Kavi Duvvoori, Fall 2016
CalArts Artist's Statement

I write to find where I am in language, and sometimes just for the human joy of moving through it. I had planned to be applying to graduate schools in pure math right now, but while math remains beautiful, I instead find myself applying to MFA and media studies programs, because I now believe firmly that the arts and humanities are where the most compelling investigations and reconfigurations of meaning, language, structure, society, and form happen. To explain, protest, sing, and contingently map from within material language, rather than presumptive outsides.

A repeating premise of my work is the potential for growth, complexity, multiplicity, meaning, or freedom in elaborations on collections of basic blocks (for example punctuation marks, the empty set, cells in Conway's "Game of Life," folds in a square paper, algorithms, or a description of a bird). I believe that I believe that something very urgent to us - our free-enough motion through language, the possibility of subtle lives in ecologies or societies - starts in this kind of growing. Thus, I am interested in exploring conditions under which specific constrained systems of language become interesting. This investigation is in some broad sense aesthetic, or at the very least one which must find and make its own language, prior to systematic academic formulation - though it is something math can also sometimes be about: the precise surprise of structure unfolding in formalized language.

I am interested in avoiding or actively evading genre categories, but I find myself returning to collage, and to various places at the fringes of either the lyrical or the narrative. My writing often starts with the sense of a shape rather than of an event, character, or image. In discussion with a friend we settled on "anti-literary fiction" as a term for similar projects of trying to write in a literary way in a context that is apparently technical or commoditized:

I suspect that these kinds of encounters can both investigate and refresh some words and ways of talking. What obsesses me is form: it seems like a good enough word for the place where meaning, ideology, and personhood happen.

Recently I have been writing digitally - writing in the sense of picking the adjectives, nouns, and verbs for a dictionary; of choosing and programming rules to transform a text with; or of naming variables and producing comments and explanations. There is much still unrealized potential to use algorithmic rules and new technologies to produce significant, compelling literary texts, as algorithmic processes can create unique estrangements and multiplicities in a story or poem, and can perform occasionally revelatory inhuman readings of other texts. This digital literature is going to be written: I want to be a part of the conversation in the rooms where this and other art gets made.

I am interested in spaceships, Tom Swifties, High School, formulas, wizards, and rhyming. I enjoy various novels written in Europe or Latin America between 1767 and 1967, and also ones from other times and places. I have been trying for two years to write a complete science fiction story that matches what I understand of the constraints of the genre and failing. I play with absorption and frustration some video games: many of them are horribly misogynistic and jingoistic but simultaneously present stunningly intricate and affecting zones to move through. I am also curious about the theorization of games and interactive media: games can contained swallowed versions of other media like film, music, and poetry while also foregrounding problems about rule-systems, spatiality, and temporality. MacKenzie Wark's Gamer Theory is a place to start for me in thinking about these things. And for six years my doodling has taken the form of a "Whirly-Art," inspired by

an essay of Douglas Hofstadter's - non-representational squiggles that are probably not too outwardly interesting but which I find much joy in tracing.

I see a common cause in: the work of Perec, Calvino, all the OuLiPo, and their idea of artistic form as a human problem able to be opened to combinatorial play; so many poets including Inger Christensen, Jackson Mac Low, Anne Carson, Frank O'Hara, M. Nourbese Philip, W.H. Auden, John Ashbery, Alice Notley, and Robert Creeley for how my language may not recover; Tarn & Zach Adams' Dwarf Fortress's generative yet intricately systematic worlds played through language; and ideas, structures, speculations, stories, zones, and sounds by M.C. Escher, Ludwig Wittgenstein, the mathematicians Alexander Grothendieck and Saunders Mac Lane, Ursula K. Le Guin, Stanislaw Lem, George Eliot and F. Dostoevsky, Douglas Hofstadter, John Conway, Vijay Iyer, Charles Mingus, Robert Ashley, and others.

As a lapsed math student, my thinking moves almost reflexively towards the systematized and abstract, but it is impossible (right now) to write ethically without thinking about institutional or social violence and the aesthetics of fascism. I am queer, I am not white; I am skeptical of the extent to which essentialist readings of identity categories can be used to resist violence articulated around them but am also quite aware that while walking down many streets I cannot step out of those words. I also write because I know violence first happens in language and that the work of imagining other ways of being in a community, a country, a world will also happen there. That oppression and restriction are also problems of form. I need the practices of writing and of reading to find in company a way of being in language that is more livable and interesting and good: new names.

- Content: suicide (as in all writing, the "I" is of course fictional, whether it claims not to be or not, and this is unambiguously intended as a short-story with an imagined narrator)

Again I Discuss Something Brown

Could i have language? Have it, or even cup it for a minute in a palm? Could i find it, it me, somewhere where i'd stopped, given up on, forgotten about, looking. This is how i'm gonna start saying things; by not saying things, by saying things about saying things.

. ,

> When they stop writing about love and death they find they are walking in a forest. It is around 3 in the afternoon; I can't tell you who they are or what they are saying, but i can tell you about the leaves on the branches, and the loam and orange light.

,. .

> *"I have nothing to say*
> *and I am saying it   and that is*
> *poetry   as I need it   ."*

. ; ,   ,

This is a story that starts with two people in a room, which is how i start most of my stories when i want to say something, but i don't want to squander the moment trying to come up with a better way to say what i want to say.

, -   .   - ,   .

> And as we sat there, they chattered at us from the drawers, in the languages of lost things.

.

> She followed the center of the concrete,
> triangling to a point past suburbia:
> the repeated trees, the new houses

giving fresh configurations of known shapes,
like walking into stillness, she stepped over leaves.

;.. ,;   .;;., .   ;;   .   ;

"Again I discuss something brown.
& once again I'm willing myself dead or I'm coming to see
something narrow.
Once more I quietly chalk a strange tall bottle.

Finally I'm saying something between thick things."

, .   , . .   ,   . ,   .,.,.,.

She was following the center of the sidewalk's triangle, over the orange and concrete.

‐

That somewhere in the rubble could be a few sentences scratched on floorboards. That we could squat there speaking them and forget that the building has no roof.

‐   .

The repeating trees, the new houses giving fresh configurations of known shapes, like walking into some stillness she stepped over leaves.

:   .   ; ,

I want to die, i want to die, all the time (which is to say every few hours) i want to die. And i think i want to write for the reason that i want to do other things, which is that i want to not want to die.

.   :   ,

On investigating, "want to die" is a bit too abstract – it is not that i think i understand the abstract state corresponding to death (i.e. the breakage of the conditions that enable and sustain life), and feel a desire for that abstract state – but that i am fascinated by and drawn to the enactment of the breakage contained in "dying", the 4th floor landing, the $4.27 cvs clothesline, the brief pause sitting on the hand-rail and wrapping rope into the iron spokes, the shifting forward of weight and the drop. This leads me to the suspicion that i do not want to die, but that i want to want to die. Other explanations discount the privacy of the performance and the sense, loosening noose and lifting it over my head, of a failure.

```
   ,     ;    -         *.  . *          ,*
```

> Walking past cars and by shadows of cars
> each home offers her up some new form of place:
> a varying pattern made by a garden
> potted plants in new positions, another shade
> of yellow some house shows, behind its greenery.

```
.,  |   ,.      ;;       |  ,    ;.              \        ,.
```

But as soon as the clothesline's all packed up, before even, i find myself telling it: *the penciled-note for weeks in a back pocket explaining itself, what it was like that night-into-morning to find myself automatically planning, thinking about futures, and what it was like trying to and for once succeeding in convincing myself that those plans and futures wouldn't be mine; that time i set a 4 minute timer on my smartphone for me to get it done or not get it done, and i did not and it went off, and i pulled the phone from my pocket, slid my finger over the thing and entered my passcode so it wouldn't just snooze and go off again in another 5 minutes, and how i lifted my legs back behind the railing.*Each telling has different intonations; and i know who it's being told to (or they change, as the story changes, but the nature of their silence dictates my tones of voice and my emphases). And then*, that friend seeing me on my way back from taking a restroom break,* with no time to finish up stories. And now here i am, telling the telling of it.

```
    -         . ,                  .;                                 .
```

> This evening she was trying to remember the name of a fantasy book with a tree in it she had read one morning, or early afternoon, when she was maybe 10, in the library in the mall in Ontario where her grandfather had worked. Really she just wanted to remember anything that would let her look the book up – she could not even remember its author, or plot. The main character was maybe 12 – the age of most children who stumble into magic worlds then end up in a book – and everything happened in a massive tree that was a world, or world that was a tree. It was probably a trilogy. The tone was very mythic and big, but also understated. There were hints of references, perhaps Celtic or Norse – she'd tried searching "Young Adult Novel World Tree", and more specifically with the Norse tree "Fantasy Novel Ygdrassil," and there were multiple young adult or fantasy novels with Ygdrassil in them, but none of them could have been the one she remembered reading.

```
    -         -  -                    -                                -
```

Consider a bird through a window; it is a small fluffed mass, vibrating, folded up.

```
,.|**.;,;*\\.,_____/\_*_.,.|.,.,.,/:::::::;:::::|\|**.***,******:____`~,.   .
```

I worry that maybe everything i've written is a metaphor for depression or suicide. Or that maybe every item on the checklist or each noose is a failed piece of writing: the easy intensity of it, the manufactured catharsis, mechanical tragedy.

-

"people were mean to you
but i always thought you were cool
clicking down the concrete hallways
in your spiked heels
back in high school"

\   \   .   \,

As though on a snowflake or mandelbrot set
with a step past a crack she steps back
to a changed place where she was just before.
Every evening she tries new repetitions:
this admission to ritual, this walk into old things

, ;   . /

Now, it's late – or at least, at 6:22, which is when it is, it's dark out. The room's a little bit musty, as two months in i still haven't fully unpacked, and i'm recovering from a cold: tissue box to the right of my laptop, garbage bin full – and i never even put a bag in it. I was listening to Grimes' new album again, and now I'm listening to Glenn Gould's 1955 rendition of Bach's Goldberg Variations while i type, and am leaning at the screen and rocking back and forth to the piano a little bit, while unwrapping a Kit-Kat. I often listen to this album when i want something to zone out to, or as music when i try to focus on something else, as opposed to his 1982 recording of the Goldberg Variations, which i listen to sometimes when going to sleep.

-

On top of bright pilings and branch shadows
she follows the centerline of the
sidewalk's triangling form, poking sky.
As though one fixed point, lawns and homes
went by her.

,   . ,   .:   ,   .;

The grass is a maze and you will pass your finger through it; the grass is a city

in which you will not live.

,   ..:;   \   *

"but don't hate her / when she gets up toOOoo leaEAVe"
a brief chair creak

_ -

("we shall find there, inside that seed, nothing but his featureless cell, nothing but voice, nothing but darkness and talk")

/

I think there was something else, that i meant to say, i don't remember whether or what

The Guide to Nonexistent Birds: an Ornithological Logic is a programmatic essay on birdwatching, logic, the OuLiPian idea of constraint, and occasionally other things, written in comments and code in a file in the logic programming language Prolog that when run randomly generates descriptions of birds that don't exist. An excerpt is below. The full (executable) text can be found here: https://github.com/notkrd/KD_AGuideToNonexistentBirds

```
/*
* THE GUIDE TO NONEXISTENT
* BIRDS: An Ornithological Logic
* Edited by Kavi Duvvoori
*
*
* (How I would recommend reading this
* thing, though there is room for
* debate on this question - read the
* Neruda poem, all the comments I
* wrote (I'm attached to a few of them),
* the Wallace Stevens in its
* entirety but only once, skip the Keats
* except for a few lines for
* atmosphere, the Bukowski won't take
* up too much of your time (the
* poems are included not because i
* think they're the very best bird
* related poems there are but because
* maybe they somehow help develop
* the narrative), skim 13 or so birds, and
* don't bother with the code
* except for a few carefully named
* variables; it's up to you what to do
* with the rest of it)
*
*
* BIRD
* Pablo Neruda
...

% NOTE: We cannot yet guarantee that
```

The Guide to Nonexistent Birds: An Ornithological Logic

SECTION 1475771516.275981:

* * ** *** ***** ******** *************

ARCTIC FLYCATCHER

A bird with a brown shoulder and a brown head is the arctic flycatcher. They can most often be told apart by their mottled shoulders and breasts. Arctic flycatchers can often be seen eating roots and seeds in western tundra, or now and then in conifers. These birds live in pairs. CALL: a squawking that starts abrasive and ends hoarse, which resembles "kyik-chip kyik-chipKYIK".

-

BROWN-TAILED FLYCATCHER

The brown-tailed flycatcher is sometimes mistaken for the arctic flycatcher and is slightly smaller than it. The brown-tailed flycatcher has a

```
% any birds described in this guide
% do not, in fact, exist. We deeply and
% sincerely apologize for any
% inconvenience this causes and,
% pending venture capitalist funding,
% are working on developing a solution
% to this problem.

fibonacci(0,0).
fibonacci(1,1).
fibonacci(N, FIB_N):-
N >= 2,
NMONE is N-1,
NMTWO is N-2,
fibonacci(NMONE,FIB_NMONE),
fibonacci(NMTWO,FIB_NMTWO),
FIB_N is FIB_NMONE + FIB_NMTWO.
…

* THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING
* AT A BLACKBIRD
* Wallace Stevens
*
* I
* Among twenty snowy mountains,
* The only moving thing
* Was the eye of the blackbird.
* ...
*/
% We will start with a few of the names
% necessary for any bird watcher,
% or bird-imaginer

birdFamilies(["hummingbird","thrush","tinamou",
"egret","hawk","kestrel",
"eagle","duck","falcon","partridge","brush-
turkey","grebe",
"coot","swallow","grouse","guineafowl","woodpe
cker",
"shellduck","barbet","vulture","gull","flycatcher",
"swift",
"albatross","oriole"]).
…
% There may be other and
```

black neck and red breast. Brown-tailed flycatchers can often be found around southern canopies or at times in southern rivers. A bird living in flocks, they are found around the homes of the coastal vulture. CALL: a melodic singing which sounds like "ou-klip ou-klipCHI".

-

CRIMSON-SHOULDERED COOT

The crimson-shouldered coot has a red throat and a crimson shoulder. Usually, one can be told apart by its tufted tail and its' notable oversized shoulder. You are most likely to discover crimson-shouldered coots in eastern undergrowth. There, they can often be observed feeding on freshwater fish. A bird living in flocks, they travel long distances annualy to the same sites in the North in the fall, to withstand the weather. CALL: a sort of "coo-ah".

SOUTHERN FLYCATCHER

The southern flycatcher is slightly larger than the brown-tailed flycatcher and is notable for its golden beak and golden crest. Both birds have a red head and a golden beak and a golden shoulder

```prolog
% contaminating rooms: the metaphor-
% logic
% mentions odd flecks, leaves, wind-
% rustles, cloud-pockets. Throat
% feathers all ragged and rippling, if you
% remember interiors

desc_name(coloredPart,[THE_PART,THE_COL
OR],THE_DESC_STR):-
strs_flatten([THE_COLOR,"-
",THE_PART,"ed"],THE_DESC_STR).
desc_name(clime, [THE_CLIME],
THE_DESC_STR):-
THE_DESC_STR = THE_CLIME.
…
desc_name(wayOfSinging,
[THE_WAY_OF_SINGING],
THE_DESC_STR):-
THE_DESC_STR = THE_WAY_OF_SINGING.

% The Juan Fernandez firecrown in the
% Juan Fernandez Islands, named
% after the Spanish explorer Juan
% Fernandez, is a hummingbird only
% spotted on the island Isla de Robinson
% Crusoe, named after Robinson
% Crusoe, owned by Chile which was
% named "Chile" by the Spanish
% possibly from the Incan naming of a
% valley "Chili," a corruption of
% the name of a Picunche chief Tili, or
% which may be named from a
% Mapuche word "chilli" for "where the
% land ends," a Quechua word
% "chiri" or "tchilli" for "cold" or
% "snow," or for the onomatopoeic
% "cheele-cheele" for the warble of a
% bird known as the "trile"
…

% And now, a brief break for ode-singing -

bird_chirps(["ai","ou","ka","rik","chi","er","tee","
oo",
```

and a red breast. Southern flycatchers may sometimes be found in southern branches searching for fruits and nuts. These birds live in flocks. CALL: a kind of "chi-wee chip".

-

GOLDEN-SHOULDERED GULL

A gull with a yellow tail is the golden-shouldered gull. Golden-shouldered gulls often inhabit western tundra or mountain tops where they most often subsist on brittlefish, lanternfish, and eelouts. These birds only survive far from human populations, in flocks. CALL: a hoarse "wee-kraa-ai wee-kraa-aiER".

COASTAL FLYCATCHER

The coastal flycatcher is much smaller than the southern flycatcher and is notable for its brown head and black shoulder. They have speckled tails and mottled beaks. Coastal flycatchers may often be found in northern estuaries searching for seeds and some grubs. These birds have lost the capacity for flight, in flocks. CALL: a type of singing - first high then melodic "wee-kyik ka wee-kyik".

"wee","kraa","coo","kyik","ah","per","pip",
"chip","klip","kok"]).

% Ode to a Nightingale
% John Keats
…

word --> [chirp].
tweet --> [first_chirp], word.
tweet --> [first_chirp], word, word.
melody --> tweet.
melody --> [shriek], tweet.
structure --> [echo_shriek].
structure --> [but_with_a_chirp].
structure --> [].
structure --> [chirp_echo].
song --> melody, structure.
song --> melody, [pause], song.
…
% Some birds names are people's names.
% But to invent the names of birds
% named after people would require
% inventing people, and that is beyond
% the scope of this particular project.
…
% Surfin' Bird
% THE TRASHMEN
%
% A-well-a, everybody's heard about the bird
% Bird, bird, bird, b-bird's the word
% A-well-a, bird, bird, bird, the bird is the word
% A-well-a, bird, bird, bird, well, the bird is the word
…
% Beginning early with an odd bird in the hand, one free in the sheet of
% the sky, or two on the wire.
%
%-
%
% What i am writing about is that i go
% home, and the next morning we go
% on a hike up the local public park

CHATTERING COOT

We know nothing about the chattering coot.

-

BLACK-THROATED SWIFT

The black-throated swift is conspicuous for its brown tail and its brown neck. Black-throated swifts may often be seen in western mountain tops searching for seeds and nuts. These birds live in large congregations. CALL: a type of "TEEkyik-er TEEkyik-erCHI".

COASTAL DUCK

One kind of duck is the coastal duck, a bird notable for its white shoulder and gray crest. Their narrow crests are remarkable. Coastal ducks may often be found in northern undergrowth searching for freshwater fish. In solitude, they make their homes in depressions in the ground covered over by branches. CALL: a abrasive "rik-kyik-per wee rik-kyik-per".

SOUTHERN COOT

A relative of the chattering coot, the southern coot

% mountain and what we do is carry a
% laminated guide to local wildflowers
% and at each new blossom stop and
% cluster around the pictures looking at
% the yellow white purple orange
% or red petals comparing and looking
% at leaf lengths and saying into
% the wind "California Milkworth,"
% "Purple Larkspur," "Baby Blue Eyes,"
% "Mugwort," "Morning Glory,"
% "Fiddleneck," "Yellow
% Monkeyflower,"
% "Linseed"
%
%-
%
% In the blurb of Inger Christensen's
% /Alphabet/, someone calls her a
% "singer of syllables." That's one thing
% i believe in i guess, the
% saying of the names of things as a
% kind of prayer or assurance of your
% place among them and towards no
% other end, to speak in clicking
% noun-phrases and breathing infinitives
% while walking through both the
% landscape and the words for it.
%
% There is that classic sort of wizardry
% that operates by knowing and
% speaking, as distinguished from
% simply recalling and recreating the
% sounds of, names. From Ursula Le
% Guin's /Earthsea/ for instance "My
% name, and yours, and the true name of
% the sun, or a spring of water,
% or an unborn child, all are syllables of
% the great word that is very
% slowly spoken by the shining of the
% stars. There is no other power. No
% other name." Something else i like
% about this kind of Young Adult
% wizardry is the suspicion of the power

is somewhat smaller than it, and has a golden tail and golden beak. Southern coots can often be spotted eating freshwater fish in southern bushes, or now and then in undergrowth. These solitary birds will steal sandwiches. CALL: a hoarse "er-klip-ai".

GOLDEN-TAILED FLYCATCHER

A relative of the coastal flycatcher, the golden-tailed flycatcher is much larger than it, possessing a white shoulder and yellow throat. Usually, one can be identified by its speckled shoulder and its' conspicuous mottled throat. Golden-tailed flycatchers feed on seeds, worms, and berries in eastern undergrowth. These flocking birds mate at the correct times with great theatrics and zeal. CALL: a chattering that starts tuneful and ends hoarse, which might be transcribed "ah-rik-rik kraa".

BLUE-SHOULDERED GULL

The blue-shouldered gull is much smaller than the golden-shouldered gull and is notable for its black beak and yellow wing. Its' remarkable speckled crest usually lets you identify one. Blue-

% in it: how the knowledge of a
% person's actual name gives a total and
% dangerous kind of control over
% them; the namer of birds, there, is a
% maker of lists but also
% responsible for the unpredictable and
% at times incendiary or
% entrapping results of speaking their
% grimoire.
%
%-
%
% Code is language that does fixed things.
%
% Code is not what this is about but it is
% one of the things that it is
% about because, for all of
% programming's silliness obscurity and
% economics, in its sentences one can
% glimpse every now and then,
% through the For loops and cautious
% architectures of parenthesis,
% inside the obscure formal spacing and
% odd capitalization, traces of
% the old original magic: words,
% utterances that some opaque and not
% human thing reads and responds to.
%
% The rhetoric of almost all
% programming is the rhetoric of either the
% imperative or of the declarative: in
% the first the programmer tells
% their variables what they are, what
% they will do, what they will
% mutate into, and eventually how they
% will be written or acted upon;
% functional programming describes
% how one sort of code-thing makes
% another code-thing, and writes the
% rules for these subtle growths and
% transformations until one finds
% themselves writing rules about rules,
% and rules about rules about rules.

shouldered gulls can occasionally be observed eating freshwater fish in northern branches, or now and then in undergrowth. These flocking birds will congregate and gratefully eat if fed. CALL: a kind of singing - first tuneful then low "pip-ah-oo pip-ah-ooER".

-

COMMON HAWK

The common hawk is a hawk with a gray tail and a yellow neck. They can most often be told apart by their oversized crests and breasts. Common hawks may often be spotted in eastern beaches searching for shorebirds. They fly slowly. CALL: a high "AHrik-klip-chip".

YELLOW-TAILED SWIFT

A bird with a yellow tail and a black throat is the yellow-tailed swift. One can be told apart by its oversized beak and its' narrow throat. Yellow-tailed swifts may often be spotted in southern conifers or in tundra. Their diet consists primarily of roots and seeds. A bird living with many of their kind, they mate at the correct times with great theatrics and zeal. CALL: a low tweeting

% Logic programming however, as this
% document mostly is, is an attempt at a
% third approach: in Prolog one
% describes a system of things, and if
% this constructed place is a
% possible one the interpreter finds it,
% assembles the pieces from
% basic blocks, and shows you the
% discovered landscape.
%
%-
%
% Consider an eccentric, aspiring, and
% trust-fund supported
% ornithologist who absolutely refuses
% to step out of their room.
%
% Birds occasionally fly past their
% window or rest on a distant branch,
% but each too quickly or at just too
% much of a distance for the
% Ornithologist At Their Window to do
% more than observe one feature or a
% rough outline of.
%
% This eccentric however feels for
% whatever reason compelled to sit for
% hours daily at their desk with a pen
% and a notebook, assembling these
% remembered fragments into
% descriptions of the birds which they
% imagine
% they might have seen. They might tell
% the way a blue neck inflates and
% contracts over indigo wings, or the
% three syllable screeching of
% certain hawks. It is important for this
% story that the only way we can
% write about this author is to talk about
% how they write their
% ornithology; much later, someone
% finds the enormous stack of notebooks
% they leave behind containing nothing

which resembles "CHIPcoo-tee-chi tee".

SOUTHERN THRUSH

The southern thrush is remarkable for its golden crest and its red beak. They have speckled breasts and narrow heads. Southern thrushs can sometimes be found eating fruits and nuts in southern branches, or now and then in treetops. These semi-solitary birds make their homes in flat platforms composed of dead twigs and leaves. CALL: a sort of "KRAAai-tee-kok KRAAai-tee-kokKLIP".

NORTHERN GULL

The northern gull is sometimes mistaken for the blue-shouldered gull and is much larger than it. The northern gull has a golden shoulder and golden breast. Northern gulls may sometimes be seen in northern bushes searching for freshwater fish. These birds live in solitude. CALL: a abrasive squawking which might be transcribed "COOwee-kyik ka COOwee-kyik".

CRIMSON-TAILED FLYCATCHER
The crimson-tailed flycatcher resembles the

% but potential birds. The contents
% of their notebooks are published on
% someone else's whim.
%
% Now imagine walking outside with
% this guide, down to the slough in
% Spring or into hills, and seeing a bird
% on a branch of an oak, or
% wading through the muck.
%
% You open the Book of Potential Birds
% and flip for a while through
% its exhaustive pages, learning to
% navigate its oddly ordered
% sections. The bird is in no rush to get
% anywhere else, has a long
% stripe accross its torso, and hobbles
% and bobs along. Now you find an
% entry in the book that - though its
% author never saw the bird in front
% of you, describes exactly its size,
% motion, and one stripe. The book
% tells you the bird makes a harsh and
% doubled whistling; this time,
% the bird you are watching a body's
% length away makes a harsh and
% doubled whistling.
%
%-
%
% There are birds in the backyard: after
% metaphor, fact and background
% noise.
%
% Over fig blossoms a green one is
% humming, still as the landscape
% moves
% around it.
%
% On the fence at the back of the
% property, seen through the leaves of
% the apricot tree are three gray and
% brown animals, to my untrained
% eyes the only description for their

golden-tailed flycatcher but is somewhat smaller than it, possessing a crimson tail and red shoulder. Its' remarkable mottled neck most often lets you identify one. Crimson-tailed flycatchers may sometimes be spotted in southern bushes or in branches. Their diet consists primarily of fruits and nuts. A bird living with many of their kind, they make their homes in depressions in the ground covered over by moss, wool, fabric, plant fluff, or string. CALL: a low squawking which resembles "KAah-rik".

RED-TAILED COOT

The red-tailed coot is somewhat larger than the southern coot and is notable for its brown crest and red throat. Both birds have a black head and a golden neck. Red-tailed coots feed on freshwater fish in northern undergrowth. A bird living in pairs, they are found around the homes of the red-crested grebe. CALL: a singing that starts abrasive and ends hoarse, which sounds like "AIoo-per ai".

SQUAWKING DUCK

The squawking duck is sometimes confused with

% shape "bird": a doubly bent curve,
% simple beak, a bulge and suggestion
% of wings, the thin toes wrapped
% round wood and the paper fan of tail
% behind. Their heads and torsos
% turn occasionally and at once; they
% strut along the walk. They
% pause. Then, they fly up at my
% approach and land back three feet
% further down along the wood.
%
% Two sleek and brown-chested
% specimens pick at the fallen apricots
% or the grubs buried in the fruits
% opened orange matter.
%
% One small and dark and gray thrashes
% around somehow within air, as if
% touching and thrown back by invisible
% walls which its wings find and
% shove.
%
% A long way up two bent flecks,
% making somewhere small running
% shadows,
% drift.
%
% Another bird with a dark crest, white
% neck, neatly splayed tail,
% the kind of bird for the birdwatchers
% or the hikers at their cameras,
% rests a few moments in another long-leaved
% tree, before setting the
% branch vibrating as the blur of it dives
% up and swims in air.
%
% The background noise, as it almost
% invariably is, is a range of bird
% whistles, chirps, and chittering - the
% apparent peaks each with their
% own jagged and private contour - that
% stand against each other; now a
% wail that comes in threes, rising,

the coastal duck and is slightly larger than it. The squawking duck has a brown breast and yellow neck. Squawking ducks feed on trout, flounder, and perch in eastern canopies. They can generally be told apart by their speckled tails and wings. These semi-solitary birds will steal sandwiches. CALL: a sort of "COOcoo-ou COOcoo-ouKOK".

SOUTHERN SWIFT

With a gray throat, the southern swift is much larger than the black-throated swift. Southern swifts often occupy southern pine stands or cliffsides where they generally subsist on seeds and spiders. These semi-solitary birds are found around the homes of the yellow-winged woodpecker. CALL: a melodic "er-chi-kraa wee er-chi-kraa".

-

NORTHERN ALBATROSS

One kind of albatross is the northern albatross, a bird conspicuous for its brown throat and gray head. Northern albatrosss can often be spotted eating freshwater fish in northern bushes, or now and then in cliffsides. In flocks, they are a brood

% dropping, while from another ear's
% side of the yard a full paragraph of
% evenly spaced and paper-thin
% notes scatters, with an undertone of
% insects vibrating and, if you
% listen very carefully, the refrigerator.
%
% -
%
% There is a 13 paragraph story-shaped
% hole here, and what i am doing is
% looking for the noises or meanings
% that could successfully fill out or
% scaffold it; reaching for birds:
% consider a landscape the birds have
% deserted - electric wires just strings
% sagging their symmetric natural
% sag, braches and leaves that jiggle
% predictably to wind, fences which
% designate boundaries and have
% nothing to interrupt their tops.
%
% The topography of this birdless place
% is the same as it was, more or
% less, but the place somehow seems
% empty as a page, as though it was
% existing before to hold birds, as
% though while watching this landscape
% you are really waiting for the birds
% and their utterances to inhabit
% it, and are now looking for where they
% will enter it again: on the
% branches, along the fence, or
% clutching the wire.
%
% Maybe birds are parralel and alternate societies,
% civilizations we
% look into to restructure or make
% contingent ours: buildings of rooks,
% and coveys of partridges;
% murmurations of starlings, casts of
% hawks,
% and the inevitable murders of crows;

parasite, leaving their eggs in nests of the northern partridge rather than raising their own young. CALL: a "er-ou KLIPai-er er-ou KLIPai-erKA".

SINGING EAGLE

A bird with a black shoulder and a yellow throat is the singing eagle. They can typically be told apart by their striped throats and tails. You are most likely to discover singing eagles in eastern reeds. There, they can often be seen feeding on rodents and lizards. Singley, they thrive in cities. CALL: a kind of "oo-ou kok-er-pip wee oo-ou kok-er-pip".

RED-HEADED FLYCATCHER

One kind of flycatcher is the red-headed flycatcher, a bird remarkable for its yellow crest and red head. One can be identified by its narrow tail and its' speckled throat. You are most likely to discover red-headed flycatchers in eastern canopies. There, they can never be observed eating nuts, beetles, and fruit. They only survive far from human populations. CALL: a chattering that starts abrasive and ends low, which resembles "kok-ai klip-coo-pip".

% some parliaments of owls, and a
% watch of nightingales. To sit in the
% parliamentary chamber observing
% unceasing arguments in an unspoken
% language.
%
% Alternately, maybe single birds are
% instead examples of the
% metamorphosed bodies an inacessible
% person becomes: the understanding
% of herons and cruelty of ravens;
% wisdom of owls, grace of swans, and
% morbid despair of vultures. The way
% the animal cannot protest the
% story told of it without its call being
% made back into story, or to
% praise.
%
% Something else i like and look for is
% the moment when a metaphor gets
% so involved in its details that it no
% longer appears to be a map to
% somewhere else, but its own place –
% parables that get lost in
% themselves, like Aesop's Fables or
% Calvino's /Cosmicomics/; i believe
% in maps, in the possibility of
% paraphrase - that, at the end of the
% day, our explanations usually can do
% what we need them to - but also
% that there is something else to be
% found in the contour of the drawn
% coastline, a way in which the pencil
% finding the inlets and little
% islands also begins to understand the
% possible joy and reasons behind
% its own motion. I think one could read
% The Sibley Guide to Birds,
% as a magic-realist collection of prose-
% poetry now, if there were no
% birds around at all.
%
% 'Consider a language-game between a

EASTERN ORIOLE

The eastern oriole is remarkable for its golden breast and its golden head. Their striped heads are conspicuous. Eastern orioles sometimes occupy eastern estuaries or undergrowth where they typically subsist on seeds, worms, and berries. These birds live individually or in small groups. CALL: a type of singing - first tuneful then low "ah-er klip-ah-ah ai".

COASTAL HAWK

A hawk with a violet head is the coastal hawk. One can be identified by its tufted wing and its' oversized shoulder. You are most likely to discover coastal hawks in western bushes. There, they can often be observed eating rabbits, mice, and gophers. They thrive in suburbs. CALL: a kind of singing - first low then tuneful "kyik-ou kyik-tee-kyik kyik-ou kyik-tee-kyikPIP".

EASTERN SWIFT

With a brown beak, the eastern swift is much smaller than the southern swift. Their colors are completely different. Eastern swifts often inhabit

% birdwatcher A and a
% nature photographer B. A is
% photographing birds: there are grebes,
% thrushes, swallows, and wrens. B has
% to find and name the birds in the
% order in which A wants to photograph
% them. For this purpose, they use
% a language consisting of the words
% "grebe," "thrush," "swallow," and
% "wren." A calls them out; B finds and
% points to the bird they have
% learned to find at such-and-such a
% call. Conceive this as a complete
% primitive language.' Consider a
% sedentary creature who returns
% through all seasons to the same three
% or four perches (i'm trying to
% avoid autobiography, but only find
% myself explaining what i imagine i
% do and do not understand of myself).
%
% Raymond Queneau's motto: "Rats
% who build the labyrinth from which
% they will try to escape"
%
% Georges Perec's: "I set myself rules in
% order to be totally free"
%
% This is not the logic of birds of
% course, but the logic of a mind
% making a logic for the birds already in
% its private landscape: i do
% not hope to find the actual patterns of
% ornithology, but only to
% consider some of the odd extravagant
% and particular birds of a logic;
% it is not the still polygon of the stuffed
% specimen but the blur of
% the hovering hummingbird's wings
% that i want to watch and understand:
% or maybe what is interesting is
% actually the counterpoint between
% polygon and motion.

eastern bushes or reeds where they typically subsist on grubs and worms. These birds collect bright trinkets found in the dirt, alone. CALL: a kind of groaning - first high then hoarse "tee-chip chip-ah kok tee-chip chip-ah".

RED-TAILED DUCK

We know nothing about the red-tailed duck.

SINGING COOT

The singing coot is somewhat larger than the red-tailed coot and is notable for its brown throat and brown breast. Singing coots feed on freshwater fish in eastern undergrowth. They have narrow shoulders and oversized heads. These birds seek hot currents of wind to fly high on, in solitude. CALL: a kind of singing - first low then melodic "chi-ou coo-er oo".

GRAY-NECKED FLYCATCHER

With a blue crest, the gray-necked flycatcher is much larger than the crimson-tailed flycatcher. Their speckled breasts are remarkable. Gray-necked flycatchers feed on seeds and spiders in eastern cliffsides. A bird living in flocks, they are

%
% I do remember walking through the
% coastal forest where an osprey was
% and the binoculars on a string around
% my neck. I do not really
% remember the bird beyond the flash of
% some section of white and the
% signification of wings, but i remember
% talking and reading about it
% afterwards, in our place a rare bird,
% fish-eater and diver, nesting
% on large sticks placed in a dead tree. I
% remember kestrels on
% telephone wires and boring vultures.
% A hawk or swift that one morning
% we found after a thunderclap from the
% living room window: shaking in a
% pile there for some minutes as we
% wondered whether there was someone
% one is supposed to call about dying
% birds, when it gathered itself up
% and flapped off.
%
% A speculation (not true or untrue but
% perhaps with the sound of
% potentially resonant things, that can
% catch and keep an ear for the
% duration of their utterance and which
% later a mouth may find itself
% repeating a variation on): birdsong is
% the place where names and
% things line up; where, for the length of
% such a song, the landscape
% and its language can be figure and
% ground of the same place; a
% rabbit running from the hawk's
% shadow, the hawk directing the
% darkening of grass after the rabbit.
%
% You are taking a break now, finding a
% window, finding the bird in it,
% giving it a minute, coming back after.
%
% "Maybe sparrow it's too late /

found around the homes of the white-tailed swallow. CALL: a "chi-oo wee-ah chi-oo wee-ahKLIP".

TROPICAL GULL

The tropical gull is sometimes mistaken for the northern gull and is slightly smaller than it. The tropical gull has a yellow beak and yellow tail. Tropical gulls feed on trout, flounder, and perch in northern canopies. One can be distinguished by its narrow wing and its' striped neck. These birds are found around the homes of the yellow-necked swift, alone. CALL: a sort of screeching - first abrasive then abrasive "OUer-chi-ah pip OUer-chi-ah".

MOUNTAIN THRUSH

A relative of the southern thrush, the mountain thrush is somewhat larger than it, possessing a black head and red shoulder. Both birds have a yellow tail and a yellow wing and a red shoulder and a white breast. Mountain thrushs can sometimes be spotted eating seeds, grubs, and berries in western bushes, or now and then in pine stands. These semi-solitary birds seek rising

```
% Moonlight glanced off metal wings /
% In a thunderstorm above the clouds /
% The engine hums a sparrow's phrase
% / For those who cannot hear the words
% / For those who will not hear
% the words / For those who will not
% hear the words / La di da di da di
% da / La di da di da di da" - Neko Case

lots_ofBirdWords(N,THE_TEXT):-
get_time(NOW),
% "Lightning -
fibonacci_birds(N,_,_,THE_WORDS),
% Heron's cry
append([["The Guide to Nonexistent Birds:",
" an Ornithological Logic",
"\n\nSECTION ",NOW,":\n\n",
"* * ** *** ***** ******** *************",
"\n\n"],
THE_WORDS],ALL_WORDS),
strs_flatten(ALL_WORDS,THE_TEXT),
% Stabs the darkness" - BASHO (trans. unknown)
writef(THE_TEXT).
guideToNonexistentBirds(BIRD_WORDS):-
lots_ofBirdWords(7,BIRD_WORDS),
open('GuideToNonexistentBirds.txt',write,THE_BOOK),
write(THE_BOOK,BIRD_WORDS),
close(THE_BOOK).

% Freebird
% LYNRYD SKYNYRD
…
% Won't you fly high, free bird, yeah?
```

currents of wind to fly rapidly on. CALL: a "KOKkyik-chip-er".

WESTERN SWIFT

The western swift resembles the yellow-tailed swift but is much smaller than it, and has a golden shoulder and white neck. Their narrow throats are notable. You are most likely to discover western swifts in western conifers. There, they can often be observed eating nuts, seeds, and beetles. These birds live singley. CALL: a hoarse squawking which sounds like "CHIklip-per-wee kyik".

CHATTERING HAWK

We know nothing about the chattering hawk.

One Story

Mitchi was behind the windows with the dome of their head on the gentle lukewarm glass, looking at the pebbled ground and the leaves, the dry crusts of leaves wandering over shadows of leaves, and was trying to remember how to breathe without thinking about it, when Lee opened the door.

Mitchi didn't turn towards the door, but their shoulders loosened down and head rolled up some as Lee walked towards them; and they turned their head a quarter of the way to Lee as Lee sat on the edge of the desk chair with a hand on Mitchi's shoulder. Their shoulder stiffened into bone for a moment, then loosened, and Mitchi drew a hand to hair. Then Mitchi slipped back onto the stool and looked fully at Lee – the whole looking silence of them in front of the wall: taught lips turned slightly up, small nose taking a long breath out, skin under the sides of eyes raised and still, and the right thumb on Mitchi's left shoulder rubbed lightly twice.

They both turned to look out the window as someone stepping over the leaves' yell to another person through the window shouted through it. It was a nearly joyful, pointing shout, and footsteps ran on, and Lee and Mitchi continued looking out for a few breaths.

A sudden sobbing from Mitchi – simultaneously restrained and calculated – or more a gasping, a placing of their fingers on dome of head, and palms on cheek.

Lee sat behind Mitchi and leaned into them, the dome of Lee's head into Mitchi's shoulder, arms over stomach and ribs, and held. And there was a solidity there and it didn't stop the sobs but organized them, redirected them into a shaking and clenching and shortness of breath, as Mitchi pressed Lee's left wrist with the pads of their right fingers.

Mitchi noticed their rate of breathing changing to match Lee's – sometimes a little faster, sometimes a little late, but centered around the slow expansion and contraction of it, returning to it; with broken breaths or shaking, Lee's arms tightened and pulled Mitchi back. The confusion of it was – that if Mitchi wanted to be somewhere, this was where they wanted to be, but they also didn't want to be here, so they must not want to be somewhere. Lee stayed there breathing.

Mitchi looked at the place where the wall met the floor – cream into gray, a strip of brown, a peeled up frontier of dry paint and varying inlets – and at Lee's hands – the crenellation of blue sweater opening onto them, the tiny triangle latticework over everything, the faint flow of a few wisps of hair catching light – and at the floor past Lee's hands – the wild roughness of the linoleum, the spots and debris. Eventually, Mitchi leaned forward and turned, as Lee's arms dropped back, and Mitchi slid their fingers through the spaces between Lee's fingers and pressed them a moment, and got up, and blinked tightly, and left the room.

\begin{project}

Water Plastic Writing: A Collection of Language Games presents a collection of texts mediated by an eclectic variety of algorithmic methods for generating and manipulating digital text. It is interested in exploring particular conditions under which specific constrained systems of language becomes interesting. The project contains algorithmic libraries for and texts written using personal dictionaries, context free grammars, Lindenmayer system rewriting rules, literary templates, counts, what Douglas Hofstadter called "fluidly regroupable hierarchical structures," and other techniques.

Water Plastic Writing builds from scratch and presents the code for these "LanguageGame"s, rather than relying on external corpora or code libraries. The programming is done in the functional programming language Haskell: these technical decisions are made to make visible (though not decoded) the structures and instruments that determine the various texts generated here, and more broadly to problematize contemporary paradigms around the algorithmic use and study of linguistic and literary structure in natural language processing and the digital humanities. The texts encourage active and mixed modes of reading. Quotation and prose writing in comments to the code offer other directions into or out from Water Plastic Writing.

The project is at: https://github.com/notkrd/WaterPlasticWriting/tree/MakingNewThings, and just a couple poems and the specific rules that (pseudo-randomly) produced them are included here.

A sample text using l-system rewriting rules:

Lindenmayer System Rules:

```
wordsMakeWords = [
(["in","an","old","house","i","have","forgotten","now"],["language"]),
(["old","faraway","something"],["old","faraway","breath"]),
(["starts","somewhere"], ["starts","now","somewhere","in","something"]),
(["cannot","remember"],["have","forgotten","the","interiors","of"]),
(["the","interiors","of"],["now"]), (["old","odd"],["old"]),
(["somewhere","in"], ["in", "some", "faraway"]),
(["breath","now"],["breath"]),
(["language","language"],["language","starts"]),
(["this"],["in","some","odd","place"]), (["some"],["an","old"]),
(["place"],["building"]), (["building"],["house","i","cannot","remember"]),
(["language"],["this","language"]), (["starts"],["starts","somewhere"])]

(Where we begin with "language starts", and successively replace strings of
words in the beginnings of tuples with the strings in the corresponding ends)
```

The resulting text:

1. language starts

2. this language starts somewhere

3. in some odd place this language starts now somewhere in something

…

8. language in an old house i have forgotten now in an old house i have forgotten the interiors of in an old house i cannot remember in an old odd building in some odd place this language starts somewhere now in some faraway something now in an old faraway breath now in an old faraway breath

…

14. in an old house i have forgotten now in an old house i cannot remember in an old odd building in some odd place this language starts now somewhere in something now in an old faraway something in an old house i cannot remember in some odd place this language starts now somewhere in something in some odd place language starts language in an old house i have forgotten now in an old house i have forgotten the interiors of in an old house i cannot remember in an old odd building in some odd place this language starts somewhere now in some faraway something now in an old faraway breath now in an old faraway breath in an old faraway breath in an old faraway breath in an old faraway breath

A sample poem:

> show_game now_grass_alleys ground_world

now grass alleys
here , the stuttering of these loud corridors

a room imitates a maze
here those coarse teeth
these resistant alleys are not you you are a maze
i am a maze

here , the stuttering of these loud corridors
on this ground , the murmuration of these loud corridors , unfolding

a room imitates the quiet maze
on this ground some long hands
these loud corridors are not you i am a maze
you are a maze

the earthworm spills
the earthworm describes a door

these standing lungs sing
these standing lungs sing

i am a maze
you are a maze

these alleys and those alleys are not you and i babble
these loud corridors or some loud corridors are not you or
  i explain something wet
these loud corridors , unfolding or some standing loud corridors ,
  unfolding are not you or i explain something semi-opaque
these loud corridors , unfolding , into this
  body or some standing obscure corridors , unfolding , into

this   body are not you or i explain that

my dirt imitates some currents and
my   lungs sing :
the resistant creature

Dictionaries and Code:

```
\begin{code}
--A documented poem

module NowGrassAlleys where

import FingeringADoor --for input & output (IO()), e.g. printing
import WhileLettingSomethingBeMadeTheSameAsSomethingSimple --for dictionaries
(Lexicon)
import ISendAWarmThingBySpoonOverASlowOne --for grammatical rules
(YourGrammar & ChomskyRule)
import SayingThingsAsAnEngineWould --for keeping track of context (InAWorld)
import GoingAboutAndComingAcrossArt --for ways of manipulating text
(LanguageGame &  Poet)
import EachGetsAnOrangeFromAHat --for Lindenmayer rewriting systems (LWriter)

\end{code}
```

```
\begin{code}
-- Code to generate the "poem"
now_grass_alleys :: LanguageGame
now_grass_alleys _ =
  vary_with and_veining
  grass_start [] >>=
  play_n_games 3 new_s_line_with_variation >>=
  new_multiply_varied_lines >>=
  say_phrase ["\n\n"] >>=
  new_complex_line >>=
  say_phrase [":","\n"] >>=
  say_a_noun_phrase >>=
  play_after 153 bad_enjambment
  where
    say_a_noun_phrase = try_to_use (find_new_of_kinds (Set.fromList
["NP","agent","3rd SING"]))
    grass_start = \_ -> (say_phrase ["\n"] @@+@@ add_with_language_game
(vary_with and_veining (constant_game start_here))) [] >>= play_n_games 3
(try_to_use (find_new_of_kinds (Set.fromList ["L"]) @@+@@ say_phrase ["\n"])
>>= new_and_l_rewrite_kinds (Set.fromList ["L"])
    new_multiply_varied_lines = add_with_language_game (vary_with (nth_l_game
2 an_idea_of_veining) (vary_with and_veining (give_chance (find_new_of_kinds
(Set.fromList ["S","complex"])))))
    new_s_line_with_variation = new_and_l_rewrite_kinds (Set.fromList
["L","of S"])
    new_complex_line = try_to_use (find_new_of_kinds (Set.fromList
["S","complex"]))
\end{code}
```

```
\begin{code}
```

```
-- A lexicon for ground_world
this_ground :: Lexicon
this_ground = lexicon_from_kinds [
  ([""],[[""]]),
  ([",","PUNC"],[[","]]),
  ([";","PUNC"],[[";"]]),
  (["DET","SING","PLUR"],[["the"]]),
  (["NP","1st SING","Subj","agent","place"],[
      ["i"]]),

(["NP","2nd","Subj","Obj","place","definite","indefinite","agent","simple"],[
      ["you"]]),
  (["NP","1st SING","Obj","agent"],[
      ["me"]]),
  (["NP","1st
SING","agent","reflexive","place","definite","indefinite","simple"],[
      ["myself"]]),
  (["NP","Subj","Obj","place","simple"],[
      ["the","grass"]]),
  (["N","simple","abstract","proportion"],[
      ["length"],["size"]]),
  (["N","SING","place","simple"],[
      ["city"],["maze"],["room"]]),
  (["N","SING","place","possession"],[
      ["palm"],["body"]]),
  (["N","UNCOUNT","place","simple"],[
      ["dirt"],["grass"]]),
  (["N","SING","agent","simple","animate"],[
      ["elm"],["earthworm"],["creature"]]),
  (["N","SING","agent","possession","simple"],[
      ["throat"],["body"],["palm"]]),
  (["N","PLUR","place","simple"],[
      ["cities"],["rooms"],["alleys"],["currents"],["reeds"]]),
  (["N","PLUR","agent","simple"],[
      ["creatures"],["bodies"],["mouths"]]),
  (["N","PLUR","agent","possession","simple"],[
      ["hands"],["lungs"],["teeth"]]),
  (["N","PLUR","place","possession"],[
      ["doors"],["corners"]]),
  (["VP","1st SING","1st PLUR","2nd","3rd PLUR","action"],[
      ["babble"],["sing"]]),
  (["VP","3rd SING","action"],[
      ["chatters"],["spills"]]),
  (["VT","1st SING","PRES","identity"],[
      ["am"],["contradict"],["resemble"]]),
  (["VT","1st PLUR","2nd","3rd PLUR","PRES","identity"],[
      ["are"],["are","not"]]),
  (["VT","1st SING","1st PLUR","3rd PLUR","action","2nd"],[
      ["feel"],["hear"],["open"],["imitate"],["quiet"],["cherish"]]),
  (["VT","3rd SING","action"],[
      ["hears"],["opens"],["breaks"],["chalks"],["crawls","past"]]),
  (["VT","3rd SING","PRES","identity"],[
      ["is"],["imitates"]]),
  (["DET","1st","possession","definite","indefinite"],[
      ["my"]]),
  (["DET","2nd","possession","definite","indefinite"],[
      ["your"]]),
```

```
  (["DET","for SING","for PLUR","3rd SING","3rd
PLUR","referring","definite"],[
      ["the"]]),
  (["DET","for SING","3rd SING","referring","indefinite"],[
      ["a"]]),
  (["DET","for PLUR","3rd PLUR","referring","indefinite"],[
      ["some"]]),
  (["DET","for SING","locating","3rd SING","definite"],[
      ["that"],["this"]]),
  (["DET","for PLUR","locating","3rd PLUR","definite"],[
      ["those"],["these"]]),
  (["ADJ","affect"],[
   ["lugubrious"],["reverential"]]),
  (["ADJ","portion"],[
   ["entire"],["whole"]]),
  (["ADJ","quality","negative"],[
   ["dim"],["dull"],["blurred"]]),
  (["ADJ","color"],[
   ["green"],["brown"],["orange"]]),
  (["ADJ","physicality"],[
   ["wet"],["dry"],["resistant"],["standing"],["coarse"]]),
  (["ADV","NP","locating","abstract"],[
      ["here"],["now"]]),
  (["CONJ","join"],[
      ["and"]]),
  (["CONJ","disjunction"],[
      ["or"]]),
  (["MOD","negative"],[
      ["not"]])
  ]

\end{code}

\begin{code}
-- A grammar for ground_world


wrong_sidewalks_N_ADJ_Ns :: YourGrammar
wrong_sidewalks_N_ADJ_Ns = conjugate_N_ADJ_Ns n_adj_n_rules
  where
    n_adj_n_rules = grammar_from_lists [
      (["N","place","complex"],["ADJ","physicality"],["N","place","simple"]),
-- "entire cities"
      (["N","place","complex"],["ADJ","color"],["N","place","simple"]),
      (["N","agent","complex"],["ADJ","physicality"],["N","agent","simple"])
      ]

wrong_sidewalks_NP_DET_Ns :: YourGrammar
wrong_sidewalks_NP_DET_Ns = conjugate_NP_DET_Ns np_det_n_rules
  where
    np_det_n_rules = grammar_from_lists [
      (["NP","Subj","Obj","place","simple"],["DET"],["N","place"]), -- "the
grasses"
      (["NP","Subj","Obj","agent","simple"],["DET"],["N","agent"]) -- "this
creature"
      ]
```

```
wrong_sidewalks_S_NP_VPs :: YourGrammar
wrong_sidewalks_S_NP_VPs = conjugate_S_NP_VPs s_np_vp_rules
  where
    s_np_vp_rules = grammar_from_lists [
      (["S","action","simple"],["NP","Subj","agent"],["VP","action"]), --
"hear myself"

(["S","description","simple"],["NP","Subj","place"],["VP","description"])
      ]

wrong_sidewalks_VP_VT_NPs :: YourGrammar
wrong_sidewalks_VP_VT_NPs = conjugate_VP_VT_NPs vp_vt_np_rules
  where
    vp_vt_np_rules = grammar_from_lists [
      (["VP","action"],["VT","action"],["NP","simple"]),
      (["VP","for
place","description"],["VT","identity"],["NP","place","indefinite"])
      ]

wrong_sidewalks_MISC :: YourGrammar
wrong_sidewalks_MISC = grammar_from_lists [
  (["NP\\NP","3rd PLUR", "Subj","place"],["CONJ","join"],["NP","3rd
PLUR","Subj","place","simple"]),
  (["NP","3rd PLUR","Subj","place"],["NP","3rd
PLUR","Subj","place","simple"],["NP\\NP","3rd PLUR","Subj","place"]),
  (["NP","Subj","Obj","place","simple","3rd
SING"],["DET","definite"],["N","UNCOUNT","place"]),
  (["S\\S","action"],["CONJ","join"],["S","simple","action"]),
  (["S\\S","action"],["CONJ","join"],["S","simple","action"]),
  (["S","complex","action"],["S","simple","description"],["S\\S","action"]),
  (["L","action","of S"],["S","action"],[""]),
  (["L","description","of S"],["S","description"],[""]),
  (["L","setting"],["ADV","locating"],["NP","Subj","located"])
  ]

wrong_sidewalks :: YourGrammar
wrong_sidewalks = Set.unions [wrong_sidewalks_NP_DET_Ns,
wrong_sidewalks_N_ADJ_Ns, wrong_sidewalks_S_NP_VPs,
wrong_sidewalks_VP_VT_NPs, wrong_sidewalks_MISC]

--Lindenmayer system rewriting rules

start_here :: Phrase
start_here = ["now","grass","alleys"]

an_idea_of_veining :: LWriter
an_idea_of_veining = [(["now"],["here",","]),
                      (["here"],["on","this","ground"]),
                      (["grass"],["the","stuttering","of","these"]),
                      (["alleys"],["loud","corridors"]),
                      (["a","door"],["corridors"]),
                      (["corridors"],["corridors",",","unfolding"]),
                      (["coarse","teeth"],["long","hands"]),
                      (["coarse"],[]),
                      (["dull"],["empty"]),
                      (["quiet","opaquely"],["static"]),
                      (["quiet"],["opaquely","opened"]),
```

```
                            (["teeth"],["walls"]),
                            (["resistant"],[]),
                            (["mouths"],["languages"]),
                            (["standing"],["dull"]),
                            (["and"],["or"]),
                            (["those"],["some"]),
                            (["some"],["some","standing"]),
                            (["chatters"],["animates","a","disorder"]),
                            (["stuttering"],["murmuration"]),
                            (["cherish"],["open"]),
                            (["open"],["begin","to","excavate"]),
                            (["babble"],["explain","something","wet"]),
                            (["spills"],["describes","a","door"]),

(["my","heat"],["the","whole","length","of","my","heat"]),
                            (["this","ground"],["the","resistant","maze"]),

(["this","body"],["the","currents","and","the","rooms"]),
                            (["moist","maze"],["half-
opened","instruction","manual"]),
                            (["imitates","a"],["imitates","the","quiet"]),
                            (["i","am"],["you","are"]),
                            (["you","are"],["i","am"]),
                            (["wet"],["semi-opaque"]),
                            (["lugugbrious"],["quiet","standing"]),

(["and","the","hands"],["and","those","distant","scribes"]),
                            (["throat"],["mouth"]),
                            (["unfolding"],["into","this","body"])]

-- Apply the above L-system
and_veining :: LanguageGame
and_veining = l_game an_idea_of_veining

-- The context for the poem
ground_world :: InAWorld
ground_world = (this_ground, mkStdGen 1729, Set.empty, wrong_sidewalks)

\end{code}
--------------------------------------------------------------------------
```

An example module:

"fill, fill.
I heard words
and words full

of holes
aching. Speech
is a mouth."

- Robert Creeley, from "The Language"

\begin{code}

```
module GoingAboutAndComingAcrossArt where
…
```

\end{code}

That i – that someone – standing in the wreck and not the story of it could sit down, beginning to make stories. That, with or without the sitting some mouth blows.

\begin{code}

```
-- Type and functions for language_games, functions that generate and modify
text

-- The language_game type, for a function that modifies a text using state
type LanguageGame = Phrase -> State InAWorld Phrase

-- A language_game who might fail
type Poet = Phrase -> State InAWorld (Maybe Phrase)
```

\end{code}

I'd like to write now, for a bit, without explaining anything else. i want to write, and leave the draft here, because that's – the feel of making language in the mouth, the motion of the graphite over a page or of the pressure on my fingertips and the appearance of figures in the monochramatic space rectangled in my screen – the story here. Maybe the characters will fail to be people – missing hands or lungs – and maybe the phrases or metaphors will point to nothing other than to themselves, other than their failure to cause some new and subtler motion. But i hope – even as i might have learned to argue against traces & essences – that you can hear some breath.

That perhaps we start with a glass, that I do not know yet what to call its material, but nonetheless this glass holds water and this water is also a hole, hard until touched. That the language leads into that hole, while respecting its lack of color – the language, like water, a substance indicated and revealed by the way it refracts and redirects the outside light, and by the occasional glimmer or bubble of its surface and interior.

Holding this metaphor like liquid cupped for seconds in my palm, where are we sitting?

\end{project}

Ground song

The grass is a maze and you will pass
        your finger through it
The grass is a city
        in which you will not live
The leaves in lattices, a shimmering over
        turnings and holes. The front
of an earthworm inflates
        from the dirt between the plants
feeling its way with the pink
        segmented sack of its head forward

You try to think earthworm
        thoughts and fail. And try –
desiring wet earth, warmth, dribbles
        of food – all you get is desire.
The grass is stuttering to the birdsong – tipped
        down and back. The noise of it. Rough
under your thighs. The length and weight
        of you – sticky, unsettled, liquid

The dry reeds and gnarls
        of your legs, your kneecaps
really hardly yours when you
        touch or look at them, like bark
A creature – white head, black body, six
        tickling poles searches the pink bag
of your palm. You flick and it flies;
        breathing, almost hearing

Excerpt from (the incomplete):

The Great Game of PLAYERNAME's Amazing Gaming

Part 0: In The Lobby

USERNAME --- United States   168 Posts --- February 11 2018 23:48 PST

It is possible that you know me as USERNAME, on Teamliquid comment threads and as a moderator with the white sword in a green square to the right of my username on Polt, BasetradeTV, and even LiquidRaId's twitch chat. Two years ago I wrote a post about pylon placement and siege tank positioning that made it to the front page, but they did not take me on as a features editor. Otherwise, I had a short story published in the Maine Review and was a film critic for the student newspaper of a top 40 public university which I would prefer not to disclose, as this is the story of no one in particular, of a fan and disciple in the message boards watching PLAYERNAME at 5:30 am like tens of thousands of others from a half-below-ground room in my parents house where I wait for something to happen, and I would not like you to know or be able to find my name.

Let me introduce him with his face in a square; an odd blankness evenly lit with some logos behind - for that is how you will meet him: before the shuffling up into the empty stage with its garish lights, before the trophy lifting (before the trophy is put back into the glass cabinet to wait for the next champion) and before the desk analysts say into their headsets what it's all going to mean, why it was the way that it was, and just shout the simple awe of it. For afterwards he will

shuffle - and though his victory remarks insult the competition, toot his own horn, and show such a correct mixture of quick parts (self-confidence, bemusement, and also perhaps a quiet incisive kindness) - you won't need or remember any of the ceremony after the games, because his forcefield placement, his brilliant plays, counter-plays, and counter-counter-plays were enough: the just about optimal, immediate determinations of the moving mind to dance or fence with, the skill that you will not achieve.

And the Teamliquid homepage will highlight him, the odd blog post sing his subtle mastery, and even an ESPN column shall summarize his recent victory. But *now*, when the countdown turns to zeros as the waiting electropop stops, when the screen clears to reveal the frozen future battlefield with PLAYERNAME's base rising pyramidic in the center, his workers setting off to gather minerals: this tableaux, maybe your 10,000th view of such a scene, this is where it starts.

JacobIan turns in her headset towards Eindhwerp and the 42,300 of us, and begins

- *In the lower left corner, just 19 years old, dropping only a single map so far in this tournament, our foreigner hope, the purple protoss playing for MSI-Bonjwas, it is PLAYERNAME*

Watch tomorrow with 2300 others the gaze and intended motion of him: first the minimap blinks, then the main screen fills with bleeding bursting flying things, the large embossed mouse choreographing the dancers, leaping between to tell the direction of their optimal deaths. For $2 (and later, as his legend grows, $5) we talk to him: asking or telling anything at all, which will first be thrown in large and serif-less sky-blue type over the game, and which a synthetic mouth will read. Join in the first few minutes, before he's started up the game, as he answers the questions of those among you who find him first, in a corner over a black square which he appears to be staring

at himself, an hour in when he trolls, banters, and plays preposterously in the gameplay frame at the center, or after four hours when he just wins and wins and wins.

It is perhaps safe to reveal that my timezone is Pacific, and on ordinary days his play begins too late for me to be present, but I put on the replays while waiting for sleep and as I read the chat rolling past and watch PLAYERNAME glance and chuckle or swear at it - if I try, I can almost convince myself that I am really there.

Part 1: Before Battle, Building a Base of His Own

USERNAME --- United States   169 Posts --- February 13 2018 00:23 PST

If you are reading this you must know how PLAYERNAME's story ends, but pretend for the duration of its telling that you do not remember - that his first games did not foretell the greatest bonjwa to grace our esport, an instigator of not a single but regular revolutions in the metagame, a talent so reliable that David Kim - judge, executioner, Senior Game Designer for Balance at Blizzard Inc., had to three times handicap PLAYERNAME's protoss race. Pretend the teenager you saw walk up onto that stage and into its left booth for the first time on that day in November was clearly gifted with both talent and the potential for more, but was most likely having his single hour aflame in air and light, before settling back to smolder among other embers, to linger in the top-32 fringes of the scene for a year or two before getting on with his life like the rest of them:

FIRSTNAME LASTNAME first came up with PLAYERNAME as a nerdy 14 year old in Los Gatos, California, where he got As and Bs and once a C at a public high school a 15 minute walk away from his family's apartment, and had a circle of boys he played video games and once a week dungeons and dragons with but not, in all honesty, friends.

"PLAYERNAME" appears for the first time in the records in the March of 2011 as the name of a new village in TribalWars, an online game FIRSTNAME played during school for about a month and a half, in which he founded and directed a clan that managed to make it into the top 10 on server #74 where it remained for 16 days. The silent submerged motions of language through the mind that lead to PLAYERNAME being FIRSTNAME's moniker in all videogames and even his personal email address afterwards must remain 90% underwater, but he told me once it's coldly gleaming top, "EXPLANATION PENDING"

FIRSTNAME first played videogames with his brother BROTHERNAME, two years his senior: in Team Fortress FIRSTNAME was an Engineer to his brother's Pyro, in Warcraft 3 the Night Elves to BROTHERUSERNAME's Undead, and in Halo PLAYERNAME always found the perfect perches from which to blast his ever unsuspecting brother in the face. "You're camping again; you always camp!" BROTHERNAME would whine, "Anyone who wasn't confined by a cultural cum economic regime built around a myth of the nuclear family into living around you would never play you in Halo" and FIRSTNAME just "Hey, 13 kills to 4" back.

On their father's side was a dead Korean grandfather that would for FIRSTNAME haunt and for some others explain the trajectory of his career, while on his mother's side he had had no such luck. Both parents were doctors - the male of feet and the female of kidneys. Their father was now just a part-time member of the workforce and around regularly, their mother rarely; their father's relentless watching towards obscure, never revealed ends, his sudden odd activity or cryptically desperate sentences of unasked for counsel. On a weekday afternoon while FIRSTNAME and BROTHERNAME leaned out from the under-stuffed couch working through Borderlands, a voice behind might interrupt BROTHERUSERNAME's Brick the Barbarian's rage to tell "You know, I never even thought I would have a family. I was going to be treating parasitic

foot sores with Doctors Without Borders in Uruguay or Bolivia, and here I am. You just can't know where life will take you, and that's the beautiful thing. Keep that in mind, kiddos." Ruffling pats through the tufts of BROTHERNAME's and USERNAME's hair (as though we were intent on proving the 90's family sitcom was an accurate depiction of domestic life, BROTHERNAME put it in an unguarded text once) and a walk back down into his heaped over office at the end of the hallway.

There is little else to tell of FIRSTNAME's childhood other than its relative normalacy (if his was not the only or the most common way of growing up, it was undeniably still a variation on one of the common patterns) - there were tennis lessons several days a week with a Top-20 placement at age 11 in a local tournament, the presence then the loss of two cocker spaniels, international vacations to Italy and Argentina, and a first-round elimination at age 13 in the county spelling bee.

It was shortly after the game's release in 2010 that FIRSTNAME and BROTHERNAME took up Starcraft 2 with the 3 million others in that first month. What was different about Starcraft 2 for him was that once PLAYERNAME began to play it he did not stop: after completing the campaign once, running through it again on Brutal to earn every one of the achievement badges, then playing 2v2s with BROTHERNAME until they were in Masters, and finally just the endless bubbling up (with its terrible intervals of stasis or reversal) through the 1v1 ladder rankings on the North American server, then European, then Korean, after his brother stopped playing 2 years later due to a bottle of pills stuffed down his brother's throat by his brother's left hand, in a locked bathroom where no one was around in time to notice and drive his brother somewhere where someone could pump his brother's stomach.

…

Part 3: The Games Go On, an Adept Finding Paths Behind, Into, and Past

USERNAME --- United States   172 Posts --- February 29 2018 22:57 PST

The scene changes to the frozen future battlefield: PLAYERNAME's nexus rises pyramidic from the frozen earth with its crystal ornaments and sweeping, always closed, door; the 12 little probes run short laps between the building and the mineral patches, scooping up then putting away rock money. Every tower of the city PLAYERNAME plans here has a known and fixed position, which he will command his probes to construct once they have mined sufficient wealth: the full infrastructure of stargates, pylons, warp gates, robotics facilities, forges, and extractors which his armies will demand. There's something to be said for the city itself though - when the game is over, PLAYERNAME's army will let off one final barrage, and he will click around surveying his bases a last time before closing the game and standing up.

- *What an incredible series so far, Jake - tweet that you're watching, #WGL, tell all your friends to tune in, in fact tell your enemies too, because no one deserves to miss this series.*
- *This is how you can make your enemies friends Dhwerpi. I'm so hype; this is the hypest I've been all weekend, and there were some incredibly hype matches yesterday.*
- *After six games, tied 3 to 3, 100,000 dollars are on the line in what is now a best of 1 series.*

"Three games to three, $200,000 were in a duffel bag ready to be transferred into my hotel room, and I knew what I was supposed to do. I was supposed to put up what looked like a heroic fight, make it to the late game with a small but significant advantage, then wait a second too long in the main fight, leaving my High Templar's and sentries to be EMP'd, my stalkers stimmed down, my tournament shortly over, my funders long shot gambles paying off 4 times over, and all of us, the next day, rich or richer than we were before."

-

Before armies have been assembled, in the first 3 minutes where the game is all about bluff and counter-bluff, PLAYERNAME directs the standard adept, in her cloak and psionic glow, to the hollow by the cliff below NEMESISNAME's encampment, from where she releases her shade to run behind the back of PLAYERNAME's opponent's expansion to count his workers, then up the cliff to scout out his tech choices and hopefully snag a worker or two. NEMESISNAME's marines circle and chase her shadow, and finding no opening, PLAYERNAME has the shade vanish into air, and the adept walks her long path home again.

- *Ho ho, looks like there's some cheddar coming Dhwerpi. Is that a tech lab i see on the Starport? Looks like we're going to see some cloaked banshees. Some cheeky, cheeky plays, Dhwerpi.*
- *I really like this Jake, in fact this is a brilliant play by NEMESISNAME: he noticed how greedy PLAYERNAME was playing against TeamUninstall, and knows he can get a banshee in before PLAYERNAME has an observer out, and you know what, I think it's going to work.*
- *It's too early to call this game, but what I can say for sure is that PLAYERNAME's going to be a very unhappy boy when he finds out what's going on here*
- *Wait Dhwerpi … Dhwerpi it looks like PLAYERNAME's going for a robo - do you think this was already his plan or did he somehow catch a whiff of this stinking cheddar?*

A different poetry that starts in the volume of a white noise of no specific thing. This one is against rules - or at the very least, their catalogs. This is the kind of sitting and the vibration and language-making that comes after all the games you can take, regardless of whether the final balance favored defeat or victory. It starts as a tremor at the boundary of things but becomes the way the chair underneath cannot quite hold you still anymore and there is nowhere else to go, or it is the sound when music stops working, when every attempted song lacks, appears to never have had, the ability to organize the air, the remaining motion some other one counting out its seconds and breaking into sudden semi-opaque color.

I asked myself, before you filled the comments, dear reader, with your various ways of asking me, who I am to understand or write PLAYERNAME's career, and you are right, I have no

right. But what I do, in that noise without language, in this low square room when music does not work, what I do is watch gameplay streams, watch the latest of the weekly tournaments, even ladder through a game or two myself as, perhaps, you also do.

In the other half of my laptop screen's bright surface SasiWa's stream blares - no PLAYERNAME but a fine player still; tonight his choreography will suffice. We sit and we talk, in the Twitch chat's quarter of the stream's half of this bright space, not of much but of little - Kappas rolling on down, clever usernames finding and celebrating each other. I write with the noise of the voice and metal of the game in the screen's other half as another ugly place from which to, in order to, ascend to a wise and final language; the still and numinous ground in the cacophony's eye, and all that. I will stand in this stock-market until I resound with it, until I am the lyricized supply counts' confessional resounding.

…

PLAYERNAME: gg wp

NEMESISNAME: ez

PLAYERNAME has left the game"