

the brain is a hybrid machine. / a parallel circuit splayed across clumped dendrite
branches, paper, billboard, touch-sensitive screen, / across biological brain / and
non-biological circuitry. / paper multiplies computational power through
convenient symbol manipulation. / between the brains are the engines / begging
how brain archives / —to clipboard / libraries are hard drives. / silicone
exponentiates computational power—libraries are slow-churning hive minds. /
expression, inscription; refracts thought through the prism of other. / sets it out
there. / expression, inscription; the conduit along which mind and environment
are bridged by memory. / memory no longer necessitates internalization; writing
invents forgetting, but is also the potion of reminding. / *does it seem to be
persisting? good! thank you*. / memory is the environment, scuffed up, marked,
manipulated. / memory is the voice of others. / memory is books. /

alvin lucier sits in a room different from the one you are in now. / he records the
sound of his speaking voice and plays it back into the room / again and again, /
until / the resonant frequencies of the room reinforce themselves / so that any
semblance of his speech / with perhaps the exception of rhythm / is destroyed. / he
speaks through the room as much as the room speaks over him. /

authorship is a ceaseless tug-of-war; the brain itself a text, coughing, glitching, spitting up particles / being read by our smart environments. / groped by search engines / dissected by algorithms. / our presence in the world tracked, charted, trend-analyzed, behaviour-typed, categorized, bought, sold, nudged, guided, and advertised to. / always in open dialogue, the brain. / never in a vacuum. /

writing and reading is embodied / not an extension of our presence, but the presence itself. / this cognitive hybridization is as basic and ancient as the use of speech. / our worlds are knowing us better and better. / as our environments, and the countless every day objects that constitute them get smarter, / increasingly responsive, more interconnected, / it gets harder to say where the world stops / and the person begins. / the environment is an intelligent clipboard. /

“big media” / the hollywood studios, / the television broadcasters and cable tugging netflixers, / bus shelter cigarette packet billboard advertisers, / conglomerators, merchandisers, synergists, and home box officers, / your rollingstones, your national geographics, your enquirers and observers, / your buzzfeeds, diggs, reddits, and tumblrs, / your facebooks, twitters, and instagrams, / your google ad auto-fill guess suggesters, / the gatekeepers standing wet at the floodgates of language, / all the major zigzags between brain, body, and world. / language in the twenty-first century can be bought, consumerized, weaponized. / the media landscape, too, constitutes memory. /

the digitization of books is the slow digitization of at least one tradition of epistemology, of at least one set of signifiers of human experience. / the lineage of speech, paper, and digital text; a cascade of mindware upgrades changing our brain architecture. / the environments in which we grow shape the development of our thinking patterns. / we have grown up on the internet. / personal devices are libraries. / where barthes imagined a vast tissue of text / today, text's final form resembles its origin, / rhizomatic, virtual, referential, / pulsed across the ocean floor in fibre optic cable. /

words now come in waves
and take the shape
of any contains
language rains down
from the cloud
in bits and levels to zeros &
ones &

the internet is an interlocking mesh of middles with no beginning or end /
multiplicities connecting to other multiplicities / every conceivable point is
potentially connected to every other. / whenever a node is cut it explodes into
lines of flight / connects elsewhere / resilient / never destroyed / merely displaced.
/ the internet itself is an expression of the mind of the species. / like a
rhizome, it enacts itself, arriving at full expression. the internet arms every citizen
with the means to be the first word of the phrase. / democratized culture. / self-
expression—who is not a writer? / re-tweet this if you're not a writer. / quidnuncs
of self-publishing in the digital public sphere. / just as before, we wade through
inanity and misinformation. / just as before, the weary gatekeepers of culture
declare their charge soiled by monkeys. / same shit, just in the age of saturation. /

the personalization of social media. / the channels through which we know the
world narrow. / filtering is hive architecture, everyone is an arbiter. / the gestures
of re-blogging, re-posting, re-tweeting. / but every filter, subscription, and
preference narrows information to make it digestible, / until it is received with the
ritualism of a pill. / social media as pharmakon. / social media as too much of a
good thing. / social media as an inward-turned echo chamber of personal
preference. / social media as feedback. / social media as the most unproductive
form of narcissism. / the cataloguing power of modern technology has me writing
eulogies to all my best memories, to every undocumented moment. /

warning! algorithms are slicing yourtext!!

slicing brain as text,
analyzing the kerning of your thoughts, /
performing topic analysis on your social media posts. /
your forty-eight page star wars fan film
is now seeding on pirate bay. /

maybe you ought to let your text be attacked? /
maybe you ought to let
violence be enacted upon your ideas? /
maybe you ought to let your text be
reordered, isolated, altered, added to, deformed /
relax your policies of manipulation. /
go ahead, steal my aphorisms! they're all stolen anyway. /
i can be your material. / flattered when found on clipboards. /
the clipboard is community, / paste iteratively, paste constructively, /
only the malicious are thieves. /

textual abundance /
the internet, our borrowed oceanic mind /
how will we write in the coming century? /
books have been stripped of their jackets, de-spined, de-paginated,
and hyperlinked to the letter. /
they are more malleable, search-able,
filterable, and duplicable than ever before /
set your own parameters, consume them systematically. /

or, call out “fuck you,” (!!!) / reading—
reading is supposed to be multi-directional, tangential! /
it is possible to read one page for an hour. /

every writer's immediate resource is the whole of digitized text. / we are auto-googling organisms. / our thoughts are auto-completed by search engines. / writing is a reaction to the feedback loops of the textual ecosystem / once you play with feedback it begins to feel like a living entity. / it simply boils down to how you react in the moment. / writing is garbage removal: constantly clearing away the accumulated perceptions of the past so that it becomes possible to move ahead. / an organic response is to recycle—units of manipulation are now larger than words or idioms. / like modern music, text is now sampled, appropriated, reconfigured, spliced, integrated; it is self-reflexive, polysemic. / it carries a sufficient trace to its origin, but it is recontextualized and refamiliarized. / meanings arise in unlikely collisions. / text is not just a vehicle for meaning, it is pure, active material. / writing in networks / a textual ecosystem where no instance of a text is the original so no final versions exist / open source poetics; the unlocking of textual fragments from their containers / the re-constitute flow of art by means of ink stick. / one art object dissolves to allow for another / collective blending. / writing is iterative, procedural, additive, subtractive yet not necessarily destructive. / any endgame is local and particular, but the text lives on, re-spawning continuously, characterized by flux. / collective authorship can be enacted in unprecedented ways—a text can be sliced by multiple cursors / transcribed in synchrony. / pataphysically precise archives, assemblages of found texts, scrambled by algorithms imitating the cut-ups of william burroughs. / seeking out the most embarrassing details and amplifying them / poetry embedded in functional code, neither for the faint of heart nor the linear of thinker. / the flow

of data, the flow of language as itself a literature / broadband aqueducts / what does irrigation poetry look like? / data-farming—to find language under the hood of other media, / to convert digital video into strings of text / to search for beauty around the margins of signal, in the noise. / post-digital aesthetics, / entire worlds are waiting to be explored in the magnification of digital glitches / the idiosyncracies of digital signal processing driven to its limit / uncovering digital artifacts / turning up the gain on microscopic events / peering into enfolded, microscopic landscapes / breaking the tools / the idea of failure as an aesthetic in itself. / we can make it sputter, that decomposed underside of digital transcoding / break down files, link, reorder, isolate, alter, add, & deform their textual infrastructure. / glitch art, process art / set up the conditions, invite in the chaos / you need only to flirt with destruction to create / writing is coping with the promise of explosion. / use language to hack other media / search for the perfect error. / yet the text need not remain in the machinistic, in the grid-like. / the grid is a playhouse. / we come there to ask questions. / what does substitution poetry look like? what does illicit poetry look like? what does eliminating poetry look like? what does miscommunicated poetry look like? what does flux poetry look like? what does roving cross-hair poetry look like? what does writing e████ologies to all my best memories poetry look like? what does network poetry look like? what does self-replicating, infectio████s poetry look like? what does pooling, glacial, ice-flow poetry look like? what does no longer is it a matter of poetry poetry look like? what does friendly fire poetry look like? what does getting sick from Taco Bell poetry look like? what does the grid as a playho████se poetry look like? what does poetry that has to spend its life solidifyin████ into █████ooks look like? what does poetry that has to spend its life dependent on other o████jects look like? what does poetry that has to spend its life spawnin████ new tēxt████ contin████o████████ look like? what dōē████'ōrēi████n o████rēct████ in █████'████ kin poētr████ look liķē? wħat dōē████ lō-████ poētr████ look liķē? wħat dōē████ hī████r poētr████ look liķē? wħat dōē████ i████terlocki