

**Made  
To Act by Many Others**

**A score  
by Joël Verwimp**

**Artist Dis-Placement  
Work & rehearsal schedule  
July 2018**

Draft two.....until July 30th  
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Typeface.....Antic Slab  
Protagonists.....Joël by Joël for Joël  
Footnotes.....C. Bumpkin

**Made  
to Act by Many Others**  
Score for a Real-Time Sculpture

Six iterations of a score by Joël Verwimp, fellow of ZK/U in the Artist Dis-Placement program as part of the Creative Europe *Artecitya* Project in cooperation with the sonntagsbureau at the Amerika-Gedenkbibliothek AGB/ZLB

**In 500 characters (or rather 913),** on a civic level,  
the prefix “dis” allows us to look back and locate the interior  
by building extensions into public/non-public space.

*I extend upon your work, this score,  
already being enacted by others,  
requires the contours of both Yes and No.*

Here, in the hyper and nano - a complex of site/person/device/organisation - the score withdraws the library from its supposed reality, into new expressions of its “real time.” An exercise in the power of *No*, the power of the affective locates that which we perform.

A body has been addressed and a response was to be expected - the ethics of how to respond when somebody clarifies the limits of their already extant space by saying *No*. The *real-time sculptural extension* of the library is the journey that brought it here: a written text, documenting its own existence as background for the open letter that will eventually conclude it.

**Extending  
the Cosmographia**  
Or, this is a photograph.

*Von vielen anderen gemacht // Von vielen anderen zum Handeln gebracht // Gemacht, um von  
vielen anderen zu handeln*

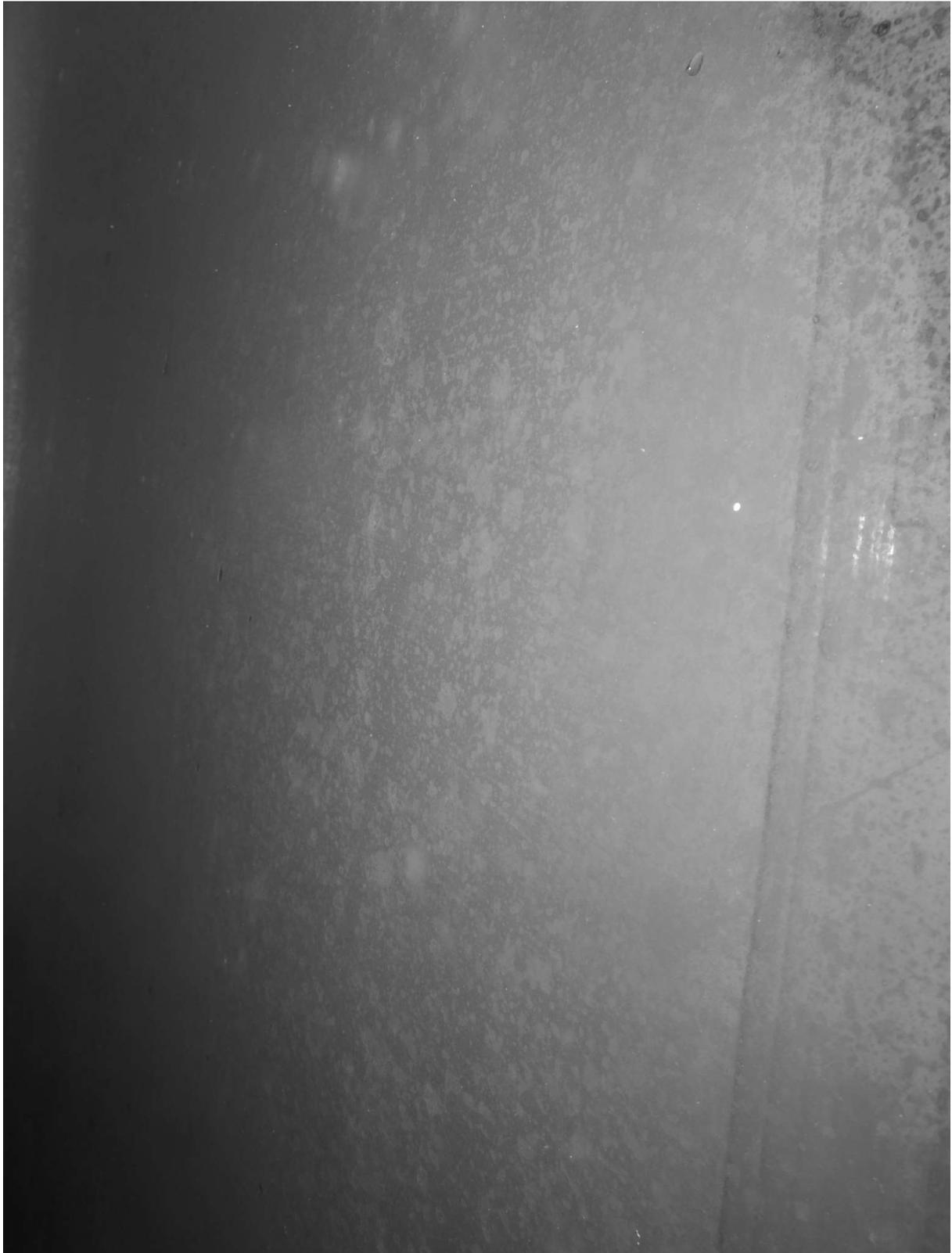
As for many other listening based practitioners, artists must live by the ear like blind writers who can never reread what they dictate. We, who revise by being multiple, do most of our writing in our head(s) before setting down anything on paper. This score is set inside the head or “soulroom” of the protagonist who, paradoxically is also the only addressee.<sup>1</sup> Both - addressee as well as protagonist - form the room and the room in turn forms them. Such a topological representation of physical as well as image-space is a model or topograph that includes the interior.<sup>2</sup> Joël by Joël for Joël at the library relates architectural space with human “inner” space through language. Such a poetic constitution of space is a faithful recording device of a real world; not just representing the commotion inside one head, it makes interiority visible by showing off its architectural windows.<sup>3</sup> Here, language makes the border between in- and outside porous by becoming interior: extending Bernardus Silvestris with a real time sculpture.<sup>4</sup> Or, the photograph.<sup>5</sup>

**Here**, poetic space is depicted on the figure.<sup>6</sup>  
**Like**, the heroic epic about *Kudrun*, who managed to rearrange the world around her so that it offers her sanctuary based on discourse (and, saying *No*).  
**Or**, "Wrong life cannot be lived rightly," and yet, this did not lead Adorno to despair of the possibility of morality.<sup>7</sup>  
**Indeed**, we are left with the question, how does one lead a good life in a bad life?<sup>8</sup>















***The House Built by a Groundskeeper***  
(in Octagonal Roomings)

**Haze**

Tell me about the rest of your life.<sup>1</sup>

Nothing.<sup>2</sup>

Once the door is open, there is all the time in the world,

at least for a cat.<sup>3</sup>

Address the failure in responding and the consequent secrecy that resulted in so much pain and loss.

Now, this is the gap between re-mem-bering and erasure, shifting the Kamikaze.<sup>4</sup>

We kissed, I fell under your spell but the spell was broken from the start. I never hit so hard in love.<sup>5</sup>

IFUCKEDTHEHOLIDAYGOLIGHTLYANDTHEHOLIDAYGOLIGHTLYFUCKEDME

You've been writing our House to an end long before we've last touched, cutting through my haze  
which both awaits us and precedes us.<sup>1</sup>  
Hence your writings' ability to call forth a togetherness to come. But, in transmitting events you present  
me with blocs of singularities that embody them and force me to think and to become within them.<sup>2</sup>

I reach out, respond and define my will to fight,  
I want the truth, not your wall buildings  
grafting as a place where we can still meet.<sup>3</sup>

It is with such a vitalism that you give me the invitations.<sup>4</sup> Your mode of encounter demands an ethical  
openness, an outside, to another world here-and-now, to the full powers of building a new set of senses.<sup>5</sup>  
Although my passive response does what it always does, it is still the reader who stops the writer.<sup>6</sup> *As if*  
the writer ever stops. My lack of ambition makes me your perfect reader. I know now that the end of  
writing is also the end of rest and peace.<sup>7</sup>

Haze, someone told me once before, is a fact, a real inside, an in-site insight.<sup>8</sup> The haze is before but  
already at the door.<sup>9</sup> I've let you inside and now I can only see a silhouette.<sup>10</sup>

## Ship

I've been extremely lucky in life.<sup>11</sup> Luck can give the strength to pursue profound depth.<sup>12</sup>  
I have become myself through a process of letting go, replacing, subtraction and fusion: alienation.<sup>13</sup>  
That non-intervention has given me complacency and indifference but I never wanted to free myself and  
I believed that you knew that.<sup>14</sup> Predetermining a limit is always already too far as well as it is self-  
deceptive.<sup>15</sup>

I am more than myself, self-caused and the cause of being for everything else in the universe.<sup>1</sup> Paris needed a friend to talk to, the romantic universe crashed by its own inability.<sup>2</sup> Here, I turned my weakness into betrayal.<sup>3</sup> Now, I know, I am not your life.<sup>4</sup>  
I think the world of you, a new set of senses, a wish I take very serious.<sup>5</sup>

There is no guile in me.<sup>6</sup> My desire for accommodating the needs of others by extending those needs with my own unattainable self, burns.<sup>7</sup> I broke our intimacy, that thing, tied to the obligation we take on in relation to another.<sup>8</sup> When the “I” leaves the self for the other, seeing what is tremendous and powerful and strong in the other, the self hears the other.<sup>9</sup> Hearing is the strongest of affections, the labyrinthine knotting together of two kinds of processes: exposure and integration.<sup>10</sup> Intimacy can be broken when it’s pushed into an unfair battle, when secrecy prevails or when it’s called into a fight with hidden factors.<sup>11</sup>

The body is a metabolic vehicle in which increased velocity overwhelms the human sensorium and empowers the controllers of speed (over other humans).<sup>12</sup>

Work is stupid art is not but, every built environment is negotiated (with) on the level of the object and these materials of desire have a will of their own.<sup>13</sup> Years of dependency brought me the speechlessness that mutes every play on an even field.<sup>14</sup> The product of a singular idea: *the difference between the destruction of This House and one’s own exile from That Room*.<sup>15</sup> As if such a normative experiment with architecture doesn’t create territory.<sup>16</sup>

Writing builds my future self, imagining and inscribing the I into a constituent becoming  
although

I know that it is the contingent present that needs the I.<sup>17</sup> It takes a will to do what the I wants to do with the unattainable self.<sup>18</sup> There is no need for anybody else to do the things I ask.<sup>19</sup> I am more than myself and you know me like nobody else.<sup>20</sup>

The other side of intimacy is called loneliness.<sup>1</sup> It is the absence of a counteract, the absence of someone who is willing to fight back.<sup>2</sup> Loneliness hates bug juice and the waiting at that apartment.<sup>3</sup>

We reach toward each other because none of the other goals we had are as big as the person we started to care for by having them.<sup>4</sup>

You offered me a different life, me, out of my depth, building walls... never lost respect for you.<sup>5</sup> One can tell a person's self-connection from the way they take care of the things they've made.<sup>6</sup>

Seeing the two images that I have made of myself, simultaneously, might explain my search for essence in life and art but it doesn't say anything about my speechlessness.<sup>7</sup>

*He turned my fear for him into inserting his sexual violence into my desire to protect you. He made me protect you by being sexually violent towards me, to allow his sexual violence as a way to protect you.*<sup>8</sup> You wanted me to save you.<sup>9</sup>

## Coconut

Invitations, everything but loneliness.<sup>10</sup> I reach and reach and reach until somebody responds someone will respond, "The One" is not a fool, if not Plotinus.<sup>11</sup>

If you don't fuck me now, I will give it to any-body even the abusive.<sup>12</sup>

Never have I been courted like this before, caught in the middle of meta-instability.<sup>13</sup>

There is nothing unfair about the way you conquer.<sup>14</sup> I never knew how much you wanted more than yourself.<sup>15</sup> Tell me be about the something else that you want instead, fancy.<sup>16</sup>

So much understanding, so much misunderstanding.<sup>17</sup>

The time was wrong, but how can time be wrong?<sup>1</sup> There is no wrong time, just as there can be no wrong weather.<sup>2</sup> The space of love that we have built cannot be wrong.<sup>3</sup> Knowing you is seeing beauty.<sup>4</sup> You carry me into non-normative time and refuse to erase.<sup>5</sup>

Defiled,

maybe, but the stains never arrived on this side of the atlantic.<sup>6</sup>

### **Cathedral**

Architecture, it can be argued, is about putting things in order, cleaning things up, making them right.<sup>7</sup> Fiction, often does just the opposite.<sup>8</sup> Fiction is about building practical difficulties and allowing them to tangle and fester until they are beyond repair.<sup>9</sup> In asking for a response, it is only consequent to go to the bone.<sup>10</sup> We can't transcend our limitations or our reliance on each other.<sup>11</sup> We can only live with them.<sup>12</sup>

If we give up the delusion of controlling everything around us, we might refocus ourselves on the pleasure we take in each other and life itself.<sup>13</sup>

Art doesn't need utopia anymore just as personality doesn't need to be defended, just revealed.<sup>14</sup> I am a sentimentalist, I only remember silhouettes and essentials.<sup>15</sup> Not enough is also just a sum.<sup>16</sup>

I fought back all my fears of you. I fought back thinking that you wouldn't want to know how much I wanted you  
And I fought back thinking that you wouldn't trust yourself to be as big as you are but you wrote me about your feet and ears and drinking as if that makes you less.  
What I want to do with the rest of my life?

Fuck you,

don't tell me what I have done I know,  
you don't.

### **Lullaby**

Everybody knows how it ended but nobody knows how it began:  
a plea for intimacy and factual reality.

A public park bench is not for every-body, Prometheus.

I don't think I will ever be ready to give up on romantic emotions and monogamy, I  
got married on the day you were born.

My physicality wants you. You can leave me all you want and I can leave you all I  
want but I'm just yours.

Every human interaction begins and ends in capitalism. What capitalism cannot contain, is the very material bookended by its beginnings and endings. In essence: products. But none of us are components, and no relationship, in its course, is determined entirely by what product-goal we might have begun with. We are all bigger than that, we are all particular. Caring itself fulfills the goal-orientation of capitalism, but is not bound inside its structure. Caring extends beyond. And thus the capitalism of relationships is itself subjected to the terms of our caring. From the outside it always looks crazy if the care is strong enough. No person falls within the lines of another person's product-goal checklist, but it never really matters. We reach toward each other because none of the other goals we had are as big as the person we started to care for by having them.

*Refrain*

The gift....once every five years I give myself completely  
again,  
again,  
again.

## Soul

Waiting to just work on art in the total absence of love, even with all the ruins of all the things I burned down is not an option. You said that there will be no more love between us. I can only open myself as I've always done to you. We've created the love that you needed to end the abuse. Now, I can see the power and how you have found it in care, caring for us. I know it's too late but I do hear you now. Only now do I recognize the content of all your letters. I never heard you, never before found the strength to re-read your letters again and again as I was suppose to do. Not just because you're not easy to hear.

It's wrong to pathologize; as wrong as time at the wrong place with the right one. You're not my life:  
the soul of a tree is only visible in winter.

Octagonal Rooming is a never ending story that can only develop through being inside each other with the goal of finding new tools (senses) with which to relate to the world through being inside each other.

This is the question of whether jealousy is the fear of sharing or of losing someone.

To figure out how to approach the world as much as possible as an indefensible person implants me firmly in an unending problem, which is not merely the problem of the world, but the problem of myself.

You knew what would happen to you in New York.

Every House is made by the Rooms it accommodates.

## **Ruin**

When I think about habitation as a series of practices that relates to habits, I am the sentimental unconscious. And, this is what I've put inside your dream shell.

You always get the most out of a story by believing it.

You want everything and of course you are right. You do the things other people ask you to do or at least you think that they ask you. Anyway, you do them anyway, I can see it in your art. Vulnerability is the will to embrace your shit as something that makes you beautiful. Your ability, ambition and desire for unlimited intensity, both, on an emotional level as well as on the level of doing is so big that you give more credit than one deserves, this is how you value imperfection. The search for mental strength is a struggle that seems so light for you to fight.

Your writings and actions made me believe that you were not able or willing to distance yourself from him. Your desire for his consent was stronger than your will to cut loose.

responding to my pain with leaving me was more cruel than you are.

In the end, art is always a manipulative game of make-believe and as if. Hiding our weakness inside art can only ever be one part of life. It's one thing to theorize that which you cannot do, but to then do that which you've constructed is too much of a coil for me. I can only hear you if we talk without a medium.

All my life I've come unguarded and without suspicion. Trust, I still do.

It had to be you.

## Impasse

I am a receptacle of you, I carry you through the life you put in the world and left behind. There is no one better in the world than I to carry you. Eventually, memory must surrender vis-à-vis everyday life experience and its affinity to what is unclassifiable – longing. I know now that “to drag your words forth” is an ethical obligation that I desire to pursue.

Yes, yes we're at an impasse. We have moorings to cast off. An impasse isn't a place anybody wishes to be although it still is an “action of reaching”. The impasse isn't a place to stay, there is no waiting here and it isn't a place of hope but a place to fight. The Impasse is the place where we harboured our ship and where you've asked me to “do something”. I'm making that space for you to move on and for me to fight until a place can replace it. I adopt your praxis in your absence, writing myself into existence. Here, I do the things I cannot do like re-pair, re-do and to try it again, with awe. All the things that I am not are the things that I do with art. That's why my praxis is doing for me - *not* Nepenthe - the things that I am not, the not-performance-artist.

There are only a few people in life to deeply connect with. A belief requiring patience, but ferocious patience at odds with 'waiting'. It was art that I looked for and you gave me everything I always wanted to the degree of something becoming indistinguishable from our psychophysical personality. The tragedy is that when it was finally there, I couldn't handle it and was too afraid to figure out what could be between us. Maybe, I am no match for my own creations but I also now realize that This House isn't what you wanted. I write you without grace and I realize that there can be nothing of profound depth for you without touch. I reach through your absence from the perspective that if our crossing of paths has the value I have always assigned to it, beauty will perdure.

Lethe is related to truth. It's a space, a river of un-forgetfulness.

1 Being the addressee of your own writing is not in itself paradoxical.

2 Are we to assume that because the addressee is also the protagonist, that we have thus been given a map (topograph) of the interior? Or, that the interior is produced from such self-relation? One could say, alternatively, that self-relation collapses other possible topographs, or that it retreats from other possible topographs, to produce the flat-plane of palimpsest, the layering that conceals self behind self-responding-to-self.

3 One might point out here that the commotion inside one head, if unsubstantiated by physical facts or reported events, nonetheless always has architectural windows, and that the history of reading ruminations is informed by the idea that any such interiority reflects upon itself only by likewise reflecting upon the world.

4 Here the author is referring to Silvestris's 12th century treatise *Cosmographia*, and the quote from therein extracted: "There, a house far removed and withdrawn from grossly physical places."

5 Let it be noted that the author is a photographer and has produced a long series titled 'House', wherein photographs were only further differentiated by location.

6 "...and thus will not be discussed further more here. The boundary conditions are depicted on the Figure..." See Traoré, Philippe, and Jian Wu, Christophe Louste, Pedro A. Vázquez, Alberto T. Pérez. "Numerical Study of a Plane Poiseuille Channel Flow of a Dielectric Liquid Subjected to Unipolar Injection," 2.2 Numerical Method, pg. 3.

7 "There is no wrong time, just as there can be no wrong weather." See pg. 17 of the present document.

8 The author once informed me that Americans cannot know existentialism, that such is an entirely European affair, excepting, of course, Dolly Parton, who is the preeminent American example of existential expressionism.

1 "Here, I'll give you this, I made it for you, badly, but it's the only generosity I have right now, so if it's really bad, please forgive. I'm not who I used to be and we're not who we used to be so it's hard to muster up the kind of writer I used to be for you." Letter to a Tender (LtaT), 37

2 "Anyway, enough of that. Sorry to even write of it, it's just hard to come in here and be generous and talk about more interesting things when this is the only space of connection between us.

3 It's a foreignness to be this alone in the world." Ibid.

4 "Everybody here is a photographer. I mean- everybody." LtaT, 36.

5 "You wrote a text agreeing to my terms, saying essentially, you write I read which wasn't exactly what I had in mind. What's the point of coming in here to write if there is no response? I don't need to have a journal that is specifically made accessible to you. What is the point of that accessibility? It feels to me as if you're imagining I enjoy voyeurism." LtaT, 34.

1 "When I met you I thought "oh look it's a real life Holiday Golightly." You seemed to enter and exit rooms in all this state or status-- it was as if your embodiment extended in a big charismatic cloud a couple meters in all directions around you, and so I thought perhaps the only way to know you solidly, or the only way worth knowing you, was to find a way through your haze." First Letter to a Tender (FLtaT), 302.

2 "I come together to disintegrate from you; I do not stay." FLtaT, 114.

3 "A typical misperception: that flowers are owners of nothing, unknowing of themselves, non-agents. Their activity is extended over such a great length of time or in such imperceptible minutiae that we cannot see it without timelapse photography, theories of evolution, or direct intervention (grafting, hybridizing, genetic mutation, etc.)." LtaT, 2.

4 "I feel as if I'm stepping into the muck with a big grin on my face, like some kind of Huck Finn, and saying, 'thanks for the invitation.'" LtaT, 63

5 Every time you mention the fact that I invited you to devise a new set of senses, I find I cannot find the quote within my writings where I did so, and I wonder instead what I meant.

6 "I'm a slow reader but it also takes some time to go past the photograph." FLtaT, 265.

7 "The most beautiful time is the thin moment before anything has broken. Things have broken before, but right now, right now is the thin moment of walks by lakes and sitting or lying in the grass, and realizing the promise or purpose of park benches. Of long conversations where I say to you and you say to me the same things over and over again in all these different ways. The most beautiful time is like a swimming hole in a river, that place where the rocks have been arranged by the pressure of water and the downward slope of land into a circular form and for a while the water that spills into that place turns back on its own direction and revolves there for a while, around itself, doing the same thing over again, turning around, it's a place where one can rest one's body for a while and with the slightest adjustments- a few strokes here and there- can stay in that." LtaT, 102; FLtaT, 163.

8 "Unapologetically, I have spoken of your initial presentation of yourself toward me as haze, and have thus implicated you in allowing me to delve as deeply as I might desire into your interiors. At times, I see you as an almost earthen thing, I go spelunking, and so understand the varying qualities of our engagement with each other as a kind of drilling through layers. As a result, almost against the stereotypical progress-orientation of civility or the violence of barbarism, I relish what unfolds: the moments of play, the desperations, the sadness, the joy, the desires, the retractions, the grasping, the delicacy, the depth, the shallowness, the insecurity, the pronouncements, the generosity, the confusion..." FLtaT, pg. 30 - 31

9 "Romance is its own haze, I think that's why it pairs well with the meatiness and gravity of flesh." FLtaT, 320

10 "We Will Become Silhouettes", Sloughoff (soundtrack), FLtaT, 233

11 "My luck is the luck of becoming. The luckiest woman who miraculously becomes." LtaT, 33.

12 "And there is then, absolutely nothing, no one, no piece of it all, worth regretting for me." Ibid.

13 "And what does alienation do other than redefine those who have alienated into the same general situation as 'community' who then uses their sense as 'community' to stop paying attention to that which might exist outside the

framework for alienation that they have set for themselves.” FLtaT, 244.

14“I’ve told you that I will leave you because I believed that you were asking me for an emergency final.” FLtaT, 363.

15“A literary novel is formed as a resistance against the reduction of happenstances into a determinate logic, against the encompassing of experience within a predetermined ending.” Okazaki, Kenjiro. *Abstract Art as Impact*, <http://abstract-art-as-impact.org/en-text.html>.

1“It seems to me that the totality of what is (the universe) swallows me (physically), and if it swallows me, or since it swallows me, I can’t distinguish myself from it; nothing remains, except this or that, which are less meaningful than this nothing. In a sense it is unbearable and I seem to be dying. It is at this cost, no doubt, that I am no longer myself, but an infinity in which I am lost...” Georges Bataille, *The Object of Desire and the Totality of the Real*.

2“still, you could have just told me HELP ME NOW on the phone in Paris.” FLtaT, 358.

3“I have no money, never worked, disgusted with all art commodity, my feet are infected and so are my ears.” FLtaT, 354.

4“decide how much you want me or don't, but i'm not your life.” FLtaT, 374.

5“Is that which This and That is about, the emergence of sense?” FLtaT, 164.

6“Screaming I point my finger at him but there is nowhere to point so I point it at myself.” FLtaT, 167.

7“Do you think that reading your thoughts on guattari in a cold bath is accommodating to my needs?” First Letter to a Tender, pg. 256.

8“In place of understanding, there have been rules and love. Loyalties and obligations.” FLtoT, 132.

9“I’m speaking, yes, yes, you can hear me, I can hear you, yes, we are in the process of speaking, there is language, you are receiving me, it's like this, it takes place, it happens, it is written, it is marked, yes, yes.” Derrida, *Ulysses Gramophone*.

10“The moment is the shit. The process is disintegration and reintegration of that shit. So there’s my reification: I don’t attempt to perceive art by focusing on the system itself (its positivity again) but I attempt to reach toward its expulsions, for the garbage that comes out of the rooms and all the construction going on therein.” FLtaT, 247.

11“‘No, I want endless time. I want all the time I ever could have. All the time that doesn’t exist. No, I want all the time because the difference between living and being is that living isn’t enough.” FLtaT, 263

12“‘It is clear from our conversation too, that you do what you need to protect yourself from what you perceive as my speed and my voracity.” LtaT, 25.

13Germanic etymology of installation - in - stall - ation. In- and -ation are obvious. Therefore, -stall-: "pretense or evasive story to avoid doing something," 1812, from earlier sense "thief's assistant" (1590s, also 'staller'), from a variant of 'stale:' "bird used as a decoy to lure other birds" (mid-15c.), from Anglo-French 'estale:' "decoy, pigeon used to lure a hawk" (13c., compare stool pigeon), literally "standstill," from Old French 'estal:' "place, stand, stall," from Frankish \*stal- "position," ultimately from Germanic and cognate with Old English 'steall:' (see stall (n.1)). Compare Old English 'stælhran:' "decoy reindeer," German 'stellvogel:' "decoy bird." Figurative sense of "deception, means of allurement" is first recorded 1520s."

14“‘You also told me that you are what you are but you aren’t what you think you are. And, to change what you think you are doesn't mean to change yourself.” FLtaT, 58.

15“‘A great many people do not feel with their whole soul that there is all the difference in the world between the destruction of a town and their own irredeemable exile from that town.” - Simone Weil.

16“‘Architecture refers to whatever there is in an edifice that cannot be reduced to building, whatever allows a construction to escape from purely utilitarian concerns, whatever is aesthetic about it. Now this sort of artistic supplement that, by its addition to a simple building, constitutes architecture, finds itself caught from the beginning in a process of semantic expansion that forces what is called architecture to be only the general locus or framework of representation, its ground.” Denis Hollier, *Against Architecture*

17“‘Good art functions as a passage from the abstract to the universal that allows us to understand the radically contingent (quite simply, the fact that things could be otherwise than they are) space that is opened up by the work.” FLtaT, 105.

18“‘I don’t want to admit defeat right from the start, or say that art is useless, or that its ideals are unattainable, that like life we should do it anyway. I don’t want to get in that house carrying a stack of our writings thinking ‘now we go about not attaining this because anyway it was all performative, and thus all turns back uselessly on itself, but that's better than neoliberalism.’ No no. No I want to make a reasonable plan—not reasonable as in within the normal limits of modern life—but a reasonable plan by which such a grand reaffirmation of life could actually happen. I don’t want to play it. No, I prefer to do it.” FLtaT, 156 - 157.

19“‘I ask nothing at all. But just because I ask nothing at all does not mean that nothing should be done. In a world of no justification always something should be done. For, what else? I don’t even know how to finish that question with more than the word else.” FLtaT, 291.

20“‘There is no time after a crash.” FLtaT, 380.

1“‘Is this loneliness or the state of aloneness, I will ask myself and no one will answer.” FLtaT, 307.

2“‘One is a grown up when the concrete world isn’t in the shape of a parent. When the action doesn’t depend on the crowd of devotees. When there is no stage mom. When the marathoner runs by herself, and it is still 26.21875 miles without streets lined with fans. We know this. And yet. In the absence of true strength we create an internal system of moral(e) support. We make a quick-fix.” FLtaT, 85.

3“The beginning of this story is the evidence left behind at the end. To tell it, one must first do something like walk onto a patio and interpret the quantity of rain in glass containers. It is always a brutish divining. And I’m not there now; I was there a number of days ago, the day after it rained. It was only me who saw it. Never mind the inevitable evaporation and my consequent inaccuracy. I just remember how sad I was to see it. I knew it was the end, and that I wouldn’t forget it and thus I would begin again.” LtaT, 1.

4“I fell in love with you this spring because you woke me from lethargy and you showed me there can be more to life than that which is in front of me, because I admire your energy, your goals, everything you do to me, the love you give me and because my body shakes every time I see you.” FLtaT, 376.

5“No do not respect my attempts. That’s too much. No. you will not. Just do not respect. As long as you don’t try to make me happy with it.” FLtaT, 275.

6One can tell a person’s self-connection from the way they take care of the things they’ve made.

7“Yet, I speak to you efficiency (at this point in time), and so my speech is as confused as the very notion of efficiency is muddled by time.” FLtaT, 127.

8I still cannot believe that you mined through my audio recording of rape in order to extract my voice, wailing out its illogical and profoundly pained attempt at narrativizing what happened to me.

9And I was saved by myself.

10Here he explains. First, I invited.

11And it was clear, I would invite until someone would show up.

12And I did that. I did let myself be abused.

13And I did want out, I did want out of my own invitations.

14It was unfair to myself.

15That isn’t true.

16I tried so long to answer that question. I couldn’t, and I still can’t. Does that mean I cannot think?

17“I thought, perhaps to address, to seek to address, there are only two requirements: first a misunderstanding, second the mistake of generalization.” FLtaT, 306.

1“So what of Rocinante? The subjected yet sentient vehicle of Quixote, Rocinante took him where he was going and thus ended up where Quixote was in some sense but then again, no. Rocinante was the fiction who carried the fictional character through his journey, through the pages of the book, through time, through the works of historians who have posited about Quixote’s irreverent critique of history that there the irreverent critique of history which made history modern began. Has it been an implication? That history itself had to gain a presence? And why was it that Quixote could do such a thing for us? For all our adoration for our presence in this contemporaneous contemporaneity, is it that we, like Quixote, can only arrive into our beloved present once we’ve made the mistake of convincing ourselves it isn’t where we are at all? So what of Rocinante?” FLtaT, 16.

2“I don’t know if I can take this weather, the interior of my body is already one big springtime. The duplicity of my spring and this spring is too much for me. I need snow. So much snow that none of us can leave our houses. Snow piled in front of my door so high that the only thing worth doing is to carve a face-sized window in it to peer into the outside and wonder at it.” FLtaT, 304.

3“The selection is worthless unless it is fulfilled as the idea that it had to be you.” FLtaT, 140

4“‘That quivering is what constitutes the beauty of the work; the paralysis is what defines its truth.’” *On Semblance*, Walter Benjamin.

5“‘The very definition that isolates this so-called ‘non-normative’ into its safe spaces operates on the notion that the non-normative is by nature unsafe for the rest of normativity.’” LtaT, 49.

6I felt, then, so utterly defiled. And I used those words, ‘not on this side of the Atlantic,’ so much.

7Why?

8Why?

9You seem to have the easiest definitions to isolate architecture from fiction.

10Whose bone? Mine? Yours?

11“the Anthropocene teaches us that we can’t transcend our limitations or our reliance on other beings.” FLtaT, 240.

12“literally live with other people’s ideas inscribed upon my body...” FLtaT, 57, 84.

13“‘If we give up the delusion of controlling everything around us, we might refocus ourselves on the pleasure we take in other beings and life itself.’” Footnote on Tim Morton, FLtaT, 240.

14“‘You have surprised me with the almost-cool almost-calculation of your thoughts, the distancing politics in your wishes, the impersonality you obtain in your writing.’” FLtaT, 138.

15“‘We Will Become Silhouettes.’” Sloughoff (Soundtrack), FLtaT, 233

16“‘Art objects are the not enough for nothing is enough, it must be why they’re beautiful.’” FLtaT, 310.