



eros/ion

mIEKAL aND & Maria Damon



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**T**

he reader may read  
**eros/ion** sequentially or follow the  
phrases in boldface to the designated  
page.

**eros/ion**

**A dark blue dress** rises from the cold frost fields, apprehended dimly. In a cold season of wakened witchery, **dark hands** make difference among its folds. Hope is the same as grief. I am reminded that I fashion my own openings by the dreams that own me. There are so many, how do I choose?

## dark hands

Once **5 rivers ago** my hands didn't belong next to his heart, yet I put them close by because ... the thrashing desire of not having him within my grasp ... & could anything matter as much as the **guilt** that observed my every urge. My hands that would fold sheets of rice-paper late into the night into irregular accordion books, stories that would never be remembered until the vagrant text came to settle by my pillow, some thirty years later.

## A dark blue dress

Taking it off the first time, **the mirror hidden**, the curtains drawn over the windows. His walking down the hall, slow footsteps of anticipation, the dress will never fit the same again. How do I understand the feel of the fabric, **having never touched the body** the dress borders upon. The sacred integument in which godhead is revealed and concealed.

## the mirror hidden

from view, from the ordinary pleasure of watching yourself touch soft & feel open. In many ways you & I have been interchangeable in this yet-to-be-realized life of passion, **lipsticking discrete signs** of the unattainable in the attic behind the mirror, where no one can see **the anxious graffiti you call obsession**. The slightest scent of a subtext, and I lose my bearings.

## the anxious graffiti you call obsession

It was all the same poem three  
years long and it was all for you,  
as the poem moved over time  
you became the *prima causa*, so  
good to me, so kind to indulge  
my fantasy, in your **absentia**  
**mystica** I became a thin shimmer  
of yearning, a pure surface of hurt  
too beautiful to look at straight,  
a **jewel hollowed** of presence.  
I saw myself as crown to your  
throne, a deluded Narcissa.

## **jewel hollowed**

A glyph that is, I was myself yes  
a jewel encrypted in a jewel,  
hollowed by writing, carving your  
story in my hollow wooden amulet  
(shaped like a pear) with a burning  
needle. Journals and diaries were  
too heavy, my body too heavy, I  
wanted my body to be all **air**, pure  
space inside this dark bluegreen  
dress, materializing into flesh  
woman presence only for your  
pleasure. Most of the scriptings I  
threw away, never thinking I would  
need them now.

**air**

The way he looked leaping up to catch a **fire in the ultimate** game. Darkness and pallor; that is who you were to me, a leaping cold fire in the blaze of night.

## **fire in the ultimate**

When the Unnameable came to me as a young shepherd boy he had your aspect. I wrote him into my articulable experience, my text, the one I parade to the world as Story. But, as I'd forgotten you, could it have been the true text? In that vision, the shepherd took my hand and we lay down by the still waters, where I let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth. His left hand was under my head, and his right hand did embrace me. I gave the dress away during those years, but it came back to my closet unobtrusively.

## **absentia mystica**

Remember **the first time he was about to give himself to you**. The eerie sonore concrète panning from one side of the room to the other, not to be understood until much later, after he was found out, & you, **walking the lake-edge**, dispose your hesitations. By example, **I follow suit** in the next available moment.

## walking the lake-edge

A wom/n's tors/, "surgically  
disarticulat//," cam/ to view in  
horrif// detai/... sord// matter of  
murde/, th/ unio/ derelic/ and  
beref/, later disprov// to be hers ...  
wash// up at remot/ shor////

## I follow suit

There is a place I can go early in the morning, before waking to the day. Quiet, discreet, & for the moment troubled by what refuses to manifest. This is **an objective discourse I have with myself**, run-on for years with no conclusions. At some point all the paint will have peeled from the house, old weathered siding **exposing** the original grain. Why paint over it?

## exposing

Friendship of bell and light, of night  
and dark bright pool, of moon and  
bed. A shiver so thinned down  
it slices my heart to grief-pieces.

“The nature of my betrayal has  
always been a source of shame to  
me, even after making amends.”

Because I don't understand why I  
betray, over and over.

...ghost of a child I saw/ inside you  
... someone I cd hurt when most I  
needed you.

## **an objective discourse I have with myself**

Every day I have a different self to compare to the person I was when I was in love with him, now years ago. Am I allowed to use your name here mIEKAL? Friendship's name keeps me going. That he has come back into my life, even mediated by the tabloids and the horrific sensationalism around the case, gives me reason to live.

## **the first time he was about to give himself to you**

was in a seedy townhouse in the New Ilium mysteriously empty. For many years afterwards I endowed that moment with spiritual attributes how thoughtful my prose here when I would say the erotic password that would bring him back murder and all and yes would be the word for the rest of time, for the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.

## lipsticking discrete signs

Some years later I visited those markings quite by chance, on the prow of your dark blue dress that you had carefully packed away in a battered steamer-trunk. **Initials I couldn't read**, hearts flattened by broken passions, tic-marks of how many times his face appeared in your dreams & the twining red lines that connected them all together.

## **initials I couldn't read**

Not because of legibility, but because I couldn't identify what language the characters were derived from. The initials looked Indo-European, but not contemporary, much closer to ancient Hittite, deliberately drawn. Prhps thy wrnt ntl's t ll. Prhps thy wr nvctns f bssn trnsmttd crss cntrs bt dnt sk hw thy gt thr.\*

\*

Perhaps they weren't initials at all.  
Perhaps they were invocations of  
obsession transmitted across  
centuries, but don't ask how they  
got there.

## having never touched the body

For years berated herself, she had been too passive, she had not been right. Never not never let him do. She wrote, just a young girl: “For the **prologue of my book**/ I had to pretend I’d resolved you in myself/It seems now like a dirty trick.” But let him raise the dress **over her shoulders**, her arms. In her remembered feeling-vision, nothing could compare.

## **over her shoulders**

& above the window. The right ordering of the lovers from my past. But they are all there, always, never less than, always waiting for me to change. The present can be worthy, but not in time to alter the past. Explicit text betrays our uniformity to a predictable occurrence of behaviors. You, beside me there, who you might be, there, in the clefts of the rock, in the secrets of the stairs.

## 5 rivers ago

and as many oceans, hidden in the  
prose-word in his heart. He was  
the word “**kinetic**” as his knees  
bent he was the word “**grove**” as  
his black hair traced its lineaments  
of desire on her breast he was the  
word “**black river**” as it wounded  
him to be near her, in the garden  
bed of spices.

## kinetic

Does all love ultimately lead to practicing departure. For years, ever since reading *The Pleasure of the Text*, I have been **unable to write of love**, love of-to confront the impracticality of using words & text as well as **Barthes**. Desiring instead to **populate the literature** with my own specie of text & stay out of the path of what is best said by someone else.

## **unable to write of love**

“They’re coming at you, aren’t they?” “Compared to the others it was a cinch.” “Brought it this far, might as well finish.” “Throwing caution to the wind, live every moment...” She said. He said. He said. He said. I soberly register this entry into our pleasureTEXT.

## Barthes

and for me not Barthes but his anagram—'s breath—is master text, the sacred cloth joining inside and outside, clasped by a jeweled belt, being the garment that I wore or wove for him at the moment when Isis was to be unveiled. Drawing into and from myself the hand that writes the twinned lines of blood and ink. Far from being a bundle of abject rags, the dress is still pristine and hides her secrets behind the quilted breast-piece.

## populate the literature

Pain is redundant, who has time for it? It's not a matter of how long the recall flummers my heart. Possibility gauges a persuasion of micro-literatures bound by the locality of your habits as well the sonority every word speaks through. Properly encouraged text becomes **abundant** & what we hear matches what we read. Propulous mind, empty mind.

## **abundant**

The fig tree puts forth her green figs, and the vines are tender with fragrant grapes. Saffron, calamus and cinnamon all rejoice in this union, though it is purely imaginary. If all other scriptures were to die, to drown or burn in conflagration, to freeze in the steppes of unknown wilderness where no light comes, this would still be the holy of holies, and the earthly flame would leap to catch and be subsumed into the heaven-beings of light.

## grove

Chased her thru the night of trees,  
care free, free of restraint, the wild  
play before poetry corrupts the  
ambiguity, the lessness in young  
male wanderlust. To have you his  
way; to have you my way. There  
remains much to know about cock  
& spleen, its devilish trust in an  
**Other theatre of love.** These  
are cycles, this pain & release. Yet  
some habits of pain are not *not*  
meant to torment /us.

## Other theatre of love

Act 1: Choose a lover over the internet from the opposite side of the planet.

Act 2: **Use only the truth to seduce.**

Act 3: Arrange to meet in a place that neither of you have visited.

Act 4: **Without speaking**, without obligation, enter the Other.

Act 5: **Discontinue contact.**

## **Use only the truth to seduce**

These are the days of year when events happen far too quickly. & Now is the day of days we leap across. I keep my secrets in a car that doesn't drive in reverse. Or are these memories without recall, imagined to be squirreled away, unshareable. If you happen to be thumbing thru your envelope collection, do not look for them there.

## without speaking

Hum (mum) & hum (mum) again.  
**Holding your breath?** Let it out. Somewhere (surrounded by books) the exuberance, notable squalls. The intelligence therein. Words (why, why, why) that won't speak. Minus any opportunity (too close is too close). Grab her (the author in her role as teacher) a taxi on Broadway Avenue in any city in the U.S. & (mumBLE) to myself (journalless). "Hanging in."  
"There."

## **Holding your breath**

Incantatory buzzing, the cracked bell sounds and the friends are all hovering around, anxious for my welfare. What was it I meant to say? It's gone into that red/black world that rocked with the movement of waves. The sacred union took place at 2,000 feet above the cold ocean, before the bride was bled and fell, and her bed was rocks and brine, and her hair was matted dark matter—webbed with garlands of seaweed and harsh twine, and this is not at all what I meant to say, but she the storm won't let me forget that other part of the story.

## **Discontinue contact**

Venus's father died cursing her for loving you. We heard him, much weakened near the end of his life, hobbling on his crutches to the door of his hell bedroom, which he slammed shut in loud exhortation of disgust. On my two-doors-down bed, we froze in our paradise embrace, knowing the rage was directed at us. Shortly after that he died, and contact was indeed discontinued. Zeus is thwarted; lightning strikes.

## black river

Or kara çay in Turkish, having the double meaning of black river or black tea. In the morning, before poesy had the momentum to wake, all flows darkly away, her **secrets bitter as old tea**, the very taste of the **inexpressible flooding** the sex of her arousal. The tea flows thru, one café at a time. Where I go, looking for my beloved through pane after pane of storefront.

## **inexpressible flooding**

One dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy **House of Desire**. I don't know how it was—but with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable, for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic,

sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul, which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler upon sexual addiction—the bitter lapse into everyday life—the hideous dropping of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought, which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom and eros/ion I now proposed to sojourn for some weeks. Its proprietor, Robert le Poirier, had been one of my boon companions,

nay, the first love of my youth; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. News had reached me in a distant part of the country—an obscure paragraph buried in a widely circulated journal—which, in its wildly disturbing nature, had admitted of no other than a visit to the vacated site of Desire. Although in our youth we had been even intimate, I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had always been excessive and habitual.

## House of Desire

Desire  
runs too fast  
she jumps  
too high  
she falls  
too strong  
it hurts  
her leg is broken  
she doesn't cry

Desire  
runs too fast  
she jumps  
too high  
she falls  
apart  
it hurts  
her heart is broken

too fast  
too high  
too deep  
her sadness  
killed her  
nobody cried  
after all she was a cat,  
a cat named Desire

(by Sujen Dinçer)

## **inexpressible flooding]**

I dreamed I entered the House of Desire and it sheltered a fecund, sun-filled atrium full of pomegranate, olive and fig trees and of course pear trees after his **Name**. A sublime dalliance with a love supreme takes place in this Song of Songs which is a garden, for he is the fairest and darkest, the most profound and the sweetest, the most accessible and the most unreachable, the sound and taste most constantly on my lips and the most ineffable and impalpable. We lie down in the green pasture and slip off the wedding garments, silver bracelets, red veils and all, and give the gifts of stone, feather, bone, pen and gold. **The fountain** in the center of the atrium plays its celestial spray in micro-musics culminating culminating never culminating but circular in bliss-rounds coruscating over mica and marble in a scintillate texture of shimmered eros.

## The fountain

You cupped your indescribable hand in the pool of the fountain and drew it back filled with cool water. This you trickled on my open body, between breasts down to low belly, and rubbed barely tracing, a touch so light it called on all of me to express delight through silence, all of my being was centered on the movement of your fingers, and followed the meeting of skin on skin through infinitely nuanced raptures of friction and tickling. Mon coeur était un luth suspendu (sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne). That the body could be a source of pleasure was a revelation that stopped all passage of time.

## Name

“Comes dark matter, ghost-skein of things, all things virtual, in this and all possible worlds, the propriety of assignment in dialectic with what is observed as the real, the process of the proper name its continuous in-stantiation. **Ghosts hanging on to ghosts**, we are all of the imaginary, the symbolic nothing more than temporary stasis. Look closely and see through all of this, the names disappearing, returning to the matter of the world.”

## ghosts hanging on to ghosts

Hanging onto births being free of.  
Being free of translates readily  
into **effluvia**. Essence looks  
remarkably similar to essential.  
The material of is embodied in how  
we remember ourselves during  
deep sleep. Some discourse  
refutes the inexpressible, a **lover's  
discourse** is based upon what  
cannot be put into words. What  
we call life happens despite of &  
on to. Begin here to disassemble the  
order of my thoughts & the choice  
of words.

## effluvia

No end of pleasure-rivers, the flow burst from under ground, and the moss goddess was born. That was who I became in your hands and there was no going back. Gold flecks punctuated the flood in diamond motility and what I stopped in real life went on and on *in memoria aeterna*, passion wended back under the rock bridge and took up with the subterraines, wound round and round my heart a river turned into a snake ate my heart to protect it.

## lover's discourse

Night is incomparably expansive,  
an endless volupté. Pleasure-river  
creeps between the pages and  
pulls them up over her head. When  
you left for a moment I slipped my  
dress back on. Not because I didn't  
want you but because you were  
away too long. This you misread.  
There is no way to explain this,  
thirty years later when you are  
under house arrest.

## **secrets bitter as old tea**

I've an image of a seaside café where the tea is served in ornate red glassware. We are surrounded by orchards of figs, pomegranates & olives. As we walk away from the table, an inquisitive waitress reads the tea leaves to herself, "Unprovoked, the future will continue much as before. ... provocation bundles surprise with challenges & events never reveal themselves in linear fashion..."

## guilt

for having denied him, she wrote: “When I think of B, il me semble que je suis un bateau qui est coupé d’abrît et qui err sur l’océan sans direction. Je sais qu’il y a de la terre quelque part, mais si je m’y trouverais, ce serait complètement par hasard. Je ne sais pas que faire.” And folded it into an accordion book pressed between leaves of her mourning dress. Still a young girl. Savoir tout, c’est la mort, was what **she learned** that year.

## she learned

Also learned was “parole pleine, parole vide.” Quand j’étais avec lui, c’était “parole pleine.” Depuis que mon père est mort, c’est toujours “parole vide.” J’oublis comment dire “meaning.” Est-ce le même mot que “feeling.” There is “langue” and there is “parole.” One is flat like spit on a forked tongue, the other rolls into you and takes you over from the inside out, it is the jeweled apple of desire. She was a child learning lessons that she didn’t need any more.

## prologue of my book

This is the life I want to live when you set me free, if only you drive me to act in ways I have yet to accept. **Many years from now I will write a subsequent story,** every word your words as if you had the spleen to say them **when I am beside you.** Only much later you are all but forgotten as one of many desire-bodies in this mysterious flux I call **my life.** My attraction is propulsive, emanating from the faith each moment creates. Dancing alone, submitting to what chance will bestow.

## **my life**

One wonders who is writing this story. Is purity of narration to be achieved by identifying myself with only that which is male, or might the play of transgression possess an uncircumscribed realm for true fictive experience. That said, I would rarely write about my relationships, failed or otherwise, in my journal.

**many years from now I will  
write a subsequent story**

And like all stories it will be the imprint of a thorny crown on paper flesh. “How does it feel” was an anthem back then. How does it feel. It feels electricity. It feels energy. How does it feel to find out that the man who made you want to live killed the one he **loved best**?

## when I am beside you

As you did once before in the flesh  
took me into **stop-gap midnight**.  
Was all blue-black depth, was  
memore of rhodochrosite sunset  
into a dark redolence of touchtaste.  
Was long slender fingers no harm  
tremor my arms as the dress slides  
off.

## **stop-gap midnight**

Cracked open by desire, the silken skin that had hardened into a cocoon split and was discarded. The old poet is disappearing so a new poet can emerge. There was a wonderful friendly generosity between you; never forget that space that permits the imagination to move under the garment in sensual suggestion. The thorn comes home to the crown; the torn flesh heals from its incisive inscription into writing; the scar tissue is the text that must be approached with great tact, and touched with tender nuance.

## **loved best**

and you were my reason for living  
and you were my reason for living  
you were gone before i learned to  
call your name





# erosive media

left pages by mIEKAL aND

“I sincerely believe that the best criticism is the amusing and poetical variety, and not the cold and algebraical, which, under the pretext of explaining everything, exhibits neither hate nor love and deliberately divests itself of ‘temperament’ of any kind. A picture is the artist’s reflection of nature, and the best criticism will be the reflection of that picture in an intelligent and sensitive mind. Thus the best account of a picture may take the form of an elegy or a sonnet. Only this kind of criticism is meant for volumes of poetry and for poetically minded readers.”

—Charles Baudelaire  
*from SALON, 1846*

# rose e-missive

right pages by Maria Damon

I liked eros/ion even more after a close reading. It reminded me in places of Angela Carter's *Bloody Chamber* stories, at least in the linking of eroticism and melancholy (the decayed trees, the gloomy chill, the flower in the snow, House of Desire). Both texts are reminiscent of Bataille's *Death and Sensuality*: "It takes an iron nerve to perceive the connection between the promise of life implicit in eroticism and the sensuous aspect of death. Mankind conspires to ignore the fact that death is also the youth of things. Blind-folded, we refuse to see that only death guarantees the fresh upsurging without which life would be blind." I suppose I saw a stylistic link as well, since both texts begin with a distinctive overture. Even more interesting to me was the fusion of form and content (two different orders of codes), with

The present can be worthy, but not in time to alter the past. Explicit text betrays our uniformity to a predictable occurrence of behaviors. This is the life I want to live when you set me free, if only you drive me to act in ways I have yet to accept. Many years from now I will write a subsequent story, every word your words as if you had the spleen to say them when I am beside you. Only much later you are all but forgotten as one of many desire-bodies in this mysterious flux I call my life.

deferral, anticipation, lust, and desire as themes in a hypertext (what else is hypertext reading but incompleteness and unattainable, unfulfilled desire? The various windows do not expand fully on my browser and some of the text was interrupted, which gave me a different kind of incompleteness). Even the lush, ornate descriptions and images have the effect of delaying, suspending, and deferring the text's unfolding. I suppose you will speak about the dialectic of growth and degeneration? I like the cascading open windows with blooming flowers themselves opening up secrets, a kind of wound, or psycho-sexual melancholia, that is marked by decayed trees. It's a great read—good luck at the conference, rr

We as humans have exploited, destroyed & exhausted the synapses of wilderness. Nature has evolved into a technology that is the engineer of its own evolution (read mutation). The splitting of the atom coincides with mass awareness that interaction between dimensions & extra-human entities is as real as 1000's of years of fairy tales.

The poem is a cenotaph, the screen a cenotaph, marking a site vacated of desire, a memory of desire, and also of course the desire for memory and more memory, and the desire for erosive amnesia. Are there any aspects of this piece that would \*not\* have been possible pre-net? pre-electricity? The texts, the sounds, and the images of decay and regeneration, of growth and decay, would all have been perfectly available to the imagination. The animations are still miraculous. Animation is still miraculous, laborious, especially in April and the other spring months, when winter is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come.

One wonders who is writing this story. Is purity of narration to be achieved by identifying myself with only that which is male, or might the play of transgression possess an uncircumscribed realm for true fictive experience. That said, I would rarely write about my relationships, failed or otherwise, in my journal.

Intertext and hypertext, the primordial garden in a pixel capsule, dank excess of lush nineteenth-century prose—just a taste of it—snippets and sprigs to be tucked into the bodice—next the heart— or in the pocket —two twig stubs, a chestnut, white pebble or other amulets to be rubbed together unobtrusively while walking, writing, resting.

By an admission to the physics of language & opinion, the processes of the prefix co- suggest a meltdown of egoism, a peaceful behaviorism (co-operate, collaborate), while other co- words simultaneously contradict a noiseless interaction (connive, conspire, collude). In fact, the 2nd definition for collaborate in the *American Heritage* is "To cooperate treasonably, as with an enemy occupying one's country." If an opposite or differing spirit brings together, if the eruption of noise brings contentment, this form of artistic treasoning is most understated...within the territory of occupation...that friction is a permanent architecture, bound by a cobweb of misunderstanding, confusion, happenstance, & coincidence,...friction being psychic noise...friction being manipulative & consumed by the love for...the act of occupying another's

The sleepy phenomenological  
dreamstate Bachelard alluded to,  
clicking from garden to garden—then  
the door—perhaps to a different order  
of reality—the screen itself is a door—to  
the past—to where, not there we hope.  
The door to the next door.

domain is always a collaboration apart from idealism or the wedding of image-bliss, that noise from all parts of the system are inevitable, as stress to structures of co-creating such as communication, concept & personal on/off relationship fluctuate according to the ebb & flow of desires. Not because of legibility, but because I couldn't identify what language the characters were derived from.

Dear Maria,

I'm looking at the piece now, at dawn.  
It's beautiful: one thing that strikes me  
right now...I love the play of surfaces,  
the hand, the dress, the landscape, the  
rivers, the shingles.

I would talk about the way the piece  
is a shifting collage of layers, and the  
layers form and re-make a story. I love  
also that the word kinetic leads to the  
phrase unable to write of love.

Abundant and populous mind: did I  
mention when you were here that I  
was told by someone long ago that  
the Russians read Whitman as cubist  
autobiography. Abject rags and the  
dress. Secrecy and openness: the secret  
is that the sacred is everywhere.

Much Love,

j

Oftentimes it is the noise which feeds back the true response. In the system of global ecology, pollution & contamination is the most apparent noise. Planetary survival is contingent on examining that breakdown. In the social construction of pure information it is information which cannot be divided into noise & communication which overturns the automated digestion of info into bite-sized tidbits. If the info cannot be reduced to a consumer-object, it exists in a territory all its own.

Walking in circles without retracing steps; monument to movement, divagation and errancy. Walking around the lake month after month, processing these events, working through from image to image, memory to memory, the violence reignited and allowed to burn out.

The eerie sonore  
concrète panning  
from one side of  
the room to the  
other, not to be  
understood until  
much later,  
There is a place I can  
go early in the  
morning, before  
waking to the day.  
Quiet, discreet, & for  
the moment troubled  
by what refuses to  
manifest. This is an  
objective discourse I  
have with myself,  
run-on for years with  
no conclusions. At  
some point all the  
paint will have peeled  
from the house, old  
weathered siding  
exposing the original  
grain. Why paint over  
it?

The shock—the sensory assault—of the news photo—does it “belong?” On-line work is endlessly editable, so everything can be constantly updated in accordance with the creator’s emotional and aesthetic whims. In public, yet. Think how many years it took for the many editions of *Leaves of Grass* to appear—by contrast, *eros/ion’s* leaves, like tarot cards, slapped down one after the other in a desperate attempt to force a satisfactory outcome, can be changed and re-disseminated in a matter of hours—but the material outcome is unmoved and unmoveable, the past is over and done with in spite of the endless narrativity it yields. The prison sentence—twenty to life, having been spoken, will not yield, will not yield to the inquiries or entreaties

The End of History is the Beginning of the Paradigm Shift. Whether you call it the New Age or the Revolution, the relationship between beings & their built environment is largely dependent on depth of information & vision as well as an imperative to transcend the animal-brained survival mechanism.

What is the relationship between narrative closure and affective resolution? They are both contrived to fit certain conventional aesthetic and emotional structures intended to reassure she-who-suffers and “get on with it,” but perhaps (no doubt) there is more to be said about this.

Computers as we know them will be electromagnetic relics suitable for museumization. Beliefware is the planetary fertilization of a form of communication that is the result of universal pain & struggle, discovery & joy, & every conceivable permutation. Crossmedia potentials include sampled sound, computer synthesized speech, hypertext implementation, graphic cataloging, animatography, interactive authoring, language & text generation & design by encounter.

...It seems very important to put it all away again at the end, closing up the windows one by one as if picking up a deck of cards (laid out as if for solitaire?) Or closing a book slowly and carefully, folding the pages into something that can be tucked into the bodice, next the heart. Packing up is satisfying, and necessary—a part of the journey. (A folding back *from* infinity, perhaps?)

—Anna

## erosive media

This is the days of year  
when events happen  
far too quickly. &  
now is the day of days  
we leap across.

I wanted to call this piece  
“dismembering eros” or “remembering  
eros” —then it evolved and eroded.  
The dissemination of images enacts the  
dispersal and release of memory. The  
spores of memory, airborne, drift and  
settle, unpredictably regenerated in  
parasitic colonies.

Poetry & fiction have been replaced by “the text” & the practice of any art has enlarged to intimacy with all arts, with an investigation into the culture beneath the culture. Because information & ideas are bombarding our sphere so rapidly the procedure of invention & experimentation is simultaneous with instant printing, rapid communication & the chameleon quality of the artist. More appropriate terms for new art may be velocity, impact, shifting, compounding, etc., rather than “this is a good poem, that’s a bad painting.” Utility & erotics perhaps are closer specifics. The sensations received & their usefulness completely bypass the critical faculty until it becomes more than an unconscious reaction ... desiring instead to populate the literature with my own specie of text & stay out of the path of what is best said by someone else.

Can this medium be adapted for purposes of divination? Opening into opening seems as a process to promise initiation, entrance into an endlessly receding esoteriscape—penetration into a mystery. Unlocking is one of the oldest metaphors for enlightenment, violation, descent or ascent into the real, or the sacred, or the void, or the fullness that eludes. The unobtrusive clicking sounds the unhinging movement (the heavy door swinging open), and as in fairy tales, the humble gray mouse appears at the threshold to guide the pilgrim underground.

Possibility gauges  
a persuasion of  
micro-literatures bound  
by the locality of your  
habits as well as the  
sonority every word  
speaks through.

I know someone who was commissioned to write a “Kabbalah for Dummies,” and found that it couldn’t be done. The advance was returned, the project was abandoned and the content remained undiluted. The Kabbalist who took over the project likewise found that it couldn’t be done. This, for us, is reassuring.

Resourcefulness: an energy of conversion. The distractions of virtuosity are replaced by a concentrated sculpting of juxtaposed media. No more infatuation with the probability of excellence & away with lifetimes of doing one thing well. Enter an approximate world of bending & shaping to a complex unpredictable global permutation. A consciousness of reconstructing all art without the dichotomy of taste, expectation, & representation not only destroys the culture factory but also activates the momentum necessary for continual surprise attack from the artistic underground. Properly encouraged text becomes abundant & what we hear matches what we read. Populous mind, empty mind.

Or does the clicking mouse reiterate the flip of card on card, the compulsive gesture of the gambler who is doomed like the factory worker to repeat the same gesture over and over expecting hoping fantasizing an alteration of outcome, trapped in a labyrinth of no exit addiction?

The society of the text has returned to the glyphic theatre of ur-history. Every symbol is charged with many times more meaning than it can signify, colliding with each other like bombarded molecules. Thousands of years ago wealth was judged by who owned the most cattle, now it is controlled by who owns & exploits the most needed information. The result is an unnavigatable info chaos where there can be little connotative control & even less predictability. Life-as-theatre, glyphic babelism, is one of the few modes of response which allows spontaneity to fuse with visionary directedness & invention without being swallowed up by global misinformation.

“Writing is the passageway, the entrance, the exit, the dwelling place of the other in me—the other that I am and am not, that I don’t know how to be, but that I feel passing, that makes me live—that tears me apart, disturbs me, changes me, who? a feminine one, a masculine one, some? Several, some unknown, which is indeed what gives me the desire to know and from which all life soars. This people gives neither rest nor security, always disturbs the relationship to “reality,” produces an uncertainty that gets in the way of the subject’s socialization. It is distressing, it wears me out...”

—Julia Kristeva

To get beyond the text as we know it means that one has to construct, learn & receive information using human mental faculties such as intuition, association, clairvoyance, & presumptive belief. Read hypURtext. That the desire to invent true hypertextual consciousness is identical with the dream of linking spontaneously to the past & the future. In this state information-mongering is no longer a simulation but rather an experience in itself.

There's no way to resurrect this object, it's like roadkill—it flattens itself into a trace of all the work you did to make it real. Later disproved to be hers, but the image of dismemberment was so powerful that the judge cited it as proof of his evil nature.

An electronic text gone analogue interrupts the pull of the screen, the seeking of the mouse, even the ways that eyes read words. Can a hypertext survive inside a book, turning pages, the impulse to start from the beginning and read sequentially—or maybe the real hypertext is in the words themselves, the freedom to have them mean or not mean, by association or connotation, by etymology or attraction however might the reader want. Not a translating of but really an erosive extraction from the original electronic mothertext.

Both destroying my subjectivity and insisting on it—most of what there is in that dragnet is body parts—the disarticulated torso, caught in the web, a bit of briny debris floating in anonymous space. How to write abjection from an empowered subject position—as a resurrected author...as a woman's limbless, headless torso...

“All living art will be irrational, primitive  
& complex; it will speak a secret  
language & leave behind documents not  
of edification but of paradox.”

—Hugo Ball

Socrates said: Methinks I too dreamed  
that I married all the letters of the  
alphabet, and they said to me, we will  
people the world with flora and fauna,  
and all the words will be our children.







ntamo