

Convolutes

Annotations by Kenneth Goldsmith

Convolute typography by Project Projects,
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A Arcades, *Magasins de nouveautés*, Sales Clerks

AN EVOLVED VERSION OF THE STREET.¹

When these abstracted forms, viewed in isolation and not as elements within the fabric of the city, become the model by which to envision an urban realm, the result is an utter depletion of possibility.²

Control space evaluates space through an entirely modernized vocabulary: no longer it is geometrically composed or visualized, but computed, calibrated, assessed, predicted, optimized.³

A fuzzy empire of blur, it fuses high and low, public and private, straight and bent, bloated and starved to offer a seamless patchwork of the permanently disjointed.⁴

They sit unto themselves, buffered by parking lots and Church = highways. Their reflection shows itself to mean primarily self-reflection, self-relation, self-mirroring.⁵ rotting poses no immediate danger to neighboring districts. Besides, they are vast compounds, not easily erased in an afternoon.⁶ Airport = Mall⁷

A WEB WITHOUT A SPIDER.⁸

1–3. John McMorrough, “City of Shopping: Postmall Urbanism,” in *Harvard Design School Guide to Shopping*, Project on the City 2, 2001. 4. Sze Tsung Leong, “Ulterior Spaces: Invisible Motives,” in *Harvard Design School Guide to Shopping*, Project on the City 2, 2001. 5. Rem Koolhaas, Stefano Boeri, Sanford Kwinter, Nadia Tazi, and Hans Ulrich Obrist, *Mutations*, 2000. 6. Rodolphe Gasché, *The Tain of the Mirror: Derrida and the Philosophy of Reflection*, 1986. 7. Rem Koolhaas, “Junkspace: The Debris of Modernization,” in *Harvard Design School Guide to Shopping*, Project on the City 2, 2001. 8. Daniel Herman, “Mall: Requiem for a Type,” in *Harvard Design School Guide to Shopping*, Project on the City 2, 2001.

B Fashion

Emma Thompson walked on stage at the seventy-first Golden Globes with her Christian Louboutins pointedly off her feet and in her hand. Raising them in the air to demonstrate Louboutin’s trademark red-lacquered soles, she quipped, “I just want you to know, this red, it’s my blood.”²

When I’m wearing heels at events, my feet feel like they’re sitting in pools of blood.¹

État Libre d’Orange’s infamous fragrance Sécrétions Magnifiques, created by perfumer Antoine Lie, is vividly described by the company as “an olfactory coitus that sends one into raptures, to the pinnacle of sensual pleasure, that extraordinary and unique moment when desire triumphs over reason.” Aside from iodised blood and milk accords, the perfume also contains notes of coconut, sandalwood and opoponax.³

The product takes the form of a cosmetic pill that you consume and the fragrance excretes through the skin’s surface, redefining the potential of the body and giving a new function to skin. For Swallowable Parfum, the body becomes a sort of atomizer; expanding from the inside to the exterior of the body, emitting a cloud of scent around the silhouette.⁴

Kristeva uses the term “abject” to describe something that is neither object nor subject. Being an in-between state it exists in a pre-symbolic order, triggering human reactions filled with confusion about the distinction between the self and the other. A potent example of this is the reaction we encounter when faced with the human cadaver; as Kristeva points out a subject without life becomes an object, something that triggers trauma by reminding us of our own mortality. Other less extreme though highly unsettling examples apt to create similar reactions are all types of bodily fluids, human or animal, such as blood, vomit or urine.⁵

“I can see your dirty pillows.

Everyone will.

They’ll be looking at your body.”

“Those are my breasts, Momma. Every woman has them.”⁶

1. Elizabeth Olson in Catherine Kovesi, “Brought to Heel?: A Short History of Failed Attempts to Bring Down the High-Heeled Shoe in Venice and Beyond,” in “On Failure,” special issue of *Vestoj*, no. 6 (Autumn 2015). 2. Catherine Kovesi, “Brought to Heel?” 3. James Harkin, *Niche: Why the Market No Longer Favours the Mainstream*, 2011. 4. Claire Van Den Berg, “Technology at the Edge of the Body: An Interview with Lucy McRae,” *Vestoj*, vestoj.com. 5. Julia Kristeva paraphrased in Merel Van Der Toorn, “Opinion; Abject Attraction: The Grotesque in Fashion,” *Vestoj*, vestoj.com. 6. Stephen King, *Carrie*, 1974.

C Ancient Paris, Catacombs, Demolitions, Decline of Paris

Angelus Novus, the angel of history,
staring in half-disbelief at the ruins,
devastated by the failure to co-operate,
made manifest in the sheer destructive
capacity of technological progress.¹

Sunlight on bare skin
can nourish
be as food.²

The real event of the Apocalypse is behind us, among us, and we
are instead confronted with the virtual reality of the Apocalypse,
with the posthumous comedy of the Apocalypse.³

What I am saying, and I think
I am the first to say it, is that
the accident is the new form of
warfare. This is enough to continue the
Greco-Latin and the Judeo-Christian
model. But here we are coming back to the word
“apocalypse.” What is the Bible? It is a book of war.
It never stops in the Old Testament. The massacres
never stop.⁴

That (*man*)? What? Who? *What* Paris desires is *he and that* he be
condemned to death. She desires *that (man) insofar* as condemned
to death and condemns him to death in desiring that (man). In a
word, she makes *that (man)* desirable and decollatable.⁵

Fantasies
about the
ruination
of Paris are
a symptom
of the fact that
technology was
not received. From
these speaks the
dull consciousness
that with the great
towns the means
grew to flatten
them to the
ground.⁷

“Qui autem ab inferis suscitabantur
praeerunt viventibus velut iudices —
*They, moreover, shall be raised from the
depths that they shall stand above the
living as judges.*”⁶

There was
Henry de Béarn
(1931–1995),
who tried to blow
up the Eiffel tower.
He lived in [a] loft
with Ivan Chtcheglov
(1933–1998).
The lights from the
tower bothered them
when the[y] tried
to sleep, so they
plotted its
destruction.⁸

1. Esther Leslie, *Walter Benjamin: Overpowering Conformism*, Modern European Thinkers, 2000. 2. Jennifer Egan, “Fiction: Black Box,” *New Yorker*, June 4 and 11, 2012. 3. Jean Baudrillard, *The Vital Illusion*, Wellek Library Lectures at the University of California, Irvine, 2000. 4. Paul Virilio and Sylvère Lotringer, *Crepuscular Dawn*, translated by Mike Taormina, *Semiotext(e)* Foreign Agents Series, 2002. 5. Jacques Derrida, *Glas*, translated by John P. Leavey Jr. and Richard Rand, 1986. 6. Jack Spicer, “An Apocalypse for Three Voices,” in *My Vocabulary Did This to Me: The Collected Poetry of Jack Spicer*, Wesleyan Poetry, 2008. 7. Karl Marx, *Grundrisse: Foundations of the Critique of Political Economy*, translated by Martin Nicolaus, The Pelican Marx Library, 1973. 8. McKenzie Wark, *The Beach beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the Situationist International*, 2015.

D Boredom, Eternal Return

We wait. We are bored. (*He throws up his hand.*) No, don't protest, we are bored to death, there's no denying it. Good. A diversion comes along and what do we do? We let it go to waste. Come, let's get to work! (*He advances towards the heap, stops in his stride.*) In an instant all will vanish and we'll be alone once more, in the midst of nothingness!¹

Be bland BOREDOM IS ALWAYS COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY.
Be dull ALWAYS.²
Be boring
Be really, really, y'know, nothing, void, zilch, zero, nought, nothing, vacuum³

Boredom of the ceremonial scenes depicted in historical paintings, and boredom in general. Boredom and museum. Boredom and battle scenes.⁴

“The promised land of survival will be the realm of peaceful death. . . . No more Guernicas, no more Auschwitzes, no more Hiroshimas. . . . Hooray! But what about the impossibility of living, what about this stifling mediocrity and this absence of passion? . . . Let nobody say these are minor details or secondary points.”⁵

“Who wants a world in which the guarantee that we shall not die of starvation,” Vaneigem asks, “entails the risk of dying of boredom?”⁶

Entertainment fosters the resignation which seeks to forget itself in entertainment.⁷

But then the monotony
of the images
we consume gets the
upper hand.⁹

A man shooting heroin into his vein does so largely for the same reason you rent a video: to dodge the redundancy of time.¹¹

Anyone who has felt the drive to self-destruction welling up inside him knows with what weary negligence he might one day happen to kill the organisers of his boredom.¹⁰

Excitement, it seems, is in reality a means to an end, a subset of what ultimately emerges as the antidote to modern boredom: human engagement.¹²

1. Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot: Tragicomedy in Two Acts*, 1953.
2. Guy Debord, "The Bad Old Days Will End," in *Leaving the 20th Century: The Incomplete Work of the Situationist International*, translated and edited by Christopher Gray, 1998.
3. Public Image Ltd., "Fodderstompf," *Public Image: First Issue*, 1978, LP.
4. Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*, translated by Howard Eiland and Kevin McLaughlin, 2002.
- 5, 9, 10. Raoul Vaneigem, *The Revolution of Everyday Life*, translated by Donald Nicholson-Smith, 1983.
6. Peter Marshall, *Demanding the Impossible: A History of Anarchism; Be Realistic: Demand the Impossible*, 2008.
7. Max Horkheimer and Theodor W. Adorno, *Dialectic of Enlightenment: Philosophical Fragments*, translated by Edmund Jephcott, Cultural Memory in the Present, 2002.
8. Guillaume Apollinaire, "Simultanités," in *Calligrammes: Poems of Peace and War (1913–1916)*, translated by Anne Hyde Greet, 1980.
11. Joseph Brodsky in Roy Rivenburg, "The Boredom Epidemic," *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, March 1, 2003.
12. Jeff Ferrell, "The Only Possible Adventure: Edgework and Anarchy (2004)," in *EdgeWork: The Sociology of Risk-Taking*, forthcoming.

E Haussmannization, Barricade Fighting

Ar t is dead, let's liberate our every day life.
Yo u can't buy happiness. Steal it.
Co m rades , stop applauding, the spectacle is everywhere. The economy is rotting. I hope it dies .
Total or g a sm write on the wall. I don't know how to write.
No replastering, the structure is rotten.¹
The most beautiful sculpture is a paving stone thrown at a cop's head.
Com m o dities are the opium of the people. First, disobey; then write on the walls.
BURN COMMODITIES.
I participate.
You participate.
He participates.
We participate.
They profit.
rit e e v e r y w h e r e .
Revo lu tionary women are more open.
Abolish alien ation .
Obedience begins with consciousness; steal.
You too can
No forbidding allowed.
If God existed it would be necessary to abolish him.
Down with spectacle-commodity
communication, down with telecommunication.
Open the gates of the asylum, prisons and other faculties.
D o n't get caught up in the spectacle.
Oppose the spectacle.
Freedom is the crime that contains all crimes.
It is our ultimate weapon.
The future will only contain what we put in it.
God n o r mas ter.
How sad to love money.
freedom of others extends mine infinitely.
N

1. All quotations “May 1968 Graffiti,” *Bureau of Public Secrets*, translated by Ken Knabb, bopsecrets.org.

F Iron Construction

wind shaking trucks, sand whipping against axles, sheet-metal; *I* soldiers clambering into trucks: RIMA squad, leaning against tarpaulin pressed down on necks by driving rain, buttoning up; eyes shining in darkening shadows, fingers glimmering on belt-buckles; goats, sweat of pursuit around bonfires soaking coats, crouching down, licking rags tied around thighs of women; silent youth wrapped in sackcloth, propped back against driver’s seat, pissing into blue enamel mug held in mutilated hand: driver, leaning back, stroking youth’s forehead marked with blue cross; youth kissing palm, wrist rippled with veins, swelling with alcoholic blood; half-track caterpillars grinding stones thrown onto track by wind; soldiers dozing; dye-stained members curled against thighs, dripping drops of jissom; driver of truck crowded with males, animals, bundles, spitting black saliva, wasp-sting swelling cheek, swollen half-closing eye, pockets crammed with black grapes: tanned head of old man, reddening under white hairs, shaking against sheet-metal, under gear-stick: with hobnail boots, driver, black saliva drying on chin, crushing, pulling immaculate locks from occiput, against metal beaten, from below, by cracked stones kicked back; *I* at camp, soldier: “dogs! wash out my trucks”; *I* females hanging out babies’ rags on bushes; *I* males setting up tents beside rubbish ditch: sludge of rotting meat, vomit, glimmering, rosy, under lifeless reeds bending; soldiers pushing back, with butts of rifles, women laying babies down in tents; kicking, punching haunches of males bent over unrolled tarpaulins; RIMA squad pushing into den hollowed out under platform of camp in onyx vein; faces heated, arms, legs swinging, bottles thrown against walls: glass splinters falling back into darkened circle pricking, sticking to hardened members shaken out of dungarees; beer, wine—cut with bromide—splashing over shoulders, bare breasts of waiter; RIMA squad rolling, vomiting in corners; waiter, greasy shorts slipping down loins, barefoot, tattooed, on ankle, with woman’s breast, trampling on floor-cloth; edging around counter, pushing cloth alongside lips of vomiting soldiers; / two males tying up animals behind tents; children, arses caked with crusts of dung, sitting on grass eroded by salt, panting, foreheads covered with dust, heads leaning lifeless on shoulders, eyes, violet-hued, watching erection of tents; soldier with curly brown hair; mouth crammed with black meat swelling pockmarked cheeks, squatting down, soiled member bouncing inside pants, beside small girl, stroking neck, hand moving down under rags covering throat, groping around breasts, under armpits: girl’s eyes closing, head touching soldier’s wrist smeared with grape-juice; grey drool of hunter running from girl’s mouth onto cheek, wetting soldier’s fist; / gust of wind lifting up, over mounds of excrement, pages of comics torn out by

hands of soldiers
crouched over ditches,
forcing out tense, burning shit after
forays of rape: papers sticking to fronds
of date-palms, stench of defecated grape-juice
washing over lieutenant’s zerriba: lieutenant,
crouching, naked, in tub of lukewarm water
streaked with rays filtered through lattice, whistling, medallion balanced on tip of tongue, neck-chain held on mounds of swollen cheeks, purplish glans touching grape-tinted foam, farts bubbling at sides of bronze tub, forcing rhythm of whistling; / soldiers—on mainland: dance-hall bouncers—, in fading light, prowling around tents, untying thongs, crawling on sand, tent-flaps rubbing over backs riddled with scabies; males, females, nerves phosphorescent, huddling together around candles, youths, ears buried, chewing raw semolina straight from sacks; children pulling aside, with pinched lips, clenched teeth, rags covering, containing breasts of women, licking half-chewed flour from lips of youths; soldiers, tugging at girls’ naked legs; father grabbing candle; curly-haired soldier, rolling black meat in vermilion mouth, unsheathing dagger: soldier’s hand, quick, covering vulva buried under scarlet rags, grabbing, pinching; soldier pulling thigh, drawing sleeping girl¹

1. Pierre Guyotat, *Eden, Eden, Eden*, translated by Graham Fox, 1995.

G Exhibitions, Advertising, Grandville

THE PINK ELEPHANTS

LONDON DRY
Felt a trifle queer last night
couldn't eat a thing
couldn't drink a think.
Lay very still for a few minutes.
Drank a lot and later quite
made up for it all.

Who said Gin?

DOM PERIGNON
Made a fair number
of decisions in the bar last
night. Carried them all out
and went home happy and
diagonal.

Stagger stagger . . .

THE MAJORS PORT
Had two dizzy spells
at lunch today.
Asked the two identical waiters
to bring us a couple of doubles
for the second time.
Felt twice as good.

Is that a treble?

BRISTOL CREAM
Nice beano last night—
Awoke this morning
feeling absolutely marvellous
must be some road
repairs going on nearby as
there is this terrible sound
Of drilling.

VVVvvvvvvvvvvvv

THE MAJORS PORT
After a certain number of
glasses of a certain
drink, certain people prefer
to ride in the front
of the cab.

You o.k. Sir?

LONDON DRY
We dropped by at quite a
number of places of refreshment
last evening and everyone
seemed very friendly and
flighty on the whole.

Whoops!

BRISTOL CREAM
Went up to the bar and ordered
these drinks, lost those
somewhere ordered a couple more,
found that we had forgotten
the others so we had another
round, found some and tended
to lost track a shade.

Wonderful Stuff!

DOM PERIGNON
There's not an awful
lot to be said for the
case of getting home
in time sometimes.

*Early Days.*¹

1. Gilbert and George, "The Pink Elephants," in *The Words of Gilbert and George: With Portraits of the Artists from 1968 to 1997*, 1997.

H The Collector

No collector whose activities were purely speculative would be taken seriously in the long term.²

It’s all about quantity. Just like you, I’m drowning in my riches. I’ve got more music on my drives than I’ll ever be able to listen to in the next ten lifetimes. As a matter of fact, records that I’ve been craving for years . . . are languishing unlistened-to. I’ll never get to them either, because I’m more interested in the hunt than I am in the prey. The minute I get something, I just crave more. And so something has really changed — and I think this is the real epiphany: the ways in which culture is distributed has become profoundly more intriguing than the cultural artifact itself. What we’ve experienced is a inversion of consumption, one in which we’ve come to prefer the acts of acquisition over that which we are acquiring, the bottles over the wine.¹

“Everything remembered, everything thought, everything conscious. . . .”

[Collectors] know not all live performances are good and not all bootlegs are high quality. You [may] get a person not knowing what to expect picking up a piece of bad product and being turned off forever, whereas a knowledgeable person knows that this could very well have been recorded in the men’s washroom at the back of the arena but that’s OK because it has a version of this song that has never been played before and that’s fine.³ Cab to Alkit Camera (\$3) on 53rd and Third. The cab driver didn’t even turn around to look at me but he knew who I was. I asked him how he could tell. He said that he’d been buying art since he was twenty and just “tacking it around the house like the Collyer Brothers.” He went to auctions and places for art bargains, and he was thrilled to have me in the cab. I got a new camera because I had to take pictures of Chrissie Evert later in the afternoon. For the Athletes series.⁴

Intervals register only when their background has a sufficiently inclusive, expansive extension and duration.⁵

1. Kenneth Goldsmith, “Epiphany,” in *Epiphanies: Life Changing Encounters with Music*, 2015. 2. Isabelle Graw, *High Price: Art between the Market and Celebrity Culture*, 2009. 3. Clinton Heylin, *Bootleg: The Secret History of the Other Recording Industry*, 1994. 4. Andy Warhol, “Tuesday, August 30, 1977,” in *The Andy Warhol Diaries*, 1989. 5. Craig Dworkin, “Zero Kerning,” in “Kenneth Goldsmith and Conceptual Poetics,” special issue of *Open Letter* 12, no. 7 (Fall 2005).

I The Interior, The Trace

I have no voice and must speak, that is all I know.³

Though now even less than ever given to wonder he cannot but sometimes wonder if it is indeed to and of him the voice is speaking. May not there be another with him in the dark to and of whom the voice is speaking? Is he not perhaps overhearing a communication not intended for him? If he is alone on his back in the dark why does the voice not say so? Why does it never say for example, You saw the light on such and such a day and now you are alone on your back in the dark? Why? Perhaps for no other reason than to kindle in his mind this faint uncertainty and embarrassment.¹

This is the set-up of the motionless voice—a voice *put under house arrest* by a body [*qu’un corps assigne à residence*]²

(fight fight talk talk . . . talk talk fight fight)
shift lingual . . .
free doorways . . .
pinball age
tangles . . .
free cone agent
dim blot . . .
scribble electric
voice eyes . . .
voice of
c cone . . .
out of
doorways . . .
tangles
voices . . .
tata Stalin . . .
carriage age tar . . .
vibrate tourists . . .
cover Zen
terminals . . .
pinball machines
led streets . . .
with elect of
doorways . . .
doorway grind
enclosures of hatch⁶

My body does not yet make up its mind. But I fancy it weighs heavier on the bed, flattens and spreads. My breath, when it comes back, fills the room with its din, though my chest moves no more than a sleeping child's.
Possessed of nothing but my voice, the voice, it may seem, natural, once the idea of obligation has been swallowed.
I open my eyes and gaze unblinkingly and long at the night sky.⁴ Shakespeare [and] Rimbaud live in their words. But is it possible?⁷
that I should interpret it as an obligation to say something.
Cut the word lines and you will hear their voices.⁵

1. Samuel Beckett, "Company," 1980. 2. Alain Badiou, *On Beckett*, Dissymetries, 2003. 3, 7. Samuel Beckett, "The Unnamable," 1953. 4. Samuel Beckett, *Malone Dies*, 1951. 5. William S. Burroughs, "The Cut-Up Method of Brion Gysin," in William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin, *The Third Mind*, 1978. 6. William S. Burroughs, "Cut-Up of Prose Poem 'Stalin' by Sinclair Beiles," in *The Third Mind*, 1978.

J Baudelaire

You want to know why I hate you?¹
Well I'll try and explain . . .
You remember that day in Paris
When we wandered through the rain
And promised to each other
That we'd always think the same
And dreamed that dream
To be two souls as one
And stopped just as the sun set
And waited for the night
Outside a glittering building
Of glittering glass and burning light . . .

And in the road before us
Stood a weary greyish man
Who held a child upon his back
A small boy by the hand
The three of them were dressed in rags
And thinner than the air
And all six eyes stared fixedly on you

The father's eyes said "Beautiful!
How beautiful you are!"
The boy's eyes said
"How beautiful!
She shimmers like a star!"
The child's eyes uttered nothing
But a mute and utter joy
And filled my heart with shame for us
At the way we are

I turned to look at you
To read my thoughts upon your face
And gazed so deep into your eyes
So beautiful and strange
Until you spoke
And showed me understanding is a dream
"I hate these people staring!
Make them go away from me!"

The father's eyes said "Beautiful!
How beautiful you are!"
The boy's eyes said
"How beautiful! She glitters like a star!"
The child's eyes uttered joy
And stilled my heart with sadness
For the way we are

1. The Cure, "How Beautiful You Are," *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me*, 1987, compact disc / MC / limited LP, inspired by and based on Charles Baudelaire's poem "The Eyes of the Poor."

K Dream City and Dream House,
Dreams of the Future,
Anthropological Nihilism,
Jung

DAYLIGHT ALL NIGHT LONG.¹

The scientific quest here is not to find ways of stimulating wakefulness but rather to reduce the body’s *need* for sleep.

The sleeplessness research should be understood as one part of a quest for soldiers whose physical capabilities will more closely approximate the functionalities of non-human apparatuses and networks. 24/7 markets and a global infrastructure for continuous work and consumption have been in place for some time, but now a human subject is in the making to coincide with these more intensively.

	T	24/7 is a static redundancy that	t	
	h	disavows its relation	i	
	e	to the rhythmic and periodic	m	
		textures of human life.	e	
Sleep will	e			
	m	always collide with the demands of	o	a 24/7 universe.
	p		f	
An	t	illuminated 24/7 world without		shadows
is	y,	the final capitalist mirage of post-	m	history,
of		an exorcism of the otherness that is the	o	motor
of	h	historical change.	d	
	o		e	
	m		r	
24/7 is a time of	o		n	
	g	indifference, against which the	i	inadequate
	e	fragility of human life is	t	and within
	n	increasingly	y.	which sleep has
	o			no necessity or
	u	Carlyle:		inevitability.
	s	“Over our noblest faculties		
		is spreading a nightmare sleep.”		

Sleep is an uncompromising interruption of the theft of time from us by capitalism.	The machine-based designation of “sleep mode,” . . . a state of low-power readiness.
	. . . It supersedes an off/on logic, so that nothing is ever fundamentally “off” and there is never an actual state of rest.

24/7 steadily undermines distinctions between day and night, between light and dark, and between action and repose. It is a zone of insensibility, of amnesia, of what defeats the possibility of experience.

In experiments,	r	At Guantánamo . . .
	a	
	t	inmates are required to live in windowless cells that are always
	s	lit, and they must wear eye and ear coverings that block out
		light and sound whenever they are escorted out of their cells
	w	to preclude any awareness of night and day.
	i	
	l	Debord:
	l	“The spectacle expresses nothing more
		than society’s wish for sleep.”
	d	
	i	Emerson:
	e	“Sleep lingers all our lifetime
		about our eyes.”
	a	
	f	
	t	
	e	
	r	two to three weeks of sleeplessness.

1. All quotations Jonathan Crary, *24/7: Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep*, 2013.

LDream House, Museum, Spa

A continuous frequency environment in sound and light with singing from time to time.¹

h r l t o s i
M c o o r o k a f c s d n t e e a i n h p of the media to time, or on time directly.
u h f u w r h s o u e o

M l d
e o y

does not exist at all (The Disappearance of Melody)
unless one is forced to hear the movement from group to group
of various simultaneously sounded frequencies derived from
the overtone series as melodic because of previous musical o d t o i g
c n i i n n

By 1962 La Monte had formulated the concept of a
Dream House

in which a work would be played continuously and ultimately
exist in time as a “living organism with a life and tradition of
its own.”

In Dream Music there is a radical departure from European and even much
Eastern music in that the basis of musical relationship is entirely a m n
h r o y.

Each of the intervals and chords is selected beforehand from
“The Two Systems of Eleven Categories 1:07:40 AM 3 X 67 – ”
(first revision of “‘2–3 PM 12 XI 66 – 3:43 AM 28 XII 66 for John Cage’ from
‘Vertical Hearing, Or Hearing in the Present Tense’”).

No predetermined singing times will be set, rather the artists plan to sing fre-
quently during the 10 to 18 hours, Monday through Saturday, and later on
some days, for the duration of the show. If it should be known at any point in
advance that they will sing at a particular

will be given to
time the information
people who telephone.

Careful placement of light sources, and use of dichroic filters to
create intense, near-pure colors, secondary and tertiary shadows.

Once a situation is created in which the artists may sing several
hours a day, several days a week, for a few weeks, it no longer
seems important to fix an auspicious evening at 20h two months
or six months in the future.

It last[s] forever and cannot have begun but is taken up again
from time to time until it lasts forever as continuous sound in
Dream Houses where many musicians and students will live
and execute a musical work.

This music may play without stopping for thousands of years,
just as the Tortoise has continued for millions of years past.

1. All quotations La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, “Dream House,” in
Selected Writings, 2004.

M The Flâneur

A “disconnected sequence of optical displays,” image bites setting the stage for his thoughts.⁴

find dead spots where the signals can't be picked up⁹

First: "Lodge yourself on a stratum. . ."

Walkman users can be seen as postnode

the possibility
of strolling ...
through networked
virtual spaces¹²

reading urban objects
in commemorative meditation³

The [couch potato's] loss of the right to its "walkabout"—is, in a manner of speaking, idle walking of a technological flaneur.

Useful pieces of information are lurking behind every corner of the global brain.¹⁵

To be sure, my place is there where my body is.²¹

There is room for the web flaneur, who has gained an understanding of an area not through the accumulation of facts, but by making a large number of wrong turns.⁷

His gathered
fragments of life
along the horizontal
cross-section of a
day according to the
principle of
intervals.²⁰

a native who becomes like a foreigner¹⁶

“natural” things become
“more than natural,”
“beautiful” things become
“more than beautiful”⁵

Xu Tan: Flaneur of Keywords¹¹

The lure of social media draws me in over and over again, filling me with nostalgic sadness to witness my digital flaneur hovering on the verge of extinction.⁶

The theory of perception is already the theory of the body.²⁰

“more than
“beautiful
“more than
a re-animation of reality”
The lu
over aga
to witness
verge of ext
The theory
It isn't easy for someone of our kind.”

A mobilized virtual gaze.¹

*You astonish me. Your story is not given.*¹⁴

them; they become regret^2

In the case of Wikipedia, a new term has emerged for the process of wandering from entry to entry: *wikipedestrian*.⁸

have to," otherwise you can't. Here you don't simply go, but go someplace. It's

1. Jeffrey Skoller, *Shadows, Specters, Shards: Making History in Avant-Garde Film*, 2005. 2. Craig Dworkin, *Motes*, 2011. 3. Andreas Huyssen, *Present Pasts: Urban Palimpsests and the Politics of Memory*, Cultural Memory in the Present, 2003. 4. Lucy R. Lippard, "Scattering Selves," in *Inverted Odysseys: Claude Cahun, Maya Deren, Cindy Sherman*, exhibition catalogue, 2000. 5. Michel Foucault, *The Politics of Truth*, translated by Lysa Hochroth and Catherine Porter, 2007. 6. Kenneth Goldsmith, *Wasting Time on the Internet*, 2016. 7, 8. Alexander Halavais, *Search Engine Society*, Digital Media and Society Series, 2009. 9. Richard Coyne, *The Tuning of Place: Sociable Spaces and Pervasive Digital Media*, 2010. 10. Veit Erlmann, "But What of the Ethnographic Ear?: Anthropology, Sound, and the Senses," in *Hearing Cultures: Essays on Sound, Listening, and Modernity*, Wenner-Gren International Series, 2004. 11. Tan Xu, "Searching for Keywords," in *Visible: Where Art Leaves Its Own Field and Becomes Visible as Part of Something Else*, exhibition catalogue, 2010. 12. Oliver Grau, *Virtual Art: From Illusion to Immersion*, translated by Gloria Custance, 2003. 13. David Clay Large, *Berlin*, 2000. 14. David Green, "Marking Time: Photography, Film and Temporalities of the Image," in *Stillness and Time: Photography and the Moving Image*, 2006. 15. Astrid Mager, "Mapping, Practicing and Thinking 'the InterNet': Challenging Network Thought in the Context of Online Health Information," *New Network Theory*, Amsterdam, June 28–30, 2007: *Collectanea Abstracts and Papers (ASCA Conference)*, networkcultures.org. 16, 17. David Holmes, *Communication Theory: Media, Technology and Society*, 2005. 18. Simon Cooper, *Technoculture and Critical Theory: In the Service of the Machine?*, Routledge Studies in Science, Technology, and Society 5, 2003. 19. Mark Poster and David Savat, *Deleuze and New Technology*, Deleuze Connections, 2009. 20. Alexander Graf, "Paris–Berlin–Moscow: On the Montage Aesthetic in the City Symphony Films of the 1920s," in *Avant-Garde Film*, Avant-Garde Critical Studies 23, 2007. 21. Colin Gardner, "Roland Barthes," in *Film, Theory and Philosophy: The Key Thinkers*, 2009.

N On the Theory of Knowledge, Theory of Progress

Method of this project: literary montage. I needn’t say anything. Merely show. I shall purloin no valuables, appropriate no ingenious formulations. But the rags, the refuse—these I will not inventory but allow, in the only way possible, to come into their own: by making use of them.¹

- No one anywhere really says “You needn’t.”
Just remove it from your active vocabulary

–

Really?? Even in such contexts [as]
“Shall I put those bags in the trunk?”
“No, you needn’t, thank you.”

–

You needn’t discard this phrase, it’s still active in the UK,
although not so common nowadays.

–

You should know about this construction passively, though
you needn’t stress about using it right.

–

Humble: In American English at least . . . :
“Shall I put those bags in the trunk?”
“No, you don’t need to, thank you.”

In American English, that SHALL is optional
(or obsolete for many youngsters) too.

–

If the SHALL is optional, what would you say then?
I mean without SHALL.

–

Should or going to is normally used, not shall.

–

“I don’t need a pen” or
“I needn’t a pen.”

Is it used in this context? I don’t know,
but I don’t use “needn’t.”

–

Should or going to is normally used, not shall.²

Kansas City,
Kansas,
proves that
even Kansas City
needn’t always be
Missourible.⁵

You’re talking so sweet
Well you needn’t
You say you won’t cheat
Well you needn’t
You’re tapping your feet
Well you needn’t
It’s over now
It’s over now⁴
- “Well, You Needn’t” is a jazz standard composed by Thelonious Monk in 1944. . . . The title was inspired by a protégé of Monk’s, the jazz singer Charlie Beamon: Monk wrote a song and told Beamon he was going to name it after him, to which Beamon apparently replied “Well, you need not.”³
1. Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*, translated by Howard Eiland and Kevin McLaughlin, 2002. 2. “ ‘You Don’t Need’ vs. ‘You Needn’t,’ ” *Antimoon*, antimoon.com. 3. “Well, You Needn’t,” *Wikipedia*, wikipedia.org. 4. Carmen McRae, “It’s Over Now,” *Carmen Sings Monk*, 1988, compact disc. 5. Ogden Nash, “Spring Comes to Murray Hill,” *New Yorker*, May 3, 1930.

O Prostitution, Gambling

The gambling room is always very dark. . . . The combination of darkness and enclosure of the gambling room and its subspaces makes for privacy, protection, concentration, and control. The intricate maze under the low ceiling never connects with outside light or outside space. This disorients the occupant in space and time. One loses track of where one is and when it is. Time is limitless, because the light of noon and midnight are exactly the same. Space is limitless, because the artificial light obscures rather than defines its boundaries. . . . Light is not used to define space. Walls and ceilings do not serve as reflective surfaces for light but are made absorbent and dark. Space is enclosed but limitless, because its edges are dark. Light sources, chandeliers, and the glowing, jukeboxlike gambling machines themselves are independent of walls and ceilings. The lighting is antiarchitectural. illuminated *baldacchini*, more than in all Rome, hover over tables in the limitless shadowy restaurant at the Sahara Hotel.¹

Starting all over again is the regulative idea of the game.⁴

Gambling itself is a desert form, inhuman, uncultured, initiatory, a challenge

to the natural economy of value, a crazed activity on the fringes of exchange. But it too has a strict limit and stops abruptly; its boundaries are exact, its passion knows no confusion. Neither the desert nor gambling are open areas; their spaces are finite and concentric, increasing in intensity toward the interior, toward a central point, be it the spirit of gambling or the heart of the desert—a privileged, immemorial space, where things lose their shadow, where money loses its value, and where the extreme rarity of traces of what signals to us there leads men to seek the instantaneity of wealth.²

What’s your game? . . .
Speculation I believe.³

1ST, Judgment
or knowledge;

2D, Nerve;

*imaginaire
économique*⁵

3D, Money;

I shall *suddenly* know whether
I have won or lost.⁶

4TH, Patience.⁷

“Un Coup de Dés Jamais N’Abolira
Le Hasard”⁸

luxury of a
permanent thrill.⁹

Gambling isn’t exactly a passion:
the pleasure one derives from it is too
crystalline. It is a cold ecstasy which deals
with money not as meaning, value, depth
or substance, but in the pure form of
appearance or disappearance.¹⁰

*Quant à l’idée d’établir un
rapport direct entre littérature et arts
plastiques j’ai peur l’avoir fait
en prenant comme sujet Le Coup de
Dés, de Mallarmé!!!*¹¹

1. Robert Venturi, Denise Scott Brown, and Steven Izenour, *Learning from Las Vegas: The Forgotten Symbolism of Architectural Form*, 1972. 2. Jean Baudrillard, *America*, translated by Chris Turner, 1989. 3. Jane Austen, *The Watsons*, 1871. 4. Walter Benjamin, *Charles Baudelaire: A Lyric Poet in the Era of High Capitalism*, translated by Harry Zohn, 1973. 5. Philippe Desan, *L’Imaginaire Économique de la Renaissance, Littérature et Anthropologie*, 1993. 6. Urs Stäheli, *Spectacular Speculation: Thrills, the Economy, and Popular Discourse*, 2013. 7. William C. Moore, *Wall Street: Its Mysteries Revealed, Its Secrets Exposed; Together with a Complete Course of Instruction in Speculation and Investment and Rules for Safe Guidance Therein*, 1921. 8. Stéphane Mallarmé, “Un Coup de Dés Jamais N’Abolira Le Hasard,” 1897. 9. Robert Lacour-Gayet, “La Spéculation en Amérique,” *Revue de Paris* 36, no. 9 (May 1929), translated by Eric Savoth in Urs Stäheli, *Spectacular Speculation: Thrills, the Economy, and Popular Discourse*, 2013. 10. Jean Baudrillard, *Baudrillard Live: Selected Interviews*, 1993. 11. Marcel Broodthaers, *Catalogue des Livres, 1957–1975 / Catalogue of Books, 1957–1975 / Katalog der Bücher, 1957–1975*, exhibition catalogue, 1982.

P The Streets of Paris

“Laissons les morts enterrer les morts,
et les plaindre . . . Notre sort sera d’être
les premiers à entrer vivant dans
la vie nouvelle.”
—Marx, *Lettre à Ruge*.¹

et les plans
les premiers à entrer vivant dans
la vie nouvelle.”
— Marx, *Lettre à Ruge*!

Mais l'originalité de l'homme a été, jusqu'à présent, sa possession d'une mémoire à accès rapide

on ressent la chaleur de la vie

avec Barbara on se rendait compte que cette fille n'était pas normale

Des lumières, des ombres,
Me souvenir de toi ? On n'a jamais revu
Le soir, Barbara

ce curieux système de récit il s'agit d'un sujet profondément imprégné d'alcool

ni tous les sirops somnifères du monde

on observera des franges de silence

La réalisation aussi porte les marques de la jeunesse

il est pour toi

Puis les secousses s'espace, s'atténuent, s'apaisent

A quelle distance sommes-nous ?

Tous les parfums d'Arabie

Comme l'eau forte sur le fer,

Maitresses de ses désirs, elle vit le monde

— Que dites-vous ? la vie ?

elle en fut vue

le vin de la vie est tiré, et la lie seule reste à cette cave pompeuse marée de sensations

TOUT nous renvoie à l'héroïne et il n'y a pas ici de récit, l'action dramatique est absente le temps passe,

la grande affaire de cette nuit, qui, pour un court instant, a rétabli l'ordre

des figures

on choquer le bourgeois

Bien entendu, je vais tout de même agiter des événements et émettre des considérations

Elle se mit à trembler, sans répondre

références érotiques

ou saliques

j'avais trouvé les seins de Barbara

visiblement destinées à "épater"

son terrible, magnifique

mais il ne fuit pas encore

la grande affaire de cette nuit, qui, pour un court instant, a rétabli l'ordre

les sollicitations d'un passé qui ne peut revivre que dans le souvenir, ou dans une "répétition" où, quoi qu'on fasse, il se dégrade

— Oui, dans les labyrinthes pierreux d'une capitale

Parmi tant de fragilité

Quel âge avions-nous alors ?

et les directions multiples

La matière est riche

Elle brûle du même

l'écriture des dialogues

Le pouvoir est entre nos mains

Combien de fois

Et maintenant

tantises et désirs toujours vivants

« surpés perdus », en enfants

Barbara marche à l'avant

N'est-ce pas hier

boire

desir

sur sept ans

elle avait dix-sept ans

A quoi penses-tu ?

mad ne peut pas

revivre que dans le souvenir, ou dans une "répétition" où, quoi qu'on fasse, il se dégrade

— Oh ! Barbara, depuis

— Ce désir désespéré

Le dessin non sur du papier, c'est pas très clair, et les amateurs d'histoires bien

— Je voudrais le sable mouvant

bouclées en seront pour leurs frais : le récit commence un peu au hasard et se termine de même

1. All quotations Guy Debord, "Juin 1952," part 1 of *Mémoires: Structures Portantes d'Asger Jorn*, 1959.

Q Panorama

The panorama was historically
“the first optical mass medium.”¹

A film is an emotional reality, and that is how the audience receives it— as a second reality. The fairly widely held view of cinema as a system of signs therefore seems to me profoundly and essentially mistaken.²

(panorama = drug of consciousness, consciousness as drug)³

The city viewed from ground level, where its functions and forces are concentrated, is a city of fractured, autonomous, and localized views.⁴ But false fronts are of the order and scale of Main Street. From the desert town on the highway in the West of today, we can learn new and vivid lessons about an impure architecture of communication. The little low buildings, gray-brown like the desert, separate and recede from the street that is now the highway, their false fronts disengaged and turned perpendicular to the highway as big, high signs. If you take the signs away, there is no place. The desert town is intensified communication along the highway.⁵ The old landscape of naturalism and realism is being replaced by the new landscape of abstraction and artifice.⁶ A darkened room, where the spectators, like Plato’s cave-dwellers, are virtually held captive between the screen and the projection room, chained to their cinema seats, positioned between the large-size rectangle

on which the fleeting illusions of motion appear, and the devices that produced the images of darkness and light.⁷ Teleview (1921) introduced the 3-D film to the United States. Colorful light projections, viewed with two-color glasses, created impressions of space and depth. Like the panorama, the subjects of these films were distant and, for the average urban American, exotic places: a Hopi camp in Arizona, scenes from the Canadian Rockies.⁸ The panorama is paradoxical: topographically “complete” while still signalling an acknowledgement of and desire for a greater extension beyond the frame. The panoramic tableau, however bounded by the limits of a city profile or the enclosure of a harbor, is always potentially unstable: “If this much, why not more?” The psychology of the panorama is overtly sated and covertly greedy, and thus caught up in the fragile complacency of disavowal. The tension is especially apparent in maritime panoramas, for the sea always exceeds the limits of the frame.⁹

1. Stephan Oettermann, *The Panorama: History of a Mass Medium*, translated by Deborah Lucas Schneider, 1997. 2. Andrey Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time: Reflections on the Cinema*, translated by Kitty Hunter-Blair, 1986. 3. Roland Barthes, *The Neutral: Lecture Course at the Collège de France (1977–1978)*, translated by Rosalind E. Krauss and Denis Hollier, European Perspectives, 2005. 4. Renzo Dubbini, *Geography of the Gaze: Urban and Rural Vision in Early Modern Europe*, translated by Lydia G. Cochrane, 2002. 5. Robert Venturi, Denise Scott Brown, and Steven Izenour, *Learning from Las Vegas: The Forgotten Symbolism of Architectural Form*, 1972. 6. Robert Smithson, “Aerial Art (1969),” in *The Collected Writings*, 1996. 7. Siegfried Zielinski, *Audiovisions: Cinema and Television as Entr’actes in History*, translated by Gloria Custance, Film Culture in Transition, 1999. 8. Oliver Grau, *Virtual Art: From Illusion to Immersion*, translated by Gloria Custance, 2003. 9. Allan Sekula, *Fish Story*, exhibition catalogue, 1995.

R Mirrors

The mirror itself is not subject to duration, because it is an ongoing abstraction that is always available and timeless. The reflections, on the other hand, are fleeting instances that evade measure. Space is the remains, or corpse, of time, it has dimensions.¹

Indeed, for the *imagos* — whose veiled faces it is our privilege to see in outline in our daily experience and in the penumbra of symbolic efficacy — the mirror-image would seem to be the threshold of the visible world, if we go by the mirror disposition that the *imago of one’s own body* presents in hallucinations or dreams, whether it concerns its individual features, or even its infirmities, or its object-projections; or if we observe the role of the mirror apparatus in the appearances of the *double*, in which psychical realities, however heterogeneous, are manifested.²

In short, every mirror de-realises its object insinuating some doubt upon the situation, upon its nature.⁵

*Le livre, dans son ambition, se voulait le livre du regard. L’être, la chose n’existent que dans le miroir qui les contrefait. Nous sommes les innombrables facettes de cristal où le monde se reflète et nous renvoie à nos reflets, de sorte que nous ne pouvons nous connaître qu’à travers l’univers et le peu qu’il a retenu de nous.*⁴

Certainly there is still a presence of Midnight. The hour has not disappeared through a mirror, has not been buried in draperies, evoking a furnishing by its vacant sonority. I remember that its gold was about to feign, in absence, a null jewel of reverie, a rich and useless survival, except that over the marine and stellar complexity of a goldsmith’s was the infinite chance of conjunctions to be read.⁶

No, no, don’t look at yourself.

Dada, o Dada, what a face! so sad as all that? so merry? Look at yourself in the mirror.

In a single mirror or a single pupil is found the image of all the objects placed before it, and each of these objects is complete in the complete surface of the mirror and complete in each of its least parts.⁸

Many a time the mirror imprisons them and holds them firmly. Fascinated they stand in front. They are absorbed, separated from reality and alone with their dearest vice, vanity. . . . There they stand and stare at the landscape which is themselves, the mountains of their noses, the defiles and folds of their shoulders, hands, and skin, to which the years have already so accustomed them that they no longer know how they evolved; and the multiple primeval forests of their hair. They meditate, they are content, they try to take themselves in as a whole.⁹

1. Robert Smithson, “Incidents of Mirror-Travel in the Yucatán (1969),” in *The Collected Writings*, 1996. 2. Jacques Lacan, “The Mirror Stage as Formative of the Function of the *I* Function as Revealed in Psychoanalytic Experience,” delivered at the 16th International Congress of Psychoanalysis, Zurich, July 17, 1949, translated by Alan Sheridan in *Écrits: A Selection*, 2001. 3. John Ashbery, *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror: Poems*, 1975. 4. Edmond Jabès, *Elya*, 1969, translated by Mary Ann Caws in *The Eye in the Text: Essays on Perception, Mannerist to Modern*, 1981. 5. Jean Paris, *L’Espace et le Regard*, 1965, translated by Mary Ann Caws in *The Eye in the Text: Essays on Perception, Mannerist to Modern*, 1981. 6. Stéphane Mallarmé, *Igitur, Divagations, Un Coup de Dés*, 1976, translated by Mary Ann Caws in *The Eye in the Text: Essays on Perception, Mannerist to Modern*, 1981. 7. Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes, *Dada: Manifestes, Poemes, Articles, Projets, 1915–1930*, Projectoires, 1974, in *Dada Spectrum: Dialectics of Revolt*, 1979. 8. Leonardo da Vinci in Jean Louis Schefer, *Scénographie d’un Tableau*, Collection Tel Quel, 1969, translated by Mary Ann Caws in *The Eye in the Text: Essays on Perception, Mannerist to Modern*, 1981. 9. Rose Sélavy [Marcel Duchamp], “Men before the Mirror (1934),” in *The Writings of Marcel Duchamp*, 1989.

S Painting, Jugendstil, Novelty

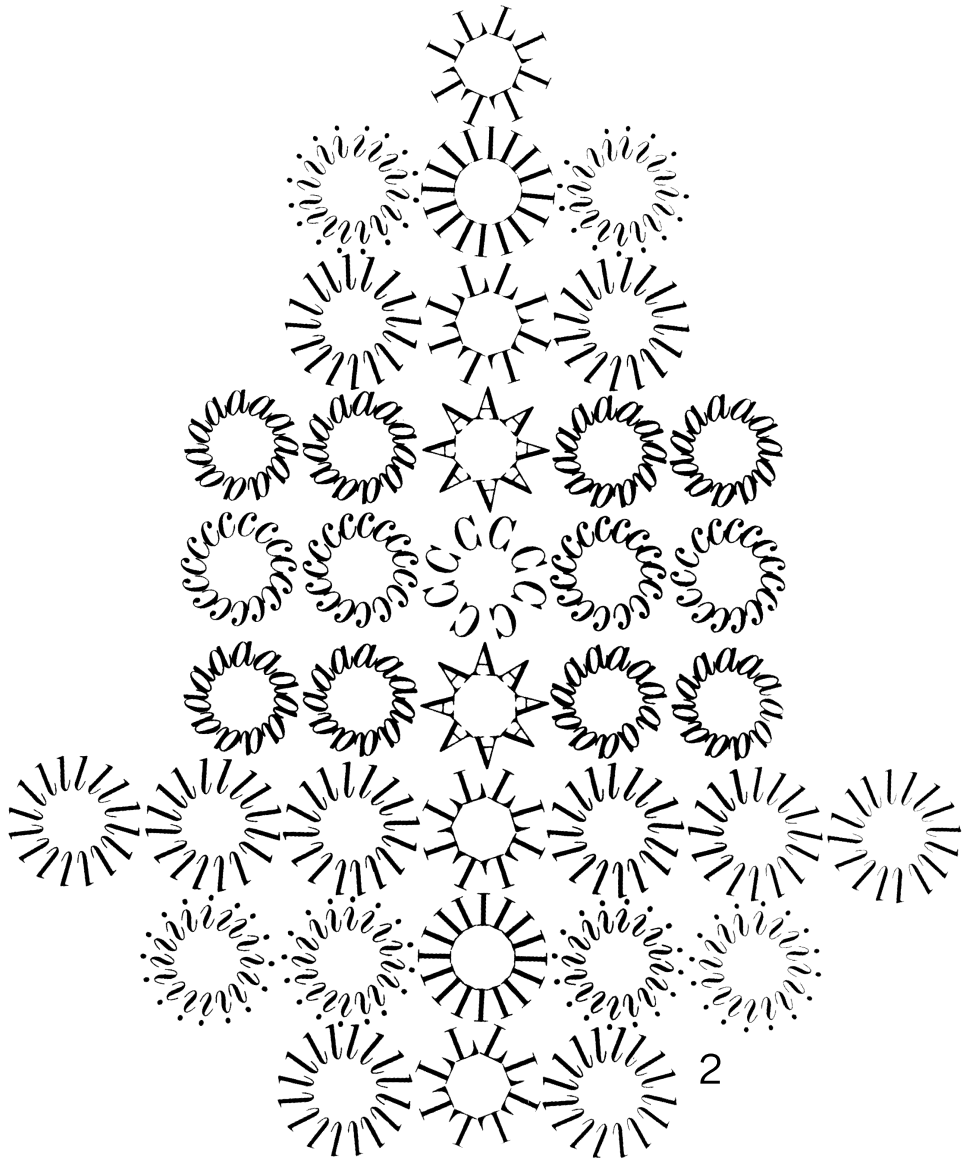
They were infantrymen, and footfalls—at some hour of of the road, a moment’s of these busy nights, the long strewn vorti- on the back, ragged mismatched socks shawls with babies flea-bitten and high with light drawers that will alive and dead, bedspreads, full of tools for surgery, paintings bleeding, of salmon with beady-eyed boas, Allgeyer soldiers an inch gold and blue, handfuls of that sweetened greatgrand- into sulfuric acid to char the the stone, deathless piano rolls, ribboned black linge- silverware, faceted lead- cups, strings of amber across the open meadow, carried, hauling along the and bourgeois order they	know how the morning they precipitate out of while the invisible ces—pinstripe suits with navy and army uniforms, or none, Tattersall dresses, inside, women in army trousers barking dogs that run in packs, furnishings in scarred veneer, never fit into anything again, horns and violins in weathered harmoniums, grandfather carpentry, watchmaking, of pink daughters in white and purple sunsets over dolls smiling out and a quarter to the hundred-year-old father tongues sugar in bands, performances rie, flowered glass decanters, beads . . . so limping, detritus of an don’t yet know	to snooze between will fall out by the side the road chemurgy boiling goes on by, crosses painted white turbans, thick-knitted split at the knees, prams piled hand-mortised looted chickens black cases, clocks, kits leatherwork, frocks, of saints the sea, packs stuffed of violently red lips, man painted cream, agates soaked in honey long gone to dust, then brown to black, across punched on Vorsetzer and grape-crested tulip-shaped Jugendstil the populations move, marching, shuffling, order, a European is destroyed forever. ¹
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1. Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity’s Rainbow*, 1973.

T Modes of Lighting

lighght¹

Among the kinds of light that might be seen now
might be
arc-light
watch-light light
jump-spark igniter light
Aufklärung
lightning
rays of light
cold light
moonlight
naphtha-lamp light
noontide light
luminiferousness
almandite light
enameling-lamp light
a nimbus
meteor light
Jack-o’-lantern light
water lights
jack-light light
refracted light
altar light
Corona-cluster light
magic lantern light
ice-sky light
clear grey light
iridescence
natural light
infra-red light
Reichsanstalt’s lamplight
exploding-starlight



Saturn light
Earthlight
actinism
sodium-vapor lamplight
cloud light
Coma-cluster light
alcohol lamplight
luster
light of day &/or
lamplight.

One of these kinds of light might be seen now
or
some other kind of light.³

Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
Come shadow shadow, come and take this up,
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
Come, come shadow, and take this shadow up,
Come, come and shadow, take this shadow up,
Come, up, come shadow and take this shadow,
And up, come, take shadow, come this shadow,
And up, come, come shadow, take this shadow,
And come shadow, come up, take this shadow,
Come up, come shadow this, and take shadow,
Up, shadow this, come and take shadow, come
Shadow this, take and come up shadow, come
Take and come, shadow, come up, shadow this,
Up, come and take shadow, come this shadow,
Come up, take shadow, and come this shadow,
Come and take shadow, come up this shadow,
Shadow, shadow come, come and take this up,
Come, shadow, take, and come this shadow, up,
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up.⁴

1. Aram Saroyan, “Lighght,” 1968. 2. Mary Ellen Solt, “Lilac (1963) [from the portfolio Flowers in Concrete],” 1966. 3. Jackson Mac Low, “5th Light Poem and 2nd Piece for George Brecht to Perform Tho Others May Also Unless He Doesn’t Want Them To—13 June 1962,” 1962. 4. Louis Zukofsky, “Julia’s Wild,” in *Bottom: On Shakespeare (1947–1960)*, 1960.

U Saint-Simon, Railroads

We shall sing the great masses shaken with work, pleasure, or rebellion: we shall sing the multicolored and polyphonic tidal waves of revolution in the modern metropolis; shall sing the vibrating nocturnal fervor of factories and shipyards burning under violent electrical moons; bloated railroad stations that devour smoking serpents; factories hanging from the sky by the twisting threads of spiraling smoke; bridges like gigantic gymnasts who span rivers, flashing at the sun with the gleam of a knife; adventurous steamships that scent the horizon, locomotives with their swollen chest, pawing the tracks like massive steel horses bridled with pipes, and the oscillating flight of airplanes, whose propeller flaps at the wind like a flag and seems to applaud like a delirious crowd.¹

Even the Rhine appears to be something at our command. . . . The river is dammed up into the power plant. What the river is now, namely a waterpower supplier, derives from the essence of the power station.²

An ordinary man can in a day's time travel by train from a little dead town of empty squares . . . to a great capital city bristling with lights, gestures and street cries. By reading a newspaper the inhabitant of a mountain can tremble each day with anxiety, following insurrection in China, the London and New York suffragettes. . . . The timid, sedentary inhabitant of any provincial town can indulge in the intoxication of danger by going to the movies and watching a great hunt in the Congo.³

What does “here” mean on the phone, on television, at the receiver of an electronic telescope. And the “now”? Does not the “tele-” element necessarily destroy presence, the “here and now” of the forms and their “carnal” reception? What is a place, a moment, not anchored in the immediate “passion” of what happens? Is a computer in any way here and now? Can anything *happen* with *it*? Can anything happen *to* it?⁴

The problem is knowing whether the Master-Slave conflict
will find its resolution in the service of the machine.⁵

1. F. T. Marinetti, “The Manifesto of Futurism,” in *Futurism: An Anthology*, 2009.
2. Martin Heidegger, *Basic Writings*, 1993. 3. F. T. Marinetti, “Destruction of Syntax—Imagination without Strings—Words-in-Freedom,” in Marjorie Perloff, *The Futurist Moment: Avant-Garde, Avant Guerre, and the Language of Rupture*, 1986. 4. Jean-François Lyotard, *The Inhuman: Reflections on Time*, translated by Geoffrey Bennington and Rachel Bowlby, 1991. 5. Jacques Lacan, “Aggressivity in Psychoanalysis,” translated by Alan Sheridan in *Écrits: A Selection*, 2001.

V Conspiracies, *Compagnonnage*

The gross floor space of Taipei 101 is about 1,000,000 cubic meters. The volume of the Black Sea is 131,200 cubic miles. So the volume of the Taipei 101 is .315% of the volume of the Black Sea, meaning that the splash resulting from dropping the one into the other will be large on a human scale, but relatively small on the scale of the inhuman, that of seas and buildings. Unless dropped from a great height. The Sikorsky CH-54 Tarhe is a twin-engine heavy-lift helicopter designed by Sikorsky Aircraft for the United States Army. It can lift 20,000 pounds. Considering that the Taipei 101 weighs 700,000 metric tons, it would require at least 77,161 Sikorsky CH-54 Tarhes to lift the building and suspend it over the Black Sea at, say, 15,000 feet. Dropping Taipei 101 into the Black Sea from 15,000 feet would produce an enormous splash, on a human scale. The resulting waves would certainly pummel nearby shores for hours, if not days. Swimming in the choppy waters would be inadvisable. In this way one could, if one wanted to—say, if one were representative of a governmental body concerned with illegal entry to one’s country by water, or if, say, one just wanted to put an end to swimming for their own nihilistically personal reasons—count all swimmers out, at least from the water immediately affected by the splash. One would need many more Sikorsky CH-54 Tarhes dropping many more Taipei 101s if one wanted to empty the entire Black Sea of swimmers. Still, even if 77,161,000 Sikorsky CH-54 Tarhes were to drop 1,000 Taipei 101s from 15,000 feet each, which would go a long way, I think, toward getting swimmers out of the water, one way or another, after which getting out they would no longer be swimmers, nothing would be shattered.¹

1. Steven Zultanski, “Self-Portrait for Swimming 2,” in *Agony*, 2012.

W Fourier

Revolution is not progress.¹
Atheism doesn't really
depose God.²
Bourgeois thought would get
along fine without the one God.
Can we, in short,
rewire the world?
The philosophers have only
interpreted the world. The point,
however, is to change it.
The internet really does turn out
to be iridescent in that so much of
it is porn, the contemporary mark
of iridescent plenitude.
Iridescence entails
hypercommunication; it is not
an excluding but an exceeding
or overloading.
Libidinal affects arc across pure
surfaces without depth.
For there to be politics requires
some structure of belief.
God is the principle of
submission.
It is not that God is dead;
it is that *media is dead*.
Obedience is dead.

Capitalism is a communicable
disease in the form of a
disease of communication.
Always historicize!

The Real is that which the spectacle claims to call into
being
God has been abolished but the pillars which supported him still rise towards an empty sky.
Ideas improve. The meaning
of words plays a role in that
improvement.
Plagiarism is necessary.
Progress implies it. It sticks close to
an author's phrasing, exploits his
expressions, deletes a false idea,
replaces it with the right one.
Détournement is an
appropriation of past into
present, an Irenic arc of excess,
to be trimmed only as the
exigencies of the present
situation and its struggles
demand.
Philosophy and
war are the secular
arms of the purism
of transcendence.
Death stares at our
passions and we
mute them; we mesh
our desires with what
is inimical to life.
It is not that God is dead; it is that
media is dead.

Heretics are rebels
without a cause.
What are we rebelling against?

What have you got?
For there to be connections
there have to be
disconnections—
excommunication.

For there to be
politics requires
some structure
of belief.

1. Michael Löwy, "Marxism and Utopian Vision," in *On Changing the World: Essays in Political Philosophy, from Karl Marx to Walter Benjamin*, Revolutionary Studies, 1993. 2. All subsequent quotations McKenzie Wark, "Furious Media: A Queer History of Heresy," in *Excommunication: Three Inquiries in Media and Mediation*, Trios, 2014.

X Marx

To be modern is to be part of a universe in which, as Marx said,

“ALL THAT IS SOLID MELTS INTO AIR.” ¹

Everything
is pregnant
with its
contrary.

The atmosphere in which we live weighs upon everyone with a 20,000-pound force, but do you feel it?

Some would “get rid of modern arts, in order to get rid of modern conflicts.”

Every
table and
in a bourgeois chair
resembled a
interior
monument.

When a creative spirit like John Cage accepted the support of the Shah of Iran, and performed modernist spectacles a few miles from where political prisoners shrieked and died, the failure of moral imagination was not his alone.

A great modernist, the Mexican poet and critic Octavio Paz, has lamented that modernity is “cut off from the past and continually hurtling forward at such a dizzy pace that it cannot take root, that it merely survives from one day to the next: it is unable to return to its beginnings and thus recover its powers of renewal.”

Remembering the modernisms of the nineteenth century can give us the vision and courage to create the modernisms of the twenty-first. This act of remembering can help us bring modernism back to its roots, so that it can nourish and renew itself, to confront the adventures and dangers that lie ahead.

Do we really need a modernist Marx, a kindred spirit of Eliot and Kafka and Schoenberg and Gertrude Stein and Artaud? I think we do.

Marx does not dwell much on particular inventions and innovations in their own right (in the tradition that runs from Saint-Simon through McLuhan); what stirs him is the active and generative process through which one thing leads to another, dreams metamorphose into blueprints and fantasies into balance sheets, the wildest and most extravagant ideas get acted on and acted out (“whole populations conjured out of the ground”) and ignite and nourish new forms of life and action.

To appropriate the
modernities
of yesterday can
at once be a critique
of the
modernities of
today.

1. All quotations Marshall Berman, *All That Is Solid Melts into Air: The Experience of Modernity*, 1982.

Y Photography

Those who are ignorant in matters
of photography will be the illiterates
of tomorrow¹
—Moholy-Nagy

There is no everyday activity which does not aspire to be photographed, filmed, videotaped. For there is a general desire to be endlessly remembered and endlessly repeatable. All events are nowadays aimed at the television screen, the cinema screen, the photograph, in order to be translated into a state of things.

The camera is programmed to produce photographs, and every photograph is a realization of one of the possibilities contained within the program of the camera. The number of such possibilities is large, but it is nevertheless finite: It is the sum of all those photographs that can be taken by a camera.

As long as the photograph is not yet electromagnetic, it remains the first of all post-industrial objects. Even though the last vestiges of materiality are attached to photographs, their value does not lie in the thing but in the information on their surface. This is what characterizes the post-industrial: The information, and not the thing, is valuable.

There is no such thing as naïve, non-conceptual photography. A photograph is an image of concepts. In this sense, all photographers’ criteria are contained within the camera’s program. . . . The imagination of the camera is greater than that of every single photographer and that of all photographers put together: This is precisely the challenge to the photographer.

Cameras are purchased by people who were programmed into this purchase by the apparatus of advertising. . . . The photographic industry learns automatically from the actions of those taking snaps (and from the professional press that constantly supplies it with test results). This is the essence of post-industrial progress. Apparatuses improve by means of social feedback.

Amateur photographers’ clubs are places where one gets high on the structural complexities of cameras, where one goes on a photograph-trip—post-industrial opium dens.

A journey to Italy documented like this stores the times and places at which the person taking snaps was induced to press the button, and shows which places the camera has been to and what it did there.

The camera is not a tool but a plaything, and a photographer is not a worker but a player.

The significance of images is on the surface.

Texts were invented in the second millennium bc in order to take the magic out of images, even if their inventor may not have been aware of this; the photograph, the first technical image, was invented in the nineteenth century in order to put texts back under a magic spell, even if its inventors may not have been aware of this.

With photography, “post-history” begins as a struggle against textolatry.

Images . . . are metacodes of texts which, as is yet to be shown, signify texts, not the world out there.

The photograph is an immobile and silent surface patiently waiting to be distributed by means of reproduction.

1. All quotations Vilém Flusser, *Towards a Philosophy of Photography*, 2000.

Z The Doll, The Automaton

Expression with
its pleasure component
is a displaced pain and
a deliverance.¹

The seated pose of this little
girl and its circumstances
were quite normal.

How can one in fact describe,
without depreciating its value, the
physical posture of a little seated girl
while she is “dreaming?”

If we can say that the clenched fist opposes the tooth, we would then be compelled to say that the image of the tooth is displaced onto the hand, the image of the sex onto the armpit, that of the leg onto the arm, that of the nose onto the heel. Hand and tooth, armpit and sex, heel and nose, in short: virtual excitation and real excitation are confused through superimposition.

[Would] the pleasure felt by the arm in pretending to be the leg . . . not be equaled by the leg’s pleasure at playing the role of the arm [?]

Note: The familiar movement of swelling the chest and hollowing out the back to emphasize the breasts is naturally accompanied by an analogous movement on the lower half of the torso, which becomes emphasized as a counterweight and is, if we can put it this way, the lower breasts.

Place an unframed mirror perpendicular to a photo of a naked
body and slowly turn it or move it forward while maintaining a
90° angle, in such a way that the symmetrical halves of the entire
visible area gradually shrink or expand in an even fashion. The
image, ceaselessly created in bubbles of elasticized skin, emerges
by swelling from the somewhat theoretical fissure of the axis of
symmetry.

EIN LEDERGURT TRUG REDEL NIE
(Redel never wore a leather belt)
—Anonymous

To “create thought in the mouth.”

A certain category of children . . .
to talk backward: “Uoy era diputs.”

L’AME DES UNS JAMAIS N’USE DE MAL
(The soul of some are never worn away by evil)
—Victor Hugo

the power to see with one’s hand

OPPOSITION IS NECESSARY IN ORDER
FOR THINGS TO EXIST AND TO FORM
A THIRD REALITY.

Like warm glue sucked into an irresistible void!

LÉON ÉMIR CORNU D’UN ROC RIME NOËL
(Leon emir horned with a rock r a horn rhymes Christmas)
—Charles Cros

sex-armpit

1. All quotations Hans Bellmer, “The Images of the Ego,” translated by Jon Graham in *Little Anatomy of the Physical Unconscious, or, the Anatomy of the Image*, 2004.

a Social Movement

“banner blind” In July 2012, Facebook invited so-called ethical hackers to attack its network, and announced payment for them finding security holes.

In 2010 Mark Zuckerberg told . . . a *New Yorker* reporter, that Facebook was blue because of his color blindness.

BuddyPress, Facebook designing your online identity is like IKEA designing Crabgrass, Ghostery your apartment. The only individuality lies in the family pictures Cryptocat, standing in your BILLY shelves. The Facebook Colour Cyn.in, Augmented Freedom Changer . . . makes it Elgg, If the users don’t control the program, then it’s the program that possible to easily change Identi.ca, controls the users, because it does what it does and the users are and save the color scheme Jappix, stuck with it. to the user’s tastes.

Kune, Pinax, Unfriend Finder Facebook’s statement on its homepage is deliberately Briar, ENEMYGRAPH¹ deceptive: “It’s free and always will be.”

Diaspora, Friendika, Secureshare, and Lorea⁴

The entanglement of social media activism with the global occupy movement creates the conditions for . . . becoming a machinic cockroach.

Or take the story of Amira Yahyaoui, a cyber activist from Tunisia living in exile in France. The desire to prevent her blog from being blocked in Tunisia (internet censorship was heavy there from the beginning of the revolts) prompted her to basically change the URL of her blog on an almost daily basis. From “delle3a” it became “delle3b” and then “delle4a,” and so on, with Amira giving a tip in code the previous night of what the new URL would be.

The global occupy protest movement is proliferating by “contagion, epidemics, battlefields, and catastrophes.”

OCCUPY MOVEMENTS SPREAD LIKE CONTAGION FROM ONE URBAN CONTEXT TO THE NEXT, FROM ONE SOCIAL MEDIUM TO ANOTHER.²

Anti-Social Media The social web as something that actually stops people from real actions. Widespread skepticism about “Facebook and Twitter Revolutions” in North Africa

You would never see a headline in the mainstream media that reads: “Eighty Activists Meet Downtown to Address a Facebook Post.” the ideology of horizontalism

INTEROCCUPY

If Web 2.0 is about connecting people’s real identities together and bridging offline networks with online lives, then the option of remaining anonymous is essential for those who are mobilizing on the margins of legality.³

1. Marc Stumpel, “Facebook Resistance: Augmented Freedom,” in *Unlike Us Reader: Social Media Monopolies and Their Alternatives*, INC Reader 8, 2013.

2. Pavlos Hatzopoulos and Nelli Kambouri, “The Tactics of Occupation: Becoming Cockroach,” in *Unlike Us Reader: Social Media Monopolies and Their Alternatives*, INC Reader 8, 2013. 3. Tiziana Terranova and Joan Donovan, “Occupy Social Networks: The Paradoxes of Using Corporate Social Media in Networked Movements,” in *Unlike Us Reader: Social Media Monopolies and Their Alternatives*, INC Reader 8, 2013. 4. Florencio Cabello, Marta G. Franco, and Alexandra Haché, “Towards a Free Federated Social Web: Lorea Takes the Networks!,” in *Unlike Us Reader: Social Media Monopolies and Their Alternatives*, INC Reader 8, 2013.

b Daumier

Paul and Linda McCartney’s film *Daumier’s Law* premiered at the Cannes Film Festival in May 1992. It was a 15-minute animated short directed by Geoff Dunbar. The film re-creates the drawings of French artist Honoré Daumier. Paul wrote and produced the film’s musical score, and he performed most of it himself, recording it during late Dec. 1989. The film had been given a private London screening the preceding month.¹

For too long Honoré Daumier has been an unsung hero, a clear but usually overlooked influence over artists such as Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec and Picasso. *Daumier’s Law* will ensure that his work finally receives the attention it so clearly merits.²

Linda was the first to be enthused by Daumier—back in her school days.

“As an art history major, both at Vermont College and the University of Arizona, I saw, supposedly, every great visual,”

she explains.

“I went through all periods of different painters and along the way there were several that really grabbed me—Daumier being one of them. He was very satirical about the different classes and fantastic at capturing people’s characters.”

Around this same time Linda was experiencing a re-discovery of her college interest in Daumier, and the two projects—the art and the music—suddenly came together. “I went through every drawing he ever did and really got involved,” Linda says. “I got every book on Daumier and read all about his life and thought that it would be incredible to do a visual thing for Paul’s music. Daumier worked for a newspaper as a satirical cartoonist, as well as being an amazing painter, and went to prison a few times for his Art. A lot of his work was about injustice and it’s a theme that is so right for our times, still.”

“I did about 20 minutes of music,” adds Paul, “then Linda and I were looking at some Daumier drawings and getting very into him, so we hooked up the idea of injustice with my music pieces, came up with the basis for the film and got in touch with Geoff.”

“Paul did six pieces of music and they each had a title—Right, Wrong, Justice, Punishment, Payment and Release. He was inspired. And then we pored through the works of the great man, got everything that was available and structured the story from the material. And where we had to link it we invented ‘in the style of.’ We’ve hung the story on one character, a man from one drawing by Daumier. It’s rather ambiguous because in the drawing you can’t see his face but the figure is there, and we made him this Average Guy, an Everyman.”

The injustice theme of *Daumier’s Law* is skillfully put across during the 15 minute film, with our Mr. Average wrongfully accused, wrongfully arrested, wrongfully convicted in a particularly powerful courtroom sequence (Act 3: Justice), cruelly punished, forced to pay dues and then, at last, expelled by the tyrannical system, free to re-discover artistic beauty in his midst.

“It’s all topical stuff,” comments Dunbar.

1. Allen J. Wiener, *The Beatles: The Ultimate Recording Guide*, 1992. 2. This and all subsequent quotations Mark Lewisohn, “In Honour of Honoré,” *Club Sandwich* 62 (Summer 1992), wingspan.ru/magazines/cs.

d Literary History, Hugo

On Victor Hugo: “He was . . . the poet not of his own sufferings . . . but of the passions of those around him. The mournful voices of the victims of the Terror . . . made their way into the *Odes*. Then the trumpet blasts of the Napoleonic victories resounded in other odes. . . . Later on, he felt obliged to let the tragic cry of militant democracy pass through him. And what is *La Légende des siècles* . . . if not the echo of the great turmoil of human history? . . . It often seems as though he had collected the sighs of all families in his domestic verse, the breath of all lovers in his love poems. . . . It is for this reason that, . . . thanks to some mysterious quality in him that is always collective and general, Victor Hugo’s poetry possesses an epic character.”¹

1. “On My Own”
There are lots of great unrequited love songs. But this is probably the best.
2. “I Dreamed a Dream”
That “beeeee”—you know the one, right before “so different from this hell I’m living.” Put that “beeeee” in a songwriting museum.
3. “One Day More”
Don’t pretend like you [don’t] derive enormous satisfaction from doing the different voices for the different characters.
4. “Confrontation”
What, you don’t like watching celebrities sing to each other in blustery British accents?
5. “Do You Hear the People Sing?”
If this song had been written in time for the actual historical barricades, then the Paris Uprising would have succeeded, and we wouldn’t need the sad half of this musical.
6. “Who Am I?”
“24601!” But especially the sustained “ooooooooone!” Goosebumps.
7. “Empty Chairs at Empty Tables”
My friennnnnds, my frieeeeeeeeeeeeeeends! Don’t ask me why I am crying, it is just embarrassing at this point.
8. “At the End of the Day”
Most of the expository songs can drag, but this one is good and angry. It is also easy to work into everyday conversation.
9. “Stars”
Javert works as a villain because he’s not just some evil schmuck—he really believes he’s doing God’s work. “And if you fall as Lucifer fell! You fall in flame!” So stirring.
10. “A Heart Full of Love”
“Heee was never mine to lose.”—Top three most heartbreaking moments of this entire musical.²

1. Paul Bourget, Obituary notice for Victor Hugo from *Le Journal des Débats*, in *Victor Hugo devant l’Opinion: Presse Française, Presse Étrangère*, 1885.
2. Amanda Dobbins and Margaret Lyons, “Vulture Lists: Ranking All the Songs from *Les Misérables*,” *Vulture*, December 21, 2012, vulture.com.

g The Stock Exchange, Economic History

In the early light of a May dawn this is what the living room of my apartment looks like: Over the white marble and granite gas-log fireplace hangs an original David Onica. It's a six-foot-by-four-foot portrait of a naked woman, mostly done in muted grays and olives, sitting on a chaise longue watching MTV, the backdrop a Martian landscape, a gleaming mauve desert scattered with dead, gutted fish, smashed plates rising like a sunburst above the woman's yellow head, and the whole thing is framed in black aluminum steel. The painting overlooks a long white down-filled sofa and a thirty-inch digital TV set from Toshiba; it's a high-contrast highly defined model plus it has a four-corner video stand with a high-tech tube combination from NEC with a picture-in-picture digital effects system (plus freeze-frame); the audio includes built-in MTS and a five-watt-per-channel on-board amp. A Toshiba VCR sits in a glass case beneath the TV set; it's a super-high-band Beta unit and has

built-in editing function including a character generator with eight-page memory, a high-band record and playback, and three-week, eight-event timer. A hurricane halogen lamp is placed in each corner of the living room. Thin white venetian blinds cover all eight floor-to-ceiling windows. A glass-top coffee table with oak legs by Turchin sits in front of the sofa, with Steuben glass animals placed strategically around expensive crystal ashtrays from Fortunoff, though I don't smoke. Next to the Wurlitzer jukebox is a black ebony Baldwin concert grand piano. A polished white oak floor runs throughout the apartment. On the other side of the room, next to a desk and a magazine rack by Gio Ponti, is a complete stereo system (CD player, tape deck, tuner, amplifier) by Sansui with six-foot Duntech Sovereign 2001 speakers in Brazilian rosewood. A down-filled futon lies on an oakwood frame in the center of the bedroom. Against the wall is a Panasonic thirty-one-inch set with a direct-view screen

and stereo sound and beneath it in a glass case is a Toshiba VCR. I'm not sure if the time on the Sony digital alarm clock is correct so I have to sit up then look down at the time flashing on and off on the VCR, then pick up the Ettore Sottsass push-button phone that rests on the steel and glass nightstand next to the bed and dial the time number. A cream leather, steel and wood chair designed by Eric Marcus is in one corner of the room, a molded plywood chair in the other. A black-dotted beige and white Maud Sienna carpet covers most of the floor. One wall is hidden by four chests of immense bleached mahogany drawers. In bed I'm wearing Ralph Lauren silk pajamas and when I get up I slip on a paisley ancient madder robe and walk to the bathroom. I urinate while trying to make out the puffiness of my reflection in the glass that encases a baseball poster hung above the toilet. After I change into Ralph Lauren monogrammed boxer shorts and a Fair Isle sweater and slide into silk polka-dot Enrico Hidolin slippers I tie a plastic ice pack

around my face and commence with the morning's stretching exercises. Afterwards I stand in front of a chrome and acrylic Washmobile bathroom sink — with soap dish, cup holder, and railings that serve as towel bars, which I bought at Hastings Tile to use while the marble sinks I ordered from Finland are being sanded — and stare at my reflection with the ice pack still on. I pour some Plax antiplaque formula into a stainless-steel tumbler and swish it around my mouth for thirty seconds. Then I squeeze Rembrandt onto a faux-tortoiseshell toothbrush and start brushing my teeth (too hung over to floss properly — but maybe I flossed before bed last night?) and rinse with Listerine. Then I inspect my hands and use a nailbrush. I take the ice-pack mask off and use a deep-pore cleanser lotion, then an herb-mint facial masque which I leave on for ten minutes while I check my toenails. Then I use the Probright tooth polisher and next the Interplak tooth polisher (this in addition to the toothbrush)

which has a speed of 4200 rpm and reverses direction forty-six times per second; the larger tufts clean between teeth and massage the gums while the short ones scrub the tooth surfaces. I rinse again, with Cepacol. I wash the facial massage off with a spearmint face scrub. The shower has a universal all-directional shower head that adjusts within a thirty-inch vertical range. It's made from Australian gold-black brass and covered with a white enamel finish. In the shower I use first a water-activated gel cleanser, then a honey-almond body scrub, and on the face an exfoliating gel scrub. Vidal Sassoon shampoo is especially good at getting rid of the coating of dried perspiration, salts, oils, airborne pollutants and dirt that can weigh down hair and flatten it to the scalp which can make you look older. The conditioner is also good — silicone technology permits conditioning benefits without weighing down the hair which can also make you look older. On weekends or before a date I prefer to use the Greune Natural Revitalizing Shampoo.¹

1. Bret Easton Ellis, *American Psycho: A Novel*, 1991.

i Reproduction Technology, Lithography

I am sitting in a room different from the one you are in now. I am recording the sound of my speaking voice and I am going to play it back into the room again and again until the resonant frequencies of the room reinforce themselves so that any semblance of my speech, with perhaps the exception of rhythm, is destroyed. What you will hear, then, are the natural resonant frequencies of the room articulated by speech. I regard this activity not so much as a demonstration of a physical fact, but more as a way to smooth out any irregularities my speech might have.¹

But time has slowly killed these loops and the pastoral (and ambient) ideals they once represented. What we hear on The Disintegration Loops are not poetic images of nature or beauty but nature and beauty as they truly exist in this world: always fleeting, slowly dying. What makes these works so memorable is not the fact that the loops are slowly disintegrating but the fact that we get to hear their deaths. In a very real way, we experience the muddled, ugly, brutal realities of life. What's more, these muddled, ugly, brutal realities of life are, in their own way, incredibly beautiful, perhaps more beautiful than the original, pristine loops ever could have been.²

Not only the characteristic movements of the different actions, but even those slight and scarce definable peculiarities which distinguish the movements from one athlete to another in performing the same feat, of one horse from another in moving at the same gait, and so forth, are perfectly recognisable in the combination of pictures which, separately seen, simply startle us by the new light which they throw on the real nature of these rapid motions.⁵

1. Alvin Lucier, *I Am Sitting in a Room*, 1969. 2. [Michael Heumann,] "William Basinski, The Disintegration Loops I–IV," *Haunted Ink*, thelibrary.hauntedink.com. 3. Daniel Hamm in Steve Reich, "Come Out," *New Sounds in Electronic Music*, 1966, LP. 4. Gavin Bryars, "Jesus' Blood Never Failed Me Yet," *The Sinking of the Titanic*, 1971, LP. 5. Eadweard Muybridge, *The Human Figure in Motion*, 1901.

Jesus' blood never failed me yet.⁴

I had to, like, open the bruise up, and let some of the bruise blood come out to show them.³

of the bruise blood come out to show them.³

k The Commune

When the arts flourished in the old days it was sufficient for an artist to have a rich patron and then to develop under the protection of his important sponsor. All nobles had their pet artists. . . . Today, for the most part, this method of developing and protecting art has passed out of existence and I am wondering if the WPA art projects may not take their place.¹

The World Power Alliance was designed to bring the World's minds together . . . This programming is stagnating the minds of the people, building a wall between races. This wall must be destroyed, and it will fall. By using the untapped energy potential of sound, the WPA will smash this wall much the same as certain frequencies shatter glass. Brothers of the underground transmit your tones and frequencies from all locations of this world. Wreak havoc on the programmers! . . . Disappearance is our future.²

Republican
George Dondero,
who persistently
branded modern
art the result
of a communist
conspiracy.³
The Grand Canyon
of industrial murals
resides in Detroit:
Diego Rivera's depiction
of a Ford auto
assembly
plant.⁴

We move on to the bleak adversity of the 1930s, unemployment lines, home relief, the WPA (whose splendid monument, the Bronx County Courthouse, stands just above the Yankee Stadium), radical passions and energies exploding, street-corner fights between Trotskyites and Stalinists, candy stores and cafeterias ablaze with talk all through the night; then to the excitement and anxiety of the postwar years, new affluence, neighborhoods more vibrant than ever, even as new worlds beyond the neighborhoods begin to open up, people buy cars, start to move; to the Bronx's new immigrants from Puerto Rico, South Carolina, Trinidad, new shades of skin and clothes on the street, new music and rhythms, new tensions and intensities; and finally, to Robert Moses and his dread road, smashing through the Bronx's inner life, transforming evolution into devolution, entropy into catastrophe, and creating the ruin on which this work of art is built.⁶

Erwin S. Barrie, the director of this artists' cooperative gallery, reported that fewer than 10 percent of his customers were interested in "so-called modern art, and 90 percent despise it."⁵

1. Eleanor Roosevelt in Alex Ross, *The Rest Is Noise: Listening to the Twentieth Century*, 2007. 2. Kodwo Eshun, *More Brilliant Than the Sun: Adventures in Sonic Fiction*, 1998. 3. Peter Decherney, *Hollywood and the Culture Elite: How the Movies Became American*, 2005. 4. Mike Kelley, *Foul Perfection: Essays and Criticism*, 2003. 5. Alice Goldfarb Marquis, *Marcel Duchamp: The Bachelor Stripped Bare; A Biography*, 2002. 6. Marshall Berman, *All That Is Solid Melts into Air: The Experience of Modernity*, 1982.

1 The Seine, The Oldest Paris

April is the favourite month for young female suicides—
nine months after summer. Whereas hanging was the favoured method of
suicide for males without access to gunpowder, drowning was favoured
by females. Unrequited love, unwanted pregnancy.¹⁰
L’Inconnue de la Seine, described by Blanchot as “a young girl with closed eyes, enlivened
by a smile so relaxed and at ease . . . that one could have believed that she drowned in an
instant of extreme happiness.”¹¹
It is possible to match the very hot summers and the very cold winters . . . that persuaded Parisians, especially
children, to go swimming and skating—with the tragic consequences of their enthusiasms.⁹
Sometimes the wounds on the corpse could have been caused by the body bumping against the piers of a Seine bridge . . . dredged from water, sometimes revived.⁵
Tagged on the Saint-Michel bridge in 1961: “Ici on noie les Algériens” (“Here we drown Algerians”).
When the Seine was full of bodies.¹
Algerians were thrown into and drowned in the Seine at points across the city and its suburbs, most notably at the Saint-Michel bridge in the center of Paris and near the
Prefecture of Police, very close to Notre Dame de Paris.⁴
It was a list of death, a catalogue of corpses. . . . What I wanted to do was to attempt some sort of
resurrection of those people dredged dripping from the Seine.⁸
Dozens of bodies were later pulled from the river Seine.⁷
Already at this time, policemen [were] boasting about throwing Algerians in the Seine river.²
*La Seine était rouge (Paris, octobre 1961)*⁶
The face of the unknown woman was used for the head of the First
Aid mannequin Resusci Anne . . . and was
used starting in 1960 in
numerous CPR courses. Therefore, the face has been called by some “the most
kissed face” of all time.¹²

1. Hakim Sadek, “35 Years Ago the ‘Battle of Paris’: When the Seine Was Full of Bodies,” *Liberté*, October 17, 1998, www.fantompowa.net/algerians_liberte.htm.
2, 4, 7. “Paris Massacre of 1961,” *Wikipedia*, wikipedia.org. 3. Jean-Luc Einaudi and Maurice Rajsfus, *Les Silences de la Police: 16 Juillet 1942–17 Octobre 1961*, 2001.
5, 8–10. Alan Woods, *Being Naked, Playing Dead: The Art of Peter Greenaway*, 1996.
6. Leïla Sebbar, *La Seine Était Rouge: Paris, Octobre 1961*; *Roman*, 1999.
11, 12. “L’Inconnue de la Seine,” *Wikipedia*, wikipedia.org.

m Idleness

Workers of the world . . .

relax!

Liberals say we should end
employment discrimination.
I say we should end employment.

No one should ever work.¹
Work is the source of nearly all the misery in the world.
In order to stop suffering, we have to stop working.
A new way of life based on play.
I favor full *un*employment.
I agitate for permanent revelry.
I support the right to be lazy.
The alternative to work isn't just idleness.
To be ludic is not to be ludicrous.
To be ludic is not to be quaaludic.
I treasure the pleasure of torpor.
Leisure is nonwork for the sake of work.
A system of permanent revelry.
We ought to take frivolity seriously.
Work makes a mockery of freedom.
Leisure is the time spent recovering from work and in the frenzied but hopeless attempt to forget about work.
All the old ideologies are conservative because they believe in work.
We all need a lot more time for sheer sloth and slack than we ever enjoy now.

1. All quotations Bob Black, "The Abolition of Work," *Primitivism*, primitivism.com.

p Anthropological Materialism,
History of Sects

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS,
BUT I KNOW IT WHEN I SEE IT.¹

For many years, we have all been living in the realm of Prince Mangogul: under the spell of an immense curiosity about sex, bent on questioning it, with an insatiable desire to hear it speak and be spoken about, quick to invent all sorts of magical rings that might force it to abandon its discretion.²

Both Diderot's fable and the hard-core film *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, for example, share the goal of figuring and measuring the "truth" of sex with the particular magic at their disposal; yet to each this truth is a very different thing. . . . Where Diderot's genie conjures up the magic silver ring that renders the prince invisible and forces the women to confess their pleasures unaware of his presence, the wizardry of cinematic representation provides its spectators with a seemingly perfected form of invisibility.³

Diderot:
"For me,
my thoughts
are my
prostitutes."⁴

Magritte's "The Indiscreet Jewels (*Les bijoux indiscrets*)," (1963) and Diderot's "Ceci n'est pas un conte" (1772) . . . [are] fully recuperated in a dialectic which assimilates the negative by affirming the resemblance of the copy to its privileged model.⁶

There are two pipes. Or rather must we not say, two drawings of the same pipe? Or yet a pipe and the drawing of that pipe, or yet again two drawings each representing a different pipe? Or two drawings, one representing a pipe and the other not, or two more drawings yet, of which neither the one nor the other are or represent pipes? Or yet again, a drawing representing not a pipe at all but another drawing, itself representing a pipe so well that I must ask myself: To what does the sentence written in the painting relate?⁷

Boccaccio:
the first work
of modern
pornography.⁵

Where alchemy, through its symbols, is the spiritual Double of an operation which functions only on the level of real matter, the theater must also be considered as the Double, not of this direct, everyday reality of which it is gradually being reduced to a mere inert replica—as empty as it is sugarcoated—but of another archetypal and dangerous reality, a reality of which the Principles, like dolphins, once they have shown their heads, hurry to dive back into the obscurity of the deep.⁸

1, 3. Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart, 1954, in Linda Williams, *Hard Core: Power, Pleasure, and the "Frenzy of the Visible,"* 1989. 2. Michel Foucault, *The History of Sexuality*, vol. 1, *An Introduction*, translated by Robert Hurley, 1978.

4. Denis Diderot, *Rameau's Nephew*, translated by Ian C. Johnston, 2013.

5. H. Montgomery Hyde, *A History of Pornography*, 1964. 6. Suzanne Rodin Pucci, " 'Ceci n'est pas . . .': Negative Framing in Diderot and Magritte," *Mosaic* 20, no. 3 (Summer 1987). 7. Michel Foucault, *This Is Not a Pipe*, translated and edited by James Harkness, 1982. 8. Antonin Artaud, *The Theater and Its Double*, translated by Mary Caroline Richards, Evergreen Original E-127, 1958.

The City Council forced [Loos] to add flowerboxes to the mute, square windows of Looshaus in the Michaelerplatz; his Café Museum in Elisabethstrasse was instantly dubbed the Café Nihilismus by architects who later imitated it. It wasn’t the absence of the past that gave Loos’s buildings their startling appearance, but the absence of pointless decoration.¹

His buildings taunted the outside world with casually wrought secrecy. Inside, elaborate geometries of ovoids, squared arches, trapezoidal perspectives articulated in parquet patterns, marble and mahogany facings, depths protracted by mirrored walls, space construed to anticipate the imprint of organic patterns, rationalized to absorb the overrun of daily jumble and successive generations of furniture.²

First, in his corrosive contempt for superficial ornament, Loos advanced not only the cause of abstraction fundamental to modernist art and architecture, but also the critique of kitsch crucial to modernist criticism. Second, in lieu of kitschy ornament, he elevated certain objects of everyday use as stylistic models of design, in a manner also adopted by many other modernists. Loos chose objects somewhere between handicraft and industry, such as tailored clothes, shoes, luggage, saddles, Thonet chairs, and wine bottles.³

The extraordinary essays Loos published between 1897 and 1900 rail against “retro” styling in underclothes, furniture, glassware and hats, celebrate the plumbing and silversmith trades, survey the history of building materials and explain the evolution of footwear. Loos took a thoughtful interest in everything from counterfeit pleats in the Norfolk jacket to the suspension springs of English mail coaches. He decries the unnecessary, and the superannuated, the dysfunctionally “beautiful,” reveal pinning the false in cultural artifacts to a deep falsity its wealth in the culture’s premises.⁴

The world Loos envisioned, of course, has not and could not come about. For its emergence would demand the excision of that signal part of the human persona that expresses itself in the ornament against which Loos contended, or in the grotesque and in caricature.⁶

But maybe times have changed again; maybe we are in a moment when distinctions between practices might be reclaimed or remade—without the ideological baggage of purity and propriety attached.⁷

The evolution of culture is synonymous with the removal of ornament from utilitarian objects.⁸

1, 2, 4, 5. Gary Indiana, *Utopia’s Debris: Selected Essays*, 2008. 3. Hal Foster, *Prosthetic Gods*, 2004. 6. Mike Kelley, *Foul Perfection: Essays and Criticism*, 2003. 7. Hal Foster, *Design and Crime: And Other Diatribes*, 2002. 8. Adolf Loos, “Ornament and Crime (1908),” in *Programs and Manifestoes on 20th-Century Architecture*, 1971.