

here i am now.

there was a beginning to this; not a becoming, more like the entering and/or re-entering of a decisive structure, oblique orientation.

no futurity. no orientation? no futurity. no processor. limit: antecedent. limit: no future. no decisive

orientation.  
no structure.

no, no form.

1. how was home?

it begins with yellow drapes back from the cleaners, the single client in the doorway.

what about it did you love.

what did you love about it the most?

i loved the monitors that loved each other. they spoke to each other all day in their television language.

i loved them the most.

elizabeth wanted to die. wanted badly to live in our collective imagination  
as a ghost

at once  
and oriented toward :

the glossy, level table,  
the table full of ghosts / ghostdata.

elizabeth said: don't you remember what happens to carbon like us?

*'this is the story of metal. it begins in the asteroid belt.'*  
*-Tony Oursler, Psychomimeticcape II, 1987*

this is the story of drone.

it begins in the asteroid belt.

god gradually migrated to earth, a relocation that made him more comprehensible, logical. to know him became inadvertent, continuous. people grew up around his knowledge, and in a generation he was integrated into the human genome.

we looked up. we began to look up and feel belonging, because of new human organization, genetically.

how were we organized before? is also a question of orientation.

it begins with a vertical leap.

we learned how little we could see, looking down. i mean how much, but indistinct. tiny.

(oh limit)

anomaly became the singular referent, the utilitarian qualifier par excellence. watch for change. recognize, memorize behavioral pattern, no appreciable deviance may avoid consequence, does not warrant an impactful and direct response.

elizabeth said she wanted to die or something abstract about sex you could borrow.  
how indistinct. (oh limit)

orientation suggests futurity.

if you are a drone, your orientation is vertical, down=futurity. if you are a drone pilot, your orientation is horizontal, toward a monitor in the u.s. american west (winter of.)

/(failure to)

it begins in the oblique angle of the telescope. 45 degrees.  
site.

2018. in florida, the men locked their sites on a hurricane. 90 degrees.  
they fired shots.

it begins with motor function. exported human organization, new organization.  
external good.  
sense in the wake of.

it begins in catalyst season.

it begins with lookingup again and again and thinking. how long could something  
live up there when he,  
well, he's down here!  
it starts with the difficulty of finding the stairs.

it begins with the following transcript:

SENSOR OPERATOR: They're praying, they're praying. . . .  
This is definitely it, this is their force. Praying? I mean  
seriously, that's what they do.

MISSION INTELLIGENCE COORDINATOR: They're gonna do  
something nefarious.

. . .

01:50

MISSION INTELLIGENCE COORDINATOR: Adolescent near the  
rear of the SUV.

SENSOR OPERATOR: Well, teenagers can fight.

MISSION INTELLIGENCE COORDINATOR: Pick up a weapon  
and you're a combatant, it's how that works.

. . .

01:52

SENSOR OPERATOR: One guy still praying at the front of  
the truck.

PILOT: JAG25 KIRK97 be advised, all pax [passengers] are finishing up praying and rallying up near all three vehicles at this time.

SENSOR OPERATOR: Oh, sweet target. I'd try to go through the bed, put it right dead center of the bed.

MISSION INTELLIGENCE COORDINATOR: Oh, that'd be perfect.

...

02:41

SENSOR OPERATOR: Well, sir, would you mind if I took a bathroom break real quick?

PILOT: No, not at all, dude.

...

03:17

UNKNOWN: What's the master plan, fellas?

PILOT: I don't know, hope we get to shoot the truck with all the dudes in it.

SENSOR OPERATOR: Yeah.

elizabeth said something about dying tomorrow or later. something different about the next day.

god on earth changed our human organization, shifting human fear which is the large part of human organization.

fear became oriented. up toward him and then over toward each other. then up again, toward each other,

again.

anomaly became the quintessential datasource. became ghostdata. tables evolved into monitors--sophisticated measures were taken.

it begins with the literal ghosts in the machines.

an orientation of fear suggests futurity. reflects the unbroken potential for violence. the present lookup--everyone becomes a spotter. the futurity of violence suggests it may pass, even if the likelihood is that it may occur. the orientation of fear determines the exact contours of the possibility of hope.

it begins in some places, some people started therapy.

it begins with tidings of insurrection and its suppression. in the asteroid belt. in u.s. america. winter of.

it follows a human re-organization and the re-orientation of fear, that the technologies of delivering violence changed.

the present lookup--know it?

1910: an act of state violence is reported by dictation, transcribed into writing, configured into telegraphic code, transmitted over vast distances of copper wire, received, decrypted, transcribed by hand (in pencil) onto a telegraphic form, and then copied longhand and finally verified again by a functionary who signs his own name.

today, the pressures of restraint are vertical. the forces guiding us toward caricature, toward alienation funnel straight down.

(you couldn't pay me to write about organic matter, now! you couldn't pay me!)

elizabeth calls what we're doing monstrous and/or phenomenology. just like that, "phenomenology."

drone orientation is vertical=heterosexual.

ask: what is the relationship between our contemporary means of distributing death, and the aesthetic forms by which that death is transmitted, recoded, mediated?

ask why some things are written in the passive voice.

oh my god.

it begins with the disambiguation of 'vector.'

with the marxist understanding of time as a vector. the inauguration of the present in recorded time. the disassembling of progenitors. the disassembling of futurity along with antecedent.

god is the antecedent of drones. easy.

how does the fact of drones affect the confluence of angels or the organization of ghosts in tables=monitors.

(i wonder if i should bring the angels into this at all.

let the angels in?)

it begins with the *fact* of drones.

it begins with a killer shot looks like a kill shot i shouldn't write this from this position--

intelligence beyond rational calculation.

elizabeth said we should print our passes before we left for the museum. i said that was unlike her to be so convinced we would arrive.

elizabeth said: if i exercise some patience, i will get to my point.

it begins with the possibility of the presence of oxygen on other planets, detected in  
the freeze /  
the frozen surface  
gunk. it begins with waking up and getting out  
of the ocean everyday  
for work.

it begins with ocean and the slender freeze of surface.

it begins with lumber, really. orientated down then hoisted back up.  
in defense of,  
(autumn of).

2. what was your favorite part of home?

the televisions that loved each other. the monitors that advertised the reciprocity in attack.

i loved the big, fat walls and the way the visitors examined them.

the thick doors with ankles for latches. time moving through them diversely, obliquely.

narcissism: autumn of? or  
winter of / already /

failure to.

it begins in the asteroid belt. with metal, early metal. the progenitors of metal and metal antecedents.

the futurity of metal?

the lookup.

if one monitor went out we used to turn them all off. and wait.  
that was essentially our way of telling them we loved them, too. we appreciated how  
old they were and tired after all their years and cities. we would take care of them  
now. let them rest as needed, preserve their individual and convex dignities.

it begins with one, single monitor. with the cable, bolt and socket, with the switch  
the surge protector's 'off' / 'on'.

i am standing in the center, waiting.

it begins if elizabeth walked in here right now. what single motivation could keep  
me upright. outer circuit of longing. on this side of the threshold.

elizabeth absolutely wanted to die, but no one wants to die any way that you can.

it begins with teeth. big beautiful teeth like televisions  
stacked up on one another or the pronouncement  
of place:  
here we are now.

and WHAT CAN we do when too many people stand in the gallery to turn all the  
monitors off?!

drones are only the antecedents to themselves except for god. they are their own  
futura. orientated down, they have none but ours

in site/  
sited.

i want to ask the visitors not to look up  
at the monitors while i shut  
them down, 9x9.

the morale in this theater is dismal.

how comical the tables are after the ghosts have left them behind  
for the monitors.

(please, don't hate the ghosts.)

drones hate ghosts.

3. ecocide is indicated by fish dying by accident.

4. elizabeth wanted to look at the east river again.

5. elizabeth wanted to die today.

elizabeth: is your inner existence just a vacant spin?

elizabeth: mine certainly is not!

6. even arming the security system at night had its distinct and mappable pleasures.

2001: there was a trolley car in the basement that needed some repair. we took it out to the courtyard and waited

for the trash from the street and from our everyday lunches to accumulate around it and over it, concealing its damaged parts. one night elizabeth dug it out and asked god if she could lay down and die in it. he said yes. he even cleaned it for her before she climbed in. she told him this was not the way to go; she thought about it again. elizabeth told him she had never done anything like this before in her goddamn life. the trolley had completely fallen apart. it had become a home.

it begins with a theater. and a lot of ideas about how to contend.  
i.e. with envy, with this ill-fitting kevlar.  
(kevlar *should* fit.; kevlar is oriented exclusively around a body.)

it begins with a trolley car in the basement and elizabeth in the trash. cleaning out  
the trash, ankle deep in the doorway pushing trash across the threshold out onto the  
street in long island city.

there's research to be done, elizabeth says and reaches down, picks up a novel.

elizabeth aloud: 'it'll be a real short eon.'

'if we let this door close, another will open.'

elizabeth crosses back over the threshold and closes the door behind her with the  
trash behind it. she has difficulty finding the stairs that will take her to the  
basement. god had moved down there already, gradually taking up residence in the  
broken down trolley car. elizabeth doesn't see him, but suspects that someone is in  
the basement with her.  
presence of.

the trolley has been meticulously cleaned, but gunk falls from the ceiling constantly  
and lands on its surface, brush it off all you want. it lands on her head, too, and god's.  
her hair turns white. she selects a seat in the center of the trolley car and sits down  
and waits. she can't look up or the gunk'll fall into her eyes. her visual orientation is  
forward, horizontal toward god, whom she now sees and holds in focus.

elizabeth says she's likely to die there, after all the hard labor she's put in upstairs  
and into the street. she says, why not? why shouldn't she. what's stopping her. who?  
god had an easy time coming down. a lengthy but vertical=heterosexual migration.  
gravity allied with his angle all the way. elizabeth's tired. she could barely find the  
stairs through all the trash that was piled up and now this shit in her hair. bird shit.  
you could be talking to an angel, elizabeth says. you could be looking at one, now.  
elizabeth tilts her head back and closes her eyes so she can die. she's never been  
afraid of death, her fear was never oriented upward, her organization somehow  
anomalous to the present. elizabeth says, i got all the way here to now without being  
afraid of the drop, the lookup. elizabeth says she's a spotter now too, she supposes.  
shit keeps falling from the ceiling in the gentle, pounding rhythm of the trash being  
put in neat piles on the floor above. elizabeth's eyes won't open now, her lids  
pressed down on her eyeballs with the weight of two vertical piles of shit from  
above, one on each eye. she doesn't move to brush it off because she knows now  
she's going to die. god's there. she hears the door opening upstairs, shifts in her seat.

it begins in water. and in the air and in the offices of the u.s. american west, winter of. it begins in the air and in the theater of war: the air. it begins with getting up and out of the ocean, trawling the trolley car behind us to collect the floating trash using only our wings.

it begins with hostility, with the optimism of an actor or combatant.

elizabeth says this is the sound of a world with no tomorrow. that's why she wants to die today. elizabeth was never coercive but i didn't always want to fuck her when i did. wanting is funny that way.

'sunlight fell on you like an anvil!'

'the best definition of drones is probably the following: "flying, high-resolution video cameras armed with missiles."'

i welcome the administration of a different world under a different god. i don't collect suggestions, now. i'm already sick with resolutions.

i am thick with water and kevlar. i am fucking elizabeth,  
room i found her in. i am fucking elizabeth in the room i'm tallest in. the room i remembered getting wet with my imagination, cock nowhere near in hand.

the swimming body doesn't float or sink.

elizabeth didn't know she was heterosexual, the whole damn time.  
when i teased her with the soft  
and dirty notion  
of a vertically oriented fear,  
she howled like artillery.

it begins with a boat. in the boat. in a big metal tube it begins in the pursuit of improved averages in a clattering, fishdead world.

everything oxidizes everything: it begins  
with a welcome to our offices: ALL WHITE MEN ARE TERRORISTS i won't take it  
back.  
it begins in panavision in technicolor in phase alternating lines / no color the same.

ahead lies the turning point.

7. provided there is no longer any human crew aboard, any kind of vehicle or piloted engine can be "dronized."

with elizabeth dead we circumvented the need for a trolley/car. we were flying now.  
looked up to. piloted and american.  
(winter of)

now. please, be careful not to drop your camera  
before we turn all the monitors  
off.