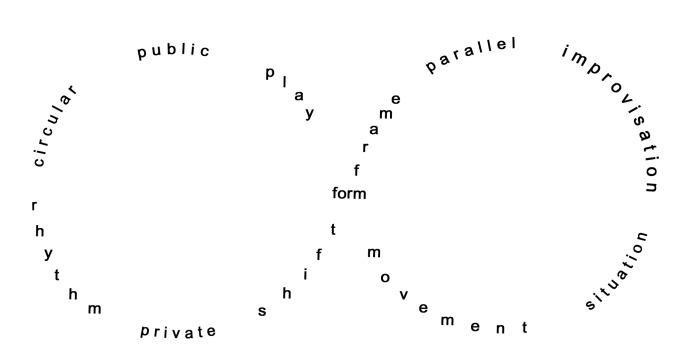
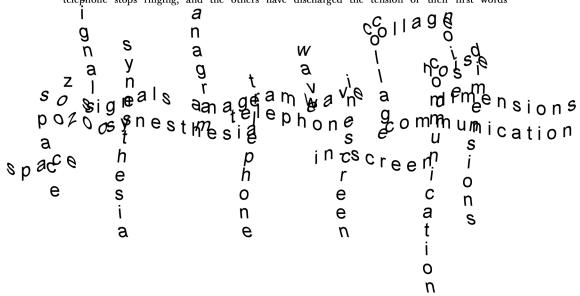
This evening a friend, trying to put everything too precisely into words, suddenly shrugged twice and said no more. I believed him, as others might have been persuaded verbally, on the strength of this wearied silence. And when a scientist takes pains to use words with precision, I no longer believe. I know his words respond to definitions not within him or me, but outside and between us, in some lecturer's diplomatic, imagined nowhere. There are, too, at least twelve words for each thing, and at least twelve things for each word; strictly speaking, therefore, no word is the word for a thing, and no thing is the thing for a word.

<sup>-</sup> Jean Epstein 'Le Cinématographe vu de l'Etna'

The fingers flutter over keys, over cadenzas, either performed by connecting one written thing to another or from starting and ending in what corresponds to zero, written-out or improvised, every scenario a result of designating literary form to a series of poetic events, pursued via the word's deliberate ambiguities, probing the abyss of every single structure, proving its depth to be the depth of space, the imaginary natural landscape doesn't allow for language to be merely subjugated to findings and matters, these virtues cannot be transferred to discourse except by a kind of metonymic transcendence, as the instrument also has the ability to exceed its own boundaries, when it takes for object its own form, a cosmogonic abstraction of its shared world, the discourse is one of plastified moments, emptied out in flashes between abstraction and representation, conjugated in the becoming, in the plastic propensity, the inexhaustible repose of things, without words, an air of conviction alights from the screen on some even numbered pair of eyes, I am in attendance, inside the auditorium on a chair, silent, without words, whether inside or outside of the screen, we follow a narrative as linear as the shield the god Hephaestus made for Achilles, with the whole of cosmos represented within its frame, from the stars in the sky to the sheep in the fields and a grand piano in a barn, a procession of cars awaiting a conclusion that intertwines with an accretion of harmonics and people inside as well as outside of the auditorium, with words only reaching me from a distance, I start humming along, quietly, I can't follow the melody, it's like a song you'll hear in a dream and recognize, but cant recall not even while you're listening to it, the syncopated rhythms varies, pushes and pulls at the fingers and the body follows, altering its breathing pattern in accommodation



a flicker of eyelids and thoughts pick at the screen, without words, there is no telling of story or time, if nobody is gonna assign any meaning, the mind responds to the threat by doing it itself, the foreign form deforms the linear path, lowering the vantage points and raising the water, the power lies within the void from which billowing waves emanate and permeate the subject, willfully at the mercy of something bigger, an indigenous narrative of the negative space, hinges upon the existence of a gap between resemblance and difference, the brain feeds on narratives, like it feeds on oxygen, and submerged in gaseous noise from the repetitive pattern, the appearance of a penguin on the screen, seems like a hallucination in its own right, and the brain is grateful, give me anything you have in the archive with penguins, like the ones in the documentary on the South Pacific, where the narrator's articulation have eaten away at the word, with such ardor it has exposed the metallic sounding armature of meaning that was hidden underneath the black robe, corroded by the speech's unexpected static of feelings, I see the word spelled in english before my eyes, penguin, like the story about the therolingustic study of their balletic language, a kinetic performance of recursive shapes in water, the words are not only inside the letters, but appears in the surrounding space as well, the foreground and the background is double jointed, everything becomes form in its own right, the walls of the tongue envelop the world in darkness, until an old telephone is picked up and sampled, calling me back to the auditorium, after an extension of time spent in silence, the first word starts building up inside, tension builds from the throat around the mouth, an itch that unconsciously will be scratched as soon as the first word makes landfall in the auditorium, does anyone think about the first word after silence have rebooted their system, I can't keep it in, penguin, the first letters breaches my sealed lips, the penguin is unattended and without words, the negative and positive space interacts, the penguin is emitted and reabsorbed into the light from the screen and the darkness in the room, flickers in and out of existence before the telephone stops ringing, and the others have discharged the tension of their first words



in the light of a lamp, darkness is reconstructed in a cleared room, all details that can be expressed without recourse to any words simultaneously and inescapably trigger words that lie at their roots as well as the feelings that precede them, a drum lights up and pushes itself through the sputtering eye into an infernal region, evocative of slopes imbued with sulfur, overlooking amassment of words grinding and pressing down on each other, on every fault line of every word and every sentence, the sublime trope of the volcano and its threatening force that reminds us of the fearful instability of things, the precious grand narratives, in the high hopes of connecting god with god knows what, long may they live, continuously may they erupt, something inherent to the act of creating pursues the disturbance of essential concepts of our culture, of reality chief among them, canons blasting historicity, casting the shadow of futurity upon us, or is it the shadow of the present, so dark it blinds us, until we can do nothing but await the unending, unattended, without words, the gaping wounds of the world fuses states of matter just like lava, the sense of this world must lie outside of it, I am not here right now, the beat cuts a path through chaos, orders my body involuntarily to follow, by making it operate in future and imperative modes, by controlling the physical that in this case is also the self, the body nods in compliance and the mind alleviated follows, not recognizing the present state of being, and without words ventures into all realms of overpowering power, the body, being material, is never the same, it is controlled by change and chance, chaos entwines death, and overwhelmed with anguish, we can't help but to beat on, cutting paths by reducing the verbal language to the repetitive gestures of the body



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I pop back into the word, I want to write something while I'm still there, I mean here, the temporal figurations had moved from infinity over time and into that of duration, the language had moved from the eyes and ears to mind and now hands, returning to and ending in the body, what part of the body is writing this, the languages rustle whenever I move, the body stands on a crossroad, an object, with a subject, a multifarious instrument, a call and response, without words, oscillating in patterns, repetitive structures plastifies the music, the language, the body, makes it heavy, what is concrete about bestowing form on a substance, while the substance simultaneously resists this very transformation, the subject is constantly displaced, and I'm just as surprised every time it reappears, bend to the will of the track, changed in response to environmental demands, or is it my own, can you speak of deformed subjects, is the armature of the subject a platonic solid, I check in the mirror, I look at the soap, the word is divided into units which be all in one piece and should be so taken, but the pieces can be had in any order, being tied up back and forth in and out fore and after like an interesting sex arrangement, a thousand arms and legs intertwine, words slither like wet cakes of soap around what one wants to say, what kind of body does that, I pick up the pen, there can be no way of representing the body in attendance, in the shower scene with Jean Epstein, I take a bite out of the soap bar, you know the kind that is shaped like an animal, let's say a penguin, while I look him dead in the eyes, and I chew and I chew and I chew and I chew in what seems to be the longest sixty seconds of my life, until I finally start noticing the soap and saliva emulsifying, finally I'm able to swallow, I clear my throat preparing to deliver the punchline, which I know will never be as good as the recoil leading up to it, I helped myself to a bit of naked lunch thank you, and just like that, the moment is over, everything remains to be said and we give up, exhausted.