

The Wayward

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ALAN SONDHEIM



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for Azure, Joanna, Evelyn and Norman

Am Ursprung gibts kein Plagiat
—KARL KRAUS

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Loving Honey Honey.txt

The computer entered my life, began it, a certain sadness with the with-drawal of the face, the skin itself already a memory. I'd speak to the phone, speak TO it, HONEY, I'd say, HONEY . . .

What came at the line, beginning and ending . . . The OCCURRENCE of it . . . I would wait for her reply, an imaginary dream, YOU'D BE ME . . . This sadness, the onslaught of second memory, beyond the screen the distant murmur of the voice, I would hear HER, talking to HER about something, anything, keeping the line going, keeping her ON-LINE, line-moving—or aloof, waiting for a secondary narcissism circuiting elsewhere, looping back to me, in the form of a REWRITE, constant, true, eternal . . . THINK THROUGH ME . . . THINK THROUGH ME . . .

HONEY waits on second thought for the reply, addressing no one in particular, RESPONDING TO WHAT ALAN SAID; there are these gaps in absence as well, a murmur of disappearance. These gaps . . . moving towards or away from the computer, some words here and there . . . have your attention . . .

The letters peel back from the screen, flesh peels from the letters. Ah, we are all enclosed in our own addictions, those of other people . . .

/italics/ You were about to leave; your profile was high: Lulu: need a guy? :need a woman (Honey): gotta go guys, bye! :(Alan): need a woman .*** Lulu is waving to Honey! (Honey): on second thought (Lulu): Yes? :Yes? All us guys . . . (Alan): Yes? . . . Yes? . . . (Honey): responding to what Alan said, Lulu! :Yes . . . (Alan): Yes . . . :Siren just joined this channel! (Honey): just curious . . . A gap or hiatus or merge, Honey (Alan): This pause, the resonance of a bell ringing at double frequencies (Honey): That between them, there was something that returned me, brought me back (Alan): A sound connecting you to me, something in the air, surely throughout the realm of print (Honey): A print or hieroglyph, a body bound in the

form of sacred writing. (Alan): Writing which leaves a trace, momentary whisper upon the screen, almost an imaginary death (Honey): Drawing us closer, the streets too closing in, the body fore-closed, everything shutting down (Alan): Down beneath or beyond us, down between us (Honey): As if another realm or fiction appeared, beyond the happy figure that I care to draw for myself

(Alan): That figure which gains you entrance to this and every other portal

(Honey): That figure which survives me, a configuration or system to which I have drawn your words, your thinking them through me

(Alan): Thinking them through the lure you have granted me, presence beyond profile, presence withdrawn or against profile, another moment

(Honey): Or moment which encompasses the collapsing pressure of time, there is no space, that moment which binds us

(Alan): Packets continuing momentarily throughout the network, while we, elsewhere and elsewhere, holding our breath . . .

(Honey): Holding it for what seems to be an eternity, holding it forever and ever, as we move closer

(Alan): Beyond the directness of communication, the network moving into high gear, computers at the edge of breakdown

(Honey): Encompassing us as we move to private conversation, beyond the presence of Lulu and Grant, beyond each and every other, alone with our thoughts

(Alan): Which no longer belong to us, belong to one another, it is you or I who are typing, the two of us in uneasy confluence

(Honey): Confluence beyond confluence, beyond stuttering reach, the topography of *together,* the binding of recognition as well

(Alan): A recognition which is all we have, are given, a
recognition confronting and conforming us
(Honey): Addressing each to the other, addressing ourself,
conforming ourselves to ourselves
(Alan): Thin sliver of words, shuddering on their way, carrying
the weight of the world!
(Honey): Beyond which the dance ends, the tables are pushed
back against the wall, the cafe closes for the night, red and
white checkered table-cloths, candles, the sad violin
(Alan): The woods just beyond the village, the hill, meteors
appearing in depth, intense, for our benefit, for none
other
(Honey): No one else, the sliver, thin language begin to fail us
(Alan): Frail, in the midst of worlds . . .
(Honey): In the midst of ellipsis, continuous and forever, dots
tolling the double entourage of the bell
(Alan): Honey, I hear it, speaking your name
(Honey): Alan, I hear it, speaking your name
Speaking the doubled name, name of the two, designators
floating above or within all possible, all conceivable
worlds . . .

The computer entered our lives, carrying the two of us in a singular
mold, a sadness with the increasing presence of the face, increas-
ing memory, o gone and present from the line

Alan, she said, Alan, I could hear her voice from the corner of the
cafe; she was on the telephone, speaking rapidly; she was on the
telephone, talking quietly; laughing at something said across the
line; crying, turning momentarily away; Alan, she said, Alan: it's
almost dawn . . .

End HONEY.TXT

lol

You knew it was coming. They'd sneer at no one in particular. I existed on a continuous rewrite. I lived naked on the net. I'd present myself clean and ready for discussion on video.voyeur.bisex—one hand on my distended penis. I'd shave my body carefully, corrupt my fair skin which reflected the words dully emerging from the screen. Hello, I'd talk to you, hello, hello . . .

Each gesture pushing you further from the path, scrolling invisibly up. Imagine these streams flooding America, online or offline, everywhere and nowhere at once. ALT.SEX.EXHIBITIONIST. ALT.SEX.I'D-SPREAD-MY-LEGS-FOR-YOU

Murder lies heavy over me. I stop speaking to the useless. The words close in, cathect through the catalyst of my presence. I no longer remember your reply, if it ever existed. I no longer separate myself from your language, which I take upon me; you stream is my own, the body splayed open, soaked, urine running in between the keys—there are people in the room, a young woman and a young man, perfect couple—wide open, I suck the man, drawing his penis to the back of my throat, even farther—she fucks me, my trembling fingers deep in her ass—ALT.SEX.ENEMAS ALT.SEX.CAN'T-TELL-US APART

Speechless, you'll try anything once, turn sideways :) reading each and every symbol :<> mouth opened and fucked :<->- engorged mouth; you become a function :<f(n)> holding the effigy of protocol itself, an exact splitting :', of the flesh sutured :<|> and returned to the other :<|>: a process of symmetricization (much as my DRAWALK3 program reproduces the absorption of the other at decreasing magnification). :<|>: lol ALT.SEX.TONGUE-IN-MY-HOLE

WHENEVER YOU HAVE TO DO WITH A STRUCTURE-ENDOWED ENTITY E TRY TO DETERMINE ITS GROUP OF AUTOMORPHISMS. (Hermann Weyl); Through the net I organize

ourselves through ourselves; lines of interpenetration construct divisions hinged upon the erasure of the other; immediately, symmetricizing functions come into play; what are these functions? ALT.SEX.DOUBLE-CUNT ALT.SEX.DOUBLE-COCK lol

These functions are constituted as THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE NET which is equivalent to its INSCRIPTIVE SKEIN—a skein in which functions are (re)defined as protocol. Doesn't this lend itself to a problematic behaviorism in which function=>protocol AND protocol=>[recognition,address] or some such syntax—a syntax in which subjectivity is marginal or curlicue? Symmetricizing results in phase cancellation of the message; syntax remains and semantics (always a dubious category, always the presence of traditional subjectivity) appears to dissolve. ALT.SEX.VOYEUR.VOYEUR.SEX.ALT

It is however the very dissolution of the subject that creates the response for its existence, a call emanating from the confusion of discursive levels; the subject exists by virtue of its absence, its presence through those very symbols | \leftrightarrow —that reduce it to the hole. Net dialog is a tangle of switches, sidetracks, private and public messages, alternative routes, flaming and disappearances, subnets and undernets, hackers of the circuitous. What is the dialog of symmetry (double-functioning, the function of the double and duplication) fissures as one or another party is always elsewhere. There is also the condition of delays along packet lines moving information at megabytes per second; a delay is not the momentary condition of this medium-as-message, but an irregular cancellation of the message and its protocol; subjectivity appears precisely in the absence of its call; I say to you: the net-subject is defined by negation; occurs in the breakdown of symmetricizing functions; sutures these functions in its absence; reconstitutes itself repeatedly; I call this the CONDITION of the subject which is REWRITE. lol ALT.SEX.FETISH.ANYTHING-YOU-WANT

ALT.FAN.TONYA-HARDING.WHACK.WHACK.WHACK
ALT.FAN.NANCY_KERRIGAN.OUCH.OUCH.OUCH lol

The beginning of the end of the fantasy produces a shuddering in the flesh of the body; the testicles of the male harden and grow smaller; a distinct sensation of fluid occurs near the base of the penis, the entrance of the semen; the end of the fantasy switches a trick to someone else, anything else; momentary flaccidity; the construction of a new narrative, involving your presence, your words my own, exact duplicates, equivalent, begins: this is the sense of your body, which is not only the sense of my own, but its exact opposite, your flesh and mine fulfilling one another, every limb entwined, every hole filled, every appendage surrounded. This is the body's liquidity, flooding or dissolution in the stream of the imaginary, a symbolic presence in which vision disappears <|> in which— \longleftrightarrow —erasure becomes <f(n)> surrounding every conceivable process or production. I AM YOU AND YOU ARE ME. lol

(Alan): You write me in the equation.

(Honey): lol (laughs out loud)

(Alan): Tyler wants to know if you can cut him off???

(Honey): I am too the right sex! And the last time I took a survey, no one complained either!

:God I wish I knew what the right sex was, must be near the left one!

(Lulu): I was talking about me!

(Alan): God I wish I knew what the right sex was, must be near the left one!

(Honey): lol

You're in the main channel. Lulu and Honey are here with you.

You're in the main channel. There is currently no one else here with you.