



# McKenzie Wark Dispositions





## Dispositions

MCKENZIE WARK is the author of three previous books: *Virtual Geography* (Indiana University Press); *The Virtual Republic* (Allen & Unwin) and *Celebrities, Culture and Cyberspace* (Pluto Press). He teaches media studies and nonfiction writing at the State University of New York, Albany. His writings have appeared in *American Book Review*, *Bookforum*, *Chain*, *Jacket*, *The Literary Review*, *New Statesman*, *New Internationalist*, *Pierogi Press*, *Salt* and a wide range of other publications. For 9 years he was a columnist for *The Australian* newspaper, as a “lapsed Marxist in the pay of Rupert Murdoch.” He lives at about 40.7° North and 073.9° West, aka Williamsburg, New York City.



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To the memory of Colin Hood:

*We carry others, until others carry us.*

*The carrying is the us.*





## Dispositions



Armed only with a notebook and a handheld global positioning device, **McKenzie Wark** tracks the secret passage of free time and free thought through the spaces of an everyday life lived increasingly in the shadow of the satellites. **Dispositions** records one writer's experience of art and everyday life while struggling to be at home in (and against) a world of global commerce and surveillance. **Dispositions** proposes a joyous but pragmatic anarchy of thought and writing as the antidote to the discipline that states and markets alike impose on knowledge and culture. **Dispositions** glides across the writing of Deleuze and Virilio, the art of Gursky, Eliasson, Parreno, the architecture of Murcutt and Gehry, the music of La Monte Young and DJ Spooky, the cinema of Luhrmann and Schnabel, the sights of Kings Cross in Sydney, Soho in London or Williamsburg in Brooklyn and a chance encounter with Rudi Giuliani as if there were a seamless connection between them, waiting to be discovered under arbitrary distinctions of genre, form and style.



Perhaps a state of being, whether attained or acquired, is a set of coordinates that give your position here with respect to there.

— DICK HIGGINS

The formula for overturning the world, we didn't seek it in books, but in wandering.

— GUY DEBORD



3.55 PM EST  
North 40.71974°  
Elevation 75´

29th January 2001  
West 073.95769°  
23´ Accuracy

The sun shines out of my ass. Or so it was once comforting to think. And so thought everybody. Man, the measure of all things. Or woman, as if that made much difference, up against the magnanimous spread of the world.

Consider the logistics of how things come to us; of how we come to things. Rocks and plants; flesh and steel. A world in which if there is some guiding light it is inhuman. It's all mesh of data, telemetry of moving bodies, resources allocated and deployed.

The live feed is no longer my breakfast. I am its breakfast. This caloric load comes off inventory. Some small quanta of stuff will move through the world making good its consummation. Run the movie in reverse: from mouth to fork to plate to grill to fridge to truck to store to plant to farm to seed to earth and rain and the sun that marks its melanomas on my ass.

But there are still those who can draw a golden beam from their ass to the skies. They have not lost perspective. Theirs is a power always born again. Theirs is a world they always array around their radiant centre.

Sun kings and sky gods: there is nothing they don't see that matters, there is nothing they can't do that matters. (Or so one might suppose). They camouflage their bodies, not their radiating souls.

Their ways become our ways, soon enough — their tools of command, control, communication. Soon enough these come to power pop up toasters. Speed and precision are the marks of rank. The digital divides all knowing from all known.

Leave it to these khaki lords of coordinates to turn the planet's surface into an orbiting football field. They grid it so they may gird it. Satellites orbit my ass. They free me from the need to know its disposition. They feed me with coordinates. No need to keep track of place or time when

there exists in the world the Pentagon's global positioning satellites and the global positioning device.

It arrived, much expected, in the mail today, the Garmin *Etrex*. Rubber buttons in black hole black on sky gray plastic, the lcd screen behind reassuring glass. The courier delivered it to the home address. Sign your name here, on another lcd screen. Tick off one more mission in the endless blipstream of delivery.

That home address, that singular string of alphanumeric, is an abstract way of grasping space, but not as pythagorean as global positioning. Coordinates for anywhere, anytime, all over the astroturfed surface of the world. An address for anywhere at all with a hopeful view of the sky.

Take the gray machine for a walk from home to a favourite cafe. Track the vector between the two positions. The great outdoors becomes an addressable space, like any home or hard drive.

*Noblesse Oblige*: The camo kings provide the signal free to everyone, everywhere, with one of these devices. It listens for the satellite's signals, their almanac of the seconds, and triangulates accordingly.

Aboard each satellite beats an atom heart, beating time into precise submission. That perfect time is broadcast to the world. A global rock-fest for the age of punk machines. Point the plastic gizmo at the sky and it counts the delay with which the perfect time imperfectly arrives, and estimates its distance from four titanium stars.

But there is a margin of error, a random factor. This pen tip is at the precise coordinates above – give or take 23 feet. Sometimes, the circle widens, the location less precise. There's always sand in the cogs somewhere, even if these days its the ionosphere, or the troposphere, where things get gritty.

We're all in the service now, and know exactly where our asses are. The luxury of accuracy – the fifth coordinate. Let X equal X. Your ass



is where and what you think it is. No wonder they pronounce him *Colon Powell*.

The English ruled the seas with their chronometers; now Americans rule the skies. Hold this gray ruler and hold with it the beat of empire. Garmin *Etrex*, digital sextant. On its cinereous face a picture of the world.

The perfect good for a perfect world. It arms me for that other struggle: to find what tiny wavering lines might steal away from all perfected surfaces. An art of digging bits that don't add up.

The sampling of the world as it passes, percepts buzzing the sensoria, affects tingling the nerve net, concepts bouncing about the frontal lobes as they flit by on their way to other theatres. But just for one moment, smudged in time and ink, they pass through the reticular error of this pen and into the cryptic bank of this page.

This new journal, bought especially, the paper ruled by latitude. The book square, the pages an unraveling map, an airless crack between each leaf. Opened for the first time here at this table, close to the glass wall, but hiding from the light it breathes.

This floor, bare and porous, was once treelike and now isn't. This instruction manual was also once living, living in the organic sense. Now it pauses between habitations. It holds in place the symbols by which one learns to point this gray toy to the sun and get for this locution all the points the radio sky accommodates.

This zone, where this wood is floor, where this heat is coffee. This is what is here now, cooling in the darkening light. This skinny sun, this digital jazz, inhabiting the same air. This dissipating hangover, this cramp in the writer's hand.

To leak into the cracks in a perfect world and flee along them. That might be what home is now. A home that could be anywhere. Not elsewhere; anywhere. Life need not be elsewhere, always pressing nose to

glass. Home can be here. But here is anywhere. This where, now:  
Homing.

*It is part of morality not to be at home in one's home.* It is the ethos of the ethical to embrace anywhere as part of another home.

*Circular error probable:* the hole in the zero within which a missile falls, arm outstretched to greet its coordinates.

4.00 PM EST  
North 40.71869°  
Elevation 111 ´

29th January 2001  
West 073.95620°  
26 ´ Accuracy

There it abides, resisting description. White yet not while, a matted  
transparence. Solid yet tending not. Persisting in this its kind of time.  
Why would one think time has quantities, when here is time for the  
abiding that has a colour all its own? Yet which owns nothing, owes  
nothing, has no being but its eroding into the danken gray beneath.  
The cold in which this persists, slomo waterfall, shares these fingers in  
its curve of burning. *Rough jackets sample elderly years. Coma fuses cough  
out fearful diameters. Programs seethe to glue incongruous words.* Five  
words per sentence, each iteration, here a door away from that cool  
melt. An artist programs an inexhaustible stream of meaning. Then in  
the next room, the paintings, issue of that hand. *No Name Yet*, their  
handle. Frozen time their beat. Melting strata of paint, mimicking, for  
all the world, it's stone. This man paints time. Geology of morals. Time  
frozen, the sun reversed. Or so it seems. Mimesis is what it isn't. Snow  
and paint, each fools this mortal time with beats that know no heart.

3.48 PM EST  
North 40.71379°  
Elevation -63´

2nd February 2001  
West 073.94454°  
33´ Accuracy

The cell phone is on, expecting Tracy Ryan to call. Errors in coordination, data movement from point to point. Errors in dislocation, movement of vehicles through the sky, through the ground, under or over the river.

It is the expectation of guests that makes this place take on the colourings of home. Relational construct.

Rain intersects the pavement at something short of 90°. It intersects with time, intermittent. A pattern not a pattern, clumps of occurrence. Some eccentric algorithm beating on the pavement. Hear it chanting: *All go rhythm, all go rhythm . . .*

Idle vehicles contain combustions, immaculate disco. A lighting of gas and air, metal flung back, all to no immediate purpose. Power held in reserve.

A man walking, hammer in hand. Is this hammer's commute to its use or back to its home? The hammer, in between states, its sleepless rust, its imperceptible stress.

Every tool is a taming of violence, a home for violence. Unleashing yet still leashed. The sky gray *Etrex* slung neckwise, albatros of *target acquisition*. A talisman of precision's *cutting edge*.

Some Japanese girl snuffles while the boy talks on a cellphone. Her wrists thinner even than this that writes. They make a connection of not connecting. The comfort of indifference co-presence. They commune with nothing, but nonetheless commune.

Mel Gibson's teeth; Helen Hunt's cheek. They face down local habitations, calling all home to this boarded skin. Remind me to avoid that movie.

Why does the person standing near annoy? Too close for comfort.  
Within the perimeter of what this awareness needs to call an I an I.  
Circular error probable.

The pork shoulder over there is only 49¢ a pound. Unpigged.

1.48 PM EST  
North 40.72218°  
Elevation 53´

4th February 2001  
West 073.95113°  
17´ Accuracy

Trees are just racked leaves. These pigeons run some subroutine. Flap close, not too close. Each defined by a variable proximity to proximity. They are of one mind that rests in movement.

Flocks of cars ripples the atmosphere, churning particles. So long as there is air it is never quite quiet. Air has so much to say for itself. Sound is just bugged air.

Across the waters, through the haze: skyscraper! More tree than it looks.

Seagulls are another pattern, not just of white, but of distribution. They are bigger here, than where I come from. I am smaller.

That boy on the scooter is about as big as me relative to these seagulls as a relational perception. The boy comes to be against his mother's wishes. He has his context, I have mine. Every figure is a ground for another figure. Every ground a figure for another ground.

Fumbling for the rubber buttons on the *Etrex*. These gloves just make the cold more feelable. On bare skin, this cold is off the scale and can't touch at all. One shrinks into nothing except resistance to cold.

The way those dogs walk their people, keeping them tied to the reconnoitering smell. There is a dog world here of scent sensations. How this world must yield to another battery of senses. To a dog, the world exists to be sniffed. All animals have presumptions.

Know this position, but not these proteins. Space cut with lines, not primed with wafts. This language sieves for signs, not sense, not scents.

Cold is a sense, sense of economy, burning against drains on resources. Not stacked against this contingency for long. Unlike the trees,

humans cannot shut down peripheral systems, but can adopt adapt any stray matter to seemingly peripheral function. Humans are engineered for abstract climes. Nature's trouble pups.

3.41 PM EST  
North 40.71955°  
Elevation 16´

5th February 2001  
West 073.95775  
27´ Accuracy

Note to reader: write the time and place of this reading in the margin. Or maybe write the time and place of the writing of the time and place.

Dwelling in the moment, dwelling in its wound. Wound around and through it, not wounded but wounding. Wound by time, as time, in time, out of time (break beat segment) another time, time's othering.

Snowflakes eddy, each its own curve. Matter twisting in time — no, not in time, twisting time. There. This twisting. *To dust to*. Punctuation is epistemology.

All matter seems conceivable in snow — yet isn't. It is not like rain is like snow, or ice like snow. Nothing is like; like is nothing. It's that from one passage another passage comes, likewise unlike.

Unlike likewise. *Nothing is a metaphor*. Or perhaps: there is only one metaphor: It was exactly as it was and not otherwise: Exactly unlike a metaphor. There. A meta metaphor. A metaphorever. A break that beats the curve back to metonymy. There is only metonymy, index of unlikely linkage, each link different, and different from what it links.

As snow changes state a knowing comes, of states, changing. The as of actual time, not of an idea of forms outside of time. There is language in the world, not outside, looking on. Everything swerves, even words. 'Til they swerve from swerving and another verb does for the difference.

*One can finally speak 'literally' of anything at all, a blade of grass, a catastrophe, a sensation, calmly accepting that which occurs when it is no longer possible for anything to stand for anything else.*



D+G ATP 198 — some other coordinates. On this table is a manifold part of the world with other axes, but a part of this world, all the same. Everything is a part of the world — even everything.

The check arrives, calling for the partition of tenure at this table, its marking off as a space that another may be in. Some snow is outside, swerving. Inside, the lines do not change, they exchange.

But even here, that crack on this plate, a tissue of filaments. The swerve is in everything, everything is in it. It is, it isn't. No, it isn't it is isn't. It is, it is something else. It's all missed in between. The apostrophe of loss.

*Philosophy of intersections. Condensation without falsification.*

The demand persists. A *check* they call it here. This check not a cheque but a bill. An itemised demand for money. An index abstracted. A debt with the merciful quality of finitude.

Exchange has its uses. Here, one is without qualities. Or rather, only one quality matters — that the credit card is affirmed. That it is genuine. Or seem so.

One is nothing, nothing but a few pleasantries. Menu choices. Capacity to pay, a big or small tip. One is alone with formed and unformed matters, the bond, the bound, of civility — the lone diner in an empty cafe, writing. This silent blanket of soot-dusted snow.

*Never look for metaphors! (They must be experienced).*

4.11 PM EST  
North 40.72523°  
Elevation -12´

9th February 2001  
West 074.00778°  
30´ Accuracy

The heads come off first. Wax eludes its form. Heat is what all work is made of. The figures, each a menacing Dennis, fetish of the body cast in wax. But just here to dissipate. The heat is the work. Work is just heat. A just heat. Adjust heat.

The marionette's perfection, its pure existence in the wake of things. It knows not what it does and does it clean. Its tiny head bangs the bell. The bell dents its forehead or what one takes as forehead when one becomes what the marionette sees if it could see.

Abstract destructionism. The skeet shoots wall to wall, each shooting toward the other, and the clay pigeons shatter and shitter. Litters of orange and brown. Form is foaming.

Marionettes dancing, limbs all a jigger, human movements detached and attracted to another rhythm. Psychotic funk won't pay the piper.

A factory for making Mister Snowman and all the other snowmans. Fibreglass takes a long, long time to melt.

Dennis Oppenheimer rocks my world. That is the first thought out the door. A factory for useless things. For things with uses not yet known. This crafty art.

Warm envelope of cloth, the body warming in it. Too many clothes for these coordinates. The *Etrex* marks the spot. One arrives at a point and art arrives at a point. Nobody knows what the temperature will be there.

*Codework* — a word extrudes from conversation. Codework it is. Codework, this art of writing put on the same plane as other codes through which domains are notched and grooved.

An art of the code that's across the redundancy of writing, its absorption into other kinds of code, it's digital progeny, its disseminating seeds, its probing digits.

In the cafe after the art with Alan Sondheim and Azure Carter. This, according to the notebook's stuttering scratch, is where codework as a concept strikes a surface. A note recorded shorthand and preserved here in digital bits long after the coffee turns to analogous piss.

**2.46PM EST**  
**North 40.72658°**  
**Elevation 113´**

**10th February 2001**  
**West 073.98234°**  
**31´ Accuracy**

Turn the *Etrex* on, here in this clearing. Everywhere there are fences, keeping mammals from plants, young from old. Breaches abound, but a park is still a haven for categories.

Squirrels have dispositions. There is one, foraging. That forage is squirreling, also. The squirreling foraging is all jerking movement. It is a body that knows only one speed. Movement is measured out in series. Short, arresting fast forwards. The pause. The film jerks through the gate. Hear the shutter snap.

This line is unintelligible. Cold intervened between the muscle and the pen and the notebook. Always transcribe under ideal conditions. Or learn to improvise over recorded noise.

Squirrels have one speed but several modes. They forage and they scan. Scanning turns the body to a pillar for remote sensing. Eyes and ears raised as high off the ground as possible within the fold of resources.

Foraging mode again. The ground divides, patch for patch, each a world before the snout. The world exists in patches, made for squirrel sniffing. The world exists as potentially edible segments interspersed among many inedible ones. Edible segments exist as hidden and unhidden. (Squirrel ontology.)

I do not appear to be edible. Nor threatening. Just curious. The squirrel moves on to the next segment. Is information animal, mineral or vegetable? Hunted or grazed or mined? What segments yield it? What world does its extraction make? A humans asks; a squirrel tasks.

Boys of a certain age make no sense other than in packs. A dispersal of boyness. Components react in various degrees of assertion. The asserting parts still need the assenting parts to acquiesce to their tug.

The pack stretches and bends, an elastic movement. The pack finds its edge against the fences. Assert the climbing of a prohibited tree; pull against the slack end of the pack, which resists, and pulls the assertion back. Pack it in and squirt off on another rumble. These bounds that swamp boys and harbour squirrels.

A memory: Of squirrels. Name and place coordinates: Greg Thibodeaux's invitation to share a meal with his family after his bayou tour down in Cajun country, Louisiana. The Spanish moss hangs from trees, filtering life from air. *You catch squirrels with rat traps*, he says. *Tie them to a tree with a coathanger and skin from the neck down.*

A memory: of a squirrel memory. As he talks of skinning squirrels, inviting a memory of a squirrel in Union Square, close enough to see the texture of its fur, its brown eyes looking at looking.

A memory of a memory within the memory. *Memory: the space in which a thing happens for the second time.*

Or rather, in which it keeps happening. *How can a moment of the world be rendered durable or made to exist by itself?* Memory as that condensing ocean ongoing, waiting to come back, willy nilly, into the world.

One is not present, in the present, but presented, at this present, with the present of other presences that pelt together. Tangled fur of time. This knot reveals the squirrel strand.

This time does not flow, but is always already. This time connects to others, not adjacent, but elsewhere, elsewhere, gone or going to come. Time is nets meshing nets.

Ambiguous gift of friendship to a stranger. The marking of the stranger's time, the marking of memories to come. Planting follicles in stranger film. Making ones mark on tempos others live, Greg Thibodeaux.

The way this language resists its thinking. The meshing of thought and word, of absolute and variable speed. Pulling flashes of teeth

together with the trapping into metered time. Writing comes that friendly stranger to skin webs of possible time.

Is that closure or connection? Or just a reason to stop as the *Etrex* finally yields a reading and cold makes itself at home in the flesh. Almost black squirrel, almost unbearable cold. This swamp swung out too far from that sun's waste.

**1.11 PM EST**  
**N 40.71475°**  
**Elevation 150´**

**11th February 2001**  
**W 073.35218°**  
**35´ Accuracy**

Pigeons feeding on bread tossed on concrete. Brand new ecology. Starlings pick at the edges. All kinds competing. We are all foreigners here. Except the bread. Bread born here in this neighborhood, a few blocks away.

Bread chunks not made for little beaks but bigger hands. The feast a frustrated peck peck picking at the stubborn hunks. Seed eaters challenged by another species of scale. The bite size is relative to the bite. Picked apart by human hand, the bread yields its peck of nutrient. The redistribution of wealth.

Flags on the fly. Air blues a field of stars, then ripples through the red white bed of stripes. Fabric folds against the gas. A matter of friction, a fiction of matter. Each burst of flap its own measure. Movement trapped in a useless system.

Flag poles don't fly flags, they tether them. Liberty sheets home to known coordinates. The little Nazi in us loves the pole, not the flag.

The airplane overhead makes more linear use of folding air, splitting the difference between the low road and the high road, levering metal on gas.

The plastic bag as flight system. No pole centres its flux. No fixed wing levers its motion motors. Its movement is free, but may end in some aerodynamic drop zone, where the air does not favour flight.

The pigeon as species of plastic flying bag, only one in need of feeding. Put bread in the bag and it rots. Put bread in the pigeon and it shits. Take the bread from the bag and set the bag loose. Break the bread and set the crumbs loose for pigeon sampling. An ethics of unfolding potential trapped in forms.

Nothing more joyous: burning flags for no cause.

12.19PM EST  
North 40.71774°  
Elevation -12´

12th February 2001  
West 073.95402°  
41´ Accuracy

It's all about quantities. The big trucks come, loaded with pallets. The forklift forks the pallet from the truck and fangs it into the warehouse. There they stack: On the pallets are boxes, and in the boxes are smaller boxes, and in the smaller boxes – containers yet again. It's containers all the way down in this world.

Admiring the skill of the forklift driver. Precision deployment of speed and angles. A knowledge of just how far and fast these crates of empty nested eggs can twist and till in the wind before they tumble.

Time is all, in the distribution business. **RAPPAPORT AND SONS GLASS AND PLASTIC CONTAINERS CAPS AND CLOSURES.** The storage of storage. The container is a vector through time. It could pass through any time, and pass anything through time that will fit within it. For a time. Some things travel better than others from then to now.

Nearby are pallets of bales of old cloth. Containers for flesh. The next truck is already waiting. They leave the motors running. Men in work clothes, some one wear away from being baled. Some Asian men, some Latino, some Black.

The other life of organic compounds. The wool of the coats; the wood of the pallets. The loaders wait for the truck driver to open the hatch. He is in possession of the truck; they of its contents. A division of labour. Regardless of one's station, one is merely a mover of containers, those vectors from when to when.

A memory: Zoe Sofoulis, lecturing on the container versus the vector, home versus travel, female versus male. Containers of food, of clothing for the body, container of the home. Women as makers of what resists puncture.



It's women, says Margueritte Duras who hold men home so they do not wander and get lost. Children too. Containing may be a strategy to hoard home against the tug of space, but what it holds against space it hands over to time, that other vector of how things come to us; of how we come to things.

The container has its own logistics now. Neither time nor space can have much gender when even man-made time and space cease to be human.

12.34 PM EST  
North 40.71970°  
Elevation 64´

12th February 2001  
West 073.95763°  
46´ Accuracy

Surprise! This goes with that, and that. DJ Spooky's music pokes its spoke in unguarded ears. A scratch, a beat, a sampling of a sampling. Grains of sand of sound jostle on this beach this breach. Released from the prison house of vinyl. The DJ finds coordinates in time, not space. There's an *Etrex* in the DJ's soul.

The DJ wants sound that's elemental. Free from genre, period, authorship, all known coordinates. Music not as a sky bound genealogy, from roots up to stars. Music as open house. Hear Calls Everything. DJ Spooky has this down. It's the flavour of his favours, the minx in his mixtures.

Or maybe spin that around. These samples have him, they taste him, sample him. Why put a name to this disappearance? To remember the site, the body, that got caught and became this alien visitation.

The other's track that follows makes it plain. These beats are stale, this rap an imitation of an imitation. Music of mimesis. Each one slightly fuzzier than the last. This one did not catch the virus.

DJ Spooky has the virus. Music turns his cells over to its combustible productions. Codework of pure music cells, factories of sound. A fire engine turns a corner and adds its wave to the wave.

Cut and mix, the bywords of codework. Cut from one home, mix with cuts from another. Home abstracted. Grounding figuring ground. Home as where the unhomed home back in against an other's uncanny grain.

2.27 PM EST  
North 40.72177°  
Elevation 2´

12th February 2001  
West 073.96316°  
28´ Accuracy

Once you throw away transcendence then magic returns. Cast the chosen seed in running water, cast the wish with it. The voodoo charm, the connection to connections. It can work, too, though not through any mystery. Through the willing, choosing the willing, willing what what is to come.

The licorice waters of this river, their indescribable lapping, patterned yet not patent. Why even try to represent that sound? Just sit by the water and beach an ebb and flow of words alongside. Nothing can be likened, not even a wish. Not even nothing. Give up wishing likening were possible. Calmly accepting the making of this, as it comes.

The idlings of the city across the water. Its coral reefs, filtering junk from trash, the takings from the leavings. This pure sky of toxic particles. This pure distribution of blue. This maximum entropy.

The waste of the shoreline, wanting to be released. The hope that is garbage, the potential latent – and waiting – for new forms. The waste of form, form never pure enough or perfect enough. Form always hinting at trash, stinking of trash. The trash insisting in form. Sitting among the washed up trash, washed up trash.

Casting voodoo seed, not onto ground, but into running water. Not to pollinate the plot but spore an eddy. Yes you always get your wish if the wish is for all sorts. Dice this rippling baize.

The joy of the city, cruel and thoughtless funhouse. The imperfect grid of it, the numbered containers. Here things happen, pressed into space 'til it crinkles. And from within these folds comes the form. The silver tapered tower, with its arc of triangular windows at the apex, blooming from the nondescript pleats. A shiny hood ornament for the pulsating vehicle. Pleasing proof of the possible.

The longing, dangerous longing, subtracting an image from time as it tumbles, making a fixed point of it. The longing in that faking for a home. *If you can make it here, then you can make it anywhere.* It's not an ambition that is at stake, but a homing instinct. The effort to stick to this smooth surface. In spite of the callusing cold.

4.30 PM EST  
North 40.72007°  
Elevation 174´

2nd March 2001  
West 073.95791°  
179´ Accuracy

A memory: Upon finding it in the toy department, I clutched it close and found a home in it. The fur is fair, synthetic, a *plushie* as some say here. A stuffed animal, in kangaroo shape. A kangaroo in diagram, not structure.

I hold it and it holds, in turn. It holds a tiny joey in its pouch. I am that joey. Or maybe I am the kangaroo on which a joey homes. (Why does this spellchecker not know the word joey?)

Somewhere there is a factory, somewhere in China. The workers cut acres of fake fur into kangaroo selections. Other workers stitch and stuff. Others insert the music box into its guts. Still others pack and dispatch in containers.

*The workers didn't like the Taiwanese owner very much. Some of them made as little as twelve cents an hour.*

Endless production, relentless flow of flows, that meets this other endless flow of feeling. This feeling that wants escape from flow, that seeks a container for keeps. The deathless death of home.

Standing in the store, I shake the kangaroo and a note comes out, a note but no music. Maybe it is broken. That child's sympathy for the broken thing. That adult's sympathy for the child one imagines one remembers being.

Christen takes the kangaroo and yanks the joey straight out of its pouch. Something in me gapes at this violence, but then hears the sense of it. The joey's tail tapers long, umbilical, which as it uncoils winds the music.

Out of those stuffed guts comes 'Waltzing Matilda'. The air spirographs this old, familiar tune. I ravel it around myself and

breathe in as if it were the air I know. Letting the breath out, it mingles tuned air with other air. I bought myself that kangaroo.

With Christen away in another city, that kangaroo tune is all there is to make the apartment resonate with some familiar feeling. Draw the joey from its pouch and out comes that sad refrain that keeps the me in me afloat.

A story: There's a swagman, between positions, shall we say, camped in a tree's shade by quiet water. He sings softly to himself, while a sheep wanders down to slake. The swagman grabs and bags the beast.

But the law sees all, and challenges him. The swagman won't give up the sheep, or answer to the law. He plunges into the waters, where he drowns.

If you pass by those waters, where these events transpired, the swagman's ghost will sing to you the song he sang on that last day. It is this song: 'Maltzing Matilda'. A song that carries itself in its own pouch.

The writing of migration. In Australia, so much of it about arriving, so little leaving. Can we be a we in the wider world? What is it like to belong there, beyond the island pouch?

One forms habits wherever one is, habits that make a loop of repetition, which after all are all a home, a self, can be. This cafe, the Moroccan steak and eggs — a habit. The *Etrex* and its dispositions — a habit. Reading books in cafes — a habit. I sit here reading and this draws the circle on which I can I. That circle is this I, this habit.

The book: John Kinsella's *Kangaroo Virus*. Here is a reading that inhabits it.

*Interlopers change on entry*. There is no entry into a place. The apparent consistence of the enterer is just memorial. One becomes a feature of the habitat.

*One breathes the dialect of a micro climate.* One settles, one becomes a number of another set. Only the residue of an elsewhere keeps the self in limbo, not quite fitted for new strands, but thereby engaged with the problem of boundaries.

*The compass notes its own attraction.* The notebook reeks of other affections. The particular concentrates the focus, bursting through the distraction of the categories. The Australian in America learns to lift the tongue to articulate the letter R.

*An authentic case of mimicry.* Homing in on the art of one's contemporaries, of those sounding out the shared horizon. Plotting coordinates whose numbers have some quality. The island home that art alone still makes.

The swagman is nothing but his travels. To avoid capture he plunges into another world, becoming something altogether otherwise. He lodges in song, and memory, and kangaroos made in China.

I always wondered what happened to the sheep.

**2.03 PM EST**  
**North 42.34367°**  
**Elevation 25´**

**4th March 2001**  
**West 071.07254°**  
**23´ Accuracy**

What dwells in this time is the memory of another. The memory extends into this time from that. The memory of time is time. Time's ectoplasm: time distilled through bodies in conjunction or conjugation.

The separation has its positive side. Detaching bodies from their habitual folds about each other. In too-intimate proximity, memory dims, time loses its duration. With the break of absence, time congeals again into a surface, unfurling its magnificent skin. This is the life that doesn't die. One blood slakes another; another, another.

To endure the separation that binds not merely the two, but the many, together. The many in the two, the two in the many. This is love, writing. This is how it writes itself across the place where I was, now that I am in your closeness. Here in this other city, two degrees North and two degrees East, in these streets that you have walked and breathed and pioneered for us.



4.05 PM EST  
North 40.71385°  
Elevation 225´

6th March 2001  
West 073.9431°  
78´ Accuracy

The shame that is waiting. The seed rotting, not sprouting. The body bottled up against itself, against its changes. Containing itself for an event that may not come to release it.

Unable to seize the moment. Unwilling to work on the matters at hand, when the hour of judgment looms. Everything attached to the promise that may not come to pass.

Mindful time, but where mind and time become slack, slack at first and then taut. It is all or nothing. All, if the promised something comes. A promise elating and deflating all at once.

This slack self, if all it can live for is another's promise, another's recognition, another's judgment — it can't be worth that much. Even if that other values it, this itself the self will come to find devaluing.

All or nothing. If there is nothing, no promise, then there is nothing to react to this nothing. If there is nothing, this self is not recognised. It exists for a future that does not come for it. The future slackens again to nothing.

It is all contrary to physics, this metaphysics of the wait. As the judgment time nears, the tie that ties this time to judgment does not slack, but tightens.

Either way it breaks when judgment comes. Either way there is the shame of being tied to another's say-so. Either way there is the lost glory of the time that could have been untied were it not for expectation.

These are the times in which lives wallow. Times of waiting, always waiting. One waits for the bus, for the birth, for the sack, for the fuck, for the dope, for the blow, for the prompt, for the crash, for the cash,

for the executioner, for the stay of execution. A logistics of lists and listlessness.

Why is it that I just can't sit and write that application? The money it would bring! The time the money buys! But the sentence, too — the waiting. To put oneself in the place of waiting, the null terrain of the hope, the grind zero. *Hope is the leash of submission.*

Stealing time from this waiting. Time to read and write, think and breathe. One of the only two things that seem important is this silence, in which to put thought to words. Some solitude; and that other thing, some love.

These things that are not opposites, but conspire in their escape from waiting. Escape to a place where what comes comes, and one comes with it, alone or together, coming into time, the coming that is time. Time as it is, needing no past or future to judge or justify.

No command remembered, no judgment awaited. One can be there. Two can be there. Can many? *Still to be where we are nothing but this 'still' to be lived.* That place outside *Chronopolis*.

Waiting all day today for the ice storm that didn't come. The workplace closed, expecting it. Instead of the storm, this fluffy snow — a parody of a storm. Snow flakes turning in the sky, little clinamens, dissolving on skin.

It is not that one waits *in vain*. Waiting is vain. As if time stood by for desire. Time abides its own desire.

4.15 PM EST  
North 40.71984°  
Elevation 175´

7th March 2001  
West 073.95778°  
174´ Accuracy

Back here in the place where it all started. Same chair, same table; different light, different time. Slightly different reading. The *Etrex* begs to differ after two decimal *placings*. Curious too how this spot has risen one hundred feet in the air. Is it the satellites or the earth that is in error? In this world, it's hard to be sure.

Revising all that's written up 'til now. That urge to revise, keep the words in play, keep writing alive, mutating, proliferating. This is one virus the writer's body works to keep in the blood.

*The work is the death mask of its conception.*

When does an observation end? When can one close its account? Writing as that life beyond living, that contagion of time. Seeding time with codes for other forms, not known yet, but possible.

All one finds at any point are what passes on to others. No infinite touch; no eternal rejoin. To declare something timeless is to lack a sense of scale.

There is only this codework of making movement new. Ah, but the payoff — knowing that there are no debts that cannot be worked off. A pound of flesh is just so many ounces.

To revise the world. Revision, not to perfection but defection. To put a twist in things. Add some new grain to its grist. To modify its matter. To make matters matter makes matters mutter. To make matters mutter makes mutters matter.

3.43 PM EST  
North 40.76644°  
Elevation 45´

9th March 2001  
West 073.97637°  
36´ Accuracy

Gave up trying to see the Andreas Gursky photographs. MOMA flogged him like a rock star, reviews and write-ups and big colour ads. Come see the sublime! And to the sublime folks flocked.

Strange, these crowdings round the giant prints in order *not* to see them. The craning and gawking at tiny details, cars and bodies dispersed as gestures across the surface. Stand back and they mill in close. Pigeons pecking grains of silver.

Catch myself doing the same. Gursky's stockmarket pix, a textured mottle of bodies. The whole frame is active, the edges as resonant as the centre, so the centre blurs under the weight of repetitive figuring.

But it's not the aesthetics from which the gaze averts. It's the terror of Gursky's world beyond the frame and scale of human sense and sensibility.

These stockmarkets are endless machines of flesh and screen, a field of fastidious pin pricks whose lives as such are pointless, who move and shout for reasons that are not human or even humanly thinkable.

Salerno is a pretty town of fading architectural plinths, pictured cheek by jowl with containers and cars lined along the docks. The old town rots in some indifferent time in the background, while to the fore is matter chopped in brightly coloured chunks.

The Siemens plant is all coiled cords and spools of stuff unwinding into the world. It's workers merge under flouros with all the other interchangeable parts.

Gursky's 99 cent store. Endless flows of cheap-ass shit sits parsed and wrapped and labeled. A place in the world where waste comes to be loved.

These pictures know from whence they come. Giant prints, factory-made from mega negs. Well resolved detail standing out in the almost endless acreage of the frame. Dread creeps into the gap between the hand's span, the eye's grasp, and the ever extending scales that escape them. The inhuman that makes us human.

A huge array of sneakers, mapped on a neat grid and lit to pick out their coloured logos. The choice is too much. The shoes morph and twist against their inevitable shoe-ness. Nothing stands out yet no two are just the same. The struggle of things within markets' fondle embrace. Never quite coming up with anything but the goods.

Seen for the second time, Gursky's Montparnasse apartment still sticks to the eye. It's there in London, at the Tate, and here again amid it's cousins, even more affecting. Gursky fronts the facade square, and crops from view anything but its concrete rhythms. Modern space grown old, a patina of time corroding its vain promise of good form.

A Pollock on a wall, the floor and ceiling framing its edges, the colour drained but still insisting. This is what becomes of even the most radical gesture. Desire gets fitted for a frame. The promise of the unframed field is bordered with the chill instrument of contemporary terror: the plain white wall. Gursky's framing of the Pollock the most honest homage.

A tick in the dense fur of the city. Extruded strands occlude the sky. Can't get a fix on this location on the back of the beast. The satellites speak only to the tips.

Lost inside a Gursky photo. This could be that endless dancefloor, or that boundless moneying pit. Dancing and trading amount to much the same expenditure. Money is the music of rhythm. Music is the money of rhythm. *The world go around, the world go around . . .*

Settling in central park, where bird announce a spring not yet spruce enough to open. The blur of yellow cabs coursing through the park's arteries, life of the city, yellow blood cells. To merge and ebb amid their midst.

**50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH 12 FULL FLOOR CONDOMINI-  
UMS 212 721 8500.** Looking up from the notebook, a giant photo  
awes the view. It awns a corner of Central Park and confronts the part  
with its photographic double. A sub-Gursky photo, shot in early fall,  
the trees edging from green to auburn.

Life does not imitate art. Neither life nor art are imitations. Life defers  
to art; art defers to difference.

**4.45 PM EST**  
**North 42.34347°**  
**Elevation -12´**

**14th March 2001**  
**West 071.07242°**  
**52´ Accuracy**

Where I come from they call it a full stop. Here, a period. Period is better. Periodic, spasmodic, a station not a terminus, an interval not an end.

The period is a connecting sign. Together with the following capital, it links sentences as territories. Network routing, roads taken and not taken. Through the period pass all the sentences that do not follow, but which could hang there.

The sentence is what is sentenced to exist, but the period points to the unsentenced. The unsentenced is not a domain of meanings, but of senses. Stare into the black whole of the period, and all the dimensions of sense peer back. Through the period pokes the pollocky world.

Ah, fragments, the joy of disjuncture! But they are not bits of a lost whole. They are bits of what may be new holes. So many holes that could be made from fragments! The laugh track unity of the heaping molecules, mounding and mounting themselves, congealing revealing. Make a hole with them and disappear through it.

The paragraph break, like the period, is connective tissue, a codework of disjunctive synthesis. It is not that there is a hierarchy here: period, paragraph, stanza, section. Just different scales of scale.

The connections woven by the sentence thread in and out of the paragraphs' seams. The fabric of prose hosts many passages, on many scales, including tiny ones that pass among its segments.

When hosts connect, so too do their little guests, and the guests of the guests. Mounting dogs mingle fleas. Mingling fleas merge bacteria. Merging bacteria migrate virus. What appears small in size may be big in number. Scale is just punctuation.

The period, the paragraph break, the chapter break, each is a field, each its own plane and scale. But within each field, not all breaks are even. Even periods. Each is a point in a field, but each is shaped by what it joins and what it might but doesn't. Each period a crossroads, but for different freight.

*Epistemology is punctuation*, Bateson said. It's the punctuation that connects the actual to the virtual. The virtual passes in its absence through the punctuation. This absent presence is also the presence of every other punctuation, every other known.

This is all distraction. Avoidance of that other black hole. This listless time. This may be where potential hides, but it hides in fear of its life. The double dose, depressed and disappointed. The future, when it presents itself, does not live up to its representation.

Hope is just a representation. The false promise that sustains the present. Poisons the future. *The future, which changes every instant*. Nothing ever lives up to its billing. The mistake lies in thinking the sign as coin of the realm. Signs never represent. They present. Signs beg to differ.

Still, its hard not to take it hard, to feel presence slip into the blind sun between past and future, linked yet lost to both. Disappointment that the other did not recognise, did not validate, did not offer. They didn't call me. There is no me in the absence of some call.

Or so it seems when hope connected being to a future recognition. It seems impossible to make a new home without another's granting of that right. Impossible to return to what was once home which will now be marked by betrayal of its right to validate existence.

It is not accurate to say that I am sad, for this sadness subsists in the place where I was. There is no self here to rebuff this feeling. When did it start? Impossible to know, for the erosion of the sense to detect such things is its first effect. Depression is the HIV of affect. It attacks emotional immunity.



That she loves me. This remains. This alone points to the chance of forming another sentence. The way the wind catches the queer striped flag on the other side of this other city's street in the late afternoon light.

The way the colours flay at the air, a gentle undulation. This detail is a reprieve. Evidence that grace still clings in things. That virtual grace that peers through every period, seeing yet unseen.

7.07 PM EST  
North 42.34307°  
Elevation 139´

15th March 2001  
West 071.08288°  
57´ Accuracy

Sit still, here comes a story. Writing down stories, here again where the *Etrex* reads two degrees North, two degrees East of home. Stories gathered while sitting still, with others, stories written by others. The way stories pass through flesh and air.

A story: John and Mary. John tapes recovering drunks in twelve step programs; Mary works as a temp but never answers the phones. They like to perform. Stage faux medical emergencies on the subway. Ebola performance art. *Teargas at the regatta*. Somewhere between art and terror. Somewhere between kinds of violence. They inflict accidents on the world as a way of marking their passage in it. (Or so they would believe).

They act out the dark side of media-driven fantasies. There is a path that leads from 'Oklahoma' the musical to the Oklahoma city bombing. *Oh, the farmer and the cowboy should be friends*. Friends in violence, the mapping and shaping of the plains. Rod Steiger, in the movie of the musical, the turbulent black hole that the sheen of the screen pulls away from but pools into nonetheless.

One day, John decides it isn't enough. He thinks he is dying of AIDS anyway, or maybe some other, mysterious, virus. He has Mary steal for him a virus vial from the drug company where she works. He drinks from it.

John becomes an airborne toxic event. *The tides pull at my lust for infection*. Performance art that doesn't just put the body of the artist before the mind of the viewer, but unites them both in fatal exposure. *America loves a successful sociopath*.

There is nothing that can't be recuperated. The freeing of the virus only hastens the finding of the cure. John saves more lives than he takes. Or so Mary decides, after the event. Art of American becoming: the release and capture of violence. Release as evil and capture as tech-

nology. A morality of making do. A passion play of the profane rather than the sacred. *A world dedicated to digestion.*

Oklahoma, once a frontier *where the wind comes sweeping down the planes* now a city. The frontier turned inwards. American violence turned in against itself. The frontier of the body, illness and addiction. Theatre of symptoms. The media landscape, *where the wind comes fresh behind the rains.*

Jon David Wiegand is brilliant as John, but it is Christen that I watch, because she defines the North and South, East and West of me. Christen playing Mary. The seat edge thrill of watching her as someone else. How good she is at it.

The reviewers agree. *Giving a performance that requires physical and personal courage, the actress tears up the stage space. Simply amazing. Burnish what should shine and leave the rest rough. A polymorphous chemistry to die for. She is amazingly focused, funny and terrifying.*

I could have told them that.

The strange quality of being married to a performer. Watching her draw out of herself some things that I know are there, but also things I don't know or don't recognise. Acting as the offering of affect. The playwright and the audience put in communication, not just through words, but through another's body. Through its versions of things felt, things unfelt, things imperceptible. The actor's grammar of unsigned sense. Acting the alien self.

A story: Reinaldo grows up poor in the countryside. He carves his words on trees. Castro is making revolution and Reinaldo wants to be part of it. But he can't find the rebels. When he finds them, it's all over.

For a moment, everything seems possible. The revolution is not just political, but sexual. Reinaldo cruises the beaches and bars, rubbing up against the night. Everywhere there are men who fuck him. Sometimes he fucks them. For a moment, Cuba is free, but quickly

chooses its path. Most despots get their start deposing despots. The rebel is the tyrant's understudy.

The tyranny of conformity returns. Art, in its difference, is intolerable. Reinaldo loses his job at the National Library. As a writer, a queer, he is doubly marked. Thrown in prison, he gets by writing letters for illiterate thieves and killers.

In prison he meets an alluring transvestite with a capacious ass, in which she crams Reinaldo's manuscript. The smuggling cost a thousand cigarettes. His book is spirited away and published in Paris.

Reinaldo wants to escape. He takes to the sea on an inner tube, but he does not make it to Florida. He hides out in parks. All his old friends kill themselves, turn informer, end up in jail.

Not everyone is made of the right clay. Not everyone can be moulded into *Socialist Man*. Castro deports boatloads of crooks, queers and crazies, the bad seeds not fit for the red harvest.

Reinaldo gets his ticket to leave. He has to disguise his name to get on the boat at Mariel, the port from which the trash of socialism ships off to the United States.

Reinaldo comes to New York. Denouncing Castro is not popular. He is the last of the red tyrants in whom people in the west choose to believe after all the others let us down.

*The difference between the communist and capitalist systems is that, although both give you a kick in the ass, in the communist system you have to applaud, while in the capitalist system you can scream. And I came here to scream.*

Reinaldo dies in New York. He is dying of AIDS. He has no medical insurance. He kills himself with the help of his one remaining friend, a man he calls, in a last act of kindness, the only authentic man he has ever met.

Reinaldo has what John and Mary lack. He has, in his typewriter, the space between the keys where opens up another homeland. Not a utopia, perhaps, just another place to be, while sitting at one's desk. The desk is already Mariel. The typewriter a drunken boat.

*The best society, then, will be one that exempts the power of thinking from the obligation to obey, and takes care, in its own interest, not to subject thought to the rule of the state, which only applies to actions.*

To which actions? There's the rub.

**3.15 PM EST**  
**North 42.34771°**  
**Elevation 138´**

**16th March 2001**  
**West 071.08617°**  
**98´ Accuracy**

Industrial scaffolding rises up through the centre stairs of the gallery. The artist put it there. But let's start with the photographs. Aerial pix of estuaries in Iceland. The framing and the elevation draws attention to the landscape as form.

The river's source is really its mouth, where it swallows down the fresh waters. A river's mouth is really its ass, where it expels the last of what it carries as it flows, its sediment of sediments.

Photos follow the whole course of a river. Start at the top left frame at the ass and work your way from left to right, from left to right, along the gut, all the way down to the bottom right, and then you are at the source. The river's folds are folded again, on the wall, one series of folds intersecting another, different one.

This crossroads of cultural convention and natural intention. *No nights in summer, no days in winter.* A flaming gas ring, close to, but removed, from a white wall in a darkened room. *That ring of fire.*

There are circles everywhere. A circular mirror slowly pulses from concave to convex, pushed and pulled by a piston, in plain view on the floor before it. Look past yourself, in the mirror, and the background shifts around the figure. Perceive the field in which you are perceiving. (Don't try this after heavy drinking.)

There's a cylindrical room with a lens suspended in the centre. The lens, from a light house, tilts slightly, spins slowly. It casts refracted rainbows on the walls which undulate up and down as they pass. Viewers circle within the room, turning themselves into analogues of this artificial nature.

There's a video downstairs in which the artist talks about the viewer of his work as a *dynamic mass of potential energy*. He makes them skate in Sao Paulo, on a floor of ice. He makes them glance at the horizon

in Holland, to watch *False Sunset* double the actual one. Or perhaps that is the other way around, for the natural one might not seem worth looking at were it not for its double.

But back to the scaffolding. There's a reason for it. It supports a false floor, sealed and flooded with a shallow pool of water, above which concentric neon circles ripple, a stone cast up, not down, into the light, not water. The double that, once again, doesn't quite duplicate, but displaces, an irony that works free from the code.

A wall added to the inside of a museum, made from rammed earth, dug up just outside. The wall is not quite a wall, its a useless wall. It holds up nothing, partitions nothing. It is brought, like art, into the museum from elsewhere, but in this case, just from out of the ground. The earth is mechanically compacted, *reverse carving*. At the end of the show, the earth goes back in the ground. A short circuit transfer of energy.

One could go on. But what is this writing, that explains what art 'means'? As if the work needed a spokesmodel.

*And interpretation is always carried out with reference to something that is supposed to be missing.*

Those explicable ideas in the art are enough for the reviews, for the catalogue, for the submissions, but no more. They aren't enough for writing. *Your only reality is time*. The presence of experience, slipping away as it always does towards what isn't there.

There are rooms in which mechanical time meets optical time meets the time of tangible serendipity. Perhaps all rooms are like this we just don't see it. The framing and unframing of the risky footwork hedged against the grip of the handrail.

The persistence of the cup coexisting with the brouhaha of brownian motion. The perception of what can be accounted for and what cannot, as happening at the same time. The Möebius striptease.

Does writing have anything to add or subtract from the experience of art? *Experiencing and judging are as distinct as breathing and biting.* A note in the gallery's guest book just says: *thankyou.*



5.06 PM EST  
North 42.34022°  
Elevation 138 ´

17th March 2001  
West 071.089900°  
99 ´ Accuracy

Recovering from disappointment by creating new horizons of *project*. Survival through project, through the projection of a horizon in which many things may yet happen. The capacity, in any situation, to project another situation. Be worthy of this disposition.

Project: A memoir called *Tears*. Appears to be a quest for a secret buried in the past, but the secret is that there isn't a secret, just the fold of the past. The past is a fold that hides nothing. A fold that, when unfolded, does not reveal a sheet with a hidden reverse, but a Möbius strip of memory, the hidden side always becoming the revealed side and vice versa.

And if project doesn't make one feel any better, there's always art. Museums and galleries, the ice box of the possible.

Who says Edward Hopper's paintings are about 'loneliness'? Gregarious people. People unable to dwell, as Hopper was, as Hopper's urban landscape are, in the crystal time and diamond light of an absolute, solitary present. Even this one, with its listless woman, looking out over the rooftops, is hardly lonely. Not when she shares with the green blinds such an infusion of yellow. Yellow in everything, twisting its bits in the browning green and blue.

Picasso had a Blue Period. Now artists have Picasso Periods . . .

All this brown, here hints a museum of forms. Forms tangled up in themselves, an irony folding inward, within the law. Julian Schnabel's *Ragazzo Padre*, too young to be a classical work, too old not to know what begets it. *I had no hierarchical notions of images or materials that could or should be paintings.*

Schnabel's images figure the world, without representing it. Where there's smoke there's fire, but fire is nothing like smoke. *The concreteness of a painting can't help but allude to a world of associations that may*

*have a completely other face than that of the image you are looking at. An index of an index.*

Schnabel's joy in playing in all possible worlds of art. *Anything can be a model for a painting – a poplar tree, another painting, a smudge of dirt.* Art, which, by its bootstraps, is hoisted into being the best of all possible worlds. Even the art trapped under the glass of power, money, media – mumbles of another life.

On the walk home to St Botolph st, the image recurs of a painting of this very scene. I forget who painted it. One of the ashcan artists of the thirties. A study in the shape left by shadows and striped awnings, no longer in evidence. The stripes setting off the strange bulbous shapes of these old street fronts.

The coordinates of a time and place, traveling through time to another rendezvous. Art as this possibility of another rendezvous, added to lived time, adding syncopation. (And then the writing, not about but after it, adding another, polyphonic sense event).

The museum's room, the page's fold, a hoard for time, of new beats yet to come. A yet to come in which the quirks of flesh might have a niche to breathe. Without art, the flesh becomes an object; with art, it breathes in a time that, while not its own, accommodates its vagaries.

*Flesh is only the thermometer of a becoming.*

But such a delicate instrument.

3.06 PM EST  
North 40.73110°  
Elevation -133´

23rd March 2001  
West 073.99604°  
55´ Accuracy

It's the light that is somehow shocking. Rays bounce off surfaces that were once caked and iced with snow. Colours sun themselves, loud chatter of greens and blues. Even the odd patch of red that vibrates with spring intensity. The purple of the flags around the square. Mark of empirical – imperial – occupation. The garbage charms as it wafts, attractive wavelengths. The promise left after the prize.

Back again, two degrees South, two degrees West, in the city which, compared to that other city where Christen is acting, is home. Home as a matter of degree. The *Etrex* confirms this spurious sense of proximity.

These layers of clothing would be superfluous, closing heat within flesh, were it not for the stringy wind sending newspapers and flags on errant errands. My old friends the plastic bags, flocking and flying like some movie.

So this is what it feels like to be almost 40. Flying garbage, an empty bag, borne abroad on boisterous clods of air, thinking ascent has something to do with the plastic arts of the self. Then the winds taper off, wind down, winded, and the ground approaches, black asphalt surfacing in the sun.

The comfort lies in knowing that while the ascent of the first 40 years was really the wind's doing, so too is the descent to follow. The plastic not to blame for the flapping bag it becomes.

Chiropractors practice a black art of communication. Bone and muscle are only objects of their pressuring and pleasuring, high and low. This body knows its flows and folds, and calmly buckles up for impact.

The gas pops in the socket with a reassuring snap and cackle. It's the turbulence, the pressure pulse of gaseous matter, commuting from

high to low, high to low, working off its endless sentence. The adjustment made all the difference, body opening out to itself. Correcting verbs and vertebrae.

Subway notations. Writing with the notebook propped against the stairs as the train arrives. First comes the carriage of air, the mystery train, pushed ahead of its aluminium shadow. A thought arrives to meet it. And its shadow, the carriage of writing.

Walt Whitman's knack of writing and living all at once. He does not just write after the fact, representing a past high point in the lull of the study. In *Specimen Days*, the writing does not represent, it expresses the living as lived, in all its convulsive ratbagery.

It's cramped here, between the old white guy and the fat black woman. Their breathing palpable. She alights at 51st street, making some breathing room. *Specimen Days* is a fragmentary book, but not for all that without thought in form. (DJ Spooky plays as I type this up on the laptop, later.) Specimen days, sampled from the flow. A cut and mix practice ahead of its time.

*Large and vivacious and swift, with wonderful momentum and a loud swelling perpetual hum, varied now and then by something almost like a shriek, they dart to and fro, in rapid flashes, chasing each other, and (little things as they are,) conveying to me a new and pronounc'd sense of strength, beauty, vitality and movement.*

Whitman on bumble bees, or indeed on anything that samples and swarms.

*Are they in their mating season? or what is the meaning of this plenitude, swiftness, eagerness, display? As I walk'd, I thought I was follow'd by a particular swarm, but upon observation I saw that it was a rapid succession of changing swarms, one after another.*

The voice messages on the new subway trains are automated. Gray wool on a warm day. Whitman's syntax absorbs the flow of all around

it. Whitman's gregariousness. Friend to crowds and clouds. Embrace of every living system.

Catching the train that runs between the two institutions that interviewed but didn't hire me. Too much the bent stick to hold up either edifice. Keep writing in the margins. No more representing as what I'm not. Here's 68th street. Hop on off.

Writing, this dam in the river, damn in the river. Hydraulics of writing. Take care not to cause flood or drought downstream. Never knowing when it will rain.

On the train again after the TV interview with Mark Dery and Richard Fidler. Drinks in the bar, afterwards. New York and Sydney connections cathected. Caught between accents. Three points always make a triangle, triangulating, flipping and twisting plastic bag.

Just when not getting the job settles, news that they hired no-one. This writing that looks at the angles, trying to triangulate the day. The trouble with being mediocre is that, unlike the truly untalented, one knows real talent. One is the false talent near to the true, but separated from it. Touching but not of it.

Better to be truly talentless, untouched by proximity to what matters, true to one's delusions of talent. The temerity of the truly talented and talentless; the timidity of the slightly talented.

*There is a type of ambition that would rather be first among the last than second among the first.*

It is not getting old that is so terrifying, but losing the best part of what one has learned. Nothing sadder than old people grown stupid as they age. The ones who discarded their singularity, who grind it down to mere cantankerousness. The canker of cantanker. The withered bag, colostomy self.

As the commodity rubs away at what it opposes, yet needs for its purchase, it rubs itself into ubiquitous nothingness. A thought from

the TV interview. The poetry of the soundbite. The pleasure of the interview, of matching wits with those two whitmen.

2.28 PM EST  
North 40.74749°  
Elevation 119´

24th March 2001  
West 074.00716°  
473´ Accuracy

The vague and expansive feeling of reduced accuracy. Is there something here on the west side the Pentagon wants to hide? The envelope of the I disperses and floats over the rooftops. Airborne contaminant; unsound vibration.

Julian Schnabel is the Elvis of art. Even this most urbane newspaper having trouble wrapping its smudgy coating around his expanding star gas. His largeness of appetite, lack of reflection, naive shrewdness. *I want my life to be embedded in my work . . . like a pressed car.*

Schnabel acts on the *spur of the moment*. A wonderful, devalued phrase. Action kicked into life by time in its disaggregated aspect. The time that procures an art that is hot, panting, willing to be willed.

Buying the next notebook before this one runs out. Anticipation and memory. The bridle of the moment.

A memory: from the party last night, for Geert Lovink and Linda Wallace. Why do people always ask: *Where are you from?* Why not ask: *Where are you to?* Home as unfolding project, not accident of origin. New York is the dream home for people without time to sleep.

Pausing after looking — falling, really — into some really good Bridget Riley paintings. Jazzing the optic nerve. Syncopated, oscillated, visual cortex flooded with data, trying to peel apart streams of colour from trickles of tone. Trying to parse lines and fields. Visual cortex.

Is there a pattern in this splay of colours? Synoptic art, synaptic art, displaying the brain's codeworking subsystems hard at it, struggling to communicate with each other. The faculties at odds, their slack harmony exposed as lack of stimulation.

Almost, but not quite a pattern, the black stripes almost regular, the world almost grasped as form. But not quite. Gamelan tuning: that

music where the halves of the orchestra are tuned just a shade apart. Shimmer of almost perfect tone, eddies of simulacra, not quite content to be content. The tarantella of the not quite.

Nothing, almost nothing separates this not quite of perfection from the not quite of mediocrity. The fine art of the not quite not quite. The mediocrity of the not quite.

Bridget Riley as techno. The figment of formula in the lines. The pigment of formulates in the tones. Colours start to appear that aren't 'there'. But are any colours 'there'? I want electrodes dug in this head to tell.

Stendahl knew how not to write *about* art, but rather, how to write *with* art. Alongside it, shaping a new curve, a new fold. The visceral response to the palpable change it wrought in the stylus of the self, the quiver in its quills.

Field of vision dissolving and liquefying. Having to sit in front of the work, embraced by the work. Diagonal green lines widening and narrowing, streams of lime raining against pulsating wind.

This chapel of the real. Almost quiet, disquieting in its quiet. Taps and rattles. Sound of a room persisting. Air jostled by remote control, a plane overhead, jets of presence. Sounds have no bounds, just overlapping ranges. What a workout for the frontal lobes! Sensory gymnastics. Waste products accumulating. The pain that paint can cause.

Wind on the rooftop, where the coordinates converge. A buff bluff against the ears. Always traffic. Can this really be spring?

The first thing is the light, gorgeous light, swarming in through the skylights, between the dark wood curving beams. The roof cantilevered on light. In the light, the flying machines.

Panemarenko, that crazy Euro, makes objects fly. The giant plastic prophyllactic skin inflated with air, a home made hot air balloon.



Along side lurks its silver painted wicker basket. This one flew, for a while, apparently.

A story: the Japanese long range balloon bombs of the Pacific war. Made of rice paper, and gummed together by school children, they carried incendiary bombs across the entire Pacific ocean, carried away on thermal currents in the stratosphere. The jetstream, which Japanese scientists discovered.

And how American scientists discovered the bombs' provenance. Silica in the ballast bags bore traces of fossil trilobites known to come from only one beach in Japan, a beach soon bombed beyond paleontology.

All art is a flying machine crashed. The good ones get near the border before coming down amid the walls. All activity is in some dimension futile, so it might as well be futile on purpose, as its purpose. (Dig this dour art of pale ontology.)

10.24 PM EST  
North 42.09718°  
Elevation 116´

28th March 2001  
West 075.93180°  
48´ Accuracy

All the best books are unfinished books. Not just unfinished but unfinishable. Fernando Pessoa's *Book of Disquiet*, Walter Benjamin's *Passageworks*. Books that database their own process. Books of this life, and books that add dimension to life. Not just some made up story, characters, plot. (Plot is so aptly named, where writing goes to die.)

All the best books remain without conclusion. They cease growing with their author's last caesura. What remains unwritten is their author's end. These unwritten pages are the finest folds, unwritten because unscripted. Written (unwritten) by the reader.

Who cares whether a fictional character lives or dies? As Wilde says: *One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing.*

All the best books are books, as Whitman says, *of peoples to come*. The book proposes and invokes them. *Inventing a people who are missing*. A literature in trouble ceases to propose — and create — new eyes. (Australian writing, or perhaps that thing called theory — writings that no longer ring with any impending issue.)

These eyes, yet to come, perhaps they are of a different kind. Readers who are not consumers but producers, writers in their own right, their own rite, their own write. *You can ring my bell.*

These seem like appropriate lines with which to start a new notebook. Here, in this city where I work, two degrees North and Two degrees West of home. Christen is in that other city, where her play is, two degrees North and two degrees East of home. She is zero degrees North, but four degrees East of me. The triangulation of love.

Sitting alone at the dining table in Michael Kohler's house. Silence spiked only by an electric hum, and the easements of the house contracting cold. The fridge motor thrumming. A featured solo.

Glorious sound of that special container that slows organic time. The fridge is to flesh as the book is to thought. The place where cellular pop lowers its tempos.

No wonder cryogenics seemed like an almost viable idea in America. All those long dead heads in bomb proof freezers. Refrigeration normalised this dream of a literal (not literary) thaw.

A dream: Some day in the future, the descendants of decadent Californians pop open the cryogenic freezers and eat the dead heads – antique human popsicles. Flesh from before the great contaminations.

Quiet again, the fridge thermostated off. The feedback loop in effect. It's chunky rhythms gone against which to write. Once the book had refrigerating powers, preserving the life of thought in its tissues. Nobody much believes that now. Except writers. Writers, freezing their dead see scrolls. Old wedding cake in the back of the ice box.

*My quiet stroll is a cultural conversation, and all of us – people, buildings, stones, placards and sky – are a huge friendly crowd, elbowing one another with words in the great procession of destiny.*

A great line, but worth resisting. Wonderful books are for sampling. Neither forms nor themes should intrude, and still less interpretations. *Experiment, never interpret.*

One has too much respect for the author's other life to mimic it. Cut and mix – detach from the flow and connect elsewhere. *Do you hear the drums, Fernando?* Perhaps not the reader you had in mind.

It's cold outside, on the front steps. Inevitable cars, their familiar combustions. A stranger, passing. No wait, it's Michael, and this is his house. *Aren't you freezing your ass off?* Rhetorical question. Global positioning is an open air activity. Find the nearest point open to the sky that might serve to fix position.

A memory: of Laura Kurgan, who first used global positioning as a tool for art. A stationary installation – how big the thing was then – recording the place and time of its own being. Over and over, each locus different, leaving an array of dots on the screen for each iteration.

The Pentagon randomised all signals then, not just some sensitive zones, all plus or minus two hundred feet. The installation recorded its own probable field of points of location. The circular error probable of architecture.

How the tools get better, faster, smaller, slicker. With the proper kit, one is always at home in space. But time eludes these times. The dead have much to say to us. They party on in every museum. We do not wake them.

4.07 PM EST  
North 40.77718°  
Elevation 1008 ´

30th March 2001  
West 073.96844°  
140 ´ Accuracy

Contact is contagion. It ice-nines all it touches. Freezing flux in bits. The digital knows nothing it can't sample and connect. It's what we're made for. But then much of us is made by it. We code because we're coded. Who knows where it came from. Outer space is as good a guess as any.

*Bitstream*, the show is called. As good a name as any. The tension's there, in the portmanteau. The abstract grid of differences, discreet and finite, and the infinite billowing time of unraveling.

This show is a signal one. The digital has made its way throughout the artworld. Contact is contagion. Some residues of the old artworld linger. Memories not yet forgotten. So much baggage clinging to this otherwise singular moment of creation. And yet is it all that different now? Old art is just more content for new forms.

Slip the headphones on. Here's the pulse of traffic, or of microscopic underwater insects. The sound of laser surgery or of light itself. There is no flow that can't be coded. No matter no matter how big or small that can't be screened and streamed.

Look back at futures past, future's past. All of past time and all the possible futures are all here. Or could be. Not since Duchamp did the world behind the knothole seem to gape so large. Poor Marcel. He was big enough to conceive of the whole world as his to fuck with. How would he feel now that every possible world is there to fuck with too?  
*Fantastic Voyage*.

Out of data's chora it comes, to make things that will each have their own peculiar qualities. Things no longer come to us from the history of past things. Things come to us from the realm of all possible future things. A future just a cut and mix (away) from things, existing.

Perhaps one day organic things will also lose their history, lose their code. Cut and mix DNA: the transversal sampling that makes mere historical life look accidental. Here it comes, ready or not.

The charm of old media, the warm fuzz of inferior process that clings to them, the halo of uselessness, the sanctity of saving something quite functional from landfill. Old machines as old friends. Their vices well known, their threat dissipated, all that remains is their quirks, which prick us into recognition.

Even the sun can be brought down to earth. There it is, in the gallery, in its perpetual state of is-ness, a slomo atom bomb. The bomb perfected, producing itself out of itself, pure affirmation. Difference needing no other against which to sharpen its rays. The sun is a pure violence, which the trapped bang of any tool or work can only mimic or displace. Looking at video suns on an overcast day.

Input / output: the casual, causal way in which digital art appropriates the world. The artwork as codework, as the creation of new species of sampling, not just new species of samples. Sometimes one sees new samples, sometimes new mixes, rarely both. Make both processes new together, and there is art in all its fearsome glory.

Art history now just one of the fields open for recombination, and in many ways the least interesting. The political, the popular, the natural, the technical, all sorts cut into cubes and diced before the eyes and ears.

This restaurant beneath the museum, a safe place where one can contemplate the open world. It is with the illusion of the point that one can become a line.

*Bitstream*, sponsored by Philip Morris. The cancer of the digital brought to you by another cancer's sponsor.

Walking in this big park rimmed with buildings. A light rain, moisture mugging the air, filtering colours into mute, diffuse arrays. Green

and gray predominate. Brown of an almost unnaturally natural richness. Schnabel brown.

Happy, or not happy; at peace. Absorbed in the filigree of detail. The robin twitching on the lawn, red breast signing the sombre canvas.

Wandering, thinking, writing, free of any plan. The positive liberty of composition. The joy of it! The philosophers' stone an idle high. *One can only become a philosopher, not be one. As soon as one thinks one is a philosopher, one stops becoming one.*

Walking, this could be anybody walking. This is just walking, the walking of any body. Nobody will recognise this face, this gait. Free from the job of having a self on call to meet greeters.

Trouble finding a signal with the *Etrex*, even in this great lawn. The imperfection of the digital. A squirrel at my feet, sampling sight and smell. Not promised anything edible, it's off. Satellites and squirrels, bitstreams and slipstreams, codework in its many modes.

All that grass dormant for the winter. Waiting for light and heat to start weaving its networks again, recession before new growth. The stockmarket slows for its winter just as the great lawn speeds into green.

Grass outlives stone. The stone hunched against time to keep its form, resisting all challenge to its identity. The grass ululates in the wind.

Cities disappear in time, but not until every trace of every stone erodes and nothing lingers, not even a rumour, not even memory. Just grass. How many cities have truly passed? No way of knowing. Perhaps there are thousands of lost, forgotten cities. The tomb of the unknown city.

The fingers of stone touch at the tips, in fleshless prayer, pointing toward an absent point, cupping an absent centre within its bones. The Cathedral brought down to earth by signs of disrepair. Water

trickling in past the Andres Serrano photographs. Even stones are mortal. We owe nothing to time except entropy.

Exquisite chorus work of commuters crossing the concourse, flocks weaving across each other's path. The two step of the closing doors. The tango of the strap hangers.

Tasseled loafers and a North Face parka. Suited Asian with his tie askew. Garrulous shop girls with bags of – shopping. Black clad woman with a single strand of gray in a jet black 'do. So close to the outer surfaces of other lives, which, when felt so close up, make no more sense than from afar.

Becoming a diarist, for the first time. The example of Christen's diaries, the years of them. The influence of them, of her, on this. Everywhere her influence, a benign cloud of benevolent interest.

Knowing that any nothing that happens could be made a gift to her. Safe in the sensation that no matter how diffuse things get, no matter how much the self slips into nothingness, it is loved.



9.40 PM EST  
North 40.75986°  
Elevation -4'

30th March 2001  
West 073.95319°  
75' Accuracy

A story: Some artists dig the same hole deeper and deeper – Pollock and De Kooning. Once a painter, always a painter. Others never quite get so deep into one hope that they find a home there. They keep burrowing sideways, never striking water but not drowning neither.

Tobias was one such. An artist contemporary with the action painters, who showed with them sometimes, but never one to fit in even with the misfits. Some swish disposition set him apart from the band apart. Some absence of the macho centring of the world around one's own ass.

There's a minor history to be written of the vacations funded by American foundations: Maya Derren, Charles Olson, our man Tobias. Their lines to other climes. Off to Peru Tobias tunnels. Not surfacing until clear away from the modernist pantomime.

*Bamba the Jungle Boy*. What Tobias dreams of is the primitive. *The Wild Man of Borneo*, in a Coney Island side show. The supporting cast in Tarzan movies. Ethnopornography.

In Peru, he is among this imagined other. They take him hunting, let him touch their vigorous skin. The *ignorant one*, he thinks they call him.

One day, they take him hunting, and they prey upon their neighbours. The goblet of human flesh Tobias swallows is the parting ritual. There's a point where another's ethic is not one's own, and one finds one is not at home in one's own skin. *There is no false acceptance into a tribe.*

Cameras track Tobias from New York to Peru to Papua. Asmat country, where the vigour of the peoples was once affirmed in combat. The Asmat, too, consume their dead. Their dead their pride, their curse, their own yet not their own.

Tobias does not eat human meat in Asmat. He celebrates the living flesh of men. An anthropology of joy. This is not quite what the ethnographers meant by *participant observation*.

This is not a story about lost tribes, nor is it really a voyeur's thrill to be among the cannibals. It's a story about an artist, an artist who gives up painting, but paints instead the stretching vellum of the skin. He gives up painting, and becomes himself a dabbed hand in a world all colour and line.

A *lifer*, Tobias calls himself. A New Yorker so bred and born that he is native in it. The black sun of the urbane soul, which cannot help but suck the whole damned world toward its love.

Didn't feel like staying to chat to the film makers afterwards. (Didn't stay and chew the fat with the natives.) The day's travels are not quite done. The *Etrex* yet to find its mark.

Set off alone across the unfamiliar blocks of the East side. Something strange happens to the sense of space in a dense city. Space contracts into its density. Anything more than five blocks from home becomes a foreign country.

There's a cable car across the river. Up it swings on its slack diagonal, rising up across the water. There's no light inside the dangling egg. It's black and cool. A straphanger with his briefcase. (He's neither a bridge nor a tunnel guy . . .). Incandescent lights burr against his riverbank skin.

The joy not just of the city, but of movement in the city, finding new ways of moving and being moved. The city as a stasis built for movement, built from movement.

On the island, looking across the waters to the island city. Where air meets water, a surface, where water meets light. Strips and patches of water, light and air jingle in pockets of space. Air swarms with traffic sounds. There's static patterns of red and white across the water. The cubist zirconia of Manhattan.

Evaporating into the mix of light and air and hum, the body leaning against the rail to keep from falling. Everything else already fallen, already dissolving and dilating into the foliage of light and air. The hive sings to itself and knows of nothing but what lies between its drones.

When Tobias finds his old friends in Peru, they sing a song for him. The hunter sings to the jaguar, wanting the jaguar's strength, wanting to become the jaguar. And in the song, the jaguar, too, becomes the hunter. Or rather, between the jaguar and the hunter, in the air between them, something else sings into being, something unlike either, something like nothing else on earth.

*Like a bridge over troubled waters.* Gently it keeps its cars from getting their feet wet. The bridge as modern art. The will to connect. Connect – and thereby conquer. Transforming the folded space of nature into a flat and steady plane. Codework's *heart of darkness*.

It looked for a long time as though connection were a matter of steel and concrete, of engineering. Put the big rig down and watch the gusher burn.

Then along comes connections of a more micro scale, etched in solid state. A world where what's mattering's too small to see or touch or taste.

The postmodern is the modern miniaturised. Even small talk becomes tiny talk. It's all periods, thesedays, not paragraphs. Microcode, not macrostructures. *Honey I shrunk the kids*.

How at home one feels in the city, if one's wants are met there. Nature seems by contrast harsh and threatening. The city, that job of labour, second nature, embraces all who profit by it.

How ill at ease one still feels with the networks. Invisible bridges threading through the streets and buildings, crossing all rivers. Flows of data web the air, bouncing cell to cell. It's what fascinates my

contemporaries, who plot with wide eyed awe the growing shape of their own third nature.

But the need to go there, to make good the connection, that is something that seems in retreat. Even the anthropologists think twice about long distance flight.

*Who guards the guards?* Juvenal asked, and Kafka answered. Who explores the explorers? See what strange continents they have become.

The curious calm of this island in the river. Its deep, deep subway. Shiny chrome batons rib the curving ceiling, basting neon.

Chatter of black girls, their distinctive distribution of vowels and consonants. *Tell yo' mama to cook fo' me.* The dissent of speech from the empire of the written word.

The rocking of the cablecar, which rocks from for to aft; the rocking of the subway car, which rocks from side to side. The play of the carriage in its vector, the margin of slippage on which it runs. No momentum without friction. A little waste along the way.

Wore the wrong shoes. Mistaken faith in the ability of footwear to adjust the seasons. Spring here cloys with rain. (That I know this now, mark of homing). Weather is impervious to will, that's why it makes a perfect topic of conversation. One talks to a stranger about what can't be changed. The health of the sky; the climate of the body.

Being out of time. Watching the scheduled rituals of the day. The commuter crush. The lunch break. The after work drinks and shopping. But this watching is just another of the city's rituals.

The city produces the work of not working as well as the work of working. It produces its unproductive products so that they may qualify the quantities. The city, where every strangeness comes to feel at home.

6.13 PM EST  
North 40.71798°  
Elevation 19'

31st March 2001  
West 073.94613°  
32' Accuracy

First recorded coordinates for this home, for this house, this street, this block, this 'hood. Circling around this point, and finally, at home in it.

At rest in this armature. Its things and surfaces an extension of the body. Home is where you can find socks or scissors in the dark, without thinking.

At home in these walls, but not in this skin. Allergy attack. Hyperactive immune system. A mania at the borders. Expelling harmless dust, rejecting particular molecules, bad information. The cold war. The expulsion of suspected spies from the embassy.

The immune system — all that stands between body and its other, figure and ground. An undecidable system: of the body, yet flinging itself toward what it determines the body isn't.

How I miss Kathy Acker. Her temper, even her temper, always quick to reject inclusion. *I don't use the bourgeois story-line because the real content of that novel is the property structure of reality . . . My world isn't about ownership. In my world people don't even remember their names.*

A memory: Kathy showing me her New York places. Sutton Place, where she grew up. The Sherry Netherland, the honeymoon suite. Coordinates explaining everything and nothing. *It was your strangeness, your haughty coldness — your irony, in short — that so captivated me.*

She had immunity. Wanting so much to be included but sneezing out every particle that crept up on her. The writer as immune system. Contaminating immunity.

3.42 PM EST  
North 42.09018°  
Elevation 125´

4th April 2001  
West 075.96652°  
175´ Accuracy

Almost spring, snow almost gone. How it clings to its cold, heaped by the roadside and in parking lots. Remnants of weeks gone by. Delayed residue of long gone weather.

A story: American spy plane crashes into Chinese fighter, somewhere off the coast of China. The crew ditch and burn what they can, before landing on Hainan Island, Chinese territory. **CHINA FAULTS US IN INCIDENT.** The khaki lords slip up for once.

Hainan Island, the place Debbie Lee's father hails from. The whole world just a few degrees away from familiarity. Over and under the borders stretch the connections that all borders struggle to contain.

Signals intelligence, the listening arts, cut and record enemy samples. Mapping the vectors by which force is formed. Those spy planes learn that vital geography of messages and messaging by which space becomes the object of a knowing force.

There is always a frontier somewhere, in art, in war, in love, along which to scan the other as if it were an asset coveted. The logistics of perception. All that peace renounces.

As Tobias says (lines culled from his book): *I did not look for the Indians now; I simply transferred myself towards them. And coming upon my people, now my lovers, my friends, I shed my past as I did my clothes. I have loved, I've loved and love now, friends, trees, skies, life. I live in a world; I live outside it. I live in my pores, in my eyes, my nostrils, ears, mouth, fingers, in all the openings and pulsations of my body.*

When away from you too long, the password slips from memory. It seems enough to touch borders. Peaceful coexistence. It takes time, the border trade, swapped apologies, the blurring of the wall. But still: the certainty remains. This land connects to that land, and so it was

through time before the border was even noticed, before the treaty even signed.

12.31 PM EST  
North 40.73640°  
Elevation 1039 ´

6th April 2001  
West 073.99089°  
59 ´ Accuracy

Yellow flowers punctuate the park. Green afflicts the eye; tinting tilting the sensoria. Air perceptible, made manifest with its dampness. Rain bubbling the page.

The walk to the chiropractor's. Spring rain shifting the spectrum gray. Bright colours have an added thickness. Yellows, greens and reds of thoroughness and persistence. Impervious to all modifiers.

Water inside the right shoe, compromising boundaries. The abject wetness of the wet sock. Mixing of cotton and water on skin. Dissolving of envelopes. Unwelcome reminder of the body's leaky hull.

The bump and swoop of umbrellas, opening pagodas for their holders. The art of walking in crowds. Best not to think about it. Bodies know, through practice, how to tend.

Things writing could be 'about': home; love; work; age; liberty, urbanity. How to live under these umbrellas, yet still emit stray molecules through the overcoat.

Turning 40. A phase shift, a marker. Making lived time digital. Each decade a discreet bit of lived time. Fitzgerald's *Crack Up*: great book of giving up on the author and his characters. *One has become imperceptible and clandestine in motionless voyage. Nothing can happen, or can have happened, any longer.*

F. Scott scouting out the place along which the deepening lines of face and soul can be runways for the runoff. *Nobody can do anything for or against me any longer. My territories are out of grasp, because I am in the process of drawing them.*

The *Etrex* obliging the body to be outside, into the world. It doesn't work inside enclosures. Forced outside to think about what's in.



Lying face down in the chiropractor's. Classical music burbles from a tiny radio. Emitting particles of calm. Spinal adjustments, make the crooked line straight enough that the nerves may pass through the segments and not get pinched.

Each nerve weds its things. It is only an accident that one thinks one is inside skin. An accident of words, to which words can attend. This body that is all happenstance. The body a thesaurus of process: *ingress and egress, ingression and emanation, escalate and effluvium, tentacular tendril, sluice and stoma, portal and runnel, porus efflorescence.*

Lying face down. Staring at the flecked blue of the carpet. Thoughts firefly through the passing dark of their creation. Clouds in a tarmac sky. There is nothing and the body, the body gripped tight to the world. Gravity doing its job, default existence, stuck fast to the planet's skin.

All terrestrial things are flaked skin of the earth. (Except meteors.)

Gravity is curiously absent from most literature. Few writers have much to say about it. Yet without it nothing binds signs to their ground.

As Paul Virilio says, once it was a given that to fall was to fall *down*. But once rockets reach escape velocity, it is all over for gravity. Once one can fall up as well as down, away from or toward the earth, the horizon marks an either or.

The planet as a body. The satellites are floating dandruff. Skin flaked but not fallen. Thought escapes gravity without the aid of rockets, mingling in the vacuum of grace. There's no technology can quite yet digitise Spinoza.

Later, in the bookstore, the mixed feeling of seeing another's *Big Book* on the shelves. The irony of making one's career out of putting 'new media' to book. The writer, the one who commodifies the free floating world of thought, handing thought over to time and gravity.

3.45 PM EST  
North 40.72501°  
Elevation 120´

6th April 2001  
West 073.99860°  
49´ Accuracy

Hold an apple in your armpit. Plaster your hand and one arm onto a wall. Mountain bowling. Goat fucking. Masks and sets for sick fuck videos. Ass sniffing. Piss ketchup. Crud. Your secrets are here, America. Your colors and flavors. The wide open spaces turn in on the self. Making it repeat, repeat, repeat its demented desires. Fuck mommy, fuck daddy, fuck baby. Triangulation as a trap.

Pinocchio's nightmare. Everything comes, but nothing comes clean. *Rumpus room follies*. Class fool's revenge – bang! bang! bang! Just where to slip that sausage? *Shit faced loser*. Rub a dub dub. *Mannequin head with squirrel*. (American nativity scene). Midlife crisis trauma centre. *Welcome to the desert of the real*.

Every era has its orifice. This is the Asshole Age. The age of excretion, of getting it through the gut and rid. The age of the ass fuck. Check any porno catalogue. It's not hardcore if it's not up the sphincter. The tits and abs may be fake, but ass is ass. The presence felt in the void. That's what Paul McCarthy's art is.

Using my new American credit card. Feeling a wave of elation. At home on the financial databases. Someone believes in *my* future. In my future ability to make the payments on this shit.

Everything in this restaurant feels right in an irksome kinda way. The light is warm and even. The colours and lines are clean and cheerful, if something less than full on. Clean, but warm. Warm, but clear. You always know where the edges are.

This ambient music is, well, *ambient*. It gathers in the corners, lint for a sterile space. *Brothel of fake energy*. Everyone dresses well but not *too* well. Taste is a matter of matching, not making. The art of composing oneself as an element of a surface.

The hair, the clothes, above all the shoes. Work in a service job; spend your free time paying others who work in service jobs. A perpetual entropy machine. Keep the stuff moving from hand to mouth. This caloric count comes off inventory.

No orifice that can't be plugged or fucked. Even the conceptual ones. The theory service industry. Commodify abstraction for the abstract hole in the head. The ear, the eye — the assholes of the mind.

Laughter cuts the drift. The pretty people sailing by the bar. The friendship of friend shit.

The placeless style of the times. Cool but not cold; warm but not hot. A culture devoted to a sustained, consistent feeling that never reaches a temperature outside standard operating range.

The triumph of moderation. Young people who act like the middle aged. Young people who act middle aged better than the middle aged, who act like demented children. Hoarding all their toys.

Every age has its apparel, and the apparel of this age is the shoe, or rather *footwear*. Even the most ordinary shoe is sculpted, formed into the image of the thing itself. The shoe is no mere appearance or surface for the thing.

The shoe is the shape of the thing itself. An object in its own right, of which mere feet may not be worthy. The shoe does not serve the foot. The foot must serve the shoe. That there are running shoes, jumping shoes, cross trainers, demands of feet that they run and shoot and train to qualify for the orifice.

The mixing of rain and steel and dirt and garbage on the subway tracks. Repulsive yet comforting. The I becomes an O, a circular error probable. A target for the Kenneth Cole clothing ads in the subway cars.

An image: The black girl touches her crotch as she looks at the white girl, and at us, over the white girl's shoulder. See how she inserts her

body into those pants. She's a hardbody, fucking those pants. The fucking of the clothes to attract the fucking of the body.

Or just the fucking of the eye. Insert the image in the retina and work it, pump it good. This world a canteen of pricey things that fuck or are fucked. Fucking almost freed from gender, its agenda now the abstraction of insertion. And the charging for the privilege.

It's things that have desires now. And what is not the thing desires to be thinglike. Everything wants to be a star. Everything wants to be a hard and pure image that fucks the big brown eye of the world. Everything wants to be the world and feel its images worm within.

Monkey with a jellyfish gene. Goats with a spider gene. Producing proteins for spider silk in goat milk. Actually existing organisms, actually existing musical compositions, samplings that follow the curve of a code, these all seem like merely historical accidents. Now any and every bit of data in their makeup can be recomposed in other composites.

The space of text, genome, molecules, everything sequenced, an addressable space. Writing became an addressable space as soon as there was an alphabetical order, arbitrary yet reliable. Precursor to a world gone digital. Glimpse of codework to come. Books are a living fossil of a future almost present.

The archive comes into its own, out from under the shadow of narrative. Narratives of the novel, the narratives of evolution, give way to the art of the database. Each day, each moment, a selection from the files. Usually arbitrary.

Perhaps, as J. G. Ballard says, we're all living inside a giant novel. The futile drive to get out of it. The inventory, instead, of the plots into which one would rather not fall.

3.28 PM EST  
North 40.71284°  
Elevation 93´

9th April 2001  
West 073.96542°  
23´ Accuracy

There's art on the walls. *Too abstract to actually refer to a particular source.* Brightly coloured signage. *A mind boggling, anti-idealistic sublime-in-reverse.* The lettering of commercial art, here on velum and on glass.

*A late-modern, post-sputnik hardware and dime store totem.* There's glass, also lettered, but broken. *Mercifully devoid of grandstanding and affectation.* That's what this artist thinks of you. You, you critic, you maker of judgments.

*To bring into existence and not to judge.*

Hispanic ice cream vendor pushing his cart, blowing his bicycle horn. Tempted by *el choco*. Summer heat on a spring day. Flattening of colours to white. Haze mellowing the piercing blue of the sky. A margarita mellowing in blood.

*There are few people who know how to make art.* — Julian Schnabel. *One less than he thinks.* — Robert Hughes.

*This Is Not A Novel.* David Markson collects the deaths of authors, artists, their slighting reviews of each other, line by line, a compendium of everything outside the novel, the other ends and beginnings.

A project: A book composed of rewrite after rewrite of the same suicide note, which never quite comes out right. The author lives.

Who needs magic realism when there is *investigative journalism*?

The way the closed book hides its words within its folds. Out of modesty.

How forgiving paper is, how indifferent.

10.45 AM EST  
North 42.08880°  
Elevation 898 ´

11th April 2001  
West 075.96949°  
33 ´ Accuracy

Can one have faith in *this* world? In its teeming? Yet without the fiction of a plane upon which its liquors might be purified. As if there were always something special about art or philosophy, a magic ability to extract pure difference with the sieve of thought alone.

*Philosophy is at once concept creation and the instituting of a plane. Only its not a plane. It's plain. It's just a surface, not a just surface. Paper, perhaps, and gravity.*

There's a faith installing itself in the thought of difference, a faith that when one plunges into the waters, one's gills will magically open and one will not drown. One will breathe through philosophical gills. There are no gills. They close in the womb and do not reopen.

The paragraph as an aesthetic. The grouping of sentences as mixed bags, studded with elements that connect to other graphings. The paragraph as strata chopped out of the living rock of thinking. Give up on the dream of thought in its sanctity and the act of writing becomes the graphite scar touching upon the reed.

9.04 AM EST  
North 42.08879°  
Elevation 901'

12th April 2001  
West 075.96946°  
23' Accuracy

Horny, for no apparent reason. Memories of the orifice. Sex on the cusp of 40, always shadowed by the memory of past fucks.

A dream: A giant black-tiled bathroom. A room to which all the pretty people are obliged to retire, where they fuck each other up the ass. Glittering lube smeared on cocks and strap-ons, condoms squelching underfoot.

A spectacle – McCarthyesque in its purity – that rich men pay to see. The pretty people pay to eat, and are paid to fuck. The same rich men who pay to see them also charge them for food and rent.

An unequal exchange, but a perfectly circular one. The rich men hang about getting richer, fatter; the pretty things come and go – and come, and go. *Capitalism needs new territory or fresh blood.* This is a map of the capital. This is the commodity economy perfected. *Shake your moneymaker.*

A memory: Greg Thibodeaux, telling the story of the emu farmers of Louisiana, who gave up on their troublesome birds and let them run wild. Emus on the bayou! Every investment creates a wild surplus.

The containment of desire within a form. The circular error probable of the asshole as ground zero. The sneaker with its perfect fit. Software that is all presets. The new black? The greenback.

Another erotics. Every pore a sex, of indeterminable shape and function. Can't be coded. Neither one nor zero, cock nor ass, buyer nor seller, male nor female. *To each its own sexes.*

Marines and Navy Seals, Special Ops, Pentagon's finest. Vivisectors of the vector. Primed for rapid insertion into hot spots. The grinding and the griddling of the world. The knowledge of it, carnal carnage. *Fuck Saddam! Fuck Milosevic!* Another soldier rapes someone in Okinawa . . .

In the capital, its all the same, fuck or be fucked, its just a different price point. But to the military types, this is serious business. It is the other who takes it up the ass. No fags in this outfit, sir! Yet in capital world, (in the capital of the world,) even military desire becomes fungible: cargo pants, military camp, camo tank tops patrolling erected nipples, the machine gray sheen of the *Etrex*.

Kafka on the literature of small nations, from his diaries. The keeping of a diary by the nation, literature as accommodating dissatisfied elements, an aspirational model for the young, the multiplicity of interpretations dug out of a thin literary past, public airing of literary laundry, a literature that makes its own rules, free from any great exemplar, which filters foreign greats through local colourings.

Australian literature as a minor literature, yet without all the benefits Kafka ascribes it. Too much spiritualising of the landscape, too much worship of the writer. Australian writing's vain aspirings to Major Literature, General Literature, rather than one that has a go in a pinch.

How great it could be, in giving up on greatness. How much it has the qualities already for that other life, the minor life of words and works. As Kafka says, in minor writing: Everything is political. Everything is voiced collectively.

Australian writers, the swag of them who are contemporaries, who travel with me. How marvelous they are when not framed with the libel of literature.

Slippages of dialect: The consonants and vowels touch each other up, subbing and smacking into each other, not sure which accent to adopt or adapt. The rhythm coming out fresh in another's accent.

All the little Englishes. English, a vectoral language, a language of everywhere. Australian English is a language of here, dissolving and reforming as a bubble on the surface of the English of everywhere. Then there's the clinical language of criticism, putting things in their place. And the mythic language of the transcendent beyond.



But can there be an antipodean language, an English neither here nor there, neither for putting in place nor projecting to imagined places beyond? The antipodean stammer.

Washing up here in the washroom of capital. Not good enough to make it in the antipodes. The black sun of the capital, drawing every loose resentment to its maw.

**3.04 PM EST**  
**North 40.76651°**  
**Elevation 43´**

**13th April 2001**  
**West 073.97634°**  
**33´ Accuracy**

A negro hung alive by the ribs from a gallows. The image hangs in tethered air inside a crystal case.

A project: A book called *Met*, with something written in and with each of the Metropolitan Museum's many, many rooms. About the art one meets there.

William Blake: His figures have inhuman musculature, for leaping over the obvious.

The combat of forces in Blake. Their aggregation and their ebb. The weight of the stories, each fabulous image freighted with threads connecting it directly to this life. The feminine beauty of a Virgil, gesturing to Dante to ascend behind him. Virgil's curves insinuating behind the fabric.

The grand museum is the cupboard of empire. Loot from all the worlds, where the plutocrats pimp their purple savvy. How the loot shuffles about the world, following the rise and fall of fortunes. The global trinket trade.

The Met so aptly named, for the Metropolis is the trophy case, and where there are slaves to dust and polish. By the river Nile, by the Hudson river.

How Egyptian this city is – amphetamine Egypt. Centuries bored down into seconds. Fast food archaeology.

The obscene excess of the Met. Having to avert one's eyes when stalking its halls, looking for something in particular. The Vegas buffet gorge.

The sickness, visceral sickness, convulsed by beauty. By the sight of all this civilised trash. Finest shit in all the world.

4.45 PM EST  
North 42.37514°  
Elevation 188´

14th April 2001  
West 071.114920°  
245´ Accuracy

Geographies of red: Red lead, heat litharge to make lead tetroxide. Vermillion, mercuric sulfide. Cinnabar, ore of mercury, discovery of the Greeks. Red ochre, silica and clay. Siopia red, hematite, ferric oxide.

More matters of red: Madder lake, alizarin and purpurin, add alum and precipitate with alkali. Lac lake, laccaic acid, insect secretions from India. Brazil wood oxidised in air, from south east Asia. Burnt sienna from Tuscany. Silica with goethite, calcined raw sienna. Burnt umber: hydrous oxides of iron and manganese.

Technologies of yellow: Lead tin yellow, oxide of lead. Yellow ochre, hydrous ferric oxide. Persian berries, mostly rhamnetin. Unripened berries of the blackthorn. Holy yellow. Weld luteolin, from plant dyer's rocket, all the way from central Asia.

Extractions of green: Hydrosilicate of celadonite or glauconite, from Verona or Venice, Cyprus or Bohemia. Malachite, copper carbonate or azurite. Verdigris of copper acetate. Copper corroded with vinegar.

Productions of blue: Azurite ore of copper and malachite from Hungary. Lazurite and calcite and iron pyrites of lapis lazuli, from Afghanistan. Ultramarine, more expensive than gold.

White and black matters: Calcium carbonate, lead carbonate, metallic lead exposed to the vapours of acetic acid and carbon dioxide. Carbon black, lamp black, oxidised almond shells. Bone black.

The blaze of chemistry, hemmed with gold. The slow release of the molecules. Copper resinate turning from green to brown. Ultramarine darkening, flesh lightening, become transparent with age. Art of the molecular event.

The technology of prepared surfaces, subjectile of wood and linen bound with animal skin glue. Gesso of gypsum, calcium sulfate, dihydrate.

Bole the base for gilding, mixing iron oxides of red or yellow, each imparting its own glow through the gilding.

The cracks in the surface, layers unlayering, revealing their different speeds of movement, the pulsing skins of the work rippling into each other.

The Renaissance appeals to industrious benefactors and ambitious institutions because it embodies all the best qualities of avarice and excess. The command over resources executed with taste.

Once it was the churches that were the exemplars of resource allocation with art and artifice. Now, the museums. These enlightened halls grown dark and mystified, in need of the torch once again.

Description has its qualities, but it isn't everything. The usefulness of precision. But the futility of it, also. The frail grasp of words. Their thinness. Their flightiness.

Narrative has its qualities, but it isn't everything. Getting stray events into sequences, lines of force unfolding into one another, one after another. The folly of its ways, the multiple causes of events it shuns. It's insistence on order where patently there is none.

Poetics has its uses, but it isn't everything. The socket of the word, the plug 'n' play of its valences. Yet how often these merely decorate an event without adding to its play.

Conceptualising has its uses, but it isn't everything. To abstract the diagram from the multiple lines of occurrence, to make them yield a map of events yet to come, which may never come, or comes unnoticed. The world is always more abstract than signs can ever know.

Writing has all these qualities, but it's still not everything. It's not nothing, either. No need to retreat into language when confronted with words' slippage from the world. No need to invoke the magic of some method to render it thick enough to stick the tangible crust of things.

It's enough that words mesh with afternoons, mesh with events beyond themselves, beyond their domain. It's enough that words mesh in time and carry from that time to another some qualities they may not know they own. They cause the difference to spread again.

There is no language, only words. And webs or worlds in which words nest. *There is no word that is not also flesh.* The mixed marriage of meaning. *Every last cell in a human body clings in the same way, and with the same vigour, to words – reciprocally.*

To essay the specific chemical possibilities of each kind of writing, to mix them and layer them, to watch them peel and crack as layers expand and slip and merge. Descriptions and narrations and abstractions and condensations of precipitate. Percepts, affects, concepts, meshed with words' own fungability. Running along the lines, bumping and jostling, the *matmos* of the page.

The difference between the vector and the capture, between the practice and the institution. The implication of writing in both, of art in both, then and now, and forever perhaps. Writing than can net flies or *fly by the nets.*

Looking up from the notebook. Lost for a moment, lost to context. Mind and muscles working in that other context of the notebook and the pen. There is no text, only context.

The museum guard, in a neatly pressed uniform, shoes shined. He sits in a red chair a few inches from the wall. He gently eases his head back until it touches the wall, and closes his eyes. He sits that way, legs folded and turned, for some time. When he wakes, he sees me looking at him, and smiles. Exchange of smiles. Both arriving for a period at this point.

3.04 PM EST  
North 42.33932°  
Elevation 11 ´

14th April 2001  
West 071.09812°  
53 ´ Accuracy

Shadow of an arm, fading to pink and white with yellows and browns radiating. Gentle transition of pigments, shade to shade, imperceptible. A woman's arm transformed into minute shifting tone that eyes may catch. The teem of microtones caught between two names. His and hers. Painter and patron; two names and a representation.

Whistle and its at your side. This art comes home when called. There she stands, the painter's patron, the painting's proper name. A rich woman of taste, who thereby gets her likeness fixed to this quiet riot in the shades.

Something always escapes, and perhaps escapes best when the sitter is the owner and whip cracker, demanding a *likeness*. The portrait as condensing all the skills of liberating colour and line from purpose, hacking the chemical tech. The portrait as obliged to make its escape in the margins, for in outline and in essence it has a job to do and does as it is told.

Modern art escapes from representation — is that the nude, or the staircase? But modern art is captured by its signature. The curling spider silk that threads the signing of the work to the signing of the cheque.

But where the patron or the patron's things are put before the artist, this blazing purity can emerge from the shadows. A hallucination of white and pink, the strokes emitting yellows intermittent. The patron's pearls, her tasty throat and hips, all present for the eye to suck on. But it is not what this work represents but what it expresses that matters, literally matters. The patron dead and gone, but this pink and white ooze into space without.

The irony of patronage. That one's money, one's body, one's face, one's treasured things, become the vehicle for overcoming all of these sites of investment. There they are, pictured, but the picture never quite

lives up to them, and fails; or it exceeds them, escaping into pure line and colour.

Cascades of orange and green flowering from the courtyard walls. Splatter of footsteps and fountains. Patches of sensation passing, on their way to brownout. Populations of hyacinth scent. Wiggling stone and babys' patinas. All under glass. The home preserved as museum. The museum as terrarium.

Fish breaking the surface, its walleye taking in alien land. The sun abreast the fenway. Scratching at the back of the legs. Rustle of birds and leaves and cars. Grass not quite greening, still sleeping. Shoes — a dozen odd shoes nailed on an abandoned walking bridge across the stream. Without explanation.

The things and moments of enduring interest exist in their own zone, without explanation. The home that is inexplicable interest. How right this patron was to put her things up without labels or legends. Of course she couldn't resist putting her own name above the door . .

4.01 PM EST  
North 42.33548°  
Elevation 202´

16th April 2001  
West 071.16971°  
44´ Accuracy

It's not the figure that is screaming, it's the landscape, and the figure with it, willing itself to curdling goo. Everything dissolving, from farce to force, from fraud to fold. What this artist represents is representation's own dissolution; what he expresses is its otherness unbound.

Melancholy is that state in which the past and future dissolve into the present; and in the present, figure and ground dissolve into dissolving past and future. There's a couple yabbering on to each other, banalities in French, him jingling change in his pockets. Resistance to the anti-banalities of the work. *Silence si'l vous plaît!*

The attraction of bodies for each other, and for their other, the line erasing as it draws. Her hair the line that entwines with him, or maybe his line extends into her hair. The difference lies in the zone of proximity. Hers extends, his intends. The crossed lines of separation and cojoining lines of attraction.

The hands longing for the flesh; the flesh displaying itself for the hands. Hands cut from their own bodies by their longing. Young woman flanked by bachelors in toppers. Woman embracing death, and dancing. Joy of embraceable fate.

Madonna at the moment that she comes, hair waving at blackness, into blackness. Edvard Munch did not just want to fuck this woman, he wanted to become her, coming. *Like a virgin, touched for the very first time.*

Ibsen as flame in the darkness, burning on the curtain black, behind which busies a world. But mainly, it's the women. Woman, the image through which to escape one's own signature. The fissure in appearances through which his self might pass beyond itself. Hair unbound, flowing and merging with all other lines, the lines of her body, weaving into and out of the world.



His anxiety, also: woman as self composing, self moving point of attraction. What he wants at the cost of his own disappearance. What he becomes when he loses himself — not woman but what appears at the far side of an imaging and imagining of her.

11.18 AM EST  
North 40.74389°  
Elevation 1074´

20th April 2001  
West 073.98708°  
106´ Accuracy

Not for nothing do they call it *train of thought* . . . The chatter of the wheels on rails and the clatter of the mind on skids. Books and magazines and music for distraction.

The folly and the danger, both personal and political, of too optimistic a view of the malleability of nature, including human nature. All those tedious improvers, from militants to therapists. All their purges. They can't accept the impurity in the gut.

That radical pessimism, of Chamfort, of Leopardi. Just because one thinks the worst of one's kind does not mean one believes they deserve even less. One might not suffer another's pride, yet takes no pride in another's suffering.

The pessimist's wager: No matter how low an opinion one may form of what is, to view its absence as something short of an improvement.

The effort not to retreat from human folly. To participate knowingly in all human dispositions. To neither kiss nor kill the reigning idols. The measured use of illusion to forestall mania. *Between Semtex and utopia*.

The affirmation that one thing at least can be overcome. The tyranny of boredom. Which may not sound like much, but it is at least not nothing. What is tyranny if not boredom?

The revolutions of 1989, that great revolt against boredom and tyranny. In Prague, in Budapest, in Berlin. In Beijing, in Taipei, and in Seoul. In Manila and Pretoria. Revolutions against boredom, not all of which succeeded. The best of them took precautions against installing boredom all over again.

Two cheers for revolution! The revolution of the pessimists. Pessimists, to whom nothing deserves that third, fanatic cheer.

Revolutions that do not aim to purge the world and start again from something pure. Revolutions that build institutions (and the possibility of escape from institutions . . .). That make politics indifferent, rather than boring. Revolutions which embrace life as it wallows, which don't call toward a transcendent peak.

Revolutions of the aleatory arts. The effort just to stay in flux, in the inevitable happenstance of chance and necessity. *The search for the sensation as being.*

Revolutions that do not make a fetish of opposing the commodity, but which wager on a plural order of things. State and market; community and liberty. Each keeping the other in check; each opening the possibility of escape from the other.

All this, strangely, while reading Adorno. *Intellectuals, who are at once the last enemies of the bourgeois and the last bourgeois.* Now there's false consciousness! Intellectuals are neither. A class apart. A third class and class of thirdness. Neither the owners of things nor the things of owners.

How the Marxist scholars attach themselves as barnacles to the vessel of the commodity, complaining of its passage, but along for the ride nonetheless. Meanwhile, the revolution happens elsewhere.

*In short, the Communists everywhere support every revolutionary movement against the existing social and political order of things.*

A project: A book called *Hypocritical Theory*. The inability of the Marxist scholars to see themselves as implicated in the knowledge economy. They protect the scarcity of knowledge, its value as property.

*In all these movements, they bring to the front, as the leading question in each, the property question, no matter what its degree of development at that time.*

The political economy of form: kinds of writing that from the outset refuse the division of labour. No to administered knowledge! No to the contented novelties of the market! All political economies concern

property, and the political concern of intellectuals ought to be intellectual property.

To think about and write about art as the domain of the most promising singularity. Art, where new relations of value and values of relation are forged – and forged.

To refuse to develop knowledge within a category. Knowledge should be botched, not batched. *The discipline of indiscipline*. Making tracks, not monitoring borders.

An ethics of what to actualise, of what to will. Will what does not foreclose becoming. Conserve the capacity of becoming. A conserving as well as a radical ethics.

An ethics which, when brought down to earth, calls for a plurality of properties. Information wants to be free (it could at least be subsidised). Information as what escapes the dialectic of the objectified subject and subjectified object.

And through the headphones booms a case in point. Amon Tobin's righteous samples. Put the cut against the others, just as worthy. The new home should at least aspire to live up to the old.

Make no slums for cuts. Equalise the cuts with which cuts mix. Discover what is equal without measure. Democracy of difference. The surprise attending every beat.

A review of that Paul McCarthy show: *He has, indeed, almost perfect pitch for disgust elicitors*. He aspires to the moral gravitas of the ordeal. But suffering secularised rapidly dips its bits in the banal. Suffering Christ not trumped by suffering Santa.

All that critical art and writing, that iconoclastic verve of America. Work that in being against the American, suburban, consumerist, whateverist, tourniquet of desire, merely tightens it. It doesn't free the blood for other life.

A memory: the sight of Sydney from the Harbour Bridge, or the Anzac Bridge, the interlocking fingers of land and water, light and waves of the harbourside. *The interlocking of cities in memory. Their names embrace and bite one another.*

The view of this home city after four hours on the train. The beacon of the lights, the pull of it, as home. Any city can be this home, where one has a connection to its connections.

A project: Those back cover blurbs on books. Epitaphs on tombstones. A book consisting of the blurbs certain books really ought to have got.

The problem with the *Bitstream* show. All just so much abstraction *from* the world. But what is of significance is abstraction *to* the world. In the age of the sample, every artist is a curator, but not every curator is an artist.

It is one thing to take values and transpose or combine them. It is another to create a transposing and combining machine that produces values as yet unknown. This is the pleasure and the danger of codework. Its messing and meshing with the qualities of things.

The art of the times that is interesting is codework, the production of production, not the production of product. Not the negation of the product (in another product).

Let's face it, the computers on which this work was made could be doing anything. They are, after all, universal machines. They can process any data into anything. Here's the rub: not just digitising some datastreams, in-formatting the world, but creating new abstractions that add to this world's capacity.

Hope for pessimists: People, there's nothing so perfect on our resumé that we couldn't burn the lot and start the job over.

2.38 PM EST  
North 40.74224°  
Elevation 116´

20th April 2001  
West 073.98726°  
151´ Accuracy

Super Mario, the Nintendo character, was supposed to look like a New York building supervisor. Those building supers are characters indeed. They get to see the city from its skin, from the rooftops. The streets and parks are mere pores and creases on the greasing palm.

The square as a clogged pore. Green tree splash down the concrete love line. Vista of slanting light. City workers putting fresh wooden slats on the park benches. Sky blue of the cloud tease. Psycho shriek of bus brakes. The soundtracking of horns. Flatiron building cutting into the air.

Park workers chatting, in Mario overalls. *If I'm not mistaken it was at 8th and 54th. I had to be, like, five years old. Man knows his fuckin' New York.* Reading books in the park bought at the Strand. Seeing the frame of my own glasses through which I see.

A memory: John Hutnyk's talk last night, and what he called *the long march through the culture industries*. A phrase that hovers between Maoist flag waving and the incremental politics of social democracy. A politics of cultural democracy, perhaps. A politics of the perhaps.

John quoting bell hooks calling Madonna a *plantation overseer in a slave-based economy*. She gets the coloured folk all dressed up and makes them sing so nicely. The politics of culture as property. The serfs and slaves renting not their bodies but their souls to the masters of the digital estate.

A story: William Henry Perkin, while trying to synthesize quinine from coal tar, creates instead a curious gray sludge, which, when further processed, produced a marvelous purple dye. Empress Eugenie of France declares Perkin's colour a match her eyes, and so mauve colours the world, and begins its long career.

From there it's just a matter of mauve abstracted. Coal or oil, cracked and catalyzed into Aspirin, plastics, explosives. The virtuality of nature. And as for colours, by the twentieth century, 2000. Today, millions. Each a shade of the same gray technics.

The coining of names for new colours: *Bouquet Rose. Rosemary Sprig. Pewter and Old Claret. Tropical Pool and Cayman Sand. Provence Creme, Scandinavian Blue, Swiss Sky and Italiano Red. Hot Spice and Tropicana Cabana. Sea Star with Arizona Tan. Rockport Gray and Templeton Gray.*

A story: A scientist puts a little radioactive dye into a tree trunk. Little by little, it turns up in neighbouring trees. How does it get there? The rhizosphere: roots, fungus, microbes. A world below. One in Montana stretches for 15 hectares, weights 100 metric tons and is 1000 years old. Nutrients move from soil to plant and from plant to plant.

A subterranean cooperative society. What is a body if not cooperation between organs? In good times, the fungus feeds the trees, in bad, the fungus kills them, but retains the possibility that when the good times return, there will still be a place for trees.

Trees do not exist, any more than language exists. There are only those porous bodies making organs of its organisms.

The empty factories along the railway line. How futures come and go, decaying so rapidly. Better living through chemistry or industry. Perhaps there's nothing to aspire to but to exceed the scale, one way or another, become tiny or gigantic, merge with the rhizosphere or troposphere. A world in which the possibility of multiple futures is continually redistributed.

*Dunmore Cream and Windham Cream. Ansonia Peach or Hathaway Peach. Sherwood Green or Covington Blue. Whipple Blue and Monroe Bisque. Navaho White, Atrium White, Antique White, Bone White, Cameo White.*

4.17 PM EST  
North 42.35306°  
Elevation 107´

21st April 2001  
West 071.06965°  
98´ Accuracy

Geese bob and loll, occasionally skimming the surface with their beaks. Sound of the paddle wheels of the swan boats. Pigeon flourishes. *Put some in the water.* Children. *They're eating popcorn!* Traffic. Car alarm. Conversations.

Christen sleeping. Newspapers between ground and body, leeching dampness. Hair in front of the field of vision. Man in a yarmulke and mustard shirt throwing bread to the geese with two small boys. The geese ignore them.

Portraits of adolescents, in photography and video. Adolescence as a problem of how to be *seen*. The girls trying to become themselves. Trying to adhere within the image. Smoking, drinking, chewing gum as evasions of being seen, evasion of just being.

Impossibility of just being. How we evaporate under scrutiny. The wobbling flesh of the girl in the ill-fitting dress. But her dancing, at least, finds its own form.

A dream: A building that is lovely and well appointed inside, but ugly and imposing outside, just to annoy the hoi polloi who can't afford it. The future of discriminating taste.

Rap music answers the discriminating taste of the middle class with the incriminating taste of the declassé.

On top of the slab are little stones. Left by people visiting the memorial. Stone upon stone, a token. Overwhelmed by affect, by this little ritual for the dead. A conscious trace of an event.

*Engine oil: Aero Shell Turbine Oil 500: Castrol 205: Mobil Jet II: Exxon Turbo Oil 2380: Stauffer Jet II.* Smear of black soot left as aerodynamic train over the engine cowling. The engine on the other side of the plane



doesn't have this. Index of an event. An engine in this cowling burnt oil sometime.

Index: a sign that differs from what it signs, the event of which it presses into a new shape, nonetheless. All signs are an index. It's not what the sign mimes in its likeness, but what it mines in its carryings-on. The wobbling flesh of all text.

*Caution: Press here on latch to ensure locking.* Engines buzz around a frequency, syncopating. An Amon Tobin soundscape, one his music teaches how to hear.

Raising the blind and looking out of the window frame. This other city from the air. The habit of streets. Once they curve, they're set. In stone they stay. Patterns of use. The habit of accumulated form. The street grid cuts not just the earth but the sky, also.

The baseball diamonds languishing in the sun. Unmoved by the popularity of soccer. Suburban subdivisions in squiggly patterns, mimicking the furrowed ruts of ancient streets. The lie of the land.

Turbulence dislocating brain from body. The body's position lapsed from the brain's record of its coordinates. The sickly feeling of being out of phase. Beside oneself. Clicking in and out of frame. I is a shutter.

The story on the inflight newscast – video of another American recon plane meeting Chinese fighters off the coast of China. Video of a Chinese fighter close enough to the lumbering listener to hose it down with jet exhaust. The pilot struggling to keep the fighter level with the prop pulled plane.

*Squirrelly*, is how the American pilot described it. *Squirrelly*. The squirrel thread again.

4.55 PM EST  
North 43.153330°  
Elevation 18´

21st April 2001  
West 077.57978°  
58´ Accuracy

Cities versus towns. Cities have such a multitude of ways of making their way that they journey on regardless of the world's fortunes. But if they take a turn for the worse the costs pile up and they trap their millions in their mood.

Towns rely on one or two ventures, and their fortunes rise and fall with that place of the trade they ply in the world. Cities and towns, those chequered bets on the global roulette.

All the towns and cities up this way, where the old industries lie in ruins. All dead now. Except one or two where technologies that still cut it in the world have homes. The banality of the traveler's gleanings.

Six degrees West of Christen, but on the same latitude. Two degrees North of home, four degrees West. Triangles are all difference, but in each case the angles and all add up.

This is the town where Eastman Kodak began, and where a thriving ring of biomedical companies turn to property whatever new mauves the labs discover in the biological realm. *The property question.*

Eastman House, memorial to a founding father. A stuffed and mounted elephant's head. The house itself a monument to the worst provincial taste of a long dead age. Not much ever develops in bourgeois taste.

Shooting as a pastime. Is it really much of an improvement just to shoot pictures? As if the wilds existed just for us, as an image just for us, waiting there, for keeps. Framed by the eye.

A museum of the photographic image, up until the digital age. The rival chemistries and optics. The refinement of the mechanism. It's all

much the same for a century, just cheaper, lighter, quicker and more prevalent. The world flattened out by chemical squares.

A century in the thrall of representation. Light as a matter of hunting and shooting. The photo is the corpse of exposure. Representation as trophy, trophy as resource. The west is in vain search for genesis in mimesis.

A camera with a bullet hole through it. The metal splashing in slo-mo, frozen liquid steel. Vietnam photographers who died in action. The macabre blow-ups of the last reel. The photographer's unwitting and unwilling shots of his own imminent death. Frame by frame, closer and closer to the body's exposure to the light.

A seminar at the university. Don Byrd showing video feedback. The frame within the frame within the frame. Zoom in close enough and the image dissolves into blurs of mobile light. The undecideable point where the reflexive engine no longer represents the world as image, but expresses light as a tactile image of matter, mattering. There's a way through the digital frame, and out to another side.

A dream: An exercise for students where they must plagiarise everything. They lose marks for any originality. Assessed on the skill and quality with which they fish for samples. A plagiarism that breaks the master-slave dialect of framer and framed.

Knowledge is now a matter of making information disappear, temporary disappearance of the archive. Making it redundant. There's just too many pictures, too many words.

The necropolis of the archive, the ossuary of the image, the tomb stone of mimesis. The silverfish turning the pages to new life.

5.10 AM EST  
North 40.71799°  
Elevation 130 ʹ

23rd April 2001  
West 073.94617°  
66 ʹ Accuracy

Ronald McDonald presiding over the 'burg. The city from the bridge. Bumpy ride in the town car heading for the airport. Yellow school bus. Oh! Orange sun, breaking above the projects. Light suedes the curtain glass on some office box.

*A palmtop system called JEDI, for Joint Expeditionary Digital Information system. Visor screens with heads-up display. Rockets fired from the wrist by voice command. Medics alerted by radio and global positioning to any breach of the skin.*

The frequent flyer lounge. The burbling riff of the fountain. Ultramarine and aquamarine fabrics. Lemon walls. A Julian Schnabel in the men's room. Slashes of red and frottage of green. Smears of yellow varnish. Becoming become a thing.

*Fuel cell power source producing 25 watts on the go. Climate control. Microsensor underwear. Video feedback. Digital map displays. Laser rangefinder. Lasers in the jingle.*

The naming of new states, new dispositions. The curious convergence of what the newspaper reports as the future of warfare and the way it looks in sci fi movies. The military entertainment complex.

*Scramjets frolic overhead at 7,000 miles an hour. Body armour that changes colour as camo. Magnetic accelerator firing projectiles 20 times the velocity of bullets. Dragon eye miniature surveillance planes. Long range underwater missiles with superconitation bubbles reducing hydrodynamic drag.*

Four million people fly every day. Six hundred million fly every year. One billion ride the London tube every year. Me included. The notional nation of moving bodies, within the rhizosphere of transit. The endless hopscotch among squares of differential value.

The arms race between the static emblem of the brand and the ecstatic movement of the traveler. As the golden arches spread their legs across the globe, the body escaping boredom looks for new destinations, for the fresh loaf where finally to linger. The receding hairline of the authentic. *Now boarding.*

12.18 PM BST  
North 51.50439°  
Elevation -16´

25th April 2001  
West 000.13089°  
183´ Accuracy

*West zero, zero, zero* – a hair's breadth from the Prime Meridian. Close to the place where placeless space was made. Seventy three degrees East of home, and a smudge to the North. The *Etrex* takes its time finding these foreign bearings, so far from its last look at the subdivisions of the sky. Foreign here is just a question of degree.

The sky is the same gray shade as the plastic pearl of the *Etrex*. Its colour a benchmark of light waves' longitude – or would be if the sky itself were not refracting colours from their calibration. Colour as a relational construct.

Grass gives evidence of moisture. Blooms dish skyward, emitting attractors, as yet for no orbiting bees. The tangled tips bud for green. Oranges, mangoes, bananas, pulped and cooled and bottled. Strange taste for these latitudes. Everything rushes to meet everything. *Sucked in by money, honey.*

Locals clipping consonants, chewing vowels. Ancient buildings with radio aerials. Generals on pedestals. A republic of pigeons. The yellow in the green, the purple in the clouded sky. Undertones crowding the spectrum. Raindrops randomise the page.

Just met the new publisher. Making the book's pitch. Mutual acquaintances. The hopeful moment in any book's life, when potential lies ahead of it, before it becomes a matter of the half life of fibres.

Bird calls, spring imminent. Radiating territories of refrain. The music of speciated space. Weak signals. The birdsong of the satellites. The coursing of the black cabs through the smog clogged heart. *Arterio sclerosis.*

Burroughs as performance artist. Aim for the glass, apple of his eye. Shoot the woman. Dead as apple pie. Every great performance should have a three camera set up. At least for the reconstruction.

Words on canvas: *What do you represent? I have the aggressivity of a little dog whose hair is being pulled off. I refrain myself. He told me I was a boring woman who worked for the London arts board and I wanted to die. Real revolution means people die choking in their own piss and shit and cums. A needle pushed in between scrotum and anus.*

Words on paper. Grazing in bookshops as a type of reading. The reading of the edges of books only, the tendrils they flail out into space to attract a reading. Textual pollen. Books as mute sirens. The text as the bookshop, the artful mix of the titles and blurbs up against one another. A sample of a data field.

Enough books in one shop for a lifetime. Grazing the surfaces of many lifetimes of reading. Whoever selects the books here is a second degree artist of the first order.

**2.41 PM BST**  
**North 51.50220°**  
**Elevation -114´**

**25th April 2001**  
**West 000.13012°**  
**59´ Accuracy**

*Calling Wellington, Pretoria, Washington and Ottawa. Calling Moscow, Brisbane, Gibraltar and Peking. Calling Cairo and New Delhi, Singapore and Rangoon. Calling Hong Kong and Addis Ababa. Calling Malta and Montevideo. Calling Helsinki and Reykjavik.*

Churchill sits before the big map. Attlee to his left (of course) and Bridges to his right. Ducts and cabinets. Red trusses holding the old pile up. Surfaces the colour of imperial buff and brown, with telephones in Bakelite black. Offices, expanded and annexed, career of bureaucracy. The three foot thick concrete slab overhead. Clocks with roman numerals. Each empire synchronises watching to the last.

Switchboards and typewriters. Women, the infantry of this data war. In trays and out trays. Subtle markers of rank: a square of carpet or a chair with arms. Green shaded reading lamps. The Cabinet War Rooms, frontline in the data war, where all the bits and butts were stubbed and filed.

Churchill's speeches, broadcast by radio. Their reassuring cadence. Ancient radio transmitter. Big black knobbed potentiometers. Calling the Home Counties. Calling the British Isles. Calling the 'White Dominions'. Calling all the corners of the Empire. Calling where ever allied troops do their dirty work.

Glen Miller and Vera Lynn. The cloak of frequency wrapping chaos in its rhythms. Radio passing through the walls and halls. *Putting a spoke in the ear of the unguarded.*

SIGSALY, its gargantuan guts in the basement at Selfridges. Bell labs scrambler hidden as if it were Churchill's private lav. Cryptography as the armour of the data wars.



War as logistics. The convoy system dodging U-boats. The convoy map. Bermuda, Atlantic, Halifax, Puerto Rico, Recife, Aruba, Curacao, Trinidad, Kingston, Casablanca, Dakar, Freetown, Oran, Algiers, Gibraltar.

Against each, in pencil, their relevant quantities. *Population by age and sex*. Charts and tables. *Bombs by the ton*. Vessels measured by displacement. Food prices. *Income and taxation*. *Ratio of bombs dropped to lives lost*.

Ash trays and inkwells; outputs and inputs. *Situation report*. Colour coded telephones, always ringing. The trace of pin pricks left on the maps by the pins. Resources pouring in from the Americas, the Arctic, Africa and Australia India and the Middle East.

Ration books in the gift shop. The Cabinet War Rooms as a memorial to this world that war spawned. Logistical war, the management of quantities. The war of codework. Imposing forms on matters.

All these statues of Britain's war heroes. Nelson and Wellington. And many others brandishing horse and sword. Monuments to an appetite for swallowing the world.

Lord Mountbatten has his statue too. Standing not with gun or sword, but binoculars. In a crisp stone suit, he poses with the blade of the eye.

As war becomes data war, its commemoration shifts from lines of fire to lines of sight. Not that war is any less a matter of messy death. Just that less time and effort is wasted in putting force to flesh. A triumph of efficiency.

Ad on the tube for Army vs Navy Rugby. *More than just a rugby match, fun for all the family*. The fiction that action still makes meaning. The fiction of the body's career, turning the wheels of time, making its mark. The theology of the novel. The liturgy of the playing fields. Prayer book of the daily paper. Smithereened by forces greater than Man's God or God's Man.

*What have been called microbes is in fact god, and do you know what the Americans and the Russians make their atoms with? They make them with the microbes of god.*

Where is the monument to amebic dysentery? Where is the monument to influenza? War's unchallenged opportunists. Where is the monument to Agent Orange? To depleted uranium? The molecules that linger longest. Long after the graves are dug and filled and covered over.

The war against the infinitesimal, that we, the 'we' of human scale and frame, are losing. Our old ally, the infinite, turns out not to honour our treaties or entreaties. All tiny things are gathering, garnering their plotless, statistical strength.

War is a matter of scales and scales of matter.

4.27 PM BST  
North 51.50770°  
Elevation 158 ʹ

25th April 2001  
West 000.09980°  
63 ʹ Accuracy

Southwark tube in Buckminster modern, *Star Trek* geodesic and gun-metal gray. A tube to hide in for some future war of past imaginings.

Tate Modern – from industrial space to art space. From the transformation of quantities to the transformation of qualities. From producing things of value to hoarding signs of value. The Gurskys by the elevator, weird sense of home in seeing them here again. They're the current currency of institutional art as power.

Tea with Honor Harger in the Member's Room. Every surface sheer and smooth, black and white and chrome. Styled within a micron of its life. Vistas of the city. Ferris wheel glistening in the gaseous light. Talk of *streaming media*. Such a useful term. Media as liquid and translucent, signifying nothing. A gilded figure tops a patinaed dome.

Honor as the perfect person for this world. Her energy and speed of connection. Curators are high bandwidth. They grep for patterns. Artists and writers – narrow. They hone down on some eccentric feed. On the roof of the Tate. City reflected in smoked glass. Form aspiring to silence.

The century of cities, the century just passed. A century studded with moments when a certain city becomes an engine in which artists come to conceive of their vocation as engineers of virtuality. Moments that don't make poverty disappear, or oppression, but which at least signal the lack of inevitability of the worst. Virtual cities, outliving their place, their moment. Dwelling in their spectral vectors.

Paris, where the surface cracks, the egg bends. Matisse, colours as pure relations, within the representational line. Cezanne, the opposite. Picasso breaks both line and shade. The layering of surfaces, the cajoling of materials. Rights of spring, sprung. Leopold Survage, pure kinetics of colour and movement, story boards for films never made. The war was that film, and its interruption, as it is everywhere.

Vienna, where the subject lay bare for observation. Karl Kraus dissecting language with an inky scalpel. Wittgenstein as architect, space of living stripped of all but space. Otto Wagner and the grand designs of social democracy. What is ugly marks the site of a crime, Adolf Loos. What is ugly is as true as what is beautiful. And maybe more so, Egon Schiele. The coffee house of reason.

Moscow, from binge to purge. Malevitch and El Lissitsky. Tatalin's flying machine. Planing down of line and colour. Dynamism of angles and symmetries. Flatten and form. Stalin in aesthetics. Osip Brik, from poet to policeman. The theatre as factory – and factory as theatre.

Ah, Copacababa! Milton Dacosta, Lygia Clark, Helio Oiticia. Perception is the work, the folding of the form in the mind's eye. Waves of perception, always refreshed. João Giberto, Anton Carlo Jobin, cool, flowing waves of structure, all rippling triangles and pentangles. Oscar Niemeyer's waves of concrete. Swelling planes that are felt, not starched. Between sea and mountain, peace and war, Péle dancing in the Rio sand.

The Lagos high life. Curves and patterns, the poco logo. Adebisi Akanji. Concrete curling back to the animist, back to its fluid state. Nigerians at the wheel. Chinua Achebe. Wole Soyinka takes the stage. Ibrahim Salahi, the hybrid of the hybrid, peel apart the blend and it multiplies. The club for remembering dismembered members.

Tokyo, the absent centre city. White cool of modernity. Isozaki Arata dismantling architecture. Hori Kosai, Yamanaka Nobuo: disappear the form, or disappear the institution? Horikawa Michio's reverse Apollo: Collect stones of the earth, not the moon. Abandon the certain world. Subways to nowhere, everywhere.

Mumbai they call it now, not Bombay. City of the present, a webshop for pirate Bollywood warez. Or so it might be if there was time to see it before the gallery closes for the day. Setting sun screened through the foyer as the last weary art slaves toil into the rain soften street. From these tangible cities, back to the phantom of London.

The Tate would make this space the next stop in the story: London as the hot tip for the times. But it isn't. The dreams of wanderers in cities past pile up here as so much mental landfill. The dream is gone, of that shining city on the hill. Gone, or just gone underground? The old mole always surfaces somewhere, bringing the bleak blocks tumbling down.

7.34 PM BST  
North 51.51501°  
Elevation 159'

25th April 2001  
West 000.13229°  
29' Accuracy

A story: Alfonso Sandoval's house in suburban Bogota, where 6 Colombian secret police find lead cans containing 600 pounds of concentrated uranium. Geiger counter salsa. The slow radioactive decay of the Soviet Union, from which this precious dirt most likely came.

Ghaddafi, Saddam, Kim Jong Il, collecting little souvenirs. Those regimes on the margins of the old, cold war that show in truth the violence at its heart.

Information, *the difference that makes the difference*, the news of the new. Len Cook, chief of the UK census. Seventy thousand enumerators distributing 24 million forms in 28 languages.

There's an email rumour doing the rounds, that if enough people put down 'Jedi' as a religion, the census folks will make it so. A touching faith, not in Jedi, but in census. *It's rather like peeling an onion. Once you sort out one question, another crops up.* How to categorise the categories of categories?

Modeling the world, its possible futures – consumption, population, age and fertility, ratio of bombs dropped to lives lost. The enumeration of the real. Not quite the world we were told about in school. The virtual calculus of risk.

11.44 AM BST  
North 51.49598°  
Elevation 2´

26th April 2001  
West 000.17154°  
90´ Accuracy

*Play up! Play up! Play up and play the game!* Queen Victoria's reign – now that was London's time. Not the 1990s, as the Tate so hopefully hints. The 1890s were more like London's prime.

Victoria the wired Regina. An early adopter, telegraph queen. Had one at Buck Palace in the 1850s. Electrics mounted on polished wood. Ionian columns decorate its fascia, but inside its all made for business.

The Great Exhibition, six million visitors. Costume balls. Gothic revival. Pugin's Westminster. King Arthur and St George. An England free from Europe's taste and taint. The tartan fad. All things Scottish. All things clan. Crowds of black school kids and blue haired ladies mill about. The contrapunal consequence of Empire.

Penny post. Railways and the seaside. Stuffed tigers. Specimen plants from other climes. *To carry salvation to the ends of the earth.* (And microbes too, only they will rate no mention.) The London tube. *The Indian Mutiny.* Opium Wars. *The relief of Mafeking.* Trade Union Congress. *Maxim* guns and flying machines.

*I touched an electric button, by which I started a message that was telegraphed to the empire.* Sound recording. Gilbert and Sullivan. Henry Irving. *The three great elements of modern civilisation: Gunpowder, Printing and the Protestant religion.* Dickens, Morris, Florence Nightingale.

Cities have two moments, and it helps to distinguish them: the city of spoils, the city of ruins. The city of spoils throws its technical tentacles at the world and grapples back the best of things and flesh and data. What it grows at home is vigorous and raw, feasting on the energy coming from without, but know it has not matched the style of some other place and time.

The city of ruins knows its days are numbered. It hangs on to all its got. It still draws a steady crowd of goods and minds into its maw, but

the energy is elsewhere. What is lost in vigor must be made up in refinement. The perfect surfaces, the tender forms. Everything built as if already in ruins. The detritus stripped, and bones laid bare. London, for instance. This whole city that is a museum to Victoria and Albert.

The *Maxim* principle: picture your target and pull the trigger, and as the hammer caps the shell, the exhausted gas expands as the bullet flies, and the loading and cocking is advanced by the pressure of the gas. An ecology of motion – until the magazine runs out of bullets.



3.23 PM BST  
North 51.49067°  
Elevation -155´

26th April 2001  
West 000.12677°  
63´ Accuracy

*Total London ecological footprint – 125 times London's surface area. Including farmland and carbon sink, that's 81.5% of the United Kingdom. From the air it burns sodium bright under a veiled sky.*

To match the artificial day of the city at night, an artificial night for the city's daylight trade. *Black Shoals Stockmarket Planetarium.* Companies are stars, flickering light or bright in a black painted dome.

Picturing the world as markets make it. Now there's a problem for art, in an era when the market's measure of resources usurps all other claims to the sublime. If art can give us God in Heaven, then why not Capital on Earth?

*Nothing distinguishes the ancient from the modern man so much as the former's absorption in the cosmic experience scarcely known to later periods.*

But then, as Walter Benjamin witnessed, wars and revolutions unleashed brand new cosmic forces, right here on earth. A convulsing cosmic body for the species, then barely under control.

One realises, now that this monstrous body is more or less under control, that control is not its problem. The cosmic body itself is malign, malignant, an imploding star, driven to excess. *Highway to hell.*

An artwork sponsored by Reuters, whose copywriters have to get a word in. *These works of art highlight the ever changing nature of technology as it adapts, and sometimes leads, to modern developments and lifestyles.* The delicate banality of corporate prose. The perfect evasion of sense. A signal part of the cosmic comedy.

*Dryers help protect the environment. They save trees from being used for paper towels. They are sanitary and help maintain cleaner facilities. Pale green*

and gray tiles. Black surfaces and white porcelain. *This water is not suitable for drinking.* The questionable is soluble – given the right liquidity.

4.38 PM BST  
North 51.51829°  
Elevation -155´

26th April 2001  
West 000.12560°  
78´ Accuracy

*Count Me In.* A census worker crossing the street. The yellow synthetic standard issue satchel on his shoulder. Looks left, looks right. Shrugs his shoulders, admits to himself he's lost. Asks for directions through these tiny streets where De Quincey wandered 'til he lost himself.

Knowledge is slavery. From slave trading to slave training. That's progress! Intellectuals once wanted to be the brains of a worker's revolution against the slavery of manual labour and private property. But we collaborate unthinkingly in the slavery of mental labour and intellectual property. *The property question.*

A project: An idiot manifesto. A revolution of the idiots, against the bureaus of knowledge, for thought free from the division of labour and certifying value of the academy. *This intellect has been 'demystifying' for such a long time that it has finally become a tool of monstrous deception.*

British Library Reading Room. Bulwark of books. Radiating arcs of gold and mauve on cast iron ribs. Paper maché dome, its historical wounds bound with flexiweave surgical bandage. The 25 miles of shelves. It used to close when it was too dark to read. Then came electricity, to stoke the ever-productive furnace of the page.

As soon as there is light, there is writing. Its shadow.

Kropotkin studied here, and Rimbaud, and Marx of course. O desk, where Marx may once have sat. Haunting the reference section, nursing his piles.

Echo of voices from without. Scritch and scratch and shuffle. Green tanned leather and pale timber. Mobile phone ringing. Profane chatter buzzing through the white walls.

The material basis of Marxism: free information. Writing freely, not bound to the orders imposed by the market or the schools. Marx stealing time from his penny-a-line journo jobs to release the virtuality of writing.

Communism as the Reading Room of the British Museum writ large. *To each according to his needs; from each according to his abilities.* A libertarian-librarian creed.

The world wide web as textual commons – soon to be enclosed. Intellectual property, like all property, a the basis of class struggle. Thesedays its the patents, trademarks and copyrights that capital covets.

A roof of gossamer skin, connecting the round Reading Room to the square Museum, a web extending the circle outward to the square, or perhaps enclosing the circle within it. Square the circle. The feeling of a weight lifting off these weary feet at the sight of it. The patron's names glit the stone.

That floodlit stone, glowing with creamy intensity. Shadows of the lattice on the walls. The painful austerity of the bloodless space. A woman in blue radiating violent tones in the cool. Wandering tourists fucking up the geometry.

An elderly man bumps into me down in the toilets. *Excuse me, I'm trying to find my way out of this mausoleum.*

9.42 AM WET  
North 48.83969°  
Elevation -216´

28th April 2001  
East 002.34983°  
58´ Accuracy

There are borders, customs, passport control somewhere, but sometimes its barely noticeable. Even the shift from language to language is a smudge rather than a line. Three degrees South, two degrees East. And in between the years and years of wars hot and cold between two ancient states.

A story: *Suce-moi!* Marcel de la Fuega snaps while interviewing the Minister and demands a blow job. How the spectacle twists its minions.

Reading *Liberation* over morning coffee with Ghassan Hage. The coffee accelerating the body to newspaper speed. Bicycles clatter on cobbles. The fountain dribbles. Old lady in leather coat and tan umbrella.

*Cixous, Badiou, Ranciere* — pillars of the theoretical edifice. The list of public lectures at the College International de Philosophie. A home for a fractious family. But as some great funny uncle once observed: *A philosophy is never a house; it is a construction site.*

The republic of knowledge: Lectures are free and open to anyone, but there's an endless queue to get library books. A market for the scarce books flourishes. The first principle of monopoly is the artifice of scarcity and the poverty of artifice.

Intellectual tourism: The city preserved as a museum in which the intellectual can circulate. The thinker's abstractions in thought as a garnish on the city's abstraction of space.

All intellectuals are tourists, apprehending only the surface of experience and taking it home as souvenir. *Souvenirs d'égotisme*. It takes a certain idiocy to make sense of the world.

Ah, the humanities! Those pillars of salt. That last longing look back at the ashes of free thought. Looking back at our Gomorrah, ground zero for this logistics that triangulates the world.

The humanities, relics decorating the inhuman edifice. A system based on the enclosure of the *materials* of thought in the grid and grip of property. The enslaving of the mind to the tilling of the field.

The inhumanity of the humanities. Nietzsche on the shaping of the scholar's body by the brute force of the desk. That scholars want what they can't have — those who wrote / broke free of it.

Nietzsche, Marx, Benjamin . . . The effort to write them back into the disciplines they rejected, or that rejected them. The desire to assimilate them to the disciplinary apparatus. *The Borg collective.*

The Panopticon of the humanities. The scholar learns to shape thought in the image of the master, who is pictured presiding over every statement, licit or illicit. *The property question.*

The *ministers of the interior and bureaucrats of thought.* Even the transgressive scholars respond to what the cop implanted in them dictates is the law to flaunt.

*Scholarship is to knowledge what virtue is to holiness. It has no deep feeling of inadequacy and longing. Or of shame. A shattering thought: there may be nothing to know, and error comes because we try to know it. Or of comedy. To think is to not know how to be. Or of grace.*

*Suce-moi!* The dream of the academy of Gomorrah, where each think according to the form emergent from their own experience. The communism of knowledge, the last communism conceivable.

12.45 AM WET  
North 48.86066°  
Elevation 22´

28th April 2001  
East 002.33689°  
65´ Accuracy

*You have to be bloody bold to put that there*, says Ghassan, gesturing to IM Pei's pyramid in the middle of the square. The architecture of power. Remarkable how the Louvre feels more symmetrical than it actually is.

The pyramid's angle not found in the Louvre's forms, but found in its ambitions. On the lone and level sands there is a plane, grid it so they may gird it. High above is a point from which radiate the perfect angles that define the corners of a square. The square, taking its measure from on high.

Tourism's fascination with the architecture of power. *Most of the stone a nation hammers goes towards its tomb only. It buries itself alive.* The nonchalant gawking at the grave.

Napoleon as the inventor of modern art tourism. The revolution may have opened the galleries to the public, but Napoleon made sure there was something for them to see by looting the corners of his empire for singular trinkets.

A dream: bombs detonating, shattering the symmetry of the stone, the architecture of order, splinters of stone and spatters of tourist arcing perfectly through the noisy air. A thousands flowerings of ballistic ballet.

Wherever there is power sunning itself by the light of this world, here comes negation to destroy it by the light of another world. Another world invisible to all but the true believer. The Taliban blowing up ancient Buddhist statues. These are times in which negation too is all global logos and celebrities.

The scandal of the plagiarists – Lautréamont, Wollman, Debord, making Paris the scene of yet one more revolution, an untimely undermining, not just of landed property and private property, but

intellectual property, the scarcity not just of food and things, but of data.

Lunch with Ghassan. The pleasure of being within range of his almost boundless amusement with the world. On the same page with Ghassan now, as a migrant. Or at least within the pages of the same anthology. The anthology of migration. That endless collection of state-scrutinised documents.

*What is a home seeking body? What are the aesthetics of migration? Antennae out, tentacles telescoping space for home. The body extending itself in space, the body of the family or the group, perhaps.*

*Throwing out a tentacle.* The tentacle becomes part of new bodies, new machines, part of other combinations. The strategies a body has for keeping a tentacle attached. The concrete sense of the socialisation of the body's capacity to wander and wonder.

*Theoretical fun but mega-grounded.* Spinoza, Nietzsche, Deleuze, Bourdieu. Intellectual migration. The adoption of genealogies for ideas. At home in the *Library of Babel*.

Odeon stop on the Metro, line 4 to Porte de Clignancourt. Learning a new railway system – Beijing, Tokyo, London, New York, Paris. The subways and airways of the world as one system, under and over the ground, threading an as yet little known city together without its hinterlands. *Chronopolis*.

*Where the others spend their time in libraries, I spend mine in the deserts and on the roads. Where they draw their material from the history of ideas, I draw mine from what is happening now, from the life of the streets, from the beauty of nature.*

The broad arch of the roof of the station, its yellow tiles. Poster opposite for books by Russell Banks, Don DeLillo, Paul Auster. *Litterature ascendante*. The rubber wheels of the subway cars. Their silence and smoothness.



Being separate from the language spoken all around. The space entirely mine. The crush of bodies. Smell of other humans all exploiting their capacity for movement. I am a migrant too now. I a vector, not a point.

A sample of Paul Auster, dropped in later, not a epigram, but a post-gram, perhaps. Not above or around, but after and behind:

*Nevertheless, this is where it begins. The first word appears only at a moment when nothing can be explained anymore, at some instant of experience that defies sense. To be reduced to saying nothing. Or else, to say to himself: this is what haunts me. And then to realise, almost in the same breath, that this is what he haunts.*

**5.59 PM WET**  
**North 48.86010°**  
**Elevation -23´**

**28th April 2001**  
**East 002.35401°**  
**667´ Accuracy**

He has one of those metal, freestanding street barricades, with sticks strapped on, from which hang dustbin lids. A stick extending upward, from which strings a frying pan and a banana. He beats an erratic rhythm while dressed in logoed cargo pants and a grubby blue anorak. Singing with a home made stuffed animal on a leash. His act is ostentatiously bad. Poverty that one sees only because it draws attention to itself.

Chains, books in chains, punching bags with corporate names. Artaud, Sade, Foucault and fire extinguishers. Paper chains of photocopies. The principles of construction for this work, winner of a prestigious prize, are not unlike that of the mad homeless African outside. The legitimate madness, inside art. If there is 'outsider art' there is insider madness.

The restaurant of the Pompidou centre. DJ purpling the space with squelchy grooves. Silver floor and white plastic chairs, sturdy ones, on perpendicular metal legs. Heavy metal modernity.

At home in the aesthetic. Intellectuals make homes on abstract surfaces: the political, the moral, the religious, the aesthetic. The aesthetic works for me. A home that can be more than a signature, that can become a style. Surfaces imbued with taste, with qualities. Literally with taste – I could lick this sand blasted glass table, this cooing music, this handsome waiter.

Metallic silver forms ooze through the grid, revealing brightly coloured innards. A Japanese couple. Her blue nails, his bumper-car shoes. Their shiny silver camera, their brown on brown colour coordination, tonal range of the moment. Her coat a buttery cream with a matt sheen.

Eiffel tower through mist and rain. A bridge to nowhere, to everywhere. Engineered for stress, not compression, the modern way with

matter. Only a few cranes on the horizon. Paris as a finished city, in every sense. Drifting through its pseudogeography.

Here comes the check. Not knowing the exchange rate, not knowing how rich or poor I am. Money as a relational construct. *The devaluation of the world of men is in direct proportion to the increasing value of the world of things.*

*Corps En Transit.* Gray metal box, a road case for the body. *Item value, one life.* Handles and locks. *L'Homme Ou Carnet.* A man's life reconstructed through a found address book. The testimony of his contacts. There is no longer any difference between the life of art and the art of life. The art of finding curious ways to stick to any surface.

Gursky again — at home in the repetition of the collect-the-set mentality of major galleries. Writing in pencil, enjoying the texture of the paper as felt through the lead disintegrating. Feeling it wear away.

12.39 AM WET  
North 48.85599°  
Elevation 129´

29th April 2001  
East 002.36575°  
188´ Accuracy

Pointing the gray *Etrex* device at the sky again. A cartoon on the lcd display shows a stick figure at the bottom, four satellites at the top. Slowly, the wavy lines connecting top to bottom grow firm, and the readout announces the accuracy of the triangulation. Or rather 'quadrulation', as four points in the sky mark the stick figure as the apex of their inverted pyramid.

The neighbourhood as fashion victim. Even its name changed, again and again. It seems right that it is named after the first department to pay its taxes to the revolutionary state: *Place des Vosges*

The persistence of the square. The square as the most basic pattern of order. The right angle is exactly that. The square as a principle of efficiency. Know one side and you know the others, and the area in between.

The square as the principle of interchangeability. One square as good as another. The priority of form. All that differentiates one square from another is its disposition. The digitising of space that has its emblem in the square.

It was in Paris that the street number was invented. The space addressed is the spaced policed. The census and the warrant follow. Nowhere left to hide. No space of pure quality. *No land without a lord*. And soon, no information, either. Modernity makes squares of us all.

5.11 PM WET  
North 48.85877°  
Elevation -16´

29th April 2001  
East 002.29395°  
75´ Accuracy

Eiffel tower as industrial tourism. The elegant little curlicues in the lattice work betraying its claim to functionality. Not exactly *shaped by the wind itself*, as by an engineer's idea of the wind. Shaped not by the fact of the wind but by the factory of the wind. Woman next to me on the bench writing in her notebook, in Thai. The fascination of the unknown code.

Sunday crowds – why do people come? To experience the most genuine of modern inventions. Waiting in line. Whatever it is that modernity is, you have to wait in line to find out. By the time you get to the head of the line – it's over.

Queue for the ticket. For the ride. For the form. Queue to pay. To be processed. To be admitted. To be acknowledged. Queue for food. For salvation. For supplication. Queue for the chamber orchestra. For the gas chamber.

The queue as a form of notching time. Providing time with spaces of stasis and flow. Queue to go up the Eiffel tower. Go up the Eiffel tower. Queue to come down. Come down. The notching of space by the queue in time, perfected. The illusion of all space and time as answering to power's mark.

12.45 AM WET  
North 48.86418°  
Elevation 127'

30th April 2001  
East 002.30098°  
35' Accuracy

*Flamme de la liberte.* Dedicated on the occasion of the centenary of the *International Herald Tribune*. An exact replica of the flame of the Statue of Liberty. (An oxymoronic doubling).

It has become a monument to Diana, Princess of Wales. Her black Mercedes crashed in the tunnel underneath. The irony of monuments. That they persist in space, but not in function.

Hand lettered demands that Diana receive the Nobel Peace Prize. *To remember Princess Diana for her love of humanity.* All the words to Elton John's 'Candle in the Wind'. *The secret of immortality lies in being remembered.* Flowers and photos of flowers from other impromptu memorial sites.

Murmur of the plural. *We will always love you. We miss you. You are the one. You were the one.* The ambivalence of the chorus, democratic, but with totalising urges.

*We will always remember you. Your beauty and smile will remain with us forever.* Graffiti of the kind you find at Graceland. *Legends live once but never die. Adulteress! Rich bitch. The wages of sin are death.*

Writers from Ecuador, Botswana, Canada. Writing in Arabic, Hindi, Japanese, Chinese, French, English, German, Italian. The charm of this little corner of untidy, global populism.

Paris as the world's ugliest city. The thumb print of state and church upon it.

*Les Deux Magots:* Sartre and de Beauvoir, those two old fag ends.

Intellectuals need to be close to cities to be close to the information that passes through them, but can't afford to live in them any more. Fewer and fewer cheap quarters in the city.

The future may belong to the intellectuals of Mumbai, Lagos, São Paulo, Shanghai – if they can find a cheap place to live close enough to the flows yet not too precarious or nefarious. They will look at us who left the periphery for New York, London, Paris as the last of the great sell outs. Too fascinated by power's centrifugal force.

2.34 PM EST  
North 40.71453°  
Elevation 76´

31st April 2001  
West 073.94449°  
23´ Accuracy

*Polo™ truth™ alchemie™ refresh™ xs™ oxygene™ boss,™ very™ chrome™ dreamer.™* Airports trap bodies long enough to sweat credit swipes from the pores of desire. The promise to be duty free. A world where words and things can mingle promiscuous skins, unattached to any necessity. *Ultraviolet™ ghost™ safari™ pleasures™ feminine™ hot couture™ pasha.™*

*Indécence™ kouros™ image™ paris™ insense™ mania™ classique.™* These words are sovereign. They are keys to the code of another world. A world in which all surfaces answer to desire, including the desire to know what to desire. All is provided, if one invests in the sovereign words. *Black™ soleil™ weekend™ touch™ anaïs™ fleur de fleurs™ manifesto.™*

*Allegoria™ red door™ be™ tréson™ voyage,™ allure™ duty free anteus.™* The most sovereign words code for scents, not sights or sounds. Or not initially. These words form search engines of yearning, where language spins its wheels and promises rubbery jackpots. *Aqua™ egoiste,™ duty free splendour,™ beverly hills™ babydoll™ intuition.™*

*Beautiful™ contradiction,™ duty free romance,™ oblique™ cool water™ sunflowers.™* It is not necessary to purchase, at least not right now. Try a sample, look around. You don't want to return empty handed. You don't want them to think your travels didn't take at least within reach of perfumed worlds. *Shalimar™ dolche vita™ innocent™ must™ magic noir™ tropical™ champs-elysees.™*

*Duty Free white linen™ elixir™ rush™ sauvage™ No. 5™ lolita.™* There are things you can and can't have. And of the things you can't have, there are souvenirs. A word or a colour or a cloth or a scent. A mark decanted from that world where no surface has not felt the Midas touch. *Fahrenheit™ jazz™ body™ gentlemen™ envy™ l'air du temps™ opium™ flower.™*



Happy™ lune™ dune™ paris™ desire™ lumiere™ elements,™ one™ initial.™  
You may not have felt that touch, but you may acquire a whiff of what's touched by that touch. Here, while you are waiting. This off duty time. *Now boarding.* You know you are being held in a pen with the herd for the convenience of industrial travel. He™ jaipur™ jungle™ duty free good life,™ she™ platinum™ green tea™ heritage™ obsession.™

Fragile™ 5th avenue™ organza™ envy™ hypnotic poison™ miracle™ poème.™ You know that necessity awaits. As soon as you return you are back in the thin of it. Everything dull and smudged. Now is your chance to get some purchase on the promised other life. Even if all you grasp is mist and connotation. *Flight Closed.*

*Yes the golden age is within sight, at least within spitting distance.*

*Inflight entertainment.* Watching Helen Hunt and Mel Gibson in that stupid movie. Always get weepy on planes watching movies. Mel Gibson hears what women think. Nicholas Cage lives a magic parallel life, the one he left behind. Bill Murray lives the same day over. In romantic comedy, it takes a miracle for men to fall in love with women. It takes a miracle for men to get what it is that makes a story.

Sound, shaped by word and line. The swirls of sand in green water. The parallel lines of habitation. The straight wake of a motor boat. Sand, shaped by wind and water. The swirls of lead on smooth paper. The abstraction of the action. An abstraction thought can only guess at.

Car parks and flyovers, a monumental tower. Moses parting the sand. The surface of the ocean, a diamond pattern forming and deforming. The gorgeous physics, voluptuous geometry, sexy math.

A moment of calenture — desire to embrace the vivacious surface. All the water in the world. Twisting its skin in the sunlight and moonlight. The grid stretching down to the beach, block upon block squared off. The futile durability of paper cups. *Fasten seatbelts.*

This familiar subway with its strangers and stratagems. The black man in Timberlands and jeans doing the crossword. Wondering if my

friends Cathy and Dave solved it. The jet black hair and moustache of the man reading. The young white guy in Nikes and walkman.

The gray squares of the platform, edged in yellow Lego blisters. The departure bell, the air conditioning. The engines warming. The trickle of sounds the doors make. The khaki walls, the textured line. *Watch the closing doors.* The strangeness that is close to me, my ken.

*Your ken is a very familiar place in your mind. But there's a fence around it which only comes into focus — actually into sensation — when something on the other side of that nebulous fence starts charging in to ask a difficult or maybe impossible questions.*

Or so it says in that book bought at Shakespeare and Co. Paid the cover price before realising it was second hand. The circulation of books, passed on and on, hoping to find a good reader. The billions of printed words that hook no eye.

The complaint of the brakes. The white tiles of the platform walls, the film of crud on them. *Watch the closing doors.* The pneumatic hiss. The child with the pacifier and toy warplane. The three beautiful black girls, all hauteur and gold, sunglasses and microskirts. Their containment, their protective bubble of 'tude.

The Hispanic couple cooing in that familiar foreign tongue. Baggy pants, denim corrugating to perfection around shiny white sneakers. The Asian kid reading with his walkman on, eyes and ears each plugged into their own universe. The long ride under the city's skin. *Battery one dollar.* The lights all green. Yellow and chrome pipes undulate by outside the window.

The drum and bass of this rattling train. The fading note of the slowing vehicle. Clack of rails and roil of wheels. The woman in red looking at snapshots of a new born baby. The black woman looking at me. Her nails micro-striped in bronze and black, each a tiny Bridget Riley.

The sun on the street. The mobs of white flowers. Everyone in t-shirts, basking. I should be enjoying it too. The three rejection letters waiting

in the mailbox.

*How impressed we were. Extraordinary group of applicants. Stood out as meriting particular. Gratifying and difficult. Carefully and thoroughly. Most interesting and stimulating. Highly competitive. Deeply appreciate. Best of luck. Future endeavors.*

*Espresso, cappuccino. cafe latte, cafe mocha. Coffee — no refills. All these young things hanging out at Phoebe's. All tomorrow's parties. Making me old. Age as a relational construct. Neighbourhood coordinates. The Etrex slow to clock this part of the sky. Dennis Tito, first billionaire in space. At least they spared him the inflight movies. Tender poison™ angel™ j'adore™ duty free rive gauche™ eden™ eternity.™*

**5.57 PM EST**  
**North 42.20641**  
**Elevation 244 ´**

**1st May 2001**  
**West 075.83536°**  
**71 ´ Accuracy**

The way the world feels in different kinds of shoes. Feet as sensory organs. The spongy ground by the edge of the lake, as felt through Nike walkers.

That sinking feeling. Grounded yet not. A half moon in a patient blue sky. Lap, lap of Michael swimming. Trees not quite willing to leaf yet. Sun burning the back of the neck.

*I consider myself one of the common sort, except that I consider myself so. What bothers you most? Poverty or the commodity? That things come to us in a certain way; that things don't come to some at all? This is the question that sorts the democrats from the aristocrats. To the democrats, its the poverty.*

*Poverty keeps down the price of crime. To the aristocracy of the academy, its always the commodity. Followers of the bourgeois Adorno, not Gramsci, the peasant from the provinces. Who is knowledge for? Questions lingering from the seminar back at college, coming into focus here in the light.*

Neck rubbed raw by the rays. Skin is a blind eye. It sees the index, not the image, feels the sense not the sight, notes the pricks, not the pix. The eye as skin that cuts and flips the world to focus it as picture, thereby losing touch with the way light tickles. The eye is still just skin, skin grown specialised. Division of sensory labour. That special disconnect.

Who is writing for? A writing that disobeys the division of intellectual labour. A writing that ignores established hierarchies of authority. A writing that bypasses the formulaic channels of distribution. A writing that resists the contagion of genre.

*Writing is irresponsible, in the strict sense of the term, because it does not come in response to a question. It proceeds at its own pace.*

A writing without a face. Without the face of the kindly author. Without the face of the know-all scholar. Without the face of the oily salesman. Without the face of the angry militant. Without the face of the pious moralist.

*Writing is a question of becoming, always incomplete, always in the midst of being formed, and goes beyond the matter of any livable or lived experience.*

A solitary tree with platinum bark, glowing white in the sunlight. This page as platinum bark, between body and sun, parching parchment. Recording, not representing. A writing that proscribes only that from which it escapes.

The woodpecker making itself a home. Some birds sound out a space between, in which things are possible. Some birds sound out a space for sound itself. Not a signing but a styling.

The body of sound is the body of the bird. The sound of the bird is the bird, the bird expression an index of something else other than bird. A species of sound. Expression high hats the eardrums.

A landscape of bird calls. The rhythms of a species, call and response, point and counterpoint. The melodic separations of different species. The woods populated, not with birds, but sounds. Birds making sounds making birds. A bird may make its sound, but the sound makes the intervals that connect and separate the birds.

Writing as birdcalls. Or perhaps birdcalls as writing. Art as something expressed by all forms of life, wherever the marks make a space of some autonomy, yet still interacting with other spaces, other zones.

*What is mine is first of all my distance; I possess only distances.*

Art as that threshold where the making of a mark or a sound, the display of a colour or a posture creates its own space and makes its own call on resources. The art of fish and birds, mammals and reptiles. Art of membranes.

**1.41 PM EST**  
**North 40.73680°**  
**Elevation 75´**

**4th May 2001**  
**West 073.99012°**  
**30´ Accuracy**

*Dynamite headjobs! Ask for Ruth. Embrace your banality — De La Vega. Uninteresting and talentless movie stars. If we get bored we'll go to California. Ever fuck your sister? No, but I fucked yours.*

Where better to start a new notebook than in the men's room at a Barnes and Noble bookstore? Toilet graffiti as the marker of the literary unconscious. TUPAC -> CAPUT. *I can't believe this is still here. I wrote it a year ago.*

A story: Thirty students occupy Massachusetts Hall, and dozens more camp in a tent city outside in Harvard Yard, at Harvard University. Why?

*I find good food in the garbage here too. Chinese food, you know — it doesn't go bad because of all the chemicals. The students demand that Harvard establish a living wage of \$10.25 an hour as the minimum paid to employees, whether they work directly for the university or for outside contractors.*

*Financially I'm OK now. I was able to move out of the projects, but, you know, after paying taxes and daycare and car insurance, that's when you start going to food pantries and soup kitchens at night and you start trash-picking for clothes and toys and furniture.*

*When it comes to turning out the men who run the capitalist class, the men Harvard produces haven't changed in 100 years. I'll be damned to see where they have. The big colleges, the bookstore chains, the media conglomerates, the knowledge business. Some enlightenment this turned out to be. What they will teach you at the Harvard Business School is that you never pay the worker the true value of their wages. Ever.*

Used to be there was a world of work remote from the paper chase of learning. Not in this America. *I love working in the art museums, and I*

*love being around the art. I have students come into the museum, who, to tell you frankly, are just pricks.*

Insult compounding injury. Those who can't get certified by the professors as having internalised the boss in their own brains, are not only barred from working in the knowledge economy, but have to do its dirty work.

*Sometimes you have a student in there trying to analyze critically a work of art that you've been looking at over and over and over and over again for two straight years, so you see things in that painting that they're not going to find in ten minutes. This testimony, from a web site. Graffiti from a hidden world of work: See, work is a self-inflicted wound. It just is.*

2.06 PM EST  
North 40.74587°  
Elevation 198´

4th May 2001  
West 073.00433°  
336´ Accuracy

A story: Clement Clark Moore is not remembered for his work on a Hebrew lexicon, or his philology in many other ancient languages. Actually, he is hardly remembered at all, although he may (or may not) be responsible for something memorable.

*Twás the night before Christmas, and all through the house . . .* Those are the lines he etched on the mind. Text sets up home in flesh, in memory. Oh, and he has this park named after him. The name, setting up home in space.

*I was never designed for survival, says Annlee. I have no voice. She has a face, or something like a face. The one given to her by K-Works, an anime design shop in Tokyo, from whom the artist bought her likeness for ¥40,000. I will never sell anything. She herself has already been sold. I belong to anyone who is able to fill me. Art just a bit too behind the curve of reality to be interesting.*

A story: John Casablancas, who founded the Elite model agency, who brought the world Cindy Crawford and Naomi Campbell, now represents digital bodies via a new agency called Illusion 2K. Model Tatiana Rossi has a digital clone called Adrenalina. *Through this type of manipulation we're going to completely confuse people.* Less enthusiastic is the feminist scholar: *The postmodern equivalent of the mail order bride.*

There's something here with no equivalent. The shaping of the image or the story to desire as it is, in exchange for the claim to memory as real estate. Remember me and I will be what you want. Or if not, then remember me and I will be the sign of what you want.

The image makes its home in flesh, but one still has no right to it. The copyright remains with whoever sold it to you. We are all renters, not owners, of our own memories of images and stories. *The property question.*



A dream: an artist using Annlee without permission, making copies without paying her owners, and giving the copies away for nothing. Annlee liberated from ownership by any branch of the culture industry, of which art is just a minor franchise. Utopia is the gift of Christmas without the Christmas gifts.

**2.06 PM EST**  
**North 40.74587°**  
**Elevation 198´**

**4th May 2001**  
**West 073.00433°**  
**336´ Accuracy**

The charm of an ugly neighbourhood. Plastic bags fly their colours from the razor wire.

Noticing, for the first time, the horseshoe over the front door. Is this really the first time I notice, or the first time I notice noticing? Infinite regress of awareness – the video feedback of frames within frames. *Cartesian TV.*

Homing pigeons bunch and spread as they circle. There's always some that tack with speedy grace, while others flap loose around the edges of the pack. Some contribute to the syncopated pace with others clap along in loose accord.

Rhythm gives a pace to things. The arranging of the intervals. Turning the TV on while at home, as a way of dispersing sound through the space and marking it.

The rhythm of writing in the notebook, the paradiddles of the pencil marking time. The rhythm beating through things, coming together, not falling apart. This is what home is, this rhythm. The walls are a drum skin for the beat.

A memory: That Glenn Murcutt house with walls that slide and fold away, radical opening of the home to the desert. It's the folding that makes the home, not the wall that is folded. A home enfolding the world, not infolding against it.

To be homeless is to lack the means by which to make one's rhythm. The institutions they put the homeless in – its no wonder some prefer the streets, as there may be less room in the institution for singing to one's won tune. (Now there's a typo.)

Talking to the homeless guy who lives beneath the expressway. John or Sean might be his name. It eludes the gap between broken teeth.

*Got my rhythm back. On a roll now. His sturdy hope the timber with which his twisted body lashes.*

There is the body, home to the organs; there is the apartment, home to the body. Skin and mouth, eyes and ears connect and punctuate one to the other. The rhythm meshes one zone to another, at the entry points and exits. Keeping boundaries in connection.

But there's a threshold, altogether different. It's where sounds and shapes and colours pass from being part of a home to becoming a homemaker of their own. There are markers that represent the bounds of home, and then there are some that come to express a homing.

*The inhabitants of the splendid edifice that is Western civilisation ought to prepare themselves for an invasion of homeless people with a new perception of man.*

**4.28 PM EST**  
**North 40.71398°**  
**Elevation 221 ´**

**15th May 2001**  
**West 073.94375°**  
**249 ´ Accuracy**

Jazz meets techno. Analog to digital transfer. Improvise against the analog flow of time. Transcribe to disc, then cut and mix the digits. Quotes cut and filed, a virtual index on the hard drive. Samples dropped in later for the remix.

*The newspaper is the sea: literature flows into it at will. Leafing through newspapers in the cafe for good stories. Another page ripped from some monstrous novel. Stories, stories everywhere. Newspapers, to help you forget the previous day.*

A story: CBS filming a pilot for a TV show called *The Agency* in Langley, Virginia. Home of the CIA. *We've sort of been discovered* says the CIA publicist. Data war turns spies into publicists and publicists into spies.

A story: Herman Hollerith invents a machine that does electric calculations. Feed in hole-punched cards and it sorts and orders. Finding patterns in the shuffle.

It's 1933: IBM makes Hollerith machines. In Germany it sells them through its Dehomag subsidiary. The German government uses Hollerith machines to sort the packs of people in the census. It sorts by age, by income, by gender.

It sorts for lots of lots, including faith. The census provides an accurate map of concentrations of Jews, not just by city or suburb, but block by block.

Very useful, those Hollerith machines. They schedule the trains. That run to the camps. And there's a Hollerith machine in every camp. Sorting and sorting, the living and the dead of the data war.

It's 1941: In Holland, there's a census. The Jews again, and their dispositions. Via Hollerith to the camps. The cards were made by IBM and came all the way from America.

In France, there's a census, but no Holleriths. And there's no question about religion. Three quarters of the Dutch Jews sent to the camps; a quarter of the French ones. A victory of sorts. The danger of coordinates. Erasure as the dark side of cut and mix.

A story: René Carmille, a census official, was a Resistance fighter. He frustrates the German effort to pin down Jews and pin yellow stars to mark them. The Gestapo catch and dispatch him to the camps as well. A hero of the data resistance.

War was once all tactics. Bash that foe before he bashes you. The kind of stoush old Socrates was good at. War becomes strategic. Wheel the right flank about. Napoleon at Austerlitz. Then war became logistics. Robert McNamara, running Vietnam by the numbers, just like the Ford motor company.

But now, war becomes disrhythmia: *Neutralise the enemy's infrastructure by spreading breakdown and panic in his ranks and all around him by the sudden interruption of all coherent, coordinated activity.* One need not destroy the things, but merely the much more delicate relations between things. Scramble the codes and flows to beat *Chronopolis*.

And on the home front, disarming through disinforming. Fast-breeding information of all useless kinds. WAR TV with missilecam instant replays. *Everybody knows*.

The knowledge farms of the academy, all present and correct. Mimicking the martial grid but too distracted to pay attention. The struggle to think free from the martial law. But even to struggle with it is to surrender to it. A writing that goes AWOL in the everyday instead.

**9.54 PM EST**  
**North 40.71799°**  
**Elevation 176 ´**

**15th May 2001**  
**West 073.94614°**  
**346 ´ Accuracy**

A story: The *organic* TV dinner. American civilisation, perfected. *Cascadian Farm* it says on the box top. There really is such a place, between the Skagit river and the North Cascades, near Rockport, Washington. It doesn't just reside in some art director's hard drive. Started in 1971 as an organic cooperative, owned in 2001 by the agribiz giant General Mills.

Broccoli florets from Central Valley, blanched and frozen in Sanger, California. Trucked to Edmonton, Alberta, where they meet frozen organic chicken up from Petaluma, via a processing plant in Salem, Oregon, which injects the chicken with sauce then cubes, cooks, and freezes it again.

*Natural chicken flavor. High-oleic safflower oil. Guar and xanthan gum. Soy lecithin. Carrageenan. Natural grill flavor. Tapioca maltodextrin.*

The pleasure of reading about these everyday outrages in the Sunday paper. A pleasure derived from processed information, no less authentic than in an organic TV dinner. Food for thought.

*To question food is to realise the impossibility of home.*

6.05 PM EST  
North 40.71736°  
Elevation 295´

16th May 2001  
West 073.94620°  
120´ Accuracy

Billboard featuring a model holding a hibiscus in front of its crotch. No head, no legs. Advertising as pollen. Seeding sticky purchase in memory.

*The best laid plans of mice and men are filed away, somewhere.* Including thousands of pages of evidence the FBI failed to turn over to Timothy McVeigh's defense attorneys about the Oklahoma City bombing.

McVeigh's execution is on hold. TV news shows McVeigh flanked by lawyers, neatly filed documents in archive boxes, the aftermath of the bombing. Relatives of the deceased interviewed about *closure*.

A story: There are 1.3 million prisoners in the state and federal prison systems. *Prisons are currently the fastest growing category of housing in the United States.* Now that's a market! Mail order catalogues, contracts for the prison commissaries.

*Special requirements.* Televisions and cd-players with headphone jacks. Electronics in clear plastic cases to prevent drug smuggling. Headphones sprout slender cords, too weak for garroting guards or cellmates.

No remote control. Could be used as a bomb detonator. The prison entertainment complex. *Our lifetime warranty was really being abused by the customers in prison.*

America, where lush desires flower, to pollinate the world with manifest destiny. America, where desire folds in on itself, breeding violence, this latent destiny. Keep reading and rereading the surface 'til you notice the fold. It's plain. This signal heeds its own voice only.

Revising till the writing turns invisible. When nothing in a line pinks the eye, it's done. (It's never done being done.)

**8.37 PM EST**  
**North 40.78336°**  
**Elevation 279´**

**17th May 2001**  
**West 073.95899°**  
**58´ Accuracy**

Rain damping down dust. Empire State Building revealing yet another of its endless facets in the heavy air, the textured light. The green of a traffic signal seems yellowish and wan. Red of tail lights a luscious intensity.

Leaves oscillate in a light wind. The red of the cherrypicker against the cream of the museum walls. The curving turret, a carpark for art.

People who exude the faint but detectable particles of money. The cut of a bob or a leg. Money buys precision. The artists who make it to the money zone. The balancing act. Safe but not too safe. Fresh but not too fresh. The gallery system as breeding bays for art that might make its way upstream to money. Art as photographs of its own progress upriver, to the source, from ass to mouth.

The stainless steel circles embedded in the pavement, the light glancing off them. The trouble with this sky, its resistance to description. The inexplicable patch of blue between the clouds.

*Ronald O Perelman Rotunda.* Money, the music of power. Its qualities are relative, melody and harmonic, tonal and timbral. The vanity of the wealthy, who endow these monuments to quality without equal – or equality.

The vain search for the alchemical transformation of quantity into quality. The charm of this vanity. The attempt to turn money toward the service of a raw human need for a still, recognisable point.

Mayor Rudy Guiliani pauses for a photo op. His ricotta face a rictus of professional grade grinning. Joker mouth worn in place by a lifetime of this other mugging. Flash! The mayor and the architect. Flash! Rudy Guiliani and Frank Gehry. The huddle of security, their shades and earpieces.



Judith Nathan, the mayor's *special friend* steps aside. Her makeup a *Scream* mask, perfect for pictures, grotesque in this humble light. Black wrap, red skirt, Manolo Blahnik heels teetering on the sloping ramp of the gallery. It's not her night tonight.

It's Gehry's! All his major works are here. Wooden blocks for mass and size. Crumpled paper for shapes and planes. A doodle on a cocktail napkin framed and signed. A 100 to 1 scale model of the new Guggenheim themepark he may get to build on the Manhattan shoreline.

Computer milled limestone. Titanium panels in four shapes and sizes. *Glazing Secondary Anaxometric. Superceded by detail 4822.* The yoga stretch from play to manufacture. The expansion of the horizon of what form making can take and what it takes to form making.

Computer files from Germany, styrofoam molds milled from the data. Shipped to the Czech Republic where the molds shape cast iron tools. The tools shipped to Sweden where flat stainless steel plates are heated top  $1,015^{\circ}$  Celsius and *free form hot pressed* with 1,500 tons of compression. Complex shapes brought to you not just by the high tech, but by low cost post cold war labour.

CATIA, the 3D modeling program developed for French aerospace. Gehry's steel and titanium folds as bombers and fighters, brought to earth. *The fragmented forms convey the dynamics of a society in which freedom and equality come into constant collision.* But also one where technology can form matters into concert halls or cruise missiles with the same efficient efficacy.

There's still squares here, and pyramids. The squares are microscopic. Power gets greater by becoming granular. The pyramids inverted. The satellites align to form a cosmic base for any point of interested. Circular error probably marks a point of impact.

Christen, riding with Frank Gehry in the back of a limo. (Long story.) She asks him how he feels about his Guggenheim retrospective: *Makes me wonder what I could do for an encore.*

11.54 PM EST  
North 40.74250°  
Elevation 384´

18th May 2001  
West 073.98707°  
98´ Accuracy

The writer's tactical uselessness. Refusal of a logistical function — at least any immediate one.

*These words on this page. Same words, perhaps, but never the same page. The difference between the code and the work. The quality of information, its potential freedom from scarcity, from property, its openness to other kinds of work. Plagiarism is necessary, progress implies it.*

*The card index marks the conquest of three dimensional writing. The book is already, as the present mode of scholarly production demonstrates, an outdated mediation between two different filing systems.*

Reading Benjamin again after 15 years. The residual trace of his words within me. Blurred and adulterated. But still there. The self as index of plagiarised affects.

The thief of amnesia. Stealing, and stealing forgetfulness. It is only the failure to forget the theft that makes of the thieving a thief.

Ziegfield Theater, with its memorial cases to forgotten Broadway actors. Red flock wallpaper and sturdy timbers. Monument to a forgotten mode of entertainment.

DJ Baz in the house! The house called *Moulin Rouge*. Cutting and splicing pop DNA. The audience cheers at every audacious twist in the mix. It takes a world of pure artifice to bring out the most tender and true of feelings.

A story: Satine is the queen of the deck. In love with her theatre and her writer. But to become a star, she must sell herself to the money man, who will bankroll her theatre, and make her ditch her writer, even as he writes her lines. Or rather, plagiarises them.

She gets her opening night, and keeps her writer, but dies in the consummation of the show, of consumption. The sacrifice for which all art calls is here choreographed to a show tune. *Kiss me deadly.*

*Truth, Beauty, Freedom and Love.* The missing fifth coordinate, the apex of the pyramid, is capital. *Diamonds are a girl's best friend.* Their shiny pyramids point to Rupert Murdoch's mad money. A morality play for artists with expensive tastes. How to string a corporate sugar daddy along so you can make your art without putting out.

Yes, but our heroine dies at the end. Dies that her image may live. Looks toward the light and turns to silver salts.

**2.50 AM EST**  
**North 40.71799°**  
**Elevation 33 ´**

**23rd May 2001**  
**West 073.94615°**  
**150 ´ Accuracy**

*I love Hank Williams. Flyrite tattoo. Sweet diesel. Unsane.* The personality as a collection of bumper stickers. Queasy about sharing a street with the people who own *Sports Utility Vehicles*. And these bumper stickers. Too much information.

Leafing through the free paper on a rainy day. *Laser vaginal rejuvenation*. *You won't believe how good sex can be!* Cops putting up roadblocks around Tunnel nightclub on hip hop Sundays. Passing every driver's license through a scanner. Instant census of the black party population.

We're all in service now, to a war no longer hot nor cold but tepid. Somewhere between the temp of rooms and skins. The real wars still exist somewhere, but we are not all ordered to attention.

That bruise on the right hip. A reminder to tack left around the stove when passing from closet to kitchen. The precision ballet of apartment living. What Nietzsche says, about learning through pain. Forgetting where he says that.

Watching *Friends* on TV, for no other reason than its familiarity.

SUV TV: How could anyone buy a *Sports Utility Vehicle* when the commercials for them are all so stupid? It is not money that experiences inflation these days, but desires. Once the problem was too much desire chasing too few goods, ratcheting up their price. Now the problem is too many goods chasing too few desires.

Even anxiety has its fashions. The modern anxiety was social alienation. The postmodern anxiety was privacy. From too little attention to too much. Someone passing by the window says: *It never rains but it pours*.

And the new anxiety? Mutation. Infection. No fear at the boundary.  
Fear out of bounds.

**5.15 PM EST**  
**North 40.77871°**  
**Elevation 184´**

**24th May 2001**  
**West 073.96212°**  
**81´ Accuracy**

The milieu out of which art grows, and escapes. The town of Delf, making linen and beer, then moving up the food chain to luxury goods. Its not far, by carriage, or canal, to The Hague. A good place for the tapestry business. Blue and white *Delftware*.

A city sells itself. The brochure offers maps and views. Crests of the Burgomasters. The canals connect the towns around in an intimate rivalry. Globalisation in nascent miniature.

Vermeer as pure product of this place of products. His obsequious hack work, tacking between client's whims and fashion's skims. Give it up for those in charge. But something escapes, from Vermeer, from Delft, from this exhibition, that can't be caught in any one's design.

An artist of extremes of soft and hard. Outlines so crisp they nick the eye, but then there's shapes and colours caught in movement and dispersal. The warp and twist of space and light. *Into temptation*. The procuress surrounded by a floating, folding world.

The offering of surfaces to sense. The whites peeling off the facade within the frame, becoming the facade of the frame. The facets of street life remembered and indexed. The mix of things seen and art seen, as one endless Möebius surface. The POV of light itself.

The way Vermeer steps back, out of frame, to see the frame in the scene. A world in which one looks always into other worlds, strung from walls or snagged in memory. Vermeer as very high definition *Cartesian TV*.

The samplings of minute segments of time and light. The illusion of simultaneity. The white and pink dressed up as a mouth. Roar of redness posing as a hat. Index of process: where there's smoke there's paint.

The face observed so closely it becomes inhuman. The features that return the gaze are only facelike enough to act as attractors. Sucking attention into pure events of colour and touch. How they touch the skin of the eye.

**2.50 AM EST**  
**North 40.71799°**  
**Elevation 150´**

**25th May 2001**  
**West 073.94615°**  
**150´ Accuracy**

Taking a used draft of this manuscript, turning it over and feeding it through the printer again. This backside draft will be corrected, amended, printed out on fresh paper. That draft will be corrected, amended, printed on the back of the last. The two-step stops when the composition stops.

Thinking about possible titles. The three leading contenders on a post-it note above the desk: *Sample Coordinates*, *Dispositions*, *Whatever*.

Each dated section a strand of time, woven against another time, the time of rewriting. Outside time, marked by global coordinates; inside time, marked by the word processor as a dated change in the data.

A memory: walking home with Christen, late at night. The smell of fresh bread leaking from the bakery. Christen asks for a loaf and the supervisor gives her a bag of fresh bread. Eating baguette on the rest of the walk.

Every culture has its allergies. The American, to perceiving its own weakness. The English, to perceiving its own strengths. The Australian, to perceiving itself at all.

In a foreign country, one's childhood becomes inconceivable to others. One arrives as if borne by distance itself.

One does not *spend time*. One borrows it. One does not age, one becomes *overdrawn*.

New York is not really part of America, everyone says. It's not really America but a foreign land. New Yorkers will tell you this, and so too will 'mainlanders', the former with resignation, the later with resentment.



But perhaps it is really the other way around. New York is all that's left of the real America. All that's left whole and of a piece. Those sunbelt suburbias are the unreal America. The strip malls and fast food joints, the tract houses and box stores. Picnic tents parked and rented for the passing fair.

Nostalgia for space, for when space mattered. Take the sky gray *Etrex* into the street and fix these stray thoughts to the white page before they breed. Gray sky, white page, black sun of signs. All the colours caught between.

2.17 PM EST  
North 40.72226°  
Elevation 127 ´

9th June 2001  
West 073.99716°  
130 ´ Accuracy

Memories of the touch, or the touch desired. Memories recorded in media outside of the body. *Letting the page stand as a ground for yourself, an analog, letting the space of the page stand as an analog for yourself.*

Painting blind, the hand unguided by the eye. A missive without misgivings. *It would create a different way of working But then we deal with that.*

Ink on mylar, otherworldly stipples of black and gray. Ink curdling and desiccating without absorption into the surface. The curls of the liquid left dry. Index of an action. Art as an index of an action.

Two tones of gray, so close that up close they appear identical. From a distance, they differ. Is this what is meant by critical distance? Do you believe what is near or what is far?

What are those intervals? The higher tones are orange flames around the deeper blues. Guttering in the flap and weft of microtonal breeze. A tilt of the head and the tones flutter. Oscillations bleed, mingle, can no longer tell what is high or low.

A memory: childhood, and the sound of the bush around the house. The cicadas out in massive numbers, all thrumming their guts, their rhythms linking and locking, the sound shifting phase on every breeze.

Those close related tones are here. The ear drum truly is a drum. The feeling of sound beating on it. Sound beating through the wax, on the membrane. Art, the calisthenics of the senses.

4.47 PM EST  
North 40.77944°  
Elevation 239´

14th June 2001  
West 073.97024°  
149´ Accuracy

*Deoxyribonucleic acid.* The helix of becoming. Green for adenine, thymine red. Yellow guanine and cytosine blue. laser scans of DNA samples. Bridget Riley meets Watson and Crick.

The 3.2 billion units of the human genome. Manhattan phone books, stacked to the ceiling in spirals, 140 volumes worth. Bunched together in 30,000 genes. How *natural* it seems to imagine nature as information and information as nature.

Nature as plagiarist. Humans share 15% of their genes with rice; 7% with bacteria; 23% with baker's yeast. (You are what you eat.) 99.9% we share with each other. Plagiarism is necessary, progress implies it.

It's all process. DNA codes chains of RNA. RNA codes proteins in factories. The proteins go about their business, in the vast socialist enterprise of the body. To each according to its needs, from each according to its abilities.

Cancers are nature's neo-liberal individualists. They maximise only their own utility.

The boy in the bubble, a Jean Baudrillard emblem. His existence in the world conditioned by his detachment from its grubby surfaces. Well, there's a cure for his auto-immune deficiency now. Gene therapy. The mixing of all the codes of the world, out of their bubbles.

Denim blue budding cotton. Corn with built in pesticides. Chardonnay grapes that grow under frost. Salmon that reaches *market size* in only 14 months. Frogs that glow in the dark when their bodies detect a toxin. Caffeine free coffee.

Igneous rock, flecked and streaked. A frozen ooze of magma, twisting and threading, stranding and folding. An index of time. *Geology of morals.*

Bird rhythms interlocking from tree to tree. There is no call, only response and response. Each repeating with variation. A squirrel crossing rocky ground.

Boat pond in the park, with toy boats sailing. The place of my first day in this city, as an immigrant. A year ago now. How its charms become routines.

An alto saxophone wafting on the breeze. Copper roof of the boat-house reflecting on water. A baby crying. Ducks and boats.

All of nature comes from codes. Pure and applied. Physics and engineering. Biology and natural selection. Logic and computers. Now that information is a form of property, all things seem to have the properties of information.

The radio signals attempting to control the toy sailboats. Tilting the angle of the rudder. The rest is up to chance encounters with wind and water. Children, twisting the controls, learning something. It's not the code, it's the flow.

Twelve months in this country, and six months without a Palm Pilot, having lost it on some expedition. No code for days. This record of what days were, this index of their dispositions, in place of the digital marking down of what the day is for.

The supreme court rules five to four against the use of thermal imaging by police to spy on pot growers without a warrant. The fiction of privacy upheld. Bubble boy smokes his own.

11.43 AM AEST  
South 33.29609°  
Elevation 120´

20th June 2001  
East 151.46152°  
57´ Accuracy

Sitting for a long time without getting any coordinates. Somehow this seems right. It's peaceful here. The water lolling up against the bank, throwing out stylings from its infinite repertory of shape.

Pelicans cruise in the current, trolling for a feed. Light makes its presence felt in momentary demands, accumulating on the mystic writing pad of the retina. They are there now as I close my eyes. This flicker in lime and red in the pulsing page of sightlessness. The afterimage forming now behind these letters as I write them.

Clear air tumbling against skin. Bird calls. A fishing boat's wake bobbing ducks as it passes. My niece Kate standing here on the jetty, wagging school for the day. My sister sleeping in. A pelican tops a pole standing in deeper water. Safe from all predators, except description.

The light show of reflections on the jetty. Light perceptible as it expresses chance patterns bouncing off water and wood. Makes the 24 hours of travel to get here worth it.

A memory: Meeting Mikey Robbins in the Qantas lounge. *See you on the plane*. Not bloody likely, Mikey, as we travel zoo class. You get to arrive feeling human.

Christen swimming in winter water. The pleasure of this sadness, on the jetty, so close to the tarantella of light and water that it tickles the skin. The tender rumble of the leaves. Grace barking and chasing ducks. Her dogged immersion in the all at oneness. A flow of tawny dog and duck mingling with light and air and water.

Paradise is locked, but there might be a way to sneak in round the back. The black lycra mesh of Christen's swimsuit, skin to skin with flesh as it ripples.

A white egret pauses, clicks its yellow beak twice, and moves on, pauses, clicks its yellow beak twice, and moves on. Galahs show pink against the sky.

Finally, a satellite signal. Here's here, then, some 134 degrees West and 73 degrees South. At the points at either end are places that have the qualities of home. In between, the indifference of quantifiable space.

No place escapes the will to coordinate its possibilities to the world. Not for long. Tiny detergent bubbles on the water. There is a threshold of perception for perfection.

6.57 PM AEST  
South 37.81597°  
Elevation 99´

23rd June 2001  
East 144.96810°  
34´ Accuracy

A story: in this city on a lava plane, proud grid of straight streets, the best of them are lined with the delicate blur of elm trees. This is the last city of the elm. The elm disease got them, everywhere but here. Here, they survive, and paradox of it is, they survive because they are so far from home.

It's here now, the elm disease. The city has a *computerised management system* to keep them alive. It's a city that speaks my dialect, yet is foreign to me. What is it that constitutes the envelope of home? A shape in the ground, or a pattern in wound? Or a quality of light, the angle at which the sun approaches the earth, as seen with a certain latitude?

The winds that navigate the waters, the mountains. Here the wind comes fresh from the south pole. Here where the hole in the polar ozone layer is already a fact of life. Perhaps none of us are at home, anywhere. There's no clearing where things reveal their intimate life. Everything's exposed against its will.

A job offer in amongst the email. The thrill of recognition. Of being called to perform according to one's representation. The anxiety of it, too. One can never quite be what one appears. One is never quite at home in the home that is one. This life of being what and where they see me. They see the me that holds the place for what's elsewhere.

It's a long way, from here to where I make my home now, some 77 degrees North of here, some 140 degrees to the East. How much can raw distance matter to me, when I take my distance with me anywhere? This distance from a lost world. This distance from loss itself. Everything founded; everywhere founders.

**2.44 PM AEST**  
**South 33.87557°**  
**Elevation 120´**

**26th June 2001**  
**East 151.22183°**  
**77´ Accuracy**

A story: There's an island in the middle of the traffic here, a chip of land where three streets meet. The drunks wash up here, passing bottles in brown paper. Then the police move them on. *Move along now.* But not before the presence of the drunks led to the coining of a name for this barren patch of urban seascape.

*Gilligan's Island*, everyone calls it. People still call the bar opposite here Gilligan's, despite the owner's sporadic wish to name it something else. The landscape architect for the local council, on learning of the island's name, thought it a great joke to plant palm trees. The palm trees now cool and shade a spot where the drunks don't slump. An index to this fabulous world.

A story: riots in detention centres. Escape attempts. Hunger strikes. "Illegal immigrants", from desperate places like Afghanistan, holed up awaiting 'processing'. As if they need the Australian state to tell them they need refuge on this island.

Migration is globalisation from below. The most telling human question mark. The still, silent bodies of the illegals, in ships, trucks or car boots, passing through the borders. The placeless proletariat.

What is absent in this new world disorder is a way to make a claim, a claim to right, outside the space of states. A right to the means to life, and a right to seek leave to travel in search of a means to live. Those seeking refuge all critique the limits of all sovereignty.

The homeless show what's wrong with home. With any home held as place enclosed against another's being. The door divides, in against out, unless it be held both closed and open — all at once.

The Australian state takes a hard line against the boat folks so as not to encourage others to test these borders. But it is the rule of every border everywhere that the refugee challenges. Every state secures



itself at the expense of other states. It is the justice of sovereignty itself that every body seeking refuge refutes.

There won't be home again, for anyone, without some new architecture. An architecture of the without. In a world where all see all and all is movement, home becomes some other mark of the way, as yet unthinkable. Home become some other fruit of the vine, as yet undrinkable.

Those who seek refuge are the bodies that confront the injustice of the world with a total refutation of it. They give up their particular claim to sovereignty and cast themselves on the waters. Only when the world is its own refuge will this silent call be met.

This is the gray sky's editorial. The *Etrex* calls down numbers from the sky, but some other gray as well. The new neutrality. Everything escapes its bounds now. The confrontation isn't at the bounds, its over the bounds, over what might take their place, or what might replace the very bounds of place itself. (Of thought itself.)

**12.10 PM EST**  
**North 40.73534°**  
**Elevation 224'**

**17th September 2001**  
**West 073.99074°**  
**79' Accuracy**

A memory: A Hollywood Arab in a bad action movie, turns to camera and says, *You have killed our women and our children, bombed our cities from afar like cowards, and you dare to call us terrorists? Now, the oppressed have been given a mighty sword with which to strike back at their enemies. Unless you, America, pulls all military forces out of the Persian gulf area immediately and forever, Crimson Jihad will rain fire on one US city each week, until our demands are met.*

George Washington holds a peace flag in his metal hand. *Love one another. We love you all. World peace*, in Chinese and English. The wire fences down, people spilling onto the grass of the park. The squirrels retreating to the trees.

Flowers and flags. *Wall of hope* with pictures of the missing. (One dare not presume out loud that they are dead.) Candles and offerings. *May peace prevail on earth. We are not broken. All these emotions I cannot explain. Disaster relief pet rescue.* The park plastered with the overt signs of hidden hurt. *Please help us find our dad.*

*Onlinevigil.org. Pray for those who do not know Jesus. Prayer station.* Bottled water. Chalk messages on the pavement, posters stuck to every surface. Film crews and satellite dishes. *Give peace a chance.* A family of West Indian buskers play John Lennon songs and pass the hat.

*You died by violence, may we honour you with peace. Arab-American candle-light vigil. Free hugs. Free backrubs. Get well America.* Walt Whitman, Kahlil Gibran, JFK, Ghandi and Martin Luther King. Where does one find the words?

*War and racism are not the answer. Terrorists have no country.* School projects. Class 6-301 from PS 20, Queens. *Please protect your Arab-American neighbours. God bless America. Affliction makes us see as real what we never even thought was possible — Simone Weil.*

An email from John Kinsella this morning, accepting the manuscript for this book. Feeling vaguely guilty, remembering that in Paris I imagined the Louve exploding. And now, on the TV, over and over, the planes crashing into the World Trade Centre.

Roll the tape again. An image that fits no prefab story. Static mars the steady picture of the world. We are reminded that the signs with which we live all mimic nothing. They index just the absence of the world.

People alone or in pairs, wandering. Everywhere the pictures of the missing, the missing. *That which does not kill us makes us stronger.* Religious figurines and toy action figures, both with votive offerings. Every sign of comfort mobilised against the ruin of the real.

*Now, more than ever, may we have the courage to love. USA love it or leave it. Osama must die. Shalom = salaam. Virescit vulvere virtus. Thankyou firemen. We are all fragile precious little things. Not enough words. Yet out they come, the words. Signs blanket every surface in their bunkering blind.*

The burned out shell of a building on the edge of the zone. Dust and smoke. The thrumb of a dozen diesel generators. Police and soldiers at every checkpoint. Downtown under state control. Glimpse of a possible future. The price of vigilance is eternal liberty.

Firemen coming off shift. Square built men, subdued in mood. Everyone watches as they pass in silence. The heroes of the hour. *Either ethics makes no sense at all, or this is what it means and has nothing else to say: not to be unworthy of what happens to us.*

The firemen who died in the rescue. Blue collar working men, members of unions, who work for the government. (Stick that in your free market ideology and cremate it.) The unacknowledged vanity of so much of the recent past. The job search, missile defense shield, rise and fall of the new economy, writing one's dispositions. . . .

Sightseers with cameras. Trying to snap and capture in an image what defeats the image and its capture. The event that escapes behind the

film. You can't fix what refuses to develop. What matters lies beyond the frame, beyond the story.

Disaster always seems to come knocking from without. But it erases the boundary as it comes, and in the moment of its coming, and the traces left as aftermath, one senses what's outside the word outside. *In girum imus nocte et consumimur igni.*

How do you challenge the world's last superpower? With micropowers, tiny networks. Look for the leverage in the other's vast machinery of money and media. Trouble its sense of enclosure. Disrupt control of flows. *Mojique plants devices in the free trade zones.*

Osama Bin Laden is behind it, all the media trumpet. What if the Vietnamese who felt the napalm burning into their skin had looked up to the skies and blamed it all on Elvis? Osama, celebrity of terror, hoisted onto the global stage by the media dialectic. He becomes what they proclaim, great other of us all. He exploits the illusion of a power that the power of illusion grants.

The empire keeps its war machine leashed, as much as it may feed its corrupted wish lists for bigger brighter toys. But what of this other war machine, without a state? *It seems to be irreducible to the state apparatus, to be outside its sovereignty and prior to its law: it comes from elsewhere.* Out of the desert, out of the placeless spaces made by empire's edge.

Osama, this Elvis of the elements. What might those others, out there, who love him, in secret or out loud, what might they see in him? *He is like a pure and immeasurable multiplicity, the pack, an irruption of the ephemeral and the power of metamorphosis.* A critique of the old homes by rootless men who tune in to some other worldly radio.

A critique also of the promise unfulfilled of a new home that might go by some other name yet unknown. A home that's present but unseen. A home that's felt in the pores but on which nobody plants its feet. A home that's no one's fatherland. This earth of bastards, bastards all.

This is what seems so new here. So new it may be ancient. This challenge to the state from far outside. *He brings a furor to bear against sovereignty, a celerity against gravity, secrecy against publicity, a power against sovereignty, a machine against the apparatus.* A silent threat. Invisible, even to the satellites.

How the mind wanders while touring the wreckage. Someday soon this will all seem normal. Someday soon they will call this history. Erasing in the process all that mutters, all that matters. *War without end. How will we know when the war is over?*

Christen holds my hand as we get close. *Ground zero* the media calls it now. Circular error probable. Dust chokes the throat, coats every surface. A restless silence. *This dust, she says. This dust is people.*



## Notes

- Dick Higgins, *Postface*, Something Else Press, New York, 1964, p6
- Guy Debord, *In Girum Imus Nocte Et Consumimur Igni*, Pelagian Press, London, 1990, p50

**3.55 PM EST**

**29th January 2001**

- Theodor Adorno, *Minima Moralia*, Verso, London, 1978, p39

**4.00 PM EST**

**29th January 2001**

- Kurt Strahm, *Back to Earth*, Pierogi2000, [www.pierogi2000.com](http://www.pierogi2000.com)

**3.41 PM EST**

**5th February 2001**

- Alan Sondheim, *Disorders of the Real*, Station Hill Press, Barrytown NY, 1988, p104
- Elias Canetti, *Secret Heart of the Clock*, Andre Deutsch, London, 1991, p36
- Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, University of Minneapolis Press, Minnesota, 1987, p198
- Peter Handke, *The Weight of the World: A Journal*, Macmillan, New York, 1990, p70

**4.11 PM EST**

**9th February 2001**

- Dennis Oppenheimer, Ace Gallery, 275 Hudson Street, New York

**2.46PM EST**

**10th February 2001**

- Paul Auster, *The Invention of Solitude*, Faber, London, 1988, p83
- Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?*, Columbia University Press, New York, 1996, p172

**12.19 PM EST**

**12th February 2001**

- Marguarite Duras, *Practicalities*, Grove Press, New York, 1992

**12.34 PM EST**

**12th February 2001**

- DJ Spooky, *Songs of a Dead Dreamer*, Asphodel, 1996

**4.30 PM EST**

**2nd March 2001**

- Peter Hessler, 'Letter from China: Boomtown Girl', *New Yorker*, 28th May, 2001, p112
- John Kinsella and Ron Sims, *Kangaroo Virus*, Folio / Fremantle Arts Centre Press, Fremantle, 1998
- Theodor Adorno, *Minima Moralia*, p111

**4.05 PM EST**

**6th March 2001**

- Raoul Vaneigem, *The Revolution of Everyday Life*, Rebel Press, London, 1983, p42
- Edmond Jabès, *Desire for a Beginning, Dread of One Single End*, Granary Books, New York, 2001, p29

**4.15 PM EST**

**7th March 2001**

- Walter Benjamin, *Reflections*, Schocken Books, New York, 1986, p81

**3.43 PM EST**

**9th March 2001**

- *Andreas Gursky*, organised by Peter Galassi, Museum of Modern Art, New York, [www.moma.org/](http://www.moma.org/)

**4.45 PM EST**

**14th March 2001**

- Elias Canetti, *The Human Province*, Andre Deutch, London, 1985, p20
- Gregory Bateson, *Steps To an Ecology of Mind*, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 2000

**7.07 PM EST**

**15th March 2001**

- *Oklahoma City*, a play by Tom Cole, with Christen Clifford and Jon David Wiegand, at Theatre Offensive, Boston Centre for the Arts, [www.theateroffensive.org](http://www.theateroffensive.org)
- Fred Zinnerman (dir), *Oklahoma!*, 1955, starring Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.
- Gary Indiana, *Three Month Fever: The Andrew Cunanan Story*, Harper Collins, New York, 1999, pxiii
- Julian Schnabel (dir), *Before Night Falls*, 2000, with Javier Bardem and Johnny Depp
- Reinaldo Arenas, *Before Night Falls*, Penguin Books, New York, 2000, p288



- Gilles Deleuze, *Spinoza: Practical Philosophy*, City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1988, p4

**3.15 PM EST**

**16th March 2001**

- Olafur Eliasson, *Your only reality is time*, Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, [www.icaboston.org](http://www.icaboston.org)
- Elias Canetti, *The Human Province*, p33
- Gilles Deleuze, *Negotiations*, Columbia University Press, New York, 1995, p146

**5.06 PM EST**

**17th March 2001**

- Edward Hopper, *Room in Brooklyn* (1932), Julian Schnabel, *Ragazzo Padre* (1988), Museum of Fine Art, Boston, [www.mfa.org](http://www.mfa.org)
- Julian Schnabel, *CVJ: Nicknames of Maitre D's and Other Exerpts from Life*, Random, New York, 1987, p30, p36, p41
- Deleuze, Gilles and Felix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?*, p179

**3.06 PM EST**

**23rd March 2001**

- Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days & Collect*, Dover, New York, 1995, p85
- Friedrich Schlegel, *Philosophical Fragments*, Minnesota University Press, Minneapolis, 1991, p9, quoting Tasso

**2.28 PM EST**

**24th March 2001**

- Julian Schnabel, *CVJ*, p146
- Bridget Riley, DIA Center for the Arts, [www.diacenter.org](http://www.diacenter.org)
- David Wakefield (ed) *Stendahl and the Arts*, Phaidon, London, 1973

**10.24 PM EST**

**28th March 2001**

- Oscar Wilde, *The Epigrams of Oscar Wilde*, edited by Alvin Redman, Senate Press, Twickenham, 1996, p84
- Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet, *Dialogues*, Columbia University Press, 1987, p48
- Fernando Pessoa's *Book of Disquiet*, Exact Change Press, Boston, 1998; Walter Benjamin's *Arcades Project*, Belknap Press, Cambridge Mass., 1998
- Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days*, Dover, New York, 1995, p309

- Gilles Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, Minnesota University Press, Minneapolis, 1997, p4
- Laura Kurgan, 'You Are Here', *Documents*, Nos. 1-2, Fall/Winter 1992, pp53-7

**4.07 PM EST**

**30th March 2001**

- *Bitstream*, at the Whitney Museum of American Art, organised by Lawrence Ringer and Debra Singer, [www.whitney.org](http://www.whitney.org). Sponsored by Philip Morris
- Friedrich Schlegel, *Philosophical Fragments*, p24
- *Andres Serrano*, The Cathedral of St John the Devine, [www.stjohndivine.org](http://www.stjohndivine.org)

**9.40 PM EST**

**30th March 2001**

- David and Laurie Gwen Shapiro (dirs) *Keep the River On Your Right*, Lifer Films, 2000
- Julian Schnabel, *CVJ*, p49
- Juvenal, *The Sixteen Satires*, Penguin, New York, 1999

**6.13 PM EST**

**31st March 2001**

- Kathy Acker, *Hannibal Lecter, My Father*, Semiotext(e), New York, 1981, p23
- Steve Shaviro, *Doom Patrols, Serpent's Tail*, London, 1997, p85

**3.42 PM EST**

**4th April 2001**

- Erik Eckholm, 'Collision In China: The Overview; China Faults U.S. In Incident; Suggests Release Of Crew Hinges On Official Apology', *New York Times*, 4th April, 2001
- Tobias Schneebaum, *Keep the River on Your Right*, Grove Press, New York, 1969, p65, p69, p156, p166

**12.31 PM EST**

**6th April 2001**

- Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?*, p179
- Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, p199
- Paul Virilio, *Open Sky*, Verso, London, 1997
- *Paul McCarthy*, New Museum, [www.newmuseum.org](http://www.newmuseum.org)

**3.45 PM EST**

**6th April 2001**

- J. G. Ballard, preface to *Crash*, Noonday, New York, 1996

**3.28 PM EST**

**9th April 2001**

- Joe Amrhein, *Critical Mass*, Roebing Hall, [www.brooklynart.com](http://www.brooklynart.com)
- Gilles Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, p135
- David Markson, *This Is Not A Novel*, Counterpoint, Washington, 2001, p89

**10.45 AM EST**

**11th April 2001**

- Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?*, p41

**9.04 AM EST**

**12th April 2001**

- Deleuze, Gilles and Felix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, Athlone Press, London, 1984, p296
- Kathy Acker, *Empire of the Senseless*, Picador, London, 1989, p33
- Franz Kafka, *Diaries 1911-1923*, Schocken Books, New York, 1976, pp148-151 (25th December 1911)

**3.04 PM EST**

**13th April 2001**

- *William Blake*, organized by Robin Hamlyn, Michael Phillips and Elizabeth Barker, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, [www.metmuseum.org](http://www.metmuseum.org)

**4.45 PM EST**

**14th April 2001**

- *Sacred and Profane Visions from Renaissance Venice*, organised by Stephan Wolohojian, Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, [www.artmuseums.harvard.edu/fogg](http://www.artmuseums.harvard.edu/fogg)
- Witold Gombrowitz, *Diary, Volume 1*, Northwestern University Press, Evanston Il, 1988, p86
- Francis Ponge, *The Nature of Things*, Red Dust, New York, 1995, p21

**3.04 PM EST**

**14th April 2001**

- 'Portrait of Isabella Stewart Gardner' by Whistler, Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston, [www.gardnermuseum.org](http://www.gardnermuseum.org)

**4.01 PM EST**

**16th April 2001**

- *Edvard Munch: Psyche, Symbol and Expression*, curated by Jeffery Howe, with

Claude Cernuschi, Scott T. Cummings, Katherine Nahum, Vanessa Rumble, and Stephen Scoessler, McMullen Museum of Art, Boston College, [www.bc.edu/bc\\_org/avp/cas/artmuseum](http://www.bc.edu/bc_org/avp/cas/artmuseum)

**11.18 AM EST**

**20th April 2001**

- Blixa Bargeld, *Headcleaner: Text for Collapsing New Buildings*, Die Gestalten Verlag, Berlin, 1997, p73
- Reinaldo Arenas, *Before Night Falls*, Penguin Books, New York, 2000, p87
- Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?*, p167
- Theodor Adorno, *Minima Moralia*, p27
- Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, 'Manifesto of the Communist Party', in Karl Marx, *The Revolutions of 1848: Political Writings Volume 1*, edited by David Fernbach, Penguin, London, 1978, p98
- Amon Tobin, *Supermodified*, Ninja Tunes, 2000
- Arthur C. Danto, *Nation*, 23rd April, 2001
- Frank Moorhouse, *Forty Seventeen*, Harcourt Brace, New York, 1989
- Elias Canetti, *The Secret Heart of the Clock*, p97

**2.38 PM EST**

**20th April 2001**

- John Hutnyk at the Brecht Forum, [www.brechtforum.org/](http://www.brechtforum.org/)
- bell hooks, *Outlaw Culture*, 1994, p17
- *New York Times Book Review*, April 15th
- Simon Garfield, *Mauve*, Norton, New York, 2001
- Tom Wakefield, *Liasons of Life*, John Wiley, New York, 2001
- Benjamin Moore® Color Preview™

**4.17 PM EST**

**21th April 2001**

- Rineke Dijkstra, *Portraits*, Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston

**4.55 PM EST**

**21th April 2001**

- *Requiem: By the Photographers Who Died in Vietnam and Indochina*, assembled by Horst Faas and Tim Page, Eastman House, Rochester, [www.eastman.org](http://www.eastman.org)

4.55 PM EST

21th April 2001

- Tim Radford, 'Mini Generator That Gives Green Light to the Robocop Warrior of Tomorrow', *Guardian*, April 23rd 2001

12.18 PM BST

25th April 2001

- From works by John Russell & Fabienne Audeoud, *Becks Futures 2: Tomorrow's Talent Today*, Institute of Contemporary Art, London, [www.ica.org.uk](http://www.ica.org.uk)

2.41 PM BST

25th April 2001

- Cabinet War Rooms, Whitehall, [www.iwm.org.uk](http://www.iwm.org.uk)
- Antonin Artaud, *Watchfiends and Rack Screams: Works from the Final Period*, Exact Change, Boston, 1995, p305

4.27 PM BST

25th April 2001

- *Century City*, Tate Modern, London, [www.tate.org.uk](http://www.tate.org.uk)

7.34 PM BST

25th April 2001

- Gregory Bateson, *Steps to An Ecology of Mind*
- Paul Kelso, 'In For the Count', *Guardian*, 25th April, 2001

11.44 AM BST

26th April 2001

- *Victorian Visions: Inventing New Britain*, Victoria and Albert Museum, London, [www.vam.ac.uk](http://www.vam.ac.uk). Sponsored by Total Elf Fina

3.23 PM BST

26th April 2001

- Simon Pope, *London Walking*, Ellipsis, London 2000, p23
- 'Black Shoals Stockmarket Planetarium', by Lisa Autogena and Joshua Portway, in *Art and Money Online*, curated by Julian Stallabrass, Tate Britain. Sponsored by Reuters.
- Walter Benjamin, 'To the Planetarium', *Reflections*, p92

4.38 PM BST

26th April 2001

- Witold Gombrowitz, *Diary, Volume 3*, Northwestern University, Evanston IL, 1993. p43
- Norman Foster, British Museum, [www.thebritishmuseum.ac.uk](http://www.thebritishmuseum.ac.uk)

**9.42 AM WET**

**28th April 2001**

- Georges Bataille, *Theory of Religion*, Zone Books, New York, 1989, p11
- Friedrich Nietzsche, *Unfashionable Observations*, Stanford University Press, Stanford, 1995, p224
- Elias Canetti, *The Human Province*, 1985, p48
- Fernando Pessoa, *Book of Disquietude*, Sheep Meadow Press, New York, 1996, p108
- Vincent Ravelec, *Liberation*, 28th April
- Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, Vintage Books, New York, 1974
- Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet, *Dialogues*, p13

**12.45 AM WET**

**28th April 2001**

- Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1983, p101
- Jean Baudrillard, *America*, Verso, London, 1988, p63
- Paul Auster, *The Invention of Solitude*, Faber, London, 1988, p81

**5.59 PM WET**

**28th April 2001**

- Thomas Hirshhorn 'Pole Self', winner of the Marcel Duchamp prize. Sponsored by Price Waterhouse, Centre Pompidou, [www.cnac-gp.fr/Pompidou/Home.nsf/docs/fhome](http://www.cnac-gp.fr/Pompidou/Home.nsf/docs/fhome)
- Karl Marx, *Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844*, Progress Publishers, Moscow, 1977, p68
- Didier Fiuza Faustino, 'Corps en transit'; Sophie Calle, 'L'Homme ou carnet', Centre Pompidou

**2.34 PM EST**

**31st April 2001**

- Raul Vaneigem, *The Revolution of Everyday Life*, p48
- Mel Gibson and Helen Hunt, in *What Women Want*; Andy McDowell and Murray, in *Groundhog Day*; Nicholas Cage and Tea Leoni, in *Family Man*
- Jeff Rian, *The Buckshot Lexicon*, Purple Books, Paris, 2000, p111
- Letters from: Stewart Ewen, 19th April 2001; Randall Craig, 25th April 2001; Neil Postman, 29th March 2001.

**5.57 PM EST**

**1st May 2001**

- Michel de Montaigne, *The Complete Works*, Stanford University Press, Stanford, California, 1957, p481
- Sébastien Chamfort, *Products of the Perfected Civilization*, Macmillan, Toronto, 1969, p163
- Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, p319
- Gilles Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, p1
- Jean-François Lyotard, *Just Gaming*, Minnesota University Press, Minneapolis, 1995, p8

**1.41 PM EST**

**4th May 2001**

- Bob Herbert, *New York Times*, Op Ed, 3rd May, 2001
- Harvard Living Wage website, maintained by Liz Foster:  
<http://www.hcs.harvard.edu/~pslm/livingwage/newworkers.html>

**2.06 PM EST**

**4th May 2001**

- Philippe Parreno, *One Thousand Pictures Falling from One Thousand Walls*, Friedrich Petzel Gallery, [www.petzels.com](http://www.petzels.com)
- Witold Gombrowitz, *Diary, Volume 1*, Northwestern University Press, Evanston Il, 1988, p21
- *Cartesian TV*: from a paper by Don Byrd

**4.28 PM EST**

**15th May 2001**

- Stéphane Mallarmé, *Selected Poetry and Prose*, New Directions, New York, 1982, p81
- Elias Canetti, *Secret Heart of the Clock*, p48
- Elaine Sciolino, 'Cameras Are Being Turned On a Once-Shy Spy Agency', *New York Times*, National Desk, 6th May, 2001
- Edwin Black, *IBM and the Holocaust*, Crown, New York, 2001
- Paul Virilio, *Strategy of Deception*, Verso, London, 2000, p57

**9.54 PM EST**

**15th May 2001**

- Michael Pollan, 'The Organic Industrial Complex', *New York Times Magazine*, 13th May, 2001

- Chris Kraus, *Aliens and Anorexia*, Semiotext(e), New York, 2000, p145

**6.05 PM EST**

**16th May 2001**

- Pamela LiCalzi O'Connell, 'New Economy: Behind Bars, a Market for Goods', *New York Times*, Technology section, 14th May, 2001
- Stanford Kwinter and Daniela Fabricius, 'The American City', in Rem Koolhaas et al, *Mutations*, Arc en rieve, Bourdeaux, 2001, p590

**8.37 PM EST**

**17th May 2001**

- *Frank Gehry: Architect*, guest curator, Mildred Friedman, Guggenheim Museum, [www.guggenheim.org](http://www.guggenheim.org). Sponsored by Enron.
- Herbert Muschamp, 'Frank Gehry's Vision of Renovating Democracy', *New York Times*, Weekend, 18th May

**11.54 PM EST**

**18th May 2001**

- Walter Benjamin, *Selected Writings Volume 1, 1913-1926*, Harvard University Press, Cambridge Mass., 1996, p456

**2.50 AM EST**

**23rd May 2001**

- Frank Owen, 'Hip Hop's Clubland Battlefield', *Village Voice*, 29th May, 2001

**5.15 PM EST**

**24th May 2001**

- *Vermeer and the Delft School*, organized by Walter Liedtke, with Axel Rüger, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Sponsored by BP.

**2.17 PM EST**

**9th June 2001**

- Robert Morris, *Blind Time*, Lance Fung Gallery
- Ellsworth Kelly, *Gray*, Matthew Marks Gallery, [www.mathewmarks.com](http://www.mathewmarks.com)
- La Monte Young, *The Base 9:7:4 Symmetry In Prime Time When Centered Above And Below The Lowest Term Primes In The Range 288 To 224 With The Addition Of 279 And 261 In Which The Half Of The Symmetric Divion Mapped Above And Including 288 Consists Of The Powers Of 2 Multiplied By The Primes Within The Range Of 144 To 128, 72 To 64 And 36 To 32 Which Are Symmetrical To Those Primes In Lowest Terms In The Half Of The Symmetric Division Mapped Below And Including 224 Within The Ranges 126 To 112, 63 To 56 And 31.5 To 28 With The Addition Of 119*, Dream House, Mela Foundation, [melafoundation.org](http://melafoundation.org). Sponsored by DIA Center for the Arts.



**4.47 PM EST**

**14th June 2001**

- *Genomic Revolution*, Natural History Museum,  
[www.amnh.org/exhibitions/genomics/index.html](http://www.amnh.org/exhibitions/genomics/index.html)
- *New York Times*, Editorial, 14th June, 2001

**12.10 PM EST**

**17th September 2001**

- James Cameron (dir) *True Lies*, Twentieth Century Fox, 1994
- Talking Heads, 'Wind in My Heart', *Remain in Light*, Sire Records/Warner Brothers, 1980
- Gilles Deleuze, *The Logic of Sense*, Columbia University Press, New York, 1990, p149
- Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, p352
- *New York Times*, Week In Review, 14th October 2001

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