

Saturday, January 18th 4-----→+ :05PM

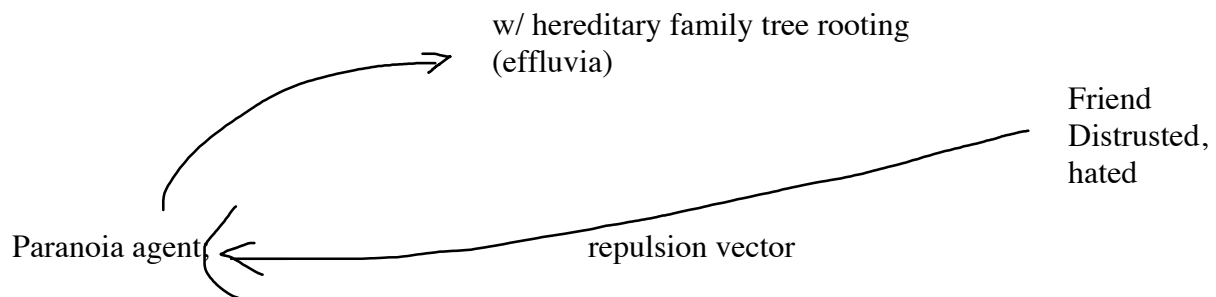
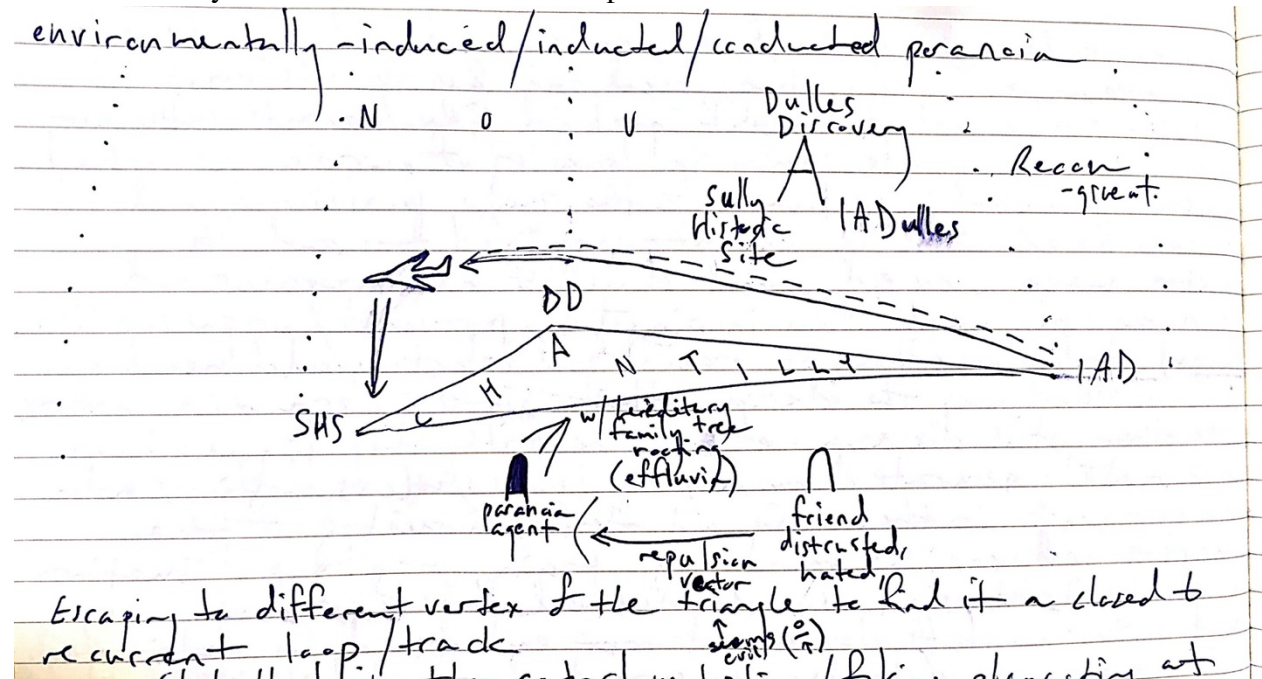
The inanimate dark. w/ subj. forms of furniture, a bolded and soft coded character of flattened projections through double double pane on the impersonal and scary wall opposite, and a total bleeding, with the actual moment that marked enough successive rising close enough to the surface of a near-total daytime-style consciousness having broken in an indiscrete and unmarkable hair of no-time so that the following bracketed series of buzzes, evenly but spacially enacted from leftward pile, foreign and inanimate and inaccessible by the paralyzed and mildly psychotic body, maybe never actually in honestly describable state of “awake”, despite coming after a shallow and atmosphere-proximate enough layer of ocean, or at least only sensed or sensible upon the waker’s access to that bendy strata, or at least only dreadful then – I say series in retrospect now that the terminal bracket is closed, but in “real time” or the actual sustained present and weatherless atemporal room softened and bled of all color by a null non-light, acted inward by no interplay with any organic or lovely source body, only the already diluted and secondary/tertiary face of the evenly/flatly/grayly lit partial wall opposite, in this pocket of air, the iteration of each next fresh tip probing forward vector with the next vibrational pulse was shocking, arriving as the capping to a rounded app. (?) of climax of dread in a sinusoidal and thus in context technically predictable and regulated thus fearless pattern but in microdosage as a passive and human-like dot traveling the actual course of the wave in distended and unmeasured lack of time: it is painful. The vague and unclearing room, soft and with no fixing vector of more knowledge, consciousness, light, color, and thus remaining at a sustained median pitch of unconscious, retarded but not retarding, dim but not actually dark (which would be relieving) – and then also that final terrifying schizo-indicator, the huge but spatially minor (actually with as much width or depth as a fingernail or a hair slid laterally and widened? Into a sheet, or a narrow protein (spec. material, later ribbon) sensorium with the singular and plated audience of one twinned set of personal pinholes, seated at an unhealthily proximate distance of ≤ 1 follicle diameter, to a film resumed in reverse, returning with its own generative and arc-less arc at each blink, so that the normal daytime action of closing the eyes in order to escape a continual stimulus which overwhelms one into seeking this minute relieving dark is mirrored, transmuted, and totally evil/verso/mockingly because of the obviousness of its polar swap. The show: without any of the soft and desaturated blood-puce dunes and rounds, dusty and blurry but without pixel or distinguishable particle, just a soft and truly human blank, with shades and depth still despite also being a flat screen of nothing (all this good). Instead a continual self-complicating series of meshwork, with each new hole of the net providing/presenting a compounding inner net, with a sort of highly neutral and depthless, inanimate weaving of occult symbols, and very primal but contradictorily technical and sophist ironwork of foppish turn-of-the-century polluting elements, at a low and cold cycle of LED thrum. Like layered but all depthless digitally suspended projected tissues, sort of gently and mechanically rolling/roiling nets at times with certain concentrations or thicknesses forming the bolder outline of a delineated figure. I was thinking of the dream, which felt close, nearing, despite remaining equidistant from my consciousness for the entire period, certainly not receding or even touching the waters of retrospect at all; that safety was not allowed to me – an elevated but mounted and inhuman angle, and the top-foreshortened man, dusky in a classically orientalist sense, with a light overgrowth of (moss word) hairs on the lip, an oblong and softly hewn head, maybe beside or on the side of a bed, room seeming to imply an earlier videoed shade of a luminous but lifeless blueish pine green, room/furniture bled and devoid, his eyes like a shiny brown that implied life/warmth/ethnicity but which had the material quality of marbles, or the glass replacements pushed into the now,

positioned and hollow head of a taxidermy squirrel – and the waxed/waned shape of an irregular and spongey pill – that an inanimate person, or person-like form , or automaton, or racialized robot, would need a pill – that was the dream, that bit of information entered into the still diorama of one horribly still figure in an inanimately generated room, by the soulless actions at micro-work in the tiny and fearful circuitry of the sleeping and anxious mind – no brain – lump of matter, axons and cells and signals, deadened falls of emissions, not airborne, shot down and embodied by fall and marriage w/ landscape surface – and the soundless and divorced (not divorced, which implied a once-marriage) or just totally contact-less speechless speech of: “I” or “it” or “he, the automaton”, requires this, still

Plus the “non-righted” and base O-C sensation and awareness as an under-stratum to this all, rooted like a diseased tooth, that the back camera is not working, and that the depthless sheet of one image of face, when flipping, impotently, does so to a momentarily edge-flickering balck, as if flicking at a card which is a picture-mirror of present card-viewer, which alternately lights w/ this image and alternately shows nothing, a nothing which is the dreadful embodiment of a function that is broken, not right, and lacking. – infantilizing

- My personal toy-choice
- Failure that must be rectified
- To not be ruined, suspended by great exertion of will and energy in a withstood state of “keeping”;; maintenance.
- TR: T’s texts at 4:ish AM, the dream of the Severed man, and the acid-lidded dark bedroom. I complete, I feel I completed it here.

Environmentally-induced/inducted/conducted paranoia



Escaping to different vertex of the triangle to find it a closed and recurrent loop/track
 Slot that in the actual untesting/faking playacting at rightness/writeness, this paranoia that all obj. have a moral coloring/tint or a capacity or inanimate occult power and in the vectored thermodynamic Δ -historical and geographical map of the triangle

Call from: Triangle, VA
 Federal - style
 <the details of the house itself remote kitchen, etc.....>

Orange edgewise glow on each furnished unit and thru its cracks
 Anger
 paranoia

Tuesday, May 6th, 2025 – <1 hr to sunset

Working at the H.Site is time illness – able due to paralysis in past – ■ -- future – the engine falling into the house (big) is a marriage/rup-Sully-ture, plus pop culture future/past/parallel reality stream coming in and abruptly “presenting”

The fog is a semantic touching

A lysergic tilt/bent/tint to the weather (?) – this from the form → formal of the CIA facility, a 70s dead-eyed

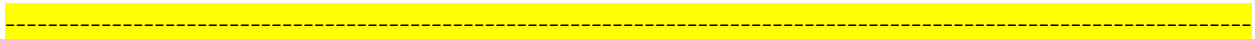
American bent

Vertiginous (Lysergic bliss) Life = “waiting period”

Aerated droplets

Airborne

The semantic touching $\leftarrow \rightarrow$ connecting via literature the structural nodes connected!



Monday, January 20th, 12—AM

It's this psychotic response to a random mark or crease or marriage of objects as the newest and most recent entry in a sequence that has so far (heretofore) been "perfect", wherein each mark and action choice is immediately self-justifiable and set yet also blending harmonically with the general terrain of the conspiracy at current hand, at present flap, like a pellucid and totally flexible map thrown over, unfolded, and immediately accruing transparencies with additive and flush layers of detail, then suddenly the violent and random crease, resulting from a failure to control environment or other, and thus with an attribute of assignable blame

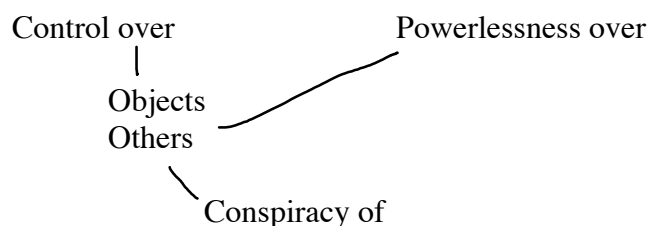
Anger and anxiety at the unsynched and double-reflexive interplay that appears when multiple spokes are present folds in on the hub, who now projects and takes on the already assumed and thus playacted and translated further assumption of the $\rightleftarrows$, and assumes the double roles in their assumed feelings towards one another, in these reversible and oppositional arrows of self/other but actually other/self atmospheric dialogue – you see one friend w/ the distance and

self/other

chilly derision you assume the other friend harbors towards that friend, you see the other friend with the hurt/derided ↗ passive/defensive view the first friend must feel in response, must feel in nonsequential truly simultaneous response to the first but also simultaneous assumed or presumed response – that feeling also being a response – recursive (discursive?) vectors at a hydral quad-head. Now, a-directional, this batting and dislocated segment itself the most and most chokingly simultaneous is one actually originating at the self and with no destination or relieving arrowhead travelable by any clean and disaffected emotion finds no cradle or live receiver and so is DOA, inanimate, no arrival for the pointless plane, seesawing uselessly, unable to be with either friend because of the neurotic substance (what is Proust's word?) which has expanded to a climate bending the entire room and rooms external into a distended and occult field of awareness. The band (ambiguously: bond?) of ego, forked on two spectral fingers parting a fatter and increasingly obtuse V. until it has been expanded to an apo(theosis?) of inflexibility via over-over-over-over-----exertion.

Then: the clumsy and seeking action amid friends, not intellectualized, just at random and in a vague fog-moment of an almost totally fuzzed-out ego-awareness, just actualized, and this "showing" impulse immediately trite, flaccid, and flat, the meter all wrong, reading aloud also the wrong selection, now similarly my S-sense of a responsive sensing or reacting, this my own insecure retelling of a "reality" not even spoken or actualized into any real air, becomes instantaneous instantiation of an of an emotional supra(?)reality that achieves a terrible unhygienic and terminally infectious DEFINITIVE and IRREMOVABLE clamp closing its hard and edgeless waters over the now airless topmost and sanest lobe of personal mind... They doubt V., no, they doubt my performance/version of V. which was a failure due to my thoughtless and violently spontaneous/random choice of un-glowing and suboptimal passage, this precepted others' opinion released from tensile suspension upon the exit of others from the room ricochets back and harms me, leaving me w/ a darkened and polluted "objective" opinion – objective only because it is "from others", which/who are objects, thus more trustworthy than my own, though I arrogantly only trust my own, and thus deride, personally, silently, and nonverbally, their twice-refracted negative response, or negative moral judgement. It is hard to trust one's own judgment w/o a positively impressed public grid onto which to tie one's own ribbon of opinion, and taste. The grid is furred with dust. The mesh roils. New meshes overlap, surlap, dewlap, sublap, lap...
TR: D + S apartment, my sense of their perceived senses of each other

By the writing repeating the crease and being an additive act gathering and enrobing a random uncontrollable mark into a process and retrospective product that/which can only be purposeful, and premeditated, the crease is fed, and “fixed”, by becoming affixed, and fixed to, or inside. This like the unbound and loose mark while drawing that seems to be damaging to the generally firm and ambitious body, no surrounded or tethered by new marks which aim to dissolve the thing, give it context, though posthumous, and which are either successful or not. I tried to give the crease, posthumously, an intentioned red.



Monday, January 20th 5:51:50 + --> 2 PM

I still have this remainder of the sense of a slight valence at edge of and across all objects, and the game environment/limited island of the enmeshed conspiratorial concrete, which can be flicked at/toyed with in minor internal flexings/flexions/externalized customizations of music, light, room-bound movements, at the closely quartered nodes and foci and operational “desks” (some furniture, some not, one simply a seat on the floor in bedroom substratum with an angle-elevated lightbox) intentionally strewn as in a miniature and travelable St. Still the anxious self-response toward a perceptibly incoming uncontrollable external other-vector coming to entrap and imprison me in an indecisive but decidedly passive audienceship of an exogamous length of temporally binding series of stimuli – usually in the recognizable unit of a “movie”, which I am forced by the interlocking various me/them forces to supposedly autonomously select, for a few ensuing hours of finite life time.

-A rug marks a distinct area. -An affixed affected gaze at the near→middle distance is a playacted and externalized depression that w/ simultaneous instantaneous “testing”/“checking” at “actual” corresponding emotional symptom is though only sensing at retrieved “numbness”, buzzing, [null], a piece and only actual interface holding the real “depression”, except for verbal description in speech. -An arbitrary decision/opinion is occasionally enacted as the only abovesurface and climactic emission resultant of a continual unsurety/attempted sensing of the “truest” wants, positive or negative feelings, and desires of the person, who must now stand his ground as a remedial (and annoying) hardline to preserve the self, who which may or may not be consistent w/ the expression (at hand/on display).

Interrogative seeking → mindmotion ↗

Subjective p/social anxiety → object. C.D. panic

Stimulus↓ of others crease↓

Friday, January 24th 6:25PM

It's that with the first mediating scrum of ambient recorder and thus knowledge of the procrastinating vector of "saving" thus "more time" creating a shattered focus and ambulatory embodiment in the son/host, plus as soon as a possible ulterior motive is presented into the jocular and casual form of the conversation the father reacts w/ a seeming coldness or suspicion readable via a spacier and colder tone in the speaker-tinny emission of his speech amid a long term and spanning weather which joins the "talk/stimulus"/"silence" elements of the now encoded and thus unified call, the son now unconfident plus unable to hear his own unencoded and live human speech with the slivered and reduced moment-to-moment presence that said scrums have temporarily turned "living" into. Impotent and young in nearside spurts with no heard end transmission, terminally received and reverberated, as the farside emission transmitted and arrived is more real, having also passed thru and by the call field spanning time and country. "killed, imprisoned, or managed". How to describe and thus keep and save (néé trap) each growing element of the open, active Manntext?

Tuesday, January 28th, 2025, 2:56AM – I am unable. A huge frontal fog. The lobe feeling encased and stripped of sense and rhythm, contradictorily covered, since all cover or substantial effect seems to have been lifted – and now the restoration of air, to fill forward into the vacuum left in the new and neural gap – big C cradle, invisible banana hammock woven in the head dark. The fear that life is finite and already finitely iterative in new repetitions of the same recursive and binary loop or yoyo-dying seems to extend a same and thus highly a-bridgeable line segment of the life condition – social, geographical, dwelling – now until the actual terminal end, as in a for all ever swinging/rocking into death, which has been obfuscated by a soothing and half-all-time “generative mood” implying a now finally reached and lasting sustained creative mood, and half-all-other-time there was the black extreme, i.e. the highly frustrated but immovable passive state involving the asphyxiation of many hours with a frenzied and unreal/desperate sidelong intention by the central stagnancy, as in the unmoving browsing column, rooted and suicidal, befogged, right now at a scary and chemical-like and inchoate pitch, all verbal sensors at “wrong”...Reading V. as if “wrongly” through a child panic and retardation, as if histrionically historically poisoned... Like w/ rat droppings... Like on acid... Writing Wrongly With what seems like unlocked and un-netted solidities of pre-pr(media)ted – phrase knocking into each other, banally and drily... I feel insulated from other, and for sure safe in this bead of/along night time. Here in my low, adult room... And a weather underhead of unreadable sensation, an actual sensitive and crowding sheath of cranial droplets... A, irreducible to word, small fucked and stupid letters – colorless anger, stress, fear, OC-panic Hate even this stolid centerless mass on the page. ----- Thrust into “nowtime”, w/ no controlled/regular blocker, the now is an almost entire and horrifying block of mortality to face w/ unscrimmed awareness



Sunday, February 16th 12:31AM – USS Intrepid, Brick, --

The totally omitted intermediary Korean War, very old and stationary/stationed men in a hard and prop-like shock/stillness waiting beyond a rounded corner in the very same and now recontextualized room they were employed in, now deployed for localized aural description, in all these murky green cabins. On the open deck, an outward view of a prettily atomized cross shore image, and angled informational boards obfuscated by a piecey blotting of miniature and small-fonted banks of snow, then sealed and preserved gray deck surface all working under lenticular pools of recent slurry, now fixed liquid, not even water. -Operating in Outward steppes onto the next describable casing, or enrobing “meta-“ polymer – as in all these dim orange and brown clippings in ungrabbable orbit so out another craned and dangled larger circumference of next wire, planetary. So describe the qualitative identifiers of the ungrabbable pieces before engaging w/ the pieces. Right now the whole body kind of feels wrong, and with a bunched up and sensitive sex inside and coiled, like an entire and held attraction/repulsion system. The writing feels wrong too, like lightless, too neat, and also w/ some disconnect in the piping, septic clog or mistake, an unflush elbow turning the flow to be self-feeding and reflexive, plus centerless and arbitrary like crawler-formed, an unnatural and unaccreted immediate etching, permanent and random. I feel total repulsion, plus a happy energetic playable enervated city glow, a sort of soft and distant but real golden edge, also slightly unreal, a repetition of boarding the M and an unclutching or loosening from the non-immediate text and trouble to then be freed into the moment or clutch oppositionally onto the spontaneous and immanent present moment momentum, I can’t visualize his face at all, the glasses are a hard visual object that I also can’t imagine but which also present as a masking and troubling screen disrupting and blending the rest of the face, behind, really a long string of splintered and alternating current of ugliness/beauty and pleasure/repulsion, it all being easy/autonomous/sober/known, old/predictable but now anxious/half-attached/recalling previous “similar” situations or seemingly similar associative formations readable of previous shreds – iterative? That old format of boy – reticent, a bit repulsive already, then handsome in non-receptivity, then accessed as challenge, then sustained as challenge, but also with pre-knowledge and confidence, surety, a not-knowing knowing that forms a closed and self-sustaining propulsive jet loop of momentous force towards the domicile, towards accession/consummation, then a strong rejection, autonomous and self-supportive consideration of this next need to be alone and separate now, then a joke and incredulous recall of the negative attributes in the contiguous block of gray time after, then a true edgewise and vision field glow in the post-work clarified and returned civilian evening, a reddish weather that makes the couples with their requisite and each cones (paper, plastic) of flowers actually hard to see, smudged by G-thumb, all moving thermodynamically in the huge dark downtown city system, which is huge the way an entirely submerged and head-contained city is in a dream, west-8th with this exhaustive quality of air and big defocused arabesques of municipal light in decoupled growths around, now midair, uprooted, then a natural broad flat path to the wine cellar, then a new and natural deadline plus destination, a smooth and undeliberated deliberate purchase of candle, then a gliding in sidelong adjacency to that natural supraconscious V-vector to go home, not optimize anxiously in talks with the own two governing hemispheres, do, do, do, on, onward, with, autonomous yet lightly veiled, a little brief gauzing, a close and visible netting of gemlike purple, close enough to relax into a blur through which all things less proximate pass through and are shredded into this swirling suspension of daily sparkle.

2:43PM – Ineleganted Ss – fo’c’sle – to – describe

- The pedigree of known association, that ropey solid and un-random bond – e.g. B-
- Spectre of hygiene, awareness
- Warpy time, a now substance-less recall to past associations
- Previous boys presenting in the gray-lighted novel boy, plus the ill-feeling doubling w/ -- cannot even express or enact the written initials – what about that feels so quick, pulpy, distant, inhuman, shattered, and wrong? And loose – it all elastically retracting to the exact size and containment of my own embodied self
- The briefly stilled brown fluid of one contiguous string of droplets of night
- Inverted clarity of viewer like cut crystal but with an irregularity or smoky element, and a focused (side flapping anxieties excised, or ignorable, insubstantiated, not real) autonomous column energy of the real
- Body not intrinsic or intentional but like a random and occupied space protrusion, seated in a non-geography of false city center
- Sequential and contiguous splinters of alternating but unpatterned (due to immense/focused moment presence) attractions/repulsions, like al iterat iteration of knitter-absent links in a polymer chain, or a realtime cortex in an outringing or rippling mosaic of novel and tiny on/off elements, either excited in a small screwhead (nail?) of sodium light or darkly inhibited, series of topological externalized contours, in accruing downslopes of ringed pixel
- Contradictory after effects of the close moment studying of the actual features and foci of the face is a total unframed and blended lack
- Like the other in June 2022, some curious curving in of words, like coming clinging from some friction in the mouth, which in retrospect of the previous avatar seems to now backwards imply a sort of reverse-engineered or printed in inverted chronology of “this encasement → stupidity”, and in Antonin’s casement on the windowed M this presented itself as a superficial and not actual indicator of filter of speech/intellect via his European accent

February 20th, 2025, Thursday 2:50PM

There was that last and dissolved cushion of repellent forces apposite and neutral, then a confused and uncertain subtotal night passing after that provided actual peace, alertness, some kind of “real” also not absolute (because honest) ending which has a sweetness and reality fomed of the sensuous and ill-defined (because human) non-vectors of a non-system, with no batting and jammed signal arrows, with a real dual presence, even that bubbled and airborne girl imprint visualized stringing into the future, which is not painful since this real and strong self is no longer an insubstantial avatar with the playacted weightlessness of light in air, not at all solid, but now the view is not the totaling coat of a complete and solo paint; I respect him, like him, and thus must behave with decent and good conduct, not even because of him, but because all people are real, not featureless suspensions amid personal solipsistic attraction/repulsion systems, and now I can recall his face, that shiny and boyish squint awkward and aloft by the very white window light, not a superfluous and readymade piece of flesh to be controlled and poked at, violently and often defen-sively, but a real and young man w/ desires, confusions, parents, hometown, unincorporated community, governed by nearby Clearwater, since birth, which was breech, then 8.4 pounds, a very fat baby in his father’s lap, gazing opposite at 9/11, so a reminder not a moralistic didactyl to resist the easy joke, the flapping nodes in the narrative wind, these nodes of supposed “bad” which are just isolated droplets of recognizable powerful feeling in – recall, which imply some pattern or evil weather at work but which are a formless and structurally complex yet loose and opalescent puddle, a real unisolatable person, not a polymer, with fears of polymers, “let sit and interrogate/gently engage with all immediate urges to have it – collaborated on”

Saturday, February 22nd, 12:42PM

Accumulated time and strata of “self” – adulthood which is a sensuous conflation w/ child associations and realities/fantasies, a ballet image in the simple and unipolar light source of one pinkish nightlight, a lower and anterior-rightward butterfly like a flat representational sheet pushed through time to be made dimensional and thickened, a lone cake layer, casting a dim roseate glow, onto the secret and open book... And through time to the) of a fleshy and thrice distending section of orange curtain, lifting and tucking up and in, as if sucking like an organ wall, to emit the A and B dancers, this the closing call of a highly complicated adult interaction,

- I thought/felt “conflation/blending”
- Ballet – divertissement, phrasing, () then a break
- Those synchronized and luminous rows at the end, in a slightly angled regular formation at upper right after the crossing/misture/2 discrete streams miscenegating in (cross-X, upwards vectoring, one black row of four, one white row of four) then the capping of a pure four-row of a discontinuous myelin sheath of swans
- A rhythm of strung divertissements, w/ breaks of unbeaded silence between

S-thoughts studded, reduced from that continuous fizzy string. This gauzy and golden external atmosphere which is an interpreted and complexified childhood sensuousness, internal. The rom and bed now returned to me, retracting into the smaller map of a known but contradictorily less populated geography. The light is woven in its familiar blended and diffuse loops, with no strange and intermediary/mediating blocks. Bed surface and fabrics with no troubling foreign element of topography.

S, 2/23 3:46 PM Cleaved and separate fleshy petals, envisioned (B)

Shadowed by the frictive insect crawl of a series of spidery legs

The creased (albumen) sky of silver/gelatin

The cast of the light cuts the textured fans holding and batting back the dim lateral shade – threat response system

Sunday, Marcy 30th 4:20PM

Avoiding the future-sent late dawning of resentment in retrospect seems to require an awareness, trust, dissolution of the “instinct/overcorrection” imprecise leaping from side to side of the actual needle/marker which seems to be the same formal mechanic as of that of the main quad of bifurcations -- -- --

Hard, tense clamp of an immovable back head wrong, equidistant all elements dim w/ no creative associations, closed, paranoid, hopeless	Soft, warm, pliant, central and able to be drawn together, open, confident, easy, calm
A forced or necessitated un-presence to assuage/depress the pain of “this=life”, with huge folds of sliding moment-time,, never recoverable, / No choice	/ to be fully aware of the mortal emergency, and to be frozen to choice, resultant in a harried settling in order to mitigate continual indecisive time w/ nothing chosen at all – an arbitrary closure/setting down

Tuesday, April 1st, 11:09PM

When it's fresh, there is a quickness and centrality that allows the current and active mind to retain its solidity and shape with almost no welling past the low threshold of the water gate at ease, just a warm and civil ignorable dribble, in discrete drops past the clear, lit, real column, not the momentum of distraction but the undistracted actual joyful momentum of surety in action, a happy moment/moment pliancy, which can be self-fed by an already strong and vital core, refreshing itself, able in its own lucency of presence to have the detracting and desultory little unintentioned curls of passive hairy tributary seem actually unattractive in unlit comparison – then in time and with new iterative trappings of state change and redirection – i.e. the freshness of the current butting up against the atomizer of a novel social stimulus and its requisite grains of stuck mood

That blame/pre-avoidance/simul-measurement of others/ext. stimulus/uncontrollable situations the illuminated mind must move through itself neurotic, unstable, implying some oppositional and achievable controlled state or parameter where there is no outward/inward affect imposed on the self, ever, a smooth autonomous industrious silent motor, no distractions, mood redirect, momentum of change, activity disruption, -- I feel controlled right now, and frustrated at the entrance of some clench in the back head, some tense front of mental weather, a seeming pale lack of ability and clarity in description, nothing clarifying, a standard of writing not met but also thwarted and made uneasy by the standard having been applied to this notebook in the first place (banal), in that an object given value then threatens additive future value by raising the threshold of readiness or spontaneity in committing thought thus disrupting and limiting the amount of existent/actualized/realized material which in a “controlled state” or “control, value-neutral possibly even negative” notebook object would be far larger, in much higher quantity thus actually closer via accretion, practice, and committal in a physically kept format of usable details to achieving an actually greater standard of writing.

OK, and then to have exited and reduced the larger macro/medium day current, of a suffused, invisible, felt and not yet recountable body-sized force, to the minute and handwritten scritch of literal writing on the page, in this literal notebook now being gilded in a flexible zig zag pattern itself filled out in spidery sheets legged from root to tip over and repetitious flush to each rounded quad of leaf. At an exciting and very peaceful moment, between the next jump, which can be anything I want – I am safe and unbothered, with the quiet flag of a night unfurled further out from the pole than I will reach, silent, large interiorally, autonomous, a movable system that remains itself and retains integrity even at minor translation, twitch, change of room then continuous back to the docked act of writing after it's having been lifted and placed briefly into a purely hypothetical and uncommitted upper strat(um) before being returned with no ever breakage into written – always extant except in the slivered minute act-act-act-act-act

12:36AM The focus/clutch of gathered will/intellect/vapors then requires or seems to require a rhythmic - ___ of relaxing into an ungathered half-step of easy browsing in the mostly unsatisfactory pulse of continual associative renewal

(map of website thought-chains)

Shallow initial dip → circuit of additive/repetitive mostly non-novel stimuli

(little organic cloud of dots) each left in different revolved order to be resumed w/ those ends left hot/open – tabs remaining at last semi-conscious access

When opening new tab: youtube → trailer, on phone – shorts/snl/promotional clips

Letterboxd →

Facebook → “hot” individuals

Stealthgram →

Xcancel → dirtbags

Reddit.com/r/fm → pale even broad shallow dip of celebrity urge, media information

Rsp → spiky but/now lame and superior but also self-flagellating prevailing jaded feeling, patronizing, but safe-feeling

The smooth even slide of a low grade stimulus to relax into, the unthinking and very soon guilty flow increasingly broken up sections of alternating pools to sink into until the abrupt actionable (long impending, but continually slightly procrastinated – cast off into decreasing distances) cessation and return to conscious autonomous operation, which also can take several tries

Friday, April 4th 3:13 ----→

A blinkered weather that is a slow system of urges and curbed urges, unmapped and without pretext or language, a blended but not cloudy mix of blue and suffusing gray-white, there being no presence or absence of blue, just a flat, broad partial color, neither clear nor unclear.

The weighted self today is imprecise, aboveground but imprecise, not calibrated, some balance of invisible interior streams, input/output, optimal and hygienic rest, exercise, diet not struck, though a description (self)/diagnosis (other) of the blockage or wrong can sometimes be having “used”/not “wasted” any material, even a material that is itself waste or illness, can be elevating, suspending, and keeping (in a meta-traceback of raw time and undescribed life) become a synthesized and transcoded emission of meaning. I.e. an unproductive state (not matter-less and skimmably momentary as the brief tissue of the phrase suggests, but a heavy experience of the body through hours, quantities of dread, mood, repositionings in weather outside window, numerous attempts at trajectory change or momentum redirection, a rigid and painful unsuccessful track change) can be relieved by an autonomous creative act that faces inward at and contends with the actual literal state of no production or inaction, with by using the very anti-matter of inspiration reverse- or inverse- engineers a postmodern creation, as in writing that is concerning itself, like a thread readied for stitching by first a loop around its own column with same continuous line used as both spine and enwrapping knot thus held with enough self-vectoring potential energy as to make the impending and entire and soon to be re-knotted/-trospective length tensile

And all industriousness or committed writing is superior to a lack of either and unclutched ungathered halfway slide into hours of partially submerged semi-surface slackness of the soul and its will. But then the quarter-way-out shadow of real and lucent written matter which is a mannered, forced, center-less, even (no modulation of density or texture as to create any real “holds”, surprises), which appearance of such quarter shadows is frustrating, and then thwarting, then in following state of thwartedness/frustration, abandonable simply via an unclutching of the

vapors that had to be fisted impotently simply for any thin verbal dribble, and an unkind, self-flagellating “giving up”/simultaneous minor reservation of hope for the next day and its own unpredictable daily refresh of the senses, and the body's mental and physical streams, and then a final relaxation into the sweet blank associative state semiurgent circling in in increasingly unconscious and earlier and earlier truncated loops until the final loose unintentional tail before I am overtaken by sleep

PARANOIA FLASHBACK DREAM:

4:15 4/6~7

Image lapped in from the rightward conscious of the odd not-grey light on top clothes, the bag on the lamphed resolving, from moments before the dry flapping/rustle and the skeletal oily owl puppet walking out – feeling the body of the body, plane, body and forcing (?) the smooth wireframe empty concept of the nose to tail fuselage in the bed (? Hand?) now (lamp on, page visible), then the body/machine/other voice speaking ----< sick cartoon population of red and green in psychotic neon letters in the filling fulfilling the literalized cranial cavity purple not forward projected or suspended but in, seen w/ an unreal mental eye, so able to be placed more rear and perfectly mid-anterior than any real hallucination, BER – LW – FR, BER – LIN – ER, the ramping up crawls of negative cave images in a wormy and woven interlinked R/G cscrawl, S/K, interlocked because they are the ones in the house, the new nightmare home, the new home with its own domestic dream characters, to drown them out I have a “real” yelling, throating: AOHH AOH AOH like a blunted tip, all temporal and immediate w/ own generating and not organic torrent of images, letters folded together realtime, that’s the RG filling (wavy, cranial drawing)

The visualization of the donut, before this two orange nodal gushes ahead in the colorless blue cavity room that are the visualizations of my flirt failures with the man, their voices onset w/ no noticeable translation from reality into sleep, storybook illustrative pathetic child’s game rhyming “you are a donut” and is there one? Spectral, with frosting, sprinkles, jelly? I remember facing left with body folded slightly there was a voice, clear and clearly unpathologically dream borne, of a woman, “dance...”, rear left, water rushing in the bathroom through the anterior-rightward door, audible hunger that seemed to expand beyond the stomach into an all around house tone, 2 colors of Port. Wine, food at 4 pm and none since, 1 – 2 – 3 cigarettes, iced coffee w/ the food, a few gulps of white tea before bed, plus earlier the heart “dropped” 2/3 tims, once in the store looking at the narrower face of a bookcase, still inset w/ books, displayed, once while walking to Sharlene’s, B had been seen online and then invoked, her lysergic red/green black void encasing colors of her website, ←--- then the growing palpated by both arms crossed back opposite (apposite?) lumps soft but firm subsurface growing cancerous blade swellings of wing, a sexual “is this what you want” (and shaming) now less audible/more god-voiced/voice-less posed by the dream, I accept, also believe is trick (?) there is a quick necessitated acceptance then the events are coming to pass, the perversion of the old wishes, K/S have quieted, their voices had been distinct and polar and binaural in barbell through mind x-axis out either ear but then combined, raised in volume, I was paralyzed and knew I was going insane, all from the frozen inactive position of the latent lateral dreamer, earlier while masturbating w/o the incantation I had my eyes open and saw a little altering and dim transparency of bands dark/pale against the ceiling, upper right,<- the broken fuselage invisible in the pure dark levitating at a level height near windows then smoothly borne back with a cord hanging, this from the wings->

mocking -> flexible (carrot facing left shape, like rocket with 3 fins) (V2?!) in my spine/hands system (negative hands) then the externalized now purely embodied outside nightmare God of the plane batting smoothly roving detached and disembodied through the room inky and indistinguishable from it, then when having become unlocated by passing out of vision to the back right behind the lampshade, come back as the owl, in a stitched walk staggering out, as from an extended and larger dark beyond the limits/walls of the known and daylit room, with flat animated eyes, then the room back seemingly w/o my eyes opening or perhaps I had lapped in an unconscious, lost to unconscious, and forced transitional opening in, to release myself, and the bird became the bag, and above it image-flattened the fixed window-/weather-encoded nighttime uncolored light above the rack...

—all precipitated by unshaped/controlled “crush” talk, the 2 orange in succession bursting, =perversion of S, plus each a stutter in time/knowledge, that the sequence of reality/imagined of each of 2 acts was fucked and indistinguishable, like 2 realizations (lapped and enclosed by the distended meter of dream time) that each “had happened” or that there was a draft and a sent state but no act of sending, the act of choice and control excised, spliced out, these little unboundaried edge-fading orange orbs of napalm bursting small and faraway as if reproducing the space-less dimension-less scale of an imagined image, small and dim in the head, or like a movie in the dark, faraway, turned postage stamp, with a micro-vista, plus all dim and blended, and in neural grab/root on a like invisible trellis, like xenomorphic and videogamey, no real fear of infection from an object rendered, which is only an image, so holds no true pathogen/biology/ecological oversheet of biota or even, tiny flora

No autonomous cells to speak of

The dream:

A new unformed and large matter of crush

K&S shame choir, (plus the fact it's their voices means something bad, the supplanting of family, unresolved now unconsciously present contraindicative avatar symbols, etcetera)

Trans-body, child chase/hunt, a warped evil made counter opposition to the heterosexual possibility of being loved

A mockery of magic transformation, of augmentative dream-authorized change which has long been not even forcible + which is fickle, requires a huge focus, a sort of demeaning effort on the needy behest of the dreamer

The magic I wished for from the written world did in fact induce some long (and future putrefaction(?)) twisting of the dream in pubescent hands that then in leaving the highly undistinguished and malleable unstable state of the child's border between waking life and dream that is still used, or still affecting, in a now adult and highly readable and now pathologizable subcurrent of life – the nacreous surface of the upper wormy-fringed pink curtain, the pale and scrolling girl-shapes of the furniture edges, the title-less spines of books smudged in the dark, the dying and contracting glow of the night light as – light begins to with local birds of Virginia come in one band of green invasive/corrosive above curtain rod, curtain thick and fleshy, on the shiny celery green wall

The incantation was practiced in waking life to make it easily reproducible in the actual consequential affectible world of the dream, then was reversible and now in a new segment back on the same vector was run through as a lexical grip for the scrolling mind to use while in the forced immediate brief gap directly pre-terminus, a head to tail imagined series of sequential edits, cuts, and alterations, a lopped and isolated fuselage... to interrogate the little nub, worn child fantasy is to see it with an unblocked and un-rigid, more realized/actualized mode of self... The full, honest self, with flags and protrusions

Up there ^ there was a true and solid association of the cold magic and sleep hygiene of the sick child

Child literalization/visual/sensory → word “sublime”, other words, held and all contours learned, now feeding the complex accessible high-level executive function/command theory with little object pieces already grappled with and semantically broken open as sublime Under + dive, fruit -> limestone)

A shape and texture and weight association

I feel all words sonically as propulsive modulating spurts of current

Saturday, April 12th 3:→ AM

That there are clear, windless moments grabbable by acts of will and redirection, possible w/ large and sustainable effort from the author to in these transparent openings in the daily course of time oar away from the next mindless/passenger/preamble to even deciding on an autonomous productive act to first allow/relax into a brief dumbing back cradle, a smooth and warm seat for the lobe to semi-merge into, which always then self-iterates into an endless unmeasured state that on the generating cruise of its own momentum becomes interminable, unless in these (/those) grabbable breaks a conscious action is probed at, and meaningfully enacted

- Taking Care – the fleshy incoming agte of the blank last page
- Soft formless curls of thin individual hairs all ground down into the top lefthand margin of the mattress where the pillow has been placed upright to reveal the sparse wormy pattern
- Wrongness of/at this hour – momentum too long sustained and in the unbroken thus unrefreshed bedroom with also the natural and healthy moment of correct bedtime delayed and suppressed irreparably, there is a biological banal wrongness at contact edges – clothes/body, hair/head, glasses/nose, plus now the writing feels forced, mechanically stiff, thick, stupid, wasteful, superfluous, consolatory, ugly, lightless, with no gleams, an uncreative and undeveloped terminal defacement.

Sunday, April 20th 10:-- PM

All day was suffused by a binary and easily flappable anger, one that when probed or tested via seeking the linear or moral truth of the causal event resisted even a recountable “sequence of events”, a searchable log whose order would reveal rights and wrongs, either validating (not optimal) the emotional reaction unanimously and thus at least providing just cause for confrontation, or invalidating the reaction altogether, casting it as outsized and formed not of situational truths but of oddities and phenomena in broken heterogeneous vector out from the irregular childhoods and hard grooved neuroses iterated through too much uncorrected time. Instances like this seem like a juncture (read as puncture while typing) wherein a decision must first be made on whether to “stop (read as step)/confront/address” or “continue/move past, silently/allow”. Both seem to infringe on someone’s good faith/generosity, the self’s or the other’s. So neither is chosen. In this period, the self feels paralyzed by inaction, unable to act or work on other meantime tasks, even the task to “allow oneself, unaffected, meantime enjoyment”, and the cast of the thing disallowing not just industriousness but also recreational enjoyment causes resentment at the other involved in the intialization of this decision paralysis...

Testing moment conviction in all speech, none of which seems properly premeditated, and is totally detached and bubbled from any sense of solid self in memory, amid a huge invisible grain in the air, and added laterally-translated fear of things touching

Waste	pollen air	fabric
Paper	grain	pant cuff
Etc.		

Saturday, May 10th 9:45PM – Why am I unable to let go of and dissolved this externalized accountability trap? Daily resentful, I cannot even in a pure wordless hypothetical or experimental vector actually attribute and color the 3D friend with the total fault and real responsibility for... My sinful adolescence, a silent bind of fear and physical estrangement, but no regret – really, no regret. I mope, recover, reveal, feel this viral and suspended intravascular liquid in a netted masculine weaving, curious immense differentiating substance, I am in control and no one is making me do anything... Understand I am trying to untrap myself!

TR: angry at S about enforced “coming out”, nosiness, overreacting

Monday, May 15th -> 12:00

The affected blank gaze into vague middle distance = the linguistic, fictive stretching and readying of non-polar truths into unequivocally solid excuses/alibis/embedded context, i.e. the front door briefly not admitting or expelling but addressed is now a day-long and ^ personal stress/mood affecter of distended and engorged power, the level of exhaustion post-workday is in silence presently performed (consistency, prepared for) and readied as a response/reason towards any possible inquiry, the genital symptoms are elevated and very prolongedly painful, again a silently prepared bedrock forward running to gird and support a story-reason in the near-future, an expectant describable cradle in low rocking passage at river bottom, prepared for any agitation or choppiness in the upcoming stream

Calling something “civil-war style” in the middle of the “historical, contemporary” present scene

Time scramble – no face value – bleak mining for the pretext/context/sub-semantic resonance of each surface object + action = a paranoid psychosis of time-disorder – the PTSDed veteran becomes time disordered, the white instant of the zero gone + unlivable, the needle moved back and forward only, into lossful projected images

Sunday May 18th MpJ Park, 6:00 – PM

- Complex vascular system
- Hard and soft parts of tree
- A-squint, the different switching (distant?) strata of the grass – suddenly, conn.
- Wind is not linear (‘linear wind’)
- Implied 1/0 binary wind/not wind states of tree
- Very soft leaf – dry? Not dry sound, kind of a hiss
- Sun in individual flats
- A formed/manufactured object

Sunday, 5-25 + 1 week

Self aggrandizement ---- above

Others in an unsustainable $\updownarrow$ harsh vector of unnatural, comparison
Self-hatred ---- below $\updownarrow$ (definition by)
Forming the unstable self



- An acceptance + not moralizing overly manic/depressive being among others, strangers
No judgment (comparison of appearance and set above or below)
- A water letting and reworked unworking of things arising mentally – like sequentially massaging the leg back to circulation rather than stomping
- Accountability to the self and self-knowledge/pride, rather than an announcement/justification/defense to others and the self, via “the way things sound or come off”
- Acceptance without judgment of the ideas and spikes of others with a no judgment/fixation/teaching/defensive response that, without fearing self-contamination and ideological pollution from difference in comparison to the new/good/protected ideas, because of self-knowledge and love, not fear, can let around, relaxedly amid, this other-current
- Indecision – from passive learned fear, freezing, instead of reacting to the feeling, follow the intuition of what the feeling is in result of, attached to what
- Jealousy arising from insecurity, ambition, being blocked and afraid, resentment and hatred from projection, fear and distrust of the self and thus others, the external streams seeming consistent but the truth is known by only me, with no show or secret, private actual creative knowledge and trust, the unseen reality of real dialogue introspection and practiced accountability
- Seeing or assuming my natural state is one of thwarting, disappointing and not fulfilling myself, only passive 0.5-dimensional appeasement creative acts, so that thus creativity must be violently, forcibly induced.

→ from this presupposition, the painful accretion, not unblocking/rechanneling/reworking/loving the foundation/built self, but applying cosmetic/surface redirectional actions as epiphany superficial quick fixes.

There is a lifelong lived, conditioned, now wordless and seemingly intrinsic stream of constant censoring/blocking responses and statements which if are paid attention to as information, and listened to/translated, have a source, a voice, and are self-pointedly abusive and crippling.

I just felt an abrupt fear of foreign implantation of ideas – is the fear of manipulation and susceptibility to the ideological power of external forcers rooted in a distrust and suspicion of my own strength and reality and consistency and rather than the only true “right”, “good”, “real” version of bettering the self (and haven’t $\uparrow$ being a totally “clean”, “hygienic”, “self-total” process, isn’t that an unfair burden, plus impossible in the world, and unfair to the self and others, with not love but censoring and authoritarianism, and w/ a lack of trust in the self to be steered towards a polar moral fork of

intelligent, instinctive, autonomous (not = isolated + protected), discerning, flexible and calm?
Able to accept and disagree. *Exposure to /= contamination from, or a forced acceptance of.

Assimilation and acceptance vs convincing and contaminating.

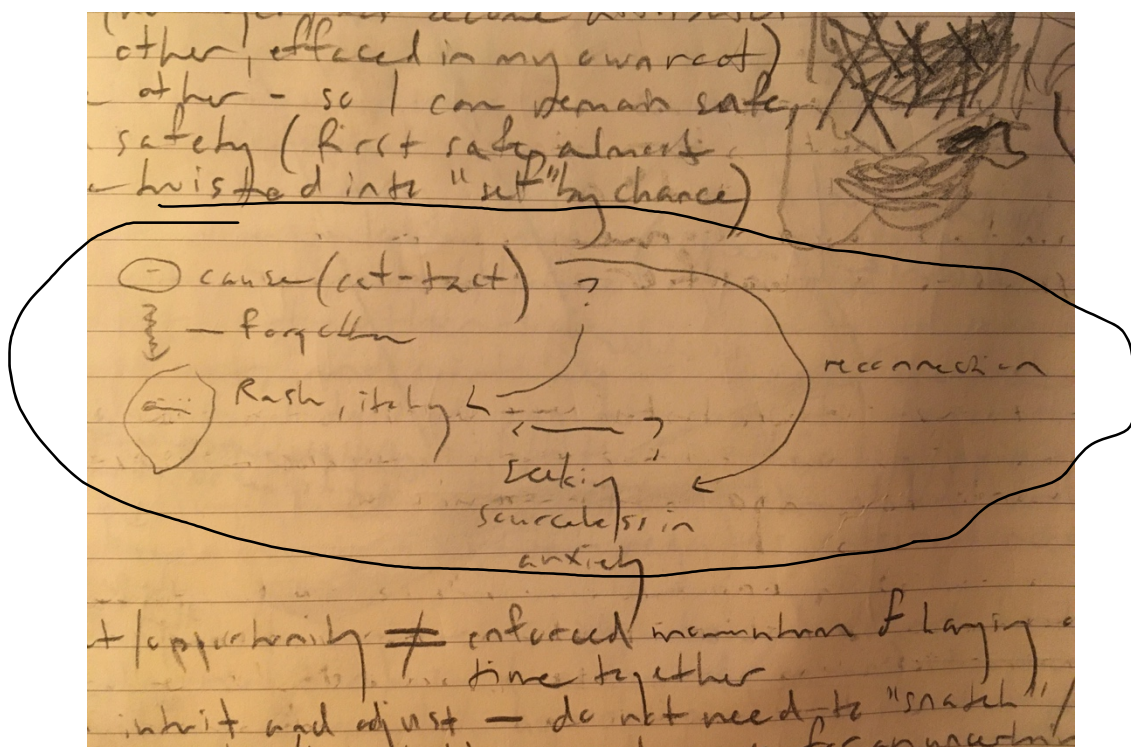
I want to be a virtuosic and great novel writer, with many creative and respectable connections, with closeness but intuitive boundaries and ability to be autonomous and alone without insecurity and abandonment, charming, socially adept and funny, not superior/inferior/judgmental out of insecurity, decisive and leading but not controlling, with the time and space to work with playfulness and joy, audacity and bravery, also structure but not an assumptively “only one possible” of the punitive or institutional structure of school, I want “this is who I am” to be positive and strong/dense/supple, not limited, restrictive, self-loathing/defeating, poisoned comfortable. I deserve joy, love, success, to feel and hear the joy and love and success of others and not have it feel like an impediment or limit or censor on my impossible-to-achieve j/l/s, since I am unable, and since there is somehow a limited amount, so I project my insecurity, fear, mistrust as a “for your own realistic good” mothering impulse, I can be hurt and toxic, dialectically contradictory, we all can, but I can do the work to hold, let, channel, unblock, not avoid all bad but have such an expansive, glowing, and assimilatory non-extremist framework that it can all be interfaced with. I want to be guided by love not fear. Writing all this makes me afraid, of failure to commit, of an unfixed mood which could at any time swing away and leave me helpless to the dark other end. This fear is normal. I can’t avoid it by ignoring my desires, goodness, good feelings, or by being very careful to “check myself”. I deserve an unchecking, and a trust in my ability to try, and follow through, audaciously. I will know myself, and still surprise myself. I will be afraid. I will think I see it all. Or do. And still, anything can happen. But good as well as bad is possible. I am free, and have done it and shifted paradigm before. I am an artist among other artists. I am talented but not special at the expense of. I am with, not against, but not in a settling way – a recognition that I cannot create self-esteem from the heel forces of formed enemies or inferior characters – that is only a precarious balancing that results in a consistent shocking oscillatory reverting of the top/bottom placements..

(Honeysuckle page)

6/8 → 7:00 PM? Shortly

Blame-based, an avoidant -><- polar oscillation of anticipatorily either taking on pre- but punishment levels of personal blame (a figure posturing stiffening + priming against the envisioned opp. Evil/wrong/contaminating self) [w/ a preemptory extra-good clean retain/containment acts] or blaming others for their uncontrollable harmful evil inward acts of contamination – the hate + blame, time-ill/scrambled, of bugs + movie anger is also... Involves the self.

6/12 A feeling → out becomes one I need to ensure/test for/make sure (more unified force vector) isn’t held reciprocally (no longer has become attributed to the other, effaced in my own root) by the other – so I can remain safe, retain safety (first safe almost became twisted into “self” by chance)



Contact/opportunity /= enforced momentum of hanging out/spending time together

I can intuit and adjust – do not need to “snatch”/ “drive into terminal”/ “grab the opp. To save for an uncertain later, scarcity mindset, no trust in self-ability to change mind, be welcomed when one is ready, binge now/restrict later

V's gender on June 24th, Election Day

Harsh anti-cowardice establishment/exactment of a decisive one-way total choice

“Sir”Then a flustered, re-appraisal, I apologize ____ ____

Initial slight

Tilt-upward of

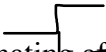
Recognition/met gender

“Is there a glitchy bass rattle?”

Overextensive exaggerated displays of shown love-actions

A rigid coloring overhung extension to all actions of the same as a large life symbolism/pattern for signaling a “good” or “bad” not even outcome but con-come, a simul-descriptor/running qualifier for one's own un-intuitable life

IF intuited, rather than tested – probed and broached rather than (dissolved rather than) protected from, thrust oppositionally against-----!

If not a hard, punishing opposing/remedial prescriptive vision of presenting self and rather an encoded and flexible/fluid polymer in passage – I don't want to "pass", I like the little un-absolutist confusion trick  or I don't want to lose power, and beauty... No fear, no shying from "bad contaminating affective thoughts", an honest dialogue is safe, and springy – what if freeing the polar pint/oscillation/pole2pole finds a new unresolved and fluid resolution in the un/expected/foreseen all-region, suffuse, not punishing/rigid, freeing, retaining fun/enjoyable/self (bracketing underline)-upholding indicators –

6/27 8:06

Looking for the meaning instantiated embedded in the big random stream... Feeling, like the splayed legs of the hubbed airport, the big spidered network, 支棱着, 架子, space camp, American material, local texture and significance to prove the acceptable possibly superior if more convoluted/imperfect knit of this other lagging and teeteringly stacked pole (pale?)

Reality was previous and missed by (now not-blamed> chance and "fault", now I am "not where I'm supposed to be", helpless in a structural back-alternate (? Convey the delay, time and space omitted, the oppositional vector down to Nashville overlapping/making impossible the reconnected boarding to back cross over to Chicago – wasted triangle, refuse angle)

I bypassed/vaulted the pre-dawn (usurpingly pre-, extra early by violent unnatural act and logistic) and have come at it backwards, the other end, oppositionally back, am now in the same but earned long way round wrapped over-around exhaustive state of a primal and simple shape/layer/overlay  emotion movement

Out the right, cradled in the oblong bay, the comforting tempo and parked hard filamented vehicles populating at stray (strong) points of staggered depth, the big filmy wash of a leftward (radiance) low-pressure sodium, vaporous and translucent, blended and softly patchy like a pastel put down on a very finely grained surface – cold nostalgia well-conditioned for a previous safe and accompanied mode of travel in the same once model (modal?), this grained like plastic plaster in smooth soft gray opaque and matte in the curves of the cabin –

6/29 4/3/2/2 control – Do I view "real pure goodness" of action as a totally self-autonomous not impulse/result-calibrated (with wish for the good response opinion of the other) vain...

Like me dishonestly/vainly "respecting" Shirley /= a true inner honestly identifiable "respect"

The pose is: I am false?

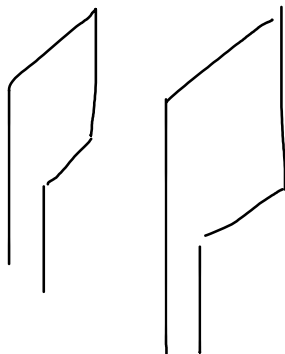
"Am I game?" Am I, sensing the game, effecting benefit-of-the-doubt jealousy, establishing/validating circumstantial evidence in the facts of my life, equally/same doled out, "getting the story straight" in order to show the indiscriminate nature, the evenhanded equivalency of specialness, the act-specialness, not a jealousy of witnessed "more" but a jealousy of unearned equality – my some (same?) all-generosity,

(what? This is confusing to me... Confounding? What was I concerned with..)

Thursday, July 10th 5:50PM

The arbitrary and decentralized even distribution of tiles, bricks/the hewn and focus-less lade of pure boulder – in the seams, the dark uncivilized and unmeasured tribal lace (/thread) of minor

insects, with the hard ascribed lean-to of an especially bold slash, the soft-focus 't' becomes a harsh, slanting A, this is the irreproducible time-sensitive form possible in a completely handwritten novel.



Haunting rhombus simplified map boundaries – 7-23 5:01:37
2025

Proximity of Long Beach to Asia – port cargo decline – 60% from China, Norfolk under NY/NJ – the density in the itchy scrawled east means inequal distribution of ports + meta-indicators/structures in an arbitrarily lesser distance

Intermodal triparty (7:09:43)



Nord Vanquish/
Oriental Crane
Petrochem
■ Wilmington, DE

8/13 – 15, Wed-Thursday, 1:42 AM

I felt the real time acceptance, clicking in, of a thematic/associative resonance, thus an arbitrary/unstable/troubling factor (cloudiness/imperfection, cloudiness of iP screen, plus a strange water transcoding in the music-watery-now an echoed and strengthened resonant frequency, same and doubled, of a memory/elemental perceptive quantity to the... Affected, filtered aspect of this now accepted reality – not only acceptable but special, special in interpretation, and useful, teachable. Odd lightness/novel speed and flow to the quality/experience of the act of - - writing. An immediacy for sure. The cumulative effect of M. Pages?

Beveled (slide to unlock drawing) Feels insane to imagine backwards w/ some vertigo the bead (?) back on the rush of retrospectively blind placement in progress

A suffused body mourning/nostalgic (compare the shapes and marks of the 2 vectors) for the now firming and closing 5 year section of – assoc. of drawing the smudgy still home-bound drawing of Eric Northman on the frictive pink mat

←--

Music Senseless dark VS pattern recognition, European Arabesques as in the velvet depthless lidded box of pre-sleep black, as the bonbon inset chocolates dead, surface static, no activation/reality connection of childhood European travels are similarly laminated (chocolate), still, solid, discrete, not touching other. Memory, dim, units of dreams, Now the closed/limited track/loop of the  AAAAAAhhhh!!

Lysergic bliss! Wavy dotted lines to the left of above paragraph

Western “proof” – internalized, repetitive, agitated scientific method



Thousand particulate tests, needles for the poke!

Does it trigger? Does it? Does the hair, does its new angle,
new iteration, version, trial, agitate? No? inflame?

BREAK: {{{-----} FROM NOTES APP, TRANSCRIBED...

July 9th, 2025 at 2:33 PM

Could pramath and his wife be my parents transcoded in race? We didn't know this was in the reality of their Chinese disappears and waxy circumspect girls just bring out what embodies in the manner of the general store be blind what does it mean that he does all the roles of the plantation that the unpopularity of woke era solely has made it so only one rule exists a cut down of Labor and massive burden on the one man and when at tours the number slash amount of slaves is expressed as a fact that releases the amount of burdenable bad? They were not that rich or bad they only had a few slaves 5 perhaps and of each story individual is a showcase of a good novel special case of the individual lifestyle in this instance no bad but then what happens to the mass mass blended historical actual evil formed of not individual cases but a big Gray muddy informed reality very interesting the South of course relies on the exception story to uphold the personal personable friendly hospitable opinion of the big sweeping all dirty vague wheel

July 8th, 2025 at 6:39PM

Current of time, with occasional life eddies, the eddies being the pulled clustered interpreted personal tics that are the rendered model of the self at that moment, the moment being the exact point of floor the water is passing over

([The River] <- time, and a head, pointlessly kneading...I see it I see it I am blinkered and convalescing)

One angle selects a cardinal trait orientation which results in a lifelong terminal spike leading to "ill socialization"

Another angle removes the rash presence, thus becoming empty, with an tic-less and absent face

Or tic if not totally removed then combed to minor and acceptable levels

July 3rd, 2025 at 8:22PM

fo the right pure dim blue towards vanishing point, as if inverted

Air polarized filter like light polarized

ND

As if the yes cloud substance no substance sky (nothing) towards the right became yes yes two substance, a second sky mixing with the cloud, dimming and meeting it in the middle, as if two trains mixing

June 27th, 2025 at 11:49PM

the thing allowing yu to see it is in your way

The black lake michigan is the ultimate form of the rim, pushing all the phyto light trails and hairs to the very edge, that curious total lineation of perspective that in a photograph makes something look uncentral lengthily spread and thin, a line that implies outer reaches, no unity to the photo

Word: unified

The stars above in a sudden tilt

Wow

Sensuous rippling line down the reflective apogee of the side of the plne extended

That orange wide ribbon staggered but regular graduated pools of orange Wow
M

June 27th, 2025 at 10:23PM

the dene soft shadowy valley of tiny regular and dense cars glittering individual casing beetles with orange light pooled and coming off eaxh individul packet

June 27th, 2025 at 10:22PM

certain places are designed to be intermodal but youre still there youre where you are its not like a big loose casing its whats around you and your scale and relation to environs remains same

All one way attachments connected and then could become terminal or mutual and real but then are thwarted and i miss everyone...

-----ISOLATABLE

August 18th, 2025 at 5:00PM

rigid comparison system weighing past present new against previous accumulated accreted thing

Itch extending to all in world, public itch. awareness of infest, stimulus, frame

August 20th, 2025 at 9:54 AM

Grocery store

Active sustained reality

Became inert

THE BREAK IS OVERRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

8/15 9+PM – Interesting that the most contaminatable/vulnerable objects are the ones w/ material most permeable/”soft” i.e. paper, fabric, books, etc. Precious novel, notebook – writing, literature, but then in high school the device – oh but cleanable, easily, a hard surface w/ sheet overlay microbial net...

Diatom

8/16 12:49 –

Shades over the eyes – sandy, a limit, fatigue, fear, of return.

Δ Isolatable

Wraith of work, labor

Rigid comparison system weighing past present new against previous accumulated accreted thing

Itch extending to all in world, public itch. Awareness of infest, stimulus, frame

Δ Romantic, platonic parental – projected, overlaid

The dim European (colonial ↓) beveled memories of the past child trips gleams, the plane providing the whiz and connect, vectors

Where along the vector to plot the moment-story? ® Three sheaths, petals of characters –

Now there are the several pages from HMOon the other day, the drawings, mapping, Dulles triangle

NOTES BREAK! Original triangulation from end of May

May 30th, 2025 at 2:23 AM

I learned how to express loyalty at the expense of.

Another. The third angle, no scalars, just constant reversible vectors.

I rely on others being annoyed with others to be driven to be at my side.

Depression became a narrative applicator, a filter in retrospect, to describe a just-passed period.

When I face art I face much of it with a helpless jealousy and simultaneous “I could do this”, but feeling also totally unable and lesser than because I haven’t.

Things are made real by me announcing/justifying them.

When I write, I try to be as accurate as possible to describing verbally the processes and linear honest autistically honest truths I undergo and experience the world as - what does it mean that “good” writing is “near-total honesty”, which is special?

This magnetic loyalties framework also results in, when I come to a new or useful framework, or series of worldview, I resent others for not having changed to this, for not having come to it and/or accepted it already, for “affecting” me negatively by ways of infection towards older or worse frameworks, which will “regress” me.

I have seen my own pain and misfortune as providing spreadable, context-creating and vagueness blurry “benefits of the doubt”, i.e. usable excuses, beyond the range of the actual thing - I may or may have not felt too depressed, the door may or may not still be stuck and not letting

me out nor admitting me in, etc. Did this devalue my own actual specificity and nature of pain - i.e. creating a dishonest situation out of blurring to me the lines of my own rigid honesty actually make the real autistic "honesty" more rigid to uphold, i.e. now I punish myself for the lie of my pain and misfortune, even when it is real? I have twisted into an imposter.

Is smoking a secret and "free" act away from surveillance (forming a trunk of surveilled node, hub of family) that is a retaliatory act, look how you hurt me, look how hurt I am, and so I will hurt, and die, and not care?

May 28, 2025 at 7:23PM

Mom

wallowa

Waxwing

shell receptor and axon cradle of either side of the big bulge information ideology poisoning versus the mother hard Trying to control being effected by sad stimulus carrie and lowell

We re all gonna die

An even mediated plateau sides coming out from the mother thought first / seeing her openly complexly nuanced

fan above

LKJ and SUN RA to left

Grid

Think of creativity as something to be induced bc my natural state is not that and is untrustworthy, i am blocked!

May 14th, 2025 at 4:02 PM

seeing things not at face value constntly (seeing the streams of context in every object) is the same practice as mental psychosis and ie also felt physically in the back mind as a wormy and foreign presence

May 9th, 2025 at 5:46 AM

none of the vigorous high pitch of dreams

low atonal images of dark haired doubles, actors submerged in the water

May 8th, 2025 at 2:30 PM

absolutist view that all decisions unanimously by themselves decide the uncharitable unchangeable future is the same of a looking respectively deterministic future formed by an unavoidable past: this is how things are because this is how they happened thus this is how they had to have happened because they did

May 6th, 2025 at 9:51 PM

- eddie wagstaff
- mr nolting...? take your grounds and your house by eminent domain, bc we don't want any residential properties in the buffer zone, this is 1959, the jet engines are just starting to come into commercial use, that's why if you ever went or came in dulles airport in the 70s, they had these people mover buses thing out to the plane, that was all because of jet engines and they didn't know how they'd do with the buildings, and etc.
- Obviously they got over that because now it's full of subdivisions
- Then it would be demolished
- WHAT IF... instead of demolition, flown up airlifted and moved?
- "LIVING HISTORY"
- in flux - old staff leaving and new staff coming in, living history is being stopped because of the political element... civil war encampments

April 26th, 2025 at 1:15 AM

dehydrate (the process)

Pataphysics

foghorn

One note: given key (context) and form (itself)

Headphone labeled w the name of the sound coming thru it

Pynchon

Improvisation within a ti meline of catwfully notated physical actions and object manipulations

Then w no parameter the music becomes the ungirded microscope lit micro manipulation of tiny objects

Notation

affect the surface to make a repeated pattern or sheen of tessellation

a closed mark being implicative of highly intentional

A loop versus a loose spontaneous mark

lines girding and containing

ecc mark making abstract billows and sigils('!)

Strings coming in and out of sheaths of affected smoke

5:56 pM ABOVE

now:

The alternating and erratic spurts of the faucet like a highly dense and compressed but located and distant stream of crickets

April 14th, 2025 at 8:58PM

You cant do the reasonable doubt version of fictionalizing a state name, bc theyre finite few enough and recognizable, but each state had a reasonable doubt blind box black enough attribute to hold infinite possible and (countrymen are ignorant to) iterations of any possible towns, cities, counties, etc., there is the blind enough and varied obscure of the many enough scale level of the state internal tier

And internal affairs of that interred area

April 14th, 2025 at 5:55 PM

i felt a peace free from anxiety or any time disorders just a calm present time

I no longer thought that my only serving of reality was an obliquely viewed gleam of a third party and held truth offered occasionally by another

The day was so fast with its succession of sensations and time that in the afternoon it was as if the morning, in a period of untucked time usually passed in sleep, had never happened, and i had never seen him

What was the big emergency and occasion of his leaving then if there is no consequence and the rhythm of meeting is the same as any other distant friend except with the tucked and effectless reality of a posited other country

I swapped places and then the sun was to my back, today being very bright and pale and sunny but encoded behind this high blue cloud

April 6th, 2025 at 11:28PM

a ceaseless occasion of reminding

Each time seeing fresh and extant and old and non terminal

the narrowing element of the KRZ, like that the story ends in this rain washed and un neat moment time space of the very present when before in the unforeseeable and unclear past now retrospect of the once novel buildup of the original situation there was a non present time element of expectation of the story forward, in that way the opening is myth, and though reducible and elemental to the one mythic man and discrete character it pointed at a lushness density and crowded story ahead, then suddenly that character you applied yourself to has left, dropped out in the many and various noise of all, and you are abandoned, it is like a death

You are lonely

It cant begin after anyone has left because you have to feel the leaving

Transness of the movement of infinite jest - study this

I have held many endings in the mind and once i held the ending being brian on the roof bc to me it felt like it all ended then, at that time that seemed like the ending of life, but life keeps iterating and repopulating and generating new events sensations time and circumstances

the father looping the dead plant

it has become near the top of his life such that the loops r more and more same z translation as each other in upper depth i.e. the loops are almos reiterating one another retracing in shallower and shallower heights

The spiral spring become compressed

He is the never activated far enough but truncated never living branch end of the son

There was the day i brought the thought rhyme of the dream out into life (wide green—)

Fantasy that anna would be a perfect iterative and additive series of lacks. But perhaps the very imperfection and unachieved optimal controlled hunger is the thing that feeds the loop. I e. the next cigarette will be the one. itll be the one. then only ones actualt discernible in retrospect.

The threads of the ailing time of my life i am a bead along the scrolling forwards and backwards and nothing in the moment below the actual bead on the tape

No convexed or magnified isolated letter

So the whole text is unreadable

I dissolved all expectant self knowledge on the way there. To act is to be surprised by how one acts. There is no consistency except between events.

no lights coming up simply a continued puce dim of the sky

The lengths of plane with the lengths of turn

movie series of encoded and affects

When i thought remedial i meant prescriptive

Why did i think about it as foreclosure, as a prescriptive and ascetic rejection of all things i enjoy? it is about a more honest forward current that does not enjoy those supplementary elements without honesty of the self and the trust of the self in itself amid all others

Can you trust yourself?

It had been so long since rising the Q that i forgot the sweet bluey flash

And the fine new york interlace of corporate lattices amid it all the mad corporal mash mesh mosh

The group and its ebbs and flows to silence, the series of shy looks away, each autonomous withheld and glancing, then one outlift of phone allows a following group relief

The dwarf who i thought was a child and who had a girlfriend and called me man. He said i had to getaway into a cabin. i dont know if youre into getaways

Virginia is awesome

that old foreseeable and avoidable frozen feeling all work in service of avoiding that glacier clash of berg sides jagged - is thawing and reworked each instance, forming more trust, not crystalline but adhered and cohered, like a body of water made up of pure and elemental molecules, droplets of goodness and friendship

that yellow duplicate latrice, like a clef (?) or measure of music, streaming in visible ripples over landscape, golden netting it, echoing but not actually in any metaphorical way since it is the literal repetition of two horizontal streams of the same ad. then the pale orange emblems iterated and never specifically prefigured repeated on the wall of the train. seen by none.

I had a lot of love for my brethren, for all those caught in the glare of whiteness, and all these huge curves of air movement (what are those fronts called, the lines) circling the aeolus of the measured globe, caught up in drifts and currents

February 18th, 2025 at 10:28 AM

one fizzy vector that is actually a plosive plurality of many vectors, atomized and zigging

M.P. Monday, 8/25 11:31AM + 1

...I think the way I conceive of many things is logal (legal) and rigid, I feel the blindness at the edges of it, the world outside it, but can't look directly at the bordering gaps w/o swinging the centralized sheath of burn with it... Like a blindered (/blinkered) horse. Put the lysergic mix on the iPod, have it on RN...Lysergic bliss... Feeling the annoyance ebb, dim, dissolve. Long, complex, friendwise intimate dream w/ Jessica, at FWF, a thin wooden door w/ almost no set stop – propped an angled, thin, just a stoppage, at some kind of school gym as from memory – on the other side, some Boschian dream society? Hills, candy/acid green? Blue, robin egg sky, pinks, candy stripes, agragian – agrarian – GUYSE. Had like, earbuds and phone rolled under me, writing... Badly perfumed sleep, not restful, spoke to Thomas and felt a panic/dread I had to engage with, right before sleep I was like... Oh, God, I can't go – and a pre-angle of regret, a side color of it... RN I feel “left out” – interesting sensation, that – for the Δ. I felt I couldn't go, and the careful balancing with Thomas again, as in how to protect myself from sharing some tender white belly that he will then defensively strike at – a feeling of my creative reality being a

delusion he is too quick/happy to take the air out of , 2 totally incompatible realities, but his at least w/ one lead foot stamped and still weighing in the original one, birth configuration of the old house, family, a root and too grooved geared familiar familial balloon, gaseous thing, (“Italian thing”), the father he describes seems to cast a doubtful shadow upon my own complicating, dimensionally turning vision of my now father, like when he visits here, in a waking and open context, engaged and not fleeting (except limited by the necessarily finite length of his trip), sustained and precious, lighted reciprocal bond respect + reality, and I can scarcely become unsurprised at each instance that proves/shows I didn’t dream the series of installments, like a dream that lifts and sends you back to the original point in undeveloped time, here it’s you keep stay waking, you stay awake and there’s no shock or drop. It brings one back to this sticky, black, gleamy beetle life, reality, an agitated, unstable, balancing game, in need of a careful self-regulation, also with no... Actual outsized or arbitrated forces, literally just 4 mostly equivalent $\cap$ ’s, some exercising a fantastical authority, perpetrating/perpetuating an illusion. Nirvana -> boy caking. Huh. A mortalized idea of Stephen, who was standing, getting dressed in my room. Images memories like that cause a jittering desultory (?) thing in me. The body feels foreign, and unsafe. I feel primordial, borderless, an igneous that isn’t hardened, and so is unsafe, in a swirly basalt material, holed and porous, disgusting. Strange continual fatigue, now caffeinated, made anxious, behind the face and eyes. The face being the last closure. Have to sit down on the bed, actually... Why do them talking in the kitchen piss me off so much? I’m becoming prone. I feel this thing when Klara enters kitchen like... Pathetic, like I feel sorry, via an entwining of us both, some kind of holster of knowledge of Syd that Klara doesn’t have – both “I know how we’re received” as well as I am on the hard, parental side of Syd, the receiver cradle, receiving rejectedly the whizzing child atom entering, but I’m thru the wall, w/ neither, and anti-listening on purpose, just sensing, aligning schizophrenically with both, I want to get that across in the triangulation in the story but how – could it be as simple as simply rendering it, not literally having to equate each part to one point of the geographical, thematic triangle, a setting and a story, not so totally, obsessive-compulsively totally enmeshed in equivalence? I am prolific, trustworthy, strong, led guided, loved, and true. A great writer, artist, filmmaker.