

(dia)grammatology of space

Libretto by Virginia Barratt, Katrina Burch (aka yonneda.lemma) and Helen Hester for the radio piece of the same name by Marcin Pietruszewski.

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pink = solo synthetic speech

black = chorus (synthetic++human voice)

[the invitation is clear]

It begins

With a line

Underlined

Through the line

Becomes an arc

Becomes a relation

Becomes []

The palimpsest produces itself
semiotic morphology
topological translation
glitch modeling the world of the world

Thoughtproducing curiosities of wax meanings
Shapearchitectures drawing lines between
a collu(i)sion of unma(r)kings

The mouth remembers the room

Echo chamber it is, factory of shapes

flight or flights and flies across nodes modes codes

six brain machines necking the void

diagramma, diagraphon – a figure, a form, a plan
carrying, crossing out thinking, drawing out

[figuring defigures]

Division in the perpetual dream.

Language and concepts progressively slither and eat each other

they break down gradually starting with seemingly standard
definitions

to future concepts (a Beastiary)

Concept Translation.

The process of converting content across platforms with minimal loss of fidelity, semicolon open bracket, and an experiment in continuity across change; a synaesthetic blooming; the act of panning for a universal and of sifting sense from its existing frame.

Translations' folds. A spatial metaphor; the art of removal, carrying over, and transportation. In other words, an act of navigation with ambitions of staying in one place; transformative crossings which aim to go nowhere, and which rarely succeed; and the inevitable slippage off of one's intended routes.

Things slip off of their intended routes;
but something, nevertheless, gets through.

Translation as process, not product; a xenofeminist procedure. That which is lost and which remains.
Crucially, that which remains.

THERE ARE ONLY BODIES AND LANGUAGES, EXCEPT THAT THERE ARE TRUTHS.

Orexis is a diffuse cypherspace.
Insert spaciouly like a velvet matrix.
Tenderly, information!

[it went inside at some point. now i go inside to observe the poetic mess of a body: a provisional agendered human leaping faith to connect across and via the subtle circuitry of desire. platforms, transverse, modal.]

The faceless drone tenderly desires the contagion.

dying, always dying, in my arms, in my electronic arms.

The dark abyss tenderly decrypts the cypherspace.

In time, dead deterritorialisation spaciouly becomes capital
Why does the abyss work?
In time, diffuse desolation spaciouly becomes alien
Become tenderly like a xeno cryptocrystalline.

But the mouth can only take so much
It is not made for speaking everything
Delimited by a blow
Inciting ictus

the mouth as we know it
dies and perpetually dies

but the knowing mouth

is lunar in that dying...
(laughing)

the voice in the shell evacuates

and my body goes on, doing its best without. Me.

pressed by silver tines.
And carried fork to tongue in a mutual eating.

une langue tout à fait étrange

Swallows its stars
And leaks
through punctured folds an irruption of black tears
Light eating stuff of the void

in the []

there shimmers
a singularity

of a thought
unbecoming

Concept Navigation.

The lost art of getting anywhere, or of having anywhere to go; the strategic coordination of carefully marshalled drives; and the process or activity of planning and direction. Navigation is the productive illusion of arrival ('There is a destination. How do we get there?'), and the practice or activity of spatial translation.

Translation is/as navigation.

The term Navigation signals a shift from "a concrete and rigid architecture of concepts" to a dynamic, soft, and ever-changing EncycloSPACE. We can no longer assume our navigation is transcendent; we can no longer assume omniscience. That is to say, we cannot figure out where to go if we do not ascertain where we already are.

Navigation: Perpetual revision; an opening to data from other sensors and other signals; the art of reception and of information processing; an interactive body of knowledge.

If one's view of the world transforms along with one's standpoint, then frequent correction is necessary for all meaningful acts of navigation. Our route tracing and course plotting must be dynamic; our reference points, mobile. We are moving towards immanent navigation.

Emancipation as navigation. There is no perfect view, but we still need to get somewhere. Part of what makes an unconventional political project moving is its poetic fragmentation. Erosion of any fixity shakes meaning, moving a political project to navigate within (the wash of) fragmentary spaces. A vision becomes a "corrective" (re)creation. We are coming across the future, from the future (in order to future).

[our invitation is clear.

hot queer impossible bodies that are not just symbolic need more than syntax.

or more in their syntax, a meaning they can know in hearts, which are wet, and rhythmic.]

[our invitation is clear. bodies appearing on the manifest need more than this to write a love-song for the future, or a dirge. here is the blueprint for ingress.]

[the warm machine awaits your intention.]

The future is perpetually (re)built and gained (understood) through navigation. When "future" becomes a destination, it loses its Utopian function. The future here is framed as verb rather than noun: **'to future'** rather than 'the future'. Part of what makes a political project so hard to capture may be a result of this social drift in the navigation of diffractive localizations – (and because of) our confused orientations to time. An historical diagnosis: each social agent becomes compressed in space, unable to tether agential thinking with a common 'existence,' unable to synchronize language with an alternative understanding of time. So allergic to [time] it makes the spine decay.

do not despair.

despair

Navigation is/ as poetic engineering (of time), as anastrophic–
–as philosophy (a view for how to get to know-where).

Evacuation

traumatic evacuation of the subjected-to

ABORTION
{{{{{{you}}}}}}

Navigating the perpetuation of the material wash is rearticulating engineered matter(ial), becoming so wasted (intoxicated) it decomposes (in) the s(k)ink. To glitch, sound space forks discontinuously in overlapping tendencies (matter). Our memory functions through discontinuity; by necessity, fragmentation makes navigation conceivable as an act of trust, a rolling game.

skin ink sink

the viscous vehicle delivers the synthesis across

a wasteful apothecary

ferocious earth is increasing degrees
(test-ground earth)
((with menacing lush))

the operatic garden of the sky

speeds
the vanishing point

(vision)

towards

a glissando of fronds
perfect and obscure
decorates
a void of illumination
daggered by

eight

scenes

decorating

eight

hours

to tether untethered-tetherers
to their theatre of opulence
their hype, their inflation
tethered by storm cells

Hearing simulations >< tracing Tensions

spacing out from the sound of the lowest possible frequency.

Concept Engineering (archaeologists).

Deliberative synthesis and the manipulation of the synthetic; the purposeful and strategic mobilisation of the resources to hand; a process of cobbling together.

In contrast to the artisanal; a pragmatic and social way of knowing, at home with complexity and multi-scalar systems; technoflux as the spontaneous philosophy of engineers.

Those theories heavily invested in the contingencies of the material; means less than ends, outcomes more than mechanisms of operation; a mode of assembly and co-operation for carbon- and silicon-based actors.

The contingencies of the material/ the contingencies of the maternal.

deliberative
the walking womb is synthesis
hysterics are leashed by copper tethered

replacement of the impermanent
let's break what we know too well

the internet is a self-actualising body

Holds the sigh of a chair,
and the elegance of inelegant solutions.

seen through a shape
contained
curved

Holds the promise of a window sill

bedlam

painterly

the wash
the wash

Bounces off the ceiling rose

A transformative overlay or loosening, as in painting.

Tongues lintels

Start by tracing a line: A definition.

Continually failing and cannibalizing across spaces, a single line traces over/other lines that connect from one distinct space to another. While each conceptual formation undergoes an alienating process. Translation through the wash breaks down any imposed 'Law' that keeps these spaces distinct. The wash is radical openness to the otherness of contingency, methodically getting into states of unknowing.

WASH

Both the fissure and the join. A seam between processes, a seam between patterns, a glitch across hallucinations.

Of discontinuity and continuity, the wash is not so much a particular gesture of thought as much as a general motion for both disentangling and producing, whirling the knotted complexities of conceptual spaces.

An immanent cover of the wash has an innocent ambivalence. It could be seen as a certain kind of atemporal ignorance. That is, a wash ignores the metric (and metre of language); most rules cannot adhere to the flux of atemporal adjacencies, mad conceptual leaps or epiphanies arrived at from spaces feathered beyond the vectors of likely destinations or domesticated horizons. A wash is an invisible mechanism that simultaneously carries and erodes language – blurring, melding and moulding the sensed percept-conceptual binds, carrying over fragments of functions, removing traces of language and gestures of thought from different places – repeating Cannibal from one place to the next one (and on).

The wash arcs in the universal logic of translation; “Intersectional” references universal motions where translation modifies spaces, and spaces modify meaning (a trans-integrative and disintegrative process). Methodologies for emancipation – how we can translate, engineer, or navigate what we want as a social body – are arrived at via a transitive, parametrization of scalable ‘problems’ from a bottom-up universal, necessarily resistant in attitude –at times abortive– within short-term, local or myopic solutions. The wash channels new currents for taking definite steps.

(the wash)

How to disentangle
such complex
and knotted spaces
(since we can think of all three of these concepts
as geometries)?

(the wash)

That which does not purify
but bleeds; which contaminates rather than cleanses.
The appearance of the particulate breaking down; an interpolation
between hues
– but pigment retains its particulate intensity.

Spits out skirting

That which is dislodged and that which is sustained.
Crucially, that which is dislodged.
Crucially, that which is sustained.
Destroyed in any fixity; the fragment as part of the wash.

Kisses dovetail joints
Holds the emptiness of the open doorway

through which
through which

THERE ARE BODIES, THERE ARE LANGUAGES, THERE ARE TRUTHS. THERE IS THE
WASH.

To glitch, sound space forks discontinuously in overlapping tendencies (matter). Our memory functions through discontinuity, by necessity fragmentation makes navigation conceivable as an act of trust, a rolling game. As pigment particularity. As thinking (as) no one in particular. Living as erratum, reconstituting as the glitch. Xenopoetic breakdown. The dissolving bestiary; the beasts have been freed from their pages.

The trap of othering

“but it is okay to allow oneself to be between multiple worlds; between the othering and what is not. I think I am getting a little metaphysical. Something related to the tension experienced when waking from aeonic dreams - to the way in which reality gets structured by the very idea of division.”

These brilliant glimpses are so important to think through, learn from, and to develop some kind of relationship with the unknown, in both its peculiar generality and its peculiar particularities.

Digging far from the bellow; there is never enough of nothing. Digging far to the bellow; never is enough of nothing.

The mouth unspeaks the walls
which have no name

the red wash of nothing
on the screens
flood plains just like home planet.

illumination and the suck of all light

annihilate equally

unspeaks the floors

Which have no name

and there are 300 fires

dawn's eye of golden needles, a perspectival dream
a glissando of fronds, what numbers are they playing?

unspeaks the door
Which has no name

THIS nature annihilates as surely as the void
illumination annihilates as surely as the blackening

materiality shot through with electricity
the cursor skips and stutters

running towards and falling into dawn's void,

The mouth unspeaks unspeaks u n s p e a k s

the golden needles of the book of hours pierce me and my breath leaks out through the holes.

the fern plays a glissando, green fingers ghastly.

all is awful and beautiful.

the bright and dark void. one and the same.