



PAGES

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Several of the texts in this book have been named after other works of mine made in other mediums. They accompany their namesakes at distance.

Like anything that is related, the ground of their relationship is also the background against which their differences can be read. Like everything that is related, though they may have started from the same place, though their paths may even run parallel to one another, the interval of a differentiation insures against their confusion. Partitions divide, but they also connect and determine. Distinctions isolate, but they also locate and reveal. For an exchange to happen, the difference between both parties has to be preserved. One also has to maintain oneself in the space of this differentiation, this incompatibility even, in order to “stay closer to both parties,” and keep their relationship “open.”

That was a quote, its paraphrase and translation.

This is a preface.

The preface is the first side you see when you enter the room.

‘ ,

“What does the thing do?”

“It leans, it slips and falls along a wall. It rests.”

“What does the thing say?”

“It states its inclination. It names its penchant, its tendency. It articulates the two breaks of its one form.”

“How does the thing mean?”

“It leans, it rests, it sits in a space and sits in that space while you wrestle. It rests. You wrestle.”

“Does it hum? Does it sing?”

“If it could, it would rust. When it does, it nests, it nestles. When it folds, it holds, crests, undulates and.”

“Does it not state?”

“It is sated. It is insatiable. It does not mean, it leans.”

“To whom does its upkeep belong? Like a tune, can it be broken? Like a song, can it be hummed?”

“It has been sitting here for some time. I considered painting it, but I would rather let it find its own coat. I thought of waxing it, but wax does not stick to it in the same way. It will not sink in the same way that things sink and have sunk onto it.”

“It is not a surface, it is a stick.”

“It does not stick. It can get stuck or unstuck. It drops. Like a broomstick, it is a handle. It is a spine.”

“It marks. It times. It is like a lie, like a line.”

1234 VANESSA

Dear V ,

I had imagined this to take the form of a demonstration. Something about difference and opposition. Something about undoing the bipolar tension of an opposition by the introduction of a third term and its discrete differentiation. Like black and white undone by orange, green, and everything in between. Like empty and filled, plus and minus, O's and I's, all or nothing, cleft by the entrance, insertion, or consideration of "something that makes a difference." Like wanting everything, doing nothing, and settling for something, anything. But also like dice. This whole thing would have felt, seemed, come off as a seemingly casual throw of the dice.

If oppositions are ideal, differences are intangible, nuanced, becoming increasingly remote as they narrow and dissipate.

If this were a story, the "I" would be outside, withdrawn, drawn into him or herself, outside, surrounded by others. There'd be a sun but it would be hidden by clouds. I'd hear hi's and bye's. I'd see comings and goings. I'd be mute to the meat of the conversations that surround me (as if, in this language, all I could understand were greetings and leave-takings). I would be blind to the diagonal movements of passers-by. Agony is a form of dispossession. Ecstasy fleets, blinds. Boredom tilts. I would like to write in a third way, neither parenthetical nor central, neither straight nor oblique, but cursive. Do you understand what, where you are trying to go? This is a bridge. That's a path. Here's an instance: "I'll take a coffee, black." "I'll have a flat white." "I'd like an orange juice please, and a muffin."

A man walks up to a window and addresses his reflection with a rapid-fire sequence of disarticulated gesticulations which, when they are reflected in the glass of the shop window, become the graceful mannerisms of the inherently well-bred man that he imagines himself to be. He is neither short nor tall, neither big nor small, neither fit nor fat, neither slow nor quick, neither sharp nor dull, neither old nor young, neither wise nor dumb, neither mute nor voluble, neither gregarious nor reclusive, neither upright nor corruptible, neither corrupt nor immaculate, neither here nor there. He stands on two legs. He sways. He sits, then waits, then lies, then stands, then. Then departs.

The video that accompanies this letter can be looped or activated by a motion detector.

Yours,

J

A GAG

To whom,

Opens with the standard bearer, sitting on a bin or a bundle. As if to rant or rail, he sneezes his first complaint. A first thing is the size of it all (the big or expansive expanding, or from scream to streams and all the attractions). Second and third are the effects. I am long-winded, theirs is the shortest span. Not that it's my only question so switch to us. The hallway is infinite, the doors are porous, yet the locks are sturdy or otherwise indifferent. You can come and go as you please, no one will stare, care, or share; neither questions nor attention will pay or be paid (this is that specific construction). In butts a tug, then a sign. The beam glides over you, then drifts, hands go limp, feet shift, backs turn, the volume increases or densifies (you'll want to have come prepared). Meanwhile, outside: the birds and all the rest. Volumes, traffic. All of their intentions are to push, pull, and steal their way into how it has best been or been best described. Should I write on the wall or pin my hopes on this standard sheet? I would like for you. I would like to lie. I would like to lie for you. How is it all put together? What happens after the fact? Do you store or start over again? What do we keep when nothing has been built to last? What is the precise point? Where do I go to wash my hands?

All sweet nothings,

The Idle Hand*

A GLASS OF WATER¹

¹ *As if I had set out to speak for the glass of water by my side.*

A LETTER, L

What does the man do when he leaves his house? Does he sneeze? Does he wipe his wet hands on his pants? Does he fold his newspaper in two or three?

What do the visitors do when they first enter the room, the space, the hall, the building? Do they take off their hats? Do they remove their scarves, their socks, their shoes?

What happens when we leave the street? Where do we go once the show has ended? What would we be eating if you hadn't brought sandwiches? What would we be drinking if you hadn't been thirsty? Where would we be sleeping if we hadn't brought scarves, socks, and shoes?

The time is merry yet the rhythms are down and out. I have yet to send you the package which you requested, the papers which you left behind, and the images which we downloaded from the same website, separately, and at an unbridgeable distance from one another. Does the man fit the suit? Have the blooms they left behind started to fade and wither? ("They" is a decoy for a "you" and an "I" that shall forever remain nameless.) None of these questions are worthy of the anxiety we have invested into their, how should I call it, demotion? None of these signs point to roads worthy of the only tires we have at our disposal (they are neither spared nor sparing, you yourself said this).

I have written this letter to the letter that starts and, at least for me, spells your name. I would feign to pronounce it with a drag of the lips, as if I were smoking it. As if it could be inhaled, as if I could inhale the name through the filter of its initial.

None of this rankles. Here you can sense that my tone has changed, it has gotten more soaked. None of this fades either. Such convolutions of dress and address are nothing new, they never were, not even then. None of this marks a space or a spacer. Saying all this, she turns the leaf and flips the covers. ("She" is an acronym for a "we" that shall strive to remain altogether shameless.)

Dust only settles in the folds of the freshly laundered.

yrs

l

A THOUGHT¹

¹ *To be turned on its side daily.*

BRICOLE

Dear J, P, or F,

Stick a brick on a wall, let it fall¹.

2

3

4

5

J

¹ Notice its fall. Note the trace it leaves behind. Witness the symmetry.

² None of these things are granted, they are all occasioned.

³ You had asked me for something and I found its counterpart, its extension. You had asked me for something and I did not look for it. I found it. I would not say that it found me. I would not say this. I would say that I found what is like its fall. Where words fall, the word "fall" follows.

⁴ These are the lights that mark the end of the day. These are the lines that have been drawn to drape and hollow. This is the tapering end of a prism, which scatters.

⁵ Ours is a fitful folly, powdered and dressed for the occasion.

CATALOG

Like a slammed door, this is the reason why. Like a cardboard box sloppily painted white, this is something that I have been saying for several years now. Like a thin layer of water on gravel at the deep dark bottom of a thin wide trench, the facts of the matter are clear and few in number. Like the sudden and simultaneous acceleration of several unrelated trajectories, history provides us with a variety of differently appropriate precedents from which to choose.

Start by walking down the stairs, opening the door, then turning left. She looks perplexed, you smile back, smile more, smile wider still. Once you've reached the first crossing, stop and make your phone call, then hang up before the other party picks up and cross the street, then turn right, which means that you will have to cross the street once more, this time in reckless haste. She looks worried, you remain silent, no matter how tempted you may be to, at the very least, cough or sigh. You'll follow this street for a good twenty minutes or so, until you reach a park, which you'll circle (all you have to do at this point is follow the signs). She's smiling now, has been for some time, she's also texting, but you wouldn't have noticed, because you've had your eyes half-closed or you've been looking away, and you will continue to do so until she stands up and taps you on the shoulder. On the other side of the park, past the second of three iron gates, you'll see a small brick building across the street. Stop and wave at it, then wait. She shows you something on her phone, you feign disinterest. I say feign because your interest will have been perked. None of this is supposed to come to anything, so if the door to the house opens, and someone beckons you to come inside, that's when you should run for it, through the park that is, back to the other side, or turning right once you've reached the fountain, and exiting through the main gate. When you're done looking at it (and you will, of course, try by all means to remember it, all of it), you'll stand up, take her by the arm, then wait for her to guide you to the dining room. Once you're once more out of the park, ask around and find out what time it is. Dinner will have been served, you'll sit and eat, she'll sit and order drinks, but you won't have waited, you'll have started eating without her.

The séance concludes in the following manner. All of the elements are first wiped clean, then placed back in the box. If you close your eyes, you'll be able to see, that is, envision it better (the floor's tiles, that wad's white, his pants' sag, her step's twist, a kite). It is not and has never been a question of breaking new ground. If you keep your eyes closed, you'll be able to imagine it more clearly, and if you keep your eyes closed, but steer them to face the overhead

light, you'll see their lively forms. Nor is it a question of choosing: there is a give to every take. If you keep your eyes closed, and press gently on your eyelids, then release, you'll see it again, but for yourself this time. Something about the pleasures of passive composition. Something about "managing text" or "execution as a perfunctory affair." Something about relevance or hospitality. Something about or similar to quivering. Something like rust. If you open and close your eyes rapidly, several times in succession, it will disappear or it will have been replaced.

COUPLE

les the two deux performers interprètes are standing on sont déjà the two debout sur les deux pedestals socles when quand nous we entrons enter dans the room la salle and et though quoi que neither quoi qu'ils though both seem paraissent fatigués to dégoûtés to have been put through the ringer ils se mettent néanmoins à so to speak chanter still they avec leurs voix cassés cassantes une sing us a song chanson in their broken voices et and au fur and et à mesure que as leur chant se décompose the tune winds leurs têtes down penchent their heads nod off dans in the softening l'opacité light the gaining la densité opacity croissante de of la lumière de the thickening l'air qui devient like de plus en plus like a fog épais and now mais they have fallen asleep mais ils dorment maintenant and why not pourquoi so should pourquoi pas so could we pourquoi pas nous aussi

FALL FALL ANOTHER TIME

It's all told.

A man enters a room like a stick. A man's entered, entered a man, and it's "like a fall." The room or his entrance is like a fall. A door opens the room but it's not or he's no longer there. A room flusters a wall then ticks. A road winds down. A car's stopped next to a car, next is a car, the car that gets the man, and then they're gone long gone. He's not there, he says, he's going elsewhere. It's just placed, he says, it's all said, he says, it's done. Perched on the edge of your seat by the side of a map in the palm of your hand, he seems to sing or whimper. That was a rhyme, this is a footfall, here's the keys, there's the door, here's your stories:

You take one thing and then another. You do one thing and then the next. Something comes in between all these things and makes more. People pass, time passes, shuffling from one end of the room to the other, and then the door closes, he's already left, and it's time to take it all elsewhere, like the keys, like the keys to the car, like the car, like *fall*.

When I say *fall* (he says this), I mean something flat, white, and upright. When I say man or stick (this is said to him, about him), I mean something like a stream.

And when I say mark (this is simply said), I mean its lonely presence.

And when I say felt, I mean something lightened by its continuation.

And when I say presence, I mean a constant displacement of the same.

And when I say one last thing, I mean more of the same, but I am thinking of sand, pressed flowers, and a world kept at bay by a crease or a pocket.

And when I say go on, I mean stay, let's leave together and continue this *another time*.

DUMMY

Something takes the place of something. None of these altercations have been staged. We are all indebted to the same mistakes. I would like all of this to be said in an impartial, and, engineered, voice. I would like all of the words in this sentence to be read as, if, they, were, separated, by, commas (nothing beats the kick of a well-placed illustration). I do not want to intervene, interject. I would like all of these elements, to have their own. Their very own .

Nothing beats its kick. An illustration likes an explanation likes to muddy, dummy. The word 'or' is a hinge. The word 'mud' is an acronym. The word 'kick' is an imperative to a demand. After the math comes the aftermath. After the word comes the wording, phrased. The preface is the first side you see when you walk through the door. Each page is a wall. Every step testifies to the spread of its inclination. Up the ladder lies the key through which all the floors are (opened).

The word "this" is a clearing for an expansion. As in: This is to take the place of something worked but anything will do. And so, and on to the next thing, which is a corner, not turned but rather wed, stroked. I once told you that when I say things I mean as much as I experienced them. I wanted to turn a corner but I stayed with, in it. I am writing this all on white. I am full of small things. The objects in the next room have to remain wrapped for the moment, as there is no other place for them, or so have I been told.

Anything will do but something's worked. What have I been told? When have we ever been conquered? Sometimes needs a symmetry. Anything will rise. A dummy is a mark on a page. A dummy is a fold in a landscape. A dummy is a rise on a rise on a riser. This is a dummy for a text on the importance of precise contortions, even to the beats of time. This is a dummy for a text on the importance of interpretations made freely, without strains of pace or placement. This is a dummy for a text for a preface, for a text written for the preface that precedes it, that precedes this text. This is a dummy, a text, a dummy text. That is the open, the door, the open door. This is way, the out, the way out. Ha! Here's your magic if you want something to write home about. Here's a set of flares and pop-tops. And here's my letter, tender yet firm in its recognition of what forms its imperceptions.

IBID¹

¹ *The word "here" stenciled and sprayed using deodorant on the ground at the entrance of the space. The word "there" written with a finger on a window in the space (the space has to have a window). The word "this" written with coal or graphite or lead dust on a doorknob (the space has to have a door). The word "that" painted in plaster on the opposing doorknob of the same door (the space should open up onto another space). The letter "i," in the form of an object (of any material or size, as chosen or made by its bearer) carried in someone else's pocket during the duration of the exhibition (someone other than the artist has to take responsibility for the exhibition of this work, something other than the work has to weigh in the artist's pocket).*

I took a picture but nothing came out nothing comes out when you try to take it

MONOLOGUE FOR A WALL

The camera is left on for a long time. Not more than a night, but perhaps even that long, one night long. It films part of a wall. The film, I mean the video is titled, but the title does not appear in the video. All you see is the wall. A man comes into the shot. He tucks his shirt into his pants and then he leaves. Then he comes back into the shot. Off-camera, a door creaks then closes¹. The man leaves then comes back again and stands close to the wall, with his back to the camera. In fact, you never see the man. You never see the face of the man. All you see is his back. He comes in and out of the shot by moving sideways, his face always turned towards the wall. Shadows move, fall, turn. The light fluctuates, dims and rises. The light turns. A chair falls into the image then springs right back up. Someone enunciates the last three words of the preceding sentence (“right,” “back,” “up”) off-camera. There’s a quick shot reversal, but it’s imperceptible, or perceptible only as a blip or flicker of the image. Someone is heard sobbing, quietly at first, then increasingly loudly until a phone starts to ring. The person immediately stops crying, and the phone immediately stops ringing. A bird chirps. Plates stack then crash. None of these last three things are seen, they are only heard. “Have you ever seen a thinner tool?” This question is spoken by someone in the audience, for there is an audience, and we hear them now, for the first time, coughing and fidgeting. Someone else claps, once, also off-camera. The lights turn off.

The lights turn on. The camera has been left on for some time. Not more than a night, but perhaps even that long, all night long. It films part of a wall. The film, I mean the video is titled but the title, does not appear in the video. All you see is the wall. All you were seeing was the wall², but the lights were off, so you saw nothing of the wall. I would imagine that by then the audience would have all but left. Their chairs are stacked. The set is cleared. People are heard moving and working, but not talking. They are off-camera, always off-camera. The camera moves backward, widening the shot. It reveals more of the wall, but nothing beyond or outside of it, not even its corners or extremities. In a corner of the frame lies a sleeping dog. In the foreground is a vase of wilted flowers³. The camera stops. The dog is called. It wakes, shuffles off. The lights and the camera turn off simultaneously.

¹ *The hinge creaks, the door slams.*

² *Whether this part of the footage is kept or not is an open question. Perhaps it is kept but accelerated. Perhaps it is kept. It may have sound. Things may happen within it. These and other variables are left unresolved for the time being.*

³ *There is no water in the vase, only flowers, but there is a glass of water close by, only most of it has evaporated. Everything that is paired evaporates in this film.*

MONOLOGUE FOR A WALL, A WATERFALL

I will but only if there's no place for it.

You can place these words by the side that is always falling like a fall, like a waterfall. Nothing tingles in my spine. I can count the words on your lips with two fingers. I can thread the links to braid the chains as long as you stay by my side like a glass of water. I cannot remember the last time I flew, but it was just the other day. As the plane landed, I sought to film the reflections that were popping up in the landscape. I cannot remember the last thing I came to know. I can only remember what I come to know in sequences.

I would but only if there's nothing to it.

These are the lights I know. I remember writing this, not thinking it, but seeing myself write it on a page. I will do whatever it takes for as long as it takes just as long as it continues to take. I will only stick to what has stuck to me. I will only do what I can to please you.

I could but only if there's no one behind it.

These are the words I found. It has never been a question of expression, but of the contraptions of communication. It has never been a question of confirmation but of touchstones. It has never been a question. I wanted to isolate this last phrase on a page all its own, but it slipped too quickly into place. This is a jug of water that you can take with you, along with this set of glasses, and this tray, these ashtrays. We can sit out back and talk and smoke and drink and look out at, look.

I won't.

A point is a place with no parts.

I will not.

A line is breathless length.

I couldn't ever.

A boundary is that which is the extremity of anything.

when I read I hear and I am no longer here

NOTES TOWARDS A THEORY OF DISTRACTION

Figure walks into a room and all the conversations stop. As if you were, as if all this had come to a, points. The word “is” names a target in the back of my mind. A third conduit to the same principle. “This is the tense of my disbelief.” “These are the parentheses of my discontent.” “This is the friction upon which our impatience grows.” An interruption made me lose (forever?) the phrase that I was about to set to paper. Not to frame, nor to set, settle into. Its jump cut continuity. Words placed next to objects set next to images like beads on a string, like kinks in a wire, like notes, like the unscripted placement of notes on a page, like the way a cohort of thoughts composes itself in, to, a, proverb. Reverse the image to get the metaphor. To make or break sense, like to take or fake directions, or to break. To take a break (as if you could punctuate a thought with a distraction, as if you could locate the place, the taking place of a distraction, as if you could name or place the name of an interruption). This is a scene: Two men walk side by side in a park. The first reads from a book, haltingly, as if translating the text as he speaks it. The other answers from memory, as if his answers had been scripted and learned in advance, for he often closes his eyes in concentration, and the cadence of his speech is stilted. Camera shifts, turns to or into “Where were you?” he asked but she did not reply. One thing next to another onto and then the next, not just placed, not only placed, but also potentially stacked, like dominoes, like a tower of dominoes, built all the way up to a lapse, collapse, like a punch, like the punched line of what I ought to have wrought in order to produce “When were you last at a loss for something to do?” Timed all the way through to the slow accretion of insignificant events, filmed or staged as thoughts on boredom and its evanescence. “As” a suspended state of animation. “Like” or “as in” molecular vibration. “Similar to” the contained tremor of television static. Other examples include the singing sands, the sailing stones, or to while away the time that we could otherwise spend. Dwell upon this word to “spend.” Or to quote, yet again, to cite: “Boredom is the dream bird that hatches the egg of experience. A rustling in the leaves drives him away.” Not a group, not a set, never a sequence, simply put no more no less than an assortment of objects, images, texts, things like figures, like broken or sundered allegories. “Imagine a metaphor sundered from the two points of its comparison.” Again, a question of placement, and, again, of resonances produced by the proximity between two elements. The two pieces of a piece. The eight pieces of this piece. Piecemeal. Follow a string to its frayed and soiled end. Cut the knot in two. Cut the cake in four. Cut a circle in four times four pieces and then one more. To have run the loop. To start from a. Like to start a sentence from the. Where it stops. “Let’s catch up sometime this week.” “Yes, let’s.” Or “No symbols where none intended.”

OU

or what establishes legitimacy? Is it the tag on the strap or the ribbon on your wrist? Is it the sum of our intermissions? But are there not shapes that make you stop? Images, things, states or shapes that make you stop? Do you have whistles, pennants? And is that frost, actual frost? Pageantry is a synonym for the devotion of parents. None of it smarts because none of it has been peddled. These bits of thread are the intimations of a concealed rhetoric. I stood on this spot, turned this way, and thought these thoughts. None of this is a derivation, it builds on hums and echoes only. Only echoing hums. Only humming smarts because it always seems to be fading. We have been waking up at the same time every day, but then falling back asleep for a half-hour or two or three. It is the dreams that we make in this second, more fitful period of sleep that we remember most vividly. We remember most vividly. All of this intends a derivation. All of it bends, unbends; winds, unwinds. What are the heights to your standard? What are its heights? "It" indicates the memory of any other thing, just as "you" points to a place where you are at. What should its loudness be like? I would like to know when you're heading out so that I too can head back. Is a cannon a receptacle when it is not being fired? Is its noise a loudness? Do these things keep? Does the feeling go mutual? Should it have to? What does it mean to entertain all the rest, all the other things? What does it mean "to entertain"? I have entertained every twinge and measure just to see them through. I would like to retire for the night and rest for tomorrow's reception. Its height is measured with an open hand. My hand opens to the slightest touch.

or do such accidents tumble? Can they be made to, tumble? Pageantry is a synonym for the devotions of a parent. There are shapes that make me stop. Our most fitful dreams are the ones we remember most vividly. I stood and turned, turned and thought. What should its loudness be? Is its loudness a pressure? What should it say? What should its loudness say? Does it drain? Is it swallowed? Have you softly lost it? Have you softly left it behind? What do its rivets do? How do its corners hinge? Are they needed, graceful? How do you smooth the rails on which it glides? How does it glide? How do its rails make it glide?

or to write a text differently, to angle the words more roundly than before. I would like to start from where you placed it. I would like for us to keep thinking while we're at it. I do not want any of this to be shelved, but I would like the tabletop to remain relatively clean. Somehow we are still moving, but the circumstances have slid from view. Can anything be made of how we are moving about? Not how we are moving or where we are moving to, but how we are moving about. I cannot promise you much, only this much. Grab hold of its rails, and follow them to the other side of the room, to the door, out the door, to the garden, through the garden, to the pool. When you arrive, walk straight to the refreshments. The refreshments are a stand. The stand is a box. The boxes are full and stacked, one on top of the other. Everything is a question of weight, balance. The height of the stack, the stand was determined by the weight of the boxes, their equilibrium. Height is measured with an open hand, stretched wide open. My hand is open.

PLY

To u ,

I have been elsewhere all this time. The distance of a separation is the space of a wall, rugged on one side, smooth on the other. For the past days, weeks, months, with and without you, I have been writing down one thing a day. Every day, I set one thing down on paper. Perhaps one, some day, these texts will make a book or a series of books. One for each day, one for each of the days that I have been elsewhere.

I had been elsewhere for a, some time. The interval of displacement is a depth of walls, both smooth and rugged. For days, weeks, months, with and without you, I have written one or more things a day. I say this with a doubtful lisp. Perhaps one day, these texts will make a book. A book of things written. Not imagined, not invented, but written, just written. To write “down.” To write down “on paper.” Like a chair that you would rather write than build. An egg that you would rather describe than fry and eat. A mood. The passage of a mood. But this is another elsewhere.

I am elsewhere, now, here. The surface of an isolation is that of a wall, smooth on one side, left or kept rugged on the other. For the past days, weeks, months, years, I have been thinking about what it means to “write things down on paper.” Perhaps one day, these thoughts will spur a book, a book of things written, just written down. Like a wall that you would rather describe than see, touch. Or like a mood, like the passage of a mood. I cannot see the difference between said and seen, for I can only say this difference. I cannot show it. I do not see it. There will always be another there, elsewhere, no matter how fast here continues to go, grow. And when I say here, I mean what’s swallowed. And when I say things, I mean the things that you, I could either build or write, see or say. I’d rather write a reed than splay it. I’d rather read red that write rote. I’d rather ties than build, built. All of this stands in recognition of what forms, its imperceptions.

I have been elsewhere but I am always here, there. Intimacy is a breach. Devotion is a fold in a space kept smooth, left rugged. To place is to space, to space is to fold, to fold is to hold, wander. The words “I love you” make a turning phrase.

Written by the side that is ever yours to hold and keep.

REPLY

This package is marked to your attention. That was the first, and only comma. When I turn it is not to lose you but to make my way through the crowd. For they are coming at me from all sides. This you know as you have experienced it and though it seems as if it is at me that they are coming you and I both know that they are just coming. Coming and going. Every repetition marks a desire to slow things down. To. Every break marks a desire to make its stumble happen. I have seen so much to retain so very little. There is a clarity to all these things that is unmistakable unforeseeable also. But look at the way you're holding your cup. It can only fall spill tip over into the loose dirt like crumbs like soaked cake crumbs at your feet. Does this ring a bell? Does this bell ring? For they are coming at me from all sides. It feels like they are coming at me from all sides. But they are just coming and going and if I am in the way it is because I am still standing still. That will be the second, and last comma. This package is marked "to your attention."

SCHEMA

Dear N ,

I have in my hand two pockets. I have in my pocket a coin which has two sides. I am not asking anyone to “face the music” or “see the light.” I have very little to offer in the way of consideration, tacks, fittings.

I do not have any reason to fold. There are certain things whose enumeration and consequence cannot be accounted for, other than with breath. I say this with the thinnest (as in sharpest and most disconsolate) form of disrespect, not to you, but to the circumstances surrounding our respective forms of communication. I say thin, because the wager is not to thicken nor to weigh, but to thin and wait. Like “wait for the salad to wilt,” then “leave the table” or “make yourself scarce” or “useful.”

Things sit differently depending on how they alight. Nothing is a surface to the depths that bear no reckoning. Everything skims, shallows. This too is a form. Everything is skimmed, shallow. Nothing bears. Everything, like salad, withers at “some point.” But nothing fades. Everything bears, continues to bear.

To say. To stay. To stay the sway of an expectation.

In gratitude
(for the dimensions of a page)

Yours

m

SOMETHING THAT SHINES BUT DOES NOT BLIND

You had asked for something mirrored and bright. Something that “shines but does not blind.” You had asked me for something whose brightness was “screened by smoke.” I cannot fathom the depths of a reflection. This is also something that you said, that I think you said. Something about depths, fathoms, reflections. Something about smoke, mirrors, screens, and lights.

Lights.

You had asked me for something without depth, without light. This is also something you said or asked. Something I had been wanting you to say, ask. My thoughts had turned towards the brightness of a mirror screened by smoke. My thoughts had tuned, turned towards the brightness, the smoke, the screens, the mirrors, and the fathomless depths of what you had called “its provocation.”

Smoke, screens.

Here I would like to address myself more directly to it, to what you have said to me about it. You, me, it. Its provocation. Provocations are blind. Provocations blind, are blinds. Some things cling, ring by means or in spite of the clang of their affiliation. I am writing in spurts and strokes because I want you to trip, stumble, and fall back onto your own devices. Or them. I want them to, not you, because I know you will lend yourself to the exercise regardless of how I set it down on paper.

What accommodations are these? I remember we asked this, you’d said we’d ask this. There is a clang to these affiliations that blinds, that acts like a blind. To build, make, propose, imagine is not to inherit, but rather to play, relay these “things that belong to no-one.” You said everyone, but I was elsewhere when you said this. My thoughts had turned to the brightness of a screen of smoke, its blinding.

Why can I not address these things more directly? I asked this as if it were a question of choice, blindness. What are the chances that I, you will see this through? Someone spoke these words and you, I, we laughed. I remember this, I remember saying it as if it had

“actually happened.” None of these quotations mark, mean anything. They illuminate and space. Or like a fold, they bracket.

My finger strolls along the burs of this tear, its border. My eyes close as they often do when I reach “this stage in the game.” Is there one more thing to say? Is there anywhere to be found? Does it belong, or can it be squandered?

Ours is a borrowing that belongs to no one, anyone.

SOMETHING ABOUT DIFFERENCE ¹ AND INDIFFERENCE ²

Take something round³,
hold it up⁴,
let it drop⁵.

¹ A difference of placement in relation to an indifference of form.

² The indifference of a form in relation to the differences of its placement, replacement.

³ Or something that you can round, that you can make rounder by dropping it, repeatedly, so as to blunt all of its corners and sides until it completely rounds, until it's completely round all the way around.

⁴ At a height of your own choosing.

⁵ Or fall, perhaps the better phrase here is roll off the hand and fall, fall where it lands, lands to a roll, rolls to a stop, stops to a rest, arrest.

SUBWAY DRAWING

1. A few months ago, I took the subway in New York, and the woman who sat across from me took out a notebook, or maybe she had already taken it out, I don't remember (I think now that she may have come into the train with me, and that she sat down, took out her notebook, I mean sketchbook, for it was a sketchbook, and then looked around, settled on or for me and) then she started to draw my portrait.

2. I stood still, trying not to look at her, trying not to disturb her by looking at her, but her neighbors had looked over her shoulder and were pointing at the drawing and at me, then they left, others came, a group of kids getting out of school, and their reactions were even more insistent and invasive. Yet she remained sealed within the vessel of her activity. When she was done, she turned the page over and started to look around for another subject.

3. I stood up to get off the train and asked her if I could see the drawing. All of a sudden, she seemed shy and self-conscious. She asked me if I wanted the drawing and then before I could answer, she signed it, tore it out, and gave it to me (here I am tempted to say that she tore it out first then signed it, but I am not sure). I introduced myself and thanked her. (Though I wanted it, I had resisted when she first proposed to give it to me, but she was already tearing it out, signing it.)

4. Something about her movements, the overall action, her concentration as well, her engagement with a process both defined and in need of definition or rather, not in need but open to a form of definition (not individuation, not even style, but simply finding limits, potential for growth, the translation of one's intentions or the better word is tendencies, inclinations). But also being taken that is carried, transported by the results, not settling for but coming to terms with what one is making rather than what one would like to be making.

5. Something too about the way she went about it, not asking, just doing, seizing that is transcribing, working it out "on paper." And something also about the lack of a certain type of question, the presence of others (she used a standard office gel pen, a spiral bound sketchbook). And the transportability of it all, that is of the whole thing, her pursuit of it extending to these scattered increments of idle time.

THEORY OF THE OBJECT

6. And the gestures of the others, that too, looking over her shoulder.
7. And the stops and starts, looking up or down, that rhythm, but also her hands, wrists, fingers, their imbrication.
8. And how it ended (somewhat abruptly). But how it goes on. How it resonates (remembering how for me too this process once held such depths of promise). But then a distance taken, making its enduring proximity all the more intangible or irresolute, as if one ever goes, gets, or works past anything, nothing at all.

I cannot think of anything other than the things you'll say. Your resistance is round is buoyant. Your commentary has bite has bounce. I cannot tell you how much it weighs, I can only tell you how much it has weighed on me. Every echo is an added layer of protection. Here are some of the things I remember writing. There is always another side when it is wanted, wanting. Every duplication is a stall. To mask a tear or a tear.

To tear. Terror masks. All of these paragraphs mark a windfall. None of these avenues can be blocked, for they are too wide, too spacious, and too long. Should this be quicker than a page? Should it have a different grain? Does it sit differently with you when it is in my space? I have followed you all the way here, and it will all be seen (your entrance, my return). But where does it lead? What will they ask to swallow? We have played the game as best we could, as far as we wanted to know, for as long as we could make it stand, keep it upright (like a lectern, the game has to be kept upright like a lectern). None of this requires any mode of transportation or understanding.

None of this requires understanding. What would you like to invest to return? I do not want any of this to be shelved. I would like to continue to think about these things with all of you. I'll stand up so we can sit back down. The speed of their progression is such that they cannot hold on to anything. The friction they encounter only works to polish their surfaces and create more dust. The scale of the collection is such that nothing ever rises to its surface for very long. Everything gets piled. I am not concerned with where we are moving to but with how we are moving about. I can only dream in numbers. I can only speak in bursts and puffs. I am not saying any of this in. Do not take any of this as a sign of. Take it to the other side of the room, then make your way back to us, leave it behind if you must, but make your way back to us.

Back to us. Everything gets piled. Your bites have bounce. This is a phrase that I thought might be of interest to please you. An opposition between two terms hinges like a seesaw on their anchored in-between. I've held up a lantern to these bellows. I've sat a ring around your waist. We agreed on everything. With head and hand, we agreed on everything. She sings so many scales then sings so many scales then swings and lapses. I do feel better now that I'm eating. I would like to see you again, later today or even this evening, when both of us will be less taken by other things. I wanted to write all of this with a rounder hand.

To write rounder. The buttons we push are the pills we pop. This is a phrase that I thought might please be of interest to you. I'll hold up a lamp and lantern to their blows. The buttons you push are the pills we pop. Shifting the weight is the only way to ease the burden. I will hold you responsible for as long as you remain obscured and out of reach. Conspiracies sprout in the neglected folds and wrinkles. How does a mushroom spore? How will the sheets dry if you don't hang them? Not that you had it coming but I find it hard to believe that I never knew you had it in you all this time. Like homework. Like to chat. Like to meet up for a chat because it's been way too far too long and so much is on our minds. Not in, but on, off.

Not in but on or off. I just want to point to it and then roll past or over it, as if it were a ball, a bearing, or a seed. This is a paraphrase of something I once read in a book that I have since returned as it was not mine but borrowed. I would but I can't so I'll whisper it instead. It will simmer so let me let it simmer. This is my other pocket in knots. I've known no limits until now, because none of this stems from intentions. It all reduces in the end. It can be read against the walls it names.

None of it stems from intentions. I'll tie my other pocket in knots if I have to. We drove in successive waves today. The phrase is wrong, the description is false. What I meant to say was that we waited between each leg of the trip. The air inside was cold and dry. The air outside was hot and humid. I won't know where to go if I start from here. None of these phrases lead. Things, but this is also twisting the wrong way. This is also a piece of branch or wire that has been twisted the wrong way. How things catch. To bag an attention like to catch like to phrase like to catch with the catch of a phrase.

1 ... and circumstance, and touch, and the grace of an ingenuity found, unexpectedly found.

A HYPEN

<i>;</i>	<i>(wood, wax) 2013</i>
<i>1234Vanessa</i>	<i>(single-channel video) 2011</i>
<i>A gag</i>	<i>(two-channel audio installation) 2011</i>
<i>A glass of water</i>	
<i>A letter, L</i>	
<i>A thought</i>	<i>(wood, acrylic paint) 2013</i>
<i>Bricole</i>	<i>(brick, glue, wall) 2013</i>
<i>Catalog</i>	<i>(work-in-progress, variable materials and dimensions) 2011-</i>
<i>Couple</i>	<i>(wood) 2013</i>
<i>Fall fall another time</i>	
<i>Dummy</i>	<i>(wood, string) 2013</i>
<i>Ibid.</i>	
<i>I took a picture ...</i>	
<i>Monologue for a wall</i>	
<i>Monologue for a wall, a waterfall</i>	
<i>when I read ...</i>	
<i>Notes towards a theory of distraction</i>	
<i>Ou</i>	<i>(pvc pipe, variable dimensions) 2010-2013</i>
<i>Ply</i>	<i>(envelope, wall) 2013</i>
<i>Reply</i>	<i>(photograph, wall) 2013</i>
<i>Schema</i>	<i>(metal, paint) 2013</i>
<i>Something that shines but does not blind</i>	
<i>Something about difference and indifference</i>	
<i>Subway Drawing</i>	
<i>Theory of the object</i>	

COLOPHON

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