

TAKING IT IN

“The key is the idea that you can have writing without language...expanding our whole concept of writing to include kinds of expression beyond the reach of language alone, and, more important, kinds of intelligence”
-Ronald Sukenick

“...a directive: not to make mistakes as to signs, or as to the tempo of these signs. And to leave live traces, as scrupulous and irrefutable as possible, in the wake of each line – traces to be replayed, reviewed, reanimated by a reading sympathetic to those signs, to their movement, and to their power of resonance.”
-Claude Ollier



is what I said.

Deliberately and straightforwardly, I took my time composing this, because I wanted to be that clear. It's important. That you don't think



for example,

or that I really meant



or somesuch.

“We can't capture anything. Especially what we can't put into words.”
-Lynne Tillman

I am thinking that this is how this works: *this* these so you can look, hold, take it/them in.

“I'm wishing language to be any sort of recognition.”
-Jasper Johns



Me to You...Me You

Dialogue, no? Or, image? Signifier(s)?

Indication. Expression. Inference, reference, commandquery.

Perhaps you don't recognize? This gesture, that tone, my movement, gait, lilt or line?

Must be some reference here (there).

What about:



1. Your name here _____
2. How did you come by “name” written above?

“the use of
the word in
the language
is its
meaning”
-Ludwig
Wittgenstein

Text box

3. How do you “know” what's written in the box?

4. What do the last lines you have written “mean”?

theory Simple questionnaires like the above abound in my line of work. *Lines* of work: pencil-pushing, paper-shuffling day in day out (nights too) on different surfaces (sometimes apparently no surface at all – what is called “thinking” or “mind”?) philosophy

philology Various “called” Word-games, Infinite Questions, Arguments for truth, Writing. I’ve even come across the “title” Interrogation – I suspect this refers to something like Irrigation, or “being saturated in terror.” It’s almost my job to trya and figure this out, or employ your help as a sort of survey or random test group. Except sociology that everyone does this. I simply write some of it down.

linguistics Records Room? History? Science? Or some mass assemblage, a kind of hermeneutic epistemological grammar dictionary, of sorts? Encyclopedia?

Or, I just do as I’m told, rather, in *telling* I do.

Feel free to fill in and submit – give it some time and thought, really!

Sincerest thanks,



wrote this as well.

“Thinking” (mental affect or functioning?), perhaps I should describe this part of my job.

Variety.

Spontaneity.

Arbitrary and contiguous.

For instance, I think sounds. Like deep and large grey-blue-black bodies (of water) roiling. Or variegations of rainfall from pitter-patters to thudsplats, downpours to whispering mists and drizzles. A clarinet. A piano. Tom Wait's croon.

Colors (obviously) also. Suess-moods of yellow, pink, grey and brown.

And quotations – the haunted mind, these past minutes, for instance:

“a man has been through an experience, now he is looking for the story of his experience...”

-Max Frisch

“when we ask him why he has written his book, he has only one answer:
'to try and find out why I wanted to write it.'”

-Alain Robbe-Grillet

“the text portrays, the picture speaks”

-J.D. McClatchy

“the world is a fusion of possible shadows...a necessary truth, not an explanation...
there is no empty world”
-*Jacques Roubaud*

Semiotics?

“we might say that in fog the physical universe approaches the condition of the imagination”
-*Elaine Scarry*

Criticism?

“The place I really have to get to is a place I must already be at now”
-*Ludwig Wittgenstein*

“Evidence exhausts the truth”
-*Georges Braque*

Anthropology?

Aesthetics?

“For the question 'who am I?' creates a need. And how does one satisfy that need?
To probe oneself is to recognize that one is incomplete.”
-*Clarice Lispector*

“I am one term in the relation 'You and I' which constitutes both the 'I' and the 'You.’”
-*John MacMurray*

“When, as a child, I wrote my name for the first time,
I knew I was beginning a book”
-*Edmond Jabes*

phenomenology

“Any problem that has an answer isn't important enough”
-*Gary Miranda*

psychology

“Writing is an assault on the frontiers”
-*Franz Kafka*

“But nobody's writing.”
-*Arkadii Dragomoshchenko*

anatomy

and so on, by the boxes full, to weave, retrieve, revive, look closer, listen
while I think about fields and planes, crosshatched, poured, dripped, drug and stroked by brushes,
glimmering swollen frames-ful of magenta-black-brown, purples yellows and greens...interacting, confusing,
finding their rest.

Or the feeling at the hiccup of a footfall, quick absent gulp of air and the void of awareness as a toddler,
knee grinding ground amid chuckles laughter and coos at your incessant clumsiness. Inability. Pain.

Physiology?

Or her hand, scarred and silken, mix of cream and remnants of strawberry yogurt, attached to a fragil
wrist that's endured four decades without fracture, cucumber-smoothe forearm and elbow (quietest hinge in the
world) on up the floral-scented cylinder to the marble ball of her shoulder, delicately-tendon'd neck, lips lips
eyes...

Or what experience? What ontology? Who Nietzsche? Why ideas? How perception? And so on...

My job as well, and all at once...”integrated parallelism” (Roman Jakobson), “dialogical heteroglossia”
(Mikhail Bakhtin), “transactional rapport” (Umberto Eco), when you can find it or fashion it so

But not all vocation is vocable.

“to tell a story
has become
strictly
impossible”
-*Robbe-Grillet*

Then I turn to marks or song, encounter, play and attention. I touch, I hear, I observe. When I'm really lucky I might feel, and what chore that is to trace!

For this is something like being human, I think, sons and daughter, artistry and education, absorption and opening out. It's all about relation, the between, the instants, here, and now.

Behavior and action in time and space with, always *with* (even if you cannot see them).

strife

love

Loves, world, living things, dead things, imaginings, hearsay, knowledge and facts. Hunches. Everything part of now part of everything, ripple, wind, structure, air, earth, persons. Abstraction is easy, not certain is normal, if anything is, would seem breathing and movement and love. Centrifugal/tripetal, chaotic weft.

Listen to the languages...

IMAGES

A story problem

life?

narrative inquiry emotion

multiplicity

contingency

relatively

speaking

If the word is a bundle of time compressed of its air.

Freeze-packed, dehydrated
kernel

Add water

or blood.

Make it fluid

Restore

Hydrate

H2O language

The line invents space and time

Marks here and there (which is always *here* for someone)

in and out

and duration

up and down

("abstraction?")

gives instruction

is code

confesses love

is message

maps

plans

strategy

dissection

encircles

systemic

twist and turn the lines, curl and unfurl them

MAKE STRAIGHT and build with them

or picture

or notate

image

or equate (? ✎ ✓ ✚ ✖ =)

or wander and track

IMAGES

wholistic?

deductive?

Chart. Copy. Follow. Ask.

Play. Invent. Divide.

Lines. Marks. Gestures. Fabrications. Discoveries.

creative?

empirical?

“Philology” - the work of languages and lover of words

“Semiology” - signlanguage

“Author” - language composer

reasoning

Is it any wonder that a book says

“In the beginning was the Word”?

primacy, prototype, form

sensations

(as concept, sign or bird's flight scribble?)

Twombly's grasses in wind

notes on the chalkboard

the birth certificate's “your name here _____”

“Mommy”

“Thou shalt”

“Welcome”

but before that came action

behavior

deed Goethe

Writing is an action is painting I math is action is thinking is saying is reaching is making is investigating is reasoning is experimenting is playing is dreaming is work.

is present

(is time)

is happening

or not

is becoming

is distance

(is space)

is matter and energy

chaos informed

“grammar describes usage of a sign in particular episodes of language”

-Wittgenstein+Saussure-

Sun spatters through cloud, through leaves of trees, making otherwise unbearable summer heat a little less so. Friends do that as well, even if not providing shade or breeze. Also water, children, popsicles, fans.

Valuation.

Determination.

Preference.

Heidegger

“Being-in-the-world”

“Being-with”

“Being-for-itself”

“Being-as-such”

etc..

observing
behavior one
observes the
soul
-Wittgenstein

“nomenclative” propensity?
metaphysics?
religion?
or a quest to know, not describe, explain, define?

grammar is
essence
-Wittgenstein

When I first call you “friend” (exponentially what possibly occurs?)
saying is action

Experience / Reciprocation
encounter

in each case

What is (which are?) relieved in summer's heat?

What does “comfort” mean?

even without
ice cream!

My children.

Neighbor children laughing.

Bells of the ice cream truck.
and water hose.

Shirtless wife.

Tree's canopy

(the question of mind as behavior)



When I wrote this I was...(I have no idea!). I remember being encouraged to see what ink was like (behavior) as a medium, given a variety of brushes, some water, some pastel crayons, a spray bottle and some rough brown paper from an album + myself = (above)

in which you cannot tell only black ink was used – printer's confusion of blue/black, nor silvered crayon and paintbrush handles scribbling divets back into a sloppy wet pliable paper that was wadded up while moist to increase its texture – the electronics interpreting it in this reproduction like a sort of chiaroscuro.

What is real then? The original crispy dry crumpled dark burnished paper with thick black lines and ghosts of markings or the image flat here and grey-blue'd-green'd, paper washed out, blacks greyed and fuzzy, bends and folds as scumble?

Or they are two different things, of the same thing. If I laid them side by each it is clear they are not “copies.” So this now is a collaborative piece of man and machine?

What does (might, even) it “mean” or “express” as it enters myriad “particular instances” outside of the specific situation of its original performance (in-formance, in-scription)?

As many persons as open this page now de-sign and re-a-sign it? signifier and significance? And you reader will (may) do it again later today, or right now at the end of this paragraph or linguistic unit or next week, tomorrow, four years from now (relatively).

What becomes of the object, sign? I would have to make up its significance just as much as you now. If it signified *something*. Or referenced - ?

Your guess is as good as mine – your language(s), my language(s), ours. Perhaps we could construct language together about it in dia- or multi- logue, “heteroglossia” simultaneous significance

again and again

a kind of
relation

forging toward agreement or compromise or collusion, collusion
Communitiny? Truth to each self, together? >that we might call “communication.”

I've said these
things before,
feels
repetitive,
isn't, is it?
now?

Synchronicity?
“Identity-in-difference?”
(Derrida, Saussure, Wittgenstein, abyss...)

speech/lan-
guage
synchronic

I needed a form to play chaos off of.

The blank page was too much.

I needed to (wanted to) learn how black printer's ink ran, moved, lay on brown construction-like paper.

Strokes, splats, folds, copies

I pretended toward balance.

reciprocity

Equal representation or suggestion

Openness, risk, accident

Repair

(I must have hoped after I began)

to write
volition

mark
arbitrary

gesture
convention

Like where to place these terms, utilized from our conventional communal toolbox or chess-set scrabble board,
arbitrarily with the intention of attention, pace, pause, reflection – *this* word, *this* word with space to find
boundaries, lines *and* sympathy, synchronicity,

together
same and different

Now.

Communication

behave

And I will read/scan/observe/look/listen/touch...for similar reasons

Some of this is called *writing*

and can be found almost anywhere

It's a thing we do

everywhere

Behaviour

things being themselves

like the zebra

kind of an a-z of daily experience

écriture

“Literature
simply reveals
the human
situation and
the universe
with which he
is at grips”
-Robbe-
Grillet