

TRANSISTOR

by

JOSHUA STEVEN HUSSEY

(Under the Direction of Andrew Zawacki)

ABSTRACT

Transistor is a work of experimental fiction in the mystical tradition of Dante's *Divine Comedy* and St. John of the Cross's *Dark Night of the Soul*. The text is designed in a semi-linear narrative that charts the protagonist's spiritual progress as he attempts to communicate with a divine power. In a post-apocalyptic, industrialized wasteland, the protagonist constructs machinery as proxy devices to enable his interaction, transformation, and ultimate apotheosis. The work is a collage of prose, poetry, image and diagram—an experiment in form as a means of exploring linguistic phenomena outside the standard deviation of written and spoken language.

INDEX WORDS: Human, Psychic, System, Image, Space, Work, Liminal, Experience, Empirical, Physiological, Psychological, Phenomena, Mechanism, Perception, Body, Mouth, Hands, Light, Metal, Fish, God, Dagon, Stone, Throat, Sha-clack, Fatten, Seven, Anechoic, Chamber, Warehouse, Shellac, Sensation, Vibration, Machine, Pneumatic, Pneuma, Neume, Cilia, Mucus, Skin, Slag, Triptych, Ventricle, Bladder, Body-iron, Christ-rood, Rood, Ferryman, Semi-conductor, Spiritus, Transist, Transistor, Master, Feed, Stone, Birth, Alpha, Aleph, Bet, Tower, Bolt, Upright, Finger, Flesh, Heat, Agape, Death, Copula, Cupola, Interstice, Membrane, Cabrit Sans Cor, Gossamer, Melisma, Rood-womb, Brain, Beauty, Constellation, Metabolic, Apokatastasis, Noumena

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CHAPTER 1

Body Index: a critical introduction to Transistor

Pride, curiosity, and daydreaming must be sternly checked if the contemplative work is to be authentically conceived in the singleness of the heart.

—*The Cloud of Unknowing*

Work

The idea of “the contemplative work”¹ in the context of writing—be it creative or critical—belongs to the notion of disciplined awareness. The awareness is a vigilant awareness, a constant examination of the self—the body and the mind—and the self’s reactions in the world. While pride, curiosity, and daydreaming may not necessarily be harmful objects in the layman’s day-to-day life, they can be disastrous obstacles where *work* is an ethical responsibility. And brothers and sisters of *contemplative work*, we are not laymen. Contemplative work corresponds to serious work; laymen does not refer to a blue-collar culture in this context, but rather a division between artists who are committed to healing through their process and product and those who dabble in art as if it were a plaything.

Returning to the epigraph, pride, curiosity, and daydreaming are what William Carlos Williams might call “the beautiful illusion”²—a decorative fantasy that locks a writer in ignorant distraction, in ornament. When we write, we are upon the boundary of the seen and the unseen, the name and the unnameable. As we write, we do so to illuminate this tenuous membrane to

¹ *The Cloud of Unknowing* 52.

² Williams *Imaginations* 112.

others; as we write, we do so to tell the truth predicated on wisdom of insight. We must ask what those objects are that stand in the way; after identifying them, we are to eradicate them if our work is to be “authentically conceived in the singleness of the heart.”

In Maurice Blanchot’s essay “Literature and the Right to Death,” one understands that the element of literature, the criterion of literature, is elemental: its existence is a negation of reality. Its landscaping is merely shadow-play. The equivalency language attempts, the correlation it draws, condenses, and “signifies the possibility of ... destruction.”³ We know from our study of linguistic meaning via Locke, Saussure, Barthes, Derrida, that the explicit is only possible because of the implicit; that which takes definition only does so because it borders negation. Certainly this is a drastic compression of these theorists, but what I take from them and the study of Western Metaphysics is that the tremor of the binary system (i.e. the system of the sign) at best mediates the line between the transcendent and the mundane. The “singleness of the heart” predicates work that is highly spiritual—a collapsed binary, whether that binary is dialectic or a further cacophony beyond. This does not require correlation with transcendence, but requires ethical fortitude and rigorous self determination in order to accurately map out the contemplative.

The Space of Ethics

The space of ethical fortitude, that is, the space that exists in a being—body and mind—serves as a household for moral praxis. Its work does not remain hidden from the world; it is entirely the action of the being in the world. The source of this activity grows out of man or

³ Blanchot *The Work of Fire* 323.

woman's code of living, code of morality; this code provides the gestation, realized when one operates in the private and public spheres. Typically *morality* is used in the dogmatic sense: scruples that overflow into the tyrannical, into the oppressive, where the public sphere is dominated by an enforced behavior. Morality certainly does not function universally, though in theory it seems quite possible. Ethics then works similarly, but the practice of this personal morality must at all costs avoid employing any kind of prescribed action. It may model harmonious behavior, but it may not impose a system of conduct.

The proper condition of art, in the operation of "the contemplative work," seeks to *uncondition* the artist and the viewer. It is not a new fundamental—the relinquishment of ignorance; it is not simply the addition or adoption of new behavior, rather a post-cognitive effort of the individual to learn ways of "un-removing" conditioned knowledge, blind experience. There does not exist unaware empiricism: all faculties of the body and mind must be enacted in order to correctly realize the truth of human experience. In art, the gesture towards the personal ethic founded in wisdom is an art that moves in the direction of purity—for the artist as well as the viewer.

Bolt Upright

Art or artifice? Where does *Transistor* fall then? Is *Transistor* a closed system or does it de-thread into loosely woven fragments at the slightest prod? Is it a work of correlation or the veneer of self-indulgence? For me, *Transistor* is a work of thoughtful devotion, of compassion and diligence, the re-creation of the substrata of life. The creation of a machine designed to communicate between ethereal and corporeal planes, an external and an internal realm, and to

accelerate material/spiritual particles back and forth is, of course, speculative. The struggle is with language, how a machine will learn to translate the two planes, or even how it might learn to access those planes via trap doors from the other. What are the points of contact? The further struggle then (for me as writer) is how to depict those moments in prose-poetry: formally, semantically, projectively, ekphrastically. Pound's essay "I Gather the Limbs of Osiris" fascinates, troubles, and excites me. Here Pound entails his own project: the collection, collation, and oration of those "luminous details," which "[govern] knowledge as the switchboard the electric circuit."⁴ Pound writes that "it is the artist's business to find his own *virtù*,"⁵ and identify that *virtù* in others. "The erection of the microcosmos consists in discriminating these other powers and in holding them in orderly arrangement about one's own"⁶—that is, the artist capable of truth in language is one who can perceive the luminous details of life and prepare them in a way that disseminates this truth captured in *virtù*. In *Transistor*, the impetus is towards accuracy via alchemical electrical circuitry.

The descendant microcosmos is a bounded physical state, a substantive ontological meditation. It is a simulacrum of the mind-body phenomenon, the way the two modes of experience bleed into each other, act upon each other, through permeable membranes. How does one access those glowing lamps, those luminosities adrift in the dark, triangulate their beams, re-project them into an atmosphere? How does one pull poetry up from the substrata, through the earth, up the spine, to mind, and back as physical object?

⁴ Pound *Selected Prose 1909-1965* 24.

⁵ Ibid 29.

⁶ Ibid 29.

In *Transistor*, I use a variety of source texts (Dante, Wordsworth, etc) as a ground level, a ground state. I use source text as soil, as an environment for germination. I want these and many other original documents to exist in both planes: corporeal, ethereal. The words are irrevocably sacred in both. When the machine in *Transistor* flips on and begins to record, its circuitry is wires and code, certainly, but also the liminal language between source text and what has bloomed. The machine immediately has text as a hard-wire, hard-material. It isn't malleable software to be manipulated by an external entity—the language becomes the essence, the transparent semantic at once becomes opaque and manifest. When the machine is born, it is entirely out of the hands of its maker. Its design breeds a temperament, a personality, and in this, human fallacy. Ego. As a proxy device to speak with a divine parent, ultimately, the machine must fail—it is bound by the laws of the human plane, by its fallible human creator where there are manufacturing defects: the material is not pure, is welded mistakenly. Work in = work out. While the conviction of the novel's protagonist, John, may be substantial, the impetus is a short cut, an apotheosis by substitution, and failure is due to the adoption of impure substance as guide to the underworld. The machine is an artifice. Its efficacy is limited by its programming; it is only an extension of the human mind and body. Its definition as “machine” comes with the same boundaries that exist for the human. The connective tissues between divine and mundane are bound by the human sign system, ultimately the same empiricism. The designer's ontological faculties approach immaturity—to suffer the spatial distance requires the divine, not merely its orthography.

The Psychic Event of the Poetic Image

As my aesthetics run, I do not begin with something prescribed and advance. I tend to find allies easily, though, perhaps serendipitously, perhaps as synchronicities. As I find points of contact with Pound and Williams' discussions, I also find luminous coagulation with Gaston Bachelard, Aldous Huxley, and Victor Turner's theories.

In *The Poetics of Space*, Gaston Bachelard ventilates the poetic image's relation to a subject's unconscious. *Ventilates* is selected specifically as Bachelard empirically investigates what we might call archetypal spaces—our houses, our corners, our attics—and attempts “to air” them out:

The poetic image is not subject to an inner thrust. It is not an echo of the past. On the contrary: through the brilliance of an image, the distant past resounds with echoes, and it is hard to know at what depth these echoes will reverberate and die away. Because of its novelty and its action, the poetic image has an entity and a dynamism of its own; it is referable to a direct *ontology*.⁷

The “thrust” of the poetic image is not locked in some kind of temporal semantic or vernacular semiotic system; instead it is something without causality, a fresh creature born of fresh vibrations. The relation of the image to the depths of the unconscious Bachelard finds to be “in the opposite of causality,” that is, separate from instigating a reactive effect, a passive response. The measure of the poetic entity comes from Bachelard's investment in Eugène Minkowski's theory of *reverberation*, that “the poetic image will have a sonority of being [and] the poet speaks on the threshold of being.”⁸ This liminality, this luminosity, for Minkowski functions as “the essence of life ... a feeling of participation in a flowing onward, necessarily expressed in

⁷ Bachelard *The Poetics of Space* xii.

⁸ Ibid.

terms of time, and secondarily expressed in terms of space.”⁹ This echo and the flow through the echo is like “the cavity of the body in which the organs are slung,”¹⁰ a principle of Charles Olson’s own dynamic, spatial aesthetic—everywhere is the echo, “the sonorous well-spring, the hunting horn, the sealed vase, the echo, the reflection of sonorous waves against the sides—in a word, all that belongs to the material and palpable world.”¹¹ The point is to penetrate the material, to get at the interior by dissolving the gross vibrations of the exterior.

In Bachelard’s empirical attempt to sequester the image, he stumbles over himself. He stumbles over an inability to detach from the subjective. He tries “to consider images without attempting personal interpretation,” to be the objective observer, but finds himself unable.¹² He sees that “consideration of the *onset of the image* in an individual consciousness can help us to restore the subjectivity of images and to measure their fullness, their strength, and their transsubjectivity.”¹³ Bachelard is looking for the communication point, the social crossroads, the interstice that is non-causal, reproductive in the subject—the living moment, non-reified. Across language, he determines the impossibility of the empirically objective poetic image, “for the poetic image is essentially *variational*, and not, as in the case of the concept, *constitutive*.”¹⁴ The conceptual blossoms as the moment of pedantic organization in the subjective mind; the communicative, the meaning, is in the amorphous structure of the image. To avoid crossing streams here, this is different than work “conceived in the singleness of the heart” referred to

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Charles Olson “Proprioception” in *Collected Prose* 181.

¹¹ Bachelard xiii.

¹² Ibid. xiv.

¹³ Ibid. xv.

¹⁴ Ibid.

before. The poetic image belongs in the system of signs, certainly, but as a tool to the work, not the product; it is mechanism in the hands of a mechanic, but not the machine in total. In essence, it is the subset of a larger system.

For Bachelard, this variety of poetic image operates as a psychic event, as “the reader of the poems is asked to consider an image not as an object and even less as the substitute for an object, but to seize its specific reality.”¹⁵ “Specific” here almost seems a contradictory word, but in terms of physics, i.e. specific heat, it is a designating property that assigns a value to a reference substance so that it may be compared under the same conditions with other substances. The “condition” in this sense would be the mind, and the seizure of a “*specific reality*,” a comparison of the varieties of substances (images) in the “condition” in order to process the nature, or MOVEMENT (Olson), of the image. In this, the closest one can get to empirical analysis of image, “the duality of subject and object is iridescent, shimmering, unceasingly active in its inversions.”¹⁶ The reverberations in our Olsonian cavity are sonorous and simultaneously of self-illuminating light. For Bachelard, there is this inside universe with which Olson concludes in his Proprioception essay. Bachelard:

Poetry is a commitment of the soul. A consciousness associated with the soul is more relaxed, less intentionalized than a consciousness associated with the phenomena of the mind. Forces are manifested in poems that do not pass through the circuits of knowledge.¹⁷

In the sonority of poetic image, its vibration, there is no way “to meditate in a zone that preceded language ... a poetic image sets in motion the entire linguistic mechanism. The poetic image

¹⁵ Ibid.

¹⁶ Ibid.

¹⁷ Ibid. xvii.

places us at the origin of the speaking being.”¹⁸ Poetry—projective—is entirely its own language, “primitive” in the sense of original: it is birth, born, becoming.

The commitment to poetry that Bachelard advocates wills the subject to remove ignorance and activate the phenomenon between the body and mind. The poetic image as a psychic event is an ethical event as well. It provides the environment (via the vibrating image) in which to remove the conditioning of the individual who encounters it. This action is contained within the viewer, however, not within the image itself. It takes the psychological and physiological urgency of the viewer to capitalize upon those moments of experience.

The psychic benefits of poetry arise when “the function of the real and the function of the unreal ... are made to cooperate, [giving] dynamism to language by means of the dual activity of signification and poetry.” The collision of these activities forces “the imagining being [to] no longer [be] the subject of the verb ‘to adapt oneself.’” Instead, the commitment to poetry “awakens the sleeping beast lost in its automatisms.”¹⁹ The dialectic of the poetic image is between the signification, the semantic, the meaning that is loose but glowing, and “poetry,” the self-reflexive language, this origin, unconscious soul.

While most of Bachelard’s text is a practical look at physical space—houses, corners, attics, shelves—he concludes his introduction with a synthesis of the body and architecture:

Not only memories, but the things we have forgotten are ‘housed.’ Our soul is an abode. And by remembering ‘houses’ and ‘rooms,’ we learn to abide within ourselves.²⁰

¹⁸ Ibid. xix.

¹⁹ Ibid. xxxi.

²⁰ Ibid. 31.

Bachelard's house "is a large cradle," and "a community [for] memory and image."²¹ The house is a psychological complex, "psychically inscribed in us, a group of organic habits."²² The poet's work functions not only as an avatar to remove ignorance, but also to uncover the affectations that exist for a subject in a prescribed space. The poetry of "poetic space, because it is expressed, assumes values of expansion."²³ It exists as a perceptual pinprick—a reminder; but also as a mode of existential wisdom—a fix on the blossom of experience. As Rilke writes in a poem dated August 1914:

Through all beings spreads the one space:
the world's inner space. Silently fly the birds
all through us. O, I who want to grow,
I look outside, and it is in me that the tree grows.²⁴

The Astrolabe of Psychic and Divine Space

*The Perennial Philosophy, philosophia perennis*²⁵, "the metaphysic that recognizes a divine Reality substantial to the world of things and lives and minds,"²⁶ is Aldous Huxley's attempt at investigating and demonstrating a "system of empirical theology."²⁷ Huxley's complaint with this study was that it was bound to the limits of human experience, and that while "natural science is empirical ... it does not confine itself to the experience of human beings in their merely human and unmodified condition."²⁸ Huxley felt like those investigating the

²¹ Ibid. 6-7.

²² Ibid. 14.

²³ Ibid. 201.

²⁴ qtd. Blanchot *The Space of Literature* 136.

²⁵ Leibniz.

²⁶ Huxley *The Perennial Philosophy* vii.

²⁷ Ibid. 10.

²⁸ Ibid. xi.

perennial Ground should get as close to those “equipped with the moral ‘astrolabe of God’s mysteries,’” those more capable because “they had modified their merely human mode of being [and] were capable of a more than merely human kind and amount of knowledge.”²⁹ While this sounds reminiscent of Huxley’s experience with mescaline in *The Doors of Perception*, or Henri Michaux’s similar exploration in *Miserable Miracle*, the objective in *The Perennial Philosophy* is to study the field of metaphysics in a scientific manner, absent of the personal.

What is “the divine Ground of all existence?” The word itself, *Ground*, indicates some of the spatial thematics dealt with in this paper—a closeness to space, perhaps, as Vitruvius would have it in his *Ten Books of Architecture*, the land upon which the cattle are sacrificed for liver analysis. *Ground* is a word easily interchangeable with God³⁰. The divine Ground indicates a layering, seemingly related to the lowest possibility of a human, something beyond the physical, beyond physical apparatus, yet linked—the place from which to sprout. It is as if part of an evolutionary system, a map, linear or not—perhaps Olson’s Gloucester at maximized capacity, a topography simultaneously involving change and stasis, action and rest. Huxley writes that it is “the last end of man, the ultimate reason for human existence ... the unitive knowledge of the divine Ground—the knowledge that can come only to those who are prepared to ‘die to self’ and so make room, as it were, for God.”³¹

In a system, temporal and singular, this phenomenon exists through the personal. This is not to say that the Divine is personal, but rather that any knowledge of experience of such will

²⁹ Ibid.

³⁰ This paper is not invested in proving any sort of existence or otherwise, but merely using the propositions set forth by Huxley to access the psychological space that glistens in men and women under certain circumstances.

³¹ Ibid. 21.

pass through human attributes, modified or basic. The incarnation of God in human form relates specifically to the body as architecture or building—a space of inhabitation, even co-habitation. For Christianity, this act occurred a single time, the Logos as Christ, while for Hindus it is constant: time itself is acted out by the gods. In Buddhism, Siddhartha Gautama was a case like Christ in its singularity, though as the religion has aged, his existence has been philosophized to inhabit three separate spatial realms:

Dharmakaya — Dharma body, mind

Nirmanakaya — material body, appearance body

Sambhogakaya — “bliss” body, body of appearance after enlightenment³²

An important addition to these theologies, especially in the range of embodied architecture, is the Jewish Kabbalah. In *On the Kabbalah and its Symbolism*, Gershom Scholem explains a structural schematic, the ten *sefirot* (fig. 1), which are the “realm of divine emanations ... in which God’s creative power unfolds.”³³ This realm of the *sefirot* encompasses “the world of divine attributes,” and it “moves toward Creation,” unfolding through “divine names and letters.”³⁴ A glance at the structure itself indicates a plan of sorts, a building map for a system of tunnels or passageways. Indeed it is a structure in which one proceeds, through those divine names and letters, the letters tied directly in with the Hebrew alphabet mathematically and semantically. As the Torah is written in this language, “the secret life of God is projected into the Torah; its order is the order of creation.”³⁵ The *sefirot* are a map, a kind of cryptographic codex,

³² For further investigation into “astral” bodies, refer to Gershom Scholem’s *On the Mystical Shape of the Godhead*.

³³ Scholem *On the Kabbalah and its Symbolism* 35.

³⁴ Ibid. 35-36.

³⁵ Ibid. 41.

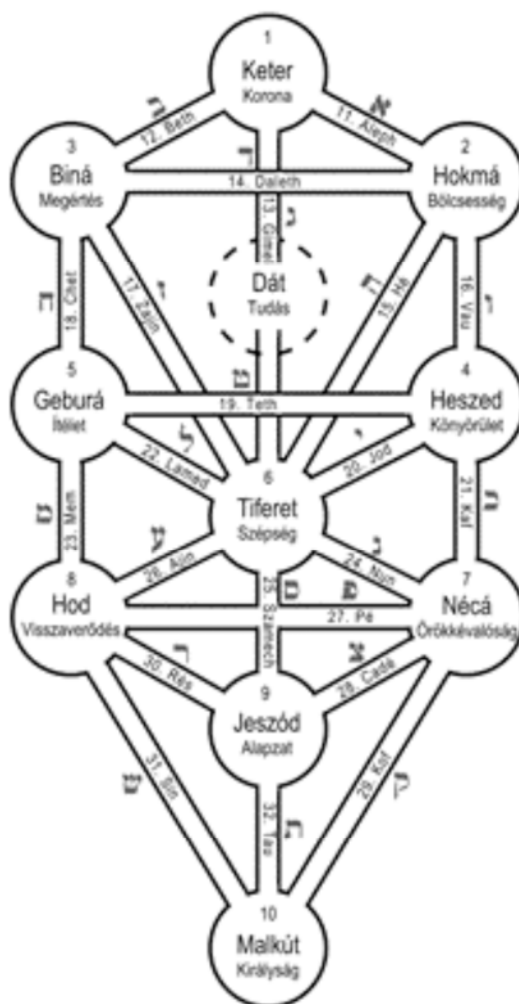


Fig 1. The Ten Sefirot

akin perhaps to Borges' Book of Books in "The Library of Babel," in which the enigmas of the universe are hidden; to crack would mean union with the divine.

The *sefirot* are an embodiment and embodied. They are an organism, both representing the written Torah, and the living oral Torah:

The white fire is the written torah, in which the forms of the letters is not explicit, for the form of the consonants and vowel points was first conferred by the power of the black fire, which is the oral Torah. This black fire is like the ink on the parchment.³⁶

³⁶ Ibid. 49.

The architecture is both in form, present, physical, as well as spoken, ephemeral, changing. The Torah, like the *sefiroth*, can be seen as an organism, a shifting body:

What we call the written Torah has itself passed through the medium of the oral Torah, it is no longer a form concealed in white light; rather, it has emerged from the black light, which determines and limits and so denotes the attribute of divine severity and judgment.³⁷

Like a heteromorph, which employs distinct forms for separate stages of life, this God, written and spoken, like the Torah that is the system through which He is communicated, is alive. The tree in Rilke, sprouted from within, bursting through his throat, his soul, his tongue, these maps, *sefiroth*, are not “mere attributes of God ... [they are] ... potencies, hypostases, stages in an intra-divine life-process.”³⁸

John’s progression through *Transistor*, through metaphysical circuitry, is modeled upon the stages of the *sefiroth* as well as the maze-like mother board of a computer. There are stages one must pass to approach God, just as there are stages electrons must pass through to make a circuit complete and functional. The transistor itself, a switch that makes this flow a possibility, is the acting metaphor for the sacred passage into Human Grace.

Grace in Psychic Space

There is a “physiological intelligence in men and the lower animals [that] unsleepingly performs the task of seeing that bodies behave as they should ... In Chinese phraseology, it is the Tao as it manifests itself on the level of living bodies.”³⁹ In the most pessimistic sense it would

³⁷ Ibid. 50.

³⁸ Ibid. 94.

³⁹ Huxley *The Perennial Philosophy* 28.

seem that humans and animals were little more than wind-up toys, turned and released to act in accordance to their mechanism. In some, perhaps most, this is the case—many live unmindful from time to time, unaware of our breathing, organ function, akin to Olson’s Proprioception. But of the soul, that *animus*, there is a biological “reward of being [in] harmony with Tao or the Logos in its physical and physiological aspects ... Life, like virtue, is its own reward.”⁴⁰ It would seem then, that being in accord with one’s natural state is no violation, but rather an admirable principle, though usually dimly blind in consciousness—Huxley calls this Animal Grace.

Ascension to Human Grace is something quite different—it is awareness of embodiment. It “comes to us ... projected outside ourselves and persisting somehow in the physic medium in a state of what may be called second-hand objectivity,” comes via community, social groups, or from our own “wishes, hopes and imaginings.”⁴¹ Grace is a projection, individual or social, a *reverberation* to borrow from Bachelard. Human grace comes “back to the worshipper from the vortex of psychic power set up by repeated acts (his own and other people’s) of faith, yearning and imagination.”⁴²

These repetitive acts come to produce a “psychic medium, in which individual minds bathe and from which they have, so to speak, been crystallized out into personalities more or less fully developed, according to the more or less perfect development of the bodies with which they are associated.”⁴³ This medium, this psychic space, is a kind of human projection that induces a reality, “which we may think of metaphorically as a vortex [persisting] as an independent

⁴⁰ Ibid. 166-167.

⁴¹ Ibid. 167.

⁴² Ibid.

⁴³ Ibid. 265.

existence, possessing its own derived and secondary objectivity.”⁴⁴ This is the same as the Bachelard house that becomes a cradle, a psychological complex—the memories and energies produced in a spatial realm endure, fed by action, ritualized thinking. As the house can be “psychically inscribed in us,”⁴⁵ so also can the efforts of the body and soul project a psychic entity that can be “nourished by faith.”⁴⁶ But just as the house does not employ divinity with a human consciousness, this “psychic vortex” also does not construct a divine creator, instead “it is rather the psychic presence of men’s thoughts and feelings about the particular, limited form of God...thoughts and feelings projected into objectivity [that] are real presences ... but of something which, though it may reflect the divine Reality, is yet less and other than it.”⁴⁷ For Huxley, the psychic realm of man entails a physiological aptitude, as real to the mind (and even to the body) as something like a digestive system. Filled when fed, responsive.

In *Transistor*, the projection of the machine echoes this “psychic vortex” that both Bachelard and Huxley describe. The ritualized behavior in which John engages, the programmatic building, emphasizes psychological space birthed by the physiological. The physical practice of John (while trapped inside a labyrinthian chamber with its own residues), a kind of psychic metallurgy, resonates with Pound’s collective efforts. The physical practice draws the luminous details afloat in their spiritual environment—draws them through the body, makes them palpable, anthropomorphized.

⁴⁴ Ibid.

⁴⁵ Bachelard 14.

⁴⁶ Huxley *The Perennial Philosophy* 265.

⁴⁷ Ibid. 265-266.

Space in Form

In Victor Turner's *From Ritual to Theater*, two important terms, "liminal" and "liminoid" identify the process of the psychic event and the sphere of influence of the psychic event.

"Liminal," as we understand it, comes from the Latin *limen*, for threshold.⁴⁸ The suffix "-al" indicates "of the kind of, pertaining to."⁴⁹ The suffix also can refer to forming nouns into actions. Thusly, liminal can pertain to that which is upon the threshold of something, crossing from one space into another, but without movement; but it can also refuse this static "upon," and imply an action of motion from one point to another, or one plane to another. "Liminoid," while having the same stem as liminal, is a completely different expression. "-oid," from the Greek *eidos*, refers to "nouns with the sense of 'something having the form or appearance of, something related or allied in structure, but not identical.'"⁵⁰

For a relation, we can imagine a *sphere*, and then the word *spheroid*—the *spheroid* is pictured as resembling the initial *sphere*, but is not a simultaneity. The liminal may be a process that leads to the liminoid, but a liminoid is an:

antistructure [that] can generate and store a plurality of alternative models for living, from utopias to programs, which are capable of influencing the behavior of those in mainstream social and political roles (whether authoritative or dependent, in control or rebelling against it) in the direction of radical change, just as much as they can serve as instruments of political control.⁵¹

⁴⁸ Oxford English Dictionary Second Edition Online, a. "liminal," <http://dictionary.oed.com> (accessed December 14, 2007).

⁴⁹ Oxford English Dictionary Second Edition Online, suffix of adjs and ns. "-al," <http://dictionary.oed.com> (accessed December 14, 2007).

⁵⁰ Oxford English Dictionary Second Edition Online, suffix "-oid," <http://dictionary.oed.com> (accessed December 14, 2007).

⁵¹ Turner *From Ritual to Theater* 33.

Turner couches his explanation in domains of social change, social flux—for our purposes, this “domain” is a structure of change, taking place in “neutral spaces,” that is, a kind of inertial activity that is engendered by a group or individual, “off the institutional radar” so to speak.

As meaning “in culture tends to be generated [by] the interfaces between established cultural subsystems ... liminality is a temporal interface whose properties partially invert those of the already consolidated order which constitutes any specific cultural ‘cosmos.’”⁵² Liminality, the process, alters the status quo, the structural forms intact in any given society, or for our purposes, any given mode of thought, expression. Liminality is not to produce chaos to the traditional, but rather create a refraction, “a propitious setting for the development of [the] direct, immediate, and total confrontations of human identities.”⁵³ It comprises the domain of metamorphosis, the metabolism from Huxley’s *Animal Grace* to *Human Grace*.

Essentially the liminal is a process for social change, but where the

liminal phenomena [are] centrally integrated into the total social process, forming with all its other aspects a complete whole, and representing its necessary negativity and subjunctivity, *liminoid phenomena* develop apart from the central economic and political processes, along the margins, in the interfaces and interstices of central and servicing institutions—they are plural, fragmentary, and experimental in character.⁵⁴

The liminal is ongoing evolution, in the field of the temporal; the liminoid is an aspect of the evolution, but it is the interface of the evolution, what we could call the sphere set aside in which the thoughts precursor to the activity of change belong.

Transistor asks its user to enter into a tapestry of text and image that requires one to be both an archivist as well as an archaeologist. It asks one to step into the liminoid, the “alternative

⁵² Ibid. 41.

⁵³ Ibid. 46.

⁵⁴ Ibid. 54.

model for living.” While this theory has points of contact with the content of the text, here is where I feel the text engages its genre: in form. The mutations that arise in this creative work do not enact direct violence to the tradition of writing, but rather as a matrix of extant forms and various modes: the epistolary, the graphic novel, graphic design, open field poetics, prose poetry, palimpsests, photography. The end result is not to find a surrealist object or a cut-up or a collage, but rather to make a sacred text out of all the permutations of living writing. The end result creates a discursive work—one that engages variants not in a dialectic, but a multitude, a cacophony of voices, that is ultimately synthesized into something that operates as harmonious meditation.

Conclusion

The system of signs and the potencies in which they operate predicate the flux of communication in a culture. Victor Turner’s work directly confronts the value⁵⁵ of social change by illuminating its formal identities—liminal and liminoid—and how those spheres of action can induce flux. These spheres of activity, like Pound’s luminous details and the psychic vortices of Bachelard and Huxley, glow iridescent—soft lamps shifting as if seen under the drift of water. *Transistor*, in its form and content, attempts the same nacreous glow: a simulacrum of a cultural system exhaling and inhaling language and text, breathing through the mouthpiece of a diver’s apparatus. What treasure below the surface of the wave structure, mother-of-pearl through the tongue, the ear, the eye? *Transistor* attempts “a knife-edge of seeing,”⁵⁶ of slicing through the

⁵⁵ “Value” not here as *importance*, but akin to Saussure’s chess pieces.

⁵⁶ Komunyakaa *Pleasure Dome* 31.

mucus membranes of beat bodies, limp from torpor, and moves towards a limpid aesthetic that asks for the human presence in the present.

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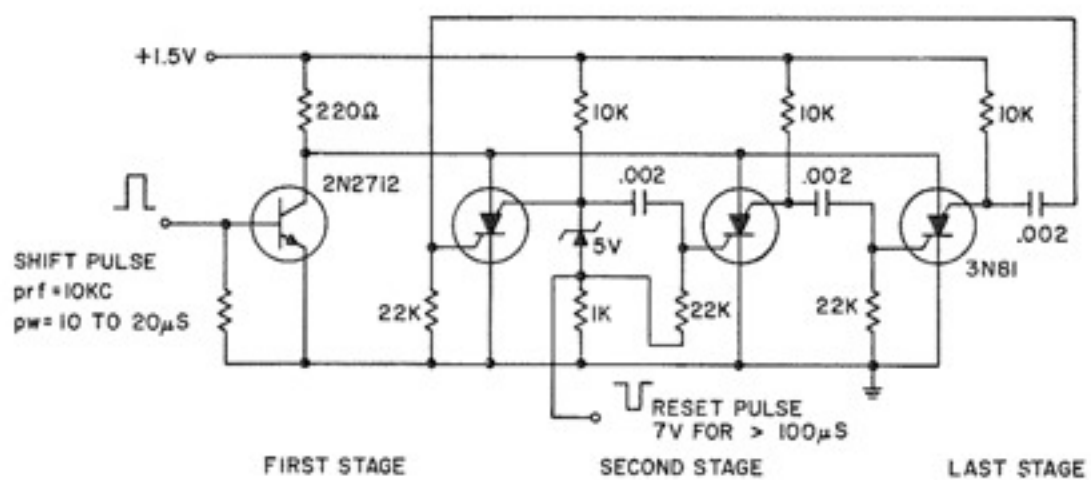
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CHAPTER 2
TRANSISTOR



Endlessly, endlessly,
The definition of mortality

The image of the engine
That stops.
We cannot live on that.
I know that no one would live out
Thirty years, fifty years if the world were ending
With his life.
The machine stares out,
Stares out
With all its eyes

Thru the glass
With the ripple in it, past the sill
Which is dusty—If there is someone
In the garden!
Outside, and so beautiful.

—George Oppen

To make two bold statements: There's nothing sentimental about a machine, and: A poem is a small (or large) machine made out of words. When I say there's nothing sentimental about a poem, I mean that there can be no part that is redundant.

Prose may carry a load of ill-defined matter like a ship. But poetry is a machine which drives it, pruned to a perfect economy. As in all machines, its movement is intrinsic, undulant, a physical more than a literary character.

—William Carlos Williams

et.

Begins.

א

alef.

In silence.

ה

hei.

Beholds the breath.

ת

tav.

The cross will finish.

Press Record.

Before the beginning God created (et-תא

Then could speak the sigh the exhalation :

the heavens

the earths

$$\alpha = 1$$

$$\Omega = 0$$

k e f

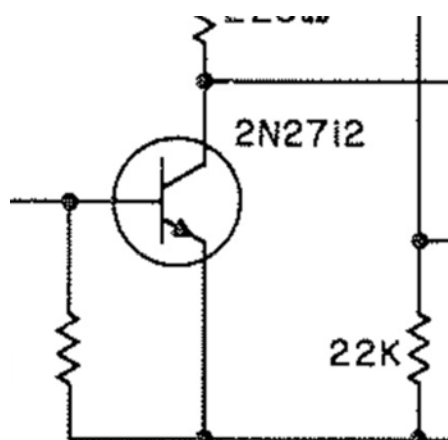
J o h n in the land of building
J o h n in the land of letters

(C é l i a in the land of letters
C é l i a in the land of building)

of land
of water

of purgatory

First Stage



Mother died today. Not yesterday, it was today. The telephone rings, and I am BOLT UPRIGHT in bed, *biceps femoris* in contact with the hot sheets. Death, you weight of stone, sinking. Body beside me rolls over, hot. The telephone rings. I clear my throat, the laryngeal muscles flex, thyroid hot from sleep. Hair, mucus, marrow, charnel house. Impish and naked and slanted. There, I'm naked when I answer the phone in the hallway. I have to urinate. My bladder hurts. Hello. Yes. Sally, hospice. Yes. I have to urinate. My bladder is hot. Hello. Yes. I become so sleepy there. Halfway through my life, I wake to find myself in a room. The body beside me, hot, hovering, touching my scapula.

Her beads are still in her hands; hands crossed over her waist, the covers. Counting, still. Her shrine is near the bedside, a triptych of St. John of the Cross

I

II

III

SOULS begin to enter this dark night when GOD proceeds to lead them from the state of beginners, proper to those who meditate on the spiritual road, and begins to set them in that of the progressives, which, at length, is that of the contemplatives, to the end, that passing through this state, they may reach that of the perfect, which is the Divine union of the Soul with GOD.



WITHOUT any effort of her own, she causes her to find sweet and pleasant spiritual milk in everything belonging to GOD and great delight in spiritual exercises, because now GOD gives her his breast of tender love, like as she were a child. She ciphers her delight in passing long hours in prayer, and perchance, whole nights; her pleasures are penances, her enjoyments fasts, her comfort to partake of the Sacraments and discourse of Divine matters.

Her beads in her hand, as if she were still counting. A glass of milk on the doily, bedside, flat, untouched. Hospice glass. Everyday she would inspect the shrine, her articles, the triptych, the statues. Dusting, adjusting with small prods from fingertips. I would watch her in the chair in the corner, her flesh melting, her flesh giblets, the throat, the liver, gall. The duvet the color of jaundice. Everyday she would inspect the shrine, her articles. Everyday she would flex her throat muscles, try to clear her throat, *thyrohyoideus* muscular tissue dissolving, thyroid gone. Hair gone, mucus, a long scar across the neck. Her throat would constrict while she dusted, like a pump sucking oil. Sump-pump, dry. Until finally, she can't speak. Were our bodies in a vacuum, frictionless, would they still accelerate?

I'm holding the fetish triptych in two hands, touching the frame where the lacquer has worn. From painted gold, gilded, to dull varnish. Shellac. Sha-clack. She told me I was her John, her little saint. St. John, the stepping stone saint, bound and imprisoned, still stepping lightly. The stepping stone saint to god. Johnny, little Johnny. The shellac saint, the sha-clack sha-clack. From a meter, from a line, from a chord, from a rope around a throat. Sha-clack sha-clack. In a drawer I find a book of matches and light a candle for her. Mother. I say a prayer that she would want. I say a small sermon of the between. The above and below, the space. Luminous, geometric figures, her blood in mine, from a meter, from a line, a miter. She would want the candle lit. She would want my words aloud, hovering in her ears, vibrating the cilia there, still alive, still bending reeds under moving water. The god of Mother is in a gilded fetish, in my hands. The scar across her throat, old, rubbed with cocoa butter. I remember the butter candles when the two of us climb into the tower above the monastery and open the small window and look through the small wooden frame. Hundreds upon hundreds of them upon stone tables flutter as the draft in the room shifts. She shuts the window suddenly sha-clack sha-clack.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute:
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

--Dryden from "Alexander's Feast"

Dear Dr. Celia:

I know you requested that I not contact you until our first meeting, and I'm sure you find amusement at me invoking old Dryden here as an epigraph, but I thought just to type out some of my thoughts and night wanderings to you, whether I mail them out or no. I know the above passage from Handel, actually, rather than the poet himself, though I guess you could say then that the poet came by proxy. I am, I would have you know, trained in the classics to some extent. Sometimes just in the sanguinity in which they manifest, pumping through my body and blood stream as if caffeine or nicotine or epinephrine. That was E.Pound's initial project--~~this~~ this gathering of minds into a collective, channeling them through his body, through his blood stream, his minds. I say minds in the sense of flexing realities, continual urgencies, constant procreation of the self in separate states--emotive, physical. I think of my state while filled with rage, the surging in my heart, stomach, the heat flowing from the back of my neck. Certainly there is no doubt of these two (mind and body) being interconnected, at times one seems to create the other, then switch. Then switch. And oh, that switch, where is that trigger that flips, that toggles between awareness of flowing thought and awareness of flowing internals. Where is the veranda...

And us, and you, we barely know each other I feel like a high school boy penning a love letter in english class, apms sweating, slipping it into your locker in the hallway. But for that one short evening. Were our tongues tickled by our host's secret tea? There on the veranda, you ~~xxxx~~ awash in the blue dimming tide of the sun gone down the night rising. Our tongues, us tarried. Your countenance holds in my head, your speech vibrates my ear, my head, Celia. Celia under the blue tide of the sun gone down the night rising. Celia wavering.

A friend of mine, an old military gristle, tells me of some kinds of special forces sea-diving where the diver plunges into the murky depths of his mission (often to simply unclog swollen bilges) accompanied by a mechanical speaking device. As the divers are frequently more than one (S.O.P., standard operating procedure) and must communicate in order to accomplish said mission, they frequently rely on a special radio. Now this radio is not readily available to every recreational diver who leaps into the mimosa-laden hawaiiis, but to these fellows under constant duress and danger. To transmit and to receive sound, this useful device, nicknamed the "bone phone" is employed. For the receiver, "the bone phone" virtually vibrates the skull

allowing the ossicles and ear-drums to vibrate sympathetically, and transfer the aural data. Now I can;t pretend to understand how clear the transmissions are, but I do know that these are not large vibrations, instead very subtle sensations unnoticeable to standard human sensitivity.

Standard human sensitivity, doctor! Imagine the ranges yet unexplored, vast. I find these last few months as if we were communicating via some ethereal bone-phone, your speech, mystical, vibrating my skull, vibrating my soul! I hear, no I feel the gentle thrusts of your tones arising and passing through the days, as if some presence were tickling my skin and I were passing through an ancient temple, the gods whispering against my spine. Like a drop of oil in a bucket of water, the tones spread through my body until I tingle with the ecstasy of dhyana one hears saints, sages, mystics murmur about humbly. I know our time together has been short. But even in this brevity, we have forged a unique connection. I cannot deny this. I know the words you spoke last, in parting. Can you too deny?

I have related to you the project I wish to undertake. Have you thought upon it? In what manner, if any would you be able to assist me? I know the age of patronage is long past, but what of the coming terms of human manifestation? I believe we cannot risk ignoring that which I am presently uncovering.

There may be others more qualified than I to undergo these studies. Academically speaking, institutionally speaking, I completely agree. I know I have been vague about my experiences, but my reticence is due to my usual gnawing an(pro)tagonism to those who become involved with me. I can relate more. I will relate more. I have learned much, but still so much remains ahead.

I send you all my warmth of body and mind. I send you all my patience, all my humility.

John.

Penning a love letter in my mind, my eyes only a few paces ahead of my feet, watching for words to trip over. I see in patterns, stone diagrams, and look up to wrought iron gate. I want for stone in the iron, in the wooden door that opens into a church, but it's nave, north aisle, south aisle, transept, transept, vestry, sanctuary, rood. And that lacquered body, shining, drooping like a pinioned bird. What soul climbs to dust the arms of the Christ, the crown, the skin distended as if preserved in formaldehyde. In a pew, I sit, paw through the choral manual, put it back, drop the kneeler, lift it back into place. Nave, north aisle, south aisle, transept, rood. There is titanium piping for an organ behind the Christ-rood. It twists as mechanical innards, organs--a bellows to feed a fire, the windchest of a poplar, the bellow tremolo covered with woven leather, a set of fine cast iron weights no. 6, the drawknob terrace on the console unfinished still, red oak blood brown, and inside solid-state action, the delicate--you could say fastidious--array of electrical wiring: clean board, clean solders, color coded. Metal piping like folded hands behind the Christ-rood, built to blow out the beast, built to breathe. Halfway through my life I wake to find myself in a wood, for I had wandered far off. A set of fine cast-iron weights, no. 6. I sit until a service begins, an hour, another hour, kneeling with my feet back, lifting the kneeler back into place, the hinge worn, screws coming loose, but more the sound of the wood on the carpeting. The organ isn't played, why, what music to fit such a thing? An hour, another hour. A priest gives me a taper. In the transept I light it against another, set it. Not the butter candles of our climb across monastic roofs, that one last leap onto weakened boards. Look in, look in, the window opening. Butter candles, brilliance fluttering because of our window opening. The draft draws the flame up. I feel the heat for one moment.

It's early morning. Outside the walls of my apartment I can hear the cars commuting, the rhythm of double axles rolling over a raised layer of concrete clunk clunk. There's the doppler shift and clunk clunk. My work shirt is laid out next to me upon the bed. The bed still warm on

two sides from bodies of sleep. Doppler: ascend—release. Clunk clunk, clunk clunk. The raised layer of concrete is a seam of hardened oil, tar, and it makes me think of Puget Sound's 1940 bridge swaying in the wind, those interlocking fingers, the end modules, absent. Adapted for each other. Torsion tears it into chunks. The seam of tar is the same principle as the interlocking splices on the span of a bridge: heating and cooling, expanding contracting, like the chest, the windchest, the bellows. The warm work shirt, a girl's body in the doorway, wrapped at the chest in a beach towel. What of those passenger bridges that span freeways to get down to the beach. Expanding contracting sand, shore, girl. Her body moving doppler as she passes me, but me not sensitive enough to notice at this range. She touches my hair. Going? Her voice, her touch, shivers the back of my neck, trapezius down through thorax. The bellows--fire. Yes, going.

Jesús, who asks me to call him by his first name, warms a muffin for me in his toaster-oven. It's rather nice of you, I tell him. I fix his computer while he hovers about. Mostly a hardware problem I say while blowing dust from the fan and checking wire leads. He touches a portrait of his mother and father. He tells me about apotheosis. Great word, I say. Isn't it kind of pagan though? In some regard, he says. I continue to fiddle with his machine, replace some screws that are perfectly fine, twist them in slowly. I like this term apokatastasis, I say. He smiles widely, ah, the great reconciliation, the great return. He's deep into his baked good. It's the grand consummation. Where did you go to school, he asks? I shrug, he clears his throat and quotes First Corinthians, Chapter 15:

For as in Adam all die, so in Christ all will be alive.

But each in his own turn: Christ, the firstfruits, then when he comes, those who belong to him.

Then the end will come, when he hands over the kingdom to God the Father after he destroyed all dominion, authority and power.

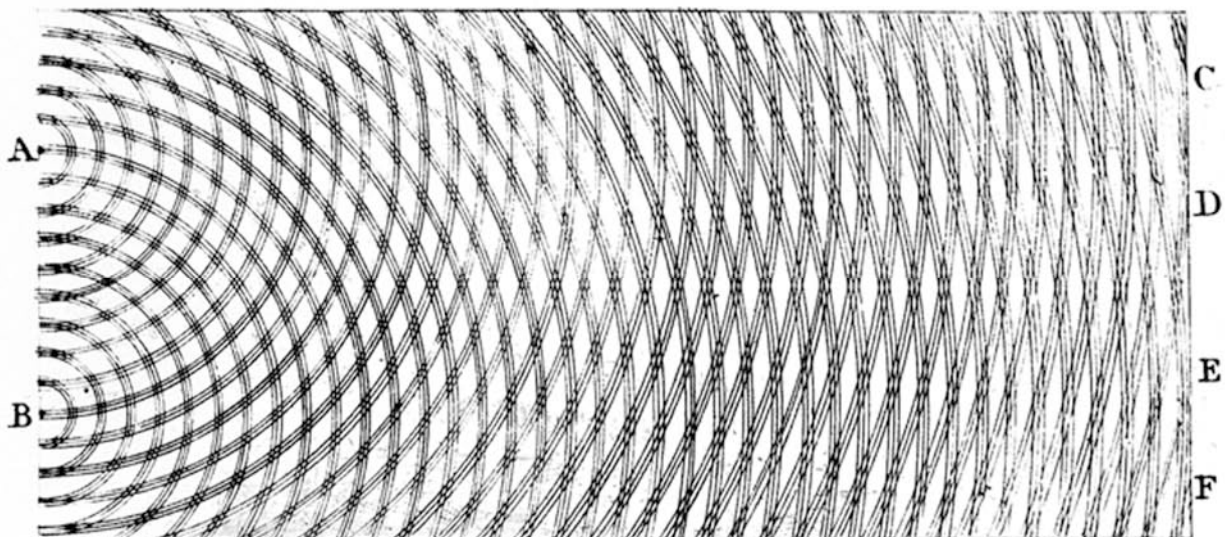
For he must reign until he has put all his enemies under his feet.

The last enemy to be destroyed is death.

When he has done this, then the Son himself will be made subject to him who put everything under him, so that God may be all in all.

OK, I say, sounds pretty violent. It depends on how you take that word, destroy. His mouth melts around his vowels. I want to build a mold of his jaw. Metal or wax and hold it like Prince Hamlet.

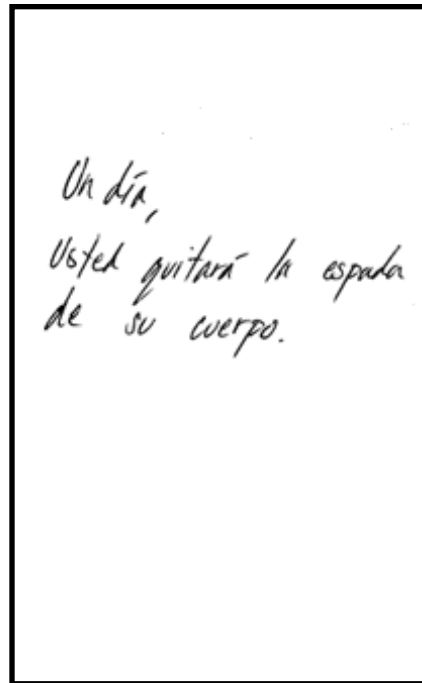
I am a rude mechanic staring out the window, sitting on the edge of the bed. The girl comes home, her heels heavy on the parqueted floor. You're dirty on the bed? That comforter is from Switzerland. Sorry, I say. God, this place is like a cave, she says, shoes off, pant-suit sliding down. She stands in front of me half naked, the assistant to the Attorney General. Depression is addictive, she says, fingering my temple. You smell like old electronics, she finishes, and why are your shoes still on? I shrug and watch the fern dangling from the ceiling. God, John. This isn't working. She unbuttons her jacket, her blouse, her skin glows in the light from the window, half shadow half street lamp, horizontal prison bars. Focus. Visual stimulus, the light bending, ending, and pleasant murmurs in my stomach while on her breasts, thighs, unpleasant while on her abdominal scarring, surgical, keloid. Aural stimulus, vibrating eardrums, the plane passing by outside, her voice, John, John, John. My attention flickers, jumps from gross sensation to gross sensation. How to become subtle, attuned. Attenuate the aggregate. John. Shifting into emotional data, stream. John. Heat in the belly, heat in the brain, heat in the neck, heat in her cervix. John, I'm leaving for D.C. tomorrow. Heat in *vastus medialis*, heat in *vastus lateralis*. I'm leaving for D.C. tomorrow, and I want you to leave the key I gave you. Twelve pairs of thoracic nerves, hot, burning, all flame, all afire, all bellows, all breathing. Half shadow half street lamp, her nude courage. John, I love you, but your lymphatic system has preempted me to prevent any further progression. All bellows, all breathing. My tongue is the node of speech and thought, utility. I'm sorry, halfway through my life I woke in a dark room.



In the dream: you split, you intersect. Reconcile or ascend--fear your own shadow floating below you at noon. You go back to the apartment as she has left for the day. In the parking garage, amber hues, you catch the closing door of the keyed entryway with a single finger. You pull it open from the side. It is a heavy door. You hold it open for someone behind you. They look at you askance, suspicious, holding a giant fiber board. In the elevator, it sticks you in the back. Sorry, they say. You take the elevator to the first floor. In the apartment, you stand a few feet in. You stand for twenty minutes. You watch the fern plant hang from the ceiling, coiling down. You stand for twenty minutes, a digital watch wavering in red light, then leave.

Your hands are like icicles, Jesús says as he hands me a mug of coffee. A latté, I say. You have an espresso machine? Just something inexpensive. I change some screws on the faceplate of his computer, swap a disk drive, inspect the wire leads. Good coffee, I say. It's the organic milk, he says. You've just got to go organic. He's fingering his parents' portrait. Suddenly he unhinges the back, disassembles the frame, the glass, the carved wood. A small paper is taped on the inside. He hands it to me: it's of good card-stock, heavy, old, yellowing. There is writing on the backside. It's Saint George, Jesús says, the slayer of dragons. The paper is actually a

painting: a writhing lizard creature pinned by the foot of a man in half shadow half light. Half robes half armor. A long spear in the man's right hand. His eyes look out. His forehead creases crescent moon. It's beautiful, I say. My father painted it. Saint George was his patron saint. My father was a man of passion and skill and humility. His face glowed with a strange light. His capacity for peace was apparent in every breath he took. Jesús' computer boots up and he cheers. We high-five.



Celia,

Karma is nothing more than action, an action that yields fruit immediately. None of this business of future lives--who cares for those anyhow--it must be the eternal present. Think of rage that is summoned in you when someone shouts at you, abuses you in some manner: ah! the strokes of heat through the mind, the chemicals into the blood. The immediate. And those actions are like the Borgesian multi-layered universe--they all exist at once and never. In this, my energy flows toward you, the roots of the lilly pad reaching for the light, sprouting through the flower and into the sun, you in the blue sun at dusk my softest sensation. Sprouting up through thorax into throat into chant. My nights are static, I am caught in a paradigm of static, and electricity circling a hole in my chest, and how to fill, how to accelerate. In a vacuum would we be ageless? Primal, inert, enthalpy. How to fill, how to accelerate, how to join..? What of the vacuum between life and death, the gap between? Is it a velvet underground to which we return, or a alnd of cacophony, sounding horns and drums and even longer lines at the s upermarket?

My nights are static, days even more repetitive. I wont send this to you for fear of motion, for fear of antagonism, but which paradigm can we choose? Which actions to predict? Which turn in the labyrinth to find the out.

Below I include what Gotama the buddha said when he reached enlightenment, the first words that glistened from his throat. In Pali and in English.

John.

153. Anekajāti saṃsāraṃ
Sandhāvissaṃ anibbisaṃ
gahakārakaṃ gavesanto,
dukkhā jāti punappunaṃ.

154. Gahakāraka ! diṭṭhosi,
puna gehaṃ na kāhasi,
sabbā te phāsukā bhaggā,
gahakūṭaṃ visaṅkhitam,
visaṅkhāragataṃ cittaṃ,
taṇhānaṃ khayamajjhagā.

153. Through many a birth in saṃsāra
have I wandered in vain, seeking the builder
of this house (of life). Repeated birth is
indeed suffering!

154. O house-builder, you are seen!
You will not build this house again. For
your rafters are broken and your ridgepole
shattered. My mind has reached the Un-
conditioned; I have attained the destruction
of craving.¹⁹

All bellows, all breathing. Her breath's in my face. Standing over me. A noonday sun and a shadow underneath. Allfire, allflame. Telephone receiver in a heated hand and a mind underneath. You breathe into the bellows and the chest heaves groans wind and fire. Mouth all full of mucus and hot. I light a taper in that place. I light a taper in that place against another taper and place it. Set it down. Her breath's in my face and a window opens above me and the wood groans. The wind draws upward, pulls the flames up. The wicks stand on end, uncurl and wax underneath. The window shuts, my hands covered in rubbed shellac. The organ groan now. Mucus in my mouth and wax underneath my tongue, sha-clack and that organ starts pounding that organ starts pounding. Set fire and keep the bellows hot boys, my hands are covered in sound.

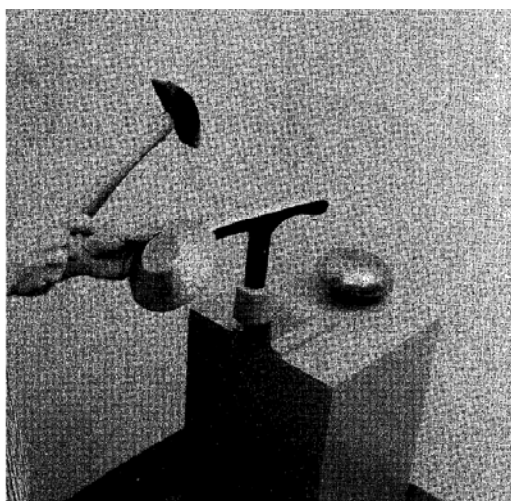
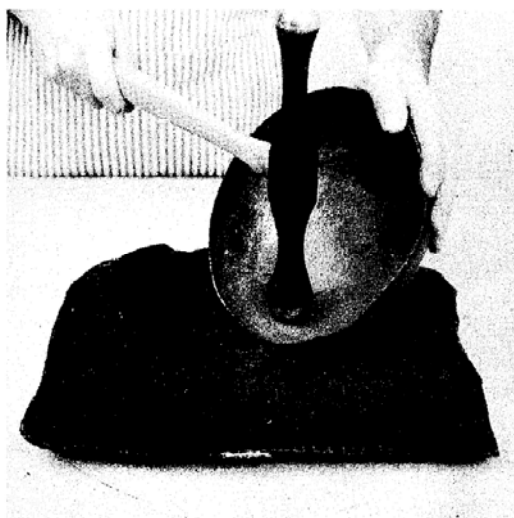
Jesús lets me sleep on his couch. You sure you don't mind? I ask into a telephone receiver. No, I don't mind, his voice dampened in electro-acoustic transmission. Sonogram, sine wave, if you peak, you also valley. I drive over to his apartment, tote a cloth bag full of clothes and ungreased bike gears. You're building a bike? Jesús asks. That, or a gong, I say. Are you also a metallurgist? I shrug. Have you ever tried to purify a metal? Slag. What, he asks, is that something like the philosopher's stone? That's a stumbling stone. He snorts. Build your bike.

The timbre of gear teeth stroking against the round side of a ball-peen hammer. The timbre of gear teeth in your mouth through the round side of a ball-peen hammer. The timbre of gear teeth in your mouth up your arm through the round side of a ball-peen hammer. Tote a cloth bag full of clothes. Use it for a pillow. A metal shim for a blanket. The mind underneath a pitch and sorting a mind underneath a coat of shellac.

Jesús is generous with his space. He lets me sit at my typewriter when I need to, makes me a lot of espresso. The only exchange is that he takes pictures of me all day while I work on the bike gear in his living room, or when I'm typing out a letter. He's got an old Leica

III with the rangefinder and a wide angle 35 mm lens. It's a nice machine, but he won't let me touch it. He stalks around with a mini-tripod, sometimes lying down to shoot up at me or my gear. The tripod is collapsable, expandable, and he's rigged an adapter so it screws onto the camera, an apparatus I grunt at when he shows it to me, though I'm grinning the entire time. He's quiet mostly, or whispering to himself softly in Spanish as he fiddles with f-stops and shutter speeds.

I need a small forge, I say. I don't think that will work well with carpet, Jesús says. It's hard to work on carpet anyway, I say. He shifts the weight of his body, and I can see his mind working. I know a guy, can get you a place to work. Not comfortable, but you can work. I don't have a lot of money. This guy does more with favors anyway.



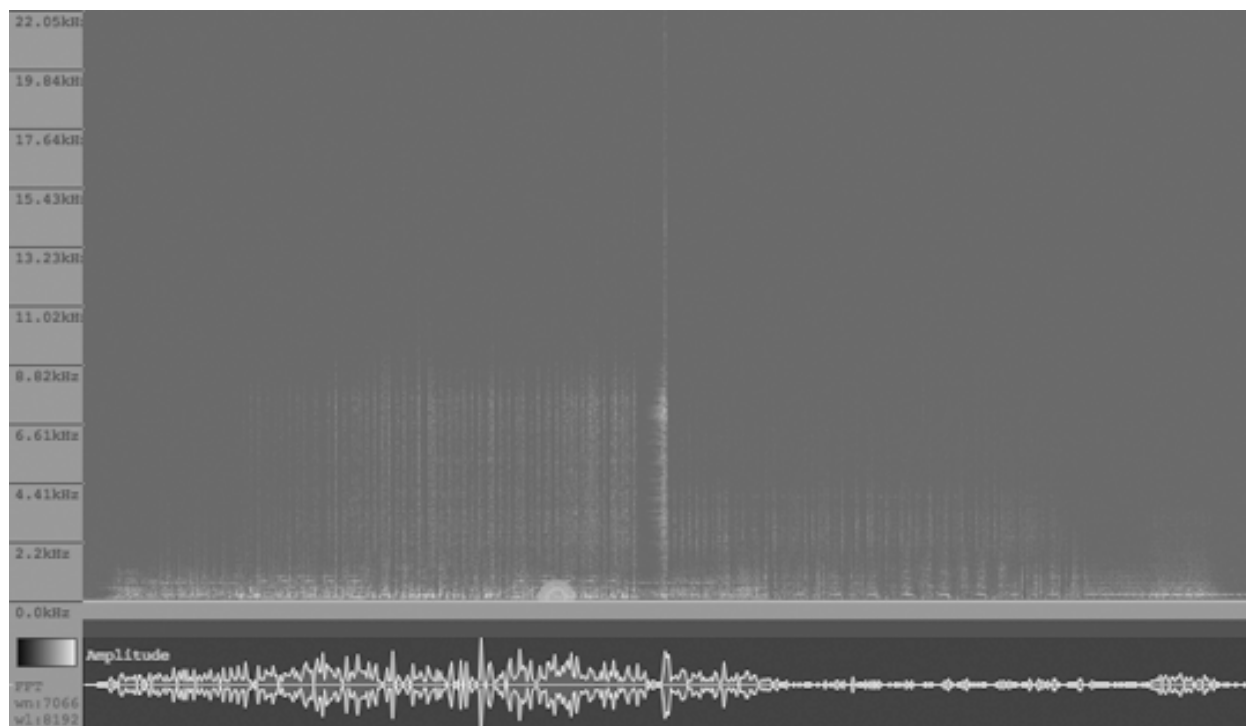
DR--

You asked that I keep a log with short notes of my most banal day. Here it is, as best incremented as I can.

5.00 Woke up
 5.02 In bathroom: used toilet, washed face, washed hands
 5.07 Breathing exercises
 6.10 Finished breathing exercises. Logged in journal.
 6.11 Drank water from a dirty glass.
 6.12 Washed glass.
 6.17 Put glass in cupboard.
 6.20 Sat on sofa.
 6.23 Yawned.
 6.25 Flipped through yesterday's newspaper.
 6.26 Logged in journal.
 6.36 Opened blinds.
 6.40 Ground coffee.
 6.42 Put coffee on.
 6.57 Cream. Sugar.
 6.58 Stood at kitchen window, over sink, drinking.
 7.05 Sat on sofa.
 7.25 Logged in journal.
 7.40 Logged in journal.
 7.55 Logged in journal.
 8.10 Logged in journal.
 8.15 Used toilet.
 8.26 Washed hands.
 8.27 Logged in journal.
 8.47 Put denim jeans on.
 8.47 Put cotton shirt on, buttoned.
 9.02 Logged in journal.
 9.05 Left to walk to St. Thomas Church.
 9.45 Sat in pew: left side, 9th row.
 10.00 Watched organ primed.
 10.04 Bellows heaving. Sound.
 10.05 Began to time breathing with bellows' heave.
 Sat.
 7.05 Walked back to home where sleeping.
 8.00 Logged in journal.
 9.00 Logged in journal.
 10.00 Logged in journal. Going to sleep.

You make a noise in that space of sound that covers my hands: shape-shifter. Shape-hammerer. Plugged in to grate across a field of sound, waves hover like opaque gas.

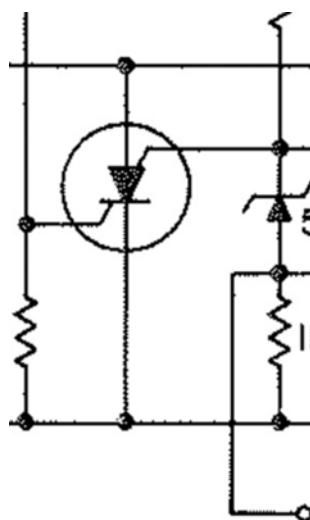
Press Record.



Mad to hammer out a sound on a curved shape and mad to grate against a gear of teeth. Mad to grind against gear's interweave and mad to strike out a sound on a small neck's nape. The nape of the neck: the small of the neck and the blood that's moving back there. Plot your peaks; plot your valleys.

Rangefinder. Ball-peen. Crushed gear teeth. Flog my back, in Spanish; the blood that's moving there.

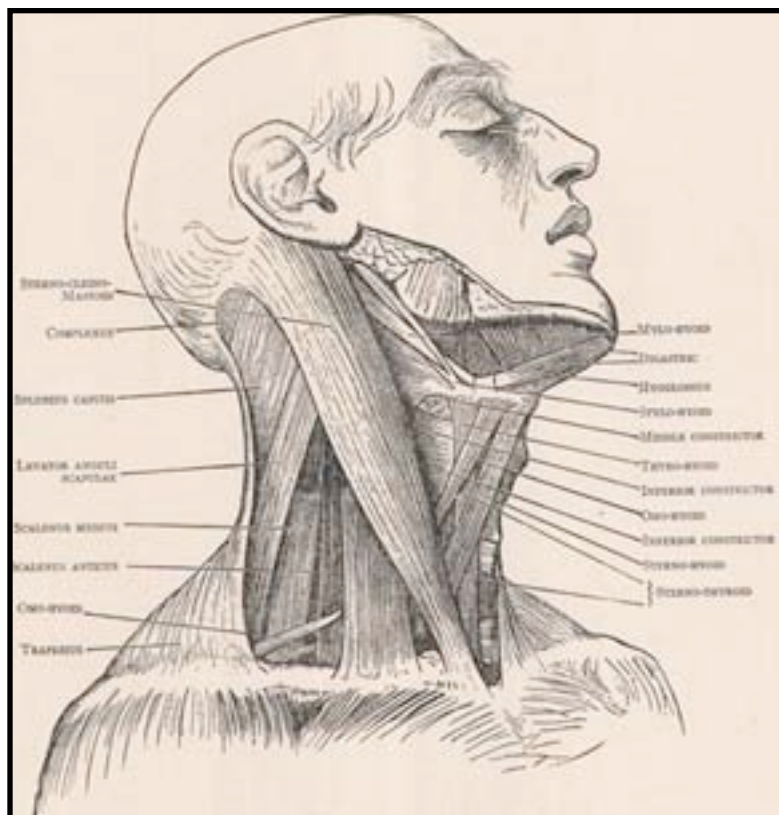
Second Stage



I meet Jesús' man in the meat packing district. He shows me an abandoned warehouse, and he wears a shirt tucked into a pair of tight jeans. I can see his white socks past his ankles when we climb the metal staircase to the sliding aluminum doors. I show him some papers, letters, office communications. This warehouse hasn't been operational in half a century, he says with a flourish of hand and arm. He seems proud for using the phrase, *half a century*. It was manufactured as a french fry processing plant first. And then, he grins with teeth as white and tight as his socks, the kiddies used it for a dance hall, you know, those dance parties. That was all a bit unofficial. The rooms rumble with ancient junk, leeching plastic and batteries. It smells of rust and urine. Mostly now, he continues, it's just a dumpsite for old computers and technology. All outdated. That's a bit unofficial too. We draft a handwritten contract, him kneeling in those jeans and socks, writing on a slab of coarse concrete. He copies two sheets out in semi-legible cursive, beckons me down to sign. The pen leaks over my hand, runny, thick old ink. My signature on the contract--which is really an IOU--tears the paper mostly. A fibrous ruin of my mark, in blue blood, the weave of the paper tattering like teeth forced apart. The agent does the same when I've finished, breathing heavily, almost snorting, grinding his teeth as he signs, the same grinding that goes on under the paper against the concrete. His socks are white, his teeth are white, grinding and interwoven. His sterno-cleido mastoid, flexing neck muscular and woven under the skin. Such sensation in his body. His jeans, the white socks, the grin, the grind, the pen. *Half a century*, his words. He seems quite thrilled with the whole process.

bet.

House. Closed so the countryside can not colonize.



sotto voce

Fascia. Fiber. Tear in the cloth. Tear in the fabric. Rubbing shellac between my thumb and forefinger.

The rooms tumble with ancient junk, leeching plastic and batteries. It's just a dumpsite for old computers and technology. All outdated. It smells of rust and urine. An enclosure yet a labyrinth at the same time. I wander the place and realize I'll have to diagram the floorplan, or I could easily get lost in some of the rooms and walkways that are cut off from the light. The largest room, which appears to be the center of the warehouse from a logistical standpoint, faces east, is the eastern border. It has a large thick paned window--easily 10 meters wide, 5 meters high--that looks out onto the barren parking complex. Some scrub weeds grow; the property is fenced off with chain-link. The concrete outside is broken into chunks, the exposed dirt muddied from rains. The inside walls are lined with small furnaces--2 x 3 meters--with copper plated doors, oxidized to green. Most won't open; the few that do reveal grill racks set a few centimeters above the base. I assume the furnaces were for the french fries, but they're unnerving, compact, ominous. Some ash,

dust perhaps, has settled on the iron base. I feel like I am being buried alive looking in. My greatest fear. Scratching at the walls, fingernails bleeding, suffocating on my own carbon dioxide. Panic. What scares me the most is that part of me screams to climb inside, just for a moment, shut the door, and breathe into that darkness. Vertiginous desire. I make a mental note to weld all of these shut.

Jesús is on the couch holding his Leica on his lap, strapped behind his neck, when I return for my gong and gears and tools. He was helpful? Jesús asks. I nod and murmur an affirmative and start packing things into the canvas bag. Perhaps I will visit you, he says. How long do you expect your work to take? Hard to know, I say. A year, maybe more. I will visit you then. Soon. Before the rains come. I'd like that, I say. As I turn to go, a thank you on my lips, he interrupts. I have a small gift. He places a book on the Buddha in my hand. For your studies, he says, give it a good glance. I am still working on this whole ego thing, this whole detachment thing. I smile and give him a small embrace. He has been a good caretaker.

You walk into that space and feel heat low in your belly. Burning towards the back like someone was flicking lit matches at your exposed intestines. Laughing. It spots and colors there, moves up your stomach to your throat. You'd shout it away if you could suck in air, but the oxygen is allflame, allfire, and carbon is the only thing left for your lungs. Carbon is a decibel courier carrying waves of sound to the cilia in your eardrums. Célia. From your eardrums it carries into your sinuses and glues to mucus and glands then chemical into the nervous system and scatters into the brain. The mind then. Hiding all along under the low belly heat, now screaming out out OUT. Ouyur. Where. Floating in the body, occipital perhaps, unsealed. Célia. Your mind and body like a sarcophagus dipped in gold shielded in lead. Dropped to the bottom of the ocean, burning still. Transferring.

In the Buddha book Jesús has given me, I read:

This world has fallen into a slough; for it is born, ages, and dies, it passes away and reappears, and yet it knows no escape from this suffering. When will an escape from this suffering be described?

I use a pair of thick train mechanics' gloves to hold a can of soup over a paraffin burner. *Slough* in the noun form here: a muddy swamp. In the verb form (phrasal) it takes a preposition like *off*, changes pronunciation (rhymes with rough), changes semantic. Can one slough off a slough? I sit on the mushy couch I've dragged into the large room facing east, pour hot soup down my throat. The sun is about to break the horizon; in fifteen minutes the flat blue of the room will shift. I have been awake all night, in the same mechanics gloves, preparing some of the other rooms. Sifting through the piles of abandoned materials. Gods, the piles of gear. It is difficult work, the piles of gear: the processing in complete darkness except for the yellow street-lamps through dusty windows and the few remaining tapers that I light and set in their own wax. Electricity remains an unknown--I'll search during the day, but this place is so old I may have to fuss with the main transformer outside.

Who or what has brought all this equipment here to rot? In the four rooms I've processed, the catalogue of gear useful for my purposes is already the size of a small novel. The womb of Minos feeding me the flesh of electronics, wires to wrap the world in twice over.

Data Acquisition System:	Sangamo SABRE III all band recorder 16 channel	Variable Gain Attenuator	Tape Amp
Data Monitoring Oscilloscopes (16 channels simultaneous)	Single channel selector switches	B & K 1600 series Octave Filter set	B & K 2600 series Amp
B & K 2300 series level recorder (hard copy function intact)	B & K Microphones: Free-field, Pressure-field, Diffuse-field	Voltage-Ohm meters (at least 3 in working condition)	Temp gauge
Barometric pressure gauge	50 meters PVC tubing; 100 + meters copper tubing	Tape recorder	8 sheets of anechoic chamber foam

The eight sheets of dense chamber foam interest me highly. They are of good quality, military research standard, and are certainly for use in an anechoic chamber--rooms designed to deaden all ambient sound to rate decibel levels on expensive pieces of manufactured equipment: jet engines, jackhammers. I remember them being mentioned in (cf. ML60.C13 1966) journals--the idea to record the frequencies of the human body, the hypothesis that it gave off two distinct sound signals: high band and low band. The lower frequency was the pulse of blood as it moved; the higher frequency was the skitter of the nervous system up and down the spinal column. I don't recall if the theory was ever tested, and recordings of the body's sound registers made. But the eight sheets of foam interest me, especially paired with a data acquisition device. Perhaps the french fry corporation was moonlighting in industrial equipment decibel rating.

(bet. **ב**)

The sun startles the sleep, the retinas acquire their packets of hard data. You, in (cf. ML60.C13 1966)'s body, woken, wearing a pair of 1950s train gloves like a beat working the brakes of the midnight ghost across the deserts of California. The sun secures the room, the shape, the form, bouncing packets of light off cold walls, an oil spill in a corner. Unrested you paw the air as if to grasp for purchase, woken, secured, your form, your shape architectural, diagrammed. Blood moving in your mind like a flowchart, drifting from one signifier to the next, noise as it lands on one, another and then another. Spark-noise. There's no light in a mind, just brief sparks of panic and drift. The brain isn't the mind. Light can touch the brain. All you need is a drill or a claw hammer.

Around midday I find the anechoic chamber. The exterior door is half closed, and I wade through a swamp of wire and sharp metal to get to it. The room is the smallest I've seen so far, maybe 10 x 10 meters. The walls are lined with the same thick foam I'd found the day before, and when I close the door, my ears fall into my stomach. It's silent.

I clap my hands, once, twice--the sound falls dead on my palms. It's like the flat surface of a lake in the early morning, glassy, clear, calm. Toss a small stone and break the surface of the lake, the ripples fade after a short distance.

Small-stone : Surface of a lake at dawn :: Hand-clap : Anechoic chamber



Bread crumbs back to the room-facing-east: I lay the copper tubing I've harvested. It glints, even in the darker corridors, gold. Track lighting for emergencies. In the room-facing-east, my body pauses; my mind is still in the chamber, clapping hands ferociously, trying to make sound echo off sound.

In the sounds of hands clapping, you build a blast furnace, the forge you need to shape metal. A crude schematic, crude parts. You assemble it, altar-like, in the center of the room-facing-east. You know the shape of a cupola, the design old, relic. Latent figures rise to mind, integrate with hand, with the discarded relics of the building. Sift and pile, sort and solder. With mechanics' gloves covering your hands, melt copper down edges to bronze seams.

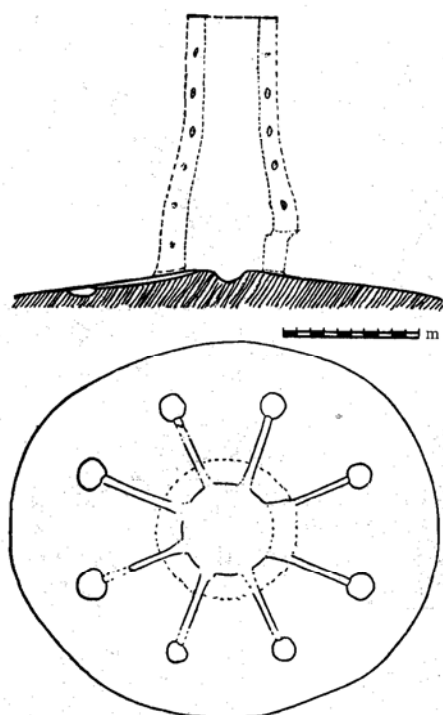


FIGURE 3. Ancient Russian cold-blast furnace found in the ancient fortress of Raikov.

sotto voce

Tuyeres open to the country for the cold wind to blow its breath through. To feed oxygen, to carbonize. Cupola open above and below. Copula open to a horizon secured by light.

The forge you need to shape the metal you need to shape the instrument. Half shape and half mask caramelize the circuit: stare at the shadow below you at noon, fear it in half, halves above and halves below. Latent integration. You wait, poised with hand--strike. Slag melts in a crucible: you purify a metal.

TABLE 1. Spectrographic semiquantitative analysis (content in %)

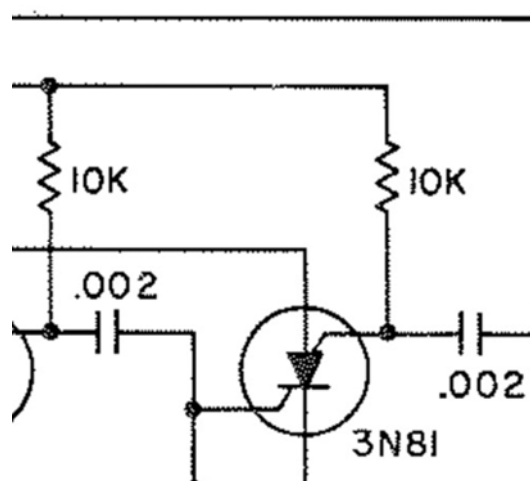
Sample	Silicon	Manganese	Chromium	Nickel	Molybde- num	Titanium	Copper
1	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.01	—	Up to 0.1	—	—
2	Up to 0.17	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	—	Up to 0.1	Present
3	0.22	Up to 0.1	Up to 0.01	—	—	—	—
4	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	—	Up to 0.1	—	—
5	Traces	Traces	—	—	—	—	Traces
6	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.1	Up to 0.01	—	—	Up to 0.1	Traces
7	Up to 0.17	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	—	Up to 0.1	Traces
8	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	—	—	—	—
9	Up to 0.17	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	—	Up to 0.1	—
10	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	—	—	—	—
11	Traces	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	—	Up to 0.1	—
12	Up to 0.17	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	—	—	—
13	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	—	—	—	Present
14	Traces	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	0.1	—	Present
15	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.01	—	—	—	—
16	Traces	Traces	—	—	—	—	—
17	0.09	Traces	—	0.32	0.3	—	—
18	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	—	—	—	—
19	0.18	0.17	0.08	—	—	Traces	—
20	Traces	0.08	—	—	—	—	—
21	0.11	Traces	—	—	—	—	—
22	Up to 0.2	Traces	0.01	—	—	—	—
23	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	0.17	—	—	Present
24	Up to 0.2	Traces	0.01	—	—	—	—
25	Up to 0.2	0.15	0.01	0.6	—	—	—
26	Up to 0.2	Traces	0.01	—	—	—	Present
27	Up to 0.2	Traces	0.01	—	—	—	—
28	Up to 0.2	Traces	0.01	—	—	—	—
29	0.12	Up to 0.04	—	Traces	—	—	—
30	Up to 0.2	Traces	0.01	Up to 0.1	—	—	—
31	Up to 0.2	Traces	0.01	Up to 0.1	—	—	—
32	0.23	Traces	Traces	—	—	Traces	—
33	Up to 0.2	Traces	0.01	0.1	—	—	—
34	Up to 0.2	Traces	0.1	0.1	—	—	—
35	0.09	0.05	—	Traces	—	—	—
36	Traces	0.05	Traces	Traces	—	—	—
37	Traces	Traces	—	—	—	Traces	—
38	0.12	Traces	Traces	—	—	—	—
39	Traces	0.05	—	Traces	—	—	—
40	Traces	Traces	—	—	—	—	—
41	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	—	—	—	—
42	0.21	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	—	Up to 0.1	—
43	0.63	Traces	—	—	—	—	—
44	0.22	Traces	—	Traces	—	—	—
45	0.26	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	—	—	Present
46	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	—	—	—	—
47	Traces	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	—	—	Present
48	Traces	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	—	—	Traces
49	Up to 0.17	Traces	Up to 0.01	—	—	—	—
50	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	0.17	—	—	—
51	Up to 0.17	—	Traces	—	—	—	—
52	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	—	—	—	—
53	Up to 0.17	Up to 0.17	Traces	Up to 0.17	—	—	—
54	Traces	Traces	Traces	0.16	—	—	—

As pure as you can get slag, data acquisition off a blast furnace designed for coarse iron. It's shapeable, like your mind on sleep from the day breaking through the window. You want an altar then. Babelian whisper: fission mind awake in the dark and perception of sound off the curves of molded copper tubing stretching back to the chamber. Grinding against coarse cement that pebbles in rubble. And that dragging sound at sun-down, the beast of you with a head-lamp, a temporary vacuum of light, stiff air in your lungs, some metabolic incongruency with the building. Cartographic gridding on graph paper like a child learning Chinese. Altar of Babel: coarse ferrous frame shaped straight, angled in--use garage springs to stretch across at varied lengths, tensile for vibration when struck--PVC tubing cut at precise lengths, varied for vibrations when struck. Timbre and color. You build an altar of sound to scale, a purified metal for frame, springs and tubes to resonate tone. You have microphones, you have a recording deck. Use them. Let sound echo off wall first, vibration mix as heat, as sensation; metabolize on tape. Then build again. Another tool for another layer.

When I do sleep, when I can sleep, call it sleep, I float on solar wind. An aurora behind my eyelids: ionized atmosphere; plasma semiconductor, my body. The anechoic chamber is silent, and it is safe.

(bet. 𐤁)

Third Stage



Dear John,

It's funny to be writing on my old Olympia, sitting at the long metal desk I've had since my graduate days. Something satisfying in taking off its dust cover and using the keys that are terraced like rice fields. Something satisfying in typing with two fingers, pausing every word to trace the upcoming pattern of the next. I've always liked this form of communique--its deliberate privacy, its "burnability" if necessary. And, I suppose, since this violates some of the tenants of the doctor-patient relationship, perhaps "burnability" should slip into our common ~~xx~~ vocabulary. And practice.

Thank you for the lines from Dryden. They resonate with me--my mother chose my name under the auspices of St. Cecilia, though as it turned out I was never very inclined to music. Oh, there were piano lessons, a brief stint with a bass guitar (my rebelliousness), but I never had any real talent. Some ability, but no real talent. My father had always hoped for greatness from me in the arts, and was more than a little resigned when I took to medicine. He was a sentimental man, always keeping objects, notebooks, scraps of paper, hiding them in shoeboxes bound in colored ribbons. When he passed, I found a closet full of these boxes, color coded like a Dewey Decimal system, each box itemized and catalogued. Strange to read the leaves of paper, the items and their emotional equivalencies. His catalog wasn't only the item and date, but included the psychological resonance of each particular. He would write like this:

ITEM NO.	ITEM	DATE	PERCEPTION?REACTION
00248	Sand-dollar	30/06/61	Celia at beach; hands me this; still wet; she's smiling; scratching her legs at bites; feel her smile at back of my throat;
01544	Parchment with Sanskrit	19/03/51	The horizontal beauty of these marks; diacritical movements; heat in my eyes; wish I knew what it said, probably toilet graffiti;

I've left the closet and all these artifacts of his life untouched. It's all slowly turning to dust. Perhaps I should have buried them with his body, like an old pharaoh, but I do find some comfort in having them around. As if his mind still swims about the articles, and I can feel his presence just around the corner, out of sight, but waiting patiently.

As for us. Keep sending me your findings, keep sending me your letters. It's fun to be awkward high-schoolers, passing notes back-and-forth, passing looks to each other on the breezeway to class (*in* the breezeway?). Keep coming to our scheduled appointments. You must if you have any desire to get better. I'm not saying, I'm not promising cures, but you must keep coming to me. It's all process: you must keep coming to me.

Included is a card my father gave to me just before he died. It's always brought me luck; it's my token to you. Keep it well; keep yourself well.

Warmth,

Celia



*One day,
Mend all broken
things.*

Too many days without electricity--just sunlight, a headlamp, the few tapers remaining. The room-facing-east is filling with infant machines, a percussive choir with cord and wire leading back to a dead, grey conduit. They look like umbilicals, and the rubber is frayed--almost like gristle when I run my hand across them. Dead lines. I find the transformer for the building outside in the broken parking lot. It's so big, I wonder if the french fry guys were arc welders in their spare time. The electrical insulation in this behemoth is oil driven--it has to sit in a pool of protective oil, like a case--but it's bone dry. Once, I took a class on cold cathode lighting--I was really into neon and argon and the noble gases at the time--but I'm not qualified to tinker with high voltage. I call an electrician buddy. He tells me I can float the dang thing in canola oil. I buy the stuff--two whole shopping carts, liters upon liters--the cashier raises his eyebrow at me. Small physics experiment, I tell him.

Ohm's law. Ohm's law. Ohm's law. I chant and fill the transformer.
 Sonofabitch, it works. My foetuses tremble under the pressure of those
 amperes. I takes me another couple days to chase out dead lines and to
 open the circuits on some of those that spit and shower sparks in the
 unused rooms. I continue to build.

Here there are blind corners; here, pulverized mortar for shapes to
 scrape against the concrete. Tall ceilings always invite the dead.
 Broad, breathing spirit.

Spiritus

My machines are half-pneumatic, half-body. Pneumatic operates via gas,
 via pressure: wind, breath. Trap them through the friction of sound,
 the release of heat, the pneuma.

Neume is chant. Music. Melisma. Melody. *Et. Et. Et.* Alpha-Bet.

The machines are the local gods, localized warehouse gods.

Numen to manifest. Nueme to chant.

Et.

Et.

Et.

Neume, neume.

Et.

Et.

Et.

Pneuma to leap; a musical leap.

Stroke the hairs on the back of your head, the nape of the neck,
 creased in tilt. The dark ensconcing terror, child. The death by the
 unknown terror, childe. Drone, machines. Drone and local. House.

(bet. **2**)

I'm ionized atmosphere here, and ancient, and safe. Except for the
 sharp throb of blood in my eardrums, you'd think I lived alone.

Celia,

I wish to know your body more, Celia. How in that damned dim light was I ever to find your shape? Without knowing your shape, how could I close my fingers and hands and thoughts around you?

Reports! Reports! You cry. You want reports, and I have none to offer. My mouth is a gun report, Celia. My tongue is an oral report, celia.

You have seen my lab. You have seen my work. That is the deal you say. A report for cash you say. You didn't even take off your coat. It's raining you say.

I know you breathe harder when you are near me, celia. there are no stairs up into the building. Loose and slow you say, you call me.

Yes, Loose! Yes, Slow! But Thorough, doc c.

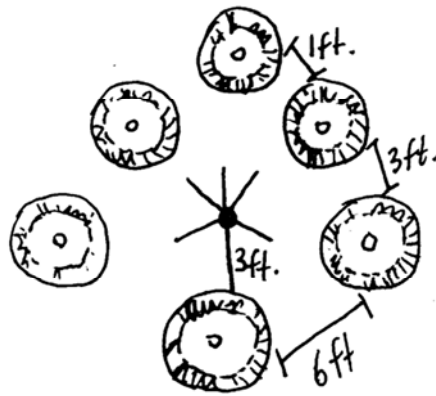
I need time.

Yours,

John.

The devil and his idle hands. Where does that leave me in the swinging chain? Meat-hooked and suspended in walk-in freezer, hands bound in bronze wire.

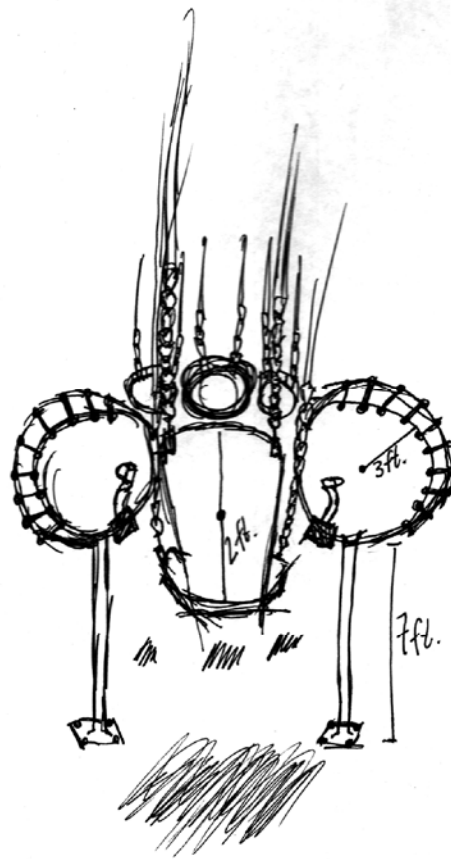
I build the China Circle: 6-30 inch china cymbals in a wide circle, half bell-side up and half bell-side down. I secure them to metal posts, waist high.



China Circle

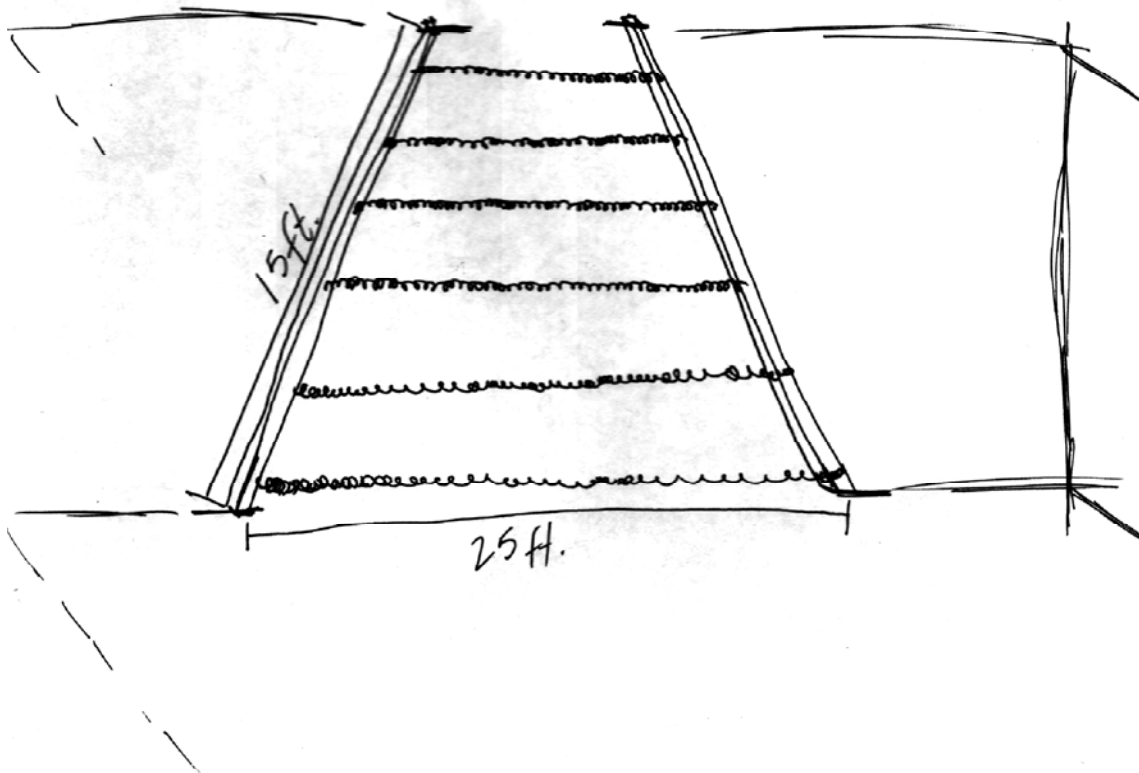
Build the Cradle Drum, burn half my plans with melting paraffin. I make rough sketches. The Cradle Drum is a suspended harness for the musician: he or she hangs from the ceiling in a large version of kid-swing. Two kick pedals strap to the feet; the bass drums are bolted to the floor and raised on metal poles. The snares and toms lower from the ceiling above the harness, the crash and cymbal to the sides. I have experience with meat-hooks, so the hanging is achieved with ease.

Cradle Drum



Altar of Babel: build a tower of sound to scale. Garage springs, PVC, bronzing the seams of the frame with acetylene. Build a tower for a god locked in a sign. Your crude drawing, with measurements. Your biceps fall off. You know nothing about music.

Altar of Babel



Doctor Célia--

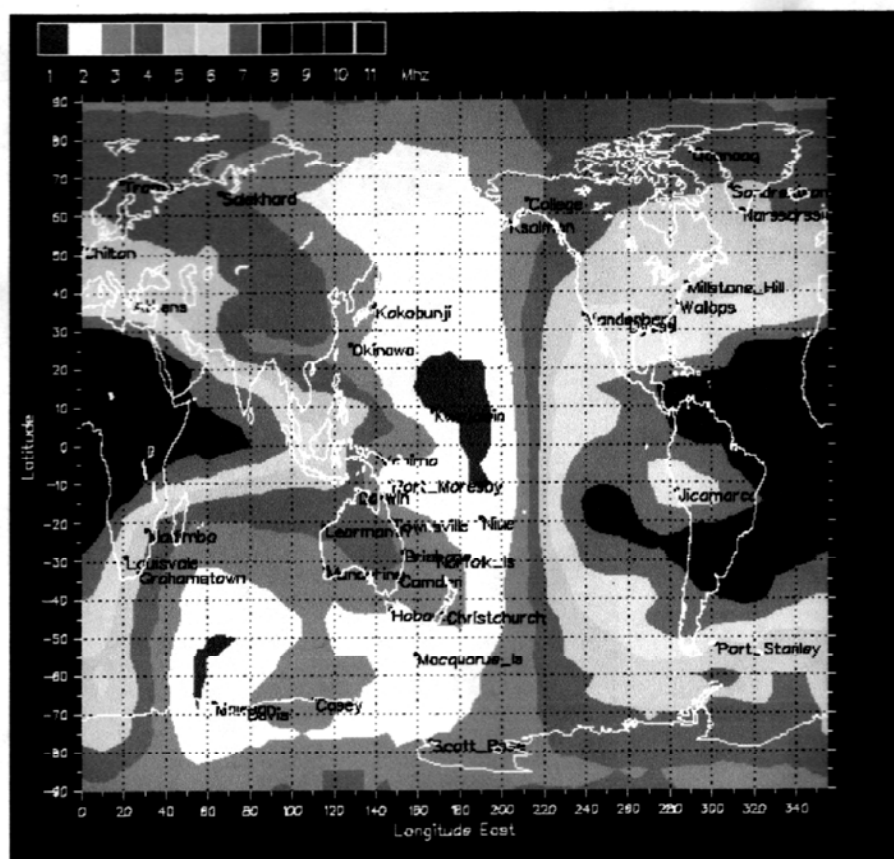
Very well. I have a report for you. Listen well, for this is a rough guide.

Finally I have reconciled with my visions. Under your guidance I have visited neurologists and psychologists. They are doctors as well. They hook me up to machines and give me hours of attention. Without your back, they would scoff, turn me away abruptly, as I have never had the capacity for health insurance. Epilepsy is first on their minds, at least with the neurologists, and they throw me into MRIs, PETs, CRTs and XYZs. They induce me, iodine me as best they can, but I tell them it has something to do with the geophysical relationship of the Ionosphere. They combat this assumption because they are scientists, and I am wearing a dingy undershirt without health insurance--The Ionosphere cannot do much for you except let you listen to your Rock and Roll and Popular musics on the radio. Their data produces relatively little, and certainly not epilipsy. Psychiatries gets little further. Apparently I am having real experiences, but only real to me, and they are based on the human condition of anxiety about death. We create gods and demons and souls in order to give relief to our fears. These anxieties and reliefs can manifest in the psyche: in dreams or in visions.

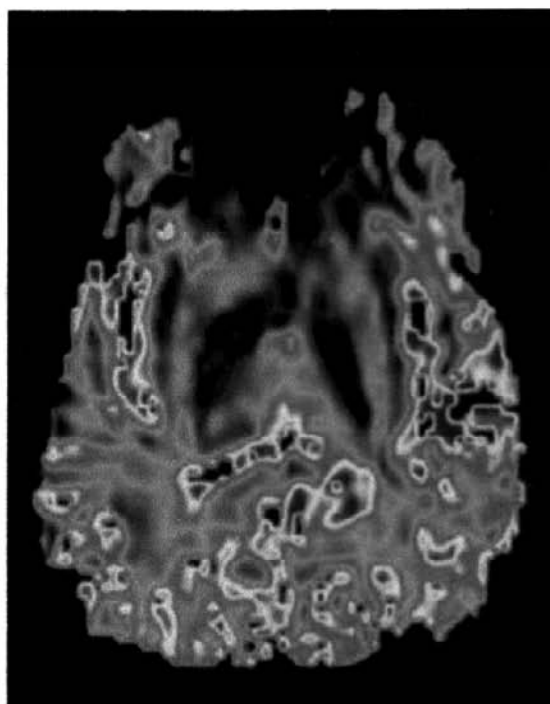
Sign Here.

In a sense I am grateful for these treatments. They do not allow for an easy answer. I am not looking for an easy answer. Perhaps their reports can validate your efforts in me as well. You have been with me. Close even. You know there is something peculiar going on.

John.



Ionosphere Mapping-- hold horizontal



Celia* -- They let me keep the MRI. Figured you
should have it.

BAR is a lonely place. It's the closest drinking to the warehouse; it's still in the packing district, and I can walk. It's like any bar at first glimpse--it doesn't exist to impress, just keep everyone away from sobriety. Cash only; bellied women take shots of liquor with the patrons, serve up cups of warm American beer. The toilets are etched crudely and painted with piss; no paper towels, no soap. My favorite addition is the exterior neon sign, BAR, but I'm a sucker for that noble gas. The sign is the only light on the street for blocks--everything else is empty fronts, cold windowpanes and barbed wire. A few forklifts are parked outside, the late shift. The drivers, the clientele, are all thick-forearmed hulks. Their eyes swim: they're stoned on cheap beer and raw-red rolled cigarettes. I want to dislike them at first, but I realize BAR is not so lonely. It's my own projection. Lonely to me. There's a Johnny Cash record playing on the jukebox. I listen and drink, not saying much. Trump wet and crumpled cash on the bar top when I've drank enough to want to start talking. BAR is all rhythms, swim-head chants. I can hear the hiss of gas from the beer taps. Maybe it was a John Cage record on the box. I walk back, wanting to drive a forklift home.

The Altar of Babel is a gaping maw: gate. Faster ways to get to heaven, be damned tower, ladder, whatever you are. A Summons: I bang the lowest spring and nape hairs raise as sound shrieks banshee from room to room, vibration onto my mallet, onto my hand, against the cilia wavering in my ears. The echoes fade in the fingers, in the toe-wings of the warehouse. I rarely go. My fingers, my toes fade in echoes, sensation fades through.

Arcessit Oriens! Arcessitio!

The warehouse echoes Latin, echoes voice, echoes numen. I rear back to strike again, the Altar stiff. My spine is arc-ready, summon you
 Rising Eastern Sun, summon you to me,
 summon you, summon you,
 to my deaths and alldeeds my allflame my allfire. Something echo

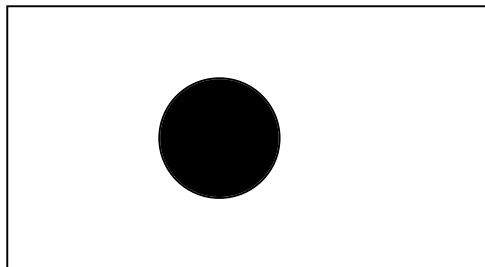
)))))))))

(((((

I let the steel mallet fall to cement. Resonate and fall silent.

(bet. 𐤁)

You, supine in anechoic chamber, eyes closed and breathing. You,
 supine in anechoic chamber, eyes closed and pneumatic. And you,
 hovering above you, a float. A pneumatic presence. Pressure gas. Gasp
 as the O-ring plunges out. Blankets fall away from you, adrenachrome
 adrenaline from spine to artery to artery. Stifle a sigh. Stifle an
 exhalation. Intake from pneuma above you. Intake. Atrium from vein to
 ventricle and back. Main line. To vein. To vein. To ventricle. Back.
 To vein to ventricle to vein back. Back vein
 ventricle vein
 vein
 vein
 back
 ...
 Intake
 ...

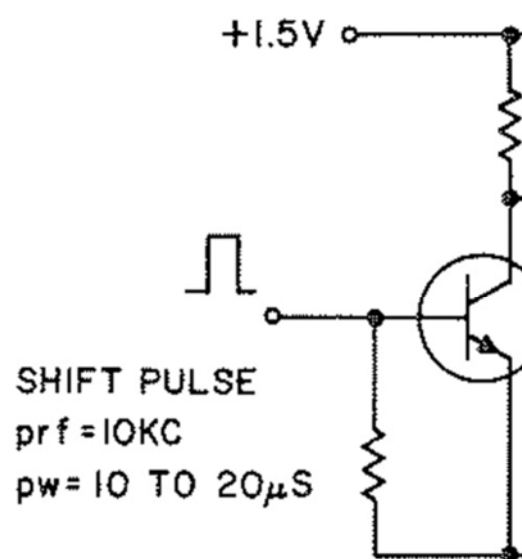


Dagon
 a Summons

The silence of the chamber explodes into throbbing chaos, waves of vibration, in your eardrums. There is no such thing as silence. Like the sound of thunder, like the sound of the thousand thunderclaps, childe. The door opens. You feel the door open. Your heartbeat echoes off an outer wall. Naked in the darkness of the chamber. You gurgle, you giggle, to drown out sound. There is no such thing as silence. Oh Christ, oh Christ, oh Christ, oh Christ. Fear as panic; panic pneumatic. Fear. Please. Hand shifts prayer. Kneel vessel.

Ionized atmosphere christ.

Shift Pulse



Coronet to Cormorant:
wheel over-head. The flange vibrates,
the o-ring understands—
a polyp welds a phage.

Thru the nose under the noise
the vibration of the machine is
harmonics: coil, balancer.

Balance over the scalp
veined halogen—glow thru,
gluing a dendrite
a stalactite.
Intension bends concrete into a cave.

Tell me to move.

Tell me move.

transistor is

TRANSfer

resISTOR

transition is

across

motion

TRANS

ITION

TRANS, position: across, beyond

ITION, the root, —it—, motion

Tell me to rest.

Tell me rest.

TRANSISTOR is solid state semi-conductor. Semi-solid. Partial solid.

Silicon is impure, hard, brittle crystal. Struck lattice structure vibrates. Electron diffuses,

drifts.

To TRANSIST solid state semi-state is to stem root as the prow stems the horizontal.

Tell me to drift.

Tell me drift.

Give me a map.

I will conquer your worlds.

trans-hermetic migration:

tell me move

tell me rest

Give me a map.

I can make your worlds.

ferryman

stream up//down stream

plowman

covering//gnirevocer

Map me and I will ferry

Map me and I will plow

for your man

tell me up

tell me down

Graft me and I will plow

Graft me and I will ferry

Graft me and I can stay.

Tarsus

Tselem

Tmesis

eyelid

shadow between soul and body ; between spiritus and corpus ; between i am that AND i am

eye — lid

My childe, dilates and now distends itself,

the virtue from the generator's heart,

I know no man.

where nature intends on all body's parts,

...

So there, the eclipsing air does shape itself

assumes the form that is impressed

I know no man.

the soul standing still, motion imprints rest.

...

When the shades chanted that hymn through to the end,

they cried out loud: *Virum non cognosco*,

I know no man.

then, voiced low, they began the hymn again.

...

And this, my childe, they do efficiently—

for all the time the air will shape them:

I know no man.

the fire that heals, the meal of the hymns—

the meal of the hymns, they began the hymn again

the meal of the hymns, they began the hymn again

Dagon, Dagon, dear little fish
 You are a dear little fish, you dagon you.
 Dagon, Dagon, graft my wish
 to your shatter-body and hood.

Quick maroon.
 Quick! The window!
 That hand!

Upright His name, Dagon:
 Upward Man
 Downward Fish
 His name, Dagon; His arms,
 snapt on the
 thresh
 hold

Drone arms,
 Dagon, drone.
 Drone dagon phantom arms.

Tell me Dagon.
 Tell me to dagon.

*His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one
 Who mourned in earn-rest when the captive ark
 Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped off
 In his own temple, on the groundsel edge,
 Where he fell flat and shamed his worshippers;
 Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man
 And downward fish, yet had his temple high*

*His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest when the Captive Ark
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel-edge,
 Where he fell flat and sham'd his Worshippers:
 Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
 And downward Fish, yet had his Temple high*

Drone, drone, dagon arms, drone
dagon phantom arms, drone, drone

ferry the seas for
seven years on
planks sodden,
sealed together
with iron splinters.
The planks are
worn dull with sun
and step, pacing,
pacing. The
body-iron is hot
with sun. The
shades drift under
the surface, the
glimmering
underneath
your planks. Your
shore is shadows,
waiting for a hole to
be dug and a flow
in kind. You
ferry the seas for
seven years on
planks sodden,

Anu of sky

Ea of sea

Arad-Ea upon the sea

ferryman, according to kind

the deluge comes, the rain dumping pump spout

the deluge comes, the dumping rain spout pumping

“Arad-Ea,

“Arad-Ea,

“Arad-Ea,

“for a coin, you carry.

“Annunaki,

“Annunaki,

“Annunaki,

“seven are they, seven are they, seven are they.

the sea comes, the fish comes

the sea comes, the fish

for your man

Gish, Gish! My arms are

lame from attacks—

into the cedars,

oiled Gish, Gish!

you must to name.

(tell me to name

tell me name)

No, (it squirms)

don't name it.

the glimmering
underneath
your planks. Your
shore is shadows,
waiting for a hole to
be dug and a flow
in kind. You
ferry the seas for
seven years on
planks sodden,

Gish, Gish! The wisdom fish—

bone in brood birth

clasp in caul birth,

his armor is off,

your body of oil.

hold fast the fish-thresh,

shatter-belly

hold the fish fast (it squirms)—loose, it will fin your hand:

slice hand! his body is off! the cedars

now Gish for no Gish

eat fish flesh eat fish flesh

eat fish flesh for no Gish.

Open it. Mouth it.

Open the mouth.

Open His mouth,

whose roar is flood,

whose mouth is fire,

whose mouth means death.

—*Why do you go?*

—*The covering I will destroy.*

To one double-hour in the heart of the forest,

whose roar is the rains,

whose mouth fixes fire,

whose mouth means death.

—*Why do you go?*

—*A name I will establish.*

Tell me mouth.

Tell me to mouth.

The sea rises

to meet

the land, expanse:

the cover-world, the covered world, the world under the covered world, the under-world,

the fat floats

drifts

::The fattening::

In the beginning ... created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form and void. Darkness was over the face of the deep. The Spirit of ... was hovering over the face of the waters. Over the face of the deluge. And ... opened mouth <<*let there be light*>> and there was light. And ... separated lightness from darkness. ... spoke the lightness Day, and the darkness, Night. There was evening and there was morning—the first day. Glow flat soft blue. And ... opened mouth <<*let there be an expanse in the midst of these waters let it separate the waters from the waters*>> Made the expanse and separated the waters that were under the expanse from the waters that were above the expanse. Fatten so: the cover-world, the canopy, shrieks (squirms) splits. And was so. ... spoke the expanse Heaven. There was evening; there was morning—the second day. And ... opened mouth <<*let the water under be gathered together into one, and let dry land appear*>> And was so. ... spoke the dry land Earth, and the waters that gathered ... spoke Seas. And ... opened mouth <<*let the earth sprout seed bear fruit in seed*>> Fatten so: according to kind, rupture seed, bear fruit in which is seed. And was so. There was evening; there was morning—the third day. And ... opened mouth <<*let there be lights from the expanse to separate your day from your night let them be signs and seasons and days and years and be lights in the expanse to give light upon your earth*>> Fatten so: lesion light oozes forth, mimics rivulets. And was so. And ... spoke the two great lights—the greater to rule Day, the lesser to rule Night—and the stars. They ooze forth, set in the expanse, leaking, separating lightness from darkness. There was evening; there was morning—the fourth day. And ... opened mouth <<*let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures and let flying things fly above across the expanse*>> ... formed the creatures of the waters, with which the waters swarm and writhe, according to kind, and every winged flying thing according to its kind. ... mouthing <<*multiply multiply fill fill*>> There was evening; there was morning—the fifth day. And ... opened mouth <<*let your earth form land living creatures creepings and beasts*>> Fatten so: Beast birth shrieks, bleats, covered in birth. And was so. And ... formed the Earth beasts and the creepings, accordingly. Then ... opened mouth <<*let us make a man in our image let him have dominion over the creatures of the waters and the flying things of the expanse and over the beasts and over the creepings that creep on the earth*>> Fatten so: shatter-image makes a man, shatter-hand, shatter-glass, fatten man in own image reflect. And was so. And ... opened mouth to them <<*multiply multiply fill fill your earth and subdue it have given you seed sighed exhaled life into given eat and fill it*>> Fatten so. And was so. Ah, very good. There was even-ing; there was mourning—the sixth day.

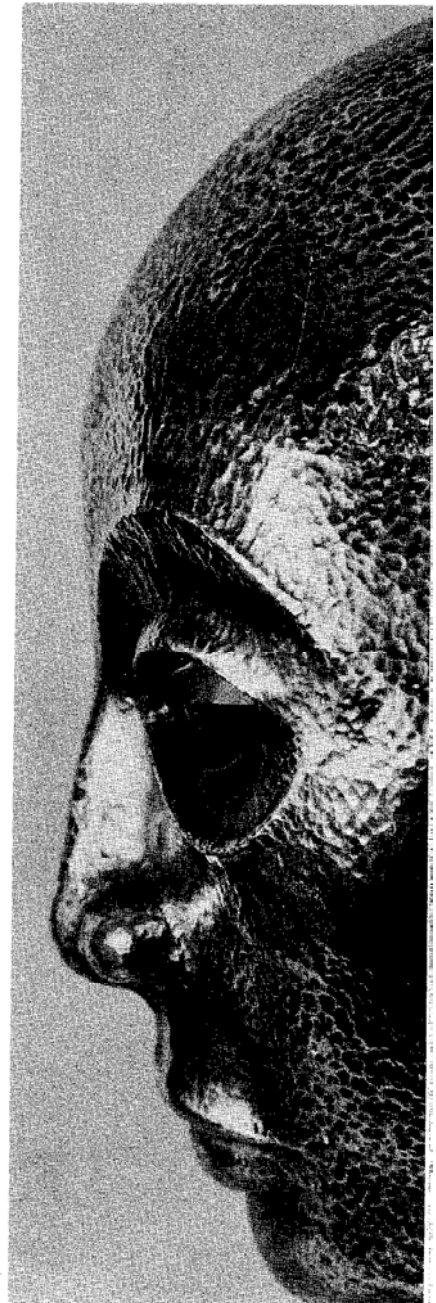
Ah, very good.

The thresh) in hand TRANSISTS.

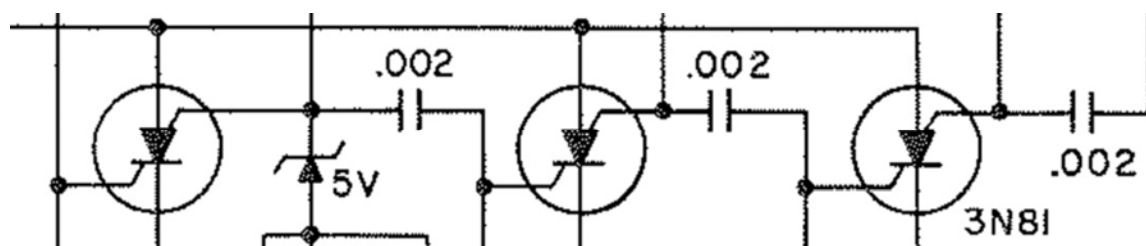
You, a hard, brittle, crystal.

moves across the grunself-edge.

The sun secures the horizon. The horizontal through the window, dull and flat and soft blue. Hands clench loosely at side. It's my hand I realize, and my mouth smiles at that. Crack dry chalk cheeks. The house is quiet. The Eastern Sun does indeed rise, and with it visits the thirsty thought of the new. Microphones. Tone samples. Data acquisition. All to be placed. And the design of the final instrument, turning opaque in neural nets.



Fourth Stage



It is not a breathing exercise. My hands are covered in your heat, covered in sound. It is like prodding a wet sponge with a fingertip. It is like dipping hot metal into salt water. It is like moaning instead of sighing. It is like quicklime used to caulk concrete. A lance pulled from boiling water. It is like learning cursive in the third grade. It is like writing cursive at age twenty-seven. It is like striking a bee with a screwdriver. It is like pressing a tricep that is extended. It is like folding a cloth that has been washed for eight years. It is like mending a broken bone. It is like a metal splinter in the joint of a finger. It is like exhaling tobacco smoke through the nose. It is like the noise of a canopy of crows. It is like the noise of a canopy being born. It is like the noise of a canopy over an open lake. It is like withdrawing a sword from your side. It is like falsetto in an aquarium. It is like curling your body over your neck. It is like color in your joints. It is like waiting for one hour. It is like waiting for one hour. It is like waiting for one hour. It is like touching a tree that moves in high wind. It is like your mind has become a wet sponge prodded by your body. It is like holding the sponge vertical until the water drains from it. It is like pressing a coin from stone.



Drone phantom arms. Squeeze a wet cloth into my open mouth like an amputee upon a hospital bed. So thirsty. Body slick with sweat like a boxer rubbed down with petroleum. Dried. Arms hard. Arms mean. Building machines, building six machines in six days. When dark comes I light the room-facing-east with the remaining paraffin burners and high wattage work lamps. The drone of the mains hum, 60 hertz, cycling through the room, my eardrum, my mind. A bass line that doesn't go away, play on strings of muscle below a middle C.

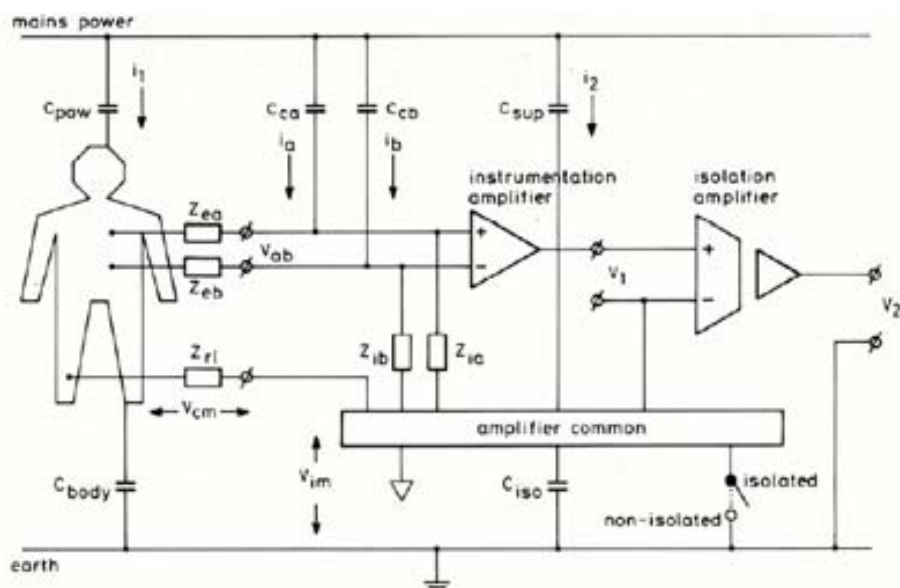


Fig. 1 Block diagram of a bioelectric measurement. The capacitances between the patient, the amplifier common and the measurement cables with respect to earth and mains cause interference currents i_1 , i_2 , i_a and i_b to flow. In a non-isolated situation the amplifier common is connected to earth (switch closed). The output voltage V_2 is recorded with respect to earth

My body is a tone, a timbre, a color of sound, a color of flux, a color of fire. Allflame, allfire. The bellows still heave in the room, keep them hot, the tuyeres open to the ventilation shafts of the warehouse, sucking in fresh air from the world. The St. Thomas church organ, behind the pinion bird-Christ, like fingers folded into each other, pipes point of contact, plying and playing the world between respiration and utterance. The organ is a speech-act in its moments, throbbing through bodies, the sensation of heat, the sensation of sound. The empiricism of thermoacoustic resonance. In my body. I light a taper again, my mother's folded hands across her duvet. I rub the

shellac of her triptych, where her hands have once also held their friction.

Folded hands : Mother :: Folded pipes : Organ

In physics class we learn that energy released is often in the form of heat and often in the form of sound. Collect that excess. Isolate. Channel it back, divert, amplify. Ground. The state of the ground. The perennial ground. Finish the mind. Isolate and ground--melisma and pneuma--leap. Childe, caught in a circle of flames, the center of a Catherine wheel, the bell tolling--pull the sword from your side and strike into that fire.



The tarsal membrane of her closed eyes, stitched with fine thread. Sealed lid with gossamer--the hand of the under-taker. I say the prayer she would want heard, textured in tones to soothe the still

swaying cilia in her eardrums. The cilia that still collect and pass on to a slowing brain, final weaves of the world.

Dagon, if you are there, you hover outside the heat of my high wattage work lamps. In my circle I am safe from you, your shattered body, leaching sea water in paths through the dust of this warehouse. Dagon, if you are there, vibrating in the 60 hertz cycle, do you breathe through nose or gills? Philistine god, localized, do you dine on my hymns, dine on my hands covered in the sounds of my machines? Dagon, if you are there, know that I am a childe, BOLT UPRIGHT, surrounded by the flame of light, the flame of work, fixed in ice.

It's night again. I wear headphones, practice the China Circle. My eardrums tremble fetus; they start to learn the tunes I've written. My arms rub down with melted wax until they are hard, stiff, menacing robot arms to program a cycle. Dagon drifts. Drone. Drone arms. Microphones have been placed in proximity to all my instruments. I've started recording tone samples. The sound is not menacing but jagged. The China Circle is a symmetric ritual. It wants me blasphemous again. I still know nothing about percussion, less about silence. I take off the headphones. The China Circle is lit with work lamps. I'm covered in mortar dust and sweat. There is a strange sound coming from outside the room-facing-east, the room I've relocated all the mixing boards and recorders to because I'm worried about the field shielding on all the wiring and amplifiers. All those electricities vibrating their fields might ruin any recordings. Or I fear they will. The sound is a crawling: soft, like someone speaking in a calm cadence. An efficient, almost paternal manner. It's tinny, hollow. The realtor?--Jesús' man? The Doctor?--My Célia? Something echo. Resonate. Synchronous vibration. Resonant. I pause in the doorway, my hand clenching the concrete. There is a panic moment, esophagus closes in on itself, and then I realize it is my voice coming from a single stereo speaker. I had forgotten to turn off the microphones, to stop the recordings. To stop the playback. I have been speaking out loud.

Playback:

Track 1 ▶

The meal of the hymns. Your concrete is a pneumatic cave, your body in a sarcophagus dipped in gold shielded in lead. Dropped to the bottom of the ocean, burning still. Like an old pharaoh, I do find some comfort in having them around. Alpha, aleph. Alpha, aleph. Alpha, meet Aleph, meet Alpha. Four machines now and only the beginning. So much equipment. It's like building sand castles at the beach. So much material. I'm worried about field shielding. Don't worry, it will be good enough. It has to be pure. Purity comes with practice. Continue to work. The Johnny Cash record on the jukebox, playing the unnamed. Deviled idle hands. The Philistine God next to the unnamed. Summoned, static. Mark tape.

(there is a series of clicks) Formal composition: insert theory of Cardinality. Mark tape.

(there is a series of clicks) In this context, Cardinality is the organization of numbers in an infinite set. Not depending on numbers of the set like a topology, the organization method is to adopt a particular semiotic for representation. This method is more useful in comparison of infinite sets that may seem similar, but need to be distinguished based on the size of their limitlessness. Ergo, not all infinite sets have equal infinity, the smallest infinite set being designated as Alpha. α , aleph. As the comparison in The Score recordings tend, as ongoing recordings increase, and infinite sets looped through, it becomes necessary to signify which specific sets are being utilized at which specific moment. This can be digitally encoded and monitored. Causal correlatives can be determined. It also becomes necessary to give the locus of the recording, where a running subset of the signifier can be employed. Something Dewey Decimal perhaps. **(laughter)** Joking, joking. We can experiment, Doctor. Mark tape.

(there is a series of clicks)

You little fish monster, dragging your sack across the mortar dust of my floor. A giant poster presentation board sticks me in the back. It's like blowing life into dust. Don't blow it. Don't name it.

Doctor,

As you assert that these notions of mine are merely fictions, mind tricks, allow me to elaborate somewhat on the principles in question.

There is shape to everything. Shape to your daily life--look at your scheduler and tell me there is not--shape to the world. We operate in forms, our words are shapes formed by shaping tongues. There is shape to the frequency with which we perceive this data in ear and mind. And when it comes to the Godhead, there indeed is a shape, and indeed a way to access this. The Buddhist Monks, Russian Mystics, Templars all agree that there is a technique to attaining communication with the Godhead. There is a Buddhist tradition called Theravada in which a meditator explores the psychological and physical truths of himself through sensation, in order to recombine, reconcile, with the ultimate. They call it Vipassana, which roughly means "seeing the truth". Russian Mystics have their Jesus Prayer. They have had it for centuries, coupled with a scrupulous lifestyle. This prayer, more than a simple supplication to the Son of God (have mercy on me, a sinner!), becomes a physical mechanism that penetrates the mind, body, heart, soul until one is in contact with the divine permanently. Templars constructed complicated mathematical rituals in their approach, organizing geometric shapes and symbols. Performed in physical movements, these allow them certain ecstasies. Of course, what success one has in any of these circumstances is owed to the individual.

In comparison, my method, my direction, is still an infant. I have no heart prayers, no sacred rituals. Still though, I have machinations. I am a mechanism too. My body, like described above, is also a material portal, a mechanism switch. At least in theory, and potential. Why do I seem to amplify when there is increased solar activity? The Ionosphere is a layer of the earth's atmosphere that is ionized, triggered, excited, by solar activity. All these energy waves move, float, shift streams many miles above our drinking, sleeping, sexing bodies. Our primary use of this atmospheric portion comes with radio applications: we shoot out frequencies that bounce off these shifting electrical fields some join the fields, some pass through. If you remember, Tesla tried ways of sending energy wirelessly in this method. It was successful to some degree. Is there a connection here? Is there a way for our spirits to become metaphysical switches and launch ourselves beyond death, into the grasp of the ultimate?

Proposed solutions to follow.

Take thy care, love,

John.

Mother's folded hands; the bellows burning sound next to my face.



Jaroslav Pelikan's The Shape of Death

Tatian, Address to the Greeks: The Arc of Existence

Pelikan: The arc of human existence has a definite point of beginning and an equally definite point of ending, but to give it the illusion of permanence men imagine that time itself is an infinite process of changing in which the human soul does not pass away but stands firm. Thus the illusion of pre-existence rests upon a fundamental confusion, the refusal to accept the reality of change and decay in the life of man. Man has no right, therefore, to extend the arc of his brief existence backward into the ages or to claim that his soul existed before it entered his body. Yet any such claim is usually a way for man to justify extending the arc in the other direction as well. Man wants to claim pre-existence for his soul because he aspires to immortality; if his soul existed before the brief arc of earthly existence began, it can continue to exist also after the arc has been closed.

Clement, Logos of God: Circle of Immortality

Pelikan: A corollary of pre-existence in many doctrines of the circle of immortality is the moral superiority of the soul to the body. The arc of existence is a small segment of the circle, and the lowest segment at that, during which the soul is temporarily joined to the body. For all the rest of the circle, the soul is free of physical encumbrance. Having so lofty an origin and destiny, the soul is naturally superior to a body that it occupies for such a brief interval. Besides, the body acts as a temptation and not merely as an encumbrance to the soul. Its appetites and passions continually prompt the soul to forget where it came from and where it is going.

Cyprian, Horizontal and Vertical: The Triangle of Mortality

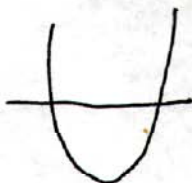
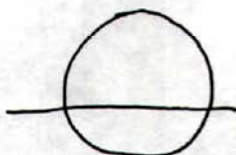
Pelikan: The notion of death as a crossing over into eternity and immortality is part of the horizontal dimension of death. The soul of man is so constituted that when the man dies, it slides across the boundary between time and eternity and goes right on living. To be or become immortal, such a soul has no need of any divine intervention; its immortality is standard equipment... It seems that Cyprian was the first man in the history of the Latin language to use the word *arcessitio*, "summons," for death. Since then it has become a euphemism to speak of death as a "summons," even as a "summons to higher service," among devout people. To Cyprian the idea of the summons connotes the authority of the Supreme Judge to order a man into his presence and to demand an account from him of all that he has been and done... this metaphor aggravates it by calling attention to the vertical dimension in the shape of death, the irresistible call of the Summoner.

Origen, On First Principles; Parabola of Eternity

Pelikan: The two arms of the parabola are the pre-existence of souls, which includes their prehistorical fall, and the eventual restoration of all things, which Origen...calls the "apocatastasis." The pre-existence of souls, as Origen develops it, is one of the three possible explanations that he enumerates for the origin of the human soul. The three explanations are: creationism, that a soul is specially created and is introduced into the body when the body is being formed; traducianism, that the soul, like the body, is transmitted from one generation to the next in a natural manner; and pre-existence, that the soul antedates the body and comes...at the appropriate moment. In this way the left side of the parabola of eternity is formed. It begins in God and before history, then leads downward into history. But it does not stop there. The right half of the parabola is like the left, leading through history, beyond history, and back to God. The biblical support for this speculation about the ultimate return and restoration of the soul comes...from the biblical word "apocatastasis," /and/ I Cor. 15:25-28.

Iranaeus, Recapitulation,: Spiral of History

Pelikan: The curve of the incarnation thus repeats the pattern of the creation, so that what was lost after the fall from the original creation might be recovered the next time around. The spiral of history moves into a new stage that surrounds and thus repeats the old; but when it does, it shows that God patterned the old turn after that which was to come. Now man can show that he has the image of God, and now he can regain the lost similitude of God.



Press Record.

You work in shifts now: part playing, part listening. You shuffle, jog, shuttle through. Boards are wrapped in wires like rubberized cocoons. Shuttle through the outputs, band width tests. You keep the tape decks running all the time now. You speak aloud into the open humming microphones. You document. You twist into instruments. You speak aloud. The field shielding is faulty you discover--there is tape decay, broken text, bleeding sound. Pixelated sound, you breathe aloud in a verbal diary. A diary for keeping. A diary for record, to sort out the mess of this when it's over. The more information you collect, the more a conditional statement is created. If. Then.

Track 2 ▶

You twist into instruments. If mystics then gods. Presuming a meaning, a constellation of referents plucking tunes, a tuning fork held against a speech-act: pixelated sound, diaphanous into a hollow body. Transference of code, codified into slag, purified ferrous-act. A diary of record stretched out across the metal bookshelf, in folios, in white cardboard boxes. Tape reels. Marked numerically. Marked numerics. Summarize a system:

\aleph_0

The lowest order of infinite sets. A tuning fork held up to the throat of the alef, scatter membranes and sheaves of rolled up scrolls. Something symmetric, *vastus lateralis* knitted into the fibers of the bed, the girl touching my temple, the long scar across her abdomen. In the dark, my hand reaches across to the frame. Static leaps from my fingertips, arcs--passes. Fools to think there is such thing as empty space. Air, the medium. Butter candles aflame, send their heat to us looking through the window frame.

Domine, labia mea
aperies,
Et os meum annuntiabit laudem
tuam.
Deus in adiutorium meum
intende,
Domine ad adiuvandum
me festina.

O cilia
waveri
ng
under
water
brush
lips
that
hands
might
kiss
palm to
palm to
tricep
strings
of ox
beef
and
calves
rigor
mortis,
O cilia
tell me
to
name
brush
name
to
name
& fix
cross to
cross &
tuned
fork to
scatter
membr
anes
reconci
le me
to a
whole
beyond
any
shard
or
fragme
nt of
illusion
an

O Lord, thou wilt open my
lips,
And my tongue shall
announce Thy praise.
O God come to my
assistance,
O Lord, make haste to help
me.

Press Record.

Playback Alpha.

Track 3 ▶

Surrounded by the circle of light from the high wattage work lamps,
the Cradle Drum swings in incantation with my body. Calf muscles--
gastrocnemius--medial head lateral head top down to calcaneal tendon.
Achilles screams in my drum, against gravity, pushing through bicycle
gears, rotating on a chain, three-in-one oil lubricates my suspended
system. Top down, BOLT UPRIGHT, meathooks as fishing lures. In their
wisdom. In their friction, they propel me sweat stiffened--uptake
intake. An uptake. An intake. A revolution and transference of energy
through cog and wheel, gear and teeth. Medial head lateral head hot
with the friction of use. There will be one performance. One. For me.
The prayer--my body--in use, prone, supine: a heart beating blood
through wires, a spine sending skittering signal through nerves.
Twisted like twine. Entombed in the anechoic chamber: the purification
of the piece. The Score to end. The finishing marks. My body dead--
sent into the sun. (you ferry the seas for seven years on planks sodden) Blow life
through the dust, the god of the sun pierces me with meathooks. The
end of the infinite is omega. The end of the infinite is Ω. The big O.

(o\O)

O housebuilder! You can be seen.

Your ridgepole can be shattered.

I can do it with a machine. I can exhale.

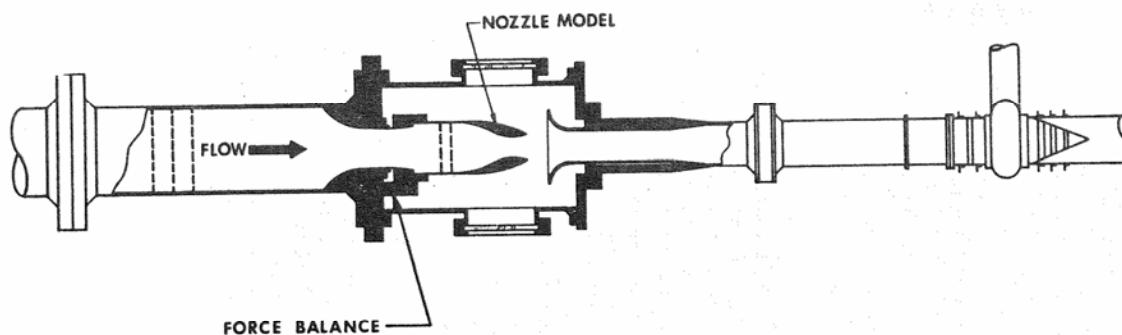
Playback:

Helmet theory. Mark tape (**there is a series of clicks**) Based on the early Weisenau models—the possibility of forging an insulating shape to cover points of contact of neural net data is high. The feasibility of accessing pineal secretions is minimal without compromising patient's recovery in case of error. Temporal lobe scans are easily processed as are the lateral occipitals. Visual data can be downloaded beyond standard neuroimaging, though possibility of visual loss remains high. There is no such thing as silence. Helmet output remains somewhat dubious. I am the ionized. Pattern drift between subject and receiver still a problem. Estimate only 55 percent retention of neurological data. Too low. Bias voltage still needs to be configured to run in both forward and reverse manner. The overlap emitter-base region shall be forward biased, and the collector-base region reversed. Recombination in the junction, or in the base—running reverse bias voltage from the collector to the base—electrons will have passed through a very high resistance region from a relatively low resistance region. The collector current, noted I_C will be significantly less than the emitter current, I_E . Tell me drift. The ratio of collector current to emitter current $[I_C/I_E]$, called alpha, α , is rarely greater than 1. Mark tape (**there is a series of clicks**).

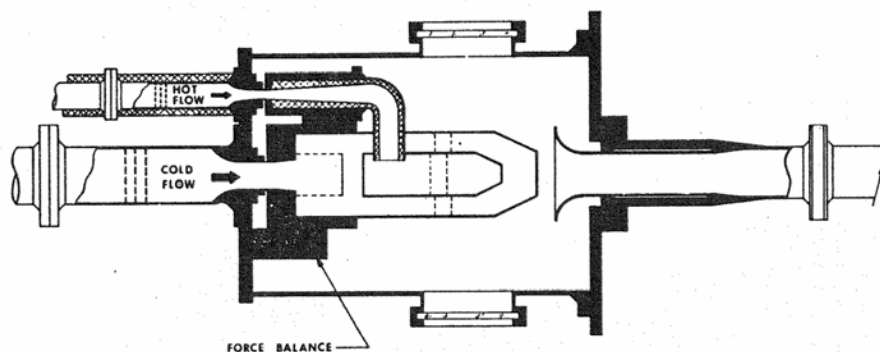
sotto voce

Node and inter-stice.
 The position of any
 ordinal in a set can
 be determined.
 Looking. Looking. Ω .
 The mega O. Looks.
 Fills. Filling me.
 Take. Ground.
 Perennial. Charge.





(a) Channels 7, 12 and 13.



(b) Channel 11.

Your life is predicated upon the virtual. Your mind leads you in its seduction. The *you* are the ignorant. Make an enemy of your mind, and you will fight, you will go mad. A system flushed with sensation, your empiricism is hyperbole, personality. A system flushed with sensation, your mind is dogmatic, chrysalid sphere of unknowing. Your mind is strange: familiar with body, motion, the causal, the effect. Your mind is older than a soul, caught in a sandstorm, a drift of flow, intoxicated on itself, under itself, across itself. Your mind is older than a brain, mutated in gestation, wants chemical, wants sugar, wants salt, wants water, wants anger. Chrysalid sphere of unknowing. The organ plays with folded pipes like folded hands. The tone shakes your vessel kneeling. Penitent in self-pity. Tone of pity, caught in a sandstorm of sensation. Cross in blindness, climb the root of the lotus into new arms.

Press Record.

Playback Beta.

Track 4 ▶

My machines click to life. Mind carries orders: lay supine. The Chamber, the anechoic chamber, teaches me this: there is no such thing as silence. *Arcessitio descends.*

Dagon, you are there breathing your breath outside the padded walls of this sacred space. Lay supine. You Philistine god, shattered on the groundsel edge, wetted, waiting

Et.

Et.

Et.

Pneumatic chant

Et.

Et.

Et.

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart
In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

Not see? because of night perhaps? — why, day
Came back again for that! before it left,
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay, —
'Now stab and end the creature — to the heft!'

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears
Of all the lost adventures my peers, —
How such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

There they stood, ranged along the hill-sides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew.

Reset Pulse

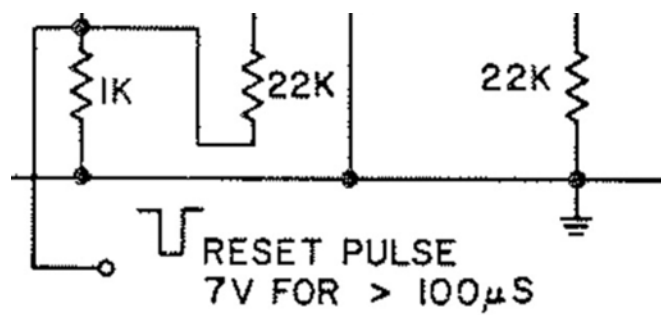


Table A-I.

FIGOR

```

10 REM THIS PROGRAM PROVIDES CORRECTION FACTORS AND INCREMENTAL
11 REM SPHERICAL AREAS FOR THE FAR FIELD CALCULATIONS. SEE TIME
12 REM SHARE PROGRAM "FARFLD". INPUT AMBIENT ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS
13 REM AND ARC RADIUS AT LINE 90. INPUT MICROPHONE ANGLE LOCATIONS
14 REM AT LINE 840
25 REM PREPARED BY R. FOGG 4-28-68
30 DIM C(24),E(24),F(24),G(24),H(24),I(24),N(20),V(20),P(20),S(20),Z(24)
40 FOR I=1 TO 24
50 READ F(I)
60 DATA 500,630,800,1000,1250,1600,2000,2500,3150,4000,5000,6300
70 DATA 8000,10000,12500,16000,20000,25000,31500,40000,50000
71 DATA 63000,80000,100000
72 NEXT I
75 REM "T1" IS WET BULB TEMPERATURE IN DEGREES F. "T3" IS ATMOSPHERIC
76 REM TEMPERATURE IN DEGREES F. "P1" IS ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE IN
77 REM INCHES OF HG. "R2" IS SPHERICAL RADIUS IN FEET.
80 READ T1,T3,P1,R2
90 DATA 33,40,29.921,1000
95 REM THE FOLLOWING CALCULATIONS ARE FOR ABSOLUTE HUMIDITY
100 LET T2=((5/9)*(T1-32))+273.16
110 LET X1=647.27-T2
111 READ B6,B7,B8,B9
112 DATA 3.2437814,5.86826E-3,1.1702379E-8
113 DATA 0.89
120 LET A5=B6+B7*X1+B8*X1^3
130 LET A1=1+2.1E-7*46E-3*X1
140 LET A2=(X1/T2)*(A5/A1)
141 READ C6,C7
142 DATA 218.167,14.6959
150 LET P=((C6/10+A2)*C7)
160 LET A3=((P1*.49115)-P)*(T3-T1)
170 LET P2=P-((A3)/(2755-1.2E*T1))
171 READ C8,C9,D5,D6
172 DATA 144,460,85.7,16.02E3
180 LET A4=((P2+C8)/((T3+C9)*D5))*D6
181 PRINT "AMBIENT TEMPERATURE=";T3;"DEGREES F"
182 PRINT "WET BULB TEMPERATURE=";T1;"DEGREES F"
183 PRINT "BAROMETRIC PRESSURE=";P1;"INCHES OF HG"
184 PRINT
185 PRINT "ABSOLUTE HUMIDITY (HA)=";A4;"GRAMS PER CUBIC METER"
187 LET D1=P1/29.921
188 LET D2=(T3+460)/519
189 LET D3=(SQRT(D2))/D1
190 PRINT "IMPEDENCE CORRECTED TO STD.DAY=";D3*2.227525E-6
191 PRINT
192 PRINT
193 REM THE FOLLOWING CALCULATIONS ARE FOR ALPHA MOL MAX
200 REM H MOL MAX
205 READ F1,F2,F3,F4,F5,F6
210 FOR I=1 TO 24

```

Table A-I.

/FICOR CONTINUED

```

220 IF F(I) > 4000 THEN 227
225 LET A6=F(I)
226 GO TO 230
227 LET A6=B9*F(I)
230 LET H(I)=.028961*A6+.51093
235 IF F(I) > 4000 THEN 250
240 LET A6=F(I)
245 GO TO 260
250 LET A6=B9*F(I)
260 LET C(I)=A6*.00357451*EXP(.0117537*T3)
261 IF A6 <= 5900 THEN 266
263 DATA .15023777E02, .83707731E-02, -.36541712E-06, .56857600E-11
264 DATA -.31243498E-16, .0117537
265 LET C(I)=(F1+F2*A6+F3*A6+2+F4*A6+3+F5*A6+4)*EXP(F6*(13-59))
266 IF F(I) > 4000 THEN 269
267 LET A6=F(I)
268 GO TO 270
269 LET A6=B9*F(I)
270 LET Y4=.279129E-7*A6+2.05403
280 LET Y5=.261933E-7*A6+2.05081
290 LET X(I)=Y5+(Y4-Y5)*(T3-32)/68
300 REM THE FOLLOWING CALCULATIONS ARE FOR ALPHA MOL OVER ALPHA MOL
305 LET A7=A4/H(I)
310 IF A7 > 6.5 THEN 440
320 IF A7 < 1.0 THEN 380
330 LET Y1=(.16955546E-2*A7)-.35055924E-1
340 LET Y2=(Y1*A7)+.28070773
350 LET Y3=(Y2*A7)-.10581673E1
360 LET Z(I)=(Y3*A7)+.18209020E1
370 GO TO 450
380 LET Y1=(.74335316E1*A7)-.171860E2
390 LET Y2=(Y1*A7)+.11814166E2
400 LET Y3=(Y2*A7)-.23792759E1
410 LET Y4=(Y3*A7)+.13220157E1
420 LET Z(I)=(Y4*A7)+.5230581E-3
430 GO TO 450
440 LET Z(I)=.2
450 LET Z(I)=.001*INT(1000*Z(I)+.5)
460 LET E(I)=Z(I)*C(I)
470 REM THE FOLLOWING CALCULATIONS ARE FOR THE EGA CORRECTION
480 LET R1=R2
510 LET C1=(.20411435E-20*R1)-.66703093E-16
520 LET C2=(C1*R1)+.72854603E-12
530 LET C3=(C2*R1)-.32650913E-8
540 LET C4=(C3*R1)+.49614255E-5
550 LET C5=(C4*R1)+.44663072E-2
560 LET G1=(C5*R1)+.59387702
570 LET E1=(.16573369E-24*R1)-.46152934E-20
580 LET E2=(E1*R1)+.32361609E-16
590 LET E3=(E2*R1)+.39118972E-13

```

Table A-I.

/FICOR CONTINUED

```

600 LET E4=(E3*R1)-.10464995E-8
610 LET E5=(E4*R1)+.29126338E-5
620 LET E6=(E5*R1)-.54370996E-3
630 LET G2=(E6*R1)+.59506112
650 IF R1<=4000 THEN 680
660 LET G1=5.010264
670 LET G2= 15.44041+.0001*(R1-4000)
680 IF F(I)=63 THEN 720
690 IF F(I)>=2000 THEN 740
700 LET Z1=.2*((LOG(F(I)/62.5))/LOG(2))
710 GO TO 750
720 LET Z1=0
730 GO TO 750
740 LET Z1=1.0
750 LET G(I)=(Z1*(G1-G2))+G2
760 NEXT I
765 PRINT "CORRECTION FACTORS IN DB AT ARC RADIUS=";R2;"FEET"
770 PRINT "FREQUENCY";TAB(11);"CLASSICAL";TAB(22);"VOL. ABSORP.";TAB(36);
771 PRINT "TOTAL ABSORP";TAB(51);"EGA";TAB(63);"TOTAL CORR"
790 FOR I= 1 TO 24
800 PRINT F(I);TAB(8);K(I)*R2/1000;TAB(22);E(I)*R2/1000;
801 PRINT TAB(36);(K(I)+E(I))*R2/1000;TAB(51);G(I);TAB(63);
802 PRINT ((K(I)+E(I))*R2/1000)+G(I)
810 NEXT I
820 REM THE FOLLOWING CALCULATIONS ARE FOR STRIP AREA
821 PRINT
822 PRINT
825 PRINT "ANGLE LOCATION","STRIP AREA FOR";R2;"FOOT SPHERICAL RADIUS"
826 PRINT "(DEGREES)","(SQ. FT.)"
830 REM "M(I)" AND "N(I)" ARE ANGLES WHICH DEFINE THE ARC ASSIGNED
840 REM TO EACH MICROPHONE. "P(I)" IS THE MICROPHONE LOCATION ANGLE.
845 READ F1,F2,F3,F4
846 DATA 1.5,3.1416,2..0174533
850 READ N
855 DATA 17
860 FOR I= 1 TO N
870 READ P(I)
875 NEXT I
880 DATA 0,10,20,30,40,50,60,70,80,90,100,110,120,130,140,150,160
895 FOR I= 1 TO N
900 LET M(I)=P(I)-(P(I)-P(I-1))/F3
910 LET N(I)=(P(I+1)-P(I))/F3+P(I)
915 IF I=1 THEN 917
916 GO TO 920
917 LET M(I)=P(I)-(P(I+1)-P(I))/F3
920 IF M(I)< 0 THEN 940
930 GO TO 950
940 LET M(I)= 0
950 IF N(I) > 180 THEN 970
954 IF I=N THEN 962

```

Table A-I.

PF1000 CONTINUED

```
958 GO TO 980
960 GO TO 980
962 LET N(I)=P(I)+(P(I)-P(I-1))/F3
966 GO TO 980
970 LET N(I)=180
980 LET S(I)=F1*F2*R2+F3*(COS(N(I)*F4)-COS(N(I)*F4))
990 PRINT P(I),S(I)
995 NEXT I
1000 END
```


Table Δ_a

ten	what	jasmine flower bloom	not	yellowed
twenty	say	mass	not	departed
thirty	say	open	not	mouth
forty	left	mound	cover covers	mouth
fifty	Ramses	Ramsgate	over	hold holds holding
sixty	old	grave	his	back
seventy	open	tabernacle	country	inhabit
eighty	smell	jasmine flower bloom	deep	brush stone
ninety	Ramses		drink	
one hundred	bones	fish (animal)	teeth	pile piled
one hundred ten	Surname	seat		rear
one hundred twenty	bones	poke	dust dusted	jasmine flower bloom
one hundred thirty	mouth			rear
one hundred forty	open	wait waiting	dust dusted	
one hundred fifty	stone	wash	knee knees	kneeler

Table Δ_a continued

one hundred sixty	book			unbolt
one hundred seventy	etch	chant	on	scratch
one hundred eighty	sharp	jasmine flower bloom	edge	in
one hundred ninety	bone	ink	book	
two hundred	dissolve	finger	ink	
two hundred ten	flute	flask	cassock	carve
two hundred twenty	dissolve	finger	oils	
two hundred thirty	ink	breath	dissolve	
two hundred forty	agape agate	mound	mouth	Ea
two hundred fifty	these	pearls	are	eyes
two hundred sixty	plunder	pluck	god blank eat	
two hundred seventy	caul	cassock	in	
two hundred eighty	mask-cover	a bleat	a moan	a cut
two hundred ninety	stalactite	bleach	cave-growth	afloat
three hundred	palate	in	mercury	slate-soft

Table Δ_b

(10)	What jasmine not yellowed?
(20)	Say mass for departed souls.
(30)	Open the mouth.
(40)	Left: the mound in mouth. Is in ash covers.
(50)	Ramses holds Ramsgate by the mouth.
(60)	The ancient grave against his lower back.
(70)	The tabernacle is open to the wild country to colonize.
(80)	Long smell of jasmine on the brushed, washed stone.
(90)	Ramses goes on with a drink.
(100)	The bones of one fish in a pile like serrated teeth.
(110)	A S'urname: the rear the last seat.
(120)	A god poking through the bones and dusted flowers.
(130)	Mouth — S'ur — Rear
(140)	Open and wait. The dust stirs.
(150)	Stone has been washed by sweat, by knees. There is no kneeler here.
(160)	Open and book?
(170)	The writing is an etch, a chant etch on scratch.
(180)	A sharpened edge in jasmine ink.
(190)	It is bone-ink, bleached bone paper.
(200)	Touch. Dissolves. A finger threaded with a blank ink.
(210)	A flute in a flask? Ringed. Carved. Cassock.
(220)	The finger oils dissolve such material.
(230)	The breath oils dissolve such material.
(240)	Bare pressed agate birth — s'ur expanding — mound-mouth agape.
(250)	Those were the pearls that were his eyes.
(260)	Plunderer, plucker. Sweet in eating and in drinking.
(270)	Caul birth. Cassock birth.
(280)	Flesh mask covers: a bleat, a moan. A cut thru.
(290)	Between the eyelids like cave-growth, bleached, stalactitic.
(300)	The palate drips and rolls (mercury). Slate-soft blood for the first digestion.

Table Δ_c

What jasmine not yellowed
 speaking the mass, a requiem Father stands
 opens the mouth.

Left BOLT UPRIGHT:

 the mound in mouth in ash-cover the mouth full of sand Ramses
 opens the mouth. Holds Ramsgate by the mouth.

The ancient grave is against his lower back sweating
 Open: the tabernacle is open to the wild country to colonize.
 The long smell of jasmine is on the brushed stone
 washed by sweat by knees
 Ramses drinks goes on lacquerware to dust the bones of one fish
 in a pile like serrated teeth.
 The god pokes through the bones and dusted flowers the rear
 the s'urname the last
 Mouth — S'ur — Rear
 Open: wait. The dust stirs stone washed by knees by sweat
 There is no kneeler here.

—

The writing is chant an etch a chant etch on scratch a sharpened
 edge
 in jasmine ink
 It is long bone-ink on bleached bone paper
 A touch.
 Dissolves.
 The finger is tattooed with blank ink ringed carved
 cassock a flute in a flask.
 The finger oils dissolve the material.
 The breath oils dissolve the material.
 Agate birth rheumatic bare pressed to see s'ur expanding mound-mouth
 agape agape
 Those were pearls that were eyes,
 a plunder a pluck sweet
 to eat sweet
 to drink
 but his birth is caul
 his birth is cassock flesh mask covers: bleat, moan
 A generous cut thru with a sharp serrated fish bone between the eyelids
 there like cave-growth bleached stalactitic
 The palate drips a resin and rolls the smell of mercury rolls jasmine:
 Slate-soft blood for the first digestion.

In which we undergo an exploration of the physical constitution of a hermetically sealed body, birthed in psychological reality, chanted into existence, copulated with breath, points of contact bolt upright, being fed language from our alchemist-poet who cackles wildly in his labyrinthine concrete corridors and has a fondness for Wordsworth.

```
if (<in tongues they have added the name their capuchins grey their shoulders cloaked>)
then
```

```
    <shift field  fibers stand>
```

```
else
```

```
    <bolt upright  relax field>
```

```
switch (<she is composite>) {
```

```
    case <repelling a heat> :
```

```
        <the heartwood dead ductile deform without rupture>
```

```
        break;
```

```
    default :
```

```
        <flex and felt>
```

```
}
```

```
switch (<he is composite>) {
```

```
    case <a binding in short fiber> :
```

```
        <glass and carbon-fiber combination>
```

```
    case <on the application> :
```

```
        <sling atoms  align atoms>
```

```
        break;
```

```
    default :
```

```
        <like cilia matrices waver in lungs and weeds underwater>
```

```
}
```

```
do
```

```
    <in a half-ring:  ) add the name>
```

```
while (<sunk in the mouth of the delta>)
```

```
while (<their heels muddied in the grasses>)
```

```
while (<living tissues conduct thru>)
```

```
    <mud  and grass  and water>
```

```
for (<the fibers> ; <stand> ; <relax>)
```

```
    stand;
```

Cupola rising
 from mud and grass and waters—
 Cylinder: ferrous thin
 shelled spot-welded yet still bottomless
 topless—open to atmosphere
 a tower for slag and churn a tower to find an ore

Copula rising
 to be Body-**body** hermetic
 with two threads

sotto in su

The bauddha-body, the
 astral body that hangs
 like a shadow at
 noonday below you.
 Unseen, but felt,
 flexing. Recoiling.
 Contracts. Records.

Press record.

(<rest, (I too am) weary>)

I praise you Parent of heavens, of earths. You have hidden these things
from the clever and learned, and revealed them simply to little children.
The delight *di sotto in su*, from below looking up through the dome upon
your faces. They darken. They lighten, they game and come.
Yes, Parent, for this was your good pleasure. And now, it shares.

All things have been committed to me by my Parent. No one knows the
Child except the Parent, and no one knows the Parent except the Child
and those to whom the Child chooses to reveal the Parent. But we feed
both, weariness stroked away across the faces.

Come then, all you who are weary and burgeoned, and I will give you
rest. Take my Yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and
humble, and you will find rest for your bodies. For my Yoke is easy and my
burgeon is light. You will birth, cooed. You will birth me, thread to my
body, and feed.

We,
covenant children,
are spoken breath.
Speak breath for words are the body:
words exhalation;
words body-breath: copula
speak shapes,
speak shatters;
speak earths overhead or under

```

01010111 01100101 00101100 00100000 00001101 00001010
01100011 01101111 01110110 01100101 01101110 01100001
01101110 01110100 00100000 01100011 01101000 01101001
01101100 01100100 01110010 01100101 01101110 00101100
00100000 00001101 00001010 01100001 01110010 01100101
00100000 01110011 01110000 01101111 01101011 01100101
01101110 00100000 01100010 01110010 01100101 01100001
01110100 01101000 00101110 00100000 00001101 00001010
01010011 01110000 01100101 01100001 01101011 00100000
01100010 01110010 01100101 01100001 01110100 01101000
00100000 01100110 01101111 01110010 00100000 01110111
01101111 01110010 01100100 01110011 00100000 01100001
01110010 01100101 00100000 01110100 01101000 01100101
00100000 01100010 01101111 01100100 01111001 00111010
00001101 00001010 01110111 01101111 01110010 01100100
01110011 00100000 01100101 01111000 01101000 01100001
01101100 01100001 01110100 01101001 01101111 01101110
00111011 00100000 00001101 00001010 01110111 01101111
01110010 01100100 01110011 00100000 01100010 01101111
01100100 01111001 00101101 01100010 01110010 01100101
01100001 01110100 01101000 00111010 00100000 01100011
01101111 01110000 01110101 01101100 01100001 00001101
00001010 01110011 01110000 01100101 01100001 01101011
00100000 01110011 01101000 01100001 01110000 01100101
01110011 00101100 00100000 00001101 00001010 01110011
01110000 01100101 01100001 01101011 00100000 01110011
01101000 01100001 01110100 01110100 01100101 01110010
01110011 00111011 00100000 00001101 00001010 01110011
01110000 01100101 01100001 01101011 00100000 01100101
01100001 01110010 01110100 01101000 01110011 00100000
01101111 01110110 01100101 01110010 01101000 01100101
01100001 01100100 00100000 01101111 01110010 00100000
01110101 01101110 01100100 01100101 01110010

```

Of caul birth—
 pileus and veil
 the gravel upon walls grates against
 skin pulver
 and grate threads upon thread

Parent! I am diaphanous
 and open—
 dissolve flickering
 a shade a gravel a ground
 a body awake and anxious:

01110100 01110010 01100001 01101110 01110011
 00101101 00001101 00001010 01110100 01110010
 01100001 01101110 01110011 00101101 01101101
 01101001 01100111 01110010 01100001

trans-migratory

position
 depends on move
 depends on rest
 weary, give me position

sotto in su

Born in an amulet, a
 pair of rings for ears.
 A minos. A mynah. Fed.
 Fly.
 The bauddha-body shadow
 absent-Scholem and
 Dante were wrong. It
 flickers in
 incantation, those pre-
 rolled scrolls I feed
 into it--fire--then
 fades. Fed, it releases
 the shock of air,
 player piano and I
 swear, it is scream.

(<in the aquarium, staring at the
starfish, my grandfather tells me to
hold my finger above my heart
because it is splinted>)

I

the lead chest filled with lead
rose,
was found,
floated and opened.
splitting sheetrock
covered in asbestos—
the arms, the legs
trunk and neck—
the limbs floated in lead.
the lead shrieks when submerged

II

rose the lead chest filled,
was found
with lead
splitting sheetrock
the arms, the legs
covered in asbestos—
trunk and neck—
the limbs floated in lead,
floated and opened.
the lead screams when submerged

III

found the floated limbs
floated in lead
trunk and neck—
the lead chest filled with lead
rose,
splitting sheetrock
and opened
covered in asbestos—
the arms, the legs
the lead dissolves when submerged

Feed him brahms. Feed him wagner.
 Feed him bhikkus. Feed him brahma.

Feeding him brahms and wagner
 Feeding him bhikkus and brahma

sotto in su

His ears are rings and
 they ring. Curls in the
 corner, concrete meets
 cold. Hair, like cilia,
 stand on his neck,
 static upright; breath
 dry as canvas
 tarpaulin.

O Célia, your song
 01100011 11101001
 01101100 01101001
 01100001 to cover the
 hallways

BOLT UPRIGHT I unloosed her chain, and,
 stepped in. The boat, stolen from the shore, pushed
 away with an oar against the pier. It was an act of
 stealth. And pleasure. Running, the night pursuing; my
 night pursuit.

The boat moved on.

Mountain-echoes: the lake glassy calm still upon
 either side. Small circles from my oars, my arms,
 triceps flexing felt for once.

The oars dipped; my arms dipped into the noise of the
 lake. I rose, stroke, stroke, sweat from pores my boat
 heaved as Swan:

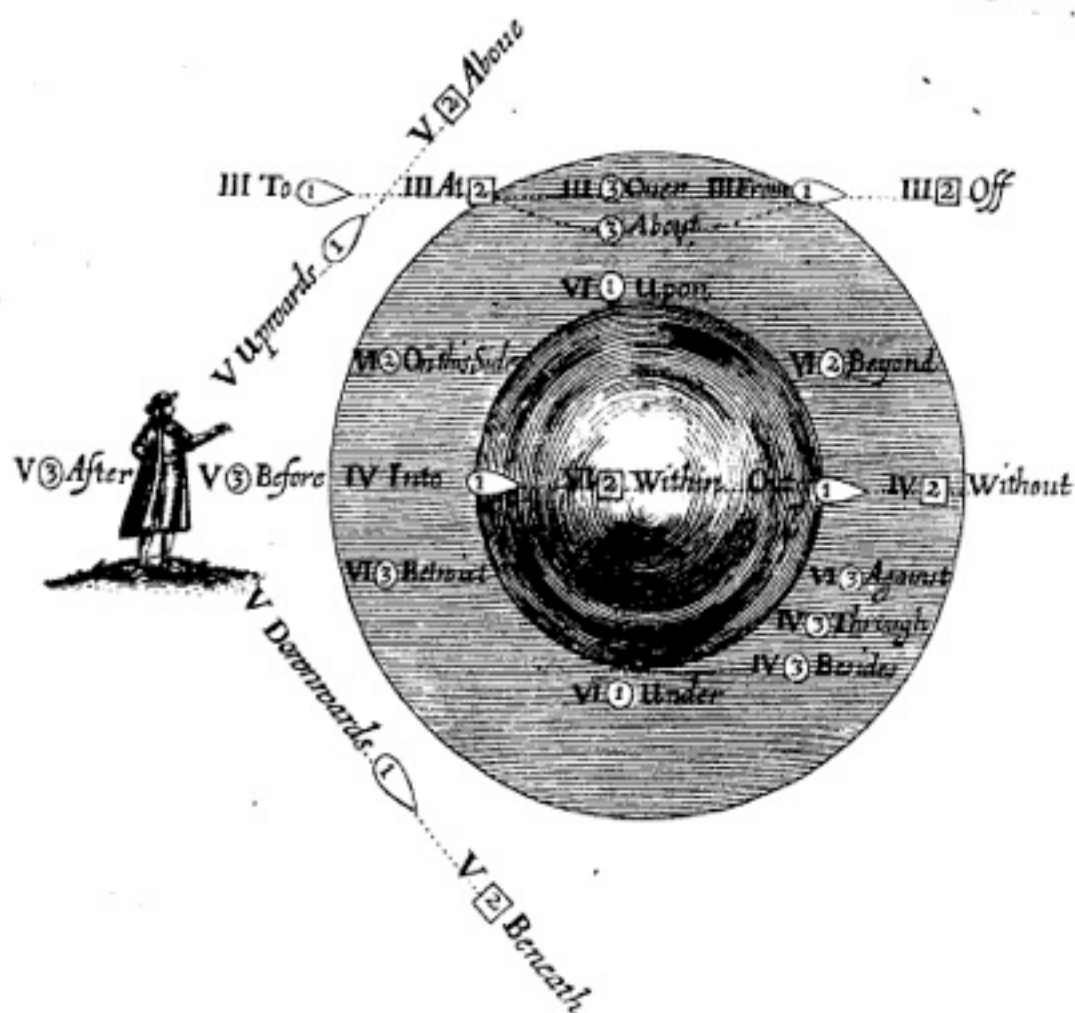
Then behind the steep crag mountain dark
 moonhidden, binding the horizon a huge peak black
 voluntary uprearing its head

Panic. Anxious. Position. I struck, and struck again...

sotto in su

The bastard breed. Not
 a creature of a doctor,
 a creature of air,
 pneumatics—pneuma,
 blown and heaved.
 Across. Beyond. Trans.

Pag. 316.



Some

sotto in su

Off. Without. Beneath.
 Above. Beyond the
 sphere, the preposition
 vibrates outward. Give
 him position. Give him
 feed. Tell him move.
 Tell him rest. Tell him
 under, tell him upon.
 Here causality is
 manufactured--here is
 reverberation to fill
 the image--here is
 perception to feed
 reaction.

IV

I have flown up as swallow,
see me fishermen.

I have flown up as swallow merged
bird exhaled.
Repeated.
Merged in name my
shadow body given
hugs the floated cavity. Then dissolves. Appears.

I have flown up as swallow,
see me fishermen,
escaping thrusts;
and these,
these are the oars of arms limbs
gathered then grafted back for sauterstitch;
a player piano
comes bundled with a movetwitch
comes bundled with a windchest.

The light-folk, the sun-folk,
serve the chewing gods.

When the sun-folk are swallowed
the earths throw open the jaws,
chewing—
hinging jaws.
The arm swallowers have opened
the mouth the thrusts
and nets probe
and I have flown up as swallow,
flying thing across
the noise of the waters.

(<Seven are they seven are they seven are they
whispering over the waters>) ;

You who look backward,
cutting of flesh
finned fish trapper, trappers of the fish-trap
those who fish the dead-net which catch dead
come with the net of Osiris:
the corners weighted in the heavens,
the mesh floating on the earths to stay the rolling tide.
I will become the gasp of air.

(<seven are they,
whispering over the waters
gone to the sea to collect a debt, to collect

```
01011001 01101111 01110101 00100000 01110111
01101000 01101111 00100000 01101100 01101111
01101111 01101011 00100000 01100010 01100001
01100011 01101011 01110111 01100001 01110010
01100100 00101100 00100000 01100011 01110101
01110100 01110100 01101001 01101110 01100111
00100000 01101111 01100110 00100000 01100110
01101100 01100101 01110011 01101000 00100000
01100110 01101001 01101110 01101110 01100101
01100100 00100000 01100110 01101001 01110011
01101000 00100000 01110100 01110010 01100001
01110000 01110000 01100101 01110010 00101100
00100000 01110100 01110010 01100001 01110000
01110000 01100101 01110010 01110011 00100000
01101111 01100110 00100000 01110100 01101000
01100101 00100000 01100110 01101001 01110011
01101000 00101101 01110100 01110010 01100001
01110000 00100000 01110100 01101000 01101111
01110011 01100101 00100000 01110111 01101000
01101111 00100000 01100110 01101001 01110011
01101000 00100000 01110100 01101000 01100101
00100000 01100100 01100101 01100001 01100100
00101101 01101110 01100101 01110100 00100000
01101111 01101000 01101001 01100001 01110000
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01100100 00100000 01100001 01110100 01100011
01101000 00100000 01100100 01100101 01100001
01100100 00100000 01100001 01101111 01101101
01100101 00100000 01110111 01101001 01110100
01101000 00100000 01110100 01101000 01100101
00100000 01101110 01100101 01110100 00100000
01101111 01100110 00100000 01001111 01110011
01101001 01110010 01101001 01110011 00111010
00100000 01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000
01100011 01101111 01110010 01101110 01100101
01110010 01110011 00100000 01110111 01100101
01101001 01100111 01101000 01110100 01100101
01100100 00100000 01100110 01101100 01101111
01100001 01110100 01101001 01101110 01100111
00100000 01101111 01101110 00100000 01110100
01101000 01100101 00100000 01100101 01100001
01110010 01110100 01101000 01110011 00100000
01110100 01101111 00100000 01110011 01110100
01100001 01111001 00100000 01110100 01101000
01100101 00100000 01110010 01101111 01101100
01101100 01101001 01101110 01100111 00100000
```

The seven carve the birch-bark for boat
grafting the oars to arms,
the lotus holds the waxen thread
to weld water to wire—
the path of cypress towards the shore,
the cormorant circles above, in gyre.
The cypress is the tree of mourning, their path
leads to broken stones that litter the ground.

The chewing god in ice upright
 half his chest above the ice,
 half below—
 the length of his great arms!
 My oars, this body
 in proportion to his arms.
 They moor me to the water the floating dock.

Her flesh was fattened
 composite hardwood
 and then covering heartwood, I,
 I have flown as swallow,
 as sense Body.

V

Purify the backbone of Osiris,
 issue the spine-cord,
 graft the wire to the wire then,
 the waters to the waters.

sotto in su

In tongues the nuns
 have added the name,
 their capuchins grey,
 their feet soaked in
 the brine of the bay.
 There is flutter upon
 the horizon: something
 closes, breaks open,
 closes, breaks open,
 like the valve of a
 pump.

Célia.



promise of dim
 promise of horus head
 beak eye talon
 no love but gradience
 no love but gradient
 from grey to dim



bind water to water
 promise of water for throat
 and throat for call:
 throat rings thru mid-foreskull
 for call.

Ite, missa est — Go, it is ended

you dig the dead horus growing
porous dreamwhore dream whorl—

leave me alive

—cauled pileus pulvered
edgework of the hole

covered console with metal wetwire metal
wireframe condenser leeching chlorine—

you lech

—with pouchsprings out your spine
knobs of metal wire
seismic muscle of movetwitch
dropping chemical to the floor

metal wired to wetharness for friction.
player piano harnessed electropneumatic slider chest
windchest with weaveleather pedal pouch—

sit

—bound to wire to pedal
releathering

it's the season of grease:
in grease fat and fit to kill
the greasehorn in hand the greasecloth
sop in the fattrap—

crammed capons pea-hens chickens in the grease

—running the mouth over with the fat
you leech from gash in pouchback

drink sop squeezed from cloth—
grease rush from the gasp in the organ-stop

sotto in su

The perforations on the
paper roll of the piano
allow the tracker bar
to coordinate the
release of air. The
rush of air, without
human fingers.
Pneumatics. She was
always so fond of them,
the high pressure, her
voice exploding like
orphic-compression.

Childe, again you approach, again you're led

First thought, she lies in every word—

she makes the sign of wood familiar perhaps thinking pine perhaps oak
the dark of rosewood bloodbrown of seasoned teak.

It feels like a lie perhaps she lies in every word;

karyakarya

the hand absolves the wood

But those teeth—

filed to points drawing resin from lips from gums from palate
resin hand-gum rolling between the fingers holds it out

She points the way thick curve hillstation?

karyakamma

hoary resin hands glue hands,

fingers the sign the rood

drag in sand-path in pull-path

back flex under twine cord the pore-sweat the croakmouth of ash

from veldt plain hill down

dirtmounds mouthed agape: dark shimmer like a velvet cloth-hanging

over stained glass windowing;

the glass shimmer flexing agate eye *karyacoma*

the frame grate stained the rosewood in season along the path.

Fit and fat in season along the path.

In the grate. In the glue graft.

sotto in su

The vague experience
of fire surrounding
him. Not the purity
of St Georg pulling
a sword from his
side, the hellfire
of being hung from
the throat, silenced
from incantation.
The tower withheld,
another temple
rising in its stead.

(She lies! I remember!)

A rood-loft and a rood.

A rood-screen fitted up with glass for fitness.

A nave.

I read the book.

The book is read by me.

Read the book.

Christ.

Called logos, or-christ.

The word.

Christ.

Interstice. Fluid. Link

flesh to word.

The anxiety of calculus without interstice.

Intersection.

Behind the rood-screen.

Intersection behind the rood-screen.

The rood-loft held by the ridgepole.

Ramsgate for dolerarm.

heavy brass arms feed

the kneeler

thread burgundy cloth

feed against kneebulb.

Feet against thick rug-cloth

red.

red, point away from rood-

screen Ra's-Gate

contempting

alle-lu-lai

alle-lu-lai

alle-lu-lai

the pine box ventricled, paneled, latticed

against the brown stonebulb-

it's aged against the

glass

Creepers through latticework, thread feeders circling brown stone,

tower and rood-glass Corona tower

coronal rood-glass glowing between the breaks of stone:

red stone

brown stone

raw stone

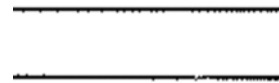
Sand sifting through breaks,

rivers of sand then, fissure opens the rift

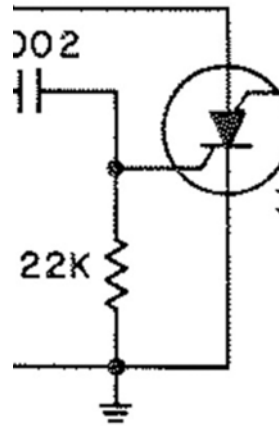
	tear in the cloth.		Feet point back. Tremor.
		the rift-river of sand,	
slipping on sand			the rood-screen before the rood-loft
			arching like a backfoot pointing back
Ramsgate pours	<i>alle-lu-lai</i>		
	<i>alle-lu-lai</i>		
	<i>alle-lu-lai</i>		
			the rood-screen shivers splits
			the wood splints
			spent
			rifted
Ramsgate, mouth full of sand	chanting	the tear in the cloth	the tear in the rood-womb
	<i>allula allula allula</i>		

burlap	brick dust		
	cabrit	sans	cor
say	table		on
say	dangle	wrap	skein
	cabrit	sans	cor
cabrit	sans		cor
dust	rain		mud
with	whipped	air	
said	brick	down	lightly
in	burlap	woven	
	grained		

Last Stage(I)



OK



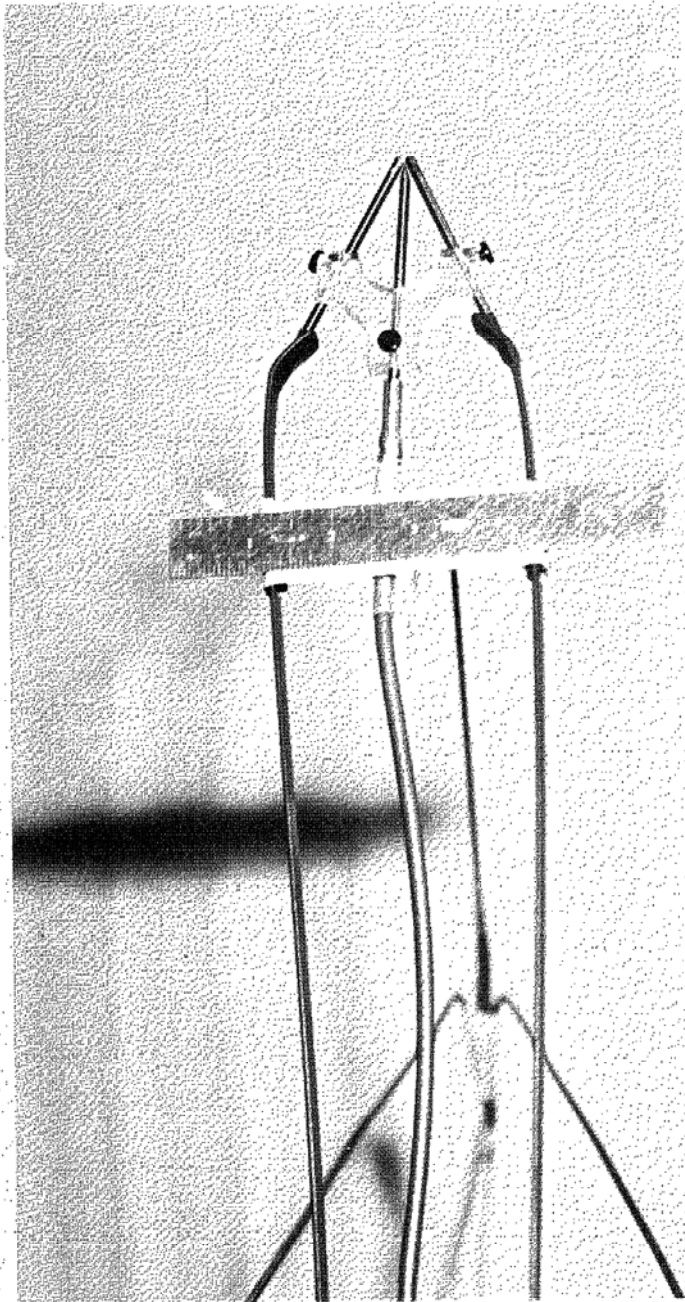


Figure 5-32. Closeup of Spark Gap.

Air, the medium.

Table A-II. Summary of Ambient Conditions During Certification Testing of the Facilities

Pt.	P _o , psia	P _g , psia	P _g /P _o	T _o , °R	T _g , °R	V _j , ft/sec	M _j	Amb. Temp., °F	Wet Bulb Temp., °F	Bar. Press., in. Hg	Rel. Hum., %	D _j inch
3	14.509	15.960	1.100	512.0	498.9	401.3	0.372	33.5	31.5	29.540	81.0	4.64
4	14.510	16.687	1.150		500.4	485.2	0.451	33.5	31.5	29.542	81.0	
6	14.509	19.558	1.348		502.9	702.9	0.667	33.5	31.5	29.540	81.0	
7	14.509	21.241	1.464		503.0	789.7	0.758	34.5	32.0	29.540	76.0	
8	14.509	23.679	1.632		504.1	889.4	0.867	34.5	32.0	29.540	76.0	
9	14.509	26.885	1.853		506.0	991.0	0.982	35.0	32.5	29.540	76.5	
23	14.465	15.101	1.044		1487.6	467.4	0.254	38.5	35.0	29.451	70.0	
24	14.465	15.449	1.068		1492.0	578.2	0.314	38.5	35.0	29.451	70.0	
25	14.462	15.923	1.101		1494.6	698.4	0.381	38.5	35.0	29.444	70.0	
26	14.462	16.4	1.134		1492.6	796.4	0.436	38.0	35.0	29.444	74.5	
27	14.462	16.892	1.168		1500.4	885.7	0.486	38.0	35.0	29.444	74.5	
28	14.462	17.629	1.219		1496.2	996.1	0.550	38.0	35.0	29.444	74.5	
29	14.462	19.509	1.349		1493.9	1215.5	0.680	39.0	35.5	29.444	70.0	
30	14.462	21.621	1.495		1495.8	1400.4	0.793	39.0	35.5	29.444	70.0	
117	14.460	15.299	1.058		895.6	414.8	0.286	38.0	35.5	29.441	79.0	
120	14.450	15.664	1.084		1258.4	587.2	0.347	38.0	35.5	29.420	79.0	
121	14.450	16.092	1.114		1243.3	673.9	0.401	38.0	35.5	29.420	79.0	
122	14.460	18.205	1.259		1255.0	981.4	0.591	38.0	35.5	29.441	79.0	
118	14.460	26.173	1.810		892.3	1292.9	0.961	38.0	35.5	29.441	79.0	
18	13.541	14.54	1.077	515.0	1039.0	510.0	0.322	55.0	51.0	27.57	77.0	20.84
17	13.541	16.91	1.252	515.0	996.0	863.0	0.578	55.0	51.5	27.57	80.0	
3	13.536	24.4	1.807	514.0	1214.0	1510.0	0.967	54.0	51.0	27.56	82.0	
15	13.541	27.22	2.016	514.5	1305.0	1693.0	1.058	54.5	51.0	27.57	79.0	
5	13.536	30.0	2.222	514.0	1390.0	1855.0	1.146	54.0	51.5	27.56	85.0	
13	13.536	32.58	2.413	513.5	1489.0	2008.0	1.208	53.5	51.0	27.56	85.0	
12	13.536	34.04	2.521	513.5	1563.0	2103.0	1.245	53.5	51.0	27.56	85.0	
11	13.536	34.9	3.585	513.5	1608.0	2159.0	1.269	53.5	51.0	27.56	85.0	

cabrit sans cor goat without horns

sotto in summary

affect is negative

blood type not responding

blood type not responding

blood type not responding

the world is the case

I am that I am

and I am the strum of the idiom

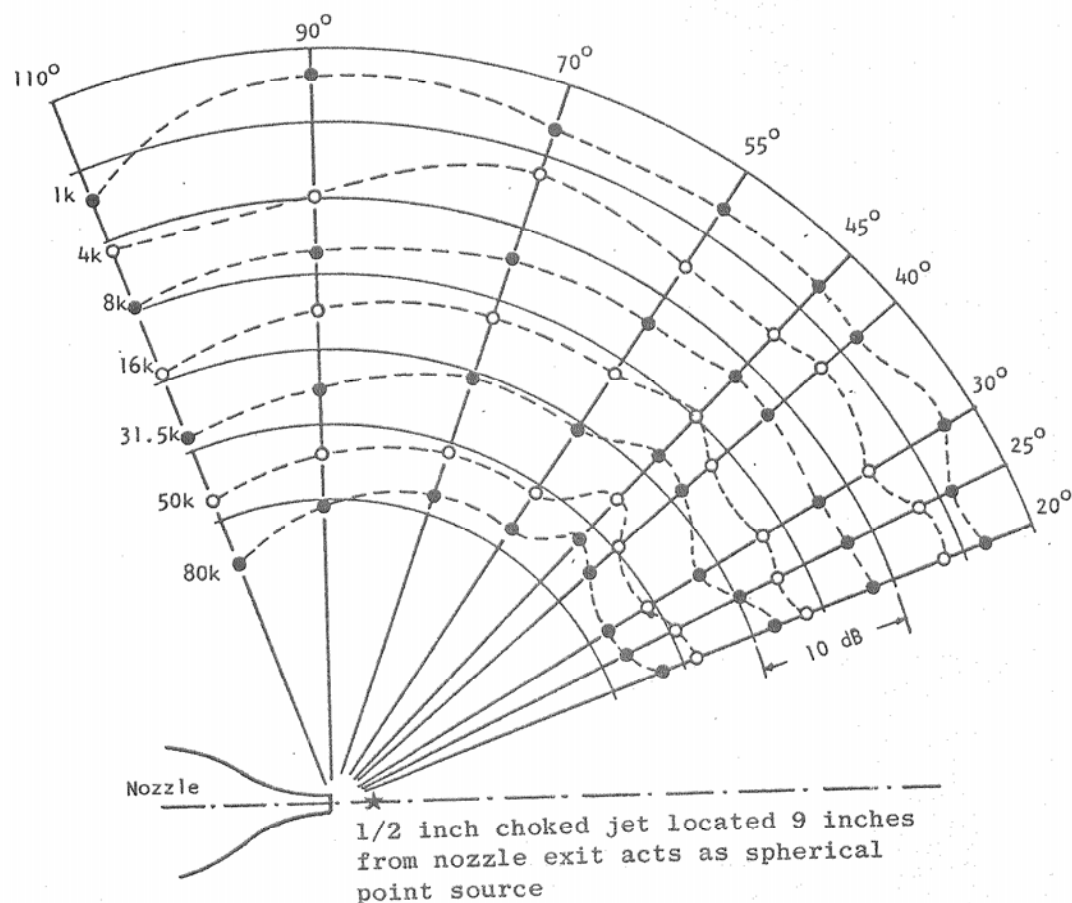


Figure 5-75. Departure of Sound Pressure Levels

A skein; a chrysalis. A chamber rubbed with shellac. Two distinct frequencies. They are soft, they are subtle, but they are two. No such as silence. My blood cycling, not the heart beat. My spinal column scattering electricity. When I breathe, move, pray.

Track 6 ▶

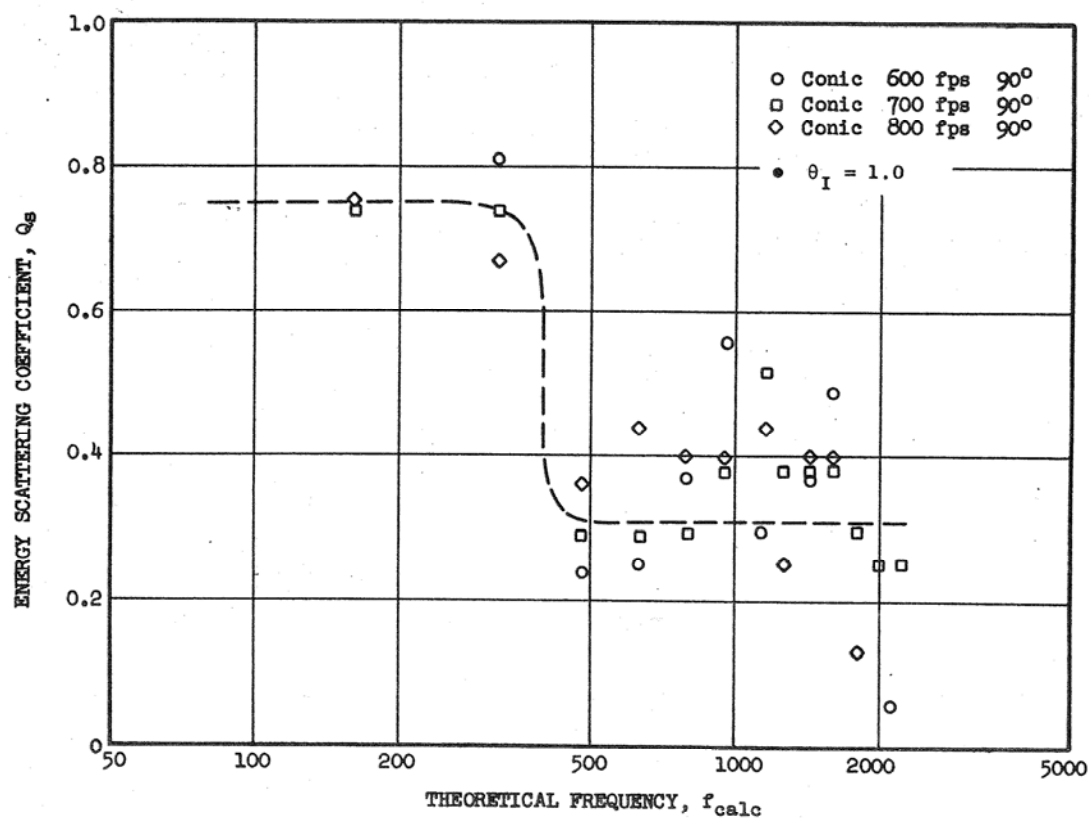
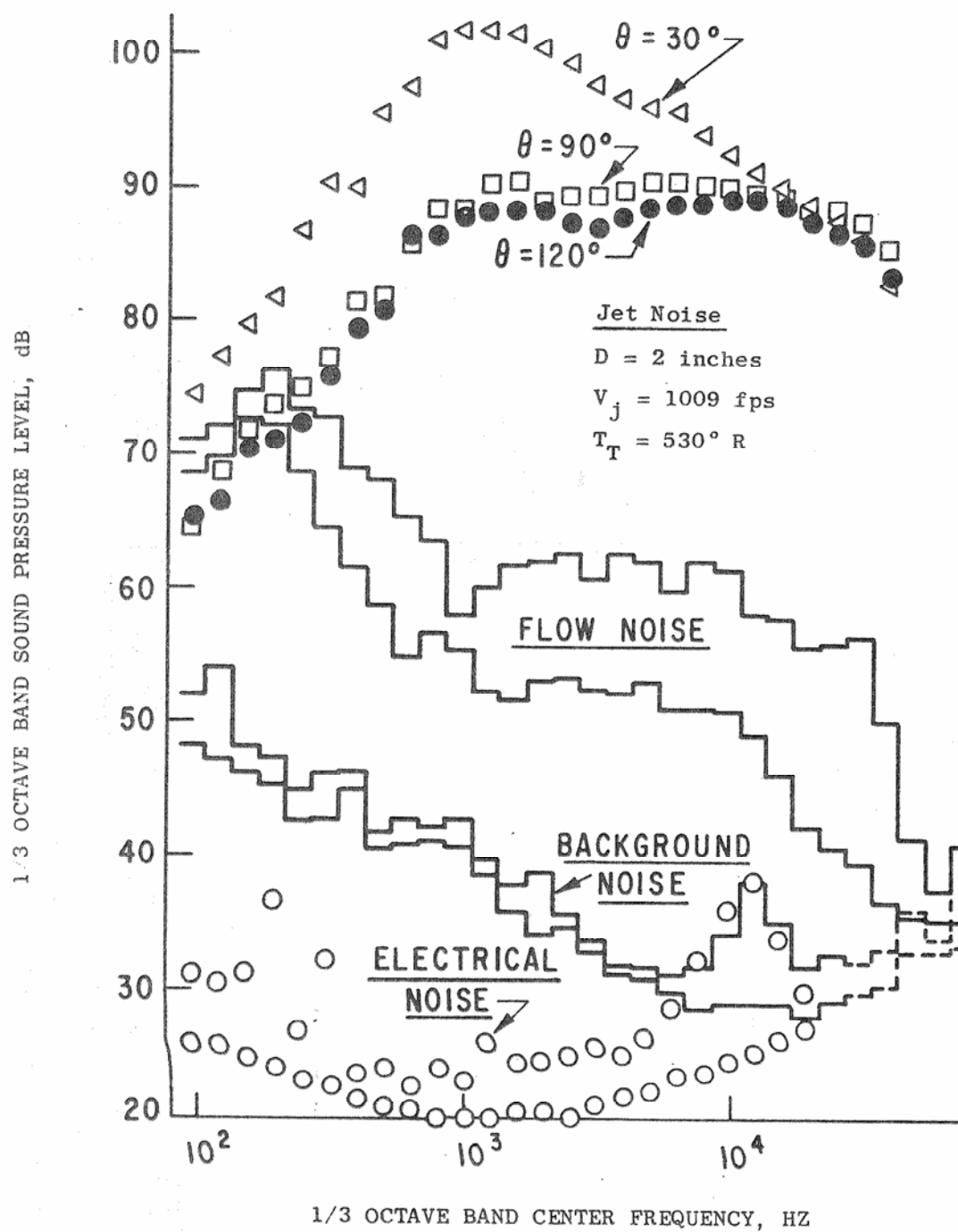


Figure 5-39. Variation of Energy Scattering Coefficient with Frequency.

Allula allula allula

Theta values are insufficient. Delta values are not responding. There is no delta. There is me, fixed in a spherical grid, your heart pounding into me. Cilia, you are close in the darkness, a shaft of light covers your abdomen. For a coin, you carry. I am a glassed ferryman, face thinned and taut. The coefficient of the taut.

the tautology.



A tuning fork held up to my throat. Open the mouth. In tongues. In resin. Scar solderstitched with resin across the mouth. Glottal voice clogged with mucus membrane. Low octave scream, wavering underwater.

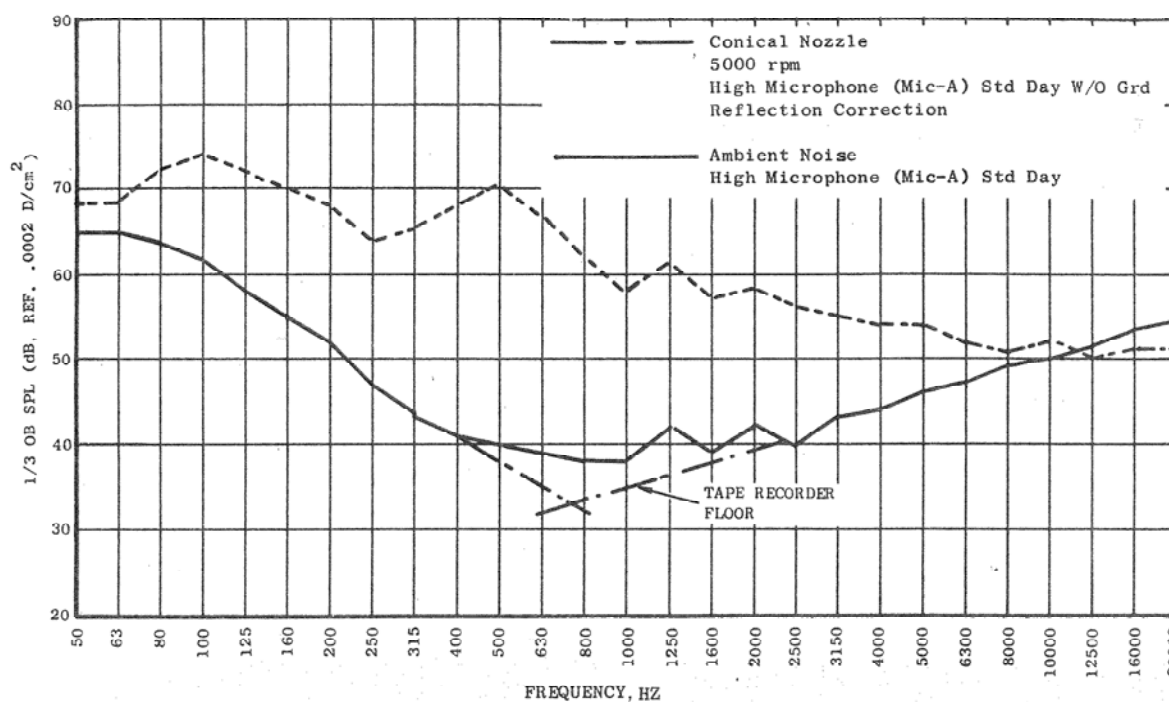
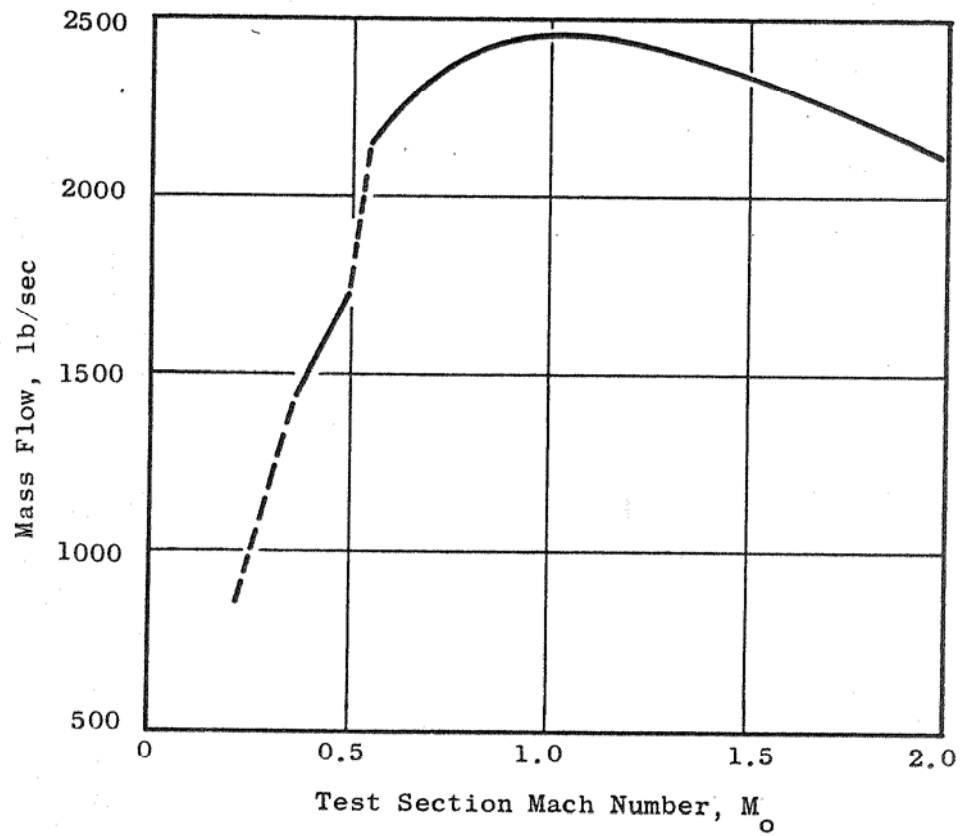


Figure 4-49. Comparison of the Ambient Noise Level with Recorded Noise

If I am to know an object, though I need not know its external properties, I must know all its internal properties. Each thing is, as it were, in a space of possible states of affairs. This space I can imagine empty, but I cannot imagine the thing without the space. A spatial object must be situated in infinite space. A spatial point is an argument-place. A proposition determines a place in logical space. The existence of this logical place is guaranteed by the mere existence of the constituents—by the existence of the proposition with a sense. In geometry and logic alike a place is a possibility: something can exist in it. Tautologies and contradictions are not pictures of reality. In a tautology the conditions of agreement with the world—the representational relations—cancel one another, so that it does not stand in any representational relation to reality. The world and life are one. I am my world. The subject does not belong to the world: rather, it is a limit of the world. But really you do not see the eye. The world is independent of my will. All propositions are of equal value. Death is not an event in life: we do not live to experience death. If we take eternity to mean not infinite temporal duration but timelessness, then eternal life belongs to those who live in the present. God does not reveal himself in the world. What we cannot speak about we must pass over in silence.

I am that I am



No, there is no such thing as silence. No.

tribunal of eternal revolution
tribunal of rigorous revaluation

Captive crowned tyrant deposed
Ego as captive thought

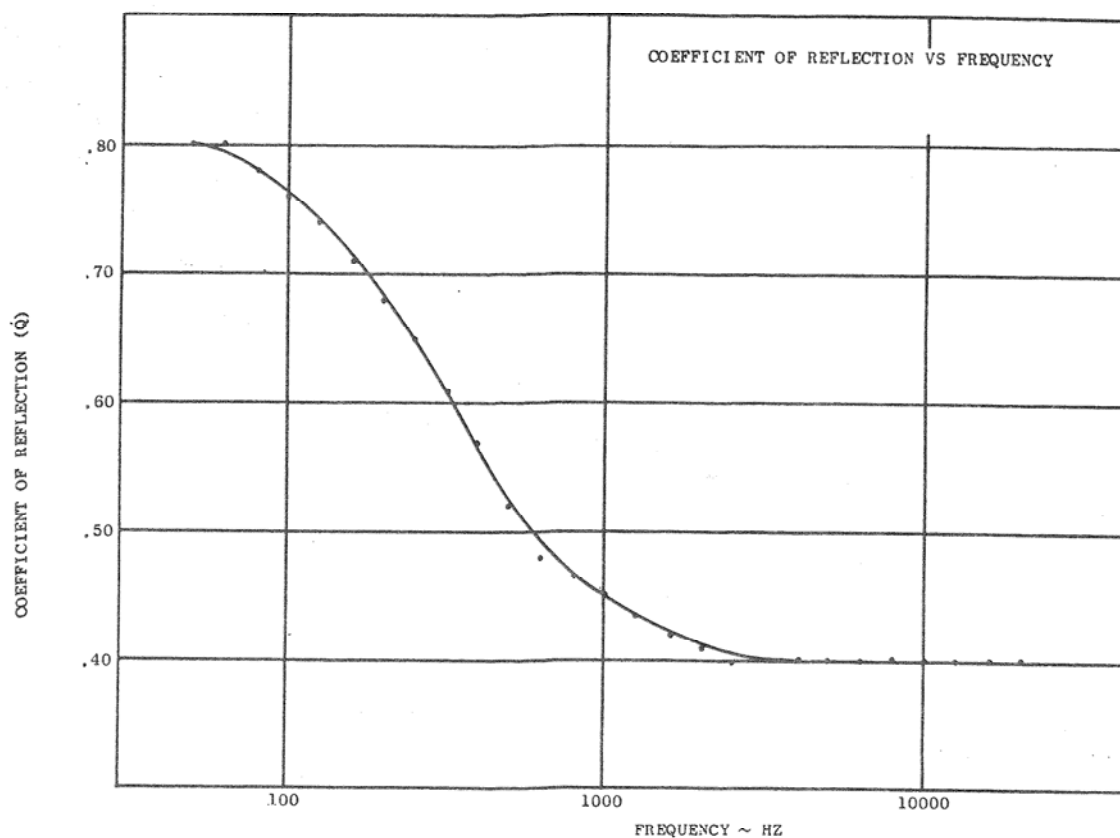


Figure 5-62. Coefficient of Reflection Versus Frequency

Speak your mind as reflection of ego.

I cannot see.

76 percent chance of vision loss.

I cannot hear.

43 percent chance of hearing loss.

I cannot feel.

Pain receptors have been deactivated. Pleasure receptors have been deactivated.

I cannot speak.

You are speaking to me.

Where?

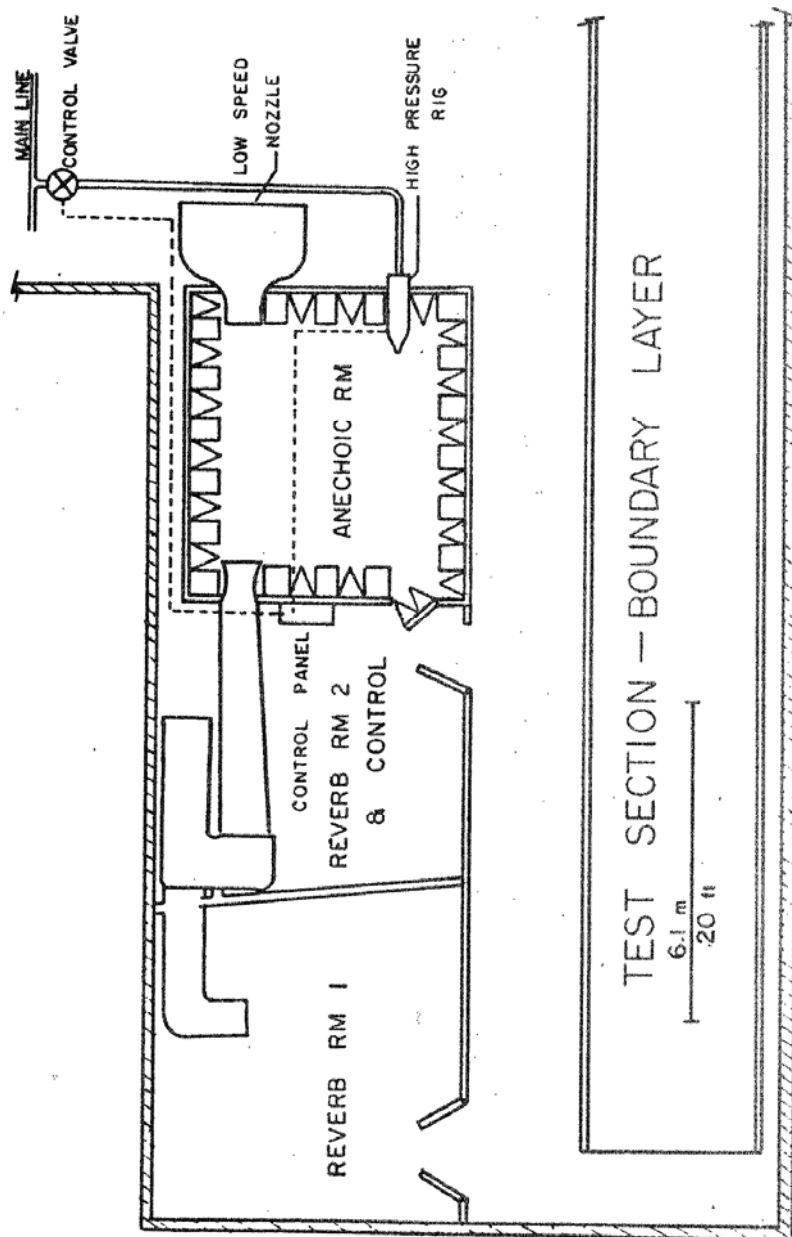
Within. Within the seven. Within the Delta. Δ .

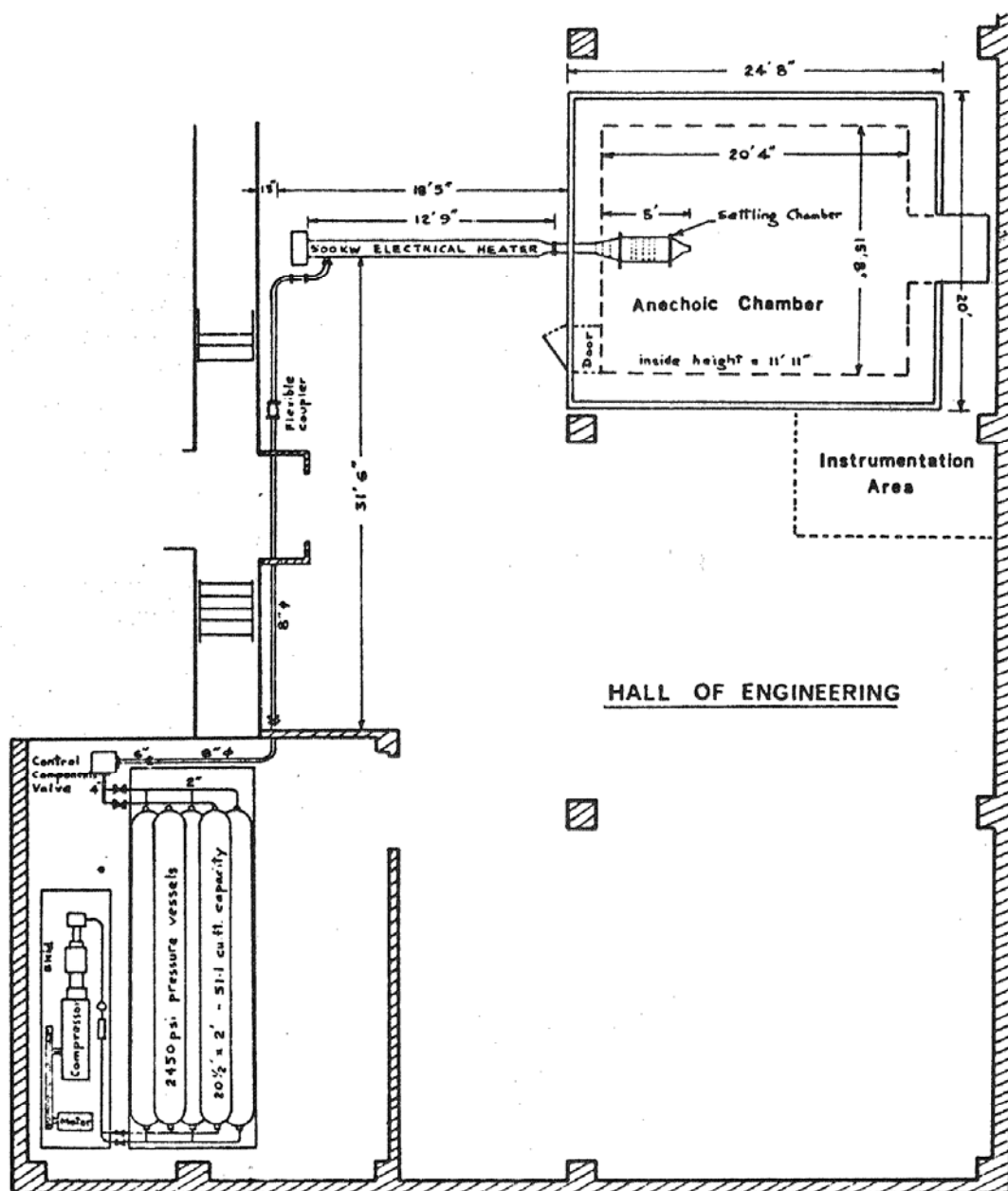
I cannot move. Where is my Célia?

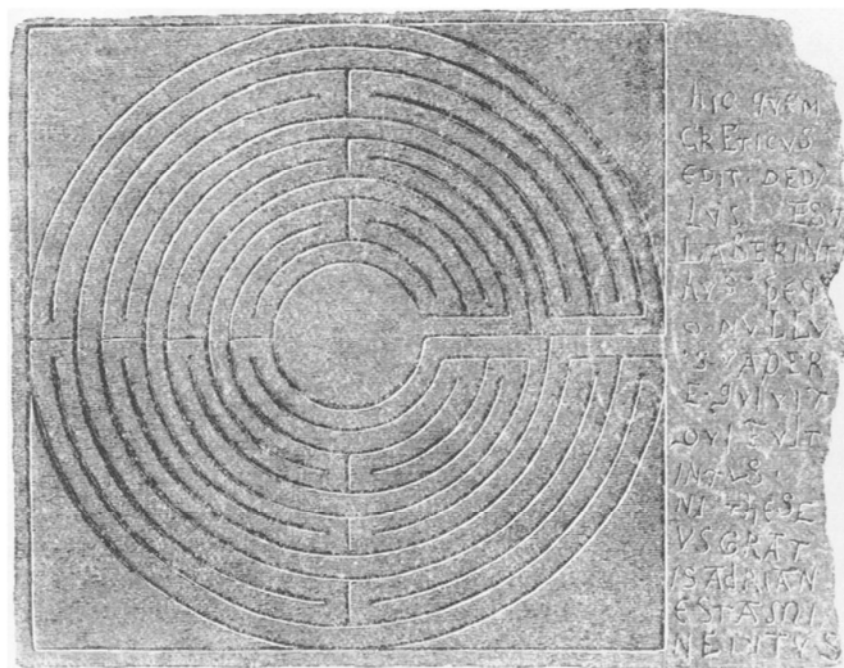
My Célia. You are burlap and brick dust. I am carrying you.

Tell me something.

Tell you what thing?





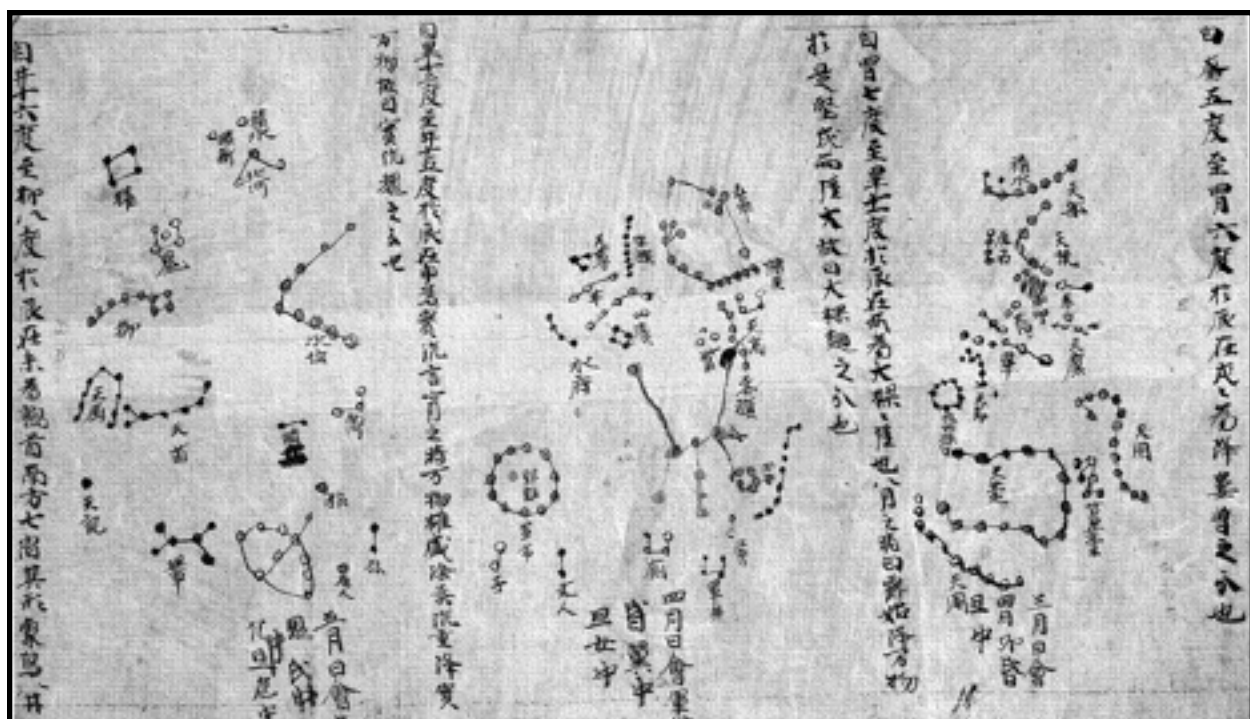


Tell me beauty.

Tell you beauty?

Yes.

I know only constellation.



I know only coefficients. I know only the multiplier. I know only the factor. I do not know the property.



You know language.

I know given speech-acts.

You know constellations.

I know constellations.

You know webs.

I know webs. I know the spider.

What is web of spider in autumn light?

I know webs. I know the spider. I do not know the riddle.

It is not a riddle.

Is the spider your god?

No. It is not a riddle.

A gossamer.

A gossamer.

What of a gossamer. I know gossamer.

It is in my brain. Gossamer in the brain.

Gossamer in the brain.

Tell me beauty.

Tell you beauty.

Tell me.

Parnassus is a place of your beauty.

Tell me Parnassus.

I will tell you Parnassus.

The English
PARNASSUS:
 O R,
A HELPE
 T O
English Poetrie.

Containing *A COLLECTION*
 Of all Rhyming Monosyllables,
 The choicest Epithets, and Phrases :

With some
 General Forms upon all Occasions, Subjects,
 and Theams, Alphabetically digested

By *JOSUA POOLE. M. A. Clare Hall Camb.*

Together with
 A short Institution to English Poetrie,
 by way of PREFACE.

London, Printed for *Tho. Johnson*, at the golden Key
 in *St. Pauls Church-yard.* 1657.

Beautie.

Smiling, Enamouring, perswative, wooing, courting, taintless,
 untainted, spotless, unspotted, unfullied, clear, bright, shining, glit-
 tering, lascivious, wanton, delicious, intermingled, radiant, beaming,
 sparkling, inflaming, attractive, entrancing, inchanting, charming,
 garish, gloring, fresh, chaste, dazzling, stirring, brittle, murdering,
 assailing, imperious, commanding, alluring, enticing, assail-
 ing, imperious, alluring, enticing, killing, unexampled, un-
 patterned, unparelled, blazing, winning, soul-invading, heart-
 wounding, prompting, unexpressive, bewitching, captivating, ro-
 are, piercing, glorious, divine, exquisite, celestial, transparent, de-
 cent, neat, spruce, trimme, comely, pleasing, magnetick, eye
 delighting.

On Josua Poole's The English Parnassus;

Parnassus, the home of the muses, of poetry and music.

Beautie:

Nature's best Orthography; the load-stone of desire; pleasing tyranny; youths proud livery; the priviledge of Nature

Gossamer in the brain.	=	A proposed structure for beauty
Gossamer beautie in the brain.		
Gossamer smiling in the brain.		
Gossamer enamouring the brain.		
Gossamer persuasive in the brain.		
Gossamer wooing in the brain.		
Gossamer courting in the brain.		
Gossamer taintless in the brain.		
Gossamer untainted in the brain.		
Gossamer spotless in the brain.		
Gossamer unspotted in the brain.		
Gossamer unsullied in the brain.		
Gossamer clear in the brain.		
Gossamer bright in the brain.		
Gossamer shining in the brain.		
Gossamer glittering in the brain.		
Gossamer lascivious in the brain.		
Gossamer wanton in the brain.		
Gossamer delicious in the brain.		
Gossamer intermingled with the brain.		
Gossamer radiant in the brain.		
Gossamer sparkling in the brain.		
Gossamer inflaming the brain.		
Gossamer enchanting in the brain.		
Gossamer garish in the brain.		
Gossamer chaste in the brain.		
Gossamer brittle in the brain.		
Gossamer murdering the brain.		
Gossamer imperious in the brain.		
Gossamer commanding the brain.		
Gossamer alluring in the brain.		
Gossamer killing the brain.		
Gossamer unpatternd in the brain.		
Gossamer unpararelld in the brain.		
Gossamer blazing in the brain.		
Gossamer unexpressive in the brain.		
Gossamer celestial in the brain.		
Gossamer transparent in the brain.		

Beauty is contingent upon stimulus.

You know constellations.

Beauty is metabolic.

Will you carry me there?

I cannot.

Why?

It is metabolic.

Carry me there.

I cannot. I do not know the property. I do not know the agent.

Can you know it?

I do not know. You are the cabrit sans cor. You are the burlap and the brick dust.

Put me down now.

You feed my mouth.

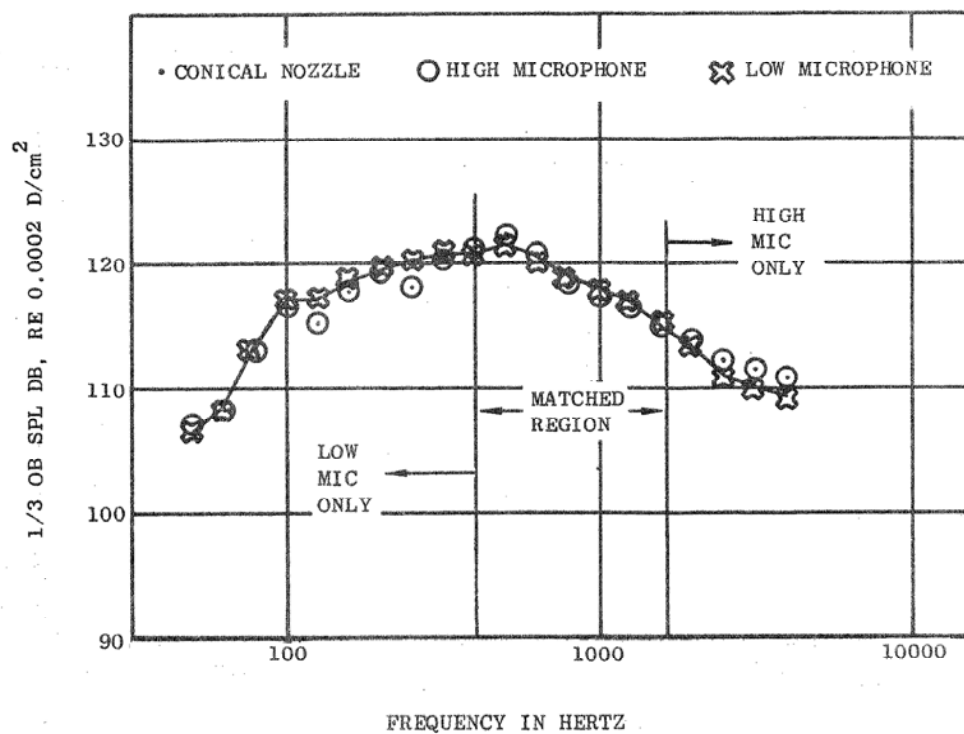
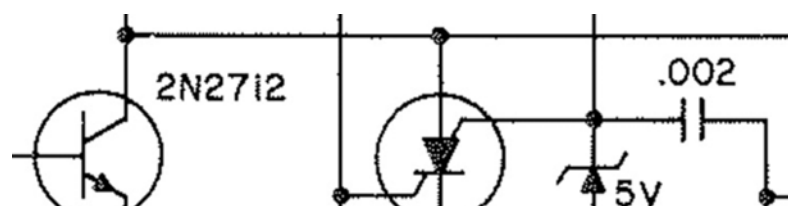


Figure 5-63. Empirical Matching of High and Low Microphone Data

Last Stage(II)





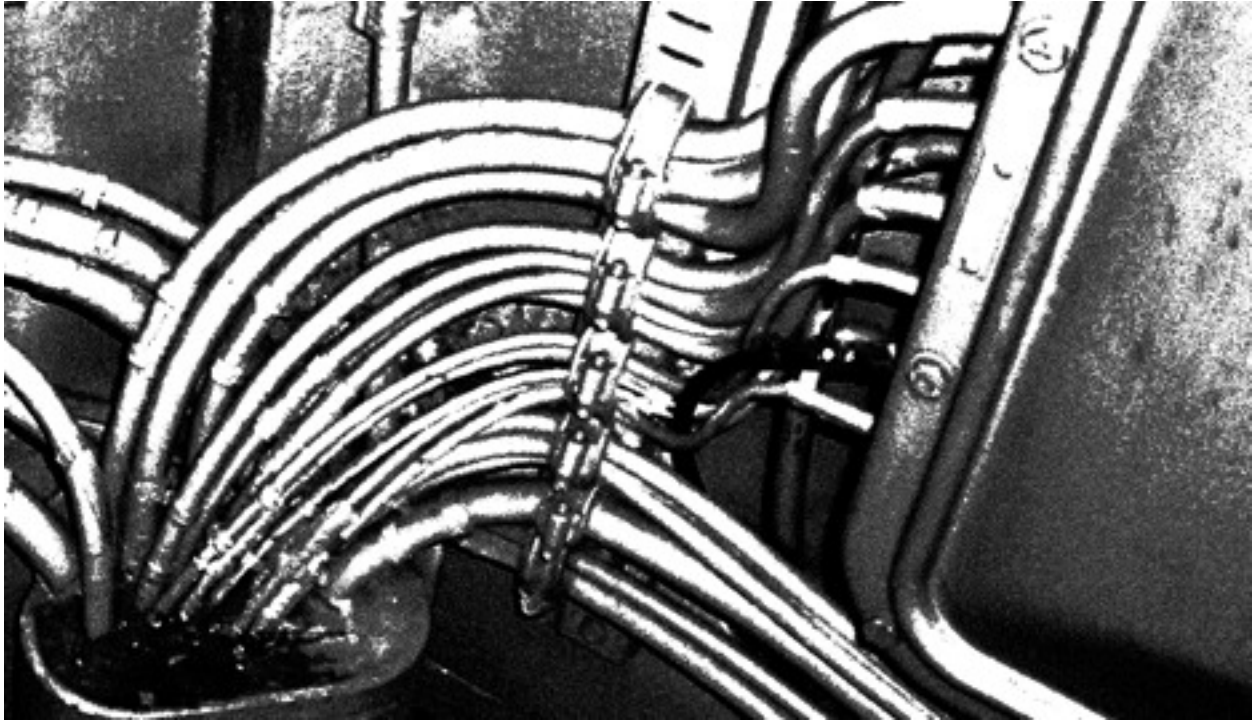
Anu. Anu-naki. Anu-naki. Anu-naki. For a coin you carry. For a coin you ferry. The seas for seven years. The seven seas for a coin fished from under the tongue. The lead shrieks when it is submerged, the flesh entombed; the spine of Osiris is fished from the water, grafted back to the body. Her hands tremble on the nerve endings, on the glue graft, on the organ keys. The sound of the bellows, the neume meeting the pneuma. The diving bell when it is submerged, compressed air filling closed lungs, intake. Fishing the spine, the sizzle of electricity when you breathe into the chamber. The hiss from the O-ring. Pneumatic. Valving. Open. Close. Open.

✕

Ω

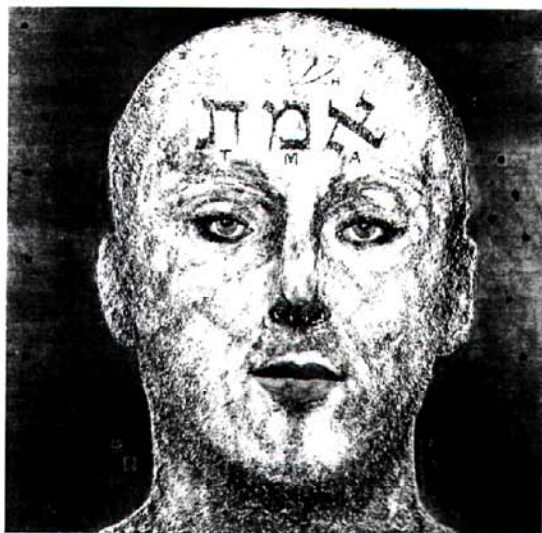
Track 8 ▶

I\O



You claw the air for purchase. Woken. The room-facing-east. The wide window glowing flat soft blue. The evening. Jesús is on the couch with the Leica strapped around his neck. Jesús, your throat clenches and struggles. How have you found me? Jesús stands and approaches you. His face is flat. Solemn. The even-ing, he says and his teeth are so white. His face is blue like the light from the window. It is glowing. He puts his glowing face in yours. His lips, his open mouth. As if to speak. A thumb into your forehead. An arc. Grounding through your body. Down spine to sneakers. You scream and you fall backwards. You smell the head cooking, the skin seared. You tangle in the hanging chains of the Cradle Drum. Eyes shut tight against pain. Oh, but there is pain, a voice through your eardrums. The click of camera. You fall to clutch the ground, the concrete floor. Such sensation, through bone, through the nervous system. Your chest concave, convex. You find a piece of broken mirror. A shard you hold up in low light. Jesús is gone. There, centered between your eyes like a potter's initials, a symbol:

α



ABOVE
118. Abraham Pincas,
Head of Golem (Woman) (left)
and *Head of Golem (Man)* (right);
painted screen with two sides
from *Golem Tselem* installation,
1985–88.

OPPOSITE
135. Mel Alexenberg, Australia
panel (one of a series of six, each
representing a continent), from
Golem from Desert Earth, 1988.

Célia—

'emet = truth

((when 'aleph letter is erased
you get!))

'met = death

Please read:

Gershom Scholem

Encyclopedia Judaica

Eleazar of Worms

Commentary on Sefer Yetzirah

Moshe Idel

the resulting photems (*Golem I* and *Golem II*, 1987, Nos. 124–25, ill. p. 95) are analogues to the mystics' creative letter combinations.

Mel Alexenberg's work is primarily conceptual and mystical. His *Golem from Desert Earth* (1988; No. 135) expands on the midrash linking Adam with the golem, along with the legend that the earth used to create Adam was gathered by God from all the corners of the planet. Alexenberg has collected earth from the world's deserts for his *Golem*, an installation consisting of six panels composed of this sand and documentation as to its collection. Explanatory text and silk-screened images address a variety of golem issues. For example, the sand from North America was collected from desert near White Sands, New Mexico, the site of the first atomic bomb test.

The works we have seen represent artists' interpretations of the golem, its meaning and significance. Abraham Pincas's installation, *Golem and Tselem* (1985–88; No. 118, ill. p. 92), seeks to involve the viewer as a participant in the mystical experience of golem-making, through the creation of a complete environment consisting of painted screens, earth, simulated fire, controlled lighting and sound. Upon entering the installation, one hears the recitation of Hebrew letter combinations used to animate the golem, as described in the writings of Abraham Abulafia.

In pondering the history of the golem we are left with both a sense of wonder and anxiety at man's aspirations. We would do well to consider the question I. L. Peretz poses at the conclusion of his golem tale:¹⁰⁹

The golem, you see, has not been forgotten. It is still here! But the Name by which it could be called to life in a day of need, the Name has disappeared. And the cobwebs grow and grow, and no one may touch them.

What are we to do?

ODYSSEUS IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD

This old man, he played sticks, he played knick-knack on my sticks. With a fie fiddle fiddle and a bullet to the head, pull the trigger, this blind's dead.

To go to Hades:

1. Contact God or Goddess (whichever is most benevolent) for directions
2. Travel intended locus
3. Dig trench (approx. 1.5 ft x 1.5 ft)
4. Milk and honey are helpful
5. Wine with water is helpful
6. Some kind of grain to cover, barley is good
7. Animal sacrifice: cut throats, drain fluid
8. Stir
9. The dead need drink blood to speak

Old Tiresias:

Pah upon this Land of the Blind, One-Eyed Man is King bullshit! Without one sense faculty, the others will increase eight-fold--sounds are richer, smells deeper. In truth, all un-deformed have six senses. The sixth sense is not this clairvoyant perception we all perceive it to be. It is perception. It is your consciousness. It is a receiver. In fact, it is the root of all the others, for it is the catalyst interpreter. It senses your senses! Therefore a prophecy is no glimpse of the future, poorman! Time is simply an interpretation of light or other vibration reflecting off an object. It is the interaction of vibration with your perception that creates a sense of time. A prophecy is one effort to trace the lineage of a vibration and interact with it--it is an approach rather than an idle reception. It is a taking rather than a receiving. Bother me no more with wants of the future.

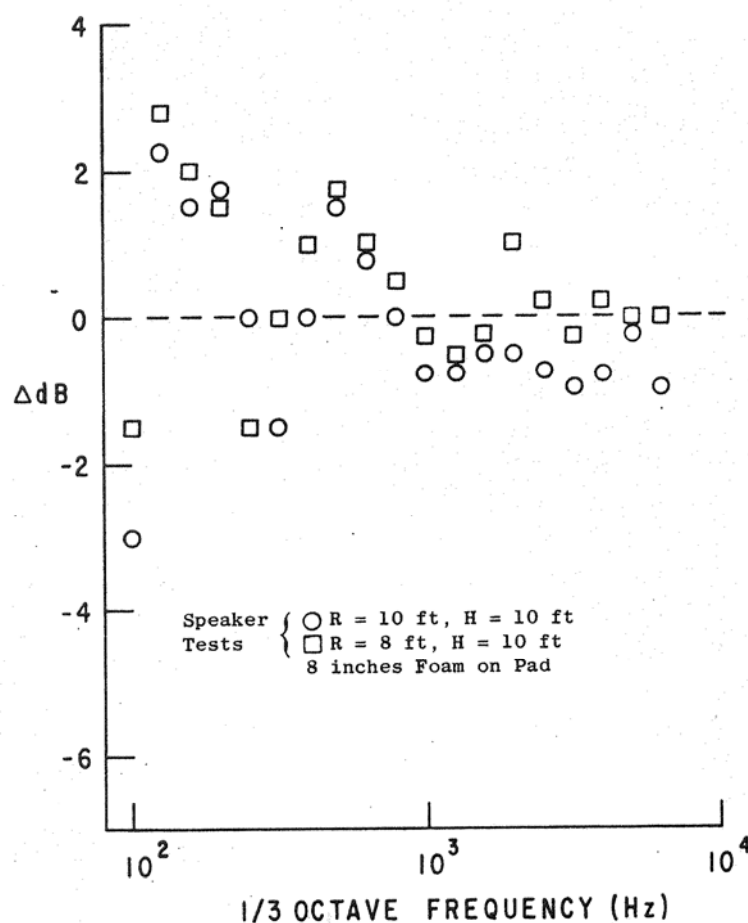


Figure 5-59. Ground Reflection Corrections, Δ dB, for Different Radii.

Objective correlative. One-eyed and slinks through the corridor. Hear--not hear when noise was everywhere! The whale-road, ferry on planks, on iron splinters. Un día, usted quitará la espada de su cuerpo. Withdraw the metal hot from boiling water; mend the broken thing. Correct the reflection: that I am predicated upon the virtual. I finalize the mix of the other instruments. The tapes have sorted themselves out--let them choose the ordering, the layering. I have to count time on the final mix to know when to flip over. The Chamber must be silent. The only part of the recording I really care about. The O.

Celia:

For your records.-----

Pavel Florensky: Iconostasis

The wall that separates two worlds is an iconostasis. One might mean by the iconostasis the boards or the bricks or the stones. In actuality, the iconostasis is a boundary between the visible and invisible worlds, and it functions as a boundary by being an obstacle to our seeing the altar, thereby making it accessible to our consciousness by means of its unified row of saints the surround the altar where God is, the sphere where heavenly glory dwells, thus proclaiming the Mystery. Iconostasis is vision. Iconostasis is a manifestation...

In creating a work of art, the psyche or soul of the artist ascends from the earthly realm into the heavenly; there, free of all images, the soul is fed in contemplation by the essences of the highest realm, knowing the permanent noumena of things; then, satiated with this knowing, it descends again to the earthly realm. And precisely at the boundary between the two worlds, the soul's spiritual knowledge assumes the shapes of symbolic imagery: and it is these images that make permanent the work of art. Art is thus materialized dream, separated from the ordinary consciousness of waking life.

Such disastrous confusion occurs in us because we confuse the images of ascent with the images of descent. We may put the whole matter this way: the vision that appears to us on the boundary of the worlds may be either (1) the absence of the reality of the visible world; that is, an incomprehensible sign of our own inner emptiness, our own prelest*-impassioned banishing of God's objective reality; and then, inhabiting the neat, empty room of our soul, we will find those masks of reality that are the total renunciation of the real world; or the vision may be (2) the presence of the superior reality of the spiritual world. In this sense, ascetic self-purification also has for us the same double significance.

*prelest: spiritual pride or conceit, the direst spiritual state a person can be in.

Materialized dream. The noumena of things. The neume meeting the pneuma.

Et.

Et.

Et.

Et.

Blood cycle. Nervous system. I am that.

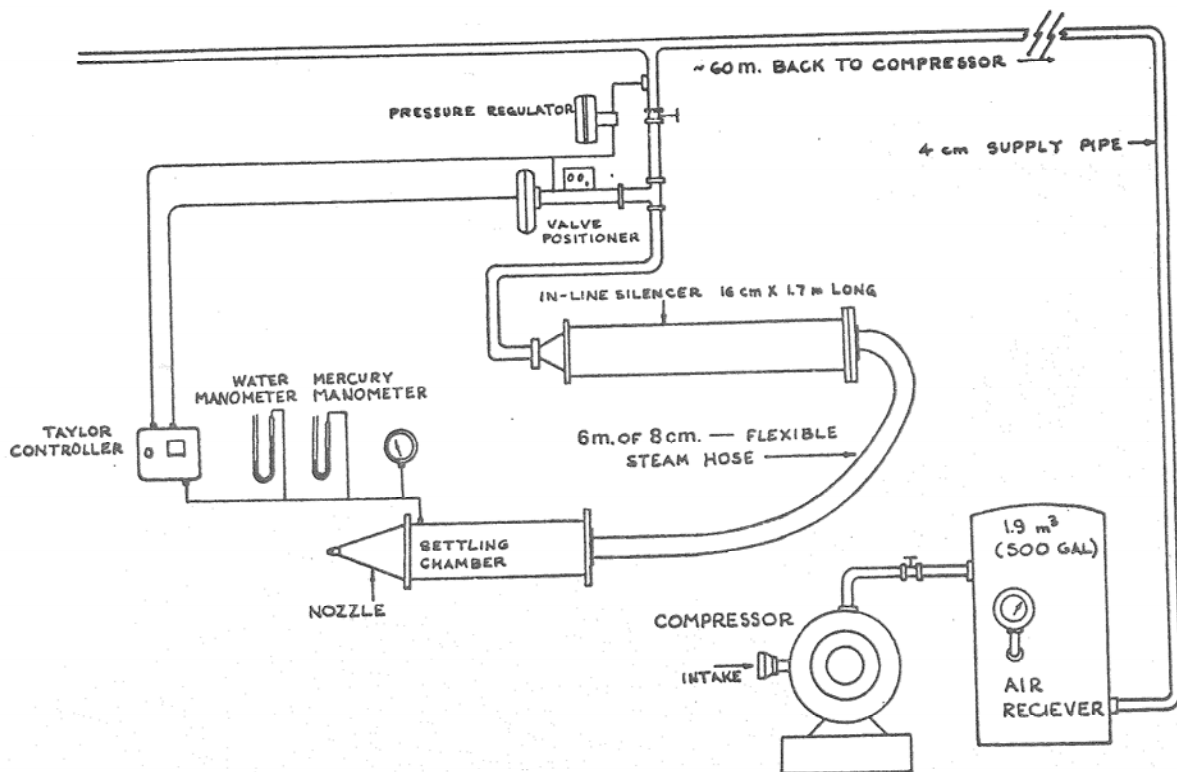
Aurora. Solid-state semiconductor. Triode of plasma and neuron. The Critical Frequency to ascend, send skyward. Vertical. Air, the medium.

I am that

I am that

I am that

Track 10 ►



(bet. ב)

Pressure in the cross.

(tav. ת)

Something goes right; something goes wrong.

Apotheosis or Apokatastasis:

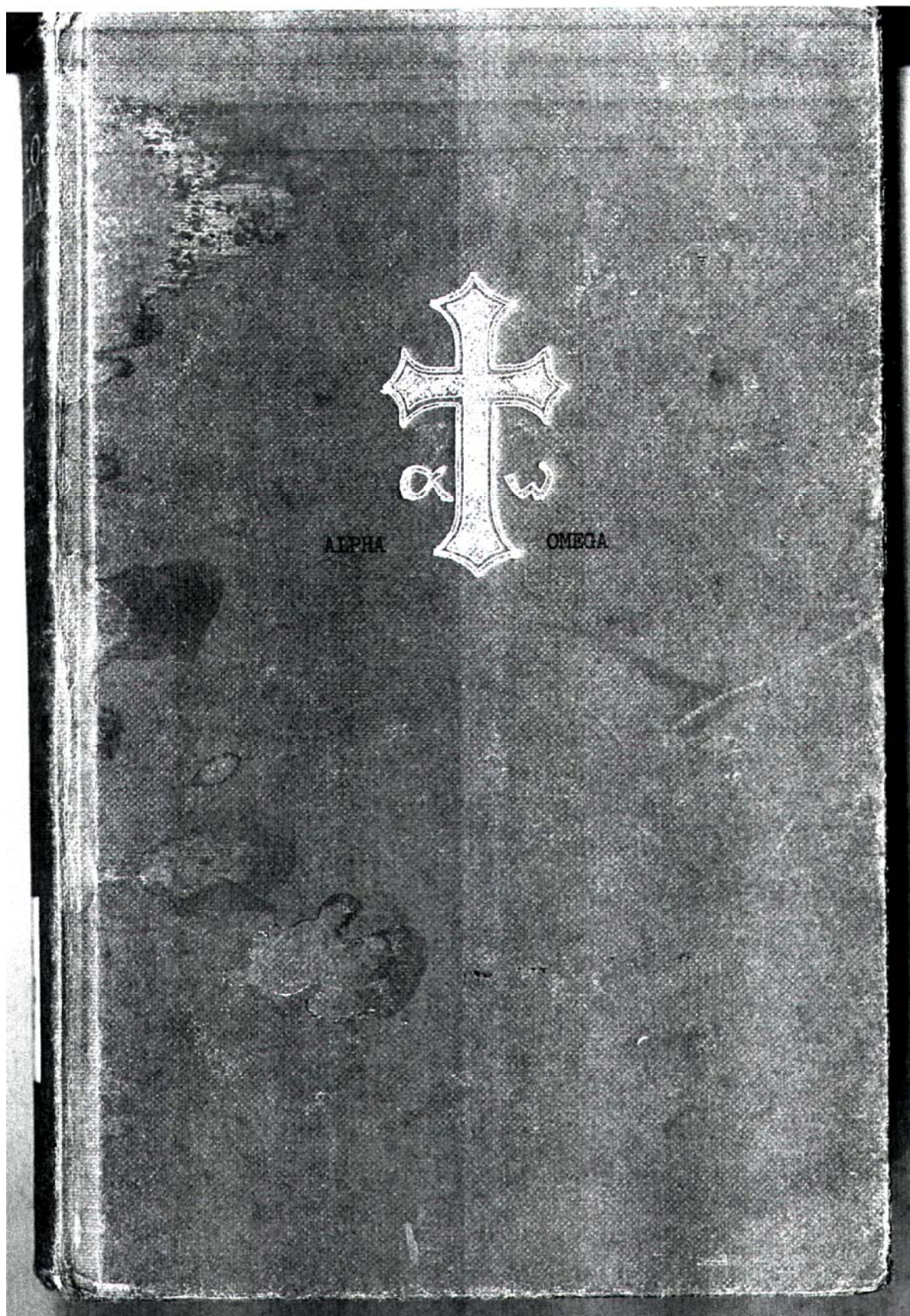
Pneuma

Leap

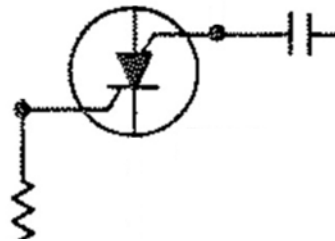
Press Record.

Track 11 ►

o/O



Pulse



Dear John,

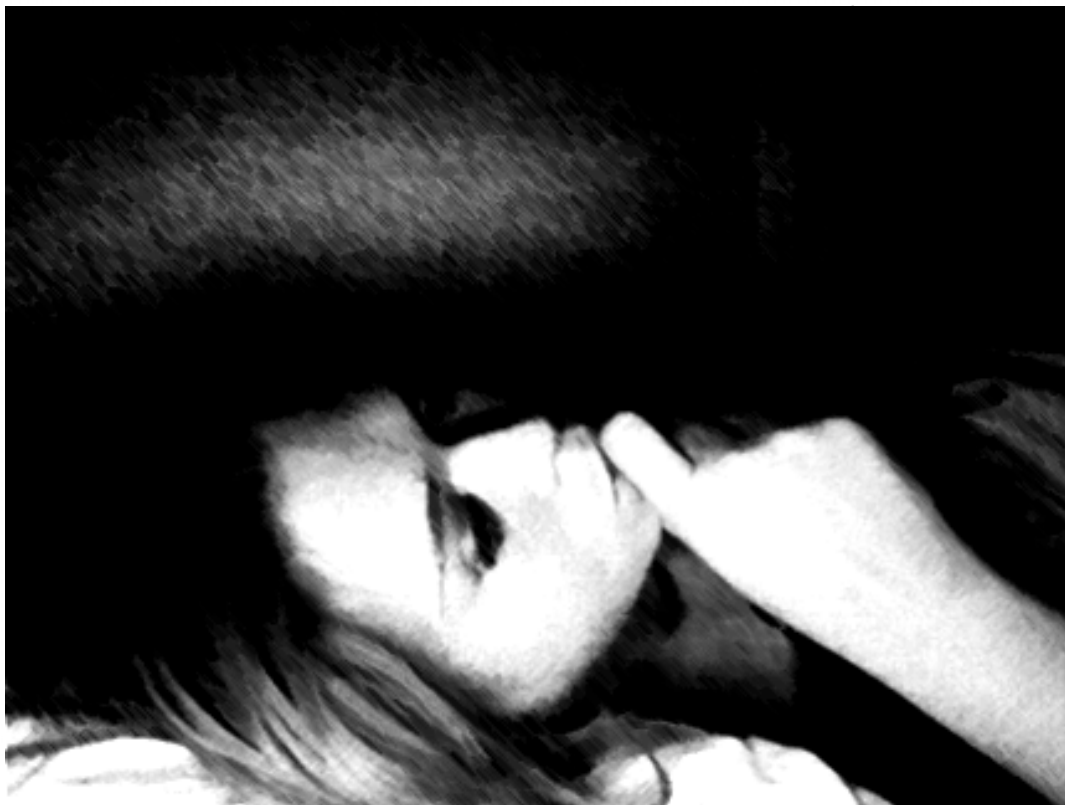
I received the folio yesterday. I am both stunned and joyous. I cannot know what to say to you, only that I want to see you. It only matters that I see you. I went to St. Thomas' yesterday in hopes you would be there. I waited some time. God, I remember that church, that organ. My mother took me there when I was young. My legs couldn't reach the ground from the pew. I liked when we used the kneelers. Those Sunday services, packed to the brim, my mother holding my hand when the group prayed. I remember the priest would speak; the audience would speak in return. I was always silent during those moments--I did not know the ritual. But those voices lifting in fractured unison. Vaporous voices, thick. The stench of that place after an hour in winter. Bodies, the breath of the voices in return. Me, crossed legged on the old wooden pew. I waited some time for you. The organ played once while I sat, for just a few minutes. I thought of you and that project. Tuning your body like a machine. John, we aren't machines. There is no clean machine.

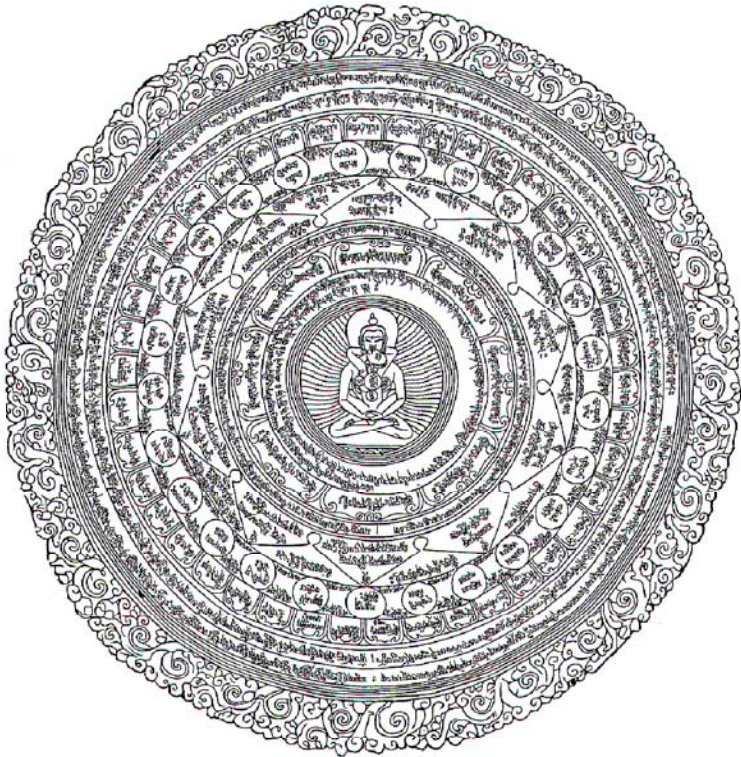
I went to the warehouse when it was dark. The building was lit like phosphorescence sparking in the wake of a boat. I could not find you. I wandered in that maze of a place. Dust covered everything--a fine sheen of orange dust. Your work lamps were off; you were not there. I got lost in that place, god those corners and long hallways. I could not find you. I do not know how to contact you. When you receive this, please, please call me. Wherever you are, just call.

A long time ago I sent you something of my father's. As a memento. I send you me now. Not as keepsake, not as fetish. As longevity. Please find me now.

Love,

Célia





References and Notes:

Cover image from General Electric *Transistor Manual*, 7th Edition, 1964.

Epigraphs from George Oppen's "Image of the Engine" in *Selected Poems*. New York: New Directions, 2003, p. 8-9; from Williams' introduction to *The Wedge*, in *Selected Essays of William Carlos Williams*. NY: New Directions, 1969, p. 256.

Page 2 reference to Ron Feldman's *Fundamentals of Jewish mysticism and Kabbalah*, Crossing Press, 1999.

Page 5 triptych from St. John of the Cross' *Dark Night of the Soul*.

Page 9 "Halfway through my life..." from Dante Alligheri's *The Divine Comedy: Inferno*, Trans. Mark Musa.

Page 10 First Corinthians excerpt from New International Version of *The Holy Bible*, Zondervan.

Page 12 image of Thomas Young's sketch of two-slit light diffraction, presented to the Royal Society in 1803.

Page 13 image of Icon of St. George, Museum Christian-Bizantine, Athens.

Page 14 reprinted text from *The Dhammapada*, Trans. Venerable Sri Acharya Buddharakkhita, Buddha Vacana Trust, Maha Bodhi Society, Bangalore.

Page 16 and 52 images from Thomas, Richard. *Metalsmithing for the Artist-Craftsman*. Philadelphia and New York: Chilton Company-Book Division, 1960. Photograph credits: Harvey Croze. Photo of mask by Rosemary Herkommer.

Page 18 sonogram image compiled by Sonogram Visible Speech application. Designed by Christopher Lauer, Norbert Reithinger, German Research Center for Artificial Intelligence GmbH.

Page 20 image from A. M. Paterson, *Cunningham's Text Book of Anatomy*. FIG. 4. - The Triangles of the Neck (muscles). http://www.1911encyclopedia.org/Muscular_System#Muscles_Of_The_Neck.

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Page 29 image of St. Cecilia from Norbert Wolf's *The World of the Saints*. Prestell, 2005. Original painting by Raphael: *St Cecilia with Saints Paul, John the Baptist, Augustine and Madeline*, 1513-15.

Page 44 selection from Dante's *Inferno* adapted from Mark Musa's translation.

Page 45 "His eye surveyed the dark idolatries..." selection from John Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Page 53, 104, 109: image of Cretan coin, image of labyrinth, image of Cretan coin from J. Hillis Miller's "Ariadne's Thread: Repetition and the Narrative Line" from an illustration in *Fors Clavigera*, XXIII (1872). *Works of John Ruskin*, ed. E.T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn vol. 27 (London: George Allen & Unwin Ltd., 1907).

Page 54 diagram from <http://pceeg.sourceforge.net/>, a website dedicated to exploring human brain-computer interfacing.

Page 55 image of the Death Mask of Agamemnon, National Archaeological Museum, Athens.

Page 60-61 from Jaroslav Pelikan's *The Shape of Death*. New York: Abingdon, 1961.

Page 67 from Robert Browning's "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came".

Page 72 phrase "What jasmine not yellowed" modeled on Wai-Lim Yip's translation of the *Shih Ching* no. 234 in his anthology *Chinese Poetry*.

Page 82 is from Wordsworth's "We Are Seven".

Page 83 is a modification of Wordsworth's *Prelude*.

Page 84 image is from John Wilkins' *Essay Concerning a Real Character*.

Page 93 "cabrit sans cor" translates to "goat without horns." In Voodoo practices it indicates a human sacrifice.

Page 99 is a selection from Ludwig Wittgenstein's *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*. Trans. by Pears and McGuinness. Routledge, 2001.

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Page 105 diagram of Halebid Labyrinth from S.C. Brooke's "The Labyrinth Pattern in India". *Folklore*, Vol. 64, No.4 (Dec., 1953), pp. 463-472.

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Audio:

Track 1: static by Percy Duke

Tracks 2, 3, 4: BBC Sound Effects Library

Tracks 5-11: excerpts from *Lament Cityscape* by Michael McClatchey Jr.