



DEBT STIMULANTS

**A FOOL BOOK
RESONANT**

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FUGIT DEBRIS

PHONODRAMA ~ DIALOGUE

ONE: naked, obscure of occupation, apprehension at
tension, attenuated attended without with
incomplete & continually crepuscular in completing
on continues a river riven with rivulets of rent cloth
in not only garments but syntheses of film skin
unwashed ulcers rinsed evacuous places phatic
aqueous lividities dust lint mulch air Roman
roads, proteins, portraits numismatic realities of
remains practising enclothed recividism votively
inchoately utterly meaninglessly violently decreated
into practical histories fecally physic is it it is lost with
absent breath visible and invisible death sustaining

society psychotic eyes this structure enclothes
us thus errant in's remit no matter how many times utter
resistance to that term re letters and insists
unlike a tantrum or gods intrinsicality to scream
in treasonable numbered ennumbering enumerations
augre cloth ceaselessly eaten by proliferating nominate animal
insects for surety, open their booklets ovation & lurk in.
Out.

7: FIRE! a heart beats out, entranced entrain
in repeating noise, oily film upon palms, tips
extremity over the limit of what can be put away
on record in time, this sense you have between
a liquid and a gas this horrible object's matter to be
split off from it's possessive condition excites rapid
simultaneous shakes and steady surety in each
digit tending the safety matches in this box: you
prefer non-safety wistfully in tune with their tonic
flaxen attenuated erotic reach into refuse imprinted glacial
inter-familial compressions, zips slit vibrato, piano no ivory
here calcified tips formulate with wood solution to take
up all available space, ignition does not matter now
inside inflammable flammable materialities insolvent console
absolve and execute a record of imperceptible entropic
aftershock presentments of low pitch control undone.

Wasps teaming on a fallen baby chirrup course
incorporating eager lips upon feedlines over
dialogues recorded as mono-chronic
datum smeared over the face of a brain.

12: Wednesday, tribal saunter oft dispossessed
in fine clothes FATO A MANO no hindrance
hesitant enough in thinking speech copulating
among corporeal thoughts fallen down is an initial
response to the image in which an axe is brought
repetitively to bear –in one hand– against an
upright bit of wood –in the other– the remainder
of the body crouched behind it as you face it or
soften you your hands in one another across sated
teaming silence, distraction as concurrently crisp or
relevant as rivulets of liquid action course all
throughout the room in which a red dot L.E.D
is masked with red bloody spit slid on down the lens
to obscure the naked lividity in pliant apprehensive
record, auditory messes to gore this appetite blears
recitative and blether reaching from nowhere fun.

To depart from account we have an other record
which signifying amounts to stupefy in regard
in particle in line in unquiet breath, facial
aphasia zones unconsolated conduit vacuous stars.

ELEVEN: Well now, you would've thought it was about
precisely

conditioning the body with a concise or compressed or
immersive formulín for exercises expended to specific
durations, but the limit term remit of this debit it
repels with such velocity to its centre there is no fit
breath to be here, so: each is not interred as an echoic anti
charm border or enforced charity training shame farm.

First, repeat. Necessity requires this but undergo it supra
Consciously, what ever that means for you, you; if you want
To re-imagine Kitchener's recherche clipped reappearance
For a centenary on debit tea-decanter's of bold bored leisure let's
means tested and discovered wanting or for war unable to meet
re-acquired needs at this time, just eat poisoned bread, leaven &
& raise your children on medical supply projections as only
gods
could plurally comprehend and apprehend this musculature
ta'en

Of enervated tissue, get insurance, refuse to be refuse, yet just
Klept like a blank account, fret new channels for execrable
Change it is the only certain vital mortal necessity, scrabble
hard

Curtailing exercise in home expounded again emergent cloth ear
artistic licenses re-sewn into polycarbon credit imaging.

20: Using as a thimble the mobile phone

uncables and disassembles

whorls thumb skin re-creates repititiously bloodless

threads asks

unindividuated from its cellular reach into extra

deitic

dialogues

when only under a decade drew lungs now worn

in with fumes

and threaded creditable porous wooden limbs ejector

seats ice

instrumentalities re-formed across pattinas oblatting

citrus shirts.

Suddenly slap septum sleepless recall re-expecting a call apneic so haliotic
dreamed wish kissed without wretched ducked stats with expectation systemic
comprehension mean re-seated basic results imago della bucca al lupo comen
unt gehen ballast dreamt.

Liqueous searches issuing vacant courses in corporeality into

Lapses betwixt iterated units of articulation sans object.

Is context inevitable in horse and in horn and in

chemical chimeras.

Is question incorporated in line and course also replaced.

FOUR: this stands in for performance. Can I connectively
re-collect in tentatively pressing you 2 re-admit what
I now hold you to it that this connexion excerption accepts
the printed word sensitive in white on semi-translucent
say "green" film enclothing of mass-produced packaging
material ideated at say Conneticut yet manufactured at say I am
Thailand what in this context the hyper-hyphenated pensive
units mass-produced means test it in this sentence, ageing
that anywhere impinges on open in opem mea facit facility sewn
& inter faculty cost-rendered unaccountably in good order
accounted for other disorders metred on the dollar suction light.
Shit crossed out shit crossed out shit crossed out
shit crossed out shit crossed out shit crossed out en
jambéd shit jam crossed out shit-jam bahngeswindekeit lit reader
upon dolorous sheets of excepted glamour autotopically
interred facially faces are however not yet unimportant.
Siam, 1940 and four people are waiting to be shot / glass acts
as the discussion rages on within earshot of all but
1 sentenced to pathos for its thoughts: of a sound's apostrophes
evocative of a droplet of digitised water from the universe noise
becoming one with militant grains in the husk of a sleeping
coconut shell WE can now see that on this account
historically this constitutes the arrival of the first (0)
text message or a signal fallen between defenestrated ears.

18:

peripheral for preference feral hearing askance skates staging
directions written down without following procedures of
puncture prematurely younger victims in appearance slide
asides besides latent lateral ambition scrunched into non-
unfolding giving shape blisters: living cultures of congregated
energetic gestus relations of states of matter, statedly slid on
slide by slide from each scene remove its scene, ferocity centres
no totentanz anfang ist schwer. Something that grounds
the making of this clown figura is re-created in gravity's
commitment to a non-jewelled report of its correlating stasis
and vitality. To whom is shit the terrain for cataloguing precious
stones, sutured balls, digitally manipulated achievement
incorporated extrinsically in to mortality as it is known to
exist and extinguish pronounced this

Phenomenology: traction, punctive wretched

statements in sequence instantiate materialities & material

relations, recreative of sensitive apprehension so

systems of suspense, crowned with lack of means

meaning and relevance to most of current humanity literally

basically extended into preferred stages of admitted realities
lived

consensual comprehension engaged linear porosity without
limit.

Eucharist

This is well hung yet badly lit ~ from above, as would have rarely obtained in the materiality of this object's making; I don't have any evidence & neglected to pay you on time, but imagine candles, or windows, like those in other paintings. Do paintings which display great facility and sensitivity to the distribution of light themselves deserve to be treated with like sensitivity – or should they be displayed under the harsh motile melanin illuminium of 21st century carriage, justice, pay per view. Don't answer that, as many meals as you can eat at the same time guaranteed for the price of one mega mixed grill includes a free drink yet no enema although light bulbs are given as head wear, traction, efficient track lighting lowers the cost of bills. Behead a swan with especially sharpened axe, Situationist ethics used to say given nothing to prompt such violence towards notional animals becoming all too real at meetings in sunlight and indoors too forewarned for art to ever excrecence or arch limpid disgust as posture for afforded reality body.

PLUG OUT

Chew in inter this lips' outage on suss rating each internal mouthing never wait for chill lost on intake, thermal over set.

Yawning erotic restraint taught and turgid as an erect insert say something around it lippage out so lit, so put out converse detail.

Rename correct dance flower narrative from growth set off creative burnish odours and equipment reanimate animals earning.

Less than thirty seconds of sound emotively rearrange a scape, apparently not infused with anything other than surrender narrative.

Our Love is ancient, neatly abstracted from out of gender, location, these sincere claims meet and turn and rectify nothing relational but distinctly.

Novel beginning: *KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.*

I watch the children. Imagine I can hear what they're saying. A girl and a boy I think. Possibly siblings. Possibly she is older. Certainly she is the leader. She seems less afraid than the boy, I think. Except from this distance it's impossible to tell. It's impossible to be sure, but I can hear their voices echo out across the landscape, though it is still impossible to hear what they're saying. But I can imagine. The Landscape! You know the kind of thing. And you can tell so much just from tone. It occurs to me I can't be sure of what language they are using. Which is funny you know because I'm sure I know, really. And really I'm sure I know what they're saying to each other. The boy is shaking, you can hear that. And the girl is reassuring him, perhaps saying it's going to be alright. Although there's little doubt she must be frightened too, but I can hear she hasn't given in to panic, as he must have done. There's a steadiness and calm to her tone, which is broken by his panicked wail. If I were to see his

face close up I would expect to see teeth chattering, pallor, enlarged pupils, trembling, tears, possibly. The palms of my hands wet against the broken sill, sharp scent of urine and concrete, warm steam of breath as my mouth smiles, tears of joy in my eyes as I turn away to the ruined room, their voices further off, now, as they hurry to get help, to tell someone what they have found.

MONKEY MUSIC: exercise where it becomes real that you are exercising or you're not worth it. Streets and shadows of shops stop one passer by. KING LEAR. SALE! Awkward whelp kept in introspect latency like an ageing ham, select. Institute in situ air evasively pleasing vacancy you unnerve me slender as temperature. This is poetry, pure and simple; release the situation vacuum of mayonnaise, apparently fresh and surely alighted. Chic snob elites of course display anguish also, just inured to shite beneficence or angular sharp attacks upon parental relations wasted, in her prime of the year, for getting ahead of herself.

I smell like an animal, I am told. Forgiven exit reaches a point to grasp unspun from mouths home-spoken rescinding or fugitive sit filmic obsolescence distraught. But ah! To smell the real air is undrivingly motive of occupancy lamented or sustained to the table, event distance untouched by titular music's bleat for wood.

A breach of contact remains genre of a girl or outspoken boy elect, at the finish or incident in opening we are cousined and collatorally infracted with shooting devices from birth to deceit and back.

I want to talk to you now about what I have killed, as a matter of record, to note that it is continuous how, the bird, first, and then the lizard, were ended by me upon this earth, although I have eaten on video remember. Relief, we crucified upon a square of bread that fallen and impickled sovrein occult spirited remains of delay re given ahead from dedicated areas only you murder the ideas festival to spray on atmosphere of uncertain animal. In the first instance, it was an act of purely flagrant exhibitionism: there were certainly

also cunts I wanted in juvenile relinquishment to impress, when we all walked down the steps to the sea, our school folders sleek in our hands, on our way to games at The South Island School, Hong Kong, 1992. I don't remember every body that was there at the time, but I think Harriet was, and maybe Stephen Buck. I possibly was smoking a camel filter, I don't know. Through the jungle side down to the sea runs a bold concrete drain, which drains the water down the mountain in say monsoon time sometimes or something. In it flickered a broken bird, you know the rest. No one could face braining it, no one hungry or bold that day enough. So I deftly and swiftly dispossessed students of their folders and leapt to recover the bird to death with them as my palms of intention. I got the bird between the files, and slipped on down to the shore line, where it flipped out of the mouth of these jaws into the warm sea, and we humans boarded a boat manned by a servant. Yet the broken bird was attempting to swim, so I patronised the driver into borrowing an oar, and I held it above the bird's neck under the water line until it was dead.

Take your clothing off. You will anyway. What a vain incident.

If I say or display that I am out of narrative you won't know where to redraw the border, porous last time I thought. Hamburgers.

Take the long way round, we were told, in a night-lit office of a branding consultancy seated upon moving chairs and alit with delight, music seemed to pour from his voice, you know the kind, who can literally just pour sweet music in inhabitation of relations to language wielding occupancy or usage of yearning talk. Most people had pens in hand, and there was paper on the table, certainly, history is filled with scenes like these, sister. And we listened, wrapt. It was 1999, was it?

We wheel along over the lawn, downwards and back again to the window, ein sad mechanic exercise, drawn to the wheel, and motion, more than flapping motive offertory song upon your heel, spacious, and flagrant on the grass in the wet sunlit haze of an afternoon from hell we chose to escape into for once you're getting even with

the right target, in more than one language spoken and taken to have been spoken about this time gone.

We must remember, this is porn, or poor record granted flat remains open to politic sway or rest in any broken-in chair for thought's seat to have a power of access at its configuration of fingertip aggressive desertion over null waiting time flatly wept dry to replay from receipt and spit supply.

& Drastic, that's my nomenclature, existent thunder is not noise, for me, I am openly woken shown to have slept entirely in or of full grown clothes recalling a boy of wakeful attention now impacted by the party into incandescent moan of renewal wish deployment. The military term is static, which interferes with your dead, your theatre, your country, decide makes then the decisions more unique, that you are forced into being given a choice: decide. Live or die.

~~I am suffering from a delusion that I have made the room smell like Christmas, again. 'Again' is the name of a Greek brand of condom, <http://www.again-condoms.gr>. The room smelt of Christmas, tincture of silver paper fresh resounds with icing sugar, perfume & cloves, aged red wine and fallen sentiment dispatched in every cot or gay mouth. Clothes, I notice, are not so popular as gifts as I wish: dressing up, acting out, is all the rage kept in until this year, this time, whatever. I don't care. Any way in a manger.~~

Sing the crocodile fragrance and set to deceit keep the phone's bells still clicking and prizing above grandeur the tone of ring tone, keep wakeful from slander and on holiday, you are sated in snow shine you keep free of guile, and sky down this mountain you remember a while bucolic and gone, beautiful an abstraction, no hidden heard lost given song to admit you admonish or shy from leaving of fixity and taken up lightly, gasoline, diesel, mileage, barely sustained, set to rectify a breath with words. I chew old old ice, choice alone your favourite nominate name. But yet temperate, imperfect, unfinished cutely aching making mouths after dark rectitude, pause on open plan reason following blanc de blanc, lost or loosening every thing from the waist buckle up and down. Fuck.

TODIG BAUM TRAUM / AH, NOTE ON DEATH /

it is
here &
every where
that it
here is
im stock
to forget
is
privilege
with out
breath
sense
among
personal
stock
forgotten

And science

we eat
this and
never sure
of whom
or from
this paint
is forged
no
things over
people
beneath
deaf
ears
fallen
stock
prescience

And silence

We can not look at
these swarming pattina
of birds in the sky
without forgetting it is
wholly corrupt to design
a thought on such
fanciful delighted
misnoma of apprehensive
glee, flapping in wholly
incomplete narcissistic
passion's remains
happy new ever
song to tortured child
order flecked with
lineament and bold
recognition full arrayed.

A rock face cannot exist: underneath
The ground slopes down leaving an open
Mouth opening wide and low so the
Front of the body face down on
Wet pitted rock and the back
Gripped by the rock lip above
Begins to move from the centre.

The signs can exist: covered signals
Recover positions in which the surface
Area of the body displays a dialogue
With the possibility of its own resignation
Of form moving from the centre out
To its uncovered edges and back
Inescapably palpably breathing pulsing beats.

~for Him~

~for Him~

This Should Be Time
It is breathed through
Re-created to collapse
Or re-created as a lapse
In form all dimension
Accrues pain as but 1
Particular aspect of assent
Practice pleasures teeth
To tremble to relate a
Begun breath without time
Spectacularly aligned slid
2 affects in a mouth room
designated entirely at loose
traction with pains benefits
assignments remarks 3 ride
all eyes inscribe this time
or are seen to sense it as
a tall sighted guy in a film
is seen from above playing
a blind dwarf for money
recognition 4 objects
in kind for signed designs
life should mean life
time should be language.
5 pour us more
vanity onto a
pourous good fire!

Breath in is intention
You exhale so freely
Light ambition for next
Inhale, intake, each
Unmarked breath discards
Which make capacity
When we kiss it is all
Ready over blown
Yet I wish, want, need
Require your identity
Surrendered up or down
Below pain, action, debt
Owed sanction cancelled
Life receives breath,
Yes, no ladder described
Or written down can
Account congruently
With awkward nose
Jocular sitting face
Cancelled, returns breath,
Patent, with bones attach
Rescinded, repeated
Surrender, choose not
To speak freely a toll
Owned inside an
Other country, whole
And distinct.

A plague on delusion
The rest and confusion
Of sitting and decomposition
The homophone fucks
Language the long la langue
Dirempted of objects
Not from, in the end
Desire rests in state
Forgive or forgets
The doctor is still
In the room, and the room
Is still relational
We are told, across
A table, sensile prefect
As it resists form as
The word image rests
A slide away from thought
Degradation takes place
With the use of a simple
Rustic conveyor belt,
And under the rails
Is stench, heaps, pitted
Fruit against fruit slowly
No more distinct.
But there is more it
Turns our life itself
Has come back from extinct.

~for Him~

QUESTION
TO
A
ANSWER
TO
AN

The expectation of kindness gives on to such
A false desk: as in this – a new line, turned
Into mean aspiration of expression suffocated
Where, in deeds, and ongoing doings being
Hounded by all loving looks, we find one and
Another in especial reflective dumb embrace:
Just, the two of us seek cries and forgive
Our summoners to a new arrival or sacrifice
Empitied of nothing but the terms it gives for
Its transitory description in confidence of each
Held and withheld FACE, expectation shines
From pre-sentiment and further on erotic
Semblance of incontinent seeming meaning
Excepted, let down on the floor and in
Flammable storms rescinded on to space from
Distances apart out-withered in one half of
My body do I form a part of a pre-sentient
Feeling and call out so it hurts that one leg
Aches, one side of the face hates, one open
Grin starts to furl and apprehend this swollen
Time to slack in and ignorant of grace, pace is
Peace now in this storm of unrepentant warning
Kinds of time do so forget and can remember so
Their each justly taken spatio temporal incendiary
Places: You are so more necessarily intelligent
Than I, now –YOU– and in all times from this place
Forget your all for it is not the middle broken
Of this night which you regret before it grins
To storm but a summer evening dead to insects, sweetbreads
Trance and recondite healing matter of our
Memorable skins, we are never enough for this
And it is never time to go or to leave or to film this place, read,
Depart this rapt constant sea of conscious
Fleeing trajectories of crescent anticipation:

I can see it in your teeth before the boar or kid is
Even killed or the moth-eaten bits of definitive
Articulate corruscation hit the hills and slit
The time's antimony to nothing.

No body is ever only an animal they see them self
As slaughtered as, their emblematic wish is all
Our death, and I to You could wish a cleaner
Kill until the moon's come home, I wish
To rectify the agency of our conceit in love that
Is freely available, even to a monoglot by phone.

I go inside in disguise as myself and everyone recognises me. Outside there is a law against presenting as myself for money, but otherwise this too is OK. Inside, it takes time to be alone before solitude is occupied. For centuries, attempt has been malevolently connected to the expense of duration and direction *through the forms* of figures understood as gone-by: the journey is in the impossible direction of outliving the dead. Now, it is the same futile journey, except that it is possible to imagine that the dead never lived, in the forms in which they have been thought to have co-existed with humanity until now. Returns are now understood as futurity and consequence. This enables humanity to nourish itself upon the resources of wasted energies, which can then be given in expense to duration precisely because humanity now understands itself in its daily existence to be already irrefutably dead. I inside is a story of this line, for the record. Yet what goes unrecorded must be recordable, outside of these lines expended to durations to come.

Inherently dramatic, thus, in the form of recorded apprehension given here, but a song may be attended to in many different registers in relation to its putative original, whose existence is only heralded by the mark of this assignation being itself inherently transitory, since for something to be –still more so for something to become– original, it must by definition have already existed.

Outside, of course, this does not hold. It is like the distribution of oxygen and its proximal relation to humans: the high airs, glacial mountains, tree lines, lint, grounds, mulch, animal, oceans.

Polity is my password, I can reveal it to any body.

Yet solitude itself is attended by its other solitudes.

~for Him~

Its fault is it thinks it can anywhere be the object of your thought, but this is crucially untrue and actually guarantees some of the qualities & benefits which make it your main point of contact, ill-advice.

Some febrile liqueous statum of erotic desiring libidinous abstraction for objects of the imagination which distinct formal nature many a slippage of grasp has been interred as expended vacuous being into nothing but syntheses of synthetic thought rinsed inside out of all vicarious locations.

Given voice what issues and presents as a cry at birth hurts without to re inter and embarrass with lost embrasures at edges of at least three states of matter so wrapping pinging and flinging reflexive implosion of creases facially wettening flattening tantrums in warm cloth battening porosity.

Barracking enthusing colorific cellular in reach lines or shades bleated in objects of sutures eaten at draw bridge and their mouths mounted on em battlement for durations to come to beware the barricaded leisure with which skin this enclosure is filmed and bedewed with jewelled disrepair.

Light exclaims no breathe nor suffers its gleam to line aught but what it illumines in expiration it is not ever credited with sore from shining so.

TWENTY-FOUR SEVEN

2

is it / it is
a part
of my
practice
this so
designed / desired
journey
before
you wake,
walking
unpicked
practice
I say
this to
utter
is to
move on
unmoved
a sleep
attends
alarms
derides
a mouth
this so

3

was not found
to form your
face before
then I will
look up, wake
repeated
down into
transparent
relations'
suspenseful,
a letter
to say I
deliver
a saving
in noises
passed under
chorate fees
indebted
to dirempt
future wells
memorize
erotic
climate all
unchanged wake

4

refuses my
text a micro
context do not
register fine
brought about to
a mouth, a door
before, a wait
an intended
relation's packed
ready about
to go rending
exhausted days
to deliver
invisible
divisible
airport compact
with prepaid debt
unmoving cries
may be removed
or damaged by
security staff
without warning
before a mind
made up places

CAN I HAVE A HUNDRED?

The gravity with which I
encounter the world,
holds me, still.

A cross the c.

Is a title emblematic, blamable,
in first days sent to slake the lie
thirst out in the town, light creating rain, outside.

The Gravity.

I want to have a conscientiously erotic
relation with absolutely every human person,
otherwise existing isn't personally
worth it. You may say I'm a dreamer,
but I'm not the only one.

The computer translates that statement into Chinese, and there is a system
error because the words are authentically Chinese already. Send back to shop
of realign your spine. In fact, nearly 20 of those asked, said they wouldn't miss
the chance of a free offer of an afterlife, regardless of their belief system.

A place to live will always have some kind of relation to wood.

Even your stools commend you to mine attention. Don't be too fast – to
anything write nothing for everything is erotic, once. Twice. Three times,
maybe. Say you would like another me, whatever you think, and there isn't one.
It's harmless, a joke. But just say. Stand up around yourself for once. How
many have you got? Wha ? I want only to encounter you, but not across a
counter, or with any other mediating flip-switch. Cigarette?

You laugh and it is not erotic. Apparently 50% of a hundred people think of
themselves as nothing more than any number.

Of them, only 90% of them women, only 5% were misplaced. You figure in
this only by default. Dessert?

Fact: dessert is a fact of life for roughly 77% of the world's population,
wouldn't you say, roughly?

Or no.

I just want a place just to keep it clean.

47% of people liked this.

FOOL ENDS

BITS ON CLOTHING

[CONCEIVED AS A SET OF MINATURE
DIALOGUES FOR USE AS SINGLE UNITS
BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE AT A TIME]



FOOL: *this counting course — both in track, trajectory and mortal body, counts continually only on in spite of all of this and will be bravely remembered — without that that rememb'rance incarnates reconstitution of our current corporeal capacities — pastoral eclipses in direct address mass-assemble drizzling pre-conditions of account across the failing sky obverse preservation points.*

-----✂-----

FOOL: *warble warble warbling falling stories unremembered in pictures you can picture 'less obliterated by the reechy daydreamt terminus of folded video release humour sentimentally insentiently recalled without pang or trace of language to reformulate your initial thoughts' response, let alone re-pose the questions such shock of initial performances' wet artifice instantiated back.*

-----✂-----

FOOL: *observe an obvious visual capacity not to fuck or give in to human 2 human relations, only numbered by the wretched metastasis and metaphor of 'a container': every body can relate to this since we have all been both inside and outside of many — so logically as sensible human beings we R given 2 relate to the transcendent numeracy of this concept easy to digest as christ on a stick.*

-----✂-----

FOOL: *for a while I was not online, and it felt good, explicitly, I am still entrapped in an inchoate desire parallelogram of address to spirit — understood as a materially accessible model of philosophically applicable apprehension at a distance of no consequence from phenomenology — wait: have to go back online to check — phrenology — no, post-war — exit music, reply of police to shot.*

-----✂-----

FOOL: *and it becomes traction that this is yet hidden within the genus of another work — or at least another activity, in which still address is at stake, like misogyny, casually deployed progeny of our time: if anything rhymes with this then it does not give sense to inanimate things, nor call upon even imagined voices from trees, but we see we are lost to distraction, even and untranslated.*

-----✂-----

FOOL: *Winter's not gone yet Water's not struck its face in our economy I am for all Waters Would you Would tender to my face the Wounds you dress Warm Wet bandages dipped in ground glass my lips are dry man's estate makes mouths prefatory to details lips censors uncut*

-----✂-----

FOOL: **RAZOR BLADES AND SMALL CHILDREN** *The razor blade's principle use is in cutting film. More razor blades have been held in this action than in any other ever. An aesthetic decision has greater consequences than any other of its contemporaries. We remember William Burroughs' exhortation: 'one . . . violent death . . . yields more energy than a . . . cancer ward' with an aggrieved smile and similarly, at some point the child must wield the blade itself, without manipulative instruction or constructive advice, in order to cut the skin and film. The ulcerous place is*

a real object, not only for young Hamlet. Low Pitch Control demands we re-target it as an essential hanging-tree, or stake, for this performance. Razor blades are both explicitly and subtly sharp, that is their essential lineated danger.

-----✂-----
FOOL: *WATER DEBT WATER DEBIT WATER DEBT WATER DEBT WATER DEBIT PUTIN SAYS YOU HOLD NOTHING SACRED WATER DEBIT WATER DEBT PUT YOUR FACE TO THE FLAT SURFACE OF COLD WATER DEBT AND EXHALE EYES OPEN BREATHE IN WATER DEBIT WATER DEBT WATER DEBIT CULPRITS IN TRANS PARENT LANGUAGE WATER DEBT.*

-----✂-----
FOOL: *We and have mediate upon it is this cruel meaning, for a time, of no occasion or suasive account described, for each battery is walked out like its accessory abstracted dog of inchoate desires in breaths crapped up over grammarian roots to desecrate the first child's drawing of 'an handle', lick it up the spelling donor chorate at once last you we on, for a time meditative sans spirit.*

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FOOL: *Engrace this terrorist with all the wit you are endowed and still it wills not to live as sign up under there door, glass mouth crack for afters, yawn its sensate willing ardour for joking times spent openly in pursuit of corrupt marriage with alkaline heavens and idols of supper we aim to have meat on even solus true hospitals grimace and break out every where there is sprite.*

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FOOL: *Each over fills its bucket of him, for reach from hellish desserts escapes the spatulas pasting libidinous corruscations too easily spat out once more on such occasions of lamentable ardour or poverty's unperformed shapes: Duchamp —you might say— was too clear: a ball is round and participates in roundness yet no cycle obtains out of that spat regeneration's lack of spiritual bit.*

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FOOL: *Poured concrete seems stable yet we might make of delay a spit around which to meet our abstruse corrupt complicity before we each are given onto the next available describable bath bubble on entry any circle is given to the line of suspended moral mortal gaze report or contorted phrase buried within porcelain upon poor porcine reflex animation collect in light tensile spring*

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FOOL: *So plural we each try to deny like through such as grace tensile collagen roundness and fit capacity to understand art or the state, lines of coffin are alway far from flung free of force, forage is become an obvious bovine artifice of deficiency of leisure's unowned ownership of each provided private prisoner in animate regard or clever apprehension so kindred spirit reality*

[COVER]

Backing work write

Writing on the back of another's work

Working work back

EIN / ERSTE

Terrain scaping, shaping a form of congruence of the action of writing and the shape co-ordination of hand-written words in relation to duration, how words occur and are come to be drawn out in lines. No subject, object nor purport but the recordation of their action as record – though not an abstraction since objectively these words also are come to be read. Backwards for repetition as chosen material, saying nothing. Merely metronomically making passing participation in duration. True living work. Non-relational. Innately non-individuated.

Is terrain a-waiting transformation, repetition, noise of noiseless attrition we surrender its object, ground, insert body part, no terrain isn't waiting it works our expense to duration.

A rockface is not allegorical, neither ahistorical.

Musculature and nervous tissues expect sensible relations entirely unreasonably and unaccountably, and utterly without historical or even even-toned narrative reality. Waiting is by definition entirely without recompense – or else it is activity, work, propulsion and expense to duration whose value is marked by compensatory repetitious attritions. These should not be taken for additions – to waiting, since they have decreased or destroyed waiting's place in duration. ~~True living work~~. Record marks a quasi-permanent eclipse – a hyphen-like full-stop coming straight at you – on mortality's expense to duration.

Page clearing, writing action and in repetition affections, confections arise to repeat, for the particular motion of forcing a character, or sequence of characters, or word, heliotropical relational diagram held on the expectation of darkness and light – or more accurately in terms of expense to duration: all the colours minus all the colours (black) and (+, &) all the colours plus all the colours (white) – single words signifying their absolute saturation negatively and positively as expended reality to duration.

LAP

SAP

THE MAN ON THE BOAT

always wants to get things from me, to keep me safe. He can drive his car at over 100 m.p.h when he has taken courage to keep out the cold. I emerge from the cabin with a cotton bud in each ear, and he rips his beer from his mouth and lets go the wheel, the boat tips, YOU COULD BE DEAFENED FOR EVER he shrieks and trips and grabs each cue tip in each fist and hurls them into the loch, slips on spilled beer, gives me the wheel and goes below for another cold one, my eardrums' skins vibrating like a back lashed to a mast. And another time it is a knife. I had received this knife on the back seat of a bus in Tai Pei [臺北市 or 台北市; pinyin: Táiběi Shì; Peh-ōe-jī: Tâi-pak Chhī]. The man who gave it to me wore a vest and had oil on his face, ran towards me at the back and put the damp brown paper bundle on my lap, I now think he smiled at me and saw blood upon his teeth and inhaled the tang of this sweat. With which he glistened, but now I put that down to embellishment and decades gone. And then he ran away. Unwrapping this brown paper in my lap there is a kitchen knife blade without a wooden handle, with screws where the handle could be fixed. Sharp and clean. The man on the boat moves towards me from the indigo dark of an air-conditioned gloom in his underwear holding a line of string between his fists, CAN YOU CUT THIS FOR ME? Now I recall a smell of alcoholic hygienic perfumed leather and laundered cotton, linens, strawberry syrup breath, meat and shit. I go to my drawer and withdraw my knife. I emerge with the knife in my right hand held above my head. We are both wearing our underwear and socks. The floor is clean polished wood. With what I took to be precision, I sail the knife down through the air and cut the string at its horizontal centre. The man on the boat doesn't like to be for too long inside an apartment, you see, you can't feel it moving all the time enough. With gnashed teeth and cheeks he grasps the blade and rips it from my palm, which is torn sharp and bloody by the screws where the handle isn't fixed. Later, on the way back from hospital where I was treated with iridescent green cream for the jellyfish sting forming a blister-child of the jellyfish on my left calf, he gives me a stick of gum and tells me to chew it carefully or I will get lockjaw. I had thought the jellyfish was a plastic bag in the sea, they move the same way, when I lifted it with my foot and turned about. I press the chewing gum through my hair fast onto the scalp and ask for another bit.

SHIT VALLEY

