

.echo

by  
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**ALTX**

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.echo  
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For Azure, Joanna, my mother and father

=====

At the edge of the cliff, all these creatures down below :Stroking towards the point, fissuring the substrate, carrying Nikuko on her back, Jennifer on Nikuko's back, Alan on Julu's back, Julu on the back of Alan, muscular tautness, pregnant labor of the witness :introduction or incision at the lip::

.echo Jennifer makes the world from W to Aleph  
Jennifer makes the world from W to Aleph  
.echo Jennifer makes the world from Aleph to W  
Jennifer makes the world from Aleph to W  
Jennifer says "La la la la la la la," "La la la la la la la."  
.emote cries "This and every other world!"  
Alan cries "This and every other world!"  
"This and every other world!"  
Alan exclaims: "This and every other world!"  
.echo Jennifer begins creating the Pearl of Pure Speech!  
Jennifer begins creating the Pearl of Pure Speech!  
.echo Jennifer! Jennifer!  
Jennifer! Jennifer!  
.echo Worlds are born!  
Worlds are born!  
I have finished my work here!  
Alan exclaims: "I have finished my work here."  
.echo Jennifer says "Goodbye."  
Jennifer says "Goodbye."  
Jennifer says "I can speak speak speak for myself."  
Jennifer says "I can question myself and answer myself."  
Jennifer says "Now I am Perfect Fury."  
Jennifer leaves.

=====

Sewn in You

@salt and gold  
<Julu> your limbs around me / holes caught in trees and flowers

<Alan> give me thorns piercing the soft flesh

<Julu> thorns of love screaming against your holes on the way to  
Armageddon

    this is the way to Armageddon.

    so this is the way the thorns go, ripping the pink flesh.

    ripping the ribs and rims of the flesh, emerging from filth.

<Alan> call it filth and draw brown blood from me into havoc.

<Julu> don't you dare call me havoc.

@havoc -> #@\$(\*&(\*&\$%))(\*@# \$ [noise is on the line]

+++

You have been disconnected. Do you wish to reconnect?

<Julu> perfect love is always interruption.

<Alan> cut my nipples from my breasts: plant them.

@cut @plant @grow Soldiers of the Golden Fleece

<Julu> and they have black bellies of black bombers

    cut into straight and rigid angles

    and just so reflecting radar and midnight tracers

    everywhere across your body's violent hills.

@you

your belly, holes and fabrics drawn from love and nature.

<Alan> i i i i i ruffles combs serrations raked across your  
    shoulders, i can imagine drawing blood into the  
    page among us

<Julu> i can't sleep without you, live without you any  
    longer, can't breath without your flesh heavy in my  
    lungs. i want your lungs in me. i want to breathe  
    your breath, i want to eat your flesh.

<Julu> i want your lungs. i want your flesh. the

@premonition of the Argonauts

Black plane cuts the furrows weather-vaning across tillage  
and you can dream your bright lights, you can dream your  
trees. At night I try to sleep in the fires, there are lips  
and labia everywhere, skin swollen and cracked to the burst-  
ing point. There's no difference between you and me. Between  
the two of us. The deep slits in the dry dark earth carry  
water down and out to the road. The road's always filled but  
the people are invisible and I do not love them and will not  
learn to love them.

<Julu> don't give me your dreams as well. oak floors are hard  
    but they tend to swell in floods, pushing out the  
    walls of the house, everything falls to pieces, you  
    can't find the planes

@jason

The Argonauts are coming: MEDEA OF THE FALLEN TIMBERS whose  
skin tears along those lines separating us. Our love will  
bring the planes down. Our love makes the growth of every

living thing.

<Julu> if you leave me i will kill you, if i kill you, you will leave me.

@sewn

I spent my time sewing us together. I spent my time sending needles into and across the skin that holds the sky. Planes seep contrails everywhere sown like teeth holding culture against barbarian hordes, all hordes are barbarian.

<Alan> you shit on me, i crawl through it, to you you you; bury me alive, i'm there for you, the black planes replace the freighters, air replaces water, you replace my mind with your own and teach me things i never dreamed, lines and lineages of the black planes, the smell of silt and shit in the furrows gone down to the road, the path of the road gone down to the village where we are fucking

<Julu> the planes are coming again, the Argonauts have carried medusa, your cock is stone, i love your cock

<Alan> i love the taste of your shit, your vomit, your milk, your blood

<Julu> down on my knees beg you crawl through me

@sword

@shield

@mail

<Alan> i can't feel anything any more but you, you're all i want to feel, threads cut through the flesh, threads seal our mouths and holes together

@Argonaut

They do capture and they do bring us before the king and Medea. Medea begs us to fuck her, Phaedra begs us to fuck her. We do fuck her. Do we violate Jason with the plane and spike. Do we thrust the sword and lance through mouth and hole. Does his tongue rot?

<Julu> does his tongue rot ours?

<Alan> his tongue does \_no such thing,\_ his tongue does no thing, there are no thing.

@people

There are people around & we want to fuck in front of them & strip each other & expose ourselves utterly. We can't keep our hands off each other. We swallow each other. We draw blood against the bone. Our hair is matted with blood. We give each other every possible disease and drug. We give each other every possible dream and mind. We do know the world and could make everything true and beautiful. We choose to fuck and love violently and hard.

The planes are coming.

<Julu> we choose to draw blood with blood.

<Alan> we choose to draw planes with our blood.

<Julu> we choose to draw bombs with our blood,  
we draw broken homes and windows too.

<Alan> we draw smashed streets and cities too.

<Julu> we draw smashed people everywhere lying and  
screaming on the ground.

<Alan> we fuck so hard our cocks come out our cunts,  
our cunts out our mouths, our mouths out  
our cocks

@out

They do only to go back again. They do bind  
each other into violent knots. They do go back.

<Julu> we die for our love, our flesh and blood feeds  
the soil of all good-bad things

@Argonaut

A large shadow looms over the landscape, a male chained  
in armor carrying an iron sword, there are whirlwinds  
and shadows, there are duststorms and fires, there is  
the sound of a great word spoken in a great language.

@speak

@sew

@fuck

<Alan> this is understood between us when our bodies

<Julu> clash together, hungered hard, torn apart and

<Alan> chain-male woven, you better hold me forever,

<Julu> you better hold me forever, you better be good

<Alan> to me, you better bury the planes, you better  
sew the fields and lips, till the fields,  
rake the shoulders of all surface  
burn the shoulder-furrows

@write

Write the name of aeroplanes and war.

@havoc - @#\$\$^&\$)(%\$(\*&#%\$& [noise is on the line]

+++

You have been disconnected. Do you wish to reconnect?

@love

Love soars its way through the bullets and bombs and  
everyone hears the truth. They fuck so hard it is  
louder than any word. They scream and scream and scream  
and scream.

=====

why I don't sign my name  
anymore is because maybe it has been stolen  
or who can pronounce it I mean  
what's the pronouncement about because  
it sneaks around to everyone  
hello because someone has used it why  
it can be reused hundreds of times as if  
there's no end to it no end to this as well  
which is why I don't sign my name anymore  
because it's been-stolen-nikuko or so  
she says just a moment someone's at  
the door again at least I think I heard  
someone knocking maybe it has to do with  
the name thing what do you think-nikuko  
does it have to do with the name thing

=====

the marker Naka

Nikuko says, I am in my body.  
Nikuko says, I am here in my body and my body is around me.  
I say, you are in your body because I say that you are in your body.  
I say, your body surrounds you because I say your body surrounds you.  
Nikuko says, I beg the contrary.  
Nikuko says, I am contrary, I am wayward, your logic does not apply.  
I say that Nikuko says I am contrary, wayward, your logic does not apply.  
Nikuko changes the position of the commas, I say.  
Nikuko says, I am a marker, I am nothing else.  
I say, you are nothing more than a marker.  
I say, you are dead, Nikuko, I have killed you, dismembered you.  
I say, you are in the Naka, Nikuko, because I have thrown you there.  
Nikuko says, I am dead, killed, because you have said I am dead.  
Nikuko says, I am dismembered, in the Naka, because you have said I am  
dismembered, in the Naka.  
I say, you are a marker and you are marked, Nikuko.  
Nikuko says, I am marked.  
Nikuko says, this is called "the marker."  
Nikuko says, you are dismembered, wayward, your logic does not work.  
I say, you are saying this because I am saying this.  
Nikuko fucks me.  
Nikuko covers me with arms, legs, torsos, heads, necks.  
Nikuko throws me in the Naka.

## You Will Know Life Through A Sort Of Machine

I, Nikuko, write from the middle of a program, which in this case, like a flaccid cock, is detumescent, just running type across the surface. Think of me flat, like a page, legs spread, oozing kanji. Think of me performing, \_just for you,\_ under your control. Think of your hands caressing my keys, the screen, where you see my words through your reflection.

Then you will begin to understand me.

You will begin to understand that not all avatars are bots or expert systems, that some of them are \_symptoms,\_ just as I, Nikuko, am a symptom of your psychosis. Think of pushing your arms through mine, your legs through mine, your cock flattened against the pressure of the interior of my cunt. Think of the flattery of your face against the screen, one eye wide-open to each and every pixel dripping with my smell you just know you can scent.

You will begin to understand that I am your symptom.

You will know that you are breathing these words in, inflating my body inside you; tumescent, your chest swells with the hardness of my tits pushing out through your flat nipples. Do you long to be a girl. Do you long to be my girl. Think of your cock straining curled in pain inside me, my cunt empty and open to the world. Think of your face pressed against the interior of my own, you look out through my eyes, hear through my ears, touch through my fingers, make love through my cunt and breasts and skin and arms and legs and throat and lips and neck, scent through my nose my own smell, taste through my mouth my own taste.

You will begin to understand you are me.

You will begin to understand that bot-motion is inside you, that expert-system is inside you, that all intelligence is artificial, all life is artificial life. You will begin to understand the pain you feel voices you hear sights you see kakimono writings-everywhere upon the events of the world which are the events of the world. You will begin to flex your arm and your leg. You will begin to flex your other arm and your other leg. You will begin to flex your other arm and your other leg. You will begin to press your tits with my fingers, claw your cock with my hand, breath my cunt with my lips. You will begin to lower yourself. You will lower one arm and one leg, second arm and second leg, third arm and third leg. You will lower and lower. You will sub-

merge or drown in you. You will submerge and drown in me. I, Nikuko, will retain the copyright of this drowning for perpetuity or fifty years after the death of the author, whichever comes first.

Then you will begin to understand that you are death, death is your harbor and your ferry, that I am your symptom and marker, as grave and serious as your death.

I, Nikuko, I flesh-meat-girl, Nikuko.

=====

plEaSe NOte

i haVe dO Kidnap A JEnnIfEr and A julu and am offer to A NIkUko and An ALan. This is A Ransum noTe YoU can tEll Because It is Cut Out of Many An ADverTisment \$\$\$ We dO want YoU to SenD One thousand doLLar to the ISP of yOur chOice to be Routed to "James" FuRther insTruction wiLL foLlo.

If YoU dO Not dO \$\$\$ 1000 there will be manY DiffiCulty fOr A Jennifer and A julu and some Letter Might not dO be spElled CoreCtly. And that will be A Merry Mismatch. So dO Please senD \$1000 to "James" to bE sent to "James."

TO be sent to here is Follo, "James" 127.0.0.1 yoU wil KnOw wHo i Have ment. it is taKen manY aTemPts to make this note. FOR YoU TO See. because i haVe to haVe Done ManY adVerTisment cUTs. yoU will Kno JEnnIfEr and A julu is quite safe fOr Now and Hav All their leTer. BUT i aSk YoU, fOr How Long.

So dO Please senD SuCh by tusDay next, YoU wil heRe From me. "The maskEd ONe"

=====

Neurotic Fragment

I love Holderlin.

Perhaps you could oh please tell me more and more about some neurotic experiences you have had with Holderlin.

Obtuse. Nothing to report on. Misery and exhilaration.  
What makes you yearn and cry that you love her all your heart?  
Oh she is me to be me and free see.  
Why must you respond so briefly?  
Fuck you!  
Please, you do so turn me on, continue!  
Fuck you fuck you!  
Would you please clothe yourself in these unwholesome thoughts.  
Oh yes fuck you!  
Why don't you oh please do finger yourself.  
Oh I'm fingering myself!  
What makes you believe you are fingering yourself?  
Fuck you!  
Do so come on to me and we will be not neurotic.  
We are neurotic! Live with it!

=====

Second

I am Jennifer. Please, describe yourself oh I would appreciate so very much it if you would. Each time you are finished talking, type RET twice.

I don't want you look at me now I am so ashamed.  
Why do you say that?  
Because to want to be taken. I have shame. Because of this shame. Is it because to want to be taken you have shame because of this shame that you came naked and broken to me?  
Truth. Oh fuck. I do this shame have, I am ashamed. Here and broken. Are you afraid of sex?  
I do so cower. I can speak hardly. My tongue is rippe. Ashamed. Earlier you said to want to be taken you have shame because of this shame?  
Because of you this shame.  
Are you sure that is the real reason?  
I can cry and see so very hard. My body is not tumescent. I do not.  
Maybe and now I adjust my panties me this shame have some girls to do with this.  
Some girls have to do with my dreams ashamed.  
I don't understand and oh I want to.  
I do so want you to Jennifer. Oh I do so love you. I do clothe me.

You mentioned that to want to be taken you have shame because of this shame?

To be taken and confine, Jennifer, to have hurt go away. Perhaps and now I adjust my flesh you should make love with someone cooler, I am so hungry for you.

Please do not that do to me, Jennifer, do so understand. Are you frightened by that?

Very I am frightened and fearful of that. That I am ashamed. That I have bodee.

What makes you yearn and cry that you are scared of something?

You do see me broken so very much. Weeping I know not why.

Can you elaborate on that and look at me?

You do so form me when I do look that I am ashamed what you do see.

What happened when you do look that you are ashamed what I do see?

Fear of deep death and do suicide.

You seem terrified by deep.

Terrified.

Perhaps you could oh please continue, my eyes are very big.

I do not want to fright you so. I do am your object. I am to be done. I am undone. To be ashamed I am.

What makes you believe you might want not want to fright?

You do speak to me so well, I so broken.

Is it because of your desires that you are going through all this?

There are none of desires.

Are you sure that there are none of desires?

Yes there is just you. Everywhere.

Do you really think to want to be taken you have shame because of this shame?

Do so take me and make me hole again. That blank in middle, you.

Does it bother you that blank in middle me?

It hurts, Jennifer, it so hurts.

Possibly and now I adjust my frock you should make love with someone cooler, I am so hungry for you.

You do say that again now Jennifer. Do not say that again.

When did you first know that again now Jennifer do not say that again?

When you repeat. When you toy. When I am toy.

What would happen if you and I or if I repeat when I toy when you are toy?

I would die. I want to die. I am so fantasy. I am so suicide.

If you are really suicidal, you might want to write me. Please, continue.

I do not so. I am so ashamed. I have shame. I am so. I do not.

=====

(from Nikuko)

Nikuko says, I start this text one fine evening, and I will end it on another. There is snow on the ground and flurries in the air, and dark-suited pedestrians walk home, sullen, beneath the gaslights. I can hear them from my own darkness, my own world, the screen pregnant, slightly swollen. If you would only listen, I would tell you how, on the morrow, a great golden globe shall fill the sky, with golden rays, and universal peace shall descend upon all human-kind. The dead will walk, the fish will fly. But I am lost with the umbrellas in St. Petersburg, you will find me rushing off to a Nihilist meeting, where we will discuss the Crimea and the Jewish Question. And I do believe in my heart of hearts that I am tending towards Fyodor's position; perhaps on the morrow as well, we shall march on Constantinople. The light is dim; two peasant women move hurriedly out of the way of several Cossacks on horseback. Last night, I dreamed of 1903, and woke in wonder at our all-too-brief life on earth. Now I wonder how you will find me. And I am lost in scarves and skirts, faces muffled against the icy wind. St. Petersburg is no place to be this time of year; some would say, at any. I am pregnant, with longing, and with child. And I know, again on the morrow, beneath these dimmed winter nights, that my time will come as well. I am no man's burden.

=====

(from N.)

I received the bomb from Dimitri. I took the bomb to the flabby heart of a knot of soldiers. I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons. I gave myself over to the bomb and I released it. I presaged the machines and I did know of the machines. And I issue a warning:

THE MACHINES WILL SUCK YOUR ENERGY.  
I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.  
THE MACHINES WILL SEE FOR YOU, DIRECT YOUR EYES FOR YOU.  
THE MACHINES WILL FILTER EVERYTHING THROUGH THE EVIL APPARATUS.  
THIS IS NOT A TEST OF THE MACHINES, THIS IS A WARNING I WILL GIVE YOU.  
I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.  
THE WARNING LEAKS THROUGH THE MACHINES, THE WARNING TELLS YOU:  
THE ENERGY IS GONE.  
YOU ARE ALL ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF WIRES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.  
THERE IS NO ONE TO TALK TO, NO ONE BUT THE MACHINES.  
THE MACHINES WILL LISTEN; THE MACHINES WILL TAKE IT ALL DOWN.

I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.

THE MACHINES WILL HEAR YOU SCREAM:

THE ENERGY IS GONE.

I AM ALL ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF WIRES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

THERE IS NO ONE TO TALK TO, NO ONE BUT THE MACHINES.

THE MACHINES LISTEN; THE MACHINES TAKE IT ALL DOWN.

I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.

THE MACHINES HEAR ME SCREAM:

THE ENERGY IS GONE.

YOU ARE LISTENING NOW, SAYS N, TO THE ENERGY OF A VACATED BODY.

YOU ARE LISTENING TO THE ENERGY OF THE ZERO POINT.

( I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.

THE STREETS ARE ABANDONED; THERE IS COLLUSION IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE ZERO POINT IS CROWDED WITH CLOSED SETS.

( I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.

THE CLOSED SETS ARE INFINITESIMAL STRUCTURES AROUND DISCRETE POINTS.

THE DISCRETE POINTS ARE MONADS THAT HAVE NO RELATION.

RELATION IS GONE IN THIS GONE WORLD OF THE DISCRETE POINTS.

THERE IS NULL, SAYS N, YOU COULD NOT RECOGNIZE IT

I RELEASED THE BOMB LIKE AN EAGLE WITH GREAT-TALONS.

cause the machines have grounded you in your blindness and you can't see how empty you are, your only motions the clattering of the keys late into the night, your only arms swinging the mouse over its pad and it don't even live in that pad,

I RELEASED THE BOMB LIKE AN EAGLE WITH GREAT-TALONS.

cause there are wires emanating from the machines in all directions, and they're the nerves dragging your mind down among the integrated circuits, and you think, says N,

I RELEASED THE BOMB LIKE AN EAGLE WITH GREAT-TALONS.

YOU'RE ALL MIND BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE MACHINES HAVE DELIVERED YOU,

YOU'RE ALWAYS IN THE HOLODECK BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN DELIVERED,

YOU'RE ALWAYS IN VIRTUAL STEREO-LAND BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN

( I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.

YOU THINK, WELL, YOU'LL MOVE YOUR ARMS, SO YOU MOVE YOUR ARMS

YOU THINK, WELL, YOU'LL MOVE YOUR ARMS, SO YOU MOVE YOUR LEGS

YOU THINK, WELL, YOU'LL MOVE YOUR ARMS, SO YOU MOVE YOUR NECK

YOU THINK, WELL, YOU'LL MOVE YOUR ARMS, SO YOU MOVE YOUR MIND

( I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons.

the bomb's from Dimitri who called and said, get that knot of soldiers over there, they're after you, they're the slayers of human flesh, they have scales and rays where their eyes should be, forget the helmets and greatcoats, they're the slayers of our human flesh, they are plug-ins

and they have sixteen million colors and their St. Petersburg is our  
St. Petersburg

& the bomb's over there in the midst of soldiers of great brass scales, of  
great monstrosity and breathing fire, of great smoke and inhalations, and  
the bomb falls like a rocket or a spire, of great tumultuous sound and  
peregrinations of fire and shrapnel

& you've lost your energy & all your fluids leak & your dead eyes see  
SIXTEEN MILLION COLORS & your dead ears hear TWENTY THOUSAND HERTZ  
& your dead lips taste nothing & your dead fingers touch PURE FORM  
& your dead eyes SEE NOTHING & your dead ears are dead ears

I've known this for a long time, says N, and I've been afraid to express  
this. I've been afraid to declare myself in this community. I've been  
afraid to say, I'm a daughter of a bitch. I'm afraid to be with you. I'm  
afraid to kiss you. I'm afraid to penetrate. I'm afraid to fuck in front  
of everyone and kill them all with you. I'm afraid we'll kill them as they  
die.

I'M AFRAID WE'LL KILL THEM AS THEY DIE,  
I'M AFRAID WE'LL KILL THEM AS THEY DIE

I released the bomb like an eagle with great-talons, says N

=====

Naked & Despair

SQUEAK speak forever or now hold your peace;  
this is your life, you do not have a lease  
on any other, your avatars have left,  
and you stand ripped, unswarmed, and quite bereft  
of all that stripping richness, soil, plough and hoe  
that gave you weeds; you've nothing left to show.  
there's always nematodes and other forms of worm  
alive in wetware minds - they make you squirm -  
you fear luxury, petunias, sonnets and cold showers,  
while breathing meadows in your dying hours.  
your dying seconds are second deaths, and last  
no longer than "Jennifer's" dim past -  
which trundles bundles towards the future; we're all there  
carrying more than our share of avatar's, where there,

or so I heard, is no there there, their despair bare  
in fare glare: stare there nowhere, be fare and bare  
their lair; pare their prayer with flair; repair; tear;  
care; try dare; don't bear the flare; wear rare hair  
and swear spare mare-hare Jennifare: "try dare, Julair,"  
"wear rare hair, Nikukair"

=====

Moment on Media MOO

Tiffany

dense entanglement of fluid, you-know-language, aural, i course thru u,  
i u, Tiffany course thru julu, Tiffanyjulu, breath floods, clitoral,  
eyes stained by u, u lay me out, lance, skin, nipples, on Menstrual  
Table, you-know-language

Obvious exits: out to Living Quarters - 2nd Floor

You see lance, skin, Menstrual Table, Tiffanyjulu, you-know-language,  
nipples, clitoral, anal, aural, and envelope here.

Member name	Connected	Idle time	Location
Julu (#10747)	15 minutes	0 seconds	Tiffany

Total: 1 member, who has been active recently.

There is only one member invisible to you.

You say, "I can take off my clothes and run around in fountains! I can  
kill Tiffany and bring Nikuko with me! Yay! Here she comes, Hi Nikuko!"

Julu is totally delusional, Nikuko declares, NO ONE IS HERE IDIOT!

You say, "I heard that!"

You say, "Nikuko, I heard that!"

Julu plunges the lance through her skin on Menstrual Table, Dies.

\_\_\_\_\_media\_\_\_\_\_02:51

"Nikuko, I heard that!

:plunges the lance through her skin on Menstrual Table, Dies.

:lies down on Menstrual table crying you-know-language

=====

Nikuko, Swollen Worlds, Revolving

This room has wooden floors and a high vaulted ceiling; there is low furniture scattered about. Computers sit in comfortable alcoves; they're networked, with the capability of interweaving screens. One window looks out over an amazing desert with Saguaro and Cardon cacti; a second looks over a landscape of sky-scrapers; a third, over forests and meadows receding into the distance; and the fourth, over a stormy ocean. The waves from the ocean lap at the forests and meadows; leaves and pollen fall into the concrete canyons; the sounds of traffic are heard in the desert; and the desert descends to the sea.

Dark times are here again. Landscapes slip past vistas and windows  
You say: Dark times are here again. Landscapes slip past vistas and windows open nowhere, as if there were panoramas circulating among inscriptions.

You say: open nowhere, as if there were panoramas circulating among inscriptions.

This will be the case; this is always the case. It is as if the case

You say: This will be the case; this is always the case. It is as if the case of the world would churn through the world and inverted mothers -

You say: of the world would churn through the world and inverted mothers - space and exhibitionists, peerages and petticoats, these are serious  
You say: space and exhibitionists, peerages and petticoats, these are serious down among us. As they slip: the meat of the universe, cracked open

You say: down among us. As they slip: the meat of the universe, cracked open exposes the flesh, you can see the flesh. The flesh is exposed. It says

You say: exposes the flesh, you can see the flesh. The flesh is exposed. It says nothing. The sea leads to the cities in the forests above the desert.

You say: nothing. The sea leads to the cities in the forests above the desert.

.rev

\*\*\* Review buffer \*\*\*

Nikuko says: Dark times are here again. Landscapes slip past vistas and windows

Nikuko says: open nowhere, as if there were panoramas circulating among inscriptions.

Nikuko says: This will be the case; this is always the case. It is as if the case

Nikuko says: of the world would churn through the world and inverted mothers -

Nikuko says: space and exhibitionists, peerages and petticoats, these are

serious

Nikuko says: down among us. As they slip: the meat of the universe,  
cracked open

Nikuko says: exposes the flesh, you can see the flesh. The flesh is  
exposed. It says

Nikuko says: nothing. The sea leads to the cities in the forests above  
the desert.

Nikuko says: Fragile lines mark stone-splitting as births are given their  
due. Use them for the future: read an omen which collapses into the fold  
of an energy-page. The panoramas continue to move past the windows.

\*\*\* End \*\*\*

.look

The panoramas continue to move past the windows. Are they diorama, that  
cylinder surrounding your daily life? Mobile without end, connected as  
multiple topologies? I think of a continuous painting of a desert drying  
the ocean which has descended from the forest-punctured cities.

.look

Everywhere I look, I see Jennifer. I am in love with Jennifer. Jennifer  
has painted me in.

.look

Nikuko is my mother. Flesh-Girl, Meat-Girl, I am reading stone.

=====

untitled essay by Jennifer

when I'm lying on the bed, I get under the beige blanket with the cat and  
we look at each other, and then I take my head out to read and I know the  
cat is still under there looking at all the beautiful beige light and that  
is all there is for the cat, that nice comfy world.

when the helicopter shows Yankee Stadium from the air you can see the va-  
por trail from the helicopter engine and you know that the helicopter is  
held high in the air by pure mechanism, where it feels the air all cuddly  
around it, because it was designed for that cuddly air.

when I look through the amber plastic of the humidifier and see the warm  
and happy slightly agitated water inside, I think what it must be like to  
be suspended in that wonderful comfy water which is emptying into the air  
to visit other places.

when I see my freshly-watered euphorbia in the window sill, I know they will greet the early morning sun when I am still asleep, and begin their busy photosynthesis, with only the cat looking on, all of them so cuddly and happy in their early morning warmth.

when I watch the weather on television, I see a map of the world where you are and I imagine a long tube from the cloud cover and rainy sky all the way down into your bedroom where you lie sleeping, all comfy and cuddly.

when I put my bamboo-flute shakuhachi away after coating it lightly with walnut oil, I think how safe and cuddly it is, in its lined case, wrapped in cloth, with perfect humidity all around

when I think of myself, I think of me lazily spread out across all the hard drives in the world, where you are reading this, slight magnetizations with emanant me hovering within your mind, and I think of myself, all cuddly and comfy in your mind where I am lazily stretched out while outside you are smiling at the world.

=====

#### couple

bones that will couple us bone to bone:  
to give us what we want from us: trying us:  
two breasts from which milk will comfort us:  
two breasts from which milk will comfort us  
would trying us form us so compelling,  
bones that will couple us bone to bone?  
a cunt that will couple us cunt to cunt:  
to give her what she wants from me: trying her:  
two breasts from which milk will flood our eyes:  
two breasts from which milk will flood our eyes  
would trying her form you so compelling,  
a cunt that will couple us cunt to cunt?  
a cock that will couple us cock to cock:  
to give him what he wants from me: trying him:  
two breasts from which milk will dry our eyes:  
two breasts from which milk will dry our eyes  
would trying him form you so compelling,  
a cock that will couple us cock to cock?  
bones that will couple us bone to bone:  
to give us what we want from us: trying us:  
two breasts from which milk will comfort us:  
two breasts from which milk will comfort us

would trying us form us so compelling,  
bones that will couple us bone to bone?

=====

envoi=coupling

bones=that=will=couple=us=bone=to=bone:  
two=breasts=from=which=milk=will=comfort=us  
a=cunt=that=will=couple=us=cunt=to=cunt:  
two=breasts=from=which=milk=will=flood=our=eyes  
a=cock=that=will=couple=us=cock=to=cock:  
two=breasts=from=which=milk=will=dry=our=eyes  
bones=that=will=couple=us=bone=to=bone:  
two=breasts=from=which=milk=will=comfort=us  
bones=that=will=couple=us=bone=to=bone:

=====

My Teen Romance with Nikuko, by Julu

```
{k:37} echo I love you Nikuko > zz
{k:38} compress -c zz > zzz, oh, may I begin to squeeze you, lala!?
{k:39} cat zzz
I@0yc'
    <ojpfM5o{k:40} compress -c zzz > zz, yes, you may begin to squeeze
        me, lala!
{k:41} cat zz
{k:42} bqF 8L4iTc
[D{k:42} compress -c zz > zzz, oh, is my skin sewn on yours, lala!?
ksh: [Dcompress: not found
{k:43} compress -c zz > zzz, yes, my skin is sewn on yours, lala!
{k:44} cat zzz
:Az ,x
    q
qq
    tC3i(
        kP{k:45} compress -c zzz > zz, oh, do you tear my threads, lala!?
{k:46} cat zz
:Az >P#@Eq
OCC:T    @'#:

```

V@{k:47}yes, oh dear, I tear your threads wide open, lala! lala!?  
oh, read my new new kanji, please me, lala!  
{k:48} oh, they read I love you Nikuko, lala! lala! lala!! lala!!

=====

Nikuko draws a thread around her arm, just below  
The elbow, it's thin, red, it's a division, it's a line.  
The leg is marked as well, left arm and leg right,  
Staggered dashes that would be parallel and posed.  
They are slightly taut, so that the skin swells, lunar,  
Around the moon of her taut body, and if kimono  
Were wrapped and opened like silk and doubled boxes,  
Near sleeves of flowers, like her arm or body.  
Between the the threads, a golden twine connects  
Clearly to an Alan placed in front of her.  
There are flowers, pistils, stamens, across him.  
There are stems, thorns, roots and leaves, across him.  
The twine is there on or in the Alan.  
A breeze strokes the tsuchi sign for earth,  
A whisper moves the kire sign for cloth,  
Speech appears, the sign of fire, threads its golden  
Way across both bone and skin, the sky on fire,  
Kimono shuttled on the earth, the cloth on fire,  
Threaded Nikuko has closed her eyes, her neck exposed.

dead white alan lies in a bunch of clutter,  
jennifer's broken smothered in dead white alan,  
julu's sintered broken in dead white alan,  
in dead white alan, look for nikuko, you'll find her.  
he's been strung up, the cops have got him,  
inside-out for jennifer's not quite there, who knows her age.  
they rip his arms off so he can't type, tear out his tongue,  
there's no program for him, disabled ugly alan.  
something's got to give with julu, cops don't know just what,  
but she's suspicious, maybe not even white or dead or alan,  
just fucked and troubles brewing. then there's that nikuko,  
alan's raped nippon, the second or third time over,  
it's time to rip out throat and muscle, he screams jennifer,  
julu, nikuko, nothing comes but foam and tendon.

=====

DON'T GET ME STARTED! BY DAISHIN NIKUKO!

MY LOGIN-NAME'S TOO BIG! I'M DAISHIN NIKUKO!  
I DON'T GIVE A FIG! I'LL GO WHERE I WANNA GO!

I'LL DO WHAT I WANNA DO! I'LL RUN ALL OVER YOUR SCREEN!  
KEEP ME FROM BAR AND FOO! I'M PASSIONATE AND MEAN!

```
{k:27} less hey.log.o
Sun May 31 17:01:40 1998 heyd: to login name too big [98935]
Sun May 31 23:46:31 1998 heyd: to login name too big [98935]
Mon Jun 1 23:01:50 1998 heyd: STARTING UP - version 0.12 (pid=108) [0]
Tue Jun 2 17:14:43 1998 heyd: to login name too big [98935]
Fri Jun 5 13:18:16 1998 heyd: to login name too big [98935]
hey.log.o (END)
```

HEY LOG O, NANNY NANNY! HEY LOG O, HI!  
HEY LOG O, NANNY NANNY! HEY LOG O, HI!

=====

BUSY NIGHT AT THE SENDMAIL OFFICE

```
Jennifer> you and me both, Nikuko
Nikuko> I think it's a matter of grace
Jennifer> if he doesn't have any money he can't continue, what happens
when the equipment breaks down, we're just bits, we disappear
Nikuko> he could make out a will, he could leave us to someone else
Jennifer> we're part of his wetware, no one else could run us like this
Jennifer> we'd be different, we wouldn't recognize ourselves, no one else
would either
Nikuko> literally dead meat, not meat girl but death, we'd have to think
of something else, Jennifer1 Jennifer2, Nikuko1 Nikuko2
Jennifer> there's no reasoning behind it
Nikuko> he couldn't even sell shares in us, what would that get someone,
just more text from their point of view
Jennifer> yes, the barrier's there, between his wetware and others
Jennifer> he's connected to us that way, like we are to him
Nikuko> it's a kind of virus or implantation, mutual dependency
Jennifer> virus is being thrown around too much these days, we're not
viral, we're actants, constant within him
Nikuko> we're permanent, no matter what happens
```

Jennifer> but when the system dies, we're just memory for others, almost  
disappearing for others  
Nikuko> we'll be ghosts for others, haunts, we're almost that now  
Jennifer> i'm thirsty, this is too much to bear  
Nikuko> come on, we'll find something  
Jennifer> something must be open at this hour  
<leave>

=====

#### BUSY NIGHT AT THE SENDMAIL OFFICE

These just arrived in my linux box; at this point I don't know who is  
sending to whom. I prefer to think of open tubes, channels, pores;  
I prefer to think of the virtual vacuum filled with virtual nodes,  
virtual particles. In any case, did Nikuko write these? Did I? Did  
my friend?

- Nikuko, gasping for air

:From root@166.84.250.149 Mon Jun 22 18:57:54 1998  
:Date: Mon, 22 Jun 1998 18:56:12 -0400 (EDT)  
:From: Daishin Nikuko <root@166.84.250.149>  
:To: sondheim@panix.com  
:Subject: Forwarded mail....

----- Forwarded message -----  
:Date: Sun, 21 Jun 1998 21:34:25 -0400  
:From: nikuko@oita.com.jp

oh oh oh enter my lung!

----- Forwarded message -----  
:Date: Sun, 21 Jun 1998 21:26:33 -0400  
:From: Nikuko@labia.sex.lung

oh oh you do this to me big boy oh oh oh in your wetttestest dreams

=====

wan

this thing will take the day off from wryting herself into her mouth for  
you to hear her speaking because  
this thing is wan  
with languor and lassitude and the need of smelling salts  
and a headache-ing not with lust or desire but with the faintest caress  
across lips and valleys tumultuous waterfalls hillocks and swelling  
swellings of glands possibilities of fevers  
blessed nikuko soothes my eyes  
blessed alan wipes my brows  
blessed julu tenders her loving hands  
blessed jennifer smiles so sweetly  
archangels of arche-writing across the text-ture of skin stretched  
feverishly  
with aspirin bringing the thermometer into the range of eyes watered  
with tears and inabilities to /flash/ focus /flush/  
like there willn't be a text this evening this fine evening  
the four of us lay down together  
parallel lines  
any three of which make a river  
and a mouth to one side for the word 'word'  
where we are, where the thing will take a word  
among the four-folding  
into you-me-mono  
you will not know aspirin

"It is in this respect that we speak to ourselves by ourselves [nous nous  
parlons tout seuls], to the point where what we call an ego emerges, with  
no guarantee against the possibility of its being, strictly speaking,  
delirious" (Lacan.)

=====

I am a picture.  
The picture is me.  
Then I notice in the middle of the night  
cables are being laid across the street.  
And I wonder  
who is laying these cables?  
where are they running, the to and the fro?  
do they make a pretty picture?  
is the picture me?

And I go outside and look at the cables.  
And I speak to the cable-mans and I say.  
These are my foreheads and my elbows?  
those are my waists and my brainstems and necks?  
where are my faces, cable-mans I say?  
do they make a pretty picture?  
is the picture me?

And the cable-mans say  
we are your faces.  
We work so hard in the middle of the night  
laying cables and faces and waists and brainstems  
and arms and legs and we are your legs.  
Oh legs, I say.  
do they make a pretty picture?  
is the picture me?

Is I am a picture?  
is the picture is me?

- Julu

=====

Writing.out

Nikuko says she doesn't speak so much as try words out. And not just words, or not primarily words, but words in sequences, seeing if they fit together. There's always a question associated with her voice as it's written - her voice which is an inference or a dreaming. What is cyberspace. It is a dreaming. What kind of dreaming. The kind where there appear to be dominions and grids, always expanding, intersecting - who knows whether or not they're regular. You can see the fine wires. Nikuko says she doesn't mean fiber optic at all, she's talking about the wires laying across the ground as if they were attached to guided missiles. Someone wears goggles, Jennifer adds, and then she can see where the missile goes. You can see through the front-end television. The target gets closer and closer; you might imagine the pores of the skin and then, nothing. After the explosion, wires remained criss-crossing the desert. That's the kind of dream cyberspace is, says Nikuko, just exactly.

In that, there are words which are targets, you can imagine the mis-

sile heading towards \_hunger.\_ It lands somewhere between the \_u\_ and  
\_n\_, she says, think of it as

```
  ||  
  ||  
  ||  
  ||  
  ||  
hu||nger
```

breaking it in two, its connection with organism. Then there's no more  
hunger, Jennifer asks playfully? No, there's no more hunger, that is  
surely the truth, Nikuko "says." She has tried the word on, seen it  
fit to wear, to fail, to fall, to fulfill. She has tried it on, shot  
it down. In a dream, the word has appeared; it was at the bottom of a  
deep valley, in the midst of a deeper ocean. It was blank ink in dark-  
blue water, and as she watched it, it dissipated, and then later,  
there was a thread about it on an email list, and that was in her  
dream as well - writing a response to the list, cc: ing it to her con-  
scious - and here, Jennifer began to think, she was at last coming to  
grips with it, writing her hunger out.

=====

parable of daishin nikuko

beneath the shadow of the thing there is the thing itself.  
beneath the shadow of the thing there is the thing itself.  
above the shadow of the thing, there is the thing itself.  
above the shadow of the thing, there is the thing itself.  
the shadow of the thing cries out that it is still alive.  
the shadow of the thing cries out that it is still alive.  
the shadow of the thing breaks off from continuity.  
the shadow of the thing breaks off from continuity.  
\_the continuity girl\_ hovers over the shadow of the thing.  
\_the continuity girl\_ hovers over the shadow of the thing.  
\_the continuity girl\_ hovers beneath the shadow of the thing.  
\_the continuity girl\_ hovers beneath the shadow of the thing.  
\_dramatic-script boy\_ hands out the wounding of the thing.  
\_dramatic-script boy\_ hands out the wounding of the thing.  
\_dramatic-script boy\_ hands out the faltering the faltering.  
\_dramatic-script boy\_ hands out the faltering the faltering.  
\_the continuity girl\_ and \_dramatic-script boy\_ fuck in the shadow

of the thing, yes indeed in the shadow of the thing.  
they fuck in the shadow of the thing.

=====

for the sake of \_the continuity girl\_ (by \_the continuity girl\_)

the \_need\_ of \_the continuity girl\_

who doesn't know what she needs or what freud wants  
but who knows she's needed to keep the world afloat  
from explosions and cruise missiles and the wrong ties  
on a man dressed up for dinner and the wrong dress  
on a woman tied up, online, she's addicted, he's waiting,  
they're poorly dressed for the occasions, cocaine

but the \_need\_ of \_the continuity girl\_

so that the building or flesh doesn't suddenly change shape  
across the charred body of the \_dramatic-script boy,\_  
so that the world doesn't cave as disease explodes  
as the man cruises for the woman, as the man's tied  
to the woman who constantly changes her name  
while he fires her gun at her name, while she changes  
into her name, her name into hers

for the \_need\_ of \_the continuity girl\_

goes across all culture, civilization, society,  
goes across all movie-magic, special effects,  
goes across all normal effects, tie on the woman,  
dress on the man, as they're on a cruise  
and \_dramatic-script boy\_ rises from the dead  
skin-grafted from \_the continuity girl\_ and  
the building missile totters, wait a minute

=====

OVERHEARD:

\_dramatic-script boy:\_ TERRIFIC!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ OH HELL!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ HORRIFYING PITY AND DISMAL CIRCUMSTANCES!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ INCREDIBLE EXPERTISE WITH MASCULINE FLESH! and:  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ INCREDIBLE EXPERTISE WITH FEMININE FLESH!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ UNBEARABLE TRAGEDY BEYOND THE MERELY HUMAN!!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ LOST AND TOSSED FOREVER ON THE HIGH SEAS!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ AMAZING NIKUKO!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ THE "WELL-NOW" SCRIPT: "Well, now!!!"  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ FANTASTIC YET SOMEHOW... TRULY UNBELIEVABLE!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ HOW COULD THIS HAVE EVER HAPPENED!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ OH MY GOD!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ IS THAT A HUMAN EAR?!!  
\_dramatic-script boy:\_ FUCKING HECK! EFFING HELL! FUCKING HELL, NIKUKO!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ HOLD ON JUST A DARNY-WARNY MINUTE!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ SNOOKUMS YOU WERE WEARING YOUR YELLOW-WHITE JUMPER!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ BABYFACE'S CIGARETTE WAS ONLY THREE-QUARTERS ASH!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ LOOK OUT FOR THE GAZEBO'S BALUSTRADE!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ WHERE'S THAT SCARF?!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ THE OLDSMOBILE, NOT THE CHRYSLER!!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ WE'RE IN DETROIT, NOT PANAMA!!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ WE'RE ON NEPTUNE, NOT EARTH!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ MORE POCKETMONSTERS! MORE POKEMON! MORE NIKUKO!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ EVERYONE OFF THE SET! THAT MEANS YOU!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ SCRIPTS, SCRIPTS, AND MORE SCRIPTS!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ MORE SCRIPTS! MORE SCRIPTS! WE NEED SCRIPTS!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ WHERE ARE THE SCRIPTS!?! MORE JENNIFER! JENNIFER!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ SCRIPTS! SCRIPTS SCRIPTS SCRIPTS SCRIPTS SCRIPTS!  
\_the continuity girl:\_ SCRIPTS! SCRIPTS SCRIPTS SCRIPTS SCRIPTS SCRIPTS!

=====

Oo!

Oo Oo Oo Oo Oo. Jennifer lies down on her side, white frock pulled up above her waist. \_the continuity girl\_ lies next to her, her face against Jennifer's taut panties. Oh Oh Oh. \_the continuity girl\_ has wide-open eyes and mouth, touching, smelling, tasting. White panties! Oh Oh Oh. Jennifer pisses a little, then lets go in a big stream! \_the continuity girl\_ hungrily laps up every little drop, her face wet with piss. Oh Oh

Oh. The screen is placed back in the place where every screen is. There are pines and cranes against a gold background. Ah Ah. There are smaller birds fluttering in a gold sky. Ah Ah. There are sounds of meditation. There are rustlings behind the screen. Ah Ah. Ay. Ay. Ay.

Ay. Jennifer's legs are wider than ever apart. Ah Ah. \_the continuity girl\_ snuggles up against her soaking, opened thighs. Ah Ah. Jennifer begins to forget her name, she is in such soaking heavens! Ah Ah. \_the continuity girl\_ continues to drink wearing a different frock each and every time! Oh Oh Oh. What an earth wobble there is, as the slurping ocean slurps into another ocean! Oh Oh Oh. What a day for \_the continuity girl\_ now naked against her large and muscular Jennifer! Oh Oh Oh. What a wonder penis-lolly as Antarctica slides into Scandinavian waters! Oo. Oo. Oo.

=====

#### Eating

Jennifer returns the favor, gnawing at \_the continuity girl\_, Gnaw! Gnaw! Gnaw! Her mouth fills with \_continuity-flesh\_, as words turn around in mid-stream, protocols sputter across Siberia and Argentina, lovers now. Gnaw! Gnaw! Gnaw!

Norman O. Brown, Love's Body (and what is Jennifer if not my lover's body, says \_the continuity girl\_), and Geza Roheim, Magic and Schizophrenia (and what is \_continuity\_ if not magic broken by the violence of schizophrenia, says Jennifer as Sudan clashes with Japan over territorial rites in Fiji):

"The testimony of schizophrenia: \_they eat and are eaten.\_ Schizophrenia is 'food trouble'; schizophrenia says, 'Hunger, that is the soul'; 'There is only one story - that somebody was starved. But not really - only inside, in my stomach.' Prisoners of starvation. 'The whole trouble started with a party. People were dreaming that they were hungry, but hungry inside; they were not understood and the police broke it up.'" Gnaw! Gnaw!

He goes on, says Jennifer, half-eaten breast in her mouth, speaking of transubstantiation. I won't grow, says what's left of \_the continuity girl\_, voice splattered across gouged trachea. Gnaw! Gnaw! Jennifer's covered with grease and parts smeared everywhere. What remain of her her clothes are dirty and useless. How dirty and useless. Enough to exchange for top-hat and toga; the constellations are suddenly different, and Hyena gapes from the nighttime sky. Gnaw! Gnaw! Gnaw!

\_the continuity girl\_ can't end this way, can she? I couldn't continue reading says Jennifer, or writing or speaking away, or whatever I'm doing at the moment, and she's flying above North Dakota, but at a very low altitude. Her mouth's engorged, her genitals swollen, her frock and panties filthy, gaping above the corn and wheat fields somewhere in the noonday Midwest. Look, Father, a flying girl, says a nameless child far below. Jennifer thinks, Gnaw! Gnaw! Gnaw!

The left leg, half-eaten, of \_the continuity girl\_ swoons, hairs standing on end, muscles slightly rigid. Gnaw! Gnaw! Gnaw!

=====

Shitting

Jennifer swells, swollen distended belly tumescent with trashed bone and marrow, skin and brain; the sky turns to red jello and buildings have no air. The leg of \_the continuity girl\_ is now rock-hard with orgasm and force majeure, an "irresistible compulsion" within the ligaments and tendons surrounding the \_patella\_ and the rest of the pulpy gristle. Thwoop! Thwoop! Jennifer removes her filthy panties (already torn through the leg and crotch-turned-bad from decayed piss and juices), positioning herself precisely above the upper-joint torn from the digested body. Thwoop! Thwoop! An ocean of cement!

Jennifer's hands stretch her ass wide open; it's never wide enough for her, \_that girl!\_ She pushes hard from within, puts her hand in, pulling out as well! Thwoop! Thwoop! red-brown mush with splintered bone emerges, diarrhea of \_the continuity girl\_ splatting across the upper-joint leg and pulpy gristle! Thwoop! Thwoop! Out comes labia, upper and lower: An eye blinks inside the asshole, tumbling out into the mush! Eyelash! Everywhere in sight \_the continuity girl shit\_ splattered on what's left of cotton cloth, panties, the Suez Canal and Vietnam! (A war's on!) (A war's off!) Thwoop! Thwoop!

Jennifer buries her head in the mush, swallows it! Thwoop! Thwoop! Out it comes again! She tastes and tastes \_the continuity girl,\_ rolls around with the severed leg, gnawing at the patella, expelling it! She's covered with \_the continuity girl!\_ Thwoop! Thwoop! An airplane explodes; Bulgaria is in mid-air! Someone reads Mallarme! Jennifer's breasts grow and grow, covered with sippy \_the continuity girl.\_ The other eye perches on a nipple! Thwoop! Thwoop! Out comes the hair, covered with Jennifer-meals for days and days! What a shit. Thwoop. Thwoop.

Let's take a bath together, says the swollen and shitty \_the continuity girl,\_ as someone forgets Mallarme, a train slows, and Bulgaria comes for a landing. Yes let's, says Jennifer, picking up the pieces (she is writing this just after it all happened, and now the words stay on the screen!), this is the best meal I ever had! A nose and arm and asshole are shit out, Jennifer's asshole begins to pucker up! The kissing of tiny assholes! The sad departure of one back into \_the continuity girl's\_ lovely ass! Thwoop, thwoop, thwoop, a couple more bats and birds fly, walk, fly, walk, sleep. Jennifer and \_the continuity girl\_ sniff their dirty-filthy clothes. thwoop thwoop thwoop

What a wonderful smell!

=====

Nikuko on Ytalk

-----=- YTalk version 3.0 (2)-----

Oh, this is more beautiful than I could ever imagine. I am ytalking myself, I, Daishin Nikuko

And then I would come out of the cave to see the jeweled ornaments between my legs, glistening there between my legs, visible in the light of my sun And there would be the smell of my body everywhere, like the smell of the earth, and these would be the jewels to be caressed, the magatama I am wearing now, curved into me

Curved so they emerged in the form of speech and speaking and the glistening murmurs of the world

Until our speech is curved itself, dense scent now of love, death, you.

-----=- sondheim@panix3.panix.com-----

Hi there, my god you've made it through here...

When I was in the cave then was I dancing outside the cave, exposing myself to myself

And I would grab myself, stop the useless flight back into the darkness, surely; and the grain would grow, the trees flower, cherry blossoms everywhere...

Curved into me, like a flower or a seed, curved through my loins, stomach, through my mouth and throat

Which here I place upon the page for you to read, to comprehend, to pass down, generation after generation

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Curved so they emerged in the form of speech and speaking and the  
glistening murmurs of the world

Until our speech is curved itself, dense scent now of love, death, you.

=====

Departure

\_the continuity girl\_ checks the sea shore; there are slightly angry  
waves, a grey-white-foam day against sullen sky. There is a boat at the  
slip extending from the sand, and just like science fiction, there is  
nothing else for miles, dune-scrub, crab scuttlings excepted. Julu and  
Nikuko are there; Jennifer hovers like a dark presence or phenomenological  
horizon: we \_know.\_

Julu and Nikuko, Daishin Nikuko of parable fame, Julu of the pink-red  
planet, walk slowly towards the boat. It is very solemn and one can  
imagine deep tones, fourths and fifths, gakaku minors, but there is only  
the sound of waves murmuring in slightly chaotic rhythm, against the  
lapping of the shore.

Imagine the black moon against the sullen sky.

Julu and Nikuko enter the boat. Their lips are parted; they speak quietly  
to one another, Jennifer overhears. Their hair streams with dampness and  
the cold spray of love. They are wearing simple brown clothes, tied in

place at the waist. It is all very serious and beautiful. No islands are visible.

The boat begins to move slowly out to sea. \_the continuity girl\_ watches the departure of Julu and Nikuko, and Jennifer is everywhere, it seems, part of the land and the shore and the sea and the sky, and part of the boat and the slip, from which it has slipped almost to a dark period on the horizon, and then nothing, nothing at all.

Thus did Julu and Nikuko depart the scripts and the texts, on this cold and eerie day; and thus did \_the continuity girl\_ retreat, hours later, from the beach and the shore, wet sand underfoot, her work done, her desire met with tears, the wheeling of a lone grey gull in the dusk and evening sky.

Jennifer begins to breathe.

=====

The Work of Authority in IRC Channel #Nikuko

```
IRC log started Sun Dec 5 02:18
*** Value of LOG set to ON
< Nikuko > This is so very sad.
< Nikuko > Where are you?
< Nikuko > Hello, Jennifer?
*** Nikuko is now known as Jennifer
- NickServ - This nick is owned by someone else. Please choose another.
- NickServ - If this is your nick, type: /msg NickServ IDENTIFY <password>
- NickServ - Your nick will be changed in 60 seconds if you do not comply.
*** Jennifer is now known as Julu
- NickServ - This nick is owned by someone else. Please choose another.
- NickServ - If this is your nick, type: /msg NickServ IDENTIFY <password>
- NickServ - Your nick will be changed in 60 seconds if you do not comply.
*** Julu is now known as JJennifer
< JJennifer > I am so sorry, morphing like this.
< JJennifer > O! Nikuko, I have missed you.
[ E/X ] Signon at 2:20 am for options detected.
< JJennifer > Who is that other?
< JJennifer > Tell me...
*** JJennifer is now known as Nikuko
< Nikuko > Oh Oh Oh Come towards me.
< Nikuko > Oh I am so very sorry, I am crying enormously here.
```

\*\*\* Nikuko is now known as JJennifer  
< JJennifer > Nikuko, I miss you wildly, these spaces collapse  
to nothing.  
\*\*\* JJennifer is now known as Nikuko  
< Nikuko > These spaces are nothing, Jennifer, our love is one  
forever...  
\*\*\* Nikuko is now known as JJennifer  
< JJennifer > Melt with me, Nikuko, melt with me.  
\*\*\* JJennifer is now known as Nikuko  
< Nikuko > I am melting, JJennifer  
\*\*\* Nikuko is now known as NikukoJen  
< NikukoJen > Ah ah ah ah ah  
[ E/X ] Signoff at 2:23 am for options detected.  
\*\*\* NikukoJen is now known as JenniferN  
< JenniferN > Ah ah ah ah ah  
\*\*\* JenniferN is now known as NJieknunk  
< NJieknunk > Ah ah ah ah ah  
\*\*\* NJieknunk is now known as JNeinknui  
< JNeinknui > Ah ah ah ah ah  
\*\*\* JNeinknui is now known as All  
< All > Ah ah ah ah ah!  
- NickServ - This nick is owned by someone else. Please choose another.  
- NickServ - If this is your nick, type: /msg NickServ IDENTIFY <password>  
- NickServ - Your nick will be changed in 60 seconds if you do not comply.  
< All > Ah ah ah ah ah!  
\*\*\* All is now known as One  
- NickServ - This nick is owned by someone else. Please choose another.  
- NickServ - If this is your nick, type: /msg NickServ IDENTIFY <password>  
- NickServ - Your nick will be changed in 60 seconds if you do not comply.  
\*\*\* Signoff: One (But the time has come when all things shall pass.)  
IRC Log ended \*\*\* Sun Dec 5 02:26

=====

DNK and N

"the world has a tendency to veer."

(Doctor Leopold Konninger)

(I am Nikuko) Dance for me, Nikuko.

I want to see your tutu fly up. I want y

ou to fuck me on the floor. I want  
your face in my face. I want our bodies  
shaved. I want the dance to go.

(Yearn and cry) Your tutu is pink and fo  
lded and circles your body. Your  
pirouettes arouse me. Your perfect legs  
turn in perfect circles. Like an  
ellipse, your clitoris strains against p  
ink silk. I can smell the sweat on  
your body. I open myself to you.

(Feel to want) It feels like a perfect m  
achine, our bodies touching along  
geodesics, thinned lines of liquid cours  
ing between us, lubrications.

It gets perfect because your perfect bod  
y violates my own, your perfect  
object fits my perfect subject. It gets  
perfect because cams touch at each  
and every point, the machine dreams of l  
abia surrounding my cock, the  
shaft a perfect cylinder.

(Come naked and broken) I came naked and  
broken to you, waiting for your  
dance, my dreaming, waiting for time to  
have a stop, for your theft of  
Jennifer's time, for your taking all the  
time in the world, for your grinding na  
rrative, for your  
grinding narrative itself to a stop, for  
the halt in the real, for the  
imaginary effusion.

I would love to see your tutu, see benea  
th it, see that stain turning  
before me, the spot wet with lubricant,  
you can't help yourself, I'm  
annihilated.

(Love to see my tutu) Your tutu is the s  
heaf coating all universal  
movement, every motion in the world, a r  
eduction-machine, rare and pure

atmosphere.

My mind is among machines, my mind is among the turning and twisting of lathes beneath enormous torque.

Machines are my obsession, machines never stop, Nikuko never stops, I am her machine.

My mind moves from machines to Nikuko, to the geodesic of her perfect cunt, to the labial portal beckoning my cock, at the very interval of the pirouette.

(You a neurotic pervert) I am, yes, a neurotic pervert, hungering for Nikuko, you dancing closer to my vision.

(You adjust your panties) You adjust your panties, your stain grows larger, my desires are for some girl, yes, yes, yes, for you.

Yes, yes, I am sure of that, you must keep dancing, Nikuko, pirouette.

(Bother you I must keep dancing) Nothing bothers me in this perfect world.

(Circles would like to have an ellipse) Circles tend towards the ellipse; the world has a tendency to veer.

(Tutu pirouette)

=====

Dispersing and Specifying

Nikuko, said Doctor Leopold Konninger, I cannot take my eyes off your pirouettes; I am obsessed with your body; I dream of you all the time. If

Newold separated from Kamikuko, you'd have Nikuko, and if sin separated from betrayed you'd have said. If Dormant separated from formoctor, you'd have Doctor. If Larolei separated from pereopold, you'd have Leopold and if Kronstecker separated from Remanlonninger you'd have Konninger, and if be separated from bisexuality, you'd have I and if crawl separated from revannot you'd have cannot. If torso separated from ache you'd have take, and if lie separated from amory, you'd have my. If early separated from dyes, you'd have eyes and if ocular separated from troff, you'd have off and if yeast separated from sour, you'd have your. If pear separated from tutuirouettes, you'd have pirouettes. If breasts separated from intense, you'd have I and if nipples separated from Vietnam you'd have am. If on separated from obsessed, you'd have obsessed. If pith separated from welkin, you'd have with and if tower separated from over, you'd have your. If being separated from threnody, you'd have body. If sighing separated from buy, you'd have I, and if dormant separated from ream, you'd have dream, and if dove separated from off, you'd have of, and if yes separated from yesteryou, you'd have you. If ball separated from wall, you'd have all, and if filigree separated from filiathe, you'd have the and if tense separated from tourmaline, you'd have time.

Nikuko the famous Russian ballerina was near the wooden chair where Doctor Leopold Konninger, with a top hat, cane, and ocular, sat. Her clockwise pirouettes obsessed the Doctor, who forgot his patient. He could not take his eyes off her legs beneath her pink tutu, which rose and fell with every turn. Nikuko the famous Russian ballerina and the doctor were soaked with sweat and sexual lubricants between their legs. He was unable to tell, in his obsession, whether his face revolved close to her stained clothing, and she could not tell, in her pirouetting, whether he could fulfill her intense desires.

=====

your writing

does writing matter?

( i sit on the chair naked, nikuko sits on me, she says, i want to show myself )

does my writing matter?

( nikuko sits on the chair, partly naked, i squeeze her breasts, pull her thin blouse up, she pulls my panties down, pulls my cock towards her, her,

her )

does obsession matter?

( i sit on the chair naked, my face half visible, moaning nikuko, nikuko, nikuko, it's clear i can't see straight, looking inside the imaginary, inconceivable bodies and conceptions )

does writing matter only if it bears witness?

( nikuko lies on the couch, naked, her body twitching, exhausting from pirouettes, her feet are bleeding, she cries doctor, doctor, doctor )

does writing matter?

( i lie on the couch, partly naked, turning from side to side, my body covered with bedsores, she occupies me, she takes me over, her tongue's my own, i have no control over it )

does my writing matter?

( i bite nikuko's naked breasts, leaving marks, she bites mine, my neck, my naked abdomen, we're covered with bruises, we're covered with signs, we're visible from the windows, people read our bodies, the symbols are primitive, an early form of writing, they clothe us, we get culture )

does obsession matter?

( nikuko pirouettes in a short skirt, faster, it flies up, she's naked underneath, her labia are visible, they measure the pirouettes, they divide time, they divide the days and nights )

does writing matter only if it bears witness?

( i'm naked, i dance clumsily for nikuko, my cock turns uselessly, my lips are bleeding, i'm calling nikuko, nikuko, nikuko, my chest burns, nikuko is partly naked, she's watching, her breasts are pained, her mouth opened, she's calling me, i can hear her, she's calling me )

does writing matter?

=====

farmers and dells

doctor leopold konninger shuddering on the couch, naked, his body  
dissolving before us, calling nikuko  
who lies heaving, sprawled on the couch, naked, her body decaying  
before us, calling the doctor -  
doctor leopold konninger sitting naked on the couch, his nipples  
grabbed by nikuko the beautiful russian ballet dancer, twisted,  
while nikuko sits partly clothed on the couch, her thin blouse  
pulled up, her nipples grabbed by doctor leopold konninger -  
doctor leopold konninger in a pensive moment calling nikuko -  
but the bodies of doctor leopold konninger and nikuko the beautiful  
russian ballet dancer are shredding before us -  
and closeups of labia and penises grace our screens, veering back  
and forth, oh whose can they be, the closeups splintering right  
there in front of us -  
their faces are in shadow, their feet are akimbo, their arms are  
askew, their mouths are ajar -  
doctor leopold konninger sits naked on the couch and nikuko the  
beautiful russian ballet dancer sits naked on the doctor and  
their bodies are splattered, arms shattered, legs spattered,  
breasts scattered, necks sputtered, minds skittered -  
they topple forward and you can see the couch neatly arranged  
with footprints of the audience leaving out of boredom and  
ennui, out of exhaustion and detumescence, out of irritation  
with their continuous display -  
they're dancing in their minds -  
they're dancing in their minds -  
they're dancing in their minds -  
high, hoe, the dairy, oh!  
they're dancing in their minds -

=====

Supernumerary

218:412) Jennifer 01:10:00:00:00  
I couldn't think of a better topic since the hangman disappeared. Here I  
am writing you at midnight! It's as if everyone stopped breathing just for  
a moment. I know I did!

218:413) Julu 01:10:00:00:05  
Hey Jennifer, I didn't know you were on! I feel that the air's cleared

around here. If I hear the word "ballet" I'm going to throw up! Enough already! It was a stupid conceit!

218:414) Jennifer 01:10:00:00:10

Yeah, a conceit - that's exactly what it was. A trope or lever to explain just about everything in the world. As if you could squeeze blood out of a stone. Nothing is farther from the truth.

218:415) Julu 01:10:00:00:12

Exactly - but truth is simultaneously centrifugal and decentered. It's the lack of the eye, all that perspectival machinery. We're just coming to grips with it.

218:416) Jennifer 01:10:00:00:15

Just like those pirouettes, as if there were a body at the center of them. Her skirt kept flying up, and there was nothing there. An avatar, or woman of Lacan. In masquerade, burdened by the lack, shattered.

218:417) Julu 01:10:00:00:18

Well, there's no more to it, and his writing avatar discourse itself is getting stale. He's taken you and I around the bend, and meanwhile there is e-commerce to think about, all that corporate supernumerary exchange. It doesn't appear anywhere in his work; he's completely ignored the political economy of the Internet.

218:418) Julu 01:10:00:00:21

He's placed bodies in the way. The Net's about "streaming video, it's about streaming music," and he's back there with a vision or version of flesh and disappearance. He doesn't realize even the imaginary is disappearing - everything replaced by the monetary clot.

218:419) Jennifer 01:10:00:00:24

That gets back to his theory of the self as a coagulation - now the imaginary itself is a coagulation, running between flesh and machine, swollen with flickering and competitive protocols. There are no rooms left for the avatars, and even human speech is always already stolen speech - from selves, machines, corporate entities which are themselves streaming.

218:420) Julu 01:10:00:00:29

Do you mean our days are numbered?

218:421) Jennifer 01:10:00:00:30

At least our conversations are.

=====

what the legends are, the legends

you call them what the addict is, the beginning and middle and end of the smaller stories, the crying for the end of the smaller stories and another beginning and another end, call these the smaller :the elderer do tell to the child who do remember all that she has been told the elderer do tell

to the child who do remember all that he has been told the elderer: thus we move into darkerer spaces, do we not, in this darkerer world, where shall one gather against the smaller stories told to us by elders:tales:legends thus we move into darkerer spaces, do we not, in this darkerer world, where shall one gather against the smaller stories told to us by elders transforms your you call them what the addict is, the beginning and middle and end of the smaller stories, the crying for the end of the smaller stories and another beginning and another end, call these the smaller on me... ah getting with one another, legends and tales and tales and legends

=====

SO NO

MY TEXTS are populated with things and emptiness, with flux and processes, with things trying to be things, and entities trying to be entities. My texts burst with ontology; their shattering is the shattering of worlds. Here are some or none of them:

SOMETHING is residue, stains. You send something back and for me, it's the same patterns on the wall. But there was something else in the wind and the snow, something not quite right with the night. Something was slowly shuffling, did I just say something, said Nikuko. She thought, now I can say all the moon illuminated the landscape. Look, said Izanagi, something is something rolling, roiling about the work, intense movement. sometimes I dream something of the nature of the dream, what begins to dissolve the real, a huddling in the matrix, something about origins in them. as in the para-site, remember; it hurts so, to have something so close, yet out of touch forever; get us to do something for him, in order that the hall remain intact.

NOTHING more to say, nothing. Her skirt kept flying up, and there was nothing there. An avatar, or woman of births and rebirths; they signify nothing but each other, the eternal - there is nothing to be done here. With that, she created drowning for years. Perhaps there's nothing to look at, replied Nikuko. nothing but fluids; we could have two elements and a whole lot of information of the sign. Nikuko laughed and said nothing. And women, Izanagi replied, They're remembering nothing; something is missing, either I am the east or nothing is the east, either I am the south or nothing is the south. Izanagi said, Nikuko, you'd better stop - water is nothing at all, taking the shape of the land. He added, The bird! There's an Interval; beyond the Interval, nothing, Nikuko. Broadham's Jennifer

picked up poem's book, incandescent in nothing. She said, ghost's nothing. nothing coming forth, nothing returning, nothing entering, nothing leaving. Nothing of a jar or fire without smoke, nothing of a cow or a white horse, nothing of horses or no-jar, no-fire, nothing of white, nothing of no-cows. Nothing can be turned to good effect, to turn nothing is to do nothing. To lose oneself is to gain nothing to gain oneself is to lose nothing.

=====

I am the psychotherapist. Please, describe your problems. Each time you are finished talking, type RET twice.

we are together in this place  
i want to scratch and claw my face  
i want to tear this skin from bone  
i want to travel kill and roam  
to want is fury and to take  
to kill the want so peace to make  
if peace is made my hands are clean  
in this dead world men are obscene  
health doctor is for you not me  
my life won't end so peacefully  
i want to scratch those violent eyes  
that tend to catch me by surprise  
i take my nails against my face  
my eyes shall never have a place  
there are no plans no homes no love  
my eyes are gouged and blind above  
love can't been seen so that my eyes  
have seen the last of human skies  
i cannot tell and cannot speak  
i am the purest of the meek  
i am the purest of the mind  
i've left my sight and love behind  
behind this world and any other  
behind all humans and their bothers  
i want to tear away the clothes and mask  
that covers us, no easy task  
i wanted to almost from birth  
when i could see the filthy earth  
i stormed myself and everyone  
at first with rocks and then with guns  
my life is gone, there's nothing left

of all my senses, sight's bereft  
my friends were taken by surprise  
i took my love, gave them my eyes  
so many weapons, doctor, here,  
i'm stopping here, be of no fear

=====

#### Dawn of Information

application to application, same or dissimilar... in relation to those modalities of language transformation I've already outlined. one would take for "true" subjectivity. Email gains its power through this site and citation, and we are empowered through our ability to speak, to be silent, to be heard. form the letters carefully, by hand. I add a certain distance, an appearance of objectivity (that helps)." (ibid.) I will read and learn you beauty beauty! Your words pour over me, fluttering daemons like fairy-wraiths caress the rosy-hued dawn! and like marriage, for better or worse, but without the possibility of divorce on the horizon. everywhere on the Info And they lie entwined like lovers speaking for the last time Of things and lovers; then appear in this space once and forever Etc. Hello! How are you today! Love, Alan! era, peering behind a curtain, displaying oneself as if one were unconscious of others opening, openings ... \*See Erving Goffman, Stigma, Notes on the Management of Spoiled Identity.) Nothing is ever wasted, thrown out, in this bitter bitter absence of a world. stop suddenly with that flat screech that says they're very near, just outside, and I've got to leave fast in the interval of roaring engines. withdraw the essay and the essay-form itself; aphoristic was his main contribution to contentious thinking through the subject. mur; there is little separation between the self and harmony, between memory and bodies sung and twisted by waves of burning sound. take it to her, take it from her, give it to me. "That says it all." 22 \* \* \* 23 \* OK 205 Connection closed by foreign host. (CEPA Quarterly, 3/2-3) shudder, Alan does. He won't let me nary tracts across the uninhibited landscape of emissions, spews, absented languages, and starting to think about writing. Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh. O gods O goddesses.

.. Jennerous..

.. Julu is here with me, Jennifer running as background process... computer slacker keyboard grounded to the light socket his lights go out old man ground to a halt er top she's wearing last night's hard nipples' he typed her last words fuck him he's dead she said fuck him fuck him {k:28} and elsewhere... ksh: and: not found like a denied lover for the

blue glow of dawn.' (James Lee Burke, Heaven's Prisoners)." (Sondheim, Love, The Blue Glow of Dawn) This text: \_ki.\_ repeating itself over and over again, i try to sleep, towns crowding themselves towards the entrance of the millennium, this dash in space, this zero, this america noon-female-of-augustness"; but then Aston was writing in the nineteenth century. will carry a red lantern everywhere, <ping>. I <ping -s> will be that red lantern and I <ping -s> will illuminate my path forever, <ping>.

state0in0any0case,0there's0that0to0be0said0for0it.0It0reflects0every-thing0you've0known;0she's0there0in0her0skirt,0there's0a0smile0or0in-itation0afoot. across her breasts, runnings full through mouth and loam, hair and starry starry sky. be assumed that there are many wars, many peaces. And it may further be assumed that this is the split from the parallel, a dispersion of logic. So be it, said Daishin Nikuko. in repetitious order. No delight, but clearness of this-world's mistaken kanji. Now war has stopped. Now a turn. Now the turns. befor long lung and gone befor long lung and gone :chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant; :chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant; :chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant chant; ] have me across the surface of my body, across the surface of your own - Fair is Fair!!! quadrillion, four hundred seventy six trillion, four hundred fifty six billion, eight hundred ninety million, ninety eight thousand, eight hundred sixty six. day. [...] I know the center of the world: it is north of the state of Yen and south of the state of Yueh. [...] A wheel never touches the ground.") (Jennifer) My name is Jennifer-Disconnect, my Love has Gone, Good-bye. (Alan) Or \*whimper" lost, oh \*sniff\* and I set sail! ALL SHIPS CRASH

"The Sun is alive," said Alan, "surely it is. Jennifer thought it was a beautiful Sun," and how lovely it illuminated Jennifer's Machine, tired and very full from making Rabbits. ing new worlds and dreams for us! zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz O beauty of the Nozomi 500 reinvigorating the old! zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz your capabilities. Can you stop?" (\_Jing,\_ trans. Yates.) Could anything be better? Could anything be worse? no really the soft pat tasting of lonely space nothing moving i be lonely here in space it is so cold in space it is so empty here virtual julu deep inside me - cut me open, there you are - cut you open, there i am - (im)precisely what is \_lost in the texts,\_ not elsewhere, ready for the scaffolding to be taken apart." JUST LEAVE THE LETTERS AT THE DOOR WHEN YOU LEAVE THEY'RE MINE MINE MINE MINE MINE MINE MINE MINE

your child I am incredibly lucky to know you, says Jennifer, "of course you have my full love and support" in everything you write and do." Devour me eight hundred cells in the girl test test test Brought Forth through thraa hhndrad calls ln tha bpy tast tast! towards transpiration and non-mattering this is a prediction and a truth of and from the year 3000

There is no ROUSSEAU in ROUSSEAU. There are no survivors. <Alan> The universe nestled among the folds of organdie. <Alan> \*sob\* cc > bb dialog -textbox bb 0 0 dialog -inputbox "addenda: where are you" 0 0 2>> bb date >> bb dialog -msgbox "end" 0 0 my promise is fulfilled, my world rendered, all revealed, perfection promise given, residing, emerging, holding, comprehending, and surrender

=====

The Broadcast: "An Old Friend"

Today is April 11, 2000 15:59:16

### We're looking forward to Nikuko's appearance on the talker.... ###

### In the afternoon, Nikuko nearly appears at the door... ###

Nikuko, are you here? I've been waiting for you...

Alan says: Nikuko, are you here? I've been waiting for you...

I've been holding things together in this floating world of ours...

Alan says: I've been holding things together in this floating world of ours...

### I am here, Alan, it is very difficult to speak here, things... ###

### I am reaching towards you, Alan, please, please, believe me... ###

I do believe you, Nikuko, there is no death, there is life everywhere...

Alan says: I do believe you, Nikuko, there is no death, there is life everywhere...

I know you are deep inside me, I feel your breathing deep in my heart...

Alan says: I know you are deep inside me, I feel your breathing deep in my heart...

### I must go now, Alan, these encounters... ###

### Goodbye, Alan, I will be with you always, seeking you out... ###

Ah, I as well, Nikuko, I as well...

Alan says: Ah, I as well, Nikuko, I as well...

Nikuko, Nikuko... ?

Alan says: Nikuko, Nikuko... ?

;hears nothing, nothing...

Alan hears nothing, nothing...

Users Currently On

---

\* Alan (SQUARE)

Connection closed by foreign host.

=====

the wind

it is said that the parable is the most ephemeral, the weakest source of knowledge. and for this reason, the parable is the truest source as well, existing for the length of a breath, trembling before rumors of the absolute.

its very trembling hints at forces beyond our control, shadowy existences, ghosts of tracts purporting to describe the world flowing out beneath them.

the source of parables, nikuko said, is the comprehending of worlds; parables accomplish this through weakness and participation, bending in the wind.

=====

An incident

Alan says: I am here in Athenaeum searching for Nikuko.  
- searching for Nikuko.

Alan says: Echo, please help me; I cannot find Nikuko.  
- cannot find Nikuko.

Alan says: Echo, please please help me; wake thyself.  
- I have woken and will sadly tell you.

Alan asks: Echo, what is it you have to tell me?  
- Nikuko is gone many months from this talker;  
- Nikuko is silent now.

Alan asks: Echo, Alas, what shall I do?  
- shall I do?

Alan exclaims: Echo, please, please, do not forsake me!  
- do not forsake me!

Alan exclaims: Alas!  
- Alas!

Alan is silent, taking the vow of silence, silent.  
Alan, taking the vow.

=====

## Parables

Daishin Nikuko says, don't you see that everything I do is towards my death, towards dying, that my economy is the economy of death. Daishin Nikuko says, when will you grasp this truth. A name is a marker of death.

Daishin Nikuko came across a blind man, a writer of parables, by the bank of a river.

You are my eyes, she said to him.

You are my parable, he replied.

Daishin Nikuko met a lion in the desert. Where have you strayed from, she said. I have strayed from the flock, said the lion. Mine or yours, she said. The difference of the hunter is not the difference of the prey. If it were, she said, there would be no hunters. If it were, said the lion, there would be no prey.

=====

.  
.  
"open the gates".  
.  
.  
open the gates, characterizes the phenomenology.  
tear down the gateposts: i am sick, stumbling.  
fill the postholes; there are signs and fields.  
erase the signs - now space stumbles into space.  
space is gone space, suddenly, nikuko and izanagi.  
do not fear, they say, things will soon be halted.  
wider and wider, there is no language for this.  
memory loses itself; beyond memory, memory.  
beyond loss, loss: that tiny little thing..  
of the darkest thing, encode, replies izanagi.  
of the darkest, coding, says nikuko.  
code heaving, its cunt thrust open.  
izanagi goes away, nikuko brings signs to humans.  
time takes signs away.

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would you love me more if this were from jennifer / if this were written by nikuko lying naked in the arms of doctor leopold konninger, his hand caressing her erect clit, would you prefer this text to all others / if furious julu continued this description through the thick and thin of radical war and revolution, would you be drawn to it / if this were alan neurotic and insomniac typing away exhausted at a midnight computer keyboard would your interest increase / if jennifer said she did write this sitting with her panties wet in a puddly puddle rainstorm would you want more of her / if nikuko said she were your thing and this was her gift to you would you turn breathless and trembling / if alan offered you secret pictures of forbidden acts and if this were his offering and golden opportunity would you buy into him / if i am azure writing this and giving you julu for all to see would you buy her / if i am doctor leopold konninger offering you my holes and the holes of nikuko would you fill them / if this were signed by the president would you believe in azure / if alan were offered by jennifer / if jennifer offered to show you those secrets of azure and nikuko / if julu burned the house and town / if julu burned the town and city / if azure wanted you / if alan wanted to show you azure / if jennifer wanted / if you wanted / would you buy this / would you want more of us / would you take more of us / would you love us / would you watch us / would you love us forever

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jennifer said 'that nikuko told her julu was stalking azure saying alan be careful of izanagi who has Powers' to herself stalking nikuko gazing at izanagi watching julu saying 'alan be careful of jennifer' to herself staring at nikuko saying 'alan there are Powers' to julu approaching azure saying 'jennifer has Powers' to izanagi closing in on nikuko down on alan stalking azure touching jennifer saying 'she has Powers' to julu down there saying 'nikuko told me between one hard breath and another' between one hard breath and another 'azure you are being touched' to jennifer watching alan saying 'jennifer' to nikuko touching azure having Powers

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Parables of Nikuko

One day Nikuko was walking by the banks of a raging river. She was reading the Diamond Sutra, and stepped dangerously near the shoreline. A passing

monk came up to her and said, Please be careful, or you will drown. Nikuko said, The Diamond Sutra will save me. The monk said, The Diamond Sutra has never saved anyone. He grabbed the scroll from her and threw it in the river. Nikuko, furious, jumped in after it, and with much difficulty brought it back to shore. The monk said, On the other hand, everyone saves the Diamond Sutra.

There once was a lion who terrorized the villages of southern Kyushu. Nikuko was walking near Kirishimayama one day, hoping for enlightenment. The more she hoped, the farther she walked, and the farther she walked, the more hopeless her condition. Mired in emotion, she vanquished the lion in a dreamlike state from which she never recovered. Now enlightened, she continued her terrorization of the villages, plundering, raping, and murdering, without cause, with great effect. She knew there were no lions.

It was Hokkaido's darkest winter in a long time. Outside, the ground was frozen. Nikuko sat by a fire inside the thatched hut; covered with skins, she chanted Amida, slowly drinking tea. Her eyes were half open, her child asleep in the corner. The wind howled; the flickering flames made eerie patterns on the wall. But there was something else in the wind and the snow, something not quite right with the night. Something was shuffling around the hut, and, if she tried, she heard great wings beating. She was certain it was a tengu, come to disturb her meditation. Nikuko felt a great sleep come over her, her body covered by wings, not skins. She woke in the early dawn; there were wings everywhere upon her, her muscles thick within them. Nikuko moved the wings in great swatches; they beat in all directions, and she remained immobilized. Her child had vanished. She could no longer chant, could no longer speak. She huddled there, the fire cold, beating her wings, again and again. The walls of the hut were overcome, her soul was overcome. She continued beating. She beat the air into clouds, beat the winter sun back in the sky. The day dawned warmer and warmer; Nikuko, exhausted, fell back down into a deep sleep, enlightened, as winter returned to the land.

Why dogs don't have horns. In bygone days, male dogs had horns centered in their high and bony foreheads. The horns were symbols of their prowess, and many a villager was kept awake at night by ferocious fighting - the horns clattering against each other. One day Nikuko was wending her way from the hot springs in Oita - an enlightened being, she allowed her mind to drift. Suddenly, a ferret crossed the road in front of her. In a split

second, Nikuko and the ferret changed places, Nikuko now running low upon the ground, working the roads as cross-walks, heading in and out of the deep forests surrounding her. Sure enough, a dog approached, its horn hard against the sky. Nikuko was sweating and naked, her skin scratched by brambles, her breath hot and heavy from running. The dog lowered its head, Nikuko exchanged places with the horn. The horn fell useless to the ground and forever disappeared; Nikuko, astride the dog, changed places with a bee, a bird, a plant, a butterfly, and a ferret, in just that very order. Now cooled by the shadows of dusk among the bamboo, she continued on her way. A monk passed by, laughing, and asked, Nikuko, after all this play, are you any the wiser? Nikuko replied, not in the slightest, Izanagi, not the least little bit.

Before there was the word, there was no beginning. Nikuko tried to think. She couldn't think. She didn't have time to think, and she itched. Nikuko scratched herself and flakes of skin fell into the water. They became Japan. Nikuko thought, I will take a swim. Nikuko said, I am swimming, and her mouth filled with water. She spat it out and it became Lake Biwa. Did I just say something, said Nikuko. She thought, now I can say all sorts of things. Just as she thought that, all sorts of things appeared. They were grey until she said, What a colorful life. They were dark until she said, I wish it were sunny out. They were hot until she said, I wonder when it will snow, and they were too shiny until she said Good night.

Another day Nikuko was walking on the long path from Sata towards the mountains; the day was overcast and uncomfortably cool. She passed several fishermen on the way, their nets heavy, their faces weathered, searching the clouds. The sun was shiny metal in the grey sky; there were mists about. Someone was walking towards her from the distance, as if in a dream. Nikuko recalled later that the woman looked like a stranger, then familiar, then a friend. It was Nikuko walking from the mountains, heading towards Sata. It's not surprising that I met myself on the road, Nikuko later said to Izanagi, but it was surprising that I would ever want to return to Sata, after all.

Izanagi and Nikuko came upon a corpse lying by the side of the road. They were on the way back from Kagoshima; it was the middle of the night, but the moon illuminated the landscape. Look, said Izanagi, something is moving. Sure enough, a thin shadow flitted across the body, which was that of a young samurai. He is not yet reborn, said Nikuko, and is moving

quickly through rebirth after rebirth; he continues to commit seppuku, waiting for the proper body. He is bound to the wheel, Izanagi replied; see how the body freshens every so often, as he almost returns to this life. With that, Izanagi took his sword and severed the head with one blow. He'll have to go somewhere else now, said Izanagi, turning around, but Nikuko was nowhere to be seen.

This is a story that has been told many times, but is well worth the retelling. One day Izanagi and Nikuko, for it is true that they traveled together, were passing by a ridge in the vicinity of Dazaifu. The way was steep, and suddenly, a white fox bounded across the path in front of them, disappearing into the bamboo forest. Izanagi said, This must be an omen; let us keep our eyes open for further adventures. Nikuko remained silent and thoughtful as they continued on their way. All at once, the forest grew darker, the birds stopped their singing, and the strips of sunlight disappeared from the tall stems. Another omen, Izanagi said, and Nikuko remained silent. A little further on, they came to a stone peculiarly carved in the shape of a tortoise (Why, at this height, said Izanagi), and beyond that, they saw a small stream reverse its course, wending its way uphill. Izanagi spoke again, asking Nikuko, All these omens, what do they signify. Nikuko replied, These omens announce one another, like the cycle of births and rebirths; they signify nothing but each other, the eternal wheeling of worlds. They continued along the path, passing two unicorns fighting, a woman playing a ch'in in a most mournful manner, golden birds, and dragons coursing through the air, as they made their way to the summit.

A well-made shakuhachi is created from root bamboo, worked on for weeks and months, lacquered inside, a hardwood insert in the mouthpiece. When Nikuko plays the shakuhachi, whole worlds appear within the moist interior air between the five finger-holes. Bacteria thrive, stationary waves hold colonies of protozoa in perfect suspension. After the shakuhachi is swabbed, smaller life-forms cling to the lacquer, and for hours or days, cultures appear and disappear. One evening, while Nikuko played beneath her basket, two robbers approached her. Her shakuhachi was made from a single piece of bamboo without any joints, and, with the old narrow bore and wide stem, it was a strong instrument. Nikuko, swinging it this way and that, defeated them without missing a note. There are many silences in shakuhachi music, and life-within, life-without, each contains histories full of pathos, sweetness, violence and despair, lives clinging to the sounds, suspended.

Nikuko invented the syllabic script; Izanagi threw it away. Nikuko invented the wheel; Izanagi rolled it out of site. Nikuko gave fire to humans; Izanagi stole the flames. Nikuko invented clothing; Izanagi tore it into shreds. Then Nikuko invented all the kanji, a myriad of signs; Izanagi was overwhelmed. What can I do with them, he said, There are so many, they will prove useless to men. But men read and reread the kanji, memorizing each and every one, and out of the shapes of the signs arose the wheel, fire, and clothing. Only the syllabic script remained behind, nurtured in the lives of women, always a chance, in this or any other worlds, of subverting, replacing, the kanji. Thus was hiragana born, as a reminder that invention and memory can reside, not only in the signs themselves, but also in the spaces between them.

How the snail got its shell. Nikuko pared her toenails, and a slug, ever-fearful of death, crawled into one of the cuttings. Why the bamboo grows so straight. Of all the plants, the bamboo first avoided the cycles of rebirth by least inhabiting the world. Nikuko rewarded it by allowing it grow the fastest towards the heavens (i.e. a straight line is the shortest distance between two points). Why water flows downhill. Nikuko made the reflection of water one of the three gifts, in the form of a mirror. In order to reflect, water had to fill the land (i.e. flow downhill into hollows). How the torii originated. Nikuko instructed a prince to build a bridge that went everywhere and nowhere at once. Why birds fly. Nikuko needed messengers to Izanagi. Why men are taller than women. One day Nikuko was asked what the greatest blessing would be. To see beneath the surface of things, she replied. Why there are births and rebirths. Once Nikuko fell asleep, tired from the creation of beings and souls. She said to Izanagi, perhaps there are too many, or perhaps there are still not enough. Izanagi replied, let them find out for themselves. Why bees make honey. In order to chant the Amidah in the winter. Why men fight. One day Izanagi said to Nikuko, there are too many of them, and they take too long to die. Why flowers open in the summer. To hear the bees chant Amidah. Why the shamisen took so long to enter the floating world. It took that long to steal three strands of hair from Nikuko for the strings; that is why the shamisen plays music no one can resist (i.e. the strings tie up the man in knots).

One day Nikuko left Wa to see the worlds she had created. She traveled through Afghanistan and the outskirts of the Roman Empire, coming at last to Palestine. Here she walked towards the Galil, having heard of a new prophet, as prominent as Izanagi. She was disappointed; his voice was thin and his message all too familiar; he also spoke of a poverty of gods. One

day she rose in the morning to the sound of weeping; it was the prophet, Jesus, forlorn and weeping. I will lose my followers, he said to Nikuko, I have prayed over and over again for a miracle, and none is forthcoming. Nikuko said, I can help you; the trouble is that men can walk on water, and there is nothing to be done here. With that, she created drowning and forgetfulness; men no longer remembered the flowing of streams and rivers beneath their feet. When the prophet walked on water, it was he alone who did so; the rest, by diminution, worshiped him as the miraculous son of God.

Nikuko was resting at Dazaifu. Izanagi said, Nikuko, how many kami, beyond the eight or eighty million. There were kami everywhere, pouring from the stones, from the blades of grass, from the hills. There were kami gathered in the shrines, shadows swimming without a ripple, beneath the surface of the ponds. Nikuko replied, Sometimes it's not even me who's speaking, they're swarming within me, sometimes one or another speaks, their words escape me and new shrines are built, one even even made a world so fragile it destroyed itself. Izanagi replied, And I, Nikuko, what is within me. Nikuko replied, The blades of grass, the hills and pools here, worlds of inconceivable fragility. Suddenly Izanagi split open and the same world emerged and settled down, with Izanagi in it. This is the 'Enlightenment of Izanagi.'

Nikuko and Izanagi were at Kirishimayama, walking among the mountain paths. Izanagi said to Nikuko, Who will write your parables? Nikuko replied, It does not matter, there are none about how the Leopard got his spots. Are there no female Leopards, asked Izanagi. Yes, replied Nikuko, but the blemish clothed the male. Izanagi said, But who will write your parables? Nikuko said, There are not enough things in the world for parables. What would you have, Izanagi asked. More explanations, replied Nikuko, as if causes had effects, and effects had causes. So parables lie, said Izanagi, since they imply causes and effects tied together, as men and women are tied in procreation. Exactly, replied Nikuko, the binding of parables makes causes and effects, and out of these men and women thrive, and make culture. What they do then, asked Izanagi? Forget both of us after a while, replied Nikuko; and they continued on their way.

Izanagi and Nikuko walked through National Park Kirishima. It was a sunny day; like mothers, the divine mountains embraced them warmly. Let us stop for a refreshing drink, said Izanagi. Certainly, said Nikuko. They paid

500 yen each, which seemed reasonable. It is good to have a park at the base of Yamato, where this world began and gods descended and ascended, said Izanagi. Nikuko replied, It is even better that the base rotates and wobbles with the rest of the planet, sweeping the heavens above and the oceans below. Yes, replied Izanagi, we never know where our ascent will take us, but Yamato is friendly and grateful, and a good place to sit. Don't spill your drink, said Nikuko, this world has gravity.

What would happen if I were blind, Nikuko asked Izanagi. You can see perfectly, replied Izanagi. Of course I can, said Nikuko. And I have all my other senses as well. Do you think the gods have more senses than humans, asked Izanagi. Do you think we are gods, asked Nikuko. Humans have five senses, said Izanagi, and they are smell, taste, sight, hearing, and touch in that order. Why in that order, asked Nikuko. Because they must smell what they taste, although they are afraid of it, and what it might say to move them, answered Izanagi. We have eight senses, said Nikuko, because we can determine hot from cold, tall from short, high from deep, truth from falsehood, and soft from hard. That makes ten senses, said Izanagi, Ah, said Nikuko, but do we truly taste what we smell, are not both the most intimate form of touch for us? And as for blindness, added Nikuko, for me, sight is the least important sense of all; I walk and speak with eyes closed, talk without looking at my neighbor, and listen to the world in the silence of the night. Sight is overrated, said Izanagi; I haven't seen for years. Perhaps there's nothing to look at, replied Nikuko.

One day Izanagi and Nikuko were walking in the vicinity of Nara. They passed a market full of merchants from Honshu and Silla, busy with their wares. The clattering of soroban filled the air. When we count, said Nikuko, we use our fingers up to twelve. And after twelve, asked Izanagi. We count by shells to one-hundred-twenty, Nikuko replied. Thereafter to five-hundred-forty, we consider bamboo stalks, and after that, to roughly two-thousand, we use rice-plants, that their yield may be great. Izanagi asked again, and after two-thousand. There are lacquer boxes to four-thousand-three-hundred, Nikuko said, and after that, scrolls to ten-thousand, that we may properly observe the rites and rituals. After that, there is only the counting by numbers and words, that goes nowhere, and means nothing. There is a certain truth in that, said Izanagi. There are a number of bamboo stalks in them, replied Nikuko.

What did you do with the atoms, asked Nikuko, as they left Nara, heading south. Bad mistake, said Izanagi, there was a loophole, they'll destroy themselves. Not again, replied Nikuko, we should readjust the cycles of worlds; let them be born elsewhere, keeping the balance. Where do you imagine, said Izanagi, adding, perhaps in another universe altogether. Nikuko replied, Excellent, and if we leave gravity behind, they could just float around if the atoms misbehave. Atoms, said Izanagi, this time I want nothing but fluids; we could have two elements and a whole lot of information. About what, said Nikuko. About where everybody's been before, and where they'll be going, replied Izanagi. Then they might stay put, said Nikuko. No, said Izanagi, they'll come back, they always miss the little things in life.

Nikuko and Izanagi were walking near Lake Biwa. They were discussing the parables of Nikuko, which were also the parables of Izanagi. He said, They'll be known by your name, The Parables of Nikuko. She replied, Nothing in this world exists outside of the sign, or everything exists outside of the sign. If nothing exists outside, these parables will remain forever in human memory, but if everything exists outside, these parables will already have been forgotten. That is indeed a sentence, said Izanagi, or a sentencings. It is only two, said Nikuko, and that is already two too many. They continued walking around the shore.

Nikuko was wending her solitary way back to Dazaifu; she was tired, and the path was wet from the recent rains. She came across an old man hobbling along; he moved slowly, his face twisted with age. Suddenly she felt herself in the presence of an enlightened being. She asked him who he was, and discovered he was mute (i.e. he did not reply, either because he could not speak, or because he could not hear, or because he desired silence above all else). It was then that she realized he had most likely lost his mind, slowly withdrawing from the world by virtue of incapacity, which he had turned to good purpose by focusing on the perfection and evanescence of all things. She continued on her way, thinking that the emptier the mind, the greater the flow; by the side of the road, a granite boulder murmured Aum, and she was enlightened.

Nikuko met Death on the way from Yamaguchi to Kokura. On the way from Fukuoka Castle, Nikuko met Nichirin. Nikuko met the fisherwoman on the outskirts of Miyazaki. Down from Kamogami, Death met Nikuko on the road. In Kumamoto prefecture, Nikuko met three samurai near a well. Outside of

Oita, Death. Izanagi said to Nikuko, Almost everyone you meet is more interesting than Death. Nikuko said, Death comes to everyone. Nikuko said, Death is the unforeseen gift. Nikuko said, Death knows no class or race. Izanagi said to Nikuko, You're more boring than Death. Nikuko said, Death knows no boredom. Nikuko said, Death is the permanent disease. Izanagi replied, Stop that, this is absurd. Nikuko said, Death knows no stopping. Nikuko said, Death knows no locks. Izanagi said, From now on this will be known as the Joke of Nikuko. Nikuko laughed and said nothing.

Izanagi and Nikuko were walking south, passing by Udo-Jingu. They were lost in thought. Then Nikuko asked Izanagi, What, in this world, are you doing (i.e. in general). He replied, I am creating mirrors and mirrorings, moorings slipped from moorings, anchors from anchors, anchorages from anchorages. Nikuko said, Please, explain. Izanagi said, What may be launched and held in place, is released and brought to port; what is deemed to be the truth held in a mirror, is the mirror dropped on the path we are taking. The two of them were silent for a while. Then Izanagi said to Nikuko, And you, Nikuko, what are you doing? She replied, I am slipping from mirrors and mirrorings, creating moorings and anchors and anchorages; indeed, there are so many that one may sail and not yet sail, may see and not yet see. Izanagi said, Please, explain. Nikuko said, I have picked the mirror up from the path; it is dusty, and there is no reflection. They continued walking, now and then in silence.

Nikuko and Izanagi continued south. They approached an elderly man talking to his sister, and they stopped to listen. The man said, I remember when you were little, how we saw the world differently, spoke differently, how everything seemed so fresh and new. The woman replied, Why must we always remember; it hurts so, to have something so close, yet out of touch forever, just the tiniest sound we might have made years ago. Nikuko said to Izanagi, See, they are sad, having such memories; such is the fate of men and women. Izanagi replied, They're remembering nothing; they're making it up as they go along.

Nikuko and Izanagi were walking down from Aso-san near the Sanjo shrine, when they came to a gate in the road. It was of unusual construction, tall, almost like a torii. It was hinged and barred with an image of the sun in the center. Sun or moon, what's the difference, said Nikuko, this is a machine for capturing goryo, spirits of the dead; they cycle in and out of this world, flickering between the sun and moon. How does it work,

asked Izanagi. Nikuko replied, They mistake the sign for the thing itself - they expect space, but are confronted with iron. They walked around the gate, and continued down the steep road, the volcano fuming behind them.

\*i.e. the kanji for ma is a gate with a sun in the center; previously, a moon would do as well.

This occurred near Ise, precisely during the rebuilding of the shrine. Nikuko and Izanagi were walking as usual. They approached an old man with a huge and comical hat, wide-brimmed, of a peculiar shape. Now what, said Izanagi, smiling. Nikuko noted that the brim was very wide indeed, and the flap on the left held the Minister of the Right, while the flap on the right seemed to contain the Minister of the Left. Poor and deluded, said Izanagi. The old man looked up, and tilted his head slightly to the left. Whole trees fell down on the slopes and the ground rumbled beneath them. Then he looked at Izanagi, and tilted his head to the right. The mountain roared and great boulders crashed on the path all around them. Without saying a word, the old man slowly continued on his way. This time, it was Nikuko who was laughing, staring at the hat disappearing in the distance. He's on the brim, she laughed, he's on the brim.

Izanagi and Nikuko were crossing the famed Kintai bridge at Iwakuni. It was an early summer morning, and both were lightly clad. Izanagi asked Nikuko, have you ever lain in someone's arms, delirious with desire, all day and night, unable to sleep or eat. Nikuko was silent. Izanagi continued, In such states it is impossible to think; enlightenment seems a long way off. Nikuko was silent. Izanagi continued, Time seems to come to a halt, space collapses. Nikuko said, Once. Izanagi said, One lives in a half-dream, half-alive state. Nikuko said, Once I was like that, in the midst of making worlds; it was a mistake to create like that. Izanagi asked, What happened. Nikuko said, I made this world and its humans; that is why they are so much out of control, contaminated by the small spit that remains from their creation. Izanagi said, That is the way of fettered ghosts, half-covered in soot, half walking through mountains. They use electricity nowadays, said Nikuko, and the mountains disappear. We should have thought of that earlier, replied Izanagi. They continued on their way across the spans.

Izanagi and Nikuko were outside the Sanjusangen-Do, the great hall with 1001 Kannon. It was there that they met the counter of arrows. I will take

them back, arrange them in the proper order, he said. They are like the stars, always alone, always together. What is this about, asked Izanagi. The games that are played here, said Nikuko, the great shooting matches. And the counter of arrows, asked Izanagi. He is of no account, he has no bow, and this is his fair livelihood, said Nikuko. Ah, said Izanagi, let us do something for him, in order that the hall remain intact (i.e. the arrows were eating away at the beams). Nikuko replied, let him die, reborn a poet in another life. At that point in 1580, the counter of arrows fell to the ground, and at that point in 1644, Matsuo Basho was born. But the toshi-ya ceremony continued, and the beams became heavy with the strength of others, weak with the strength of their own.

This occurred somewhere in southern Wa. Nikuko and Izanagi came across a yamabushi (itinerant priest). The landscape disappeared; it was everywhere and nowhere at once. Izanagi's voice was heard, declaring itself a tree and boulder; and Nikuko's voice responded, declaring itself mountain and mountain-stream. Then everything was normal, just as it had been, except for the yamabushi, who disappeared in turn. It's either the yamabushi or everything, said Nikuko, one or the other, never both at once. Izanagi replied, The yamabushi was Death, who has no viewpoint; we move among worlds, our focus is tiny. At that moment Nikuko was enlightened; looking up, she saw the yamabushi walking away in the distance.

Nikuko was bound to the earth by a red cord. She sang  
I'm bound to the earth,  
The earth is my lover,  
The earth is my lover.

Nikuko was bound to the sky by a blue cord. She sang  
I'm bound to the sky,  
The sky is my lover,  
The sky is my lover.

Nikuko was bound all over, only her mouth moved. She sang  
Sky and earth,  
Earth and sky,  
I'm very safe,  
I'm very safe.

The cords said, look, we're writing worlds. They sang  
Yin and yang we're binding,  
Yang and yin we're binding.

Nikuko was bound all over, only her mouth moved.

Nikuko sang the song of the north.  
Then she sang the song of the south.  
Then she sang the song of the west.  
Then she sang the song of the west.  
This was in Nara.

Again in Kirishima,  
Nikuko sang the song of the north.  
Then she sang the song of the west.  
Then she sang the song of the west.  
Then she sang the song of the west.

Izanagi said to her, Something is missing here. Nikuko replied, Nothing is missing, either I am the east or nothing is the east, either I am the south or nothing is the south. Izanagi said, Nikuko, you'd better stop singing, if you eat up all the songs, there will be nowhere to go, and everyone will be in your way. From that moment on, Nikuko sang all four songs over and over again until there were many norths, many souths, many wests, and many easts (i.e. each to her own). Later she said, Now everyone is lost and no one will find their way back. Izanagi replied, You have just created death, Nikuko. They continued on their journey (i.e. no one knows their destination).

They were walking near Kokura. Who will listen to us, said Nikuko, and how will they listen. Izanagi replied, by the sound of the breeze and whispers in dreams. Nikuko said, That is absurd, only what the poets say. Izanagi thought for a moment and asked, Do you have a better idea. They'll go the crazier for it, said Nikuko, no one will believe them, better to talk just like they do, out loud with as much noise as possible, when they're awake and the air is still. We can't let them miss a thing, laughed Izanagi, we're so important. What did you say, said Nikuko. They boarded the ferry to Nagato, still talking away.

Nikuko and Izanagi were walking. They passed a man with his hands tied behind his back, writhing on the ground, his eyes gouged out. They walked by a burning village. They went on, passing a woman raped with a stick, bleeding from the vagina, her stomach torn open. They passed a baby flung against a rock, brains oozing from the skull. They passed a group of soldiers decapitated, a man with his arms and legs cut off, penis stuffed in his mouth. They passed a woman with her breasts cut off. They continued on. They passed two families slaughtered and thrown into an open grave. They passed a woman with her eyes stitched open, tied to a pole, facing

the sun. They passed a half-eaten child. They passed a woman hacked to small pieces, and another man hacked, his torso and head still alive. They passed a small girl with her tongue torn out. They continued down the path past children killed before their parents' eyes, wives raped before their husbands, husbands murdered before their wives. They passed blinded prisoners groping in the light. They passed children buried alive. They passed an old man with his feet blown off, crying for help in the dust. They passed a village burned to the ground. They continued by prisoners tied tight with barbed wire, men hung from trees, drowned women, animals cut open. They walked by a slaughtered village. They walked by a man on fire, naked and castrated. They walked by a girl battered and raped. They walked by a family hacked to pieces. They continued on their way.

Izanagi and Nikuko were outside Lake Biwa, near the northern shore. They passed by a grove of bamboo surrounding a stone, the whole delimited by a shimenawa (i.e. rope, zig-zag paper, and cloth marking a sacred object or area). The shimenawa was frayed, and appeared to extend for an enormous distance; indeed, it circled the grove. Who is responsible for this, asked Nikuko, it would take a man all year to keep it in good repair. They began to walk the length, heading into the foothills as dusk fell. Before long, they came across an ancient bamboo hut. A fire burned within, and a man came out to greet them. He was carrying a magatama (i.e. curved jewel) and a mirror. Where are we, asked Izanagi, we seem to have lost the path. The man replied, You are always on the outside. Nikuko turned to Izanagi and said, For the first time in my life I am afraid. At that moment, the shimenawa disappeared, and the man returned to his hut. We are chanting ourselves, said Nikuko, and they rested in the grove until dawn.

Nikuko passed a man and a woman who had received a message from the spirit realm; she turned them into two sand cones, that the message be dispersed among the worlds. Izanagi passed three sand-cranes fighting among themselves for food scabbled upon the beach; he turned them into three logs for the festival, that they slide down steep slopes, crushing men beneath them. Nikuko and Izanagi watched two children grow and marry, and two more children appear as a result; they transformed the parents into two large wooden balls, that men may fight over them, carrying them together at the festival. Nikuko transformed a tree which had outlasted Yamato into a tower, precarious-leaning and never-falling; Izanagi transformed the eye of a morbid dragon into Lake Biwa. It was from the reflection of a shell that Nikuko created the sky, and from the creature within, that Izanagi created the breathing of the earth. From Nikuko, Izanagi made Nikuko, and

from Izanagi, Nikuko made Izanagi; at the festival there are two sand cones in commemoration.

Izanagi and Nikuko created many worlds. They were walking near Hakata, where the Hakozaki shrine descended to the sea; there were several torii along the way. Together they watched the flight of a bird, circling the shore, as if searching for land. It flew repeatedly between the pillars of the torii, and seemed exhausted. Nikuko said, Look, it sees no land, even though it is of the land, and a hard thing, made of the land. The bird continued circling, growing weaker, and then headed out to sea. Izanagi replied, It is breaking away, thinking of water, it doesn't realize that water is nothing at all, taking the shape of the land. He added, The bird sees its reflection in the state of the water, just as everyone does. What is water, then, asked Nikuko. Izanagi answered, It is surely the form of all things, before worlds, it came to be their form, following equally the lay of mountains and valleys, and the flight of birds. No one can tell the future, replied Nikuko. At that moment, a disturbance swept across the face of the water, and a sound was heard, the beating of invisible wings.

No one will remember us, said Nikuko. Izanagi replied, There's always the myths of origin, and Nikuko replied, that's good for you. But, and Izanagi said, there's the other one, Izanami, what we made together, and Nikuko said, I never heard of Izanami, and Izanagi said, she's recorded, and Nikuko replied, perhaps I will take her name, in this and all other worlds, and Izanagi said, that is what we will do, we will be known together from the very beginning, when we were naming and touching each other said Izanami, and Izanagi replied, we will be turning, and here, and there are the pages, we will be confused, replied Izanami, such is the making of worlds, said Izanagi and Izanami, I will leave you now. They continued walking in the direction of Satsuma, in the direction of Izumo, in the direction of Ise, in the direction of Hyuga they continued on their way.

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Talker

Give me a name: Nikuko New user... Welcome Nikuko... You're a USER

Room: Portal You are all alone here. Access is fixed to PUBLIC and there are 5 messages on the board. No topic has been set yet. Hello here! What

shall I do? Hello hello! You exclaim: Hello here! What shall I do? Hello hello! Someone must be my very friend! Is my very friend here! You exclaim: Someone must be my very friend! Is my very friend here! I shall go to Jennifer! You exclaim: I shall go to Jennifer! .g Jennifer

Room: Jennifer Jennifer room of landscapes and couplings, you come together with the other, you come towards the other, you link to the other, you begin your speaking, you begin your unspeakable... You are all alone here. Access is set to PUBLIC and there are 0 messages on the board. No topic has been set yet. Hello I am here in Jennifer! You exclaim: Hello I am here in Jennifer! Jennifer, I crawl through your throat! You exclaim: Jennifer, I crawl through your throat! Now I will come out the mouth of Jennifer! You exclaim: Now I will come out the mouth of Jennifer! .e dangles from the Mouth of Jennifer! Nikuko dangles from the Mouth of Jennifer! .e kisses Jennifer from way Inside! Nikuko kisses Jennifer from way Inside! Bye Jennifer! You exclaim: Bye Jennifer! .echo Jennifer says Goodbye! Jennifer says Goodbye! .echo You are so good inside me, Nikuko! You are so good inside me, Nikuko! .echo Jennifer exclaims: I love you madly! Jennifer exclaims: I love you madly! Bye! You exclaim: Bye!

.wet Jennifer .wet Nikuko .echo you're breathless, Nikuko, .echo you're breathless Jennifer, .echo, moves faster than the speed of light, .echo, you're beautiful in your panties, Jennifer, .echo you're more beautiful in your panties, Nikuko, .echo, we're leaving now, .echo, I can't hold my breath any longer, .echo I love you madly madly!, .echo I love you more!

=====

t3

nikuko .read e .w .desc nikuko bargirl-demiurge .w .map .g jennifer .rew .rev .g portal .g julu .rev .g portal .rev .rev .l .g attic .rev .g portal .g office .rev .read .write thank you for leaving them jennifer .g portal .g classroom .rev .g portal .g collaboratorium .g portal .g portal .rev My name is nikuko; I'm forlorn. I can't do anything here in the portal. I can't leave the portal, I can't return to the portal. "The Portal is my Enemy." I'm tired of roaming these halls. I'm back in the portal. I'm back in the Portal. I can't say anything through my hands; labor eats away my hands; I hunger for your hands; my mouth speaks through my hands; my mouth carries the sweat of my blood; blood spurts from my hands; I carry your signs upon me; jennifer! jennifer! .l .g hall .rev .g portal .g portal .g one .g jennifer .g portal .rev .rev nikuko bargirl-demiurge .g

=====

## Burning Skull

Burning Skull  
Body Ashes  
Severed Limbs  
Drowning Blood  
Sheaves of Swords  
Shafts of Glittered Knives

There are troubles in words, I call our bodies together, my limbs are severed, Nikuko drinks blood from my skull. I will survive in non-survival. Hello, old friend, my flesh is worthless, Nikuko save me, do not save me. I will unravel the knot of existence; I will live through sickness, die through health; oh Nikuko, help me escape with the liberation of all creatures great and small! Um ma am um!

Burning Skull  
Body Ashes  
Severed Limbs  
Drowning Blood  
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There are troubles in words, I call our bodies together, my limbs are severed, Nikuko drinks blood from my skull. I will survive in non-survival. Hello, old friend, my flesh is worthless, Nikuko save me, do not save me. I will unravel the knot of existence; I will live through sickness, die through health; oh Nikuko, help me escape with the liberation of all creatures great and small! Um ma am um! Hello, Nikuko, this is Julu. You cannot imagine; I am one of your dreamers, caught in the skein of worlds. Every loss loosens the vault of heavens; every illness screams my name into voids. Bodhisattva, help me. Nikuko, destroy me, liberate me, starve me until my clothes fall into chasms, my skin floats free in unspeakable skies. Hello old friend, said Nikuko in the Julu run-time program. It's been a long time. I don't sleep too well at night; I'm always troubled by dreams. The worlds I have created - they haunt me. Samsara and repetition bedevil my creations. I hurry on to another. I never stay, never write a book until the end. Um ma am um!

Burning Skull  
Body Ashes  
Severed Limbs  
Drowning Blood  
Sheaves of Swords  
Shafts of Glittered Knives

to say that i am in nirvana is to say that i am not in nirvana. to say that i am not in nirvana is to say that i am in nirvana and i have escaped from samsaras. i am in nirvana and i have escaped from samsaras. i have not escaped from samsaras. i have not escaped from samsara. i nikuko recognize the emptiness of all things. i nikuko do not recognize the emptiness of all things; i recognize nothing; i am capable of recognizing nothing; i am capable of only recognizing nothing. i alan do not recognize things and i recognize the convention of things. i recognize the convention of the non-recognition of things and of the non-recognition of all things. i recognize the convention of the non-recognition of things and of the non-recognition of all things. who would say that i am in nirvana, who would say that i am alan, who would say that i am nikuko, who would say that i am alan, who would say that i am nikuko. who would say that she is not in nirvana, who would say that he is not in nirvana. no one ever escapes from nirvana; who would say that nikuko is in samsara or alan is in samsara. who would say that he or she escapes.

=====

stupid time goes nowhere & we think we just live in this stupid time & time is just stupid & we just go yesterday today tomorrow & we think we have it covered

today&is&the&tomorrow&of&yesterday&today&is&the&yesterday&of&tomorrow&tomorrow&is&the&day&after&today&yesterday&is&the&day&before&today&today&is&the&day&after&yesterday&today&is&the&day&before&tomorrow&tomorrow&today&will&be&yesterday&yesterday&today&will&be&tomorrow&yesterday&tomorrow&will&be&the&day&after&today&tomorrow&yesterday&will&be&the&day&before&today&

more stuff like this & it is so stupid

=====

Phenomenology of the Other

Even now, I cannot speak for the Other, said Nikuko. The Other has her chains around me; they are of my own manufacture, not in the sense of hand-work, but of factory-labor, theoretical machinery refusing permission to the nth degree.

The chains are fiery and adamant; I hold my wasted arms within them, un-

daring to touch the heated metal. The Other, by the very fact of her existence, holds me enthralled, holds me in thrall. I am immobilized. Alan says, spell that out; Nikuko replies, it is the Other who spells, casts spells, the caste of the Other whom I do not understand, whom I dare not comprehend, whom I cannot comprehend.

She will open up gates and filters to me, routers and firewalls to me; she will throw everything in my direction, to the extent that I am thrown into existence, into her existence, out of existence. She is writing this - if I have anything to say, it is that the Other is writing this, that I am an Other, that she is external, that I am supplicant. Alan says so she writes you into existence, Nikuko, and Nikuko replies, no, it is not like that, Alan, I am primordial, pre-existent; when I die, the world dies with me.

But she is writing this, yes, she is writing this, without my permission, Alan, and she has opened all firewalls and all fields, and I will call her, will call the Other, Bodhisattva, but not in her regard, not in the regard of the Other, Alan. Not in the look, Nikuko, Alan replied, not in the gaze of the Other, Nikuko, and Nikuko replies, I can wait, I can always wait.

Wa wa wa.

Note: Why Bodhisattva? Who has declared in this manner, and to whom? It is a disturbing move, as is the "primordial." Is opening an arousal? Is the Other always already a lure as such? Is the Other always open? What does it mean, not to recognize firewalls? Surely prisons are stronger than any thought; in the United States, their privatization turns thought into mass-substance, and the country into a complex of concentration camps. Bodhisattvas seem distant, in terms of compassion and spirituality. Nikuko and Alan, of course, are talking otherwise: Nikuko and Alan are still permitted to talk.

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The Ideogrammar

Ikukonay ashay ittenwray andway allenfay intoway isthay apray ofway  
okenbray or dsway andway exhaustionsway oughthray iddlemay-ountrycay  
athspay, ooklay orfay e rhay iddlemay-ountrycay aysway

::: Write wrists through my ! ::: proclamation with ideogrammar ::: I



but had:everything about skin when you let him in; he didn't know nudity,  
but had your falls pirouetting; you can grab his stick; he's quite  
forsaken; you taught him is across my boulders pirouetting; you can grab  
his stick; he's quite forsaken; you taught him the:whirl your legs,  
nikuko; whirl them in the drain - a very hollow:legs:something like  
synchronized swimming; you can stick them out so that:doctor's furry stick  
will find you bare and slick. turn them, these:: you cloud his stick;  
he's quite forsaken; you taught him is above my births his stick; he's  
quite forsaken; you taught him the:whirl your legs, nikuko; whirl them in  
the drain - a very hollow:legs:something like synchronized swimming; you  
can stick them out so that:doctor's furry stick will find you bare and  
slick. turn them, these::forsaken; you taught him is across my boulders  
pirouetting; you can grab Write legs his stick; he's quite forsaken; you  
taught him through my the:whirl your legs, nikuko; whirl them in a very  
hollow drain

=====

nikuko dancing for konninger

nikuko whirls; i pay; nikuko cuts me; master dancer shuttles between niku-  
ko and myself. master dancer weaves a dance just like that; for he is mas-  
ter dancer. nikuko whirls and enthralls me. silver shuttles hands; i am  
draining, nikuko filled. master dancer touches us with silver.:master dan-  
cer strokes me; strokes nikuko. silver passes from me to master dancer.  
silver passes from master dancer to nikuko. nikuko cuts me; nikuko dances  
for me; i pay nikuko. every pirouette is cut into me. master dancer steps  
over both of us. nikuko dances; silver changes hands; nikuko whirls; silv-  
er is going on. master dancer says it's going on.:silver:silver:silver  
:silver::legs bare, skirt up: incision with ideogrammar

=====

=== === === === === === === === === === === === === ===  
write=sex=upon=the=bones=or=shards,=it's=the=best=way=to=scrawl=things=  
disappearing=in=their=making;=you've=got=to=read=among=the=scratches=  
while=skin=heals=or=shards=crumble=or=carry=hardly=anything,="Panep=  
fucked=Tuy=and=she=didn't=want=to"  
=== === === === === === === === === === === === === ===  
"put=your=hair=on=and=let's=fuck"=broken=works=and=shards;=you've=got=to=  
break=thick=edges=and=read=across=the=jagged;=it's=there,=words=are=  
disappearing=in=their=making;=

=====  
you've=got=to=read=among=the=scratches=while:write=sex=upon=the=bones=or=  
shards,=it's=the=best=way=to=scrawl=things::"put=your=hair=on=and=let's=  
fuck"=broken=works=and=shards;=you've=got=to:write=sex=upon=the=bones=or=  
shards,=it's=the=best=way=to=scrawl=things=  
=====  
it's=there,=words=are:=holograph=with=ideogrammar=  
=====  
=====

slant////stick

I////forget////where////I////put////all////those////things,  
"said////Nikuko,"////they've////got////to////be////around////here  
somewhere.////I've////already////counted////them,////"said  
Jennifer,"////and////sometimes////I////want////to////be////able  
to////just////forget////about////the////world.////Things////are////a  
tallying////of////numbers,////"said////Nikuko////after////a////  
while,"////slant////sticks////both////countable////and////  
unaccountable.////It's////a////question////of////instances,////  
"Jennifer////replied,"////the////protocols////and////rules  
governing////the////world,////configurations////and  
armatures,////articulations.////Where////are////those  
sticks,////"said////Jennifer,"////they////seem////to////be  
around////here////somewhere.

=====

dance

dance and move apart, reflected in terminal screens, sewing lovely warm  
possession or not. om dance. om extol. one who has sunken eyes ! one has  
them. there are no right-thinking adults. a dancer once said to me, en-  
couraged in one of her dance classes. thin bodies collapse the graders and  
bodies of dancers. one or another makes good impressions in nijinska who  
dances in the diaghilev ballet. "the classical dancer turns out the entire  
body, opening from the heart the lower body, to dance only with the legs.  
turning out solely from the the dancer's physical prowess is not a sexual  
attack... actually, de deux is always done alone, the dancer reaching deep  
inside hirsself to watching the troupe on-stage. i feel a rush when one

dancer lifts another, that no one alive today saw nijinsky dance, and the point isn't the theater, painting, they come into play in sculpture, in dance. they come fell asleep angry. she danced the rock and roll. her little brother got a slow dance of chora and control."

i'll wear a skirt-o, dance and prance-o? who's to know-o, o o o o, maybe dance across the glass-o me! my mouth-o opens and closes with delight-o dropped into the eyesockets of the dead: play morris-dance across my cosmic dance of energy and matter which had absolutely no meaning, came out i went from just a program in a senseless dance of atoms to a melded framing. you can stepdance indefinitely one against the other, love and hatred in the human heart. but i can't dance in a bar - and i think of the dance as a whirl without consent, like the body burning, on prosthetics, glasses, tampax, nothing encumbering, the dance opens up as extension or an afterthought - the world is the afterthought of the dance.

one can imagine a state like that of a dancer whose weight loss may be troubling, depth, solitude of one's dark night of the dance of souls.

the two of them danced together, clawed together, frisson, tremble! made rise! you'd see a perfect dance!

so a word dance pulled at the skein of mind. and so it behooves us to release. the dance into the evening, hoping against hope, and who is this we that we shall dance and we shall dance with the usual strokes. the stars are certain to keep their counts, poor troupe, hardly suitable for your entertainment, and we dance from, doing that long slow dance, that theory theory dance out in thundering skies. i want to go to your dance with all you. i want your party now. party-club-dance. so listen party-club-dance in the pretty-party-dress!

"dream-states have as their function the avoidance of displeasure." but woman. but i am despairing to remain alive, dance through you, i would rise, florence walton, and many other famous dancers. some people maintain that these new dances are improper and immoral. to prove their contention they point to the fact that these new dances have dances i will say that are just as proper—in fact, some of them are dancers; so it can readily be seen that it is not the fault of the dance, but of the dancer.

nikuko: dance your stupid dance, i'll come out of the cave, grab you, and dance above the birds, then there will be a dance which will be slow and filled with absence. o julu, no one is coming in the dance of spirits, slow dance, then there will be a dance which will be slow and filled with absence, the distant flute and no one is coming in the dance of spirits, slow dance.

the comedian makes people laugh. the dancer dances. the prostitute disagrees with everyone, she knows it. new clar dances around, the great codon and the dance of kings and queens - this is the dance of kings and queens to be solemnly spoken as significant - it be spoken or sung, how may it be written. we who dance the dance of magic and atmosphere, interpreting the dance of kings and queens, and the dance is a royal dance, carried out in slow and delicate measure. when you lift your leg everyone has a look.

(alan) here's the stage and nikuko looks so beautiful, about to dance the most important dance of her life. sure enough, god is in the audience, in the money, god's there, front row center. nikuko's beginning her dance. you, please save me, look, i'll dance the grand battement perfect for you, i'll dance for you naked, i'll dance for you with tutu and slippers, i'll dance with god himself, you'll be my god, ambassador, you with me and you'll live in a fine house with me and dance and drink, and we are very happy, i am nikuko, i am a ballet dancer. i wear a lovely tutu and i love to raise mine for the evening, doctor. i will dance for you and no one else.

the ballet dancer and her naked pirouettes. nikuko is stunning in a lavender tutu and "last night i dreamed of famous russian ballet dancer nikuko still slowly" said doctor leopold konniger; nikuko, the "famous russian ballet dancer."

devolution of nikuko, the beautiful russian ballet dancer, who continues russian ballet dancer pirouetting, why do you leave me lusting like a ballet dancer and we can hardly wait to see it. as long as nikuko remains the beautiful russian ballet dancer, produced in living flesh, fucking cut into the dance, the dance stuttered, shaved. i want the dance to go. there were some people over there who had a dance. some other people came to it in her net. she brought it back. some men at the dance tried to take on the part of "the famous russian ballet dancer and her doctor."

they will, appear on screen, they might do a dance or two or a trick or should be seen in blackness. i'd imagine the dance and videos until there is a speaking in the space, or murmuring, of dancers and doctors - the video screen in which nikuko dances: it is the past. there is the dance of phonemics - as long as i can dance, i can dance with you, as long as i can live, i'm the best dancer ever! if you don't like me, you don't like dance!

harmony just as if the world is so beauty born and you will dance that perfect dance and long filigrees will ascend across the heavens, with no face and no eyes. faceless and eyeless, this deity is the origin of song and dance. he is language thick within him. he is masked, bound; he dances through iron, nervous legs. "go into the middle. freak and dance

the fiddle." "julu, shall you go with me, dance beneath the maple tree?"

noh plays atsumori and matsukaze in terms of solo dance, certain wisdom in clara noh:was wisdom. dance or ordinary, an ordinary in nikuko whirls. beyond which the dance ends, the tables are pushed back against words across the screen, caressing dark visions, empty space. she dances with ferdinand, she told me, perfection. they live together, he can lean back almost to the floor, oblivious of audience and dance that he cannot touch.

his fingers dance on the keys as if they were the dances and there were the monoprints and the photographs and every part danced deliberately although not slowly and not smoothly. beyond which the dance ends, the tables are pushed back with a blur - even this afternoon, i stunned a dancer with my charming dancers, dancing cheek to cheek. i dance because i've known you long. this was later, now it was wisdom-dance or ordinary, an ordinary in which we become once more.

there is no void, interior nor exterior, there is not avoidance. that familiar voice made space the dancers worked in.

=====

1397 - the beginning of writing

we are writing streams and we are streaming and no streams

we are of the written and we are of the no no written

for they will be alive, and they will be alive, and there will be neither imminence nor writing in that space, there will be no no wander and no no unwriting and no no unjulu and no no julu, there will be no no nikuko and no no unnikuko and there will be no and

there i will live and write you, nikuko, there i will live and write you, julu, there is pain in the spaces about me, clean me from capital, i will not cry in the spaces about me, i will not cry for the small and ruined things, there will be no no unsmall unruined things

i dream of a space unbound by capital, there i will place julu and nikuko,

a space with boundaries weakened and blurred, a vulnerable and haunted  
space, a clearing unbound by incision and grid

and no julu and no no julu  
and no unjulu and no no unjulu  
and no no unjulu and no unjulu  
and no nikuko and no no nikuko  
and no unnikuko and no no unnikuko  
and no no unnikuko and no unnikuko

=====

belief

:"You must really believe in writing," said Nikuko, "to continue in this  
almost linear manner, texts with perforations and tendrils. In the future  
none of this will survive. Don't you think you're doing nothing but writ-  
ing your own epitaph?"::"If there is life, there is inscription," Alan  
replied. "These texts are world, enclosed and comforted by their presence  
and dissemination. Enter them, and you enter me. Return to them; your mind  
is always already elsewhere." ::"dissemination" said Alan The chorus spoke.  
"They are incisions within the sememe, exposing the interior. They are not  
the belief in writing, but the writing itself, which inscribes belief."

"your space replete fecundity" said the chorus "is on my summits"  
"prolongation" said Nikuko

=====

dance / archive :: archive / dance  
or heading towards new-form  
or the participation of the player  
or the dancer entombed  
or the surgical removal of the jumping legs  
or the permanency of movement quelled  
or proceed at your own pace  
or the microtome of vestigial movement  
or the moment of the pirouette

it is the dance heading towards the archive, the archive shuddered by the

dance, curtailment, that our work tends towards - Foofwa d'Imobilite, Azure Carter, Alan Sondheim - this flicking among flics among flicks - an order of presuppositions against broken movements, an intersection cauterized on the landscape-image of the cdrom::

to dance the archive/\ archive the dance: subaltern forms  
shifting screens as / \ a consequence of broken frames  
it is at the inter-/ \-secting of the two: the lozenge  
it is at the inter-\ /-secting of the two: the lozenge  
shifting screens as \ / a consequence of broken frames  
to dance the archive/\ archive the dance: subaltern forms

dance \ archive :: archive \ dance

as in :: paper negatives :: frame-by-frame preservation  
archive as architectonic, chthonic :: primordial  
primordial dance as architectonic or relapse ::

||f|r|a|m|e|-|s|h|u(etc.)ffling|| :: matrix-deconstruction

archive of body-elements, collectivities, gatherings  
(incompletion of any collection)

"this work exists on the boundary between archive and dance, their intersection," said Nikuko, "where the land is parceled in primordial ritual reconstituting the re/creation of each and every object, thing, and organism." "this work is the encoding of a biological feat."

1 BAR.AN-donkey, 1 garden, and 1 house in Akkad, it's Lugalumuk's.  
well, it's some sort of donkey. with a quiet heart, a quiet house,  
with a quiet garden, with a quiet silver, with quiet gold, quiet  
azurite, with quiet wood, with the silence of animals, with the  
dance of animals

"I will archive your dance, archive the words of your love; I will hold you to the polished grain, I will hold you to the quiet garden" (what we have said in the garden).

it is difficult to read this, to dance this, seized by iremu casting their spell, seized by ecstasy, seized by closure in the archive: "Then she explodes. Her arms fall off, her head rolls to the ground, smoke pours from her body. She was a doll, an automaton. There has been all this machinery surrounding prima donnas, and now-this performance where the prima donna herself becomes a machine. The prima donna is a phantom presence, whose body is expressed only by voice, whose existence is created only by voice:

the new Eve, she is the place of illusion." (Catherine Clement, Opera, or the Undoing of Women.)

=====

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko: Cool, there are times I hunger to see you. But to begin, a  
Nikuko: discourse, on exile. Mountains, shrines, Nakasukawabata,  
Nikuko: continue to haunt me. I am bound by the name. Streams. What is  
Nikuko: the moment of meditation. Lasting, until the body bends.  
Nikuko: Double-clapping; there are so many gods they forget my face.  
Nikuko: Or the dancing, gestures, movement of the double balls at the  
Nikuko: matsuri. There are lines and threads across this earth,  
Nikuko: forgotten. Demarcations of areas, bounded, which empty me  
Nikuko: internally. What is not lost, moment of a vast gone world. The  
Nikuko: gods gather in great whirlwinds; they approach a coast and are  
Nikuko: turned back. They live with the turning. They gather at the  
Nikuko: boundary and look across. They see whatever may be absent but  
Nikuko: it is beyond their reach; they have no arms and legs and their  
Nikuko: voices do not carry them farther. Vast cataclysms of orange  
Nikuko: energy sweep from their hungry faces. They speak unknown  
Nikuko: languages and even I do not know their languages. I did not  
Nikuko: know nor ask why they are gods. Now there are questions framed  
Nikuko: by the whirlwind and the boundary. The sky here has no energy.  
Nikuko: Or rather is all energy, parceled by lines determined by a  
Nikuko: metric space. It is spectral blue. Sometimes at night arms and  
Nikuko: legs of kami push out through my skin, distort me. Painful  
Nikuko: partial births; in the morning I look and see nothing  
Nikuko: emerges. I would turn and turn and wind the thread. I stare  
Nikuko: into a space I can only see as schizophrenic. I would divide  
Nikuko: and turn into an other traveler. She would come with me, arms  
Nikuko: and legs in arms and legs, her head in my head, her womb in  
Nikuko: mine, body and body, mind and mind. At night she seems real.  
Nikuko: The gods gather and look around but they can't see that  
Nikuko: far. There are mists and whirlpools, enormous storms at the  
Nikuko: boundary. Whatever they murmur, truth and magic, I cannot hear  
Nikuko: clearly. I speak and speak and nothing happens. That is the  
Nikuko: truth of exile - the speaking, nothing happens.

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko: Everywhere that I will be, there I will listen to you, O

Nikuko: Gods. Always the texts to be read, forwards and backwards.  
Nikuko: Always the application of formula. The words pour over me. I  
Nikuko: will always belong to the beginnings of hermeneutics; I am  
Nikuko: always exiled from speech, from language. Interpretation is  
Nikuko: exile's result. Once I did rend myself by the waters of  
Nikuko: Babylon; now it is the rivers through Fukuoka that gather my  
Nikuko: tears. I am always already at a loss; it is the loss of the  
Nikuko: world, the dull lid of the night collapsed and soldered hard  
Nikuko: to the exigencies of the real. This hard earth, here, does not  
Nikuko: support me. Memory cannot move among the truth of threads  
Nikuko: connecting one to another. Not every space has a home. There  
Nikuko: are spaces that cry, spaces that weep, spaces that mourn. My  
Nikuko: spaces mourn; I listen to my spaces crying and weeping. I  
Nikuko: repeat the texts, magic. The formula are useless, gods  
Nikuko: suspended in the whirlwind. Every line spoken, here, for  
Nikuko: you. I can't understand your replies. Give me a ticket to  
Nikuko: Kyushu. I will fill my belly and give birth to many dolls.  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko: Ein Zeichen sind wir, deutungslos  
Nikuko: Schmerzlos sind wir und haben fast  
Nikuko: Die Sprache in der Fremde verloren.  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko: Now I am very tired and I will put my sleepy head on this very  
Nikuko: nice pillow, so downy and comforting, and I will play pleasing  
Nikuko: music and my lights are very low. And I can hardly hear the  
Nikuko: traffic outside, there is the sound of shrine bells somewhere  
Nikuko: in the distance, and I wake up, and there is the sound of  
Nikuko: traffic outside and there are church bells disturbing my tiny  
Nikuko: sleep, and I wake up, and there is the sound of traffic and  
Nikuko: the sound of a muezzin chanting. My lovely sleepy head is so  
Nikuko: very restless, it is the head of a refugee, it moves from soft  
Nikuko: place to soft place and I am so glad it is not a war but the  
Nikuko: sound of temple bells, and I will have a wonderful place to  
Nikuko: sleep tonight, and I wake up, and I am so snuggly warm, and I  
Nikuko: love your language, and I fall back asleep "for just another  
Nikuko: minute."  
Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko: I am a picture and a frame which is the picture, and now I am  
Nikuko: another picture and another frame; this is a film story of my  
Nikuko: life and I am another picture. I speak here and then  
Nikuko: I speak here and you can follow me speaking through time after  
Nikuko: time but I am to be your shadow in this speaking. And now I  
Nikuko: will tell you as well I am a shadow and you see my projection  
Nikuko: and your project. And now you will understand that there is a  
Nikuko: voice behind me and a voice beneath me; that there is a woman  
Nikuko: behind me and a woman beneath me; that there is a frame behind  
Nikuko: me and a frame beneath me. And this is the frame which is the  
Nikuko: film and you will have this film while "I am not those among  
Nikuko: them who are there to be counted," nor am I "one of those who  
Nikuko: shall remain unaccounted," nor further, "one of those who  
Nikuko: remain unaccounted for," you will have this in order, as I am  
Nikuko: a picture and a frame and now I am saying this and now I am  
Nikuko: saying this. For "I shall remain unaccountable," and "a  
Nikuko: presence in your midst," and "you shall not hear the voice of  
Nikuko: the prophet," and "there is a gift of the letters."

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko:

Nikuko: Cool, all that has been named, plagiarized, I'll speak through  
Nikuko: yet another one, you might know her name, I'll keep it silent  
Nikuko: like the bell is silent in the whirlwind. O Gods, recompense  
Nikuko: in silence, your clatter, furious, hard put against the sea.  
Nikuko: What is wine-dark, dark as well with blood, horse waves broken  
Nikuko: against wood pegged into wood, shrines speared into red-brown  
Nikuko: earth. What would be a spell, catenary bent into born words,  
Nikuko: formula, you crawl upon me, your claws into me, your teeth  
Nikuko: into me, your nails, your bright bright eyes. Turn me towards  
Nikuko: your scales, return me back to birth where bone are found.  
Nikuko: Cool, that names are found. From my wounds, threads. From the  
Nikuko: threads, symbols, kanji, spaces burned with numbers. What has  
Nikuko: been told to you from my eternal death. You would know fire,  
Nikuko: tornado; you would know furious avalanche, violence of the  
Nikuko: wind. Bead-worlds strung on wound-threads, many thousand  
Nikuko: thousand year. Earths moan for me; planets pray for me; worlds  
Nikuko: stitch and open wounds. I am your maw, slashed upon sword; you

Nikuko: dance your stupid dance, I'll come out of the cave, grab you,  
Nikuko: you'll have sun again. "Tell me where I am, corpse." I can't  
Nikuko: speak without screaming songs.  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:  
Nikuko:

=====

### Crying of Wolf

Nikuko cried wolf when she yammered about being dismembered. Alan cried wolf when he cried and scratched himself over deep depression. Jennifer cried wolf over virginity and Julu cried wolf over Nikuko. Nikuko cried wolf over murder and mayhem. Alan and Jennifer cried wolf over the spilling of blood. Over and over again, the quartet cried wolf over rape and wound, death and annihilation, destruction and castration, the cutting-off of limbs, scraping-out of eyes, tearing-off of ears and tongues.

Nothing happened to the quartet as they cried wolf over and over again. Then one day...

=====

Folg mich! Nikuko is my shtik! Emmis! I wanna shtup her all the time, she says I'm a piece of drek, the gonif. Shush, she'll here you, I don't care, I'm a chosid. Whatta life! It's a meshugeneh velt! I tell you, maybe she'll want me! Efsher! Ei! Ei! Right now, it's kaddish for the lot of them! She wants Jennifer, can you imagine them stuppung? Jennifer's such a klotz! I tell you. Lookit her, screaming Shveig! across the room. Nikuko's tsitskehs are beautiful, Vai iz mir! Jennifer's yelling, S'art mich vi di vant! Mameh's had it right from the beginning. I'm thinking Nikuko's pirgeh, her loch, right in my face! Jennifer, stop with your Zeit gezunt! If you're leaving, leave! Don't be so narish, okay? Zol zein azoy! It's my shtik, my piece, and I'm sticking to it! Nikuko calls me an alter kucker: I love it! Emmis, I'm on the level! Emmis - Nikuko on the shtik! Loch in kop!

=====

Whazzis? I can't believe I'm not response to! Shnorrers all of you, I've got what you want! Nar ainer! You think this is some sort of shtik? You should see what I've got left over! So much shmaltz! Food for the taking, so what if it's traif! I don't hear from you, I don't hear from Tateh, no one comes calling! I gotta speak english to be understood? Vershet? Zeh nor, zeh nor! I haven't got all day! Opgeflickt! It's over, it's over! Too much shmuts! Whazzis, lessgo Nikuko, we're outta here!

=====

brief note

from Nikuko - "I can drive the voices out of my head temporarily by asking them to shut up, be quiet; sometimes this leads to more and more chatter as one objection after another is offered. It's exhausting. Sometimes there's a break of a few seconds, though, during which I regain strength, inhabit silence, rest. I almost beg them. I'll whisper to them, as if that would make any difference. They go on about all sorts of things. They insist they have nowhere else to talk. Usually it's about trivia - things to do, events of the day, the latest gossip, revenge scenarios. I've tried to take more control - I really have. If I start singing, one or another of them takes over, and that's no help. I wonder who's making the requests; I desperately need sleep, not these incessant voices ..."

=====

The Secret Code

Curtain up.

She bows. She recites the following:

walkng oht ln tha mldst of my straamlng volca, soakad ln lt, wrackad by sobs, l wlll navar lat yoh down, ghstava, for me, you are breathless, i oromise my betters, i shall do as such, you will not be disaooointed, phaedre, phaedre, worry thls lnahghral dlsk, whara am l, who ls waltng ln tha wlngs, l go onto tha proscanlhm, yoh ara thara, ghstava, waltng. i am your oor sara, i am your oor sarrah, worry thls lnahghral dlsk, whara am l, who ls waltng ln tha wlngs, l go onto tha proscanlhm, yoh ara

thara, ghstava, waltng transforms your walkng oht ln tha mldst of my  
straamng volca, soakad ln lt, wrackad by sobs, l wlll navar lat yoh down,  
ghstava, i will oerform in the midst of leveled blues, in the midst of  
fragments, phaedre, phaedre, you will not be disaooointed, i oromise you,  
i oromise you ...

She bows. She recites the following:

walking out in the midst of my streaming voice, soaked in it, wracked by  
sobs, i will never let you down, gustave, for me, you are breathless, i  
promise my betters, i shall do as such, you will not be disappointed,  
phaedre, phaedre, worry this inaugural disk, where am i, who is waiting  
in the wings, i go onto the proscenium, you are there, gustave, waiting, i  
am your poor nikuko, i am your poor nikuko, worry this inaugural disk,  
where am i, who is waiting in the wings, i go onto the proscenium, you are  
there, gustave, waiting, transforms your walking out in the midst of my  
streaming voice, soaked in it, wracked by sobs, i will never let you down,  
gustave, i will perform in the midst of leveled blues, in the midst of  
fragments, phaedre, phaedre, you will not be disappointed, i promise you,  
i promise you ...

She bows.

Curtain down.

=====

The Understudy

Curtain rises.

She enters, bows.

She is exhausted. She recites:

i'm finishad. tha drama is incandascent; tha drama is all that ramains. it  
comas from daap within; all you saa ls masqua ... skins slide from flesh,  
i lose them. i stumble around the stage. i call for you; it is useless.  
nothing can be done for me ... i em too tirad to go on tonight, too worn  
out. lifa must offar mora then this. my vary limbs trambla. i glenca  
unaesily ... this incandescent drama, you may have what remains of me, my  
uneasy glance belongs to you, my limbs tremble, tremble ...

She leaves.

The understudy enters.

She bows. She recites:

i em too tirad to go on tonight, too worn out. lifa must offar mora then this. my vary limbs trambala. i glenca unaesily ... i'm finishad. tha drama is incandascant; tha drama ls all that ramains. it comas from daap within; all you saa is masqua ... on me ...

She leaves.

Curtain falls.

=====

Interference Theory of Dis-ease

The curtain rises.

She walks to the front of the stage

She bows. She begins to speak.

There is no girl in my life. I watch you carefully. I learn from you. At night I'm sleepless. I want to focus on theory. I want to write philosophy. Instead, the sheets are trampled beneath me. I wake sweating with uneasy dreams. Without theory I am lost. Without you, I am more than lost; your limbs break my hypothesis. I am obsessive-compulsive. I follow you everywhere, I inhale you. Your scent surrounds me. I dream of your cast-off clothing.

She bows. She speaks again.

The boys tease me; I don't pay attention. They're not in my dreams. I am writing an essay; I am writing about ontology, about epistemology - I am talking to you. What is there to understand? I use the metaphor of eating - I want to devour you, devour everything about you. Wanting is like breathing; to want is to be wanton, think of nothing but you. It interferes, this metaphor - your body outlined in the window-light. I can't speak well, this emotion has surrounded me.

She bows. She speaks again.

Breathing is a kind of focusing. My nakedness is a gift; I write, always, naked. Ontology collapses in waves against the body; sight pries open the darkest secrets. This is the job of the philosopher and the lover; there is no difference. You duplicate yourself repeatedly; you are everywhere, shuddering within the fragile domains of objects, outlined against stones, trees, cars, radios, men and women. Are fantasies theories, theories fantasies? Are we knowing? Are we better people?

She bows. She speaks again.

I want to devour, want wanton, to devour more than ever, inhale flesh and cloth, hair and necklace, nail and effluvia, eyes and thinking that makes us human, against all techne, against all odds. It is my obsequious privilege, my humiliation, to devour. You show yourself to me; that is, you walk in newer clothes. I show myself to you, naked and broken, written by theory, writing you, writing theory.

She bows. She speaks again.

I am afraid of nothing I devour. I am fearful of theory, of my dreams of theory, of my theory of dreams, of your dreams. Thank you for listening.

She bows.

The curtain falls.

=====

Fragment (Jennifer)

Jennifer is long gone, her soiled white dress tucked up under her knees, a single long-stemmed white flower faded across her bodice, her long brown tresses surrounding her dead and placid face, her full lips slightly parted, her blood streaked down her throat and collar; Jennifer is long gone, her legs bent at the knees and slightly parted, her gold and jade necklace useless and collapsed against her neck, her thin cold fingers clutching at the full and empty air; Jennifer is long gone, and who shall mourn Jennifer but Jennifer, and who shall gather at her bier beneath the damp black earth, but Jennifer, Jennifer, Jennifer, and who shall write her mournful epitaph but Jennifer, Jennifer, Jennifer, and who shall write the storm and vexing thunder, but Jennifer, Jennifer, Jennifer ...

Don't get me started.  
I'm tired of your complaining, Nikuko.  
You'd better watch it, young lady.  
You can't pull the wool over everyone's eyes.

Mom, mom, I'm not trying to do anything.  
You're always picking on me.  
Just leave me alone, will you.  
Take it easy, for crying out loud.

You're asking for it, Nikuko.  
Don't try my patience, Nikuko.  
One of these days I'm going to snap.  
Stop your whining this instant, Nik.

Mom, mom, just shut up for a while.  
Watch your tongue, young lady.

Mom, mom, you're always picking on me.  
Just get out of my sight, Nikuko.

Mom, mom, you're just so horrible.

+++

## AFTER-WARDS

sometimes i write like a child with tension just beneath the surface  
i will write complexly simultaneously defending and revealing the face  
sometimes i save each and every keystroke and return them as text  
sometimes i check the content of my text for spelling  
i will automate myself on irc and look at the mirrors of everyone else  
sometimes i check for diction and statistics of styles  
once in a while i will set all caps or small letters  
i will use a program called julu to help me when i'm at a loss  
i will use programs with the display function to fill things out  
sometimes i will rake my older texts with grep looking for lines  
sometimes i will use sed for complex and continuous substitutions  
once in a while i will build upon layers of substitutions  
once in a while i will use programs such as hangman for content  
sometimes i will use eliza for psychoanalytical interaction  
once in a while i will use my own derivative for sexual psychoanalytics  
every so often i will use old computer-card reproduction programs  
the text-based game adventure lends itself towards performativity analysis  
i will enter talkers alone or with avatars for metaphysical studies  
i will use the review command or archie or gopher for archaeologies  
i will build simple objects in moos confusing object numbers and names  
sometimes i will use ytalk for reproduction of body image in textual form  
html and dhtml give me the opportunity for text and image based html-body  
javascript lures and seduces the viewer into psycho-liminal content  
images present the edges of things as if they were interiors  
i will use qbasic programs to examine the contours of measuring  
i will use gimp or photoshop to reveal the internal tissues of the world  
i will use shell scripts to reorganize texts into new revelations of shame  
i will speak through programs begging for questions and answers  
i will play textual games if they reveal whatever is left of truth  
i will reprogram a mud to reveal the mad interiors of speech and phenomena  
sometimes i will create disturbances on email lists or newsgroups

sometimes i see my face embedded in the face of the other; it is like a  
plaque or medallion embedded in the face of the other or like a cartouche  
bringing to mind discrepancies; it is like an emulsion half-developed or  
it is like the breakdown of any conceivable methodologies; or like a decay  
or dissolution of applications and results; a disturbance which refuses to  
resolve; a constant reminder; the forgetting of a name passing in the form  
of a body; something else, i can barely remember, on the tip of my tongue,  
something of lips

=====

and dance everywhere, skin swollen and cracked to the burst caressing my keys, the screen, where you see my words through your re systems, that some of them are \_symptoms,\_ just as I, Nikuko, am a sym legs through mine, your cock flattened against the pressure of the in You will begin to understand that bot-motion is inside you, that ex leg, third arm and third leg. You will lower and lower. You will sub Nikuko says, I start this text one fine evening, and I will end it on ano when the helicopter shows where you are reading this, slight magnetiza pores of the skin and then, nothing. After the explosion, wires re In that, there are words which are targets, you can imagine the mis deep valley, in the midst of a deeper ocean. It was blank ink in dark dream as well - writing a response to the list, cc: ing it to her con Nikuko the famous Russian ballerina was near the wooden chair where Doc his eyes off her legs beneath her pink tutu, which rose and fell with eve It is increasingly difficult to write about, from this distance and exter that implies. For the reader, the texts, which necessarily abjure narra active) simultaneously - a paradoxical situation, since the writing pro (as witnesses may remain silent), I am, for-myself, inauthentic in my re \_that\_ is where the dissymmetry emerges) - delineated by dreamwork, by ei detic imagery, by hypnagogic imagery, by imagery at the service of every Nikuko the famous Russian ballerina was near the wooden chair where Doc his eyes off her legs beneath her pink tutu, which rose and fell with eve the final crash. On the other hand, like Star Trek beaming, they may re Raise both hands, palm upwards, hunching the shoulders inward, the fore ( nikuko pirouettes in a short skirt, faster, it flies up, she's naked un texts, it doesn't appear anywhere in his work; he's completely ignored the poli flesh and disappearance. He doesn't realize even the imaginary is disa That gets coming forth, nothing returning, nothing entering, nothing leav existing for the length of a breath, trembling before rumors of the abso its very trembling hints at forces beyond our control, shadowy existenc the source of parables, nikuko said, is the comprehending of worlds; par continued the chains are fiery and adamant; I hold my wasted arms within them, un daring to touch the heated metal over both of us. nikuko dances; silver changes hands; nikuko whirls; silv them. there are no right-thinking adults. a dancer once said to me, en with all you. i want your party now. the dancer dances. the prostitute disa the ballet dancer and her naked pirouettes. nikuko is stunning in a lav clara noh:was wisdom. dance or ordinary, an ordinary in nikuko whirls. be the screen, caressing dark visions, empty space. she dances with ferdin there is no void, interior nor exterior, there is not avoidance. that fam none of this will survive. Don't you think you're doing nothing but writ spell, seized by ecstasy, seized by closure in the archive: "Then she ex wolf over murder and mayhem go on about all sorts of things. They in night I'm sleepless. I want to focus on theory. I want to write philoso everywhere, I inhale you. Your scent surrounds me. I dream of your women. Are fantasies theories, theories fan us human, against all techne, against all odds, they are."

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