

DO YOUR OWN DAMN LAUNDRY

Suzanne Stein

Steve Benson

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ONE

May 8, 2011

Sunday, May 8, 2011
3pm west | 6pm east

3:00 I have been somewhere before.

3:01 *That countdown was immeasurable*

Now I am here.

glad you made it, steve

Each of us was about to say something.

I'm glad I made it too. How are you.

I am also present

3:02 *that wasn't much of a question*

I was acknowledged as present earlier today
by a person named Starr standing on a bridge.

the countdown

I forgot to put a question mark on it.

I also was on a bridge

3:03 *before*

in the earlier part of

an aspect of counting down

before.

I am alright.

The countdown the phrasal part the pieces

3:04

I am awake

as we thought might be the one

necessary condition

here

I am awake also and also very well but I was thinking as I was swimming about my slenderness

You are indeed slim

3:05

ah, how are you, Steve?

Isn't that remarkable? Maybe gliding through the water, experiencing myself as capable of moving comfortably through the water contributed to that reverie about what I would write about here now.

I mean that was how I might have thought I would answer the question about how I am.

If you happened to ask.

You were under or on that bridge?

3:06

I thought I might admit queasy

I was in the YMCA.

I was also in water

Queasy is a wonderful way to be. At first when I read it here I thought you had misspelled it. So I think my own inner unacknowledged queasiness misspelled it for me, at first.

for a long time

3:07 Because you can't revise once it's on the . . .
out in the space, right.

A long time, today?

this appears to be correct?

correct

Have I lost the thread?

No

3:08 *we're both here*

I'm still here

we wrote that at the same time

let me assure you that I am also here

But the words appear separately

and awake

alive

sensitive

3:09 *to your bridge, water, aspect, type, etc*

I think a lot about the words; I was writing
about them last night, barely awake, and
sensitive, bridging wakefulness and sleep,
after watching that very old Hitchcock movie

that reminds me of steve benson

3:10 with the incredibly stimulating and yet thought-stopping title: The Man Who Knew Too Much

I didn't arrive with that particular problem

can you tell me

No wonder he made it twice, in 34 and 56. I wonder if what I did when I was 34 and when I was 56 were coincidental in some way.

Can I tell you what?

3:11 I think we have to have some thoughts here that are male thoughts and some that are female thoughts, though not necessarily in that order.

something about what you did when 34 and 43

That will take a little thought.

3:13 When I was 34, I tried unsuccessfully to help friends to direct a play in Barcelona, but I didn't really have a way to do it, and I might have sabotaged the play, actually.

don't worry too much about that here

what was the coincident reversal at 43

if you don't mind my asking

3:14 When I was 43, I moved to Belmont, Massachusetts, to become a psychology intern at a psychiatric hospital.

3:15 Was there a coincident reversal? I was wondering about 56 and 34, actually, but I

don't know if I could answer that any faster or better. It's all a matter of interpretation, I suppose.

I have thought a lot but find I can not recall any approach to this particular bridge, save the countdown

3:16 The bridge that you were swimming under, without any particular approach to it

an awfully slender approach

slim

3:17 When I was 56, I was about the same weight as at 34 and 43.

slippery also, as it appears

barely more than the sum of ages

3:18 *is that approximate?*

Definitely I experience myself, my knowledge, and knowing itself as slippery. I have observed this in myself throughout my lifetime, and I attribute it to my astrological sign: Gemini.

I attribute my glorious confusion of signs to my astrological placement also: Pisces

But why blame what I know, the slipperiness of it all, on my particular sign? Maybe it's just the side of the elephant I happen to be blindly touching.

3:19 I was looking at Walker Evans' photos of confusions of signs earlier today. They were taken in the 1950s.

*I was advised once that there were ten million
forces to blame besides myself*

please describe

3:20 I was advised that myself was an illusion, a
fiction, a figment of my imagination.

(I'll hold you altogether not responsible)

—ah, then we're in agreement

I mean, about Steve

3:21 The photos were rectilinear, some were color
polaroids, and some were black and white
and gray. And one that struck me as
particularly marvelous showed a window that
was dirty and behind the window on its side is
a sign that says PALMISTERYOFFICEWALK IN

The book is out in the car now

3:22 *I watched a clip of Tarkovsky's Mirror earlier*

during the seance

to cure

a speech impediment

the—

3:23 It's difficult to take care of oneself when every-
thing is changing all the time

the medium froze the hands of the patient

What does that feel like?

3:24 *(I am here, in fact rather stable) (are you there?
I'm quite with you)*

it felt as if

*by watching too close to the hands of the
patient, my own would freeze, so i flexed them
through*

I read 'elephant' where you wrote 'patient,'
then I wondered why the elephant has hands.

3:25 *that's really feeling your way*

(I am here but sometimes I am quiet. I mean
not typing on the keyboard. Maybe that was
what you were noticing, but I know you were
only noticing it "in your head.")

I'm less certain than you on that one

It was in the movie, I think

at the close of the seance so called

3:26 *hands and voice, both free*

I was thinking about certainty and I was so
sure I was going to say something about it
here, whenever this time came

I felt I'd cheated myself

ah, i thought about certainty too

3:27 Once we can see what the other one wrote,
we can't revise what we wrote ourselves and
already so much time has passed.

all about how fucked and marvelous not to

fucking have any

Certainty is a wild ride

this is true

now that I'd like to unreport

Uncertainty is not exactly a ride

3:28 Was that part of something else you're going to finish, when you said "now that I'd like to report"?

simple wish for revision

3:29 These are (not) the thoughts that go through my head when no one is listening (aside from me) but they're all changed here.

I know what you mean

3:30 *present conditions?*

Who said that? Sometimes I can't find the cursor, or the writing doesn't come on my own little writers' screen for a long time after I type it.

3:31 *i'd attribute it to both of us if I had the chance*

I think the conditions of our thoughts are . . . the conditions of our words are . . . I'm not thinking anymore.

3:32 There's nowhere to go but straight. That's what it feels like. Not straight as in linear. Straight out, off. What a strange illusion.

3:33 Someone in the movie you saw had a speech

impediment. I learned after watching it that Peter Lorre didn't know any English when he spoke all those lines in English in the movie I saw.

You do have the chance.

3:34 *I have a certain sudden lack of impediment*

What a relief, whether we have free will or not.

and attention to your speech

I want to know more about you

3:35 *where you are*

what you are doing

Do you feel you can 'hear' this?

no

Sitting at the big formica-covered table eating cheese and crackers, forgetting to pour myself some tea.

3:36 *as your swim*

Hey, where the hell are you and what are you doing? You don't have to answer that.

as your swim

alone

"alone?"

in a sense

3:37 *at table*

wind

trees

in a sense perception, at a table

3:38 In the morning there was reading aloud about
wind blowing, how redundant that is, and how
much it's about the same thing as mind
knowing

this particular table

trees

yours?

ours, obviously!

3:39 rocks thrown, then placed, under the trees

We get to share, I like that.

3:40 the body shifting slightly all the time

3:42 *very slight*

shift

TWO

May 16 – August 29, 2011

Monday, May 16, 2011

6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:30 When we are about to start the screen goes white, but also there is this message, prompting us to begin to “provide content.”

6:31 *As it turns out, I don't mind 'anticipation'*

I feel like I am in another world. Is this the future? We can't pretend it is not us. We expect to be living in the future, and suddenly we are.

the screen hesitates, suggesting 'the writer' will provide content

6:32 I'm so pleased that you are . . . content? here? providing . . . these reminders

6:33 I am content to be here but nervous. I almost thought I had missed the bus, I was so busy looking at my watch.

6:34 *I can't locate an impression of either contentment or discontent*

Carefulness, though

I seem to register

6:35 *My hands are cool*

You and I are the apparatus, and the medium is the content, isn't it? The impression is inside the apparatus, only accessible to . . . one of us lost astronauts.

I don't agree

I don't argue

6:36 *this is a much weightier approach*

than we're used to

given our earlier engagement with this apparatus

I seem to be living out a fictional intelligence.
As if uncovered by operatives from . . . the
space expands and contracts, somewhere in
weightlessness

6:37 I enjoy difference
It seems to ground me

6:38 *apologies*

I'm reflecting on this

I anticipate being surprised by not knowing
what you will say next, even though I never
expected that I would know . . . anything, really

This is a mirror

I anticipated that

this morning

6:39 Your hands are cool
Are your hands still cool?
My clock is digital

*there's a current of air passing over my hands,
very slight*

6:40 feeling out this virtual place

I'm feeling a character shift

I want to repeat what I said to myself before
out loud

please

It doesn't matter. I'm here.

6:41 The air is delightful

6:42 *I can't quite hear it*

Everything is going to be all right.

I'm listening

Stumbling through the confused atmosphere

6:43 *apparently?*

Can you hear me?

Indeed.

Stirring

6:44 *but not in fiction*

Cut out

and not here

remaining

Streams line the bed

6:45 *I saw a young woman in a black leotard cutting
shapes out of a screen of colored projections,
material*

white out

I want to have seen that a minute ago

I want to have seen a minute ago

is what I heard

I want to have seen you pass in a herd of you
in a minute

6:46 *she cut shapes as a kind of heir*

Like a herd of answers

to a distant theater

She cuts them from a board

a screen, yes

6:47 I would scream too if I got cut like that

You think a lot about the words

hands make a slight shift

Do you think?

I recall.

I mean, think so?

6:48 The hands moving that way

I recall

gently, just a little

to the right or left

carriage return

depending on how I mean from where you
look

6:49 *I see.*

squeezed out

6:50 *depending on how you look*

at it?

I do, I try these words out

from where you are?

from here in my nook

where i am lost to time

notation

6:51 *we have one third*

nor is this the first time

as opposed to many

6:52 *from where you are?*

the escape is through

is through?

I can feel your hand out

I disagree

6:53 I'm sorry, I didn't finish that sentence

mein herr, continue

the escape is through the cavity your other
hand is feeling out

6:54 I love to correct my own spelling

i can't get a handle on the scale

loosely speaking

6:55 *too balanced, really*

over night the shapes

*too anywhere between content and not
content*

step wise through the dark space

to cut much shape out of this screen tonight

or getting there where there is a sort of screen

6:56 *she did do that, in fact, a firm positioning of*

Do you have a headache?

(i lost track of that position, no notation

different parts of the body

I haven't.

substituted

6:57 *a firm footing*

close parentheses

*substituted for that earlier notation of theater
and screen*

thank you)

which allows us to

end our troubles here?

6:58

syncopated, in effect. Blustery

how did you know?

I'm thinking about the weather report now

I can't help what I think about

7:00

before it's all over

Monday, May 23, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:30 *I expect that this time you are waiting for me to begin.*

6:31 *How curious, a new feature.*

I am.

Yeah.

6:32 I am confusing myself.

It's a particular hurdle

to click the button to start

6:33 I remembered at the wrong minute, I forgot at the right minute.

I expect that this time you are waiting for me to begin

6:34 Now I am waiting for the window to appear on the blog

To my companion here, and to our audience, I have a technical difficulty. Just a moment please

I love technical difficulties. Maybe we can compound this one.

6:35 *still just a moment*

Where are you everybody? I can't see out this window!

*Let me describe the problem, and you keep on,
Steve*

I have had to reinstall my browser

yesterday

—you keep on, Steve—

You are behind the curtain, and I am in limbo,
sort of

6:36

*and this has caused a new problem, that is
special only to our particular medium*

I am almost certain

You reinstalled your browser, yesterday.

*I can't see or scroll below one fixed place on
the screen*

*Thus I can't see what I write after I send it—
what I have written*

I'm excited about our new problem.

6:37

I still haven't quite learned what a browser is.

And I can't see anything you might be writing

So

I see the screen we both are writing on but you
don't see what I'm writing.

This is an opportunity I expect you'll much like

My typing in the dark

This creates a highly compromised kind of chat.

But it's live.

And your amble

6:38

Without me there so much

I'm sitting in the dark, the only light is from the screen.

to disorient you

Yes I am amiable, or at least I am liking you, really

tremendously

disoriented

by these snack foods in the dark

There is a way I could steal a glance

as if I were

at the movies

6:39

If I wished to and was

but it is not moving that way

quick

with the sleight of hand

you are

very

shall I continue in the dark?

slight

she continues in the dark

6:40

I can hear you, and so I know that —

but i can't see the keyboard very well so i have
to guess omtimes and correct

before I post it

by the light of the keyboard

I can hear something, and so I know that

some

I am very happy that you can hear me

I know that some

I know that some thing

the software makes a noise when it sends
something

is likely

to be going on over

there

6:41

I can't see any part

you know that thing is some something like
going over

beyond my immediate part

the browser

even time

you are immediately apart

is something I can't see

i see the minutes passing

I am listening

6:42 repetitiously, I mean, the same minute passes
again and again, and hangs there

something hurts me

like a billboard

don't bang into the billboards in the dark

Did the something I sent over hurt you?

My muteness

6:43 let's agree not to add to the difficulty, everyone

having no thing in partner to

reply to

everyone you all out there who can neither see
nor hear

aside from

and who are not

aside from the sound which is

here any longer

the sound is invariable, it's always the same

6:44

kind of puzzled

it's just very much all the time the same

I am indignant

this time I am not hearing a sound, oddly

I am responsible

I am upset

but I am not sure for what

by the failure of my browser

I don't want you to feel bad but I love you in
your feeling bad

6:45

I am curious

I don't suppose that is of any use

red yellow orange blue

You sure are able to be a lot of things

whatever

I am curious

I am eating something delightful

I am Abigail

my hands ache a little

6:46

a little bit

No not really

my hands are confused

with each other

they don't know what they feel

but at least they can spe

6:47

It was that sort of day.

Some out of the shadows screaming bloody
murder why don't you

I'm not sure I lived in it.

Acquiesce

I I I I know what you mean

Have I spelled that correctly?

I let myself partly live in it

6:48

The day had a lot of pockets of blacked out
personhood

I went quickly

Yes

Back

Forth

Where it stops

I imagine your delight

I imagine

Nobody knows

*having misconstrued the invariable sound as
your concern or your delight*

6:49 *I forgot*

Now I'll try this sound

I word I love is sparkling

sparkling

6:50 spe spell

spacious sounds in a tight place

I can only respond to myself

feel something about having said that

6:51 I can respond to reading what you write

I don't want to describe the frame

The rest of us also known as them

or tell a story about my day

I am responding to you

respond to the absence

6:52 of any evidence we remembered to show up

Do you look after me?

Memory is irrelevant

I am looking right after you

I am laughing

You look, and then I look, right here

I enjoy

6:53

The chemistry

Perhaps you arrived here full of mood

flat as a diving board

I arrived here full of mood

*Having been too moody and quick all day to
have been actually alive*

6:54

I did arrive full of mood

is funny

You've been swimming, certainly

Lolling along

backstroke

a complex and disturbed book of moods inside
me I couldn't tell how to open

Possibly you're drunk

It's true

as true could be

Suzanne

6:55 which is to say

Possibly

it's real

We are still

between points

*all this time, I can't remember what we call
that object animals have to leap over in rings*

in show rings

You can hear, I can see, the rest can only
imagine

6:56 *Now I am feeling petulant*

"We have to get over this hurdle"

I am feeling patient

and relieved

tiny

6:57 alive

still keeping time

company

a word I haven't ever liked, tremulous

you enjoy them all

that's a word one can only like on special occasions

6:58

circus

i can enjoy a word without liking it

circuit

dessert

I can't see a thing

I don't mind

I wish I could hear you.

are you pleased?

6:59

I wonder if you will ever see this . . . this

I'm nowhere between pleased and displeased

You and I have pleased me but quite differently

exactly

I have had the benefit of seeing

?

precisely?

which I have always loved

7:00

always?

I expect that this time

you'll leave the last word to me

7:01

goodnight

Monday, May 30, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

- 6:30 *You've accepted my invitation so generously
and so often*
- So often generously, even*
- 6:31 *Or happily often*
- 6:32 *Or occasionally, never, it seems.*
- Last week I was here alone, AND you were
here also.*
- 6:33 *This week there is no limit on how many,
how few
how often
how happily
or what scale*
- [my telephone is ringing]*
- 6:34 *[I am instructing Steve to restart his computer]*
- 6:36 *why don't I continue?*
- 6:37 *this is ridiculous. we are failing at a certain
degree of professionalism in our presentation*
- 6:38 *both of us certainly won't fail to appreciate this
invitation to*
- to*

....

to expand a sense of

to revisit a sense of

audience

6:39 *I gave audience to a long suite of practice this long weekend*

I spent time listening

6:40 *in point of fact, I spent all the time listening*

I was alone

attending to a kind of disquiet

6:41 *not musical*

also same as this key here

not playful

not aggressive

6:42 *I was tired of it, I tried*

6:43 *don't give up!*

I was tired of it, I tried

6:44 *First my difficulty, now again my difficulty, to be selfish about it*

to be self-absorbed about it

which brings me to something much on my mind lately

narcissism

6:45 *we were going to discuss it—I mean, I was
going to throw it into the ring*

at some point along the way of our weekly

—can we say, interlocution?—

*well, that would have been one other kind of
invitation*

to a dialogue

6:46 *Steve it seems refrains from joining*

from joining me

His machine refrains on his behalf

6:47 *I have thought of all the things I ought to have
been typing but cannot think of to type or say,
I can't enjoin*

I won't admit an expression of

6:49 *I like it exactly like this.*

Infinite non-approach

6:50 *Although also I am angry*

I do picture a stage

one stool

And no manager in wing

6:51 *to ring the off-stage bell*

the doorbell one would walk off to answer

This is here I mean, you are coming to the truth of it now

This is

I am trying to catch up

while through the other wing

I can't tell how embarrassing this may be

6:52 *the other player arrives*

I've been driving behind

what use is that particular emotion?

You can't see this, can you?

Indeed I can

Waco, Texas

see it

Squeamish, overbearing, tendentious, sorry
lout

6:53 an underrated wordless dream experience

6:54 Stand-off-ish-ness collapsed into corrugated
time frame

I quit. Have fun.

What?

6:55 I can barely type. I'm back. I missed you.

I'm trying to get the light to shine on the keyboard.

6:56

You've

You've had a lot of difficulty

You've had your share I'm sure

This is slow and I don't know how fast people are

6:57

Blasphemy in white socks

I just want to click and click

they're quite quick, really

I just make sense

I'm running out

Then the back scraped against the pool as I was turning

Actually it was closed today because of all the soldiers dying

6:58

I could cry, or, I mean, I am crying, deeply, deep inside, where I can't see or hear

But I hear something

Burning out

Wearing out

6:59

Sending out signals

Where are you?

I'll have to start over again

punishing, avenging

The words are too sensitive, too bold, too fair

7:00

We know them all the same

Monday, June 20, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:31 I was just watching Democracy Now on line. Gates is saying we should wait to see the Taliban realize they can't win before we pull out

During a performance in which I relied on the audience to ask questions, I was asked what would be the case if no one asked any questions

6:32 Jasper and I watched a movie based on a John LeCarre novel set in Africa where the pharmaceutical corporations were sponsored by the British government in testing a new drug for an anticipated tuberculosis epidemic, and they would abandon those people who had bad side effect reactions.

6:33 *There's something mulish about the slow approach tonight*

When you asked that question of the audience, did you feel you were violating the terms of your unspoken agreement?

a creature who counts with its hooves

6:34 Are they taught to do that by people?

I wonder what the mules think they are doing.

a creature which counts

that counts

6:35 Are you saying that the mules might not be

appropriately designated with the pronoun
"who"?

one effect of having been taught to count

Today, here, it was warm, but not hot, and
terribly pleasant, and not as breezy as
yesterday.

6:36 *one affected by having been taught to count*

Sunny, with clouds. The clouds have been
heartbreakingly beautiful, if your heart is so
inclined, although they have not been
particularly unusual, I suppose.

the heat here's epidemic

6:37 *having been taught to rise*

incline

I've been taught a lot, and it's affected me a lot,
and I am sure it's made me affected, I mean,
how can it not? One aspires to know
something, and then, having learned
something, one presents some sort of version
or variation on it, as though this were
communication.

6:38 *a creature who counts*

With me, it seems like a tragic sense of life
slips over into the pathetic very easily. I guess
that might be slipping on the incline.

6:39 I think we all count. We all count with me.

Jasper gave me a scarab beetle, actually the
corpse of one, embedded in clear glass,

yesterday, as a gift.

a paper weight?

6:40

Exactly. Or at least I think so.

a green beetle?

I haven't actually tried weighing any paper down with it yet. But I anticipate doing so.

Let me go check the color.

6:41

a little beetle?

a large glass?

The body is about an inch long, but with those 6 legs it's a couple inches long. As is the glass it's in.

6:42

The color is very dark, but not black. I think it's a kind of very dark version of dried blood red.

in case

in case of

6:43

I thought it was a really nice gift. We don't generally get to hold such a beetle live. And if we hold one dead, it's soon thrown out, or crushed accidentally, or mislaid. This one, because of the glass, is likely to stick around, and stay in one piece.

in its case

that sort of beetle

We all count. We all matter.

6:44 In fact, much later that same day, after we had been out for a long time and come back, and when we were tired and the goodness and wholeness of the day was beginning to unravel or deviate in more than one direction, Jasper pointed out a beetle he saw between the top layer of floorboards upstairs.

6:45 *poor glass*

Why poor glass?

although i'm much more comfortable with the beetle in glass than the one delivering your floorboards

Actually I have half a mind that it's a sort of plastic or could it be epoxy?

6:46 *a resin*

It didn't actually deliver them, it just appeared there, along with them.

i have a note in glass

It was about the same size, but not the same color.

resin, epoxy, or glass

6:47 I'd like to have a note. I don't know if I'd like it in glass. Does it help? Does it change the note in a way that helps?

one small part of a score, in glass

I'm thinking about things, enjoying communicating with you. I appreciate this.

- The score of a piece of music.
- 6:48 The musical sounds, how to make them appear, are represented in the note.
- I think.
- Every day is different.
- 6:49 I'm thinking of you. Are you feeling mulish?
- no*
- I am thinking of the note in glass*
- 6:50 Silent
- and your beetle*
- no*
- Still
- No?
- 6:51 *the creature which counts*
- Our thoughts overlap.
- Yes, counting. Us too. We are counted, and noticing this, we count back.
- 6:52 *that counts*
- What's the difference for you between that and which?
- 6:53 Peace in the valley. Is that a song?
- 6:54 *recalcitrant grammar here*

Do you mean that? I'll have to look up
recalcitrant.

that was a feint, i apologize

6:55 Oh, okay, I'll look it up some other time.

It didn't count.

*i mean alike, like beetle and note. recalcitrant. i
can never remember the difference between
that and which*

in that sense.

I can hear it

When I taught grammar in Barcelona, I had to
learn it. I think that's why I think I know.

6:56 What can you hear, though?

the difference between that and which!

me too

*who needs to bother knowing it, unless there's
a chimney involved*

6:57 there's very little about a chimney involved in
my life

the third house which has a chimney

not the second or the first

Where are you taking me??

6:58 *god knows*

it's hot here

I had a dream of being carried away. It was in the back of my head. I was awake at the time.

epidemic

That's a good description of it.

epidermic

I dreamt of a house

6:59

epic

Here the epidermis is thick with moisture and anticipates showering and bathing and swimming

The swimming goes on on and on

like your glass, an epic maquette

7:00

My wristwatch always chimes at 10 pm, on weekdays.

good that you mention it

Monday, July 11, 2011

5:30pm east

5:30 I think I'll choose another chair.

5:31 Are you there?

We could go on like this all night.

5:32 Tomorrow is another day.

You have to wait.

5:33 *There's a lag*

The story of my life

I don't know that one yet.

I have learned to love the lag.

5:34 *You've had some training*

Are you okay, Steve?

I had to cough. Now I'm all right.

5:35 *Not dead yet.*

No

5:36 Lagging, though

I have learned that restlessness is not speed.

I see

I am working on listening

5:37 *One is a milk with a hint of hazelnut, that's the pale one, the darker one is extreme dark*

I love the way it keeps on going, no matter what

5:38 *You are working on listening*

Yes, I hope so

Who tasked you with that?

(hope)

She's leaving again so soon

I think you helped me to formulate the intention somehow

5:39 I've no idea how to measure it

I hadn't any hand in it

I've no idea how to measure it

She was here and now she's gone, we hear the car driving down the gravel driveway

How do you think you'll measure it?

It was a hands-off impression that was made

I'd like to take off this sweatshirt

5:40 I'm thinking of listening better by leaving the period off the ends of the sentences

Nice work

Anything might help

if you can and all that.

I'm working on it

In fact I suggest a little end stop now and again.

5:41 I don't have any clear idea about how I will measure it, the listening

I'm listening

Maybe the end stop would show that I'm listening . . . that I'm listening, too.

What color shirt are you wearing?

5:42 The last two responses, I had wanted to italicize one word in each, but I couldn't figure out how

I can hear the clock ticking behind you, Steve

I haven't thought to sort that out yet.

I think you know what color shirt I am wearing, because you are seeing

It's blue

I'm listening

And we see the times next to our responses

5:43 I hesitate to offer a philosophical reflection

(Steve laughed a lot before pressing send on that last one.)

5:44 *If I may make address to our readership*

You can't do much better than that

Hello

Hi

Welcome Steve to Maine

Welcome, Steve, to Maine

5:45 *I feel I should apologize*

5:46 *You really had to be there*

Waiting is listening, sometimes

To oneself, largely

5:47 Oops, I think that was philosophical

If I were on the other half of the continent my inclination would have been to issue a corrective

5:48 A more accurate account of the way things are?

There's that fascinating word back there, "our"

our what?

our readership

ah.

5:49 Would most sentences articulate their principles and intentions just as clearly, or perhaps even more so, if the words were redistributed within them in random order?

5:50 *Try it, I'm listening.*
Our feet are bare

Are bare feet our

5:51 Are our feet bare

good question

good for what?

for listening?

I proposed that to myself and then skipped it

5:52 Before or after

5:53 *Let's try some other angle, ok?*

Back to the feet

We are here, feet bare

Feeling them here

*I had to take the damn sweater off, it's warm in
Maine*

Mine against the floor, cool

I can no longer hear the clock

Cool later in the night

You got a tan

What happened to that noise

I like the way my skin feels

You acquired one midday

5:54

Hot

Deep

Moist

bright

5:55

*There was a thing crafted by someone trained
to craft things that sail or float*

We admired the work and leaned on it happily
then

listen,

5:56

affogato, a word I wouldn't mind

ok, bright, moist, hot

5:57

I like the way I can vary the lighting

dark

can you say more about that?

5:58

Yes bright and dark and everything else you
say

There is a lot to hear in here

we're rather differently agreeable

Yes

I never quite understand that word

agreeable

I think I know that

5:59 I wonder if that makes it harder for me to like it

You like all words, but not equally, it is revealed at last

What makes a word more or less likable (agreeable?), to anyone?

hot, bright, dark

6:00 night, shot, called

This is always a little like an old movie

I haven't seen that one yet

6:01 Maybe conversation is the intersection of two people talking to themselves while thinking of one another in various ways

It's dangerous to say something

in one of those old movies

6:02 and yet they do it all the time, often very quickly

Why are you shaking your head, Steve?

I thought you had seen it already

the movie, I mean

6:03 *I am taking advantage of our odd proximity to watch you go about it*

6:04 *She came back rather quickly I think*

Given those infinite distances one has to travel, when doing what the locals do

Suddenly the car drives up and
she must have been somewhere

6:05 in the dark

Is it dark?

I'm facing the door, which is open, and the
what's-it-called door, with the plastic windows
in it, which is closed

6:06 and the view through the windows is very dark
except for the reflection of your laptop screen

6:07 If this were a Ted Berrigan poem, one might
say it's 6:07

6:08 But not if he were writing on the East Coast

This could be fiction

There are a lot of interesting possibly
interesting choices not to make

6:09 *I had a look at Steve's screen*

6:10 Did that change anything?

*And took a little time to watch some element
of composition from over his shoulder. I think
it's possible he's not very fond of this mode,
this one I'm using now.*

I think perhaps.

Which mode?

We got a little bit of movement, some sort of shift

6:11 I started to smile and it was seen

I'm not sure I would have noticed

6:12 *Hello?*

6:13 I answered the phone

6:14 I came to a fairly rapid consensus with the caller

6:15 *Clearly something quite different has to happen under these circumstances, my friend.*

6:18 *A little earlier than now*

This is a chat, though

you listened to your caller and came to a fairly rapid consensus

6:19 *there wasn't terribly difference in degree of agreeability*

I was glad to shift back to chat, which I am feeling more . . .

thinking of one another, and talking to oneself, as you suggest, an element of danger

more?

6:20 *am I listening?*

so many . . .

- The words all seem so . . .
- 6:21 I think you are
agreed.
- 6:23 *We're having a chat backchannel.*
There are two editors in the room
*Also called the kitchen, I think
only two?*
bodies I recognize
- 6:25 more chats than one
seven chairs, by my count.
This different chair encourages a different
slump in my back
*I might have missed one
slump or another*
- 6:26 Each chair returns me to a posture familiar
from another past
I hadn't considered that.
- 6:27 Maybe this is what is meant by a "late style"
There is one editor in the room
- 6:28 Hmmm
An auditor

or two

I was here on time, you know

Very

much so

6:29 *I'll tell you about that some time*

The dog has left, the landlady prefers to watch
a movie

This one that you're in now,

6:30 *more distant or more near?*

Let's say I think you mean this movie

Alright then

6:31 More near, and yet the words sound like more
distant would sound better, so then what?

More near

*I think this whole set-up would be quite, quite
curious live*

6:33 *I wait in another way entirely, and listen to
new and different things under this new
constraint*

6:34 I have little doubt

*Listen, I'm waiting for you, knowing inexactly
but much more accurately than before what it
is you might be up to*

6:35 I was about to say "I'm eager and excited to
learn what constraint you are referring to" but

maybe that's it, you have a fuller apprehension of how I am working compositionally

6:36 That's way off, and that's ridiculous, right?

off, but not ridiculous

I'd like to apologize

6:37 *what's the difference?*

please describe.

6:38 Describe what?

I'm asking you to describe the difference.

6:39 I don't know what difference you mean. Did I say difference? I forget.

Thank you, that's perfect.

Would you like to change chairs?

6:40 But you mean which posture, okay, some way my feet are out in front of me now on the ottoman and my back is all curved around, it reminds me mostly of my father, about this time at night, on his third cocktail, maybe, but I don't feel like him now, I'm pretty sure

Yes, I will

You look much more comfortable. Are you?

6:41 Yes, very, and ready to get up again

Did you learn anything by having done that?

6:42 I think I learned more things than I can keep

track of to put them into words

I like the way my back feels better now

I'm glad.

Much better

That means a lot to me

My gladness or your back?

6:43 The way it feels to me

I'm glad.

You haven't changed chairs but you have
thrown things and you have come over to see
what's on my screen

Indeed.

If this were stand-up

6:44 *It would be a miserable fucking failure*

Why do I keep thinking of other genres

Ok, I'll just say it

Why does Steve keep thinking of other genres?

6:45 You know why

*Well, I might not think to admit it would be
very*

*I might think that to think that would not be
very*

Everyone but Steve knows who

6:46 *I have an answer but that No*

I meant why

This is still a chat, though

6:47 *I don't want to wrestle this long with trying not to say and then going ahead to wish i had not said this is not a chat*

and then doing it anyway and feeling regretful in advance of and after the fact

6:48 *i like that*

feeling

perhaps

I apologize, I wasn't listening. Why do you keep thinking of other genres?

To me it's like meditation, a slew of other things go on and I return to remembering that I'm meditating

6:49 And listening to the breath, for instance

I can't say what it's like

That's part of how this is a chat, really

6:51 If we work differently we play differently and yet we are friends

How many chats?

6:52 *A small spider's just made its way from me to*

you

6:53 I was so surprised to hear that that my mouth gaped open and my eyebrows went way up

Oh there it is!

Alive

(I can vouch for that)

for all of that

6:54 *Are you tired?*

Yes, I like it this way

6:55 Many people are really very very tired

I'm surprised you aren't doing yoga by now

6:56 *Of course I am, obviously.*

I love the difficulty of doing this, this chat, and these chats, which is also the difficulty of friendship, isn't it?

6:57 *That is a good question.*

going on for a long time, hopefully

You might be right.

6:58 *Would you like to have a drink, Steve?*

I certainly would

Monday, July 18, 2011

9:30pm east

6:30 *I don't like to give coordinates, but, I'm on the Indian subcontinent*

6:31 *parrots*

I find it hard to think of coordinates. What colors go together? Do parrots' colors tell us something about their taste?

that might be the incorrect latitude for tropical flora, in fact

(Long pause)

6:32 *I'm too north of there.*

I'm just thinking. Parrots. The sound. People sometimes have parrots.

6:33 A lot of thoughts at once.

6:34 *Four.*

There are four.

I think this is very accurate.

I cannot dispute it.

6:35 *Four parrots.*

Maybe you'd like to walk north or south while we are chatting.

Impossible to determine accurate coordinate here

Things are melting

6:36 Reaching around for things

Have you got my

I haven't, no.

I apologize.

You were going to help me to do without it,
and then we forgot all about it

6:37 I found my other thing though

That's inaccurate. All of it.

That goes without saying

Reaching around for

6:38 *That's inaccurate, no*

The right thing to say

I'm on the Indian subcontinent

Stepping out of the box into the light, or
something

You're pacing.

Like we are exchanging counters

Replacing

counterfeits

6:39 The music swells to a not exactly a crescendo

The replacements.

More than they had bargained for

Stovetop diplomacy

6:41 *That's quite a crowd.*

You have there.

I have here and there both

The air is thick with them

And who's there with you?

You are here and there both.

6:42 *It's a jungle out here.*

(Long pause)

Parrots, in disguise as baby rabbits

a.k.a "bunnies"

6:43 Scattered

but too long in the ear to count for that

I apologize!

scattered—-that reminds me of our old friend

Our old friend . . . We are so good at
interrupting and apologizing

this is a disaster—Babs—

6:44 The jungle is a disaster

Babs got lost in it

I wonder whether the animals and insects be
friended her or . . .

6:45 Do you remember her at the very end, I mean,
the last time you saw her, what did she say?

I could obsess about this

6:46 *Please, I'd like to watch that.*

Go.

I wonder what it would look like

"or the other way around"

Were those her last words?

6:47 I'm afraid to think out loud

Now

*I am going to make very clear statements from
here on.*

I am on the Indian subcontinent.

You are afraid to think out loud.

You wonder what it would look like.

What in hell is the Indian subcontinent?

6:48 *I've been there once before, a long time ago,
and I am here again now.*

I'm glad I don't have fleas.

You don't have fleas.

Does the Indian subcontinent (which is hard to spell) agree with you?

I watched the storm coming from Belle Isle.

6:49 That sounds very pleasant

Have you enough to eat there?

I apologize, yes, I have enough to eat here.

Have you had enough to eat there?

6:50 Here we lap water vigorously out of a bowl on the floor every once in a while

Ah.

That is quite a crowd you have there.

There's a satisfaction in that, crowding around the bowl, cheek by jowl

6:51 Is there a temple where you are?

Here the water drops vigorously from the leaves several hours after the storm passes.

Is there a temple where you are?

6:52 *I apologize.*

I am going to wear out that mechanism.

Is there a temple where you are?

That sounds very pleasant

Cheek by jowl

I think so. It all seems like a temple, actually. I can't distinguish any particular temple.

6:53 *Index of the*

Something is waiting for something and something is lifting something and something is turning something around, but I can't tell which is which

Very clear in statements, of course, but in fact, if there is such a thing

6:54 What index?

This might be like going to the store

6:55 *Can you elaborate on that?*

I mean will you

I am so glad I have you to talk to. Oddly, this is how I put it, but I mean something else. I am glad you have me to talk to, even though you don't have to talk to me.

6:56 This is all there is

It seems like

When you put it that way, there's no need to.

Need to . . . what? Don't apologize

6:57 *I'm on another continent, just days apart. We're going to have to recalibrate, coordinate, etc. I won't*

This is a real displeasure. Are you there?

6:58 We have to settle there, I was thinking, on the continent, but then you expressed the sense that something (“this”) was a “real” displeasure. I’m not sure which words to put in quotation marks, really.

It’s like going to the store, which I all along mistook for “shore”.

I mistook “recalibrate” for “celebrate”

6:59 The rest of them mistook other words for other words

(Long pause)

7:00 In the jungle

Monday, July 25, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

- 6:31 Hey
- 6:32 *I think what you mean by that is*
Hello.
- 6:33 It's a signal like saying hi to start - Hi, Suzanne

Yeah

I think what you mean by that is

You are ready to get started.

Hey is yeah backwards
- 6:34 I'm here, signaling you know, yeah

I think what you mean by that might be you'll
give it a go in any direction.

I yeah I thought yeah what's happening

I think you mean it

light-heartedly
- 6:35 *convivially*

Yeah

Not too serious

I think what you mean by that is

Just uh letting you know we can you know

chat

easy-come, easy-go.

I think what you mean by that is

Like setting up the set-up

you're open to chatting.

6:36 I don't know what's supposed to happen. Yeah, right

I think what you mean is you're getting settled in.

I lost a raisin down my front

Yeah, right

I think what you might mean by that is some ticklishness

in settling into it.

Maybe, later

6:37 *I think you don't mean much at all by that. You're waiting for something.*

Amiable, I think you said. Like you said

I think what you refer to is six or four chats back.

That is, once

6:38 Oh cause I thought you just said that

My memory is better than I thought

- 6:39 I get words mixed up
- I just like to talk about things but I get tired of talking to myself
- I get more tired talking just to myself
- 6:40 *I think you mean perhaps that you tire yourself out, talking so often to yourself*
- Is that what you thought I meant
- Anyway, what's happening and everything
- Do you talk to yourself
- 6:41 *I think perhaps you mean that you'd like to take that thought and turn it back on itself. I think what you mean by this is easy come, easy go.*
- I don't know
- 6:42 *I think not.*
- What do you think, I mean, what do you like
- 6:43 *I like a good question.*
- I like leaving these sentences without end stops
- How do you know a question is good
- 6:44 *I imagine you liking that*
- I know but
- I think what you mean by that is*

What for you makes a question a good one
having to do with a good lack of stop.

6:45 No stop means fill in the blanks

6:46 The dinosaur is leaning over the edge of the cliff looking at the volcano in the distance when a comet comes plummeting into the valley below

I think what you mean by that is to otherwise direct the course I'm pursuing

6:47 *I think what you mean by that is to pursue another line of inquiry*

still sans stop.

I'm excited by the idea that you are pursuing a course

6:48 *I'm appreciative of the course of that comet.*

Smack into that valley

I wonder what was there before that gigantic crater and everything

I think what you mean by that is

It could happen to anyone, right

6:49 Not ity, I'm sorry, I meant it

Okay, I talk too much

6:50 *I think what you meant by that was not to have inadvertently decreased my sense, by a bit, of appreciative evaluation of the course of that*

comet.

I think what you mean by that is to ask if you have traveled too far.

6:51 *I think perhaps it would be of interest if you would say a little more.*

About

6:52 *I think I could more properly consider your extinct creature.*

6:53 *If you could say a little more.*

I'm still wondering about you talking to yourself, how much you do or something

I think what I do is about the average amount.

6:54 I do get quite a kick sometimes out of talking to myself and I think it's beyond the average because often people are calling attention to it and I myself call attention, my own attention, to it especially when I think it's really not very interesting or remarkable at all

*I think you could mean how do we compare.
Or you could mean it would be of interest to have said more.*

6:55 It would interest me for you to have said more, or to hear or read I mean what you say or I mean write

Maybe compare

6:56 I don't know if a comparison would be valid in any particular way

Do you

I think perhaps you'd like to hear not more but other.

6:57 Yes other

I can be very annoying

6:58 *I think you might mean to suggest this passage has been a bit irritating.*

6:59 *Thank you for bearing it.*

I would hope so, I mean that it was, irritating

Not a problem

7:00 *Good night to all our friends and fellows out there.*

Monday, August 1, 2011
6:30pm west / 9:30pm east

6:30 Okay, hi

Hi

I like to start on time

That's novel

6:31 There's nothing like it

Correct. Nothing kin.

We didn't make up any rules in advance

6:32 *I didn't either.*

Anyone could start anywhere

One did.

What does "we" mean?

I wonder.

I have lots of ideas earlier

6:33 *I generally start out that way too.*

At the moment I have only this one idea

Please divulge.

But there are a lot of other ideas running
around it

Please go on.

They're laughing and crying and trying to keep a straight face

6:34 I'm not sure they know what they're doing

They're laughing and crying and trying to keep a straight face.

I understand.

Do you?

Yes, I think you do

6:35 *They're laughing and crying and carrying on, go on*

These cherries are really good

6:36 I love the way you raise the degree of difficulty

6:37 *By degree?*

I don't know

I think it's more naturally the place likely to have come to.

It's a phrase from diving

6:38 It's maybe the place likely to have come to more naturally

Like diving in

6:39 *Let me pass you this object.*

Okay

Thanks

OH!

6:40 It's exciting to dive into the old quarry because
the water is so murky

And you might come up anywhere

For air

6:41 *Or underneath discover almost anything*

Without my glasses

6:42 *A quarry is like a canyon*

Can a canyon fill with water too?

6:43 *Perhaps we are avoiding the subject.*

I stop myself from sending certain things that I
write

Tonight

6:44 Because they are not on topic

*Why do you stop yourself from sending certain
things that you write, tonight?*

Because

They call attention to what anyone can already
notice without having it pointed out

6:45 *That is an interesting point of view.*

The subject might be what hasn't been
remarked on yet

By whom?

- By one of us, I think
- 6:46 By either one of us, I suppose
- Please display the topic.*
- I think I am like a terrier
- That's not the topic
- 6:48 There is always the theme of exposing oneself in public
- Or is that the subject?
- That's the sort of thing I was suppressing a little while ago
- 6:49 *I am thinking of the terrier's public.*
- And the terrier?
- 6:50 *I am wondering about the terrier's possibility of revealing itself in public.*
- 6:51 I don't think the terrier can help but reveal itself in public
- I disagree.*
- 6:52 Really? Why?
- I like the way you raise the degree of difficulty.*
- 6:53 I think we're veering toward the subject
- Nice work!*
- If you can get it

There's always more to get.

6:54 I love that about it

*Get closer to the edge of that board, Steve,
don't back away.*

It's tempting to throw in about a million more
ideas right now

6:55 *We have six minutes.*

But there is no board

Or five.

I disagree.

Or

Why?

6:56 *There is an edge, you've come upon it,
certainly.*

The edge is on the rock, but there isn't a board,
just a rock

A lot of rock

You've decided to stay at the quarry.

6:57 When you're there, there's always a lot more

But in time, there is always a lot less

Now is time, in a way, but there's always a lot
more of it

6:59 Staking myself on this — the water

Monday, August 08, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:31 Whenever I start this thing, it seems to do nothing. So then I need to start it again. Then it starts.

You've started this thing.

6:32 The platform that the chat goes on.

6:33 *You got this thing going on.*

What did you do?

I got here late.

6:34 I thought of a ship turning in the ocean.

6:35 *I thought that the fellow was carrying his pen in so alarming a manner, I changed cars.*

Is that what kept you?

6:36 *It was the second point of delay.*

6:37 *I thought of a ship turning in the ocean.*

Did you think that because you read my telling you I thought that?

6:38 I can't imagine you think the same thing I think, really. But I also want to tell you and I want you to understand.

I thought of the motion of the water at the point where the hull of the ship meets the ocean.

- 6:39 To me that's a movement in the thought.
What are you trying to tell me?
That I'm here.
- 6:40 *What would you like me to tell you?*
- 6:41 I want you to tell me simply what you want to tell me.
- 6:42 *I was on the telephone yesterday.*
- 6:43 *I was connected to someone below the equator.*
Isn't that amazing?
- 6:44 *I could walk freely around the room, around the bed, which was in the center of the room.*
That went really well. I feel like I can imagine it. It reminds me of the water you were mentioning earlier.
- 6:45 *What does it remind you of?*
- 6:46 The motion of the water at the point where the hull of the ship meets the ocean.
What has reminded you of the hull of the ship where the water meets it?
You cutting through the atmosphere with the phone moving around the bed, turning in the space, creating currents or channels of air.
- 6:47 Does this seem absurd?
- 6:48 *No.*

I don't seem to have that freedom. My home seems to have been invaded. I keep hearing voices. They're not real. It's kind of uncomfortable.

I'm uncomfortable having said that.

6:49 But I was trying to represent a feeling state and a situation that the feeling is in, between me and this environment.

6:51 Where are you now?

6:53 At the bottom of the window it always says "The host has disabled reader comments." Suddenly I thought of the reader as you, and wondered if you were unable to respond for some reason.

I am the reader, and I am quite responsive.

6:54 I believe that's true. And am I the reader too?

6:57 I am not seeing much response. I don't know why. Why?

I don't know why you are not seeing much response. Why?

6:58 Because there is not much written there, and that's all I can see of your response.

6:59 *I am surprised*

7:00 Three words, but I don't know what is surprising you.

Monday, August 15, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:30 *Tell me something about mood*

Well, I have one. Hmm.

It's sort of mildly curious and striped.

6:31 *Striped with what?*

6:32 *I always have one but I don't always notice*

Have you got one too?

I don't tend to notice the little moods, only the big ones

6:33 Yes, I seldom really think about it unless it's giving me a lot of attention. I think it's got zebra striping, actually. I don't know what that's doing there.

What does that mean, steve?

I think it should be a lot earlier in the afternoon than it supposedly is but I am interested in all these tasks and I keep getting things done

6:34 Now I am starting to make dinner as if my children were here

Because it will have pasta in it

I think I haven't learned anything about mood

6:35 *Or I have learned that in one kind of mood you prepare a meal for yourself with respect to the desires or abstract wishes of absent others,*

maybe out of longing

Maybe out of expectation

Maybe out of habit or hope

Maybe out of affection & the desire to create a situation adjacent to the real one, a mood where your children would be there, but aren't there

6:36

Maybe out of maybe
Maybe might be a mood too
Are you trying to learn something about mood?

Perhaps it was by accident, or in the mood of having been efficient you prepare pasta 'just in case'

I do miss them

I imagine some conversing with them that I want soon

a preemptive strike on the desires of diners

6:37

Pasta answers the should it have carbs in it question without resorting to a whole grain

I had quinoa last night at the zendo

Are you eating anything right now?

Coffee.

On the other hand, tell me something about collaboration

6:38

Tell me something about work

Collaboration does not hinge on success

Success is a red herring

I gave up after an hour trying to figure out if there we

Why would you make that statement?

It's fishy

If there were gaps in my payments for billings and sent a couple questions to my billing agent by email.

6:39 The tofu and sausage are in the hot wok.

Why I said it: you asked me to tell you some thing about collaboration and that was what I thought of. Maybe I should have thought longer first.

Why think longer

I'm going to attempt shorter thinking

6:40 *I'm not going to think at all*

Down with thinking

When you're stir frying short thoughts are very supportive

Has thinking completely disappeared?

6:41 My kitchen timer has mysteriously turned into a clock and insists that it is 4:08 am. It is adamant. It will not budge.

So I add garlic and tomato to the stir fry. The

kale got in a couple minutes ago.

Tofu sausage or sausage made of meat I wonder

6:42 Sausage of tofu nature.

In my work environment there is success or failure of collaboration. This is not a collaborative environment

There is failure to collaborate

I am disaffected

Petulant

6:43 *And bored.*

Failure to collaborate is a poor kind of success.

Defiant and lazy.

I guess I really got these plates to celebrate your visit but I was too shy to admit it.

6:44 *Yes I knew the plates were about my visit*

But whether it was to celebrate or to tidy or to impress I couldn't be sure

You know everything. How about 'cooperate'? That might be a middle ground between collaboration and

6:45 *There's an even greater failure to cooperate*

I don't know everything, but in some dimensions you are very plain

I am bored and concerned

*You have a hot wok, possibly cooling by now,
& meat made from beans*

It was definitely celebrate. I know that.

6:46 Failure to cooperate is a sin. Plain and simple.

And pasta made from wheat

Is is some kind of place

You are here but not enough

If you were here I'd have opened the wine and
not made pasta but you aren't here in that way

6:47 *I want to be there with you having a glass of
wine & rice pasta with kale*

It is stupid to be here instead

That'd be so good if you were here like that

*Even though rice pasta with kale sounds kind
of disgusting*

This is all very stupid.

6:48 *My mother would like to visit in 2 fridays*

Pretty soon you'll be leading kittens on leashes

It would be fun to eat. Disgust is all in your
mind. What I loved in Harry Potter were those
portkeys and other kinds of teleportation.

I can't talk about harry potter

You could also love star trek

You can't talk about it.

I could but I don't.

About which I also can't say anything

6:49 I don't love Harry Potter but I love portkeys.

I suppose a portkey is a fantastic device that takes a body from one place to another

But, like a lot of things, I never thought about it before.

Like a text messaging machine

Yeah

Machine

I'm fed up

You're cooked.

with uncooperative colleagues

6:50 *with cubicles*

They don't deserve your attention.

Tell me something else you've never thought of before

6:51 Cubicles seem really awful to me. I'm okay with study carrels in a library but not office cubicles. It would drive me batty, which seems to be well underway for you today. You are pursuing a way out.

6:52 *Let's pursue a new topic. How's the tofu & tell me something you've never thought of before*

The spaghetti noodles are really unmanageable over here.

What if we just reproduce this dialogue on the chat tonight? I never thought of that before. It would be fishy, right?

6:53 *I was thinking this earlier. This is today's chat*

The tofu is the best part, marinated and a bit crusty but still juicy too

Why not, anyway?

You started it

it's our damn project

Why the hell not I say!!

6:54 *Let's discuss on phone how much, what, before we do it. I like this idea*

Okay I like the phone
Our timing may be off, with me not cooking and everything. Or the part where I went upstairs to get a sweatshirt and saw the clothes I decided finally to fold and put away before I came back downstairs again.

6:55 *I think we just retype it*

There's no other way

The fingers will have to cooperate

Ha ha. Now you're performing for an audience

other than me.

No and yes

The audience is the chat itself

6:56

*I have to go to a meeting now. I will call you
when I get home & before chat*

The chat consciousness

Like a French cat

Okay. Later

*Take a close look at your two modes of
performance*

Okay. Later

Monday, August 22, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:30 hi Suzanne

hi Steve

6:31 i blew something off from between the keys of the keyboard, some kind of — food, i think.

i didn't blow anything off today. i was more likely to fulfill my obligations than usual.

6:32 *I turned up.*

i'm still out of breath from getting here

I was expecting you not to arrive at all.

I was already alarmed

6:33 i was almost late but i was here within a few minutes

things keep happening around here

things happen here at an extraordinarily slow

pace

6:34 here the pace is changing all the time, with no time to stop and think except while in transit

it's good to imagine hearing the sounds of your voice

6:36 i helped my daughter figure out how to make her new alarm clock work

- she didn't want to read the manual
- 6:37 it sounds slow there
- Most clocks are simple to set without much reference to instruction.*
- that's probably what she was thinking
- Did you read the manual on her behalf?*
- 6:38 i read enough of it to do what we couldn't do without it that we wanted to do today
- Look, what's going on with these chats? (I assume you mean, 'get up')*
- 6:39 'get there'
- 'on time'
- i don't know what's going on, i'm still wondering, but i'm looking for it
- i want to know you're there, that's all
- 6:40 i like it when you shake me up too
- I am rather irritated that the chat, on this weekly basis, seems mainly to function as reassurance that I am chatting with you*
- i got praised by someone on the at&t line for being so patient this evening
- 6:41 mainly to you or mainly to me?
- 6:42 *Did you deserve to be praised for patience by the AT&T customer service person? Was the service person mainly grateful you weren't*

upset? Were you upset and registering it only slightly? did you throw a tantrum and did the service person later anyway thank you for your patience, which was really just admonition that you weren't at all patient, or deserving of praise?

when i find something that i'm irritated with, at least in this framework, it seems like it would be something to go for, to get at or go into or something

I haven't asserted that the chat reassures me of your presence in chatting

You are aloof

6:43 that's one of many things you haven't asserted, but you have asserted i'm aloof. you have not asserted that you're aloof.

nor did the at&t person

I don't withdraw that possibility

6:44 i wasn't looking to be praised

Was it praise?

6:45 not exactly. she was appreciative, she did say, like you suggested, that people are often annoyed, angry, upset, and reactive, or something like that

and she was hard to understand until she started talking about that. she was hard to understand when talking about time and money and data plans and units

Does it please you to have had this exchange

with the customer service representative?

6:46 i was bowled over, and i liked that. nothing like that has ever happened before on a call like that. i told my daughter it was very special

6:47 does it annoy you i keep mentioning other people, my daughter, the woman on the phone?

Bowled over by her expression of your patience? or by a sense that you were talking with a person who could sense your patience, and articulate her sense of it?

6:48 bowled over by her candor about how the phone call felt on her end and how other phone calls are so much harder for her to live with

She expressed that her other phone calls are uncomfortable or unpleasant, or difficult?

yes, she said usually it happens people are very difficult and restless and give her a hard time. my daughter said, well, after all, you are a psychologist

6:49 *I am not annoyed by the introduction of others into our chat — but there aren't any others, only you.*

not you?

6:50 *I am present, you have already established that, by asserting earlier that you come to the chat for that.*

6:51 you are present but only insofar as i asserted it?

how am i present?

6:53 i went and cut a peach in half while i was waiting

6:57 how annoyed are you, anyway?
there is so much to say.
there are so many ways to look at these chats that i don't know what to think.
then i think you are certain that there is one important way to look at them and i am missing it.
i was thinking about, coming here, if we did this every week at the same time, without announcing it, without anyone watching it or reading it, during or after, what kind of performance that would be and how would it be different
i keep thinking about that

I am not annoyed, which I have been now and again during our chats.

I am furious.

6:58 *I have thought often about doing this every week, with or without announcing it, with or without care if or if not others are watching or reading, when they are and when they are not. I am interested in it*

6:59 i am listening

you are incorrect that i think of it one important way or another

7:00 i thought i might be, it wasn't that i was asserting something about you, i was asserting something that i think, sometimes

Monday, August 29, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:31 *I thought I'd take up a different position this time. Organize myself in another way.*

6:32 Okay. I'm interested.

I thought, differently situated, that might alter what's already an unforeseen sequence of events.

6:33 It might. I'm interested.

I wonder what sort of position you've taken up to sit down to this chat, and whether you can determine or articulate difference.

6:35 Okay. I've been trying to help my daughter to accomplish an on-line task on a different medium, without success. This has resulted in modest frustration and brusque but courteous abandonment of her intended goal. That abandonment occurred at about 6:32 pm.

6:36 *Frustration for whom?*

Frustration for both her and myself. Meanwhile, post-tropical-storm conditions have resulted in abrupt changes of plans for family deployment, as well as advancing complexities of other relationship experiences.

6:38 So, what's different for you?

I am lying down instead of sitting up.

I sometimes really love lying down. How's it working for you?

- 6:39 *I'm not oriented particularly differently to the proposal to chat.*
- 6:40 I'm into subtle differences, ones I hardly know what to make of.
I am 'the same'.
- 6:41 Who put quotation marks around "the same"? I mean, who's quoting whom?
- 6:42 *I typed the single quote mark around 'the same'.*
- 6:43 What does that mean? Is there some kind of an irony to it?
I'm into subtle differences, I like to make something of them. No, I didn't intend to deploy irony with the mark.
- 6:44 *I hadn't any target.*
What difference did it make for you to use the quotation marks?
What did you make of it?
- 6:45 Well, I made of it that I didn't know what was intended, and that I wondered if there was some kind of irony. Not knowing, but being really curious, I asked. So you could say that asking was what I made of it, after I'd kind of come up short.
- 6:46 How in the world do you actually do this lying down, anyway?
- 6:47 *It's restful.*

I'm trying to imagine it.

6:48 *I wonder if it is more difficult for you to imagine me here typing lying down than it is for me to imagine you at your kitchen table, where it is possible you are slightly hunched over, typing, possibly having a beer.*

6:49 I think it would be. I mean I think it is. But you might find it hard to imagine the conversation I hear my two children having upstairs. Is anyone else speaking in your environment?

6:50 *That depends whether or not you'll consider your typing into the chat speaking into my environment.*

6:51 *(A cat is speaking from the top of the carport, outside the window.)*

It wasn't what I was thinking of. But it is, in a way. A way that involves, sonically, not much interference or additional stimulus to your thinking. Or does it?

Oh. Totally a cat. That's what I meant.

6:52 *You meant what, regarding a cat? There is also a bird, behind me, outside another window.*

6:53 The bird and the cat are speaking in your environment. That's the kind of thing I meant, when I asked, a few minutes ago.

A car passes three blocks below, along Grand Avenue.

6:54 *I believed you wanted to know if I were distracted by sonic interruptions, as that's what you implied the conversation of your children*

upstairs might be for you, while chatting.

I don't know about cars. Here a dog is scraping himself around on the upstairs furniture, too, and then shaking all over suddenly. I don't think he's trying to communicate to anyone though

But it is sonic interference in the mentation process, such as it is.

In our dialogue, then, too.

The cat, the bird, the car are there if I listen for them, but they aren't distracting me from paying attention to you, to what you are telling me, or to the chat. As form I guess.

6:55 *You have many more distractions to contend with currently than I do.*

6:56 That seems likely to be true, but it's so hard to say for sure. Meanwhile, the idea that the chat is or has form is kind of glorious, wondrous, or utopian to me. I still haven't figured much of anything out about it.

6:58 *What part of that would you like me to respond to?*

It's hard to choose. I'd go for 'glorious.'

7:00 *I remember that there is a phenomenon that pilots experience sometimes when flying into clouds, is it against, away from, or into the sun? I don't know.*

I never heard of it, or else I totally forget.

Rings appear, and the shadow and shape of

the plane the pilot is flying, directly in ahead.

7:01

It's called "The glory"

THREE

October 10, 2011 – February 6, 2012

Monday, October 10, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:30 *Oakland is occupied.*

I hope so.

6:31 What is it like there?

Wet.

6:32 Where does the occupation take place?

But undaunted.

Everywhere.

6:33 I'd like to be a part of it.

6:34 *Faces.*

6:35 *What is it like there?*

The occupation seems possible and important
as it takes place in the here and now.

Quiet. Dry. Solitary.

6:36 *But you are a part of it.*

Is everyone part of it?

6:37 *It's raining.*

6:38 For once I'm not reading ahead.

Can you say more about that?

6:39 It's a sensation I had

not just about this

but also about the occupation

6:40 *Reading can be such a forward proposal.*

6:41 as if there were as way to stay with it

It's nice to let it be raining, or occupying

6:42 I'm grateful for the opportunity

What's the provenance of your gratitude?

6:43 *And where is it directed?*

6:44 I don't know.

I don't think it works that way.

6:47 *It has stopped raining.*

6:48 *It appears there is nothing to talk about.*

6:49 I could say more.

Why are you waiting for an invitation, Steve?

I imagine drips from the lamps, building, trees.

6:50 I had not been waiting for an invitation. I was

6:51 seeing what it was to stay a while longer with

what was already being said.

6:52 What is the air like?

6:54 *Like a field.*

6:56

Moving?

7:00

There is something in it.

Monday, October 17, 2011
6:30pm west / 9:30pm east

6:30 *All of the people you no longer speak to.*

6:31 Some of them I am thinking of speaking to, but
I haven't yet

All of the people you no longer love.

Do you think there are such people?

6:34 *Closing the chat window and re-opening it, I
think that might have worked.*

6:35 *All of the people you no longer love.*

I can't think of anyone like that.

*Closing the window and re-opening it, I think
that might have worked.*

All of the people you no longer love.

*All of the people you don't speak with any
more.*

6:36 If you are closing the window,

how do you do that?

Your comma is a hint that I'm to wait for you.

6:37 *A suggestion,*

It's also a hint that if you chat back before I do,
you're going to be overlapping with my
sentence, if I finish it.

an indication.

A pause.

6:38 Waiting for myself, signaling that to you,
 inviting you

6:39 to occupy that space as you will

It's a play.

6:40 I wasn't sure how I would finish the sentence.

6:41 *All of the people who don't love you any more.*

 That evokes an entirely different

6:42 *All of the people who won't speak with you
 anymore.*

 I wonder how other people feel

 Sometimes I wonder how they can stand it

6:43 *I wonder what foods are like for others.*

No one can stand it.

6:44 and yet they manage to survive.

 I wonder how people survive.

I wonder what sleeping is like for others.

6:45 with their different sensitivities that don't
 match up half the time.

All of the people who won't love you anymore.

 I would really like to know what sleeping is like

for another person — you, for instance.

6:46 Imagine loving and then not loving.

6:47 *I am going to ignore your last module to say*

I am pleased to report you are not able to know that.

I'm glad you are pleased.

What pleases you about it?

6:48 *All of the people with whom you are not recently speaking.*

That's that crowd

6:49 I can't seem to please

You might leave off trying to be pleasing to them.

I was thinking something like that.

You might leave off trying to be pleasing.

6:50 It's hopeless.

It's hopeful.

To

weather a pleasing storm.

6:51 I imagine pests swarming.

6:52 *To leave off being pleasing to the people you won't speak to any more.*

It's necessary.

6:54

I like it.

I'm glad you're pleased.

I'm tired now. That's all the chatting I have got in me.

6:55

It's not too late to leave off pleasing anyone by not speaking anymore to them.

I'm happy to stop.

Monday, October 24, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

- 6:30 It's 9:30 pm. How are you?
- 6:31 *It's 6:30pm. You like to ask questions.*
- I do.
- How about,*
- for tonight,*
- every time you think to ask me a question*
- 6:32 *you answer it yourself, rather than ask it of me.*
- What do you think?*
- Okay
- I'm pretty tired.
- 6:33 Things keep developing.
- I'm feeling rather tried.*
- 6:33 *You took a chemical bath?*
- I love the feeling that I would be running, but I don't trust my knees and ankles to try it.
- 6:34 Because everything is made of chemicals.
- 6:35 You're doing fine. But you don't have to do only that.
- 6:36 *Who is the you you refer to?*

- 6:37 I was imagining you talking to me, but then when I wrote it it also seemed like me talking to you.
- 6:38 *I'm sorry?*
- It was confusing.
- Who is the you you referred to?*
- I know. Me, I guess.
- 6:40 You're in a space.
- Sort of.
- The proposition that you answer the questions you might ask was to answer them on your own behalf, not on mine. What do you think?*
- Yeah, that's what I've been trying to do.
- 6:41 Answer them from myself, to myself, for myself. It's a little more solitary than I'd anticipated a chat being.
- Who is the you you refer to, in space?*
- Well, that was you.
- 6:42 *On the contrary, for once I feel we are engaged in a chat.*
- 6:43 You are maybe answering yourself the questions you would have asked me, if you had.
- Ah well, it was nice for the moment it lasted.*
- 6:44 *I have learned something important.*

No, I don't know.

I will try to remember.

6:45 *Who doesn't know?*

Me.

I don't know.

6:46 It's like living in a box with no walls.

6:47 *A sand box?*

6:48 I don't think so.

I don't think there's a floor or a ceiling either.

*What is like living in a box with no walls, floor
or ceiling?*

6:49 This.

6:50 *I'm not sure I share this conviction.*

The feeling disappeared.

I feel certain it is not shared.

6:51 *I suppose I could be convinced.*

For a short time.

To feel a sense of limit here.

6:52 *While waiting, I put my hair up in a barrette.*

6:53 The feeling that of the box with no walls has
changed into something else.

What has it become?

Something that hasn't any words.

6:55 I don't know what role belief plays in this.

This story we're telling has sorrow inside of it.

I believe.

Yes. I noticed sorrow too.

6:56 I don't know.

6:58 *This has been a real live chat.*

6:59 It goes on.

We might thank our sponsors and ensigns.

If we had any.

7:00 *Thank you Steve, thank you everyone!
Goodnight.*

Gnight

Monday, October 31, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:31 Hi, there.

6:32 *Hi Steve.*

How's it going?

Suzanne. Hi.

It's play.

6:33 *What is?*

I meant to write it's okay but then I looked and saw what I did write.

Are you feeling playful?

6:34 I didn't think so, but I'd like to. Maybe it's pushing its way

6:35 How's it going with you, there?

It's going unusually.

Yeah? How?

6:36 *We're between bouts of hours of helicopters, I think.*

These are anxious times.

What do you think they're doing with those helicopters?

6:37 *I don't recall a recent spate of playful feeling. That's a little unusual.*

Right. I know. Me too.

Those machines are probably parked somewhere near, and some of them are watching the traffic in other parts of town.

6:38 *I often feel I'd like to make more careful sentences here.*

After I've disposed of this one or that one, by pressing the Send key.

6:39 What machines do you mean?
Lots of different kinds of anxiety lately.
I think your sentences are good and careful.

The helicopters, which you asked after.

6:40 I've felt a lot of different kinds of anxiety lately.
Parked helicopters. That does sound ominous.

Parked copters.

6:41 *Can you describe all the different forms of your recent suite of anxiety?*

6:42 I can't imagine them, and I can't imagine describing them. Suite is a good word, though. A lot is anxiety about getting things done, which feels like maybe it's really anxiety about getting through to a real connection somehow.

6:43 *Can you say more about that?*

Feeling crowded, instead. But also worried about Oakland. It's been on my mind a lot the past week.

Feeling worried something really horrible will happen fast, instead of something really

wonderful happening slowly, gradually,
developing.

*The helicopters address a kind of crowded
sense of necessary connectivity which is very
difficult to raise to the necessary level of.*

6:44 *The word connectivity is the wrong one. It's
too wiry*

It feels like a kind of being occupied I wouldn't
like.

I feel dread.

6:45 *What I mean is the helicopters underscore a
scared sense of need to connect to something
true.*

I live in Oakland—I don't feel dread.

A few days ago, I felt dread.

6:46 How does living in Oakland relate to not
feeling dread. For you.

But there is a lot of anxiety.

I believe it.

What kind of a question is that, Steve?

6:47 *I mean that, being in the place you say you
feel such dread in worrying over, that in the
place where the occupation is, I feel not a lot
of dread. I am giving you a kind of assurance.*

*However, I do think your sense of dread is
exacerbated by our conversation, ours, and I
am here in Oakland.*

It might be.

6:48 It's a lot different than if we were talking on the phone.

What might be?

My sense of dread may be exacerbated by our conversation. Partly because of its placelessness, sort of.

6:49 *I must have thought something untrue. I'll take that sentence back, if I may.*

6:50 It's okay with me but I don't see how.

To put it a little differently, let me just ask, what causes you to feel dread when thinking about the occupation in Oakland, as though it might somehow be worse rather than better?

6:51 I feel worried about more aggression, counter-aggression maybe too, violence, distraction, over-focus on partial stuff, imploding of the occupation.

And people being terribly hurt.

I worry some about that too.

You said you are having anxieties, about getting things done, and that this was perhaps truly about an anxiety over making a real connection. Can you express something further about that?

6:52 *(I worry quite a lot about that too.)*

6:54 I am kind of alone with a lot of things I want to read, write, find out about, take care of,

respond to. In a way, they all seem to be aimed toward a real, functional, making something together (with others in the world) kind of connection, that would have a meaningful reciprocity. But all these parts here are so along, on my own, to organize and try to get to. Which is different than in the occupations, . . .

6:54 not 'along' — I meant 'alone'

6:55 *Being in an occupied plaza does not guarantee connection.*

6:56 I'm sure you're right about that. But I think if I spent a week or two there, just there, . . . things would change, anyway. I would find something to do that would be more embedded in a world of lives, I think.

6:57 *I wonder, Steve.*

Hard to know.

6:58 *I was going to send earlier, a sentence that said, "One has to bring an unoccupied heart, I think to say." Then I thought to say that I was saying this to myself.*

6:59 It speaks to me.

7:00 *Goodbye.*

Monday, November 07, 2011

6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:30 Suzanne — hi. How are you?

6:33 *Why must you so often begin as though proposing a casual conversation? Thus insisting really one of two responses: a) I go along for the ride b) I behave contrarily*

6:34 Oh.

I believe we've had this conversation before.

Is it familiar to you?

You felt I was insisting on something?

6:35 *I call bullshit on that response.*

Yes, it's familiar.

6:36 *With respect to last week's chat, I offer this, a line of text from an early work of yours: "A person would feel helpless to shake off a nameless dread always with her, or would suffer an inability to break out of an imaginary cage in which he felt he had shut himself in an indefinite but distant past to secure himself from the risk of contact, trust, or affection."*

6:40 Has the chat process become such a cage?

Can you rephrase the question please?

6:43 Well, now that we are deep into doing these chats, are you suggesting that they have become — well, or, have they become . . . a cognitively and affectively constructed

situation that has, eventually, become one that proves itself to insulate us — one of us? both of us? — from contact, trust, or affection?

I suggested no such thing.

Oh.

6:45 *I offered the sentence from an early work of yours in response to the conversation we conducted here last week—I believe, if I remember correctly, you expressed a wish for connection, and expressed a sense of the technology of the chat as a box but perhaps not having walls exactly.*

6:46 And I mentioned dread, too, which had for me to do with worrying about those helicopters, but you wondered if it had to do with something else, maybe with contact, or connection.

6:47 *I wondered this when, and where?*

I don't recall wondering this.

Well, maybe you didn't. I thought you said that in the chat last week. But I may be paraphrasing too broadly, or remembering poorly.

6:48 I thought about last week's chat a couple hours ago, mainly with regard to how differently I felt in advance of this week's chat.

6:49 *Can you describe the difference in advance feeling, this week to last?*

6:50 Well, that's at least not a casual "how are you?" I felt like I could sustain a gentle,

sensitive serenity this week, if I paid good attention, interested attention, to my breath, this week. I don't remember what I felt in advance of last week, aside from some kind of intent anticipation, wanting to be very alert and to respond with directness.

6:53 The feeling came up as I was appreciating actually finding some serenity, at the time.

Gentle and sensitive to what?

6:54 *Is there a difference between balance and serenity?*

6:55 It's probably a pretty inept expression. To anything, I suppose — to the encounters of the moment. I don't think balance and serenity are the same concepts, but I do think that as experiential factors, they would be mutually reinforcing.

Serenity at the time I was thinking of it felt more global, so more round, or amorphous, or atmospheric.

6:59 I feel like I want to and try to answer your questions, but what do you feel is going on?

Monday, November 28, 2011

6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:31 *You seem quiet this evening.*

I am trying to think of the true thing

6:32 *that might take a little concentration.*

I'm pleased to wait, and listen.

My body aches in some parts

6:33 *Are you running a fever?*

The thermometers come up normal

What have you been dreaming about?

6:34 Right now I don't remember. I did remember
some — I don't know what

Do you remember your dreaming

6:36 *I do.*

*Do you trust your thermometer is being
faithful to you?*

No. that's why I use two, but they say about
the same thing

6:37 *Two at one time?*

First the newer one, then the older one, to
compare

6:38 *Which do you trust?*

Which do you trust more?

6:39 I trust the newer one more

I got it because I had so little trust in the other one

How close are they in their measurement of your fever?

6:40 *(That is, how true?)*

I think it was about 0.3 degrees Fahrenheit

Perhaps you need a Celsius meter.

Their difference could be the fault of your fluctuating feeling.

the difference

6:41 It might help me to concentrate better

6:42 Do you think they can register feelings?

They register your temperature.

6:43 Do you use dreams to guide you?

Guide me where?

In the life when you are awake

I prefer the stars for that.

6:45 I found out I was actually born at 5:57 am

What time did you think you were born?

Do you think you have a fever?

- 6:46 I don't think so.
I was guessing it was something like 5:03 am
Do you feel like swimming?
It might help me concentrate better
I don't feel like swimming
You seem rather attentive, relatively speaking.
- 6:47 Relative to what?
- 6:48 *Relative to another time, or relative to the degree of difference of register one might expect from someone suffering something like a fever.*
You seem to me really attentive
How does attentiveness feel?
- 6:50 *In the moment of your asking, rather attenuated. I'd gone away to look up that word, online.*
I feel a bit sorry for your competing thermometers.
- 6:51 I wonder what I should do about them, for them. Any ideas?
- 6:52 *In any given fever, let only one try to measure your feeling.*
- 6:53 *It might relax you, and then you'll recover quicker. What do you think?*
That way, I would be more focused in on my feeling, and its relationship to what I learn

from the thermometer

I think you are likely to be right about the relaxing too

6:54 *A thermometer is really a very pretty object.*

I haven't got one.

Do you like any particular kind, as to its looks?

6:55 And would you like one of mine?

Are they not all the same? Made of glass, with a white bar and grey numbers, except at the hot spots?

Yes.

I'd like you to send me either the one you like least, or the one you love best.

6:56 Those are the old ones they don't make anymore. Those old ones are made of glass and have red mercury in them, I think. I would prefer one but the new ones, one of which I would happily send to you, are usually white plastic, tapered to a gentle metallic tip, with a digital readout on the side

6:57 *I wouldn't like one of those.*

I want one made of glass.

I can understand that. Perhaps you can appreciate my own ambivalence about them, my distrust

Let's look for ones made of glass

Indeed!

6:58 They seem more true

It seems true that the plastic ones with the digital readout on the side might be suspect

6:59 There are no guarantees

Let's take up the subject of dreams.

OK.

Monday, December 5, 2011
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

- 6:30 Suzanne, hi.
- 6:31 I imagine you there, but that's not you being there.
Are you here?
- 6:32 There's the possibility that you haven't got here.
- 6:33 I've thought of you often, and I've wanted to ask you questions, but it didn't seem like the time to write or call.
- 6:34 How are you feeling?
- 6:35 It seems I often lose things or can't find them.
- 6:36 Are you in a train, or an occupation, or a meeting, a hallway?
- 6:37 I am allowing my feet to go half asleep. I am monitoring what's unpleasant and what's pleasant in the way my body is, sitting.
- 6:38 Are you in motion?

Indeed.

How fast are you moving?
- 6:40 *Not particularly, it seems.*
- 6:41 How does your heartbeat feel?

let me check—
- 6:42 *It seems to be*

a little light.

How long have you been sitting there?

6:43 About twenty minutes now.

I've been wondering about your changed relationship to the meters we were discussing last time we met here.

6:44 *Those registers of temperature.*

You have a great memory. I forgot all about them after I got well, except once I thought of them, very casually, almost as if I had already thrown them away.

6:46 Have you found any of the mercury and glass tube kind?

6:47 *I wasn't looking.*

After you send, I forget everything I was thinking before. It's like waking up from a dream.

6:48 *That's a great deal of awakening.*

6:49 *Before I send you forget everything you were thinking before?*

Once you send, then I have forgotten whatever I was thinking before I read what you have just sent.

6:50 *How does your heartbeat feel?*

Very strong. Regular.

6:51 I feel it in my whole body.

- 6:52 What kind of exercise did you get today?
Mine is tender, light, sweet, lively
- 6:53 *I walked to one place quickly, then I walked to another place quickly, I walked again quickly somewhere again, then I had to go back, up and down stairs, and more walking very quickly to catch up, and then going fast again later not to miss something or be late*

that was after and between.

I expect you've been swimming?
- 6:54 You knew. At noon, today.

Mine's awake, very lightly, it's nice.

I guessed. Your heartbeat suggested it.
- 6:55 Yes.

Was it a nice swim?

Strong, regular?

It was nice. Yes, it was.
- 6:56 I feel my heart is dancing a dance, and I am wondering what dance that is.

Tell me, what do you think was the temperature of the water you went swimming in?
- 6:57 84 degrees Fahrenheit, maybe, but really, I never think about it, and I'm surprised when someone mentions it. My estimate is based on

something I remember hearing a few weeks ago.

6:58

Does it feel cool when you get in?

Yes.

Monday, December 12, 2011

6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:30 *Occasionally I ask myself how much of this is performed in isolation.*

6:31 In what sense do you think of this as performed in isolation?

6:32 *On occasion I wonder what are the possible qualities of isolation are being presented.*

6:33 *For example, an error in execution, do we both own that?*

Do we?

6:34 *I am trying to say something truly.*

But I censored my own effort.

There is a real experience, for me, of engaging the third, as the medium we are working with, which has its own engagement with us, and I think we share in that. I feel that sharing, in myself.

6:35 I feel it as a sharing between us, as well as with the medium.

What you type here causes me to feel sadness.

6:36 *I feel sorry.*

How did what I typed move you into sadness and regret?

To feel sorry, is that regret?

I feel sorry to see all so.

6:37 *That's different.*

I don't understand "see all so"

To see it all so.

I'm not well-rested, and keeping making an error.

6:38 *And keep making mistakes.*

That's okay with me. It doesn't to me come between us.

Nothing to you comes between us.

I do think we relate to one another through mistakes, as well as through what else we do, if some acts are not mistakes. I see these as relating.

I wonder if this is a calculated error.

6:39 You wonder if what is a calculated error?

Maybe what I feel is sorrow.

6:40 *Sorrow for.*

A poor arrow.

A poor arrow.

6:41 *I felt I was once relating,*

but nothing held,

then I felt I was in error

and would always ask myself about my failure

6:42 *It was assumed that there was error, failure, or that there was another route to relating.*

Did we both own that assumption?

6:43 *I wouldn't know.*

I think so,

6:44 but I also think we are likely to have different words, feelings, stories about it.

Our experiences do not converge.

I find it more hopeful than sorrowful.

6:45 *You are more willful.*

Can you explain what you mean?

6:46 *I mean that you will find it hopeful.*

6:47 How is that then **more** willful?

6:48 *Why are you pressing me in this particular way? What would you like? What do you want? I believe you will find it more hopeful. I think we are likely to understand my expression of feeling the experience of sorrow differently. You are more willing to find it hopeful, you are more determined to will hope here.*

6:49 *Which part of this has been performed in isolation?*

6:50 I'm sorry, I think I've stepped on something without meaning to. It wasn't the sorrow I was referring to as hopeful, really, but the poor

arrow.

When we feel, each, out of touch with the other's feeling, the other out of touch with our own, I feel that that realization is performed in isolation.

6:51 *We are not here in the same way.*

6:53 In some ways we are here in the same way and in some ways we are not here in the same way.

6:54 *If you mean that we each face a screen and push buttons on a machine, yes, there is base line similarity to our each being "here."*

That is one of the ways.

You are very wilful.

6:56 Some ways are hard to put into words and hard to identify to look for the words for them.

You see me as willing things, particularly so.

I want to study that, really consider it.

I see you insisting on slippery identifications.

6:57 *That might be incorrect. Perhaps I only experience will.*

6:58 *In the vacuum of the chat, it might be nothing but will. Elaborated effort.*

6:59 what might be nothing but will?

This is not an answer to your question, it's a continuation of my thought: In that we might

find our same situation.

7:00

Good night, Steve

This is the thing

Good night, Suzanne

Monday, January 9, 2012
5:30pm west | 8:30pm east

- 5:32 *We're already working together.*
- 5:33 *Or so it seemed.*
- 5:35 It seems so now, more than ever, to me.
- 5:36 I was working hard to get to this sense, of working together.
- I could sense that.*
- 5:37 It seemed to involve us working together and we also had to work separately.
- In kind.*
- 5:38 *I don't feel resolved, or any resolve.*
- 5:39 *Any sense of resolve.*
- 5:40 Nothing is resolved but we have come to this point.
- 5:41 Each in our own way.
- That's obvious, wouldn't you agree?*
- 5:42 So far, that much is clear.
- What I don't know is what you've come through.
- 5:43 *It's not clear to me either, what you've come to.*
- 5:45 *So far, that much is clear?*

That's clear, yes.

5:46 I want to find out what works when we work in this.

5:47 *Well, for the sixth or seventh time, I came by public transportation. That worked for me, those times.*

It came through for you.

5:48 *It came through for us I think*

It worked.

5:49 I admire your focus.

I appreciate your regard.

5:50 I mean it, I do.

5:52 Do you feel that you choose a focus or find one?

I'm not sure it's clear to me what kind of focus you mean.

5:53 *Like a dog on a bone?*

A long aim?

5:54 *An imagined outcome?*

I mean any focus, like what focal length in a camera you might choose. Not at something in particular, but there's always something there, even if it's a blur.

Different at different moments.

I might be more clear — I'm not sure I understand what you admire.

5:55 I know. Maybe it's my illusion.

Although I mean it when I say I appreciate your regard.

I wonder then what I am appreciating

Yes, what regard is that? I don't feel like I know what you mean by that.

5:56 *Your expression of admiration, your regarding me.*

Oh, yeah. Well, it's there. Here.

5:57 *For my focus, which neither of us can determine what that is*

I admire your focus.

in which you attend to something and you hold it, that moment,

5:58 *I appreciate your attention.*

Really? My focus? I'm all over the place!

I'm working on attention.

The manner in which you attend.

You are consistent.

5:59 This amazes me. It's hard to see this in myself.

I see consistency in you.

6:00 *I want to find out what works when we work in this.*

If this were a stairway and we were walking up it, would we say it works?

6:01 *That doesn't work for me.*

But let me try again—

If it were a stairway and we were walking up it, it would be just fine.

6:02 *This is not a stairway.*

Clearly.

Again though, I disagree.

6:03 With "clearly"?

If this were a stairway, and we were walking up it, would you say it works?

(I disagree with "clearly," yes.)

Facetiously, or curiously, I might.

6:04 *This is not a stairway.*

This feels like a stairway at the moment, and then it doesn't.

6:05 *It's arduous?*

Spectacular?

It buckles.

I'm unfamiliar with that quality in stairwells or

ways.

6:06 A stairway is straightforward. But this buckles.

Is that imminent collapse?

Threatening?

6:07 fasten to, but also crumple up

Or just a little bumpy?

Depending on how sensitive to bumps you are

That seems rather fancy.

Your buckle.

6:08 Unpacking it made it fancier.

Start over.

Do you think that's possible?

6:09 Not exactly. No. I was gesturing.

Are we sensitive to different bumps?

I would think that likely.

Would you?

Yeah.

6:10 *Let's try this again. Where shall we start?*

6:11 *A dog walks into a bar*

rolls over and

cries wolf

6:12 Bartender says Was that woof or wolf?

6:13 *Dog says, this bar is warped.*

Drunk says, You've had enough!

6:14 *Doll in the corner keeps her eye on the Dog*

6:16 Dog bites leg, looking for a bone

That works.

6:18 No one knows what to do with the dog, and then a cop walks in

that slow

6:20 I want to know what you're thinking, and then I realize I want to know more particularly what you're writing

I was thinking about the theater, especially the theatrical last scene of Opening Night

6:21 *And what the actors and their avatars had come through to get there.*

And about theatricality.

6:22 *I was thinking about exchange. I was writing, but it was suspended.*

Forgive me.

No problem. I'm reading.

What are you reading?

- 6:23 Your words as they appear here.
The words you wrote.
About things you know more about than I do
but I want to learn about.
- 6:25 *If there is anything I know more about than
you do, I'd be very glad to share.*
- 6:26 Theatricality. What's that?

I'm not sure.

That's why I was thinking about it.

What a word, hunh? Not the same as drama.
- 6:27 *Do you think it's far from dramatic?*
- 6:28 Not far, but not the same. I think it must have
to do with artifice or alienation and also with
authenticity and immediacy. Very much at the
same time.

I'm not sure.
- 6:29 *Without having thought the same to myself, I
was thinking the same.*
- 6:30 *But I'm not sure.*
- 6:31 Exchange. Is this (the last several things) a
kind of exchange?

Would you say yes?
- 6:32 It seemed so to me, as the thought we were
holding seemed to be exchanged, handed
through

the lines.

Passed back and forth?

Yes. Changes in it so subtle I couldn't identify them.

6:33 *Changes in what?*

In the idea, the thought. As we passed it.

The sense of it.

I get it.

6:35 *Shall we begin again?*

I was appreciating the power of time passing.

6:36 *I was feeling sleepy.*

And warm.

I am amazed how much energy I have. Then I notice my feet are still cold.

6:37 *That seems consistent with what I know of you.*

Like tectonic plates.

that slow?

6:38 Coming into alignment.

What is coming into alignment?

The fit of things is however they happen to be noticed, and things grow on them.

6:39 *That's fancy. Maybe it needs to be unpacked.*

I don't know.

Focus and regard.

6:40 I was thinking about how exchange happens, and attention gets shared, and the pause in that — the resonance in that pause — as I experience it.

6:41 It might happen at any conjunction of factors, but it can become known as something in a way, and then ideas and feelings grow on it, possibilities for something else

6:43 *What can become known as something in a way, and ideas and feelings grow on it?*

6:44 Whatever the attention alighted on, in whatever sort of exchange took place. It's not necessarily a thing or a point. It might be a terrain, sensed differently but still held in attention in common.

6:46 *Does it feel good to say that?*

It interests me a lot to try and see if I know what I'm saying and to see if I can get it across. My interest feels good.

6:47 *Across to whom?*

To you, certainly. What does it feel like to read it?

Alienating.

6:48 Can you tell what about reading it feels alienating?

Do you mean, could I say to you?

Yes, like now.

6:49 I want to know.

6:50 *You seem to be reflecting, aloud. It requires or invites no response.*

I thought it did invite response.

6:51 I thought of asking Do you think this is whacked out? But I thought that would be denying my own sincerity.

I am listening.

6:52 I feel the need for response, in fact. Your telling me each thing is response.

6:54 Did what I seemed to be reflecting relate to something you feel makes sense to you, or does it seem alien, imponderable, unrecognizable?

6:55 *It seemed a rather clinical regard of what immediately preceded.*

6:56 *That was the larger part of my sense, although I might not have gotten my feeling exactly right, trying to state it here.*

6:57 *I feel rather sleepy, senseless, and muddled.*

6:58 I have felt that sometimes. And probably I should now, if I had any sense.

Joy and sorrow coincide.

6:59 *I get it.*

7:01 Good night, Suzanne.

7:01 *Sleep well, Steve.*

Monday, January 16, 2012
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

- 6:30 *They don't come around much any more.*
- 6:31 They don't even know what they're looking for.
- 6:32 *There's a jukebox.*
 There could be more dancing.
- 6:33 *There should be more dancers.*
 They would love the lights and the sound.
- 6:34 *They'd have to look around.*
 They could look around.
- 6:35 They hesitate outside, I suspect, and look in,
 not so sure.
 They don't much stop by, even, any more.
 It's still a great place to hang out.
 It's O.K.
- 6:36 It's rough.
 When it's empty?
 It can be cold, in the winter, without people.
- 6:36 *Without anyone there.*
- 6:37 Doesn't anyone at all come around?
 Now and again, a few, sure.

- 6:38 It never seems dusty, when I'm there.
- They hesitate to come in, as you suspect, I expect.*
- It is they expect maybe something is better?
- I expect so, yes.*
- Something other?*
- 6:39 Both are other, though, right? It's funny, that way, anticipating disappointment, anticipating something more satisfying.
- I agree.*
- It's like a cocktail party.*
- But less easy.*
- 6:40 I guess. Are the cocktail parties easy these days?
- I guess not really.*
- There are the cocktails.
- Easy to imbibe, but then what?
- 6:41 *They're there to make the party easier.*
- And then what?*
- I guess not really.*
- 6:42 People say or do things, and later they feel something, alone, often, they don't like.
- That seems right.*

Which is rough in its less appealing way.

6:43 *What's the rough in an appealing way?*

This place we were talking about. Its roughness appeals to me. The unfinished would.

I mean, wood.

6:44 *The unfinished drink would have made the after thinking less rough, sure.*

Not many come by much any more.

It's funny thinking what goes to waste.

But anyway, sometimes I like just a few.

It's funny thinking that goes to waste.

That's how I think of jokes, often!

6:46 *Yucks.*

Just one or two people can be good.

I agree.

6:47 *I often prefer just a few.*

The more numerous they get, sometimes they make extra problems.

6:48 *There's less room to dance. The floor gets sticky.*

Some of them may make a spectacle of themselves.

6:49 *Indeed. And then the poor souls have to think about it later.*

There's no need for that.

I quite like to occasionally be the spectacle, myself.

6:50 *For yucks.*

I think about it later.

You've got something there.

I have something here, true.

6:51 Something transformative.

6:52 Everything would be different if you didn't do that.

6:53 I mean, it's different because you did, whenever that was.

You've got something there?

6:54 An idea, but a thing? I don't know.

They come around much less frequently than before.

6:55 There used to be more of them, more often.

Nothing's changed.

6:56 How can you tell?

6:57 *I can't put my finger on it.*

6:58 Maybe that's why they don't come around so

much.

I couldn't say for sure.

For me it's changed. I can hear myself think.

6:59 I can hear you speak.

You say it is quieter than before?

7:00 Seems. More space in the air.

Monday, January 23, 2012
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

- 6:31 rubbing up against something else

 again

 most all day felt out of whack
- 6:32 *not again!*

 that was how it was

 felt whack

 again and again
- 6:33 *fell or rolled?*

 felled or rolled?
- 6:34 more felled than rolled, also bumped and
 ground

 how about you?

 Fine. Thank you.
- 6:35 A pleasure. really
- 6:36 *Curtain!*

 the I is striking

 Tres.
- 6:37 I like the feeling when I get caught in the
 curtain do you like that feeling?

- 6:38 *I don't care for it, no.*
- 6:39 something about the rubbing against that I like
in it
- 6:41 funny how the day accumulates like that
- 6:44 then can rebalance
- Update Your Style For Spring*
- 6:45 I'm still waiting here for the big snow
- I want to un-say that
- 6:45 *Elisabeth Von Thurn Und Taxis Heads to Rome
For a Wedding Equal Parts Opulent and
Traditional*
- 6:46 *Above: Fabiana and Harry at the Altar of the
Beautiful Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina.*
- 6:47 *Below: The Sumptuous Wedding Dinner for
800.*
- 6:48 *New Year's Re-Solutions*
- 6:49 it's true, I have nothing to wear
do you?
- 6:51 is it obscene?
- 6:52 is it at a breaking point?
- In the Mughal South Asia gallery, we stand in
front of a seventeenth-century painting that
the Met recently bought at auction on Canby's
and her recommendation—*
- 6:53 — *it shows a fearsome, bloodred Indian*

goddess being worshipped by a naked ascetic who is covered in ashes.

6:54 whack

6:55 *Among the works of art on the walls of Tabitha Simmons and Craig McDean's town house in Manhattan's Chelsea—the Andy Warhol shoe sketch, the Irving Penn skull photographs—is a sheet of construction paper divided into boxes titled*

6:56 HAMSTER CHART

6:57 Back in October, the United Nations General Assembly declared 2012 the International Year of Cooperatives.

Straddling the innocent/sexy divide, spring's lush-lashed new look is powerfully pretty.

6:58 where do you stand on all this?

6:59 *Advanced Night Repair.*

Proven Effective for All Ethnicities.

7:01 covered in ashes

Spring's affair with the skirt ushers in a refined mood for day.

7:02 *LONDON TOKYO NEWYORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO HONOLULU BOSTON LOS ANGELES LAS VEGAS*

7:03 BAR HARBOR

7:04 *Stieg Larsson wrote a book with "some of the most disturbing sexual violence against*

women imaginable" possibly to absolve his regrets for witnessing a gang rape and failing to intervene.

7:06 I didn't know that

as gold as it gets

7:07 what do they coat the pages with?

wax

made of what?

7:08 *wax*

it must come from something — not bees?

7:10 some other insects?

7:11 *polycarbonate resin*

for encasing in something other than glass

7:12 *what if they covered the pages in glass*

7:13 like the screen on a laptop

7:14 they would be hard to crumple

Nice curtains.

7:15 *A natural blood-red blond*

7:16 *Turn the other cheek.*

it strains my imagination

You're buggin.

Out of whack.

Ground down.

7:17 *Bumped.*

7:19 you're Fine.

7:20 *Bamboozled.*

Kirked.

7:20 bleeped

Keistered.

7:21 *Tiffany & Co.*

you give me a lot to think about

7:22 *Louis Vuitton.*

do you feel you know

7:23 *Bottega Veneta.*

Etsy

what you're talking about?

7:24 *Why not, do you?*

I don't know

7:25 *Tom Ford's spring shoes are like jewelry for great legs.*

7:26 I feel I know something about what I'm saying

7:27 I don't know about these things you're saying

- 7:28 only the ways they are framed
 they frighten me

 *Plum Sykes fell for the Fendi Baguette in the
 nineties. Can her love be rekindled?*
- 7:29 *It's comeback season.*

 Don't be afraid.
- 7:30 No?
- 7:32 *THE REVOLUTION...weightless foam
 foundation*

 Not dangerous?
- 7:35 trying to look trying not to look
- 7:39 trying to look inside

Monday, January 30, 2012
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:30 fragments

6:31 *I'm sorry, that gave me pause.*

6:32 uncertainty

I heard the sound of breaking glass.

attention to the

6:33 *light shining on a shattering mirror.*

sound listing in the direction

6:35 *aimless listening.*

6:36 *There was a tiny machine with knobs and shorts.*

6:37 I'm interested in that. I'm surprised. I don't think I'm changing the subject. But I'm not sure. Do you feel, as I do, that each situation is so different as to be unrecognizable, except in some pieces of it?

6:38 *I don't know. But now that you mention it, I think that it's probably true.*

6:39 *If I pay attention, I think I usually find I don't recognize it.*

The situation, one time to the next.

It can be exhausting and a source of joy. In fact, the feelings keep being different too, it seems to me.

6:41 *The situations are more unrecognizable time to time than the feelings, which have a repertoire, even though they seem to be deployed differently or aligned differently, according to some kind of unfathomable scheme.*

Did I say all that correctly?

What do you think?

6:43 I think there was one or two typos in there, but otherwise I think you said it correctly. I agree but also — no I do agree. I also sense that the tones or colors or the textures of the feelings vary — unpredictably to me — startlingly so, often, even though there's something terribly familiar about them.

6:45 *There was little bit of glass on the floor, she picked it up and placed it in the bowl beside the hammer.*

I didn't know how I was feeling.

They're hard to name, the feeling states, though they remind me of . . . situations associated with identities of feeling.

6:46 It was kind of her, I think, to pick it up.

It was just a gesture.

It seemed to indicate a feeling state.

6:47 Yes, that's how gestures seem to me. It really intrigues me.

In that moment, I think I wished I was her.

6:48 Perhaps a gesture opens up an opportunity for someone attending to it to enter into the identity situation of the person making the gesture.

Perhaps.

6:49 *One might wonder what kind of gesture one is making here.*

I do wonder that, too.

6:50 *An "identity situation," a "feeling state"*

Two nouns together. I wonder about that.

I've thought at times of every entry as a specimen.

6:51 That's good. I've often thought of each one as an exclamation, ready to go out and stand for one another.

6:52 *That's never occurred to me. I can appreciate it.*

6:53 *Every gesture as a specimen.*

Why do I say such boring and embarrassing things?

6:54 I didn't notice you saying anything boring and embarrassing.

It's my feeling state and identity situation.

What's yours?

6:55 Every identity gesture is boring and embarrassing.

But I find myself all perked up with interest in what we are saying, or how we are saying it. I can't distinguish between them.

6:56 *I wonder if that is an important distinction to make here.*

I felt like a total loser dope half an hour ago.

6:57 *Same here.*

I feel sad having said that, even though at first I felt fine about it, then surprised.

That's a rushed deployment of differently aligned and bumpy feeling state.

6:58 *Perhaps you were too clear?*

6:59 Maybe. Maybe I hit the nail right on the head, even after it had moved. Maybe that's why "fragments."

All that broken glass.

7:00 Spectacular, isn't it?

Maybe it's the opposite of that. It's not clear.

7:01 Especially when it's underfoot, hard to see, on the floor.

Monday, February 6, 2012
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:30 *Think of something very delicate.*

Or fragile.

Hmm.

6:31 I'm thinking right now of the cobwebs above
this table.

Because you asked me to think of something
delicate or fragile.

6:32 *Cobwebs seem tensile and strong and resilient*
to me. (Is tensile the right word?)

Not to disagree with you.

But you might be really so right. To me they
seem flimsy, but they cling when I try to brush
them away. They don't just scatter into the air.

They don't just disappear.

6:33 No. Spiders' webs certainly seem tensile, so
cobwebs must be so too, more or less.

6:34 *Even the difference between spider's webs and*
cobwebs seems resilient.

6:35 It keeps bounding right back into sense some
how.

The last leaves on my poinsettia, which I still
can't quite bring myself to get rid of.

They're brittle and dry?

- 6:36 *I think if you gave it some water, they'd spring back to life.*
- I touched one and it fell off. They're soft, mostly red — the part that's browned is brittle and dry.
- Last year I gave one too much water and it seemed to ruin everything.
- 6:37 *I'm sorry.*
- 6:38 But I just poured half a cup of water on it, anyway. Maybe it will spring back by morning.
- Poinsettias always seem a kind of indelicate plant to me.*
- So seasonal and gaudy.*
- I love water, myself.
- 6:39 This one is becoming spare.
- Are they hardy? They must be.*
- They're a winter flower.*
- I thought they were only supposed to last a month or so.
- They're perpetual.*
- 6:40 Are they?
- Where are the things that just evanesce?*
- Well, I don't know.*
- Does a spring evanesce?

Love? Tenderness? Calm? Perspiration?

6:41 *The seasons are resilient and sturdy.*

Perspiration. Yep.

The seasons are unstoppable, even though they are highly mutable.

I would love to evanesce.

You will.

6:42 Is that a promise?

6:43 When we are dead and gone, each of us will be evanescing, I guess.

6:44 *I can feel that I am very delicate, in a physical or psychic non-sturdy way*

Any form of life seems fragile, to me.

6:45 *Spiders seem delicate.*

The little ones.

To look at.

6:46 But the gazing on them doesn't seem to hurt them. They look delicate.

I make friends with spiders, when I feel I can.

6:47 I can feel you as, yes, very delicate. Myself, I'm not so sure about. I respect your delicacy.

My friend wished he could fly up into the rafters and hide in the dust forever. That's very painful and romantic and vampiric.

You're rather elastic.

Your friend would miss out on a lot.

6:48 I agree. I'm rather elastic. It sure is handy!

Superiorly resilient but still tender.

Offering tenderness, if not tender.

Some of each, I suppose. Timing is everything, when one is elastic.

6:49 *When one is bouncy.*

Intrepid and fearless.

6:50 I would like to be intrepid and fearless, at least sometimes.

I'm interested in consuming protein.

6:51 *I find I'm interested in trimming the fat.*

I like working it off.

6:52 *Saucy. I'd like to project saucy and delicate. Perhaps there's some kind of elaborate dish to be cooked or invented that's truly expressive of all the adjectives we're trying to describe tonight.*

6:53 *We're all pretty terribly elastic, maybe.*

Grief is resilient. Outrage is resilient. Joy is resilient.

6:54 *I can't get a handle on the consistency of grief.*

6:55 Inconsistency is one of its great hallmarks.

Neither solid nor liquid nor gaseous, but never
none of these.

6:56 Understanding is fragile. Empathy is delicate.

6:57 *I agree with that.*

6:58 Security is fragile. Choosing is resilient.

6:59 *Sorry I am so quiet.*

I was feeling a tenderness.

FOUR

August 1 – 10, 2012

Wednesday, August 1, 2012
8:15am west | 11:15am east

8:17 I can't and I don't write everything I think and feel.
How do I choose? How do you choose?

There's a spirit living in my apartment that every few months causes me to wake in the middle of the night, and then fall back into sleep an hour later, that kind of sleep that's a deep trance—I never know how to choose either

— so that I'm conscious at the edge of a sleep I can't wake out of

8:18 But somehow we do. So interesting. The spirit that causes. And then you can't.

this happened last night

This hasn't happened to me, I don't think.

and it during that sleep there was a very strong wind blowing through my bedroom, trying to pull the covers off

8:20 *it was a wrestling match, me trying to wake up, and keep the blankets on, the wind like in that story about the sun and wind, trying to pull them off.*

nothing like that for you, steve, no?

When I woke this morning there was rain but not wind. It was safe but it stirred inside somehow

- 8:21 *I seem to imagine it's winter season there, which is silly*
- (I guess I just select something. How about you?)*
- 8:22 It is summer. Today is wet and cooler, not promising to be hot and sunny like it has been. It was not hard to get up but it was hard to turn that into the day of doing things and facing the rest of the human world.
- that describes most of my mornings. (shifting for season.)*
- (I am trying to wait and listen and then I seem to jump on board a passing thought like a rail road car. Maybe it seems to have a speed at which I can jump it and a sturdiness that can support me.)
- 8:23 (I wait for the thought to have a feeling, even if that feeling is ambivalent or confused.)
- I think my experience isn't so different from yours.*
- 8:24 Our conditions are very different, within the range of people in the US, but then not so different, within the range of mammals on earth.
- I thought I'd prepare, by listening to something, but then there was that trouble in sleep and that changed everything, which seems fortunate actually.*
- 8:25 *I worry about others.*
- I wasn't able to prepare, except by in fact

feeling what I was feeling and noticing that and the thoughts at the time.

I have learned that others will not “take care of themselves.”

Sometimes I catalogue our likenesses and differences

8:26 *Have you learned that in personal or professional practice, or is that a simple truth?*

I would like to see a tabulation.

Well, it's endless!

8:27 It seems now a simple truth, and I believe I learned it through personal and through professional practice. If I watch for it, it's what I find out.

But I remember now that I encourage people to take care of themselves, again and again.

8:28 *That's a caring reminder*

8:29 *I'm caught between an idea of conversation and an idea of something I don't know what to call it*

Anything can feel uncomfortable except if I accept it as a feeling that is real to me.

8:30 Ideas can feel uncomfortable anyway. Like “the idea of a feeling” — ick!

and I worry, about presenting a lie

8:31 A lie?

8:32

Yes

If my self is somehow more than one, then I might say something that I think is honest or accurate and then another I might think it's a lie. Would that cover it, in a way?

8:34

But I prefer, I believe in, a more continuous self, basically. Even if unstable or fluid.

That covers some ground, sure. I meant dissembling without attending to it, dissembling as a matter of course

Right.

8:35

Let's not do that, if we can help it.

It can't be helped

I'm caught between an idea of conversation and an idea of something I don't know what to call it

8:36

That's generous and kind of you, to meet me there

I'm still thinking about it, and I wanted to see the words again, to make the words be here again

8:37

Something else that happens in the night is a distinct awareness of separation of parts of being

Oh?

Let me amend that,

8:38

an awareness of separation of parts that

reveals diffuseness of being

like what you might have said before

8:39 an awareness of separation of parts that reveals diffuseness of being
That's very beautiful — to me — mysterious, chancy, true

When you've chosen something specific, having been listening, because of some sensation of feeling attached to the thought, and then you deploy it, then what is your feeling?

8:41 My feeling at that moment is, as I remember, one of accepting a risk — not only accepting the feeling and the thought that seems willing to connect with it, but the uncertainty as to where it will be headed, even whether it will break down, explode, slip off a cliff

8:42 And — I know you will be there and somehow respond to it

we never seem to get right to a precipice and go over

8:43 Maybe it's a primordial fear

8:44 Like a reenactment of a birth trauma

Perhaps that kind of crash is in the past

This makes sense to me and I feel all right about it

8:45 It's a fear I've learned to tolerate, it doesn't run my life

It doesn't ruin your life

Exactly

8:46 *Are we happy about that?*

I always thought new sensations should be less soft

Underneath, yes — I am

8:47 *in their approach*

Less soft in their approach than more familiar sensations?

Less soft than the new sensations I'm having now

8:48 Maybe we used to only notice as new the ones that seemed to have a powerful impact, a really startling effect

8:49 *While the sensations are a lot new, and super soft in their approach, there's still an endless catalogue of judgment passing through—*

Judgment seems to be by nature relentless, never satisfied . . .

, oh, that seems like a good approach, attention to the less startling effects

8:50 *or, more attentive, so those are more easily felt, or selected*

8:51 *I feel pleased and curious. How are you?*

8:52 I am certainly feeling that way too. As well as a lot of softness, today, around the heart,

especially, which does seem to rhyme with the humid rain at 66 degrees Fahrenheit.

8:53 I was looking at a very small square Degas watercolor painting at the Portland Museum of Art on Friday evening. There were areas for sand, water, and sky, clearly demarcated by subtle coloring changes, and little dots to stand for bathers. Then just as I turned my eyes away to walk around the corner I saw that the sky was full of deep dark clouds, brilliantly rendered.

8:54 I hadn't seen them looking straight at the painting with interest in its details.

8:55 *That's lovely. It's hard to hang on to a single thing.*

I can't do it.

8:56 *Little dots to stand for bathers*

an awareness of separation of parts that reveals diffuseness of being

8:57 *our friends drop in and out like that, just like we suggested they might do, it's pleasing me*

8:58 Something or something else or both or blending

8:59 It's a little like being checked up on.

It's a little like being visited for a moment.

9:00 It's a little like passing while seated in different busses.

I was considering a porch, or else chatting on a

blanket on the sand, while others stop and go on or just pass by

9:01 The ocean going on with its waves and tides

We're taking our ease. There's a lot of space between the bits.

9:02 *Water has been a theme for us in the past: rain, swimming*

Also temperature, and acclimation

9:03 *Diving, quarries*

9:04 Water seems to have a lot of continuity but of course there's mostly a lot of space in the insides of it . . . somehow.

Embarrassment

Was embarrassment a theme for us? I forget that.

9:05 *Wrestling with the formal applications of the technology, acceptance*

Memory and its problems

9:06 . . . the parts are not really single separate things. Although there are those little dots.

Finality

Perfection,

Yes, there was, as I recall, the impossibility of finality and the pretense of finality.

9:07 And the uncertainty of the relationship status,

the form of the relationship, or function of it, between us and the technology. Including the language.

9:08 *Have you ever any sense of trying to persuade me of something, as I sometimes sense I am unwittingly engaged in some sort of persuasion, Steve?*

Definitely. It's insidious.

9:09 But finally I don't care whether you agree with me or not, only that you understand what I think I am saying, meaning

Let me know how or when you manage to ascertain that!

Impossible!

9:10 *Persuasion can't possibly have anything to do with agreement, it's the opposite in fact*

9:11 A certain and full understanding is a horizon one is reaching for — if a railroad train could reach out.

That seems a bit grand

9:13 I'm getting confused. I don't want to say grand things. I like what you say — I like thinking about it. Do I fall back on agreeing with you when I get confused, to conserve energy, or do I just like what you are saying better? This is how I do this.

9:14 *I think perhaps you might fall back on agreeing with me when you feel confused, you make a retreat, conserve energy, and come back with renewed soft force of persuasion, from*

another angle

and then at other times, I do the same

The moment of decision is clicking on the SEND button. There is no turning back after that.

I have to catch a train now; it changes everything

9:15

I wave my handkerchief.

the speed and everything

distance

Thursday, August 2, 2012
5:00am west | 8:00am east

5:01 Some words I have to look up in the dictionary every time I use them.

5:02 As though I were confirming a feeling I have about them.

Yesterday I looked up dissemble, again

5:03 I had to look up primordial.

I feel confused about what to do with the shades, can't make a decision as to up or down, because of the hour

It can be surprising, how much closer to what I intended the definition seems to be.

5:04 Here it is foggy, misty, so there are shades in the air.

5:05 *I didn't have any trance trouble in sleep last night, but when the alarm rang I felt uncomfortable*

5:06 Bob Dylan started singing "Dear Landlord." I felt terrible, but I was grateful to be woken up.

5:07 *the problem is, the hour's too early, i haven't got it together*

to dissemble

We have to grab the advantages where we can, I suppose.

5:08 *the shades are landlord issue, and if anything*

goes wrong with them, he takes them to a special shop to be repaired, but they aren't anything special enough I think to warrant so much care

Your awakening must have felt perilously close to the hour of commencement.

and i seem to think the spirit is landlord-issue also

A dear landlord, indeed.

5:09 *indeed! and my eighth or ninth thought was that you've already eaten your three eggs*

You are nothing if not alert!

No, the spirit seems malevolent, but weak

I'm barely there

And so the landlord is suspect

5:11 One has to remain on guard with respect to landlords. Their intentions are shifty. It must come with the job.

Most intentions are shifty

Crunch crunch crunch, footsteps in the gravel.

5:12 You can say that again.

5:13 *Where you've got sound in the gravel this morning, I had voices last night, same general area of the household*

dominating monsters

but weak?

5:14 *I woke up with a lot of judgment it seems.*

5:15 *a crisis at 5:15*

It's not over yet.

translating time into space

thank you dear steve

*tell me about the eggs, the gravel, the
primordial transfer of meaning, all of that*

I'm big on crisis.

5:16 *(you earn your living by it, truth be told)*

Eggs might break too much. This morning not too much.

I try to feel generous

I'm grateful to crisis for providing me an occasion to make a living and to learn about life and understanding.

5:17 You try to feel the way you are

*or else the feeling arises spontaneously and I
try to hold onto it*

yes, it's not a bad mode, to feel how you are

To hold on by attending to it, caring about it?

even if it's not literature

5:18 Feelings are not literature.

translating time into space

5:19 *i'm feeling indefinite*

5:20 In the right brain, I learned (at the lecture last weekend) we can and tend to experience more than one emotion at a time. The left brain, which does language and logic, can only acknowledge one emotion at a time.

i'm too close to the dream state, i can't decide,

5:21 *i can't decide, but it seems important to say that's wonderful to hear*

5:22 Dreams do not represent decisions, I think, except as compulsions, necessities

you're definitive this morning?

you are definitive this morning

So it seems.

it's a low-temperature crisis

brought on by anxiety?

5:23 Anxiety seems to have a hand in everything.

It's compulsive.

after being awake for three or four moments I saw a mirror and a photograph by dorothea lange of a woman's braided hair

still in bed of course

5:24 juxtaposed

*the shades are white and so is the bedding,
but it wasn't any kind of design decision, it was
a capitulation to what was already there*

in the world

5:25 *i'm not romantic enough to hear the sound of
the highway as something pleasing, and it's
right there, the most dominant sound, this
morning*

5:26 The window is open in my basement office,
and I hear traffic too, on the wet road.

*I keep trying to turn towards you but follow
this stupid stream anyway, if I were still in bed,
just a few feet away, with the windows open,
the dominant sound would be an occasional
train whistle, from the other side of the lake*

5:27 *ah, you're already there. there seems to be a
lot of gravel in your town*

In the driveways here, we like to have gravel.

it has something to do with the seasons?

5:28 I expect so. Everything here has to do with the
seasons.

I'm more agitated than before.

Before what?

*here, you have to be very sensitive to
approach the seasons*

Good question

5:29 *Let's get into it. It doesn't appear primordial*

Or necessarily seasonal

(I find it more difficult to spell properly at this hour, and I'm putting the shades up)

The juxtaposition of sleep and wakefulness, or not fully awake?

5:30 *I'm less aware of a propensity to lie without telling myself*

Or merely to dissemble

So it takes advantage of you?

Perhaps I'm more together than I realize

5:31 *I'm falling less apart, which if we weren't getting into the potentially annoying habit of accepting everything 'as it is' then I'd say is less good*

5:32 *Perhaps I respond really to a variety of your attention*

Tell me something about your propensity to dissemble

where does it begin?

5:33 *what is its source?*

I was thinking, as you were talking: You become an opportunity for dissembling to do its thing? And then notice it, anyway? And alter course?

But let me think about your question.

5:34 I think it begins in the intention to survive

despite the persecutions embodied in shaming and abandonment.

5:36 1. to hide under a false appearance. 2. to put on the appearance of; to put on a false appearance: conceal facts, intentions, or feelings under some pretense.

5:38 When one's presence and emotion isn't accepted or acknowledged by the other, before one has even developed a sense of self, one may acquire, hit or miss, a sense of what presentation the other will accept and acknowledge. Adapting, one adopts postures of dissembly.

I think it begins at birth

5:39 Before eye contact?

yes, though that is a good question

The newborn screams, to breathe.

5:40 How are you thinking that dissembling starts?

5:42 *I was supposing the false appearance is just embodiment itself*

Sucking, the newborn realizes (metabolically, at least) that while screaming may register need, quiet correlates with connection.

as is true appearance, no?

5:43 Maybe there is no true appearance.

you are definitive this morning

I enjoy making pronouncements.

indeed you do!

5:44 Particularly when they don't feel false to me.

it is one of your traits.

But feel real. I seem to embody myself through them. That must be a wild delusion.

5:45 *I can't quite say how I feel about making pronouncements, but I'm fairly sure I don't often experience enjoyment in it*

It is curious, having traits.

Yes, are they habits?

Not everyone is the same.

Can you take them off

5:46 I don't think of traits as the same as habits. I assume it refers to something almost characterological. "Almost" in the sense of "maybe this is about the right word but I'm not sure."

5:47 *I notice a lot of physical sensations, my shoulder, my hips have them*

Are they both matters of appearance? Some we define as somewhat more fixed as others?

1. as stroke of as if of a pencil. touch, trace.

More fixed "than" others?

5:48 I meant, "a stroke of"

2. a distinguishing quality (as of personal

character): peculiarity

5:49 2b. an inherited characteristic

5:50 *Today your quality is more certain of its definition than on some other days?*

It seems perhaps flexible, malleable, but not expungable or something one could yet toss away

is to be more certain of your definition than on some other days?

5:51 Today I am looking words up more than on some other days. I am also writing words down more than on some other days.

5:52 *You are more in what place? there or here?*

Are you hoping to be more precise?

I don't think of traits as things we do but as aspects of functioning that distinguish us from one another, even from our most intimate intentions sometimes.

5:53 *I find myself exchanging anxieties, displacing my own, fantasizing them as yours, perhaps*

5:54 I am more here in writing to you, with you, than in the dictionary.

is that a form of dissembling?

I think that goes without saying, but to say it throws a fresh light on it.

5:55 *I wish there were some eggs in the house, I'm feeling hungry, and it would be nice to cook*

*and eat them after, now that the light is
coming up gray, and one of the three shades is
up, so I can see the sky*

*Why doesn't some early riser on the west
coast come by with some eggs*

and butter

5:56 It's nice to have a neighbor across the road
with chickens. A dozen fresh eggs for \$3. One
has to wash them off oneself, of course.

*I make a habit of saying what goes without
saying, it's a very embarrassing trait*

To answer your question that contained the
word "precise": I am hoping to know what I
mean when I say things.

After they've been said.

5:57 ?

Or before they've been said. I may have looked
a word up to know what I will mean when I
use it.

*Even my hunger reveals itself to be a lie if I
wait a little bit*

5:58 What goes without saying too often goes
unsaid.

*My firmest pronouncement this morning has
been to your definitiveness*

5:59 That it is there, or seems to be there?

and though I'm awake I haven't quite put it all

together

6:00

*I was wrong perhaps, about some bits and
parts back there*

That goes without saying, for any of us

Friday, August 3, 2012
9:00pm west | 12:00am east

9:02 *It's quiet*

9:03 Being in the world, I was thinking, like a cave

9:04 It is quiet, it is.

9:05 *A poor dinner party.*

A cool one.

I was thinking about not having to think much

In cave?

9:06 Are you at a dinner party now?

The cave is like a quiet place to not-think

9:08 *On stage last night, watching the stage last night, there was a long uncertain denouement, not unlike this beginning*

9:09 *although where we're at is anyone's guess*

What cave?

I am sort of in my cave, at home, my apartment

9:10 But a cave is also a dank dark place, with some dripping somewhere (the clock ticks here)

It does tick, I noted it

When you were here

- 9:11 *Tell me about some other sounds.*
- I washed my glasses in preparation, yet my vision still seems clouded
- Chewing on chips
- 9:12 Sniffing
- My ears
- 9:13 The subtle, discreet whirring of the McBook Pro
- Tell me something about continuity, of sound, or of place, or of sense or something*
- 9:14 *Discrete whirring, sure*
- How much alone is it, to be someone? If there is an environment, is one ever alone?
- McBook's a decent slip*
- 9:15 It becomes actual at that moment
- Are you asking that, that I might answer?*
- Yes
- 9:16 *Might you rephrase the question?*
- 9:17 I wonder how you think
But it's also a way of saying something about continuity
I don't like rhetorical questions
What is the continuity in being on one's own, feeling alone, and is it a kind of pretense?
- I wonder how I think too, of course.*

- 9:18 *I think perhaps you don't mind a rhetorical question*
- I'm not sure
I don't like . . . well, I have liked q's there a kind of pay-off in being alone, a release from responsibility?
- 9:19 withoutwell,
well, I have liked questions without answers
- And some of them were, rhetorical questions, weren't they?
- Responsibility to whom?*
- 9:20 Exactly. That's the question.
- Perhaps a great many of them were*
- I feel confirmed in thinking that almost all of them are*
- Well, what makes a question "rhetorical"?
- 9:21 *But I can try to answer*
- I wondered if your sense of continuity one frame to the next had to do with others, yes*
- 9:22 That's interesting! I hadn't thought of frames, of separate containers.
- Now I wonder if my sense of continuity one frame to the next isn't taken apart by the appearance of others*
- 9:23 Other frames, or other people?
Other speech I suppose

9:24 *Really I was just wondering what your sense of continuity was from yesterday at 6am west coast til today midnight east coast.*

Wow. I hadn't thought about that either. I was thinking about continuity as sensory, emotional, physical, spatial, like a spectrum or an environment

9:25 I see

Yes, I was thinking that was continuity also, sensory, emotional, physical, spatial, but solitary

9:26 *rather than alone, maybe*

It's dim. From my 9 am yesterday to my midnight east coast tonight. A long time. It also takes me a long time, in a way, to type. Maybe that's why the cave came to mind

9:27 *I wondered about the charge of typing what I am thinking while listening and responding*

9:28 The charge?

to you

Yes, the accusation.

It's striking. I'm preoccupied with it while I'm also listening to and responding to something you've said, and to something I'm wondering how to say in reply

9:29 Oh, the accusation! I thought you meant like electrical charge

That seems okay too.

9:30 It feels clearer, more evident, to me

Have we forgone a nicety, like song and dance?

What's evident to you?

The electrical charge kind of feeling

I don't know enough about niceties to say,
though I know I'm full of them

9:32 *Hello readers! we know you are there*

Oh. I don't know

We lost one. Poor dear.

The writer's illusion that there is a reader

9:33 Sorry. That's horrible

About what? You don't know if the charge is evident, if you're feeling it, if we ought to perform niceties?

Let it pass, whatever.

9:34 *We just dug the floor out under this cave*

That's pretty awkward also.

9:35 *I've lost track.*

The underfloor is the new track

That's what I was getting at, thank you for presenting it more clearly

Not sure whether it's mud or rock, slush or
anemones

9:36 *Anemone*

Thanks

The underfloor is the new track

9:37 *It's the first time we've been subterranean*

Just stir, and you feel it beneath you

The nature of a cave, it seems to me, is that it's
all around you

9:38 But you don't always feel your own body's
nature clearly in it

Below above and all that?

Yeah

9:39 *Yes, okay, I will agree with that.*

Sorry. I got distracted

9:40 *Its nature is that it's all around you.*

I didn't note it

It's something else

And then again

Maybe not

*I think environment is of course not the space
of continuity*

9:41 *Though you do make a nice argument for it*
We're lost
With your cave dwelling and all that
Perhaps it's the withdrawal of attention
Lost but not at sea

9:42 *I laughed at a joke I made but didn't type in*
I withheld it
I'm curious about when I say 'I' and when I say
'you' and when I say 'we'
We are like waves washing up on each other
We both have felt some curiosity about that,
again and again

9:43 Interference patterns — I learned about that in
high school
You have a fine education.
Identity is a funny thing

9:44 *Attention is a funny thing*
And the jam
Which jam?
Jamming it in, as it happens
The charge
the interference

- 9:45 this changes that
 that changes this
- relentlessly
- 9:46 *I can appreciate that,*
- It's almost like having no memory
 (as I imagine it)
- after resisting it, and then giving over to it,*
 forgetting about it, whatever
- it is like having no memory,*
- 9:47 *continuity, cave, swim, stair, rest, tick, note,*
 sound, all that?
- whatever, unfortunately, may be the best word
 for it, but hardly does it justice
- 9:48 *rest note sound tick and that?*
- yes, I think it must be
- I say,*
- 9:49 —*does what justice, steve?*
- 9:50 *we're with one another, very much, even if*
 you're distracted, by the clock, the dog,
 whatever
- The nature of mind-body without memory,
 without memory actively accounting for it, but
 within the interference with the cave, in action,
 moving through it, even just standing, moving
 in that way
- 9:51 *or perhaps not even a little bit, and we were*

mistaken

9:52 Memory, I mean whatever, not memory,
whatever, that word hardly does justice to this
state, naming or characterizing it, this way of
being together

it exceeds it, it's really marvelous

with each other a lot

9:53 and mistaken

9:54 *I'm sorry, I got lost*

Have you seen Louis Malle's film of Zazie dans
le Metro?

I think I haven't

9:55 She never gets on the metro. Or maybe she
does, at the end. One can't remember

But possibly I have, I know the title

Ah yes

But I haven't got any memory of it

I recommend you see it again

Silence-under?

9:56 everywhere

*Well thank you for the recommendation. Might
you say more about that here?*

Or was that a rhetorical recommendation

No I really meant it. There's an effort restlessly to undermine

9:57

Where?

expectation, convention, organization

Where what?

You're cagey

9:58

I mean in the movie, that's where there's the expectation. I thought it would be clear.

I mean the undermining and the expectation

Hard to say why I think you should see it

9:59

Who should see it?

Suzanne

I can see you in it, maybe that's why

She'll look in to it

I seem to see you in it

10:00

Name refers to identity

Saturday, August 4, 2012
11:00am west | 2:00pm east

11:01 *Yesterday we were concerned with confluence. Does that sound right to you?*

11:02 I don't remember confluence coming up. There were interference patterns. Is that connected?

11:03 *We called it continuity and identity, at different times, and interference patterns too*

I think they're connected, though I feel concerned I ought to look up all the definitions, since I never seem to know what I'm talking about let alone saying

11:04 Okay. I'm with you.

Thank you for that.

I can look words up on my phone, if we need that.

Patterns of interference, is that the same thing as weather?

11:05 I believe weather interferes with most everything

Although I try to avoid it, we do remark on the weather as a matter of course. It's an indication of togetherness and continuity

11:06 but I was remembering, from high school physics, how waves of water in a shallow box would cross at angles to one another, bouncing back off the sides, and create specific and marvelous patterns of straight lines

I am in a place with no weather but lots of interference

The connection is remarkably slow here

11:07 *I seem to think we have divergent patterns of opinion about which elements of daily life should get some kind of expression here.*

11:08 The patterns diverge from one another? Disperse? Rather than cross one another?

11:09 *I'm in the same place as usual, but feel remarkably that I can't get a handle on any pattern, marvelous, specific or otherwise*

11:10 *Mainly a diffuse and occasionally frustrating sensation of being tossed about, gentle or not, called upon or not.*

Perhaps the connection is slow here too.

11:11 *I feel evasive.*

11:13 I lost the connection entirely

I had to scramble to get it back, such as it is, and hope for the best

11:14 Better here from one of the shops than from the phone

I want to attend to everything *in the chat* but it's hard as it disappears even while the text is accessible

Why do you want to address that directly?

11:15 To provide access for connection

To whom?

Or contact, which might allow connection,
between you and me

*Everyone's emotion of elation is waiting for a
chance to assert itself.*

Mine is too impatient to wait

11:16 *I read that in an old book called "The Art of
Conversation"*

That's beautiful

*The sentence which follows says, "Give it
every opportunity."*

Right on

11:17 Our conversation exists at the intersection of
innumerable other conversations

*Yes, many others, between us and lots of
others, is that what you mean?*

11:18 *Many tributaries?*

And between them . . . I am supposing that we
'hear' them with our body-minds

11:19 *You and I, you mean? Listening to those while
here too?*

11:20 They create interference patterns that our
conversation enacts, reacts to, and resists

*I think that's inescapable, true. For now
though, I am hoping to attend only to you, or
anyway to just this thing which is not between*

us but is both of us

11:21 My responses to your statements are taking so long to appear after I click on SEND that I think they may be lost and I try to write them again from memory until they appear after all

11:22 *So far the messages seem to get mainly through. Perhaps you can have faith about that for a little while, as unnerving as it seems to be.*

11:23 Yes, I'm going to work on that now.

11:24 What you say about hoping to attend is what I meant too, about attending 'to everything *in the chat*' —

trying to notice what's doing here, through the chat, and to the chat

I'm wondering why the technology so regularly becomes so profound an interference in the sense of confluence, continuity; that connectivity becomes so literarily problematized (an unfortunate, but handy, word)

11:25 *I can't tell if I've typed "literally" or "literarily"*

11:26 Technology always surfaces

It's not just its unfamiliarity. It's also its familiarity.

My posts are beginning to come up out of sequence

I seem to disagree with everything you say this morning, and that's a barrier to the emotion of

elation, or is it? what do you think?

*Let them come up out of order, who cares,
whatever*

11:27 as though coming up for air

Disagreement doesn't seem to agree with you

*It's pleasing to make a mess, it's good, it's fine,
it's disorderly*

It's inevitable

Or agrees to well, I can never decide!

too well!

11:28 Another unfortunate phrase comes to mind

My emotion of elation is stirring somewhere

*Please send the unfortunate phrase, I am dying
to know what it is*

like a whale beneath the waters

that's the unfortunate phrase i think

No not that — it was "follow your bliss"

11:29 *yes, that's really rather unfortunate. however,
i'm glad you included it.*

it stirs at the very tip of my awakening giddy

Laughed out loud in the middle of Bangor
Mall's cafe as soon as I did

our liveliness in —

11:30

marvelous

*it's a bit of an excavation some time to get
down to it*

anything can happen

*it seems possibly i dreamed of your cave from
yesterday*

there's a storm

11:31

In the Bangor Mall?

is Iris nearby?

in my head

she's shopping without money

ah. well, it's quite cloudy here.

that's my favorite way to do it too!

the Bangor Mall is a storm in my head

11:32

interference without identifiable pattern, and
yet . . .

here

*I lost sight of something. I have the sense of
being asea with you in a little rowboat in the
middle of the Bangor Mall*

11:33

That one took about two minutes to surface

It's all grey there, just as it is here

Marvelous, perfect, why not literalize the

patterns of interference

- 11:34 low visibility in this atmosphere
- many colors, and they mute one another by crowding together on top of one another
- Later I will have to reconstruct what happened here, like an archaeologist
- 11:35 The end or the beginnings of a sophisticated culture?
- I got lost again, I'm sorry, I went down a long way off*
- 11:36 *We're always doing some sort of archaeology, yeah,*
- the beginning and the end of something, a cave, a mine, a quarry*
- 11:37 I wonder if you are highly suggestible and I wonder if you are highly dissociative. Oh yeah, the two often go together. But I can't remember whether either is characteristic of you.
- I sometimes feel regret that the technology and my training don't make these exchanges more like a long listen to a chanting of the vedas or something*
- Are you applying your clinical experience to my personality?*
- They are more like that to me than to you
- 11:38 *Or, who is it you're talking about?*

Possibly I am highly suggestible and dissociative, but who's to say?

11:39 *Why would you choose to diagnose me in the Bangor Mall? so full of color and troublesome connections*

11:40 I was remembering from my internship. I was thinking about you. Because your wordings are so closely responsive to mine, and because you seemed to get lost or go off a ways sometimes. And maybe the ways you write sometimes remind me of hypnotic suggestion, too. But I wasn't thinking exactly about applying something to your personality. I was wondering aloud whether a certain feature is characteristic of you. A trait. That's not a diagnosis. I am not diagnosing anyone, and I am not supposing that you have any disorder to diagnose. In fact I dislike diagnosis overwhelmingly.

Perhaps we've just overheard you thinking, aloud, quietly, oops accidentally

11:41 I'm thinking to you.

11:42 *I mimic you some times, as you like to pluck bits from my lines and rebraid into something else. And, my getting lost is an expression of apology for a bit of distance, while I am either actually getting lost, or taking my time composing some sentence which I then discard, as off topic, or unlovely or*

Okay

and I must wonder, is responsivity to you Suggestibility, or Dissociative?

11:43 It's an open question

My responses are suggested by yours, and by my inner 'waves'

The ways I write sometimes reminds you of one under hypnotic suggestion, or of the types of things one might say when one is hypnotizing another?

The latter

11:44 *Well thank you yes I am rather hypnotic sometimes, aren't you?*

Yes, maybe. I think poets are likely to be especially proficient in inducing trance

In Werner Herzog's first film the soldiers hypnotize a chicken

Really? Why?

11:45 I'm sorry I asked

Unfortunately I put myself into trance accidentally on occasion, I am suggestible and dissociative, and moderately giddy, and narcissistic and embellishing

Me too . . . in spades

They are being cruel, they are being shown—the one who hypnotizes the chicken is being shown to be cruel

11:46 Cruelty is learned

But I always think of that scene, how strange it is

You are sorry for asking what?

The soldier says to another soldier, or to the wife, I can't remember, maybe to all of them, Do you know how to hypnotize a chicken?

Why they did it. I anticipated then the answer, "To slaughter it"

11:47 *Not at all. To amuse. It's an incident in a slow afternoon.*

It's hot there.

Could be crueler

He takes a piece of chalk,

He puts the chicken's beak to the floor,

11:48 *He draws a line from the tip of the chicken's beak straight out along the floor*

And lets go of the chicken,

Who stays immobile, beak and body to floor, the chalk line runs away from the tip of beak

11:49 *I expect yes, one could slaughter a chicken that way.*

As though she were asking for it

That's disturbing

11:50 *The film has many moments like this. This one has really always stayed with me. I don't know why.*

Yesterday I watched a film two times, about

psychologists and psychiatrists' performances in support of psychological abuse and torture of detainees in the war on terror

- 11:51 *Please say a little more to me about that.*
- 11:52 First I watched it in my office with a beer and a vegan Reuben, to make sure it would run all the way through on my laptop. Then I watched it after introducing it to the audience by describing how I became a psychologist. After the film I commented a little more and moderated a discussion.
- 11:53 *Please say a little more to me about what happens in the film.*
- 11:54 *Or, tell me a little more about the situation in which you, after a beer and a vegan Reuben, showed this film to a group of others, who were likely quite interested in your story of becoming a psychologist and also in the film, which seems a bit sensational*
- 11:55 The film contains many re-enactments or visualized performances of how specific methods of enhanced interrogation are performed, according to the Army Field Manual or whatever it's called, stuff like that. And there are many talking heads of people who comment on the history since WW2 of our relationship to prisoners of war, the Geneva Conventions, SERE, BSCT teams, professional associations, and so on.
- 11:56 The film is made by a psychologist, her first film, I think. She wanted to do something but felt too shy to go to congress-people's offices or run for office in major national organizations of psychologists. So she figured

out how to make this film, called Doctors of the Dark Side. It's on YouTube, said an audience member with a laptop. I was showing it under the auspices of our local Peace and Justice organization.

11:59

It was in the public library

It seems good to sort out what one can do, when one can't do some other thing.

I'm fond of public gatherings in public libraries.

Sunday, August 5, 2012
3:30pm west | 6:30pm east

3:31 The world is crowded with events, but for some reason, there is still space, if one knows where to find it.

Since yesterday, I've been to a wedding in a field, all full of fog, and rain, and I watched Zazie dans le métro, and went to Ikea

3:32 With or without money?

Also I got a strand of "pearls" for \$2, and parked a car many times.

Unfortunately, I had access to some cash.

3:33 *So it's all been very eventful, on top of which an exhilarating ride through Paris, leaving out the metro, as you couldn't remember whether or not about that*

3:34 I remember something about the rails in the open air, moving through the air over them, toward Paris, or away from there

It was so grey in that field yesterday, it was just like the Bangor Mall

Right. That railway looks just like a trip to the salt mines in Poland

"People get married, there's a train a-coming" — isn't there a song about that?

3:35 *is there a song about that?*

Maybe it's about getting ready to get married.

Thank god I can put more cushions under my butt.

3:36 *Thank god!*

3:37 *I feel pretty great about Zazie, as an alter ego or someone to have reminded somebody about, she's dazzling and her uncle dances for the masses in dresses*

of

Where were we?

3:38 Since 3:30 p.m. here today, I've watched a jug band perform a few tunes, attended a reception where I met Stephen Dixon and chatted amiably with him, held, kissed, and hugged my sweetheart, clarified plans with my son, watched the gymnastics of two huge Olympics stars, made and eaten a dinner with polenta, seitan, and bok choi, and washed my face.

3:39 We were sometimes thinking about continuity and identity.

3:40 Some things I have watched on line and other things in the town park.

They are continuous in me. But anywhere else?

3:41 *I looked up Stephen Dixon*

But not in the dictionary, I take it

I've seen not any Olympics at all

I dropped my sweetheart

- 3:42 *Or he dropped me, it isn't very clear*
It may make finding space come easier
Or maybe not
I have plenty of room, it's not bad
- 3:43 You do well with plenty of room, don't you? I
mean, there's something to that.
*Let's get on track, I always get uncomfortable
when it's just the weather here.*
I have always liked to live in spaces that were
big.
*O, that's what people say about me, but what
do they know?*
They don't know. Do you know?
Yes, I like being able to spread out just fine.
- 3:44 I like seeing space between things that happen
This is the track, isn't it?
*Also since yesterday, I saw a friend's apart-
ment, entirely disheveled and it seems so sexy
I let my own get into a big mess overnight*
Nice
- 3:45 *Not bad!*
Putting photos on line?
- 3:46 *Whereas yesterday the sky was grey continu-
ously, today we've had all sorts of manifesta-*

tions of light and color and space and air, the breeze has changed about eight times, it's all sweaters on and off, first grey then brown, no sleeves, and then sleeves, and the doors keep blowing open and shut

Time flies. It's here and then it's gone.

That's the sort of pronouncement that flies right under the radar, Steve!

Which radar is that? I think there are supposed to be several kinds by now.

3:47 *I lost track again of eight or nine adjectives that would have been useful here, it's embarrassing.*

3:48 I wonder whether pronouncements like that are a kind of "event" in my world, in my "stream of consciousness." And then they can contribute to the crowdedness, the lack of space between other, more materialized events.

I do have a special affection for those "materialized events."

3:49 *Do you mean, your own world, Steve's, or your milieu? in which there are pronouncements aplenty, it might be said*

I mean in my own world, the inner-outer (or outer-inner) world I inhabit by half-noticing it all the time.

My own pronouncements, often perhaps sotto voce, so I don't hear them.

3:50 *Do you feel cluttered and crowded?*

Usually. But often not.

Or maybe seldom

I wonder what kind of pronouncements I make.

Sort too dizzy to land on anything too firmly, maybe that's my problem. When I think of pronouncements, I think of my friend Frank.

3:51 Self-consciousness is a fascinating but often repulsive experience.

He's especially fond of making them with a lot of emphatic insistence and noise.

And then he just as easily gives them up a second later. It's very very charming.

3:52 Nice.

Do I have to expel things? That doesn't make sense. No one is watching.

Self-consciousness is a fascinating but often repulsive experience, you say?

3:53 Those sentences were piling up. I had to let go of them. I think that's how I do housework. I let things go.

(O, I ask myself that every fourth or fifth passage or exchange. Let's forget about it.)

It gives the mess a certain character.

Perhaps I should ask my friend with the apartment in exciting disarray to give me the poster on her wall that says "Let Go"

Yes.

3:54 What can she say?

*I like it very much when people say yes to me.
It makes me feel fine.*

Fireworks planned for tonight: the 250th anniversary of the first European settlers on the Blue Hill peninsula.

3:55 *I find that tremendously amusing and interesting.*

The fireworks will blast over Bar Harbor

Except when the jug band played in the park, the sky has been thick with mists and clouds, and now the trees rustle as though it were raining.

3:56 *It's a terrible shame the weather today didn't come up to the wedding in Tilden Park, I have to say*

People will see the explosions for miles around, if the fog burns off, but now it is dusk.

3:57 *It was all parkas and strappy sandals out there, shivering over plates of pulled pork*

Wow. I wish I had been there. But I loved being here, too, even more.

I'm feeling as though we ought to apologize to our audience. Why is that, Steve?

3:58 Self-consciousness aversion?

I don't mind being where I am, finally.

Sure, maybe that's it. I don't want to think about it.

It's a blessing—to be able to think and to be able to stop thinking.

3:59 To be able to speak and to be able to stop speaking.

To be able to be and to be able to stop being.

The words bless, blessing, blessed and bliss are a regular part of your vocabulary

Really? I'm afraid you're right. And I still don't really know what I mean by them.

4:00 *I pretty much stick to "bless you," although on purpose I withheld that from someone the other day, and felt a little happy to have been mean about that, I'm sorry and sort of proud to say*

I have a terribly ambivalent feeling about the concern for people expelling their souls through their sneezes

I don't know what you mean by them either. They make me uncomfortable, and I want to know what's in it for you.

4:01 "LOL"!

Achoo. Yes, it was as though he'd sneezed on purpose to get a blessing out of me.

4:02 *You are ambivalent about the mythology of sneezing and yet?*

Do you mean what's in those "bless"-based

words for me?

I suppose.

I think the fear of losing souls through sneezing is on a par with losing them through submitting to being photographed or through going on line.

4:03 *It's really marvelous. I don't care about the soul part of the sneeze and blessing and thank you. It's one of those bizarre niceties that makes human strangers like each other in surprising places*

4:04 Yes. I feel that too.
Okay, the blessing, bless, and all that. Hard to say. I feel really fortunate, often, and then it feels like sometimes there's so much feeling in that, such a sense of the uncanny, in a "good" way, that it feels spiritual. So maybe the word "blessed" takes a stab at covering that.

4:05 *I almost find it offensive. As though someone would stab me over it, actually. Bonk me on the head with all about being blessed.*

I'm sorry

4:06 Oh. You find it as an offensive gesture, laid on you. When you sneeze and they bless you?

And yet, I think I understand that you have a big feeling of gratitude and happiness in fullness that is what that language is about for you

4:07 Or when I wrote "It's a blessing — to be able to think and to be able to stop thinking"?

No, no! I'm happy about that. I mean the strange words, for me, of one saying they feel blessed

(I mean, about being blessed for sneezing)

4:08 *It's a little grandiose, don't you think? Being blessed by god, you yourself? With your happy life?*

Sorry, that sentence is embarrassing. But I just keep hitting the send button, whatever

4:09 I don't know about the "god" part. Or about the happy life part. My life isn't happy. I'm happy. I don't know about a god, in any case.

It sounds like, you feel it's about you, when someone else says they "feel blessed." But it's just their feelings about themselves. Identity. Continuity.

I don't know about the blessing, but thank god you've got some soft extra cushions under your ass

4:10 Soft enough. The main thing is the lift, so my wrists aren't destroyed by this chat collaboration.

I feel narcissistic and impure

We are not distinct people. Yet everyone is different. It's crowded that way. Also spacious that way.

Yes, good to keep the wrists neatly intact into very late age

I like feeling narcissistic and impure

4:11

So do I.

And along with it, guilt and regret

I'm not sure what feeling narcissistic and impure has to do with happiness, though. Probably not much.

Which can be equally delicious, seeing as how they're part of the universal package

4:12

I don't go in big for guilt and regret. They are always available, to be sure. I find a little but goes a long way.

How can that be true? That's like saying the shallow box has nothing to do with the patterns of confluence and interference

My little butt goes a long way. But that's not what I meant.

Sure, like some kinds of spice

4:13

So, I know it's getting crowded in here, but if I'm hearing you right, you're confirming to me, reminding me, that happiness may have a lot to do with feeling narcissistic and impure? Or did I get the signals crossed?

4:14

It's the wind and breeze that have led us astray

Have we gone astray? It's hard to tell.

I don't think I mean that, no, not as though they have special qualities that increase happiness

In all this mist

4:15 Maybe that they are necessary to happiness, though?

That they maybe are?

Not at all! no, that's not what I said or meant

That's what I wanted to know.

4:16 But even more, I wanted to know what you did mean.

i meant that as part of the flux of feeling they contribute as much or little as any other to happiness or its lack

I am really annoyed when I misspell and mis-punctuate

4:17 *However it doesn't seem to have diminished my happiness*

Thanks. I like that. It's also a good example of a pronouncement. The one I mean about "flux of feeling" and everything.

I like the others too.

Hm. Is it a pronouncement?

Isn't it?

I don't know.

4:18 *Perhaps we should look it up?*

What makes a pronouncement a pronouncement?

Is a blessing a pronouncement?

Are we stupid? or is it just me?

4:19 Yes. No. No. Yes. In any sequence. Are these rhetorical questions? My butt is rooted to these cushions now. I can look on my phone, I guess. I remember that.

I think I should lay off the early afternoon slapstick, it makes me feel reckless and giddy. I don't think they're rhetorical, no

4:20 *I watched an onstage meltdown recently. It was totally endearing.*

The word of the day, on the iPhone dictionary, is "compeer."

I have no idea what that means!

4:21 an equal in rank, ability, accomplishment, etc.; peer, colleague; close friend; comrade. We are compeers.

Earlier today, I thought my friend was texting me that 'ingenue' meant jaded. Boy was I surprised I'd had it wrong all this time

That's cool.

And it turned out I just got the texts confused.

We are compatriots, friends, allies,

Words! They'll do it every time.

4:22 This is in a sense how we know one another. In an important sense. i like that.

Do you mean, "this" as in, this chat?

4:23 I meant “this” as in the words you were using, like “compatriots”

If yes, I agree. It seems to me there's no other way anymore to know anyone that can meet the particular qualities of this technology, as staged, as posed and true. It's very unusual

In life, of which this chat is more a part than a representation

4:24 *I'll agree with that.*

It's a necessity, to be compeers, from my point of view. I seek that identity with everyone, whether I know it or not.

4:25 *May I say, “we are feeling agreeable today”? although it's a snooty-sounding sentence*

You do?

I'm talking all on top of you half or more of the time today, I'm sorry.

Yes. I know some people have really worrisome or hurtful intentions and values. But I wonder if within or underneath that is the potential for compatriotism.

4:26 *That seems generous of you, very gracious, and open, and hopeful*

it reminds me of something I read recently, about reminding oneself that others are real

It's you and the technology. Me and the technology probably do it at least as much. Those who are attending to this without actively writing probably get more used to it than we do.

4:27 I mean you and the technology that talk on top of me

by thinking "you are real"

We are alone in this. Those who watch may have others to exchange thoughts with out loud while they watch.

Alone with each other, in a funny way. A way that is "on line."

Isn't that just what was happening above the metro!

4:28 *So noisy, in a good way, and easily shifting, with a lot of happiness, like my friend Frank*

It blows my mind sometimes that I am real. And then I am more amazed that my own children are real than that other people are.

Yes.

Sadly it is unlikely I will know what that particular thing is like. So I am happy if you can tell me about it

4:29 I like to try, sometimes. It's always hard to know where to start. I appreciate your interest. And your potential increment of happiness.

4:30 *The sun really came out for me today*

Nice. i love when the sun comes out.

Monday, August 6, 2012
4pm west | 7pm east

4:01 heart too much in my throat

O

4:02 pain particularly in the heart

O but why?

apprehensiveness of one order or another as though something is going wrong or will going wrong

will be going wrong

4:03 heart does not belong in throat, does not speak that way

Does this anxiety and apprehension have a cause?

Yes, I think so. Multiple causes. It's hard to be sure what a cause or source is.

4:04 *Do you have a fixed point of reference, or is it generalized apprehension?*

What could possibly go wrong, I guess

4:05 *Is it a premonition, something otherworldly, or is it worldly anxiety over something really fretful?*

4:06 It does discover fixed points of reference, family relationship concerns and untoward potential but nonexistent developments, and these considerations torque it up.

I did wake up in the morning from dreaming with a feeling like this

I'm sorry you are suffering

Today I thought everyone had days like this

4:07 *Everyone does! Yesterday after our chat was finished, I felt panicked for about three hours*

Yikes.

over nothing consequential that I could discover, besides my own apprehension.

4:09 *was your heart in your throat in your dreams? on waking? you woke up anxiously?*

I woke up thinking I'd been dissociating, radically, and suddenly realized it, as though this had happened a number of times but I had always forgotten. This was a dream. It seemed like I was supposed to realize I'd had the dream a number of times before. It was very scary

4:10 *Possibly all of this is true. It sounds frightening*

I don't want to make explanations, either historical or theoretical, but I felt alert to it at the moment I brought it up

The feeling

4:11 *This morning, or just now, at 4:01pm west coast time?*

I sent a message that didn't arrive.

4:12 The technology may be dissociating. The message may show up later, in an unexpected

place.

I woke up about 6 hours after I went to sleep last night — about 6:30 this morning, Eastern time.

I like unexpected messages, delayed relays of information, that sort of thing. Heart in throat at inopportune or confusing times

4:13 *Unexplained mysteries of emotion are okay with me, I think*

I was dead asleep when you were waking up. I was entering a period of intense dreaming

4:14 sleep is powerful

Have all your feelings gone away? or are they still hanging around? you've had 12 waking hours already

I've had only eight.

4:15 My feelings are not always the same. I felt pretty well when had my hair cut, when I swam in the bay, when I walked to the far away view about 8 a.m.

4:16 The feelings don't seem to be hanging around. They seem to swoop in from time to time and seize me

4:17 Writing about it seems to help me feel more porous, allowing the feelings to leak off

I have habits

I'm afraid to write about them, but I wish they'd leak off

Susceptible?

Is your porosity susceptibility?

4:18 *Is porosity a form of dissociation?*

Is this our separation of parts?

It might be a form of dissociation

Or perhaps it's a form of non-attachment

4:19 *I don't quite understand, in fact I am sure I understand very differently than you, "dissociation"*

It seems susceptible to interpretation, to change, to opening something closer to the core, if there is a core, which there may be

4:20 I suspect the word "dissociation" means different things to different people. To me it seems to have a broad range of application.

your understanding will be trained, and clinical; mine will be casual, incidental

Tell me more about your understanding of this word

It? what it? (at 4:19)

Way back at 4:19? It referred to porosity at that time.

4:22 *I suppose I always think of it as about the body--but not really, a kind of distancing, separation, from parts, thoughts, environment, troubling things, vanishment*

The word “it” might be said to be highly suggestive and prone to dissociation.

4:23 *very nice, it*

erasure, forgetting, but while remaining attached? is it about troubling things? --

Do you mean that a person dissociates from her body? — and these words sort of come up to characterize that experience?

i like a kite metaphor, one that's far off, i've always liked that

4:24 I can see that

kite

Well, one sometimes does—I mean I have on a very rare occasion felt that floating feeling, very frightening, apart from my body, at moments that seemed threatening, interiorly threatening, not as experience in the world--

4:25 *but what I want to know is about your wonder, about your own sense of anxiety, coming out of your dreams, where something was suggesting you'd been forgetting a lot something over and over, you called this dissociating*

4:27 *are prisons obsolete?*

It was alarming. As though I was supposed to know this had been happening sometimes (over the days? years? decades?) but again I was caught by surprise. And something terrible must lie behind it, somehow, which I couldn't reach, could not recall . . .

Prisons are holes

Prisons are hopeless

i have a question about that terrible that lies behind it, why do we have to think so?

4:28 I don't know. I wondered about that too, as I was writing it.

Dissociation (here I go with the clinical thought) is clinically associated with trauma.

4:29 *To have something be secret from oneself for days years or decades is alarming even if the secret is rather benign*

Yes, it is. I knew that, incidentally and casually, maybe causally even

It's peculiar if the secret is benign, isn't it?

Peculiar to have it be secret from oneself, I mean.

4:30 *I'm kind of fond of the word "peculiar." It's so oddly shaped and funny sounding*

What is alarming us so much? Yesterday I imagined a bee stung me and that I was going to collapse and die from it, even though I couldn't find a sting anywhere on me

4:31 *Your heart is in your throat part of the time up and down today, or so I seem to think from what you've been saying*

. . . if it's something too terrible and threatening to frame into words, one might well not remember it, there's nothing clear enough to

remember — aside from sensations.

4:32 You're right

Our themes of association, dissociation, confluence, identity, narcissism and all the waves, and patterns of interference and weather, tributaries?

Yes, that sounds like a classic clinical expression of trauma and how we manage it

These themes of ours?

4:33 *It's difficult these days to know if the interference is internal or external, many things seem threatening*

I think that's what I meant, yeah,

4:34 Time seems often to have wrenched itself from my grasp. I'm not trying to hold on tight or anything, but I would like to hold it and be held within it, cooperatively.

4:35 *Time? Is the it here?*

Time is . . . the it in that sentence, yes. I say things not knowing what they have to do with other things you and I are saying, but I feel they must be . . . related.

I think they're connected, yes

4:36 They almost force themselves out of me at times.

And feel less concerned than before about how to know and push anything along in any particular way

*Same here. And the technology becomes —
what?*

it's a curious — I'm trying to say it

4:37 okay

4:38 *it makes, with our attention, a kind of confluent
expression and discovery which i am not sure*

what to name about it

distinction, dissociation

in new combinations

Our attention tries to ally with the technology,
it's not always an easy match

4:39 It's sometimes startlingly askew, at odds

*I was thinking something else — something
obvious about embodiment here*

embodiment in . . . what sort of body?

4:40 *the immediacy of the construction of "the
chat" as a single function*

(for readers)

*that we don't take any "subject" particularly as
a matter of definite course*

4:41 Yeah

*and physically, that's the obvious part, you are
there and I am here*

4:42 *which immediately should be confused as
"you" and "I"*

indefinite

spaces are confused with identities? with pro-
nouns?

*though of course i had my dreams and you
had your heart in your throat and i had an en-
counter with an imaginary bee*

distinct, distant, but associating

*no, maybe not confused, i had a handle on
something i thought but maybe it slipped
away*

4:43 It was like that event, when I woke up, exer-
cised a sort of emphatic and spectacular fore-
closure of all the previous dreaming.

4:44 The event of the "You have been dissociat-
ing!" presence

*Of the night's dreaming I assume but not all
the previous dreaming*

Is dreaming dissociating plain and simple?

4:45 *In which case, no trauma at all, just the secret
of telling yourself you've been dreaming....
which, could that be alarming, if it turns out
your pleasures are only dreams*

sleeping, dreaming, watching the blur of foli-
age out the train window

4:46 That was like dissociating. I was simply not
responding to what you had written, which

seemed like it was too much for me, as a matter of fact

I think about trains often, and sometimes when I do, I think about Frank Sinatra singing, "I took a trip on a train, and I thought about you"

4:47 We have never done this before.

This way.

Ah. It is often difficult to respond. It happens to me all the time. I must dissociate often, if that is the definition

No, we never have

4:48 To what is it that one might respond? Some people think they know just what it is that requires response.

Yes, I think it's true that some people do know or think they do

Sometimes there is just too much going on, one feels juggled

4:49 *Aren't there lots of theories that one only responds to oneself really?*

I guess. Send me a link to that Sinatra song sometime, will you? I don't think I know it.

"One feels juggled" — Suzanne always reads "One feels judged." It's no secret I feel that way.

4:50 *Another line has to do with the track leading back*

to the lady. He seems to be on the last car,

looking back, at night

I'd rather be juggled. It's odd to think the tracks
lead . . . anywhere

I always see dark foliage and night sky

4:51 I remember trying to keep up with the mov-
ing pictures, as though they were a train, and
some of them did appear to represent a train,
picking up speed

4:52 dark foliage and night sky . . . day for night . . .
shadows and light . . .

Day for Night, I liked that film too

So I seem to think I remember

It ended tragically, like Grace Kelly.

4:53 *What did? The it is so confusing*

The movie, Day for Night.

At a railroad track?

*O, see I've dissociated. i can't remember the
tragedy at all. I'm too busy sometimes with
imaginary insects in front of me*

4:54 They are about the worst

They are about the worst of the ordinary
hebdomadaire provocations of suffering and
dislocation

4:55 *I don't know what that word means, will you
tell me?*

ambition to spell french word

I think it means "everyday" — you know, as an adjective

Do you mean, when people have those terrible delusions of insects crawling up and down their skin?

4:56

it must be dreadful

But it's probably misspelled. Yes, that's the worst of the worst, in this sense. That's hard to call ordinary, though. I mean just the bugs one encounters around here stopping for a moment on the road.

I appreciate your deft touch with the french spelling and think you got that good word in in a good way

Thanks. You're nice.

4:57

O, I found the bugs in the Maine tropics to be very fretful for me

They can get to anyone. Lots of people here have no tan at all.

I am pretty nice. I have a few strong troubling streaks, like lots of people

4:58

That too is something to be grateful for

Did your heart drop a bit down out of your throat, Steve?

Yes. I was just thinking, another hour I've survived through. You too. That's encouraging.

4:59

I don't feel as much dread this afternoon as you do. it seems

5:00

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FPs-gdRlv0CM>

The technology helps, holding time in its feisty vice-like jaws.

Tuesday, August 7, 2012
6:30pm west | 9:30pm east

6:33 *So it's like that, then?*

6:34 I am trying to start to say something about the present moment.

Yes, that's challenging.

Oddly I don't know this time what the first thing is that you wrote to me, even though it's posted above.

6:35 It's not because you didn't write it clearly enough.

6:36 *I was asleep.*

6:37 *I put it out of my mind*

Oh. I thought maybe you went off to pick a pot off the stove or something.

I fell asleep for a few microseconds, a few times, at the lecture about an hour ago.

6:39 Nevertheless, time passed quickly.

6:40 *It must have been deep dissociation.*

6:41 Without graphic representations in numerical form

My sleeping like that.

my ability to make this connection might be about nil.

- 6:42 *It is about nothing.*
- The digits that make up the indications of time
- 6:43 appear impervious to us here
- Maybe it's about bad timing.*
- Your sleeping is?
- 6:44 *I confess, I'm not sure either what the it is there.*
- I appreciate that. One could get lost in that question.
- I got up once to get candy.*
- 6:45 Hard candy?
- Good question, because the answer is good. The candy is hard, because it's cold, but it softens after you put it in your mouth, and is very sweet and chewy.*
- 6:46 *After I put it in my mouth.*
- Coincidentally, I just went to the blog and opened the chat there, so I could see what your first line actually was. Now I know.
- 6:47 *I really can't stand when you do that.*
- Who cares?*
- 6:48 I wanted to know. I thought, if I don't find out, I'm avoiding finding out, now that I know. But I could have continued to avoid finding out, and that would have been better

- 6:49 for the chat itself. I closed that page again.
You could have found out and kept mum about it.
that would have been better
You might have made the discovery and kept it out of view.
- 6:50 here
But this wasn't just a form of prickly persuasion. A real demand!
- 6:51 What was a demand . . . did you or I demand something? Did I forget? How could I forget?
I'm going back to sleep.
- 6:52 *You must be high.*
I'm not high. I'm disturbed.
- 6:53 *By what? Insects?*
Now it's like an echo in my mind — what you said, I mean
I'm a professional hypnotist
I'm off balance and I think I'm dizzy
I put myself into a trance
- 6:54 *and come right out of it*
I wonder if you could make a living doing that
Gee, I wonder too.

Is there much call for it where you are?

I ought finally to put my good works to the test.

6:55 *There is a desperate need for hypnotism, yes. Nobody knows it yet.*

The technology dissociated me. For a moment. Or maybe it still is

Maybe I should put my good works to rest.

6:56 You sound sleepy

I can't tell anymore.

You and the technology had a bit of a momentary falling apart, falling out?

6:57 Maybe this dream will be one of the easy ones. Maybe something will happen that can't be dealt with.

I think I must be sleepy

6:58 An initial falling out. There's still a rectangle with a whirling circle of lines blocking what we said a minute ago, asking me to be patient with it, depending on my connection speed

I want my money back

I think you have to give it to me first.

6:59 I'll send it to you, then I want it back

You know, I don't think I've ever thought, clearly, "I want my money back"

7:00 *I don't think I have ever thought particularly of
any money as my money*

Only fantasy money is truly mine

Sleep money

*I don't remember seeing any money ever in
my sleep,*

7:01 *but I'm probably wrong about that.*

It doesn't seem like the kind of memory that
would stick

*One can't remember everything that happens
in dreams. Some things can't be dealt with*

True. Too pedestrian

I wonder whether we are speaking in universal
terms

*Oh, I'm wrong. I remember very well a dream
of money*

7:02 *I wonder that too, every sentence*

Very well?

*Yes, I had a dream that Alli wanted her money
back*

And I showered her with money

There were a lot of bills

7:03 *Which is another story*

I was thinking about lost time, and how the

digitization of time, particularly here, seems to maintain it in place and locate it

Lost time is very difficult to deal with

but also to subtract it from all the other times that go on regardless

7:04 Lost time absents itself from getting dealt with

We seemed to have said a lot of things in just one minute.

We made some pronouncements

7:05 It's hard enough to deal with time that isn't quite lost but still tethered or in sight somehow

Statements as though they were facts

7:06 I saw a newspaper column this afternoon in which readers were advised to go ahead and just say what they think, whether they are certain of it or not, rather than shyly avoid stating anything, and let it become part of what people say to each other

Dots that stand in for bathers

Was it in print paper, or on the internet?

7:07 It was in one of the smaller local papers, which I was reading at the public library

I've had less success lately in shyly avoiding stating

7:08 *All sorts of things becoming part of what I say to others. I really like the public library*

I could screen the last thing you say from view, with a file card, from now on, to balance out my not seeing what you said a couple lines before that.

7:09 *Sure Steve, go right ahead. Why not.*

easier said than done

Say anything

7:10 I couldn't see my own typing when I did that

i'll try again

with a smaller piece of paper so I can read the line I'm writing with the other hand. But you aren't saying anything. This is really hard work. I don't like it.

7:12 I have nothing to say

7:13 I could scream

seriously

Go for it!

7:14 I wonder if someone will run in

It was loud

7:15 *Someone might run in.*

That's scary

But they are probably used to your intermittent howls of anguish or frustration

You might have inadvertently created a fairy

tale type of situation

No, I don't think they know about that. The person running in would probably be scared

7:16 *Has anyone arrived, panting and out of breath, scared about what they will find?*

Nobody but me

7:17 *You live in a gingerbread house*

on a little hill

Who is more scared in the fairy tale, the reader or the protagonist?

and the gravel is made of grey and yellow jelly bean pebbles

It's very disturbing

7:18 rolling squishing meshing

little bits of soft matter inside hard candy shells

Who is more interested in the fairy tale, the reader or the protagonist?

the brains inside the heads

I could live on candy

7:19 *In a puffy cloud*

I would become a nervous wreck

Would that be a transformation?

- This is a universal truth
- 7:20 imminent departure for lost time
- I'm not sure I ever thought about losing time*
- 7:21 It's new for me too, I think. Does Gregory Peck lose time in Spellbound?
- It's unnerving
- I don't know at all, I don't remember.*
- But the name "Gregory Peck" is something that calls up an early history for me, but I can't say what.*
- 7:22 *But the name is very important, more important to me than, I don't know, Cary Grant.*
- It's very important, but I don't know why.*
- I get "Spellbound" confused with "Vertigo"*
- You're not the only one who feels that way
- Surely I'm not. But my feeling is particular to me*
- 7:23 *Who is Gregory Peck?*
- My brother's name is "Gregory"*
- 7:24 Each person's associations to the name "Gregory Peck" are particular to that person
- How lovely that name is.*
- I wonder who made that name up and whether we could get that person to make a cameo

guest appearance in one of these chats

7:25 *We could ask my brother, Gregory.*

He might know

He might make

My mother told me a story recently of my brother's gentleness as a little boy, it was very touching to me

7:26 *It was in the way he handled the baby chicks he saw in a shallow box.*

A long time ago.

7:27 One at a time, gently, tentatively, with care

Just like that, exactly. He put his fingers very softly on their little heads to pet them.

7:28 knowing that each chick might feel on the verge of fear of being lost, hurt, separated

7:29 *I don't know what he knew.*

Well, I'm sure you're right. I don't either. I wish I did.

7:30 *I wish I did too*

not just counting them, but to let them feel cared for

I don't know

such a long time ago

Wednesday, August 8, 2012
7:15pm west | 10:15pm east

7:16 Okay.

I often feel how patient the system is, waiting for us to turn up and do something

7:17 *And how open and forgiving*

As though, at first, it has no sense of time

And never any interest in judging what we make of it

I suppose I've gotten that all wrong, given your response

7:18 *Perhaps what I really thought isn't about the system but a displacement from the waiting apparatus to the patient audience*

Who are always out there judging, nevertheless.

I like your approach instead

I don't see how my response could demonstrate that you got something wrong

7:19 though.

It demonstrated that what I really was thinking about wasn't the apparatus but a personification of it, a projection, or maybe it really just was about the system and I'm dizzy

7:20 I get dizzy easily in here.

*We both know it wasn't your response. My
encounter with your response sent me another
way*

7:21 *Though I was wide awake a minute ago, I sud-
denly feel sleepy*

We must be in the hypnotist's box

I think the combination does that to you,
doesn't it?

The technology reminds me of a cyclotron.

What combination does what to who?

7:22 The combination of my wayward inscriptions
and the technology's relentless advance

*Your inscriptions, are they wayward? From
what?*

Yes, dizzy

7:23 Wayward from . . . Maybe tacking is a better
description

One body forms two

Or in the reverse

I stop judging, arresting, or withholding

7:24 It's a sliding door

But part of me got lost in it

What is a sliding door?

It sounds very scary

Hmmm. I didn't think of that.

I think perhaps all day I moved around too quickly

7:25 *Too much happened, I can't get a handle on it*

Think of what?

It is a little scary. Partly because I don't remember, I can't seem to remember, what part of me got lost in it.

The sliding door, that is

I was incredibly determined, busy, responsive

Revolving door? You mean? Something circular or something flat?

7:26 The cyclotron, or the hypnotist's box

I mean, yes

I was partially determined, pushed this direction and that, responsive, resistant, accepting and refusing

I insisted

7:27 No one made me an offer I could refuse

Hm. No one made me that either

Were you made an acceptable offer?

There weren't a lot of offers, but they were all acceptable.

7:28 Would you mind swimming in that lane, with

her, so we can share this lane?

Was that an offer made or accepted?

What's on offer there anyway?

7:29 *Anyway, I would mind. I refuse.*

I was offered an alternative, to accept or to refuse.

I could think of no reason to refuse, aside from that I liked the lane I was already in

7:30 The other lane looked pretty good too, and I'd already tried it out a little while earlier, with no problems

I wondered about sociability today, and behaving in a grown-up manner, so as to get along okay in the shallow box I live and work in.

I wish you'd refused, and kept in your lane, just to be happy, this one time

How do grown-ups behave, anyway?

7:31 *They behave differently from the child I saw on the street who made me begin thinking this way*

I think I would have been unhappy, if I hadn't changed lanes, knowing that the two other people would feel unhappy not to enjoy being together as they had hoped

What did the child on the street do, behaving as it did?

7:32 *What would it mean if you had been happy*

staying in your lane, and refusing to let those other two be happy in that particular way?

It would mean one thing to me and another to them

She was making a spectacularly frightening face and kicking her feet in a funny way while walking forward, and her head was tilting side to side and her bangs were sticking out ridiculously.

Can one really address meaning in the hypothetical?

7:33 *It was so wonderful I started laughing and feeling happy*

Then I saw a professional on the telephone

Was the child seeming happy or

Oh, I don't know, what do you think, Steve?

she was just delighted

7:34 *She was out of her mind with being*

I think I prefer childlike ways to adult ways, but that's partly because I can't figure out what the adult ways are, much of the time

7:35 Perhaps they involve some kind of deferral, or self-abnegation

I don't have a preference, for the same reason you state

When you mentioned the professional, I thought she was up on a crane addressing a

telephone on a tall wooden pole or something like that

7:36 That's the sort of professional we see on a telephone around here

I'm reminded of my friend who liked to say it would be so much better if we had tails like dogs

He was on a cell phone, in a private parking lot

How was he holding his tail?

You couldn't pretend you didn't notice that person you like so well coming in the room

7:37 Oh couldn't I?

Well, you aren't so able anyway, even without a tail

We are probably thinking of different incidents, whether real or hypothetical

7:38 La perruque! Oh, that's the wig, not the tail, right?

That's the wig.

Would it be better if we all wore wigs?

Many of us do.

7:39 Name two!

Name two wigs? Why?

Is that an offer or something else? I meant, to name two of us. I was really just trying to be

provocative, so it wasn't an offer at all.

7:40 It was a hypothetical.

7:41 It is fun to imagine there's a thread. Actually a number of threads are getting lost among one another, and their color and thickness is inconstant

Isn't it annoying when your provocation fails to get a rise?

No, I love it

Do you have some pocket criticism you're trying to address? Because I really don't know what's on your mind.

7:42 *If I had a glass of water, I bet I'd feel more alert and surprised*

7:43 It is good to imbibe a beverage at a time like this

I was not feeling critical. The provocation was just "in good fun." For the hell of it. However, I notice too that it's annoying when I can't tell whether I'm still trying to be provocative or not.

maybe someone will take me out for a glass of wine

some time

7:44 I can't help but think that will happen, some-time when you are open to such an offer.

7:45 *I find it definitely an annoyance when I can't tell what you are up to when it comes to prov-*

ocations or not, but I find it supremely amusing when you tell me about it

If I'm open to it, I surely won't refuse!

I loved the idea that many of us are wearing wigs. It was provocative for me. I almost felt my scalp to check.

7:46 *I put my hair up a little bit before fetching the water.*

I'm dropping provocation.

I can't wake up

You could have fooled me

7:47 *Bestir yourself, Suzanne!*

I'm trying, Steve! I took my hair down again

I feel terrified

Unprovoked

I was just beginning to imagine you with your hair "a little bit up" and now it's down again!

Why did I want you to refuse the lane?

7:48 *Does the lack of provocation terrify you?*

To be less gracious and grown up about it all

I think it's this fucking box

It makes me dizzy

Awake, astir, and ashamed

I see.

A little shame goes a long way

Where is your pipe, and chair?

7:49

Does it ever!

Shame doesn't easily turn into something else

Damn, where is my pipe? I must have hidden it!

Not easily but it can happen to become something else

like sleep

I don't think so—oh, but actually you are right

7:50

Perhaps it can be said of sleep that it always becomes something else

Dissociative sleep

that happens to me

I enjoy a certain amount of relentless movement, so long as it's not all too frenetic

We never do stop moving, that's a quality we can agree on I think

7:51

I feel a little like Oscar Wilde, but I don't think I sound much like him

Some of it you like to be frenetic though?

Neither of us sound much like Oscar Wilde, I'm afraid

Frenetic is okay in dribs and drabs

That's impossible. That's like saying honey is okay when it's ocean spray

7:52 I guess you're right. I'll ask a question. That seems safer. Is there movement in loneliness, in solitude?

Safer than what, dear?

7:53 *Yes, I think there's movement in both loneliness and solitude*

They are never the same

Safer wasn't a very good term for what I meant, but I'm not sure what I meant. Safer from becoming ashamed for having said something with nil validity, like that frenetic might be available in dribs and drabs.

Maybe that's not true, but in each episode of one or the other, isn't there change or movement?

7:54 *Since when is the impossible nil validity? did I give you a sense of having been wrong?*

I think I did this already to someone else today, it's having me think about my habits and effects

7:55 *With some concern that I improve, for the happiness of loved others*

I seem to have gathered up, out of the air, out of combining one thing and another, the sense of having said something wrong, but not of having been wrong.

Your saying something was part of what I was using to do that.

7:56

That was very effective of you, if you were hoping to have made yourself sense you had said something wrong

But I would attribute to your remark regarding impossibility the provocation to think

Therefore, we can surmise that you'd done all right

At that

7:57

Funny that expression "all right"

We sound a bit lofty and silly, do you think?

It's funny, I like it All right

Some people may think that some things are all right

Is that a line from a familiar song?

7:58

One we both know?

I wonder

Yes, there's a provocation to think

And an invitation

7:59

One pauses and thinks, meanwhile one is already saying something else, while still considering the invitation

How to engage the offer?

Don't you really just have to conjoin it with something else that's available for use at the same time?

Switch lanes or not, all of that?

8:00 I didn't quite make eye contact

No sentences seem to make pure sense to me anymore, that must be why

but I did say, "I don't mind if I do"

That must be why what?

8:01 *So they were able to be pleased, to be together, and you were able still, just a little, to express your displeasure, which was likely fairly slight*

No eye contact

Is that a line from a familiar song?

Sentences don't quite get put together

I didn't mind, but I did body

I had to move from one lane to another, sideways, which was not in my best interest

8:02 But it had its own interest

So many things slip past here

Almost everything

The sideways action had some merit?

8:03 It did have merit, of one kind or another

There was nothing to indicate what kind of merit it had

8:04

I paused to put my sweater on.

The merit being mainly comfort, over warmth

Earlier, you see, I had been swimming in that lane that I wound up swimming in, and a boy of about 12, who had been receiving some instruction on how to improve his swimming, and then lolling about in the water, often upside down, as though floating to the bottom, got out, and told me I could have his lane, and so I thanked him and took it.

8:05

So the boy had a good lane, and when finished, offered it to you, it was a gift

But you didn't hold on to it too long, since those others wanted to have it

And them being two, and you being one, and gracious, you gave it up

8:06

Neither too long nor too short. But long enough to enjoy it.

It had been a great pleasure to watch him occasionally, as I was myself swimming past, upside down underwater that way, his legs about the level of his head.

But some part of you still wishes to have kept the lane?

Or to have kept something of the boy who'd been in the lane before you?

You were swimming in the lane that had pre-

viously been his, where he'd been up to all his antics

8:07 *Or you had enough of everything, or everything was all right just as it was?*

Yes. Then back to my original lane, in deference to the two women's preference. Watching the women swim on this occasion gave me little pleasure. It's hard to say what makes a person really interesting underwater.

8:08 Tensility. Plasticity. The unexpected.

All this time I thought it was one man and one woman who wanted to be together in the lane

Different ideas of incident

It was a younger woman and an older woman. Both were adults. They may have been mother and daughter.

There's a nice use of "it."

8:09 Not to mention "both" and "they."

Yes, good use of it

Because "it" is more interesting.

But "both" and "they" are quite serviceable, they do a good job.

It's slipperier

That makes it more interesting underwater.

8:10 And above, on land, too, particularly when . . .

8:11 You've given me a useful spelling lesson this evening. Thank you.

I have?

I'm glad.

It's nice to be of use.

8:12 I always had to write "more slippery" before, because I didn't know how to spell the right word, all in one word. It really grabs my attention too.

To have been helpful, thought that's not the same thing.

So it's a well framed lesson.

I made a spelling error at 8:12, but I quite like it there.

8:13 I wonder if we could receive scores about now for childishness and for maturity in our behavior this evening.

I think I've wondered that, without knowing it, on nearly every occasion we've been here together

8:14 The word "though" is thus once again to be found in the word "thought," as it had been before in the first several sentences of this chat.

I don't remember a single thing that came before.

It's alarming

It's uncanny.

But it's a familiar feeling.

8:15

We're in that film, that one with so much diegetic silence-over

Thursday, August 9, 2012
8am west | 11am east

8:02 *Sometimes I've got no faith you're on the other side.*

But I'm here. I was thinking how to put something, once I thought of something to say.

8:03 This side and that side. It's curious how we do arrive at such formulations.

It does seem a bit like communicating with dead, doesn't it?

I venture into the roiling waters.

Or, if we were going to communicate with the other side, I bet it could look a lot like this

8:04 *I scrubbed every part pretty pertly with salt this morning.*

Salt & water.

8:05 Some day we will both be dead, as will all who read these words. I'm looking forward to, possibly, improved communications.

We're surely doing our share to move that technology along, dear friend.

While we still have the chance.

8:06 From each according to his or her abilities, right?

All right.

I was thinking about my heart being in my throat as generally a likely condition to find myself in much of the time these days

Is there some kind of special storm roiling through the Maine suburbs this morning?

Not in a bad sense

In a good way, then?

8:07

Yes, I think so.

I was thinking I don't know where these thoughts come from

I feel what I'm saying, more and more, it seems, spontaneously, involuntarily, whether it hurts or feels delicious.

I thought I might say that this morning

There are always several storms roiling through small town America.

8:08

You are alive, this proves it

I wonder where there is a locus of origin for thoughts

I didn't wonder that, but I can apply myself to it for a few days

Now that I know what unsteady turns the left and right brains are with one another, I don't know that I could identify any particular place thoughts come from

8:09

O, will you remind me about that?

I meant “terms” but I wrote “turns”

Maybe the right brain was inflecting something the left brain was trying to state clearly.

Turns is much better, good thing you made that error

8:10 Left brain: intellectual, rational, organized, logical, problem-solving, planning, sequencing, verbal

Right brain: emotional processing, fight or flight, intuitive, imagination, nonverbal communications

I know about that, there was something you shared in particular the other day, that I didn't know about, and you didn't previously know about

8:11 *About their cross-communications*

Somebody interferes with someone else and disrupts the pattern

Maybe I made that up

8:12 *I got concerned with who is watching suddenly*

The left brain might trigger reactions in the right brain, but basically the left brain tries to account for and negotiate a space for the self, which exists almost entirely in the right brain. It isn't equipped usually to know much about right brain functioning and understanding.

Is someone watching you, where you are?

Sorry, I talk too much.

8:13 They will watch you if you talk while you are typing on your computer keyboard.

No, I am alone here.

Now I feel that I am the machine, speaking to the person in Maine

8:14 *A person who has a heart that gets up in his throat*

Oftentimes, these days

Speaking of psychological functioning, I have always been fascinated by Freud's notion of there being censors in the mind, and that they work like a screen or scrim

O sure, whatever

I mean sorry, go on

8:15 Might feeling like a machine while talking to someone by means of an electronic connection be a sort of censoring, to manage the potential overload of . . . ideas, affects

I mean, it may not focus, but it defines a horizon, sort of.

Scrimms are very lovely apparatus for filtering and softening light and other things

8:16 *well sure, ok, i wouldn't deny that*

Yeah. I like it. I also think of Lewis Carroll's idea of the permeable looking glass.

Maybe it's the left brain stepping aside

Humans mirror one another, in normal communication and especially in key attachment relationships.

Are you taking Fridays off this summer, or are you in the chair?

8:17 Okay, no more shrink talk today.

O, it's Thursday. No, go right ahead,

8:18 I'm in the internet cafe in Ellsworth, and there's a noisy room, people talking in a muddled soundscape, and a lovely woman's voice coming over the speakers, singing softly

You are incisive, and I am a machine, or a scrim

I am stepping into the River Lethe. I don't remember a thing.

I like the ways we don't know who we are going to be next.

8:19 Even though often we are the same person we had an impression already that we had been.

I don't have a preference about the ways we don't know who we are going to be next

I wish this could go on forever

8:20 *I am aware*

8:21 I think about that more lately too

I want to know more about you

Unfortunately, I also have other passions and

fascinations beside this one

Every thought offers us some person we had a suppression ready to have known.

What kind of coffee you are drinking in the cafe, if you like it there

You are going to keep learning more about me

Passions and fascinations are endless

8:22 I ordered a tall cappuccino today. Maybe because I will be sitting at a table and it will take a long time for me to get around to taking even a sip.

So the taller it is the more likely you'll sip it?

Or so that it will stay warm, at least at the bottom of the cup?

8:23 *I should have said, they're infinite, but that's no good either*

The more likely it will get cold before I do, or so I think. Yes, the warm, that's it. Meanwhile, to answer yet another question (keep them coming), I like the confusion that has nothing to do with me in being here. Almost nothing to do with me. It is an oppression I choose, a terrifically mild form.

O, I am pretty fond of those confusions too.

8:24 a blocked thought

I don't think of it as my choice of or in oppression

Wouldn't it be great to just say things like that in conversation?

I really like those blocked thoughts too, how incredible that we can just tune them out while others are so noisy and fast a-comin

Things like what?

8:25 We are pretty highly developed organisms, aren't we?

Go on and say it, why not

Compared to what?

Things like "a blocked thought."

One of my favorite sentences, that.

If you can unblock one long enough to say it, I'd be really delighted

8:26 Those are the ones I do say, I think. But where does that thought come from?

That sentence you just wrote is one of your favorites? Good.

You think I have good taste in sentences?

I'm thinking too much now, it's an issue.

Maybe thinking about needing to use the toilet would come in handy here.

I didn't say so, no. But sure.

8:27 How kind of the woman to offer me a fork with my cinnamon roll. One feels these things.

That isn't a blocked thought at all, it's a sentence you decided wouldn't be appropriate in the polite society of this damn box

Did I call that a blocked thought?

8:28 *Lately you either want to shrink or provoke me.*

It's rather transparent.

Is that a rhetorical question, about "Did I call that"? I don't think so. I think it's a conversational question.

8:29 I am very interested in the transparency of my intentions to others, particularly when I am unaware of them.

Maybe it has to do with the angle at which observation is taking place.

I am disappearing

Do you feel directly in my sightlines?

I am always disappearing.

8:30 Maybe that's why I keep writing.

8:31 *I suppose I am barely visible at all*

Gasping for breath, flailing my arms, as I'm swept through the River Lethe.

What makes you visible?

This morning

Yes

- 8:32 *Your attention*
- 8:33 *There was a scrim in an important dream of mine, that I had last summer*
- Alone and not alone, in a crowd and on a desert island, facing and looking askance
- I never understand the delicacy of a fork in a cinnamon bun*
- 8:34 What was that scrim doing in a dream?
- People are in the cafe, and on the street passing by outside, appearing and disappearing, anonymous but for their sketchy appearances. Don't worry, I'm paying attention only to you.
- It allowed a friend of ours to sit behind a landscape and look out*
- 8:35 Lovely. I'm glad that was possible for our friend.
- Your dream was hospitable to our friend.
- He was hidden and constructing a labyrinthian house out of colored pieces of cardboard*
- 8:36 Busy busy busy
- I would so love to see his handiwork
- Did the scrim obscure it much?
- 8:38 The fork is scarcely delicate in the cinnamon bun. But it helps me to keep my fingers from getting too much gooky sugar on the keys.
- 8:39 *Something got in the way.*

8:40 *I'm rather upset about it.*

But it will go away.

8:41 I'm sorry. I'm sorry that had to happen to you, to us, to this. But maybe this muddy cloud will have a silvery lining.

8:42 *Yes, ok*

Weather.

Patterns of interference, and we thought we mainly had a handle on what those might be

The very often softer sun peers in on the resurrection letting it walk home.

There could be an earthquake, a drone attack

8:43 *A hive of bees*

And patterns of inference.

chasing one of us around the park, anything like that

That's a romantic sentence, back at 8:42

But the funny, irritating immediate misreading I had was "patterns of indifference."

It's like painting

The technology is designed to serve people's needs, though not necessarily ours.

It was a pattern of indifference, of a sort

8:44 *Of need*

The technology is finally, and continuously, indifferent.

8:45 To our needs, but not perhaps to its own, which remain mysterious to me.

8:46 If I were a modern highly advanced civilization that had overdrawn its advance, I would stage diverse spontaneous disruptions, to help people get used to what's coming.

Here in Maine, where we have no drought this year, things seem relatively continuous.

8:47 *We are used to spontaneous diverse disruptions, in fact, and have lied to ourselves that there can be any corral drawn to protect any part of life from that*

Fair enough

Our weather has been warm, against the usual pattern, with occasional bursts of cold wet weather to remind us of how things used to be

Is it winter there?

I don't know that I feel nostalgic or romantic

8:48 *From your angle of view, one could say there are no seasons here*

But we know better in the west. The gradations are subtle

We're more finely tuned

Exquisitely sensitive to the weather

8:49 *This morning, I distinctly detected autumn in*

the air

I remember for several years feeling quite tuned in to seasons in the region you live in. I don't remember feeling nostalgia, aside from swathed and saturated with creepiness.

From a very long way off. Nostalgia is pretty creepy, I think you're right

Which has its own charm.

8:50 *The disruption was big ego*

It's better than shame, anyway.

Or maybe not.

I don't have the same feelings about shame that you seem to have

As though it ought to get banished, be ashamed of itself, and go away

8:51 Some days, like today, periods seem to appear at the ends of my sentences involuntarily, without human intervention. Other days, not.

I know that seemed like a non sequitor, but it's been here for a while, it wanted to have its say.

You mean, you think there's a ghost finalizing your statements?

I'm changing my mind about shame.

8:52 *Together we're changing your mind about shame?*

I don't know which ghost would be ending

my sentences. It might be the technology, or something else.

I'm sorry if I perfunctorily attempted to cease any part of your patter this morning

Yes, together we are changing my mind about shame, but the we there includes a lot more people than just you and me.

I believe you are pressing the key that makes the punctum and immediately forgetting about it

8:53 *Between the last letter and the "Send" key*

I didn't realize you were attempting to cease any part of my patter, but I do like those four words.

Or perhaps the disruption was weak ego

Or I am cruel and wicked

8:54 You are no doubt absolutely right about that. I might be pressing the key before and after forgetting about it, with the window of time for noticing it being so slight that I missed it, thinking about something else, like one of the blocked thoughts. I wonder what they are?

Right, the miracle of the blocked thoughts

I am cruel and wicked too

I wish we could give them a second coming

8:55 *My more uncomfortable feelings subsided*

I suspect the blocked thoughts hang around

like ghosts, waiting for their moment to make an impression

Am I giving you appropriate attention?

Very

I am very satisfied

Do they come to the fore suddenly or do they just loll around in the background, delicate and malicious

8:56 Our terms are taking turns

Time is limited but only by people

Do they malingering?

I don't know.

I think that's a new expression of a wisdom

8:57 *Yesterday, I went back over one of our discussions and saw that I'd missed so much.*

8:58 I don't think they are — well, no, perhaps they are malingering. Pretending they aren't up to the job, just hanging around, but the damn shirkers could step up and say something if they chose to.

It felt less like a loss and more like a quarry.

That's what I was thinking.

8:59 There is a lot to be missed. Lost and found, lost again, found in another light, and so on. Damn the bastard who thinks he has the right interpretation of this work.

Or a mine.

A cave is a mine waiting to happen.

9:00

But it will not be night for some time.

It won't be night for some time.

Sometime, it will be.

Friday, August 10, 2012

11:45am | 2:45pm east

- 11:45 *Where does that expression come from,
"The cat is on the table"?*
- 11:46 I didn't know it was a popular expression.

*I didn't know it either, but thought maybe it
would be familiar to you*

I woke up with it in mind, like a popular song

Never heard it, except when an actual cat
was on an actual table
- 11:47 Do you often wake up with popular songs in
mind?

I never do

Do you?

I set my alarm to popular songs

Popular with me
- 11:48 *You pop a cd into the machine before bed
time?*

I use an app

The cat is on the table

I'm sure that's a popular expression

Maybe Kevin Killian wrote it

Cat! Off!

11:49

That's the expression I remember.

Its so vehement, and yet so limited in its expression

Primitive. Aggressive.

My punctuation has gone to the dogs this a.m.

In my personal experience, cats often seek high places.

11:50

Their food is always down low, though.

I've never raced animals, as far as I can remember. What about going to the dogs? Is that about rotten flesh of other animals?

Prosody shows up everywhere, no matter what.

It's good to get started on the pronouncements early

11:51

Epecially when we're running short on time.

I would not like to race animals, or most anything but willing humans.

Have you been big on foot races?

I was thinking how I hate that feeling, "I didn't have time." What a lame excuse. It makes me feel all the more guilty.

Don't care for foot races.

11:52

I thought I wrote that sentence you just typed in. How unsettling

Dogs are scavengers.

Poets are scavengers, too.

Dogs are mere pets.

"Pets" is in "Poets."

11:53

Some dogs are loose.

*Unlike an actual stage, there's nothing to
drum my fingers on*

I love imagining you up there on stage,
drumming your fingers on the boards

11:54

*Poets and pets. Sure. There's always plenty of
cats, dogs, and rabbits*

I love the idea of being grabbed by the neck
with a long pole with a big hook at the end

to go around

I quite like that idea too.

I also was thinking "What comes around
goes around."

11:55

*I'd be left up on the table drumming my
mitts all alone, looking ridiculous and feeling
sheepish*

You'd have a table up there on the stage.

11:56

People would point and say you look ridic-
ulous, and then it would come out in the
reviews.

As usual, I didn't have any thoughts. It's so

embarrassing, and also — you know, I remember a time when it was me and a barstool, does that ring a bell with you?

The bell is somewhere else, but it's ringing for me, yeah.

11:57 *There was a doorbell, and the whole time I was thinking of John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands, and a telephone ringing, and a match*

I often think of Nichols and May in this regard, too.

You are finely dramatic this afternoon, that's pleasing

11:58 You're kidding!

They brought the house down. But one could never see the house, once they were really at it for good.

11:59 *I'm not monkeying around, no. I'm like the elephant and whatever the animal is that doesn't lie*

Which animal is that?

What animal does lie?

Sloth?

12:00 *It's a bit like that around here today, in truth*

Sin is bliss backwards.

12:01 *I didn't look back much this time. That reminds me of a dream I had, but I can't re-*

member it very well

Why don't you make it up again?

It was about visibility and attention perhaps

12:02 *It wasn't a dream, it was that while I was lying awake in the middle of the night, I thought how yesterday or the other day I got the Eurydice thing backwards, and how wonderful that was*

12:03 What do you mean? What happened to Eurydice?

About her appearance and disappearance

Do you know anyone who's called their cat "Eurydice"?

12:04 Eurydice is a nice name for a cat, but I don't remember that name being used for one. I would sponsor it, but I prefer not to have a cat. Maybe a disappearing cat, I could care for.

12:05 *Would you care to remark on the weather? Because here it is awful bright and hot. Cats make me sneeze.*

Jeez, sometimes I'm not the same as other times. Do you notice that?

12:06 I wonder if the weather has to do with my neck-ache, but maybe it is only my perpetually faulty ergonomics.

yes, I've noticed

Sneezes brought on by allergic reactions

don't as often elicit blessings, have you noticed that?

12:07

More often, apology

Is it possible to be overly spontaneous? I suppose we've been through that before. I think we came to a consensus. It's a sham. A put-on. And it has the effect of hogging the space for reflection. Or something like that. Do you remember?

It involves so much reacting to oneself. It blocks interchange.

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I do that?

12:08

No.

Not at all.

Did we come to a consensus? I don't recall.

It was certainly some time ago.

12:09

I never wish I could remember anything, but often I wish I could remember specific things that I am unable to remember or that may never have happened.

That was weird.

Perhaps we decided it was possible to be overly spontaneous and leave the other in the dust, once I think I checked out for the rest of the afternoon in a fit of pique

That was exquisite.

12:10

I get the sensation we're sitting around

having a smoke and a drink. The afternoon has barely a breeze.

I see a reflection of the weather in my laptop screen.

I could use a drink about now.

I see a reflection of the weather in my laptop screen.

12:11 The air is getting really dull and thick to work its way up to a huge long rainstorm.

Nothing is happening here of that nature.

Leave it to me to perform a psychological formulation of the weather.

12:12 *I generally do leave that to you, but sometimes I join in, usually for fun but sometimes I wonder if from a feeling of inadequacy*

The kitten is in the basket.

12:13 *Hey, did you ever play tetherball?*

I love kittens. I loved playing tetherball, but it was frustrating.

12:14 Everything one does might be traced to a feeling of inadequacy, if one has a liability to that kind of thing.

What about three-legged egg-in-a-teaspoon races?

Even connecting the dots.

I avoided those 3leg spoonegg races.

I don't mind my liabilities anymore.

I'd rather play Scrabble.

12:15 *I guess the potato sack race didn't give you much to go on either.*

Everything is getting leveled. Do you ever feel that way? Kind of a gut feeling, about what's going on?

Yes, I feel that way some times.

12:16 *Though I really have no idea what you mean.*

I wonder why it feels that way to me. I don't have a judgment of it.

Can you say more? Is it the temperature, the time?

That's a fascinating clause, with the words "though" and "idea" and "mean" in it.

12:17 *Are you frustrated? Do you have a sensation of wishing to escape?*

12:18 *There are very few instances where the sensation of bounded time is acute*

No. Having had no idea what would happen, then knowing and seeing what happened, and increasingly realizing one does have some ideas what will happen, without still knowing what its effects will be and whether it will actually happen or not, much less being able to identify what it is, may contribute to that sense of everything being leveled or leveling itself out, as an endpoint, a horizon, a limit is approached.

12:19 *Even though we talk all the time to one another about lost, and short, and missing, and not enough, and next time*

"That's what I think" as just another idea.

Ideas as things.

Things as shot through, saturated, effervescent with feeling.

12:20 *Feelings as inherently, irrepressibly meaningful.*

12:21 *I'm not much for the grand gesture.*

I do seem truly passionate about time. Therefore, it feels good to wait for a while.

What sorts of gesture are you much for?

The long goodbye. I usually just split out the back door when no one's looking.

12:22 *I was thinking, as you said, goodbyes are not real.*

They are terribly not real, so why make a to-do

I like that.

Making anything of them crushes me to smithereens

It devastates me

12:23 *I imagine you may then suffer the "How do I go on?" feeling*

I'm down with my liabilities, whatever.

Yet one is always "on" again, soon enough,
even if one's bulb is smashed

*You could call them blessings, except I
spoiled that language for you.*

12:24

I appreciate it no end.

I might also like to throw away my wrist-
watch.

Toss it in with the thermometers!

Let's see, what else can we get in here?

12:25

Will you take a swim today, Steve?

No today, no.

I love it when people say "It's one of those
days." It's a provocation to me, I always feel
like asking, "One of which days?"

12:26

Do you often follow your own lead?

Do I ever?!

12:27

What a relief when someone else offers me a
lead I can find a means to follow.

You've been kind to me that way.

*I think perhaps I've been rather withholding,
both in offering and following,*

12:28

Have you? How could it be determined?
Maybe there's no way finally to know.

There are many options you've provided that I have missed the opportunity to respond to.

12:29 *And in return, I've also lost the thread a million times, at least.*

How could it be otherwise?

I think you've been more than generous.

Why would it be?

12:30 No particular reason, I suppose, if not "natural law."

How often has it occurred to me that generosity is an agent here, maybe not many times.

I'd like to see that carved in stone, a lot of places: Why would it be?

We are distinguishing ourselves today.

12:31 *Can you sense it?*

From . . .

We make a slightly less confluent activity than we did before?

12:32 *I have never imagined something I wanted carved in stone, that I can recall.*

The capacity to respond in any way, from any angle, including responding to an earlier entry, or to a thought unrelated to one's interlocutor's remark, provides an enhanced appreciation of each entry as a thing-in-itself, as its own complete thought, even while it's

made entirely of hinges and transitions.

12:33

Although a carved stone cat on a table would be a nice addition to my environment here.

You think?

You frustrate me with your directions.

It would take up table space.

12:34

Yes. I will get you a thermometer in glass, and throw away your wristwatch, as well as that noisy clock behind you, and you will carve me a stone cat for my table.

Is that an example of a direction?

It is an expression of affection.

12:35

I could tell that.

It would give me something to look at.

We were born with eyes for a reason, right?

it would be heavy appreciation of our attention

12:36

Yeah

It would listen without judgment

I think we have them for a reason

And what is that reason, do you think?

12:37

To feel and think perhaps

It's tempting to just try to sit here typing back

and forth forever on this chat and never open the door again and ignore the knocking

Without comma

12:38 *Do they know you're all right?*

12:39 They don't have a clue

Unless they are reading this on line

The chat would get worse, better, by all sorts of standards, and no one would care, because no one would be paying attention anymore, or the whole world would be watching, the world's longest chat, and they wouldn't care whether it was any good or not anymore, they would just be amazed it wasn't always the same 15 words

12:40 *You are more fond of endings than I am*

I'm done with pronouncements. Would you like to take over on that?

Done.

Thanks.

12:41 I think I'll squeeze myself into a little box and put myself on the shelf and turn out the lights when I leave.

That will leave me in the dark.

12:42 *Forlorn and invincible.*

Lucid and dreamy

I guess you're right. The old statement was

“The proof’s in the pudding,” but the actual significance of it is somehow different than what we usually have assumed.

The kitten’s in the pudding

12:43 What a mess for somebody to have to clean up

A cleaner-upper’s work is never done.

I don’t know that I’ve ever made a pudding that didn’t come out of a box.

12:44 Me neither.

I congratulate you on your superbly marvelous being, Steve

12:45 You have been one too and it’s a good thing.

Or shared one. Let one be known.

12:46 *It’s all weather from here —*

Then we throw away the box and eat the pudding and clean up the dishes and set them out to dry.

About this book

In 2009, at the prompting of mutual friends, we met for the first time at Suzanne's workplace in San Francisco, while Steve was visiting the Bay Area from rural Maine. Recognizing our shared interests in performance, provocation, collaboration, and non-theatrical improvisation, we struck up a friendship and a correspondence.

Living 3,332 miles apart as we do, we wondered often how we might collaborate in public performance. One afternoon in 2011, a few minutes of texting on our new phones suggested a possibility. Could we "text" live, for an audience?

We chose CoveritLive — a social media tool typically used for informal sportscasting and business-to-business conferencing. This platform would allow us to perform a textual dialogue live to an online audience, share administrative management of the account, and archive the results, with each entry date- and time-stamped. We embedded the CiL platform on a page in Suzanne's blog, where readers could read and watch the performances as they happened or scroll at their own pace through the archive.

We announced our intention to perform, and the next Sunday we commenced. The initial performance excited us, and we resolved to meet online for a series of scheduled live performances half an hour or longer, usually weekly.

The three-hour time difference between Downeast Maine and Oakland, California, required us to choose times we knew we could both focus our attention on the platform and perform. After twelve Monday-evening shows, we took a break, thought, talked, argued,

and corresponded more, finally agreeing to do thirty-six chats, then stop.

Following another round of thirteen performances over a period of as many weeks, we took another break—nearly six months—before the final ten.

Though we generally refrained from discussing our chats between times during the weeks or months of regular performance, we set aside time during the two long breaks to reflect together about what we were doing, how it affected us, what we might accomplish with it, and how to carry it out. We decided to complete our project with ten hour-long chats over ten consecutive days of 2012, each beginning at a different hour.

The live audience for the chats varied widely time to time, as few as two, and as many as seventy-five.

We planned nothing in advance of our performances regarding content, technique, style, or thematic issues. We realized the resulting works might be understood by turns as confrontational, avoidant, competitive, provocative, philosophical, intimate, meaningless, narcissistically challenged, ethically inquiring, epistemologically conflictual, and ridiculous. For us, they were an exercise in presence, attention, friendship, improvisation, poetry, craft, and speech.

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To prepare this book, we aggregated the chats, then reviewed and cleaned up the manuscript, retaining the time-stamping as it appeared online. We corrected typographical errors, unless they figure as points of reference within the text itself. Otherwise, our exchanges are published here entire, exactly as performed. Cross

out any portion of this text you don't want in your copy of this book.

We have presented the chats in four sections, consistent with the four stages in the project narrated here.

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