

I. PRELIMINARIES

Of that
 fine madness
 as Drayton wrote of Marlowe
 Which rightly should possess a poet's brain:

The or a poetics
 of dislocation
 suggests that the problem
 is not in our stars
 uh-uh
 but in our categories:

As certain preconceptual structuring intersects
 with certain social structuring
 at the individual human interface
 the organism is assigned another category
 (Phenotype)
 collapsing into what could
 only two decades back
 yet be described as
 the wallpapered materialities of space and time
 varying with the threshold of circumstance.

Forget ethos for a moment, retain
 if you please
 the possibility of loss:
 an embodiment is not, properly
 an ecology made solely of one's mind but
 out of a biological many, intrinsically demo-
 graphic.

Many minds, linked to one another linked
 together to and on a drifting planet mapped
 however culturally or
 or ideologically or as State(s) of or
 or informationally . . .
 Ahhhh—in formationally—

—it all sounds mighty cerebral, no?
 noetic and now
 once upon a time
 a brain trust having stormed across
 washing the old territories, the old

imperatives and these days, the articulation
 altered this way
 or that
 affords no story
 architectural, archaeological, or otherwise
 to support
 high-mindedness . . .

And in the meantime...

paper to pixel
 materiality to materialization
 but lo and behold
 whether connectionist paradigm

[“The term ‘connectionist’ is, in general, applied both to spreading-activation and PDP models. The more recent term, “neural nets” usually refers to PDP and true neural models” (Dell and Juliano 2).—Ed.]

or among endless simulations
 some argue
 rather neopragmatically
 for—not “mere” metaphors
 but *models*
 and here is all
 the difference:

mind, brained
 often justifiably
 by the Churchlands, Minsky, Dennett
 shards of cybernetic consciousness strewn hither and thither
 and what is left is, yes, explained
 away
 allowing for an alternative
 generic mind, possibl-y preprogrammed
 or
 upon entering
 NATURE'S BACK DOOR
 is asserted
 a self-organizing complexity
 dynamic continuous nested evolutionary blah blah blah
 in so many ways
 let's say
 reflexively a self in flux a
 fragmentary whole
 as James might have put it and what is perhaps more
over/determined
 even where one hangs

one's hat
 nor by will
 nor imagination
 for what, truly, are these?
 but by social construction on the one hand
 and natural construction on the other
 hard soft wet or
 plastic
 two discursive categories
 and what would a non-discursive category be, anyhow?
 &
 here's the catch
 the monkey's in the middle
 internal externalized
 through countless research claims
 e.g., "Yes, we who construct
 construct both realities similarly
 inside to
 and from outside
 and so we who construct
 are yet constructed
 in accordance
 with the dictates
 of natural and social processing
 as we come to know
 i.e., construct
 same . . . "
 our construct/ion\`s hence
 become laws, jus scriptum
 & non scriptum
 and mind
 becoming
 residual in all of this
 a consequence of specific neural
 uses and
 as such
 potentially retrofitted
 by attention to
 as Turner tells it, as the cognitive rhetoricians would have it
 its defaults
 that is
 until suitable silicon circuitry is available . . .

Some things gotta go, but
 a mind
 as most Americans are surely well
 aware
 is a terrible thing
 to waste.

“Is a recycling of mind still
 in the cyberspatial cards?
 And might electronic correspondence
 correspond to the displacement of global defaults?”

Tentatively, and note the line
 breaks:

It is not yet clear whether we will see a turn
 back toward the heritage of cybernetics
 or simply a “massively parallel” variant of current cognitive theory and
 symbol-processing design.
 Although the
 new connectionism
 may breathe
 new life
 into
 cognitive modeling research,
 it suffers an uneasy balance between symbolic and physiological description. Its
 spirit
 harks back to the cybernetic
 concern with real biological systems,
 but the detailed
 models
 typically assume a simplistic
 representational
 base much closer to traditional artificial intelligence. Connectionism, like its parent
 cognitive theory,
 must be placed in the
 category
 of brash unproved
 hypotheses,
 which have not really begun to deal with the complexities of mind
 and whose current explanatory power is extremely limited.

Winograd 216

A place, then, for this this dis
location:

Post
or
ly dis concerted, like any good per
former
and punning madly
mind begins
by reflecting upon the local sites
of past articulations, cut-and-pasted
constructions
incl. maybe a refrain or two
from childhood. It thinks
or consists of thought
thought emerging from its failure
to grasp consciousness
for all that it can be
is . . .

hum
o us

[more later...

Language speaks its turn
but method
so readily become Policy
mind searches, impolitely
in prototypically Romantic fashion
for partial insight
into the
ineffable
nature
of its death.

[Note that at least one observer, Paulo Freire (the Younger), while commenting on Kenneth Burke's discussion of "poetry and illusion" (Burke 198 ff.), remarks that we may well be living in a "golden age of comedy," and that humor is therefore "most assuredly in jeopardy." He cites as examples, among numerous others, the prevalence of cable tv comedy programming as well as the issuing of (U. S. Postal Service) "Comedians" stamps. See Freire 514. It is likewise pertinent to observe the irrelevance of Russian Formalism to this line of inquiry.—Ed.]

II. MIND TO BRAIN

Both go back a long way together, even as words. Grammar acts as though it were a minor character, but we know better. The protagonist examines its narrative liabilities: there would appear to be no way out, and clearly brain death requires a spiritual or lyrical turn, premature at this point in the investigation. Symbolization: all lexica bespeak the shifting lexia that comprise intentionality, an inventory designed to capture what at its root stems as much from amorphous, haphazard logic as from the experiential constraints of matter and energy, flesh and blood. The beauty of it in the convergence of harmonic irregularities and dissonant rhythms, waveforms of thought and feeling that elide or recrudescence only to multiply the possibilities of particle and pattern, sensation and memory. A plasma, perpetually nascent, this thing in time, this finite process, a living and lived abstraction this life of the mind erupting amid those grey and glaciated domains of the social that extend throughout invention and beyond to disclose that which trickles to and fro, casually or passionately, at the perimeters. And consonant with this chaos of timing, a sensed yet inarticulate ripeness that underwrites all modes of structuration and order, without and within, rendering the mind's own space in time somehow illegible, a purposive phasing motioning ever toward its own cessation even as it provides the content prerequisite to growth, awareness, discovery, writing, transformation, speaking, acting, exchanging . . .

The sound of rain is familiar and reassuring. It appears to repeat itself. The sound of rain. Repeat itself. It appears to. To it is familiar and reassuring. To it is the sound. To it reassures. The rain. Resounds. To rain. To its sound. Repeat.

Take 1:

In a world of images, has the life of the mind become no more and no less than the life of the image? This opens to a reevaluation of what it means to be an intellectual, academic or otherwise.

Is mind simply one of various extensions of brain, a working concept, a means to an end, a technology, hence compatible with all such technologies? This opens to a reevaluation of what it means to be human, inhuman or otherwise.

Is the passing of mind as a working concept—or, at the very least, the wholesale abandonment of more humanistic notions of mind—one indication that life itself is to be rethought, demystified, reduced, or supplemented? This opens to a reevaluation of what it means to be alive, non-living or otherwise.

Take 1 x 2:

The mind has receded in context. The reasons are politically informed, expedient. Other questions persist. E.g.: What is the nature of mind such that it is capable of investigating its own artifice artificiality instrumentality by placing out of sight its *raison d'être*—the dualism from which it has arisen, that of mind and brain\body—in order to yield a better approximation of its status as a topos, a place, both subject and object of its self-examination?

Take 2:

The media with and against which such analysis is formulated, wrought, articulated, are likewise extensions of humankind, hence mind has become for brain/body a see-through mediator of media. And in seeing through, brain/body has seen past. As though content were a function of formal distillation, a uniformity inhering across different versions of the same text. As though diversity revealed a common core of value, eth(n)ically. OR is it that we of habit and need desire things so? To gloss Bernstein after Barthes and Bataille writes of the erotic nature of poetics, the escape into that (ab)usage whose violence and pleasure we at once resist, are nauseated by, succumb to, and learn from? So this, then, is the printed copy—and we suppose the hypertext to have already been composed, somewhere upstairs. What follows next? Does a new, or no longer useful, relationship between mind and brain somehow correspond to the advent of pixels? Do non-volatile memory storage and instantaneous character deletion guage à rearticulation of articulation? Perhaps we have reached a state of KNOWING such that we require the development of an evolutionary, revised organ of consciousness, measurable as an epiphenomenon of broader cultural and biotechnological trends, an intelligence that understands its provisional basis in the global scheme of information processing—in cyberorganismic terms, cognition.

Take 3:

But what of recognition? One more time: this is your brain on drugs?¹ The history of the avant garde, of experimental art, reveals an inversion of the dictates of experimentalism: what is congenial to verification through repetition comes to be regarded as culturally inert, socially suspect aes-thet-i-cal-ly inferior. Readymades, automatic writing, action painting, free jazz, language poetry: ways to induce an active response to manufactured sculpture, painting, music, language. Electronic media are immanently iterative, replicative, hence the pathways they provide are fraught with postindustrial motives. (All of this has been written in another place, offered to another network, and plagiarized even there.) Yet it is through these selfsame media—through the screen, hence invariably, at some locus of social points, rec'd cinematographically—that mind has come to revise, resee, revisit itself—to repeat, again and again, and potentially to see through and past the ontology of repetition, habit. But social circuits have developed shortcuts to cross even cosmic wiring, and the postmodern fix has fixed it so that only a precisely manufactured, Hollywoodized mind can afford to escape, to lose itself. But where? And is this not the brain speaking?

1. Cf., by contrast, Edward Dorn's *Gunslinger*: "Time is more fundamental than space./It is, indeed, the most pervasive/of all the categories/in other words/theres plenty of it" (5).

Repeat. To its sound. To rain. Resounds.
The rain. To it reassures. To it is the
sound. To it is familiar and reassuring. It
appears to. Repeat itself. The sound of
rain. It appears to repeat itself. The
sound of rain is familiar and reassuring.

III. BRAIN TO MIND

Here by lifting from
coextensively
and working through
remorse . . .

others

Brain \ body the new body
wrap, the smart machine

fast

the easy way
like radio like topic
sentences like
no deposit no like
return like is li
ke si _____d like ... _____

and what of res is tance?
To?

3 favorite books:

What is attention? In one point of view, the essential effect of attention is to render perception more intense and to spread out its details; regarded in its *content*, it would resolve itself into a certain magnifying of the intellectual state. But, on the other hand, consciousness testifies to an irreducible difference of form between this increase of intensity and that which is owing to a higher power of the external stimulus: it seems indeed to come from within and to indicate a certain attitude adopted by the intellect. But it is here that the difficulty begins, for the idea of an intellectual attitude is not a clear idea. . . . Stage by stage we shall be led on to define attention as an adaptation of the body rather than of the mind and to see in this attitude of consciousness mainly the consciousness of an attitude.

Bergson 100

It is his body that is his answer, his body intact and fought for, the absolute of his organism in its simplest terms, this structure evolved by nature, repeated in each act of birth, the animal man. . . . In this intricate structure are we based, now more certainly than ever (besieged, overthrown), for its power is bone muscle nerve blood brain a man, its fragile mortal force its old eternity, resistance.

Olson 13-14

Today, however, the inner logic of research in cognitive psychology, linguistics, neuroscience, artificial intelligence, evolutionary theory, and immunology seems to incorporate more and more working elements of an enactive orientation. . . . We have now reached the end of our presentation of the enactive approach in cognitive science. We have seen not only that cognition is embodied action, and so inextricably tied to histories that are lived, but also that these lived histories are the result of evolution as natural drift. Thus our human embodiment and the world that is enacted by our history of coupling reflect only one of many possible evolutionary pathways. We are always constrained by the path we have laid down, but there is no ultimate ground to prescribe the steps that we take. It is precisely this lack of an ultimate ground that we have evoked at various points in this book by writing of groundlessness. This groundlessness of laying down a path is the key philosophical issue that remains to be addressed.

Varela, Thompson, and Rosch 213-14

Plus a tune, of sorts:

I wish my life was a non-stop Hollywood movie show,
A fantasy world of celluloid villains and heroes,
Because celluloid heroes never feel any pain
And celluloid heroes never really die.

The Kinks

~~Co mentary~~

write-along
not of explication

but of choice

a tool requires

than a tool, more

a line

to plumb

and in tending toward

the form reveals itself

a series of questions?

having been asked before?

or displaced a bit?

and dis contented, each stroke

each stroke, each absence

a world of meaning

dislocated, and the mind

frets
 f or the body
 sought
 in the body
 of text
 with each
 new phrase a
 parse
 of electrochemical
 dependency
 triggering learned
 or learned
 responses
 capturing the data
 live
 this brain
 draining
 exhausts only
 the possibility
 of local nourishment
 for the moment
 the f orm

reveals itself

a series of questions?

or displaced a bit?

as before?

tomorrow and

tomorrow and

day and
 in which
 to round up
 the usual
 suspects . . .

is another

Usually
the contours

the surfaces
of memory
linger, int
er
act, but (t)her
e
a single sign
obscuring
all that is not
literature
they flicker
w/o a trace
of remorse:

A.series.of.reflexive
dilemmas.....brain
gradually....merging
with.....its.....own
formless...content.a.
.filler.for..symmetry

To see
& not to see
through the screen
A &
not A . . .

If energized hardware = 'd brain
& software = 'd mind
& if the analogs emerged
& now collapse into
the metaphor that murders
pineapples . . .

The thing is
not a text yet
to know
it
as a thing-
text is perhaps

ufficient . . .

Not a rhetoric of mind
but of brain
but of brain.brain

the technology, the construct/ion
 the mind's I witness
 not—

→

Consciousness of an attitude
 adapted by the body
 toward mortality
 grounded solely
 in a particular time
 corresponding to
 a particular (i.e., (o)lived) plot:

Attending to the form of each plot, episode, duration, span
 is a matter of attitude, content
 magnified, yes
 and acted upon to yield
 content still
 formed, altering with
 such renewed content implies growth, a biography, an auto
 mobile ≠ to = to ≠ to . . .

quantities-cum-qualities²

endgame,

the form and substance of each life's
 ender and what of *this* place
 vis-à-vis that, what
 of the keys to
 the alphabet, these
 perfected moments
 of space?

[As in "He's chewing the scenery."—Ed.]

Shadows, you say?

To motion forth
 and back
 between the words
 the places memories
 the concepts signs
 the thoughts things
 the images of things
 feelings:

& i n an a g e of i m a g i n g b a n k s

To recall
 what must be

2. Cf. Plato.

the catastrophe of, that unites even
two
words concepts signs things
people:

To reconcile only
a need
for cross
talk crazy
at times sophomoric
or silly
as is
is necessary:

The faiths and figures we 1st. person pl. pronouns employ
to figure the hungers³ longings

hunger

it's a sub-urban rhythm/plays itself out
even in this country/but a voice calls to me
against chant of insect/my retreat
against hoarse murmur/of bullfrog
my citted white hide/against night descending
quick as a black eye/a car
comes throbbing back/slams the breaks
a voice calls to me/Get in

I gotta go/don't know
what it is/don't wanna

After a while we stop/I tap the driver
on the shoulder/hand her a five-spot
am greeted by the light/of day three faces
woman man child/mother father son
a lover/I once knew holds my arm
we're downtown/somewhere
somewhere/in the street

woman/please sir we're hungry
man/holding child atop shoulder
we just want food/woman
we don't want no money sir/just food please
food sir just food/for our baby

3. Cf. the self-consuming artifacts of George A. Romero's zombie trilogy.

familiar lines/tearing through
 and around each/gestures screaming for
 pride choking eyes taut/from need three lined
 even the child's lovely/three
 yes yes black/folk begging
 begging for/food
 a family/begging
 woman mother father/husband child son
 as any family/they was & were folk
 crossing the lines/of color
 in the street/for food
 in the face of/their faces
 like mine/my lover's ours
 of pain/of this country
 of people/ like any other
 of terra firma/familiar
 but for the grace of ...

Let's face it—'we' can't *consume* this stuff

we all gotta go . . . *together? at once? leercially?* . . . and who is it cares?
 hungrers longings this time
 study of a writer's writing—whiteness *is* atissue, the bodies at stake black &
 white, homeless to know 'we' ground ourselves in what 'we' exact
 from others & but to exact only a grammared presence of earthly
 otherness by way of ensuring a 'we' each of equal measure
 to speak one's own mind—dialectically & no, & how

with ten or less
 fingers

for five these
 techniques that is in sum, these careless lines to their margins unjust
 having brought one or two to a man or a
 woman or a
 child, black, a (-)typed imagery, story
 w & b, only to the verge of
 and while it may be true
 that $2+ \geq 1$

it remains to be demonstrated [w/o recourse to (de)segregated suffering?—Ed.]
 whether collaboration or communication across a new set of constraints
 will ensure that the the fresher symptoms of the times
 disempower brainless or mindless actions or
 both, "'native' 'intelligence'" (viz., cough) notwithstanding:

Simply to take it as a fiat
 that change brings about
 change is like asking
 for a penny's worth
 etc.

these pages are numbered, The numbering of
 sure as our hours
 sure as as

alas! to cook, baby, w/o short ning

[This alludes to the so-called "sin of emission."—Ed.]

and not to count
 digitally
 only to refuse, is but
 what's going on outside
 and inside you, what's
 could be
 s
 getting more and more
 fuse
 inute
 by
 e...

things have gotten w/o, at and in tending to
 a complex
 as the signs that mind is, its text
 and all that contributes
 and an original insight, ex post facto nor pretending to know whence
 travels around, here and there
 may be w/o a plan
 that explains the place
 w/o intending to ... another book appropriation then
 again first person
 by a third man:

By "intention" I mean here what uses a sign in a thought. The intention seems to interpret, to give the final interpretation; which is not a further sign or picture, but something else—the thing that cannot be further interpreted. But what we have reached is a psychological, not a logical terminus.

Wittgenstein 42e

So go ahead
 just wish it so:

[It might be wise to jot down a thing or two here
 about the non-economic aspects of an
 impoverished mind, but just imagine
 how much sweeter
 a strawberry smells
 when you've gone w/o for a while.]

"In the end
 of print
 is its new beginning
 tasty
 as hell
 a paradise
 for synthesizing
 odds 'n ends
 even southpaws
 and institutions
 predicated on economic
 independence
 will falter
 to the extent
 that they restrict
 the flow of
 transgressions . . .

"O.k.—so there IS money to be made out of all of this
 speculation
 but the greatest pleasure
 may well be restricted
 to the smallest
 number."

(Simple beep.)

Er ors
 as deviation
 from standard
 deviation
 presume upon
 what is correct and
 but what is thought?
 to be correct
 about word production