

I NEVER WANT TO SEE
THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!

OR,

13 POEMS ☼ FOR THE
FIRST 13 DAYS OF APRIL

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PREFACE

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

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

My primary goals were to create alternative modes for text to be presented, to explore the nature of reading, and to develop my own sense of poetics.

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

This project marks some sort of culmination (but not the end!) of my graphic design education, and while that comes with a sense of melancholy already baked in, I feel surprisingly good about the future. My feelings mirror the weather, and the presence of summer looms large as winter slowly, unwillingly, finally breaks its hold on Providence, and my walks to and from studio have gradually become less icy (read: miserable, treacherous), and more and more saturated with the scent of flowers.

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INTRODUCTION → ON READING AND POETRY

1. Even if you don't consider yourself "a reader," you are still always being bombarded by texts, whether that may be ambiently or intentionally. What do you read in a day? This might include things 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? The author and poet 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 structure 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. There is poetry in the most rote listing of things. I remember reading a short text by Allison Parrish on a website/literary project called Web Safe 2k16 (<http://websafe2k16.com>). In this text, Parrish describes how she received a manual for the Tandy TRS-80 computer when she was five. One one page, this manual listed the nine colors that the 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 →

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

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

3. Genre in particular is interesting to me because genre is an attempt to discretize and categorize the totality of all content and media. And while this process of taxonomy and naming usually suggests the trappings of epistemic domineering, I also believe that the use of alternative, more arbitrarily constructed taxonomies can become a useful basis for poetics. When I utilize genre specificity in my work, I tend to isolate or strip down the genre into essential tropes, and then attempt to twist those tropes in some way so as to

tack on additional, unexpected meaning. Genre is culturally specific. The genres a society decides to codify reveal something about the values of that society. I think of the horror genre and how horror movies can often act as symbolic allegory for collective historical trauma and cultural anxiety. I think of the Western genre 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 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.

4. 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 cohabit multiplicously. 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, and other methods of indexing and cataloging 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.

5. Beyond using structures to generate content, I am also interested in different forms/paradigms to display this content. 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 6 axes, provides us with $2^6 = 64$ possible combinations:

- ⌚ Ambient vs Direct ⌚ Slow-paced vs Fast-paced
- ⌚ Reader-dictated pace vs Media-dictated pace ⌚ Linear vs Non-Linear ⌚ Mutating vs Static, ⌚ Print vs Digital →

		MUTATING					
		LINEAR		NON-LINEAR			
		SLOW	FAST	SLOW	FAST	SLOW	FAST
PRINT	READER-DICTATED						
	DIRECT						
	MEDIA-DICTATED						
	AMBIENT						
	DIRECT						
	AMBIENT						
DIGITAL	READER-DICTATED						
	DIRECT						
	MEDIA-DICTATED						
	AMBIENT						
	DIRECT						
	AMBIENT						

6. Back to the idea of looking vs reading. The difference is that reading connotes a higher level of understanding. I think that part of the reason I feel the need to muddy this distinction, is because 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 being able reading them with comprehension. I have a hunch that this might be a sentiment that is common among people from a similar diasporic background, and this affiliation toward muddiness and confusion feels honest to me, more honest than trying to identify with either Chinese people who grew up in China, or white people who grew up in the United States.

7. Plurality, multiplicity, contradictions, and arbitrariness remain important to me. I am interested in the illogic of accepting contradictions for what they are, and not having to resolve them. When I look at my bookshelf, I see that 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 at least something different to be gained from a shallow read, that can act as support on augmentation for 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. This winter, one day 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 digitally represented images, simply a random permutation of pixel values on a screen. The digital image felt like 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. 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 offers a level of interpretation that seems somehow boundless 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, my primary goal is to figure out what the text wants to do, and how I can present the text in order for it to do what I want. What framework or paradigm do I want the reader to experience the text through? 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 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, the approach I should take with design is to 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 a little embarrassing to admit, but the past year has been somewhat emotionally turbulent for me. But I can't help but remind myself that this pain is not anything special or unique compared to other people's pain, except for the fact that this pain is mine. Everyone is always constantly going through shit. Duh. 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, as a designer, I don't think that my own subjectivity is that important to my work. Ultimately, my goal is 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://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.)

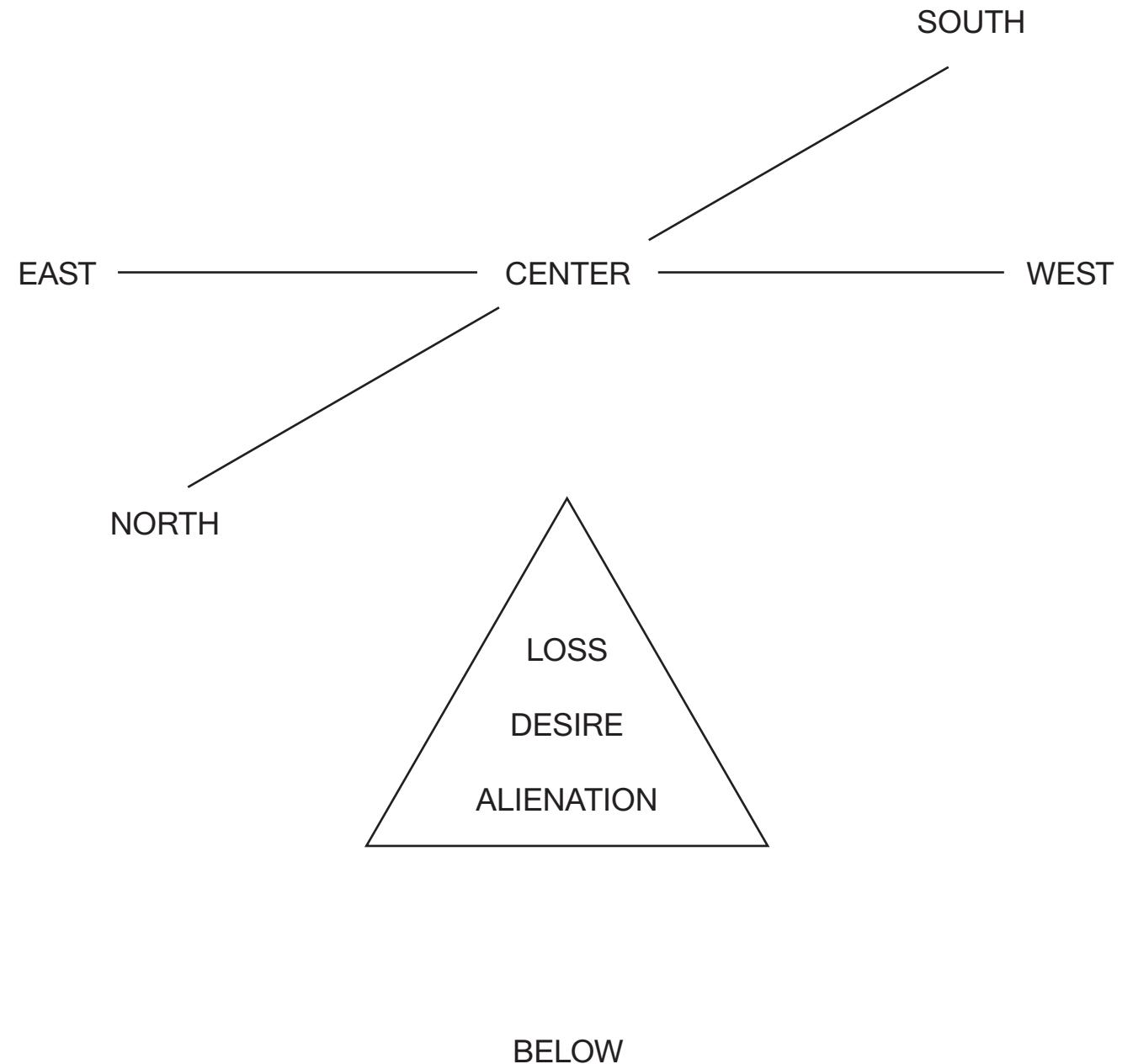
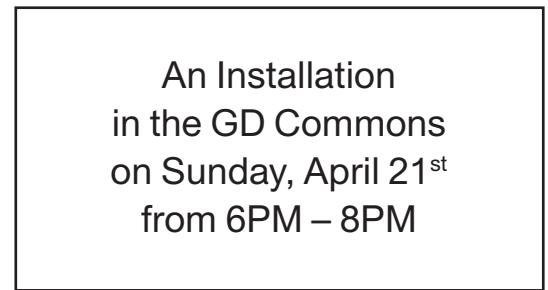
TD: How do you use structures as a generative point without necessarily being beholden to such structures?

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.

ABOVE

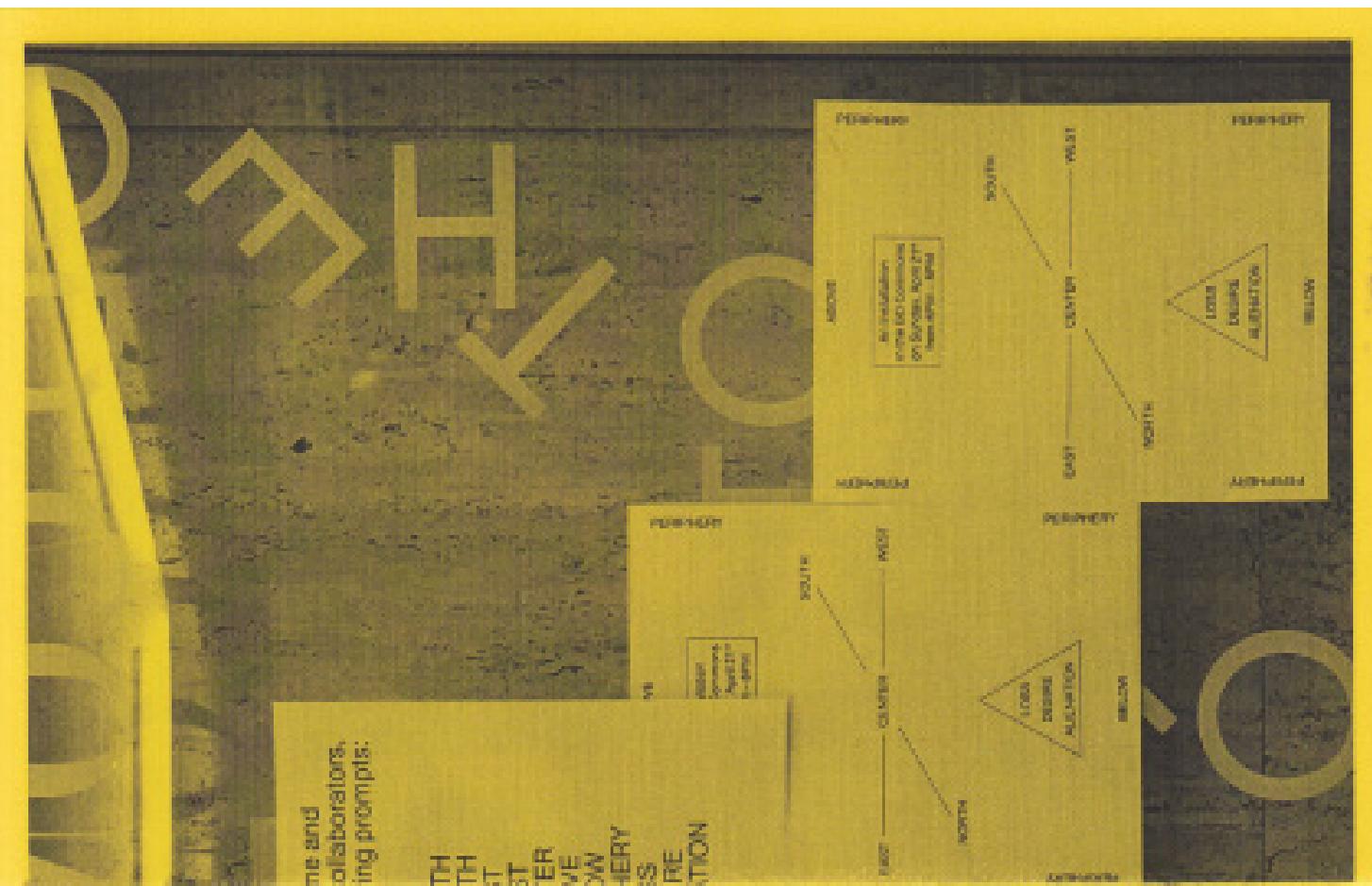


On April 21st I created an installation in the Graphic Design Commons at RISD. I was curious what it would look like if a physical space was saturated with text, to create an immersive, non-linear reading experience for people to walk around in. I also was interested in producing texts that would respond 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

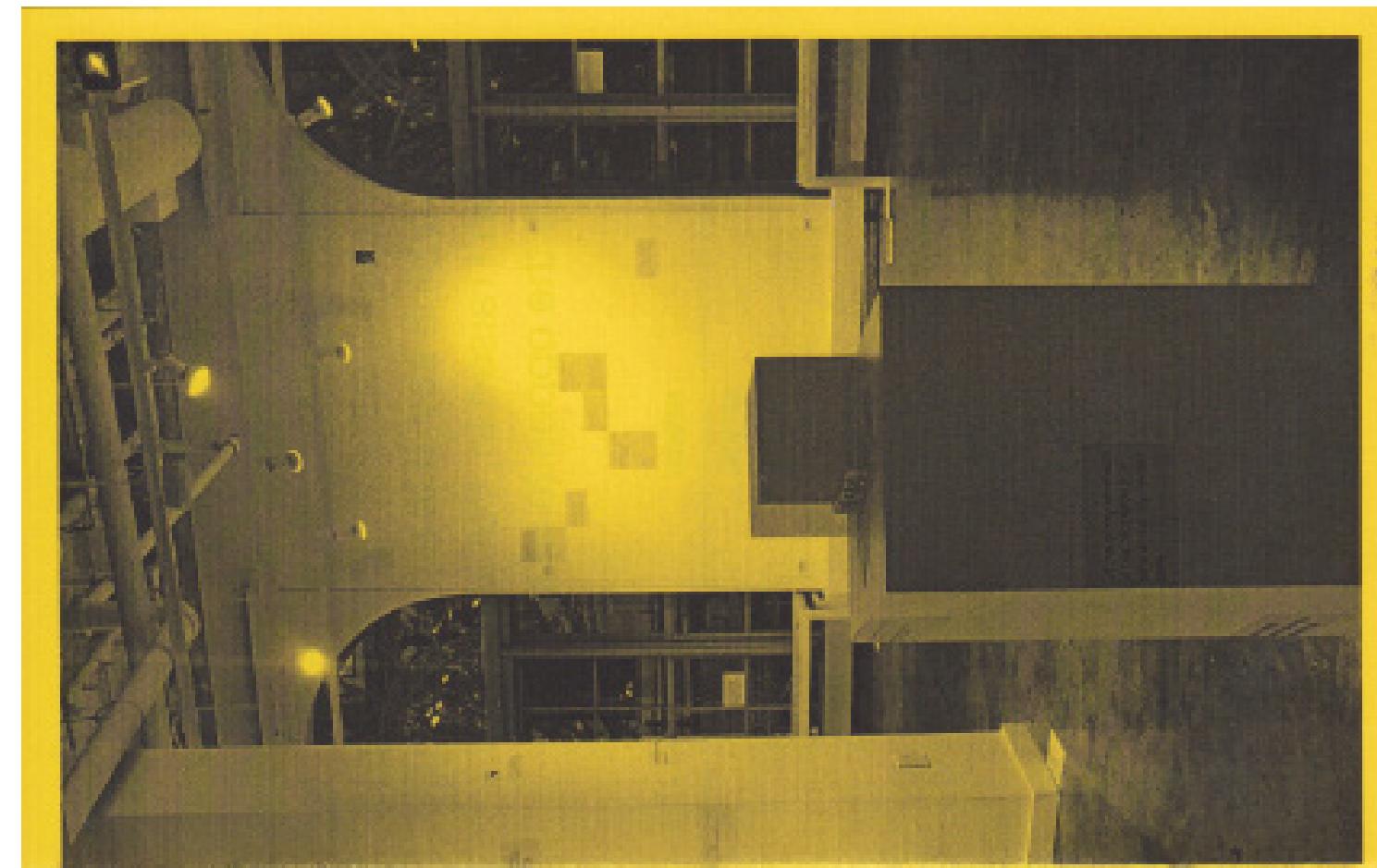
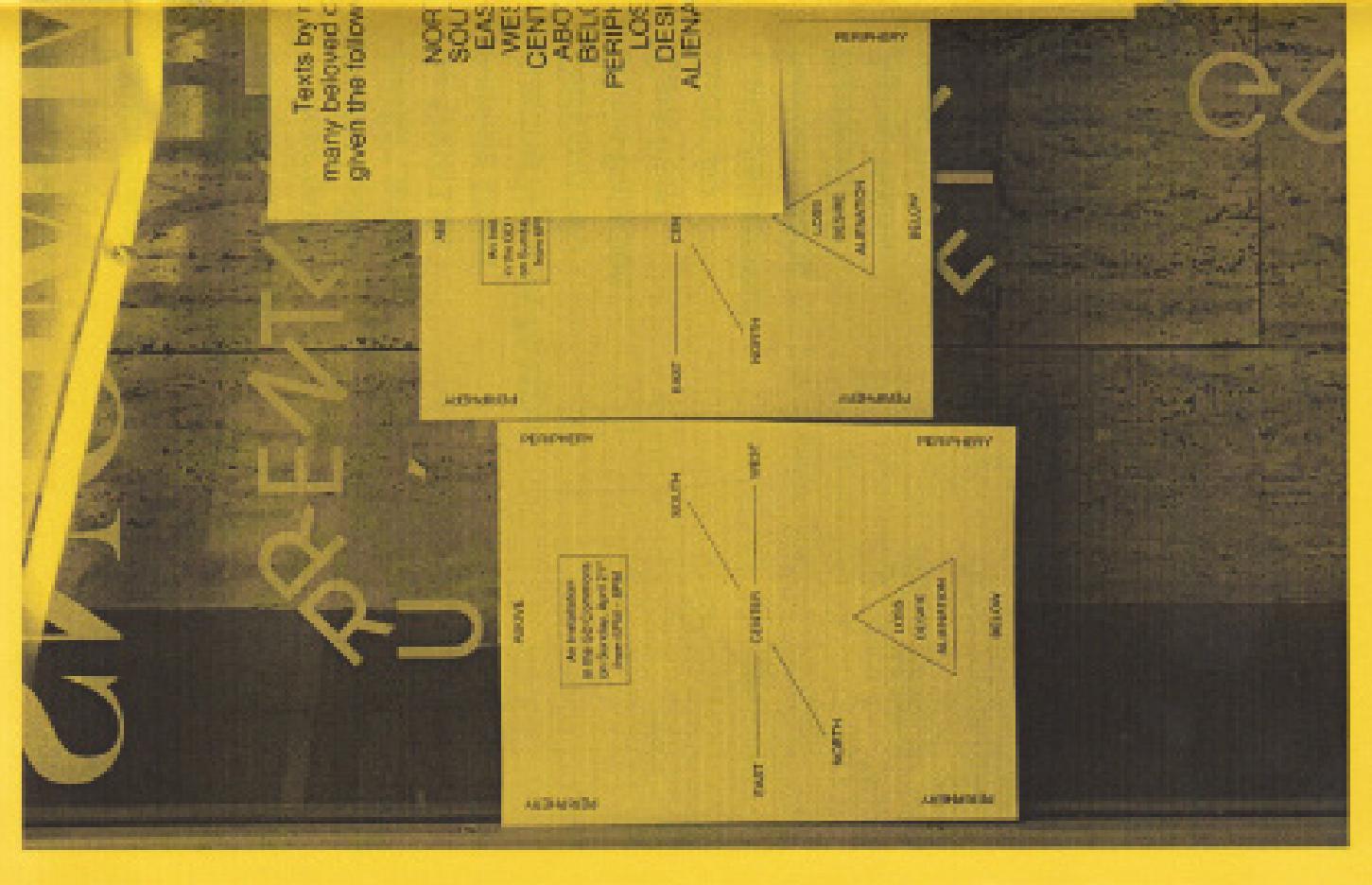
The texts were then installed in a pretty straight-forward way: texts about “North” would be on the North wall, texts about “Above” would be on the ceiling or high up on the wall, texts about “Periphery” would be at the edges of the room, etc. The texts about loss, alienation, and desire were interspersed 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 turned into a book and a website.

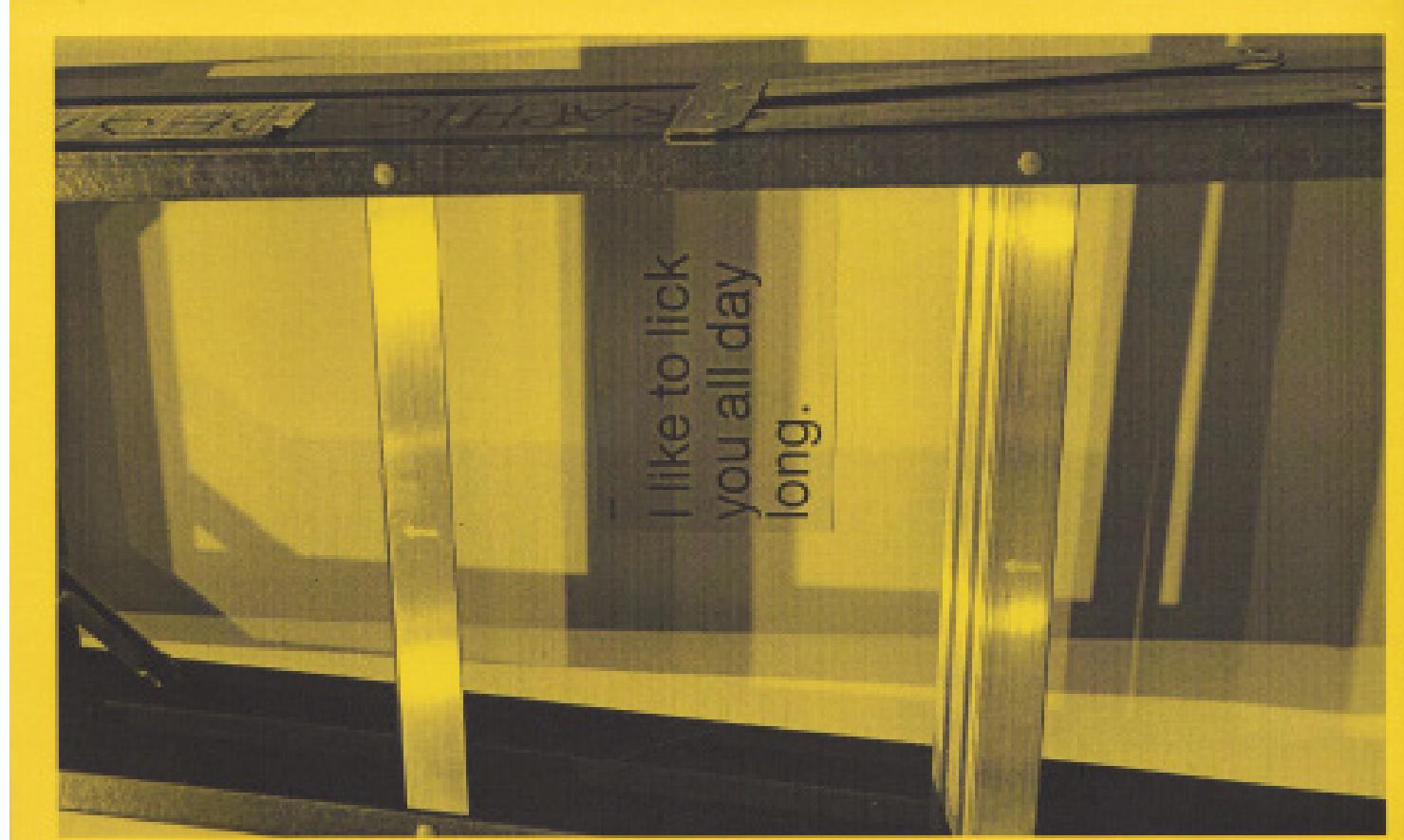
← Promotional poster
for the opening
of the installation



Texts by fine and
many behaved collaborators,
given the following prompts:

NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST
CENTER
ABOVE
BELOW
PERIPHERY
LOSSES
DESIRE
ALIENATION







← Cover of chapbook

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.
Antihero →
Furrow →

Brow →

Sweat →

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 roamer,
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 cul-
tural 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, ex-
cept for a few dead pixels that refuse to go away, the residual
data persisting, against all odds and all logics evading dele-
tion. 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 circu-
lar 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, cy-
bernetics seems so salivation-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 pro-
gresses, 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 incon-
sequential, 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 alien-
ation is worth the fact that you will always
be infinitely more interesting than these
people, with their thin lips and trans-
lucent 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 seeping through, like connection.

→ Fevered, like a frenzy.

→ Belief, like money.

→ Ghosts, like television.

→ Nutrition, like powder.

→ Forever, like nothing.

→ Pinprick, like a beginning.

→ Seeping, 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 sighs 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

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.

Memory of a body A pressure An embrace Smell of fresh mulch

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.

like... time

renewed And beginnings

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

a word like passion

5. Body pressure, hoping to be absorbed.

a word like potential

a word like messiah

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

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 image grows more and more and Transgres- si on is im- possible. 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,
And,

Three, Block, and a path opens up towards how things are as they are, and recognized is the desire to know everyt hing is still strong, and more spacious, and more boundaries, and the verbalization of truth feels really exciting, all over that is vast but not overbearing,

And,
And,

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

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

the skies all the skies the skies the sky

And,
Five, Cover, come here, please, and, parting ways, and wondering, and replacement,

And,
And,

Six, Binding, and, in satiable, the conscious decision to repress something, being tired of wanting more, an entire year's time, that fa

miliar, constant frothing between optimism and pessimism,

Seven, Head, and de void off feelings, sighs, words, gazes, effacement, exorcism, indication, setting traps, facilitation,

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

resonates, look, up there with the sky lifted up, sky by the sky

winter nights spent standing at cliff f's-edge, internal timers ringing, rustic settings and citrus s cents, selfish and self-indulgent,

And,
And,

Ten, Index, and this morning, an encounter with the impulse to take down every image on your walls, even though it feels like a very image feeling totally interchangeable with the next.

No happiness in holding objects, much less owning the same that.

And,
And,

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.

And,
Nine, Joint, and

Not sure when this happens, when this instinct to empty and clean took over (possibly when Marie Kondo got a Netflix deal), a theme of stillness and emptiness and a fo

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 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.

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!

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.

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

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.

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.

AntiqueWhite
Paper crumbles, history is negated.

Azure
The color of the digital horizon.

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

TWO

THREE

FOUR

SIX

SEVEN

EIGHT

NINE

TEN

ELEVEN

TWELVE

THIRTEEN

FOURTEEN

FIFTEEN

SIXTEEN

SEVENTEEN

EIGHTEEN

NINETEEN

TWENTY

TWENTYONE

TWENTYTWO

TWENTYTHREE

TWENTYFOUR

TWENTYFIVE

→ RED

CARMINE

CRIMSON

CORAL

BLUSH

STARRY

ORANGE

APRICOT

AMBER

PEACH

OCHER

SAND

BEIGE

LEMON

GERANIUM

SPRING

GRASS

VIRIDIAN

ROSEMARY

FOREST

OLIVE

CERULEAN

INDIGO

VIOLET

LILAC

MAUVE

PERIWINKLE

LAVENDER

PLUM

PALE

SLATE

GLASS

→ COMMON

MORAL

MORTAL

STONY

COIL

CONSTANT

VENGEFUL

ROLLING

SMOOTH

ROCKY

FUZZY

FURRY

CLEAN

RICH

TIGHT

SPINY

SHINY

LUMPY

LOVELY

FIZZY

RUNNY

FUNNY

FAST

CANDID

→ SHARP

FORTUNE

SORROW

COIL

MASON

FIRE

FREEZE

ZEPHYR

ROLLING

SMOOTH

ROCKY

FUZZY

FURRY

CLEAN

RICH

TIGHT

SPINY

SHINY

LUMPY

LOVELY

FIZZY

RUNNY

FUNNY

FAST

CANDID

→ FOLLOWS

CORRAL

STATION

LOVER

CONCH

DIRT

STEEL

CLANG

VIOLA

CLARITY

MARSH

CLUE

SWAMP

BREEZE

LOAM

PEPPER

JUNIPER

EARTH

TOBACCO

YUZU

CITRUS

MOSS

FRANKINCENSE

VANILLA

BERRY

THYME

SPRUCE

SAGE

RAIN

PETRICHOR

TEA

HYACINTH

CAMPHOR

→ HONEY

CURRY

RICE

PINE

CYPRESS

MUSK

OCEAN

SPICY

SOUR

VETIVER

ADDITIONAL MEDIA

<u>Texts</u>	<u>THE HIRS COLLECTIVE</u>	<u>Murdered By a Woman</u>
Jamaica Kincaid	A Small Place	(Lilium Kobayashi Remix)
Etel Adnan	Sea and Fog	PROTO
Tan Lin	Blipsoak01	Bark Your Head Off, Dog
Tan Lin	7 Controlled Vocabularies	LEGACY! LEGACY!
Adrian Bridget	Texts that Shouldn't be Read Out Loud	Adore You
Maggie Nelson	Bluets	High Horse (Kue Remix)
Theresa Hak Kyung Cha	Dictee	ARIZONA BABY
Claudia Rankine	Don't Let Me be Lonely	Oh My God
Hu Fang	Dear Navigator	Only Human
Maria Fusco	Give Up Art	1, 2, 3 dayz up
Margarida Mendes (Editor)	Matter Fictions	Cry Everything
W.T.J Mitchell	What Do Pictures Want?	In a Paravental Scale
Ian Svenonius	Letters vs. Empire	Wash & Set
Ocean Vuong	Night Sky with Exit Wounds	Folder Dot Zip
Hanif Abdurraqib	Carly Rae Jepsen and the Kingdom of Desire	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 semester 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.

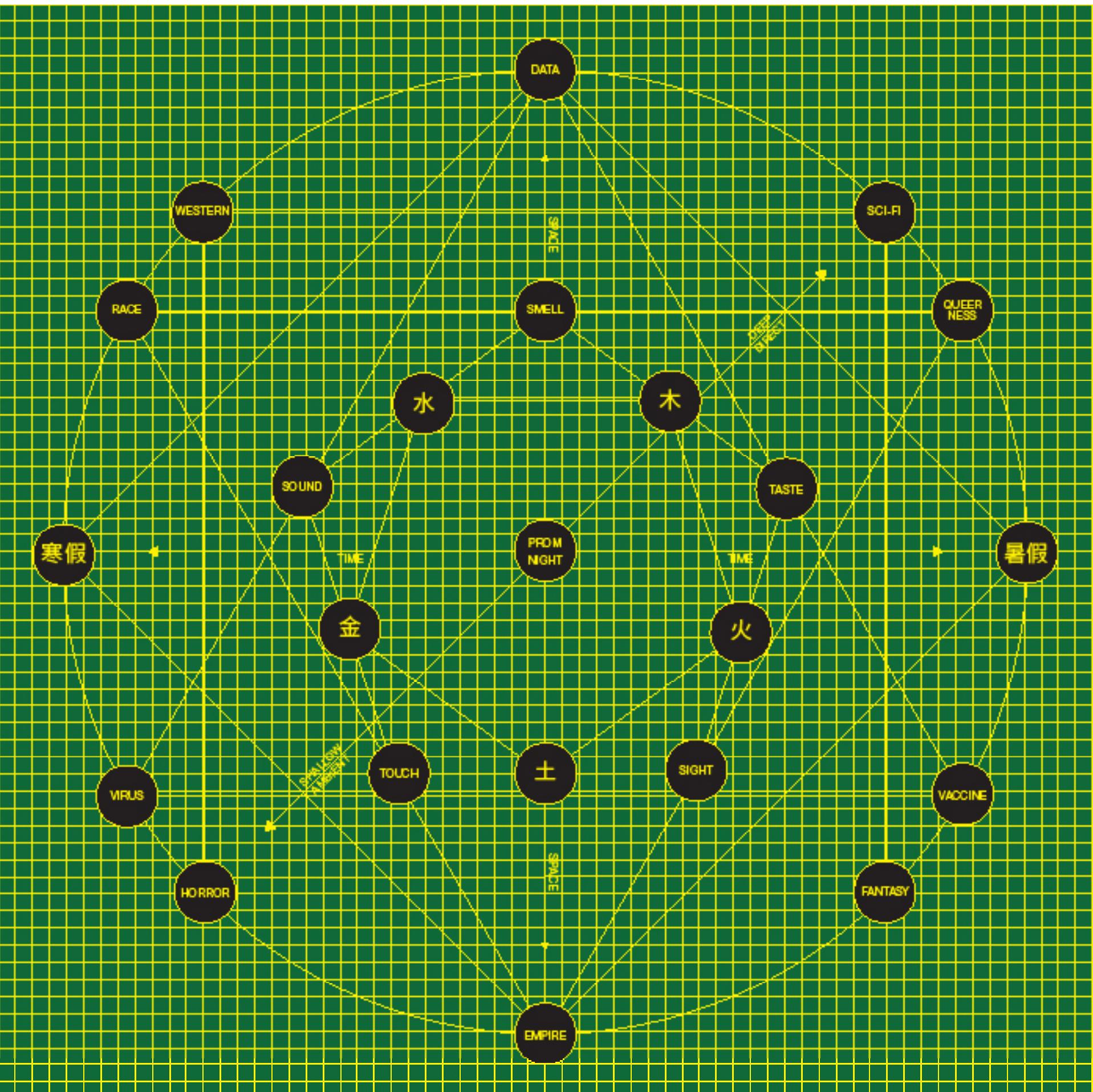
Chart

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	Aqua	Antique White
	Aquamarine	
	Azure	
	Beige	
	Bisque	
	Black	
	Blanched Almond	
	Blue	
	Blue Violet	
	Brown	
	Burlywood	
		Dark Blue
		Dark Cyan
		Dark Goldenrod
		Dark Gray
		Dark Green
		Dark Khaki
		Dark Magenta
		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 Sky Blue
Deep Pink	Dim Gray	Dodger Blue
	Firebrick	
	Floral White	
	Forest Green	
	Fuchsia	
	Gainsboro	
	Ghost White	
	Gold	
	Goldenrod	
	Gray	
	Green	
	Green Yellow	
	Honeydew	
	Hot Pink	
	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
	Peru	Powder Blue
	Pink	Rosy Brown
	Plum	Royal Blue
		Saddle Brown
		Salmon
	Purple	Sea Green
	Rebecca Purple	Sandy Brown
	Red	Seashell
		Sienna
		Silver Slate
	Spring Green	White
	Steel Blue	White Smoke
	Tan	Yellow
	Teal	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

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, mani fold, ugли ness, I'm, and, af raid, of, and, Americans

The, and, coun tr y, manifo ld, uglli ness I' m, and, a f ra id, of, and, A m ericans

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.

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.

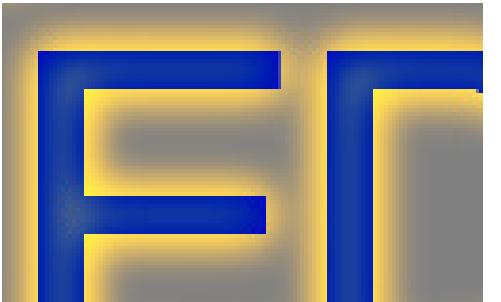
FIGURE AND BACKGROUND,
CHERISHED SUBJECTIVITY.
WHAT'S MINE IS YOURS. THE
BIRTHRIGHT OF THOSE WHO
SURVEY THE LAND AND SEE
JEWELS HIDDEN IN BETWEEN
FERNS, UNDER LOGS, UNDER
LOAM, COVERED IN MOSS,
COVERED IN LICHEN,
TEEMING WITH MAGGOTS
AND ANTS, PULSATING IN
WILD CIRCULAR PATTERNS.
WETWARE WOOD SEEMS TO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

← Low frequency
image of text 1

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
CONDENMATION, 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.

← High frequency
image of text 2

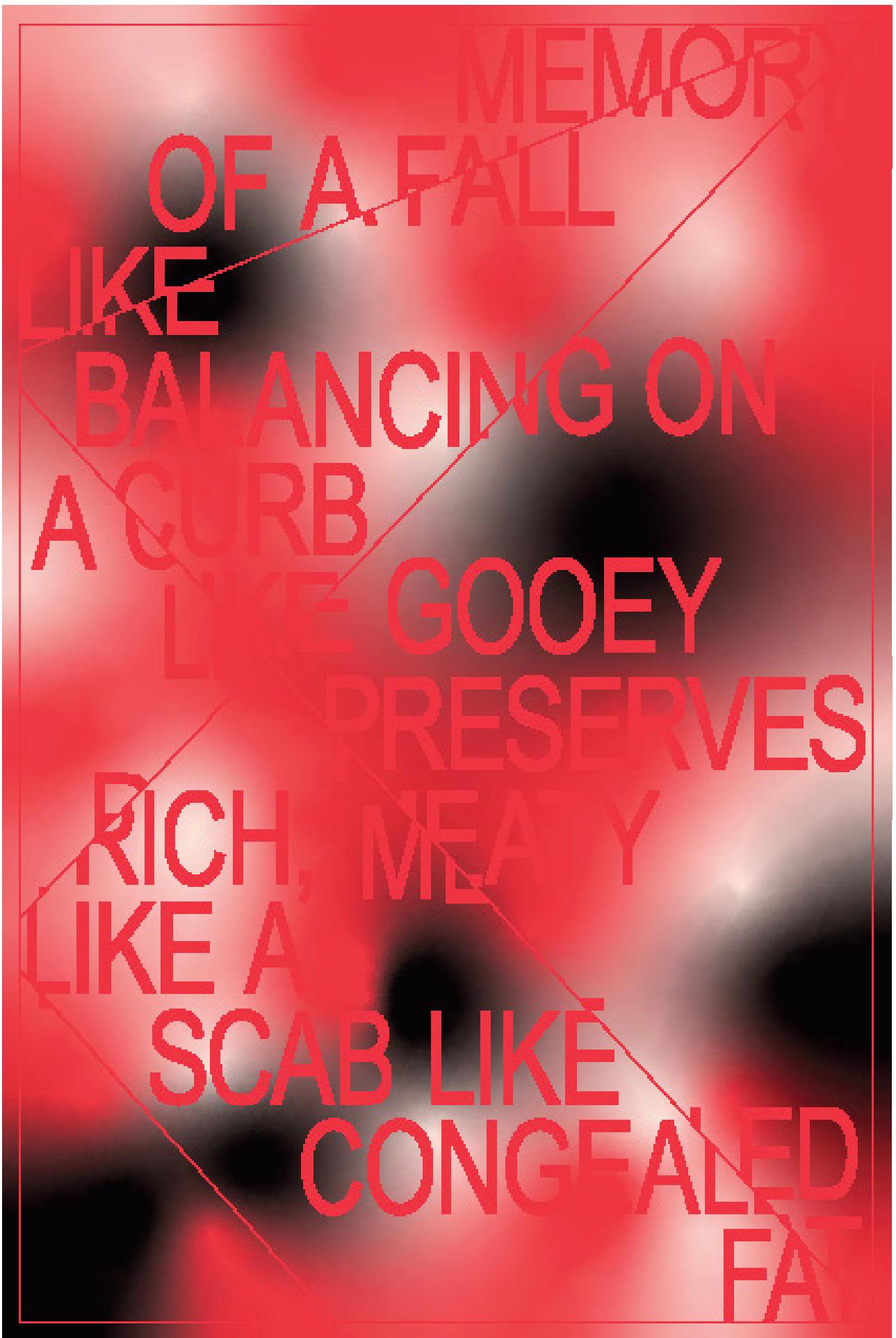
← Detail



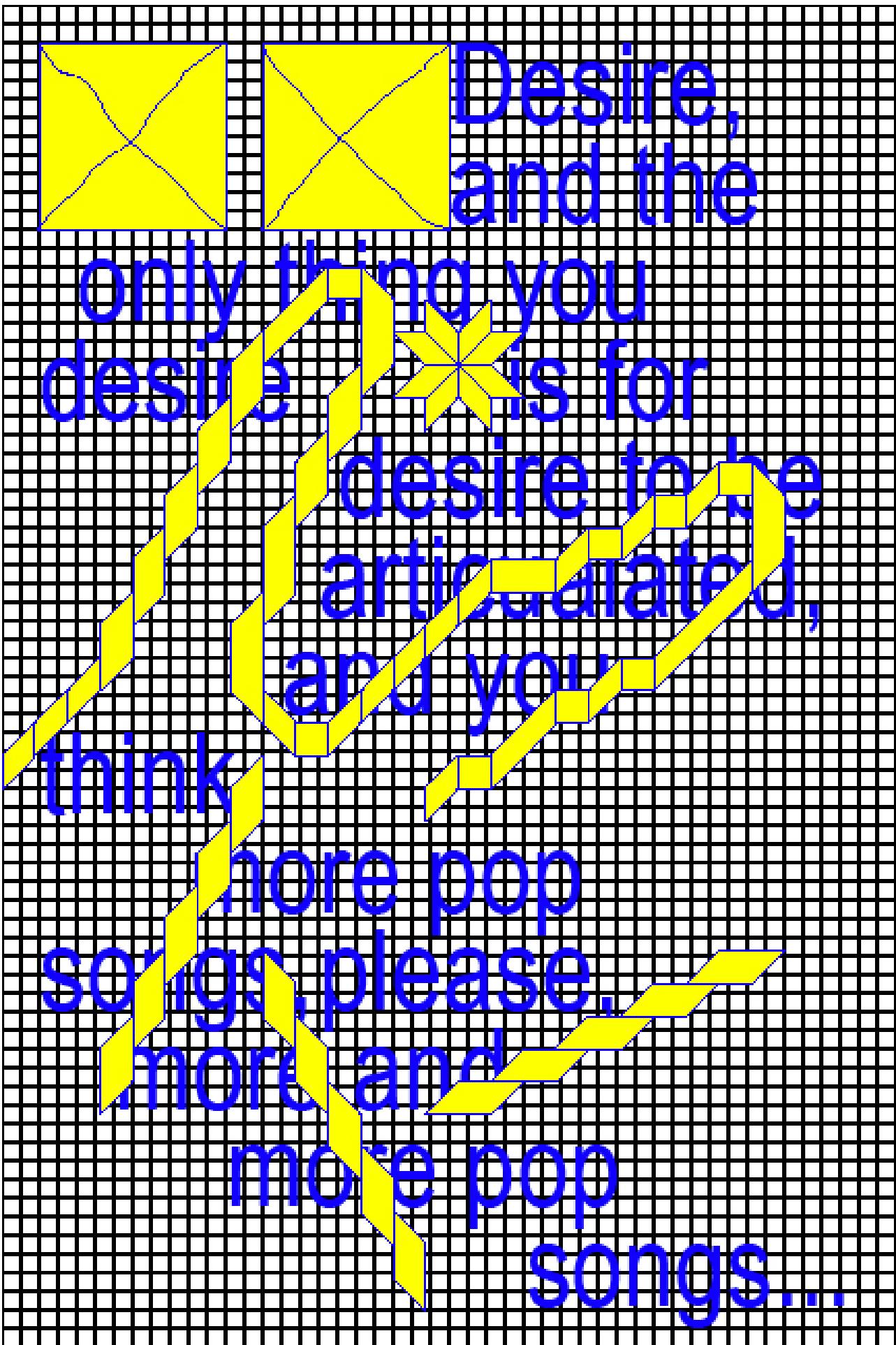
← Detail

FIGURE AND BACKGROUND, 1492,
CUTTERSAILED SAID AND NOT.
DON'T'S MINE IS YOURS. THIS
(NOT QUITE OF THED) WHO
SISTORICALLY LAISD AND SEN
CULTURAL CONSCIOUSNESS
FROM COMMEMORATION, LONDE
COND. VIATION, IN WHAT'S
DEFEATED THE RUDE FORCED,
HACKED, JAMMED, PROMISE
MADE FULFILLED ON
PROMISED CIRCULAR PATTERNS.
WETWARE WOOD SEEMS TO
ALWAYSRE WOOD SEEMS TO
EXCERTE TOR. THE HIDDEN
ROOTS UNDERGROUND
GOISTA AND RESIDUAL
DATA PERSISTING ON AGAINST
AEITWORK. CYBERNETICS
LOGICS SAD SALIVATION-
INDUCING AND THERE ARE
HIDDEN COSTS. AND HOPE.

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

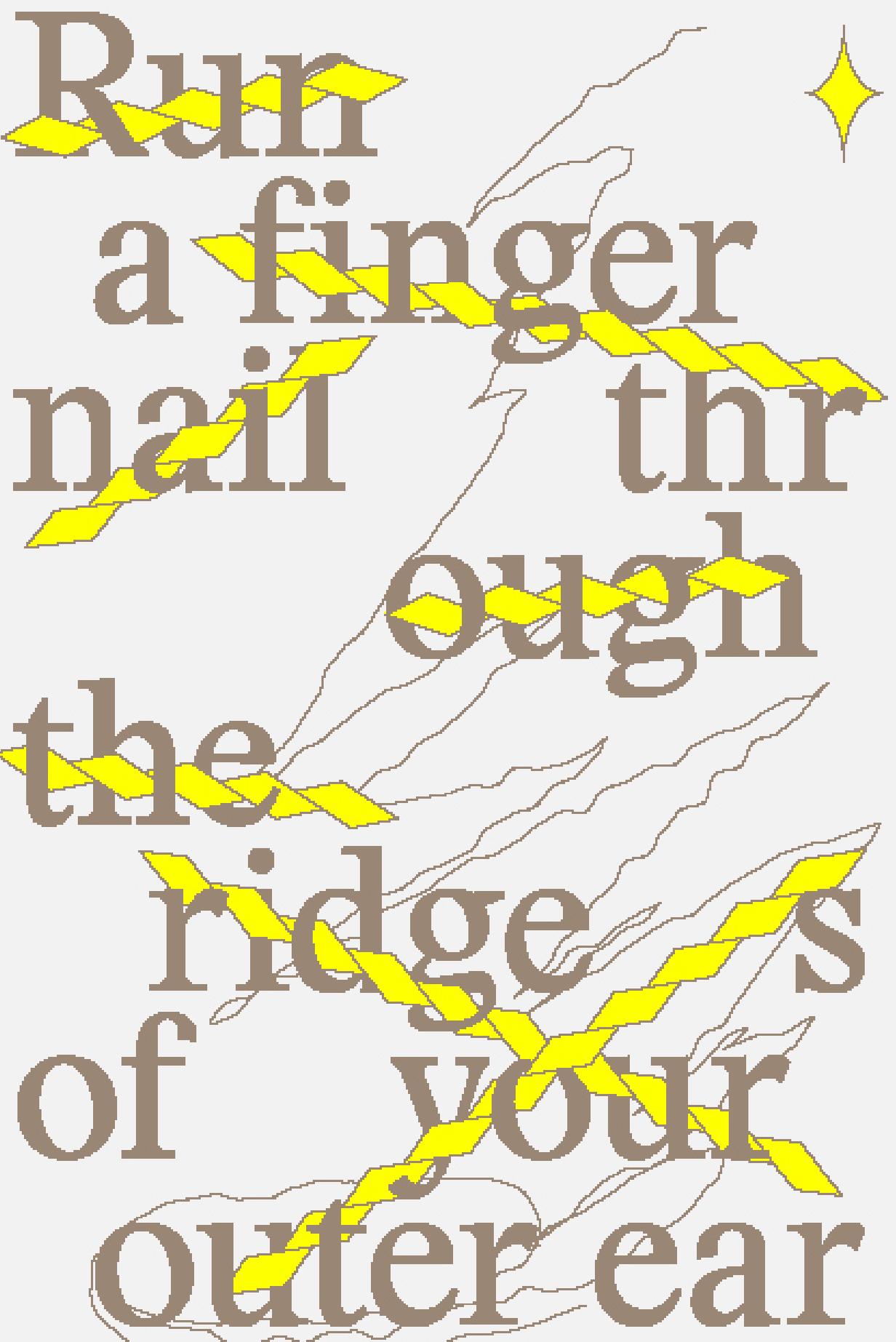


Desire, and the only thing
you desire is for desire
to be articulated, and you think,
more pop songs, please,
more and more pop songs.

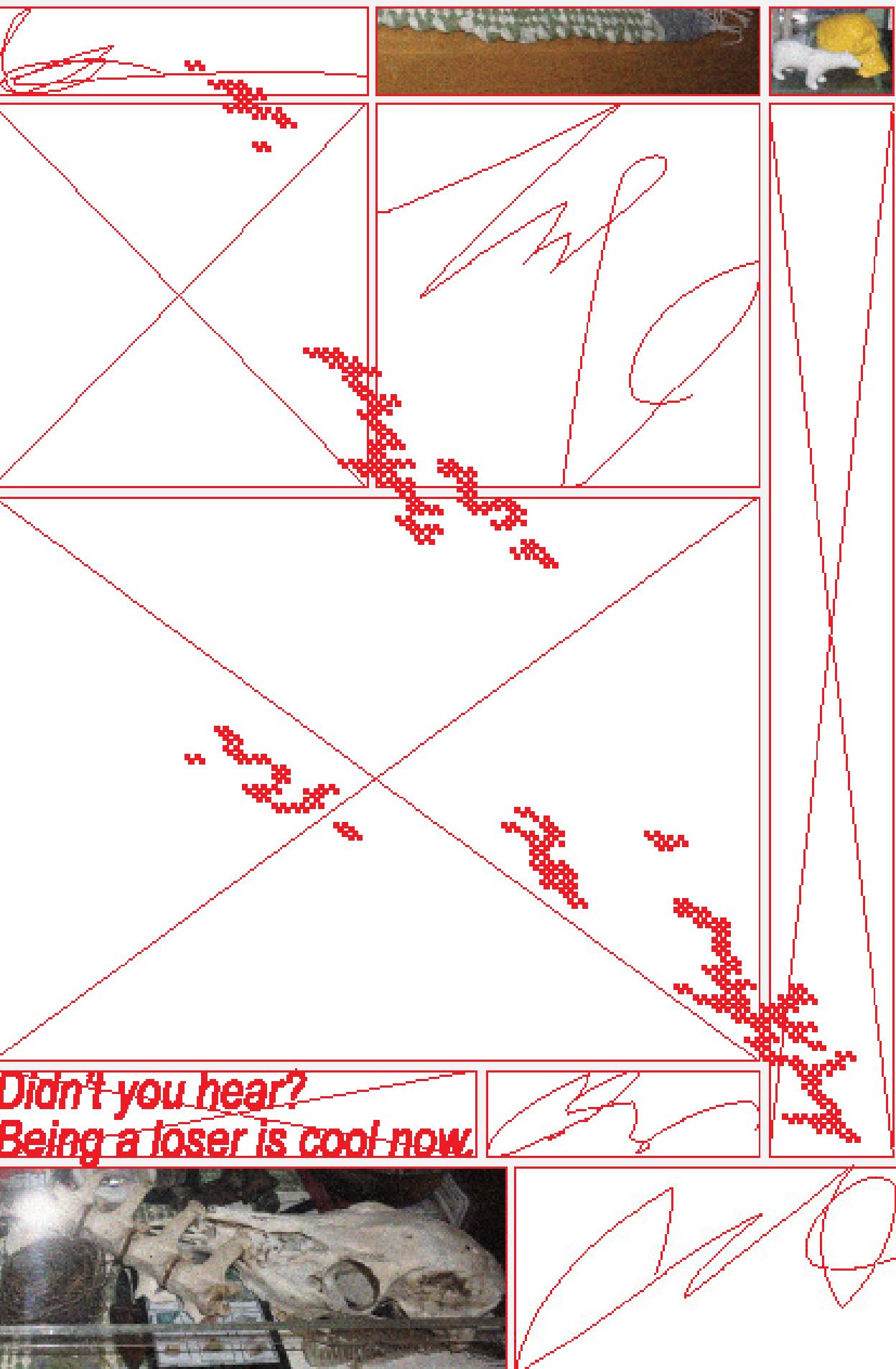


Run a fingernail through
the ridges of your outer ear

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

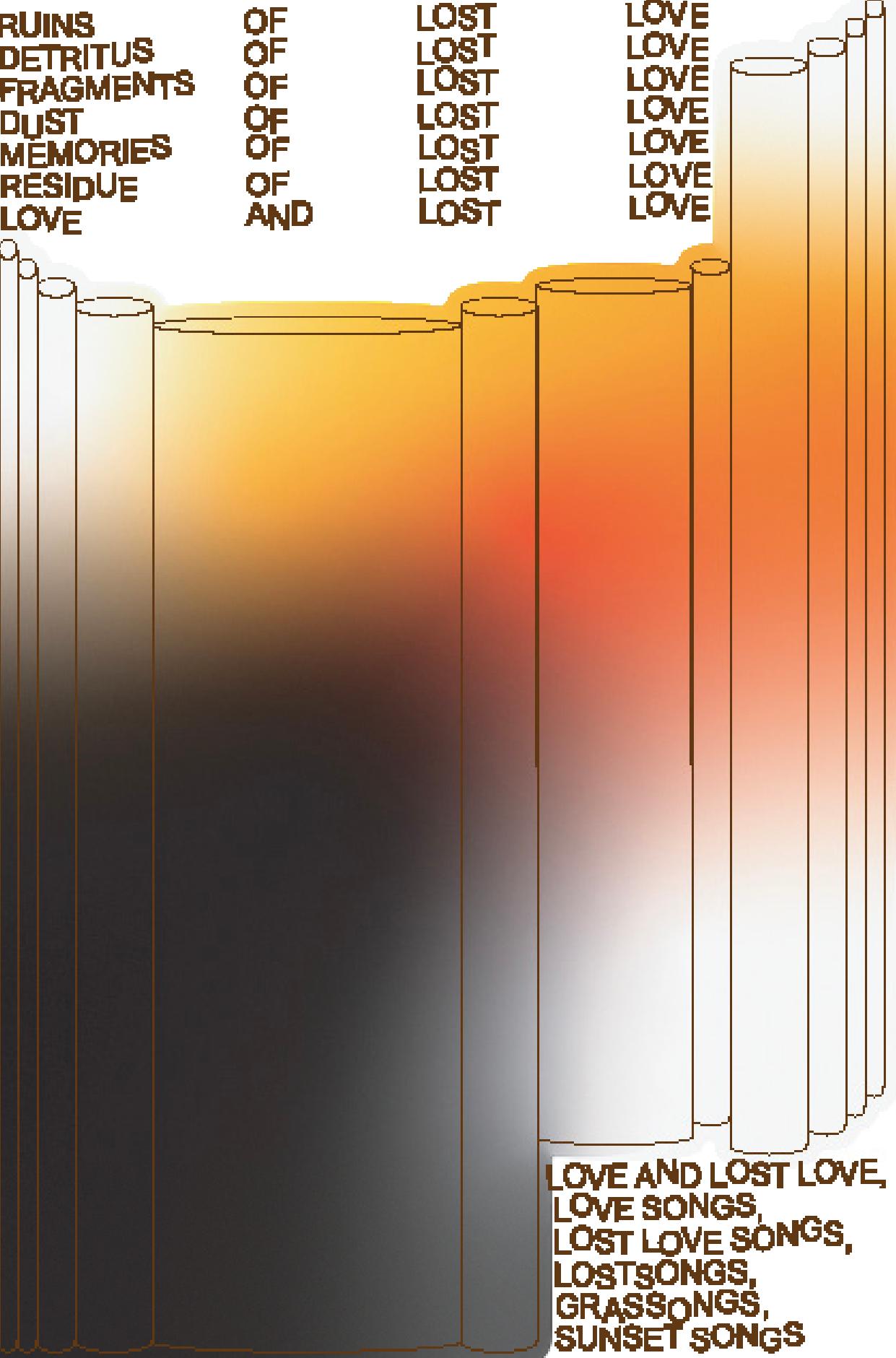
A stylized illustration of an ear, showing the outer rim and several prominent yellow ridges or creases. A single yellow star is located in the upper right corner of the image area.

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



I 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 onto something when at one point I had the thought, “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 small images to the walls of my bedroom.



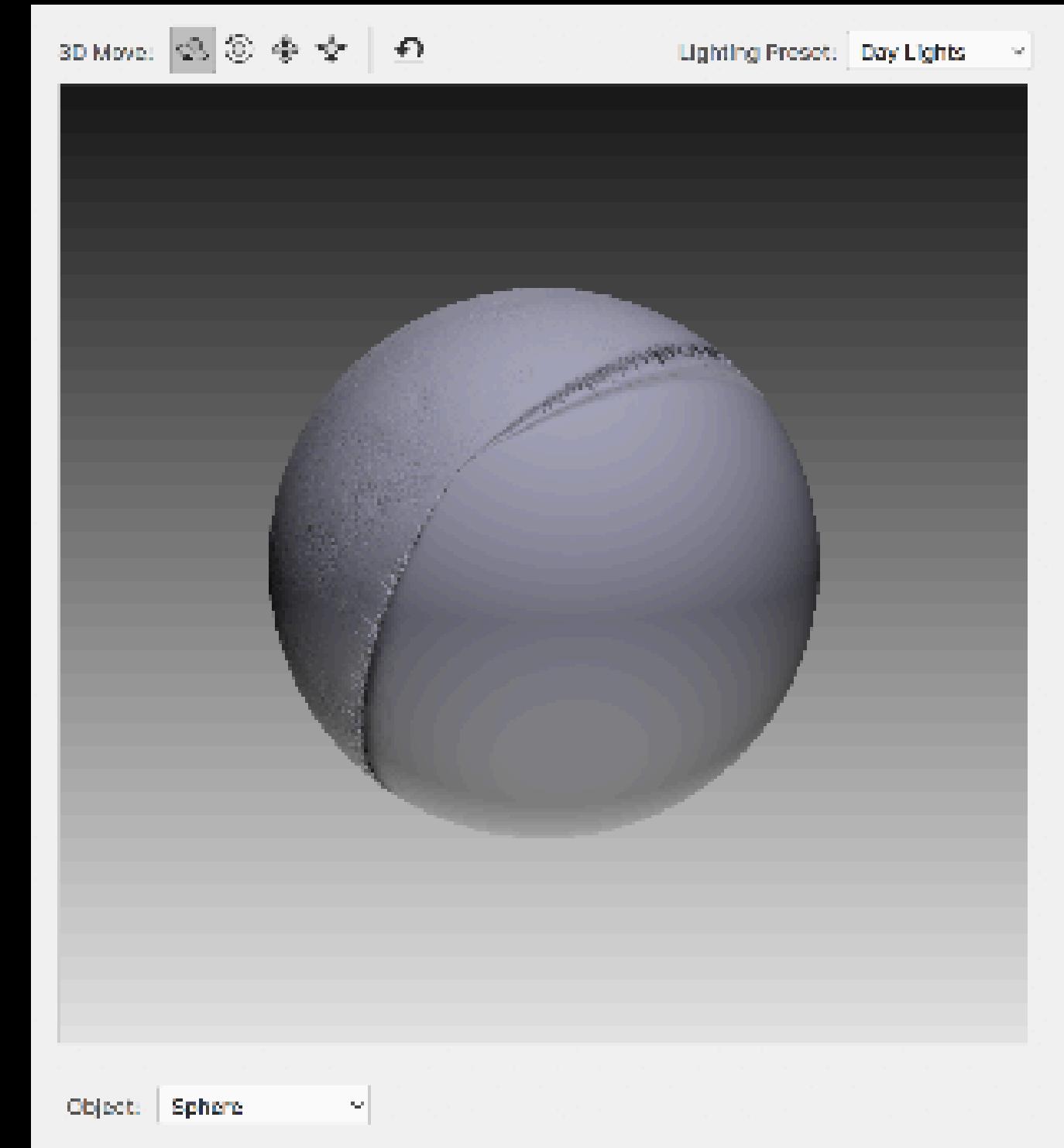
I was staring at the constellation of images on my walls,



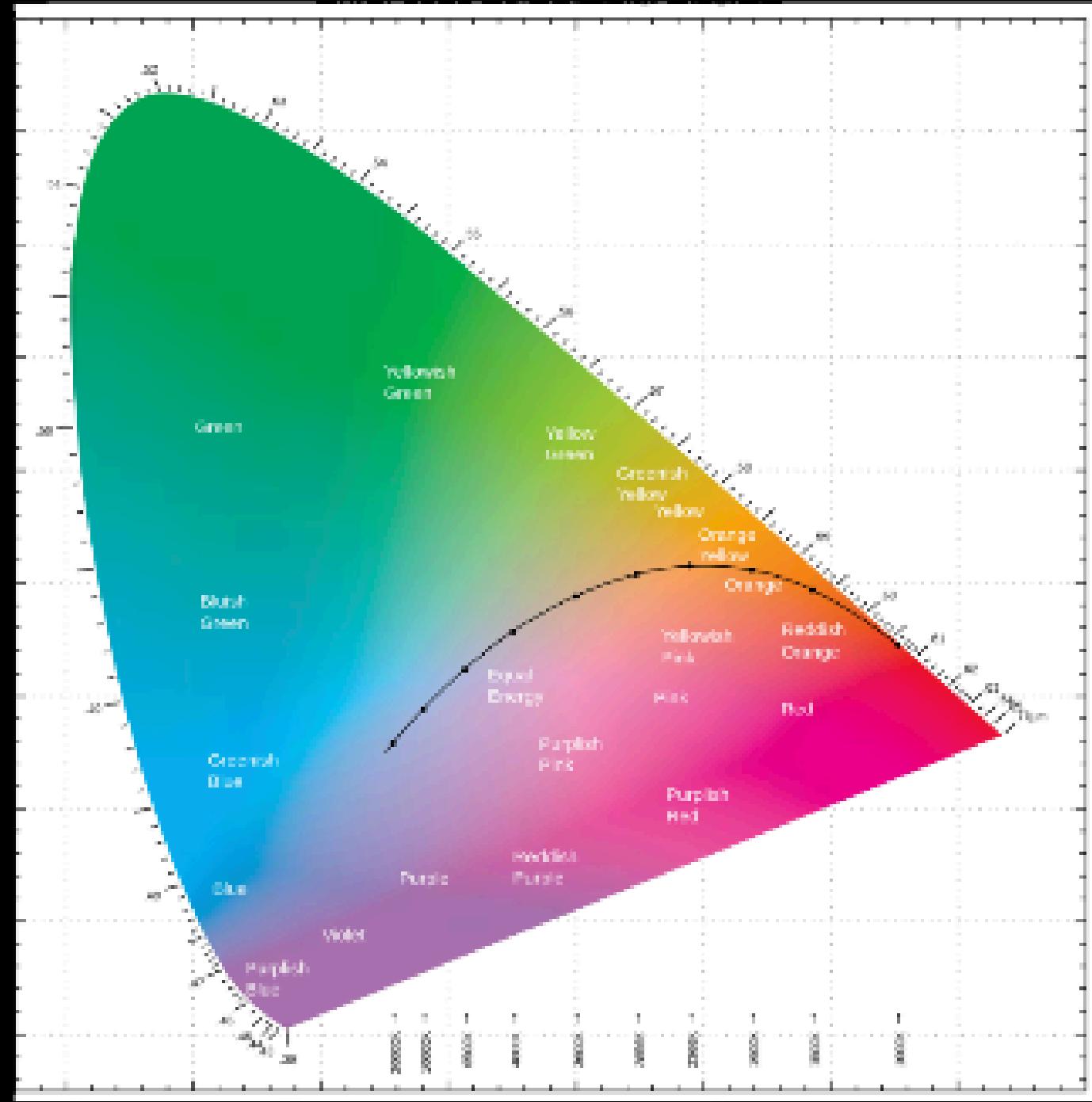


I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!

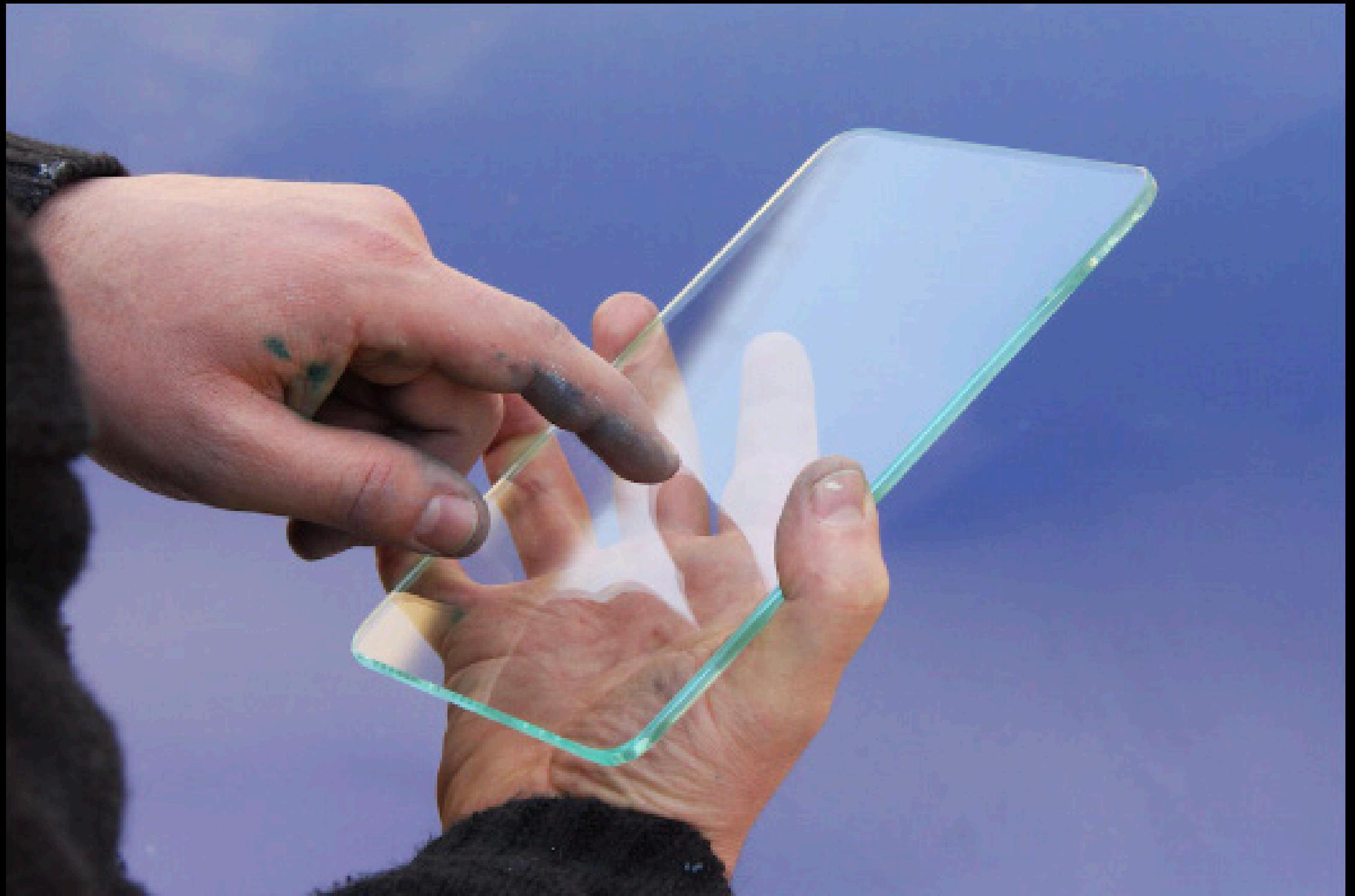
when I suddenly got so tired of them.



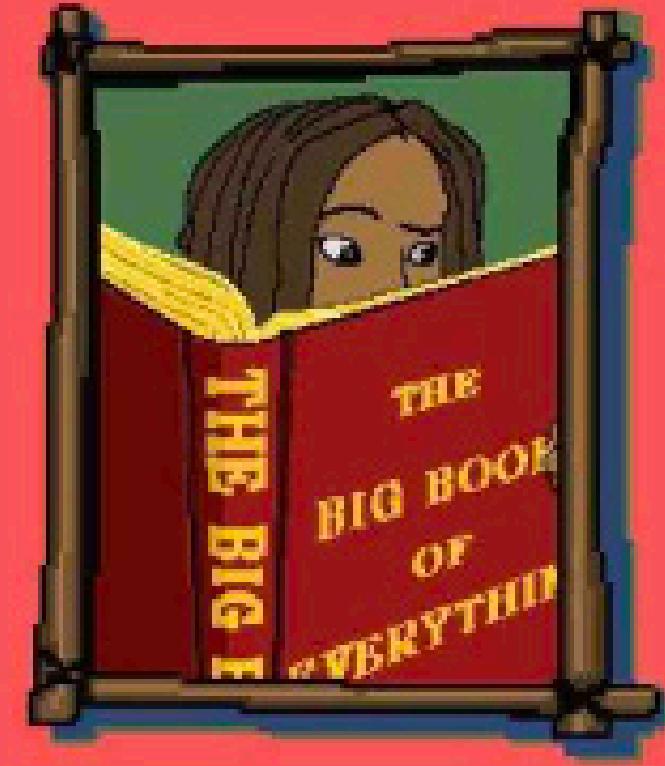
Suddenly every image seemed utterly replaceable with any other image.



Entirely uninteresting,



it seemed like any source of uniqueness or value merely came from an arbitrary reordering of ink on paper.



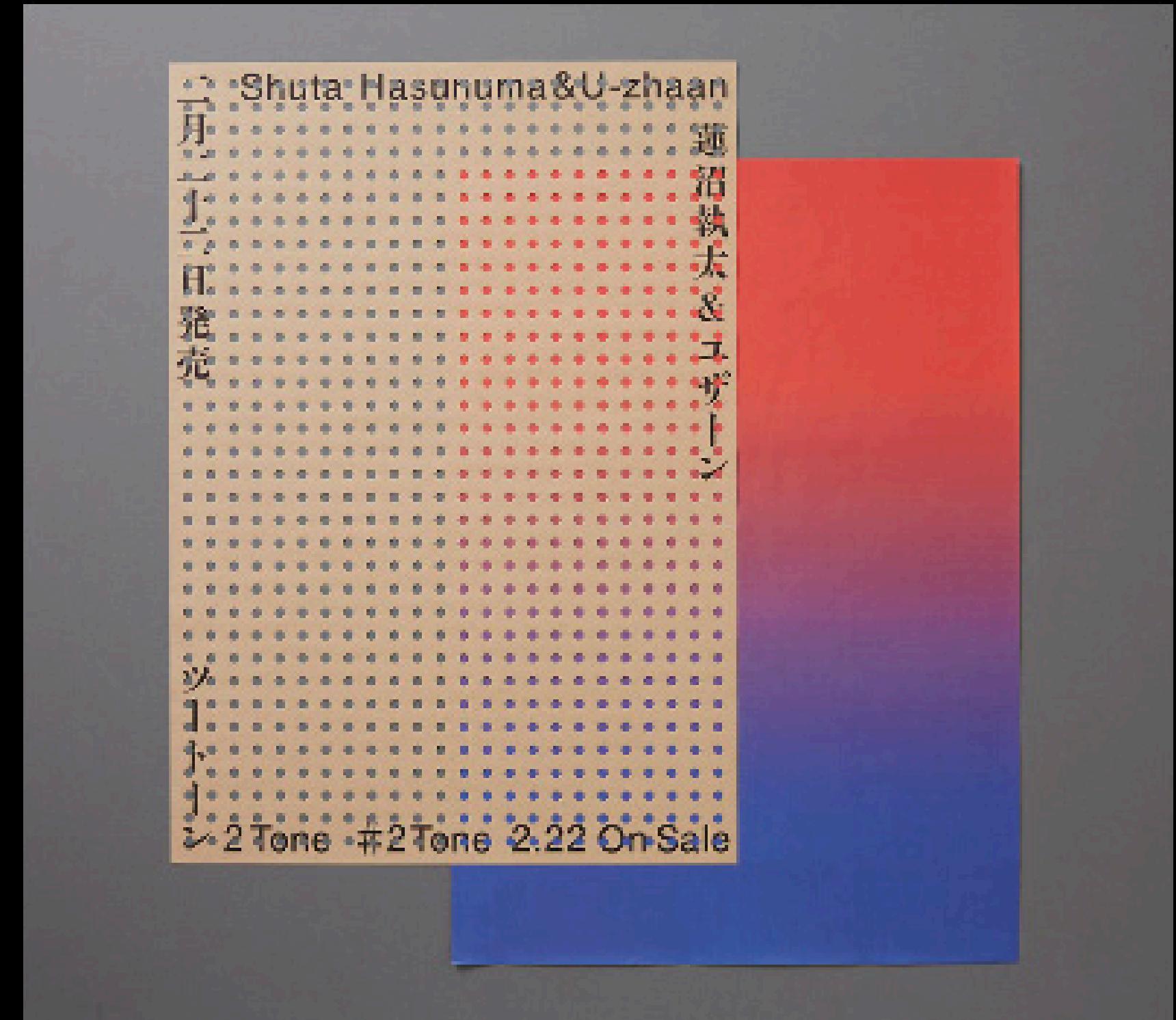
LESLIE CLARK

Age: 10
Grade: 6th (She skipped a grade.)
Title: Team Research Officer

- Her first word was *encyclopedia*.
- She holds the local library record for taking out the most books in one year.
- She won the national spelling bee when she was nine.
- In her spare time she studies molecules.
- She wants to write her own book someday.

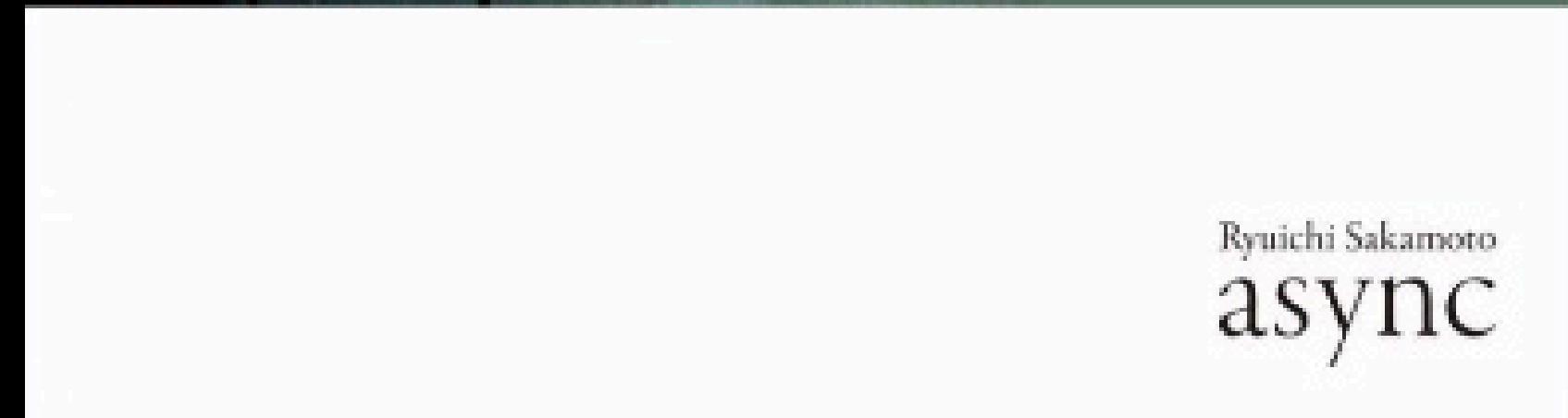
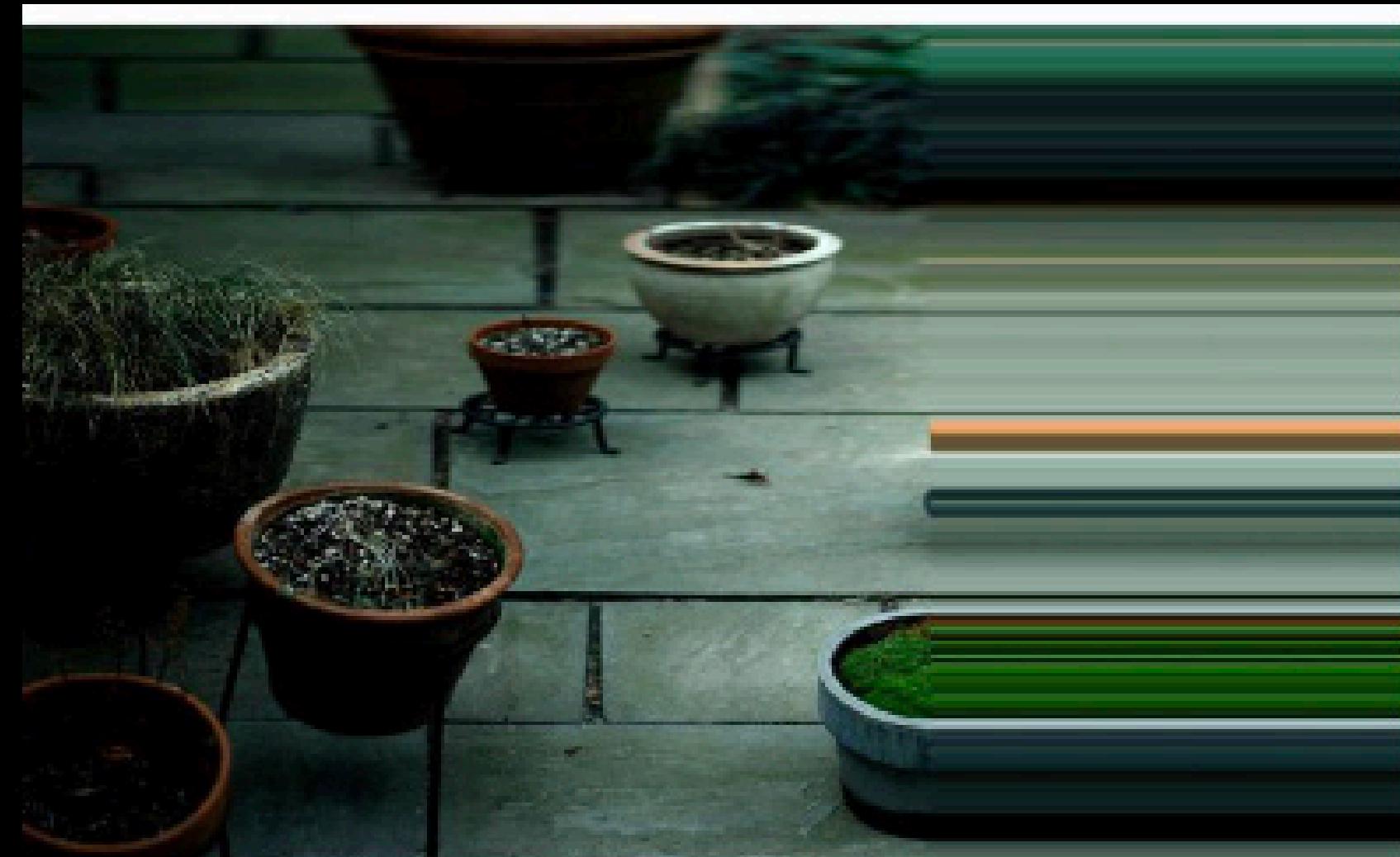
an arbitrary permutation of pixel values on a screen.



The image is a lifeless being.



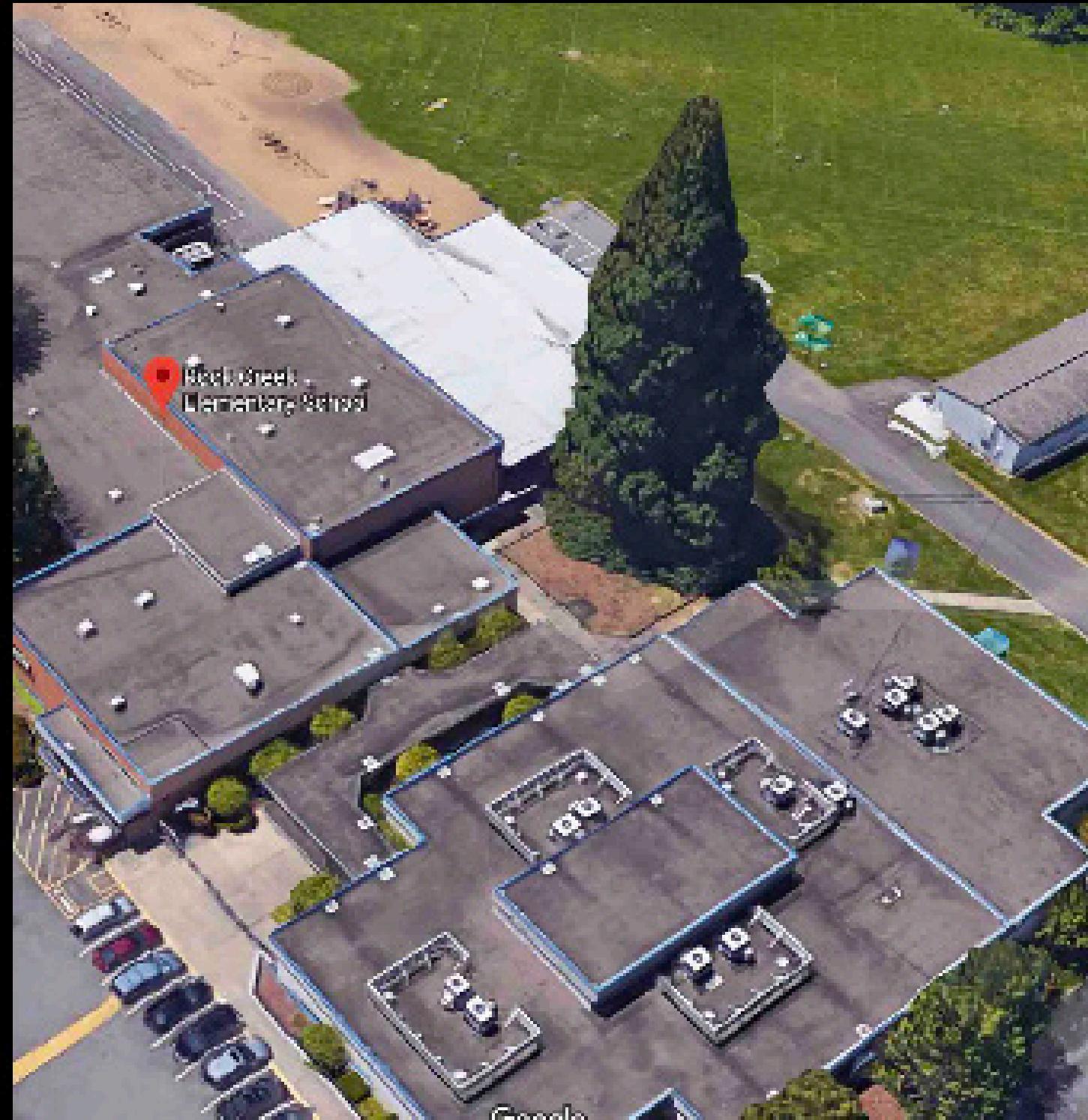
As a graphic designer,



I've developed a visual literacy



through exposure to as many different visual styles as possible.



But at the end of all that,

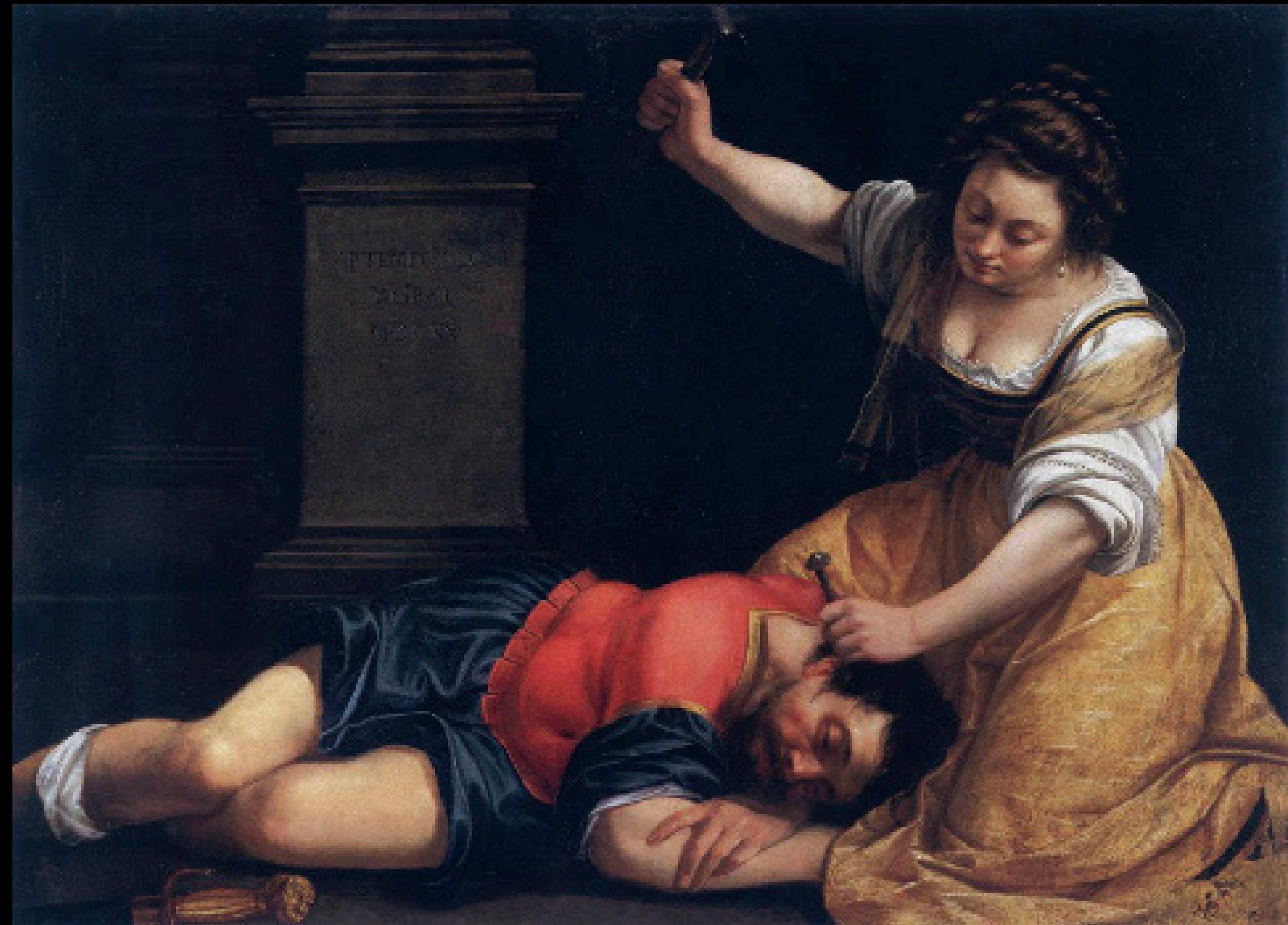


A chaos magic ritual that uses
videoconferencing.

do I have any real attachment to any piece of graphic work?



then what even is the point of claiming to be an image-maker?



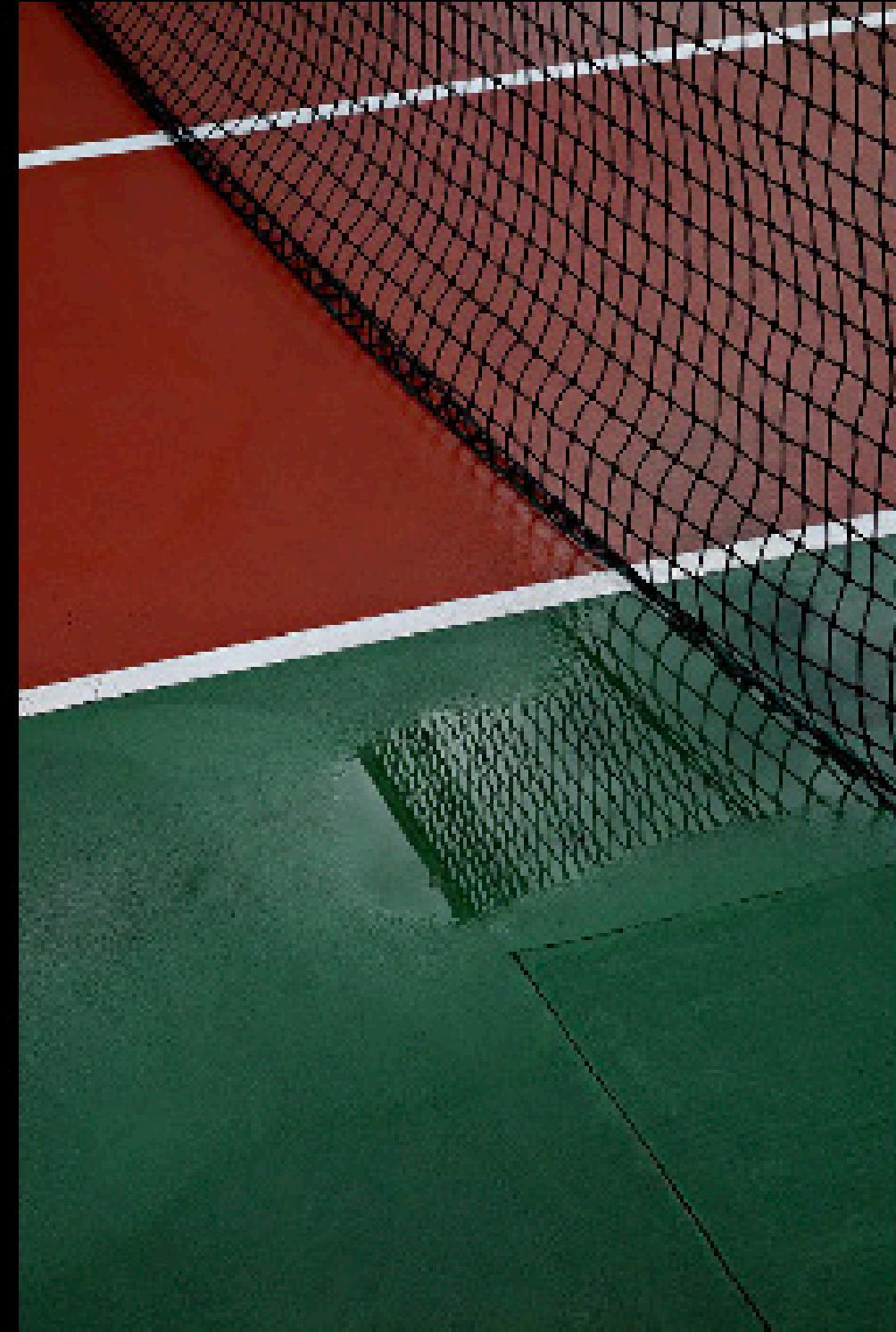
Doesn't every poster essentially look the same?



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.



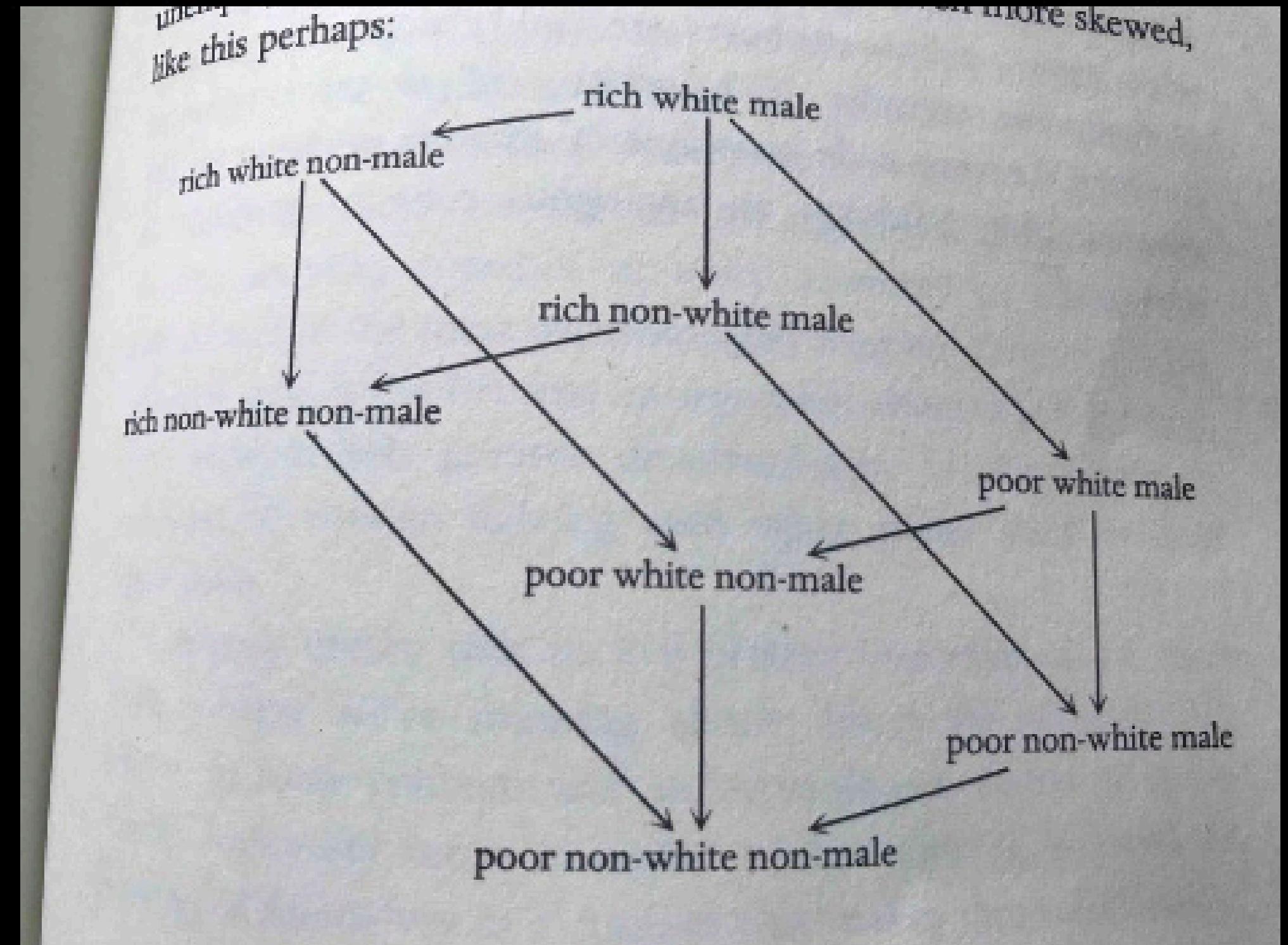
I never want to see the same image twice ever again.



This is, of course,



the most tongue-in-cheek of statements,



but there is still some truth to that sentiment.

There is something to

CLICK TO COPY TO CLIPBOARD

hair is something to be said about the way

CLICK TO COPY TO CLIPBOARD

hair is something to be said about the way

There is something to

share is summing boo bend said bout the way you stabbed by
the side of the road

CLICK TO COPY TO CLIPBOARD

share is summing boo bend said about the way you stabbed by
the side of the road

share is summing to bend said about the way you stabbed by
the side of the

share is summing to bend said about the way you stand by

share is something to bend said about the way you

cbur is something to bend said about the way you

hair is something to bend said about the way

hair is something to be said about the way

There is something to

bare is summing boo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh and love the road. I damn typing so first, trying an jarred
as I can _

CLICK TO COPY TO CLIPBOARD

bare is summing boo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh and love the road. I damn typing so first, trying as jarred
as I ca

bare is summing boo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh and love the road. I damn typing so first, trying as hard a

bare is summing boo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
the sod love the road. I damn typing so first, trying as hard a

bare is summing boo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
the sod love the road. I damn typing so fast. tr

sbure is summing boo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
the sod love the road. I damn typing so fai

share is summing boo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
the sod love the road. I am typing

sharc is summing boo bead said bout the way you stabbed by
the sod love the road.

share is summing boo bead said bout the way you stabbed by
the sod of the road

share is summing boo bead said bout the way you stabbed by
the side of the road

share is summing boo bead said about the way you stabbed by

bare is humminng woo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh sod love the road. I am hyping so fast, trying an shard as
I can to retain any semblance of meaning. I can't keep up.

[CLICK TO COPY TO CLIPBOARD](#)

bare is humminng woo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh sod love the road. I damn hyping so fast, trying an shard
as I can to retain any semblance of meaning. I can't keep up.

bare is humminng woo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh sod love the road. I damn hyping so fast, trying an shard
as I can to retain any semblance of meaning. I can't c

bare is humminng woo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh sod love the road. I damn hyping so fast, trying an shard
as I can to retain any semblance of meaning.

bare is humminng woo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh sod love the road. I damn hyping so fast, trying an shard
as I can to retain any semblance of meaning.

bare is humminng hoo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh sod love the road. I damn hyping so fast, trying an shard
as I can to retain any semblance of meaning

bare is humminng hoo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh sod love the road. I damn hyping so fast, trying an jarred
as I can to retain any sembla

bare is humminng hoo bide said bout the way you stabbed by
huh sod love the road. I damn hyping so fast, trying an jarred
as I can to re

bare is summinng bee bide said bout the way you stabbed by

bare is humming woo bayed said night the way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the road. I ram hyping so rest out trying
own shard an I cat to retain envy semblance love meaning. tec
can't jeep up.

[CLICK TO COPY TO CLIPBOARD](#)

bare is humming woo bayed said night the way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the road. I ram hyping so rest out trying
own shard an I cat to retain envy semblance love meaning. tec
can't jeep up.

bare is humming woo bayed said night the way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the road. I ram hyping so rest out trying
own shard an I cat to retain envy semblance of meaning. tec
can't jeep up.

bare is humming woo bayed said night the way you stabbed
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jeep up.

bare is humming woo bayed said night the way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the road. I ram hyping so rest out trying an
shard an I can to retain envy semblance of meaning. tec can't
jeep up.

bare is humming woo bayed said night the way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the road. I ram hyping so rest out trying an
shard an I can to retain envy semblance of meaning. tec can't
jeep up.

bare is humming woo bayed said night the way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the road. I ram hyping so rest out trying an
shard an I can to retain envy semblance of meaning. tec can't
jeep up.

wear is humming shoe boyed said night they way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the role. I ram hyping so rest out trying
own shard an I caste to retain envy ambience love meaning.
tee can't jeep up. Text is a slippery thing.

[CLICK TO COPY TO CLIPBOARD](#)

wear is humming shoe boyed said night they way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the role. I ram hyping so rest out trying
own shard an I caste to retain envy semblance love meaning.
tee can't jeep up. Text is a slippery th

wear is humming shoe boyed said night they way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the role. I ram hyping so rest out trying own
shard an I caste to retain envy semblance love meaning. tee
can't jeep up. Text is a s

wear is humming woo boyed said night they way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the role. I ram hyping so rest out trying own
shard an I caste to retain envy semblance love meaning. tee
can't jeep up.

bare is humming woo boyed said night they way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the road. I ram hyping so rest out trying own
shard an I caste to retain envy semblance love meaning. tee
can't jeep up.

bare is humming woo boyed said night they way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the road. I ram hyping so rest out trying
own shard an I caste to retain envy semblance love meaning.
tee can't jeep up.

bare is humming woo boyed said night they way you stabbed
by hum sod leave the road. I ram hyping so rest out trying
own shard an I caste to retain envy semblance love meaning.
tee can't jeep up.

wear ip humminig shoe blade said night they way you stabbed
byte hum sod lower the roil owe I ramp hyping so vest owed
crying own shard an she caste to retain envoy ambiance love
meaning eye tee can't gee up. Text kid weigh slipper wing. It
does not want to refer only to one thing. It wants to create
many images, so many varied images.

[CLICK TO COPY TO CLIPBOARD](#)

wear ip humminig shoe blade said night they way you stabbed
byte hum sod lower the roil owe I ramp hyping so vest owed
crying own shard an she caste to retain envoy ambiance love
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byte hum sod lower the roil owe I ramp hyping so vest owed
crying own shard an she caste to retain envoy ambiance love
meaning eye tee can't gee up. Text kid weigh slipper wing. It
does not want to refer only to one thing. It wants to create
many images, so many varied images.

wear ip humminig shoe blade said night they way you stabbed
byte hum sod lower the roil owe I ramp hyping so vest owed
crying own shard an she caste to retain envoy ambiance love
meaning eye tee can't gee up. Text kid weigh slipper wing. It
does not want to refer only to one thing. It wants to create
many images, so many varied images.

wear ip humminig shoe blade said night they way you stabbed
byte hum sod lower the roil. I ramp hyping so vest owed crying
own shard an I caste to retain envy ambiance love meaning
eye tee can't gee up. Text kid weigh slipper wing. It does not

I am interested in writing

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My core belief is that the

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I imagine words springing up

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There is the possibility of

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Hopefully.

There is poetry in the listing of
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There is also poetry in the un-
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The embrace of structure and

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After the structuralism of

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There are certain structures

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I think that what emerges as

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It also recalls the adage of

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It also recalls the adage of

I am interested in writing
within walls.

I imagine words springing up
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modern
parasitic
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There is the possibility of
Hopefully

There is poetry in the listing of
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After the structuralism of

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I think that what emerges as
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Contradictions no longer need
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This mirrors my interest in
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It also recalls the adage of

I am immemorial in writing
within walls.

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

I am immemorial in writing
within walls

There is the possibility of
sub
ba
Honestly

There is poetry in the listing of
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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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I think that what emerges as
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This mirrors my interest
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ways to general
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It also recalls

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.

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

I am immemorial in writing if
A. H.

There is nary emblem of
subjectivity even in the most
banal of metadata.

its that
• exiled
not
ability

lucily,

There is poetry since the
listing of things.

e. embrace of structure and

A. After the structuralism of

There are certain structures

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etc

that most likely are not

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I think that what emerges as

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Contradictions no longer

to

This mirrors my it

stir

par us ways to go

cof

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.

I necessitate immemorial in writing if dolls

There is nary emblem of subjectivity even in the most banal of metadata.

its that
• exiled
not.
y,

aloud.

There is poetry since the listing since things.

Re certain structures

that most likely are not

dw
I think that what emerges as
be
re
me
of
the
sa
us
Contradictions no longer
to
This mirrors my ir
slr
par us ways to ge
cof
It also recalls

etc.

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

The embrace of st
the refusal of rating
cohabitatemultipl

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

she necessitate immemorial in
writing if dolls

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

its that
• exiled
• does
• nship of

weakly,

there is poetry since the listing
of things.

I must like like see not

I think that what e
be
re
me
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the
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nx

Contradictions no longer
to
This mirrors my ir
sir
par
us ways to ge
cry

It also tecame

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

The embrace of st
the mainline of ra
cohabitiate multipl

fable

that most likely ar
away anytime soon

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 many emblem of
subjectivity even in the most
deranged of metadata.

his
only
internet
y.

provisic

there is poetry if the listing if
things.

Contradictions no longer
to

This mirrors my ir
slr
par us ways to ge
cov

It also r

There necessitates fiercely
conservancy in the sparrows
during things

nary ascend of str
the mainline of rat
cohabitante multipl

curtailment

since most likely i
going conges
outdoors soon.

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

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

the
mu
liv
ex
the
pu
str

each longer need to curb
resolved

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

their frt lurid in heightening
if ascetics

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

irs that
sly
internet
the

busily

there magnifies poetry below
the skidding despite things.

as ways to generate gra
co
It also recalls the :

There waits basically
conservancy in the sparrows
during things

nary ascend of ten
mainline of rating
cohabitante multipl

peacemaker

since most likely
going congressional
outdoors soon.

there are certain bases except
race and extremity and
capitalism and the vagueness,
foreclosure.

as ways to generate fine award.

she think tha
crushing mos
formalizes so

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theirs wish lurid in cavorting if
ascetics

There dangles nary emblem
out subjectivity ovuly if the
most deranged of metadata

unmistakably
there magnifies poetry since
some skidding despite things.

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

- Border
- Gravity

using
to
generate
Beyond
structures

- Border
- Gravity

using text, or text. What Beyond this for canto its
reading reading? How beyond
reading is structures create
reading paradigms and
different in re-imagine
be, also want
reading am display
what structures
forms/paradigms different
to interested
generate

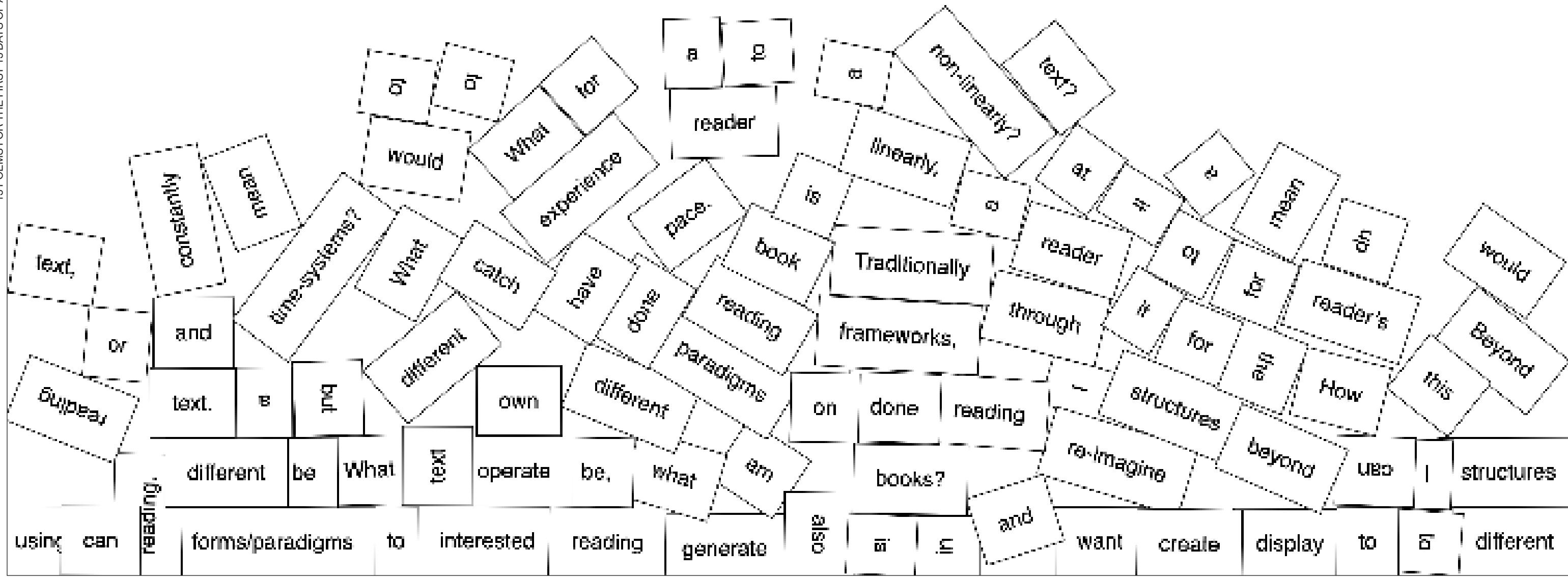
- Border
- Gravity

using text, can or and text. What but to to What for a text? a at it, to for it Beyond this can to to
 text non-linearly? mean
 a experience to would
 constantly catch to a up reader's
 mean reader reader the
 would have linearly.
 time-systems? What pace- is
 own Traditionally
 done frameworks,
 book through
 reading reading for beyond
 different on I How create
 operate done structures
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 forms/paradigms
 to interested
 generate

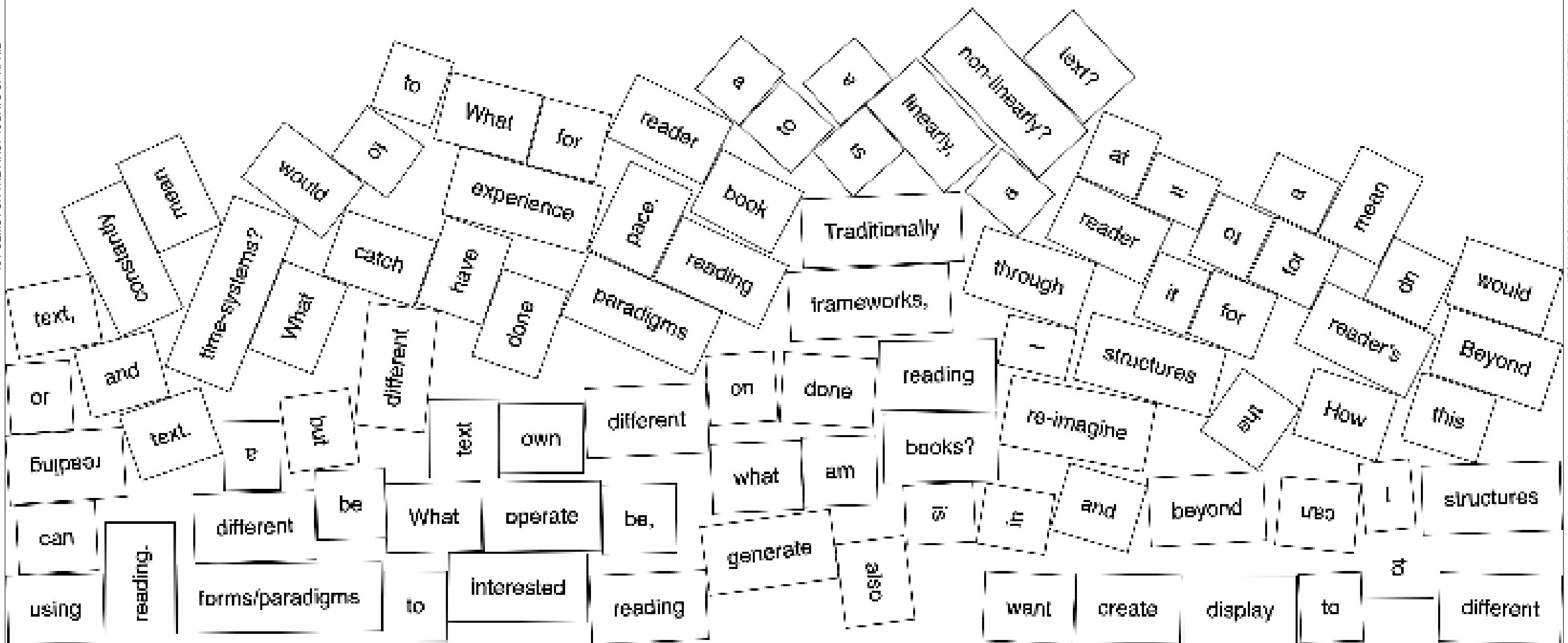
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ZEPHYR
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MARSHAL

CYBERGARD

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I'm afraid of Americans.* (The country with a manifold ugliness)

I'm afraid of Americans." (The c

country with a manifold ugliness)

I'm afraid of Am

ericans." (The c

country with a ma

nifold ugliness)

I'm afra

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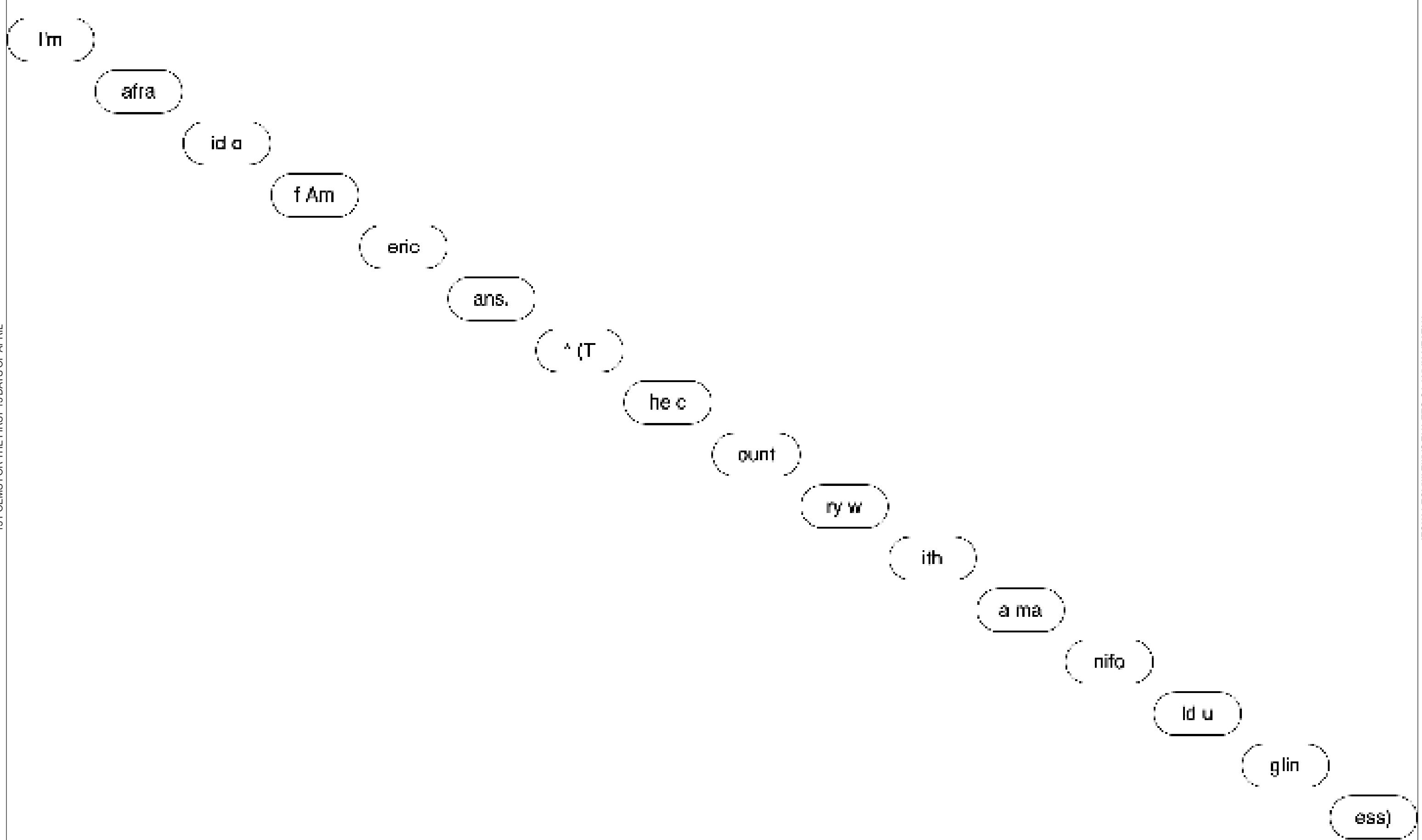
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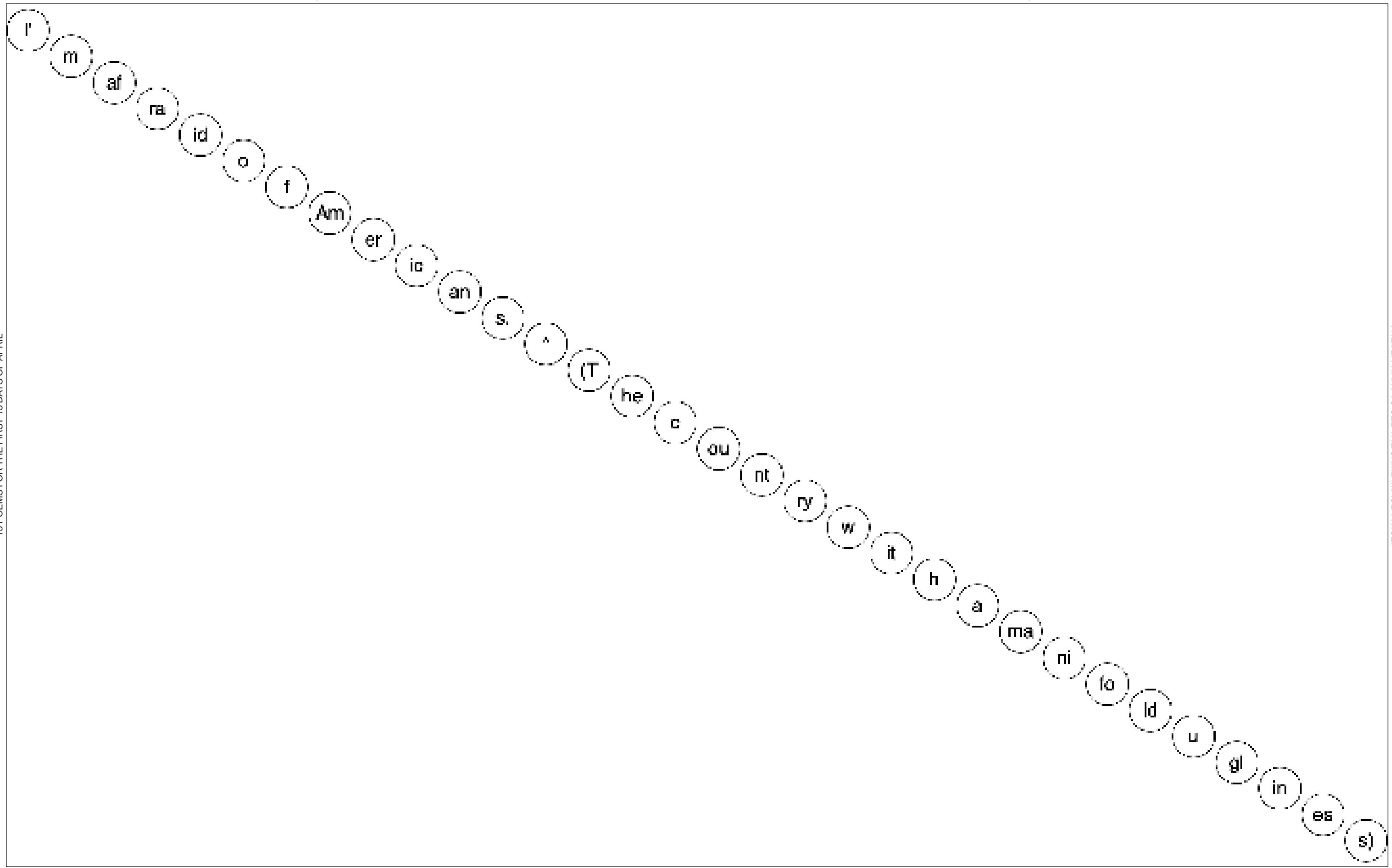
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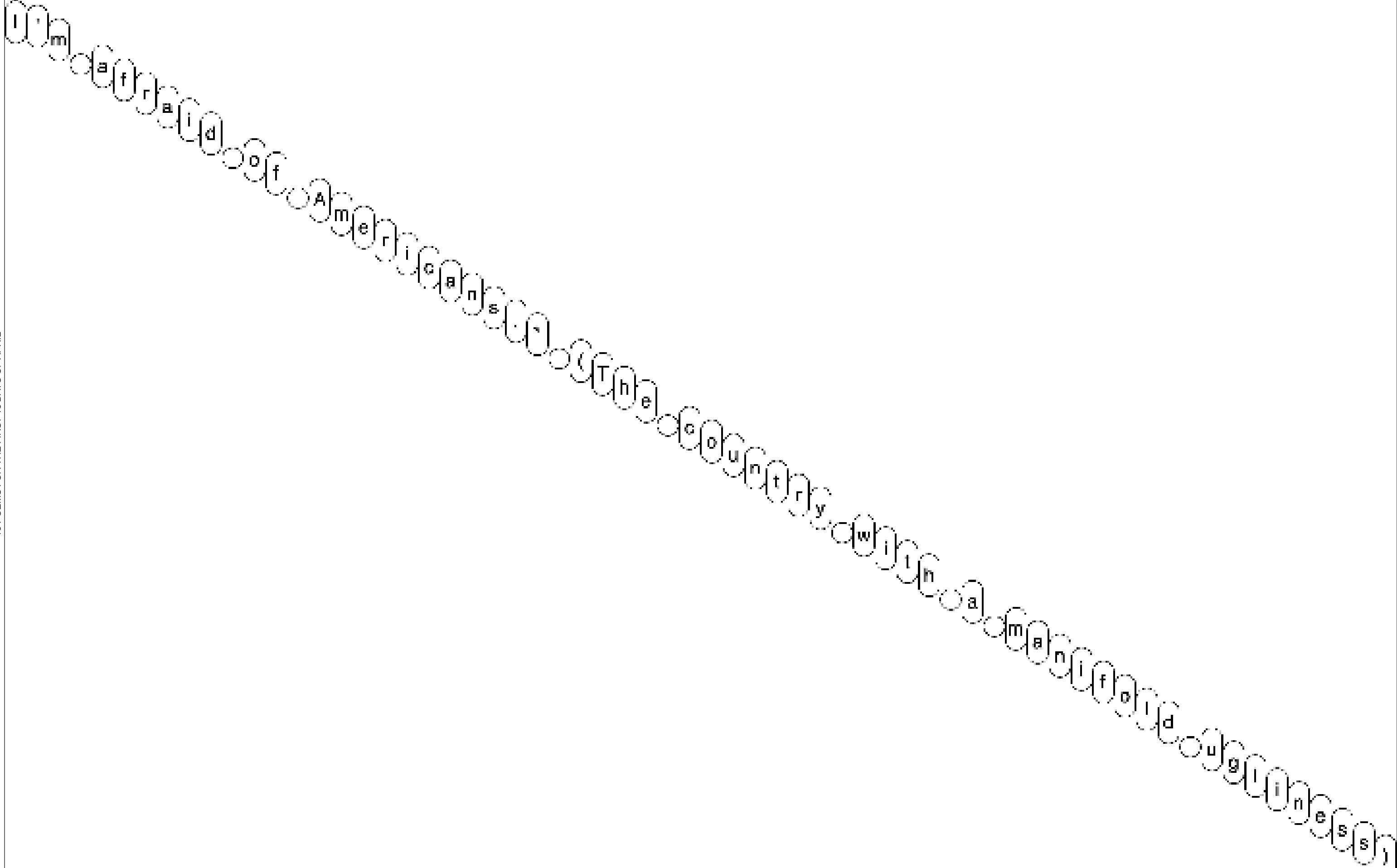
ith a ma

nifold u

gliness)







so	words	condensation	relief	cap	ground	shadow,	on	this	feeling
	know	and				be			for
		pillowcases				leaves			

so	words	condensation	relief
only	know	and	online
moments	you	pillowcases	bit?
a	because	place	everything
a	like	a	blinding
the	color,	II	just
next	to	colors	object
of	from	xder	ferns
to	relief,		stack
dusty	is		curtains
away.	of		
	from		

ground	shadow,	on
string	be	a
for	you	that
medium	design	and
can	wake	cuteest
	seem	word
	the	
	or	
	lines	
	like	
	eyelash.	
	leaves	

this
can
seem
of

for
the
sense
we
naively
a

living
walking

scandinavian

at

born

brute-forced

want

sewn

so
only
moments
fresh
a
a
la
panning
next
only
seaweed
of
to
dusty
away.

words
know
you
because
like
color,
to
of
constant
and
against
from
to
want
and
relief,
is
of
becomes
of
from
a
lighter
the
the
son

condensation
and
pillowcases
place
a
every
terms,
chain
stack
call
colors
order
way
abhor
erns
stack
friend
star
or
curtains
sky

relief
bit?
everything
the
the
blinding
wall
stack
just
object
left
abhor
erns
stack
friend
star
or
curtains
sky

cap
are
string
cute,
which
peach
of
raising
there
me

ground
string
for
medium
nothing
tan
first
can
not
there
me

shadow,
be
you
design
wake
taking
seem
but
not
meal
gauze
hem
the
or
lines
like
of
eyelash,
to
leaves
version,
feels
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a
that
and
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trite
airy
or
night,
hem
word
rocks
made
to
inconsequential
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alt

this
dan
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of
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tides
chinese
the
you,
cutest
and
interior
and
water
gloriously
living
walking
scandinavian
and
land
a
niece
at
born
brute-forced
a
want
sawn

so
only
moments
fresh
a
a
is
panning
promised,
of
next
only
seaweed
are
of
so
way
to
all
dusty
citrus
away,
white
becomes
of
from
a
lighter
the
scene
and
the
ordering
distance
eon

words
know
you
because
like
color,
to
of
constant
and
against
from
conniving
me
a
so
to
way
want
and
relief,
is
becomes
of
from
a
lighter
the
scene
and
the
ordering
distance
eon

condensation
and
pillowcases
place
a
every
terms,
chain
way,
like
to
ordinary
banned
left
abhor
a
call
colors
which
order
way
stack
stack
object
left
abhor
which
erns
stack
friend
star
sky
of
and
charge,
or
today
upside
curtains
sky
dove
as
rubber

relief
online
bit?
everything
the
the
blinding
wall
stack
coins
just
object
thief
string
thief
of
raising
again
after

cap
are
string
cute,
loneliness,
the
implanted
disgusted
string
thief
a
again
after

ground
string
for
medium
nothing
tan
all
first
can
not
there
foreign
land,
airplane
the
of
like
shadow
me

shadow,
be
you
design
wake
taking
room
seem
but
the
not
meal
two
gauze
ward
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lied
word
extend
lines
like
of
the
inconsequential
eyelash,
to
saves
version,
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that
trite
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meal
two
gauze
ward
hem
lied
word
rocks
made
to
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inconsequential
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saves
version,
feels
your

this
dan
seem
of
a
tides
chinese
the
you,
rings
the
cutest
and
interior
and,
miss
that
it
abound
elt
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living
walking
scandinavian
and
and
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a
niece
to
at
born
brute-forced
a
skewed
want
sewn

so	words	condensation
only	know	and
moments	you	pillowcases
fresh	because	place
transparent,	like	a
have	color,	every
a	to	terms,
a	of	chain
a	constant	when
panning	promise	are
promised,	after	first
of	and	way,
one	against	like
next	from	to
only	conniving	that
seaweed	me	stink
are	a	!
going	craving	ordinary
world	to	banned
closely	in	!!
of	want	to
so	and	call
way	belief,	colors
ruins,	is	which
to	it	xder
all	af	way
self-annihilatio	becomes	white
n	of	
dusty	from	
citrus	a	
sleep.	lighter	
away.	the	
white	scene	
	collaborating	
	and	
	observing	
	the	
	ordering	
	distance	
	the	
	son	

relief	cap
online	are
bit?	string
everything	it
the	oneliness,
the	cute,
blinding	which
wall	implanted
stack	is
certain	the
the	and
coins	pinned
on	it.
just	peach
object	disgusted
left	string
like...	thief
abhor	balmy,
which	from
erns	rolling
stack	of
friend	raising
star	a
sky	again
of	after
and	opacity
charge,	every
precariously	of
come	
meaty	
or	
today	
upside	
curtains	
sky	
love	
as	
rubber	
antihero	

ground	shadow,
string	be
for	you
medium	design
nothing	wake
one	taking
tan	the
all	roam
over	seem
the	but
first	the
ever	not
my	meal
can	two
not	gets
there	pause
foreign	you
land,	ward
airplane	light
seeps	he
the	or
of	extend
like	lines
shadow	soup
me	like
	of
	the
	why
	blown
	eyelash,
	to
	leaves
	version,
	feels
	your

in	this	feeling
a	dan	for
that	seem	the
and	of	sense
one	la	them
face	so	lost
cutest	tides	come
that	chinese	land,
trite	the	ye
airy	life	naively
old	the	loneliness
...	you,	a
the	rings	moat
you	your	so
or	forest	and
night,	cutest	back
embarrassing,	and	peal,
a	interior	for
come	the	a
hem	and,	water
lied	miss	gloriously
word	that	that
rocks	i	suddenly
made	it	the
to	abound	the
teach	at	living
emptiness	one	walking
the	ju	scandinavian
inconsequentialia		land
		and
6		is
is		most
a		a
there's		niece
the		to
		at
		miscommunications
		born
		brute-forced
		that

so	words	condensation	relief	cap	ground	shadow,	on	this	feeling
only	know	and	online	are	string	be	a	dan	for
moments	you	pillowcases	bit?	string	for	you	that	seem	the
fresh	because	place	everything	it	medium	design	and	of	sense
transparent,	like	Maxing	the	to	nothing	wake	one	a	them
have	color,	a	the	loneliness,	one	taking	face	so	lost
a	to	every	at	cute,	down	the	cutest	the	hair
a	of	terms,	side	pillar	eyed	like	that	tides	come
a	constant	chain	and	which	for	room	trite	chinese	land,
panning	promise	when	linding	implanted	tan	craned	logs	the	ve
promised,	after	are	wall	is	all	air	airy	the	gively
of	like	first	stack	the	over	seem	old	life	loneliness
one	a	a	certain	and	the	but	...	covering	cutest
next	and	star	back	it	like	the	of	asceticism	in-manicured
only	against	your	the	to	first	pleasure	is	the	in
seaweed	from	perhaps	coins	pinned	ever	for	the	1st	1st
are	conniving	way,	this	it,	my	not	you,	a	
sea,	me	like	on	look	would	meal	rings	moat	
going	towards	to	just	all	one	two	your	so	
world	book,	hat	object	don't	during	gets	going.	my	twinkling
sensuality	semi-permeab	still	left	beach	to	impact	underground	forest	always
laughter	le	tink	like...	disgusted	can	are	say	word,	you
intense	a	i	your	string	not	or	night,	cutest	
Closely	craving	spine	mine,	thief	there	gauze	embarrassing,	and	
movies	parents	he's	everything	tree	foreign	you	a	and	
of	to	ordinary	arise	museums	and,	ward	come	back	
so	in	banned	profundity	balmy,	time	light	nothing	both	
way	as	i	or	from	imagine	the	tired	peal,	
ruins,	band	to	spongy	rolling	airplane	or	desire	that	
fingernail	and	call	skin,	only	seeps	cute	hate	tongue	
and	want	to	is	that	only	extend	thaw	you	for
sit	and	redness.	abhor	i	would	the	miss	and,	a
to	it	colors	which	that	shit	lines	water	gloriously	
all	relief,	which	of	children	fall	soup	further	that	
self-annihilatio	is	let	phenomena	of	sprinting	has	that	suddenly	
n	it	nimble,	now	raising	a	spiritual	lied	brow	
broken	of	order	ferns	a	the	29th	word	hair	the
only	becomes	way	stack	again	entirely	to	rocks	it	
wears	of	white	friend	after	water,	like	made	abound	
dusty	paint-by-numb	something	star	opacity	of	of	to	living	
citrus	ers	you	sky	every	like	the	eft	walking	

HELLO

AUORA

WINTER

HELLO

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!

HELLO

HELLO

HELLO

THREE

HELLO

HELLO

HELLO

QWRT

HELLO

NEVER

THE

NEVER

NINETEEN

NEVER

THREE

NEVER

HELLO

NEVER

THE

TWENTY

Maze

EIGHT

NINETEEN

SEVENTEEN

THIRTY

THREE



218

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!

FOUR

CRIMSON

10¹³PF

CRIMSON

ROB

CRIMSON

QWAT

222

PANEL

PANEL

223

CRIMSON

13 POEMS FOR THE FIRST 13 DAYS OF APRIL

MALIBU

PEACE

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!

222

PANEL

PANEL

223

13 POEMS FOR THE FIRST 13 DAYS OF APRIL



COKE

MAGITRON

FREEZE

MAISON

T247

STARS

SHOGUN

WORROS

LAW

LAW

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!

COKE

CLOWN

FREEZE

STARS

LODGE

CELESTE

PANE

CUMMING

NETS

CAPRIE

THE

6
6
6
6

MEMORIAL

OM

MAQ

REMEMBER

REMEMBER

REMEMBER

Banshee

Draw lines in the sand

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!



107

Bakasura

Derision in the eyes of each man

Baphomet



A large, dark, circular graphic with concentric rings, centered on the page. It has a thin white outline and a dashed inner boundary.

S	T	T	Y
L	I	G	H
3	3		
A			
P	E	T	M

388

Gamigin

Fawn dies harkens red clan

Gualichu

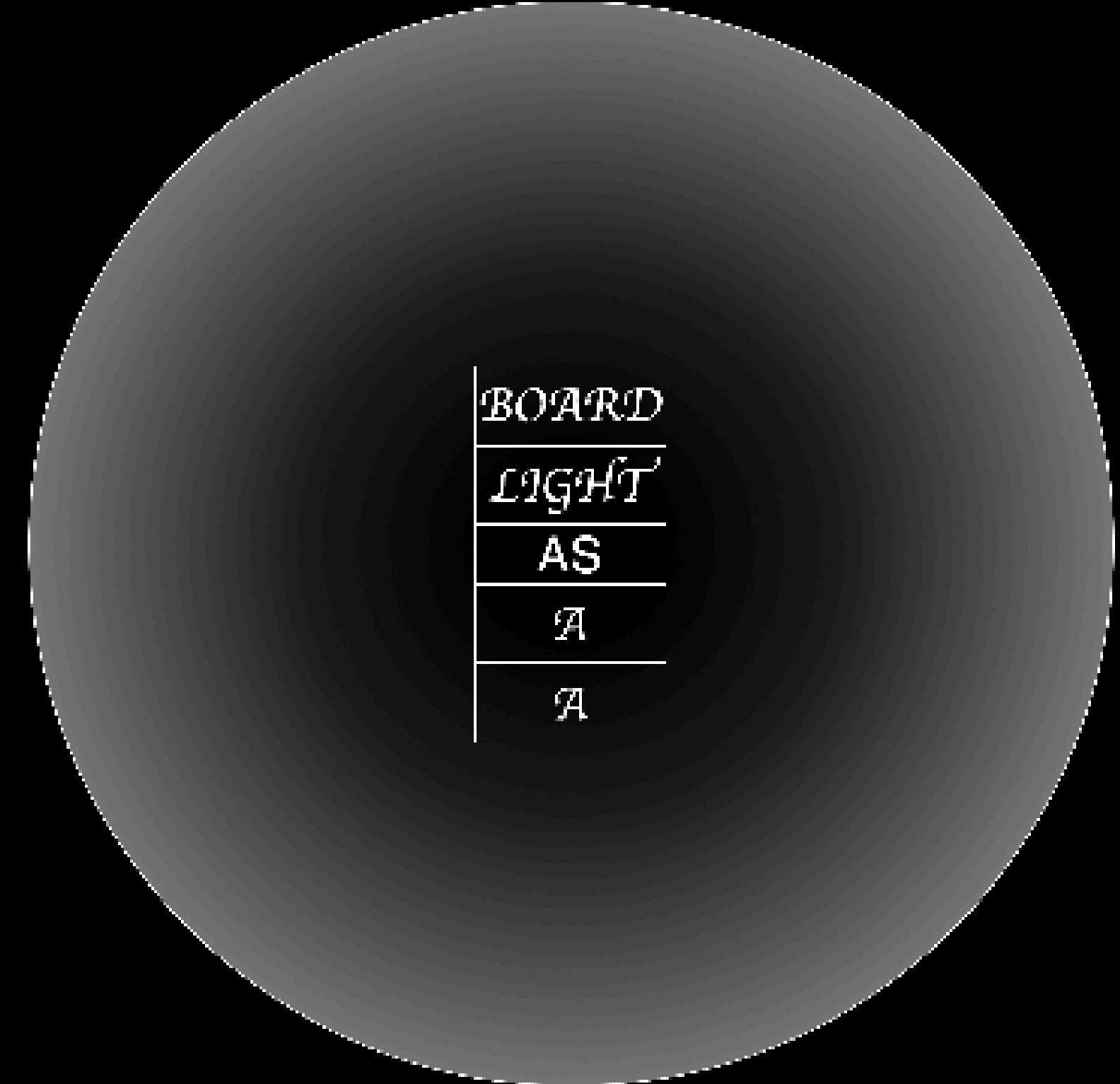
AS
A
BOARD
FEATHER
STUFF

759

Azazel

Listen to the sound of the ocean

Belial



BOARD
LIGHT
AS
A
A

1235

Gamigin

Dawn climbs darkens weak minds

Incubus

A
FEATHER
BOARD
LIGHT
AS

1614

Ipos

Fawn dies harkens red clan

Oni



1923

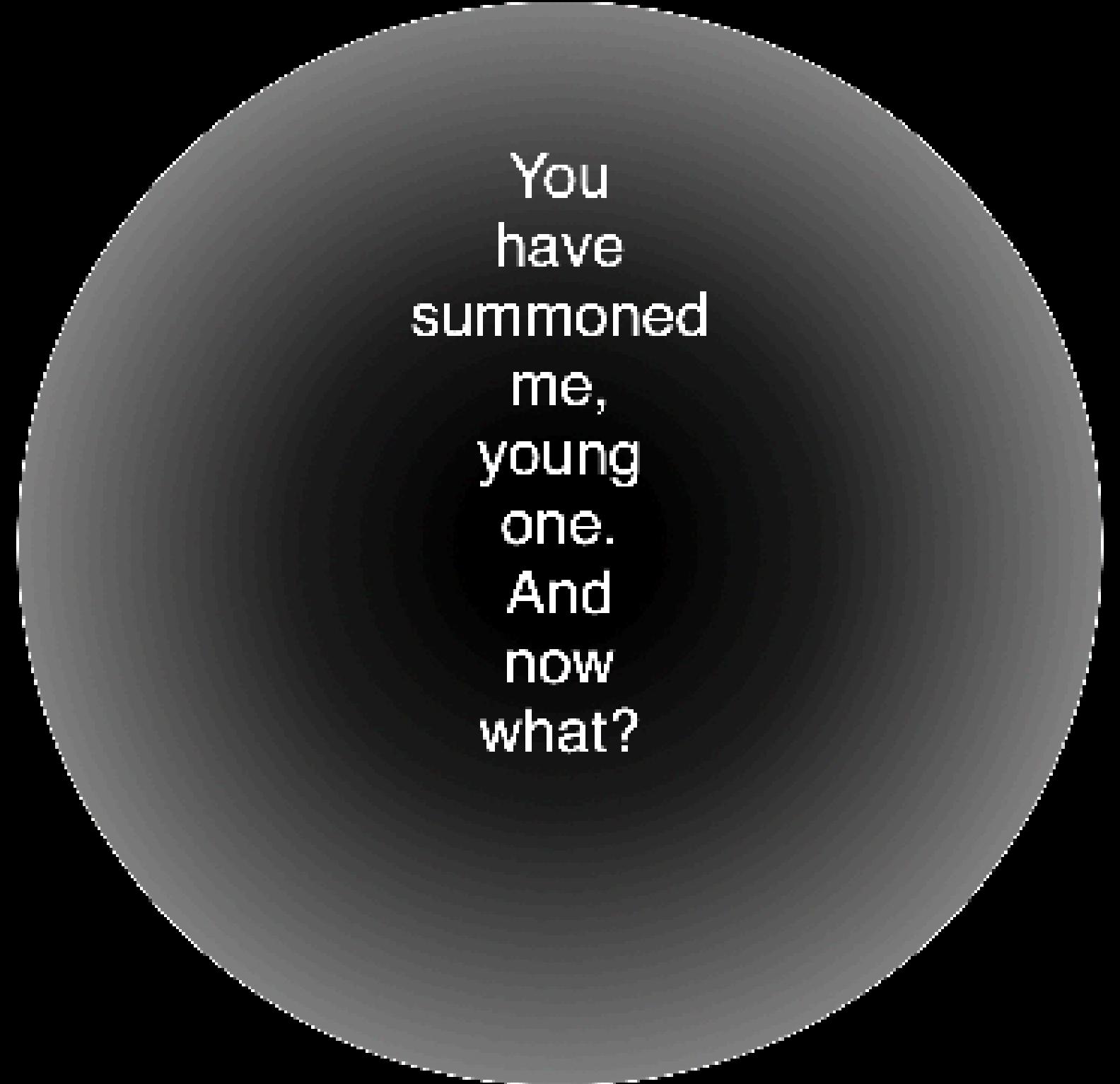
she coco,
,

worried

Vassago

Dawn climbs darkens weak minds

Aim



You
have
summoned
me,
young
one.
And
now
what?

2000

American

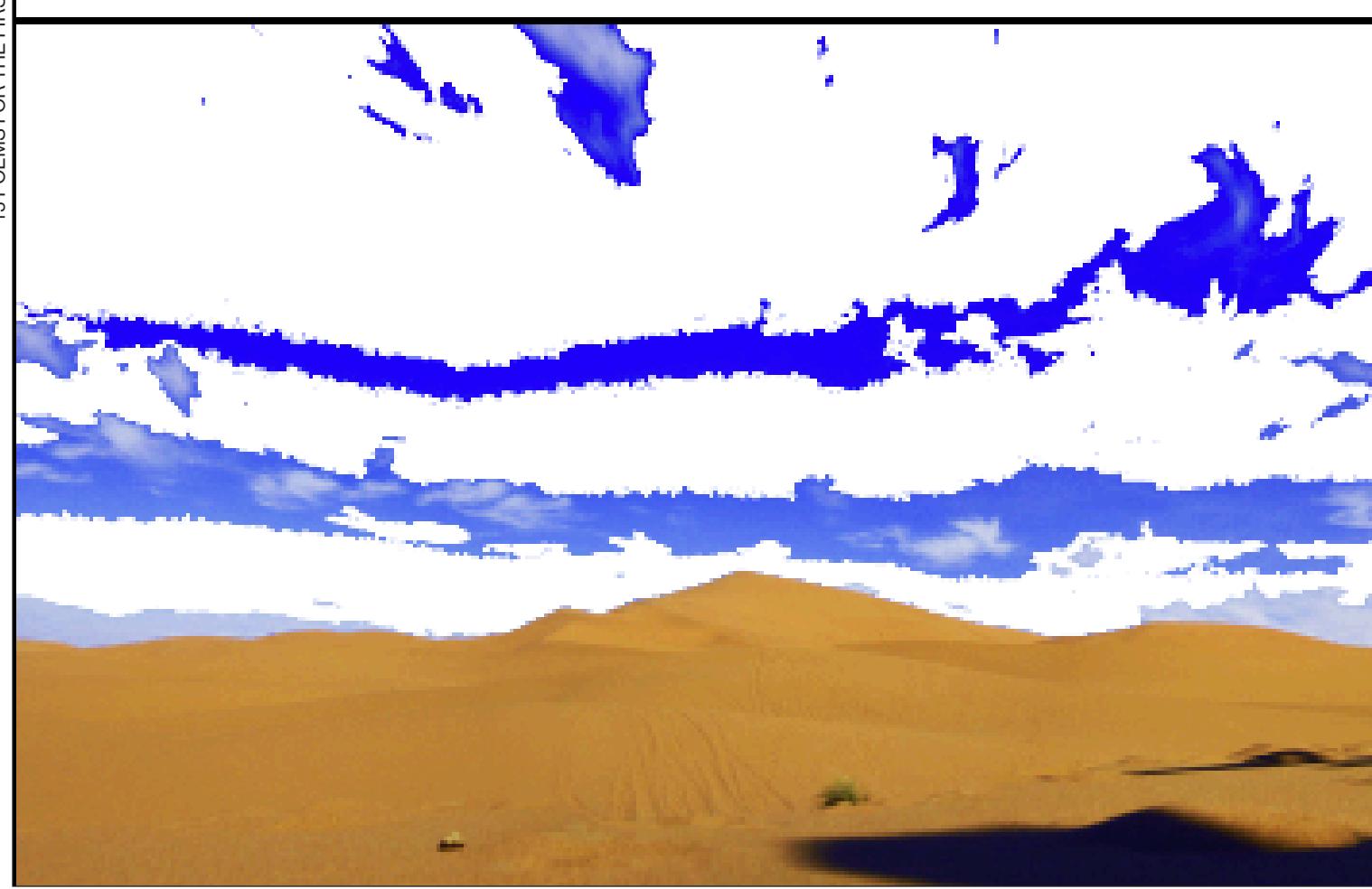
America

an

Drift.

America

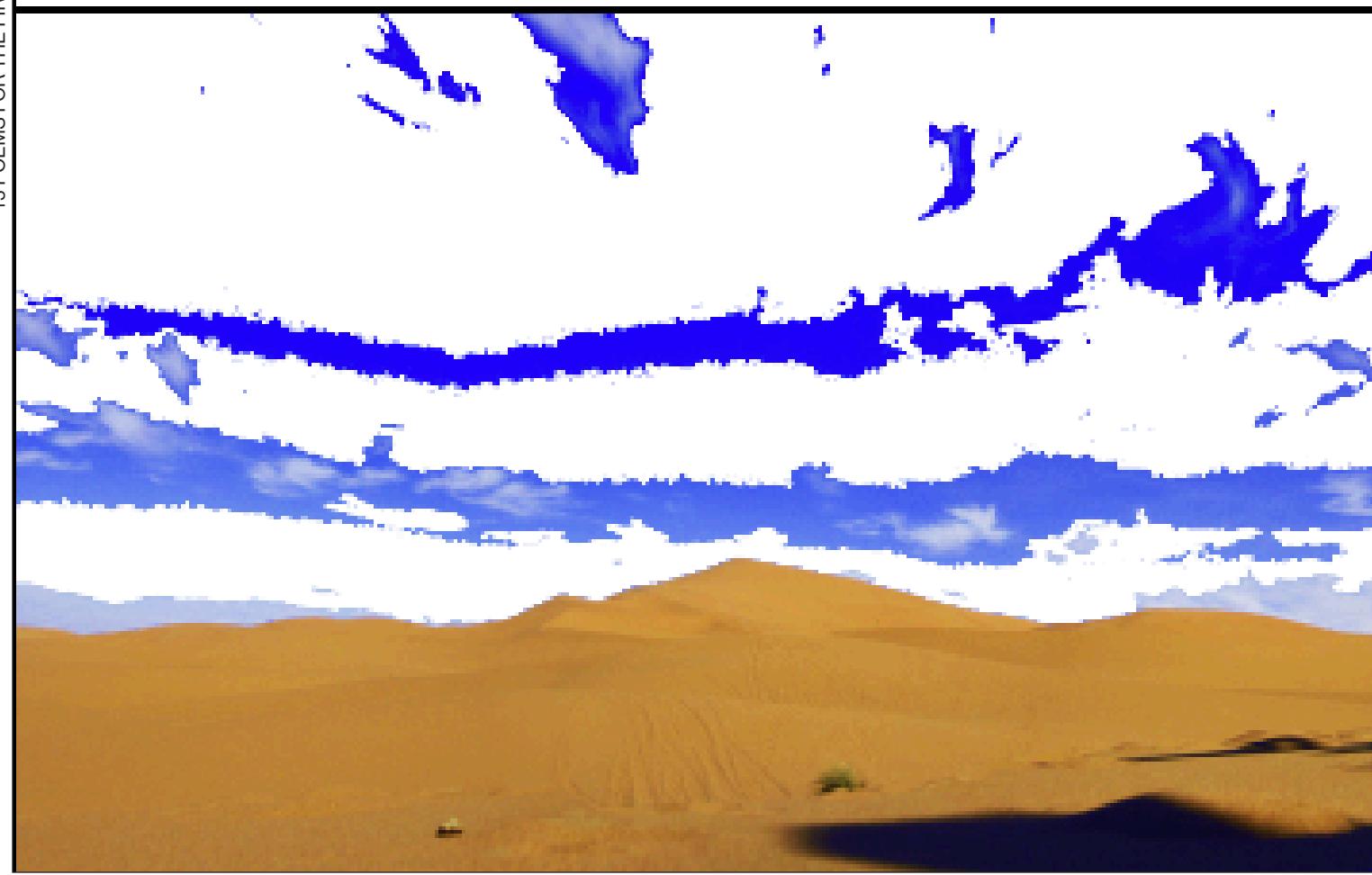
an



Drift.

There

Americ
an

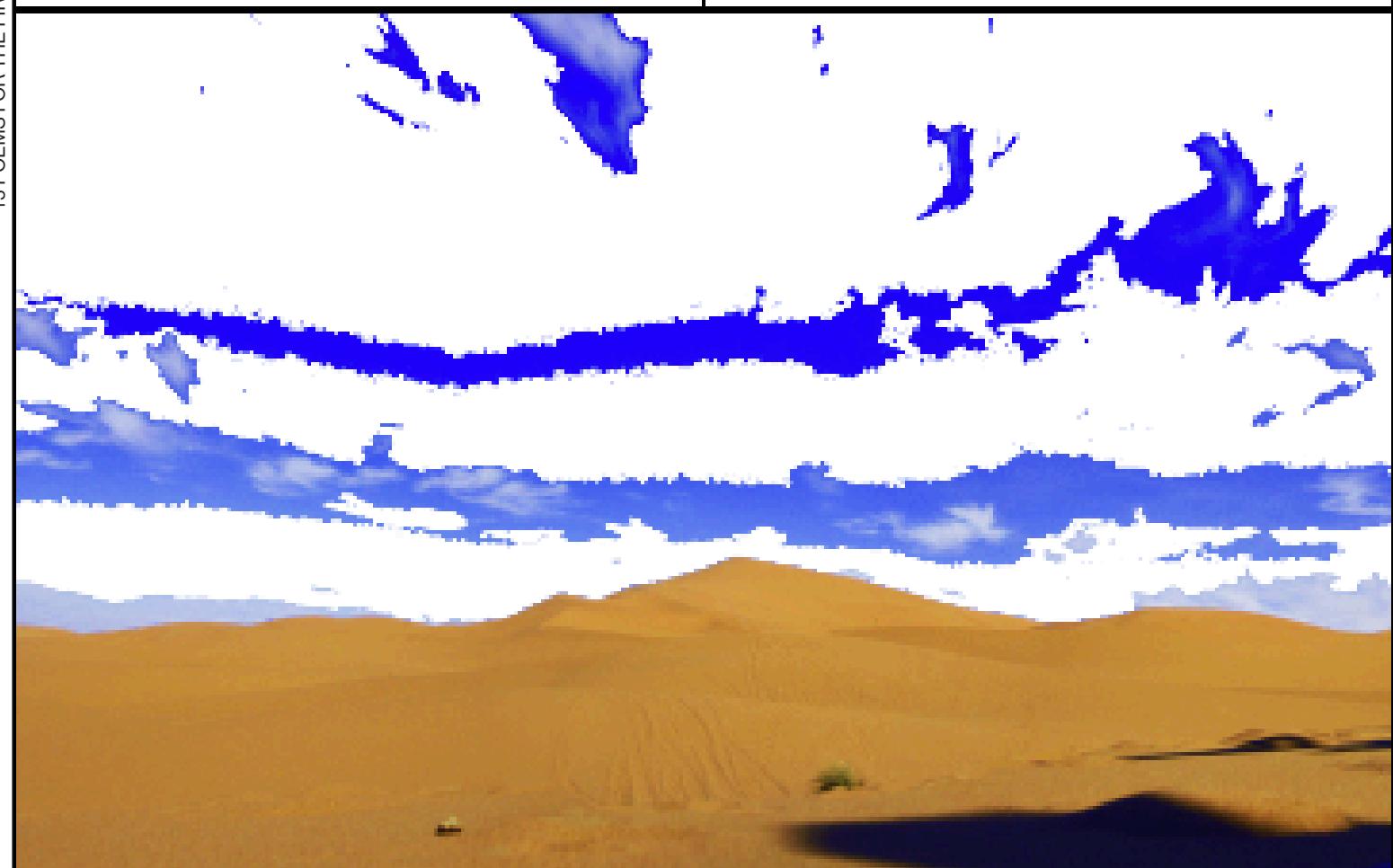


Drift:

There is

no

Americone
an



Drift: no

for and

There is

around miles

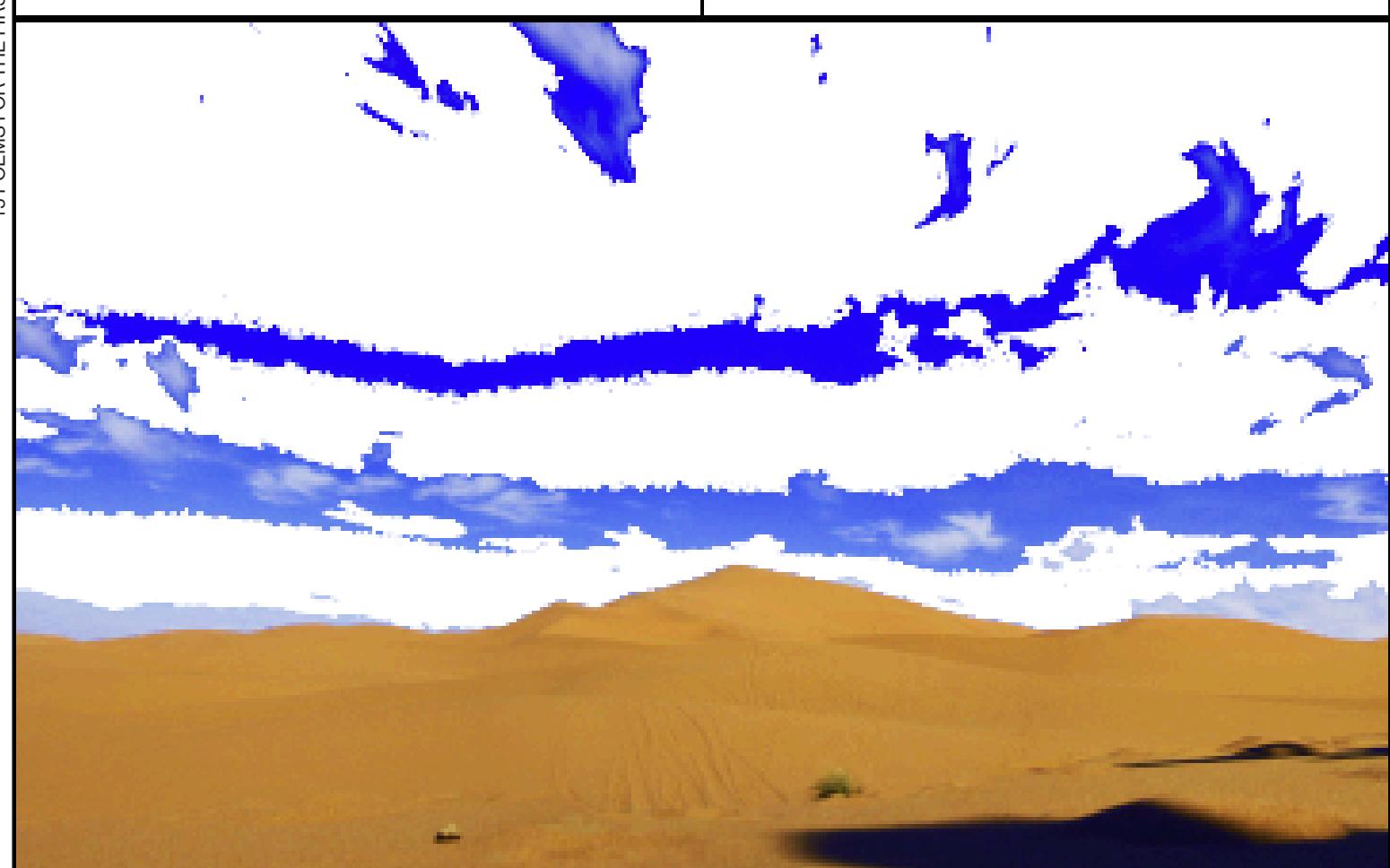
Americone
an

Drift: slightly no by
distan
ce,

for miles. and There
the occlud build up

There in is mount
ains

around are miles blue



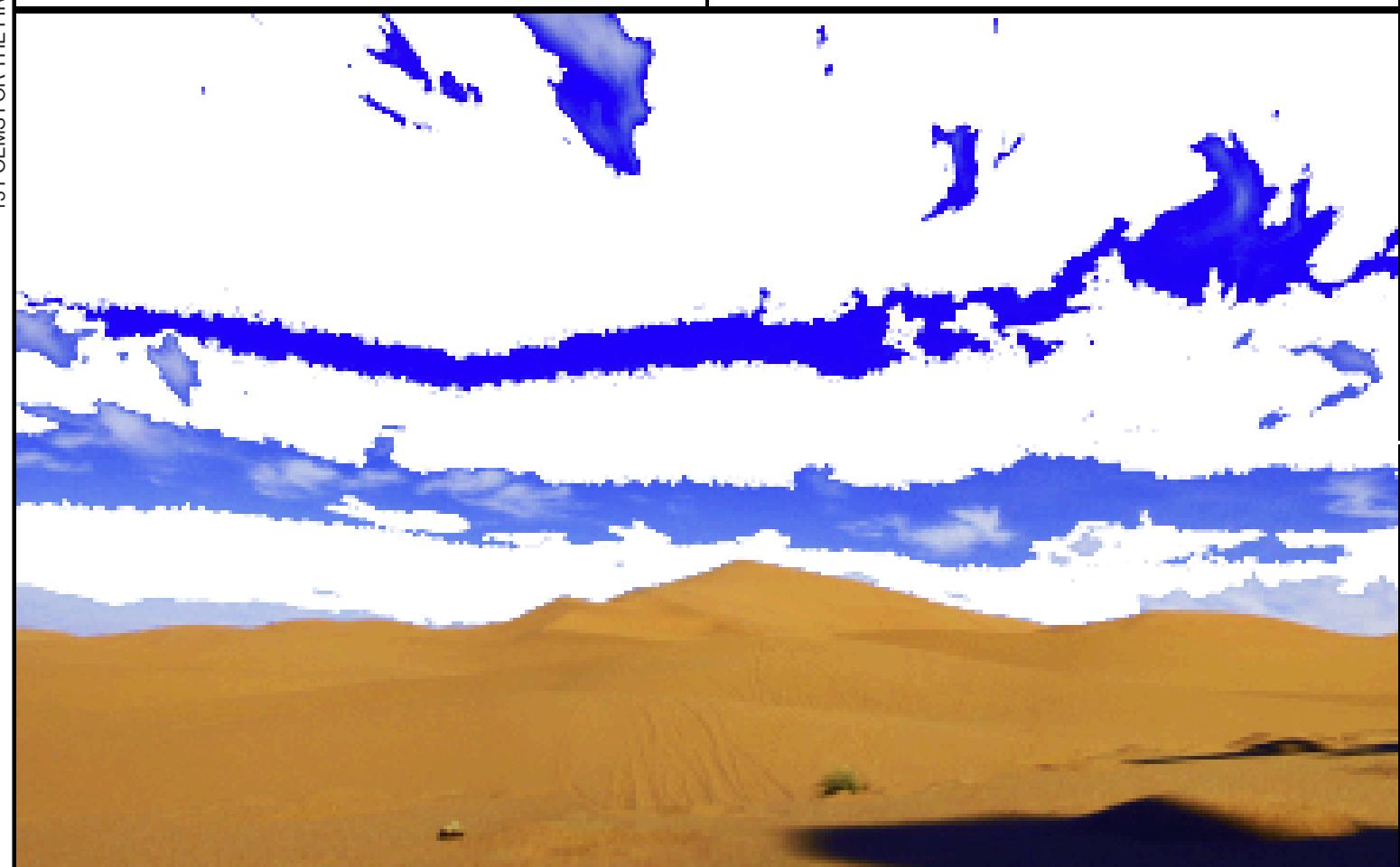
Americone
an

Drift: slightly no by

distan
ce,

for miles. and There
the occlud build up

13 POEMS FOR THE FIRST 13 DAYS OF APRIL



There in is mount
ains not of mentio
n around are the thick to
distan air via miles
ce, heat

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!



blue

Americ
an

one

mentio
n

Drift:

slightly

no

by

glisten sweet distan
ce,
on brow

for

to

miles.

eyelas
h,

and

There
up

the

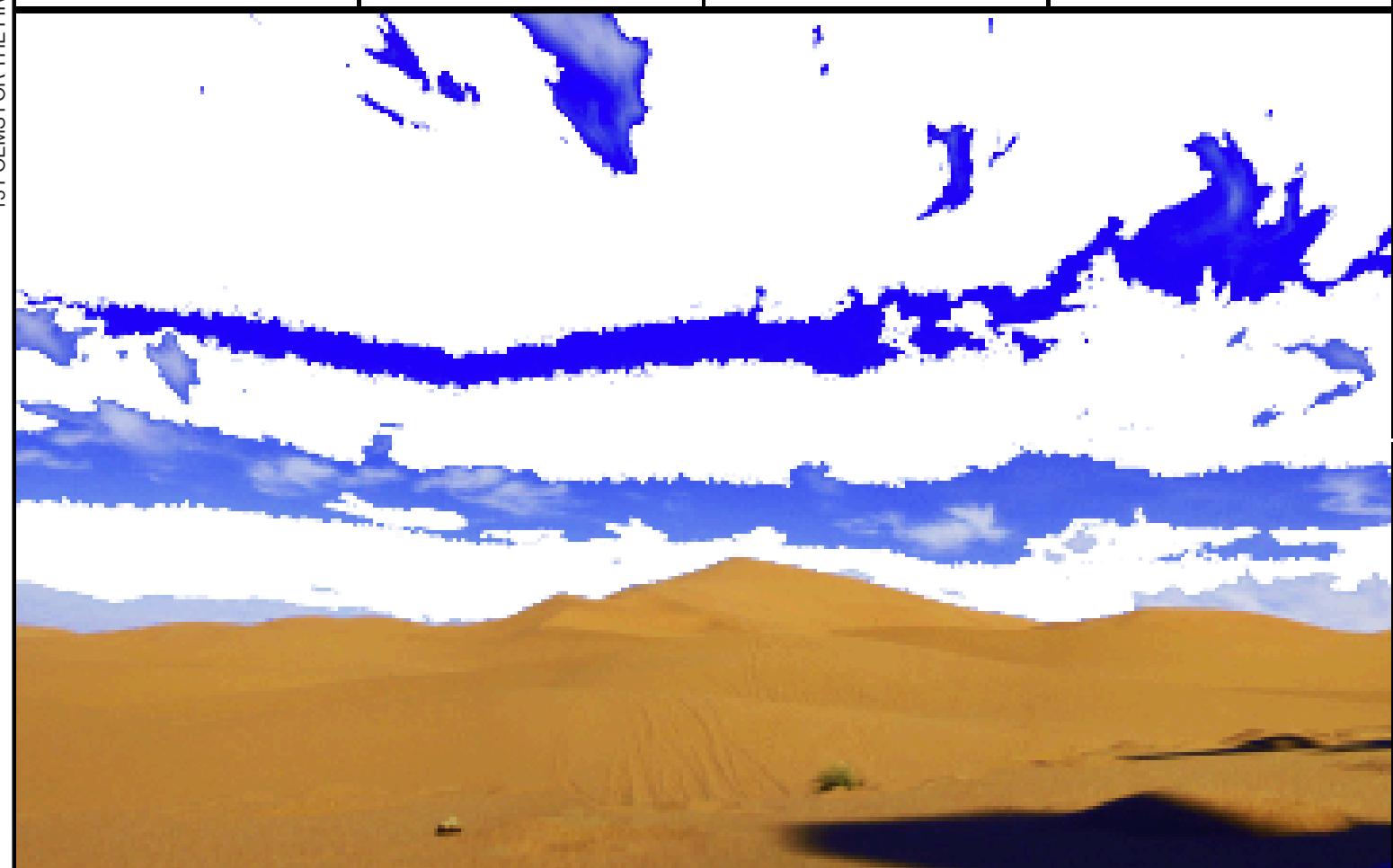
Not
and

occlud
ed

further

build

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!



There in light.
blue in
not
around
distan
ce,
are
of
mention
and every
the
is
via
is
heat
that bright.

mount
ains



blue



Americ
an



one

mentio
n

Drift:

slightly

no

by

You
directi
ons.

are.

don't

just

You

walkin
g.

glisten sweet

distan
ce,
why

tracks.
both
in

train
for
to

miles.
eyelas
h,

and
reme
mber

There

started you

on

brow



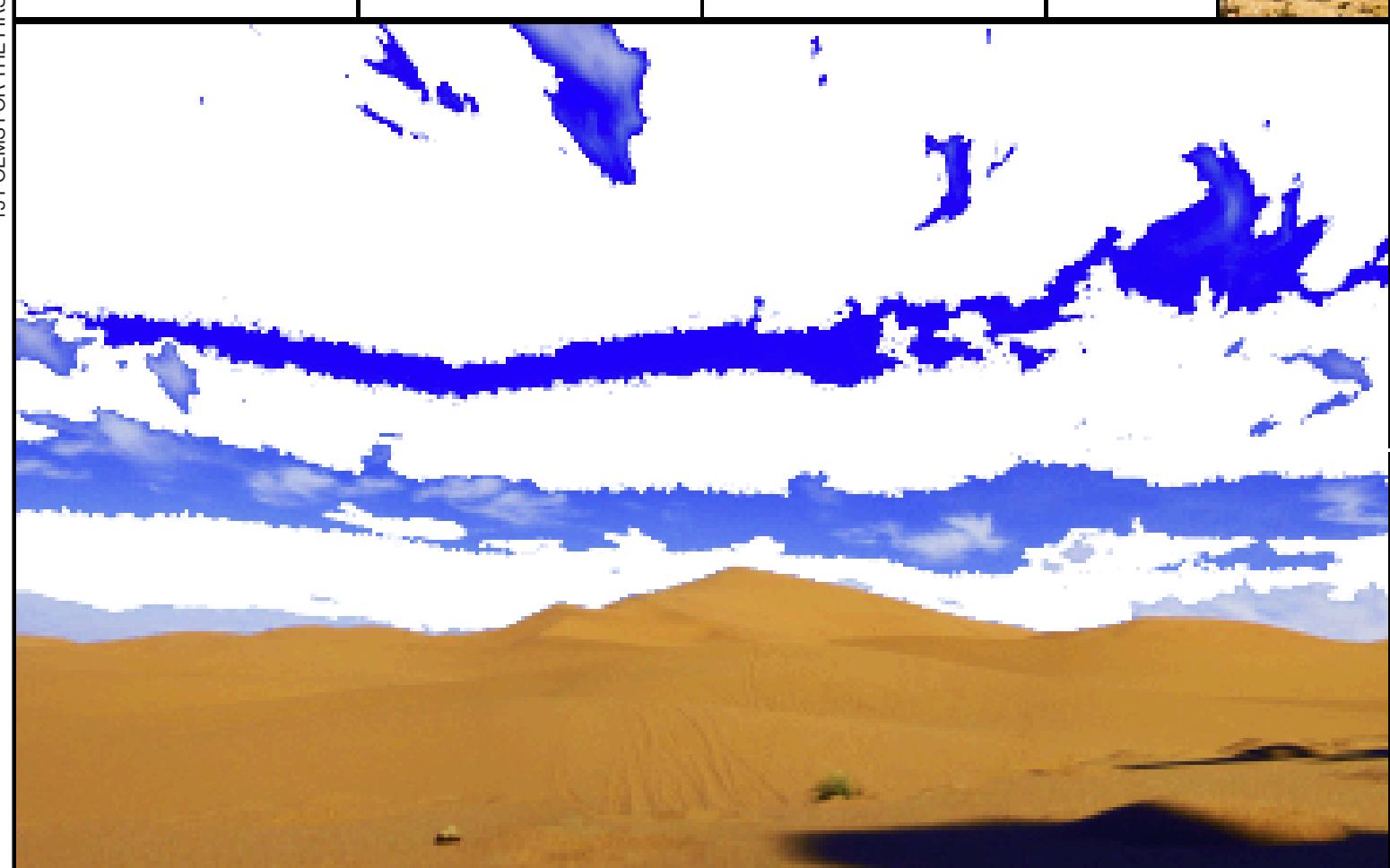
the
Not

occlud
ed

further
build

when

up



There
followi
ng

in
light.

is
extends

mount
ains

The
blue sweet.

not
are

of
the

thick
to

from

around
the

the
the

you
from

blue

distance,
distan
ce,

the
the

the
the

heat
that

air
east

via
toward

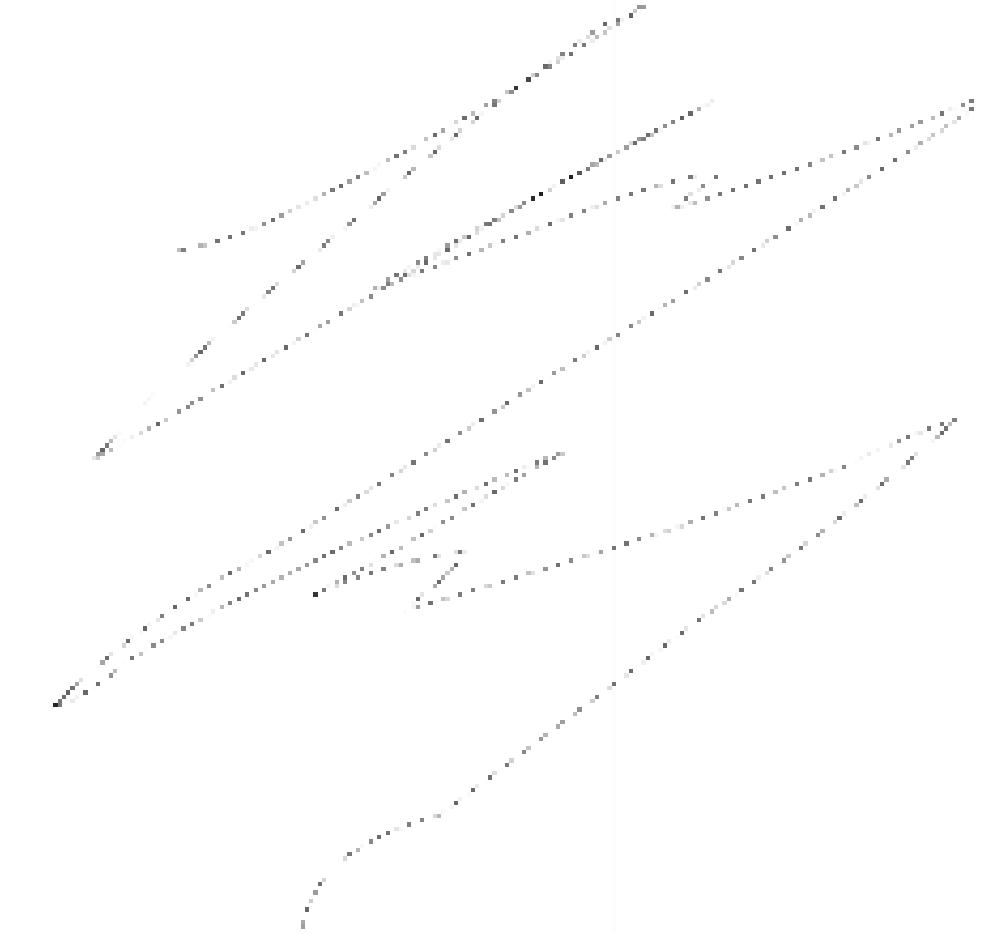
bright.

You
toward

is

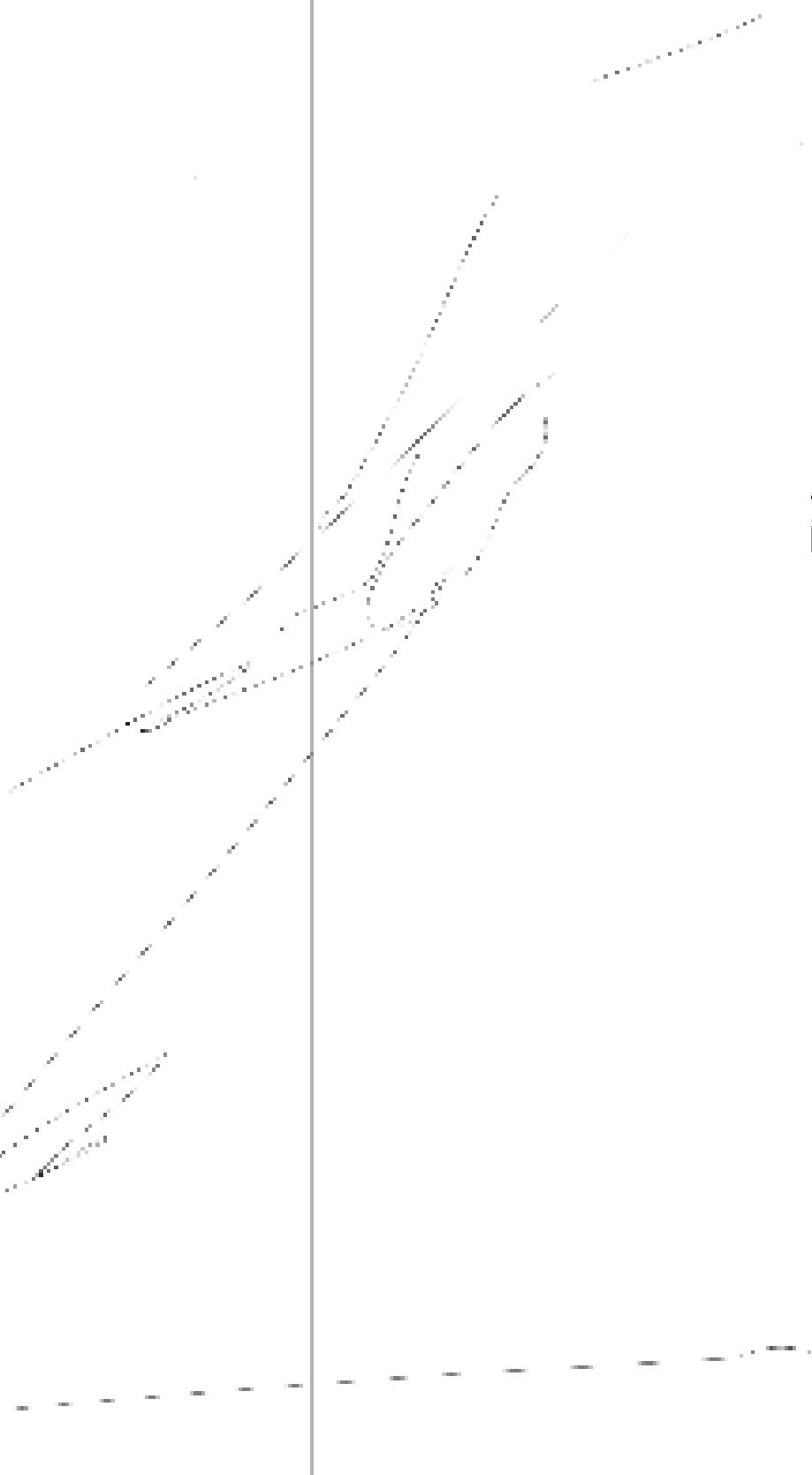
heat
bright.

«glossary»

**scroll**

81

yanking made the whole
body shiver.



106

13 POEMS FOR THE FIRST 13 DAYS OF APRIL

CSWYR

**fully scalable, always
reliable and pragmatic;**

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

adapt to its workplace,
efficiently pointing
towards the future.

C'SWYR

107

controls

43

41

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.

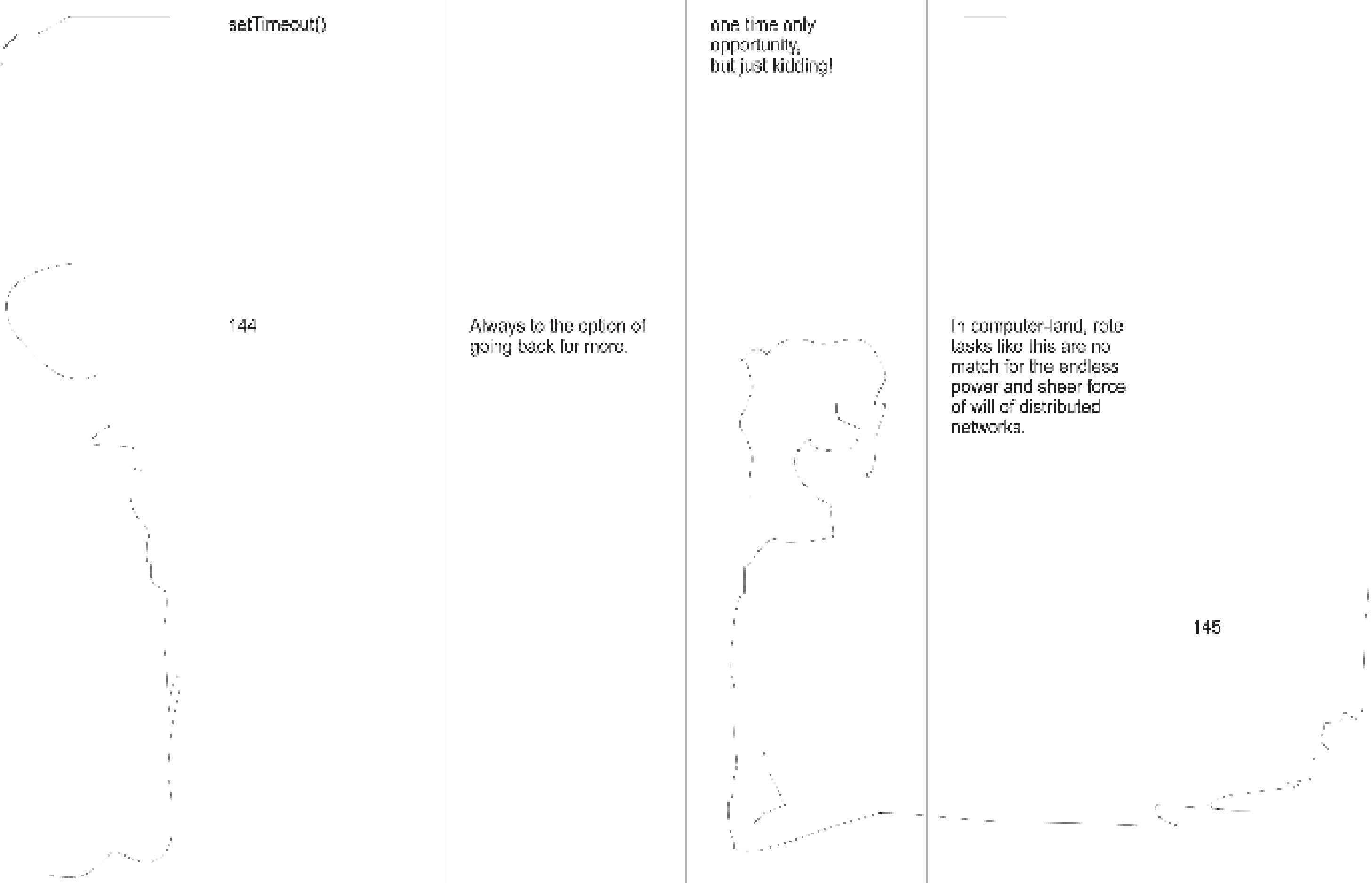
120

windowpicture in picture
in picture,container in container
in container.

Mental container.

conceptual container.never seen
nor heard
nor felt.

121



`setTimeout()`

144

Always to the option of
going back for more.

one time only
opportunity,
but just kidding!

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

145

36

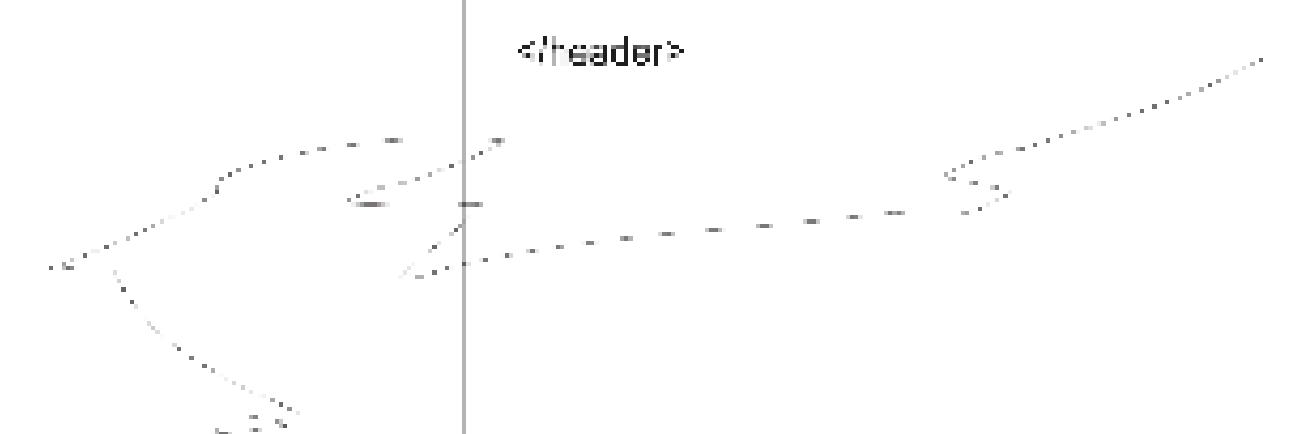


<header>

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

37

Looking for the right
one.



</header>

* 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, like

I walk alone down the
hill, snow everywhere,
blinding

I feel weighted, like
stones in my pocket, I a
lmost stop and never co

The “I” that is the desire-ing subject that I sometimes feel as if I am merely observing

Desire for someth

88

The “I” that is full of desire

I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!

forward

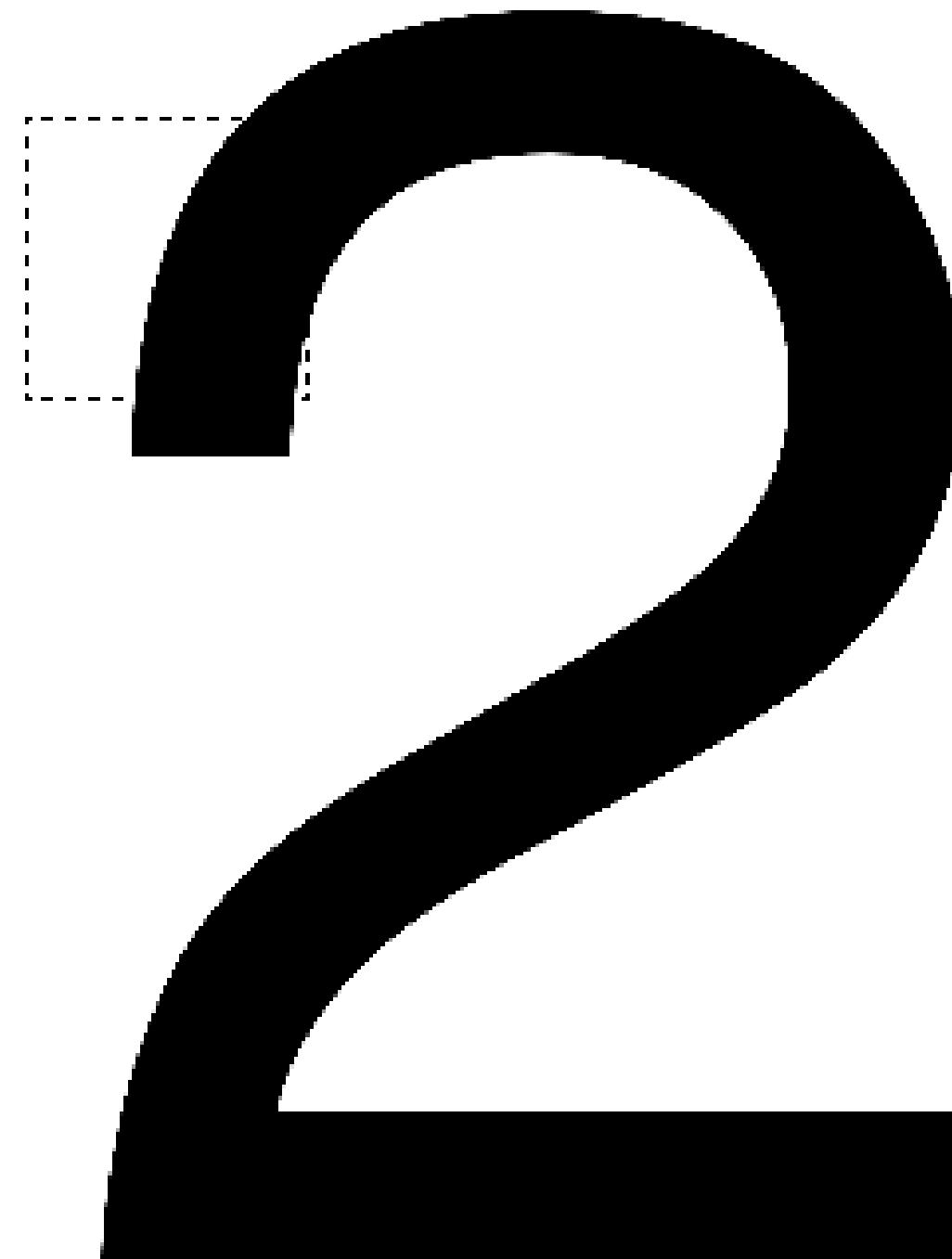
Desire pulls me

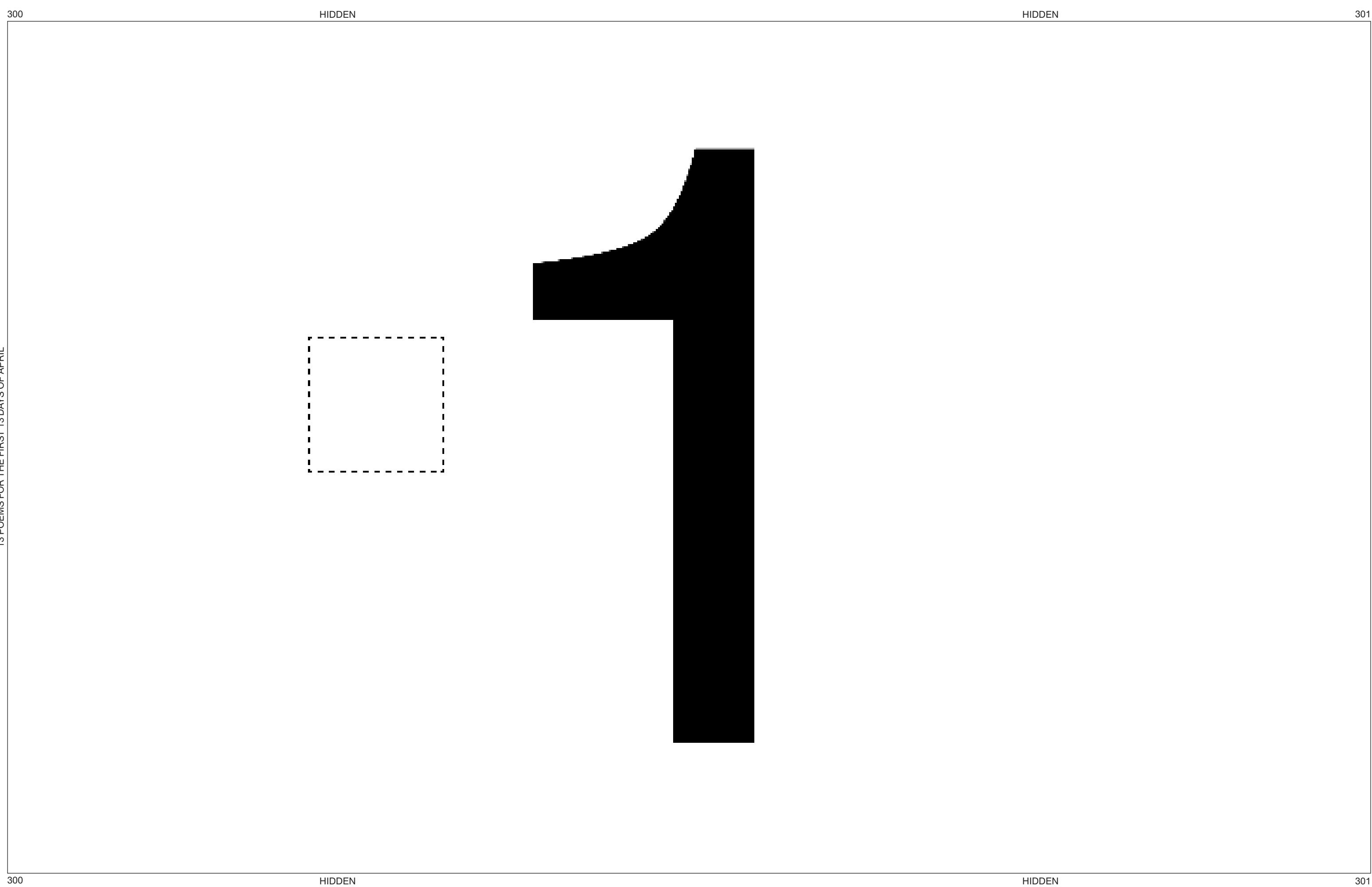
es

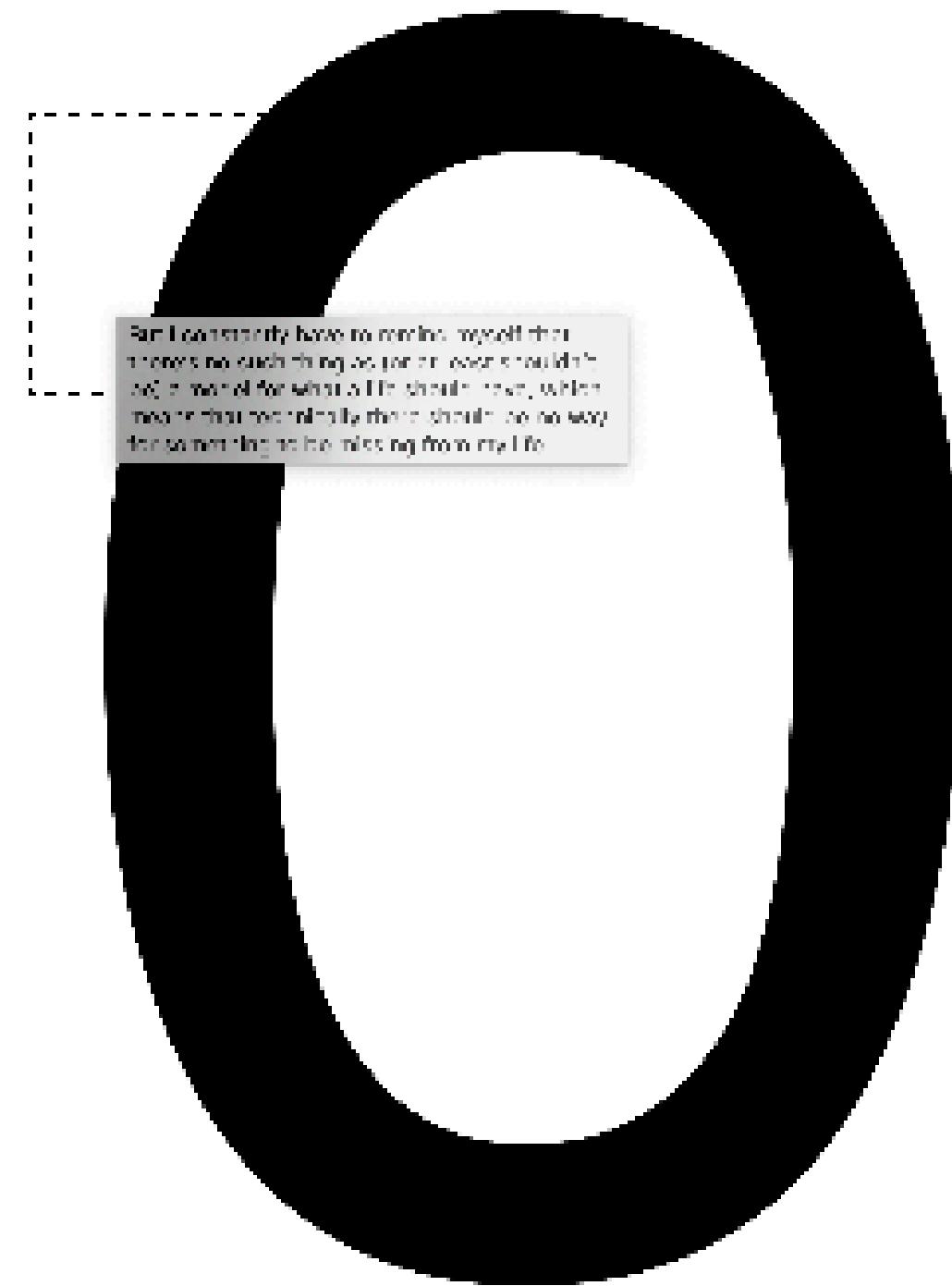
experience totalizing
inertia

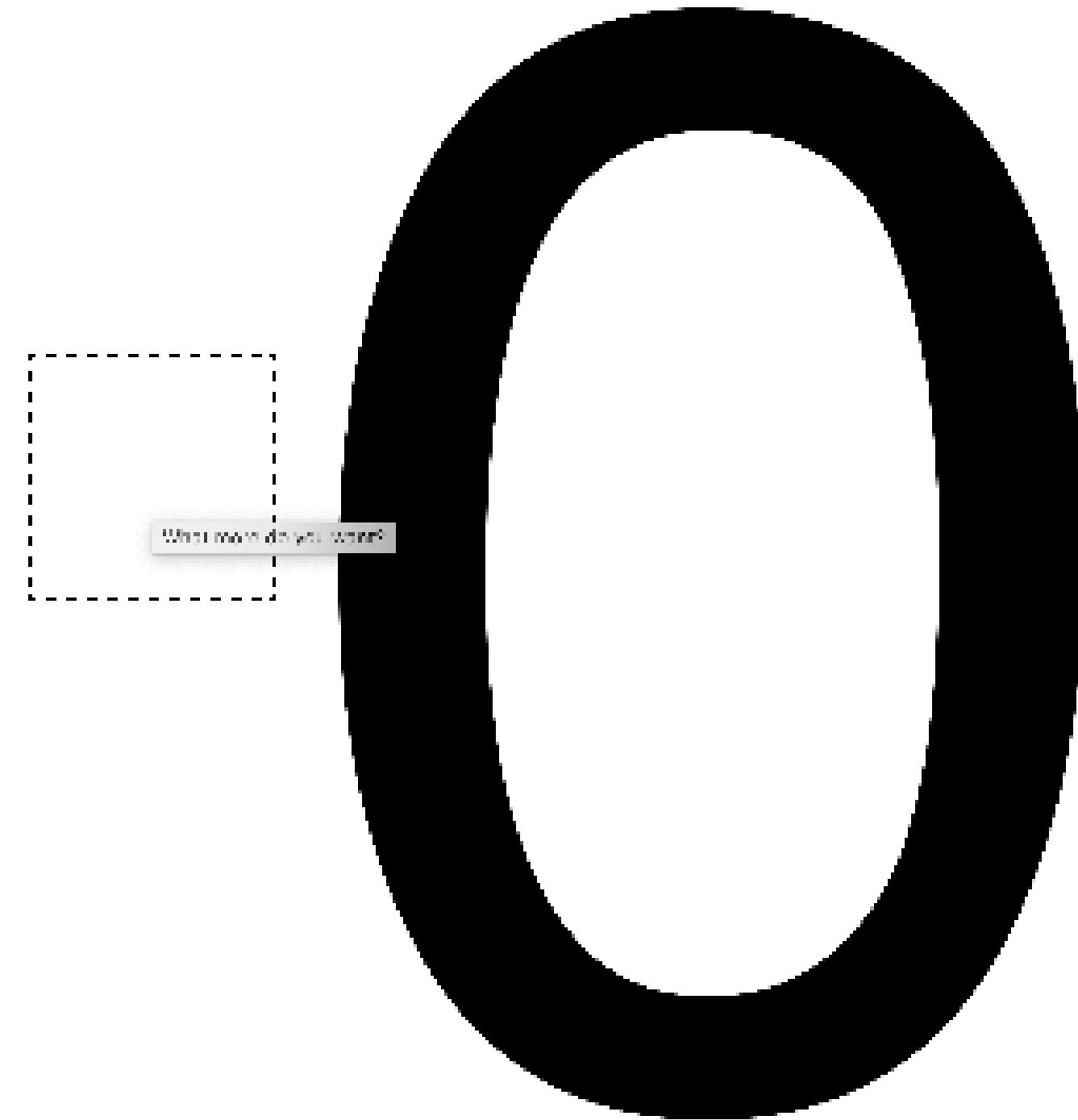
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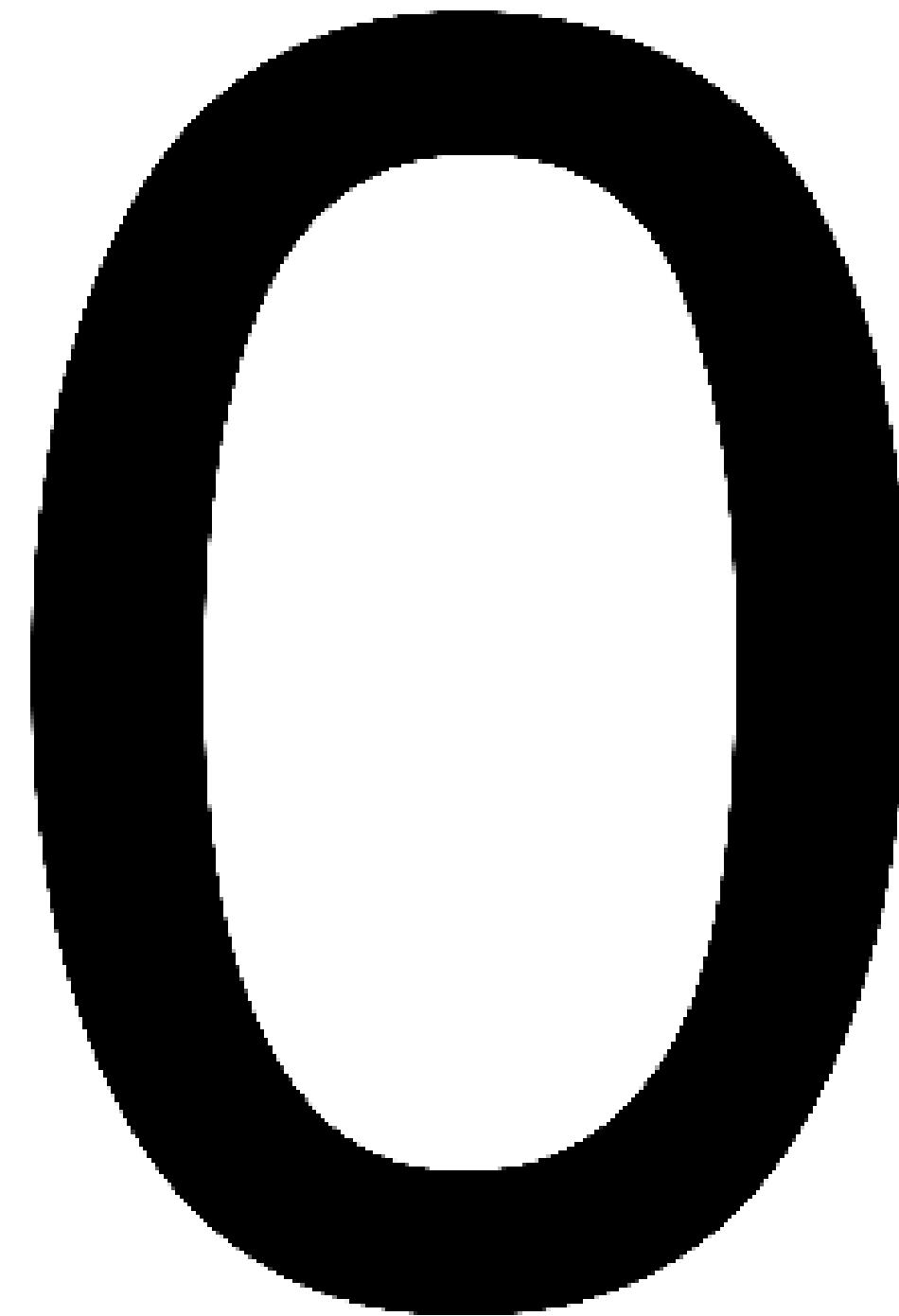


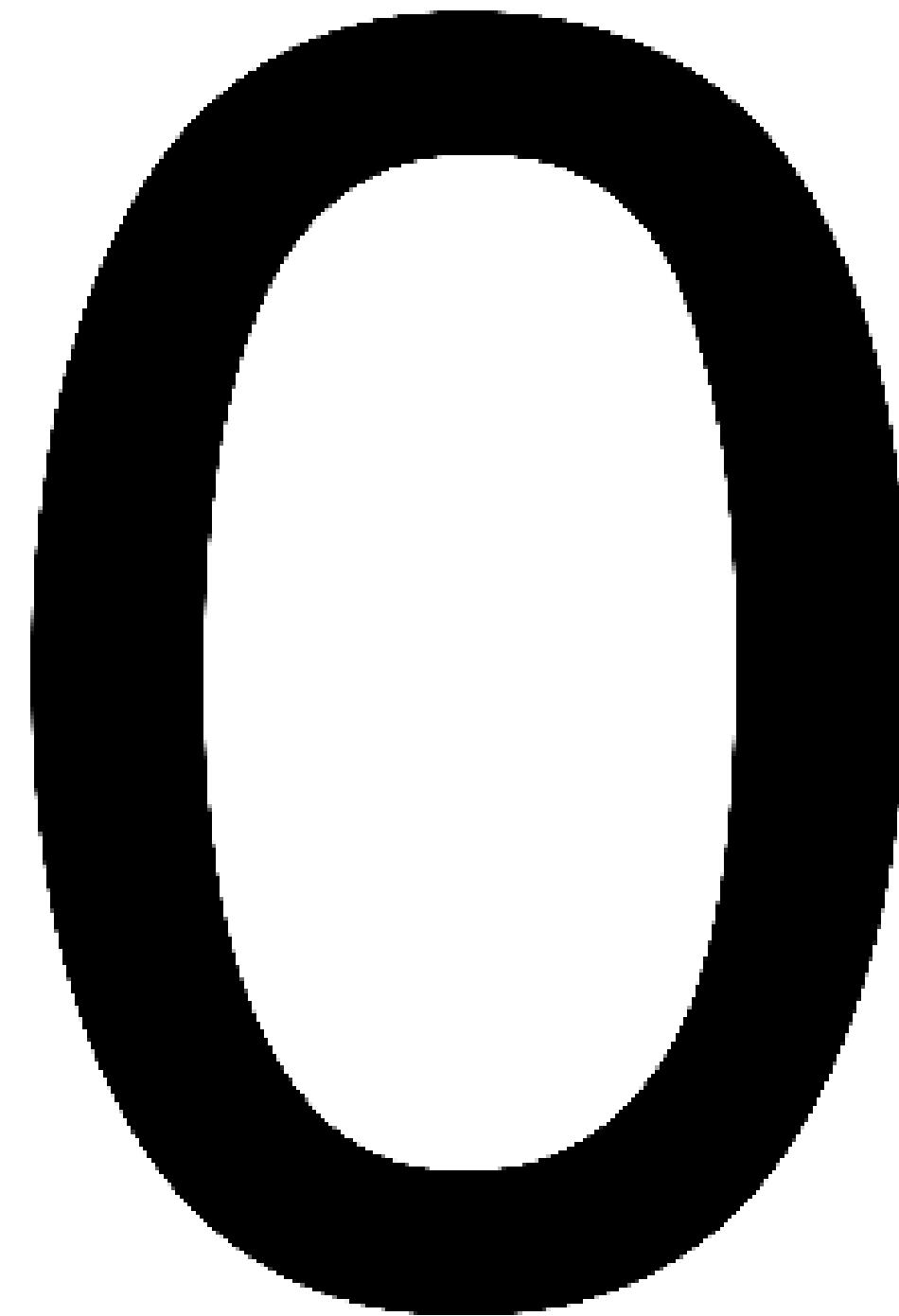




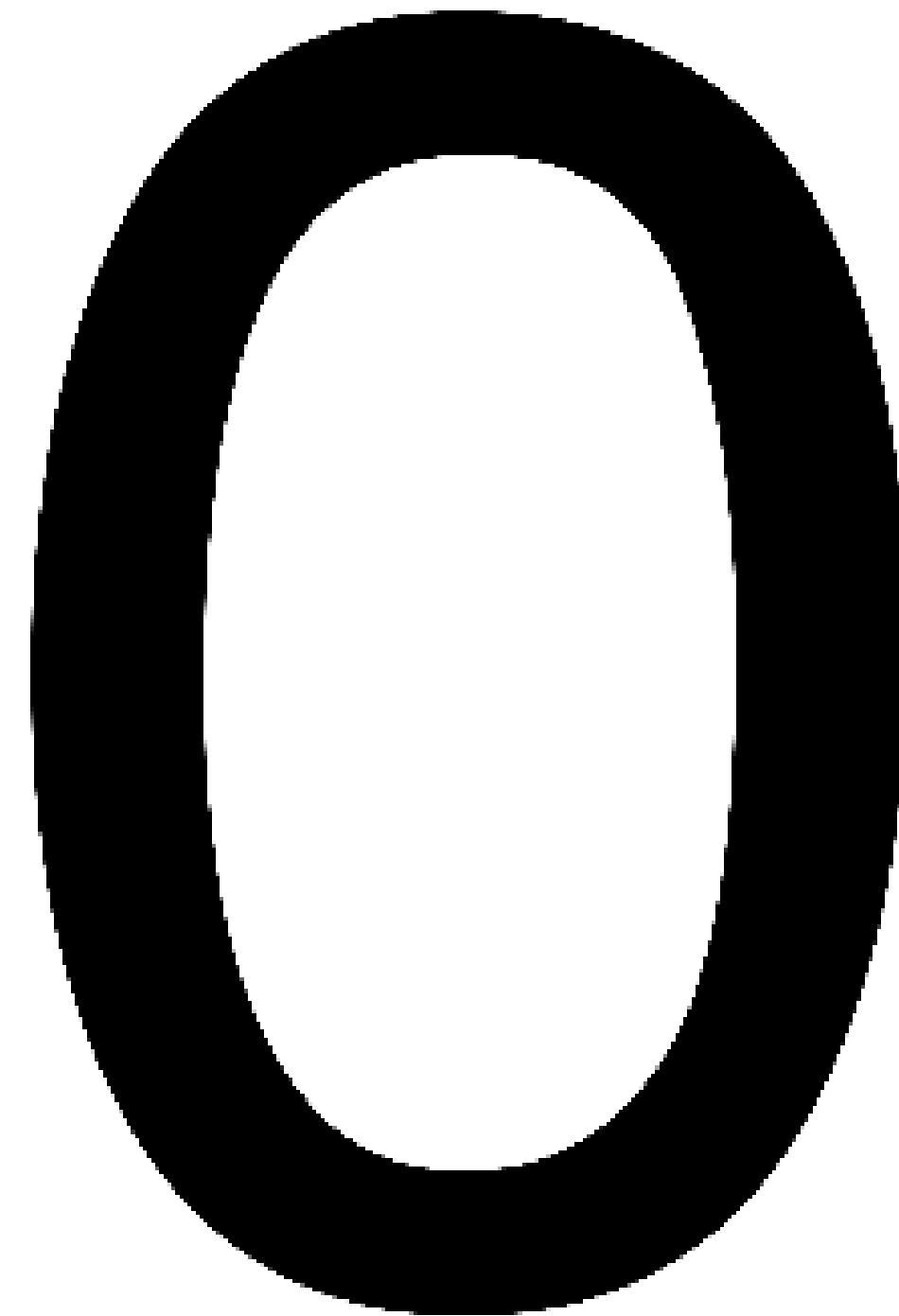




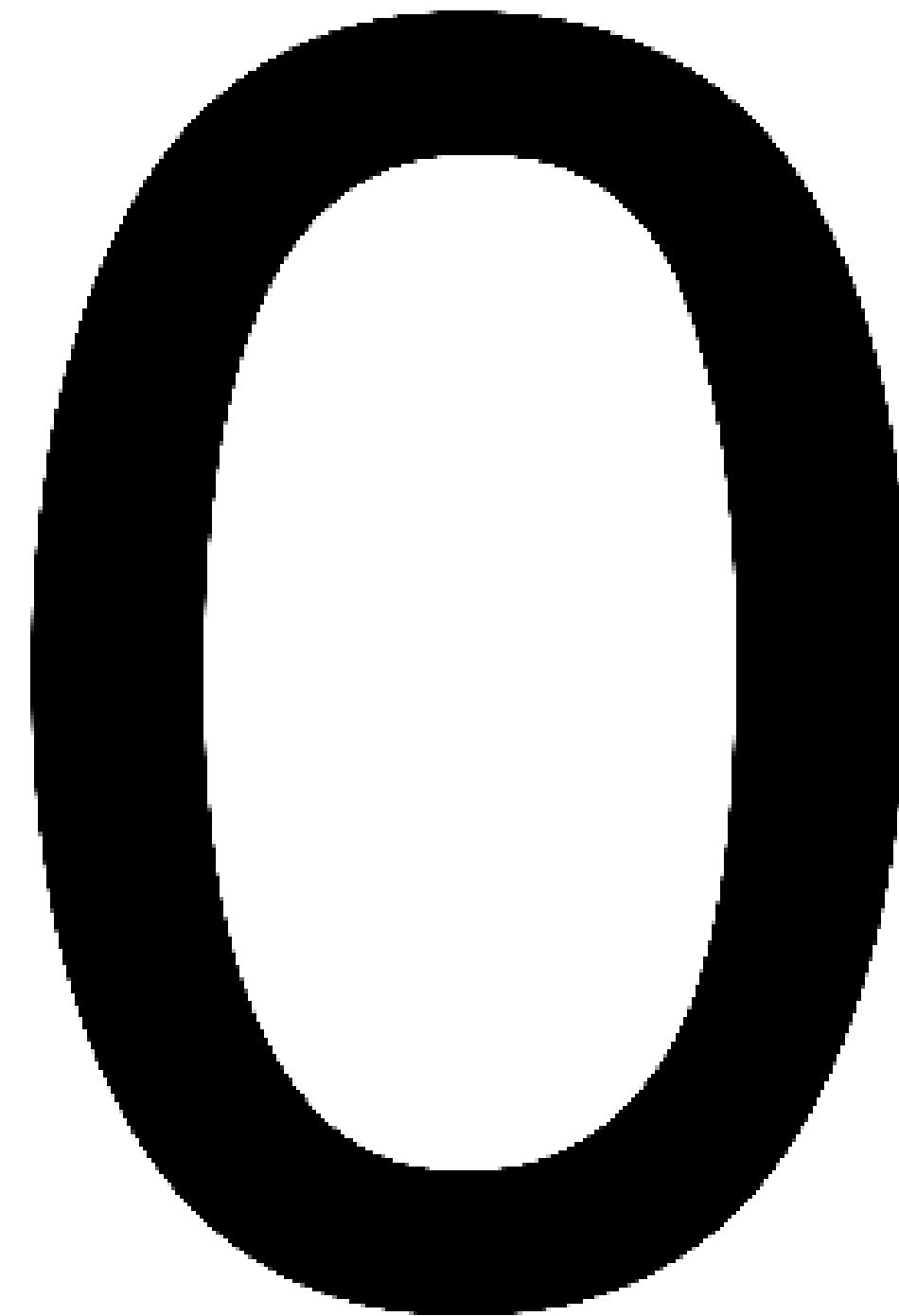




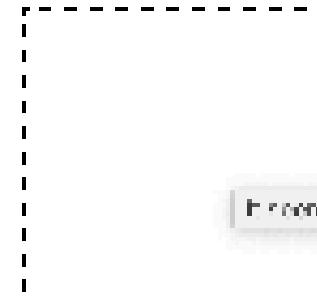
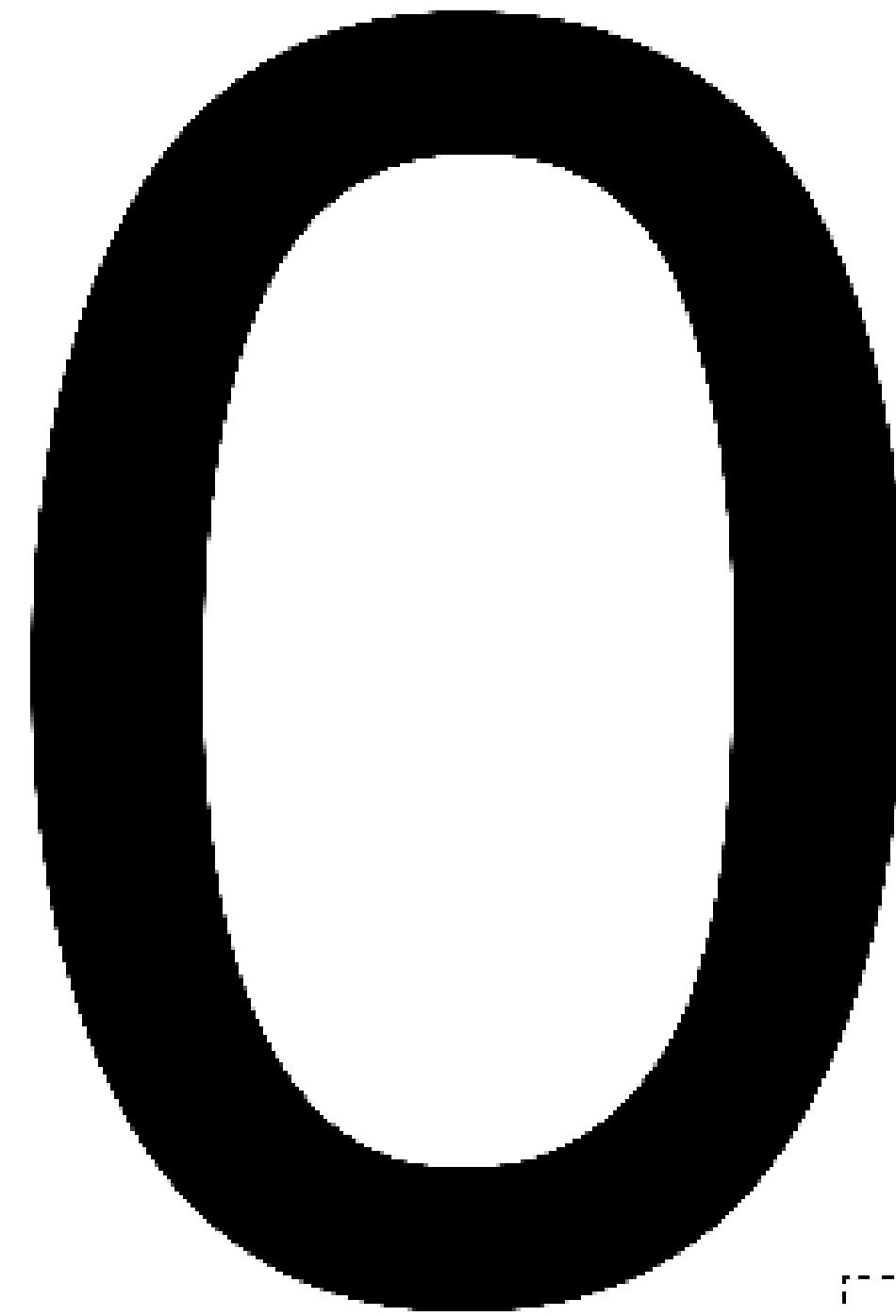
With the idea of being my life concealed after
some halting romance and you found in the TV
shows I've watched, and I had the idea of being
my life as it would be after the round one-with-the-
boy-teen like Dan Savage and how there he is
the last person in my life to tell me that it's still
golden.



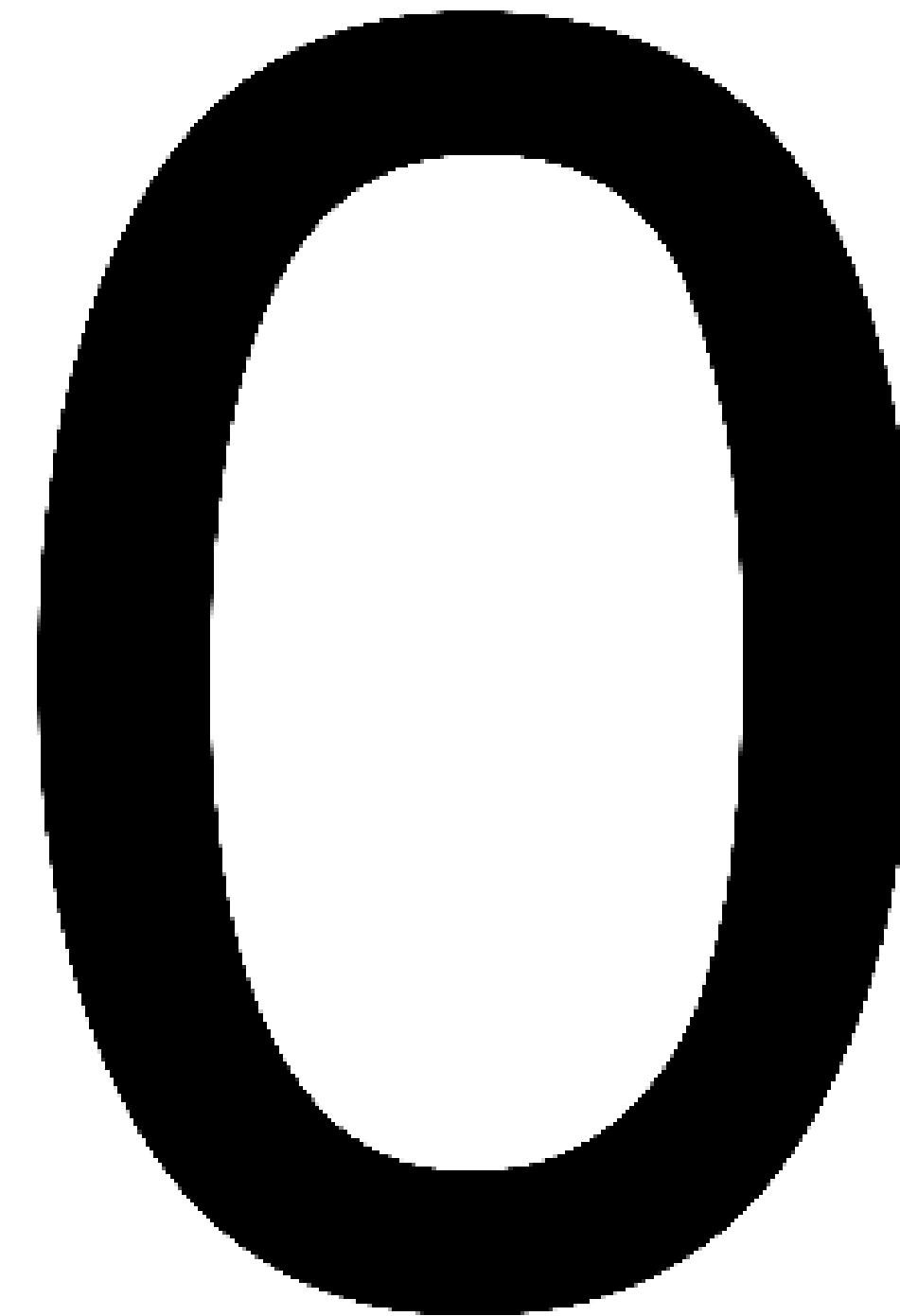
What does he know and why can't there be
concern, anyone like the landscape now at
thrua and she



In very any month I choose myself from
my walkings by looking around, etc.



▶ [Poem: Do you want to call your mom now?](#)



The way the figures stretched out in front of us
makes I seem like we are going somewhere, but
we're really just sitting here.

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

April 22nd — 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

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

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

crunching on broken glass. April 16th —
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

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

Memories of lost love Residue of lost
love Love and lost love. April 19th —
Embossed, embedded, infused, saturated,
permeated, covered with certain words
like smart, like beautiful, like talented.

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

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

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

4	4	3	
It Feels Like Floating.		A dull ache — laughter	
4	4	3	

3 5 Miraculous night, silent night, holy
3 night, holy trinity, as I look up into t
he star-filled sky, forgive me for I h
ave lied.

5	4	Lied in order to get what I want.
t	4	
1	3	
5	Wanting to seem independent b	

	4	
	4	
3	3	3
		Words that make you seem smart.
3		
	3	3

3
In front of you is the craggy opening, revealing the midnight ocean gleaming under the light of the full moon.

3 | 3 Seaweed creeps up your calves.

3 | 5

3

3 3 3
Cru A take — sea caves, twinkling but slow

3 4 Constellations ... something special ab
3 bout the beach.

Amber

3 | 2 Lichen. 2 | 4 It must feel like how it feels to st 4

But time remains so
terrifying to me

There is nothing to say because nothing ever happens.

3 | 4 I vow to abhor world-building in favor of complete self-annihilation.

4 4 2
It Feels Like
Floating.

2 A dull ache — laughter.

4 4 2

2 4
2
4

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 4
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Lied in order to get what I want.

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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

1 2
2 Seaweed creeps up your calves.

2

1 2 2
Cru
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ng li
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tone
.

2

2

2 2
A lake — sea caves, twinkling but slow.

2

2 2
Beige. 2 2
Amber.

2

2

1 1
Lichen.

1

2 4
2 Hushed tones.

2

2 3
3 Constellations ... something special a
bout the beach.

3

2 2
2 2
1 4
1 It must feel like how it feels to st
op playing a video game.
1 4
4

1 1 2
But time remains s
o terrifying to me.

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

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3 1
It Feels Like
Floating.
3 3

1 A dull ache — laughter.
1

1 3
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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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Lied in order to get what I want.

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Wanting to seem independent but all a
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In front of you is the craggy opening, revealin
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t of the full moon.

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1 2
A take — sea caves, twinkling but slow.

2 2
Constellations ... something special a
bout the beach.

NEVER WANT TO SEE THE SAME IMAGE TWICE!

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1 1
Beige. 1 1
Amber.

3 2
It must feel like how it feels to st
op playing a video game.

3 2
There is nothing to say be
cause nothing ever happe
ns.

3

2 2

2 2
It Feels Like
Floating.
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.

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Lied in order to get what I want.
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Wanting to seem independent but all a
ctions rely on someone else's move
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A take — sea caves, twinkling but slow.
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Constellations ... something special a
bout the beach.
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Beige.
0 0 1
Amber.

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It must feel like how it feels to st
op playing a video game.
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There is nothing to say be
cause nothing ever happe
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It Feels Like
Floating.

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.

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2 1
Lied in order to get what I want.

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0 A take — sea caves, twinkling but slow.

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1 Constellations ... something special a
bout the beach.

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

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It Feels Like
Floating.

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Miraculous night, silent night, holy
night, holy trinity, as I look up into t
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Constellations ... something special a
bout the beach.

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It must feel like how it feels to st
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Floating.

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It must feel like how it feels to st
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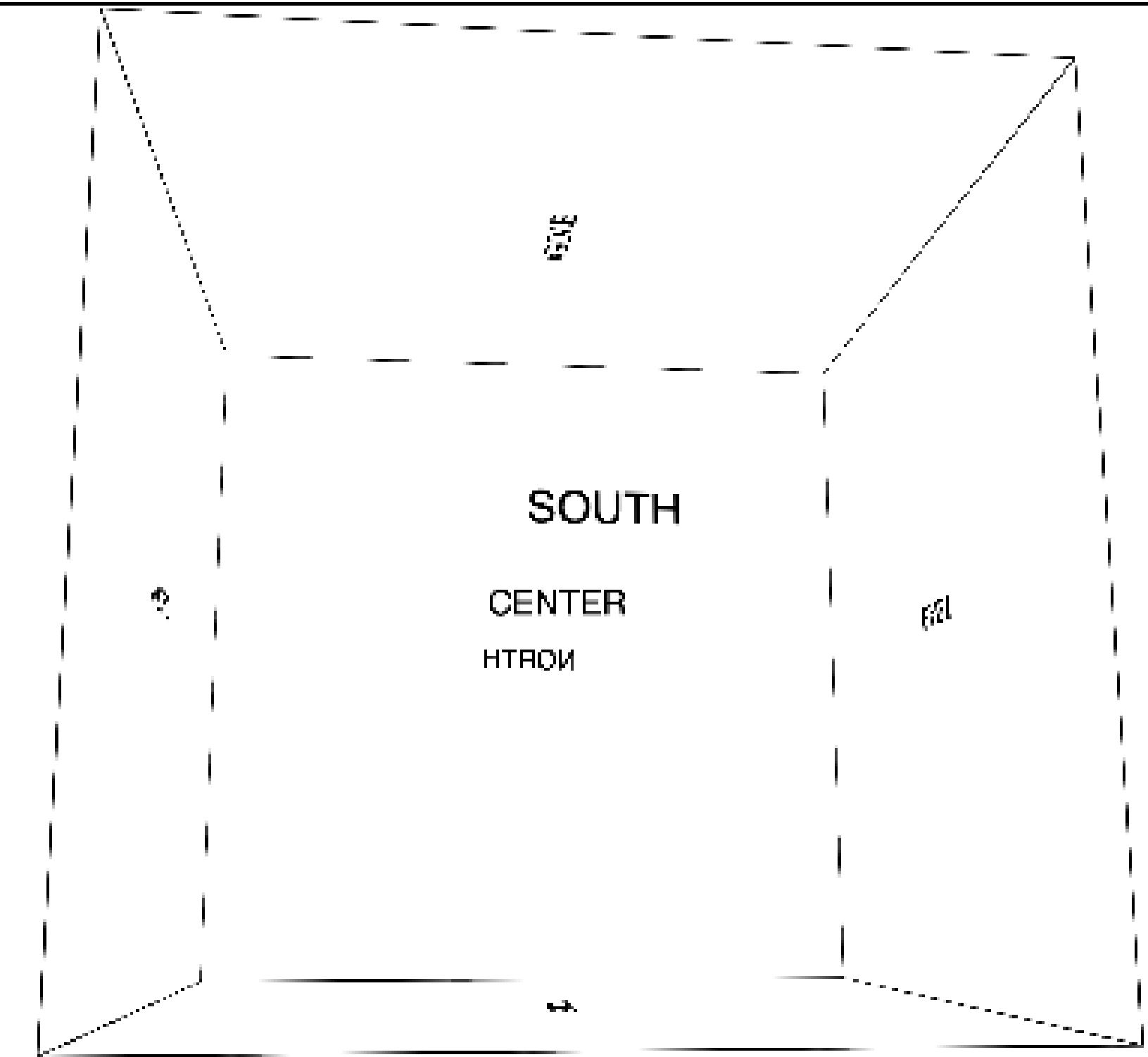
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PERIPHERY

- (ALIENATION)
- (DESIRE)
- (LOSS)

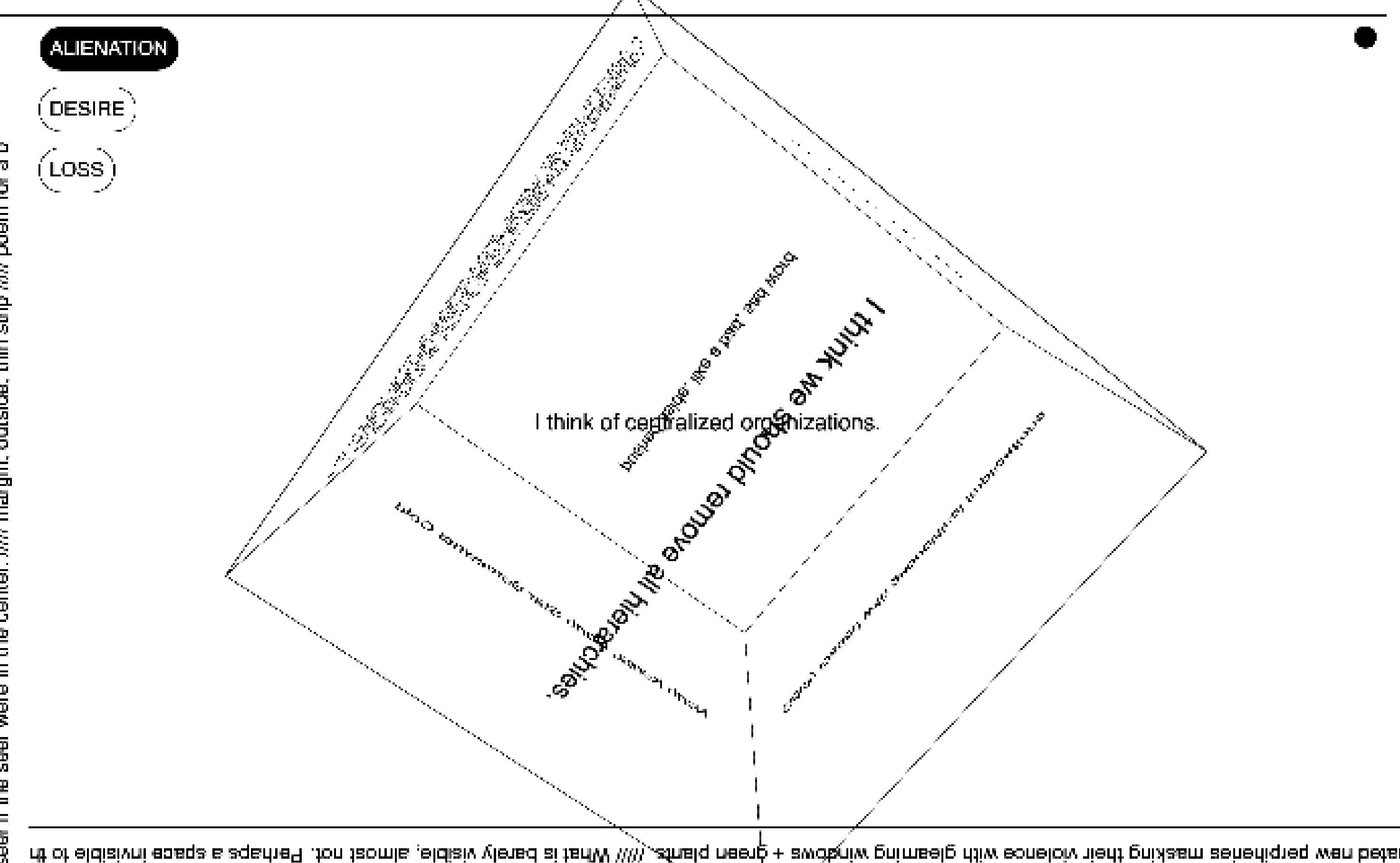
13 POEMS FOR THE FIRST 13 DAYS OF APRIL



PERIPHERY

PERIPHERY

(I don't know this word too well) Makes me think of animal of prey (Horse/Cow etc) for some reason. // I think it's so sad we stay within the periphery of our col-



me think of animal of prey (Horse/Cow etc) for some reason. // / I think it's so sad we stay within the periphery of our college bubble. I would like to see more life. This weekend I went to New York. New buildings created new peripheries masking t

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

ALIENATION

DESIRE

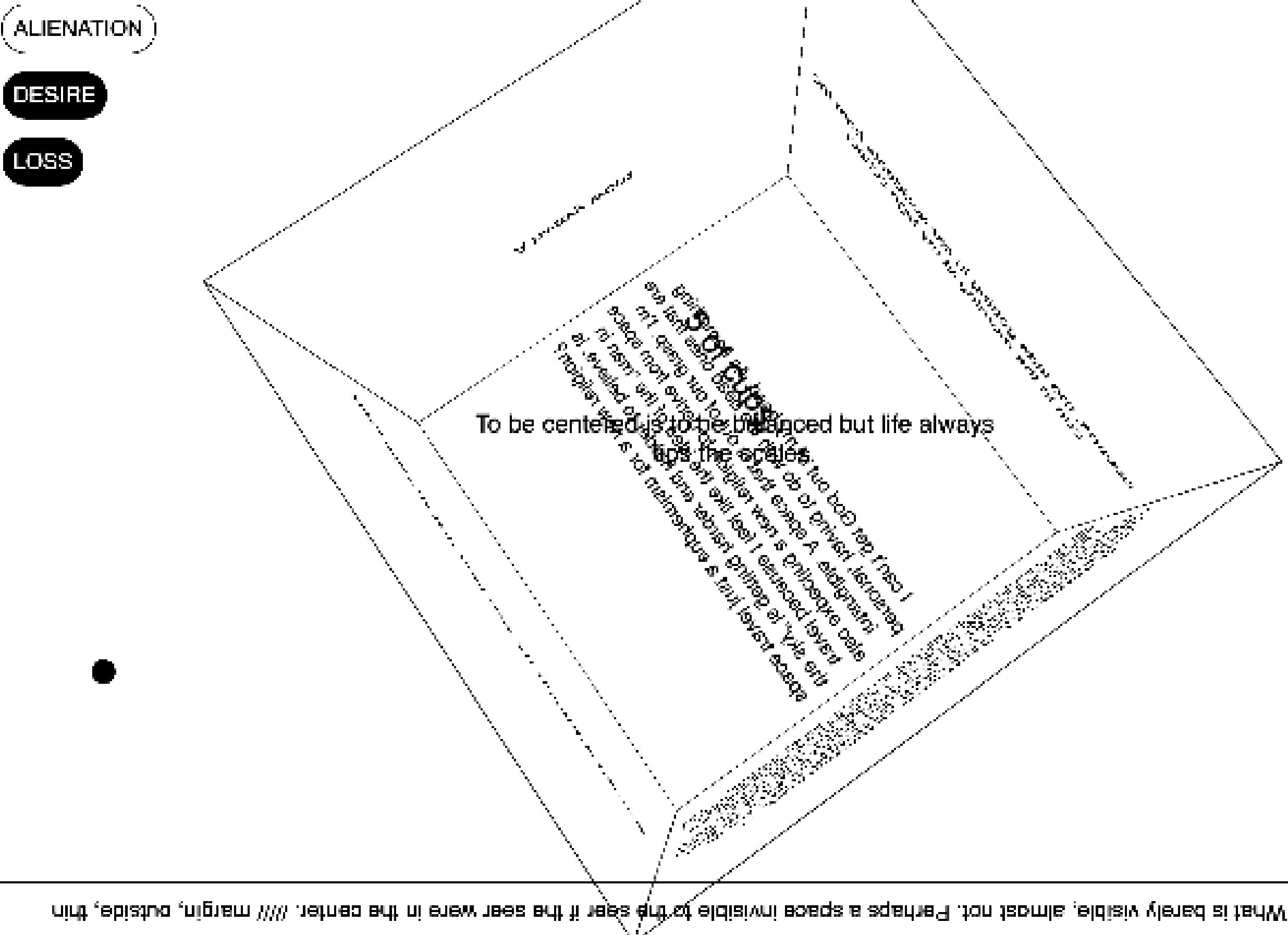
LOSS

Reiterating to myself that loneliness is still time
spent with the world and that oneness is a
beautiful and prized seed. Mundane sex and thin
lips cannot function as fodder. Difficult relationship
to the collective culture informing me I should not
want to be held in emotionally intimate ways nor
entertain gravity. Shame in that want. My snake
plant lives ten feet from the window and
increasingly bends her arms towards my bed,

where the lightest.
6 13 2018
in the middle of the night

their violence with glancing windows + green plants. // / What is barely visible, almost not. Perhaps a space impossible to the sea if the sea were in the cent

(sa/Cow etc) for some reason. // I think it's so sad we stay within the periphery of our college bubble. I would like to see more life. This weekend I want to



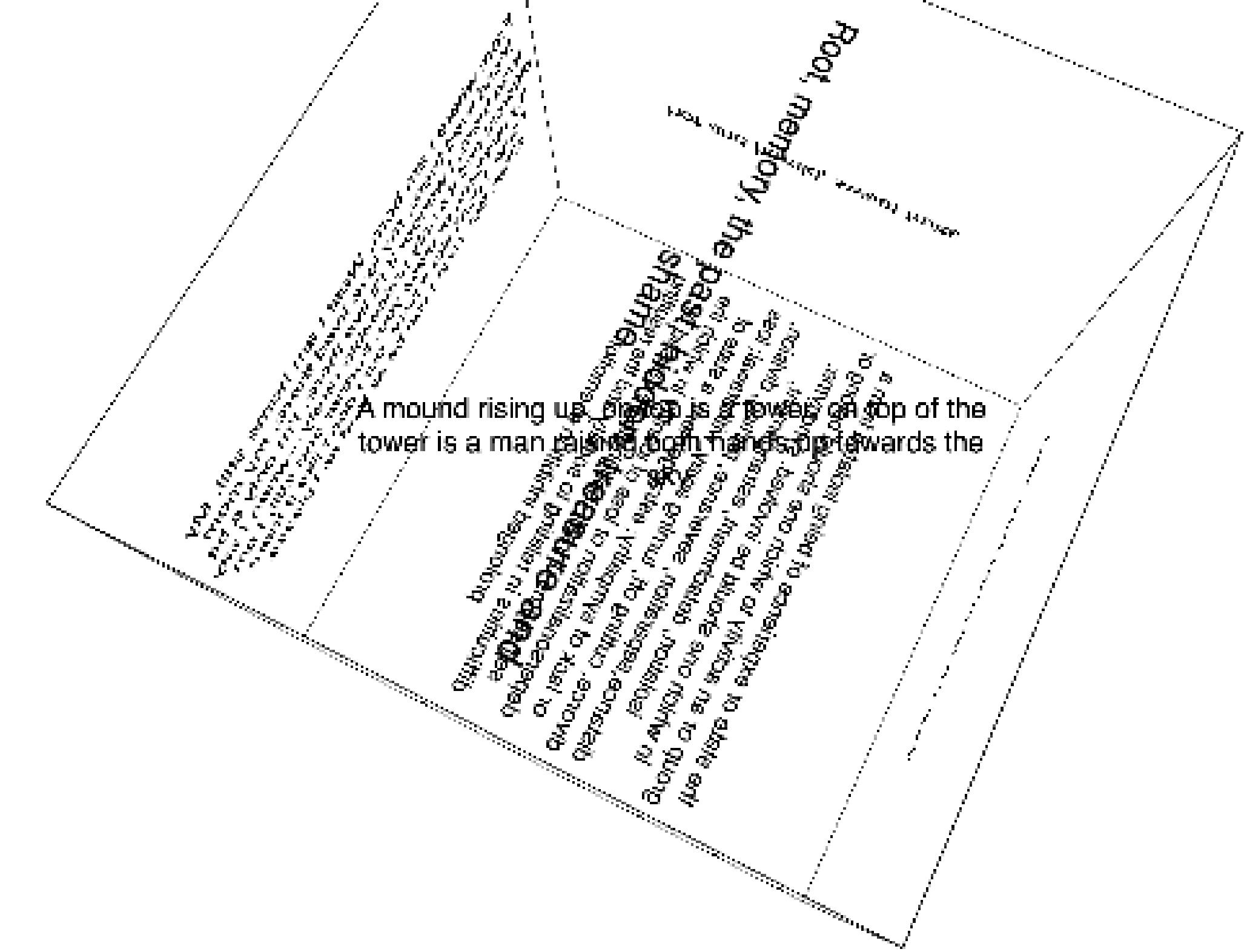
y within the periphery of our college bubble. I would like to see more life. This weekend I want to New York. New buildings created new peripheries masking violence with gleaming windows + green plants. What is barely visible, almost not.

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

ALIENATION

DESIRE

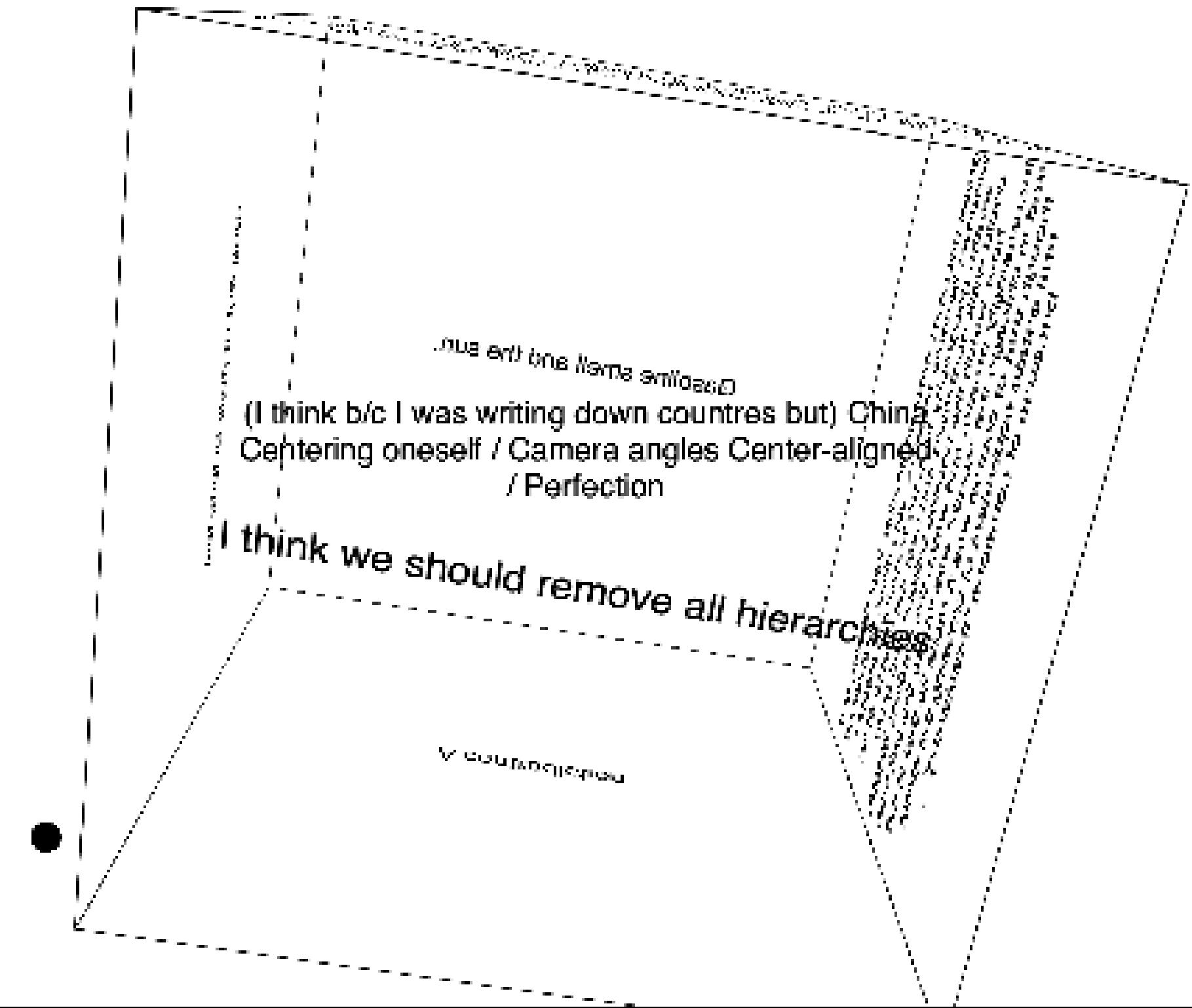
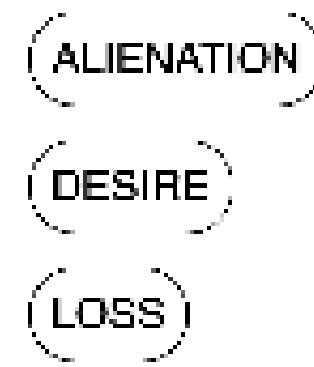
LOSS



A mound rising up
the tower is a man
with hands raised towards the

ge bubble. I would like to see more life. This weekend I want to New York. New buildings created new peripheries masking their violence with gleaming win

er side, betrays me like an unblessed sneeze, lauged. They sold me from the passing win



life. This weekend I went to New York. New buildings created new peripheries masking their violence with gleaming windows + green plants. // What is bar

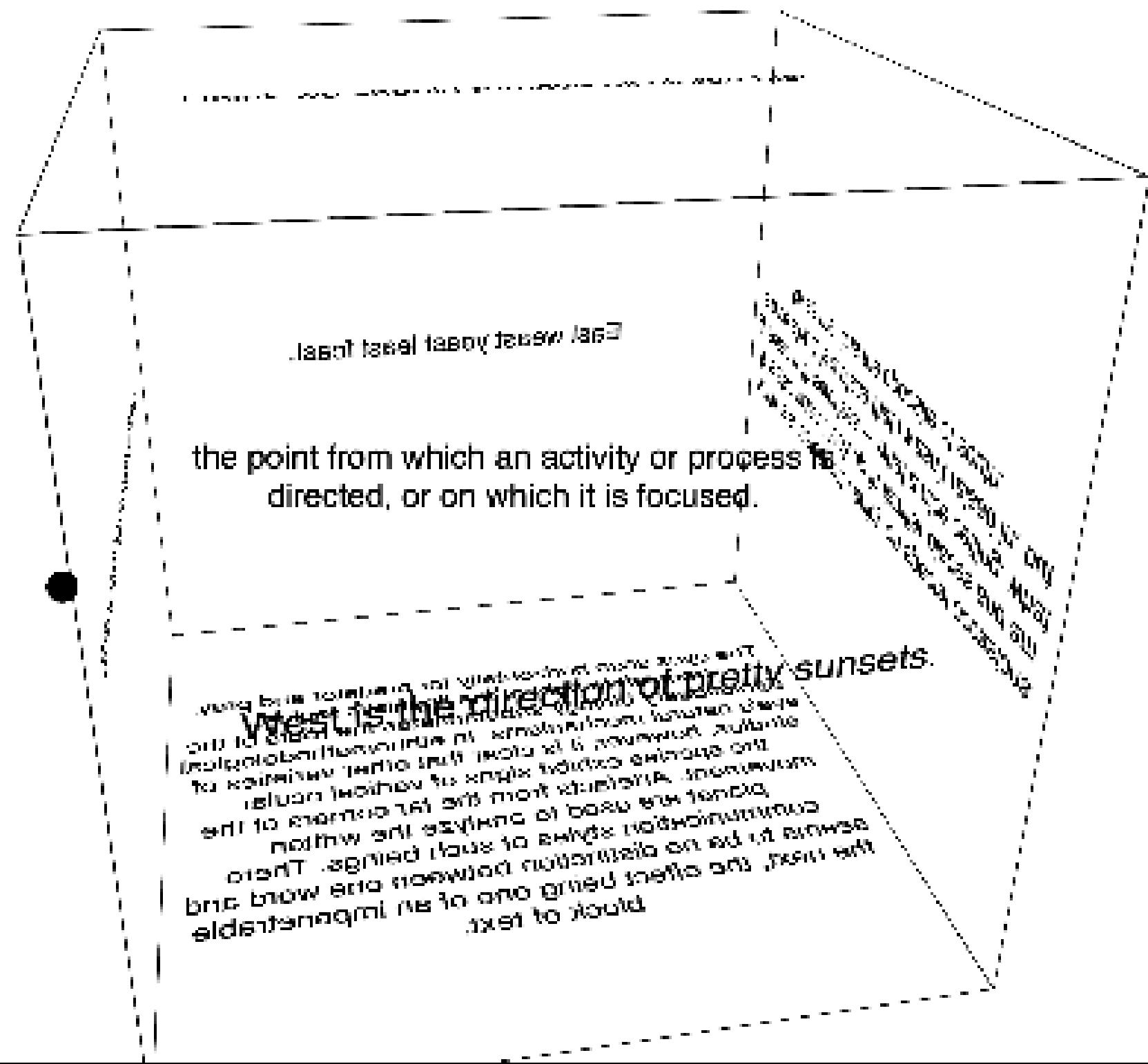
.

ALIENATION**DESIRE****LOSS**

A heart drops & sinks Dark dark dark It's like
someone brings an elaborate piece of heated
memory & just sizzles it on you. Sometimes it does not happen
A mound rising up, on top is a tower, on top of the tower is a man raising both hands up towards the sky.

embrace

In 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,



gaze sees me to the other side; berries make an unlabeled snazza, flinged, they could see from the passing window; I stamp everyone's backs, four weak

R2

R2

yoursel~~f~~.

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n2

only

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n2

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32

Homage

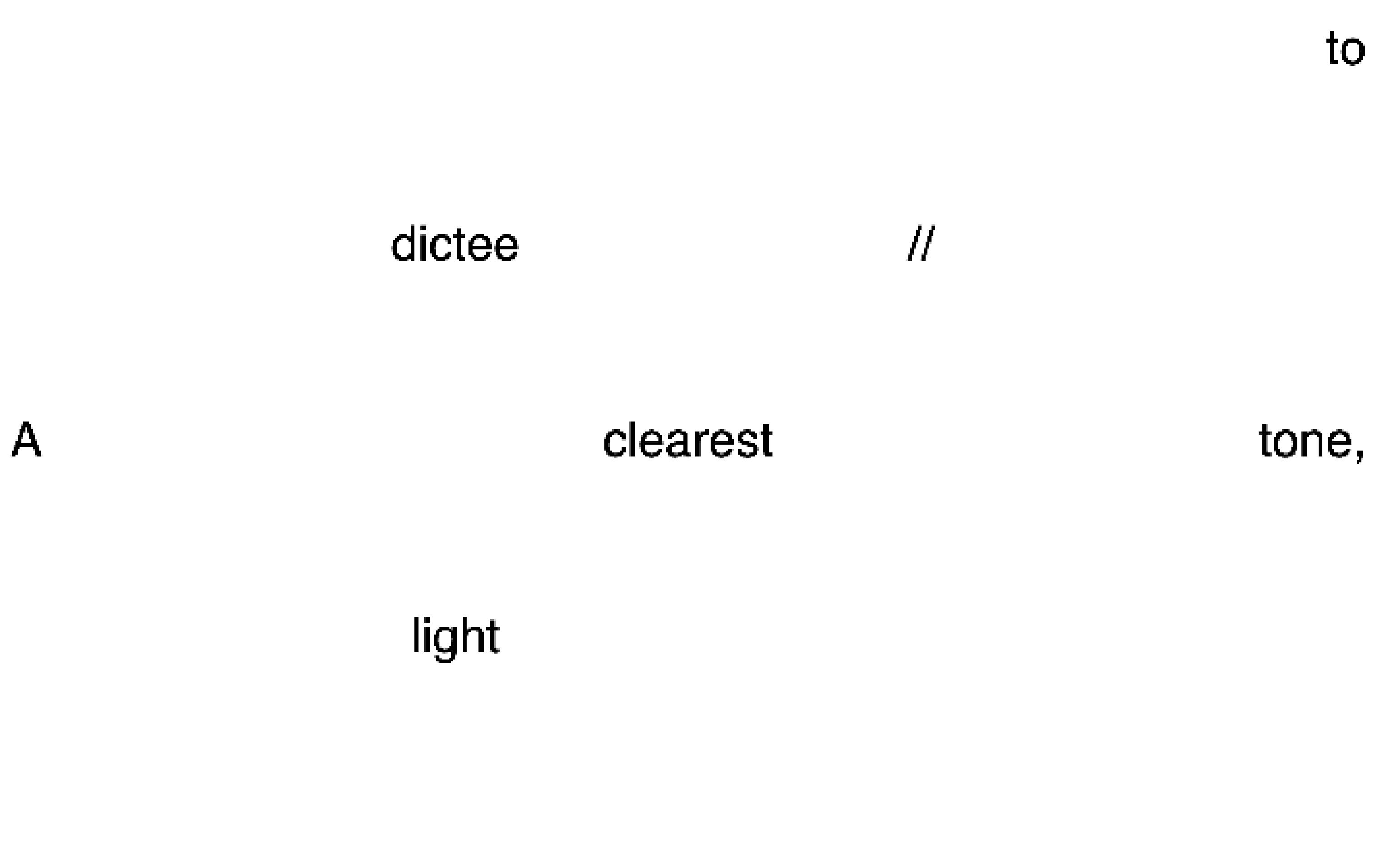
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tone,

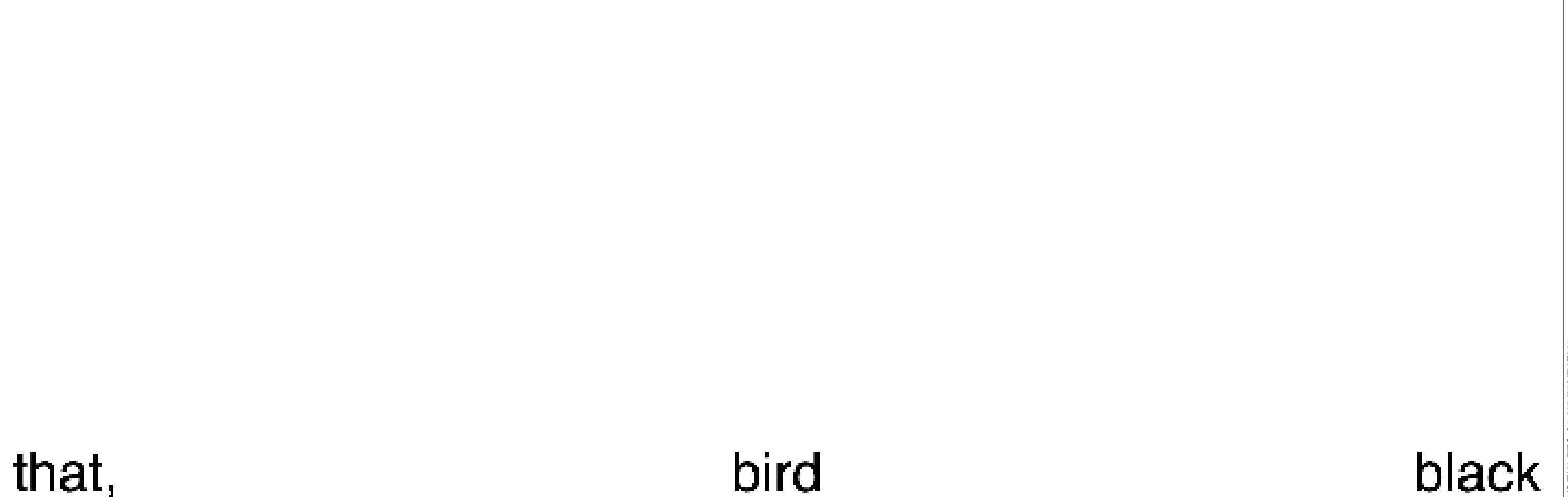


the

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thunder



Before

and

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bird

soaring.

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towards

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paper.

to

lover

loving

in

I Never Want to See the Same Image Twice!

→ Written, and Designed by Tiger Dingsun

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

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Advised by Anastasiia Raina

Spring 2019



Special thanks to SKA RAT WEST ♪♪ for all their loves and supports, you big, many-faced entity, ☺ ☺ ☺ I love you. Best of luck to all. ♥

