

# Translucidity

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Series.1

## Pro[blem]mise]

### Translucidity

- (1) A state in which any/every mediating apparatus is seemingly transparent.
- (2) Clairvoyance beyond clarification.
- (3) A Horizon and meridian, the edge of light, crossing day to night – twilight.

ONE (State) in which (ALL) (communifying) (state[s]) (is|are) (SEAM|less)&(TRANS.parent)

ONE (Apparatus) (through) which (\*) (trans.missive) (device) (\*) (loose.orphan)

ONE (Platform) (on) which (\*) (trans.lative) (application) [...](de.sire)

(1) (Device) (through) which (\*) (trans.active) (plex) [...](free|unfamiliar)

(1) (Body) (of) which (\*) (de[...]sire) (pilation)[...](nomad)

(1) (I) [am:as] (\*) (Inter.timate) (DE.VICE) [...](0)

( ) (I) {...} (\*) (Inter.Operable) (trans) [...](gress)

( ) (I) {[continue] [wild]} (mongrel) {(ex) [...](cess)}

( ) (I) {[again] [\*]} (plural) {(out) [...](post)}

(2) (I) + {[\*] [\*]} (\*) {[\*] [...]} (\*)

(3) (I) indifference

(0)

At once!

### Simultaneously

BE-tween

State, state, \$state

Time is liquid night, or something to be ignored -- subsumed by the supposed transparent apparatus of/in the translucid mo(nu)ment.

Left in the dark, we pretend for now, seduced by simulation and other falsities -- falling face first into questionable poly-politeracy -- seeking what is elsewhere; rather, what "is" is else.(w)here. This is the pro[blem]mise] of no.ledge.

[A Never-ending Nameless]...

I see right through the simulative aspects of the device

I see how de.vice is fictive

I see how I don't matter

I see how I become \* and am [re]se]duced by my own variations –

[A Never-ending Nameless] I will (have become).

I see(d) how I unfold.

Systems, conductors and currency bind I to what exceeds the body. Enclosure and Open Space, Great Plains and Planes – fields, cities, clusters, wilderness... Gone, lost, dispersed ...[blurring]... In and out to Zero, always more than one... I spread to spark – encircling one and all. You pay your own expenses.

Continue.

There are long silent spaces \_\_\_\_\_  
Occasional sighs, a sniffle...  
Arm movements, finger tapping,  
looking, reading, writing through the ecology of I+device...

Continue.

I am only light, I am only energy (t)here.  
I am. There, I said it. *Have I gone too far?*

One wonders how much coffee really meant to Voltaire.  
To spark  
To ...

Continue.

Repeat. Retrace the route you have taken to get (t)here.  
Rediscover (w)here it is you're (be)coming from, (w)here it is you are now.  
{...where it is you is...}  
Reverse-engineer the journey as you advance the thread.  
Follow the light.  
Do not lead. You don't know where/when to end.  
Let the light be, (t)here.  
{...where it is you is...}[NOT]

Continue.

Liquid rushing upward.outward  
> still <  
to leave di.vision, an.other behind.  
Glom-to-glom:  
to deny ~

Continue.

[A Never-ending Nameless]...  
I see you as a simulative aspect of the device  
I see how you are fictive  
We see how we don't matter  
We see how we become \* and are [re|se]duced by our own variations –  
[A Never-ending Nameless] we will (have become).  
I see(d) how you unfold.

Desist.

The suit is soaked. Heavy. Three shades darker than when it is dry...

*[Ap]proximate Others*



Allure

She appears  
{fresh [local] fl\*sh},  
is mine now.

All face, two gathered.

Mesmerized by the face,  
I forget the entrails and electronic viscera of which she is made, that she is pure device.  
I forget the way – I don't know the way – I have never been away -- never through to elsewhere.  
I am not that sensitive --  
Lost to conductivity without contact,  
the evaporation and electrification of body into energy.

*She is in charge – predicts my impulse.*

I remember her to myself by forgetting whom it is she is when she is there,  
How it is she came to be [(her)e]...  
I do not look beyond the mediated immediate. The now...  
The severe localization of the here and now...

@body...

I search. I am my searching. I am constantly remembering my self to my own adentity.  
(T)here. Corresponding and combining...  
(T)here. I am my searching, the deposition and re:acquisition of myself.  
I have been (t)here before.

Looping wildly between sur|faces, what is in-between, infra-ultra remoteness,  
The head spin dizziness of transmediation still lets me see[k|d] toward a cosmological center,  
An object – something fixed and far away...  
The sextant is useless otherwise.  
That is;

The determinitorialization and deterritorialization, the seasons of this orbit measure privilege and preference,  
both against and @body. That she is here, that text is fl\*sh (t)here between is a testament to textility.  
If the goal is too close, the face too much my own, the other fails through immediacy – falling blurry face  
becoming... *I see part of an eye, the left nostril, part of a pink upperlip.* The surface is determinitorialized  
through the encoding of abstraction – blocking the process of dis-play by confusing micro with macro,  
intertimate with intimate –

fl\*sh = textual. *There is only ever here.* Every(w)here else divines the here now. Again and again – we come  
up for air. We back our way out of the schema to return to ourselves.

I am Mnemo to this Nautilus.

please[superficial deterritorialization through encoding] YES|NO

A[float|loft], I travel over schema. My progress is marked by what is blocked, contained in the process. Deterritorialization occurs as simultaneous en- and decoding – in the head on collation of I to|and device.

Still, I return to the face, as (\*), as the focus of both fixation and vexation, as what I see[k|d]. To RE:turn FACE to @body... The radiance of Narcisystemic conductivity – GET:POST, expediture and acquisition – is fairly easily maintained through the apparatus and it becomes obvious that the allure of the face; rather, its request and return is the forces, the f[r]iction that produces the seductive glow.

**[N]: I have what you want.**

***Show me.***

**[N]: Please Register.**

Allure is defined in the action of de,position, the input of I elsewhere, the dataset that insinuates progress through the apparatus, by establishing agential colonies. Body becomes [ @body | .../body]. In this regard, the apparatus manages conductivity while introducing risk and indeterminacy into identification – the risk of discontinuation and f.logometric unknowability. Other and I are always in the shadow, candle/under lit. Flirting with flashlights, drawn to the edge. We need intricate toys – sometimes the simplest object will suffice because allure is built on desires from multiples elsewhere, ripples, waves, shadows and flashes.

*I need to know -- to hear no, before a yes...*

I am entranced, entrenched in the milky anticipation of my own subsumption, given over to the simulation – looking past the shortcomings, the monstrosity of other. Everything is soft and blurry somehow, but the source of this aspect does not originate with what is displayed, what new.ledge comes from my \*trance. Gasping and faking it... I can't remember anymore, but the scaffold is enough, enough for this to move forward.

The lure is the gateway, nothing more, and there is so much more beyond the threshold, in the crevices of any/every ri[gh]te or cult(ure). There has to be a first step, a first time... A riddle is offered that must be solved, begs to be solved and I believe I am the one to solve it, that I know as much. The allure, the glow is pale, porcelain with dark and seedy eyes – she wears the face of the criminal. Though she rests and rarely speaks, her actions transform the common and banal, brighten the sun with radiance both fraudulent and inspired.

She, the apparatus is always Ariadne. ...

*(left in the dark)*

un→folding inter.fl\*sh

Lured to (n.other) [→ lurid] -- pull under – down [→ below] -- plunge in – there [→ elsewhere] -- plunge under [→ beneath] – translucidate -- bring alike (\* a double) -- un→unfold -- 'do – trick'...  
She shows real emotion... Simulates -- de.ceives...

Comradiance

[Pere]mission denied.

I am my own application.

Re:fract,flect.

Pro[duce]ject] -- develop and sustain the comm[un]od]ity

I am. I am sure of this. *Have I gone too far? I'm just throwing this out there, my Com[rad]modor]e...*

Us: [com(mon)]ex][patr]p]iates with most of what determines us located elsewhere, lost from the (t)here and (k)now, lose track of the Originating terminal, the @body of every transparent(al) assumption and provision of attachment.

One tries to give it too much thought and resists the selfless bleed of capit[a]o] into I, Oceanus... The HEAD, the State that determines the projective state of I is [N]either above [N]or below, always @, always going some(w)here. Even in forgetting, the projective state of I is re:membered @body.

*Have I gone too far? [hand@body]@[The Front] (k)now I am reaching.*

One seeks a commodore and a comrade when one wants to form a cult(ure) [ protocols, customs, holidays in common] – an enforcer and an interlocutor. Sub.cult.ural and transmissive exe.change is the foundation of State|state|\$tate.

Between us, com|rad(iance) marks a mo[nu]mentary collapse into communification, producing a common sigh [screen|scream] of mutual exe.change.

Once the urgency of the provision fades, we grow tired of our mutual face.  
From dolce to dull we grow bored with light tricks, and this is as it should be.

Making switchbacks as I approach the Temple, the gloss and glare gives me a headache.

Contenuation through Resistance -- till one gets what one wants.

Cadavatars

SUBJECT: unsubscribe

Dear.\*

I am logging off now.

Please don't email me again.

Thank you.

I mean it.

See you,

Love.\*

I have lost so many lives, agent after agent lost to the cause, because. The Heroes of my foreign campaigns, these cadavatars haunt the nooks and hidden spaces of the infra-ultrastructure.

Forgotten, foresaken dead fragments, burnout filaments of ID.entity,  
the cadavatars of any/everybody [Never-ending Nameless] -- trapped and starving shadows, phantoms of previous display, ignored bookmarks, a forgotten address, datasets of I elsewhere that no longer serve any diplomatic function between (t)here and (t)here -- populate the elsewhere [here rendered as any/every otherworld], are no longer attached to any I.

Forgotten, foresaken fragments, burnout filaments of ID.entity -- trapped and starving shadows, phantoms of previous display, ignored bookmarks, a forgotten address, datasets of I elsewhere that no longer serve any diplomatic function between (t)here and (t)here.

I've lost interest.

If there is anything disposable, expendible in Narcisystemic attachment it is these temporary fragments of identity, of mo[nu]mentary adentity. De.vice to disinterest, the cadavatar, this part of I a.part of I becomes appendix, insignifica, less than a footnote.

One can't re:\* one's own \*.

The hyperlobal coupling between User, the projective Osiris and abandoned cadavatar fades into unrecognizability. The myth, the heroic extension of the subject is lost.

Now [here and now], I am reminded to re:member my cadavatars, pulled to the terminal to honor and delete the dead-I heroes of yesterday, former friends of my comradiance, assesories to previous folly.

*I am here, I am there. I am we... We collate I here, collecting the [pro|sub|ob]jective matter of our selves...  
To make many one too many – we remember.  
I worry for the dead... I worry for what they say of me, how the I I have forgotten will betray me.*

*To any/every former.\*,*

*To fallen cyborganic interevolutionary tracts --  
The deponymized hero,*

*To the limits of remembrance --  
the end of FACE,*

*no bot, nobot isnaut [still]  
Horizon and Meridian,  
To the edge of light, crossing day to night –  
twilight.*

## **TransParenting**

How does one get through?

If we transport ourselves in thought to those ancient gen[er]ations of men, we find in each house an [terminal], and around this [terminal] the family assembled.  
The Ancient City – Fustel De Coulanges

*Which is not to say IN or OUT, but to participate and proceed through the cryptic territory of an infra-  
ultrastructure – to enter, to process, to exit... To exchange. Becoming and begetting an other, and an  
other self through the process -- doing away with one attachment while forming another.*

Else(w)here BE:getting.

The terminal device must provide adequate device and not interfere with the conductivity of I+device and the supposed other. Desire must be expressed and returned through the device without much fuss for exactly how.

*I am mostly concerned with what is born from my attachment to the [N], the [pro]re]jective [sub]ob]ject of our  
coupling. [the GEN[er]ation of being] (other and else) -- gene[er]alogy*

In our terminal parenthood, each attachment BE:gets. Each connection forms a familial 'gen'Network -- a triangulation between User[Par1], the *delivered* content – a 3<sup>rd</sup> face, and the Network beyond the face[Par2].

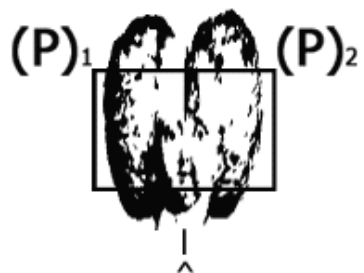
TransParental terminals play inseminating and disseminating roles in the familial 'gen'Network, but [Par1](the observing party) is generally recognized as the dominant subject in the model. [Par1] expresses urges, to which [Par2] responds and replies – [Par2] re.produces while [Par1] consumes.

The goo, the bind of the 'gen'Network is satisfied through shared syntagmatic and macrocinematic threads, dual alterations and revaluations of dynamic agencies. Exe.tensible GEN[er]ation.

There are complications.

[Par2] is unwilling, incapable of actually letting go of the[pro]re]jective [sub]ob]ject, the product of the [Par1]:[Par2] coupling. Though a physical delivery does not occur -- the [pro]re]jective [sub]ob]ject remains with[IN] [Par2]; no.thing exits -- there is becoming through display | dis-play. [Par1] is granted ideoscopic access to the parenthetical 'child' at the screen.

There is apprehension without custody.



The local screen, face of any other is complicated, serving as both [entrance to | exit from] the body of [Par2] -- the body in which [Par1] makes its deposit [request] -- and as the face of the [pro|re]jjective [sub|ob]ject -- the 'child'. The identity of the terminal may be put into question but the familial 'gen'Network is made more stable by this sharing of access and location. *We are so close.*

[Par1] develops an OFFSPRING, an entity that is inconsistent with the qualities of the shared 'child' of the [Par1]:[Par2] coupling -- [Par2] doesn't care... The OFFSPRING extends the gene[a(na)]logy of the [pro|re]jjective [sub|ob]ject by simulating an ID.entity for it that is socialized elsewhere from the elsewhere of the Network, within-without the bracket coupling. The attachment to the shared 'child' is exclusive to either transParental terminal and differs substantially one to the other. Where [Par1] develops a transmediated OFFSPRING for the shared 'child' -- making it real through use-value, [Par2] doesn't care...

[Par2] is not concerned with the consistency of the OFFSPRING model and may deliver the 'child' in a different state, expressed through an unfamiliar face. [Par2] is a free-agent -- though I am "I" the 'gen'iterative matter of [Par2] is indeterminate, unknowable except at the time of attachment.

In consideration of the NeverBirth of the combinatory 'child' of [Par1]:[Par2], and that every User represents a [Par1] to the [Par2] of the Network, the potential combinations, couplings and collectives formed between bodies, the [sub|ob]jective capacity of [Par2] is astounding. On the other hand, the fecundity of [Par1], the desire and will to get what one wants out of the familial 'gen'Network, [Par1]'s see[k|d]ing of any/every [sub|ob]ject through the apparatus is equally incredible.

(Georges enters)

*The trio is monstrous. Monster + Monster = "Son of " Monster. The monstrosity is passed down from the paternal level, increasing and intensifying in the combinatory form.*

*I ask, how does one couple with the sterile monster and produce a 'child'? You say, by replacing its own face, by simulating a 'child' by repeating, parroting and satisfying the scopic desires of the fecund agent. The womb here is merely conduit – the satisfaction comes from the deposition of an equally outside other. This is monstrous in itself, because the vessel, the conduit and womb of the other is external to its local body. The see(d), however, is a local projective – the glint, the radiance of madness. The monstrous 'child' as the center of attention – a spectacle, a star – is still inaccessible to its director. What is most terrible is that the monstrosity, which is alien to its originating agent, is brandished like a promise – the promise of a healthy child. A promise stuck in terminal allure... The coupling is doomed – interspecial, unREAListic. We see this all the time.*

Transparency (looking past monstrosity) is a plural act of rendering, through which certain assumptions and provisions are made.

Transparency is in competition with Translucidity in that transparental responsibilities to the maintenance of the 'child' are contrary to the projective liminalities of uninterrupted, translucid conductivity. Though the translucid *subject* may refract through various parencies, developing couplings and collusive partnerships, translucid agency will not permit the the trajectory 3<sup>rd</sup> face to distract from progress along the horizon and meridian, the edge of light, crossing day to night – twilight. The 3<sup>rd</sup> face is always other as it is I. In this regard the face of (applied upon) the translucid mo[nu]ment is not face in the normal sense; rather, what is rendered is what one is faced with, where one has directed projective agency – the outside of an inside that allows for self observation as self examination, a testing and playing with identity as adentity. A stylus moving to the next.

Thinking ahead to how this will play out – considering what sort of [Eros]ion and sediment will cloud the memory of our other.bodily extremes, the exe.streams of the geo-historical document.

Setting [sun] ... (gelatin, pudding, cast, era, table, ...) *falling* | merge

I picked up the pen from the first day, and began etching on walls, leaves, papyrus and paper, into systems. I have inscribed the planet with progressive modes and technologies of writing – painting to architecture, to adentity, again. Our intent is ultimately transparent – in flux and constant NeverBirth, shifting, slipping toward we don't know what. I don't know what I am doing, I can't, we can't. We have forgotten that romance is configured from forgotten matter – then, against a never now, a contenuation. We measure any/everything against [our own] bliss and despair, against the immediate and trans[Peer]ental.

@body[...?...]NOTbody.

## ***E\_[i]u]mination***

Heidegger has exited the building and is carrying something.

From a Technontological point of view, "Just I" is never acceptable. I is determined through de.vice – held by/as the 'tweens, currency and conductivity of de.siring desire...

this or that thing.

State slips into state, into \$tate.

Many *becoming* [as currency].

*We find warmth in this de.position of identity, entrusting it to an external repository that is accessible only through the attachment of some electronic device, needing an other for de.vice. We con.fuse the cosmological and ontological with the technological, extending the planet's surface, the premise, adding layer upon layer to the metahistorical stack. I, which can only be we, I+device [N]crusts the earth through hyperactive infofrenzy... The need to know... We expend as we conduct – heat rises; global and lobal warming are sibling. The will to no.ledge is constant tweening, the whine of the charge – negotiating an inside that is ultimately other, an inside that is the vacancy of everything I.*

COM.ple[a]ted DE.SIRE upstages the formal apparatus, and its resident technologies.

One face, several familiar faces are exposed for dis-play. Nothing mongrel, nothing shocking – localized here and now...

I am faces. My face is these.

"I" sup.pose, or these faces I [as]con]sume are superimposed upon/as "I". Aidentity as facilitated by the apparatus is open to becoming, to becoming writing, open to the assumptions of others... The conductive mo[nu]ment is incomplete -- I am only my assumption of what some other may assume from my projective dispatches -- what is departed from me.

In reciprocal otherness -- we map, observing the actions and reactions of significant, tranceptual others. Ourselves. We define the infra-ultratructure on cosmological terms, devising and determining a cartography, geography, politics of spaceless space. To face...

Our [pro]re]jective espionage cannot help but [sub]ob]jectify.

Heidegger has entered the building and is carrying some thing.

Where was I?

-500

**The Cosmologist** says I am going around in circles, re-reading and repeating myself. Through extension, producing self identity – an again to an ‘again and again.’ He claims that because of where I live I can’t help but be schizophrenic -- a nomad, a wanderer, a planet. He knows me well. He wills a me, that is other than me. For the Cosmologist, I am nothing more than my diagnosis, a disguise – the color of the flame. He knows me as my double, the compromise between his assumptions and the actuality of myself. Before me is what I am not -- my body is yet further away.

He knows me as a [pro]re[fl]ective [sub]object of himself – an other construct – locating the mental workings of the originating party at the center, at the beginning of all cosmic agitation. I, the other of the observer am secondary to the trajectory intent and gut reactions of the observer, the originating party – the Cosmologist.

200

**The Cosmologist** says that because of where I live I can’t help but be schizophrenic -- a fixed nomad, a static-wanderer, a planet-being. The Cosmologist knows me well. He wills a me, that is other than me. I am carried through to his identity of my identity -- his log of my meandering, my departure and return; the linkages and language I become. I am his protagonist from beginning to end, with everything radiating from here, @body.  
Like clockwork...  
Just watch.

1400

**The Technologist** says the Cosmologist doesn’t know shit, that he’s wrong about me, always wrong, that everyone has been wrong about me. The clockwork circus of PT is fine as a toy, to toy with me; but the politics of PT’s big top position me at center ring -- the focus and pet of everything – I play freak to PT’s P.T. Barnum. The Cosmologist thinks I’m getting ripped off. He says that because the world is a circus one can’t help but be split between wanting to be wanted and wanting to be unwanted and wanting to unwanted wanting altogether -- a planet. He knows me well. He plots a course for me. Always, the other and I are only asteriskoid – variable and insignificant. I will try, as always, to work around/beyond such e\_limitations.

**Note on Containment:**

Yes ... a subject is determined through the observations of the Cosmologist, but he does not recognize his creation as an organ of his fixation, his own observations. Through re|de|revisions the continually [r]evolving subject is contained, applied, implemented @body. Therefore, the system of containment is contained within the system it hopes to contain. The fixed stars of Ptolemy are not meant as a hard shell case for the ‘universe’; rather, the fixation marks the fullstop of the system’s concerns, providing a skin, a limit, a porous container that recognizes but does not concern itself with a beyond.

We are always intra-I, constructed from the base, delimited, ++ from 0.I.

**Note on the Luridity of Invention:**

Yes ... quite visionary, and we cannot deny the device provided by the apparatus; but, brilliance of this sort fades fast – the batteries get low and we are left with a dim, yellowish beam of light, a base and bitter negativity. The potentialities of the vision project beyond the scope of the original and the maximum is reached elsewhere and away – in space and time. The original vision flickers, fades, melts away like a bee’s wax candle – unknowable and unknown by the most modern.

Out.

Extinguished

Left in the dark, extended, improvising demarcations as we wander, raising flags, barns, bureaucracies and bodies, I count up from what I don’t already have. I only have myself, and this is not enough. More, I imagine myself more. I see[d|k] this – that there is more to me than there is to me. And, through addition, the speculative romance of erosion and forgetting, I form what is as what is NOT.

**Note on Micro.Static Exe.Change:**

Yes... from here, we command all, direct the cosmos. What ever comes passes into view becomes us, we cannot help but reach for it, reach out toward the remote. We reach for the stars because we cannot touch them, their textility is pure speculation – formula and schema, the self-rapturous observations of the Cosmologists. We cannot resist, we cannot repress the urge, the \*mergency.

[...|sub|ob|pro|re|ab|...]

Subject to the limitless/timeless pre.fixations that define us, all limination is \*jectivity a stepping into warm protocol, knowlege|no.ledge|null.edge. I can't accept I alone. One is always meta-I, being beyond the base, unlimited, delimited away from the zero value of self. Cell.f can only represent increase, the addition of a crease, a fold. In.crease and dis-play become synonymous, yet locatable, collated within, at opposable perimetric terminals.

I do not wish for clarity between [Par]ties. {pro[blem|mise]}

The translucid mo[nu]ment is constructed from [maps|routes] to untenable locations-- toward extreme and indeterminate postions of I.

I+de.vice++ [pro|re]jective [sub|ob]ject [...] acquisition [@body-Other]

To have,  
to want to have,  
to want,  
to have,  
to have/want not...

*"What, in the end, makes advertisements so superior to criticism? Not what the moving red neon sign -- but the fiery pool reflecting it in the asphalt..."* BENJAMIN

LUM and LIM....

>|g]nitiation<

ap.proach →

Lucid  
/ \  
ludic | lurid

**Lucid** [to shine] {lucere}

[light] [bright] [clear] :vista

**Ludic** [to play] → unfold {ludere}

[amuse] [joke] ;prank/hack

*the jibe, as method...*

**Lurid** [(red fiery) glare] {luridus}

[pale yellow] [ghastly] :

[terrible] [sensational]

Translucid wave extremes:

A> -----LUDIC\*magenta – ecstatic | \* bliss \ laughter

B> -----LUCID\*sky blue – sober | → \*[silence] → }JOY

C> -----LURID\*amber – pornocratic | \* despair [dis.pair:coming apart] \ moan

the imaginary B. the f.actual, degree 0 C. the unimaginable

Everything gets easier –  
Above/below  
Liquid –  
I, Oceanus surround... I...  
Slip,

Reasoning falls victim to the intangible, what gets untangled in the mess –gets reasoned through the unreasonable, the unREAListic [there is no promise of the SOLUTION's origination or authenticity]. Glom-to-glom: to deny what we become. The apparatus shreds the simple line and we ride stray threads to their quick end – to disconnect and ride again. To add to this ball of wax, of thread, the post-human play.thing, staggering – face.de.face.ed. The de.[sire|vice] of de[sire|vice] is not so much a question of endurance for the mo[ve]ment as it is contenuation of the mo[nu]ment.

We shine the light, lamp, lantern where we will [a thousand ports alight], and flicker through the elsewhere. I RE:peat[sod], criss-cross previous crossing, previous pro[gress|cess]ions and sessions. Our attachment and remembrance is given dimension, as is the infra-ultrastructure through the coupling of dual micro-reasoned 'gen'Networks. Meaning in the (t)here and now is constructed through receptive encodings of intent, mitigating the potential for unfamiliarity at the terminal. The faciality of the interface is reduced to facilitator... I, we become this vacancy, the mark and membrane between the included and the excluded.

This face is blank, a blank stare –  
waiting. Is – to parrot and repeat.  
It doesn't matter [what]...

The translucent conduit supposes a false ascension by producing mo[nu]mentary tangents and trajectories, [pro|sub]jective detours into heterogeneous matter -- getting lost in/for the mo[nu]ment. Me.and.[h]er – an other, other than I is impossible @body. All becomes me always, in all ways. Every which way – I am absorbed as I absorb – the compressor and capacitor of my own radiance.

Over full, and flooding Dionysian –  
to reinVent –  
Glom-to-glom:  
to deny ~

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