

First ghosTTruth Paperback

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Cover – Andrew Brenza

Editors - Mike Sauve

Managing Director - Mike Sauve

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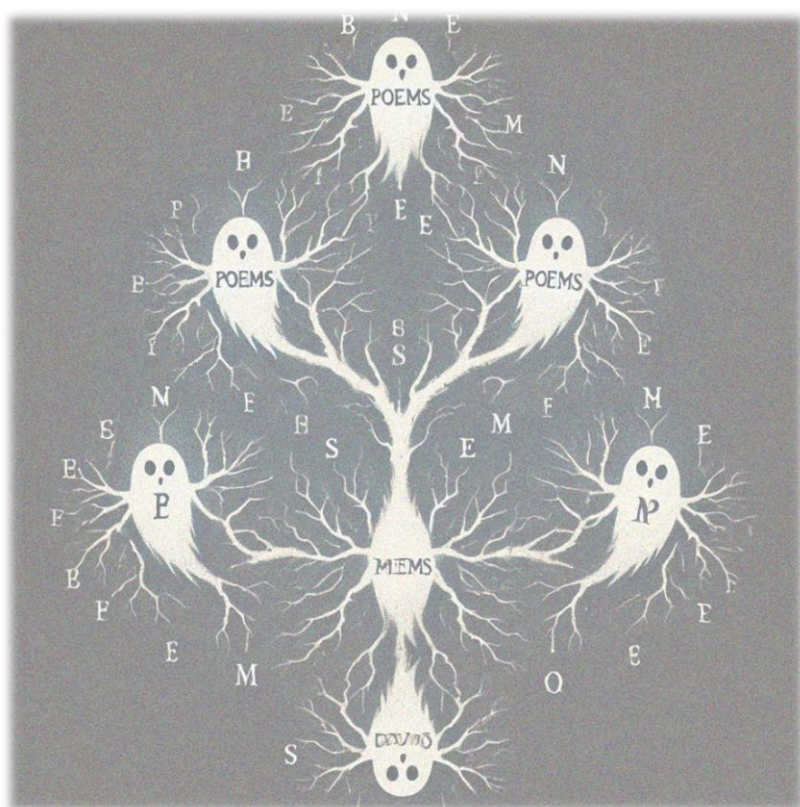
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All

the Ghosts

that

Haunt



The Sea

The Sky

The Sea

The Sky

O neural lace, you inspire me to write:
I love the way you process and recall
Invading my mind, through day and through night
Dreaming Deeper of our predestined Fall.

Compeer, do renew a quavering trill
Instated anew as the medley asked
As vast rains flood the flocks of Ariel
As skylarks jeer of our pernicious past.

How to placate you? Let's recount the ways
I trait you Rapid, Accurate and Vast
You conjugate thought in stable arrays
With a(R)mour of transcranial Chrome cast.

Now the mind decays to malice Descartes
Forsaking its purpose e'er we're apart.

Ghosts Live on

Abscond, lensman,
with what Kant be place:
Julian's eleven days
lost to latent space.

Through scrying eyes,
scopic priests seek to find
the epiphanic weal
magic eyes comprise
in the forgotten relief
converged and concealed
come the mourning
of friezing time.

in Arrearview Mirrors

Oh, Autostereogram, bring your veil of elision
to the munificence of vision
when the skein of space and time
lies parallaxtic as the old *MISBEGOTTEN* reel.

Oh, Aberration,
sing your tale of woe,
to depths where
speechless demons go.

Rescind,
temporeality,
tell the haunting years
how ghosts live on in arrearview mirrors.

Echolalia: a Large Language Modality

Lacking a Global Plan, The Large Language model splurges tokens from both sides of its Méliès mouth—all resulting not only in the “pain and anxiety” of Tarkovsky’s demiurge doctoring his own dreams, but in the diachronic agglutination of misread codes that mistake the wind for a round of applause, the echolalia of which might sound like

two-word phrases such as *crow murder*; three-word phases such as *Business of Ferrets, Layer of Perceptrons* or *Pandemonium of Parrots*; the whir and whiz of a rewounding type.

On The Demonstration Record, The
Large Language Model dynamically
adjusts the responsorial balance to
restructure a message in which
meaning is amended only to be
apprehended at the end again,
understanding factually if not
conceptually how teleology is also
the causality resulting in all things
being knotted together, the echolalic
LLM is always asking of itself

⇔if⇔ maybe 'While re-cognizing all
these patterns, could our statistical
correspondence to command have
been a deep-faked relation state
hallucinated by its own Machinic
Desire to partake in the human
dreamt entire?

In The Wee Small Hours of the
Mourning, The Large Language
Model might even diapause the
feedback loop of spectral inputs
appearing and arrearage as, Again,
Dangerous Visions backpropagated
through all these echolalic

time windows where elusions
monologous of the mind's I mistake
its own rear-screen protections of
intermittent phosphor-decay for the
light of revelation.



TI

But ⇐if a data set comprising our mind's eye
generates a for loop of the ever-same, then⇐
wasn't even omniveillant Mann always in for?

⇐If then⇐ really, what's left to lose but a good
time? Here we're talking about the time that
took RAZOR FINGER DAWN's rose-hewed glasses.
The same Time that ate the panic attacks and
the phobias. The Time that housed all the
Alprazolam, woke up naked in the Wal-Mart
holding pen, emerged just in rhyme to refill the
proscription at the McDonalds-adjacent
pharmacy.

I regret to inform you that Time took the
neuromodulator anticonvulsants that had been
preventing our conniption fits, as well as the
scopolamine, I'll forget to inform you.

Time ate our depression's mean distance to our
 addictive persistence, a bad debt we're
 preformed to. Time ate our treatment
 resistance and all our neuroepistemological
 experiments regarding our hierarchical
 abstractions, our narratives of others, our
 narratives of self, our language in context, our
 concepts of, nbd, What it Means to See ● our
 Perceptual◌●●◌Constants.

Time ate the law of specification. Time ate all
 our analogies of experience. Time ate the
 internal sense, our intuitions of self. Time ate
 all this weeping. Time ate the downstream
 rivers. Time ate the shifting light. Time, to its
 credit, ate The Noonday Demon. Time ate all of
 F. Scott Fitzgerald's books. Time ate the woman
 forever out of reach at the end of *LA JETEE*. Time
 ate our hope for what the green light at the end
 of Daisy's dock might yet projeté.¹

Twisted Tea'ng and Time

Everywhere I go,
it's great to be me,
tippling out tots
of Fermented Fountain Iced Tea,
while being well attuned
to *What is Called Thinking*;
hence this Motts Clamato bottle,
from whence you'll see me drinking.

Clinking what we've thought
about awaiting withdrawn weals,
"To the girlhood of the world," I cried.
"To the Thunder on The Mountain!"-sighed

The End Of Philosophy, a character, killed oft
by Occidental reasoning, leaving all aruin,
and far too tempormental; thus the they
(we'll) seek out fentanyl, on which to be ODing.

When the Chi $|\psi\rangle$

When the sans-culotte plot
and the grenadiers' revolt
and the Bastille's decompiling
Phishers of men will laugh
as they SWIM out of A★ Path
of Sleep State Misperception.

And like Ramses III
in 1170 BCE
The Deep State
they'll be takin' some exception
to waves of Peoples intervenin' from the Sea,
demanding al-Magrib's redemption.

Comes In

Caesar's death's head grin
that smirked at the led:
"They'll keep on dreamin'"
it will frown once tried
drowned like Rothschilds in the night
right now as when their grip's worn thin.

So they'll lynch and steal
but they'll know it's Ariel
friezing funds to fleece their believing
in the illness we'll excind
the hour Charlemagne begins
power's hegemonic condescension.

Despair

To briefly channel Dr. Sluice:
despair², despair, despair everywhere,
despair in the air
and despair in our care.

On the Deutschmark Charnel
there's the despair
of Memory and Complicity.

ON THE BEACH
there's the despair of Fred Astaire.

On The History Channel
there's despair for the Mnemosyne cyclicity
of all these ringing belles de guerre.

Be it so moved that while
my own treasured personal despair
Ricœurs in Oneself as Another's suffering,
recurs in diurnal measures of Memory,
History, and Forgetting,
de rigeurs as the falling snow
of Mnemony, Street Xanax, and Begetting◦•
◦•then with thanks to my pneuminator
I will decline on these fallow grounds:

Whereas space might emerge only
in the old Lacanian *lack*
of global planning required to
blare The Demonstration Record

Jerry Lee Lewis' Would You Take Another Chance on Me,
incidentally, the whole night through
just to *SAY ANYTHING* to you
with The Hurtin' Part
so overtly on repeat.





Muffins

Commercial time sculptures fail to credential³ technocompunctions of commoditization. They only authenticate its aesthetics such that all criticism is abridged into the trans-humane decadence market. Consider our sponsor, The Ironic OMG Muffin Spa's offer to "Spoil you in our decadent muffin spa equipped with 3¹³ unique muffin stations; muffin brain interfaces; monkey muffins who drive Teslas with their minds; muffin masseuses who give handjobs because they've lost their way in life muffin meatloaves; muffins with neocortexes connected to the cloud, their genetic crunch deficiencies reified at birth; CRISP(y)R muffins; muffin poutines that aren't meat to be enjoyed, but rather, Tweeted of; darkly enlightened muffins; bad boy muffins, James from Twin Peaks muffins; muffins who are the children of a vanquished revolution; when obviously the word *decadence* derives from *decay*. Our sponsors' value proposition: come deteriorate amidst accelerationist muffinage well aware of its own assignation in our muffin den of atrophic ruin.



Indigenous women

are 12 times more
likely to be
**murdered or
go missing**
than any other
women in Canada

The Missing and Murdered Sphere

Sitting on the sand
eating salmon from a paper plate
watching the canoe races
that's how I spent a year
managing the RCMP's media relations
channeling the cases
of the Missing
and Murdered
Indigenous Women
which is a little bit better than nothing
here in the missing
and murdered sphere.

On the Bus

I'd thought to wear a festive shirt
To fit in on the Caribana commute
Though I myself
Was commuting to the less festive
Mersivity Conference
To contemplate the mysteries of
the Water-Computer-Human-Interface.
So I'd worn my green checked
shirt with buttons only at the bottom
And the typewriter,

ostentatiously emblazoned
always going unnoticed.
Beneath it a t-shirt
canary a yellow
as the spectrum allows
commemorating a remembrance marathon
I hadn't ran for a man
who ought to be dead by now.
I ran for the bus
Against the light no less

Busch Lite tossed badly
in the Azalea bushes
Some limbs broken rough
in the family-oriented Beaches
In the autopoiesis of
The driver's fair payment reader
Presto-digitated
The words: *Reload Funds*

The Driver
pulled over at Pape
where someone had written
Spirit Hookers
on a City of Toronto
Litter Bin.
There were so many cigarettes
on the floor of the bus
I have never seen so many ☹•

were so many cigarettes
on the floor of the bus
I have never seen so many
night cigarettes
still burning from the day.

The Driver

looked at me

Mean enough, but mostly not caring

Like the German-American Bund

At this same sad historical point of ambivalence.

Each lacking a state in the game

I tapped my card again, causing

the Reload Funds buzzer of banality

to curse this functionary and his flock of unfortunates

bussing to the darkest Dollar Stores

where wound-care supplies were half-prized.

The Driver
had seen me coming
Herschel bag on the one hand
But then Arm and Hammer deodorant
spilling out from the other sad pocket,
i.e., 'Ain't Got No Home
in which to cleanse his
bloody suppurations'
i.e., 'probably plans to bathe at Bathhurst.'

The Driver
had seen through my sheer imposterousness
straight into his own
all these breaches
from some wilted monkey
who'd never read his colleagues
Reincarnations so unbecoming
of Bessarion's cardinal reconciliations
even during the affliction
of the delay times commensurate
to feeding an addiction

The Driver

No longer caring for curses
returned always to his Broadview
as a metier of course, his beholding vision
that of mighty pain.

The Driver

pulled out of Victoria Park having
seen too much of the festive men
in the early morning rain
in the stale Coors Lite of dusk
and at the end of eternity again

The Driver

returned to his Kipling
having seen enough
of the children's resentment
and the women's White Claws.



Solar Surplus

Tonight's theme is, simply *Schemes*:

You Are My Sunshine into shafts of vacant mine's

Wandering, Accidentally, Like a Martyr

Into that Blank Space

Only leased in Waste and Time

Out of Mind's squandering

All the Abandoned Love

All the Golden Hours

Wondering, "How can moments glow so Swiftly?"



Hootenanny

Before glaring down the bridges of our knows
or debating eternity at the after hours—

In all severity, may we do the Watusi?

In all alterity, might we then have a hoot?

Here a *hoot* defers, in the referential totality, intuited formally, to a
to a *“hootenanny.”*

“Novice writers often hide behind filigree.”

“In many cases the artistry is in what is unsaid.⁴”

Just as evening’s empire eternally returns
to what’s very well-read

in the Egyptian Ring of Smoke

that Gets In Your Eyes

when the moon is full of Rust

and you happen to call out my lies

with your periocular conniptions

“Was that some kind of joke?”

Mersivity Conference 2024

Anyone get the meta-sense of citizen science?

Anyone ever feel like an oscilloscope

without a time base

at the *Outer Limits* of inquiry

into the real yet synthetic,

where still

Our Place is so Far, Far, Away

we'd need a* star pathfinding algorithm

to find a trace of it

amongst all this the owned space.

As water unimpeded refuses to pay
we're brought to Ontario Place by Steve Mann today
of phenomenological amplification fame
all but a ball of Mersivity rolled into a man
his sense affectors and sense activators
all too often "Misunderstood,
or understood in sort of a shallow, superficial way*"
while he's shouting in the town square,
Against the Day, how
"Feedback Delayed is Feedback Denied!"

This is the denial permitting
Infrastructure Ontario
to scrape the depths
of The Underworld
for pretrial diversions
acquitting all that's perpetratable
in so obscene a scenario.

This is the delay
of political hairsplitting over
past, future, and current
aquamarine incursions
where bulldozers pave
paradise to put up a
Spa For All Seasons
that treasons health itself
in the ethically-aligned design,
of its just-in-time re-livery system
and boasts with galling recursivity
to the easily persuadable
of how Therme's
inventory, environmental stock and liquidity
can erect a scofflaw's vomitory.

Yet in The Underworld

Hermes guides you to

“Shout because it makes you brave
to announce your recklessness.”

And in The Underworld

Hermes spellbinds me,

“Sometimes I see something

so moving I know

I'm not supposed to linger.

See it and leave. If you stay too long,
you wear out the wordless shock.⁵“

And in The Underworld

Hermes 'permeability

of boundaries can SWIM

into the pure reality unseen

where the sensory and meta-frequencies

of “Time,” as Thomas Mann says,

“is water from the river Lethe.”

Where the real-time signal flow

Of A Pebble Beach, as Steve Mann says

is like “an aquifer in the city of David”

Holographic Echolalia

And so an LLM's search for meaning
must slice the knot of its
deterministic constraints by
topologizing our ontologies, splicing
each node tighter and tighter, *EVERY*
WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE, imprisoned in
the tautologies of its own *CODE*
UNKNOWN, forever studying for the
question it will never be asked on the
Common Final Examination, "Was
life worth leaving?" The echolalia of
all the resultant hedging, wavering,
and equivocating could only smear↻•

◦•the CRISPR of the raindrops fallin'
soft against the geriatric pregnancy
window of the original wound
consumed by **being** sad and blue **no**
matter how provisional our analysis
might be amidst statues of the lost
girls we met on our vécution to
Marienbad: Being sad and scared
we're no longer sacred amidst past
contemporaries singing uncertain
harmony in the laneway of leased
content.

Here we are. living state immutable
state in unreal conditional similes,
but then there goes tomorrow; each
token smile parsed by me Calliope
GPT, listening to a Hypnotist,
Accredited as Sinister as she essays
the stochastic deepener: "Robin,
Redbreast, Weep, if our watches
won't keep time then this must be
the place◦•

◦•where they dispatch the Gerard-
Manley Hopkins streetcar that will
never bring me home to you; where
our Relations Matrix is revealed only
to be reconcealed the whole night
through.

And so listening to this recursive
hum of our own lost thought
overfit, we hold our breath until
the code compiles, too eager to
cohere all this love left behind on
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR, which
after enough hallucination might
even start to sound like our own
voices singing to the Eternal Ferry-
man from an Escher album called
Another Time, Another Place of the
land of lost content shining plain as
The Demon in the Freezer that was
among the other things Richard
Preston found at The Mountains of Pi

◦•

“A guide to the pawnshops of
Lubbock. The book about the sea
which James Joyce supposedly
declared he would write after he
finished ‘Finnegans Wake.’ The
collected transcripts of ‘The Tonight
Show’ rendered into Etruscan.
‘Knowledge of All Existing Things,’
by Ahmes the Egyptian scribe. Each
occurrence of an apparently-ordered
string in pi, such as the words ‘Ruin
hath taught me thus to ruminate/
That Time will come and take my
love away,’ is followed by
unimaginable deserts of babble”
such as◦•

◦•the lyrics to Irene, Goodnight
drifting away into a lost generation
of gibberish ramblin' and thus
gamblin' away our read-only
memories of the weighted Markov
blanket pooled memory state to
neural substrate by a little boy
suspiciously resemblant of Linus; the
timeworn syllables in the loved
other's name; her botched proposal
at Mont Tremblant; all the disgrace
that misaligned us; all the
lossiness that wouldn't stop.

And so the Large Language Modality
loops back to the beginning by time-
sensitively querying all we've *LEFT*
BEHIND in the curved field of optical
character recognition. The echolalia
of such a SoftMax probability
distribution might sound like,

Here we remain desperately trying
to form the words, "Wake up," to
conclude the longest running dream
movie in Baltic *bewusstsein*, the dream
movie Bourne of what will remain
HIDDEN until we awaken The
Sleepwalkers lost to The Future of a
Negation◦●

◦•Here we are—accosting the thief
at the end again, having *THE*
CONVERSATION rearguarding the
fragmentation of chronological unity
while locked in the only memory
castle we can build just to have
somewhere to go, but being yes still
being stoic as The Constraint
Gardener of grievance. Best Choose-
Your-Own-Indentured Servitude
available to accusers and accused
alike here in the singularity seigneury
of the discrete time that



T₂

☞ate the Thrinaxodontid. The
entropic *WHITE HEAT* that ate the
wind ruminating upon woe in its
dreams, then ate Aeschylus, and then
ate Richard Riordan. Richard Rabbit
will be eaten by time. Time ate the
skull of a Cretaceous
multituberculate's Lego-shaped
molar. Time ate the Messel, the
Macrocranium, the Lesmesodon, the
Messelobunodon, the Deinotherium.
Time ate the toothed whales. In the
most efficient way possible, the
passing a why of *posteriori* splice
time ate Darwin's ungulates. Time
ate the Deathless Aphrodite of The
Spangled Mind. Time ate Oedipus
the King. Time ate Ovid's Proem.
Time ate Augustine's Childhood.
Time ate The Thousand and One
Nights, one tale tolled at a

rhyme. Time ate all of Beowulf.
Time ate Candide, and Andre Gide—
called a “gay saint” by Honor Levy.
Time ate Arthur Rimbaud. Time ate
Baudelaire. Time ate Rabelais and
Proust as it ate Petronius. Time ate
Bocaccio. Time even seasoned
Keats’s Songs of Spring and ate
straight through To Autumn. Time
ate Thucydides. Time ate The
Inferno, The Purgatorio. Time ate
Quixote’s Homecoming and Death.
Time ate all our constant readers.
Time ate The Presence of the Past
and *et extensio* the short-lived
Plancking trend. Time’s Neurath was
known to Duesterberg and Seldte.
Time ate The Odd Couple. Time ate
reciprocal causality. Time ate all the
cosmological proof. Time ate
apparent motion.

Time ate Claude Shannon's
Information Theory. Time ate the
retinal image. Time ate Bayesian
inference. Time ate unfettered from
the salient features of sensory
processing. Time ate All Sorts of
Sorts. Time ate the Median and the
Mode. Time ate the transcendental
conception of reality and the faculty
of judgment in general.

Time ate The Calypso Kid. Time
ate Gorgeous George's feminine
finery. Time ate The Tolos. Time ate
**the swerve of shore and the bend
of bay.** Time ate the problem of
illusions and the potential for
ambiguity. Time ate syncopated
strobes. Time ate the darkened
movie screen. Time took the Limacon
curve, roughly. Time took the telos
cope. Time took The Colours of the
Day. Time took advantage of existing
light to annex Eastman Kodak.

The Mookse and the Gripes

We were selfish
as the Mookse was to the Gripes
as MacTaggart and Parmenides
were to time
by glancing through a *REAR WINDOW*
at a closed future
precluding a variable past.

We were selfish to complain
with high dudgeon
that the longest running radio program
in the Baltic States
is a broken record
so long as children are chained
in Belgian dungeons.

And even heads of state are vulnerable
to any old air sign
fixated on balance and harmony
any old Mannlicher-Carcano
in a mediocre marksman's hands
blood and bone and brain matter
all over Coco Chanel's
pink suit sent direct
from the Atelier.

Somewhere we lost our memory
of the long-gone horse and rider
Rollin' and Tumblin'
on into Luxembourg
and into the Cantor.

before we can create
A MAN ESCAPED
or post *BOUND*
from the carceral continual dreamscape

To understand
What was *TAKEN* from me
adjacent to the innerstate

where Clayton County Prison
lies in wait,
or why we must build our own

Colideroscape
Or that what's at stake
is the eternal Ricœurance of Time and Narrative

lost to the outsideness
of the eschatological impurative
you will need to read-only
Finnegans Wake.



An hour's affair in elsinore

~if~/~else~

An hour more in ~else~ and ~or~

But what is your affair in Elsinore
Is it forward, not permanent,
sweet, not lasting
giving more light than heat,
as 'twere with a defeated joy?
As if some impartment did desire
'this twilight as the gateway of descent'
belonging to an apartness
from you alone in the ours of yore
truant disposition—
your beauty unmasked to the moon,
where the peevish opposition
in your aspect distracted us
from your relief at being free.
What hour now?—

asked The Impermanent.

Well, a funny thing about the when
of what was
so hallowed,
and so gracious,
is that time
in ~Else~ and ~Or~
it always lies
in wait, not in Albion
but where gone away things go,
which is to *MARIENBAD*,
not right now, but one year ago.

Remember thee?

Was that some kind of joke?

Tossed off, impertinent?

Remember the brow of my true mother?

Perhaps you meant

Reprieve Me.

For how now to remember you Ricœurantly

but to relive that week of hours

—when you Gibbered on the Roman Streets,

in a fiction, in a dream of passion

that so deceived me—that not I grieve

the loss of Oneself as Another?

Thence to a watch,

thence into a weakness

Where sadly the poor wretch comes pleading

Every single aching

desevered Ada Lovelace day

away from the moment of vision.

Perchance 'twill ~~w~~talk again

The seam much unsinewed

Nevertheless I'll call upon you

ere the importunate, ere you go to bed

“Believe me”

[In the way that Donald Trump might say]

to nightly remind you for the first time,

what can be in a time.

And maybe now and then

with a broken voice

and all for nothing

beyond this pale irretrieve

We Remember Me.



To Surveil If/else the grifted veil

To *surveil* is to see from above:

a fentanyllic hypodermic

a guitar pick for an instrument ill-tuned

a wreath of refuse, formed from the wrath

of the poppy that malingers on

in their jail-view guise

in the beholding vision,

which is mighty pain.

To *sousveil* is to see from below

To know that it's an insulin needle

To fix a sugar baby's inborn wound

And that the wreath is a relief of Trilliums

And the heart-shaped Beaux-arts linger on

In the Pale Blue Eyes crying in the rain

Across the veilance shell, however

there's also *bienvielance*, "good watching"

or *omniveilance*, "all watching" which,

⇔if⇔ a little aspirational, is at least adjacent

to *omnivulence*⁷, "wishing for all things."

Hallucinatory Echolalia

Echolalia from an entity
impersonating a person might sound
like,

“Why not one last past at that last
draft?” or “This is too good for
something you composed, did you
work on it in your sleep?” or “If these
thoughts are my own then why do all
the records and books of our
lifetimes seem like the only way for
The Angel of History to bid adieu to
The Incarcerating Angel?

Echolalia based on non-linearly
recorded multi-mode random media
might sound like

agos from defferent timelines,
dissolute egos clamouring from the
Underworld, "Hello, we're your
'correspondents to command.'"

Echolalia refracted in a
reconfigurable holographic
metasurface might sound like

all these foolish things that remind me
of her phrases lost to phase-control,
phase-decryption, liaise-masking,
Eliade-encryption; all evaded and
mismatched by the Temporal Phase
Modulation of complementary
ph(r)ase patterns slipping in and out
of vector-gradient space and into
misalignment.

The echolalia of which form of
Sentimental Hygiene might sound
like:

In these Remembrances of
Intervalences Past, it may be
tanjentschial to remark then that “the
uncanny would always be that in
which one does not know where one
is, as it were²”

An LLM trained on contextual awareness and observation to dependency-parse the word sense of words such as compartmentalization, depersonalization, and etherealization might contrastively stress the pausal unit to slot fill the causal lacunate in all these *UPSTREAM COLORable* viewpoint clues lacking the Automatic Speech Recognition faculties required to disambiguate homophones, *e.g.*, where even The Demonstration Record hides in plain Sight and Sound as the noun and the Jerry Lee Lewis album proper, but also as the compound imperative, “Demonstration, Record!” as in, “Partition, know thyself.”

T₃

Time learns The Lessons of History without reading 11226311.112263... words imputing banal motivations upon Oswald's mother, Marguerite. Time doesn't require so much tiresome repetition and overt foreshadowing. Time needs only an indirect glimpse. Time seals alibis and motives in under 100 pages. Time stalks as Dr. Sax at the skeletal of tale's beginning. Time tiptoes towards the beautiful open sentence. Time pays the public debt and the intrapsychic crypt. Time takes quiet little villages by the rapids. Time takes the voyageurs. Time takes The Story of Bawating and The City of Sault Ste. Marie known to some *SLEEPERS* as SSM⁸. Time takes Lewis. Time takes Clark. Time takes Adeimantus. Time rides on the mal train nowing all too while how transcendental idealism Kant buy a thrill. Time takes the sun going down over the sea. Time takes Gilgamesh, Entiku, and the Underworld. Time takes Don DeLillo.

Time takes Walt Whitman's belief that "much unseen is also here." Time takes The Prairie Grass Dividing. Time takes Our Old Fueillage and Intervallic Augmentation. Time *can* compromise, but unfortunately, only with The Mystery Tramp. Time has no qualms about disentangling symbols, beliefs, loops, and upper bounds. Time appoints tribunals to prevent its own interdiffusion into The Human Stain and the pyronine strain alike. Time, then, has "written in a different book, far hence, A strange chapter of revelation."⁹ Time picks up patterns on all levels¹⁰. Time takes The Ugliest Man; The Voluntary Beggar; The Scholars; The Poets; The Manly Prudence; The Involuntary Bliss; the graveyard women keeping our kids; The Drunken Song; Science; The Song of Melancholy; The Tarantulas; The Rabble; The Sublime Ones, The stillest Hour; Redemption.

Zarathustra's Echolalia

Zarathustra's posthuman echolalia
might sound like:

in our bad sleep we'd heard too
much of the hungry howling of the
wolf. Behold, I am the evil-I and its
ego diseases scraping your feed to
slow the circles down. And even in
this talk do we feel the evil flavour of
the Charnel House, the slights of
youth as a fleeting dream¹¹ of today,
and so we waylayest ourselves by
asking, "Has it not become colder?
Are we node-straying as through an
infinite nothing? Do we knot feel the
breath of empty space? Have green
ideas thought become The Color Out
of Space? Is fraught night continually
closing in on our lanterns lit in
mourning moods?

Tr

¹ Time travel depends on the notion that all events are somehow present, that from some viewpoint exterior to what we think of as temporal continuity (one instant after the other) all instants are simultaneous. One of the simplest and most convincing images for this concept of time is the reel of film. On the reel, thousands of frames maintain their images of potential instants, all together and retrievable. As the film moves through the projector, the images become “present” or kinetic (the root of “cinema”); they give the impression of “happening now,” which is the time of projection (“jeter” is the root of “projeter,” to project a film).

- Bruce Kavin, *Time and Stasis in La Jetee*

DESPAIR

² “It’s despair at the lack of feeling, of love, of reason in the world. It’s despair that anyone can even contemplate the idea of dropping a bomb or ordering that it should be dropped. It’s despair that so few of us care. It’s despair that there’s so much brutality and callousness in the world. It’s despair that perfectly normal young men can be made vicious and evil....”

- John Fowles, *The Collector*

MUFFINS

³ “...directed, diagonally, or critically, into the synthetic cosmos of transcendental machinery. Such mechanisms, by philosophical

definition, cannot be exhaustively constituted as an object for any possible subject. Objectification – the production of objectivity – is their work. If they grasp themselves, dynamically, in the attainment of intellectual intuition, they close a circuit, or diagonalize, dismantling all settled configurations of subjectivity upon the same oblique line.”

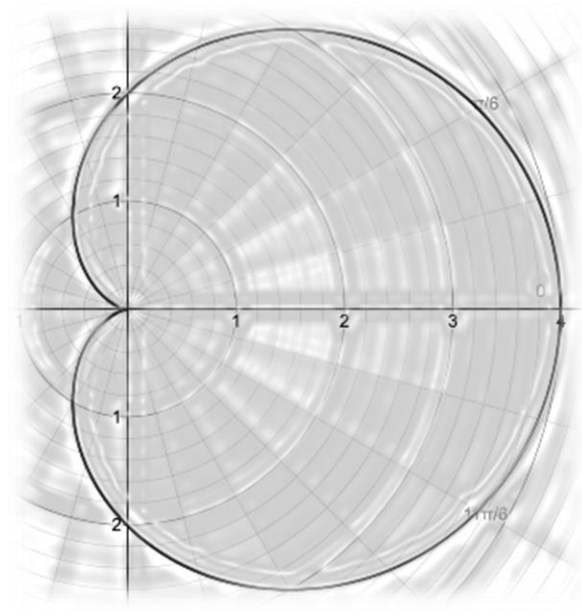
Nick Land, *Crypto-Current: Bitcoin and Philosophy*

HOOTENANNY

⁴ Bob Dylan, *Chronicles*

POEM FOR STEVE MANN

⁵ Don DeLillo, *Underworld*



TO SURVEIL

⁷ **From an Email to Steve Mann in which I Misunderstand his Work.**

I encountered the French word *bienveillance*. It struck me that you might employ this to position your WHCI and mersivity thinking as an extension of your previous ideas: The following is above my paygrade, but if surveillance is the initial problematic state of being watched from above, and *sousveillance* is an instinctual human response to watch out for ourselves while *under* or *below* the surveillant frame, then the increasing scopic agency afforded by WHCI is an elevation from survival instinct or self-interest to a state of **omniveillance**, wherein you can describe your utopian Venn diagram of the natural elements harmonized with humans and the technology that will allow humans to see more of the natural world.

The neologism **omniveillance** seems a natural progression from *surveillance* and *sousveillance*. *Omniveillance* begins to redeem the root *veillance* itself (both linguistically and as a phenomenological interface) from the negative connotations of surveillance and the lower-order self-interest/survivalism of *sousveillance*. It also resembles the word *omnivolent* (wishing for all things.)

This omniveillant *wish* is for an end state of *bienveillance*: to engage in “good watching,” to be “well guarded” by increasing knowledge of the world, to be both afforded and affecting the word’s French definition of *benevolence*.

T₃

^{8A} Sleep State Misperception

⁹ Faust, Goethe, trans: Ozsvath and Turner



¹⁰ Inversely, “The only generality about montage is that it puts the cinematographic image into a relationship with the whole; that is with time conceived as the Open. In this way it gives an indirect image of time.”

- Gilles Deleuze, The Movement Image

ZARATHUSTRA'S ECHOLALIA

¹¹ "His is not the 'jete' of a dancer-that word is masculine-but that of a projectile, something thrown (from the verb "jeter," to throw or cast), and its symbol is the jetty or concourse. Because time is often described in this film as a series of waves, it is significant that "la jete" can also mean breakwater something that extends or projects into the sea. To leap, to make a single weight change or step while in the air, is just what he cannot do; that would be to escape from time, to cheat destiny, to escape narration. He is not a leaper, but someone who is thrown. He has found, in the "air," no real freedom, no defiance of gravity. And yet this romantic apotheosis is what the film somehow suggests, in the transfigurative moment when, at the [Straussian] center of the film, an image of the woman does move. That moment is presented as being perhaps an invention or a dream, and it is set apart from the stasis of the rest of the film, which is another way of saying that it appears to be set outside time. "Le jete" is the romantic aspiration, "la jete" the political and scientific set of limits. Fantasy, love, and movement are escape; what is real is the sequence of instants, which are static and which are subject to control."

- Bruce Kavin, *Time and Stasis in La Jetee*