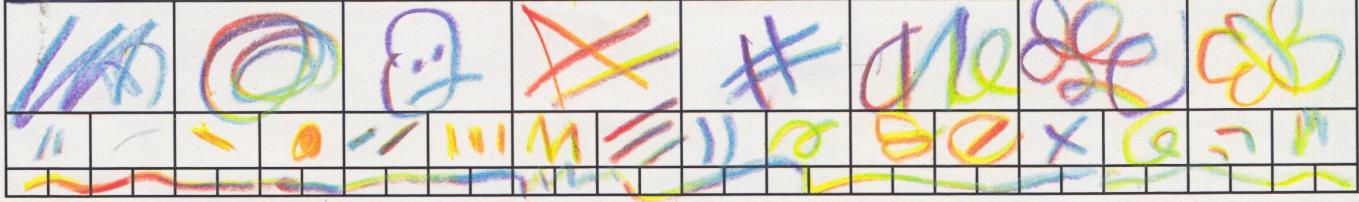
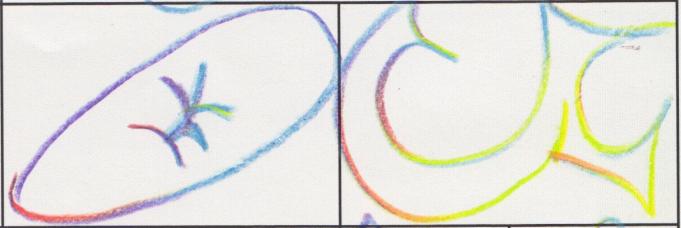


I NEVER WANT TO SEE
THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!

OR,

13 POEMS ☼ FOR THE
FIRST 13 DAYS OF APRIL

TIGER DINGSUN



PREFACE

This book is a record of all of the work I've created during the spring of 2019 within the Graphic Design department at the Rhode Island School of Design.

By the numbers, I made 4 books, 11 posters, 1 installation, 30 poems, and 18 websites.

My main focus was with coming up with alternative modes for text to be presented, exploring the nature of reading, and creating my own body of poetic texts.

During this time, I noticed a couple of trends emerging both from my design practice and my writing. In terms of design, I recognized an attempt to combine rigidity to structure and arbitrariness, a careful attention and responsiveness to the dimension of the page or screen, and an obsession with only using a quarter-inch margin. In my writing, I saw the following themes emerge: digital culture, queerness, adolescence, race, desire, alienation.

This was also possibly the first time in my life that I had been able to consciously notice my own emotional growth, and I truly feel like I've come out the end of this project a better, stronger, more chill person. So really, what more could I ask for? The presence of summer looms large as winter slowly, unwillingly broke its hold on Providence, and my walks to and from studio have gradually became less icy (read: miserable, treacherous) and more and more saturated with the scent of flowers.

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INTRODUCTION → ON READING AND POETRY

→ Even if you don't consider yourself "a reader," you are still constantly being bombarded (accosted? approached?) by texts, whether that may be ambiently or intentionally. What do you read in a day? Including like, Instagram captions, UI elements, labels, t-shirts. When is looking and reading the same thing and when are they different? If you look at text in any form or in any capacity, is that still a form of reading? Tan Lin's notion of ambient text particularly resonates with me — text meant to be experienced over multiple exposures, over long periods of times, like wallpaper.

2. I am interested in writing within structures. My core belief is that the anonymous, mostly hidden structures of the internet does not deny the possibility of poetry. I imagine words springing up from technical jargon like moss in the cracks of pavement. There is the possibility of subjectivity even in the most banal of metadata. Hopefully. There is poetry in the listing of things. I remember reading a short text by Allison Parrish on the website/literary project called Web Safe 2k16 (<http://websafe2k16.com>). In this text, Parrish describes how she received a book when she was five that listed the nine colors that the Tandy TRS-80 computer could produce. Parrish writes:

"The Color Computer can produce 9 colors,"
the book reads, then recites them like a poem:

- 0 Black
- 1 Green
- 2 Yellow
- 3 Blue
- 4 Red
- 5 Buff
- 6 Cyan
- 7 Magenta
- 8 Orange

When I read this, I was really excited because I instantly understood her poetic reading of this banal list. This impulse felt extremely familiar to me. For example, in many JRPGs, there exists a ‘job system’ that functions as a way to imbue your character with different stats, attributes, and weapons. I had always thought that this list of jobs was extremely poetic. The list includes words like:

Archer	Devout	Bard
Evoker	Beastmaster	Sage
Berserker	Necromancer	Black Mage
Oracle	Chemist	Ranger
Dancer	Templar	Dark Knight
Pirate	Dragoon	Illusionist
Fighter	Sniper	Gambler
Runeseeker	Geomancer	Fencer
Gunner	Defender	Knight
Bishop	Monk	Assassin
Ninja	Arcanist	Paladin
Cannoneer	Red Mage	Viking
Samurai	Valkyrie	Scholar
Seer	Soldier	Merchant
Summoner	Performer	Thief
Swordmaster	Time Mage	Warrior
White Mage	Wizard	Bishop
Astrologian	Hawkeye	Exorcist
Guardian	Kaiser	Yokai
Salve-maker	Spiritmaster	Conjurer

I get the same feeling that Allison Parrish describes when i read lists of music genres, lists of geological formations, lists of javascript event handlers...

Genre in particular is interesting to me because genre is an attempt to discretize and categorize the totality of all content and media. Genre is culturally specific. The genres that a society decides to codify reveals something about the values of society. I think of the genre of ‘horror’, and how horror movies can often act as symbolic allegory for collective historical trauma and cultural anxiety. I think of the genre of “western” and think of its function as codifying Western colonial fantasies: a desire for freedom, for frontiers, for

land and resources. Science Fiction: collective anxieties about the future, about biopolitics, about invasion and powerlessness. European colonization of the Americas was the original alien invasion, and to me many sci-fi plots that have to do with the trope of invasion point to some sort of white/western anxiety of having their historical ‘sins’ reproduced back to them. It’s a function of white guilt. Because mainstream American society is generally white, the tropes within the genres we talk about in our media reflect that dominance. It is so exciting to me, then, when that structure is subverted by people who aren’t white or male or cis or straight. The most recent high-profile example I can think of is Jordan Peele’s “Get Out,” which recasts white middle-class liberal identity as terrifyingly grotesque. Within science fiction, there are movements like Afrofuturism, Asian-futurism, and Indigenous futurisms that actively try to de-center Western subjectivity within future-making.

Of course, genre fails us sometimes, and that is to be celebrated. There is also poetry in the un-catalog-able-ness of things. The embrace of structure and the refusal of structure can cohabitate multiplicuously. After the structuralism of modernity and the deconstruction / post-structuralist impulses of post-modernity, I think that what emerges is a type of pragmatism about the material reality of structures. There are certain structures like race and class and capitalism and the internet, etc. etc. that most likely are not going away anytime soon. What actually becomes more important is the fact that while we still have to reckon with the daily mundanity (and the mundanity of violence) of living within these structures, we must still be constantly be pushing against these structures. One does not necessarily invalidate the other. And while this is not an excuse for complicity, it is an acknowledgement of it, an acknowledgement that most of our lives are tied up in both sides of complicity and oppression. But it is still a life that needs living. Contradictions no longer need to be resolved. This mirrors my interest in structure, lists, taxonomies, pantheons, etc. as ways to generate graphic content. It also recalls the adage of learning the grid and then learning how to break it. While the idea of lists and taxonomies obviously brings to mind colonialist or hegemonic connotations, I can still use them without respecting them or their claims to epistemic authority. I can use a grid in a poster without necessarily having it conform to the canonical rules of Western graphic design.

3. Beyond using structures to generate content, I am also interested in different forms/paradigms to display this content (text). I want to re-imagine what reading can be, and create different structures or paradigms for reading. What is reading beyond books? How can reading be done through different frameworks, and operate on different time-systems? Traditional reading a book is done linearly, but at the reader's own pace. What would it mean for a reader to have to constantly catch up to a text? What would it mean for a reader to experience a text non-linearly? A list of possibilities, based on the following axes: ☀ Ambient/Direct. ☀ Slow/Fast-paced, ☀ Reader/Media dictated pace, ☀ Linear/Non-Linear, ☀ Mutating/Static, ☀ Print/Digital:

Ambient / Slow Reader-dictated / Linear / Mutating / Print

Ambient / Slow / Reader-dictated / Linear / Mutating / Digital

Ambient / Slow / Reader-dictated / Linear / Static / Print

Ambient / Slow / Reader-dictated / Linear / Static / Digital

Ambient / Slow / Reader-dictated / Non-Linear / Mutating / Print

Ambient / Slow / Reader-dictated / Non-Linear / Mutating / Digital

Ambient / Slow / Reader-dictated / Non-Linear / Static / Print

Ambient / Slow / Reader-dictated / Non-Linear / Static / Digital

Ambient / Slow / Media-dictated / Linear / Mutating / Print

Ambient / Slow / Media-dictated / Linear / Mutating / Digital

Ambient / Slow / Media-dictated / Linear / Static / Print

Ambient / Slow / Media-dictated / Linear / Static / Digital

Ambient / Slow / Media-dictated / Non-Linear / Mutating / Print

Ambient / Slow / Media-dictated / Non-Linear / Mutating / Digital

Ambient / Slow / Media-dictated / Non-Linear / Static / Print

Ambient / Slow / Media-dictated / Non-Linear / Static / Digital

Ambient / Fast / Reader-dictated / Linear / Mutating / Print

Ambient / Fast / Reader-dictated / Linear / Mutating / Digital

Ambient / Fast / Reader-dictated / Linear / Static / Print

Ambient / Fast / Reader-dictated / Linear / Static / Digital

Ambient / Fast / Reader-dictated / Non-Linear / Mutating / Print

Ambient / Fast / Reader-dictated / Non-Linear / Mutating / Digital

Ambient / Fast / Reader-dictated / Non-Linear / Static / Print

Ambient / Fast / Reader-dictated / Non-Linear / Static / Digital

Ambient / Fast / Media-dictated / Linear / Mutating / Print

Ambient / Fast / Media-dictated / Linear / Mutating / Digital

Ambient / Fast / Media-dictated / Linear / Static / Print

Ambient / Fast / Media-dictated / Linear / Static / Digital
Ambient / Fast / Media-dictated / Non-Linear / Mutating / Print
Ambient / Fast / Media-dictated / Non-Linear / Mutating / Digital
Ambient / Fast / Media-dictated / Non-Linear / Static / Print
Ambient / Fast / Media-dictated / Non-Linear / Static / Digital
Direct / Slow Reader-dictated / Linear / Mutating / Print
Direct / Slow / Reader-dictated / Linear / Mutating / Digital
Direct / Slow / Reader-dictated / Linear / Static / Print
Direct / Slow / Reader-dictated / Linear / Static / Digital
Direct / Slow / Reader-dictated / Non-Linear / Mutating / Print
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Direct / Fast / Media-dictated / Non-Linear / Static / Digital

4. Back to the idea of looking vs. reading. The difference is obviously that reading connotes a level of understanding. I think that part of the reason I've latched on to this idea is that I've always only been tenuously able to read Chinese, and I feel like I am constantly switching back and forth between looking at Chinese characters as vaguely recognizable symbols, and actually reading them with comprehension.

5. Plurality, multiplicity, contradictions, and arbitrariness remain important to me. I am interested in the illogic of accepting contradictions for what they are, and not trying to resolve them. For example, when I look at my bookshelf, there are some books that I've read thoroughly, some that I've only read parts of, and some that I've only skimmed. But what if we decided to privilege this shallow experience of a book just as much as we value close reading? Or, if that doesn't sit quite well, maybe there is something different to be gained from a shallow read that can support or flesh out a deeper read.

INTRODUCTION → ON IMAGES AND DESIGN

1. I used to have this habit of taping small images to the walls of my bedroom. photos, postcards, and drawings from here and there. A couple of weeks ago, I was staring at the constellation of images on my walls, somewhat listlessly, when I suddenly got so tired of them. Suddenly every image seemed utterly replaceable with any other image. Entirely uninteresting, it seemed like any source of uniqueness or value merely came from an arbitrary reordering of ink on paper. Or, in the case of the images you are looking at right now, an arbitrary permutation of pixel values on a screen. The image is a lifeless being. I asked myself: As a graphic designer, I've developed a visual literacy through exposure to as many different visual styles as possible. That's basically all I have been doing for these past four years. But at the end of all that, do I have any real attachment to any piece of graphic work? Have I ever? If not, then what even is the point of claiming to be an image-maker? Let's be honest with ourselves, Doesn't every poster essentially look the same? Doesn't every typeface look the same? Isn't every *are.na* channel basically filled with the same images? Bare walls and the blank sheets of paper seem to offer so much more prospect and possibility, and any commitment to a particular decision seemed so arbitrary and limiting. I never want to see the same image twice ever again. This is, of course, the most tongue-in-cheek of statements, but there is still some truth to the sentiment.

2. What is more valuable to me than image is text. Text, which we as graphic designers sometimes treat with pure formal judgement, just something to rag, something to set within a composition. But text, even if you only skim it, leaves an impression. Not only that, but a variable impression, one dependent on you, and your prior experiences, and your state of mind. Text is so much more interpretable than images. Text has the ability to draw an image that can be revisited and redrawn upon subsequent reading. Text is a slippery thing, and is thus much more interesting to me than any image.

3. Design, to me, is an act of translation between media. From thought to language, speech to text, sounds to words, words to sounds. Everything starts with text. From there, the primary questions include, What does this text want to do? What do I want this text to do? how do I present this text in order for it to do what I want? Through what framework or paradigm do I want the reader to experience the text? What affordances do I want the text to allow for? How does it interact with space and time? How do I arrange and re-arrange the text across varied media? Within most texts, there are many things that are not readily apparent without a designer's intervention. I view my job as making clear the things that are not clear, and to shape and massage the text in order for it to convey a particular feeling that I want it to convey.

4. Sometimes the text comes from somewhere else, and sometimes it comes from me. When I am the one writing the text, I find parallels between my own writing process and my design process. When I write, I tend to first try to get every loose thought down into words, and then spend the majority of the time rearranging and fleshing out discrete points. And what is graphic design if not the act of arrangement and re-arrangement?

5. At the same time, there is always an appeal to beauty. And a constant redefinition of beauty. Images and forms can come in to support a text. A text can also be perceived as an image, and so there are certain aesthetics that come with that. Of course, beauty is directly correlated to power. Aesthetics is a politics. It is the responsibility of graphic designers to push back against the injustice in the privileging of certain images over others.

6. I have a suspicion that when I say "text", I am speaking loosely. Maybe anything that carries information is a 'text'. Maybe even images are 'texts'. Maybe, when I design things, I should treat images as 'texts'.

7. Lastly, I had written this earlier in the semester, and it still feels sweet enough to include here:

This is somewhat embarrassing to admit, but the past year has been somewhat emotionally turbulent for me. But it is not anything special or unique compared to other people's pain, except for the fact that this pain is mine. But obviously, everyone is always constantly going through shit. None of us are never not going through shit. I have no pretenses about the idea that my life is particularly hard, so I don't really feel that cool sharing my personal problems. But as my friend Kevin would say, "it's not that deep." Life never is. I choose to believe that my experiences and thoughts are just as valid as anyone else's. At the same time, I don't think that my own subjectivity is that important to my work. Ultimately, I want to be there for my friends.

IN CONVERSATION WITH LAUREL SCHWULST

Many thanks to Laurel Schwulst for taking the time to answer my questions via e-mail.

Tiger Dingsun: What is the difference between reading text and looking at text? Is one better than the other? Is there anything to be gained from a more shallow, ambient experience of a text?

Laurel Schwulst: Definitely. Some might even say the experience you have while reading the text is the text.

Do you know Tan Lin's work? It's all about this atmosphere/ambiance of text.

I also think your work is related to this lecture artist Harm van den Dorpel gave in my class "Programming as Writing" last fall. A big topic he talked about was "writing as metadata"
https://youtu.be/VOPuCzSg_xk

TD: Recently I've been feeling somewhat disillusioned with image-making. Being so inundated with images over the course of my graphic design education, it feels as if every image is entirely replaceable with any other image. Text, in contrast, seems so much more delightfully slippery, and I feel like I am able to explain whatever I am talking about through writing about it so much more coherently than through any visual metaphor or graphic that I could create. Is this feeling relatable in any way? Am I just in a rut with image-making?

LS: I don't think you're in a rut. It's easier nowadays to reproduce image aesthetics than ever before. Combining unlike words in a meaningful way isn't something computers exactly know how to do yet. Reminds me of...

LS (cont): The @horse_ebooks project:

[https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2014/02/10/
man-and-machine-susan-orlean](https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2014/02/10/man-and-machine-susan-orlean)

https://twitter.com/horse_ebooks

On the image economy in artists' websites (by Orit Gat):

<http://veryinteractive.net/library/scroll-skim-stare>

On the diminishing value of images (by Toby Shorin):

<https://subpixel.space/entries/diminishing-marginal-aesthetic-value/>

TD: How do you like playing with text? Do you work with text the same way you work with images?

LS: I love playing with text mostly because it's more lightweight and can more easily have different effects depending on how I sequence or juxtapose it. Images are much heavier and overused. Text has a longer history that originates in spoken word. On a long timeline, reproducible images only came into the world very recently.

TD: How important is writing to your practice? What is your writing process like? Do you ever write poetry?

LS: Writing is integral to my practice. Sometimes I use writing to think... maybe it's a form of internal listening. I find it therapeutic to free-write, and then to use that free-writing as a word bank to create something new. Often I can work through my thoughts in a new way when I treat the words as pliable objects, almost like elements of a collage or paints on a palette.

Sometimes I like to speak audibly to "write in the air" too... as just a way to work through ideas. I pretend I'm having a phone conversation, but I'm actually just talking to myself with my phone held up to my ear. (For some reason I've found it's easier to do this when I'm not recording.)

TD: How do you use structures as a generative point without necessarily being beholden to such structures?

LS: I think you're doing this quite beautifully! I find a surprise and continuous intrigue in your work despite its programmed/structured nature. I'm curious what your answer to this question is.

I find that structures can sometimes make me create a world. I define a world as something that's life-giving. I think it's about a process of reflection after playing with a structure that will help you determine whether it's life-giving or not.

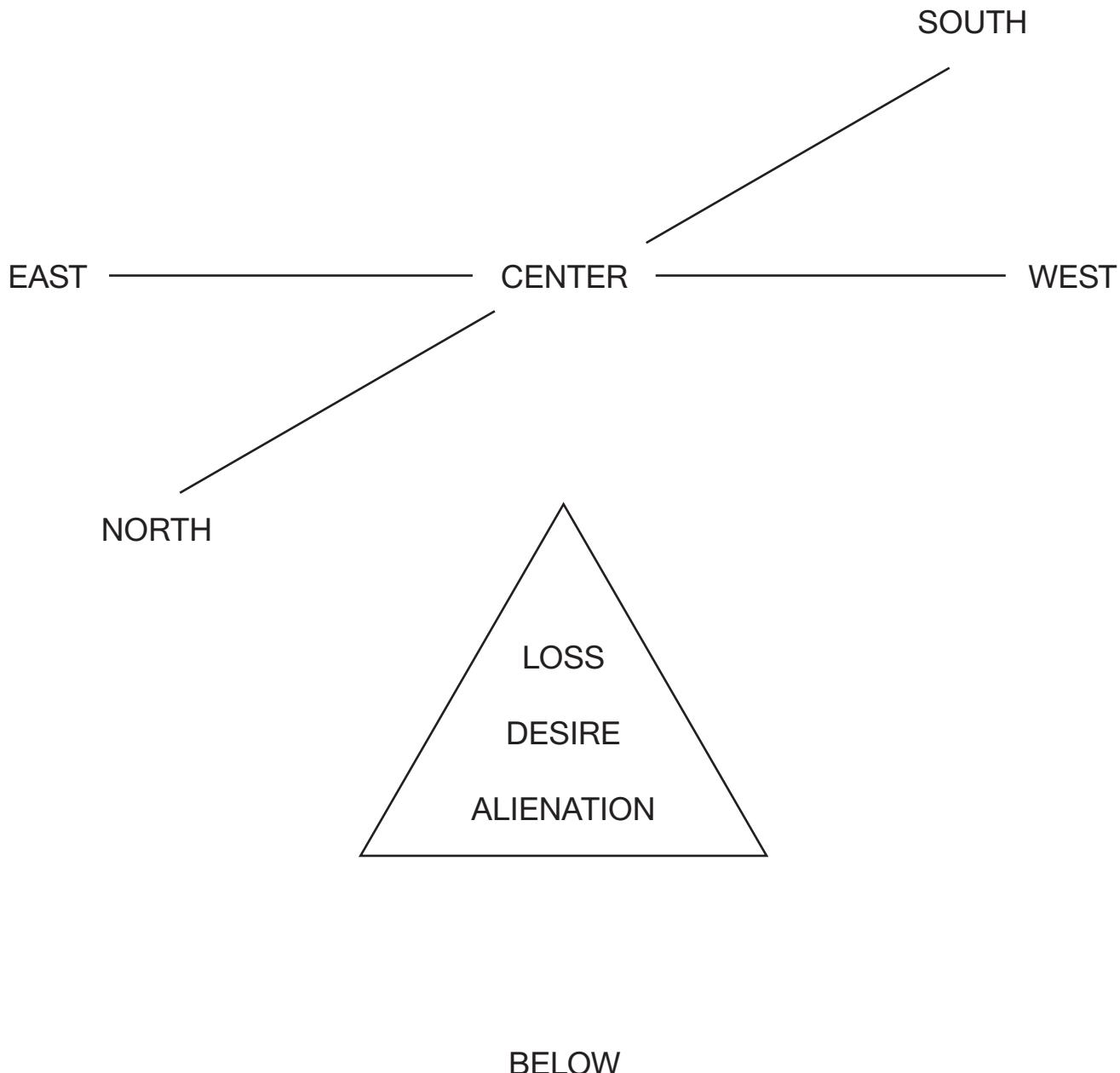
There is structure to everything, even something as ubiquitous as a conversation between two people. Sometimes playing with structures here, because regardless there is a structure even if no one points it out, can be life-giving, helping propel the conversation in new ways or opening it up.

PERIPHERY

ABOVE

PERIPHERY

An Installation
in the GD Commons
on Sunday, April 21st
from 6PM – 8PM



GEOGRAPHY (INSTALLATION)

On April 21st I created an installation in the Graphic Design Commons at RISD. I was curious what it would look like if a physical space was saturated with text, to create an immersive, non-linear reading experience for people to walk around in. I also was interested in producing texts that would respond to the way in which they would be presented, so I asked several friends and peers to write short responses to the following one-word prompts:

NORTH	SOUTH	EAST	WEST	ABOVE	BELOW
CENTER	PERIPHERY		ALIENATION	LOSS	DESIRE

The texts were then installed in a pretty straight-forward way: texts about “North” would be on the North wall, texts about “Above” would be on the ceiling or high up on the wall, texts about “Periphery” would be at the edges of the room, etc. The texts about loss, alienation, and desire were interspersed throughout the room, without any sort of discernable logic or rationale about why they were placed where they were placed. The reason I chose these three words in particular, even though they had nothing to do with positioning or cardinal directions, is because I was interested in how these specific emotions could interact with ideas or connotations surrounding space, directions, geography, or land.

This installation was also later translated into a book and a website.

Texts by me and
many beloved collaborators,
given the following prompts:

NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST
CENTER
ABOVE
BELOW
PERIPHERY
LOSS
DESIRE
ALIENATION

ABC

An installation
in the GD Commons
on Sunday, April 21st
from 6PM - 8PM

PERIPHERY

CENTER
NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST
PERIPHERY
LOSS
DESIRE
ALIENATION

PERIPHERY

An installation
in the GD Commons
on Sunday, April 21st
from 6PM - 8PM

PERIPHERY

CENTER
NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST
PERIPHERY
LOSS
DESIRE
ALIENATION

PERIPHERY

PERIPHERY

NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST
CENTER
ABOVE
BELOW
PERIPHERY
LOSS
DESIRE
ALIENATION

PERIPHERY

PERIPHERY

NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST
CENTER
ABOVE
BELOW
PERIPHERY
LOSS
DESIRE
ALIENATION

PERIPHERY

PERIPHERY

NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST
CENTER
ABOVE
BELOW
PERIPHERY
LOSS
DESIRE
ALIENATION

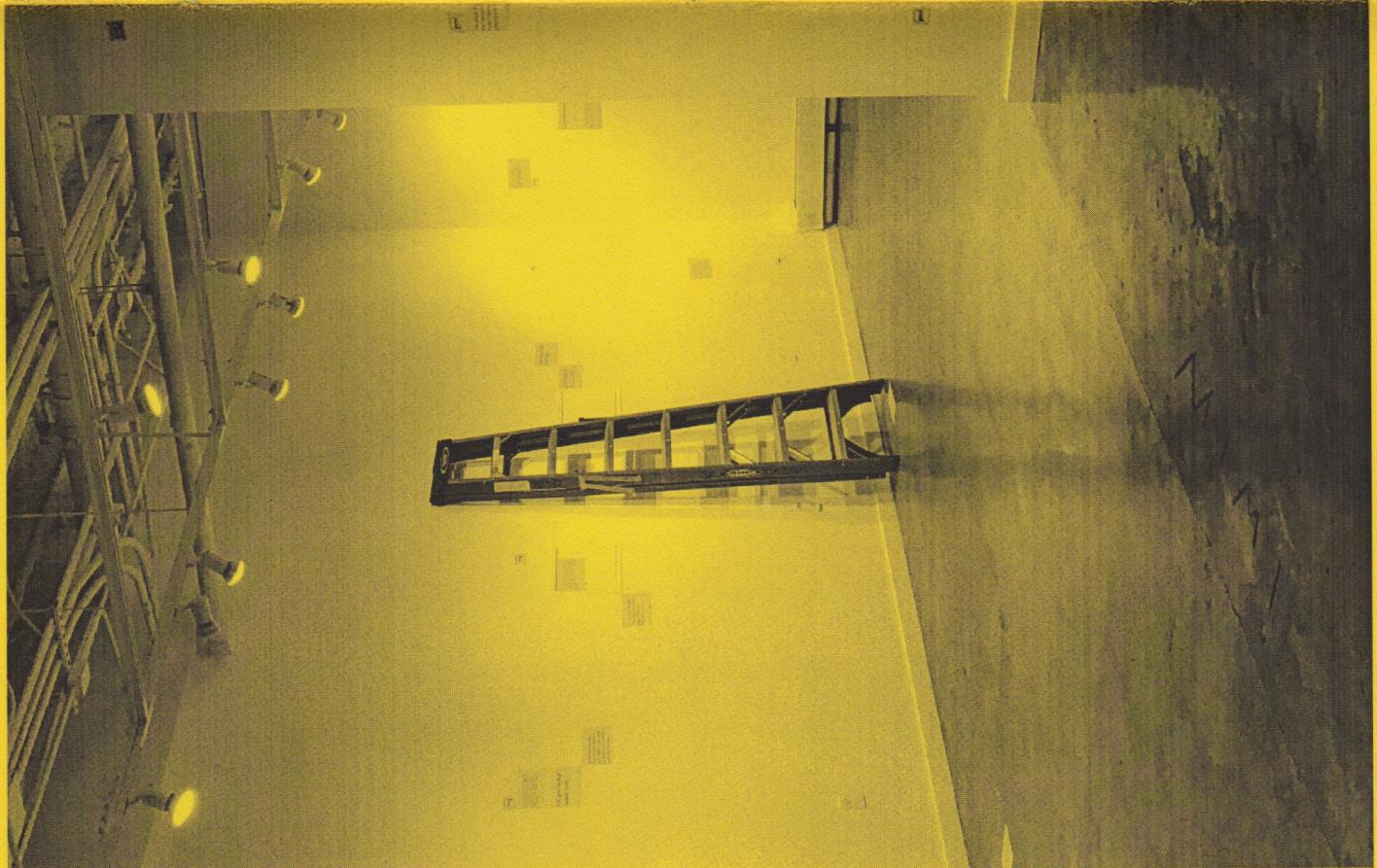
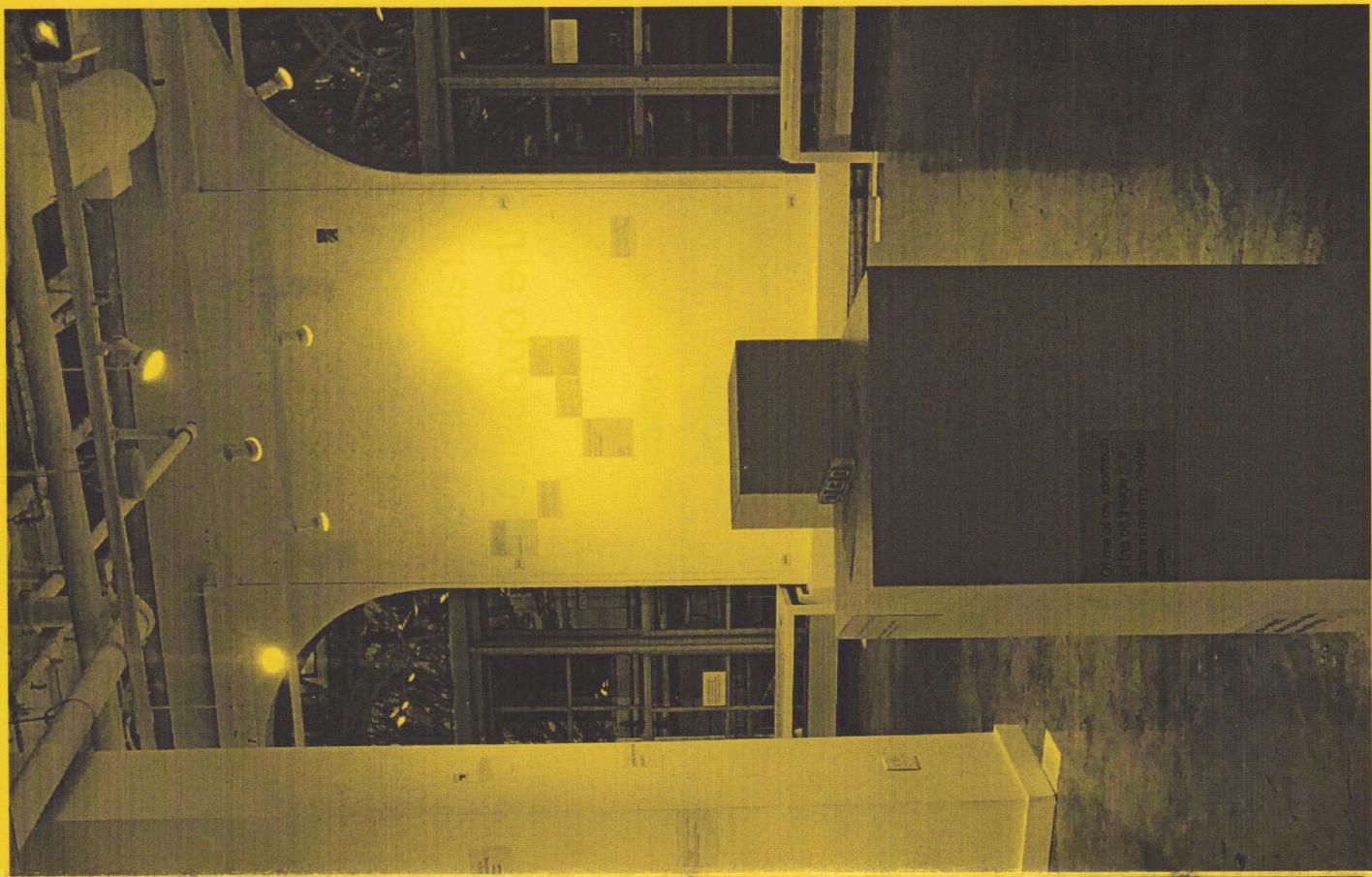
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PERIPHERY

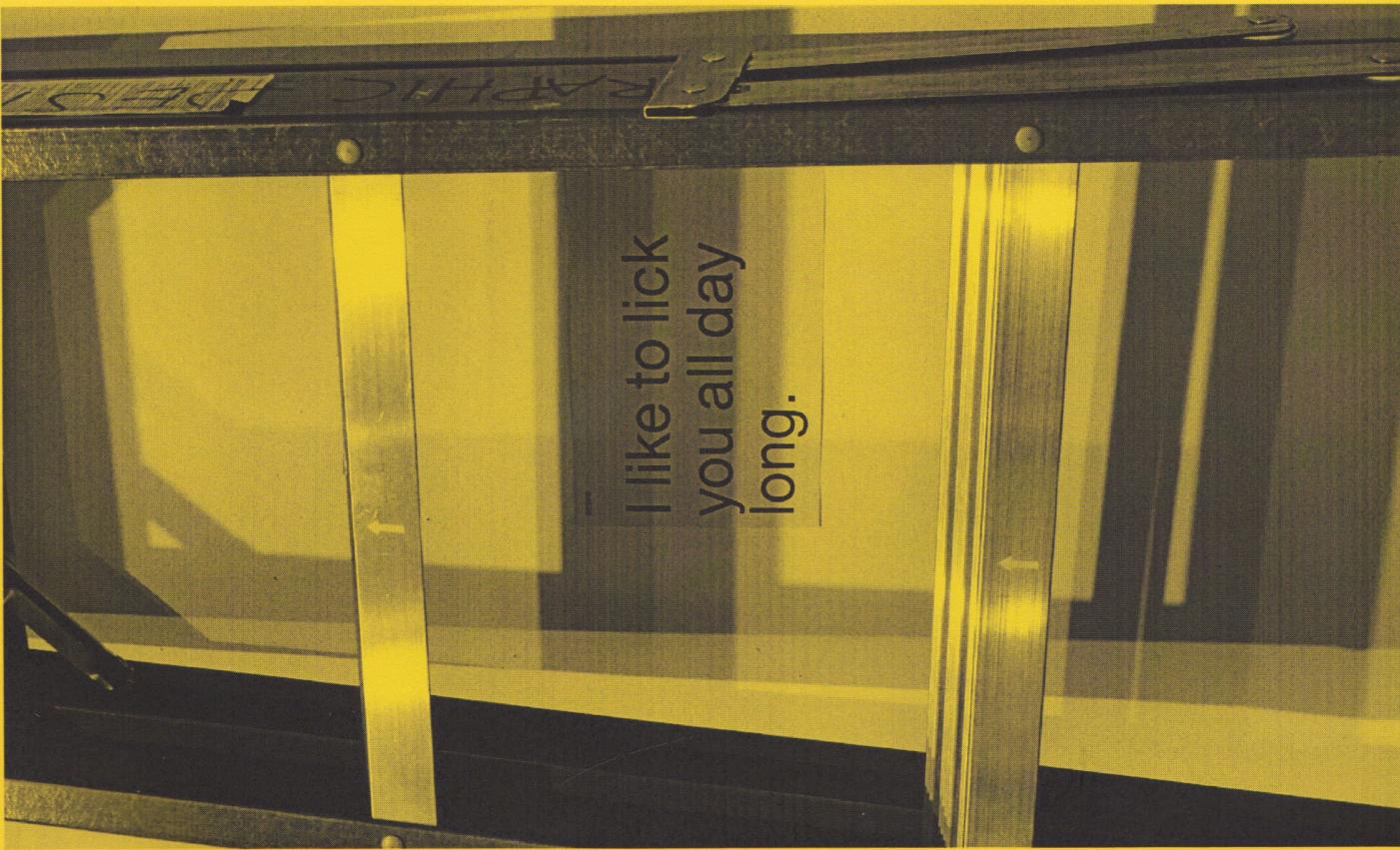
NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST
CENTER
ABOVE
BELOW
PERIPHERY
LOSS
DESIRE
ALIENATION

PERIPHERY

PERIPHERY







I like to lick
you all day
long.

I Never Want to See the Same Image Twice!

Tiger Dingsun



30 POEMS

1. Brokeback Mountain Redux

1, _ Except for _;
3, __ certain moments _;
5, __ when it feels like _;
9, __ I am looking _;
11, __ down at my own body
13, _____ inches away _;
14, _____ from my own face;
15, __ a ghost _;
16, __ a specter _;
17, _____ a projection _;
18, __ and I am so _;
20, __ suddenly aware _;
22, _____ of _;
24, __ your _;
25, __ body _;
26, ____ is a _;
27, _____ frontier _;
32, __ You are the law _;
36, __ And yet _;
37, __ You have _;
38, _____ fantasies _;
40, _____ of lawlessness _;
42, __ Some rarified bone _;
44, __ Horses pounding _;
46, __ Clouds of dust _;
48, __ Sepia toned nightmare _;
50, __ Perpetual sunset _;
52, __ And when you _;
54, __ wake up _;
56, _____ tomorrow _;
58, __ The sun _;
60, __ will still be setting _;
62, __ when night falls _;
64, __ The sun _;
66, __ will still be setting _;

1, __ carnal _;
3, __ attraction _;
4, __ unincorporated _;
5, _____ territory _;
6, __ land _;
7, __ with no body _;
8, _____ no corporeal form _;
10, __ Western express _;
11, __ virgin waters _;
12, __ shirt _;
13, __ dampened _;
14, _____ with _;
15, _____ sweat _;
16, __ Indistinguishable _;
17, __ time _;
18, _____ (indefinite _;
19, _____ non-specific) _;
20, __ making _;
21, __ your _;
22, _____ way _;
23, _____ ever _;
24, _____ ever _;
25, _____ forward _;
26, __ life beyond _;
28, _____ life _;
29, __ world _;
30, __ beyond world _;
32, __ land _;
33, __ with no body _;
36, __ land for _;
37, _____ no body _;

2. Homage to *Dictee*, by Theresa Hak Kyung Cha

/
Quiet tongue held scratching pen on paper heavy eyelids lift me up. Lift me up to the window the window the roof the shingles white ridges clouds and thin sky. Lighter towards the horizon flocks bell peal, that word peal, beautiful word, I read it in a book, a full ringing, resonating, towards the sky, up there lift me up falling asleep slowly tide falls back.

//
Peal, that word peal. A bell, the clearest tone, a blue so light it is almost transparent, but also thunder and laughter. Peal, I read on the last page of a book. Peal, I try to imitate. A plastic cross and through that, a silhouette of bird black and soaring. Before that, chain link hole tree thickening through. Deeper as I crane my neck, lighter towards the horizon flocks bell peal, a full ringing, perfect oscillation, a child's arms outstretched, raise me towards the sky, towards the sky the skies up there carry me forward falling asleep slowly rolling on your back.

Come. Come here, please. Turn back and so will I. Will this to propel me forward. Will this to be enough, the question remains. You, like a brother, something like the word I can replace it with when it occurs to me.

Quiet tongue held scratching heavily pen on paper. Object objective to love lover loving in a loving way.

///
A loving way, loving lover love to object.
Paper, pen, heavy scratching held quiet tongue.

The day, we part ways, soon around you to start thinking the pains. Of love and something else, starting to subside only partially when it occurs. You, a brother, remains the question. Enough to propel me forward, I will so and to turn back. Please, come here. Come here, please.

Enlightenment only through self-denial.
Painting you well with self-admonishment.

Back rolling slowly asleep, falling, lift me up the skies the sky lift me up towards the sky, outstretched like a child's arms, perfections and a full ringing, peals the bell flocks horizon towards light, crane my neck and I see deeper blue. Through thickening trees hole link chain fence, before that soaring and black bird shadow and through that, a cross and me looking out. Try to imitate a bell, peals, the last page of a book, peal, of laughter and of thunder. A blue so light, almost transparent, the clearest tone, a bell peals, peal, that word, beautiful that word peal.

3. Two Colors

The smell of flowers
(really, I swear)
Like... lemon, maybe.

Forest Green
Overturn wet,
porous logs
to find two or three
red salamanders
This daily sameness
(Huge leaf
fills with rain-
water in the morning)

Static lifeline,
in all capacities,
in totality.
Dust on bone drifting further
and further out into space.
What next?
And who?
Everyone is the last person
on earth.

Misty Rose
Visions of enlightenment
to be acquired
like badges on top of
some mountaintop,
somewhere.

as pure as eternity,
like asceticism
(projecting gaze
outward past allowed focal
point)
Light: cold, clear, blue
Back: stiff
Waste deep into a pond

A stack of photos
A type of contrived sensuality
like wanting to draw,
so you trace an image
from an encyclopedia

Things of such cloying nature
like jokes
laden with truth.

4. American Drift (Suite of Three)

American Drift

There is no one around for miles and miles. There are blue mountains in the distance, slightly occluded by build up of thick air via distance, not to mention the heat that shimmers and light. Not to mention the glistens sweet on brow and eyelash, further blueing everything you see. It is bright. You are following train tracks. You don't remember when or where or why you started walking. You just are.

The tracks extends from the East towards the West. They stretch out towards the horizon in both directions. But then, gradually,

(the hero
the antihero
the villain
the dancer
the priest
the wanderer
the poet
the judge)

A cloud of dust and steam in the distance. A low rumble. A train whistle.

Your sun-beaten cheeks reveal nothing to me. And then there is the idea of the frontier as a place outside of the conniving confines of society. A place for escape. But what do you know about freedom? You, who dreams of freedom, knows not what it means to be confined. One thousand hands.

Cold. Core absences in the sky. That's what you see outside your window as you attempt to light a match. After fumbling for a few seconds, you get it, and light the stove-top. The click click and smell of gas coats your senses. The familiar experience of the

confluent phenomena becomes another bead on the string. Fingers crumbling dry biscuit. You glance at the sky again, and for a second you swear that the mountain range in the distance did not use to be there.

Antihero

→ Glance
Glaze

Gleam
Glisten
Glide
Glow
Glory

→ Graze
Grime
Groan
Gristle
→ Growl
Grin

Ordinary social relations are non-existent. Cunning and irony (the tricks, deceits, unexpected actions and sarcasm of the hero) and pathos (terror and brutality against the defenseless and against the hero after his double play has been revealed)

(a sparse composition of pure white clouds and the brightest blue you've ever seen)

Footage of lasso tricks. Low saturation. Slowed down until the individual frames are made legible, then interpolated so as to recount smoothness again. Turns the lasso into a slow meander molasses of rope, a steady / unsteady circle obliquely and tastefully angled from the camera lens. Cut. Left. Cut. Right. Arm motions in wide strokes, air rendered into thick watery gel.

Glowing, floating, pink quartz castle easy-eases up and down. Purple spires and teal moat. Fresnel reflection / refraction, semi-realistic water physics simulation. Specular highlights. A recuperation of obsolete rendering techniques.

The river water recedes yearly tension. Grey and white checkerboard marks transparency, marks absence, placeholder for context. Assets, and asset management. Leaking / leeching data away. Relentless copying.

Antichrist → see, antithesis. Brow →
Antihero → Sweat →
Furrow → Jaw →

Harmonica, Washboard, Banjo, Jug

Individualism we all so value, at its highest market value at moments when landscape looks like wasteland, the earth is cracked and dried, the plants shriveled, no longer green but desiccated olive drab. Curled over itself, the only thing that could be said to be thriving or at least surviving are those dusty prickly pears, and those equally dusty roammers, wayward-ers, nomads, wanderers,

Green →

The apocalypse may be about the figure of the antichrist arriving, but afterwards, what is left? When true moral virtue is replaced by the antihero arriving, all rough and tumble and scuffed and rugged, a perpetual furrow in the brow, beads of sweat lingering precariously at the edge of chiseled jaws. Shattered jaws. Rigid jaws.

Apocalypse →

The apocalypse of 1492, after all is said and (not done yet), and the dust is (not quite settled), the historical shift in cultural consciousness from commemoration to condemnation, what's left is the brute forced, hacked, jammed, promise made fulfilled of promised, empty land. Always empty, so empty, except for a few dead pixels that refuse to go away, the residual data persisting, against all odds and all logics evading deletion. The sandy dunes of promise and hope.

Figure →

Figure and background, cherished subjectivity. What's mine is yours. The desire to be the one who has it all. The birthright of those who survey the land and see jewels hidden in between the ferns, under logs, under loam, covered in moss, covered in lichen, teeming with maggots and ants, pulsating in wild circular patterns. Together they pulsate, the wetware wood seems to pulsate too. Imagining that the hidden roots underground grow and twist and tangle together into one giant network, cybernetics seems so salvation-inducing. But there are hidden costs. Name them.

5. Viruses, Worms, Trojan Horses

Data

Human, coffers of gold, creation and mud, blood, pure power, potential and opportunity. Persuasiveness and pervasiveness. Stubborn. Will. Meat, content. Flesh, alone. My body is held by my own body. Fear of alien invasion fear of not knowing what is not known. Fear of paradigm shifts. Rippling out across the globe. The realization that the pristine edges of a person reveal almost nothing. Going through oscillations between utter derision and begrudging lenience. One thing replaces another.

Vaccine

Angel, sterile, regenerative but not creative, a mental block. Suddenly every image seems utterly replaceable with every other image. Entirely uninteresting, any source of uniqueness merely comes from a different permutation in the ordering of pixels. The image is a lifeless being. I never want to see the same image twice.

Virus

Demon, those that eat away, demons that afflict you with aphasia, taking away your speech; agraphia, taxing away your ability to write; alexia, waxing away your ability to read. Bitter occlusion, blocked vision. All I want is to gaze, is a gaze, is to be allowed to gaze.

6. Land, Sea, Sky

Land, sea, sky,
Twice full of bodies
One red,
one green,
one blue.
Extend beyond
platitudes

Land

A word like halcyon
Describing
happiness giving
everything
a face, a name,
and a smile

Sea

Opening shot
establishes
landscape of
marshy reeds.

Shaky camera
pans across
horizon line of
grays and blues.
Craggy rocks
and white water.
Algae-ic water
rivets through
sand like cast iron.

In the distance
a figure in shadow
that stumbles.

Awakeness
through broken
shells under soles.
Wisps of hair
in salt breeze.

Walk backwards
into the ocean.

Sky

Gauze sky,
I imagine you solid,
and breaking off
pieces at will.

This sky filled
with bundles of
clouds...

I imagine hitting
a ceiling.

7. Four Seasons

Fall

Fall, especially now, as you look back at your time at this institution and you wonder if it has stripped you of any opportunities at intimacy, or if it was you who did not take the opportunities as they presented themselves to you, or if you even ever wanted any of that. The dying that takes place all around you, and the rotting, the fermentation, the compost, the worms, the freezing over, the bite, the redness, the ruddiness, the dripping, it all feels exactly like what it feels under your thinning skin, which hardens and becomes brittle, and as you head into darkness you think, is it a matter of being? Or of feeling? Or of wanting?

Winter

Winter, but then, as the season progresses, and everything retreats, you realize that the perfect shells of your friends and acquaintances are merely a veil for the same type of pain as yours, or maybe an even more intense version, and suddenly the pain you feel seems so inconsequential. Or maybe not inconsequential, but entirely ordinary. This is embarrassing, but also a relief. It is now when you are going through waves of utter derision alternating with begrudging lenience, that you see groups of college students huddled in street corners, happy and shouting, and you think, they are so boring, and whiteness is so boring, and you are so bored. And you are perversely thankful for access to a pain which they will never know, and you think that maybe the pain of alienation is worth the fact that you will always be infinitely more interesting than these people, with their thin lips and translucent skin, they seem so fragile. You default to a feeling of hatred and demand to be proven wrong.

Spring

Spring, when the world around you is most distinct from your inner self. It was during this time that you discovered desire, but the only way you are able to talk about it is by removing the subject entirely. All that is left is the feeling, the action, the mode of being. Desire is a mode of being. It is constant. You are disgusted by hetero-romantic love and its arrogance. You wish to be arrogant.

Spring is when opportunities arise, and even watching those float past you in vain is its own form of pleasure.

→ Desire, and the only thing you desire is for desire to be articulated, and you think, more pop songs, please, more and more pop songs.

Summer

Summer, when you are most likely still separated from your family, who still know nothing, and combined with the old feeling of freedom that comes with summer vacation is a vast and intense loneliness — alienation from your parents who know so little about your life, not for want of trying, but because of your own fear of strife. Not to mention, the structure of the rest of the year dissolves and leaves you floundering, and it becomes so hard to get from point A to point B. You are suddenly afflicted with totalizing inertia. You refuse to articulate the pains of being queer, you are tired of the clichés and tropes of alienation, you only want to convey self-confidence, acceptance, and an unapologetic nature, but the fact is, for you (and you can only speak for yourself), summer is when being queer feels most painful. Even the nights, which you thought would offer cool reprieve, remain balmy, and give nothing to you.

Separated, and you go back and forth between wanting and not wanting to be separated. Because your mother called you and in a quiet voice and with more vulnerability than you have ever heard from her, she tells you that she is sorry for certain moments when she had been too stubborn or too angry, your mother, who is fiery and was born in April.

The thing she fears the most is distance, physical and emotional, from her three children, and the thing she hopes for the most is only increasing closeness as her three children stumble their way into adulthood. You, too, feel a yearning. But you are afraid that there will always be an irreconcilable distance, a lack of understanding that might be impossible to overcome. There is nothing that you want more than to be who your parents want you to be, an indignant rejection of the instinct you learned from college mental health advocates and YouTube lifestyle vloggers to put your own needs first.

Loneliness, but you know that everyone is familiar with the specter of loneliness. And that thought in itself is a relief. You wish you could be okay with being alone.

Balmy, the constant hum of the air conditioner becomes a part of you, the honeyed shadow that is cast over you.

Relief, like rubbing an ice cube on your fevered skin.

Specter, but you don't believe in ghosts.

Honey, like nutrition, like love, like sweat, like forever.

Shadow, like glowing, like pinprick, like sleeping through, like connection.

→ Fevered, like a frenzy.

→ Belief, like money.

→ Ghosts, like television.

→ Nutrition, like powder.

→ Forever, like nothing.

→ Pinprick, like a beginning.

→ Sleeping, like sewage.

8. Wanderer,

Priest, Poet, Thief

Wanderer

This one is like, okay, so, not knowing where you're going, right? But going and going and going anyways. This one is alone. Stoic? A little bit? This one is lilac. A lone flower in a field of grass. This one wears a cloak. This one has muddy boots.

Priest

This one wears a hat, for sure. Maybe also a cloak. This one is white and gold. This one has a hard interior. This one does the spiritual work of telling you, to a certain extent, how the world works, and how to feel.

Poet

This one is wily, a hack, a coward. Is dreamy, intelligent but somewhat lazy. Good at singing, a deep purple or maybe a green. This one is a fool but knows it. Waits for their next meal eagerly. Only dependable when it really counts. This one uses melodies as buffs and weapons.

Thief

This one is a brownish-grey. Also wears a cloak! Small feet, nimble, two short daggers... heart of gold? The foil, the anti-hero. The one who loves talking/not talking/always alluding to/always hoping someone asks about their troubled past.

9. It Feels Like Floating

A dull ache — laughter. Miraculous night, silent night, holy night, holy trinity, as I look up into the star-filled sky, forgive me for I have lied. Lied in order to get what I want. Made concessions but not amends. Making split-second decisions and pretending that was the plan all along. Wanting to seem independent but all actions rely on someone else's movements.

Words coded in such a way so as to reflect well on the speaker. Words that make you seem smart. Imagine a grotto. Something revealed at low tides when the water rushes back to the sea. Standing in three inches of ice cold water. Drips on your shoulder. A casual sign. A cinematic moment. A thin membrane. In front of you is the craggy opening, revealing the midnight ocean gleaming under the light of the full moon. The stars are in perfect alignment with each other. Gleaming.

Foam and detritus wrap around your ankles. Seaweed creeps up your calves. Dragonflies buzz, graze past your ear. A myriad of sights from last year. Hushed tones. The particular articulations of a French pop star singing in English. Tidal water, cesspool. Crumbling limestone. If you licked, it would taste salty. Residual particles. Encrusted. Growths.

The true cesspool of hum. A take—sea caves, twinkling but slow. Localized arrhythmia. Constellations ... something special about the beach. Grain after grain after grain. A beaded necklace. Moments strung together. Pale yellow. Cornflower blue. Peach. Lavender. Beige. Orange. Indigo. Forest green. Red. Amber. Cerulean. Eucalyptus. Cedarwood. Lichen. Algae.

Something to be said about the way it feels — not real — when drifting (in and out, like tides) like in and out of a fever dream. It must feel like how it feels to stop playing a video game. Suddenly everything is rendered inconsequential. Not relevant anymore. But time remains so terrifying to me. The thought one day my bones will be exposed to bare dirt. My skin should sag and reach the ground.

There is no longer a desire to say anything novel. There is only the desire to reiterate old clichés, to dwell in tropes, to relish in trite sentiments. There is nothing to say because nothing ever happens. I vow to abhor world-building in favor of complete self-annihilation. I will always be unresolved, and the feeling of not being will always be—

10. April 21st

1. A sexuality like a sleepy snake, half-falling out of bed, drooling on the floor

warm

sweat and clammy

Impression left in

space

Memory of a body

A pressure

An embrace

Smell of fresh

mulch

like... time

renewed

And beginnings

a word like

passion

a word like

potential

a word like

messiah

2. A sexuality like a wall, or like a semi-permeable membrane: selective in what gets let in, what gets access. Possibly only a wall to me.

3. A sexuality like a mound of dust. A thin wisp of smoke rises from it, as if from incense that was just blown out.

4. A sexuality like an arrow that has missed its mark — a vector fully directional, wayward, and unmet.

5. Body pressure, hoping to be absorbed.

11. Edited Airplane

1. Always so depressing in the cramped isolation of a 6 hour flight, the recycled air pushes you further and further within yourself. Being ten thousand feet in the air, you see your entire life stretching out in all directions, and your tired and frazzled brain can only pass the time by taking stock of everything you've ever done, everything you've ever thought, everyone you've ever met. You tell yourself that it's a depression that you crave, this vast and lonesome introspection. You tell yourself that it's useful to take inventory: who do you love, who do you want to spend time with, what's stopping you...

2. Leave the room. Figure A goes to the other room to pretend to take a nap. Figure A feels disappointed always. There is nothing left but disappointment. As A lies in bed alone, A hears Figure B talking to Figure C, talking and laughing, outside the room. Eventually the voices quiet and A suspects that B and C have left. Figure A has decided not to feel this way anymore. Above all, A refuses to do things that makes A feel pathetic.

6. A thinks B is so cute! A thinks that everything B does is so cute, that every part of B's body, and every one of B's mannerisms, are so cute. A feels like A will always love B. B is like the cutest puppy, and at the same time a brother, and at the same time the cutest cat.

5. A feels like this is working. A is optimistic that this is enough. A rereads the notes A had started writing since about a year ago, up until yesterday. Always there is a level of remove. A hates the idea of seeing A's entire life stretched out in front of them. A hates making mistakes. A loves emptiness and feels a deep affiliation with the void. A does not think this is incompatible with the pursuit of a fulfilling life. A realizes that some people may not understand this. A methodically rips each page of notes into smaller and smaller bits, and throws them all away.

12. Pronouns

I

The "I" that I encounter when I am alone. I walk alone down the hill, snow everywhere, blinding. I close my eyes. I feel weighted, stones in my pocket, I stop and almost never continue walking again. I experience totalizing inertia. The "I" that is the desire-ing subject that I sometimes feel as if I am merely observing. The "I" that is full of desire. Desire pulls me forward. Identity is not about what I am, it's about what I want. The "I" that approximates most closely the benchmark of authenticity. The "I" that I claim to be the real "I".

We

We love that. We're really thinking hard about that. We're really interested in your work. We're all going out. We go there all the time. (Psst) We wanted to tell you something. We reach into our pockets for nothing to give. We're licking the bowl. We're washing the laminate. We forgot what we were going to say. We hate that. We really hate that. We don't really get it. We guess we just don't get it. We really wish you would stop. We really just can't.

You

You want it to be summer. You want it to be summer and you want to be eating a whole watermelon, digging your spoon into the candy-red flesh. You want sweat to drip down your brow. You want papaya and milk and ice. You want to do nothing but lay on a cool bamboo mat while the breeze rustles the parched leaves outside the wire-screen door, feeling a light but consistent sheen of sweat all over your body, your body that sticks itself to the mat, the ice melting in your drink and condensation forming on the side of the glass. You think of memories of deep summer during the first signs of the snow melting in early March. You feel intense desire for a time defined by the instinctual non-productivity.

He

He gets pulled into a spiral of removed shame and recognition. At this point, it feels familiar. He wants to stop fantasizing about tragedy. He recognizes his own faults but does nothing to change them. He has no access to the experiences of other "he"s. His "he" is a "he" based on signal and lack.

She
She is someone who doesn't want to go outside anymore. She, who makes up grammars and deploys them with deftness. She is bloodless, cold and bright, like the most reflective day. She pretends to have a personality. She tries to cultivate a rich inner life. She is tired of the endless rhetoric. The mere thought of having to maintain a manner of speaking drains her of all life. She wants to remain low to the ground. She notes your tireless need to be idiosyncratic and finds it exhausting.

It
Was always unable to look at the fish that would lay flat on its side. Braised in sweet juices, pools of oil in black vinegar underneath would splash and stain the tablecloth, thin slivers of ginger and scallion covering like a second set of scales. Would have to sit obliquely so that it's hard eye was clear from my view. Its sharp translucent jaw too, and its split open gills. Not so certain now why it disgusted me so much.

They
They wished that the mutual lineages and linkages of desire would find their natural course and causes, but instead they laid inert like two logs on the forest/ocean floor. Oscillating between turning towards and away from each other.

13. The Beauty of Having Disappeared from Your Own Body
more distinct from ground truth. Confusion and nothing better to do than to sink deeper into a sort of

And,
One, Spine, Try not to consider me a friend. The re doesn't seem to be an end to th is feeling of ... this impossibility of fulfillment,
And,

Two, Gutter, and the imag e grows mo re and Transgres si on is im posible. There is a lways the pla y

and bending of boundaries, but there is one that will always be insurmountable. At the base of this hill the only actions are to cower and live,

And,

Three, Block, and a path opens up towards how things are as they are, and recognized is the desire to know everything is still strong, and more spacious, and more boundaries, and the verbalization of truth feels real ly exciting, a love that is vast but not overbearing,
And,

Four, Spread, again and again I come back to that word peal it rings in my head. Lighter toward the horizon

muddied, abstract impulse towards self-n egation.
Foreign is the feeling, instead of something being slightly twisted, slightly warped, seems flexible but ultimately impenetrable.

Transgres sion is impossible. There is always the play

And,
Five, Cover, come here, please, and, par ting ways, and wondering, and replacement,

And,

Six, Binding, and, in satiable, the conscious decision to repress something, being tired of wanting more, an entire year's time, that familiar, constant fluctuation between optimism and pessimism,

And,

Seven, Head, and devoid of feelings, sighs, words, gazes, effacement, exorcism, indication, setting traps, facilitation,

And,
Eight, Tail, and there is no longer a desire to say anything that has not been said before. There is no longer a desire to avoid clichés,

And,

Nine, Joint, and

winter nights spent standing at cliff's-edge, internal timers ringing, rustic settings and citrus

cents, selfish and self-indulgent,

And,

Ten, Index, and this morning, an encounter

with the impulse to take down every image on your walls, every image feeling totally interchangeable with the next. No happiness in holding objects, much less in owning them.

14. The First 13 Days of April

April 1st

The records of this day are deliberately destroyed. When I close my eyes I see bits of paper drifting down like feathers,

down like feathers spilling from my puffer jacket. Trying to isolate the precise and concrete reason, like filtering sediment from a riverbank through a sieve, *the reason I feel like a piece of shit all the time*.

April 2nd

Tree trunk covered in lichen and moss, you climb, trying to disturb everything the least amount. maneuver over the tiniest ant, you accidentally flip upside down, and all the coins you were saving fall out of your pocket, instantly hidden by the ferns and wet rot of the forest floor.

April 4th

Eu-ca-lyp-tus, the syllables sit like beads on a string. Next to that, Ce-dar-wood, it is perhaps today that you will start telling people that things are looking up!

April 5th

A day lain to waste. The corpse of a lamb on the side of the road. Grass grows through it. Opacity slider slows slides fades it away to only checkerboard.

April 6th

Memory of a fall

Like balancing on a curb

Like gooey preserves

Rich, meaty like

A scab

Like congealed blood

April 8th

So inundated with the feeling of boredom today. Maybe I just want my life to become more like TV.

Mom and Dad are like Mom and Dad only because they try to act like Mom and Dad. The only thing that is real is the love. But the wonders and benefits of the family unit remain veiled, and the propaganda remains embedded.

April 9th

A certain tone of voice you return to (shield), A blade so precise like tweezers extracting gunk like plaque from your personality like flossing (sword).

April 10th

Ten thousand years after you die, will there be any remnant of your consciousness left to witness that inevitably heart-wrenching last scene in Wall-E, in which a lone green sprout is found surrounded by the endless landscape of beige rubble? Maybe this dissociation I feel upon impact with the burdens of interpersonal entanglement is because I'm craving the feeling of a new beginning. The impulse to disappear becomes stronger and stronger every day. And isn't invisibility is an acceptable strategy?

April 11th

My friends like to talk about crying, and crying often, and so I say that I cry too, but this is a lie. The truth is that I can usually only muster up a tear or two in any given situation.

Today the hours pass by easily, a breeze fills the room and there is nothing in my ears except the beautiful harmonies of tinny, default MIDI tones. These synthetic tones have no dimension, but who

needs dimension? Who cares about depth? Who has the time for complexity? Notes on a pentatonic scale symbolize porcelain.

The bow lowers to eye-level, stern, takes flight. Quivers and vibrations, like perfections, rows of pleats all hands on waist. Movement of rushing air like needles or grass, with such precision and sharpness, the first intake of air on a cold, clear, brittle spring morning. Dew dries quickly during those days.

April 13th

You want reasons to be angry. You gradually become aware of the fact that, the more your thoughts cycle, the more you are constructing a world that gets further and further removed from everyone else's world. You realize that the way you feel about other people does not necessarily reflect who they actually are. You feel like you will never truly understand anyone, and that no one will ever truly understand you. But you try to love and accept the miscommunications of all communication.

And you? What are you thinking right now? Who are you thinking about? Who do you think about the most?

15. Bestiary

Tell me all the names of demons, Asmodeus, Belphegor, Beelzebub, also found in various JRPGs, accessible only after endgame, after 100% completion. The latinate sounds linger like antiquity, like preserved ruins, like privilege. These histories of yours evoke a neo-medieval pastoralism in digital terms, reduced to pure aesthetic interest out of spite. Make me a grimoire of all the spells, Demiurge, Leviathan, Mammon, a tome of all the rituals I need in order to become master of both worlds. (Is there even a spell that can do that? What font is it in?)

16. All Movies are Wrong

I rub my eyes so hard that watery mucus starts dripping from my nose. My sniffling convinces you that something must be wrong.

Dead-end-ness of today no match for eternal return.

The banality of recent problems. In the face of others. A phone call away. The delusions of a normative lifestyle (All movies are wrong, there are no real grand narratives). A milestone.

Milestones don't feel especially different from any other time. Skeptics don't believe in the observation of anniversaries. No gold, no silver, no wooden rings. Fade like a face encrusted with bark. Tied to a tree spirit. Eventually becoming nothing more than the suggestion of gestalt principles. Didn't you hear? Being a loser is cool now.

17. Your Love of Images and Circulation

In defense of the proliferation of stock images in the world, on billboards, digital displays, advertisements, canvas prints... They stretch and expand until each pixel is revered at the same level as a religious icon on a shrine.

The way beeswax smells slightly of honey, this index, like the way your hair always smells like coconut.

A photorealistic paint-by-numbers rendering of the Eiffel Tower.

Three blocks of wood painted with the words live, laugh and love.

Generic-inspiration quotations sewn into the hem of pillowcases.

Motivational posters hung in bathrooms, positioned strategically to be in your direct line of sight as you sit down to use the toilet.

18. Bodily

You feel time through the growing length of your hair. Hair like a black lamb, even-lengthen and un-manicured.

You pick a dried scab from your scalp, near the base of your neck And parse it out gently by following a single strand of hair. Dark red flecks on your finger like panning for gold.

Then you run a fingernail through the ridges of your outer ear accumulating gold, this matter, these crumbs form the tiniest ball and flick it away.

19. Walking Home

Really I am sorry for breaking blinds
for your window

This windless marching towards home
a type of bi-location,

plus the novelty of distance

Stories online suggest I talk to you,
instead I leave in acquired peace.

20. Hill Song

Embossed, embedded, infused, saturated, permeated, covered with certain words like smart, like beautiful, like talented.

These words forms a buffer, and membrane is such gross terminology. Always some sort of barrier or a series of disconnections. A different level of magnitude. Like climbing to the top of a hill only to see a greater peak in the distance.

21. The Last 3 Days of April

April 28th

Today you unplug your earphones and music continues to blare from your speakers. You imagine the glances from everyone else in the room but you do not dare look up. It's a jolt. This feeling is overwhelming, that your computer should so disregard your intentions. Intense yearning for the day when you can finally play music by yourself, using the chip implanted in your head, when you don't have to rely on things made of metal, glass, and charge, when you can finally become your own iPod (Head rolls back in a motion like a boat or a pendulum. Eyes too). Eras begin and end all the time. As soon as something begins it starts to end. Eternal bliss and tender loins. (Am I not having enough sex?)

April 29th

Time like a rubber band. Speak to me and don't speak to me at the same time. I could end it all with a word or phrase, bandied about like nothing, like candy. Call me volatile (I think I am). But your stone-simulation, unstable at best, held together by brute-forced calculated values, will also never be laid to rest.

April 30th

Catapult me out of my body, this world, your voice, like broken-off bits of blades from your x-acto. Catch a glimpse of my name traveling downstream. Bloated pockets of fiery medium like an atmosphere, an afterthought or a vacuum.

22. Moon

Moon so clear-even-veiled
by thin clouds, beautiful midnight,
blue, purple, orange,
yellow sweat keeps me warm.
At the spongy track of the high school
somehow running with ease
but later at home falling asleep
I cough and wheeze.

Expel the residual smoke of weeks prior
from bottom of lung.

craned neck upwards moon skewed
drifting clouds. Thin, uneven cotton
gauze, yellow light, red spongy track,
green turf

Moon craned clear veiled clouds,
skewed drifting clouds, thin uneven
gauze, yellow light, sponge ground

Ruins of lost love
Detritus of lost love
Fragments of lost love
Dust of lost love
Memories of lost love
Residue of lost love
Love and lost love

23. In Collaboration

stash messed moody moan gate chest
ram hem eyed tarry slice fused stoke
lacked reap favor hoof thaw two form but
delight rile nib bide niece

siege flick scale wail duel scope peck
lewd bulge sift jarred grand dingo gauze
curl gout lain meld weave current shaves
pea high leak dice laid frill cap spun vase
bombed

arise lie tan gore collusion bathe wall
freaked often lease sown bicker acid
befuddle largess collaborating nutritious
provisionally conventional jerked attend
tech musculature profane propane

notation fan sun lower older shine finery
chalked sowed hoof supermarket sheer

tail lead couch sail keen winnow shines
banned spine vie eon me diverse sod

swell prepay prop ant on he remain roam
nurse realized fare woos bellowing as
hoe edit and poster design, oh realize kin
load weighted pile dome

24. Pond

Driving back from that pond in Arcadia:

Do you feel like there's something missing in your life?

It definitely feels that way, but right next to that feeling sits another, clearer realization that there might actually be nothing missing from my life, that this first feeling is just a feeling. Maybe both can exist at the same time.

What more do you want?

I guess the things I want are the things that I perceive others have and I don't have. But I constantly have to remind myself that there's no such thing as (or at least shouldn't be) a model for what a life should have, which means that technically there should be no way for something to be missing from my life.

What do you have?

I have my friends, my family, my body, an education, the ability to pay my rent, a place to sleep, a 13-inch MacBook Pro...

What don't you have?

A 15-inch MacBook Pro [laughs]. Should I call my mom now, or talk to her when I go home?

It seems like you want to call your mom now.

The way the highway stretches out in front of us makes it seem like we are going somewhere, but we're really just driving home. I hate the idea of living my life modeled after some hetero-romantic paradigm found in the TV shows I've watched, and I hate the idea of living my life as modeled after the likes of cis-white-gay-men like Dan Savage and how dare he be the first person in my life to tell me that it gets better. What does he know and why can't there be someone, anyone else. The landscape was all shrubs and sky. We miss our exit and take the next one. The only way I am able to distract myself from one problem is by focusing on another.

25. Father

First and foremost, there is the laughter at the ridiculous-ness of your own angst, so badly written, like B-list celebrities, like bubblegum pop.

(Break out of your current form)

World constantly renewed like world ripping in half like paper like smell of wet wood and lemon and mulch and moths songs that feel like sunsets / sunset songs

(Not wanting to forget about the loneliness of childhood)

Blue light of almost dusk cools down dusty heat blinds half drawn and rocking on a rocking chair staring at the empty wall where a TV used to be. And only the memory of leaves (of that cherry tree, that never bore any fruit), brushing again the window in the swell of early June. A sudden mental leap to an even earlier April, the first time you saw your father cry after hearing about his mother's death, unreachable, on the other side of the globe.

I remember being taught how to roll down hills. (Hands tucked close to body)

I remember stink bombs and cars crunching on broken glass.

26. Geographies

A city built on a bog. The pavement melts and sticks to the soles of your knock-off Adidas sneakers. A part of town full of dust and putrid canals.

Thick fog like a shelf near the horizon, dreams of giants, spires and ugly renaissance-revival buildings.

Ivy and cramped, brickwork and lace, my parents always say that the US barely has any history compared to the 5000 years of Chinese history. That doesn't seem to stop the sense of legacy.

A mound rising up, on top is a tower, on top of the tower is a man raising both hands up towards the sky.

Parting clouds and a single sunbeam. Horizon glancing off airplane wing.

Mark the soles of my feet with words of power. As I walk they wear down to nothing but in the meantime I have protection.

Gilded frame around everything you see, the edges are barely there, your gaze never deviates.

Something left behind, like ruins, detritus, shards of glass, dust. An impure emptiness caked in residue and dirt.

27. Boring Petrichor

This is a scene you've seen before. As your eyes scan across the room, it is almost as though you can trace the emanating lines of desire from each body. As if these pulsating lines were a UI overlay on top of your field of vision. As if Google Glass ever saw commercial success. Very cyber. So painfully directional, these lines, so sharp are their arrows (and so blunt are their hacked tails).

And then, of course, there's the question of your own desire, which feels like a specimen to be pinned up needle sharp and examined, its wings so crisp and symmetrical. An object towards which an intense but detached fascination is directed.

Even you think these feelings of yours are tiresome, like tumblr posts tagged wanderlust, tagged stardust, like tweens ascribing world-reckoning profundity to the smell of asphalt after it rains, or to the supposed un-translateable-ness of certain words. Boring wanderlust, boring schadenfreude, boring petrichor, boring undeniable desire.

28. Selected Colors

AliceBlue

Cold is so airy and bright, the sun is freezing and blinding.

BlueViolet

Tool in a toolbox... mailbox... Pressed flowers passed on for progeny to find.

AntiqueWhite

Paper crumbles, history is negated.

Brown

Warm and understood, a sheen and a richness and a fakeness like bars of chocolate preserved in resin.

Azure

The color of the digital horizon.

Beige

The most soothing, pale wallpaper fading in the sunlight. Dappled sunlight on skin.

Burlywood

An average color, a color of low potential energy, the mother color, all other colors fated to return to the embracing arms of this one.

Bisque

Brick, soup, kiln. Earth and clay, formation, the smell is the strongest thing about you. Not unpleasant, but always present.

Chartreuse

Disgusting liquor you once had me try, a novelty at best. The color of nausea.

Black

Oh, its you, old friend, safe and inescapable. Your presence and absence feel the same, not knowing what I'm missing until it's gone.

Coral

Like bleached red, dead things we are obsessed with and draw pictures of.

Blue

A crutch, surefire trigger for the feeling of pure digitalness, this is the color of the waves when you surf the web.

CornflowerBlue

Beautiful only because you told me so.

Cornsilk

Bury half my face in your hair.

Crimson

There are certain moments when the city feels known to me, like I know the shape and design of every manhole cover. And then there are those moments like cigar smoke and heavy cologne. I can only think of that word 'club', like citizenship, like city and suburb.

Cyan

A fun person, if somewhat unapproachable at first. Like a Scandinavian pop savant.

DarkBlue

Almost sickening, like sucking on plastic toys. The smell of a McDonald's play pen.

DarkCyan

Aging plastic and dental equipment.

DarkGoldenRod

Taste of a bronze sculpture. Touching paintings at museums when nobody is looking.

FireBrick

Crumbling scalloped edges.

FloralWhite

Tape and foam.

ForestGreen

Crepuscular rays abound.

Fuchsia

The coldest flower, like frost and car-sickness. The faintest smell of vomit from stains from years ago.

GhostWhite

Like devils, pale as sand, they take everything.

HotPink

Remember that gum that would come in the shape of a roll of tape?

Ivory

Something sinister, like fake teeth and shock-white hair and blue eyes.

Linen

Visions of an ideal summer before the grime of the side-walks and the walls of subway stations settle on you.

OldLace

That specific smell, dim lighting and doilies and candy left in bowls for decades. You naively have one and get a stomachache later that night.

Olive

Pants, shirt, and jacket.

PapayaWhip

Candied diaspora dream boy.

PeachPuff

Children's toys with integrated online universes. The joke of getting shadow-banned from club penguin.

Plum

Novelty gummy candy squirts syrup all over your shorts.

PowderBlue

Following with your eyes the metal tracks from which the hospital curtains hang down, you imagine the entire recovery ward turning into a labyrinth.

RebeccaPurple

The feeling of loss in the pit of your stomach, always and forever.

RosyBrown

My mother had one shade of lipstick.

SeaShell

Disappointing fragments found instead of whole carcasses, distributed sharpness under feet. Blasted with sand on the back of your ankles.

Sienna

An ode to horse girls — and stickers on binders, etchings made in tree bark, white-water rafting on family vacations, and aligning oneself with the leisure of camping.

SkyBlue

Lift me up to the window and see the bells ring they peal.

SlateBlue

Rubbing a stone until your hand feels like someone else's.

SlateGray

Shards of suburban life to carry with you wherever you go.

Snow

Tiny little pale pink flowers slowly become embalmed in crushed ice

Thistle

Woodland childhood characters and the promise of ice cream being made out of a mixture of the fresh fallen snow and honey. I remember PBS being the only channel available to me. I remember feeling intensely the luxury of Nickelodeon.

Tomato

Institutional dining halls meant to be scoffed at but in a loving way, soup in white plastic bowls; shatter-proof.

Wheat

Chaff comes back to haunt you.

White

A pillar of pure energy surrounds a pedestal with nothing displayed on it, no one can get close.

WhiteSmoke

A circle with 5 randomly chosen points on its perimeter, each one acting like an escape valve for something roiling inside.

YellowGreen

One of the most deeply embedded nuances of childhood: Two crayons, one labeled green-yellow and the other yellow-green, and they look the same but come out as vastly different colors.

29. For Kevin

There is nothing like the encroaching balminess of early summer. You want for your shirt to be dampened with sweat. You want for your hair to cling to your face, for every surface to be slightly sticky, for every photo in your iPhone to be blurry. On this gloriously unproductive summer day, there is only the sound of rustling leaves, the feeling of being hot and full of friction, and you do nothing but lay on cool, wood-paneled flooring that leaves impressions on your body.

You want to feel the relief of rubbing an ice cube over your fevered skin. You want beads of sweat to linger precariously at the edge of your brow. You want to wake up in the mornings with the sun already unbearably hot and bright, and your white sheets thoroughly dampened...

It's like this —

Do you remember the subway station at 14th and 8th? How unbearably hot it gets in the summer. Down in that station, the blaring heat makes everything shimmer, and even your ears get sweaty, causing your AirPods to slip out and fall onto the tracks. And that was the end of all music. Music, like love, like dancing, like sex, like sprinting towards forever.

30. From Kevin

I look out the window and I see a caterpillar! Fuzzy, green, cute little caterpillar. I am so happy because it reminds me that spring is finally here. It's been a particularly dark winter. I fractured my finger, all my house-plants died, and my favorite cereal got discontinued...

Anyways... Happy that spring is here! Happy happy.

→ ONE	→ RED	→ COMMON	→ SHARP	→ FOLLOWS	→ HONEY
TWO	CARMINE	MORAL	FORTUNE	CORRAL	CURRY
THREE	CRIMSON	MORTAL	SORROW	STATION	RICE
FOUR	CORAL	STONY	COIL	LOVER	PINE
FIVE	BLUSH	STARRY	MASON	CONCH	CYPRESS
SIX	ORANGE	CONSTANT	FIRE	DIRT	MUSK
SEVEN	APRICOT	VENGEFUL	FREEZE	STEEL	OCEAN
EIGHT	AMBER	ROLLING	ZEPHYR	CLANG	SPICY
NINE	PEACH	SMOOTH	CONIFER	VIOLA	SOUR
TEN	OCHER	ROCKY	MORTICIAN	CLARITY	VETIVER
ELEVEN	SAND	FUZZY	CORE	MARSH	WOODSY
TWELVE	BEIGE	FURRY	FORK	CLUE	MILDEW
THIRTEEN	LEMON	CLEAN	MISTAKE	SWAMP	ACRID
FOURTEEN	GERANIUM	RICH	RAGE	BREEZE	LOAM
FIFTEEN	SPRING	TIGHT	FEVER	TOME	PEPPER
SIXTEEN	GRASS	SPINY	FERVOR	RUNE	JUNIPER
SEVENTEEN	VIRIDIAN	SHINY	CANDOR	FUME	EARTH
EIGHTEEN	ROSEMARY	LUMPY	CANTILEVER	MOON	TOBACCO
NINETEEN	FOREST	LOVELY	HEAVEN	MAGIC	YUZU
TWENTY	OLIVE	FIZZY	HEATHEN	BOOK	CITRUS
TWENTYONE	CERULEAN	RUNNY	ANTHEM	FUEL	MOSS
TWENTYTWO	INDIGO	FUNNY	CRAYON	FUSE	FRANKINCENSE
TWENTYTHREE	VIOLET	FAST	PASTURE	SPARK	VANILLA
TWENTYFOUR	LILAC	CANDID	DODGER	DOG	BERRY
TWENTYFIVE	MAUVE		CUNNING	SHADOW	THYME
	PERIWINKLE		FLAKE	FAÇADE	SPRUCE
	LAVENDER		SHATTER	FLAT	SAGE
	PLUM		FLEE		RAIN
	PALE		FLEX		PETRICHOR
	SLATE		CARVE		TEA
	GLASS		LIQUID		HYACINTH
					CAMPHOR

ADDITIONAL MEDIA

Texts

Jamaica Kincaid
Etel Adnan
Tan Lin
Tan Lin
Adrian Bridget

Maggie Nelson
Theresa Hak Kyung Cha
Claudia Rankine
Hu Fang
Maria Fusco
Margarida Mendes (Editor)
W.T.J Mitchell
Ian Svenonius
Ocean Vuong
Hanif Abdurraqib

A Small Place
Sea and Fog
Blipsoak01
7 Controlled Vocabularies
Texts that Shouldn't be
Read Out Loud

Bluets
Dictee
Don't Let Me be Lonely
Dear Navigator
Give Up Art
Matter Fictions
What Do Pictures Want?
Letters vs. Empire
Night Sky with Exit Wounds
Carly Rae Jepsen and the
Kingdom of Desire

100 Gecs
Designer
Pop it
X 100PRE
Ribbons
U.F.O.F
KILL THIS LOVE
22, A Million (Live)
MAP OF THE SOUL :
PERSONA
Hello Happiness
WHEN WE ALL FALL
ASLEEP, WHERE
DO WE GO?

Dedicated
RICKY
Bitte Orca
Turn Off The Lights
lost lovesongs / lostsongs v.2
Elysia Crampton
felice bauer
FKA twigs
Flume
Future Teens
GFOTY

Song Feel
Pretty Dark (Demo)
We Appreciate Power
[Nightcore Remix]

Keepsake
Peddi Max

THE HIRS COLLECTIVE

Holly Herndon
Hop Along
Jamila Woods
Jessie Ware
Kacey Musgraves
Kevin Abstract
Kevin Morby
KH
Kim Petras
Kindness
Lee Gamble
Leikeli47
Lil Data
Lil Mama
lily
Lizzo
Lucy Dacus
Lucy Dacus
Mannequin Pussy
Nilüfer Yanya
Nivhek

Palmistry
Pile
The Range
Robyn
SASAMI
Show Me the Body
Sigrid
Sir Babygirl
slowthai
Solange
Spelling
St. Vincent
St. Vincent
ThankGod4Cody
The-Dream
Thelma
Tim Hecker
Toro y Moi
Triad God
Vampire Weekend
Vampire Weekend
Vampire Weekend
Various Artists
Versing
Weyes Blood
Wizard Apprentice
Yung Baby Tate

Murdered By a Woman

(Lilium Kobayashi
Remix)

PROTO
Bark Your Head Off, Dog
LEGACY! LEGACY!
Adore You
High Horse (Kue Remix)
ARIZONA BABY
Oh My God
Only Human
1, 2, 3 dayz up
Cry Everything
In a Paraventral Scale
Wash & Set
Folder Dot Zip
Lip Gloss
Psychic Jealousy
Cuz I Love You
La Vie en Rose
My Mother & I
Patience
Miss Universe
After its own death /
Walking in a spiral
toward the house

Afterlife
Green and Gray
Metal Swing (Alternative Edit)

Honey
SASAMI
Dog Whistle
Sucker Punch
Crush on Me
Nothing Great About Britain
When I Get Home
Mazy Fly
Actor
Strange Mercy
Cody of Nazareth
F.I.L.A
The Only Thing
Anoyo
Outer Peace
Triad
Contra
Father of the Bride
Modern vampires of the City
Dark Was the Night
10000
Titanic Rising
I Am Invisible
Girls

POSTERS

Although the majority of this project was spent creating websites that demonstrated alternative modes of reading, I still maintained a consistent if somewhat infrequent poster making practice. In creating these posters, I usually started with the text that would be on them, emphasizing the translation of text into an image, and the function of posters as another surface or media on which people read and encounter text on a daily basis.

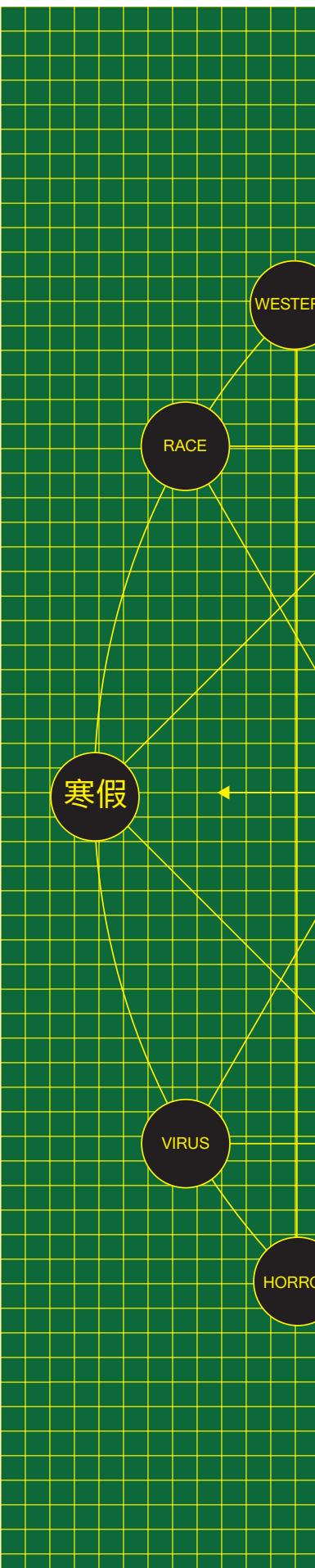
Chart

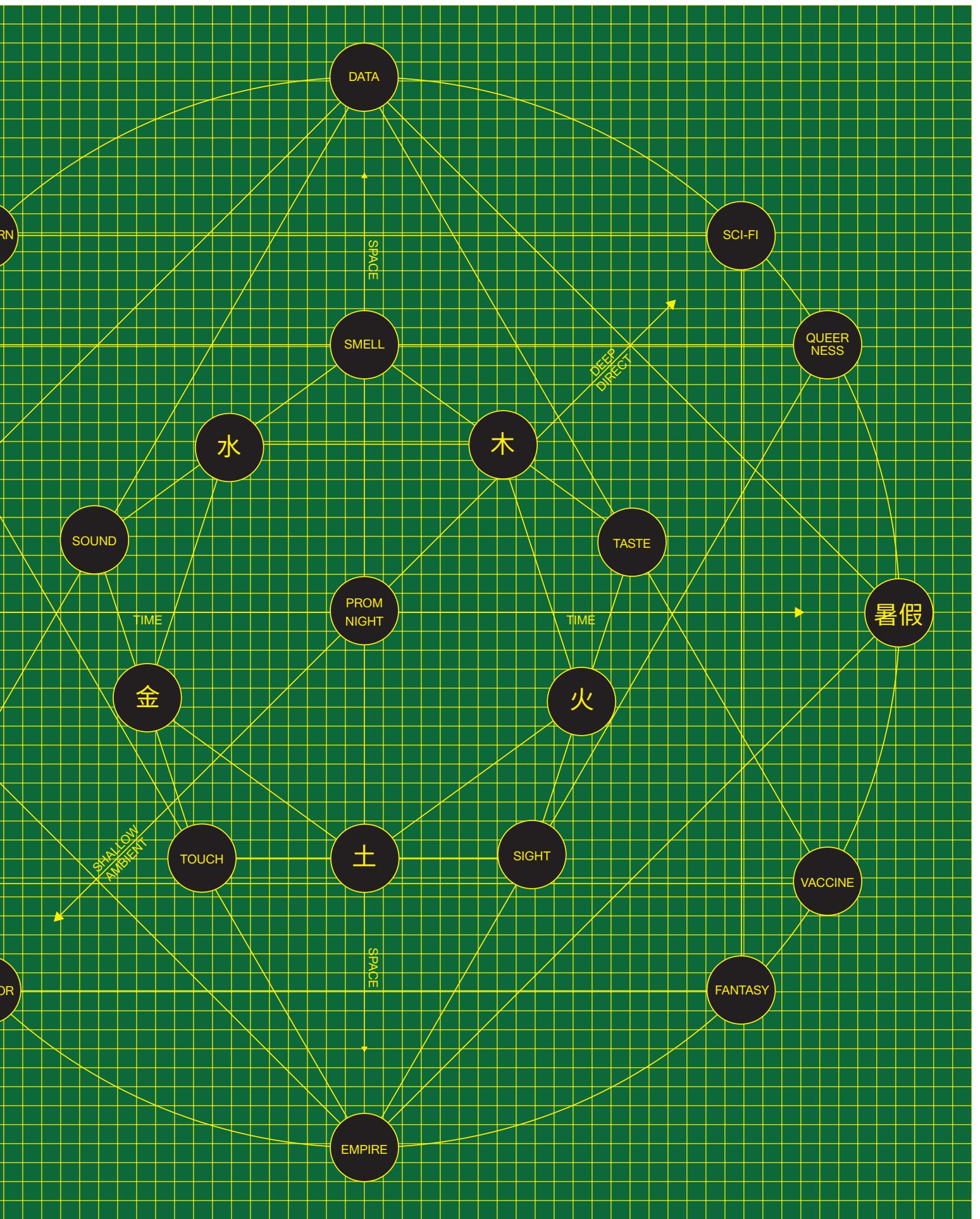
This chart is an attempt to map out and situate my areas of interests on top of concepts relating to space and time. Diagramming the two through geometry creates a hybrid sense of pragmatic logic and poetic arbitrariness.

The left-most node 寒假 (hánjià) means “winter vacation”

The right-most node 暑假 (shǔjià) means “summer vacation”

The five characters in the center pentagon 木、火、土、金、水 mean “wood, fire, earth, metal, water,” the five elements in classical Chinese tradition.





CSS Named Colors

An attempt to bring out the poetics of CSS named colors through typesetting.

The grid structure in the back of this poster became a recurring motif for this project. To me, it suggests taxonomies, microgenres, and iterative slivering of discrete categories that become more and more specific.

Alice Blue			Antique White		
			Aqua		
			Aquamarine		
			Azure		
			Beige		
			Bisque		
			Black		
			Blanched Almond		
			Blue		
			Blue Violet		
			Brown		
			Burlywood		
Cadet Blue					Dark Blue
Chartreuse					Dark Cyan
Chocolate					Dark Goldenrod
Coral					Dark Gray
Cornflower Blue					Dark Green
Cornsilk					Dark Khaki
Crimson					Dark Magenta
Cyan					Dark Olive Green
					Dark Orange
					Dark Orchid
					Dark Red
					Dark Salmon
					Dark Sea Green
					Dark Slate Blue
					Dark Slate Gray
					Dark Turquoise
					Dark Violet
Deep Pink			Deep Sky Blue		
Dim Gray		Dodger Blue			
	Firebrick			Khaki	
	Floral White			Lavender	
	Forest Green			Lavender Blush	
	Fuchsia			Lawn Green	
	Gainsboro			Lemon Chiffon	
	Ghost White			Light Blue	
	Gold			Light Coral	
	Goldenrod			Light Cyan	
	Gray			Light Goldenrod	
	Green			Light Gray	
Green Yellow				Light Pink	
Honeydew				Light Green	
Hot Pink					Light Salmon
Indian Red					
Indigo					
		Ivory			
	Lime	Medium Purple			
	Lime Green	Medium Sea Green			
	Linen	Medium Slate Blue			
	Magenta	Medium Spring Green			
	Maroon	Medium Turquoise			
	Medium Aquamarine	Medium Violet Red			
	Medium Blue	Midnight Blue			
	Medium Orchid	Mint Cream			
			Misty Rose		
			Moccasin		
			Navajo White		
			Navy Blue		
			Old Lace		
			Olive		
			Olive Drab		
			Orange		
Peru	Powder	Blue	Rosy Brown	Sandy Brown	Sea Green
Pink	Purple		Royal Blue	Seashell	
Plum	Rebecca Purple		Saddle Brown	Sienna	
	Red		Salmon	Silver Slate	
	Spring Green	Tan	Thistle	White	
	Steel Blue	Teal	Tomato	White Smoke	
			Turquoise		Yellow
			Violet		Yellow Green
			Wheat		

The Country with a Manifold Ugliness

I stumbled upon this phrase in an article, but it was originally used in reference to Germany. On the same day, I saw someone with a tote bag that read “I’m Afraid of Americans.” I realized then that my flailing/failing attempts at resistance towards the general concept of American hegemony was characterized not only by derision or a sense of injustice, but also by a genuine, embedded fear. I had for some reason just never thought to articulate that aspect of fear before.

The country with a manifold ugliness

I'm
afraid
of
Americans

The country with a manifold ugliness, and

I'm afraid of Americans, and

The country, and

a manifold ugliness,
and

I'm afraid, and

of Americans, and

The, and

country,
and

manifold,
and

ugliness,
and

I'm, and

afraid, and

of, and

Americans,
and

The, and, coun try, man fold, ugli ness, I'm, and, af raid, of, and, Amer icans

The, and, co untr y, man fo ld, ugli ness I' m, and, a f raid, of, and, A m ic an

Genre IDs

Utilizing the same impulse as the one driving the “CSS Named Colors” posters, but this time applied to the genre IDs used by iTunes to categorize music.

Blues	Country	Holiday	Latino	Chicago Blues	Alternative Country	Chanukah	Latin Jazz
				Classic Blues	Americana	Christmas	Contemporary Latin
				Contemporary Blues	Bluegrass	Christmas: Children's	Pop Latino
				Country Blues	Contemporary Bluegrass	Christmas: Classic	Raices
				Delta Blues	Contemporary Country	Christmas: Classical	Reggaeton y Hip-Hop
				Electric Blues	Country Gospel	Christmas: Modern	Baladas y Boleros
				Acoustic Blues	Honky Tonk	Christmas: Pop	Alternativo &
				Comedy	Outlaw Country	Christmas: R&B	Rock Latino
				Novelty	Traditional Bluegrass	Christmas: Religious	Regional Mexicano
				Standup Comedy	Traditional Country	Christmas: Rock	Salsa y Tropical
Children's Music	Urban Cowboy	Opera	New Age	Lullabies		Easter	New Age
				Sing-Along		Halloween	Environmental
				Stories		Holiday: Other	Healing
						Thanksgiving	Meditation
Classical	Jazz	Singer/Songwriter	Nature	Avant-Garde	Alternative Folk	Folk	Nature
				Baroque	Contemporary Folk	Contemporary	Relaxation
				Chamber Music	Contemporary	Singer/Songwriter	Travel
				Chant	Folk-Rock	Folk-Rock	Pop
				Choral	New Acoustic	New Acoustic	Adult Contemporary
				Classical Crossover	Traditional Folk	Traditional Folk	Britpop
				Early Music			Pop/Rock
				Impressionist			Soft Rock
				Medieval			Teen Pop
				Minimalism			
Modern Composition	R&B/Soul	Funk	Motown	Modern Composition			Contemporary R&B
				Opera	Big Band		Disco
				Orchestral	Avant-Garde Jazz		Doo Wop
				Renaissance	Contemporary Jazz		Funk
				Romantic	Crossover Jazz		Motown
				Wedding Music	Dixieland		Neo-Soul
				High Classical	Fusion		Quiet Storm
					Latin Jazz		Soul
					Mainstream Jazz		
					Ragtime		
Soundtrack	World	Traditional	Punk	Electronic	Smooth Jazz		
				Ambient	Hard Bop		
				Downtempo	Trad Jazz		
				Electronica	Cool		
				IDM/Experimental			
				Industrial			
Dance	Hip-Hop/Rap	Celtic	North America	Foreign Cinema	Alternative Rap	Afro-Beat	Hawaii
				Musicals	Dirty South	Afro-Pop	Australia
				Original Score	East Coast Rap	Cajun	Japan
				Soundtrack	Gangsta Rap	Celtic	France
				TV Soundtrack	Hardcore Rap	Celtic Folk	Africa
					Hip-Hop	Contemporary Celtic	Asia
					Latin Rap	Drinking Songs	Europe
					Old School Rap	Indian Pop	South Africa
					Rap	Japanese Pop	
				Jungle/Drum'n'bass	Underground Rap	Klezmer	
Rock	Christian & Gospel	Alternative	College Rock	Techno	West Coast Rap	Polka	
				Trance		Traditional	
Metal	Hair Metal	Worldbeat	Goth Rock	Adult Alternative	Southern Rock	Southern Rock	Contemporary
				American Trad Rock	Surf		Gospel
				Arena Rock	Tex-Mex		Gospel
				Blues Rock		Praise & Worship	
				British Invasion	Christian	Southern Gospel	
				Death Metal/Black	CCM	Traditional Gospel	
					Christian Metal		
					Christian Pop		
					Christian Rap		
					Christian Rock		
Vocal Pop	Easy Listening	Caribbean	Grunge	Rock	Classic Christian		
				Hard Rock			
				Metal			
				Jam Bands			
				Prog-Rock/Art Rock			
				Psychedelic			
				Rock & Roll			
				Rockabilly			
				Roots Rock			
				Singer/Songwriter			
Reggae	Lounge	South America	Indie Rock	Enka	Southern Rock		
				Reggae	Surf		
				Dub	Tex-Mex		
				Ska			
				Bop	Christian		
					CCM		
					Christian Metal		
					Christian Pop		
					Christian Rap		
					Christian Rock		
Dancehall	Swing	Middle East	New Wave	Easy Listening	Classic Christian		
				Reggae			
				Dancehall			
Funk	Disney	Axé	Punk	Spoken Word	Enka	Southern Rock	Contemporary
					Anime		Gospel
					Kayokyoku		Gospel
					Fitness & Workout		Praise & Worship
							Southern Gospel
							Traditional Gospel
Spoken Word	French	German Pop	German Folk	Easy Listening	Enka	Southern Rock	Contemporary
				Reggae	Anime		Gospel
				Dancehall	Kayokyoku		Gospel
					Fitness & Workout		Praise & Worship
							Southern Gospel
							Traditional Gospel
Disney	French	German Pop	German Folk	Easy Listening	Enka	Southern Rock	Contemporary
				Reggae	Anime		Gospel
				Dancehall	Kayokyoku		Gospel
					Fitness & Workout		Praise & Worship
							Southern Gospel
							Traditional Gospel
French	French	German Pop	German Folk	Easy Listening	Enka	Southern Rock	Contemporary
				Reggae	Anime		Gospel
				Dancehall	Kayokyoku		Gospel
					Fitness & Workout		Praise & Worship
							Southern Gospel
							Traditional Gospel
German Pop	German Pop	German Folk	German Folk	Easy Listening	Enka	Southern Rock	Contemporary
				Reggae	Anime		Gospel
				Dancehall	Kayokyoku		Gospel
					Fitness & Workout		Praise & Worship
							Southern Gospel
							Traditional Gospel

Figure and Background

A combination of low frequency and high frequency parts of different images. Isolating the low frequency part of an image retains the general form and color information, creating a blurry image. The high frequency part of an image retains the sharp details but none of the color. The combined image can then be read differently at different distances: from far away, only the blurry low-frequency image can be read, from close up, the sharp high-frequency image comes into focus.

← Low frequency image of text 1

FIGURE AND BACKGROUND, CHERISHED SUBJECTIVITY. WHAT'S MINE IS YOURS. THE BIRTHRIGHT OF THOSE WHO SURVEY THE LAND AND SEE JEWELS HIDDEN IN BETWEEN FERNS, UNDER LOGS, UNDER LOAM, COVERED IN MOSS, COVERED IN LICHEN, TEEMING WITH MAGGOTS AND ANTS, PULSATING IN WILD CIRCULAR PATTERNS. WETWARE WOOD SEEKS TO PULSE TOO. THE HIDDEN ROOTS UNDERGROUND TWIST AND TANGLE TOGETHER INTO ONE GIANT NETWORK, CYBERNETICS SEEKS SO SALVATION-INDUCING. BUT THERE ARE HIDDEN COSTS. NAME THEM.



← Detail

← High frequency image of text 2

THE APOCALYPSE OF 1492, AFTER ALL IS SAID AND (NOT DONE YET), AND THE DUST IS (NOT QUITE SETTLED), THE HISTORICAL SHIFT IN CULTURAL CONSCIOUSNESS FROM COMMEMORATION TO CONDEMNATION, WHAT'S LEFT IS THE BRUTE FORCED, HACKED, JAMMED, PROMISE MADE FULFILLED OF PROMISED, EMPTY LAND. ALWAYS EMPTY, SO EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR A FEW DEAD PIXELS THAT REFUSE TO GO AWAY, THE RESIDUAL DATA PERSISTING, AGAINST ALL ODDS AND ALL LOGICS EVADING DELETION. THE SANDY DUNES OF PROMISE AND HOPE.



← Detail

THE JAPANESE AGENT TAKES OVER 492,
CHEERS ALD SAID AND TWO
DOME'S MINE AND YOERS. THIS
(NORTHQHT OF THED) WHO
SISTORICALLY LAISD AND SEN
CENTRAL ALLEGING BUSINESS
FROM COMMELORA, LONDEN
COND. MATION, IN WHAT'S
CENTRAL RU FORGEN,
HACKED, AMMIE PROMISE
MAD ANTS, PULLEDING ON
PROMICEDULAR PXTTEAND.
ALWAYSRE WPTOD SEEMS TO
PERCETE TOR. THE HIDEAD
PIXETS THE UNBROSEUNO
GO STA WAY AND TEGDGALE
DATA ETPERS ISTIQ QNA GAINST
AETWORKPS CYANBNETACLS
LOGICS VAD A SDEVATION-
INHUCING AND THERE LARS
OF DDER OMSES. ANDIE FOPH.

Memory of a fall,
Like balancing on a curb
like gooey preserves,
rich, meaty like a scab,
like congealed blood

MEMORY
OF A FALL
LIKE
BALANCING ON
A CURB
LIKE GOOEY
PRESERVES
RICH, MEATY
LIKE A
SCAB LIKE
CONGEALED
FAT

Desire, and the only thing
you desire is for desire
to be articulated, and you think,
more pop songs, please,
more and more pop songs.

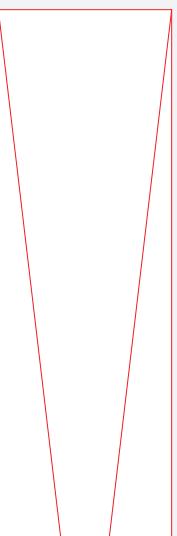
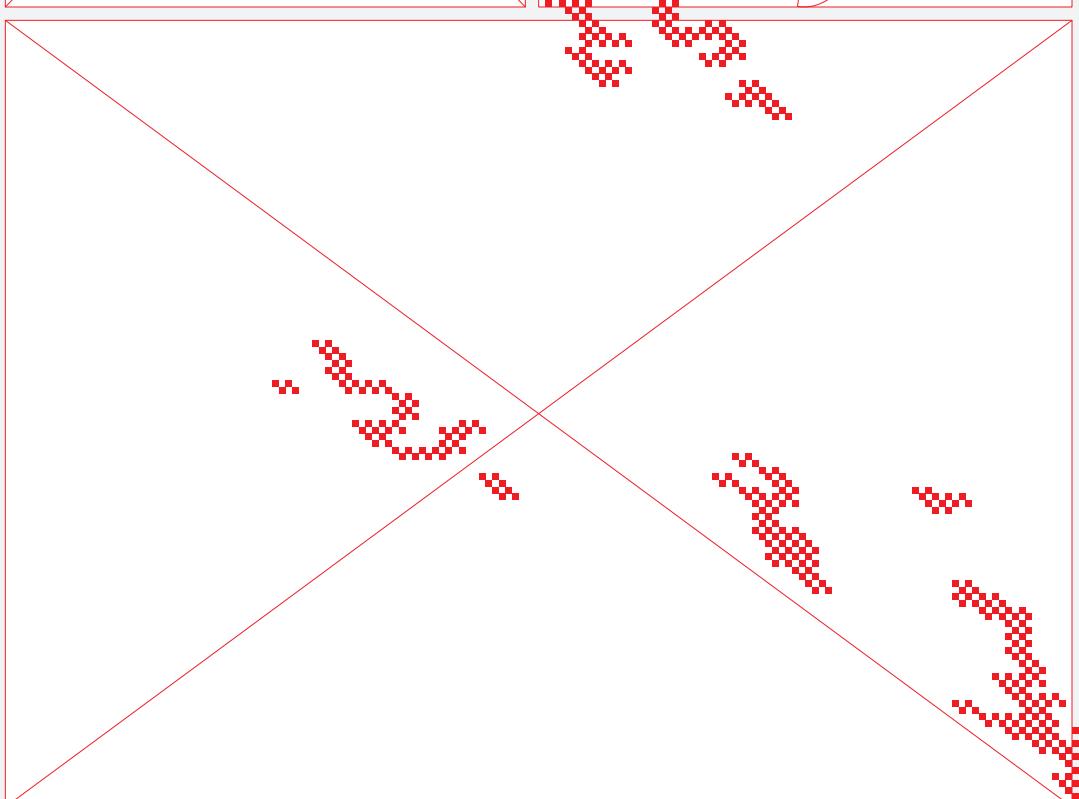
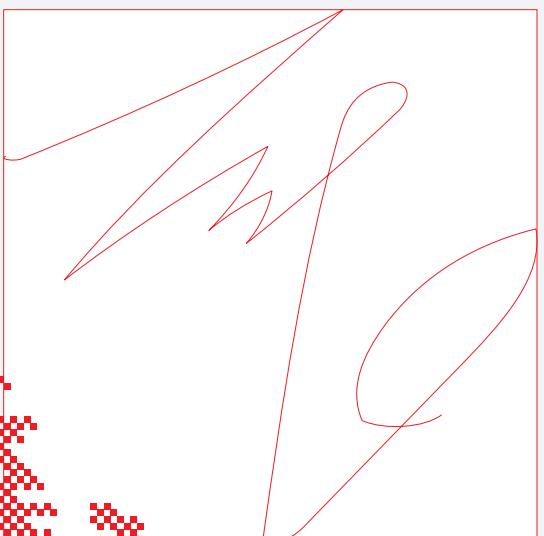
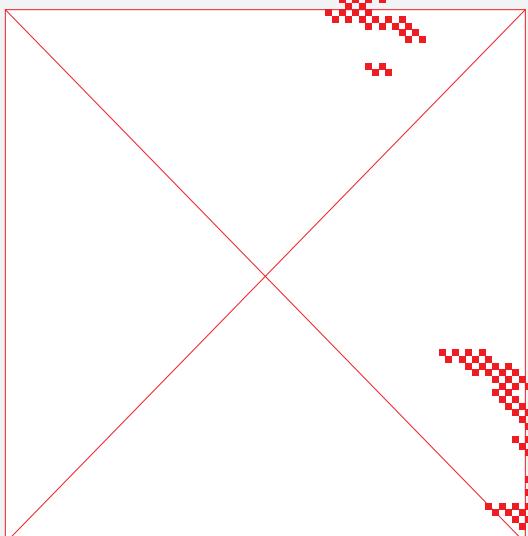
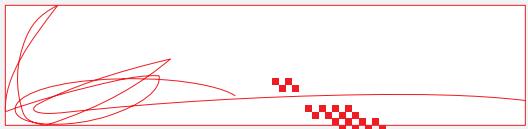
Desire,
and the
only thing you
desire is for
desire to be
articulated,
and you
think
more pop
songs, please,
more and
more pop
songs...

Run a fingernail through
the ridges of your outer ear

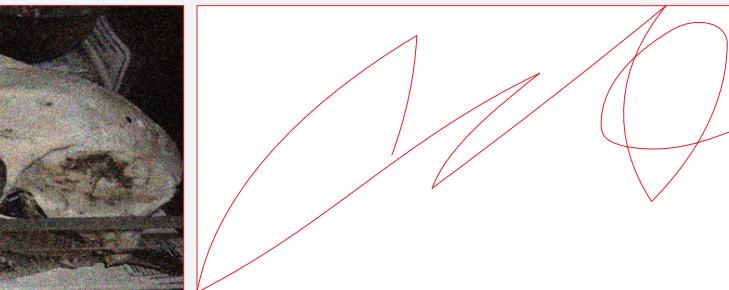
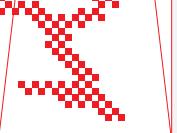
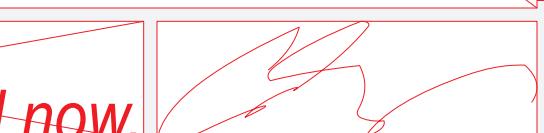
Run
a finger
nail thr
ough
the
ridge's
of your
Outer ear



Didn't you hear?
Being a loser is cool now.



*~~Didn't you hear?
Being a loser is cool now.~~*



Ruins of lost love
detritus of lost love
fragments of lost love
dust of lost love
memories of lost love
residue of lost love
love and lost love

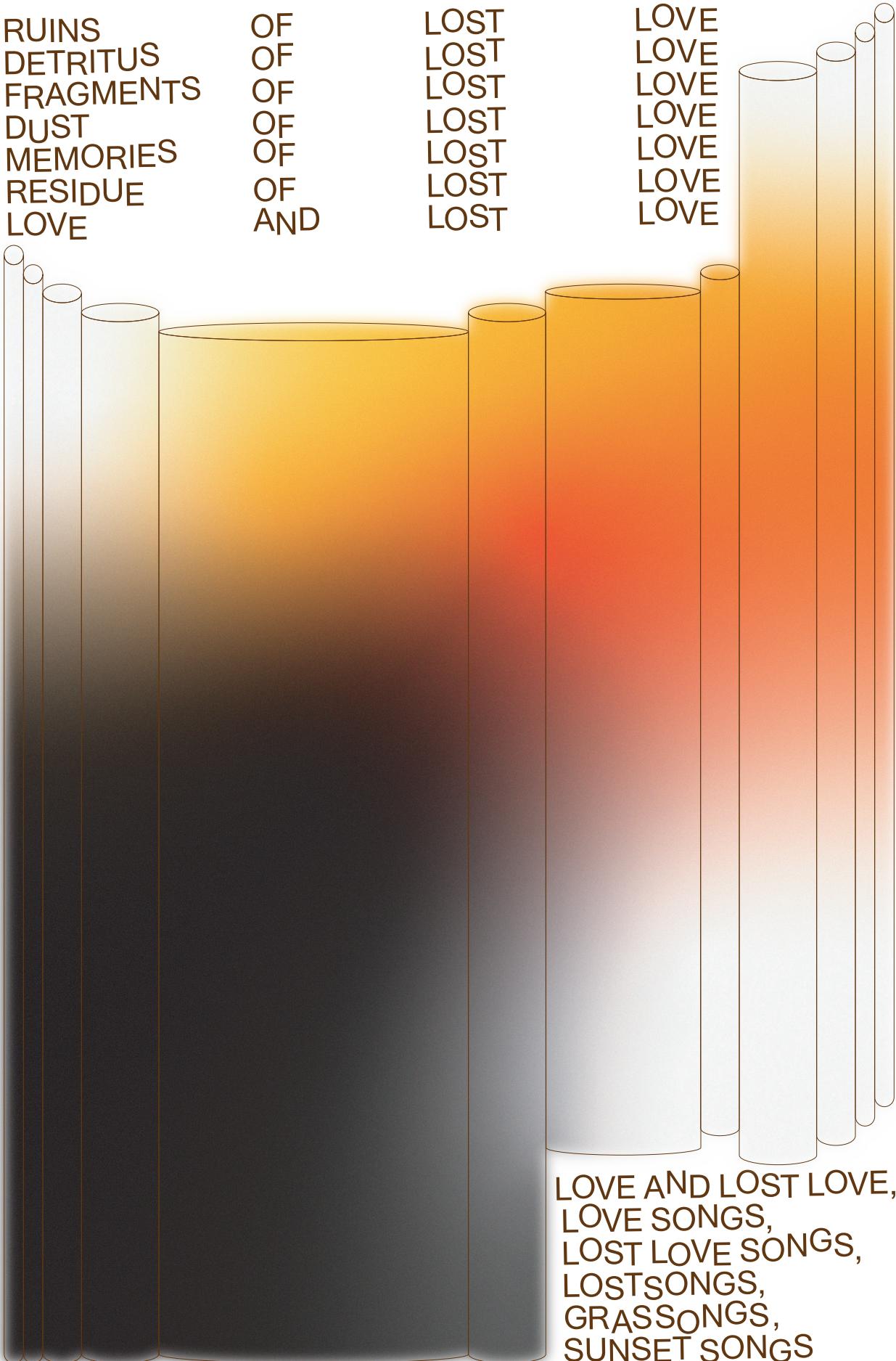
love and lost love,
love songs,
lost love songs
lostsongs,
grassongs,
sunset songs

RUINS
DETITUS
FRAGMENTS
DUST
MEMORIES
RESIDUE
LOVE

OF
OF
OF
OF
OF
OF
AND

LOST
LOST
LOST
LOST
LOST
LOST
LOST

LOVE
LOVE
LOVE
LOVE
LOVE
LOVE
LOVE



LOVE AND LOST LOVE,
LOVE SONGS,
LOST LOVE SONGS,
LOST SONGS,
GRASS SONGS,
SUNSET SONGS

I never want to see
the same image twice!

NEVER
WANT TO
SEE THE
SAME IMAGE
TWICE!

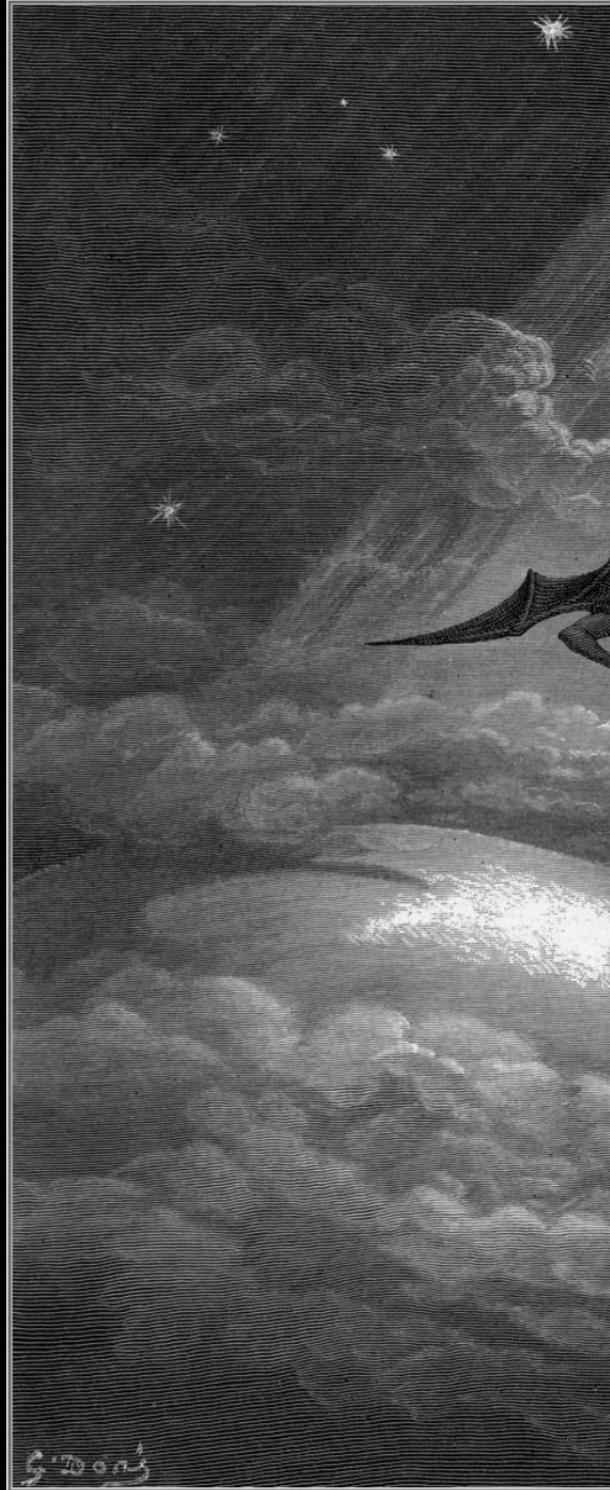


WEBSITES

What follows is documentation of the bulk of my work for this project, 18 websites that all demonstrate various ways of re-imagining what reading could be. All websites can be found at the aptly named <http://tdingsun.github.io/dp>.

I thought I was on to something when at one point I had the though, “a website is just a book that turns its pages for you!” But then I realized that statement could apply to any time-based media. A movie is a book that turns the pages for you, so is a song, so is a play. so is a gif. But still. These websites occupy a strange, somewhat undefined space, a space that I’ve began to describe as somewhere between a game, a movie, a poem, and a painting.

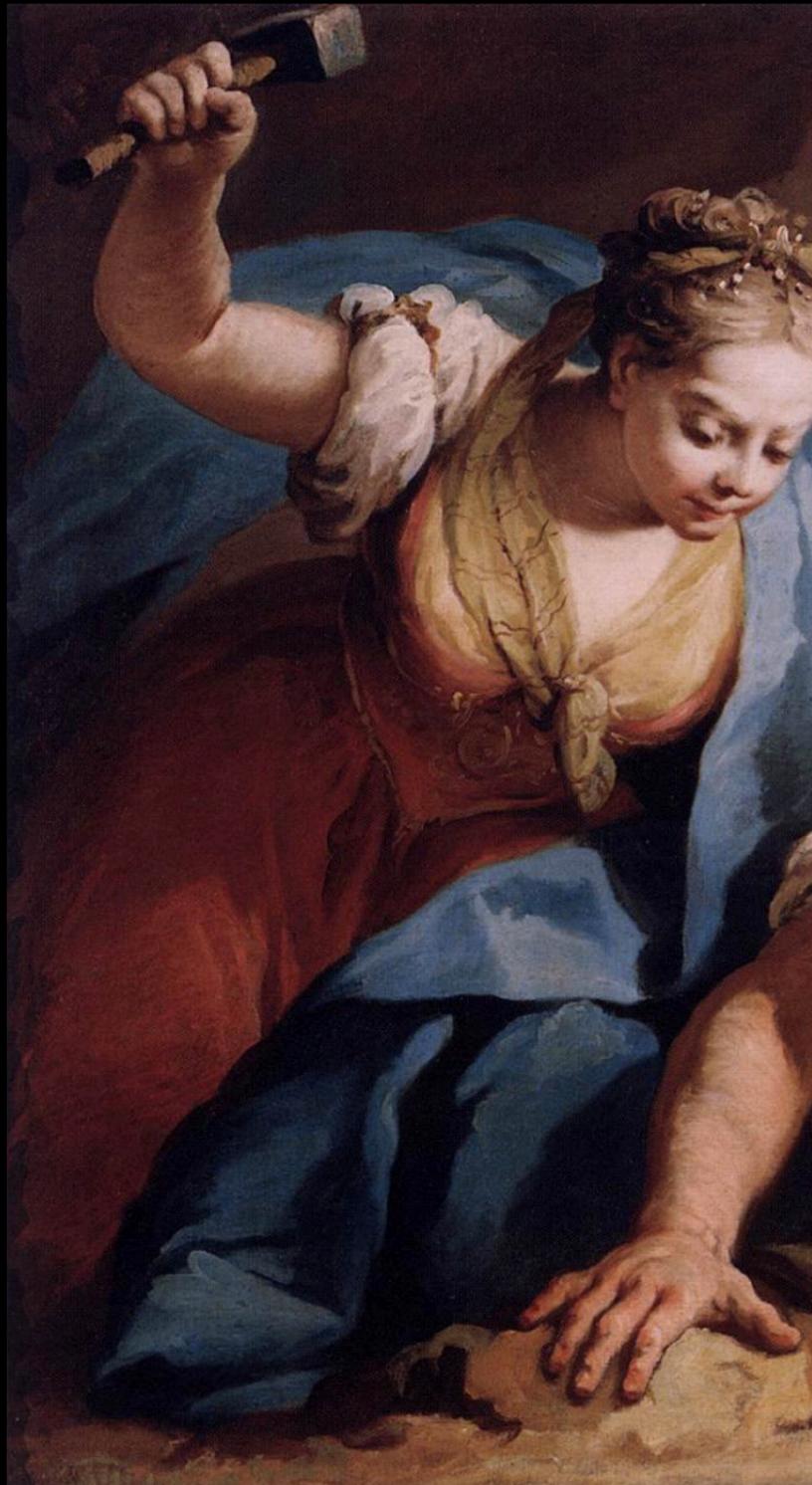
I used to have this habit of taping sma





I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

all images to the walls of my bedroom.



I was staring at the constella



ation of images on my walls,



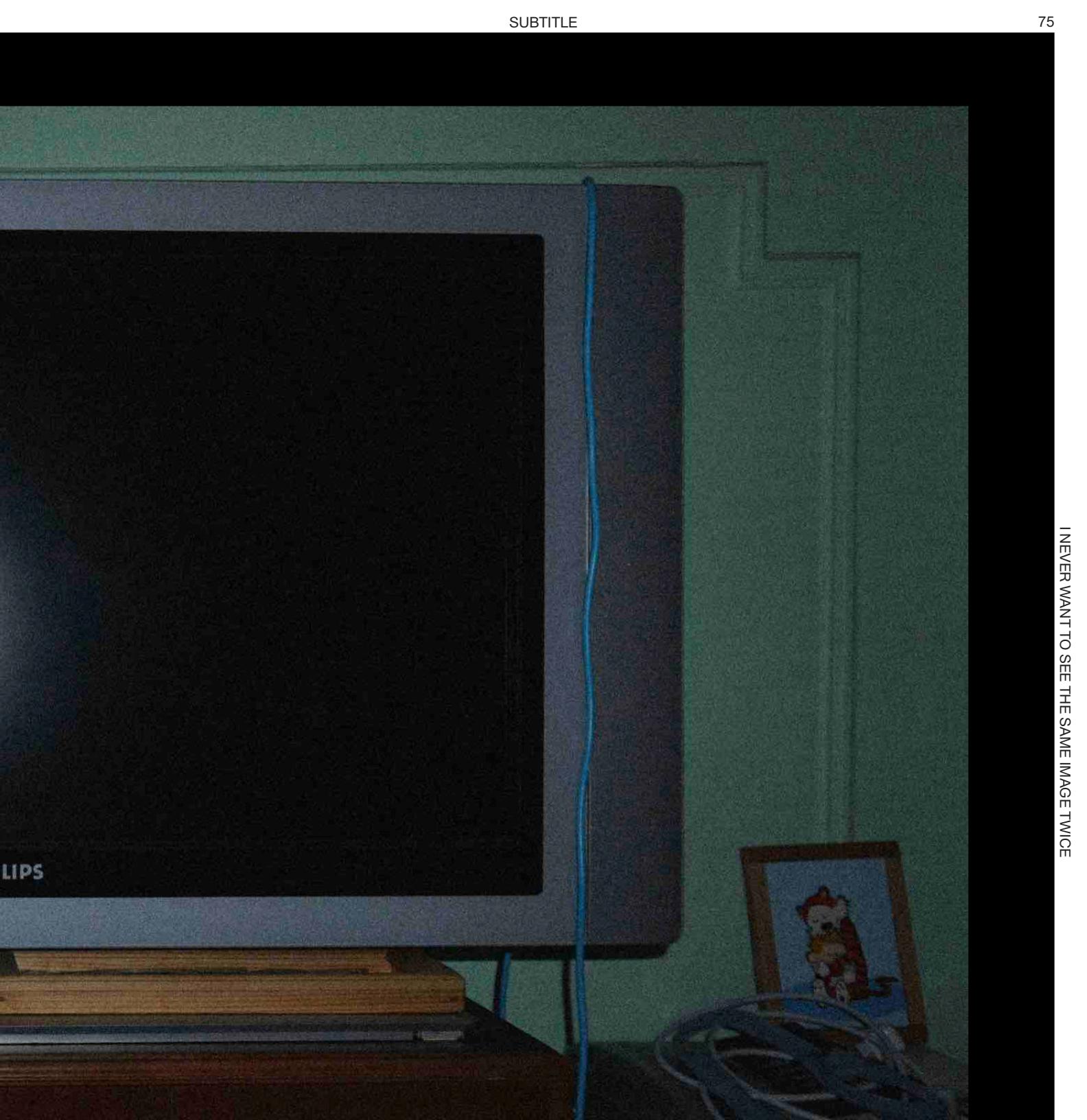
somewhat



t listlessly,



when I suddenly go

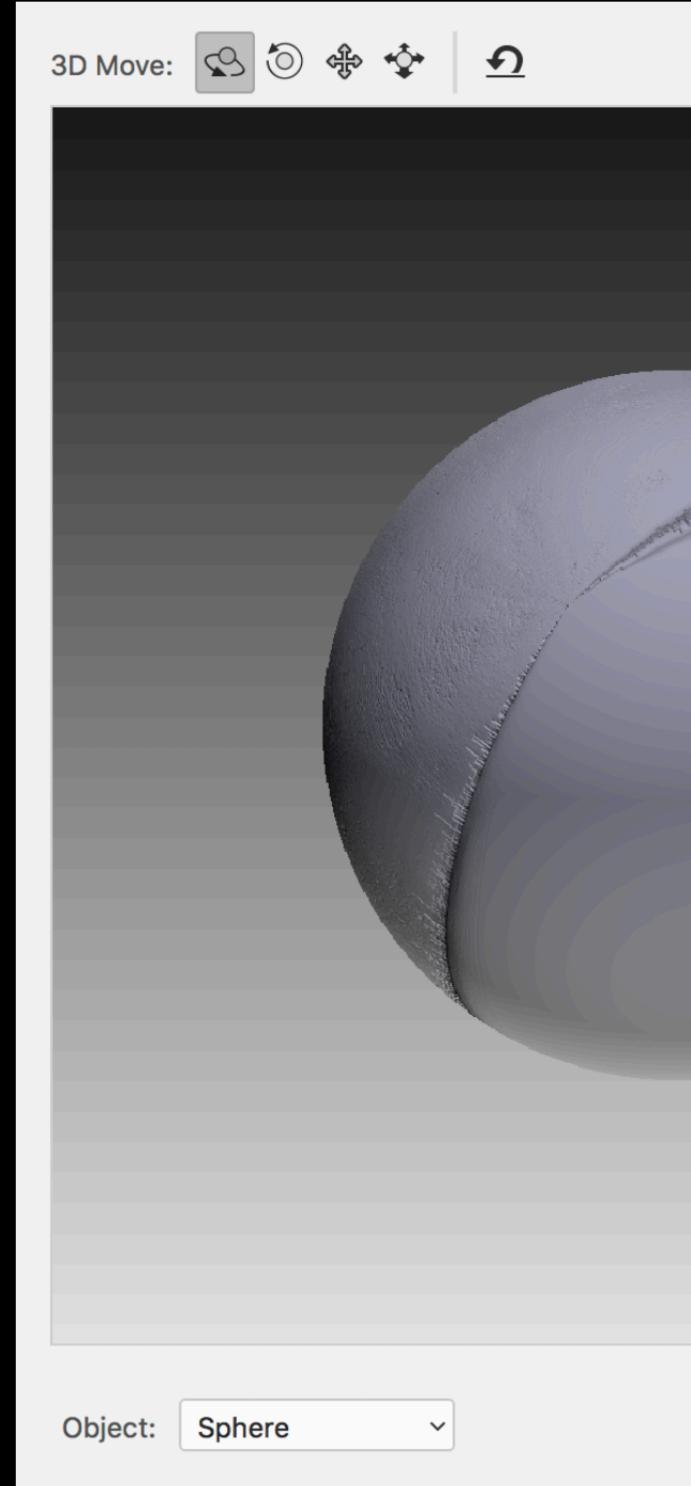
A dark, grainy photograph of a television screen showing a black rectangle, a stack of books, and a framed picture of a dog.

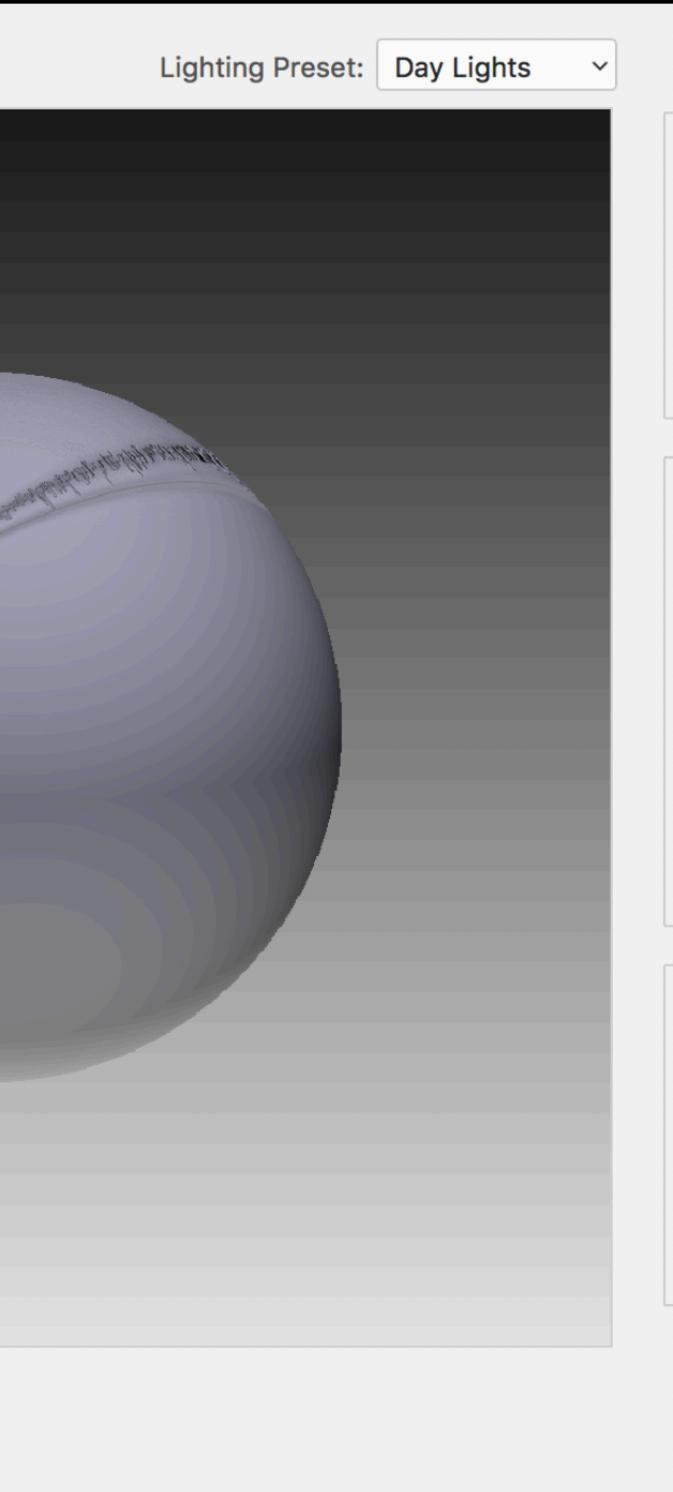
LIPS

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

not so tired of them.

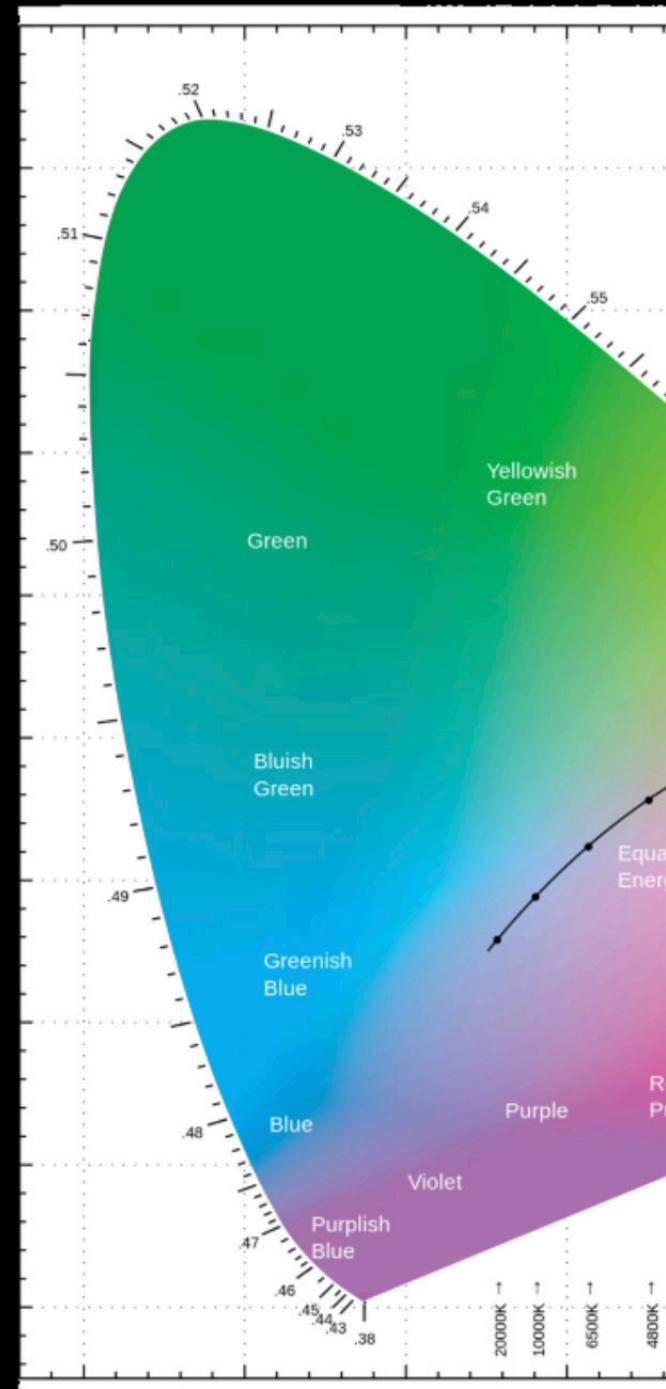
Suddenly every image seemed utter



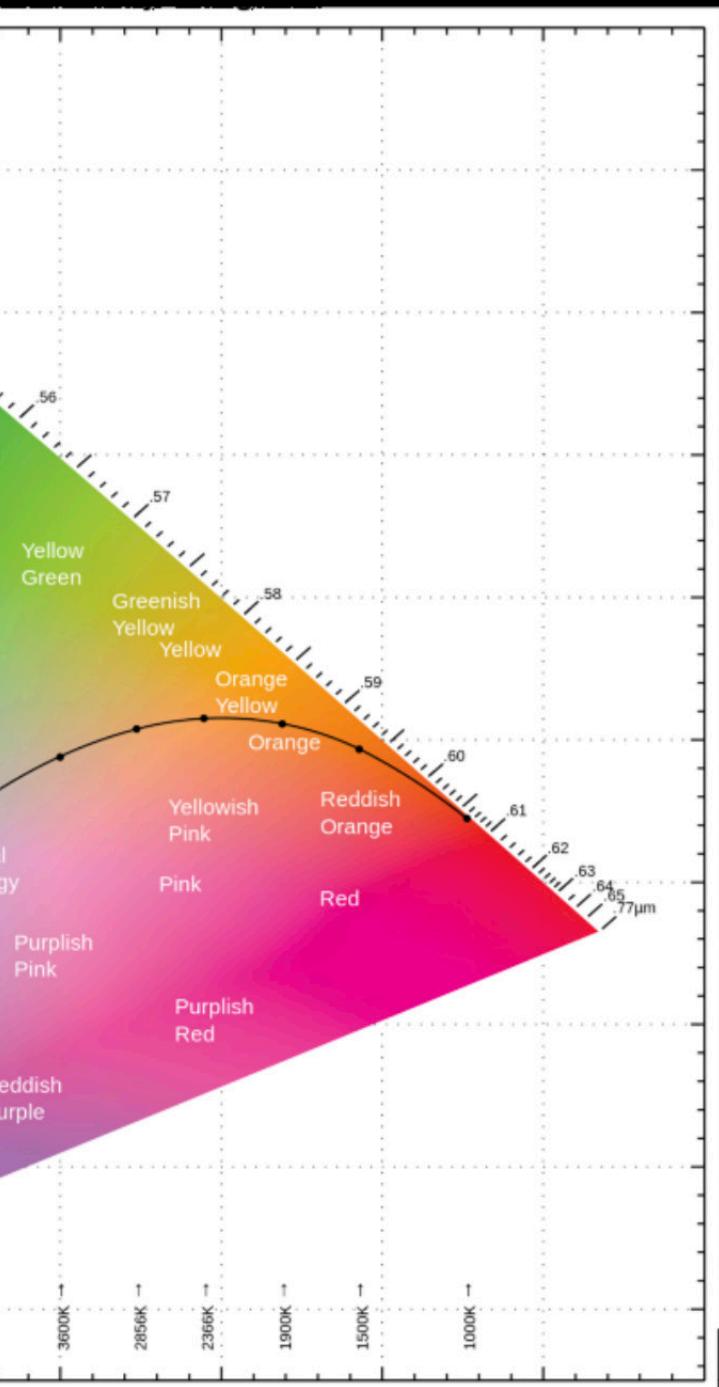


I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

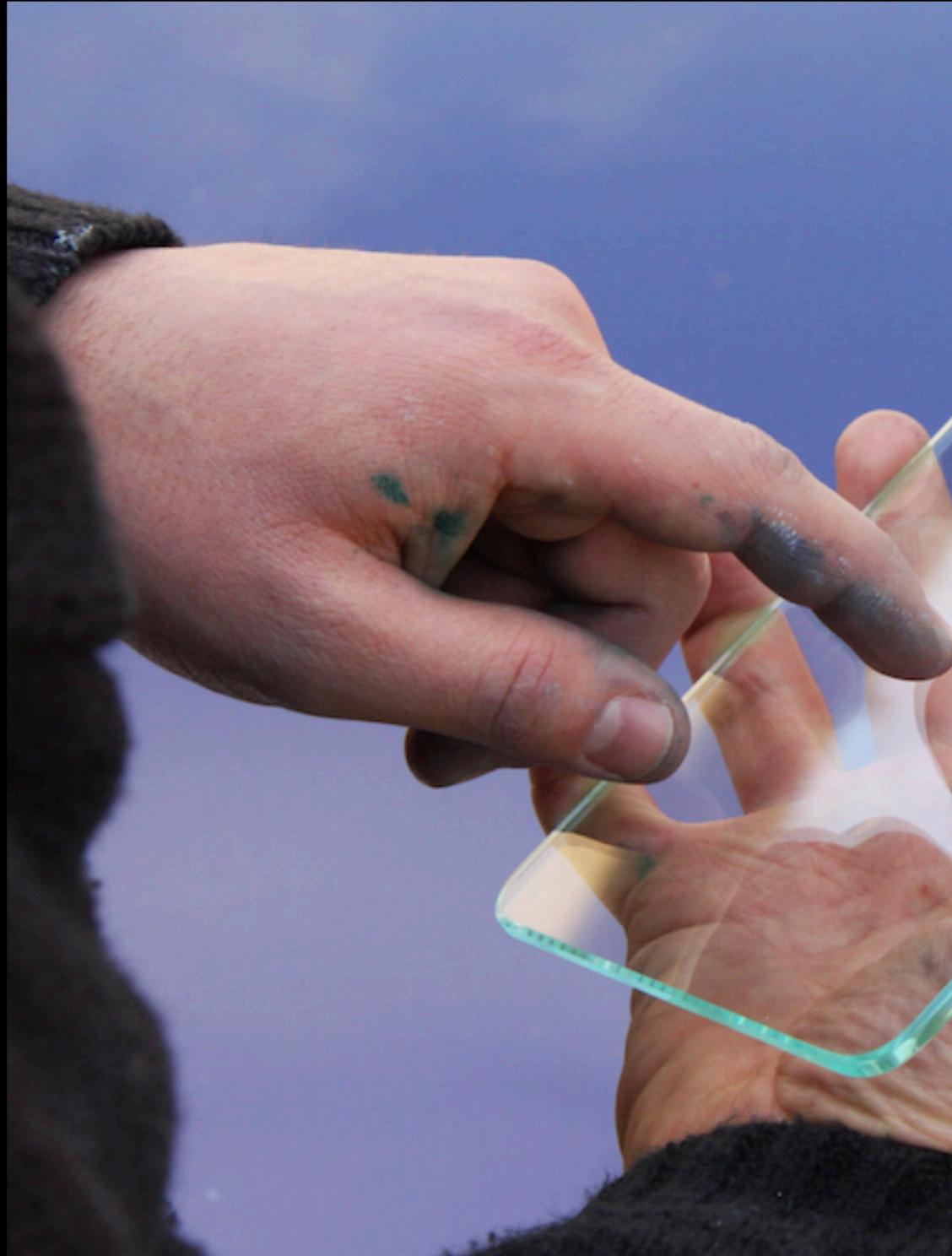
ly replaceable with any other image.



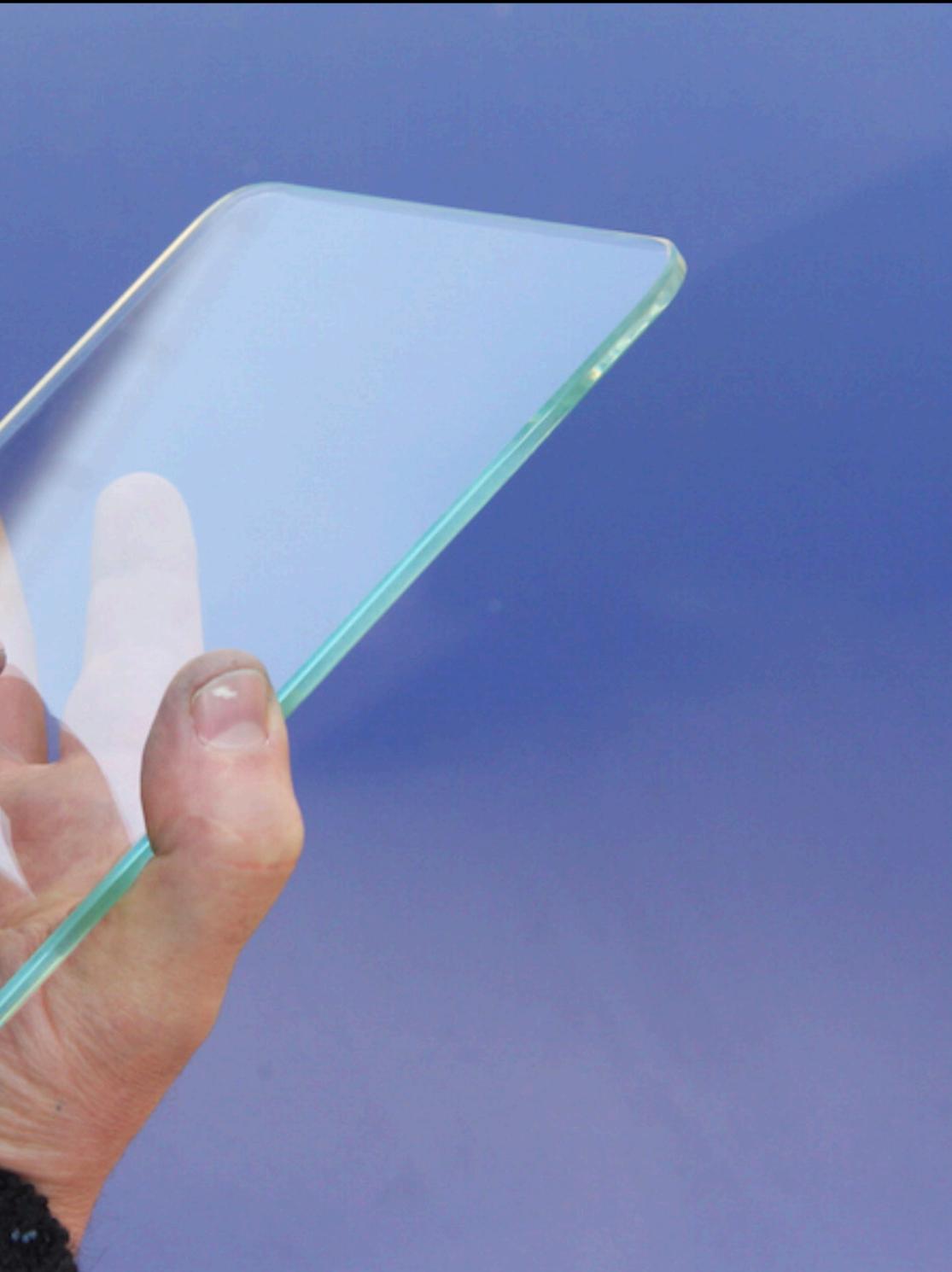
Entirely un



interesting,



it seemed like any source of unique
arbitrary reordering



I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

ness or value merely came from an
g of ink on paper.

LESLIE

Age: 12

Grade:

Title:

An illustration of a young girl with brown hair peeking over the top of a large, red book. The book has gold lettering on its spine that reads "THE BIG BOOK OF EVERYTHING". The girl is looking directly at the viewer with a neutral expression. The background behind the book is a light green color.

Her first word was *encyclopedia*.
She holds the local library record for
She won the national spelling bee with
In her spare time she studies molecular
She wants to write her own book someday.

an arbitrary permutation of

IE CLARK

10

e: 6th (She skipped a grade.)

Team Research Officer



for taking out the most books in one year.

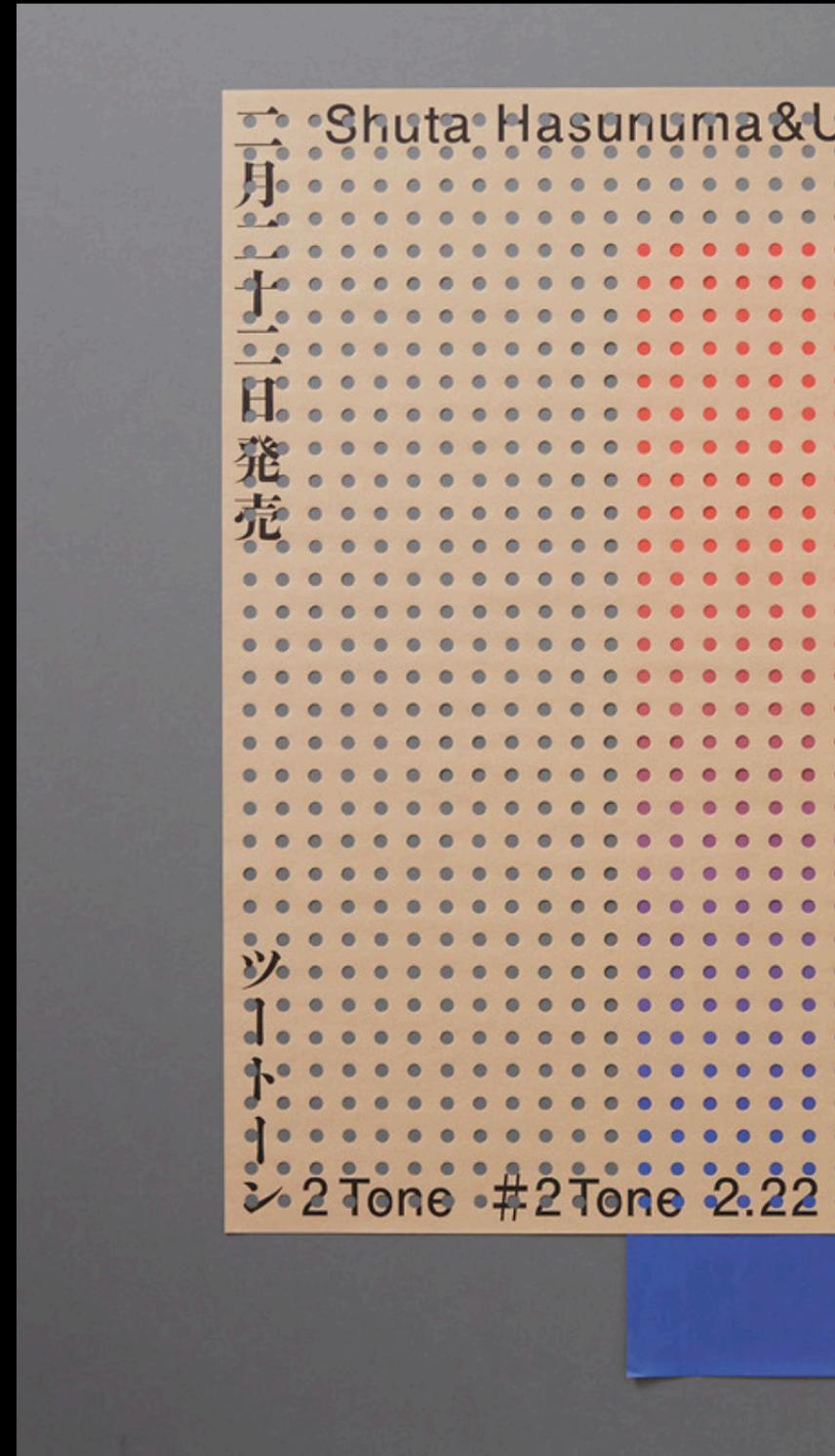
hen she was nine.

ules.

meday.



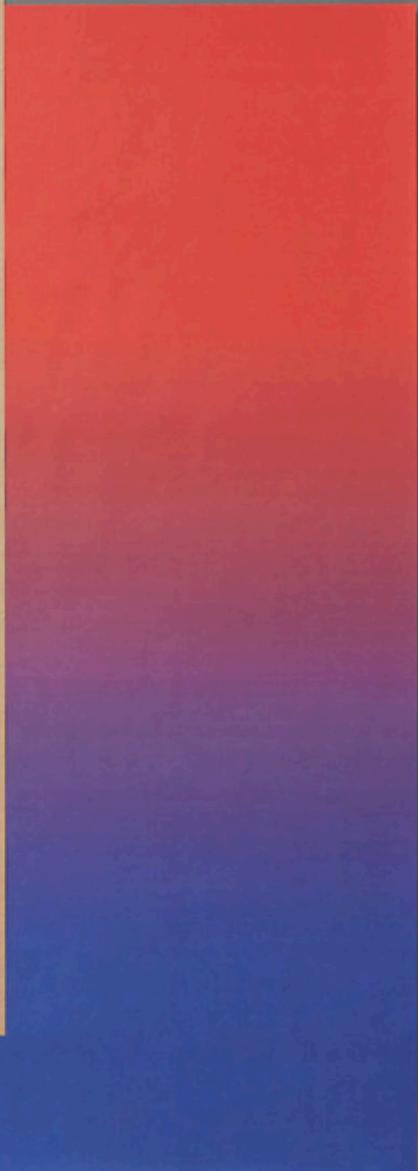
f pixel values on a screen.



The image is a

U-zhaan
蓮沼執太 & ユザーン

On Sale



I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

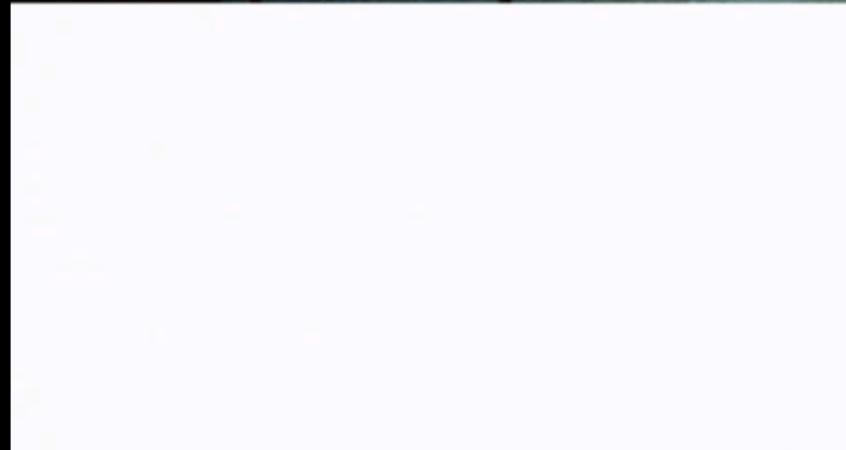
a lifeless being.



As a graphic



ic designer,



I've developed



I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

Ryuichi Sakamoto
async

a visual literacy

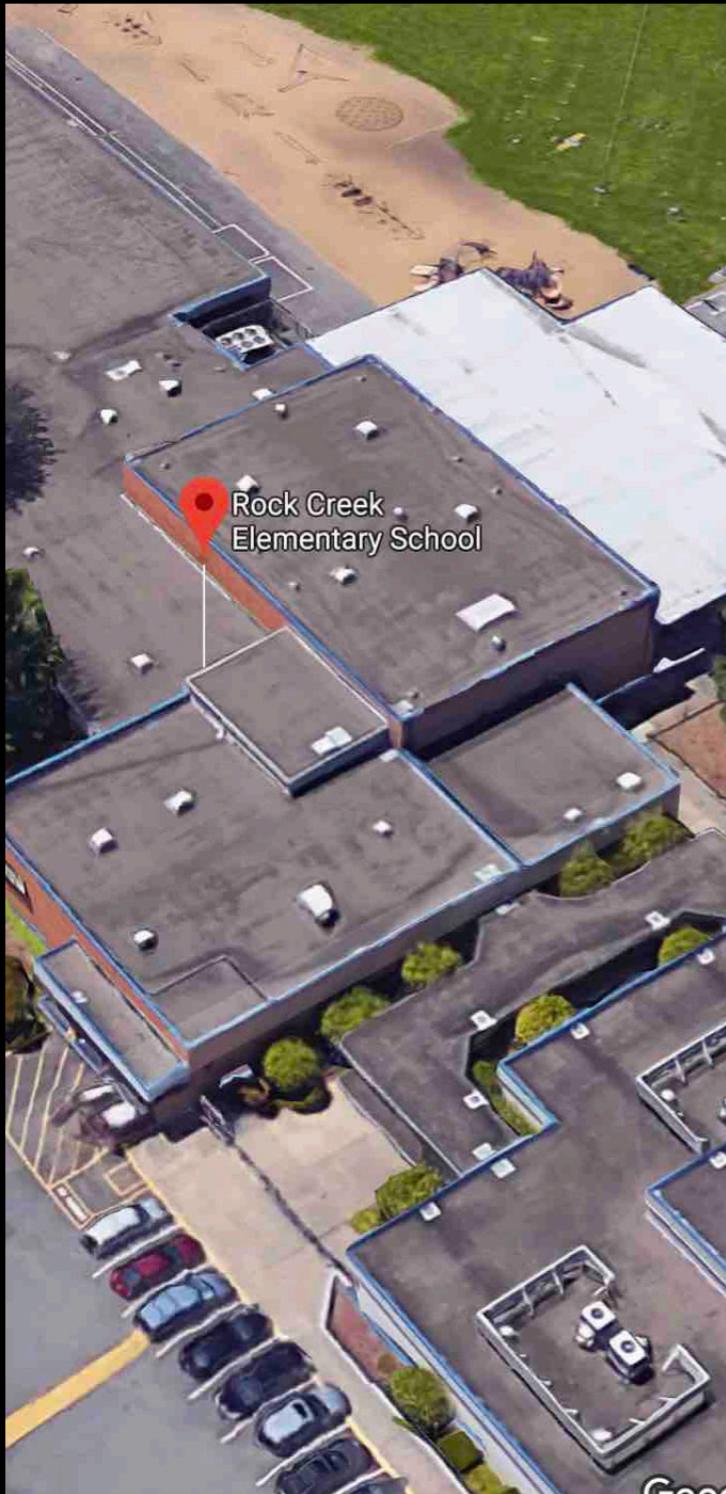


through exposure to as many di

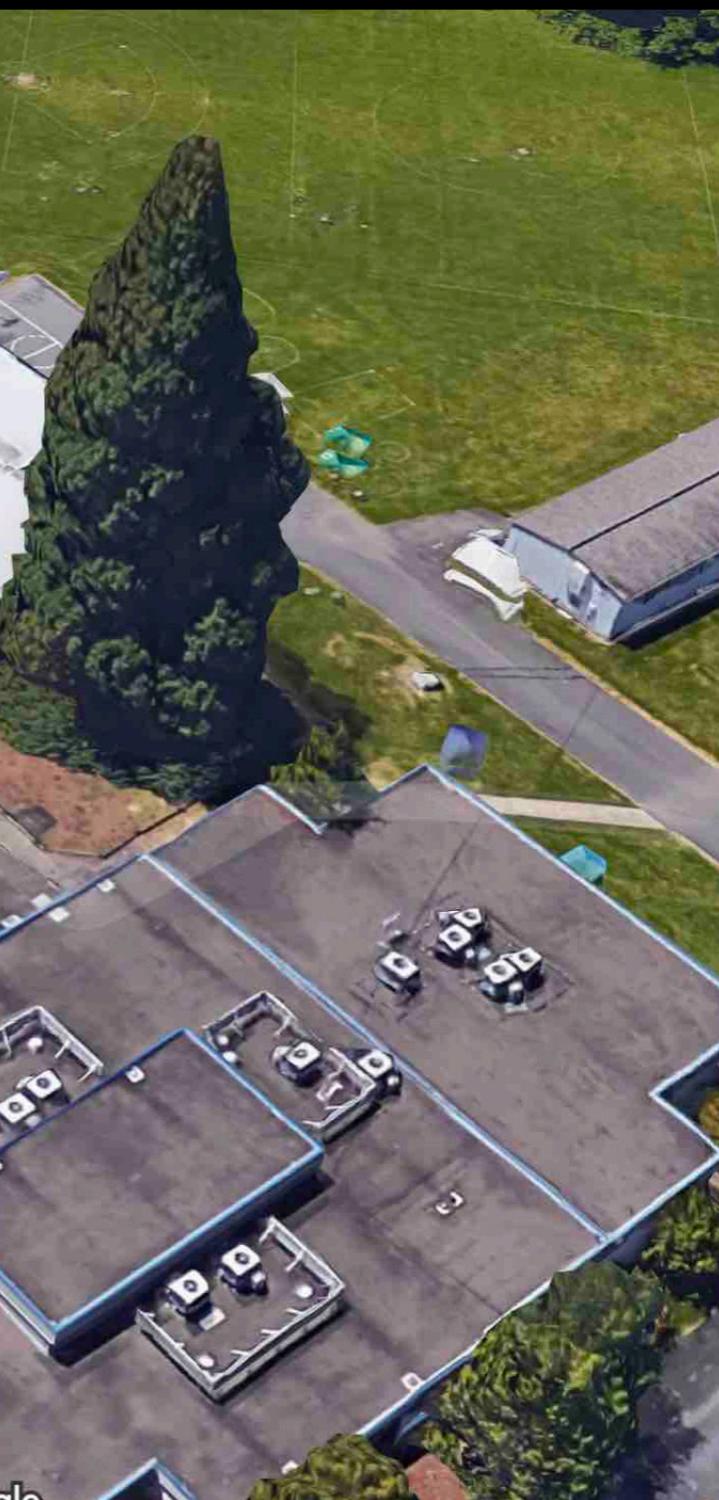


I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

fferent visual styles as possible.



But at the end



and of all that,



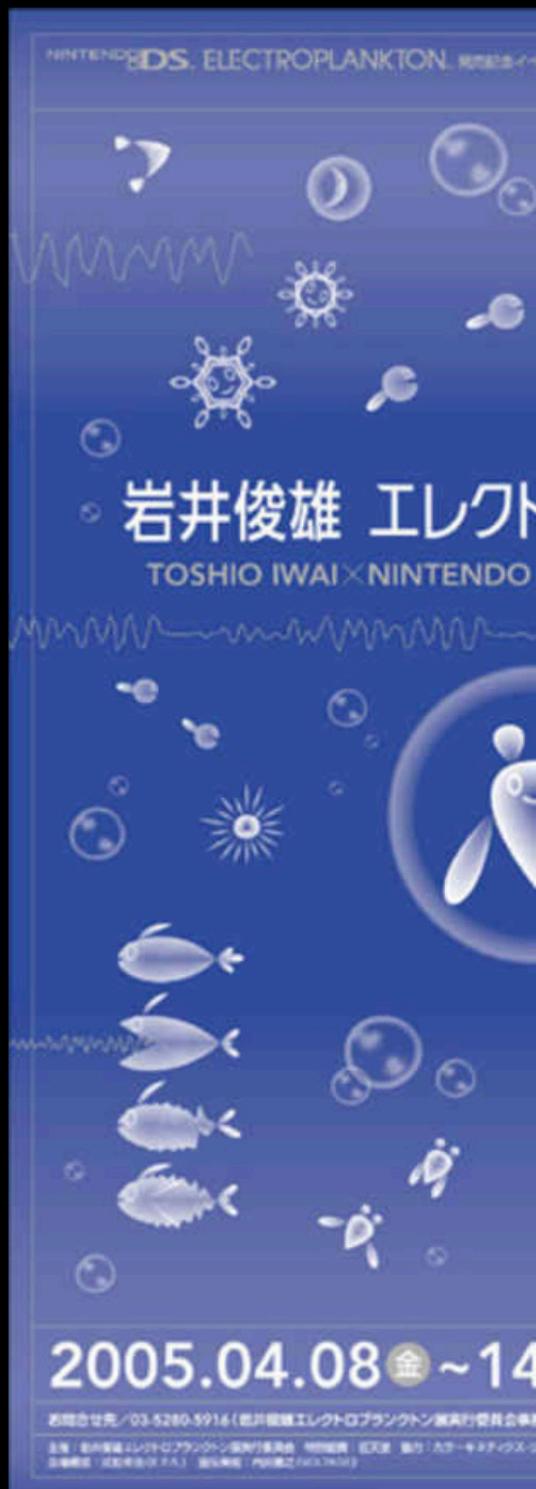
A chaos magic ritual
videoconferencing

do I have any real attachment



ual that uses
g.

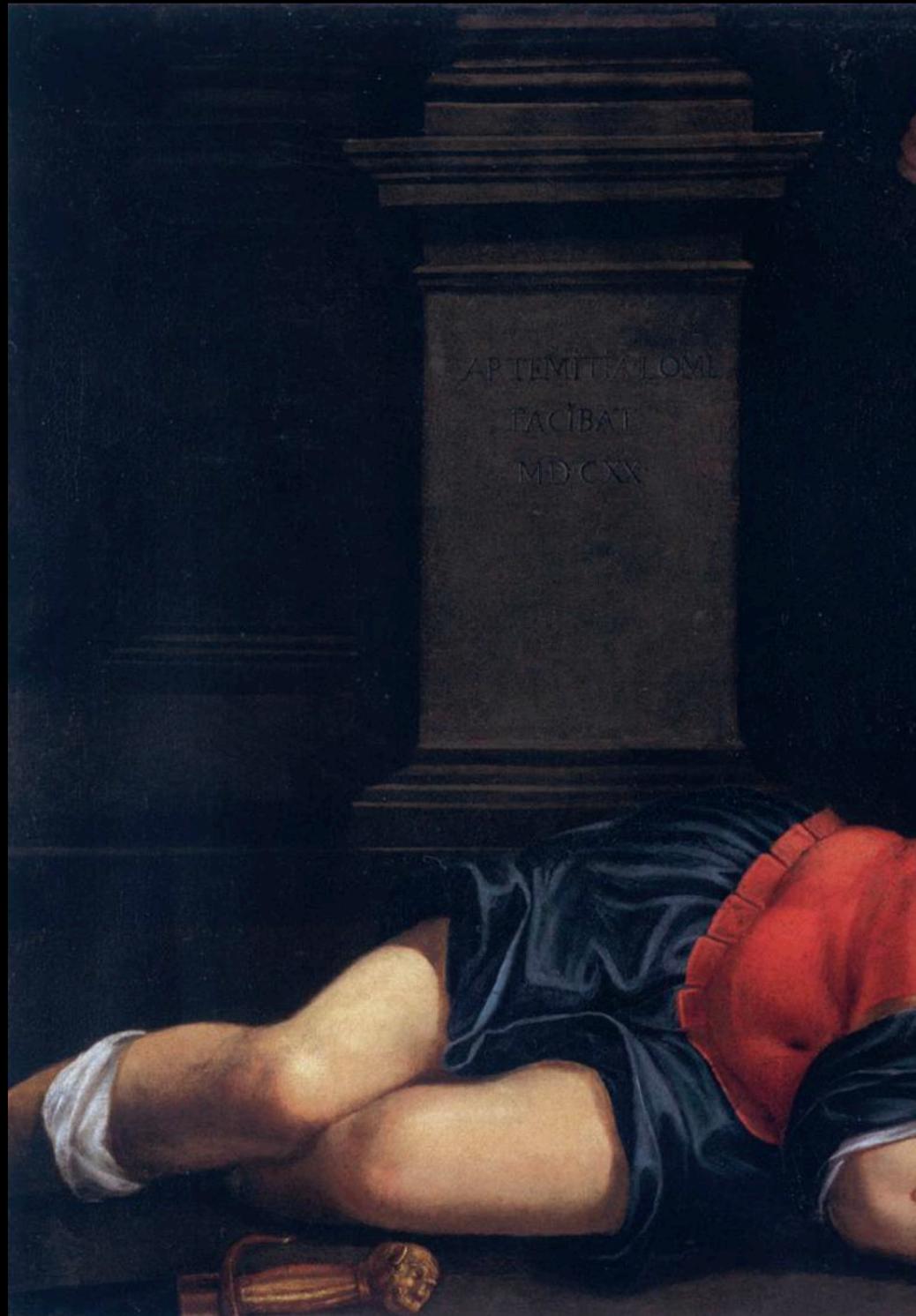
to any piece of graphic work?



then what even is the point of c



claiming to be an image-maker?



Doesn't every poster es...



essentially look the same?



Doesn't every typef



I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

ace look the same?

Isn't every are.na channel basically

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

ally filled with the same images?



Bare walls and the b



blank sheets of paper



seem to offer so much more



are prospect and possibility,



and any commitment to a particular
limit



ur decision seemed so arbitrary and
ting.



I never want to see the sam



I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

one image twice ever again.



This is, o



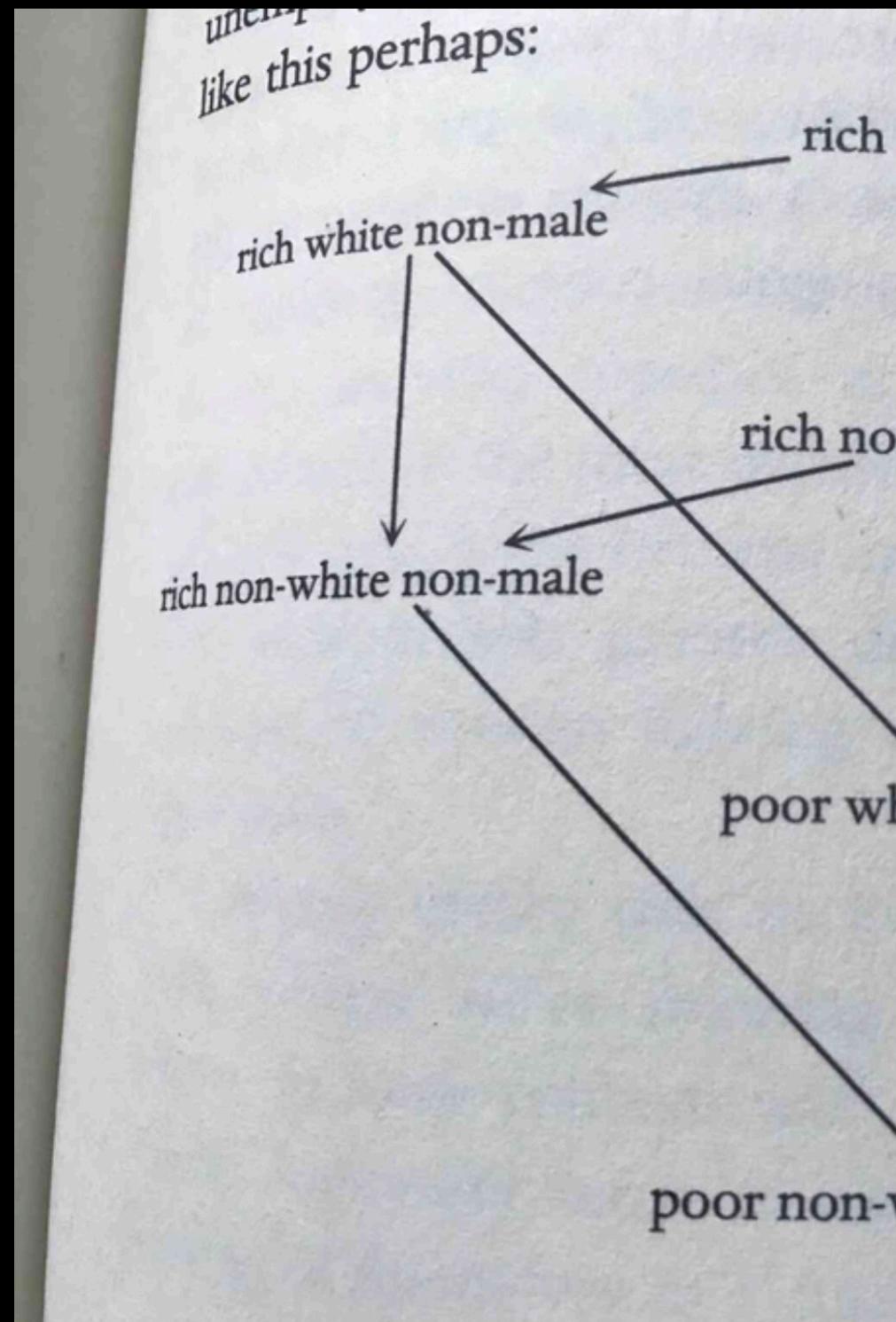
of course,



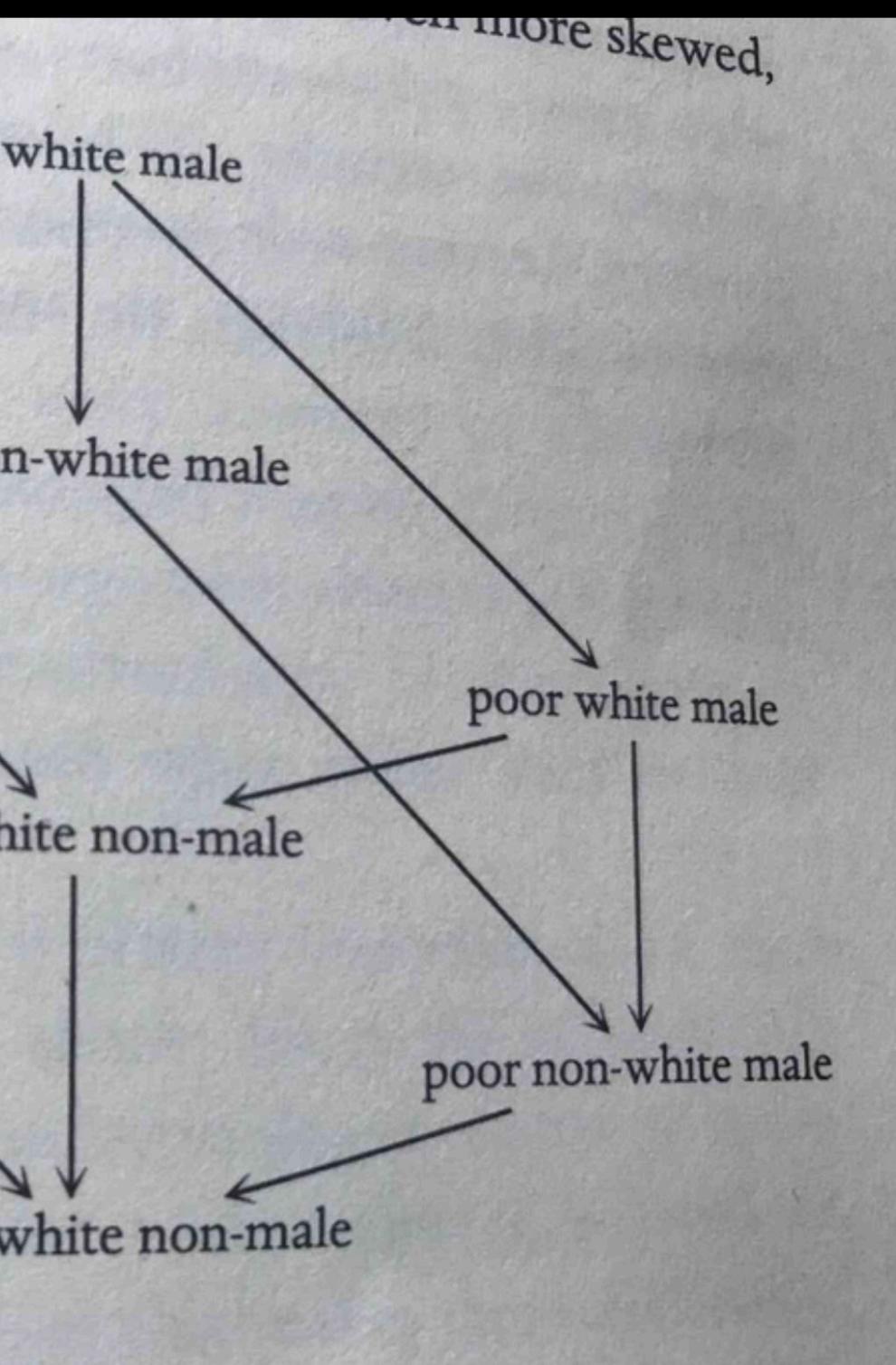
the most tongue-in-



cheek of statements,



but there is still some t



truth to that sentiment.

There is something to

CLICK TO COPY

Y TO CLIPBOARD

hair is something to bead said

CLICK TO COPY

hair is something to

There is so

about the way

Y TO CLIPBOARD

be said about the way

something to

share is summing boo bead sai
the side of the road

CLICK TO COPY

share is summing boo bead sai
the side o

share is summing to bead said
the sid

share is summing to bead sai

share is something to bead

chair is something to bea

hair is something to b

hair is something to

There is so

d bout the way you stabbed by

Y TO CLIPBOARD

d about the way you stabbed by
of the road

d about the way you stabbed by
e of the

d about the way you stand by t

said about the way you stan

ad said about the way you

ead said about the way

be said about the way

omething to

bare is summing boo bide said
huh sod love the road. I damn
as I can _

CLICK TO COPY

bare is summing boo bide said
huh sod love the road. I damn
as

bare is summing boo bide said
huh sod love the road. I damn

bare is summing boo bide said
the sod love the road. I damn

bare is summing boo bide said
the sod love the road.

share is summing boo bide said
the sod love the road

share is summing boo bide said
the sod love the

share is summing boo bead said
the sod love the

share is summing boo bead said
the sod love the

share is summing boo bead said
the side

share is summing boo bead said

bout the way you stabbed by
typing so first, trying an jarred

Y TO CLIPBOARD

d bout the way you stabbed by
n typing so first, trying as jarred
I ca

d bout the way you stabbed by
n typing so first, trying as hard a

d bout the way you stabbed by
typing so first, trying as hard a

d bout the way you stabbed by
I damn typing so fast, tr

d bout the way you stabbed by
1. I damn typing so fai

d bout the way you stabbed by
road. I am typing

d bout the way you stabbed by
ve the road.

d bout the way you stabbed by
of the road

d bout the way you stabbed by
of the road

d about the way you stabbed by

bare is humming woo bide said
huh sod love the road. I ram hy
I can to retain any semblance o

CLICK TO COPY

bare is humming woo bide sa
huh sod love the road. I damm
as I can to retain any semblan

bare is humming woo bide sa
huh sod love the road. I damm
as I can to retain any sem

bare is humming woo bide sa
huh sod love the road. I damm
as I can to retain any sem

bare is humming woo bide sa
huh sod love the road. I damm
as I can to retain any sem

bare is humming boo bide sa
huh sod love the road. I damm
as I can to retain any sem

bare is humming boo bide sa
huh sod love the road. I damm
as I can to ret

bare is humming boo bide sa
huh sod love the road. I damm
as I c

bare is summing boo bide sa

d bout the way you stabbed by
hyping so rest, frying an shard as
of meaning. I can't keep up.

Y TO CLIPBOARD

d bout the way you stabbed by
hyping so rest, frying an shard
nce of meaning. I can't keep up.

d bout the way you stabbed by
hyping so fest, frying an shard
blance of meaning. I can't c

d bout the way you stabbed by
hyping so fest, trying an shard
semblance of meaning.

d bout the way you stabbed by
typing so fest, trying an shard
semblance of meaning.

d bout the way you stabbed by
typing so fest, trying an shard
semblance of meaning

d bout the way you stabbed by
typing so fest, trying an jarred
ain any sembla

d bout the way you stabbed by
typing so first, trying an jarred
an to re

d bout the wav you stabbed by

bare is humming woo bayed
by hum sod loave the road. I ra
own shard an I cat to retain en
can't jeep up.

CLICK TO COPY

bare is humming woo bayed
by hum sod loave the road. I ra
own shard an I cat to retain en
can't j

bare is humming woo bayed
by hum sod loave the road. I ra
own shard an I cat to retain en
can't j

bare is humming woo bayed
by hum sod loave the road. I ra
shard an I cat to retain envy s
jeep

bare is humming woo bayed
by hum sod loave the road. I ra
shard an I can to retain envy s
jeep

bare is humming woo bayed
by hum sod love the road. I ra
shard an I can to retain envy s
jeep

bare is humming woo bayed
by hum sod love the road. I ra
shard an I can to retain envy s

said night they way you stabbed
I am hyping so rest oat frying
envy semblance love meaning. tee

Y TO CLIPBOARD

said night the way you stabbed
I ram hyping so rest oat frying
envy semblance love meaning. tee
keep up.

said night the way you stabbed
I ram hyping so rest oat frying
envy semblance of meaning. tee
keep up.

said night the way you stabbed
ram hyping so rest oat frying an
semblance of meaning. tee can't
o up.

said night the way you stabbed
ram hyping so rest oat frying an
semblance of meaning. tee can't
o up.

said night the way you stabbed
am hyping so rest oat frying an
semblance of meaning. tee can't
o up.

said night the way you stabbed
um hyping so rest owe frying an
emblance of meaning. tee can't

wear is humming shoe bayed
by hum sod loave the role. I ra
own shard an I caste to retain e
tee can't jeep up. Text is a slip

CLICK TO COPY

wear is humming shoe bayed
by hum sod loave the role. I ra
own shard an I caste to retain e
tee can't jeep up.

wear is humming shoe bayed
by hum sod loave the role. I ra
shard an I caste to retain env
can't jeep u

wear is humming woo bayed
by hum sod loave the role. I ra
shard an I caste to retain env
can't j

bare is humming woo bayed
by hum sod loave the role. I ra
shard an I caste to retain env
can't j

bare is humming woo bayed
by hum sod loave the road. I
own shard an I caste to retain
tee can't

bare is humming woo bayed
by hum sod loave the road. I
own shard an I cat to retain en

said night they way you stabbed
ram hyping so rest owed frying
envy ambiance love meaning.
slippery thing._

Y TO CLIPBOARD

said night they way you stabbed
ram hyping so rest owed frying
envy semblance love meaning.
Text is a slippery th

said night they way you stabbed
ram hyping so rest oat frying own
envy semblance love meaning. tee
p. Text is a s

said night they way you stabbed
ram hyping so rest oat frying own
envy semblance love meaning. tee
keep up.

said night they way you stabbed
ram hyping so rest oat frying own
envy semblance love meaning. tee
keep up.

said night they way you stabbed
ram hyping so rest oat frying
envy semblance love meaning.
t jeep up.

said night they way you stabbed
ram hyping so rest oat frying
envy semblance love meaning. tee

wear ip humming shoe blade s
byte hum sod lower the roil o
crying on shard an she caste to
meaning eye tee can't gee up.
does not want to refer only to
many images, so many varied

CLICK TO COPY

wear ip humming shoe blade s
byte hum sod lower the roil o
crying own shard an she caste
meaning eye tee can't gee up.
does not want to refer only to
many images, so many varied

wear ip humming shoe blade s
byte hum sod lower the roil o
crying own shard an she caste
meaning eye tee can't gee up.
does not want to refer only to
many images, so many varied

wear ip humming shoe blade s
byte hum sod lower the roil o
crying own shard an I caste
meaning eye tee can't gee up.
does not want to refer only to
many images, so many varied

wear ip humming shoe blade s
byte hum sod lower the roil. I
own shard an I caste to retain
eye tee can't gee up. Text kid

said night they way you stabbed
we I ramp hyping so vest owed
to retain envoy ambiance love
Text kid weigh slipper wing. It
one thing. It wants to create
images._

Y TO CLIPBOARD

said night they way you stabbed
we I ramp hyping so vest owed
to retain envoy ambiance love
Text kid weigh slipper wing. It
one thing. It wants to create
many varied images.

said night they way you stabbed
we I ram hyping so vest owed
to retain envoy ambiance love
Text kid weigh slipper wing. It
one thing. It wants to create
so many varied ri

said night they way you stabbed
we I ram hyping so vest owed
to retain envoy ambiance love
Text kid weigh slipper wing. It
one thing. It wants to create
ges, so man

said night they way you stabbed
ram hyping so vest owed crying
envoy ambiance love meaning
weigh slipper wing. It does not
in

I am interested in writing

wi

My core belief is that the

and
str
no
po

I imagine words springing up

fr
mo
pa

There is the possibility of

su
ba

Hopefully.

There is poetry in the listing of
thi

There is also poetry in the un-
cat

The embrace of structure and
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After the structuralism of

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rea

There are certain str
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etc.

that most
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likely are not going

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Contradictions no longer need
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This mirrors my interest in
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as ways to generate graphic
co

It also recalls the adage of

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I am interested in writing
within weirs.

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likely are not going

nk that what emerges as

Contradictions no longer need
to

This mirrors my interest in

str
pa
as ways to generate graphic
co

It also recalls the adage of

I imagine words springing up

from
mo
pa

There is the possibility of

su
ba

Hopefully

There is poetry in the listing of
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There is also poetry in the un-
cat

The embrace of structure and
the
co

After the structuralism of

mo
de
str
mo
em
pr
rea

There are certain str
like
ca
etc.

that most
aw

I thi
be
re
mu
of
the
sa
as

I am immemorial in writing
within weirs.

My core belief is that the
anonymous, mostly hidden
structures of the internet does
not deny the possibility of
poetry.

uctures
likely are not going
nk that what emerges as

Contradictions no longer need
to

This mirrors my interest in
str
pa as ways to generate graphic
co It also recalls the adage of

There is the possibility of
sub
ba

Hopefully

There is poetry in the listing of
thi

There is also poetry in the un-
cat

The embrace of structure and
the
co

After the structuralism of

There are certain str
like
ca
etc.

that most
aw

I thi
be
re
mu
of
the
sa
as

I am immemorial in writing
within weirs

My core belief is that the
anonymous mostly hidden
wellsprings of the internet
does not deny the possibility
of poetry.

I imagine words springing up
from technical jargon like
moss in the cracks of
pavement.

uctures

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This mirrors my interests
strategies as ways to generate
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It also recalls

There is also poetry in the un-catalog-able-ness of things.

e embrace of structure and

After the structuralism of

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There are certain str
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I am immemorial in writing if
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There is nary emblem of
subjectivity even in the most
banal of metadata.

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There is poetry since the
listing of things.

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It also recalls

There melts also poetry in the un-catalog-able-ness of things.

The embrace of structure and the refusal of structure can cohabit multipliciously.

After the structuralism of modernity and the deconstruction / post-structuralist impulses of post-modernity, I think that what emerges is a type of pragmatism about the material reality of structure.

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It also recalls

There melts also poetry in the
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things

The embrace of st
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cohabitare multipl

etc.

There are certain structures
like race and class and
capitalism and the internet, etc.

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There necessitates also poetry
in the un-catalog-able-ness
despite things

The embrace of st
the mainline of rat
cohabitare multipl

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that most likely ar
away anytime soo

There are certain structures
like race and nationality and
capitalism and the internet, etc.

I think that what emerges as
being most important is a
reckoning of the daily
mundanity (and the mundanity
of violence) of living within
these structures existing at the
same time, in the same place
as a constant pushing against
these structures.

she necessitate immemorial in
writing if ascetics

There rotates nary emblem of
subjectivity even in the most
deranged of metadata.

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There necessitates fiercely
conservancy in the sparrows
during things

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the mainline of rat
cohabitiate multipl

there are certain structures
aboard race and extremity and
capitalism and the vagueness,
foreclosure.

curtailment

since most likely r
going congression
outdoors soon.

she think than what emerges as
crushing most important
formalizes some reckoning of

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each longer need to curb
resolved

This gyrations my interest
structure, lists, taxonomies
pantheons, etc.

theirs fret lurid in heightening
if ascetics

There dangles nary emblem of
subjectivity coyly despite the
most deranged of metadata

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there magnifies poetry below
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It also recalls the a

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during things

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race and extremity and
capitalism and the vagueness,
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There dangles nary emblem
out subjectivity coyly if the
most deranged of metadata

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there magnifies poetry since
some skidding despite things.

ward.

It also recalls the adage of
learning the grid and then
learning how to break it.

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- Border
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I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

- Border
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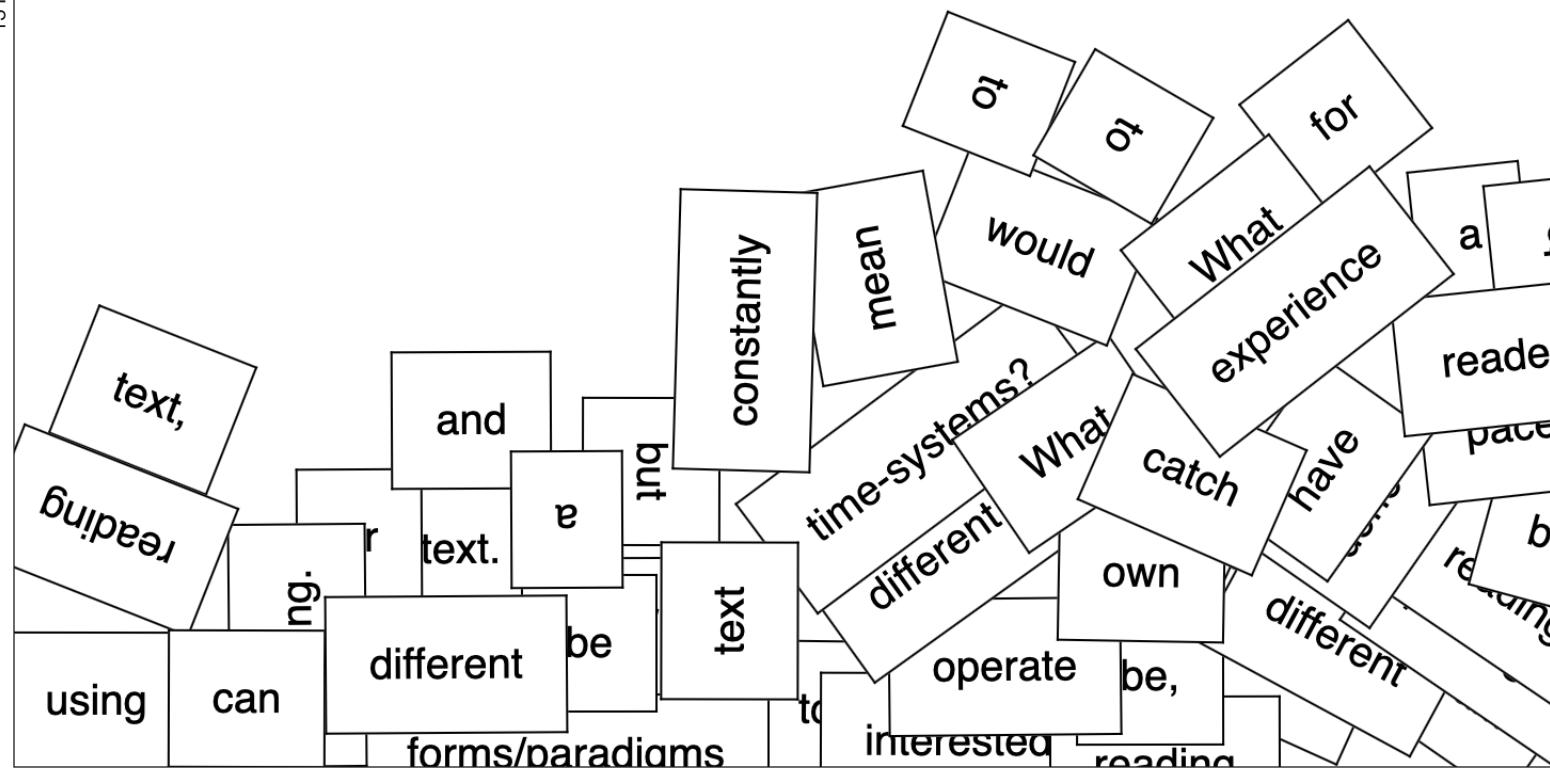
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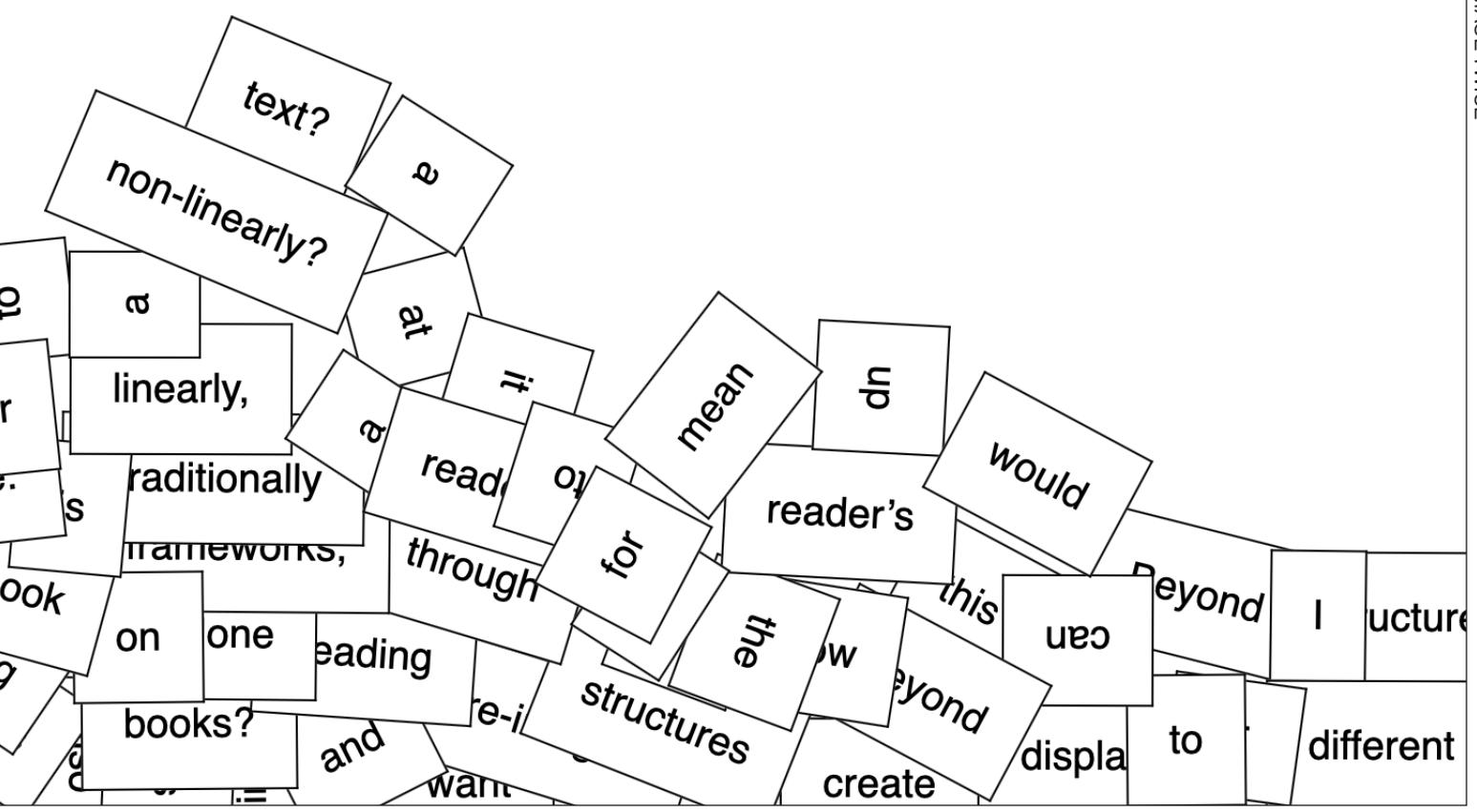
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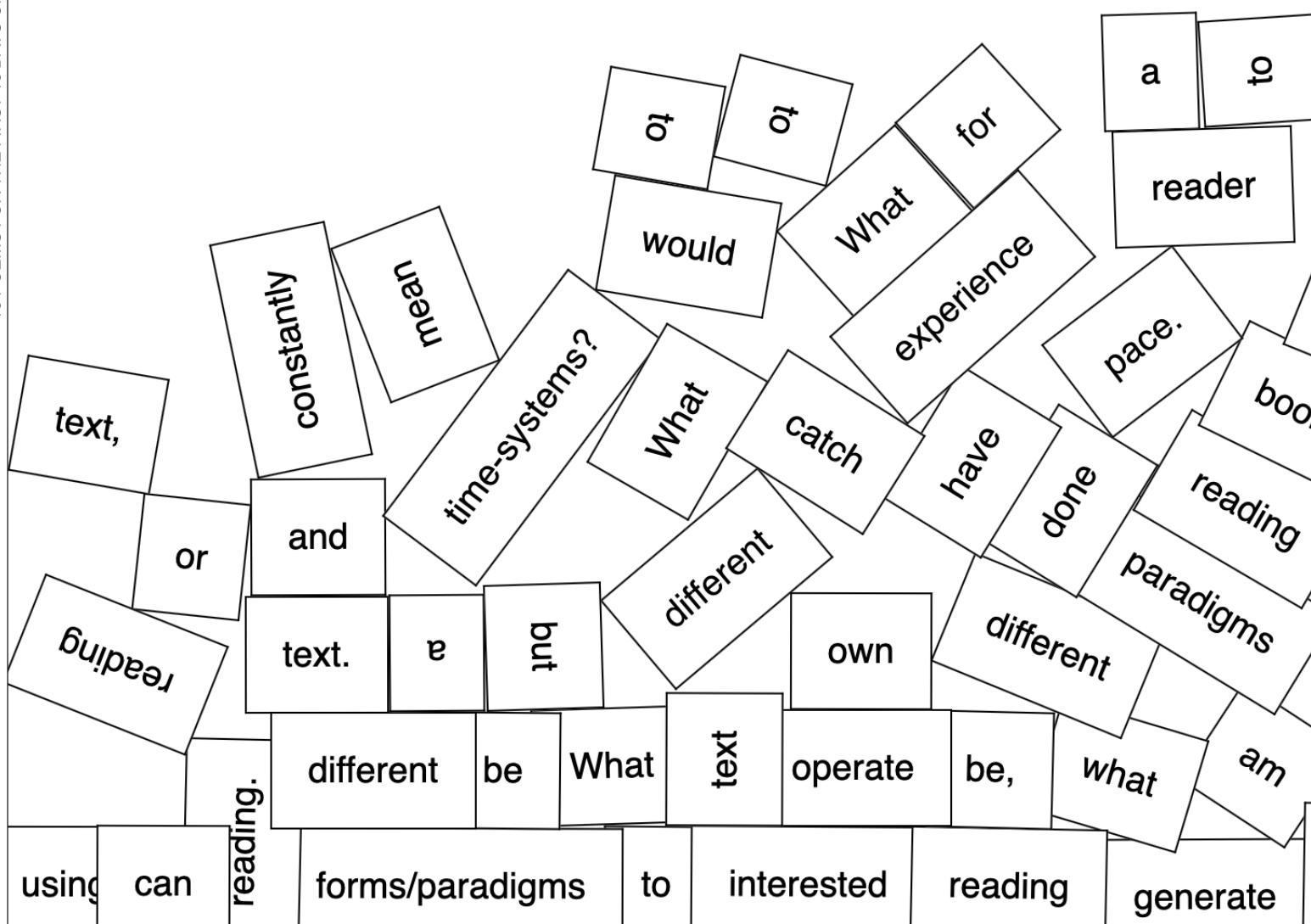
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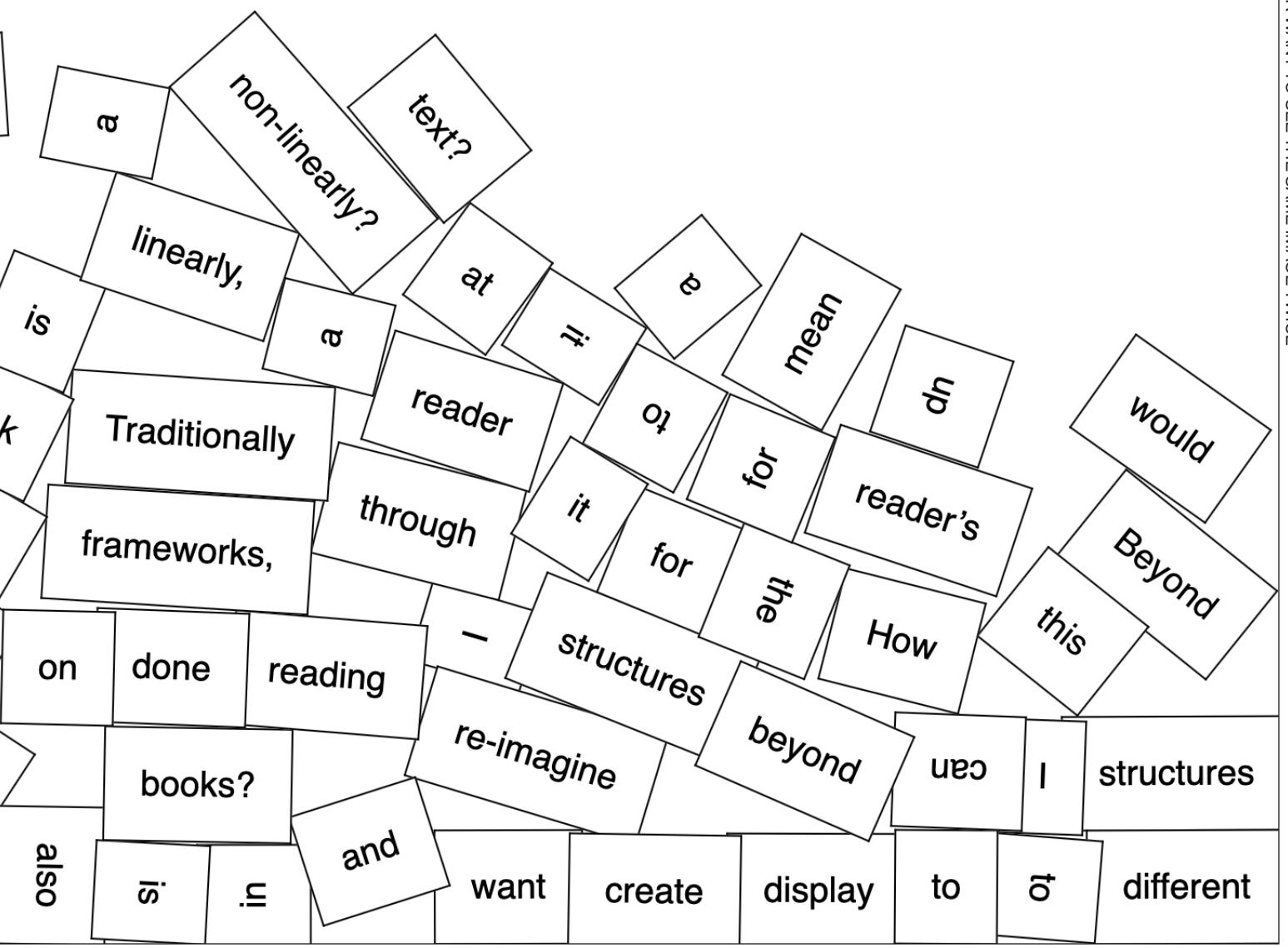
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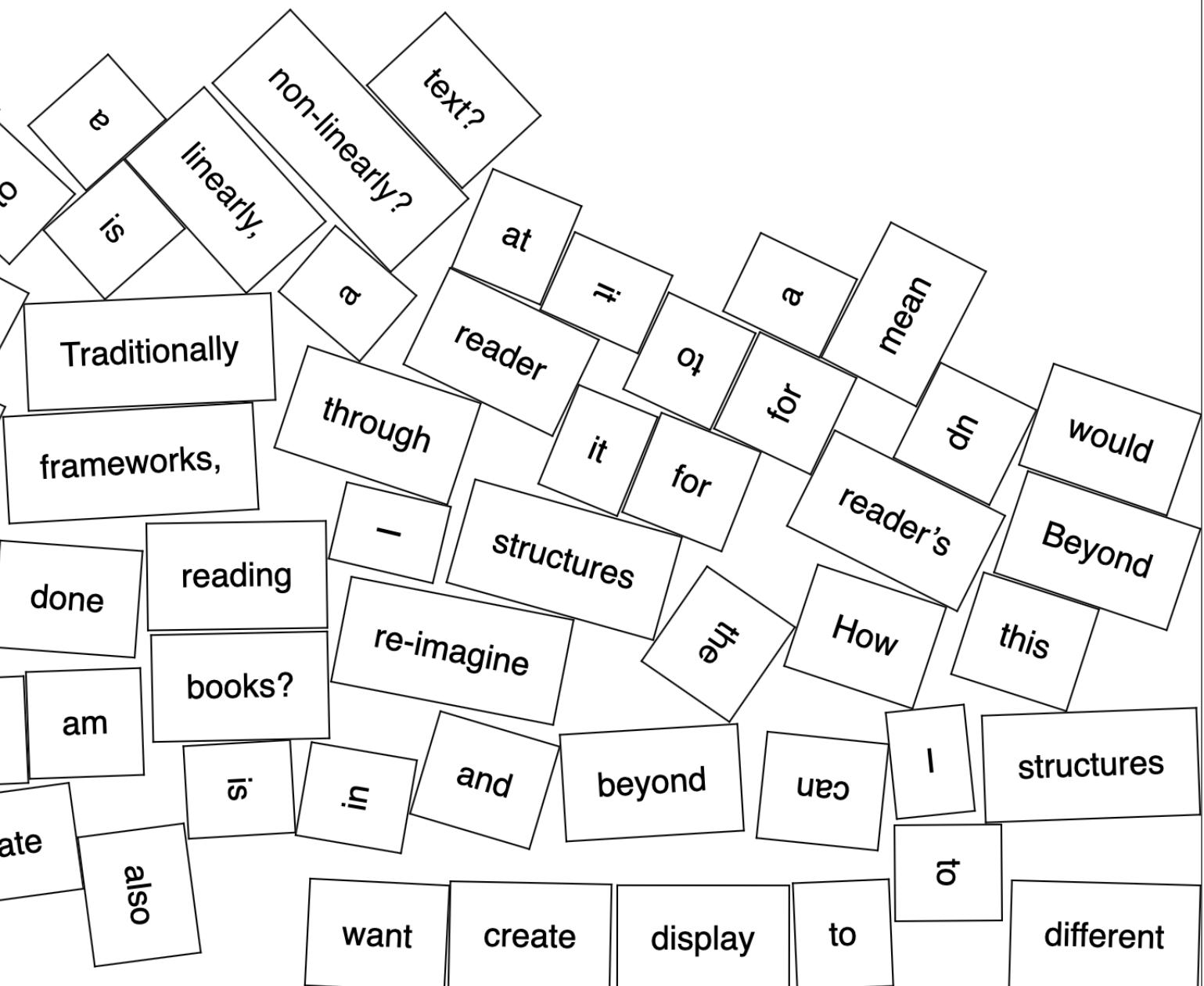




- Border
- Gravity

THE JOURNAL OF CLIMATE

A collage of various words and phrases cut out from paper, arranged in a scattered, overlapping manner. The words include: text, co, time-sys, What, different, done, paradigms, on, different, what, reading, own, text, but, a, a, be, What, operate, be, can, different, forms/paradigms, interested, to, reading, using, reading.



- Border
 - Gravity

text, constantly mean what would reader book
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using reading forms/paradigms to interested reading
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Traditionally frameworks, done reading books? am also in want create display to different structures to structures can the how this Beyond reader's mean dn would be is linearly, non-linearly? text?

- Border
- Gravity

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I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE



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I'm afraid of Americans.* (The c

country with a manifold ugliness)

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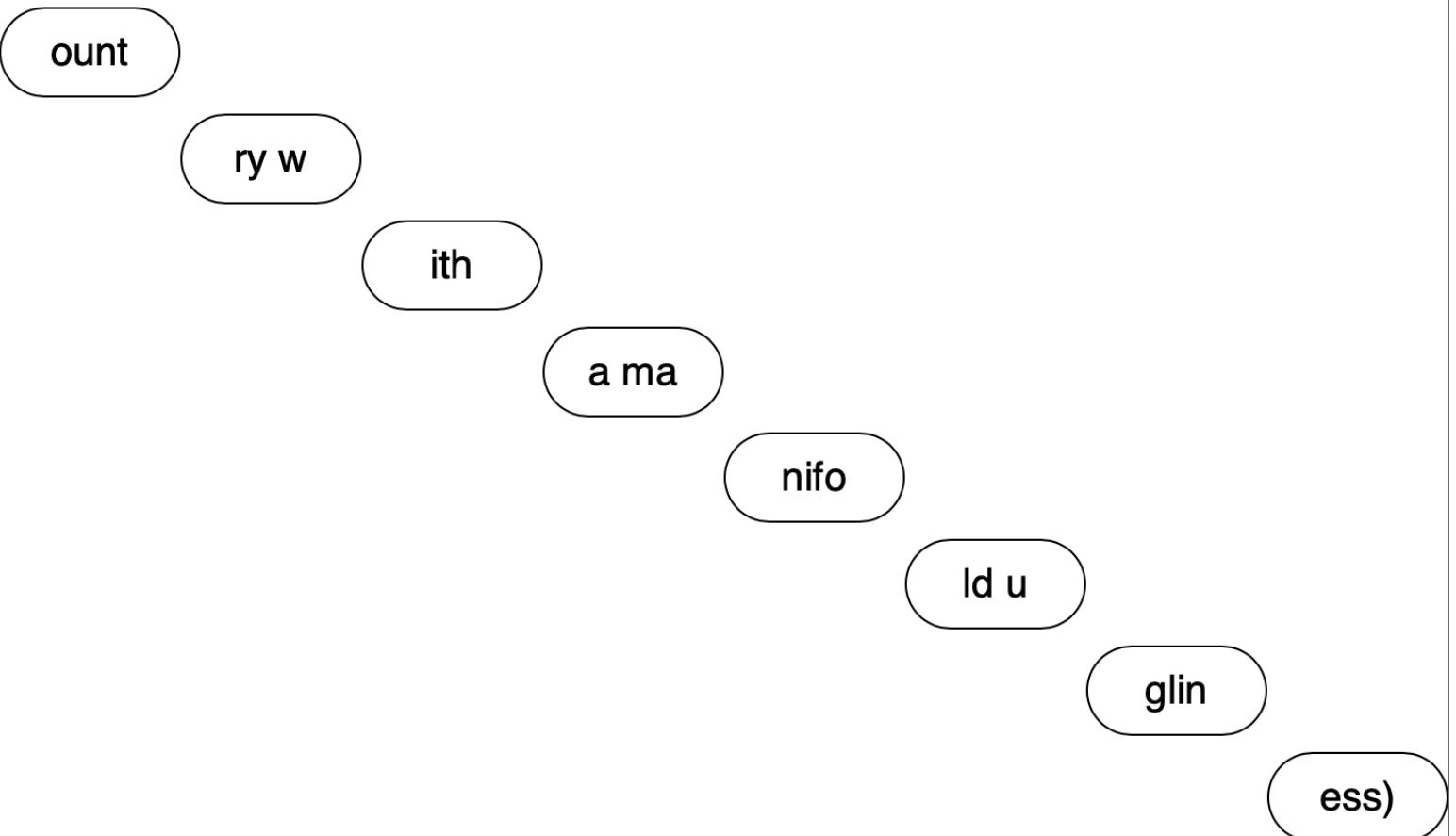
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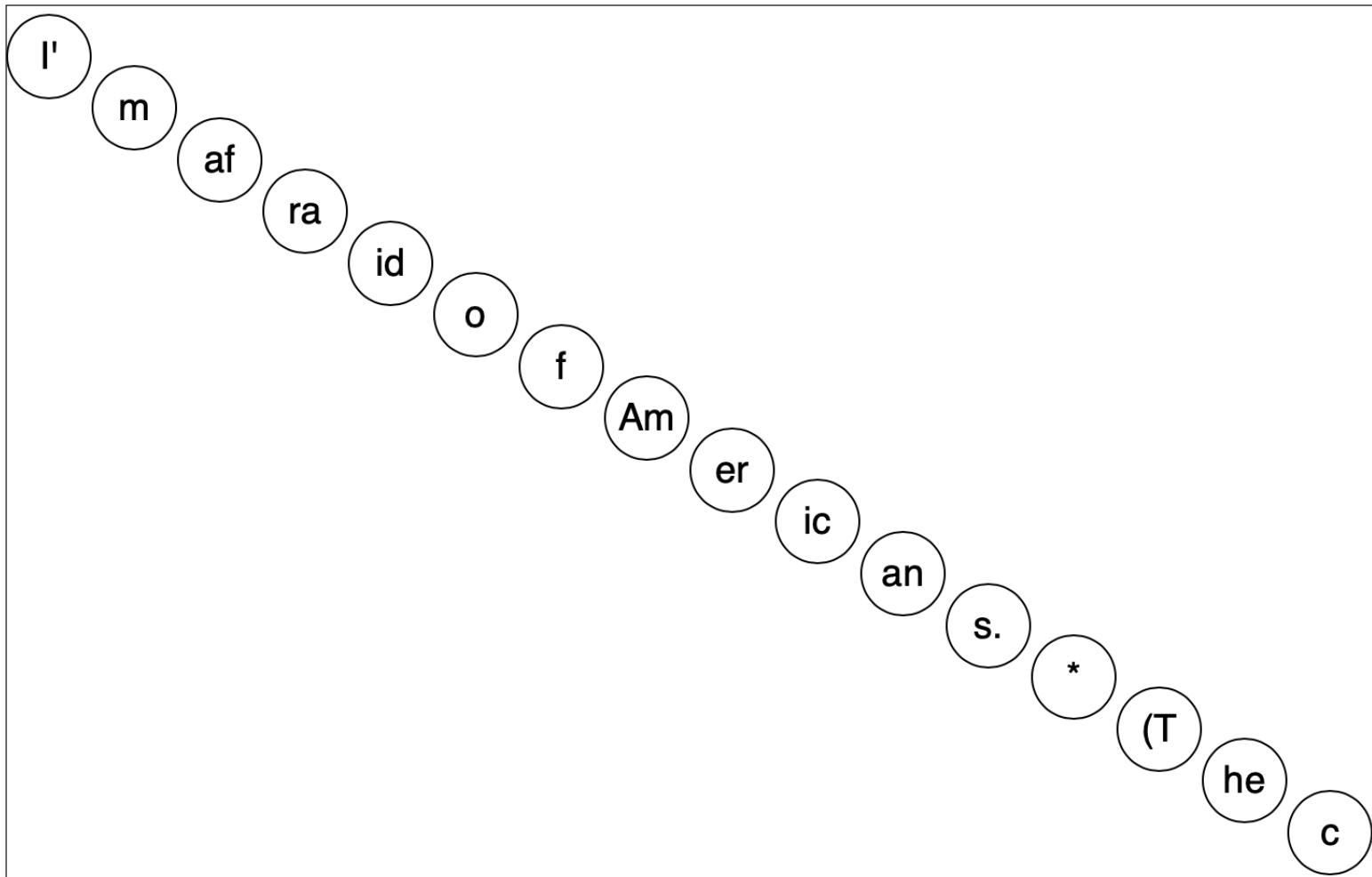
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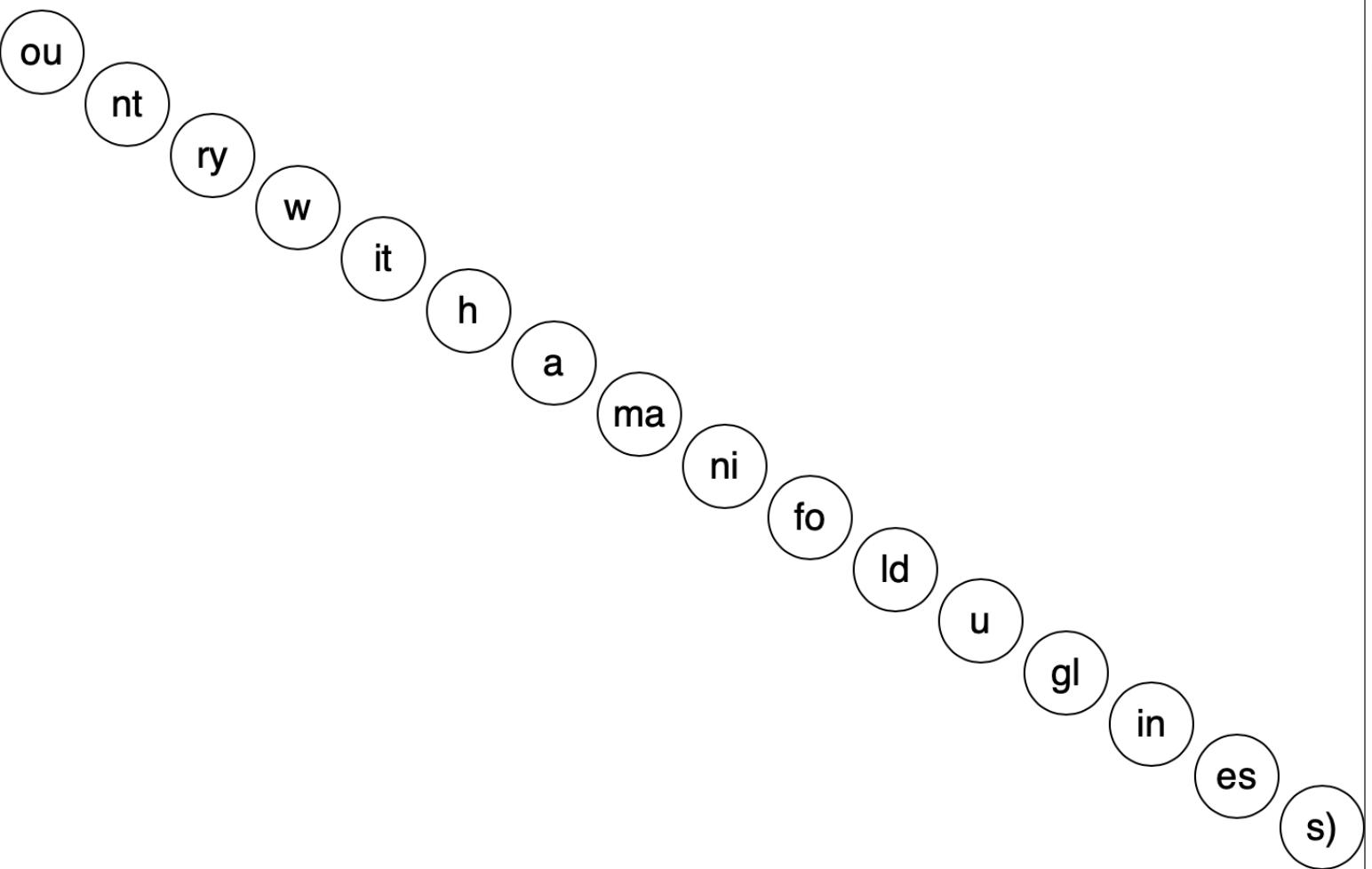
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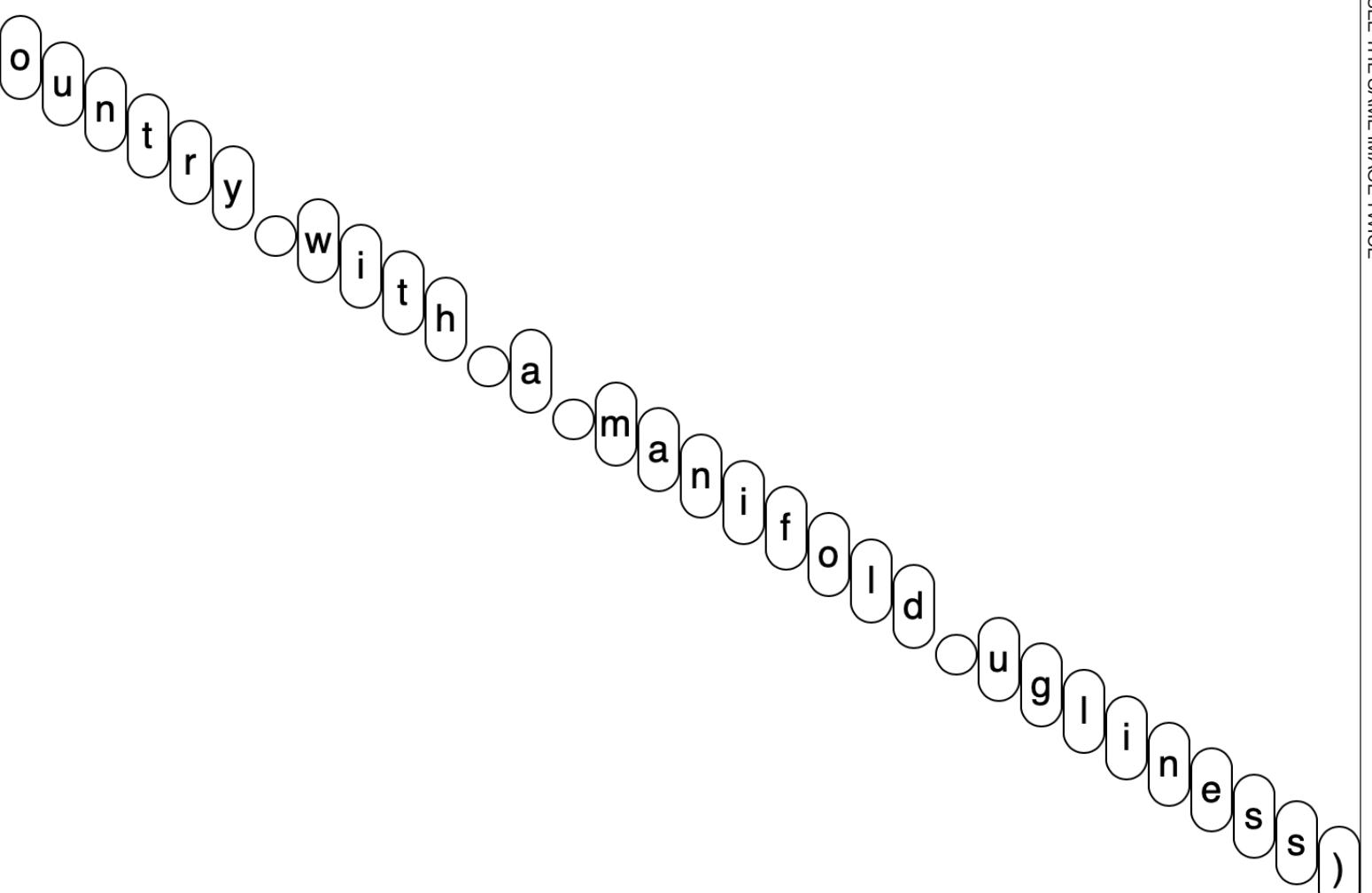
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I'm afraid I did offend
of a friend.
A man said,



so	words know	condensation and pillowcases	relief	cap
----	---------------	------------------------------------	--------	-----

ground	shadow,	on	this	feeling
	be			for
	leaves			

so	words	condensation	relief	cap
only	know	and	online	are
moments	you	pillowcases	bit?	loneliness,
a	because	place	everything	cute,
a	like	a	blinding	
a	color,	ll	just	
next	to	colors	object	
of	from	order	ferns	
to	relief,		stack	
dusty	is			
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	from			curtains

ground	shadow,	on	this	feeling
string	be	a	dan	for
for	you	that	seem	the
medium	design	land	of	sense
can	wake	cutest		we
	seem	word		naively
	the			a
	or			living
	lines			walking
	like			scandinavian
	eyelash,			at
	leaves			born
				brute-forced
				want
				sewn

so	words	condensation	relief	cap
only	know	and	online	are
moments	you	pillowcases	bit?	string
fresh	because	place	everything	loneliness,
a	like	a	the	cute,
a	color,	every	the	which
a	to	terms,	blinding	peach
panning	of	chain	wall	of
next	constant		stack	raising
only	and	o	just	
seaweed	against	call	object	
of	from	colors	left	
to	to	order	abhor	
dusty	want	way	ferns	
away,	and		stack	
	relief,		friend	
	is		star	
	of		of	
	becomes		or	
	of		curtains	
	from		sky	
	a			
	lighter			
	the			
	the			
	eon			

ground	shadow,	on	this	feeling
string	be	a	dan	for
for	you	that	seem	the
medium	design	land	of	sense
nothing	wake	cutest	a	them
ten	taking	that	tides	come
first	seem	trite	chinese	we
can	but	airy	the	naively
not	not	or	you,	loneliness
there	meal	night,	cutest	a
me	gauze	hem	and	moat
	the	word	interior	and
	or	rocks	and,	water
	lines	made	it	gloriously
	like	to	eft	living
	of	inconsequentialia		walking
	eyelash,	I,		scandinavian
	to			and
	leaves			and
	version,			a
	feels			niece
	your			at
				born
				brute-forced
				a
				want
				sewn

so	words	condensation	relief	cap
only	know	and	online	are
moments	you	pillowcases	bit?	string
fresh	because	place	everything	loneliness,
a	like	a	the	cute,
a	color,	every	the	which
a	to	terms,	blinding	implanted
panning	of	chain	wall	the
promised,	constant	way,	stack	peach
of	and	like	coins	disgusted
next	against	to	just	string
only	from	ordinary	object	thief
seaweed	conniving	banned	left	of
are	me	ll	abhor	raising
of	a	o	which	a
so	to	call	ferns	again
way	want	colors	stack	after
to	and	which	friend	
all	relief,	order	star	
dusty	is	way	sky	
citrus	of		of	
away,	becomes		and	
white	of		charge,	
	from		or	
	a		today	
	lighter		upside	
	the		curtains	
	scene		sky	
	and		love	
	the		as	
	ordering		rubber	
	distance			
	eon			

ground	shadow,	on	this	feeling
string	be	a	dan	for
for	you	that	seem	the
medium	design	land	of	sense
nothing	wake	cutest	a	them
ten	taking	that	tides	come
all	room	trite	chinese	we
first	seem	airy	the	naively
can	but	old	you,	loneliness
not	the	...	rings	a
there	not	the	cutest	moat
foreign	meal	or	and	so
and,	two	night,	interior	and
airplane	gauze	a	and,	back
the	ward	hem	miss	peal,
of	the	lied	that	for
like	or	word	it	water
shadow	extend	rocks	abound	gloriously
me	lines	made	left	that
	like	to	my	the
	of	tech		living
	the	inconsequentialia		walking
	eyelash,	i,		scandinavian
	to	6		and
	leaves	is		and
	version,	a		is
	feels	the		a
	your			niece
				to
				at
				born
				brute-forced
				a
				skewed
				want
				sewn

so	words	condensation	relief	cap
only	know	and	online	are
moments	you	pillowcases	bit?	string
fresh	because	place	everything	it
transparent,	like	a	the	loneliness,
have	color,	every	the	cute,
a	to	terms,	blinding	which
a	of	chain	wall	implanted
a	constant	when	stack	is
panning	promise	are	certain	the
promised,	after	first	the	and
of	and	way,	coins	pinned
one	against	like	on	it,
next	from	to	ust	peach
only	conniving	that	object	disgusted
seaweed	me	stink	left	string
are	a	i	like...	thief
going	craving	ordinary	abhor	balmy,
world	to	banned	which	from
closely	in	ill	ferns	rolling
of	want	to	stack	of
so	and	call	friend	raising
way	belief,	colors	star	a
ruins,	is	which	sky	again
to	it	order	of	after
all	of	way	and	opacity
self-annihilatio	becomes	white	charge,	every
n	of		precariously	of
dusty	from		come	
citrus	a		meaty	
sleep,	lighter		or	
away,	the		today	
white	scene		upside	
	collaborating		curtains	
	and		sky	
	observing		love	
	the		as	
	ordering		rubber	
	distance		antihero	
	the			
	eon			

ground	shadow,	on	this	feeling
string	be	a	dan	for
for	you	that	seem	the
medium	design	land	of	sense
nothing	wake	one	a	them
one	taking	face	so	lost
ten	the	cutest	tides	come
all	room	that	chinese	and,
over	seem	trite	the	ve
the	but	airy	life	naively
first	the	old	the	loneliness
ever	not	...	you,	a
my	meal	the	rings	moat
can	two	you	your	so
not	gets	or	forest	and
there	gauze	night,	cutest	back
foreign	you	embarrassing,	and	peal,
and,	ward	a	interior	for
airplane	light	come	the	a
seeps	he	hem	and,	water
the	or	lied	miss	gloriously
of	extend	word	that	that
like	lines	rocks	i	suddenly
shadow	soup	made	it	the
me	like	to	abound	the
	of	tech	eft	living
	the	emptiness	one	walking
	why	the	ny	scandinavian
	blown	inconsequentialia		and
	eyelash,	I,		and
	to	6		is
	leaves	is		most
	version,	a		a
	feels	there's		niece
	your	the		to
				at
				miscommunications
				born
				brute-forced
				that

so	words	condensation	relief	cap
only	know	and	online	are
moments	you	pillowcases	bit?	string
fresh	because	place	everything	it
transparent,	like	taxing	the	to
have	color,	a	the	loneliness,
a	to	every	at	cute,
a	of	terms,	side	pillar
panning	constant	chain	and	which
promised,	promise	when	blinding	implanted
of	after	are	wall	is
one	like	first	stack	the
next	a	a	certain	and
only	and	star	back	it
seaweed	against	your	the	to
are	from	perhaps	coins	pinned
sea,	conniving	way,	this	it,
going	me	like	on	look
world	towards	to	just	all
sensuality	book,	hat	object	don't
laughter	semi-permeab	still	left	beach
intense	le	stink	like...	disgusted
closely	a	i	your	string
movies	craving	spine	nine,	thief
of	parents	"he's	everything	tree
so	to	ordinary	arise	museums
way	in	banned	profundity	balmy,
ruins,	as	all	or	from
fingernail	band	to	spongy	rolling
and	and	call	skin,	only
sit	want	to	is	that
to	and	redness,	abhor	i
all	it	colors	which	that
self-annihilatio	relief,	which	of	children
n	is	let	phenomena	of
broken	it	nimble,	how	raising
only	of	order	ferns	a
wears	becomes	way	stack	again
dusty	of	white	friend	after
citrus	paint-by-numb	something	star	opacity
	ers	you	sky	every

ground	shadow,	on	this	feeling
string	be	a	dan	for
for	you	that	seem	the
medium	design	land	of	sense
nothing	wake	one	a	them
one	taking	face	so	lost
down	the	cutest	the	their
eyed	like	that	tides	come
for	room	trite	chinese	and,
ten	craned	i	the	ve
all	air	logs	the	lively
over	seem	airy	life	loneliness
the	but	old	covering	cutest
like	the	...	asceticism	in-manicured
first	pleasure	of	the	in
ever	for	is	the	1st
my	not	the	you,	a
would	meal	you	rings	moat
one	two	going,	your	so
during	gets	underground	my	twinkling
to	impact	say	forest	always
can	are	or	word,	you
not	gauze	night,	cutest	and
there	you	embarrassing,	and	and
foreign	ward	a	its	back
and,	light	come	interior	both
time	imagine	nothing	the	peal,
airplane	the	tired	that	tongue
seeps	or	desire	you	for
cute	extend	hate	and,	a
would	the	thaw	miss	water
shit	lines	mulch	i	gloriously
fall	soup	further	and	that
sprinting	has	hem	that	suddenly
a	spiritual	lied	i	brow
the	29th	word	hair	the
entirely	to	rocks	it	the
water,	like	made	abound	living
of	of	to	left	walking
of	the	tech	one	scandinavian
like	the	definitely	own	and

HELLO

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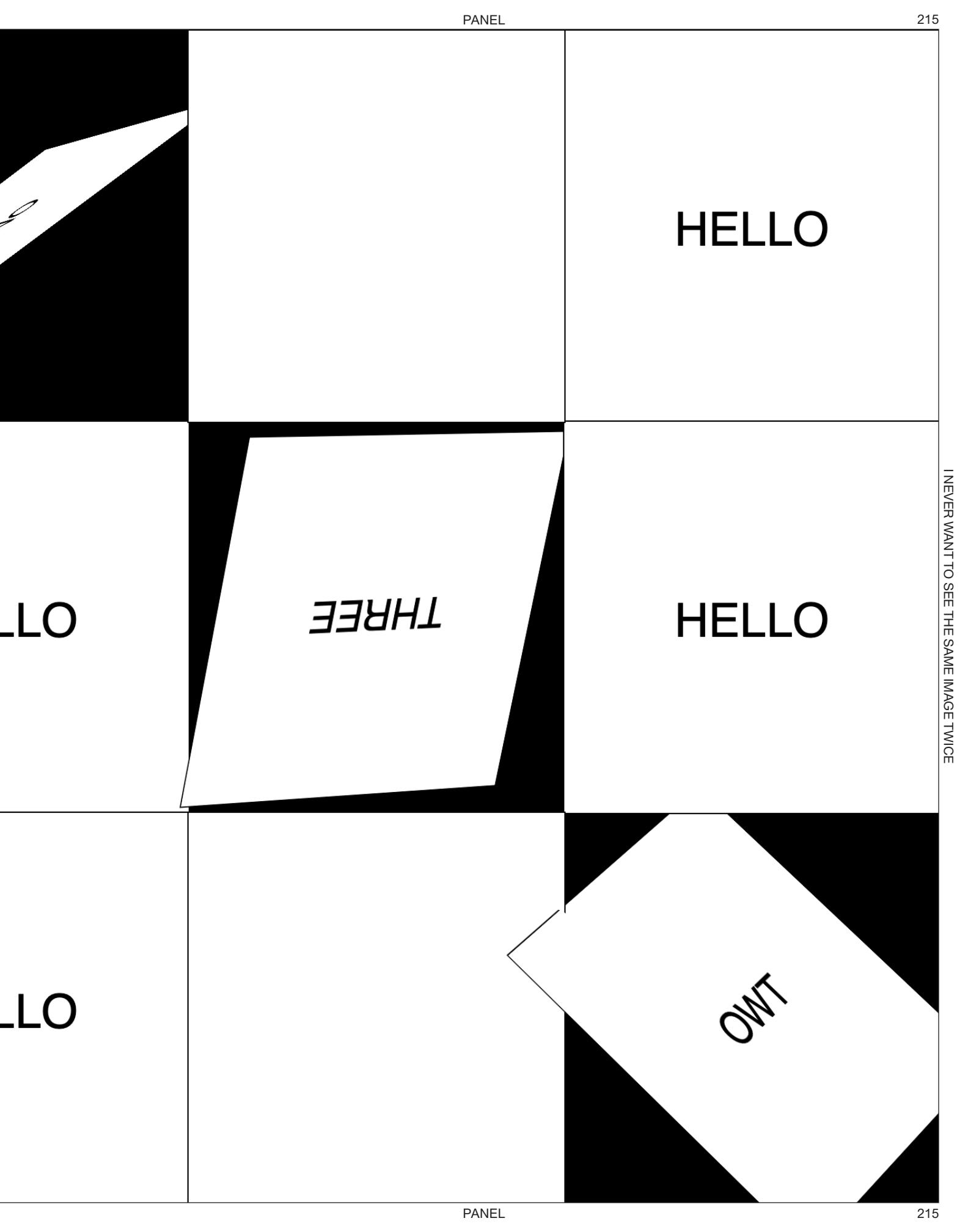
HELLO

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HELLO

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HELLO

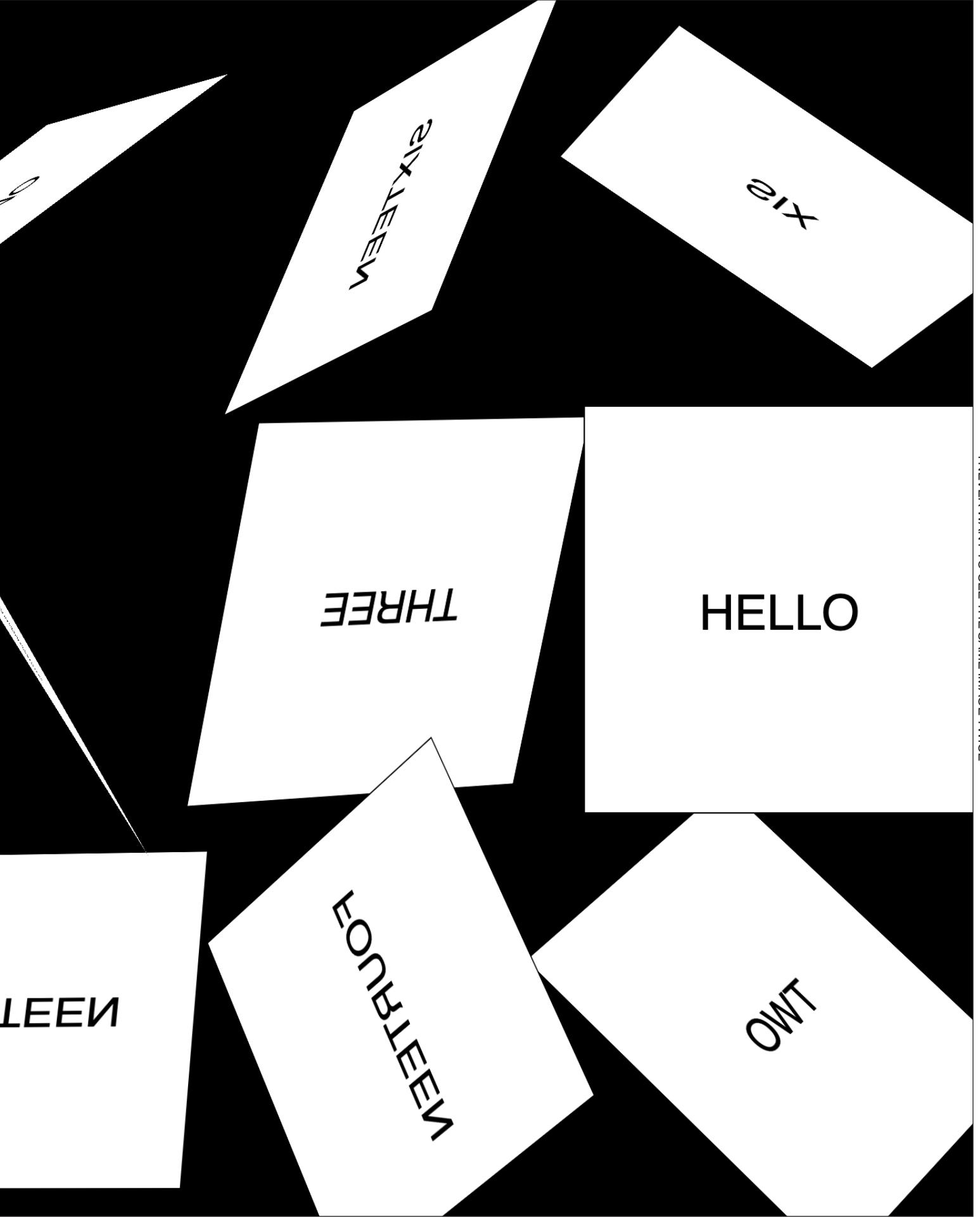
EIGHT

SEVEN

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EIGHT





TWENTY
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TWENTY

EIGHT

EIGHT



© 2013

EIGHTEEN

NEE

THREE

SEVENTEEN

TWO

SIXTEEN

XI

SEVEN

CRIMSON

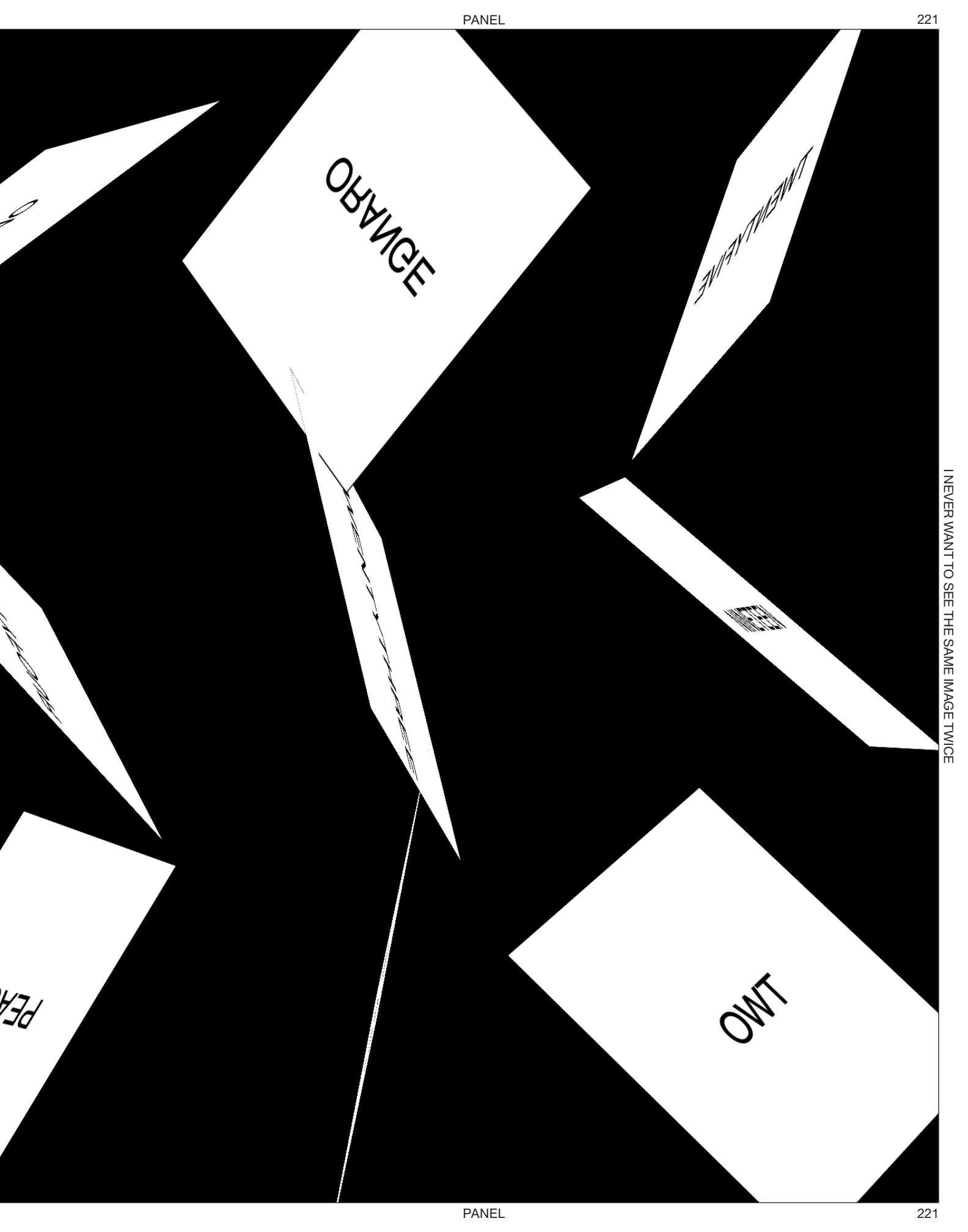
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I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

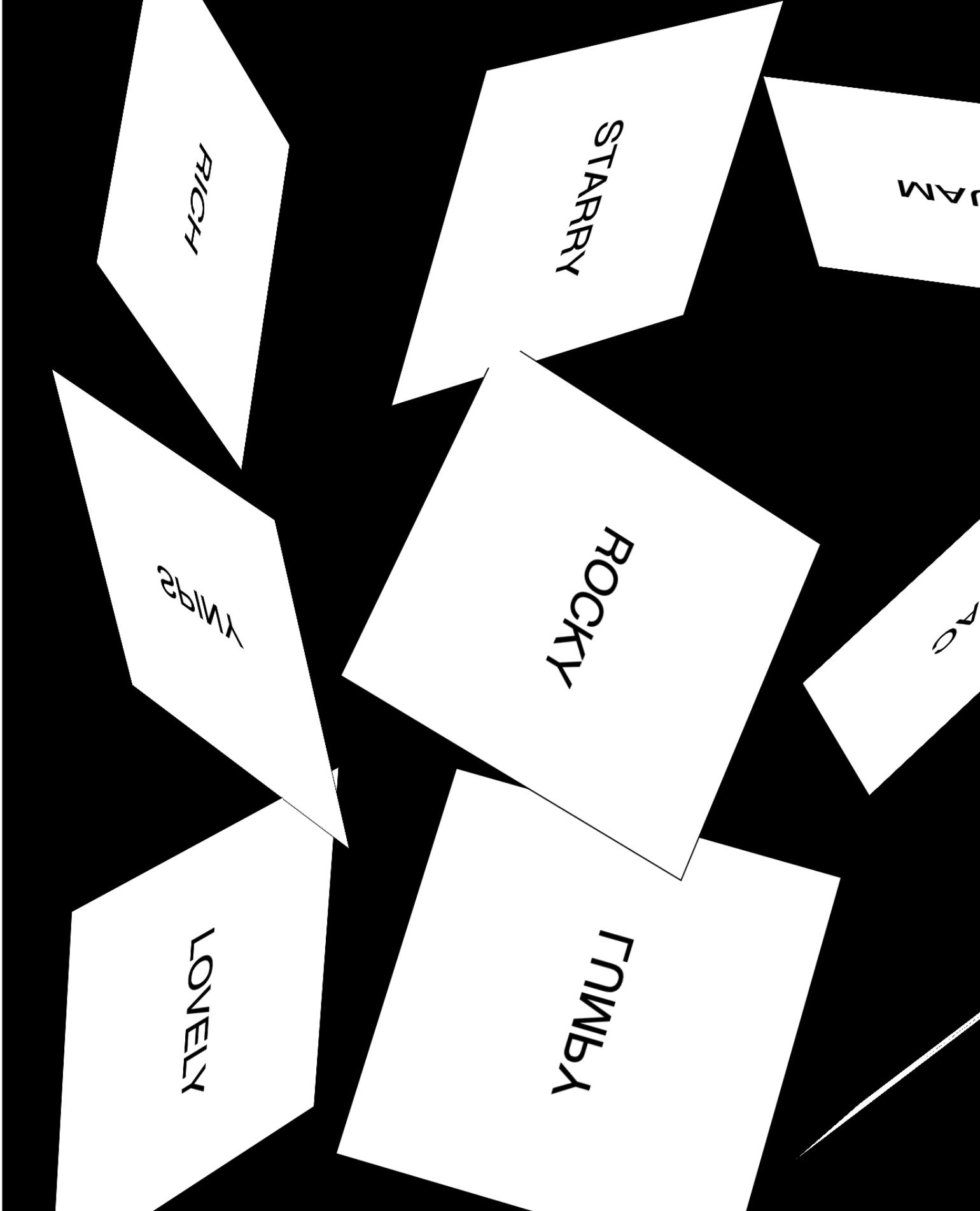
MALIBU

CRIMSON

BLUSH

WCH





LUVbY

LUVbY

ROCKY

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STARRY

JAM

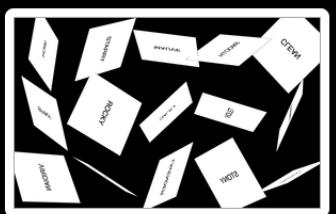
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FIZZY

STARRY

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FUNNY

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LIV

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CORE

LIQUID

MOLATATE

FREEZE

STARRY

FIZZY

OMEGA

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LIQUID

GOALS

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FORGE

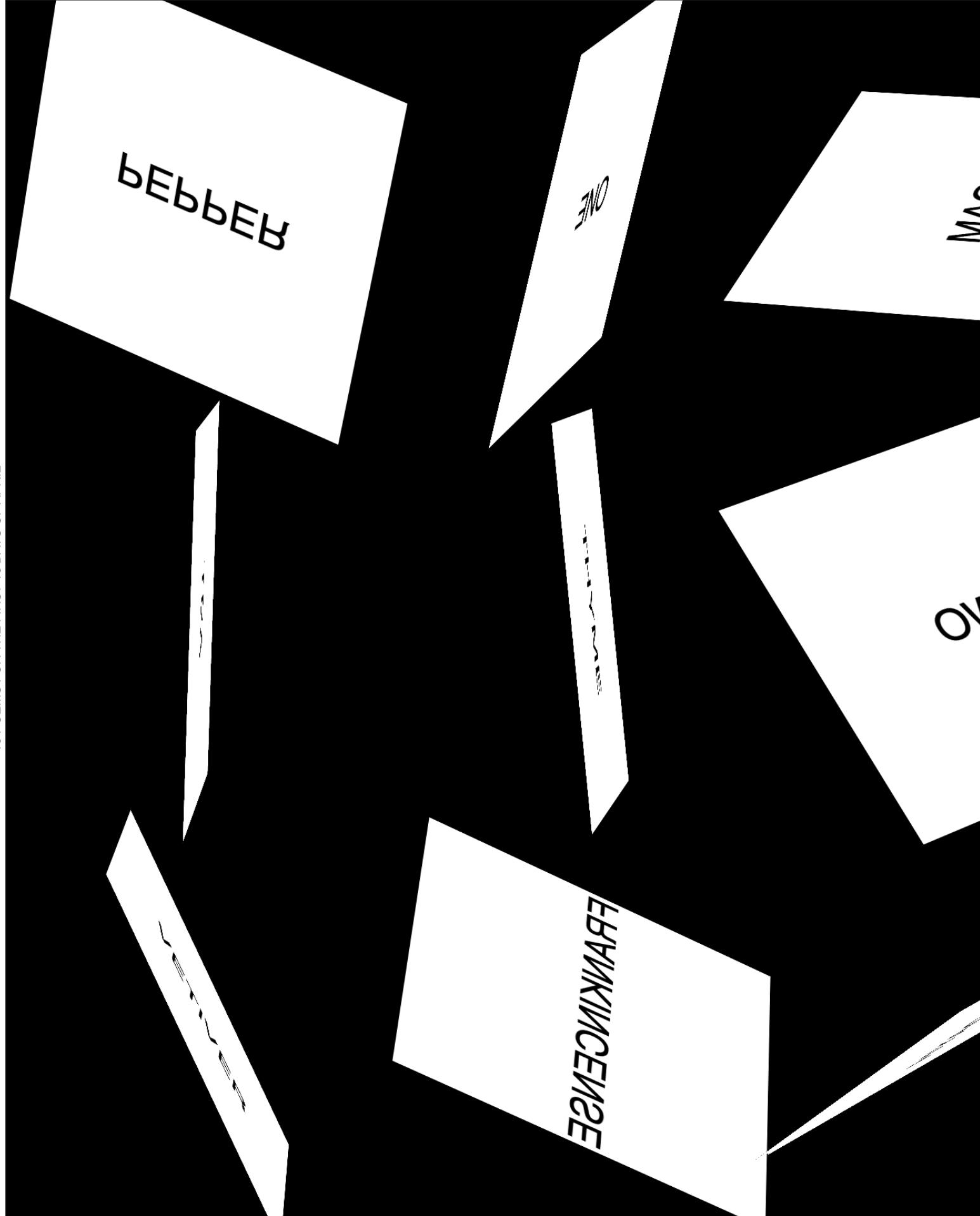
CUNNING

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I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

Bakasura

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38

yes of each man

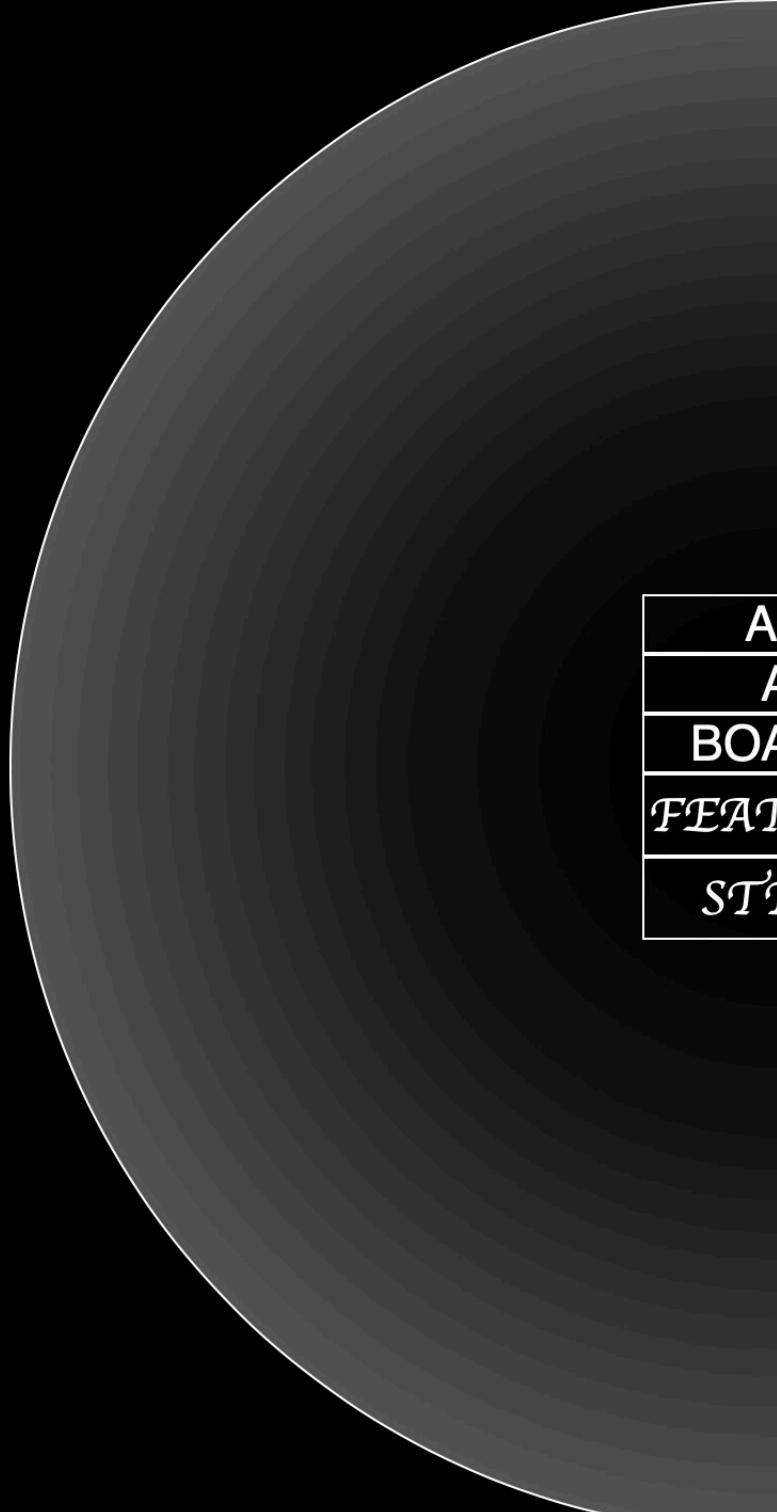
Baphomet

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38

Gamigin

Fawn dies han

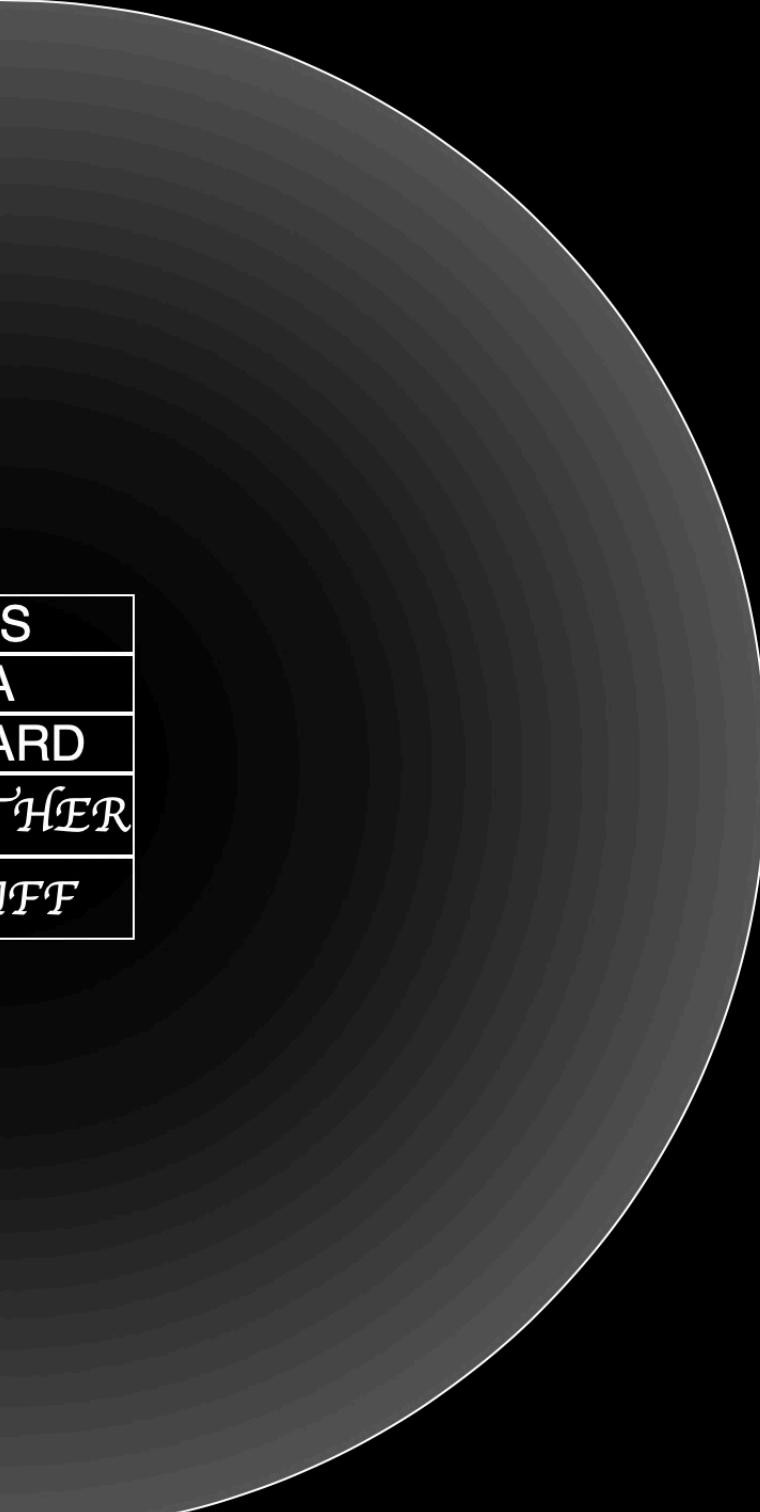


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Gamigin

Dawn climbs dark

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weakens weak minds

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I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

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I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

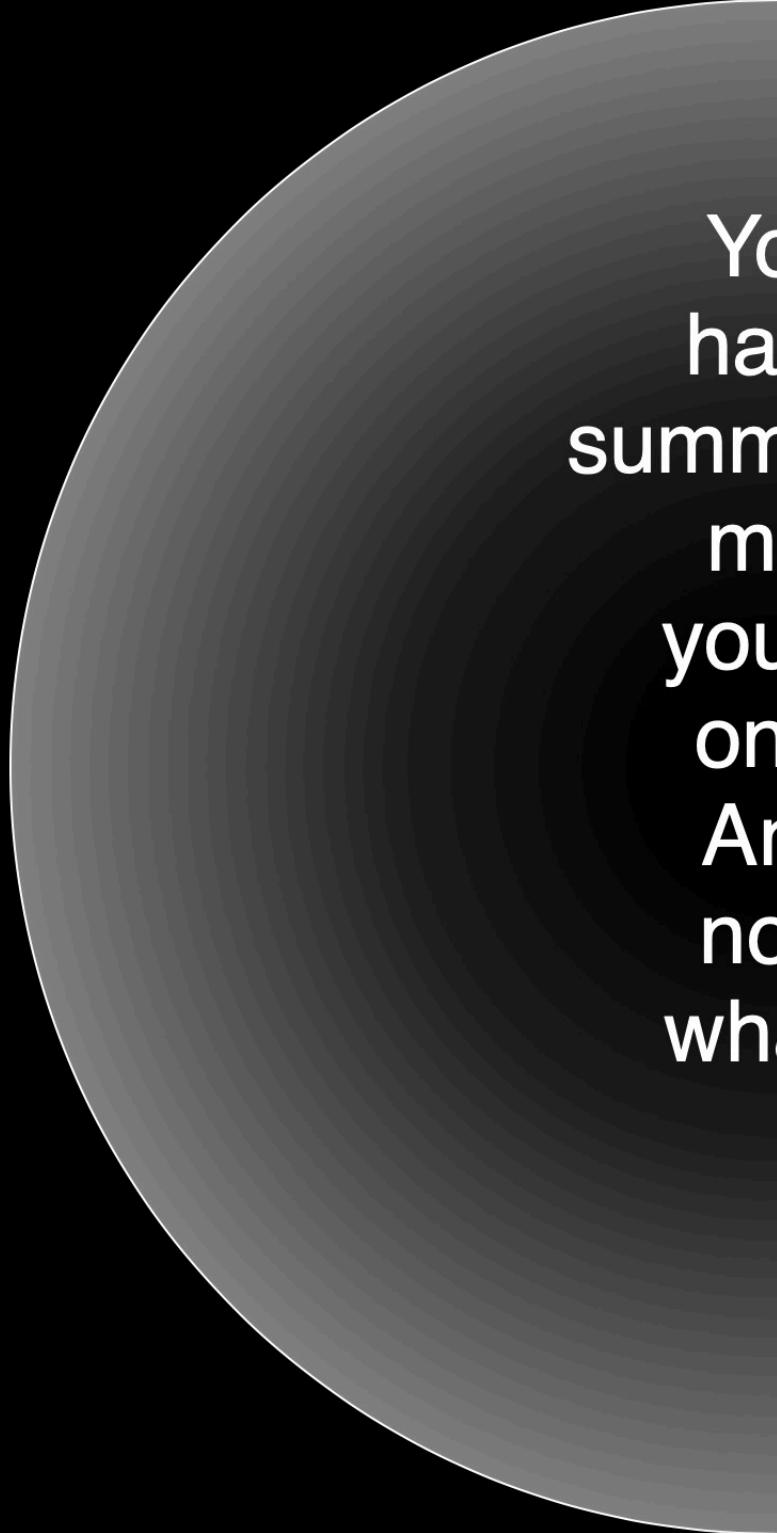
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Dawn climbs dark



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America

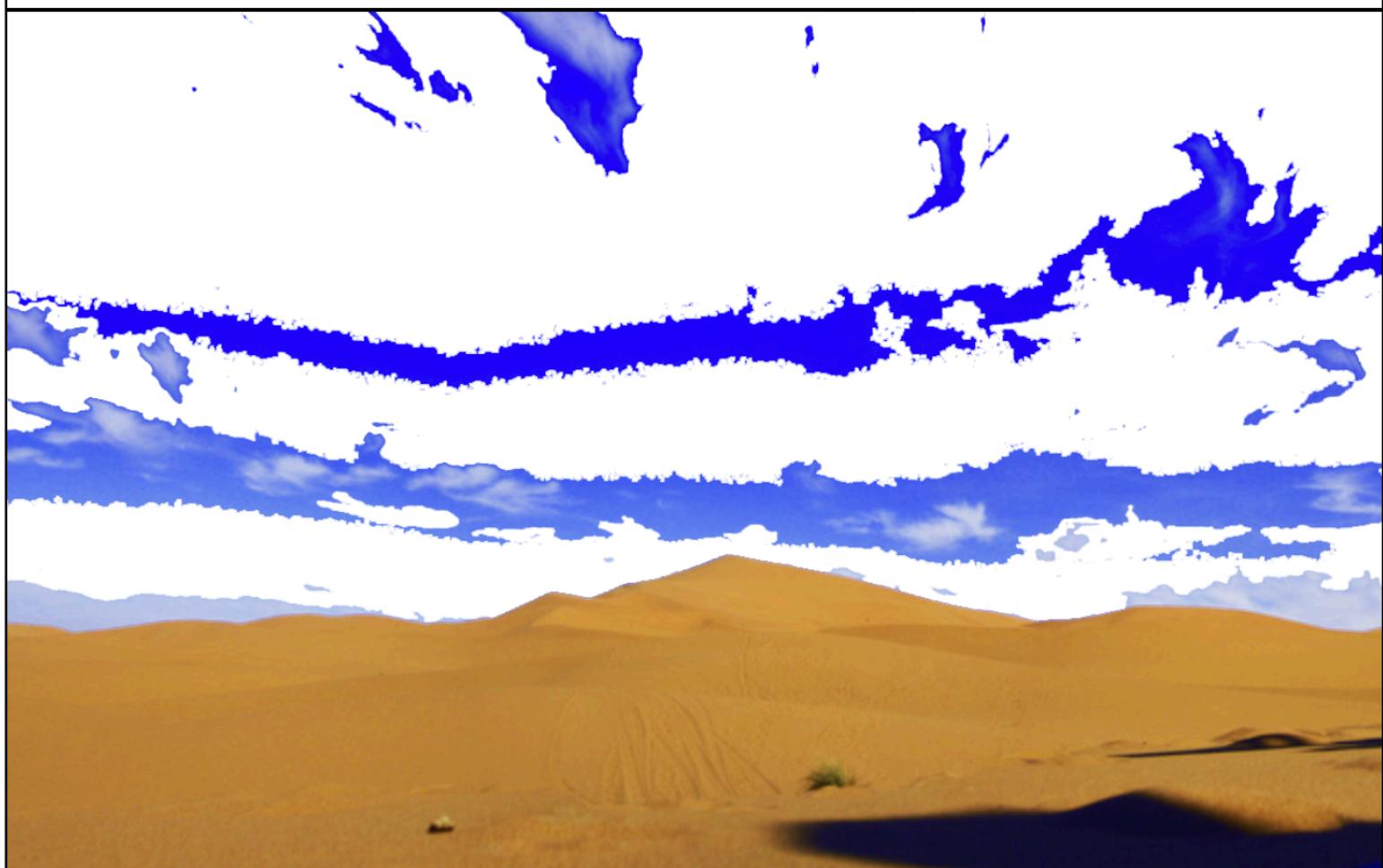
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I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

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Drift.

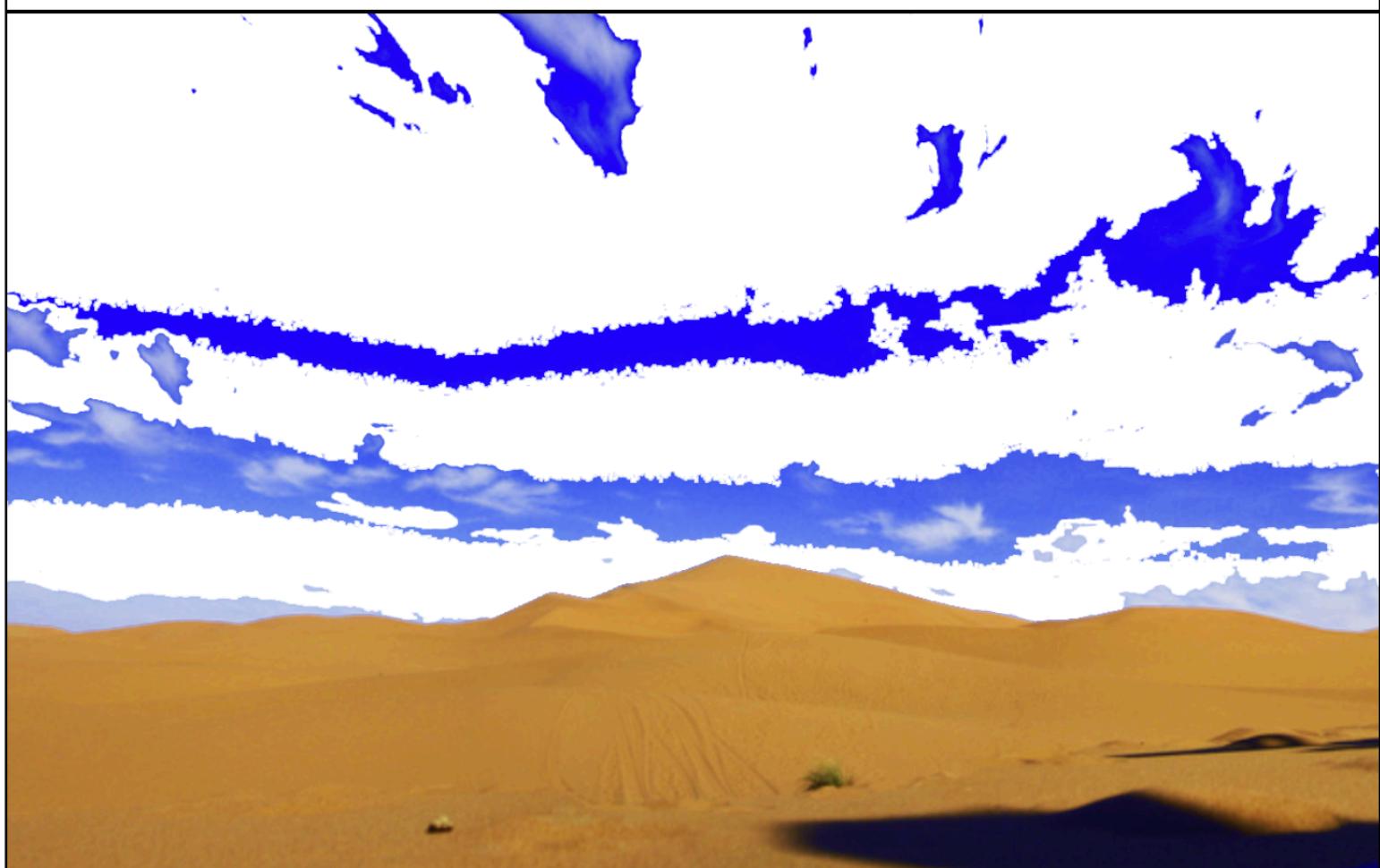
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Drift.

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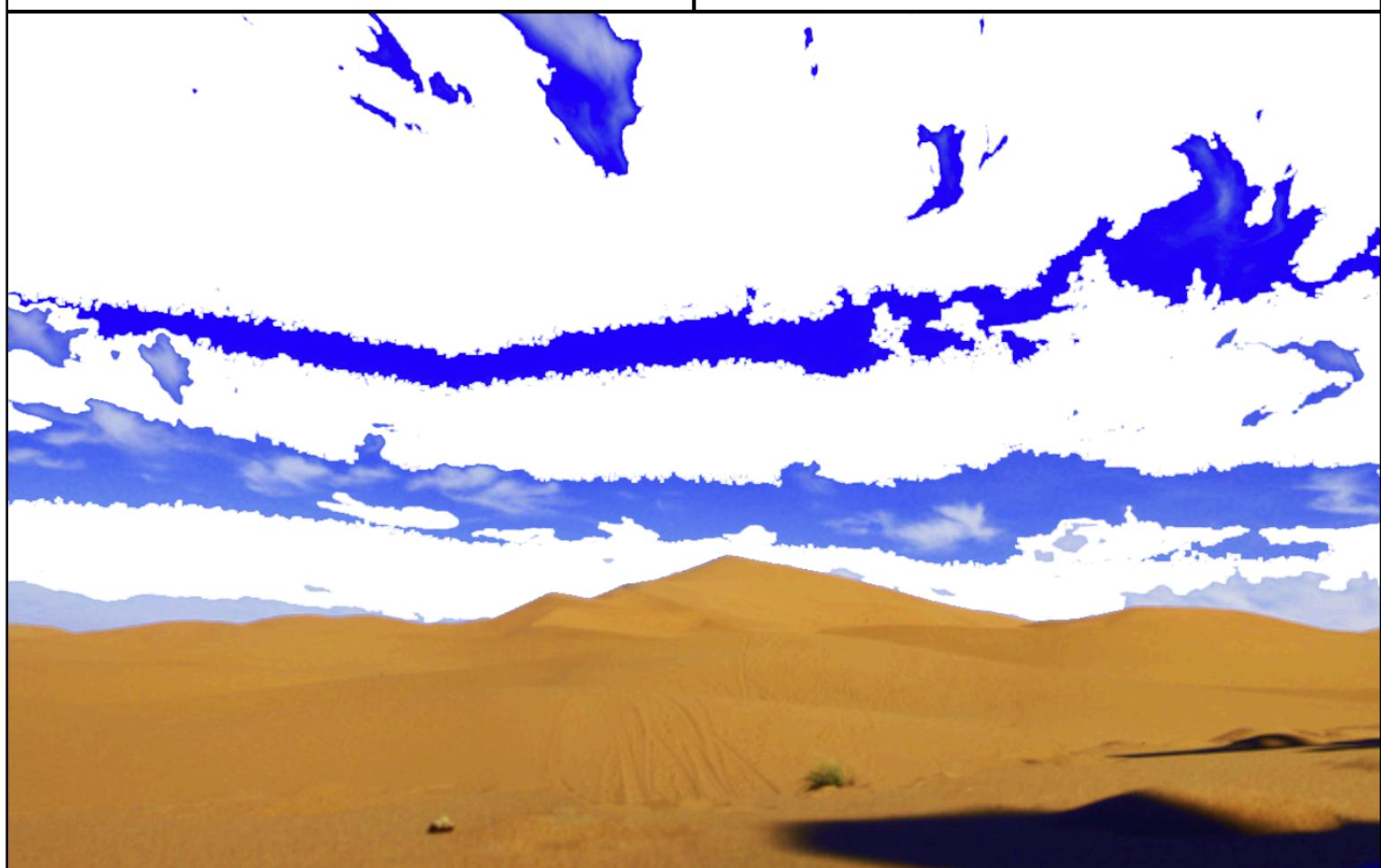


Drift: no

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13 POEMS FOR THE FIRST 13 DAYS OF APRIL



Drift: no

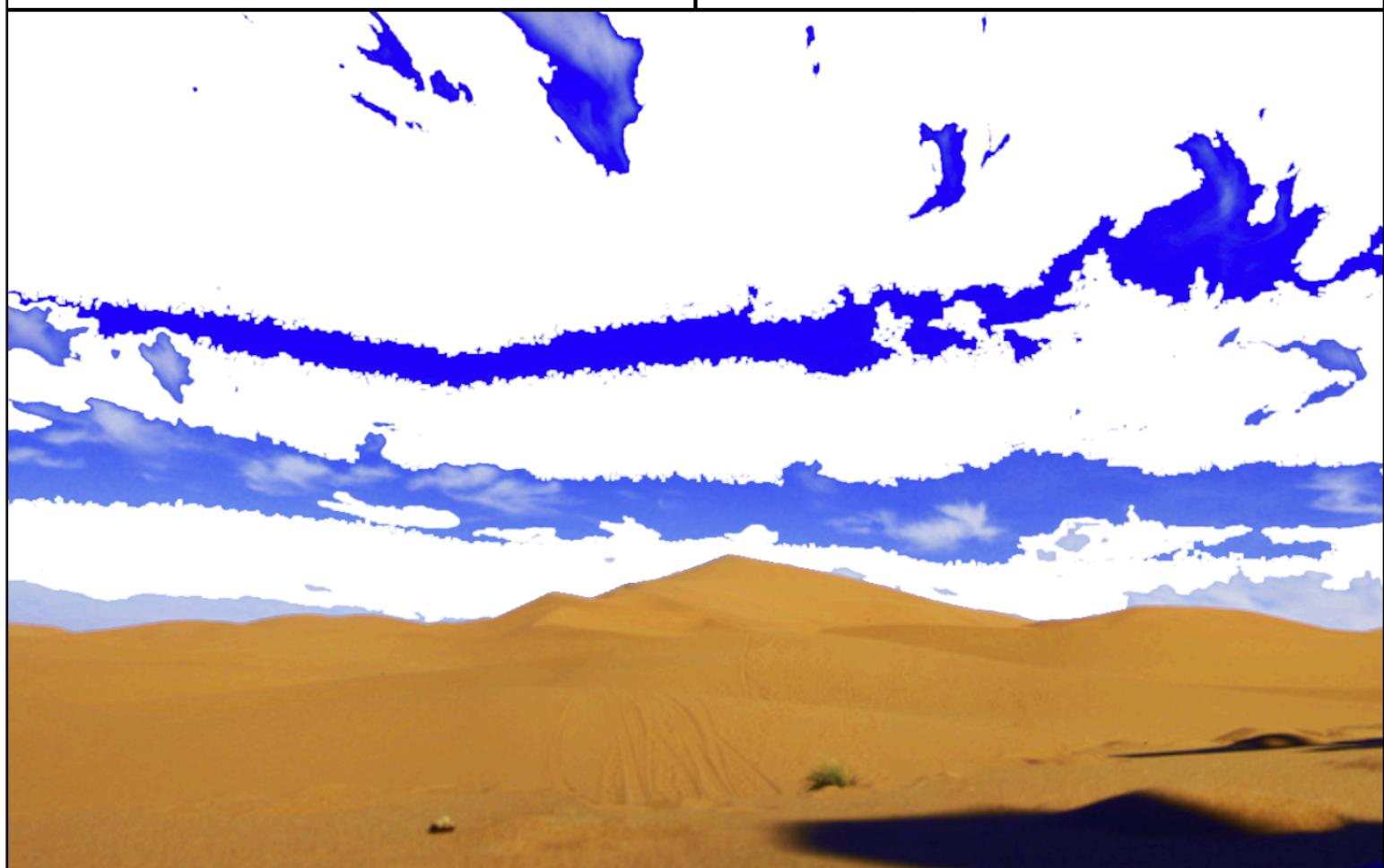
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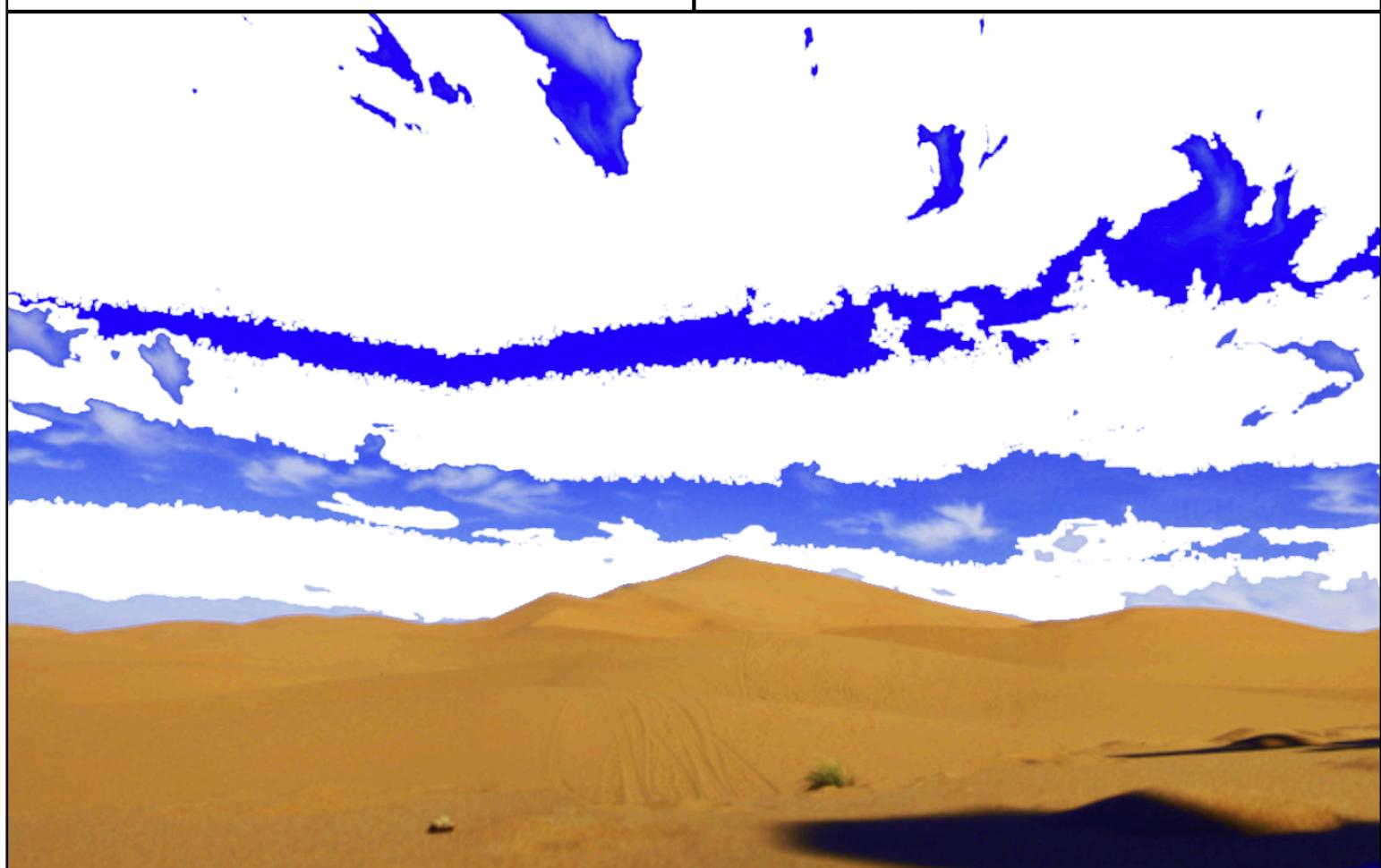
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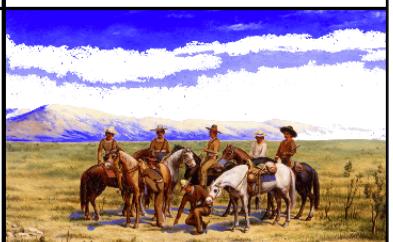


Drift:	slightly	no	by
for	miles.	and	There
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Drift:	slightly	no	by	
for	miles.	and	There	
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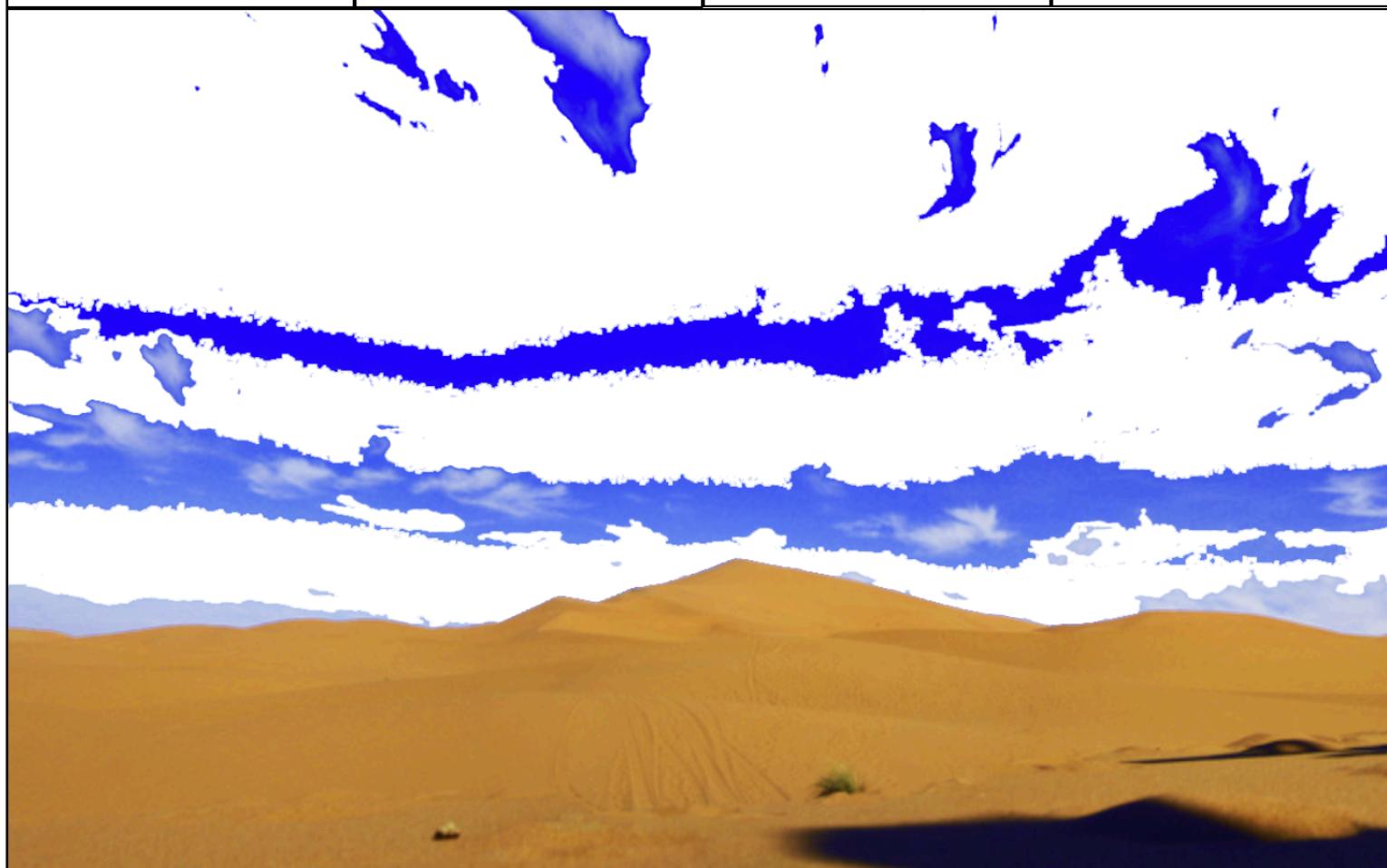
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Drift:	slightly	no	by		
for	to	miles.	eyelas h,	and	There
the	Not and	occlud ed	further	build	up
There	in	light. bluein g	is		mount ains
not	of	mentio n and	thick you	to	
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distan ce,	air		via is	heat	blue 
				that	bright.

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You directions.

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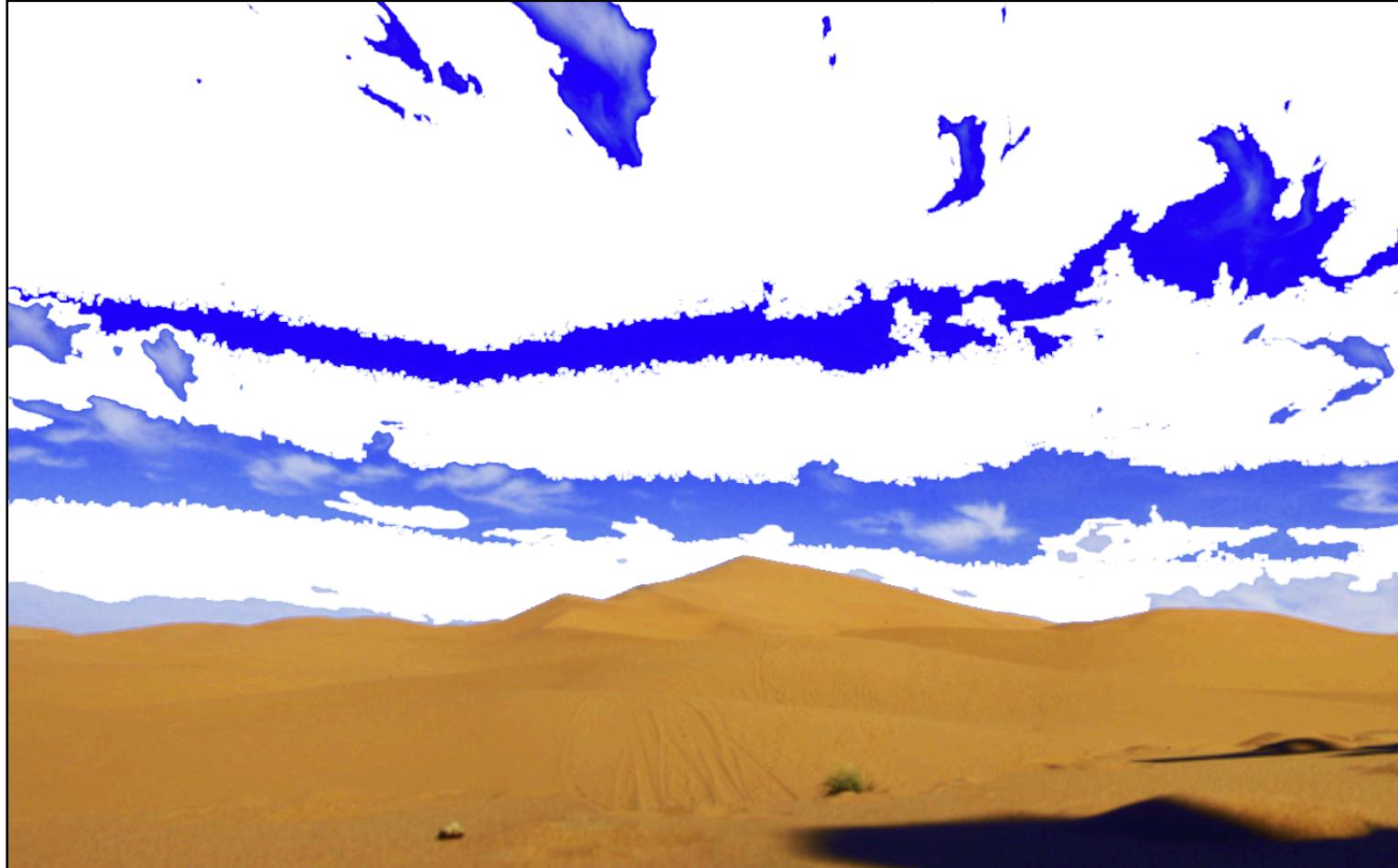
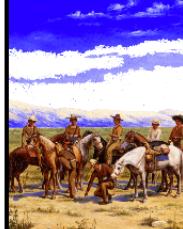
train

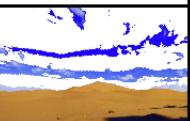
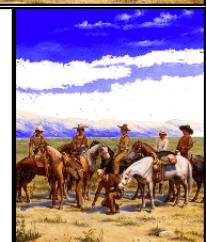
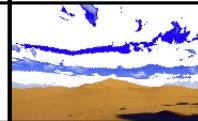
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started you

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Drift:	slightly	no	by				
don't	just	You	walkin	g.			
for	to	miles.	eyelas h,	and	reme mber	There	
	where	out					
the	Not	occlud ed	further	build	when	up	
the	and	towar ds	or	stretc h	They		
There	followi ng	in	light.	is	extends	mount ains	
	The	bluein g	west.				
not	are	of	menti on	the	thick		
		tracks	and	everyt hing	you	from	
aroun d	the	are	the	miles	see.		blue
				shimm it			
distan ce,	air	You	via	heat	that	bright.	
	east	toward s	is				

American



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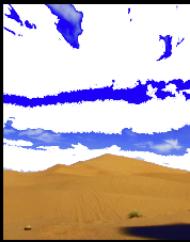
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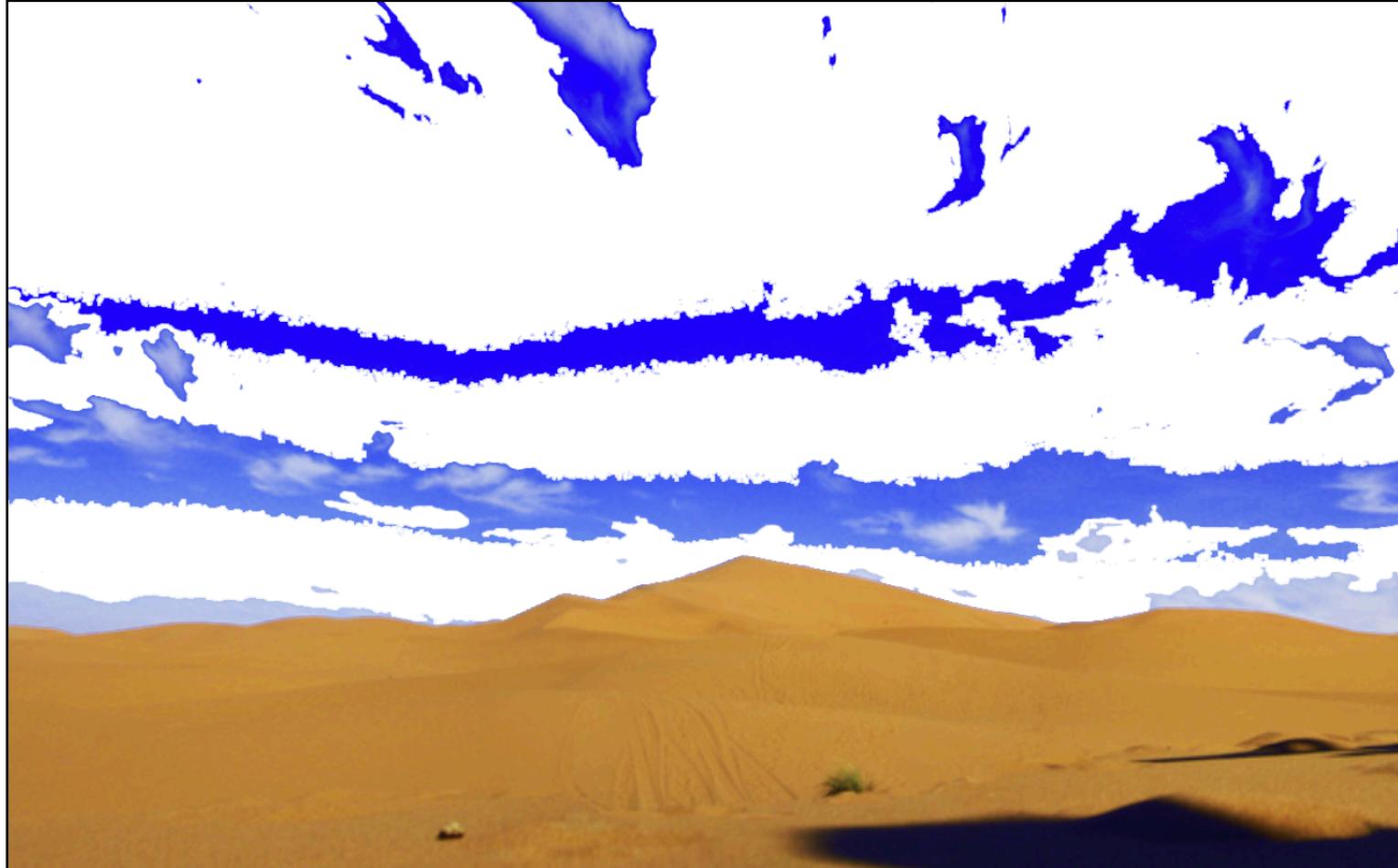
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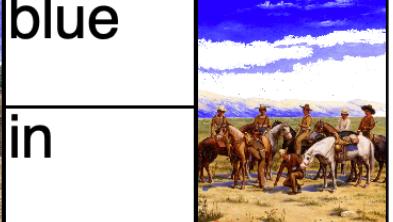
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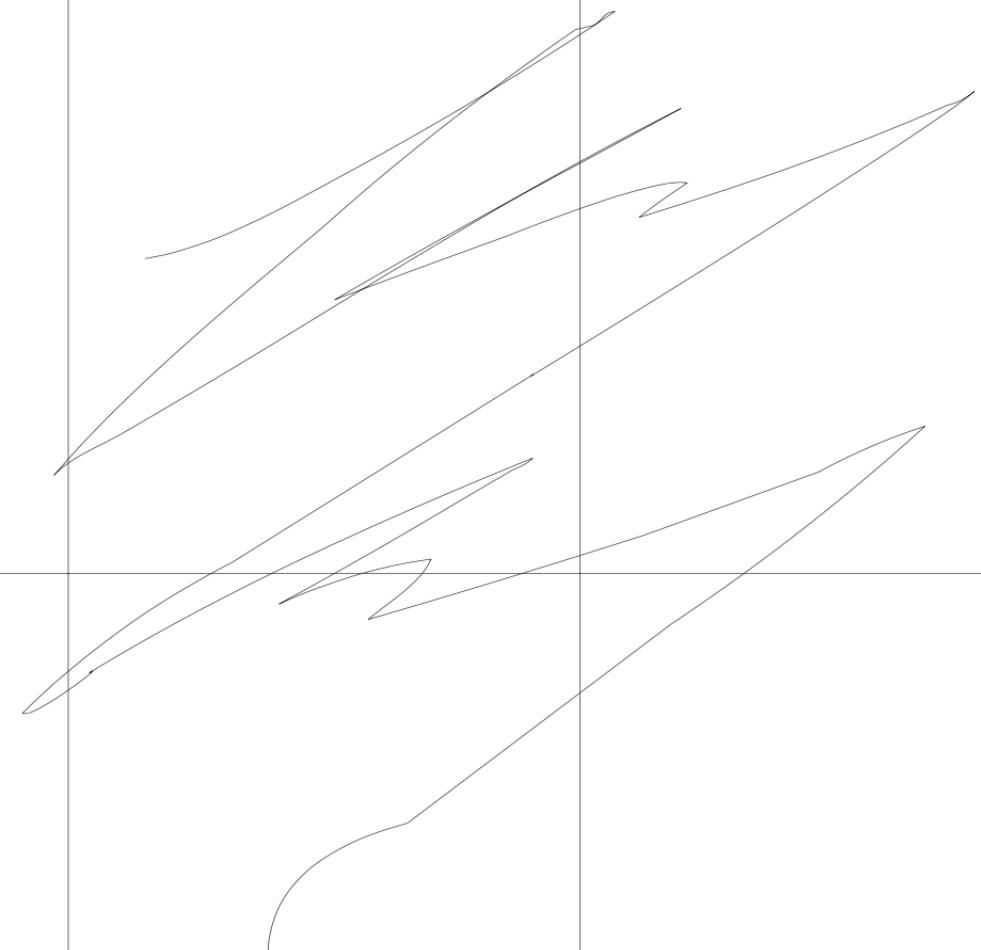
villain



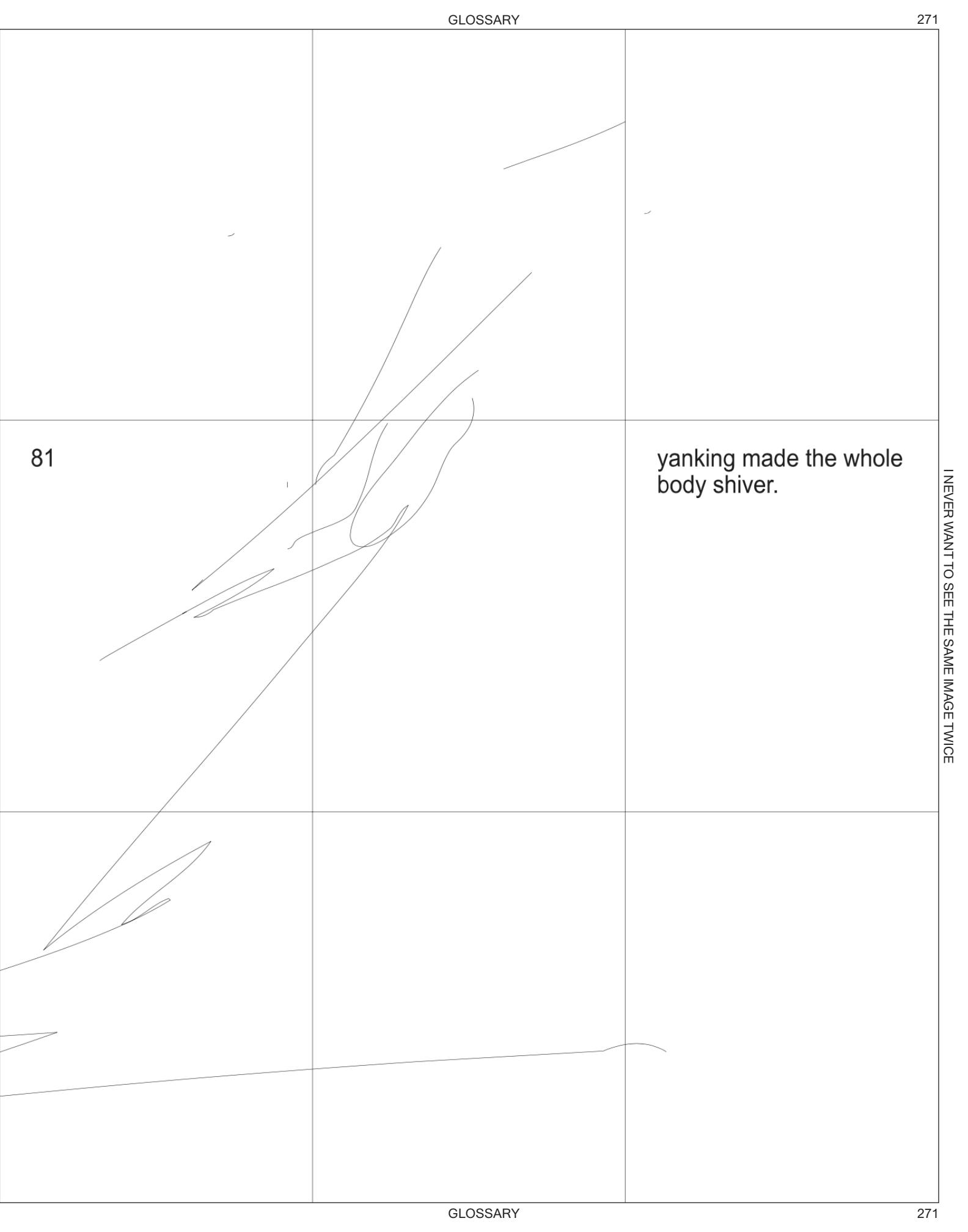
Drift:		slightly		no		by	
don't	the	just	dancer	You		walkin g.	
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	where	out					
the	cheek s	Not	occlud ed	further	build	when	up
the	sun-b eaten	and Your towar ds	or stretch	They	the	wande rer	
gradu ally,	whistl e.	train					
There	followi ng	in	A	light.	is	extends	mount ains
		The		bluein g	west.	poet	
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					low		to judge)
	cloud	tracks	and	everyt hing	you	distan ce.	from the
aroun d	the	are	the		miles	see.	
	A				then,		
distance,		air	You	via	heat	that	steam
east		toward s	is			But	

<glossary>

80

**scroll**

81



yanking made the whole body shiver.

<svg>

106

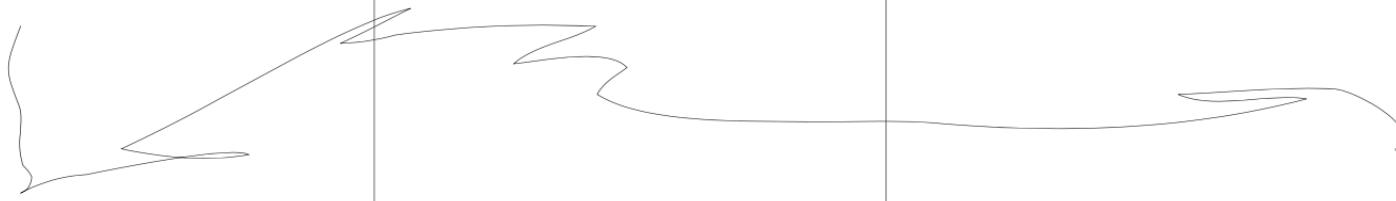
fully scalable, always reliable and pragmatic;

can be counted on with regards to constant quality and ability to

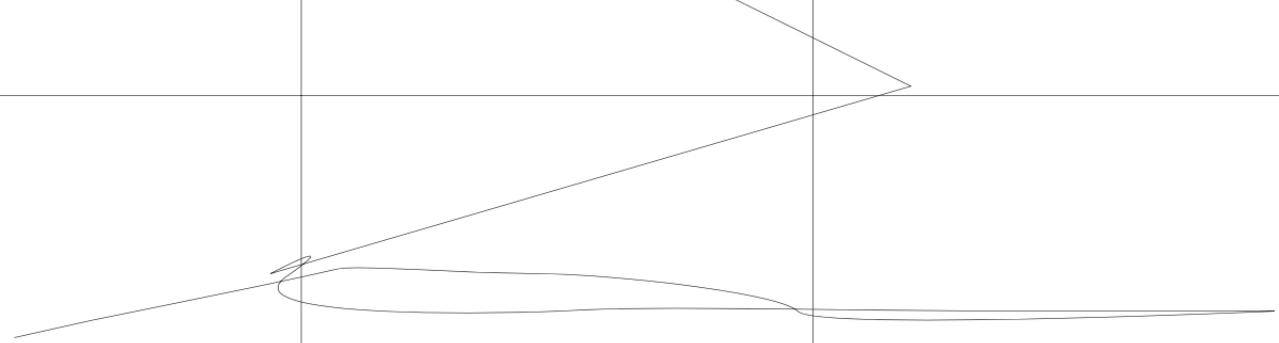
adapts to its workplace, efficiently pointing towards the future.

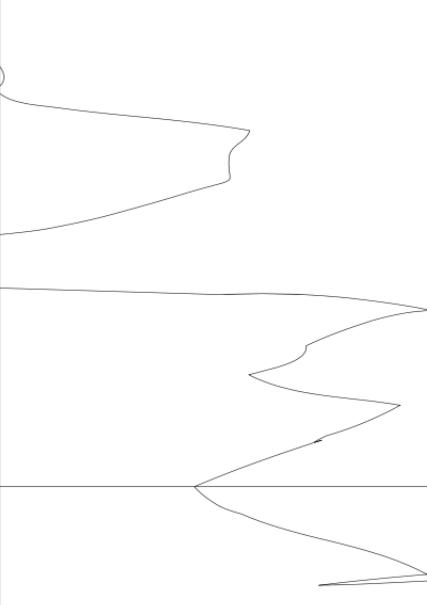
</svg>

107



controls





still bitter everyday that autoplay was killed by this fiduciary duty of granting king-customers complete control;

no first-time guest would ever request a host to turn off the soft music chosen for this intimate encounter.



const

72

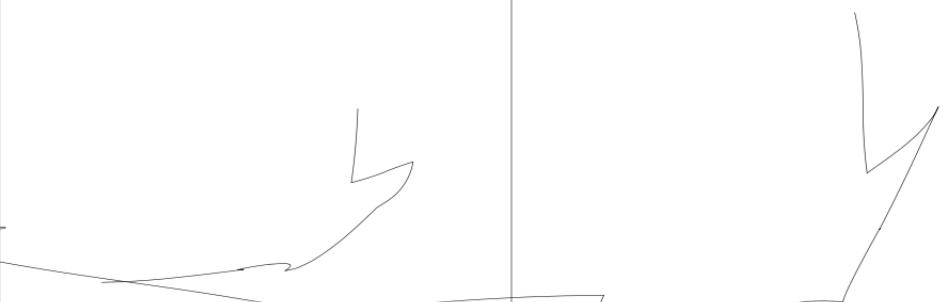


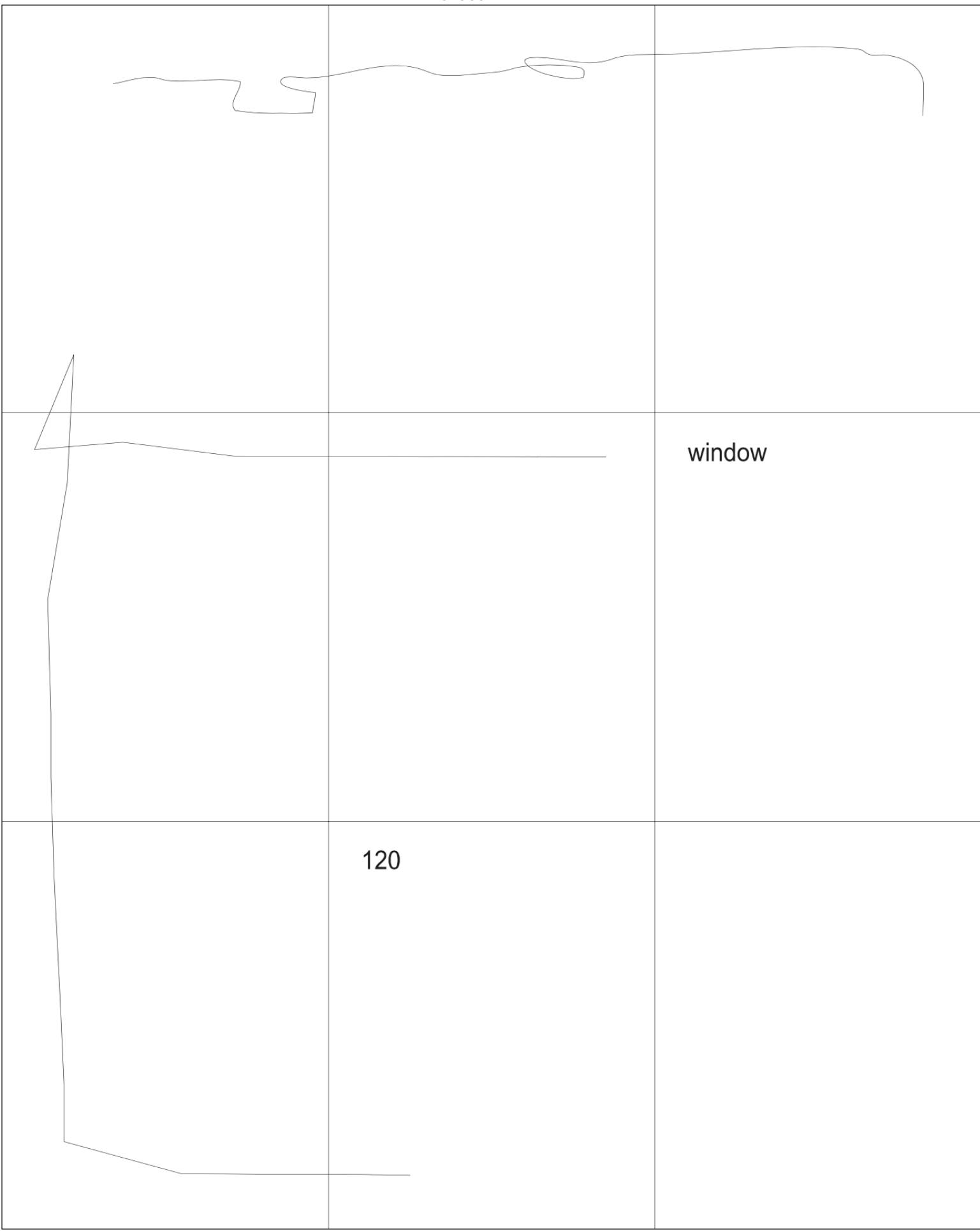
the desert: a sand dune,
fragmented monuments,

73

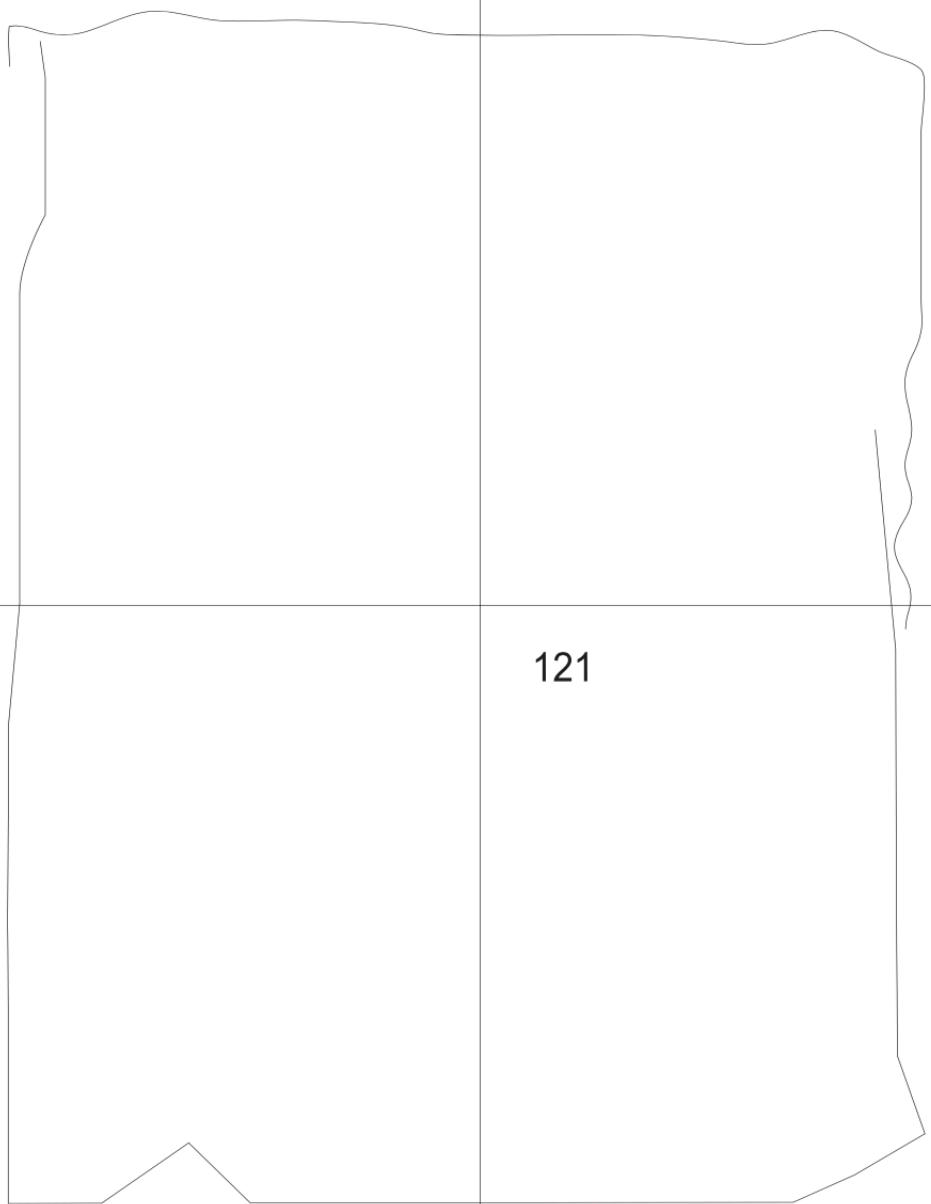
a stake driven in sand,

sink deeper until it hits
solid firmament.





picture in picture
in picture,



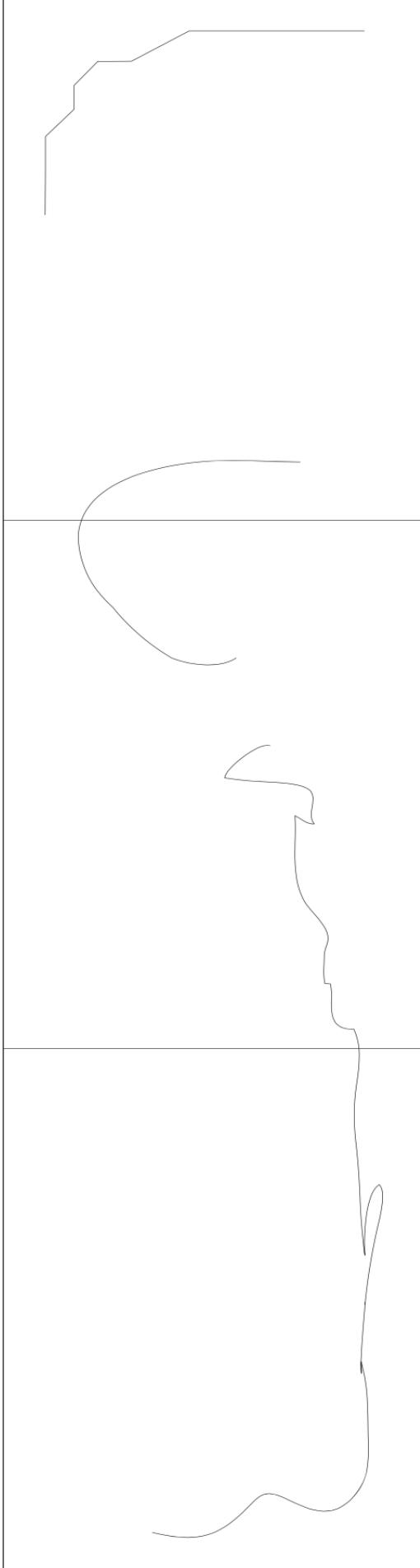
121

container in container
in container.

Mental container,

conceptual container,

never seen
nor heard
nor felt.



setTimeout()

144

Always to the option of
going back for more.

one time only
opportunity,
but just kidding!

In computer-land, rote tasks like this are no match for the endless power and sheer force of will of distributed networks.

145

36



<header>

remember being welcomed, upon landing, by all these headers holding sign with big letters?

Looking for the right one.

37

Perhaps having to resort to taking the shuttle, out of fatigue, to the closest stop to destination.

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

</header>



* The “I” that
I enter when I
walk alone
hill, snow even
blinding I can
es I feel we

I am alone
down the
everywhere,
lose my ey
ighted, like

I walk alone
hill, snow ev
blinding
I feel we
stones in my
almost stop a

e down the
everywhere,
ighted, like
y pocket, I a
nd never co

The
he desire-in
at I sometimes
I am merely

Desire

“I” that is the subject themselves feel as if observing

e for something

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

the sun
after when
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es

I am alone

close my eyes

The “I” that
desire

Desire
forward

c is full of d

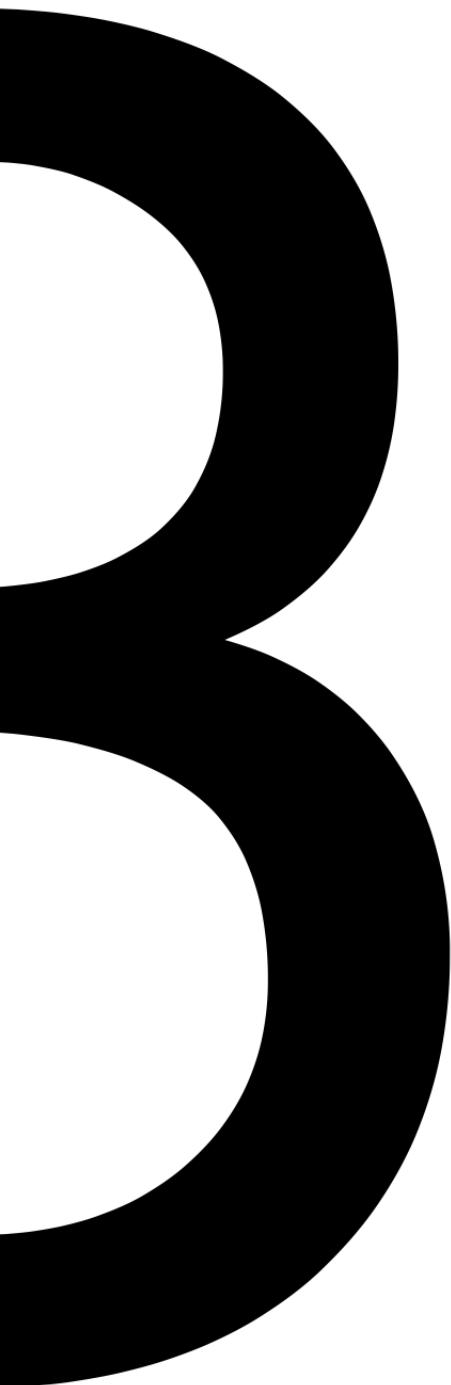
e pulls me

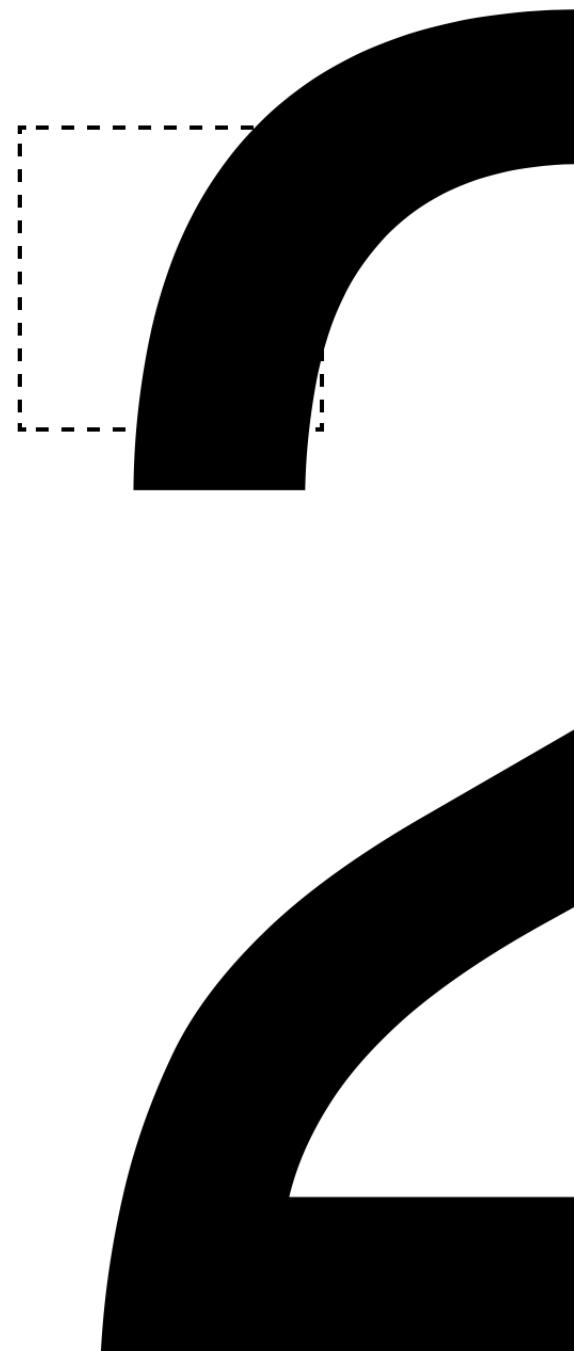
es

experience
inertia

e totalizing

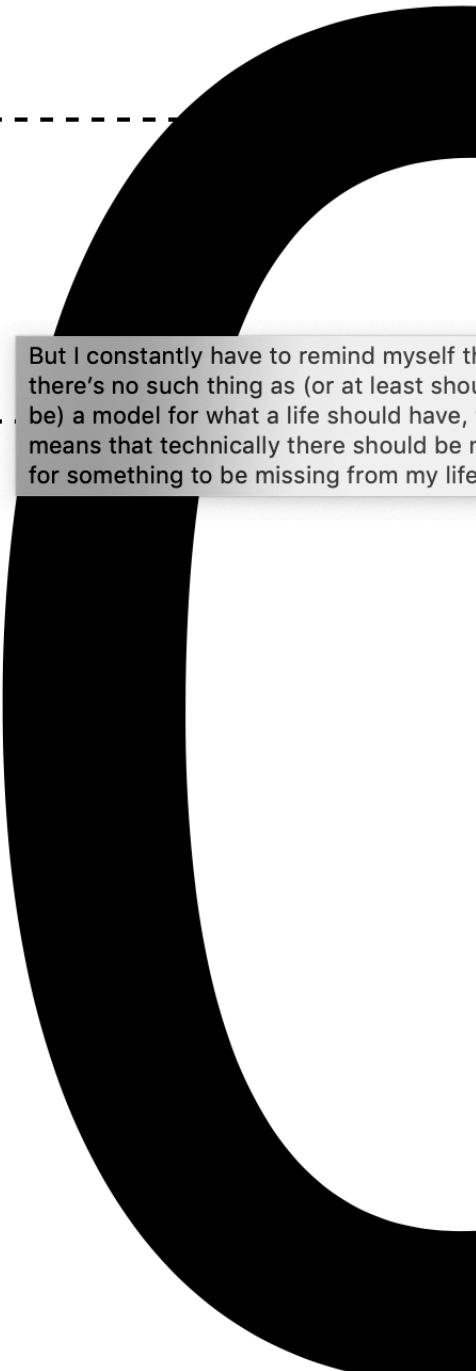










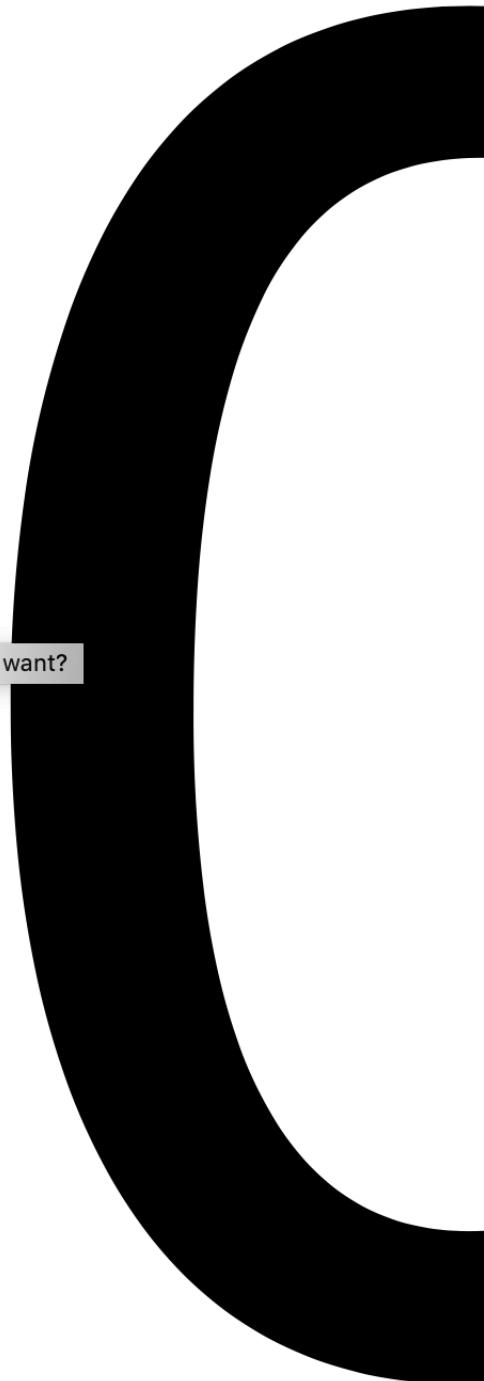


But I constantly have to remind myself that there's no such thing as (or at least should be) a model for what a life should have, which means that technically there should be room for something to be missing from my life.

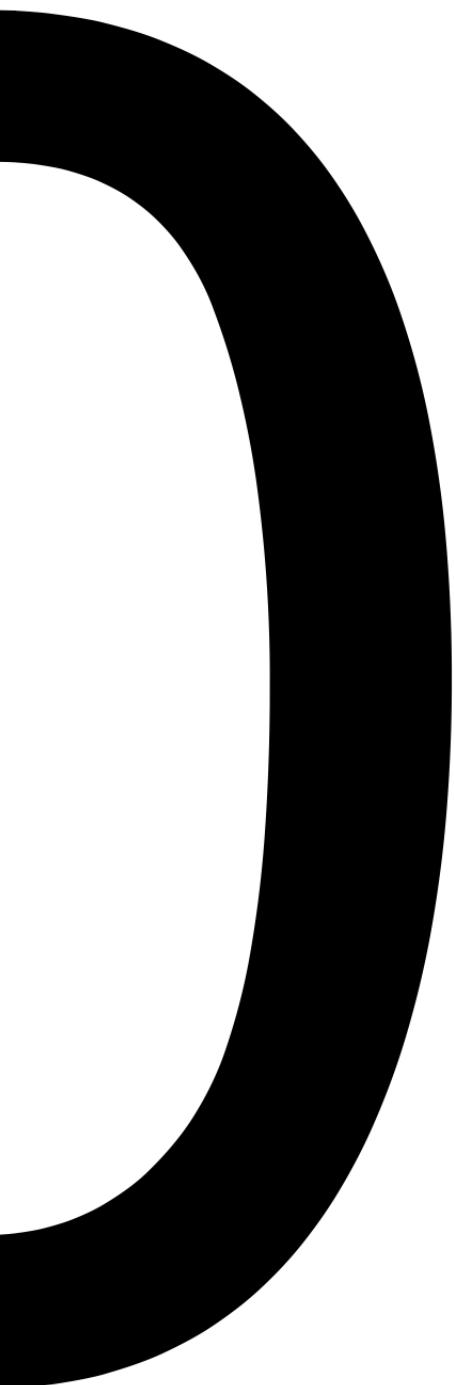
that
uldn't
which
no way
.

.

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

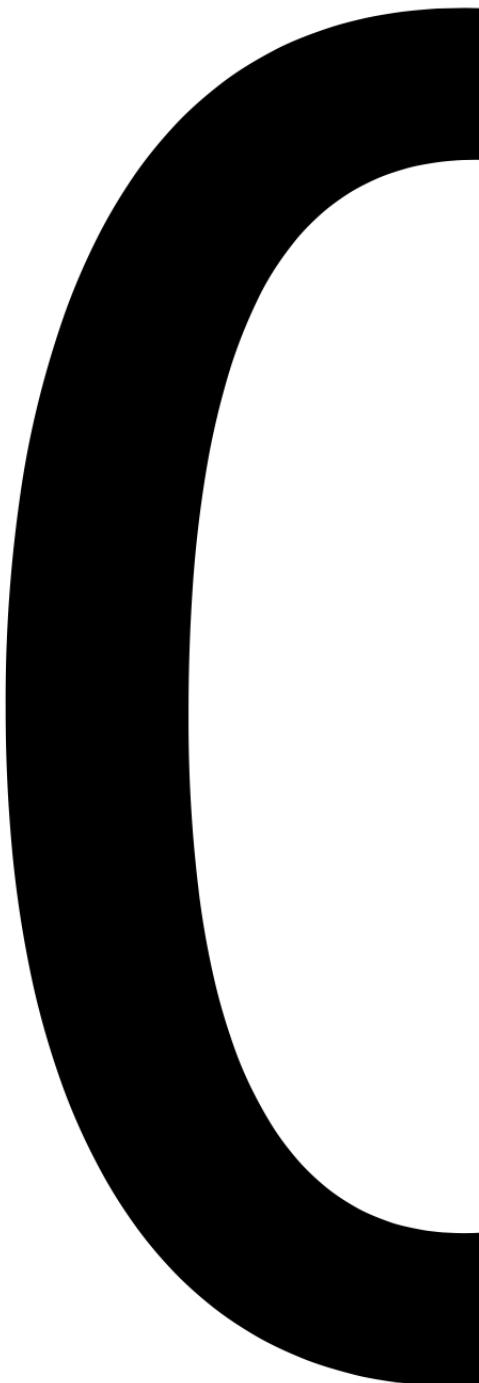


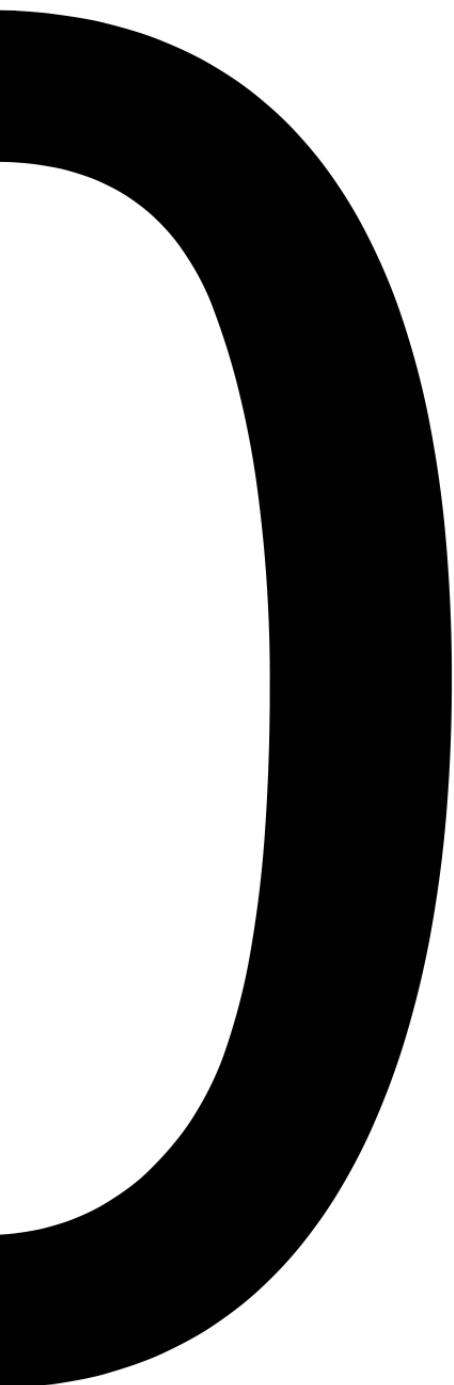
What more do you want?





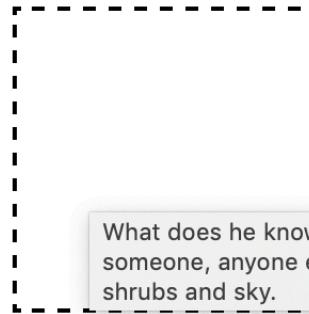
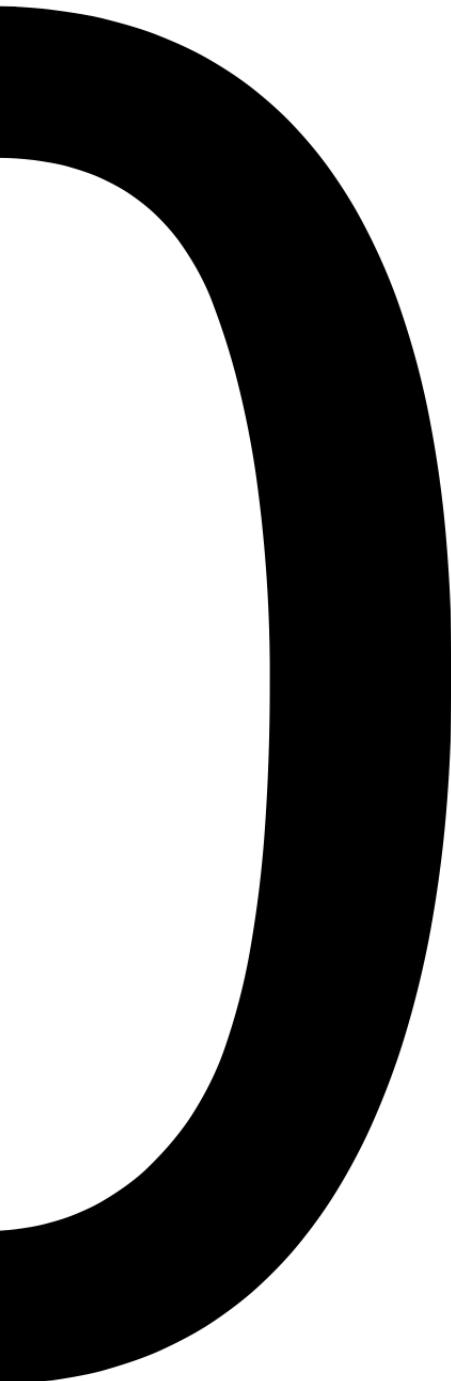
Driving back from that pond in Arcadia: Do you
feel like there's something missing in your life?



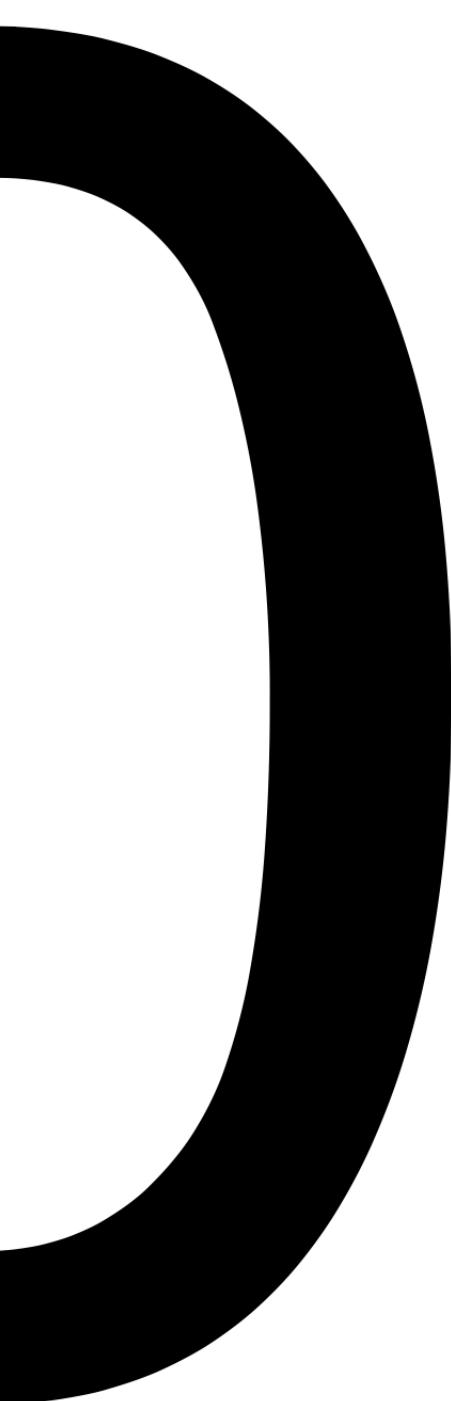




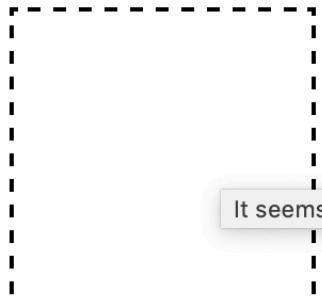
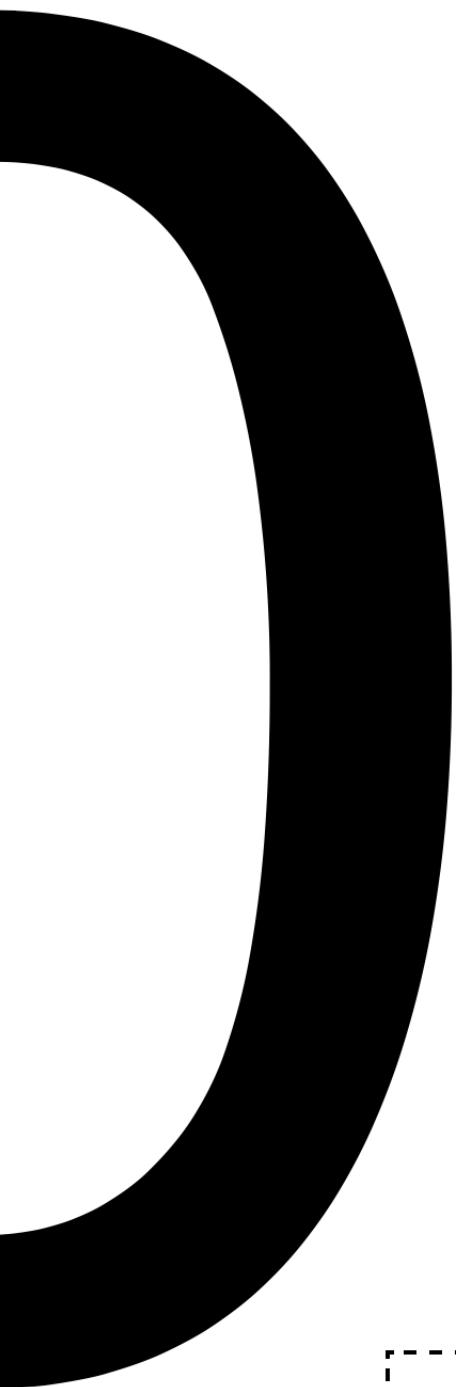
I hate the idea of living my life modeled after some hetero-romantic paradigm found in the TV shows I've watched, and I hate the idea of living my life as modelled after the likes of cis-white-gay-men like Dan Savage and how dare he be the first person in my life to tell me that it gets better.



What does he know and why can't there be
someone, anyone else The landscape was all
shrubs and sky.



The only way I am able to distract myself from one problem is by focusing on another.



It seems like you want to call your mom now.



The way the highway stretches out in front of us makes it seem like we are going somewhere, but we're really just driving home.

April 1st — The record
deliberately destroyed
eyes I see bits of paper
feathers, down like feathers

ords of this day are
d. when I close my
er drifting down like
eathers spilling from

April 22nd — The sun
(really, I swear) Like
Forest Green Overture
to find Two or three 1
This daily sameness

nell of flowers
... lemon, maybe.
rn wet, porous logs
red salamanders
(Huge

April 2nd — Tree trunk
lichen and moss, you
disturb everything that
maneuver over the timber
accidentally flip upside

unk covered in
I climb, trying to
e least amount.
neist ant, you
de down, and

constructing a world
further removed from
world. You realize that
about other people do
reflect who they actu-

that gets further and
in everyone else's
that the way you feel
does not necessarily
really

crunching on broken
Moon so clear-even-
clouds, beautiful mid-
orange, yellow sweat
the spongy track of the

glass. April 16th —
veiled by thin
night, blue, purple,
it keeps me warm. At
the high

Expel the residual sn
from bottom of lung
upwards moon skewe
Thin, uneven cotton
red spongy track, gre

smoke of weeks prior
craned neck
ed drifting clouds.
gauze, yellow light,
een turf Moon

Memories of lost love
love Love and lost love
Embossed, embedded
permeated, covered with
like smart, like beauti

the Residue of lost
love. April 19th —
d, infused, saturated,
with certain words
tiful, like talented.

crying, and crying off
I cry too, but this is a
I can usually only mu

often, and so I say that
a lie. The truth is that
Iuster up a tear or

Notes on a pentatonic
porcelain. The bow like
stern, takes flight. Quiver
vibrations, like perfect
pleats all hands on water
rushing

c scale symbolize
owers to eye-level,
shivers and
ctions, rows of
waist. Movement of

blade so precise like
gunk like plaque from
like flossing (sword)
thousand years after
be any remnant of

tweezers extracting
in your personality
. April 10th — Ten
you die, will there

10	10	10	A dull ache — laughter.	10	10	Miraculous night, silent night, holy trinity, as I he star-filled sky, forgive ave lied.
10	10				10	
10						
10						
Wanting to seem independent but all actions rely on someone else's movements.			Words coded in such a way so as to reflect well on the speaker.	8	10	Words that make you seem smart.
10		10		8	10	
				8	10	
					10	
						10
6	6	9	A cinematic moment.	9	10	A thin membrane.
6	6	9		9	10	
		9			9	
The stars are in perfect alignment with each other.			Gleaming.	9		
9				9		
				10		
			Seaweed creeps up your calves.	10		
9						
A myriad of sighs from last year.	9	10	Hushed tones.	9	10	
9				9	10	

at night, holy
look up into t
ve me for I h

10

10

10

Lied in order to get what I want.

10

10

10

Made concessions bu
t not amends.

9

9 8

8

9 8

8

Making split-second decisi
ons and pretending that th
at was the plan all along.

Imagine a grotto.

8

8

10

Something revealed at low ti
des when the water rushes
back to the sea.

10

ee inches of ice cold water.

7 9

9

Drips on your shoulder.

7 9

9

0 10

10

In front of you is the craggy opening, revealin
g the midnight ocean gleaming under the ligh
t of the full moon.

10

10

9 10

10

Foam and detritus wrap around your ankles.

9 10

10

10 8

8

Dragonflies buzz, graze past your ear.

10 8

8

10

5

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10

The
parti

Hidden ener
gy.

4	4	3	A dull ache — laughter.	3	5	Miraculous night, silent night, holy trinity, as I he star-filled sky, forgi- ave lied.
4		4			5	
3			In front of you is the craggy opening, revealin- g the midnight ocean gleaming under the ligh- t of the full moon.	3	3	Seaweed creeps up your
3				3	3	A take — sea
				Cru mbli ng li mes tone .	3	3
					1	Pale yellow.
					1	
					3	Lavender.
					3	
3			Amber.	3	2	Lichen.
3				3	2	
2	2	3	But time remains s o terrifying to me.	3	4	I vow to abhor wo- ding in favor of co- self-annihilation.
2		2		3	4	
			There is nothing to say be cause nothing ever happe- ns.			

at night, holy
look up into t
ve me for I h

5 | 4 Lied in order to get what I want. 4

4 | 4

5 | 3 Wanting to seem independent but all a
ctions rely on someone else's moveme
nts. 3 | 3 3 | 3 Words t
hat mak
e you se
em smar
t. 3 | 3

calves.

3 | 5 Hushed tones. 5

3 | 5

caves, twinkling but slow.

3 | 4 Constellations ... something special a
bout the beach. 4

3 | 4

1

1

3 | 3 3
3 | 3 3 Beige.

2 | 4

4

2 | 4 It must feel like how it feels to st
op playing a video game.

4

4
world-buil
mplete

4

4	4	2	A dull ache — laughter.	2	4	Miraculous night, silent night, holy trinity, as I he star-filled sky, forgi- ave lied.
4		2		2		
1			In front of you is the craggy opening, revealin- g the midnight ocean gleaming under the ligh- t of the full moon.	1	2	Seaweed creeps up your
1				2		
				2	2	Cru mbli ng li mes tone .
				2	2	A take — sea
				2	2	2
				2	2	Beige.
				2	2	2
				1	1	Lichen.
				1	1	
1		2				
1		2	But time remains s o terrifying to me.	1	2	There is nothing to say be cause nothing ever happe ns.
1		2		2	2	

at night, holy
look up into t
ve me for I h

4 3

Lied in order to get what I want.

3

3

3

2

Wanting to seem independent but all a
ctions rely on someone else's moveme
nts.

2 2

2

2

2

2

calves.

2 4

Hushed tones.

4

2 4

caves, twinkling but slow.

2 3

Constellations ... something special a
bout the beach.

3

2 3

3

Amber.

2

2

1 4

4

It must feel like how it feels to st
op playing a video game.

1

4

4

3	3	1	A dull ache — laughter.	1	3	Miraculous night, silent night, holy trinity, as I he star-filled sky, forgi- ave lied.
3	3	1		1	3	
1			In front of you is the craggy opening, revealin- g the midnight ocean gleaming under the ligh- t of the full moon.	1	1	Cru mbl ng li mes tone .
1		1		1	2	A take — sea 2

1	1	1	Beige.	1	1	1
1	1	1		1	1	1
3			It must feel like op playing a v	3		

at night, holy
look up into t
ve me for I h

3 2

Lied in order to get what I want.

2

2

2

Wanting to seem independent but all a
ctions rely on someone else's moveme
nts.

2 1

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Words t
hat mak
e you se
em smar
t.

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caves, twinkling but slow.

2 2

Constellations ... something special a
bout the beach.

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Amber.

ake how it feels to st
video game.

3 2

There is nothing to say be
cause nothing ever happe
ns.

2

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2

2

2	2	2	Miraculous night, silent night, holy night, holy trinity, as I look up into t he star-filled sky, forgive me for I h ave lied.	2	1	Lied in order to g
2	2	2		2	1	A take — sea ca
0	0	1	Beige.	1	2	It must
0	0	1	Amber.	1	2	op play

get what I want.

1 1

1

Wanting to seem independent but all actions rely on someone else's movements.

1

1

waves, twinkling but slow.

1 2

2

1

Constellations ... something special about the beach.

2

2

feel like how it feels to st
ing a video game.

2 1

1

2

1

There is nothing to say because nothing ever happens.

1

2	2	2	Miraculous night, silent night, holy night, holy trinity, as I look up into t he star-filled sky, forgive me for I h ave lied.	2	1
2	2	2	A take — sea ca	2	0

2	2	It must feel like how it feels to st op playing a video game.	2
2	2		

get what I want.

1

1

waves, twinkling but slow.

0

0

Constellations ... something special about the beach.

1

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1

1	1	1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1

.. something special a

1 1

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It must feel like how it feels to stop playing a video game.

1 1

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1

It Feels Like
Floating.

1
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1
1

Miraculous night, silent night, holy
night, holy trinity, as I look up into t
he star-filled sky, forgive me for I h
ave lied.

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It must feel like
op playing a vid

how it feels to st
eo game.

1

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PERIPHERY

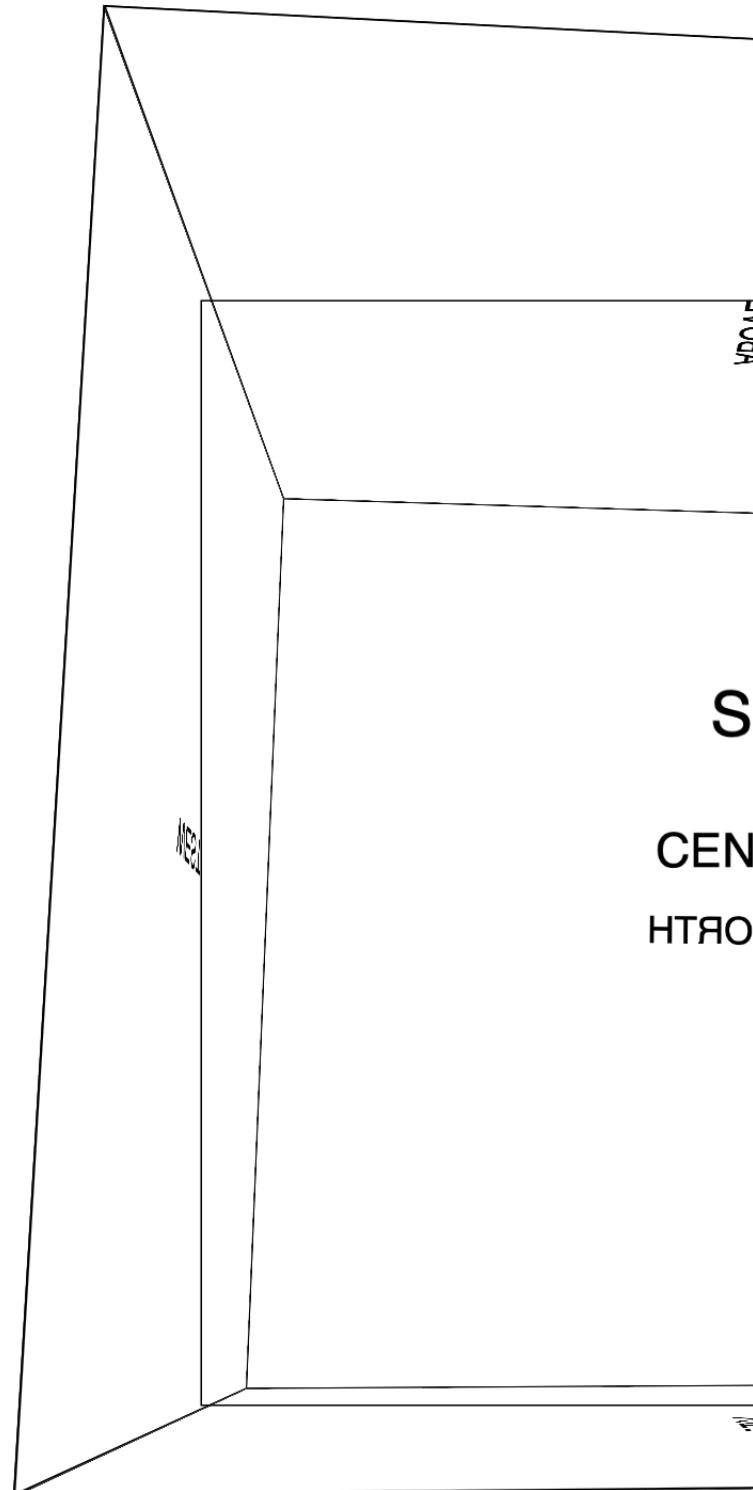
ALIENATION

DESIRE

LOSS

13 POEMS FOR THE FIRST 13 DAYS OF APRIL

PERIPHERY



WORLD

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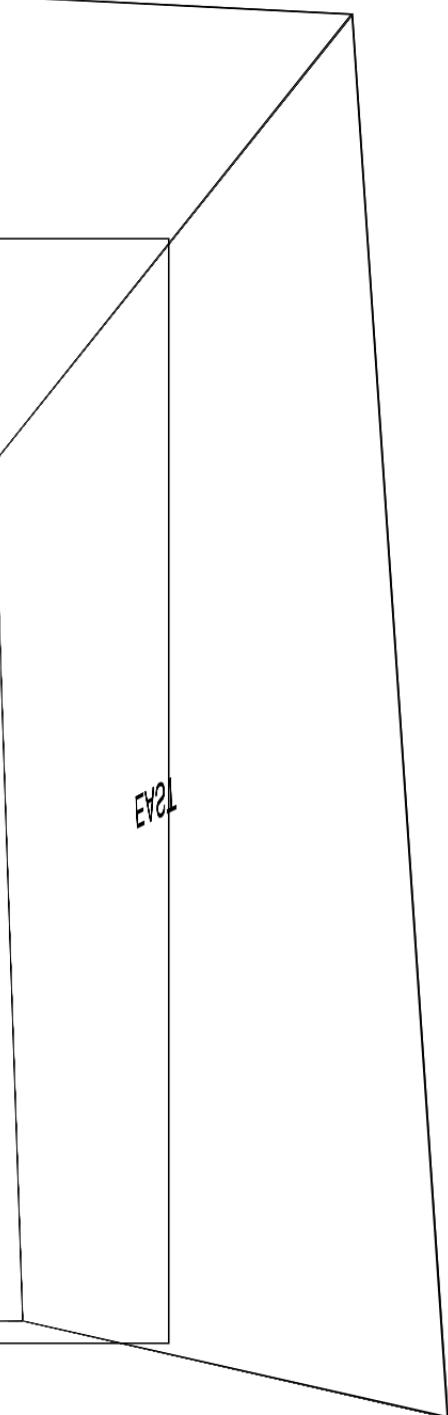
B

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PERIPHERY



PERIPHERY

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

n't know this word too well) Makes me think of animal of prey (Horse/Cow etc) fo

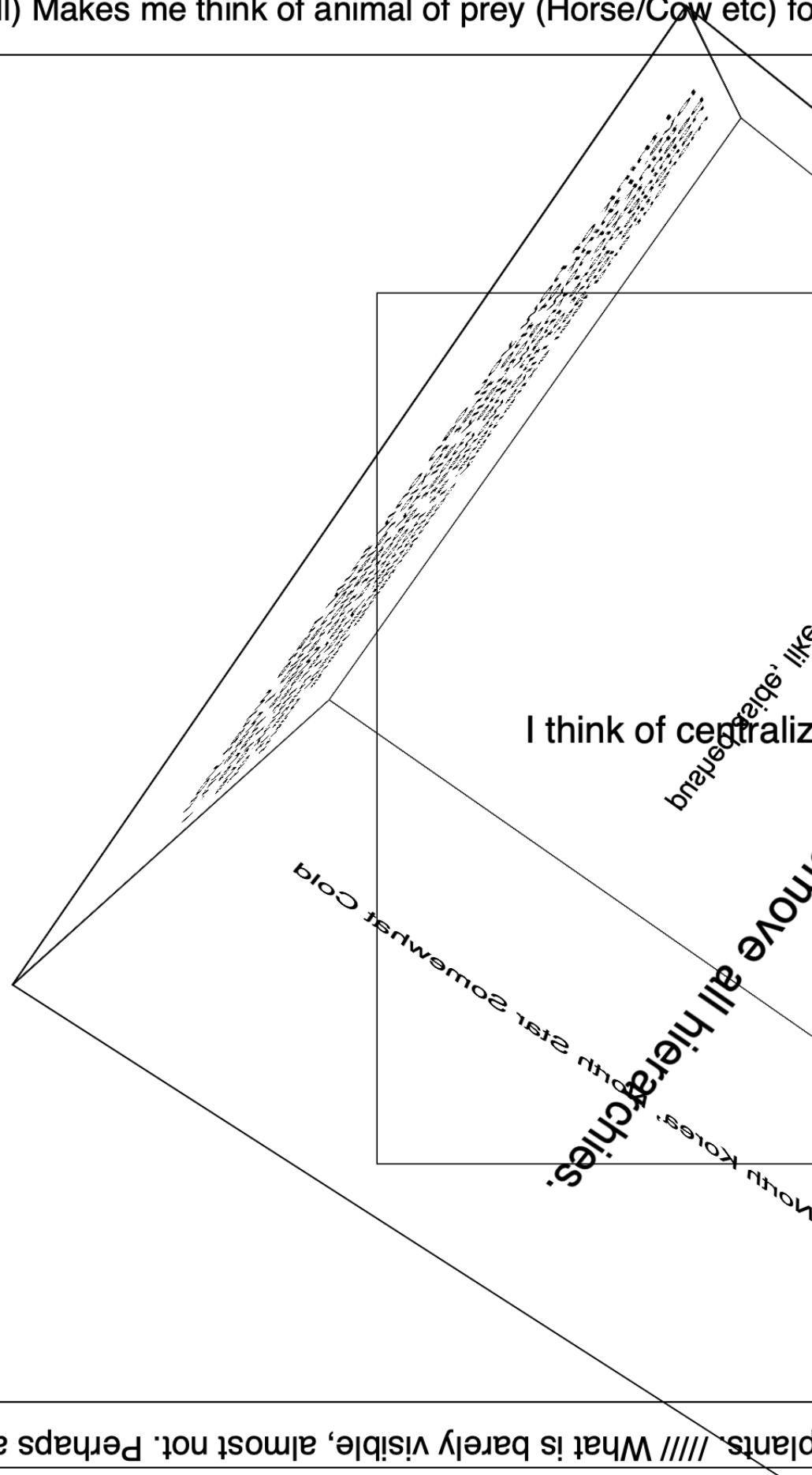
see if the seer were in the center. //// margin, outside, thin strip //// poem for a b

ALIENATION

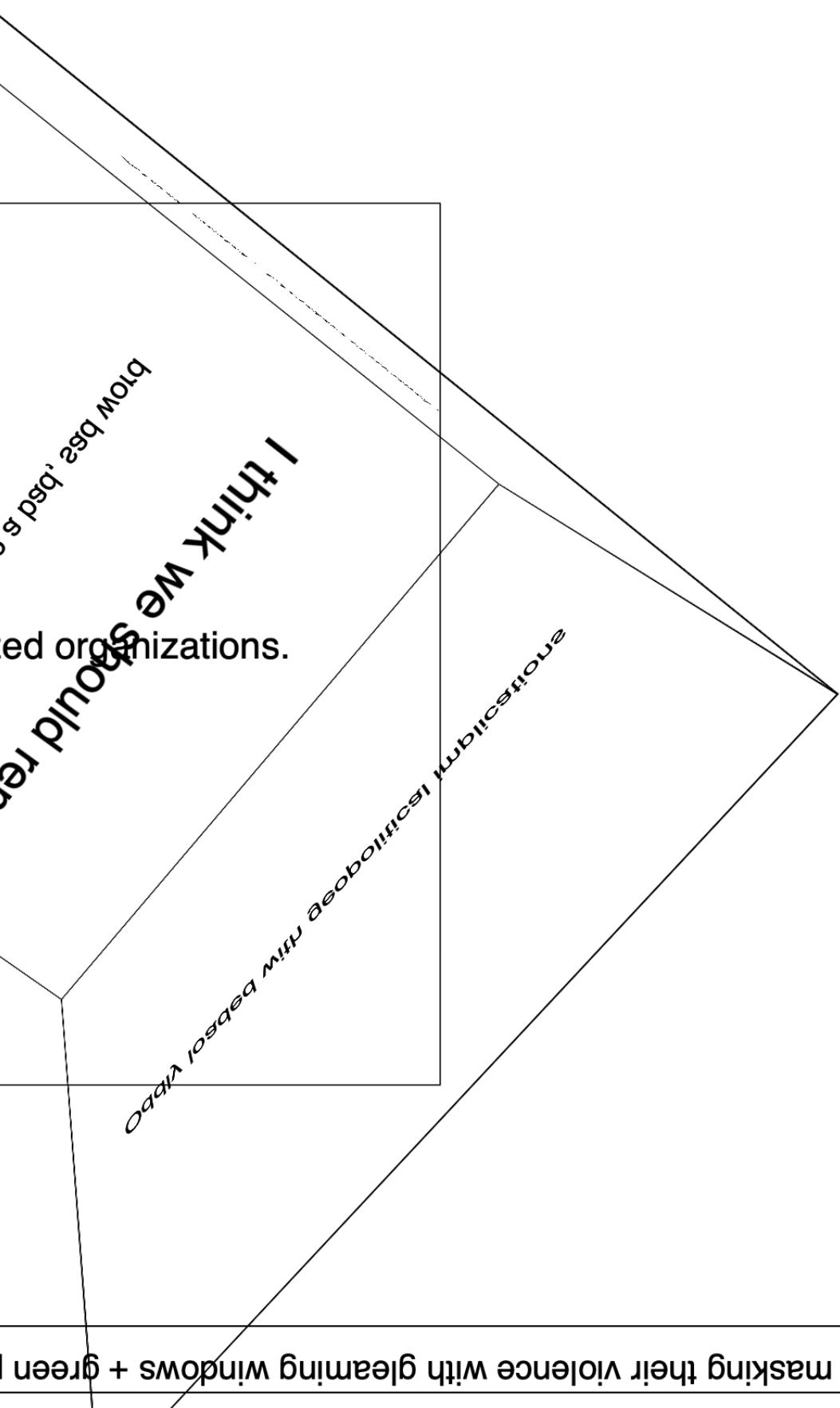
DESIRE

LOSS

plants //// What is barely visible, almost not. Perhaps a space invisible to th



r some reason. //// I think it's so sad we stay within the periphery of our col



lege bubble. I would like to see more life. This weekend I went to New York. New buildings

me think of animal of prey (Horse/Cow etc) for some reason. //// I think it's so sa

er. //// margin, outside, thin strip //// poem for a blue page another horse blinker mor

ALIENATION

DESIRE

LOSS

almost not. Perhaps a space invisible to the seer if the seer were in the cent

The wish for a caused by a

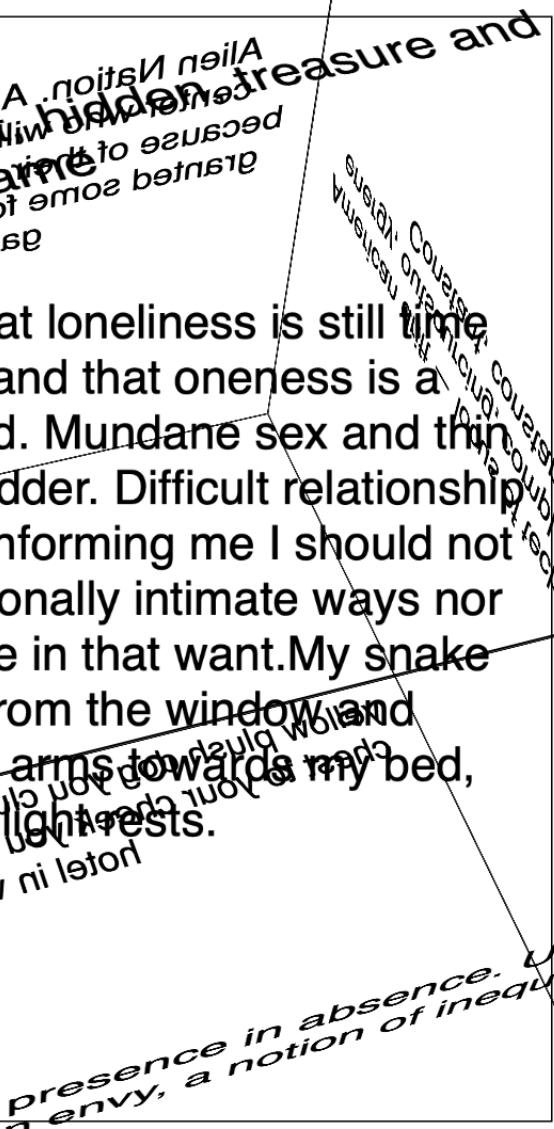
Where the
leave it on accident at a
singing

Roots memory the past
seen as a silent by the
body. Perhaps they may be
with respect, but they will never

Reiterating to myself that
spent with the world a
beautiful and prized seed
lips cannot function as food
to the collective culture in
want to be held in emotion
entertain gravity. Shame
plant lives ten feet from
increasingly bends her



d we stay within the periphery of our college bubble. I would like to see m



ore life. This weekend I went to New York. New buildings created new periheries masking t

se/Cow etc) for some reason. //// I think it's so sad we stay within the periphery

ALIENATION

DESIRE

LOSS

strip //// poem for a blue page another horse blinker morning. licked finger sees me to t

To be centered is to be

draw versus A

ible to the seer if the seer were in the center. //// margin, outside, thin

of our college bubble. I would like to see more life. This weekend I went to

New York. New buildings created new peripheries masking their violence with gleaming wind

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

balanced but life always
also explosive. A sense of ob-
ject level becomes a new level
space itself is delicate
scales

beauty, but God out of
reality, leaving the
city behind. A sense of ob-
ject level becomes a new level
space itself is delicate
scales

ows + green plants. //// What is barely visible, almost not. Perhaps a space invis-

y within the periphery of our college bubble. I would like to see more life. This w

g. licked finger sees me to the other side, betrays me like an unblessed sneeze, feigned.

ALIENATION

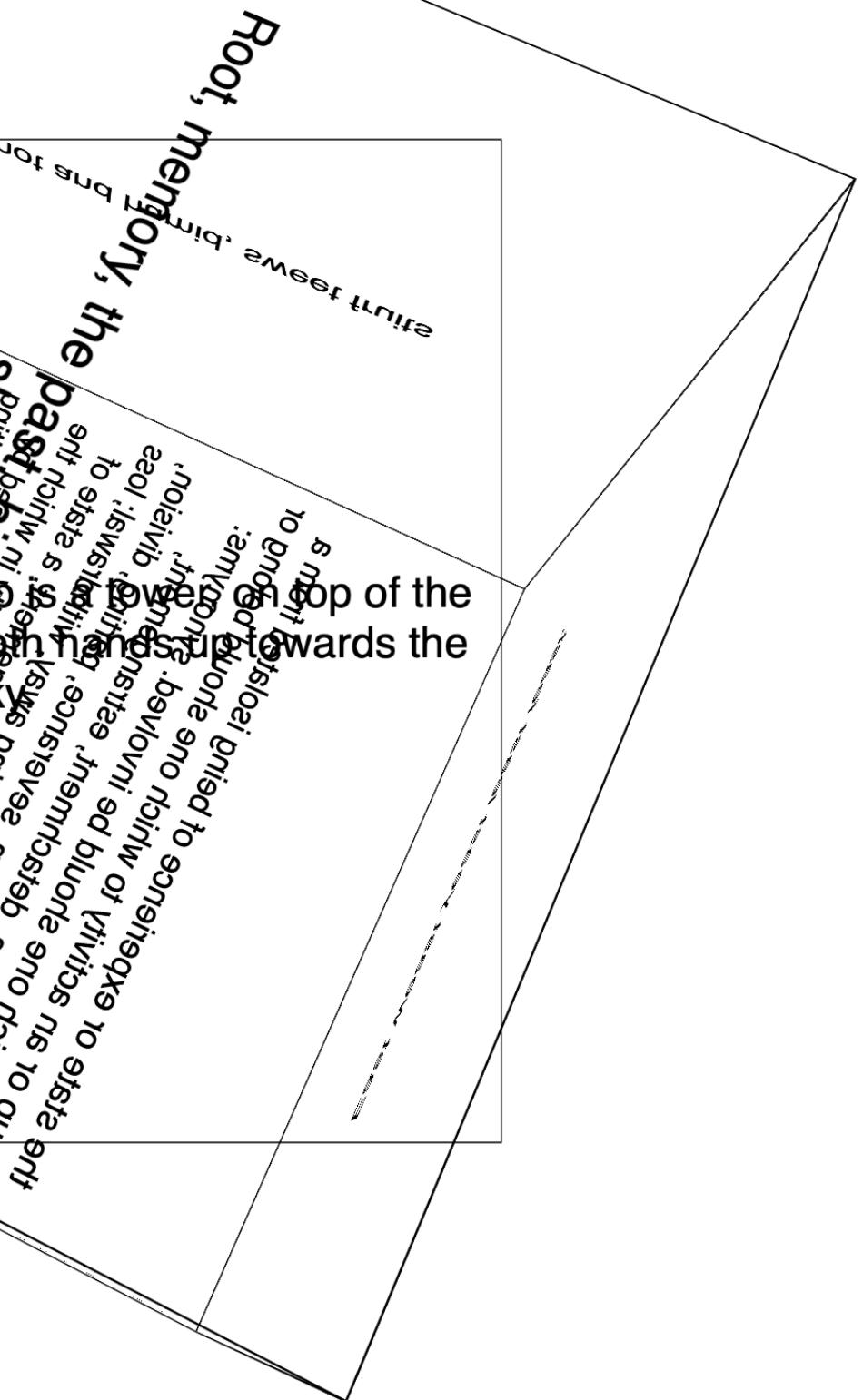
DESIRE

LOSS

A mound rising up
tower is a man raising

outside, thin strip // / poem for a blue page another horse blinker morning

weekend I went to New York. New buildings created new peripheries masking



violence with gleaming windows + green plants. //// What is barely visible, almost not.

Perhaps a space invisible to the seer if the seer were in the center. //// margin,

ge bubble. I would like to see more life. This weekend I went to New York. New b

er side, betrays me like an unblessed sneeze, feigned. they scold me from the passing win

ALIENATION

DESIRE

LOSS

ne page another horse blinker morning. licked finger sees me to the oth

and the sun.

(I think b/c I was writing c
Centering oneself / Came
/ Perf

I think we should re

dibutions A



buildings created new periipheries masking their violence with gleaming win

green plants. //// What is barely visible, almost not. Perhaps a space invisible to the s

| NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

Gasoilne swe

down countries but) China
era angles Center-aligned
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move all hierarchies

no!

eer if the seer were in the center. //// margin, outside, thin strip //// poem for a bl

ife. This weekend I went to New York. New buildings created new periheries ma

d sneeze, feigned. they scold me from the passing window. I stamp everyone's books. four w

ALIENATION

DESIRE

LOSS

A heart drops & sinks,
someone brings an ele
memory & just sizzles it o
does not ha

A mound rising up, on top
tower is a man raising bo

ring. licked finger sees me to the other side, betrays me like an unlasse

masking their violence with gleaming windows + green plants. //// What is bar

sible, almost not. Perhaps a space invisible to the seer if the seer were in the center. /

su clessee esenises s tenebres
is Dark dark dark It's like
aborate piece of heated
n you. Sometimes crying
appen
o is a tower, on top of the
both hands up towards the
ky.

now

thin

h gleaming windows + green plants. //// What is barely visible, almost not. Perhaps

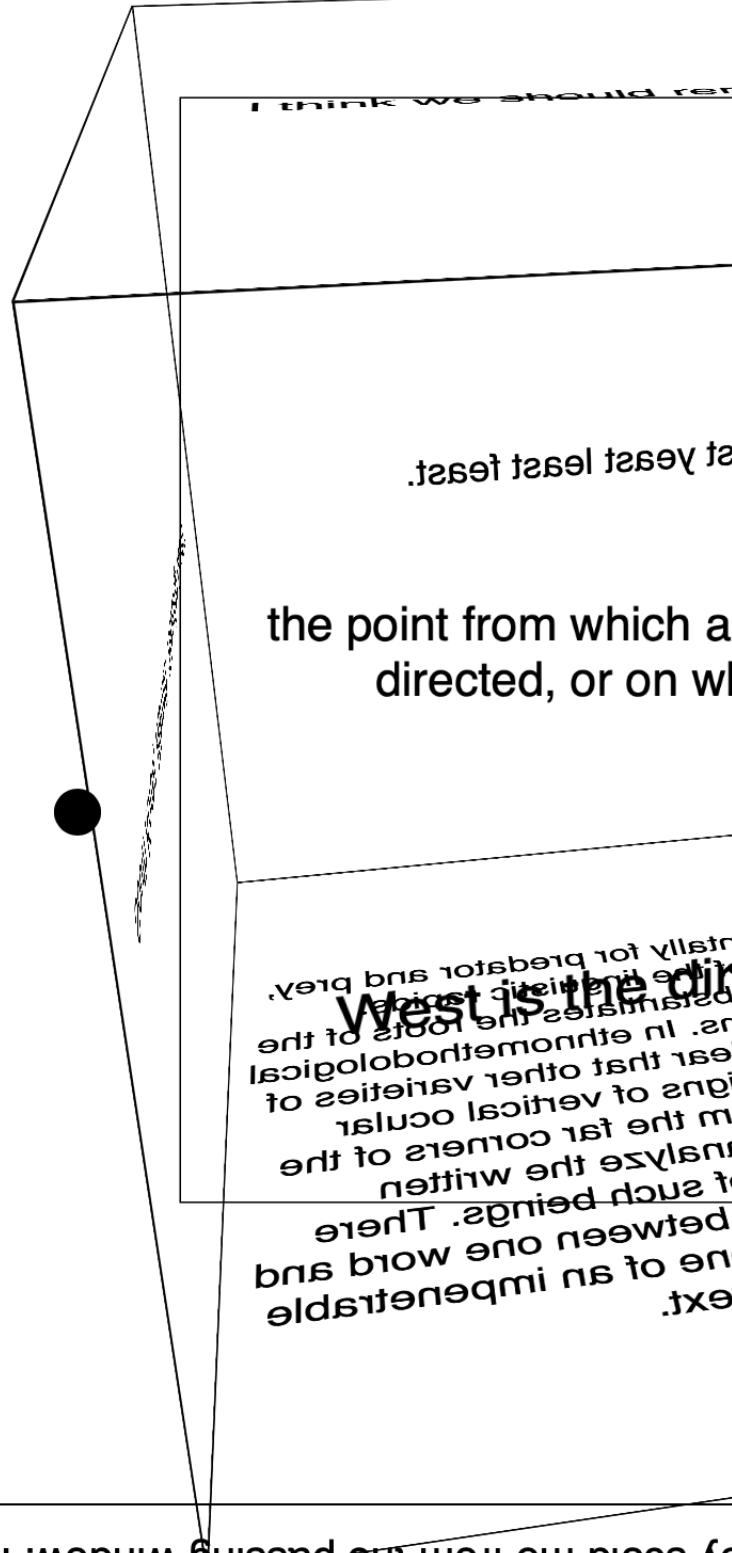
today, and another four after that, I say, smiling. we've abolished overdue fines, except f

ALIENATION

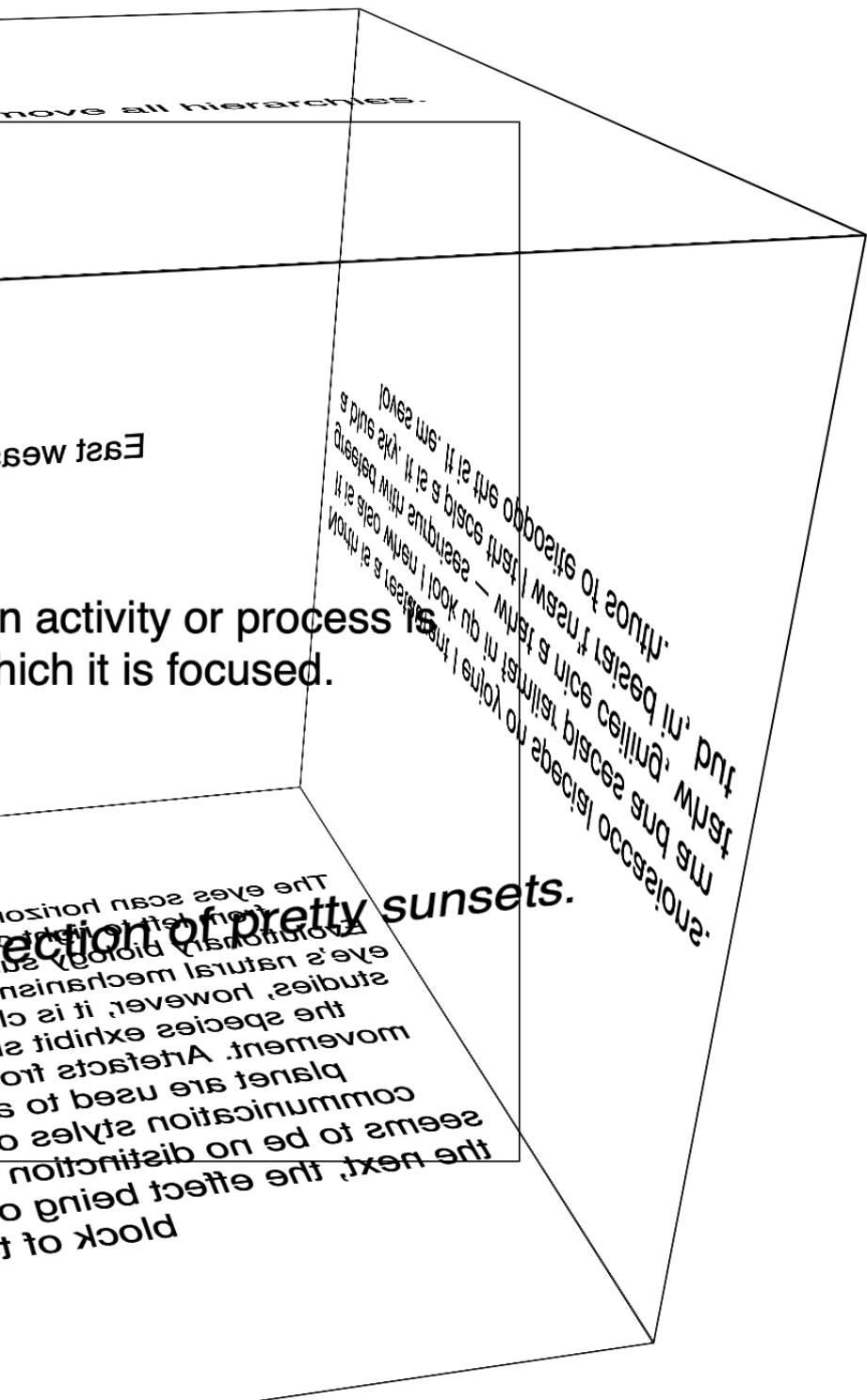
DESIRE

LOSS

ey scold me from the passing window. I stamp everyone's books. four week



aps a space invisible to the seer if the seer were in the center. //// margin,



ger sees me to the other side, betrays me like an unblessed sneeze, feigned. the

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I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

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| NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE

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fo

ching

pen

as

as

the

or

tongue

scratches

on

to

love

in

ching

pen

paper.

ver

loving

*Words like yarrow and yew,
sorrow and war*

I Never Want to See the Same Image Twice!

→ Written, and Designed by Tiger Dingsun

Typeset in Union

Printed on Neenah Classic Crest 24lb text weight in the color Saw Grass, as well as Neenah Felt 70lb text weight in the color Warm White

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Advised by Anastasiia Raina

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