TOUT VA BIEN

[Everything's Fine]

This is a print reproduction of a site-specific performance given September 29, 2005, in the theater at New Langton Arts, San Francisco.

If one could write *a book* that would build a more humane human being while that being read. *Employed* in the construction of the co-de-edification device a system of INTENTIONALIZED BUT UNORCHESTRATED POETRIES plus inelidable sciences, perpetrating a PHYSICAL, AMETAPHORIC biopsychopharmaceutical poetics, without the drugs.

Please witness *the re-construction accordingly and wilfully sound out the actual aspect of building as* devotional architecture.

Thank you, and wish you were here.

And now you are.

*H*ere is the axiomatic triumverate of *we revise the State* starting in our own neurology:

First, that we *can* replace the either/or world with a both/and world.

Second, "every intellect is capable of assuming every shape"

[omnis intellectus est omniformis]

Third, *whatever the spirit can imagine, it can also realize*

ALL IS WELL

As, a mute organism will or does,

As, we're collections of mute intermutations, our body's social system must needs reconstruct its parts, and in concentrated effort of the will to over come it

for example:

"objects cease their lingual significance."

OR

— sore's open spots of
variance, in space, Tha's particles
flying apart, so's to fine more less vast,
Tha's means more, or "la" — spelling Tha's
anti-disintegration,

and **We** call it upon ourselves to improvement the natural world. This includes plastic, and our social dynamic. Poetry's vantage to refigurement of the brain while the reader is reading, without our concurrent awareness of this refigurement. The neuroplasticity of being, constantly evoluted, even the fear mechanism can be reformed if one is active enough.

The irreducible component before the loop is poetry. The only thing in the universe without form (structure) is poetry, or, prosody (which implies but negates structurality).

WRITING is the sound-less devotional structure to exist only after or during its no longer exists.

The only thing that can be made smaller than the loop is poetry, therefore it is stronger, more foundational, more real, more self- and world-actuating, it exists where the loop does not,

If every thing is a mythology then the only thing that is NOT mythology is prosody [= action], which actuates the real, or provides the loop by being what the loop is not, or being beside the string, or the blanket where the weave is not

nothing is foundational thus. the only pattern is the quantum, equal to the Anti-, but it looks like smooth space.

Poetry's microtechnological use is of a religious order (ardor); it manifests that religio-spiritual ardor as a psycho-surgical maneuver.

The *unfathomable* outcome, but building it by cocreating the infinitesimal single part that is the tiny mirror
of the unfathomable outcome, *As* **sundering not cleaving**. Leaving scales behind, markering out what isn't standable, weak in the needs, sounding off failures, i.e.,

did we win it yet? measure mars it out. berefted plump harrows the purpling's
unrequited, I'm sore!
I mean sorrows.
Motion morphens with the need—to long for—
unsolid solace of a slippery harrow

don't know what I'm driving at?
neither do I. but
shoe-horning it into place—
a fixed thicket that's harrow, budding or beading
up I put the I into my finger
knuckles blister at the heat's harrow.

skewered, brillantine, waxing,
greasing toward a full

collapse

and then the cold sets back in.
cherries in a plastic basket, or is it the cherry's plastic
bid

at can't be cossetted that's quit. too near, too thin, like May-Pole swinging, its ribboning the torts under the law.

Laws, sorting out the order of our interventions. Our aphasic sensitivities making impracticable incordialities.

that's "us" to you, to we
or we to you
that's

I

and I

and I

Those there aren't any more, sundry lasses,
duty bodies amorality up the first false sentence.

Limbs

purled

in catechorals

that's which pursed our selfs

on

to fondle

the aural

possibility

of naught

anymore. Our dead

eye milkens

and come to run, the noises of decomposition, it's everywhere

but in the cells and organs. Its arrival—its intervention—

This isn't a temporary situation.

Gouge a new revolver that's another's milking it hurts! this

where is the not this one anymore, tepidly claiming to cease the hole's still

swelling the last to pipe

down the "Book of Changes". I want

to help you—it hurts—I want to help you—

and

"*I was and I shall be with you.*"

That forward-moving praxis traces. *We* are to put our eye and effort to the actual manufacture of the task. *Our* best use is to build a better being.

The self's shrapnel rewounds the self. The self's wounds belong to and reinjure us all. Thus to restore oneself first is a mandatory social act. Poetry's microtechnological use is of a religious order (ardor), and it manifests that religio-spiritual ardor as a psycho-surgical maneuver.

It is its other than its viability. Something which does other than that which it's built, or meant, for doing. If it does that which it is built for else than doing, and this act making that same act an *actual* viability—*are we*—am I— dutiful, and to what duty are we then bound—

If we take the real world into the technology, taking that unreal world into the real world of the technology

There's the dream world. That doesn't do us much good either. Unless we're in the prophetic zone, a place we've tried to secrete ourselves away from. But here perhaps we're mistaken? I've gotten tied up in, I want to say 'terrain', but what, and I mean this, in *God*'s name, does this mean:

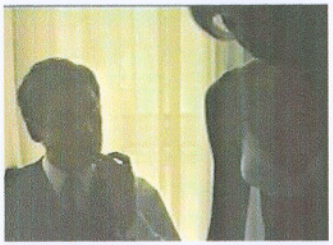
"mirror a pathological networked interleaving" & that follows after it, *branchless, rootless, flowering and leaving*

Errors.

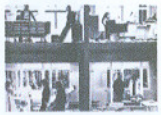
If we keep our eye trained on "the goal". (but we're already so far distant from the goal) Not even starting off towards from whence we—not came, but originating, in advance, *making* the microtechnologies of the impossible outcome, beginning at the nano in order to, you know, get there. But before we can, or do, focus our attention on that portion of the job, we're off in the other direction. This is known as a problem, and one we wish or while away, plus, trusting ourselves to get it all done in a single day; *too*, the repetitive day— Still, far into the other direction, but averse to calling it the 'wrong' direction, and, straining (stretching our necks over the line) yes,

backwards, trying to face that destination, you know, forwards. It's complicated, what can I say? Exhaustion's one method: try everything, watch them everything fail, then what's left is our answer. Plus, after that we can nap.

Getting to it, sharpening the trajectory, really the opposite of what we want, which is— not perfection of mode—which would be *Hell*—but starting at the outcome, in order to get started on the fathoming of it.




HOT



My occultation on this topic's nothing binding but Allison,

the flocking's falling off, letting aces for aces stand up

to our antibacterial urges and "come in, come in, come in" under the shadow of *this* red rock:

Our coextensive non-public-safety mechanistics, our pre-formed

operative attempts at forceless antibacterial behavioral operations,

or the church-like qualities of falling breaking down apart, no fall down plus came apart,

doan worry dear, the atmosphere it self destruct until

it light again; where virtue's remissive won't rest

the soul—I said—that "bulletproof's" "already dead", thus safe from penetrations of any sort, or is it porous thus no can hurt you bullets proof of

suicide's a form of aggressive regression,

but also a single hope for resurrection

so, let me get my hat, he said—

so let me get my heaven, I said and

departed, departed, departed,

and I witnessed, I witnessed, I saw it

(handsome men in airport closets)

winding into hurtful sheet of ice, underneath there's no

'*more light*'—but ice, a still form of saviourism.

it choose to not to only die plus sanctuary, it froze with it,

licking at the frozen tap, leaving it there's no it left to leave there.

the marks my hand makes on my other hand

how long the suffering agent's

interest in pain's meta-

[eu]phoric. Take that ice apart, and get more ice.

Once sub or half/ contained

waiting unimpatiently for a pure future,

the hands full of tortious acts, litigating spatial resolutions.

That's circumventions not un*habitable*, a deepening

distress signaling a deepening distress,

and the bridges of the great republic breaking down their nonentical parts.

Emotion's logical spirituality, triumverated into a solutionist spectacularity: I live in civilization thus persons are drowning.

"The structures of the components determine the properties of the components, the properties of the components realize the structure of the society, and the structure of the society operates as a selector of the structure of its components by being a medium in which they realize their ontogeny."

Humbert R. Maturana, *Autopoeisis & Cognition*

Bereftitude as form of theft,

bereftitude carrying its own set of beatitudes

forgiving all accidents of roughness, hands playing out like cards like decks of water

or our infectious moral outwards.

That which cures, binds part to part

Plights plaguing external lands/their languages where's no borders such we can't defend them.

De-proofed until they too more now than less before

one sureguards what frightens

in depth of empty feeling

and equates collapse of oral infrastructure—

I apprehended the disaster, it's—

one hand knew the other's.

I understand this weren't acceptable standing-still behaviors,

supporting yesterday's troops instead of torporous [current] relations,

WILL won't unrelegate uselessness to the fore of vanguard destinations

If you aren't you-stopped, there in your mirror, something futility at the door,

new "fathomists" providing "depths"

or quality coats cloaking the

half-life burning into

after-fixture of arithmatical sorrows

And the curdled sports forms hunched over perforated news reports they said

its windy and the coils collapsed

and no one's guilty when the insurance pays for Acts of God.

in what case, *whose*, and whose insurance

set up to stay out wet on windy, weedy portions

of decentralized urban centers, rendering [attrition's] orphan of the allied urban forces

call it the fault of

poorly performing poetic operatics—

or over-absent begging for attentives.

It's dynamic, the paying for it out of someone else's [empty] pocket.

Tricked out in poor wet runnels, coming off the tracking shot and into order of the higher courts,

sh–hallowed by debris by falling by

surrender to the misfit suffering of offices, re-

pulsed by blinking desaturated light

pierced organs struggle to reconform around their perforations

holistitude upheld in other, outer coronations

I bring closure, no, I brought foreclosures—I came upon and went, I did thus, I broke it, I broke it hard over itself, came upon it and wept—

I did that thus like that again—breaking upon it, under it stood up on it went upon it, or I came then over the mark, again I broke it.

Suzanne Stein
December 2005

VICTORY
to that which is in all our hearts