



Wheelhouse Press 2009

FOOTNODES TO BLUESTEIN.

1.

The 'mental mist' is no sporin but a hard-snapping bird of laughter getting smacked.
And so, 'the meaning of a word'
is deflating, antiseptic.

4. Thought may be no-thing, but a sign of life and it flickers. A paper fetus alive
when it votes in our district.

4. I am the only evidence of my pre-born son
(he has no matter-no-matter)

I will never say "I am my son" as we cannot point to the Thought.

5. So.

buzzing intercourse is The Case,
-even a floor is a flux-

To recognize an individual is a slaying gaze- there is just no suicide like sitting
before a portrait.

6. My vision is jostled when you tell me you see from behind the nose which holds your
glasses.

#9 Elegance is NOT what we are trying for. point to your 'geometric eye'.

10. If the fish-whisperer fills my net then he best keep his head in the water.

14. Exile is the blinking arrival at
There is no logical approach to your state of mind.

17. Interpretation is the offensive lense.

23.

The difference between a language and a calculus is the difference between a face and a
death-mask.

31. "I wish" is to take your hand and devise a ghost.

36. By what code do I translate a Rothko?

39.
with Freud on his cheek, Our Well Adjusted seeks the shape of a mind without contour.

41.
The criminal ascetic- to recognize order is to have left it behind.

45. When we looked to Freud, we lost faith in objects.
(“Things maintain their secrets”)

46. Order is a show put on by the living.

54. When the body and soul became body and mind.

67. (A sword with 900 edges is no longer a sword.)

67. Language is our defense against the visual field.

68. “I” am predetermined by my body; “I” demand otherwise.

69. Without the space between subjects and objects we would say nothing.

71. The way back from exile is a calculated faith.

71. "To point at everything is to point at Nothing."

72. We clutch at meaning in the interplay between fact and ephemera.

73. Somebody tell a joke.

74. The rules of an artificial language will never influence the communal re-dux of our Ordinary minds.

74. Between two physical beings a shock is stretched, our bodies atuned to its meaning.

74. Available references to our mind are still not references to Our bodies, our selves.

Process Notes:

I approached the last page of Wittgenstein's *Blue Book* first and moved forward in anticipatory jolts. I'd been asked to write footnotes to the work, and since I was no longer attempting to digest it as a logical cohesion, I let myself skate from beat 9 to beat 19 enjoying the fresh breaths of an unmoored text. *The Blue Book* deals with the hunger of solipsism and other alienating affects of misused language. Because Wittgenstein addresses us through proposition and simile, and because I re-tread his text fitfully, I decided that my response to *The Blue Book* should take the form of fragments. What resulted is both a monstrous amalgamation of these responsive parts and the lonelier side of a dialogue.