



← then live on death

← then that city will become waste← then that land will be abandoned; its roads will be closed← then its owner will be killed by force← then the owner of the ox will experience loss← then there will be an uprising of fish and birds← then a foreigner from the cities will come← then confusion, the mind of the land will change← then the prince will repel the enemy land in battle← then the patient will continue to waste away but will live← then deprivation← then the gods have heard the wailing of the land← ¹

Summary (transect, transact): stability as caved-out innumerable—scaffold—

Summary (transect, transact): prior-priority of ‘more’—lessen or be lessened—weakness push-pull as vector: who or what lessens in ‘more’—bracing in diminution as carved future—

Syphon or benefit from an energetics of lament: something wins

Yield: give-in and/or give-up

autotomise autonymy

Haruspex, chicane: (in)decision looks out as power to decide ²

‘Pallaksh. Pallaksh.’ keeping yes and no unsplit ³

¹ Leichty 1970: 164, 203, 171, Moren 1980: 64, Freedman 2017: 78, 77, Koch-Westenholz 2000: 115, 74, 101, 104, 105

² Ramey 2016: 65-6

³ Lacoue-Labarthe 1999: 17, Celan 2013: 199, 107

‘The line is an edge where being begins, an embankment where something ends. Inscription allows nouns to be declined. Thus form is that roll of the world that encircles masses, or rather, conceptualizable zones, in an homogenous space, that encloses nothing. Does whatever exists within the line, ringed by it, therefore have meaning, or a hollowed-out meaning? Does the line engender a full and differentiated space, or with its raw wound, its graphic fissure, does it mark the visible limits of the void itself?’⁴

Whether or not a line, distended, as seration, into a procrustean slivering of points, its identity as line tracked as presence of rhythm in those points, decides a bleed, through its porosity, of the hollowed-out into the fully-scarce: lifedeath.

Response phase caved-out by preparedness phase

Tortuosity of cost-path edging operational envelopes in staged world⁵

If difficulties arise in application of Stokes' moralising distinction between carving and modelling, when applied to action on 'blocks' of dematerialised material (carving in information), where the former is thought superior for combining an aleatorics of irreversible subtracting with an appearing in the mind's eye of complex (multi-perspectival) form in advance of its existence, an extension or impurification of the model by the third-terms of scarification or cautery, could facilitate a heuristic in which a cut at the rim of any wounded material retains a reminder of a history of its excision. This could lead to a 'documentality' of the subtracted written inside and on top of the result of carving, a liquefaction of modelling as recuperative healing, and refuted cleanliness of-and-in whatever is carved.⁶

... stabilisation, produced at the expense of the 'cost path' of the sacrificed moment, the liver of the sacrificed sheep, the multiple pupae. Stabilisation as a means by which the future predates (chronologically and to eat) presence or the present or the current.⁷

Each one of the damaged pupal wings will recuperate its normal development around that variable point of damage, so that the 'norm' (a likelihood, a stability, a future), as an 'ideal' is understood via a shadow-field of all those summary damages. Moreover; the whole vertiginous presence of the non-seeing mimetic eye; its shift and reposition around the damage striving to reform as the e.g. predatory snake the wings 'want' to be.⁸

Rhythmical, eliminative, casing, or rhythmical, eliminative internal scaffold, to ongoing.

'This fundamental trait of behaviour, its eliminative character, can show itself as destruction—as devouring—or as avoidance ...'⁹

If there is this form of presence, so submerged as structure and habituation, that sees happening as a manageable bracing carved out of infinitude, it has variably materialising and immaterialising weak-force¹⁰ looking back out of its cavitations, out of the cavities in the possible as a probing in fear.

'The science of lubrication is called tribology, and a tribological history ... would result in an entirely probable and promising narrative.'¹¹

The weak is not just ground away in giving but remediates cavitation as congesting. Thinking the ways things are as modulation-events between yielding and resisting, would touch upon a third domain growing as their centre, new substance of the ground-away: tribologram.

'Weak ecology shakes off the temptation to touch the real ...'¹²

Manticist without future, cost-path and a burden-metric trailing backward as discovery. Resisting facilitates the torque allowing any strength to scaffold itself, as the function of the nut can be replaced by the sea where a ship's propellor has the function of the bolt, turning transitively.¹³ Articulation over and against yield.

6 Stokes 2002: 111-114
7 Email to Dominic Paterson 31/05/2019
8 Email to Mihnea Mircan 12/04/201

9 Heidegger 1995: 250
10 Laruelle 2015: 78-82
11 Müller-Sievers 2012: 178 n18
12 Marder 2016: 658
13 Müller-Sievers 2012: 79-80

if—the nature of fuel—is undetermined—

if—initially there is only fuel—along the margins of the field— a molecule we will call fuel is initially distributed across the field and serves as substrate for the first reaction to produce the product—the model resembles a grassfire with a fire front initiated at the ignition point—that consumes fuel and leaves combustion products behind—in the course of time fuel is depleted as are all subsequent metabolites—¹⁴

‘The shape of a flame is better adapted to movement than any other; for, it has a cone and a point with which it seems to want to pierce the air, to ascend to its sphere’, leaving its ashes as particulation, as suspension in return to pneumatic surround, remediating, lessened of fuel.¹⁵ ‘The light-source which shows the world’s crevices to be infernal is the optimal one.’¹⁶

What pleases fueled off—’In its abandonment to nature pleasure renounces the possible, just as pity renounces the transformation of the whole.’¹⁷

Liver: moving from a script for reading-out of future, to a participant in filtration of particularising exteriority, always as a by-product of slowly intensifying pre-dation—

Liver: now as filter, defense, containment of impurity and redundancy in nourishment, a function that can regenerate itself after surgical reduction of its form. A nexus for selectivities. So a mode of flame, also a filter, fully open as indifference to fuel. Filtration and regenerativity, when remediation ends or ends itself, thinned to an ending of anything diaphanous—no ‘more’—

‘breath, that is, direction and fate’¹⁸

‘If it comes to life again, it is in another form: as the embodiment of another breath or the incarnation of a different spark.’¹⁹

¹⁴ Nijhout 2017: 10

¹⁵ Stokes 2002: 116-117

¹⁶ Adorno 1997: 269

¹⁷ Adorno and Horkheimer 202: 83

¹⁸ Paul Celan in Derrida 2005: 174

¹⁹ Tobias 2006: 121

‘First, the dependent counterfactual proposes that *if* I had done this instead of that, then the future would have been different; second, the independent counterfactual replaces “if” with “even if”: *even if* I had done this, things would not have turned out differently. We must therefore distinguish between *counterfactual powerlessness* and *causal power*.’²⁰

←if an anomaly has scales on its shoulders and its intestines can be seen ←if an anomaly has an opening in its chest and it has a door of flesh which is constantly opened and closed ←if a ram has one horn inserted into its forehead like a peg ←if an ox split its right horn ←if a pig is carrying a reed ←if a pig in the pen of its owner’s household makes a drawing in the earth ←if there are three Presences and the middle one is short ←if the Presence’s horns are turned and point to the Gall Bladder ←if the Presence turns into a Weapon and it points to the Path ←if the Presence is like the Path ←if a design is drawn from the centre of the Palace Gate to the Presence ←²¹

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Discontinuity

I have always liked poetry. Specifically I like poets who flummox my thinking. Refusing to stretch towards any supposed universal ideal or understanding, I am compelled by language that stumps cosy communication patterns, challenging the everyday information that codes interpretative habits in my brain. The poetry I like is particular, uncooperative and difficult. It doesn't easily move from the page; it is resistant. In reading more I learn to sense textual distinctions as well as (very simply) enjoying phenomena—strange meetings of words.

It is slow work in a culture of 'chat' informed by constantly updating narratives, viral storytelling and fast judgements. It requires labour to try and find a point of entry into the meaning of these words. Sometimes I just wait, or rest, beside words. As single words, they form long histories of associations. And at the same time (when taken in isolation), they are meaningless. In poetry, however, each word is almost always laid out in relation to another word. These are deliberate decisions; rough nuggets of meaning appearing much like synthetic matter in amongst the soil.

Yoking with an ampersand

In English-speaking schools the ampersand used to be commonly included in the alphabet as the 27th letter. The 26 other letters are all speech sounds.

The ampersand is a glyph that ropes a broken connection between two words. Often joining two words with different commonly associated meanings, it can initially perform a binary, but in actuality it evidences a non-binary. The words influence and define each other, producing a hybrid meaning. When used in written text, we can readily discern the ampersand as a visible and violent mechanism by which two words being forced together. On the other hand, the form of the glyph itself is never completed; the infinite is approached and never reached. Thus the 27th letter could exist to destabilise our presumptive habits of reading and our desire for resolution or sense.

Sometimes two words are linked together through other means, for example, a likeness of sound. Perhaps the ampersand exists here also, but in its absence. Absences can spur the fill-in work that keeps the reader engaged in the act of comprehension, still a means of yoking meaning together much like the ampersand.

Grief

A friend has just written to tell me her dad has leukemia. This adds to the two other friends of mine whose parents were also given a cancer diagnosis this year. New accounts of sickness finding their way to me like lost flies. In the past three years I have lost four people close to me, all of them to natural causes.

Learning to support someone with an aggressive physical illness changes the way you understand every material thing around you. The body is not stable, nor is the roof above you. Everything is simultaneously both unbreakable and porous; it is malleable and thick-skinned. Everything seems to slip away from the other, lapsing and yet clamping onto itself—fraught.

It doesn't make a lot of sense when people you love are dying. It is very irrational when people were seemingly in 'good' health. How can you be doing so much such-and-such in your life, filling it up with an excess of something-or-other, of social engagements, of cycles and flows. And yet, there in the midst, is the very concrete potential of this person not being around anymore.

The only thing I can tell people is that it is very difficult to communicate exactly how death impacts you and how it feels. And it is especially hard to articulate complex thoughts when you are physically and emotionally exhausted. In my experience, illness is really about living, and makes you realise how fragile life is and can become.

I tried to make meaning from these experiences. It is easy to understand death as a sign for interpretation, as a way of rationalising the loss. Interpretations are responses to the grief one feels when you don't know what to do with it. I found I related best to environmental groups who all share and support each other through grief, albeit on a global scale. I started an obsession with recycling (particularly plastic use) understanding that recycling emulates a natural cycle in the minds of consumers. And so I started to hoard plastics. Large mountains of material are just sitting there refusing to go back into circulation to feed the disingenuous narrative.

Anatomy Lesson

Anatomy lessons were social occasions, taking place in actual theatres where people paid tickets to attend a public autopsy to gain greater understanding of how anatomy worked. Rembrandt's painting *The Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Nicolaes Tulp* (1632) documents this.

The painting shows the body of prisoner Adriaen het Kint, his face in shadow, his left lower arm flayed for observation. He is surrounded by men who would have paid to be represented in the painting. The central figure is probably Dr Tulp, who is demonstrating how the muscles of the arm are attached. The preparator, whose job it is to prepare the body for the lesson, is not pictured in the work.

Rembrandt has sanitised the scene. There are no tools or blood on anyone's hands. It is a visceral image, in that he stages hierarchical contrast between the exposed physical body and the opulently dressed, theorising men. Adriaen het Kint is sacrificed here for the benefit of greater knowledge and understanding. The painting's composition invites us to view the inside of Adriaen het Kint's arm. To get there we pass through many people who are interpreting meaning from this lifeless body: the viewer; the painter; the audience of the event; the men observing the lesson; Dr. Tulp himself. Impactful, raw energy is produced by the image, as all the people mentioned become corroborators of his death.

Produce

I spent the summer learning to grow my own food in a shared community garden space with some friends. As an experience, it defied all my expectations. The biggest realisation was that I knew nothing about nature. I had to accept that; in fact, my mind had become domesticated and skewed.

As someone that doesn't want to use pesticides, I had to commit to a war on slugs. This war is ruthless. When asked about how the garden was, I often found myself nervously admitting to how distanced I once had been from the gruesome and sacrificial reality of the ecological system.

At first I started to offset my massacre by feeding the molluscs to the birds but it turned out the birds do not actually like them. Frogs do, to an extent, but you would need a moat around the entire plot to take control. Beer-traps are another method, but then they kill other insects at the same time. In the end I became content with a different understanding of growing success and food aesthetic, producing half-eaten leaves and some crops that never eventuated.

Text pp 3-15 Alex Impey
Text pp 17-21 Sarah Rose

Alex Impey would like to thank:

The Henry Moore Foundation

Nina Bacos

Oskar Brattström

Lisa DeBruine

Emma Dove

Adam Gandy

James N. Hutchinson

Barbara Impey

Gayle Impey

Pat Impey

Maria Lander

Peter Large

H. Frederik Nijhout

Dave MacAllister

James McLardy

Mihnea Mircan

Erik Osberg

Josée Ouellette

Dominic Paterson

William Pettersson

Giovanni Pirelli

Maggie Reilly

Jeanne Robinson

Scott Rogers

Sarah Rose

Daniel Ross

Beinn Watson

Rory Watson

Coding:

William Pettersson

Lovisa Sundin



ALEX IMPEY
-GNOSTIC
CAUTERY