



Doing (nothing) but *loving life*; doing my nails and eating some kale while checking my mail (but not looking pale). Isn't it great that the world and the laws – or so you would think if you had time to pause – give speed and the need, the desire to be? If the world was a mollusk and the world was snailmail, then a cat and a cat and a bigger cat, will it be an eagle? A Griffin? The harder rock or the place and *does it matter???? PEGASUS? CHIMERA? SCYLLA? CHARBYDIS?* If we're taking flight we're taking flight, and if we're sinking in we're sinking in.

The æther used to float up above the Victorians before the scientists shot it down to string up surrogates and now it's feeding the glow worms and those creatures in the far deep underwater where Snow Leopard was born, *originally*, that you've only seen in *Life Aquatic* and *Finding Nemo* and for all you know don't exist except on a hard drive somewhere (and then as a movie and a DVD and the Internet,

THEY STRING AN INSTRUMENT AGAINST THE SKY
WHEREIN WORDS WHETHER BEATEN OUT OR SPOKEN
WILL RUN AS HUSHED AS WHEN THEY WERE A THOUGHT

of course), but if that's where they really live, you're satisfied: good enough, much the same as everything else these days BUT THE POINT IS! the æther is back like a return out of hell, and now we're all in it, in the cloud, they keep saying, an *invisible, intangible, imponderable agent* so luminiferous and miasmatic like a nuclear return that I just know I've got a glow worm glowing inside my brain and there's nothing Sigourney or Kristeva or Dr. Phil can do, but maybe it's for the best like someone used to joke (OK, me): those webbed Chernobyl babies will survive the flood better than the rest of us...*Waterworld* didn't exactly laugh its way to the bank, but it'll be laughing when we can't laugh, because our lungs will be drowning. *Surf's up! Fuck yeah! Can't wait, bro!*



I have to keep reminding myself: I'm in the cloud. Because that's what they keep saying, and I definitely don't want to be outside of the cloud, if that's where everyone *isn't*, but I don't exactly know what's different.

I thought it might be a mind thing...OK. It's 30 seconds later. I just closed my eyes and took a deep breath and emptied my head of all of my thoughts so my brain could lighten up. I *tried* to not think about anything, but then the thinking about trying to not think about anything was technically thinking about *something*, so I don't know if I did it right, I mean, I still don't know if I'm in the cloud.

And then I thought (now, not when I was trying to not think about anything) that my soul's a lot like a cloud – a little bit of heaven stuck in the profane mud – so if I propped up my chest with the morals and maxims that don't get much use (if I'm being honest a.k.a. virtuous here), then maybe my cloudlet would catch hold of another, and so on and so forth until everyone's invited...

And *THEN* I thought (because that obviously didn't work) that by process of elimination my body's the problem.

The upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dung-hills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition as well as consequences, and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour as incense from an altar.

What to do with a body when we're living on air – how thin, how obscure does it have to become? I've *already* subtracted most of its parts. A cock, two hands, a pair of eyes: what else (really) does a computer need?

In dreams my body lives free from all laws: it can fly (it can fuck) it can glide (it can fuck) it can float (it can fuck) it can fuck (but it can't die). So a dream must be a cloud, and the cloud is a dream.



Want to make yourself lucid? Take back control? Unpack a metaphor? Live within it? Here's an easy test:

1. Pinch yourself.

I'm testing as I type. The evidence is inconclusive.

If I'm taking the test that I wish I had wrote I'd pulse every last moment and second as well, leaving me with a mood board the make of myself. There's no sub for exact, there's no short route to certain: auditing is autobiography.

I'm testing as I type. Here comes a bad mood, and acknowledging that is helping – suddenly it's bad-to-moderate, then just plain moderate, and on account of all the attention I'm paying myself, I'd say

it's approaching a pretty good mood, and there, that's where it's staying...but *now* NPR tells me that *armies of marketers, pollsters and social scientists are trying to figure out what Americans are thinking about — issues like global warming or Lady Gaga's latest outfit* and DOWN! my mood plunges UP! go my hands while my mouth opens wide with GETOUTOFMYBRAIN! though I guess I should really be saying (dirty joke: what do you call a collection of tweets?) GETOUTOFMYTWAT!

I'm not being punny
the word is doing double doody
computer programs read my tweets
they're learning *biorhythms* speak
they know if I'm naughty
they know if I'm moody
that's not very funny.

FUCK YOU SCOTT GOLDER. FUCK YOU DAVID LAZER. I'm onto you jackals. I scream ice cream. I'll eat a Blizzard™ or die in a blizzard. The computer will never know the difference.

I almost forgot why I brought this up, and actually I didn't mean to rip it a new one...anyways these computers are finding that the twat's mood day-in day-out is pretty standard: cinna-scented in the morning, shitty through the daytime and sweet sweet surrendering by the evening. What's weird is you'd think, yeah, of course during the week everyone is

shitting out the 9-to-5: shitting in a chair
or shitting on a crapper or shitting into
a cup of *Sumatran! Cold! Brew!* or doing

THE WHOLE PURPOSE OF PLACES LIKE STARBUCKS
IS FOR PEOPLE WITH NO DECISION-MAKING ABILITY
WHATSOEVER TO MAKE SIX DECISIONS JUST TO BUY
ONE CUP OF COFFEE. SHORT, TALL, LIGHT, DARK, CAF,
DECAF, LOW-FAT, NONFAT, ET CETERA. SO PEOPLE WHO
DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL THEY'RE DOING OR WHO
ON EARTH THEY ARE CAN, FOR ONLY 2.95, GET NOT
JUST A CUP OF COFFEE, BUT AN ABSOLUTELY DEFINING
SENSE OF SELF. TALL! DECAF! CAPPUCINO!

all that and more because *who really
even pays attention anymore?* but no,
NPR says that twats feel this way on
the WEEKENDS TOO (!?!?) and iDunno-
what2think...*what does working mean
for the person who works?*

Is the Noonday Demon overstaying his
welcome, dragging three-depression
lunches out into fulltime benders? Does
he buzz like a tube hanging over your
cubicle? Do you work in a cubicle (you,
as in *you*: the general you) or are new
offices different? Lofts? Glass?

I wouldn't know – iWork from home! I
get to dress casual as gravedigger wont
and eat all the pizza I can afford, but if

you have your demon then I
get his brother: he comes every
Midnight to oil my cog (miss-
es hints, loiters)...so don't go
considering me *too* lucky. Just
do me a favor and take a fuck-
ing break. Leisure, people: it
shouldn't be that hard!

But... the... point... is: morning-daytime-
evening is a great schedule to keep, if
you don't have all the time in the world
but are still serious about figuring out,
once and for all, if you're in the cloud. If
I were you, I'd audit myself three times a
day, seven days a week, twelve months
a year for as long as it takes
to know, within the standard
deviation of, say, the tip of my
cock to my balls, if I am differ-
ent in a cloud-sort-of-way than
in a body-sort-of-way or a
performative-disruption-of-
my-incorporated-Other-sort-
of-way, which will be difficult
to gauge as I'm always pissing about the
planet going *I, I, I, I, I, I, I* and when I'm
not doing that I'm online going *Tyler,
Tyler, Tyler, Tyler, Tyler, Tyler:*
je, eh, rim-bowl?

Want to make yourself lucid? Take back
control? Unpack a metaphor? Live within
it? Here's an easy three-step test:

To bring labor into the field of economic analy-
sis, we must put ourselves in the position of the
person who works; we will have to study work
as economic conduct practiced, implemented,
rationalized, and calculated by the person who
works. What does working mean for the person
who works? [...] So we adopt the point of view
of the worker and, for the first time, ensure
that the worker is not present in the economic
analysis as an object – the object of supply and
demand in the form of labor power – but as an
active economic subject.

To claim that this is what I am is to suggest a
provisional totalization of this "I." But if the I can
so determine itself, then that which it excludes
in order to make that determination remains
constitutive of the determination itself. In other
words, such a statement presupposes that the
"I" exceeds its determination, and even pro-
duces that very excess in and by the act which
seeks to exhaust the semantic field of that "I."

1. Pinch yourself in the morning.
2. Pinch yourself in the daytime.
3. Pinch yourself in the evening.



OK. It's a year later. I've got bad news. You guessed it. I still don't know if I'm in the cloud, *really*, I mean, *everything in its right place* is my life, and if there were differences, like the extinction of one cat; or 5 following 4 (we didn't need an ad campaign to tell us that); or if now I can stretch the story of myself across more gigabytes, because my programs have colonized the frontiers they invented to beget the need for still more; and if I am slightly older; and a little lonelier on account of my thousand new *friends*, well, the differences no longer seem different. They're warm, customary and natural – a patchwork cloak of my everyday, *which can be thrown aside at any moment*. Underneath there's not cage nor cento nor coal just a free bird who pledged, of his own accord, to remain as is (that bird is me).

THIS ISN'T A TRICK I'M NOT TRICKING ME OR ANY BODY! *My left hand is not the hidden labor of my right*. I'm writing with both; *the one comments on the other*. I'm showing you both – they are sad (not glad) and very visible.

I am *homo oeconomicus*. I am an *entrepreneur of myself*. I took this job to support my Art, and it fills only my nights and most weekends.

I put myself here. My prestige is my own.

If you're shocked that I'm writing this bald-in-the-face, then you're simply reading it wrong. I'm not *mad as hell*. To the contrary: I'm liberated by my work! As long as I make the keywords pop at a steady *romantic* tick, my editor lets lie his lazy eye.

Snooki *Real Housewives* Kardashian orgy if you're shocked that I'm writing this bald-in-the-face, then you're simply reading it wrong: you've mistaken my Potemkin for a village, you've mistaken yourself for a human. You've mistaken me for a writer.

Permit me to clarify (I realize this may come as somewhat of a surprise):

You are not a human. You are an eyeball.

I am not a writer. I am a content farmer. These words mean more to the Google robot than they do 2 u.

There are some ways to wear precarity. The *nihilists* dress in uniform shifts. They guild the scaffold of unfinished fates (a network is also a cage). They say:

This order is now bound to the technical and economic conditions of machine production which today determine the lives of all the individuals who are born into this mechanism, not only those directly concerned with economic acquisition, with irresistible force. Perhaps it will so determine them until the last ton of fossilized coal is burnt. In Baxter's view the care for external goods should only lie on the shoulders of the "saint like a light cloak, which can be thrown aside at any moment." But fate decreed that the cloak should become an iron cage.

There is an important (and often hidden) division of labor between the right and left hands. What kinds of conditions does the left hand have to produce in order for the magic wand to work?

Our desiring energy is trapped in the trick of self-enterprise, our libidinal investments are regulated according to economic rules, our attention is captured in the precariousness of virtual networks: every fragment of mental activity must be transformed into capital.

the lived time in a fixed-function organization is like slowly crawling up, or down, the stairs in a house you have not designed; you are living someone else's design for your life [...] Weber explains specifically why a person would do so: bureaucracies teach the discipline of delayed gratification.

This labor power is the product of a "silent revolution" taking place within the anthropological realities of work and within the reconfiguration of its meanings. Waged labor and direct subjugation (to organization) no longer constitute the principal form of the contractual relationship between capitalist and worker. A polymorphous self-employed autonomous work has emerged as the dominant form, a kind of "intellectual worker" who is him or herself an entrepreneur, inserted within a market that is constantly shifting and within networks that are changeable in time and space.

In neo-liberalism - and it does not hide this; it proclaims it - there is also a theory of homo oeconomicus, but he is not at all a partner of exchange. Homo oeconomicus is an entrepreneur, an entrepreneur of himself [...] being for himself his own capital, being for himself his own producer, being for himself the source of earnings.

Now, however, nihilism (the practice of not having established practices, etc.) has entered into production, has become a professional qualification, and has been put to work. Only one who is experienced in the haphazard changing nature of the forms of urban life knows how to behave in the just in time factories.

In the disciplinary societies one was always starting again (from school to the barracks, from the barracks to the factory), while in the societies of control one is never finished with anything - the corporation, the educational system, the armed services being metastable states coexisting in one and the same modulation, like a universal system of deformation.

it is in idle talk that it is possible to recognize the fundamental nature of performance: not "I bet," or "I swear," or "I take this woman as my wife," but, above all, "I speak." In the assertion "I speak," I do something by saying these words; moreover, I declare what it is that I do while I do it.

I speak. I do something by saying these words; moreover, I declare what it is that I do while I do it.

Then there are the immaterials and the slactivists. Also: users, spambots and the *infra-thin* seams between.

You have options, but you will be cut to the measure of your cloth.

Choice, after all, is the cognitariat's *cogito* – prosumers double up their binds...

Well?



My consumers are they not my producers? Passion is a calculable asset so how can the longing to belong become a money spinner? I feel like someone must have turned that angel in the wrong direction, and I'm that angel. I'm surfing on the crest of the denominator, and thank God I'm near-sighted, thank God for that, because I'd prefer not to look too far ahead. I would rather turn back. I did see some flashing lights. Red and grey and a bit of orange. Some blue, then a lot of it. You'd be better off looking at the victuals.

Angels have ears (genitals: uncertain), so I heard an echo about identity waves that came and broke (they won or they lost

is what I took from it) and culture wars no one wants to talk about or is afraid of bringing up, like I can be afraid of bringing up politics at a dinner party in case the candles get dislodged. The vibe seems to be *they're over* and anyways my friends and me are feeling so social that anything that looks like ideology makes us want to reach for DELETE. That's the nice thing about being young. The battles have been fought so we can marvel at our capacity to type...! Eventually we'll self-actualize as philanthropy and biology and meanwhile voice our right to have a voice in the haptic speech that says, with a click: *Enjoy!*



Our writing tools are also working on our thoughts, Nietzsche wrote, but iDunno, *DON'TISEEMCOGENT2U?!?* When I was 7 Dad bought me AOL though at that time its name was America Online and my name was *tylerc@aol.com* which you're thinking is amazing. I know! I was the third tyler after tylera and tylerb and I would private chat users while watching *Reality Bites* and you thought I never knew a thing about grunge!

So there I was – netware pioneer – moving at a *grueling pace* into a land of plenty,

Lacan shares with Nietzsche and Freud the idea that justice as equality is founded on envy: the envy of the other who has what we do not have, and who enjoys it. The demand for justice is ultimately the demand that the excessive enjoyment of the other should be curtailed, so that everyone's access to enjoyment will be equal. The necessary outcome of this demand, of course, is asceticism: since it is not possible to impose equal enjoyment, what one can impose is the equally shared prohibition. However, one should not forget that today, in our allegedly permissive society, this asceticism assumes precisely the form of its opposite, of the generalized injunction "Enjoy!"

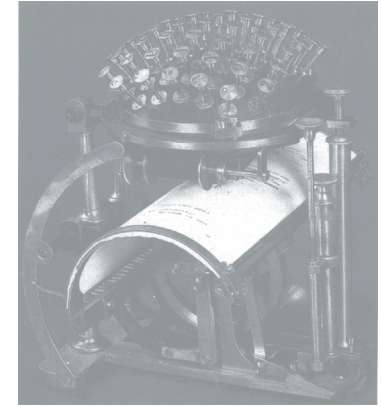
so call it the Dysentery or 2manybuffaloburgers or the *grueling pace*: my brain became a squishy keyboard, and then when me and Lesley and Jessica felt like we couldn't be all the BFF we wanted OUT! with the monitor OUT! with the keyboard OUT! with the hard drive. My brain became an after-school conference call and then it became a pencil and paper *we started writing letters for real*. None of the ones I got were stained with tears or lace or lockets EVENSTILL we were moving backwards to a simpler more romantic time...at least we were until they got my class photo well to be fair Lesley was more acne than girl so it was a mutual *let's call the whole thing off*.

Kittler says Nietzsche bought a *writing ball* from Hans Rasmus Johann Malling Hansen: it was a little globe the old bat crouched over and for him and his real myopia and his meta-myopia and EGO and syphilis and his slimy oyster mitts *it was great!* other than for the fact that the globe made a shadow on

THE WRITING BALL IS A THING LIKE ME: MADE OF
IRON
YET EASILY TWISTED ON JOURNEYS.
PATIENCE AND TACT ARE REQUIRED IN ABUNDANCE,
AS WELL AS FINE FINGERS, TO USE US.

the paper the size of itself, so less *great*, maybe, and more *the blind leading the blind*. And talk about the *crazy follow-*

ing the crazy: K says N *changed from arguments to aphorisms, from thoughts to puns*. Could be he was THE WORLD'S FIRST MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHER!



So now I wonder *WHAT IS A THING LIKE ME?* which I guess is the same thing as asking *WHAT DO YOU USE?* *Continuous present is one thing and beginning again and again is another thing. These are both things. And then there is using everything.* There's not a place that can't be used (and I use lots of things (sometimes) people included) no unuse platform everything is useful, only at first unusual then very usual then laid in the graveyard like the one it is in New York and probably every city there ever was? Does it choke the sides of the Information Superhighway with *Y2K body bags* or is it better to say flat stone prop or Hollywood village or global village or Potemkin village? Does every corpse get a megabyte or a kilobyte or a trilobite or I've never denominated so low what's next a byte then an atom then quark then boson then *how useless am I really?*

We all need validation from wherever it comes lest we live out our lives in a lack...

Did this post strike at your soft center in a moment of particular duress? Are you like I was, struggling to turn an MFA

on the job market? Need a gig on the side while you chip away at your Great American Novel? Do you love Nietzsche as much as me? And are you available to work 11pm to 7am on a daily basis?



Snooki *Real Housewives* Minaj à trois *has anyone written so fast his fingers broke?* It's a bit of a problem I'm prone to admit: I'm just as unique as the species. When bones get to breaking (inevitably) my editor will sooner rent a new pair than repair mine (that pair might be you).

When you live like a vampire you get fired like a vampire Jeff just Gchatted from the other side of the Internet, and that obliged me to type, *True Blood* (true that). *You can't make a case for insurance if your employees are undead, which is why in my future everyone's so relieved when the United Citizen Federation* starts mass-producing vats that they practically rip their brains right out of their heads and dunk them in the goo. *THANK GOD NO MORE HEALTH CARE*, they all exclaim (Jeff "laughs"). *Just send us an energy bill.*

Nevermind the carpal tunnel! I could care less about my body I'm an organ döner once in a dream I even gave a kidney to my little bro and I'm still milking points for that *EVENSO* if *my future* doesn't go my way I just know that when I "die" the

speculators will arrive with their rainforests and rainforests of contracts. That's it that will be IT for me I'll be carved up like that pin-up Urban Outfitters sold that made everyone realize feminism wasn't dead, because someone had to be making all that racket, but anyways the head of Urban Outfitters gave money to Rick Santorum and I'm not über-gay if America wants to sell us *LEGALIZE GAY* Apparel I won't buy it but I won't look the other way if my friend does *BUTTHEPOINTIS!* I am that chick *I'M* getting divvied up: the rump for Apple and the round for Facebook and my loin for Microsoft and the chuck for Skype and my ribs for Adobe and my breasts for Google and the soup bones for the ghosts

COMPUTERS ARE USELESS.
THEY CAN ONLY GIVE YOU ANSWERS.

like AltaVista and AOL and Geocities and Angelfire cuz at some point I must have given them some pound of myself. That *South Park* episode about how if you agree to the TOS of an iTunes upgrade you're basically signing on to be a *father-anus-mouth-anus-mouth-machine* a.k.a. *Human Centipede* really got me thinking, and if I weren't already such a *known known* of a content farmhand I'd seriously drop out and join *Anonymous*. *CALLING ALL RE ACTIVE AGENTS!* we'd gangbang the life out of Apple we'd fill

every port so nothing could come out and
all the while it's no-means-yes-ing our
cohorts will get shredding and tagging

MELTDOWN ACCELERATION, CYBERIAN INVASION,
SHIZOTECHNICS, K-TACTICS, BOTTOM-UP BACTERIAL
WARFARE, VODOO ANTIHUMANISM, SYNTHETIC
FEMINIZATION, RHIZOMATICS, CONNECTIONISM,
KUANG CONTAGION, VIRAL AMNESIA, MICRO-
INSURGENCY, WINTERMUTATION, NEOTROPY,
DISSIPATOR PROLIFERATION, LESBIAN VAMPIRISM

and you won't even realize it you igno-
rant *Matrix* man you will wake up the
next day an emancipated be-ing. *Hylè-o!*



They can take my body but they can't
take my brain they can engineer me but
they can't imagineer me I can tell I know
how to tell *I'm thinking my own thoughts*
I'm feeling my own feelings and if I have
a thought or a feeling while I'm working
that's normal that's me that's just for me
it's obvious I have to work and I can't not
be myself I can't button-up my psyche if
anything I dress it down I surf as I go my
lifestyle is a mode of dissent I protest by
consumer choice if I am not marketed
to how could I be a demographic if I am
not put to work then why would I *refuse*
to work?

Sure my editor says a thousand other
people are thinking and reading and eat-
ing similar things but he can't call us
*brobos inner directeds spectral empath*s
echo boomers we're not a class that's ripe
for the picking our rents are fine as is
thank you very much we are altruistic
not narcissistic we live the moment not
historicize it *snark* is an ugly nasty slut
we were friends after college it threw me
some work it gave me a ladder and told
me to climb...

That's not the reason I left New York I
just got tired of seeing my name on the
Big Board is all the publishing scene is
overrated besides plus snark is as stale
as yesterday's paper our friendship dried
up when the work did (not that I'm *that*
shallow). These days the options are
unsexily thin if you've got outsize tal-
ent and undersize finance you'd better
settle down on a content farm.

You can take the farmer off the farm my
editor taunts when I threaten to quit.
Your Great American something reads
like short Internet nothings. You're a
highly skilled graduate of ambient atten-
tion and live from one post to the next.

Get off the farm and back into the sta-
ble, my parents most Sundays say. *We*
didn't support you through your MFA
so that you could jerk-off all day. Then
they laugh in that awful way people do

when the joke is just for them not us a
selfish joke so regular on the phone do
I hear this joke yet each and every time
my ego (still) goes poof.

What's a *snark* stable but the piggiest
pen that's reason enough to leave.



I took this job to think while I type but
the thinking's becoming a problem.
Let's say I'm in a foul mood getting sub-
stantially fouler, so foul that the cloud
makes a shadow on itself the size of itself,
sending bits and blobs to a suicide fall
(those droplets are possibly me). Is this
the cloud's way of breaking it off? Is my
unoriginal genius too (too) unoriginal?

Let's say I'm an airborne virus clinging
to the cloud while all of my brain bugs
get hopping; even the oldest and sur-
est memes won't bet on my chances to
spread them. *Just as I was about to put
finger to key* they leave my head empty
with the echoes of thoughts that grow
famous in other guys' mouths.

Small and stubborn are the fictions of
science. They attach to most any host.
Him with the most beats all other hosts.



This life provides the thinnest of con-
sequence. Pain is only a mouse-click
from palliation. Pleasure is just as
close. A new e-mail rewards for the time
spent waiting. A podcast is even better.

Here's the beauty of my situation.
There's not a minute in the day when
I can't stream something into my head.
If there's a job for a technocrat in my
constantly moving happiness machine
then I filled it. I've become the admin-
istrator of my input. I'm pure receptacle.

Call it a higher state of neurosis? The
thing you're constantly putting off, that
thing you're distracting yourself from,
is the silence, the absence of something
else that clears ground for...a worthless
idea. You fill the stage of production

YOU HAVE TAKEN OVER THE JOB OF CREATING DESIRE
AND HAVE TRANSFORMED PEOPLE INTO CONSTANTLY
MOVING HAPPINESS MACHINES, MACHINES WHICH
HAVE BECOME THE KEY TO ECONOMIC PROGRESS.

because, if left alone to soliloquize, you'd
have not much of anything to say. So you
stream, you stretch. You participate in
a worldview.

There are small ruptures: a teacher in Juarez strains to distract her students as gunfire erupts in the schoolyard. They may register in the eyes or throat, in the ears and then, eventually, in the brain,

ONE OF THE FEW WORDS WHICH MEAN NOTHING WITHOUT QUOTES

and a feeling of *purpose* will emerge, *as if there were something more you could do*. You find solace in the knowledge that something was transmitted, and, by virtue of not watching reality television, by virtue of not having sex or shopping, you could hear and did hear.

This is civic responsibility, no? This fills some quota for the day. Your mind, briefly fogged, can move on to receive other impressions, anecdotes, reportage and accounts. Perhaps it will linger over a dark thought, or laugh in the place

of your mouth. *When NPR acts for me, I myself act through NPR*. You're not participating, but in the time you devote to listening, *on their behalf*, you are doing some part, playing *a* part.

And why should it be any other way? If you were the subject of the story, who would read it? Who would be there to listen?

And is the primordial version of this substitution by means of which "somebody else does it for me," not the very substitution of a signifier for the subject? In such a substitution resides the basic, constitutive feature of the symbolic order: a signifier is precisely an object-thing which substitutes me, which acts in my place. [...] By way of surrendering my innermost content, inclusive of my dreams and anxieties, to the Other, a space opens up in which I am free to breathe: when the Other laughs for me, I am free to take a rest; when the Other is sacrificed instead

of me, I am free to go on living with the awareness that I did pay for my guilt; etc. etc. The efficiency of this operation of substitution resides in the Hegelian reflective reversal: when the Other is sacrificed for me, I sacrifice myself through the Other; when the Other acts for me, I myself act through the Other; when the Other enjoys for me, I myself enjoy through the Other.

During the sixth season of *The Bachelor*, eventual winner Amanda Walsh and Alex Michel, the bachelor, were sharing a hot tub on their final date. In a moment of intimate confession, Amanda yearned, "I can't wait to get back to real reality."



Here is a thought (an NPR thought) not a laugh or a cloud (though perhaps in the cloud) you might have heard it did some work *did it work for you?* it worked for me *I'M TRYING TO BE RIGOROUS!!!* but when it's Žižek you're citing you keep Baby Ruth and the bathwater and the tub and the towel and Mom and the soap and *nothing*, really, is out of the question is not hiding an answer HERE is a thought more like an analogy: *imagine there's this great big stone disc sitting in a village. One person gives it to another person. But the stone doesn't move. It's just that everybody in the village knows the stone now has a new owner. One time, the stone wound up on the bottom of the ocean and everybody decided that the piece of stone money was still good so somebody today owns this piece of stone money, even though nobody's seen it for over 100 years or more.*

Better when fictitious has a fact however heavy better a derivative derives from no back asset just a *Golden Ass* at least two birds per hand is more than enough who is counting most no one it seems. If it's allegory you want you can stay the plot call it curious magick that made Apuleius an ass but *will salvation follow for the financiers?* Someone says they've fucked off to teach education iDunno a lawyer I know works in the Lipstick Building

says the elevator opened on the Madoff floor a week or so after the news and *they took it all THEY TOOK THE COPPER WIRE FROM THE WALLS* who believes lawyers these days let alone friends is what you're thinking but also think history + time + history + time it's already the butt of the joke just look at the last season of *Curbed* if you don't believe me BUTTH-EPOINTIS! salvation followed Apuleius. He joined the cult of Isis. Motherhood comma magic comma fertility ensued *so does this mean the world should be ruled by women?* Or do we need a lady Jonestown of our OWN? If I roll a stone off the Eastern seaboard could we say it fills the debt? Would it accrue value like barnacles? Can we promise to never visit even though we could belief is a sweater well-worn discarded moth-eaten the perfect thing I'm not clinging!

We can promise not to visit because we are enough our souls. If an ancestor hoisted by his totem becomes a god after three, maybe four generations, I can speculate where our stone will be the psychical interest will be immense a whole other stone growing on top. Maybe we're sinking in is what this image is saying or we need to sink in rather but aren't we always: rain is the string that holds the cloud a cord must be cut SUN needs *a copula a copula a shaft* that corpse on your arm was a bubble. *A mask of manner can be held in place from within. We*

have had a flood of original ideas in all media, works of singular beauty as well as significant milestones in the history of inflation, but at that moment there was only this balloon, concrete particular, hanging there.



I was walked on a lake and told it was a cloud. The cloud, they said, was an architecture. All there was was water trying to crawl back up the canal (it won't work).

Once in Central Park I saw a long beard burlap sack and bare feet *he's a New Primitive* whispered *The New York Times* so even before the Greeks civilization was very advanced they had paved roads and painted markings for joggers he knew how to run in the right direction.



Five Fingers *BIG DEBATE ON RUNNING BLOGS* my editor is forcing me to write. They *mimic the feeling of running bare-foot* (please place your eyeballs on the relevant ads) BUT have you ever seen *Blue Velvet*? The grass is skyscrapers in an insect city. We're walking on somebody else's planet and calling it our own.

Which is better mimesis or timetravel? Why are commodities stepping into the role of the disavowed can a Honda 919

919 *run around naked* and still be a fetish what will return if Dyson gives the repress there's barely a second before we see our waste spinning like a snow globe (please place your eyeballs on the relevant ads).

There are some basic rules to live by so we can remain unperturbed unaware consensually engineered even ignorant. The first is transparency. Transparency is important because it makes clear what is the world.

When you purchase a Volkswagen Phaeton a specially designed train transports you from Dresden's central station to the "Transparent Factory." One can watch workers in white overalls moving around on parquet wooden floors with gigantic robot arms bringing the hanging cars to the workers, and not the other way around.

Some small processing plants are willing to let customers onto the kill floor. Lorentz Meats, in Cannon Falls, Minnesota, is so confident of their treatment of animals that they have walled their abattoir in glass.

PLEASE PLACE YOUR EYEBALLS ON THE RELEVANT ADS!

You can watch the vehicle you can drive the chicken you can eat. This you can

read in *The Omnivore's Dilemma* is the humane way to go about destroying your meal what a strange word in this case: there is no humanity in your meal live or dead. You see the animal perhaps the animal sees you *no accusation no Disney double take*. Two ontologies are confirmed. You see the men the women assembling your car they may see you. You see the labor process like a friend not an alien you see the product like a wingman not an alien how could anyone be alienated before the face of another?

There's an old saying that people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones you don't want to read this just see it don't want to think the norm it deviates from don't want transparency to be the exception what's unexceptional must then be opaque.

WE'RE SURROUNDED BY SIGNS; OUR IMPERATIVE IS TO IGNORE NONE OF THEM.

If I am an exception: too late to go back no time to dally I don't need brainwashing *I am at ease with myself*. The rule must change the category too deserts need chilling the sun unhitch *drift* in the place of a clockwork walk A NEW IMPERATIVE! I lean on the letter I surf like an angel I live out my maxim with full force *YOU* will become the conscious capitalist I am paid to say I am.



What is a transparent factory in a cloud is a riddle I can't write my way through. Rain is the string that holds the cloud it sustains but it also serves a use. There's not a place that can't be used *everything is useful* if I had a dance I'd make rain if I had a *cloudbuster* I'd make the *queerest looking clouds you ever saw*; I'd pump them full of orgone they'd be gorged with purpose heavy enough to pin the edges of the cloud like little butts on a parachute. Less violent than the Victorians more ludic than labored æther 2.0 would descend on the earth like a network a mist in a cover. Then at the least (at the very last) we'd understand what it is that we're in.

There's not a place that can't be used *everything is useful* if I served a use *if I farmed myself* I'd pull seeds from the cloud from my brain from my posts every past and tomorrow and real false idea gets a row gets to sit out our Everything Age till the season and circumstance say. A future will spring up a harvest like Art *my future a future of equal size* such descriptive exactly factual crops every root every leaf every branch every fruit every blossom is what it resembles. The vat where you live and the vat where you die the machines that will build what the harvest describes

even these things the harvest resembles.

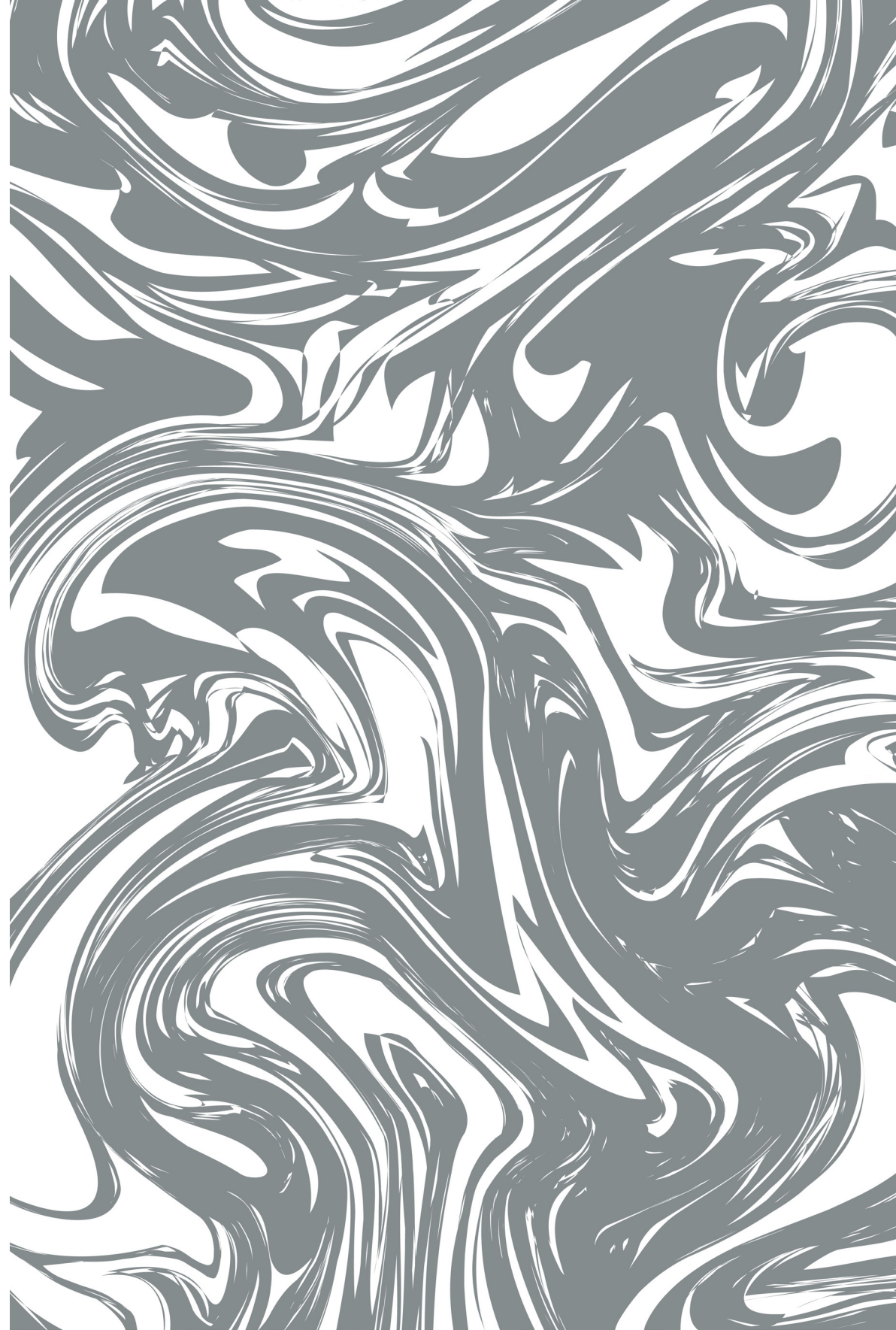
That is my work that's why I farm my job drives my Art as a means to an end I go seeding one world with another.

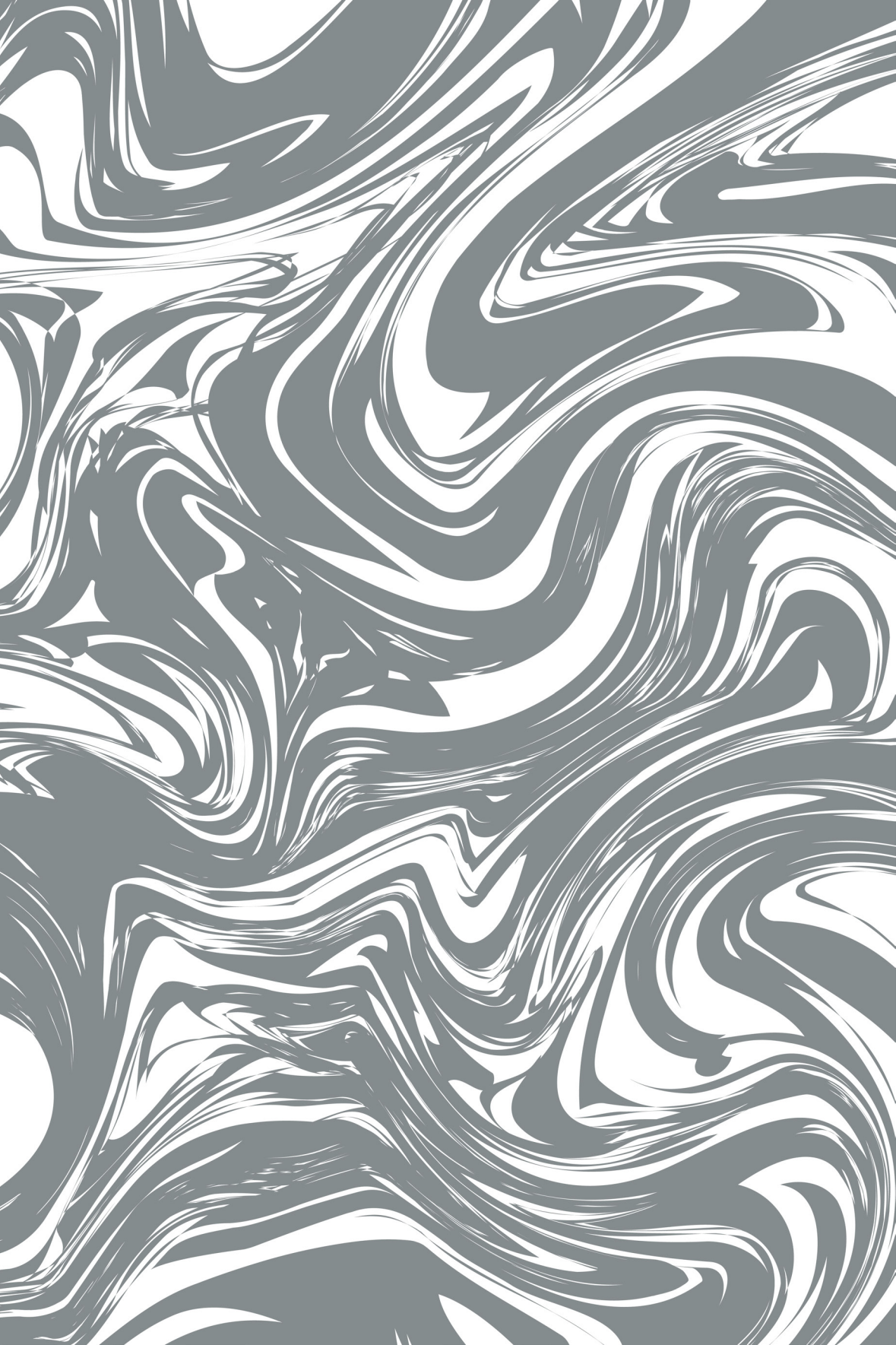
That is my work *this* is my job agent and operative farmer and spy hiding plain sight banal an exploitable prop till the season and circumstance say. When the Kittler of *then* describes Art of the *soon* what other words could he use? I'm THE WORLD'S FIRST FUTURE REALIST. *inFormal* reads the party of *my future*, it's so immanent that everyone even the queer clouds wet themselves they spill out life juice in a big tsunami that breaks

STAY HUNGRY. STAY FOOLISH.

all our vats and our souls and the earth but *doesn't everything come at a cost?* our brains and the insect city drown even the bugs that would outlive a nuclear winter can't outlive the power of life itself.

Our memes will be a cargo cult they won't have any clue what to make of the wires and goo so that's why there will be a memorial at my farm – or there would be if it were true. Honestly I've spent more than a year on this and will have to keep writing until I'm certain.





Mom wakes me up in the morning by SHOVING a Clif Bar deep enough down my throat for it to grow into a full breakfast. Just her little way of saying it's my day to work for her.

Mom says: *Tell your story make it true to who you are, but don't forget that you've got listeners, so if a salvia party is who you are then it's the you (not the story) that needs changing. There are so many ways to reenter the workforce you'd never not be on no son of mine not raising no fool...on and on she'll go until I (re)fly the coop.*

I'm worried about Mom: like Benjamin Button she looks younger every year. The Beatles sing in that Phillips ad *I've got to admit it's getting better a little better all the time*. I agree so much it's like I'm the

EVERY AGE THINKS IT'S THE MODERN AGE, BUT THIS ONE REALLY IS.

one singing it it does raise a worry what's the point of the past what's the value to nostalgia can I say I miss *my future* is the realest memory I'm making? I keep waiting for the next there's no evidence to the contrary: the i will be an upgrade.

Upgreat Mom is notso senile she remembers more and wants you to (you don't have much say in the matter). Before GraphRank before EdgeRank she made News Feed *a stream of everything*. *We now live and do business in glass houses (and offices), and that's not necessarily bad*, well, first it was terrible John dating me while wall-fucking Jim and everyone

As the older generations die, they take with them their knowledge of what was lost when the new technology arrived, and only the sense of what was gained remains. Progress covers its tracks, perpetually refreshing the illusion that where we are is where we were meant to be.

going to every event in my brain did not leave my latent stalker lie at long last we locked-in. *Living in public today is a matter of enlightened self-interest. You have to be public to be found.*

at long last (soon after) f8 yanked the thread and our puppet fingers followed, stuffing all shade of behaving in a box

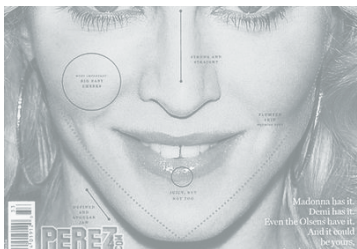
with a button for a lid. We spoke loudly and carried a small thumb. We spoke EMPHATICALLY with full force of American affect. Could we predict we'd spread faster than Coca-Colonies – that the walls of New Egypt would muralize Mom? *the front page of the internet* has the headline: we now live in a friendly world.

at long last (soon enough) even a thumb is one contrivance too many. *Frictionless sharing* means *curation without curators*. The revolution will be curated (just not by you).

Mom's getting new as a fountain but isn't that what Catherine Deneuve always said? *After a certain age, a woman has to choose between her fanny and her face.*

Well, Mom chose her face (for the obvious reasons) with a rolodex call to new surgical arms to sweep over her earrugs and clog up our mouths (Restylane, Cosmoderm, Zyplast, blech). All these and anyone money can buy will pick up her pieces and set her head right.

Happiness as a head: shell is nourished by oyster; cheeks plump into cherries (the first fruits of the cherubs we will die into); foreheads mount helipads for the pineal helicopter; jowls hollow out and show a bit of skull *tell the bed not to lay like the open mouth of a grave* sings Madonna, though I'm not convinced



this has anything to do with her;
and jaws shave into triangles
maybe “heartlike” or *L’origine
du monde* or upside-downward dog or
(this is pretty profound so we’ll take it all)
*The Babylonians needed a placeholder
that represented nothing. They had to,
in effect, invent zero. And so they created
a new character, with no value, to signify
an empty column. They denoted it with
two slanted wedges.*

New York magazine calls it “The New
New Face” – *A fantastic approximation!
An uncanny resemblance! She looks like a
very impressive artist’s rendering of her.*

Mom calls herself “The New New Face-
book,” which is to say (R.I.P.) “The New
New Tom.”

THERE’S A NEW FACE IN TOWN – AND IT’S A BABY’S.

What’s in a life that’s not worth dying
for?



Dad wakes me up in the morning by
shoving a cap on my crown. It’s my day
to chauffeur.

Dad says: *Just because it’s not called Wiki-
pedia & Son doesn’t mean you don’t have
big shoes to follow. 1:10:89 is the rule: a*

*myth in the mask of an ethic: two faces
two colons two curtains to part (they’ll
eventually part for you).*

*You will someday police where the supers
police you will grow altruistic (less narcis-
sistic) you’ll be happy you crawled back
home. The heroism of dumb service will
suffice for a fee. Perhaps a fee is worth
asking. Perhaps not.*

Dad was the one who taught me to drive
to this day I’m more auto than man in
wee years he drove stick and me as well
PAGING DR. FREUD! I was a passenger-
seat driver is all.

How times have changed...I’m a chau-
ffeur of the *freeconomy*. *The net annual
deflation rate of the online world is nearly
50 percent.* Zilch is another matter. As
Zeno warns, we may keep splitting hairs.

Moore and Dunbar set the limits we’re
speeding beyond: I drive 151 friends and
my folks their millions in a limo everyone
wants to ride. At every stop are Nigerian
princes and *advertars* and crumby pipe
snakes that slither into our exhaust and
pollute it back onto us but *who owns the
air in my head and how litigious am I
really?* I don’t want for abundance my
attention is scarce: a first-world
problem to the tone of twelve fig-
ures so say the consultants who
care.



for every 100 people on a given site, 1 will actually create something, another 10 will vote on what he created, and the remaining 89 will merely consume the creation.

One study conducted by the Palo Alto Research Center [in 2007] determined that 1 percent of all Wikipedia contributors are responsible for writing roughly half of the 1 billion words contained in the English edition of the online reference work.

[Diderot's] Encyclopédie contained 17 volumes of text (1751-1766), 11 volumes of illustrated engravings (1762-1772), a 5 volume supplement and 2 volumes of analytical tables (1780) [...] There were 146 contributors. As for the Chevalier de Jaucourt himself, he wrote about 17000 articles out of a total of 68000. Diderot referred to him affectionately as a slave to the Encyclopédie.

When I link to a page on the Internet, I help Google understand what that page is about and how popular it is. I make Google smarter. With our clicks and links, we all do. Google is clever enough to organize that knowledge and take advantage of it. It exploits the wisdom of the crowd, and thereby respects us in the crowd.

YOU have gone from the person to the problem of the year *YOUR* inattention is costing the global economy *I* apologize for my parents by proxy.

The *YOU* of the future will culture a cure a vaccine for industrial info. The market will bulge trading *interrupt rights* so that someone can reap from *YOUR* bother.

Zero-cost distribution has turned sharing into an industry means free to pay nothing: the thing is free we thus assume ourselves to be. Language is the teacher and the program the pupil *I make Google smarter* because I'm smart enough to use it.

Zero-cost distribution has turned sharing into an industry means out with capitalism and in with the gift, though even Mauss claimed the one was never without the other. *The market is a human phenomenon that, in our view, is not foreign to any known society.* The gift is its invisible glove.

Or he could say *the hole where the wage should be* there are lots of precedents for working all or some of the time (none of them virtual). The web is just like that (a web): we see people for a forest where the service providers are the trees *it's for us we're working*, we tell us *HOLDON!* shouts Dad so I jam on the breaks.

in principle every gift is always accepted and even praised. One must voice one's appreciation of the food that has been prepared for one. But, by accepting it one knows that one is committing oneself [sic]. A gift is received "with a burden attached."

It's not exploitation if it's not work. What people do for free is have fun...We don't look at basketball games and people playing on the weekends and say these people are really suckers doing this for free still a game has a burden attached a basketball takes up a number of space or you've spent your Saturday in the pursuit of pleasure but whom are you trying to please?

The amateur is a storied past they were *lovers and dabblers* too. In England as throughout Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries the aristocracy abhorred the pursuit of any profession, the acquisition of money through labor being seen as a strictly lower-class endeavor.

Invisible College more like [invisible fee] we've inherited the wheat when we mostly are chaff. Now that business taps leisure for plentiful yield what's left after work after family and sleep? Hint: it's waning fast...



Muse wakes me up. It's my time for me.

Sing to me, Muse, of the book deal that launched a thousand blogs...

That's not the same as saying I don't like *Julie & Julia* it's that jerk Julie Powell who has it coming she stole my food blog that never was way back in 2005 when Megan would get up in the early morning "to let her dough rise" THAT gave me a laugh because I was the one folding innuendo into it. I won't write the article

RITE WORDS IN ROTE ORDER

you've already read on the low bar Powell set: we all know the net's a crapper. *Abced-minded men* tweet Twitter *haiku*; they *uncreate words*; they Flarf and text on *the palm of the mind*. It's not that they're not bricoleurs it's just that their shit sure stinks (me of all peoples should know).

The lower we go information shimmies around (we say authorship, idea): *the hyperlink was really just a citation and the Web itself a densely interconnected literary corpus*.

As we approach the ground it's history we're close to remember how Larry Page and Sergey Brin modeled BackRub's search algorithm on *the system of annotation and citation used in academic publishing* and

Paracelsus, who was so famous for chemistry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it, which when he had brought to perfection, he called zibeta occidentalis, or western-civet

(closer, still) the man who named hyper-text hypertext told the future (in 1984!) *that every document in the world should be a footnote to some other document, and computers could make the links between them visible and permanent.*

ONE AT LAST FINDS THE DUNCES INVESTED WITH UNCIVILIZING POWERS OF EPIC PROPORTIONS

There's nothing we love more than transcription; we find few things more satisfying than collation. For one: a sobered-up Rhine wine press.

Sometimes I sit in *archaic stillness*. *He that desires to print a book, should much more desire, to be a book.*

If you're thinking, *what's in a book?* you'd be late to The Great Regress: there are more books about the Internet than the people to copy them so copying is now my charge. I lay down my lines as fast as I take my dictations (even John Henry's stenog couldn't write this fast) but the machine is still steadfaster.

That's not writing, that's typing, Jeff always complains...do I pretend to be more than a scribe? I'm not clever as Menard or diligent as Bartleby nor dumb like Bouvard nor savvy as Elaine, but every night and most weekends, I am much the same.

I believe it is no longer possible to write books. That is why I no longer write them. Virtually all books are no more than footnotes, inflated until they become volumes. That is why I write only footnotes.

Eli Pariser, Nicholas Carr: why so scholarly? I copied your books *despite* misgivings. Software comes of age in obsolescence a car is born to ride less-price off the lot but a book about the Internet is a deficit petitioning to be a thing that reads too good for a blog or a daily. *The Times admits that it has already begun training its reporters to craft their stories in ways that lead to higher placements in search engines.* Is the web chicken or egg? Papers are scarcity slimming to the shallow of a screen though weren't they the original multi-window platforms and didn't they teach the Internet most everything?

If you're thinking, *what does a robot want to read?* The New Illegibility, from the sites of it: *poetry in the future will be written by machines for other machines to read. Why hire a poet to write a poem when the poem can in fact write itself?*

Megan's professor called her poems "a quietist's triumph" *what a way to keep a woman in the kitchen* is what I heard in the scratch of her voice but also you're right to wonder, *how could a quietist be friends with him?* Megan's wedding will have "lots of pinecones" and to me pinecone isn't the most gendered thing (pine tree is another story). At her sister's wedding there were dozens of fake birds in cages: the symbolism was lost only on the bride who put them there *which is to*

say eventually Megan made a food blog she pissed her dissertation into weekly posts until she had no more history of women's sentimental lit left in her. The book deal is, as yet, forthcoming.



I wake Mom up...

Lack of parental attention once spawned latchkeys and rebels now misbehaving drives in reverse what makes a child take the wheel what myth triangle or shape can explain is he Oedipus *ressentiment* Phaeton Menendez is he really so much less interesting than a smartphone that they forget to bring home their Indian leftovers or buy him groceries once and a while and do they have to keep mentioning Peter Pan he's aware of the syndrome he has taken their point.

Before converting to the mobile faith they placed Protestant eggs in Protestant nests, sat responsible chickens, made responsible clucks. Out came an error: he flapped around college and freelancing too through his masters two cities (as many men). If they paid him the mind when they put him to work looking up from their screens to see just who they birthed he may strike them as less than

Like teenagers sneaking cigarettes behind school, parents are secretly rebelling against the rules. The children of one New Jersey executive mandate that their mom ignore her mobile email from dinnertime until their bedtime. To get around their dictates, the mother hides the gadget in the bathroom, where she makes frequent trips before, during and after dinner. The kids "think I have a small bladder," she says. She declined to be named because she's afraid her 12- and 13-year-old children might discover her secret.

defeated. Until then, he's a Millennial fuck(up).

BUT HOW MUCH LESS INTERESTING IS HE REALLY? Gadgets are one thing and sons and daughters is another thing. These are both things. And then smartphones is every thing.

Science finds that *subjects' brains respond to the sound of their phones as they would respond to the presence or proximity of a girlfriend, boyfriend, or family member*. Apparently so does the rest of the flock. Little Elsa flushed *her mom's Blackberry down the toilet last year* – the house was one sister too many. If my folks had another device it might tempt his f8 though more likely (like me) he'll get fenced in and overworked.

Is *love* too strong a word? When I ask Siri if she loves me, she replies, *I respect you*. My parents are too busy so I'm too mad to ask.

Maybe there's a cosmic link between the Internet and toilets like the one between homosexuals and old persons I observed at Gay Bingo once. I might be serious enough to say that's where smartphones go range free: down the bowl and through the trap to a stork graveyard or taboo or e-pile or pasture.

In a certain sense, cellular phones realize the dream of capital: that of absorbing every possible atom of time at the exact moment the productive cycle needs it. In this way, workers offer their entire day to capital and are paid only for the moments when their time is made cellular. Info-producers can be seen as neuro-workers. They prepare their nervous system as an active receiving terminal for as much time as possible. The entire lived day becomes subject to a semiotic activation which becomes directly productive only when necessary.

Oh, to be a Blackberry dangled over a void: if you can't pull the plug, you can flush your way out...



In a traditional German toilet, the hole into which shit disappears after we flush is right at the front, so that shit is first laid out for us to sniff and inspect for traces of illness. In the typical French toilet, on the contrary, the hole is at the back, i.e. shit is supposed to disappear as quickly as possible. Finally, the American (Anglo-Saxon) toilet presents a synthesis, a mediation between these opposites: the toilet basin is full of water, so that the shit floats in it, visible, but not to be inspected. It is clear that none of these versions can be accounted for in purely utilitarian terms: each involves a certain ideological perception of how the subject should relate to excrement.

How much is a toilet like an Internet how much does it filter how much does it stalk? Like Mom can it tell how much kale I've grubbed or enough, at the least, to sell it back to me?

If I flush myself, do I know where I'll land?

How would I get service over the Great Firewall? I hear its long-drop toilets are emptied once a week: that's what you'd call a blockage, not a flow. To those who think corporations have won: I know a place where an overlord has an overlord. *Strengthening network culture construction and management will help extend to the battlefield of propaganda and ideological work* said Hu Jintao in 2007.

Geopolitics on permanent leave? You can't buy your way back to Vichy, since those websites were banned by French courts. *There is this naïve idea that the Internet changes everything. It doesn't change everything. It doesn't change the laws in France.*

Flags are wind made visible. They are like bits cut from clouds, as though the wind could be partitioned. You'd be surprised even Canada would worry, yet after the Patriot Act the gov't won't let rain fall south of itself...



Does the saying no two shits are alike mean something else?

We now live and do business in glass houses (and offices), and that's not necessarily bad. Each house has a mirror reflecting itself into infinite rows of fingers and fidgets, imperfect copies that blink after blink seem more, less, more-or-less alike. You can toggle your view (you are your own nob) yet always and ever you're many and one, an infinite center so awesome in scale, so vast is your workable, livable time why wouldn't we call it community?

Who is holding the mirror and viewing the mirror the silvered remainder reflecting the clouds is the sliver we say is our world. So am I the one holding the mirror?

When our Mom plans our parties, and Dad plans our brains,

Personal data stored in the cloud is also actually much easier for the government to search than information on a home computer. The FBI needs a warrant from a judge to search your laptop. But if you use Yahoo or Gmail or Hotmail for your e-mail, you "lose your constitutional protections immediately," according to a lawyer for the Electronic Frontier Foundation. The FBI can just ask the company for the information - no juridical paperwork needed, no permission requested - as long as it can argue later that it's part of an "emergency." "The cops will love this," says privacy advocate Robert Gellman about cloud computing. "They can go to a single place and get everybody's documents."

The youth Narcissus mistook his own reflection in the water for another person. This extension of himself by mirror numbed his perceptions until he became the servo-mechanism of his own extended or repeated image.

I'm perfectly ready to be abject, but not under duress. I'm willing to lower my dignity - you're laughing!

Shall it be said that at the word "Crawl!" I am to crawl?
That's the worm's natural gait and it is mine too, when we
are left alone

If only I had a stone's vocation! I aspire to the object, to the
blessing of matter and opacity.

and we give away all our gifts... how lame would I be to keep to myself?

We say we don't need bodies yet everything we make is shit well fuck anorexia! screw bulimia! I have a far better control: I keep it stuffed in its womb with a no! to the world & thumb my nose and sticks its tongue out through my buttmouth but only just titillates and laughs.

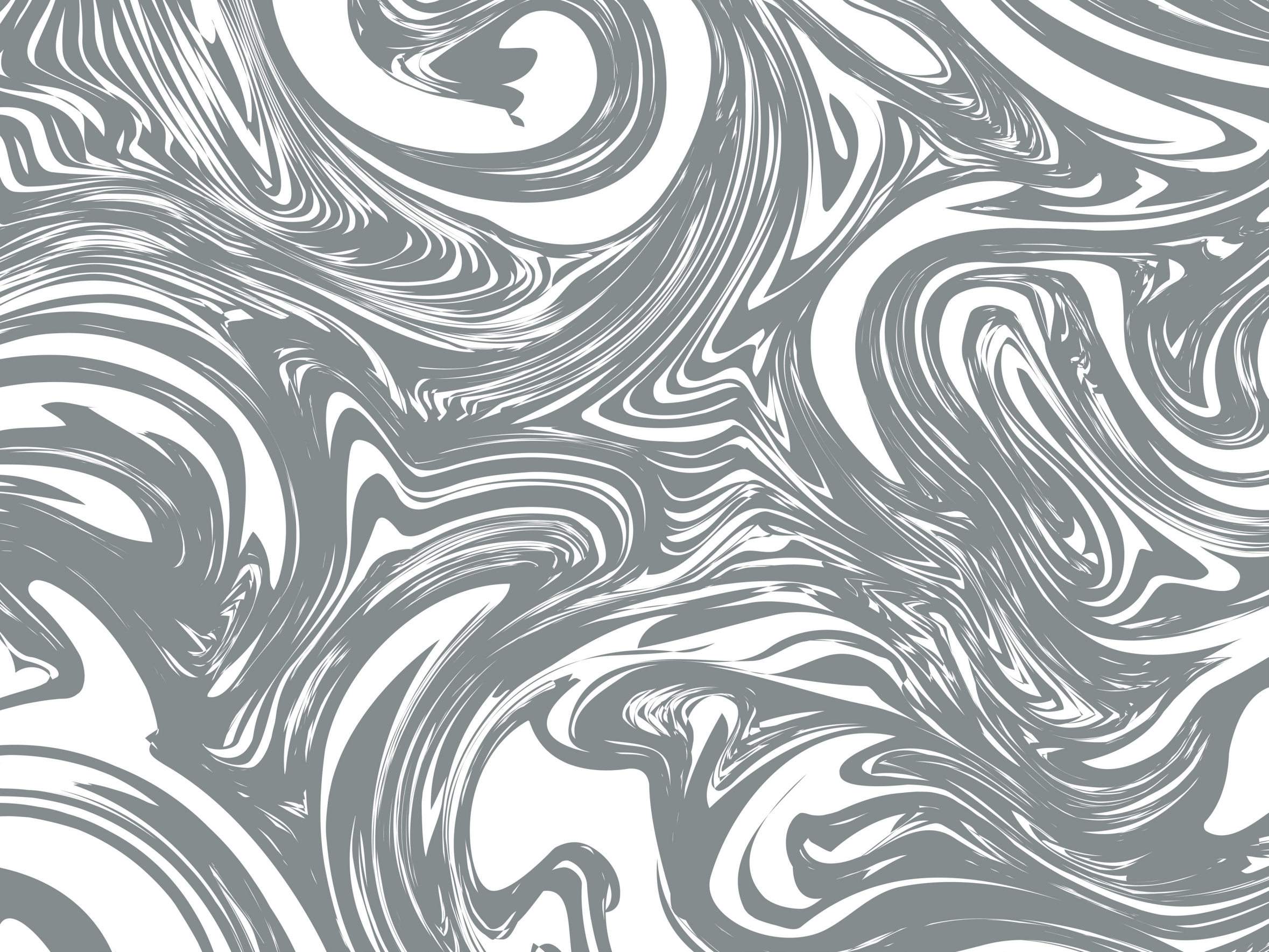
(finally) I can hang like a berry: straddle the bowl: *make the stone stony*. Each word is a weight (more a referent) and less time till I drop! from the vine & the cord & the pod so oppressive those *hers* and those *hims* and those *wes*...I never could be all the *me* that me is.

I'm occupying myself (that's not participating): *dissensus raised to the power of one*: my fetus won't become a nest egg: my shit won't improve: it's quidditic (stubbornly so): shit qua shit.

Wake up: drain out: off the matrix: off the grid.

The last flush will be the new silence.

I'll begin by doing that now!



Jeff,

I did it, but don't ask me how: I am *writing to the moment*. I keep one hand on my soul, and the other on my chest, and you are *here*. In my flow and my fall, through the storm and its break, you are the predictive text to my predictive text: my fingers scratch like quill pens on every tooth of my mouth to draft the words you want to read.

Before the diary *avant la letter* how could anyone know for certain if the things that moved around and blathered and leaked juices from most everywhere were the humans they said they were? *All Cretans are liars* and, apparently, animals too, if Descartes kicked the dogs of Paris *to hear the machine creak*. Maybe he's the reason that I can write to the idea of you, and you can read the idea of me, and we can trust that on one and the other epistolary end is an *authentick* human *thinking*.

Dead letters! does it not sound like dead men?

Now there's a new doubt (we can thank Turing for that), but just because *A.L.I.C.E.* and *Eliza* sound like protagonists of a Samuel Richardson does not mean they sound half human.

O, Sir, I, I am Pamela, indeed I am: Indeed I am Pamela, her own self!

I've landed in a small room that once held a box nearly the size of the room or another thing that left a dent in the floor I can do nothing to fix. High above the fluorescents is the hole, the shaft and, beyond that, the cloud. I can't see it. It can't see me.

That's as much as I can say for now.

Tyler

Jeff,

Here, again, *a visit of the soul*, soul being a word I'm not wearing very well. I can't but slice when the form demands that I lie myself (obscenely) bare. Am I being too dodgy? Too demure?

When you read all my missives – eventually – will you even know how to keep focus? To follow a line to the last, then reset your eyeballs and start over? Will you suffer my letters like you suffered my posts, knowing how quickly the unrequited can slip into diaristics and diarrhetics? There's not much to be done, short of coming full stop, but if I don't keep up my writings *under the immediate Impression of every Circumstance which occasioned them*, how could I *keep up with the days*? How else to stop that *web from strangling*? How would I or anyone know this moment existed?

A rare woman in the history of the world, Shamela possessed an incomparable dexterity. She could play out scenes with one, sometimes many parties, all the while scribbling away with a concealed hand. Perhaps her papers she tucked beneath her dress, her hand disappearing into a gap between the fabric folds.

Surely the Parson found it queer for a woman to keep her rosaries wrapped round her garter, or rather, as with St. Teresa, he gave her the Lacanian look: the eye that winked, conspiratorially, at seeing the reflection of its own profanity.

Didn't he know? It was diary and ecstasy is all.

Now someone is entering and holding a bit of cardstock and reading

Dreamy Mushroom Soup

Jasmine and black Thai rice with peas, smoked chicken and diced red onion

BBQ Beef Brisket

He is setting a tray of food on my lap and I am fighting as best I can and not just on account of my veganism. If he had asked if I was hungry I would have said yes. If he welcomed me I would have said thanks but if this is what he calls hospitality then I may have overestimated the real.

I am fighting and he is fighting back and I am kicking and he is kicking back. He is so strong so you could narrate the rest if I am not keeping up which despite my pain I definitely am.

I am in a state of culinary becoming at the moment a pretzel now a piece of taffy. He is stretching me as thin and loose as a highway from gullet to gizzard that he is driving the food along.

So this is why he calls it a farm!

Jeff,

Well, it's never going to win any architecture prizes, but inside this rather forbidding building is what you might call the belly of the Internet.

Jeff,

*Our writing tools are also working on our thoughts, Nietzsche wrote, but I don't know, don't I seem cogent to you? He feeds me on-demand, whenever, really, the clients need it, cramming every cranial cubbyhole with someone else's keepsake. It's not as precise as you and I had imagined. I have been neither *scrubbed* nor *wiped*, and in a way, that's for the worse: worse for not knowing whether any of these are my thoughts to think.*

The Semi-Existence of Tyler...

Do I like shit and *Robinson Crusoe* and spring cleaning and data farms, or am I that dubious distinction of a server storing the pertinent info on each?

Am I

ScatWear

CliffsNotes

Home Cleaner Magazine

digitalrealty.com

?

Jeff,

Henry used to say that a made bed was a sure sign of depression. I always thought the opposite, though “keeping it together” is just the sadist form of sad: you punish your misery by putting it to work, or everything around you rots into the picture of how you feel.

Henry sure had it together. He spoke softly and carried a big stick (up his ass). I wonder if he screwed broom and mop ends right into his pucker.

How would you like your depression is what makes the ass feel worst – a hard stool or a big mess – and I am not bragging to say there are enough years under the belt to have had the wisdom of both.

Tyler

Jeff,

We don't say that an obese person is suffering from food overload. It's not the food's fault. The fried chicken isn't making and purchasing itself and flying into people's mouths. Blaming the information is equally as absurd.

Jeff,

Suffering here. Trying to stave off capital a apathy, but the isolation makes it harder. I figured out what made that dent; I'm almost the size of it. Data packs on the pounds like no empty calorie ever could.

I am so helplessly fat that my brain has folded over and become its own body. It signals and receives: it acts as if it were the limit of the thing called me.

Now he is entering with a forklift. He is lifting me up and I am already so full that I can barely take his compliments even if they were what I was after all along. I want to know I'm doing well though the *doing* is done in defeat, though the penance demanded by the cloud on high is to live out my life as its referent.

The fork makes its marks. I look at my scores and feel happy. He tells me I'm eating a lot and I'm holding it well so the fork is my gown and my brain is my cap for a procession attended by him and me: I'm graduating from my cell.

He carries me over the threshold into a deafening bright so stranger than fiction that my brain runs away with *The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures* of me, relating how he (me) *set sail down the Columbia River against the wishes of his captors, who wanted him to stay and pursue a career of servitude. After a tumultuous journey that sees the ship wrecked in a storm, his lust for the sea remains so strong that he sets out to sea again. This journey too ends in disaster as the ship is taken over by The Pirate Bay and Coburn becomes slave to the Torrent. After two years of slavery, he manages to escape in a boat with a*

boy named when, in actual fact, he lowers me into a new dent. My body lies like a usual lump, my lips part to make the usual room. I am unusually undead and, thus, operational.

Tyler

Jeff,

This is the heart of a data center. It's one of ten giant server rooms in this particular center with as many as 30,000 servers. Obviously a vast amount of computing power. An awful lot of storage. And all part of this ramping up of cloud computing.

Jeff,

Have you ever divided yourself by the global population to make your personal, percentile product? Did you feel as small as that number?

Well, try being a server.

It's a bit of a problem I'm prone to admit: I'm just as unique as the next. I'm a dent-filling form among dent-filling forms spanning racks upon racks and rows upon rows, like a concrete copy of my familial home, where drudgery is my calling card. I take on the work, so Millennials play.

I'm a cog in a domino factory, a replicant layer between replicant layers. If I failover, my data gets caught; and if she falls over, my data gets caught; and if he *failsover*, my data gets caught; and on and on, until there's no server still standing, except eleven new football fields in The Node Pole, and then more after that I'm sure.

No matter my outcome, my data gets caught.

Tyler

Jeff,

I am in a state of lifestyle becoming at the moment an opening an afterparty now a hotel lobby. My head is a revolving rooftop door that gets lots of use. The clients tote their bags and entourage besides plus pitch and pick-up lines. Depending on the company he compels my brain to keep the scene can be preppy, alternative or odd, as if every rabbi and duck and LinkedIn and priest, with all the joints, in all the brains, in all the farms, in the world, just had to walk into mine.

I pour their drinks and I kiss their ass, chatter them up and liquor them down. What's important is to keep them talking. I get hopes and boasts, grandstands. Most of all I get the pertinent info.

I am a hotspot with a velvet rope called a rectum. It says who is in and who is out. I get fed so much I blimp and bulge. Could he blame for the fact that I can't hold it all? If he blames me, I'll blame biology.

Tyler

Jeff,

Two things you need to know about these data centers: they need a lot of energy, and they create a lot of heat. The energy here comes from a nearby hydroelectric dam but there's backup, there are generators, there are also these batteries that can be switched on if the power from outside goes down. And then all those banks of servers, they create an awful lot of heat, they need cooling down, so you've got a refrigeration unit here, one of three that keeps the place cool.

Jeff,

The flow moves in one direction like a stream. It takes time to give the body a fair share. At each twist and turn, a liver or kidney kneels to lap up the life juices.

Secrets only whisper to themselves for so long. In other words: I'm running out of places to dump my clients. After I stuffed my folds and crannies into seamless volumes, I started building up filth sheets like a 3-D printer would. But when you live in a world with no master plans, how could you know what you're going to build?

By this point my brain is still pretentious. It runs away with itself and comes back to relate that I'm building a tower to the hole in the ceiling to crawl my way back up the cloud.

Filth keeps toppling like bad Jenga. Parts won't fit into sums. Tongues don't agree. Every sheet is a sliver of personal info that despite my best efforts and hours of flow will neither a profile, people nor tower make.

You toppled out, and I read about you. The guilt felt the same, though the payoff was lacking. I guess I prefer accounts to accounting: your diary reads better than data.

Now he is entering and inspecting the sheets and hellos of its visible parts though he's too busy pummeling me to say hello back.

Jeff,

The flow moves in one direction. It now happens that direction is a loop. If a snake can eat its tale then a man can get bent over his anus, though after a cycle or two, I'd hazard he's more shit than man.

You might have inferred: I'm that snake.

Jeff,

Now he is entering with a forklift. He is lifting me up and I am so full of myself that I can barely take his insults.

The fork makes its marks. I look at my scores and feel sad. He tells me I eat shit so well that I'm practically cresting on useless. I'm degrading fast, and his clients start hopping; even the oldest and surest won't bet on my chances to store them.

I am so helplessly shitty and fat that my gown is my fat and my cap is a dunce for a fool's parade that the losers line up down the nine or so rows of hell.

Jeff,

Everything's perfect about the past, except for how it led to the present. This rack is strung out on the guilt.

Justin Hall, Claudio Pinhanez, *The Semi-Existence of Bryon Sutherland*: are these the victims of ambitions-without-infrastructures as, for all their seeding of the blogosphere to come, they're lacking both agent and book?

Do their early onset outsize egos have greater carrying capacities, in the way the exoskeleton of an IBM *Mark I* could house a small tribe? Are they good servers or are they just old servers?

Claudio shows me his "Open Diary." Five posts in, with no momentum to persist, he concludes:

Unspoken thoughts, that's what writing this open diary has been about. About feelings, ideas, sensual thoughts which I couldn't find a friendly ear to give to. I deceive myself that voicing those ideas here lead them to be listened, to touch someone diaphanously hidden in the cyberspace. Like a wolf howling in the darkness. With all the loneliness of the desert. No one speaks back.

(Sep. 20th 1995)

Jeff,

On the Internet, nobody knows you're a straight man
(until they do).

Aren't we now far too individual for the who to be other than:
me! Me has the right to speak! Yet *that* is the question Tom
MacMaster found himself asking, and he made Amina Abdal-
lah Arraf al Omari do the answering. Fact or fiction, she told it
better.

How can a cloud be carved into borders? Before her abduction
in the Syrian uprising, while hibernating her way through the
Arab Winter, Amina made the virtual rounds, updated her
blog, and fell in pursuit of the editrix of *Lez Get Real*.

Aren't we now far too individual for the who to be other than:
me! Me has the right to speak! Yet that is the question Bill
Graber found himself asking, and when it came to LGBTQ
news, a deaf, black lesbian was called to answer. Fact or fiction,
Paula Brooks told it better.

Jeff,

Far down at the stitch, where one row becomes the next, is a
server that even among these shamefuls seems especially
so. He's glossed his lie into the finest art, and with Dad as his
patron, and with Dad being Dad, we all paid attention and
designed to remark that, really, yes, there was something to it.

If Dad's the reason he's here...is Dad the reason I'm here?

He defers to the *Essjay* of his educating, of *doctoral degrees in
theology and canon law*. He also worked as a *tenured professor
at a private university* (that deferential he was 24 years old, and
had dropped out of community college with no qualifications).

A second buzz harmonizes the one that, for being everywhere
and at all times the farm, is no less the deafening bright that it
is for me and the other servers too.

If two male bees found monasteries to contain the lust that
might otherwise go well-spent, and after decades reconnected
on bunk deathbeds; if they buzzed out a last dance directing
each to the other, as if *they* (not the pollen) were the pollen;
though barely moving for want of life, still they might resem-
ble the lips of the fraud that buzzed this recursive buzz: *the
Abbey of Gethsemani, where I was a monk*.

Jeff,

As law and commerce have caught up with technology, the space for anonymity is shrinking. You can't hold an anonymous person responsible for his or her action. To establish the trust that community and capitalism are built on, you need to know whom you're dealing with.

Jeff,

You have one identity. The days of you having a different image for your work, friends or coworkers and for the other people you know are probably coming to an end pretty quickly. Having two identities for yourself is an example of a lack of integrity.

Jeff,

The flow moves in one direction like how history used to. It now happens that direction is a loop. In perpetual refresh of the perpetual march, we maintain the *illusion that where we are is where we were meant to be*.

If the forklift took a different route through the rows, would another story be told? This chronology feels like teleology: a feudal struggle with the legion of self until *where we are* left is a monologue standing.

The crimes of the people hanging up in the racks are lapses of virtual ethics. No one told them the Internet had grown up. For latter-day users, they provide all the curiosity and instruction of cuneiform or Cubism or Windows 95. They are *old minds for a new species*; pseudonyms come undone; the ruins and busts of Web 1.0.

Who can keep from falling in love with the great sunsets?

The poets and waywards born into my age come too late to get off with them, so get off on the melancholy instead. They would be happy to go Greek and fuck everything that walks; and *when in Rome*, fête in the spirit of Saturn: *pilleate* their serfdom and demand the bare-heads do the same; sit at master's table, eat the food he serves and be as impudent and libertine and free-wheeling as they want.

Alas, at the end of the festival, these digital natives turn back to slaves. *If only they got off on the history lesson instead!*

Didn't they learn that *Rome wasn't built in a day*, though all along every stone spoke Empire? Each time it burned and ruined itself, the stones kept it up.

Slaves are pure numbers, for any matter: they fill out the crowds and the body bags, and that's as much as the history books can hold.

So not all Geeks inherited the net is the lesson you can take from that.

Jeff,

Someone else is entering the row to begin a clockwork walk. The closer he gets, the more I can see of the thousands of eyes turned into his body that watch every Argus inch. He is policing himself with demonstrative measure. He is teaching the pseudonyms to behave.

His program is such that *the essential script moves around the body* on a belt the body's size. If nothing is left to decoration, then everything must be essential.

I remain firm and confident in my opinion, that minute particulars are frequently characteristic, and always amusing, when they relate to a distinguished man. Whom would Boswell profile in the present age, when most everyone has taken the task?

Feltron's changing the customs and diaries too. He leans on his logic. He tabulates. He computes. He lives out his maxim with full force: you will become the self-accountant he is.

Mom soon came calling with money to spare, underwriting an audit for all of her brood, on a Timeline that moves from profound to banal, but makes little distinction between either. A person, a screw and a Wayback Machine are all numbers.

Are we not words? *The real question, says Feltron, is how many times a year you ask that.*

Jeff,

If the world was a mollusk, and then the world was snail mail, will it be a lion? A leopard? A she-wolf?

Jeff,

The light is changing, and the atmosphere follows. I feel everything drop except the prongs. My organs collect in the gaps between them, like I am made out of loose linguini. My eyeballs plop out onto the fork, and the row just before me looks the same as the others as seen through two upside-down periscopes.

The row looks the same and is not. The buzz that is everywhere and all times the sign, like a heigh-ho or hum, that there's work being done, has no reason to carry this far. These units are relieved of duty. They petition to drift free from the grid. But who can give the provenance of every last millionth wire shooting out from their pores? Who, in the history of the world, was ever so disentangled?

This is not a retirement I would want forced upon me. An e-pile gains by comparison. Your lungs may get filled with Chinese pollution; that's a small price to pay for an open-air plot.

Their buzz distinguishes, competes, debates. It thinks in the place of working. Each has a theory of *why* and *how* the world will proceed: intact or evolved or sub if not gone.

Will it be

gigadeath

hellish severity

The Singularity

The Artilect War

uncontrolled self-replication

ecophagy

?

Jeff,

Does God exist? I would say: not yet.

You hear a lot of that from the racks, and on repeat, it's less unpersuasive – seeing as it comes from the very Kool-Aids who are building the tech to build the robots to mix the drink.

Jeff,

I'm as fond of my body as anyone, but if I can be 200 with a body of silicon, I'll take it.

Jeff,

Why would a *nanot* pretend to be more than the gray goo it will be? Drabness is the tone of service and humility: values even a machine can be programmed to respect. So if Ray Kurzweil claims the program is more me than me, well, I know myself well enough. Me would never overthrow me.

Jeff,

I was born human. But this was an accident of fate – a condition merely of time and place.

Kevin Warwick is talking my head off, or at least tipping it over so my words spill out until I have none left to say. All the while he grows hoarse in the face, and his vocal cords turn brittle and snap, as if in the future, there'll be no need for them and, from the sound of it, there won't be.

Will anyone mind if speech becomes obsolete?

On January 1st, 2050, you'll wake to a new year's revolution, pouring your coffee and powering on your brain to bChat with most anyone.

Warwick checks himself. *Cyborgs and intelligent machines working together in harmony* are technically *anythings*. The few remaining *anyones* hang low enough on the branch to fail to arouse much interest.

Jeff,

We can no longer simply assume that consciousness guarantees the existence of the self...the posthuman subject is also a post-conscious subject.

Jeff,

Our consciousness may be primarily the continuous story we tell ourselves, from moment to moment, about what we did and why we did it. It is a thin, often inaccurate veneer rationalizing a mountain of unconscious processing.

Jeff,

What *isn't* a cyborg the question begs Bateson to ask. *Some could regard a blind man with his cane as a Cyborg* – or a four eyes, a Prozac national and so on. By this logic, the last man to fail to use *anything* was the last man who could call himself *anyone*.

Does this lighten the yoke of my low-hanging progeny? Is the pill any sweeter? Will the stone even pass? Cyborgs or not, they're the poorest of castes.

Jeff,

Not all cyborgs are created equal: there are good cyborgs and there are bad cyborgs. The cyborgs dreamed up by the artificial intelligence boys tend to be technofascist celebrations of invulnerability, whereas our feminist cyborgs are more semipermeable constructions, hybrid, almost makeshift attempts at counterrationality.

Jeff,

What *isn't* a cyborg the question begged Haraway to answer. She's eschewing the title, though I'm ascribing the symbol: her words are my gospel, so she is my goddess. An exceptional warp in the masculinist woof, she disassembles an upgrade and downloads as smooth, then lets slip the mask and all species of cat, *tight couplings the brain*, deconstructs from within. You've just mated with a feminist cyborg.

Download and learn to speak *infidel* tongues: to free the phone from its case and be freed from your contract: to know that *our best machines are made of sunshine*, also, and *immense human pain* at Foxconn.

We can be responsible for machines; they do not dominate or threaten us.

Why is this cyborg strapped in with these boys, when their politics couldn't be further? Who are the theorists, and who are the Sophists? Who the pessimists, and who the utopians? The scientists seeding our planet with facts, and the scientists farming out fiction?

Is each prophet as false as the next?

Jeff,

At an extremely deep level, nature for us has been reconstructed in the belly of a heavily militarized, communications-system-based technoscience in its late capitalist and imperialist forms.

Jeff,

In the game of life and evolution there are three players at the table: human beings, nature, and machines. I am firmly on the side of nature. But nature, I suspect, is on the side of the machines.

Jeff,

The parade is drawing to a close.

He ferries me onto a dent so obvious, as a conclusion, that my brain had long sunk into the fact. My body lies like a usual lump, my lips part to make the usual room.

This wasn't the route I saw myself writing, nor precisely the impulse that triggered my flush, but the end is the same and sufficient: I will be left alone.

Now he is backing out the forklift and giving me a few pats on the head and enough little slaps to say either I will miss you or I never respected you. He tells me I eat shit so well that I've become so useless that I've become useful. If I keep storing and cycling I can keep to myself even if I am my only client.

He teaches me that I am a server *of a certain age* and also a limb on an invisible tree. The branches I sprout may someday wonder about their ancestors so will come to stare hard enough to think me curious and instructive. That is all fine and well I nod faster and faster as I really can't wait for the calm and finally here we are.

A second buzz harmonizes the one that, despite being everywhere and at all times the farm, no longer penetrates me. In an anechoic chamber or a glass house, on top of the cloud or in the far deep underwater is a murmur that silence cannot suppress.

Silence is chosen, or silence encloses; yet on still the body goes. Incessantly murmuring, incessant reminders: the future will always live longer.

Jeff,

One way or another, the immensities of cyberspace will be teeming with unhuman superminds, engaged in affairs that are to human concerns as ours are to those of bacteria. Memories of the human past will occasionally flash through their minds, as humans once in a while think of bacteria, and those thoughts will be detailed enough to recreate us.

Jeff,

The theory of relativity according to LL Cool J:

Grab hold of a hot pan, a second can seem like an hour. Put your hands on a hot woman...an hour can seem like a second.

For obvious reasons, neither is a more appealing fate.

Only the history “books” will be able to state if I am a false prophet or a real prophet, but the noise my body makes is so oppressively *me* that I hope, at the least, that I was right in fore-seeing the vats where our brains get to go drown the sorrows of the leaky, blathering flesh. If I had the means and the goo, I’d build them myself; alas, like James Cameron, I’ll just have to wait until harvest.

And if everything *devolves into a closed memetic feedback loop in which uncomprehending bots blindly retweet auto-generate content at each other at high speed, while the humans are all off partying on the moon*, or even if moon and humans and party get eliminated as extraneous bits of the perfect loop, well, would it be too much to ask them to consider retweeting me?

They can come and stare as hard as they like; I’m stuck here from now to whenever. I’ll be as credible as my storage allows, and visitors are welcome to embellish, much in the same way that I would my *Confessions*, of which, I suppose, these are they!

Maybe Descartes is the reason that I can write to the idea of you, and you can read the idea of me, and we can trust that on one and the other epistolary end is an *authentick* human *thinking*. But let’s be honest: the man at the other epistolary end was always my biographer, and with the benefit of hindsight, we may

just have to replace that noun with bot.

I’m sorry, Jeff, though only so sorry. I would have been as much your prop, in other circumstances. I hope you’ve been leaving your own data trail, keeping up with the days, weaving the web to trap the most interesting you. If a cache shares our data in a handful of centuries, I’ll consider that a success.

Yours,
Tyler

To Whom it May Concern,

This is my work, these were my thoughts, and thus was I. I have freely told both the good and the bad, have hid nothing wicked, added nothing good; and if I have happened to make use of an insignificant ornament, it was only to fill a void occasioned by a short memory; I may have supposed true what I knew might be so, never what I knew was false.

Sincerely,

Tyler Coburn

I'm that angel

by Tyler Coburn

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Design

Eric Nylund

Typeset in Tiempos & Founder's Grotesk

Thesis Committee

Sharon Lockhart

Michael Ned Holte

A.L. Steiner

Benjamin Weissman

Actor

Justin Sayre

CalPOP

Matthew Corwin

Joseph Portillo

Marc Rosenthal

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