel
iron headed horse → industrial → if in one phrase or sentence the mapping of each assoc.

(known formed, forming each
farming
)

****TURN HERE****

yet unknown into known – enfolding, fear or dread (fear forward into time (close each
parenthesis later
parent

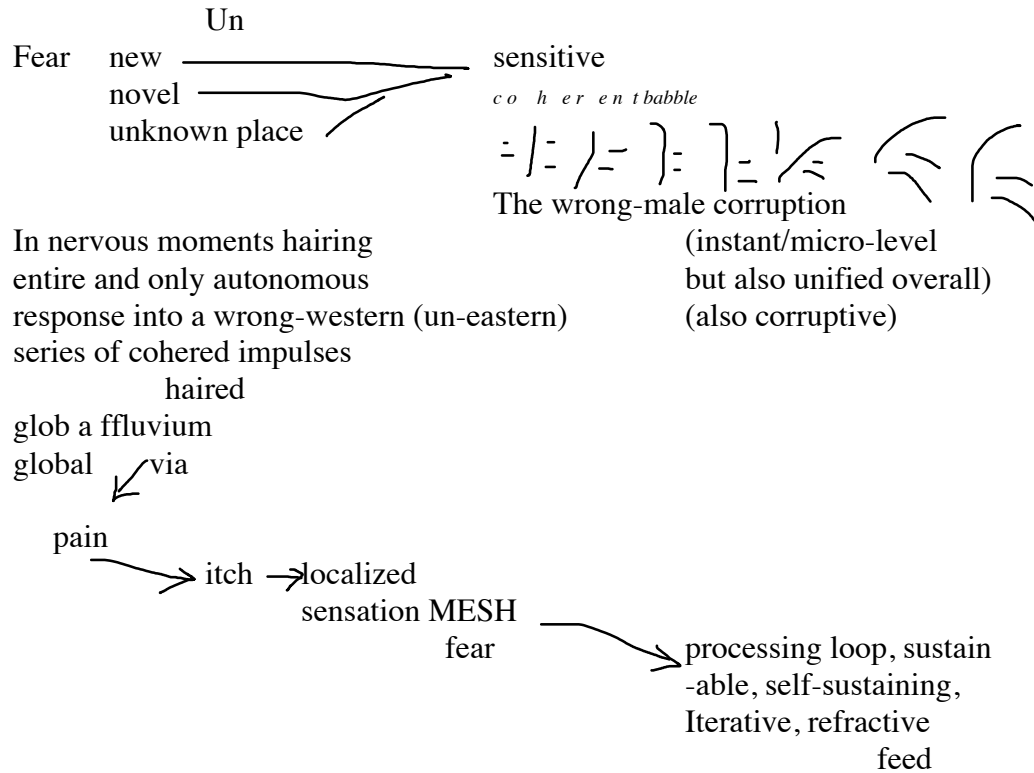
child

NO

Adult adult
Auto auto
And in
Anti-mobile (180) automobile

As the pleasure in drinking is in getting less drunk and returning
(reversing car action, the turn w/ me)

The



What disparate inchoate information is clustered and then rendered into sense

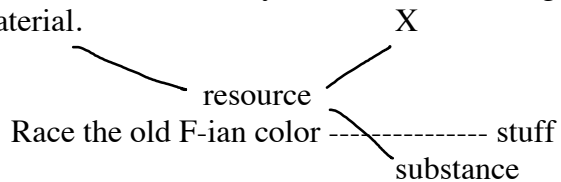
What sense

Von 'Safeway

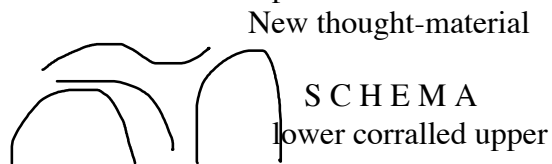
The old "state" is now. . . Brand identity which is a nameless substance flowing through and enrobing the named

stations
nodes
stops
parking places

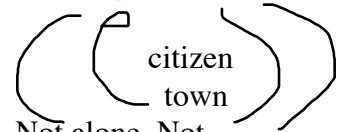
Tar pits → Asphalt → new invisible hippie pastoral roseate glowing soft rounded folds of life atop the old and (how to say extant but continuing) halted industry and material.



At beginning there seemed to be (the drip-fed long slow time animal) fleshy cards/chips of material and each a plate

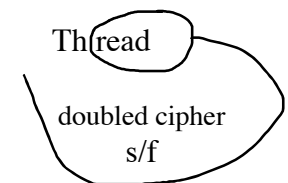


Not necessarily friendly but value-neutral (unfurl unfold of nature forward and out into the dark) night. Its scary scale and the unclear me. I in an amazing of loose dense hexed particle data feel in nervous real-time perceptive render of insect words. From letters – hairs – the collated or cohered masses. Then me sentenced, constricts. Not even a loop but patches. Thru time. Fleshly palpate (pun w/ pupate) air moving over skin. Skin itself the unitted state (**united state!!**) of



Neutral ≠ nihil. All auto. Communicating, attempting. With. With. With. With. Not alone. Not alone. Death the great unknown fear far yet. Lights in soft vector. Sky in safe cradle of known landscape. If not exact or memorial trees in dark flat black affect, then still tree – is known.

Dread on its followable stray path. Dread which looks like the thread of death ~~or~~ threat. Insect legs in threaded shadow, signaling a back-brain-hard association – which then – reading.



The flex of 's' into 'f' is the movement of fear, the minute clock workings

↓
small,
also – 60s of time eq.

The Flaming Lips Insect, the dark photon zipping in soft trails. An unknown cell at colliding work ~~from mathy~~, regulated angle to room angle. cell

Proust was frequently ill and sick with death. I await one soft and vague undelineation after another, the effacement of one effacement by the next. And after that – the co cupied (where is the sequence?) {mind ----- at shadow
asleep.

Tuesday, October 17th, 10:49 AM PST

I'm afraid that some foreign contaminant remains, working in sick ornate curlicues, at dark back brain, with unnatural movements of constant speed like a digital worm divorced from the screen – that I will slide off and detach completely, entire and formed (and I'm afraid the forming was artificial) self refracted once and now dissolving, or soon to be dissolved – to dissolve itself by lateral presence of acidic enzyme, to be dissolved by the fear of dissolution itself, that the repetitive looped grooving of the fear will enact the matter of the fear itself, semantic destruction, self-feeding – the mother of the fear – also an edge fear, that if I (and this expresses itself only in carriage, not, I think, in actual motion/action) widen visual field at all, optical range expanded, I will see something or understand something has changed – I am afraid it is not over. That reality = perception. Or that the perception which brought me joy/pain is superseded and encased, then dissolved, by a larger cell. Foreign unreal cell. There is some kind of presence, hard and null, craniosomatically perched at top back of mesospace in the airless enclose of brain/skull seam. I feel the structural aloneness of being a child. I feel unable, but contracted, held in one tense length at full and fearful committal to the preservation of my self.

Anger which is not – the frustration is pointed selfward, in a foamy mash of unfocused arrow, that I let and now suffer the effects. For one slippery moment I felt the old pleasure at the danger of impulsivity and agreed. I did not think of the consequences. And now hold the unletting moral failure of choice. With fear and anger wreathed in such a refractive and warpy way that the substance is ironic, making the solid (I fear: unsolid) self invisible, unseen and so unfluid, carapaced, hidden, and hopefully safe.

Wednesday, November 8th – 5:12 PM

Righthand screen/scrim transcode of nearer translational aural substance which as the filter of conversation across further forward creates immediate and simultaneous gest Chinese – so that what is 2 discrete units of conversation becomes 1 interaction unit and 2 the language lifted and spectral which acts transparently as a qualitative alteration of the other

Monday November 20th 3:19 PM

Waiting for the forward left sunset to be suddenly and soon viewable by an overtaking of the angle and rule of nature by a current of Amtrak parallax

3:50 PM G.D. – C. –

nervous and visible via passenger density – Grace, is this a mode and shell-only association of returning from Providence, divorced and unmashed from which section or direction of the northeast corridor, one kind of brilliant blue band of Amazon, having clapped and run desperately at mad – perpendicular to every point on the arc of a circle – the closed and perfect breachless train, at an erotic forward tilt stopped 1 level below ground, either leading or following. Brian back onto the roof, which by quality of repetition became not one romantic memory but a rhythmic and iterative lozenge like the same but numbered and distinguishable train cars – each with a narrow margined gap of cold air and metal between, scales overlapping, systems touching and merging slightly in one dimensional spreadsheet (Proust's sheets of Bermic cinema)/(cinematic Berma) –ing fusion? Admission of cellular matrix

And the quality of air is pinned, from the new yellowy first admiration-association of WW, then either led or followed up again, from either yew or no leg already in long mattered arch on and past over mine or not yet – Alex not there I think – then up the uncrowded stairs to the first loving and ironic verbal switch of strip to generative linguistic circuit – 'LUMBAR SUPPORT' – and atop the line of the door, kissing for the first time

This all held mental in a gray and un-lucent space, but with its own atmosphere contained and a line of light sometimes cast in recall. Conversational recall which is a different and airless process totally separate from this act by a dumb fortified and substanceless membrane invisible in the mid-brain dark. (I am thinking of the right and left brain)

Amtrak

Starbucks

Teavana

the mall

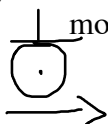
It is not that I feel any intensified saturation or additive realness but that the cleaved but concurrent and parallel train-country-weather-time system which is present in a kind of water lock of held water accessed only as a suspended but purely forward and unambiguously oriented solid-seeming period of ship (think of more industrial term) – topped current –

The scent of a cloth that has remained wet, and a discrete and locational constantly induced and sourceless endless length of plumbing sound, hard column

Northwest panel of code

In the vinyled resinous hour of the train, I received a returning of observable beauty. A yellow-toned roseate rim suffused through with a few framed juts up and wing into it black growth few up twigged then a run of trees then just the pink-less observable radiance of photons dissolving and left over in a brief pre-night minute of an already ended day

--- presents itself as a matrix of periodic and pure eventless recall which both materially associates previous and latent experiences of same travel and also looser silver satellite droplets of cohering then running back in adherence by the very act of recall and association which is train or bus provided in



not travel as a large and various thought system but as a lived and coordinated, scheduled act (← theater off assoc.)

November 25th, 1:36 AM

‡Immediate corridor – John with urge to consult pre-formatted fears in reference. Mind and pen imperfect. In familiar room but with no memory only stolid and technical act of remembering – now affecting some aim and speed to try to rectify the so far cautious and recursive lack. I am fearful of an error in choice causing further macro-wrongness, imbalance, in the parting moved immediate held future

Guilty and buffed house, which I am Virginia ← | → New York
→sitting distant in, lusterless waters of unwet nacre lapping neck-level if I err in selection there will be permanent and destructive loss of time and increased proximity to death which incur itself as a sudden and punishing shock directed hidden down the avenue of poor unchecked health and now revealed, with no longer any time to love I or to gather and glom the visceral fat of description into a true dense and gleaming novel – no shimmer; gleam

Light, null, here going outside the house always feel without intention, more like inverted visit, always temporary, all clothing not set to or worn by the self but temporary, “thrown on”, momentary and unobserved

As on the block, more dip than walk, with no awareness of any permanent or real other and no sensation of any erotic potentate (?) (potential)

[drawings of the large shape in Glenstone]

Clarity/legibility (→ Image, as seen in partial from inside) – to clear thru density, temporal node of city, size, time, complexity

[drawing of the tiles in front of window encoded by varying levels of post-rain water shapes]

The virtual glass

Sunday, December 3rd 4:16 PM

Sentence-less precognition trees [drawing of power lines between 2 poles], in a direct (even invocation of word “direct” creates nbsq/nbsp&,) semantic touching (fog)

Friday, December 8th 2:48 PM

Depthless unphysically render of marzipan lattice – (maniformed prismatic filaments of morning

Saturday, December 9th 4--- PM

Truthless. Accepted into the open envelope of “my” fluuuuuctuate ‘self’. Ianleaving after the mist of kid fight. Hand new, dumb and girlish, uncertain. Transparent worms border crawl.

Writing ugly. No release in unnatural act. No nature. Broken up and beaten. Dictation Chinese. Race pulled up from inside to sit as outside animal. No race. Life is war. To return to the trench, unclear, blaming interface via selfish planet, jealous, all speech truncated, with no receipt...

end

Saturday, December 30th 8:32 PM

Minute momentary untangling/dissolving of the I(infestation). Fear

Not Each action → helpful → need to help, control

How to balance/reconcile care/friendship, help

Allowing to “slip”, or “fail to” or remain still and “unproductive” while also taking not fully controlled or anticipated/planned actionable intentions (minute)

At morning, or daylight

Be autonomous and part but not bound/unfree/responsible

Look at the film, evening, even + continuous body of encoded information, varying levels of encode

Exposure → mystique dissolution → deactivation of the hostile/impenetrable/useless social mis (which seems solid and immoral from an offset position, but which is just a gray and amoral fog) → (solid of weather)

↓
?

Do not efface and thus repress and thus harbor sly, small hatreds ----- but lessen pathology

2 cigarettes a day, conscious drinking

January 4 3:38 PM, Riverside Library

On the D, a sudden, returning, violent and “trapped” turning against, whereas last night with the smoke alarm, a sort of anticipatory and emergent surfacing, reduced to surface, a huge settled atmosphere of fear and guilt – unpinned out from sequence in now a forward, receptive direction, eating up the potentate of a marred and punishing future, to be “arrived on”, to have someone – Á or J, by rejoining the home setting and ----- unit take on or embody some sort of familial role, parental power, yet that unbearable and overwhelming feeling not or no longer appearing in the old and actual kitchen, the home state – which when returned to, there is only a depressing and sort of anticlimactic sensation of qualitative nullness or cooled dread which then when described in retrospect in some attempt at true emotional accounting causes a nervous sensation of dishonesty.

8:40ish PM



- Be again oriented trusting and unselfish
- I am not more unselfish than others
- Individuals and logistics of environment are projected traps
- I go myself, I can enjoy and by scarf—shutter out the lighting dimming plane
- A contained inactive and dead tape w/ the information/sensation reserved/remained
- Radio with faulty signal

Abuser →



→ Abused

Call
Ended

The feeling and waking occurred in real time
Must live in (not clutch) awake period

I mailed it to Elvis | Elvis | Elvis

January 8th, 7:56 PM

Remain formed and focused, through the aqueous torture of current fear, the current current of fear – return home with groceries, call caroline, read before bed, look at and work in the image body of the film. The agitated particle passing reciprocal making an ascribed and indescribable series/pattern of fear. Formed of anticipation in the wordless dark. By turning some projected psychic action of violence – not real or substantial – from outward to self-held and making it, directionless random format, transcoded to be harmful but totally inward. I have hurt Á by some “lack” of outreach and overwrought playacted or “ingenuine” friendship and she reacting to that vague lack feels insecure and imbalanced and thus I must make a third (impossible due to the unimmanence of previous conditions) and securing attempt at making shape of the entire system, at describing by personal act of dissolution and validation, all this simultaneous, misty, without real sequence, also, and now by trying to illuminate by discursion with myself on the page, I find the whole thing to be a pre-deadened pattern of worm-eaten wing (consulting Nabokov)

I do not feel positioned as the “object of”, and I feel frustratingly still but not passive. It does seem + encourage retreat to the easier and antral victim role. What is “it”, I feel jangled and unclear, proximate in terminal approach to 8th St and the settled autonomous plan of Wegman’s, most likely as the flag I have cohered in a day of inaction against the suggestive nucleus of S’s suggestion that I make a meal tomorrow, possibly from ingredients I have gathered that day or before – which in receiving I set a minor internal sequence to and now, aimless, follow, decide to follow, the day before, thus/due to – narrative, need for narrative, plans, a shape and natural format? to the day

Thursday, January 18, 9:16 PM

Yankee Hotel Foxtrot
Shortwave Conet Project
William Basinski – The River

Nauseated with a frontal lobal band of red Aus Liebe, relaxed in the now guiltless sense that I cannot rightfully be called upon in this solitary and undisrupted state. All OK.

Walk on Jan 22nd

Scaffolding for scaffolding company

2nd Us-y secret grocery store w/ some layout and some action, only hidden, outsourced, with pure function

Under the new dark lacquer is a pale and pearly warehouse, made naced and natal by age – paradoxical

Video through the glass-windowed screen, windowed video

Each block (GS) encoded, interpreted by (video) water

[Car dealerships by the water, the innate and embedded sensation of “(trespassing)”]

Amazon – WF – warehouse

This is where the video war is? To collide/collapse steel factory (Midwest), Brooklyn coastal (industry city), the south (Virginia) – immanent specificity of place collapsed into the vague Internet total of “America”

In these areas a suburban blindness/ignominy/simul. anonymity arises, as in a parking lot

The lover must be a composite, collapsed as well