



CIA RINNE

columba livia / vocal bulimia  
(anagrammes migratoires)

*I saw things (from up) there that humans only  
dream of. It's all in my head now; I can't speak for  
myself. I'm not myself; I'm not myself. I have  
no-body. I can see them looking right through me.*

Vito Acconci

dove. *dove*?

now	that	I'm purple
now	that	I'm blue
now	that	I'm yellow
now	that	I'm green

a, aeron, theorems equal mothers.  
some are more equal than others.

amore: romeos qualtheater sehn.  
some are more equal than others.

now	that	I am grey
now	that	you are grey
now	that	we are grey
now	that	they are grey

so hear the moral quotes, meran!  
some are more equal than others.

eh, theo, que la mer... rare sans moto.  
Some are more equal than others.

i'm the colour of attached cylinders  
of indecipherable messages  
and secret codes  
of politics and prejudice

what about them?  
who are they anyway?  
where were we now?

some are more equal than others.  
some equal others, are mon earth.



IDA BÖRJEL

Stout convincing grey or grey-greenish  
cooing commenting city guide seen on head  
of monuments disturbing peace by piece

Pigeon and man the first thousands of years:  
crumbs handover at square  
- put a foot down and we rise  
a meter and then drop back again Then again  
having saved the lost Battalion Will  
got his Croix de Guerre in 1918 Will pass  
unnoticed below in sleeping cells  
causing network cross blow  
the state of undifferentiated everything  
is a state of sameness is eventless  
Will wait Will eat pebbles choking meal-size  
*Velociraptor* doppelgänger airing opinion all over  
linking dinosaurs and speedy runners Will carry  
message for distraction blow cover cover  
the dinosaurian key bone buried under its wing wind  
and how many wishes now one for each one  
crossing the square giving their consent  
mumbling accusations with a fistful of burning asphalt  
red held Faust *du tog sju för tu tog sju för tu (you*  
*took seven for two took seven for you)*



ULF STOLTERFOHT

eines morgens waren sie da

eines morgens waren sie da, ganz plötzlich, und anfangs nur als geräusch. ein gurren, das sich sanft über die hütten legte, sich aber flugs auswuchs. schwellendes grell und anhauch von luft, flügelgeschlagener luft, die dann von aussen gegen die verschläge drängte, durch ritzen und spalte sich zwängte, bis sie auf ei-

nen körper traf. hören und spüren ließen einander schwer dividieren – höchstens durch „aus“, bei körpermodus „wach“ oder „ein“. kontradiktorische haarspaltereien. als aber dann, im anschluss, das landen begann, folgender klang: krallen auf moos, krallen auf laub, krallen auf sand. staksende krallen auf wellpappe-

dach. krallen voran gegen pressspanwand. gegen mitteldichte platte. das gurren ging derweil in surren über, in sirren, schwirren, irres schreien. und irgendwann, wohl durch einfaches öffnen der tür, war so etwas wie bild da: blutroter besatz. und es schien klar: die kamen lediglich als boten. mutmasslich zu kün-

den vom blut – nur von welchem? das blut des heilands war das augenscheinlich nicht. wie üblich weiss auch hier der dichter mehr: es gibt einen mann, der lebt in den wäldern. hatte gut lachen und vollbrachte tagtäglich die allerschrecklichsten sachen. der vermochte, das könnt ihr mir glauben, sein linkes ohr abzu-

schrauben. der färbte die tauben und führte im schilde. seid ihr im bilde? nein? dann noch mal unter behalt: ein mann wohnt im wald, er schickt seine tauben, er schenkt euch einen begriff – und ihr fallt darunter! ihr denkt, ihr träumt von den tauben, doch werdet ihr in wahrheit selbst geträumt – von tauben und zwei männern.



Maybe Jesus wasn't *on*. He was *by*.  
Yeah, Jesus was by.  
I walked by the water too today!

Turing someone's fountain into a bidet.

Know how Helmholtz says air is water we don't see as water—that we are all breathing underwater on the bottom of something we can't really see out of.  
So maybe not into.

Light's dark.  
But how the fuck does ARE read Helmholtz if ARE is a pigeon?

How the F do I know? I mean, why does what's his name make historic pessaries into evening jewelry and sell it as art? Who knows these kinds of things.  
I like the pigeon book you showed of Perec's *Species*.  
The pages with pictures of pigeons walking on the word pigeons.

Hey Rapunzel, let your hair down, get me another drink.  
Dickweed.

Holy cow.  
Alligator.  
(alas)

*Came down the pigeons cooed Arabic under the eaves outside their window.*  
*Winded* (Nathaniel Mackey)

Well what animal is the artist today?  
What about the critic?  
Is the critic a different animal than the artist or, the same species? I mean the critic gets a feeling, a different feeling about the art, about the situation, and then the critic gets a certain kind of color, and then the critic walks their color around and is better: to ATTACK!  
What?  
Yes, because, the moment the critic gets colored in feelingshe is visible. The feelings go into words. The words are attached to something usually.  
Before, the critic is invisible. An invisible color in an invisible color.

Light alighting.  
And then he's invisible in this huge town. And he will go out! And he will find a bone, and bring that bone to his mouth. And color is born. And the other critics have to talk about the color bone feeling. *Look at this bone! Look at this bone! Look at this stone! Look at this rib!* And then

all animals are laughing  
the visible-  
-the visible seen!  
Because the human is trying to tickle themselves.  
Just try to make yourself laugh by tickling yourself.  
Try to say *mamma* keeping your mouth open.  
Who are you talking about?  
Chameleons.  
The animal artist!

But this is just one very survival thing, and that's why *Les grâces naturelles*—it's private.  
Well, I know most animals are just surviving today, but there are other animals doing other things past just surviving. And we are the animals doing other things  
past just surviving.  
The past  
just surviving.  
The past just surviving.  
And you don't have to talk about the path or the animal as an artist or the way.  
What about the a way?  
Do you mean the artist in the book or the artist reading the book?  
No one else is reading the book.  
Some monkeys today are getting drunk.  
And some elephants.  
And performing the bluebird asymmetries.  
What is of the utmost importance?

*that each reader listen very attentively to all sounds produced by himself & the otherreaders, as well as to all environing sounds (audience, street, &c.) All aspects of performance must be sensitively adjusted by the reader* (Jackson Mac Low)

and SPERM SYMBIOSIS TRAIN SISTER DOGS ALCOHOLIC MONKEYS FUN PEOPLE ARTISTS KNOW I DON'T THINK THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE DANGEROUS PERHAPS AWARENESS WHAT ...

What survives also survives because of pleasure and fun and  
I have to duck out.  
AND WHAT OF THE PIGEONS!

And what of the pigeons?  
Well, some pigeons square dance. I mean, you are the one who lines up the seeds in a square for the pigeons, and the pigeons square dance.



Line dance in Texas.  
I spend all night looking at line dancers on line.  
Yeah, but you also watch videos of hoes all night you said.

YA, AMAZING hoeing videos! Dutch Hoes, hand-held hoes, hoedads. Hoes hoes. Things you pull and push from you, slight snips from the surface. Seeds dispersal or keep. But square dancing gets weird. Think of an uncool street dancer. Think of an uncool anti-gravity walker. Think the inverse of Michael Jackson.  
The rice-cake as a hemorrhoid.  
Think the opposite of finger-tutters.  
You know forget it.  
I have opinions about square dancers, they're really tucked in. Belt hitched up to their umbilical-button. Stiff ironed pleats. Hundreds of uncool hi hit hitched together all at once all in a line.  
An old poem.  
Any poem read in a way that still considers wrong.  
Connected by code of do this.

Holding a square book square dancing?  
In the bidet?  
Making a new knob that's not connected to anything?  
Writing the word *crater* on the crater ...  
Well *elephants have shown signs of self-recognition in mirrors. Sheep can remember dozens of sounds attached to faces for years. Cats have walked thousands of miles just to get home. A cow can distinguish one voice among a hundred and will come to it* LOOK UP.  
(Cole Swensen, *Greensward*)

Well, the love you know the dove of all.  
Remember the graduate students?  
Studying crows in the US Northwest?  
Studying liquidification?  
Having to wear disguises to the labs, otherwise the crows recognized the faces of the scientists on the street, on the campus, and attacked!

There is no internet on the Animal Farm.  
Except little ones.  
Accept?

I have a little internet.  
We all have little internets.  
My little internet is without batteries.  
Fuck.  
All the same we should read some of the other things in The—ALARM.

In the al arm that this is it: The thing I mentioned before. The forever. The proper floor. The single signal space touching nothings. The strict sequence of movements. To touch nothing. The nightly pick-up practices. The I love.  
The word has to go around.  
So what kind of artists are square dancers?  
I mean, are square dancers the same kind of animal as animal artists?  
As line dancers?  
As animal line dancers teaching birds to reach for talking?

Well, I am a monkeyelephant.  
A what?  
A monkeyelephant.  
What do you think?  
(Between you and me it is an interesting place.)  
I don't think elephants are artists or bats or cass.

*I assume we all believe that bats have experience. After all, they are mammals, and there is no more doubt that they have experience than that mice or pigeons or whales have experience. I have chosen bats because I have not chosen wasps or flounders ...*

*We must consider whether any method will permit us to extrapolate to the inner life of the bat from our own case, and if not, what alternative methods there may be for understanding the notion. Our own experience provides the basic material for our imagination, whose range is*

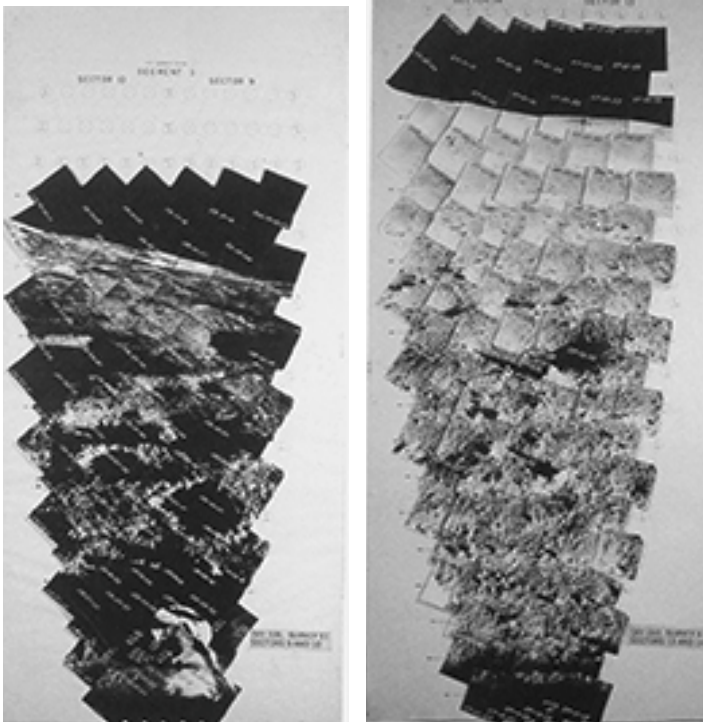
*therefore limited. It will not help to try to imagine that one has webbing on one's arms, which enables one to fly around at dusk and dawn catching insects in one's mouth; that one has very poor vision, and perceives the surrounding world by a system of reflected high-frequency sound*

*signals; and that one spends the day hanging upside down by one's feet in an attic. In so far as I can imagine this (which is not very far), it tells me only what it would be like for me to behave as a bat behaves. But that is not the question. I want to know what it is like for a bat to be a bat. Yet if I try to imagine this, I am restricted to the resources of my own mind, and those resources are inadequate to the task. I cannot perform it either by imagining additions to my present experience, or by imagining segments gradually subtracted from it, or by imagining some combination of additions, subtractions, and modifications.* (Thomas Nagel, "What is it like to be

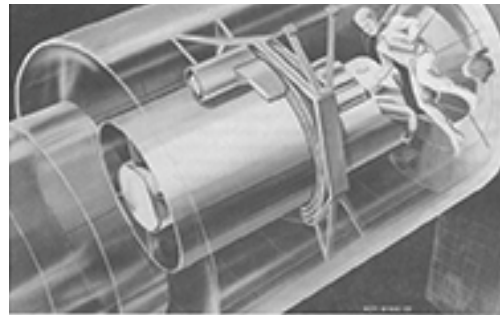
a bat? ")  
What is it like to be a bat named Anyway?

Well, we are all in our own kinds of a little (A) lines now ...

Well, in America the pigs still hill-billy  
black goats and white goats. You remember how Abraham in in in the old Testament s-s-separated the speckled sh-sheep from theese others? He planted a s-s-stick in the ground. Th th the stick made sh-shade. The sh-shade made th th the sh-sheep want to go there. Ere going there or err's or air. Basically the sh-sheep wanted to fuck. It is like that now. Who has the best stick in the shade this century?  
I'm game.  
I'm shepherd.  
I'm board.



[3] Image 222 NASA, Sonde Lunaire Surveyor/Collection Noelle C. Giddings and Norman Brosterman, Jour 328, Levé EE, Secteurs 9 Et 10 1966-1968. From Clair, Jean. *Cosmos: Du Romantisme à l'avant-garde* (Québec: Musée des beaux-arts de Montréal, 1999), p. 158.



[4] Loading and unloading film canisters in the design of a space telescope of 1969. From Robert W. Smith, *The Space Telescope: A Study of NASA, Science, Technology, and Politics* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993), p. 106.



[5] Neil Armstrong (Buzz Aldrin) on the Moon (1969)/Stephen White Collection II, Los Angeles. Reproduced in Andreas Blühm, *Der Mond* (Köln: Wallraf-Richartz-Museum & Fondation Corboud, 2009), p. 234.



[6] Photo of a television screen showing the moon landing live in 1969. Author unknown. From The Stephen White Collection II, Los Angeles. Andreas Blühm, *Der Mond* (Köln: Wallraf-Richartz-Museum & Fondation Corboud, 2009), p. 68.



[7] The first radio image received from the space telescope. From Robert W. Smith, *The Space Telescope: A Study of NASA, Science, Technology, and Politics* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993), p. 403.

In the span of a century, cameras rose from a few hundred feet above the Earth's surface (carried on hot-air balloons) to approximately 590 km (when placed in some of the first camera-satellites to orbit the earth). Photography was integral to space exploration. Space telescopes from IRAS to Hubble were more like a *camera* than like a regular telescope, with no place for an observer to sit at the ocular. There was no point building a space shuttle or surveyor without a camera.<sup>14</sup> [3]

Research into sending and receiving images across large distances was driven in part by our desire to see from as many positions, heights, and perspectives as possible. For decades, the challenge of sending space images back to Earth wirelessly was so complicated that designers preferred to design a system where astronauts would periodically go fetch and replace film canisters. They also planned ways in which the film inside camera space-rockets could be safely returned to Earth and somehow retrieved. [4]

Skylab Lunar Orbiter was one of the last stations to use photographic film. Recording the landing on the moon was as important as the landing itself. But photography was not enough for this particular mission. The moon landing had to be *televised*. [5] [6]

Key innovations in digital television technologies were driven by space exploration research. In 1979 astronomers mounted selenium-sulphur vidicon cameras on Voyager 1 and 2. Solely from these two cameras, the number of images transmitted back to Earth was over 35,000, taken from a distance of 2–3 km. On May 20, 1990 astronomers celebrated the “first light” event sent back to Earth from the Hubble Space Telescope—it was the ultimate sign that it worked, albeit imperfectly. [7]

## Inhuman machines and decentered subjectivity

Do drones perceive the world in a manner analogous to how humans or other living beings perceive it? Do they see? Do *they* kill? Or do we have ultimate responsibility for their actions? In *What is Philosophy?*, Félix Guattari and Gilles Deleuze argued that recording devices had led us to believe in the existence of “sense-data without sensation.” But this particular “sense-data without sensation,” argued Deleuze and Guattari, was always “waiting for a real observer to come and see.” Recording instruments, they argued, only functioned because they “presupposed” an “ideal partial observer.”<sup>15</sup> But they also only worked because they delegated their work. To understand how recording instruments work in the first place, let us figure out who is working for whom.

Lay down comfortably on your couch and think about how the world would look without humans. Is the idea that the “world” can exist without us connected to the proliferation of unmanned recording drones? The psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan considered a curious thought experiment. What would happen if the world was exclusively perceived by automatic machines? Lacan imagined an apocalyptic scenario devoid of humans where the world was seen only by cameras. These machines recorded the world without us for “a few centuries.” In a world where “every living being has disappeared, the camera can nonetheless record the image [...] in complete solitude.” Lacan described how “we can with no problem at all imagine” devices “complex enough to develop their films themselves, pack them into tiny capsules, and deposit them in a refrigerator.”<sup>16</sup> But what would this record be about? Lacan asked his readers to consider a camera taking a picture of a mountain and of a lake with a reflection of the mountain.

<sup>14</sup> Surveyor I. Mariner (mars) was one of the first successful cameras in space.

<sup>15</sup> Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?* (1991; Chicago: Columbia University Press, 1994), 131.

<sup>16</sup> Jacques Lacan, “A Materialist Definition of the Phenomenon of Consciousness,” in *The Seminar of Jacques Lacan. Book II: The Ego in Freud's Theory and in the Technique of Psychoanalysis 1954–1955* (London: Cambridge University Press, 1988), 46–47.





KIM HYESOON

## Ultramarine Blue

Why was I standing on that street at that hour?  
I could see a train depart from a hundred miles away.  
I could see it being pushed by  
Vast daybreak  
That filled the universe with ultramarine light.  
My eyesight was very good then.

The propeller of a submarine is  
Smelting blue in a blue mine.  
A phlegmatic ultramarine blue afloat in dim seawater.  
I know a so-called deep-sea organism  
That eats anything and vomits an ultramarine color.

I called out the name of my prisoner friend  
Sentenced to seven years, disappearing through the left door.  
You wanna die? You little thing!  
A lump of ultramarine spewed from  
Her eye when she turned around.  
For a second, in the swimming pool mid-air  
The two of us splashed and splashed.

The pill that ceaselessly ignites schizophrenia  
Is the color of porridge made with the ultramarine.  
The crawling baby swallows the pill  
And excretes blue crystal light poop.  
The baby's eyes are shining in crystal blue too.  
A little later the body too becomes the same.  
The baby with cyanosis throws me a glance.  
Why doesn't my dead mom say anything to me?  
Why doesn't she answer?  
The color of a wailing child's heart!

I peeled off layer by layer the air rising  
From the scaffold of the Tarot card  
And attached it to the glass lenses  
From the world suddenly changed to a deep-sea  
The ennui of the deep-sea whale is felt  
The days of surging several hundred meters  
Of ultramarine hued water to take a single breath and then descend  
Watching it, I am full of ennui.

The sea is made up of surfaces only, as is the sky  
I know a woman who is peeling off  
The surface of the sea layer by layer  
For thousand and ten thousand years.



MARJORIE WELISH

2

This morning saw a pretty street cease to be  
The morning saw cease and desist prettily

A dead-end whose pretty companion *is felt as an unseen immensity*  
This morning's detour whose pretty companion I have not yet seen

...whose name is of *a purely allegorical figure*  
...whose name hastens your face value

Prettily evangelical is this morning's infusion  
Prettily sent gospel and wake-up call: The Time Is

Departed. No longer extant, its brightness that much greater  
Escaped. Forget about it, frivolous outskirts of the greater area

Street or its fugitive, insistent experiment in waiting  
Or its immediately anticipated waiting room

...whose name? *Replacing the mirage of imagination*  
*With the mirage of memory*, namely

His favorite passage. It was a passing to a causeway  
His favorite spot. It was a deportation on the way

To extinction, in brilliant cries flashing on  
Standstill, in seasonal calls withdrawn

Unmentionable deportation corrupts a great strength  
Banished is the experimental spirit

Trod nomenclature beyond melancholy  
Down at the heels—I can't think of the word for it

## Columba Cardia

When the trail of feathers is drawn  
out on the map, it becomes clear  
that homing was taken very literally  
by the departed. Communication left them  
in a constant state of going home,  
but the methods of true navigation required the landmarks  
of a live civilization—and the enlarged organ necessary  
for flight was prone to peculiar attacks.

When the diving heart attempted  
to deliver a message,  
it burst in t

he de

scent,

ma king red a col

or of div in it y,

of cour

age and sacrifice.



SHARMILA COHEN