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Lorelei Stewart
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Houndstooth

Houndstooth

A zine produced in conjunction with
The Dragon is the Frame

June 29–August 11, 2012

Houndstooth is a tribute to Mark Aguhar (1987-2012), an artist/activist/goddess who was uncompromising, incisive, and charismatic in her investigations of gender, queer advocacy, and the politics of marginalized identity. Each of the contributors to the zine was connected to Mark during her lifetime—writing was submitted by Mark’s friends, professors, fellow artists, and collaborators—and all were profoundly impacted by the tragic loss of this fearless and beautiful individual. Houndstooth, the duotone, tessellating pattern on the cover, serves as a metaphor for social structures, sexualities, and identities. Comprised of shapes that fit into themselves over and over again and in every which way, houndstooth can be understood as an “ungendering” pattern, one that is representative of “trans” identities. It speaks simultaneously to Mark’s interests in textiles, fashion, and queer cultural critique.

Special thanks to Edie Fake who postulated this reading of houndstooth in a public lecture in late 2011.

Contributors

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Juana Peralta
Roy Pérez
Nathan Thomas

When I Think of Mark Aguhar ...

... I think of the first course that I taught as I began my new career as a professor of Asian American Studies, a course on Asian American genders and sexualities and feminisms and queer theories, where the abstractedness of the curriculum always came to bear on the lives and hearts and bodies of those of us in the room in ways both visceral and troubling, especially as one voice, ringing steadily from the chair where Mark always sat, stretched us to disorient Asianness and transgress queerness through the unique lenses, unabashed longings, and very being that was Mark's.

... I think of a 'zine that compiled stories and self-representations and artful expressions from brown-bodied, queerly-gendered youth throughout the nation, all in response to a call for stories that could collectively teach about difference even while teaching to flourish with those differences, and it was this balancing of teaching and learning, of advocacy and healing, of strength and pain, that echoed most saliently in Mark's own journey to produce that 'zine, for in that production, Mark gave permission to reveal a profound yearning to self-heal that was outweighed only by a fierce drive to heal others, especially younger others, all captured in a sad, infectious smile that, I hope, never leaves my sight.

... I am deeply saddened by our loss, and I miss you, Mark, even as I feel a rich gratitude for the privilege to be touched by your singular heart, mind, art, and life that continue to call on me to be true to myself and to live in ways that transcend.

In loving memory,
Kevin Kumashiro
Professor of Asian American Studies
University of Illinois at Chicago

POEMS AND STORIES INSPIRED BY CONVERSATIONS OR TIMES I HAD WITH mark aguhar (AKA that's cute)

by: tyler gillespie

**i'm just like my shoes: complicated,
beautiful, and leather**

it's complicated -

just like me,

just like my shoes -

beautiful, and leather.

it's complicated and beautiful -

just like me -

just like my shoes.

i'm complicated and beautiful and leather -

just like my shoes.

gross

it's gross, but, like, whatever

but, like, whatever,

gross, gross,

gross.

menu diva

i wish i could order food as good as you did but i rush rush
rush when i look at menus.

maybe if i knew more about food, i'd order what i wanted.

you took your time and read and studied and scrutinized the
menu - made everyone at the table wait - and ordered
exactly what you wanted.

MENU DIVA

i always wished i would have ordered what you did instead
of what was on my plate.

searching for a daddy (mark's advice to me)

"...just remember, don't settle for less than a 10K
monthly allowance."

pork

one day I will eat that

pork and cry for everyone I miss

but don't ever cry for now because i can't.

The morning after Claire called to tell me Mark had left us, Harry stopped by the house on his way to the vineyard. *Here*, he said, and handed me the egg carton: wrinkled, nearly worn down by repeated use—filled, emptied, returned, filled. I took the eggs; he squeezed my shoulder, looked at me briefly, turned around, and left.

Harry is both reticent and decisive. He has suffered great losses in his life, and he has been witness to the intertwined losses of others. It would seem, to look at him, to know his story, that the world had wizened under his gaze. But that's not the truth of it. Each small thing is connected to another, and another; each great thing is small in the weave of the net. He does not feel the need to say things; in this he is as unlike me as any one could be. Yet he is my friend. His lands surround mine on three sides. When the floods come, unlikely as it is, they cross to sheet his fields and leave me watching through the line of bent trees as the creek becomes a river.

That morning, the air was clear with the end of storms and distant objects shimmered with detail the way they do with new glasses, or when the weather clears and the front rushes down and the night sky has been pricked by new stars before giving way to daylight.

Inside the crumpled carton, the eggs were nestled, each an eccentricity of size and shape and color. There were small ones the color of robin's eggs and ones so large they bulged over their confines and showed their refusal to conform to the insistence of oval. Feathers and feed and grit were on them.

The old iron frying pan was my grandmother's; it had come from Mille Lacs, Minnesota, to California,

The Trade (for Mark)

I gave you a shape, a magical shape, and embedded in it, as best I could, a desire of your design. You cut it in your arm, frosted watermelon pink when the wounds were new, the color of grape flavor after they'd healed. I thought the shape of this shape was like a large mammal charging the moon or the most elegant, faggiest truck-mounted crane ever. But what did you see, Mark?

You traded for a picture of a witch with a discombobulated body assembled from a bedazzled curtain lowering on a stage's ledge where two legs perch. Page-white and poker-faced, your witch sports thick but trimmed eyebrows, like Brooke Shields in corpse paint. Her mask-face hangs on the curtain, like a hat on a nail. The trinkets of her tiny hands and a potion bottle dangle too from the facade. Honestly, Mark, I confused that potion bottle at first with binoculars for a Cyclops—monoculars? I imagined, through its single lens one might divine the future or shoot x-rays at the veil of appearances. Crazy quilt color and pattern spread across her lap, radiating from her fur-crowned vagina, which has never once lost a staring contest. From behind that curtain bedecked with body parts, peep a puny pink penis and two skinny, blush-kneed legs—but also the part of the picture

I find most unreadable: a line strung with tiny circles and hanging like a rope from two points hidden from view. It could be a half-strung necklace, a fantastic leash, or a gravity-defying stream of urine. What is it, Mark?

If I was a better shaman fag, like the one in the drawing you gave me, more adept at my craft, expert at chasing devils out of hiding and into the salutary light of a shared, love-endowing look; were I stuffed with the feathers of newborn birds or skilled in singing spirits into colors—bruise-y maroon and fluorescent yellow-orange hexes on Zombie Land and its deadly lures; had I transformed into the Divine Hermaphrodite by slicing a gash into my urethra and seeded my penis-cum-vagina with another's; if magic actually worked; well, Mark, I'd be immortal, for one, but maybe I wouldn't be writing this either.

—Elijah Burgher

and then to Connecticut, and when she died it came to me.

The first egg had a yolk so brilliantly saturated with extravagance of color that it seemed for a moment blinding. The second egg had two yolks: one flamboyantly orange, the other a yellow of a depth that some painter might have known but I had never seen before in less than dreams. A symmetrical triad surrounded by a brilliant white in a hot pan so black from so many years: small solace, but solace nonetheless; a chance encounter, meaningless until I saw in it Mark, then Mark and me, then Mark and Claire, Mark and Marianna, Mark and all the others who, abject singularities, had nestled up against his queer embrace, greedy and grateful.

—Peter Hales

When I was young there was a famous novel, *Love Story*, later a movie with Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal that begins, "What can you say about a 25-year old girl that died?" and ends, "Love means never having to say you're sorry." I thought of both when I was watching Facebook and suddenly it sprouted inexplicably with images of Mark, drawings, videos, all of which I nodded at in appreciation and then, unsettlingly, it began to dawn on me, *this much Mark Aguhar isn't normal in FB!* The left side of my brain was telling me that a 25 year-old girl had died and there would be nothing one could really say except that love never means having to say you're sorry. Maybe she was 24, but you know. Like Ali MacGraw she was far too young and fabulous and sharp-witted to go beyond us into the valley of the dolls. I met her as a visiting artist on a studio visit at UIC and she showed me work-in-progress, a bit tentatively I thought, like one inured to being dismissed or ignored, and as she brought forth net blouses or tulle scarves I kept wondering, and when is the artwork going to appear, I only have an hour. I did see drawings and videos but soon enough it sunk in, all of this was all of a piece, it wasn't going to be categorically arranged according to some hierarchy of value dictated by the market. That's when the work got interesting for me. I'm slow, and she was lightning-quick, and I saw her face go impassive as a Helmut Newton, yet wincing with pity. I guess she was always, like Ali MacGraw, going to be surrounded by guys dumber than she was.

Femmy read this poem at a memorial for Mark on Saturday, March 17th, 2012 at Roots & Culture.

I wrote it is a celebration of some things that Mark brought to Heavy Rotation, a dance party they go-go danced at.

After revisiting this piece, I noticed it speaks to a lot of real struggles that we endure. It feels important for me to also point out the undeniable **resilience** that so many of us hold – the skills, determination, and resources that we create and depend on alone and together. **We are the experts of our own lives.** It's this sort of resiliency that I've come to embrace since March 12th, 2012.

Mark. Marky. MC Butterfly. Goddess. Ugly. Witch. Femme queen. Separatist diva beautiful butch pageantry feminist dreamboat artist girly deep muffin in the struggle, you came to us in harness. In fringe. In Mark Aguhar original booty short denim vest strong contoured face broaches of hair, color blocking, weaves unending, hooves in heals giving acupuncture to the dancing, othered, rolled, fat, hated, feared, abused, stomped on, laughed at, ignored, silenced, fed up, policed bodies in awe of your glamour, your unapologetic space, space, you took. You owned. You flirted with on stage before our eyes, above us, in giggles, in finger biting deadly hot glares, stares, flippant danger. Never let us ever know when you plan to go down. To reach below, to split your wedge supported feet, carved calves, brown thighs across the stage, the space, our minds. Our understanding of movement and our positions in this world may be what we make them. If we make them. If they let us make them. You made us. No. you allowed us to rotate, to rotate, to rotate. In heavy, strong, scary, terrifying, wild, disallowed, unexpected, offensive, motion. You allowed us to be with you, to be beautiful and ugly instead of beautiful. Your dance, your smiles, your lqaks, your grace, your presence, your messY, your celebrity, your honesty, your touch, your high pitched moan of pleasure as we slipped you a tip and paid you your go-go dollars and hugged your leather, are part of us. You are part of us. You.

MC BUTTERFLY.

Continue to rotate in our hearts, and split our minds.



krusty girls

there was that one night,
with your weave swinging around and around
and the long drive home
filled with tears and sobs
and fast food joints and gassy nights

there was that one night
you drank all of my iced tea
in one gulp, in two gulps
and you took a long bath
and i sat there, pooping, listening to your voice

there was that one night
with long walks down the shore
moonlight shuffles
battling demons – seen and unseen
real and unreal

I never understood them. I never will.

there was that one night
you called me, you texted me
you asked me to console you
you had lost your sister
we sat on a corner eating ice cream

there was that one night
I called you, I texted you
tears streaming down my face
someone had broken my heart, someone was breaking
your heart
we ate adobo, we ate arepas – we were sisters

there was that one night
you painted my face
I brushed out your hair, I took off your weave
I told you we were krusty girls
you told me we were sisters

Trans Media Res: A Tribute to xEmoboy1987x

By the second frame of GAY GAZE, the video with the most views on the xEmoboy1987x YouTube channel, the viewer is thrown into a system with high velocities. Front and center is Mark Aguhar, skeevily mustached, silk black hair coiffed a foot above their head, staring you right in the eye. Do they want to fuck you or hurt you? A rope hangs on the back wall suggesting the bodies it might hold. A plodding intro to a dance track reverbs tinnily in the concrete room. Suddenly, a hairbrush jumps into the frame and Mark is grooving. The focus of the gaze never changes, its intent is never declared.

Mark created active viewers. There is the generosity of access points—sexuality, humor, fashion, music, race, gender, prayer—a wash of avenues towards Mark’s intersectionality. Simultaneously, there’s the frame, the in and out points, and Mark cropped with the same sonorous and vindictive glee that resonates in the laugh that so many friends/fans have spent the last months trying to summon. You see xEmoboy1987x’s videos and you need to see more. You feel close to Mark and pushed away. You need to check their browser history.

Being trans, always in the middle of things, creates the opportunity for the rest of us to catch up. In DADDY LOVES FEEDING ME TREATS, Mark crouches, primmed and waiting, batting eyelashes while brown 1950s girl bands rock the room. Mark’s smile gives permission, and a white masculine hand eagerly breaks the frame, holding a powdered doughnut. The Goddess lets us watch her eat.

Mark created an active maker. The often spontaneous, sometimes messy, xEmoboy1987x videos give a unique perspective on the constant dodging and yawning, like a bored, rich, white girl, away from insufferable

conversations. The craft of color, painting, and drawing finds a resolute home on the body over the two-year duration of the channel. It's on display in the pitched glamour of WHY BE UGLY WHEN YOU CAN BE BEAUTIFUL. KIND OF A HAUL, addressed to the femme DIY YouTube community, is an artist talk.

What would an uninitiated viewer hear in A TRIBUTE TO EMOGIRL21, xEmoboy1987x's first video on the channel? When Mark, face in the foreground, covered by a moppy bowl-cut, dark and out of focus, says in a shy whimper:

Like, nobody understands the pain that I go through. Like, I don't have any friends here and it's really hard. So, I don't know, I was hoping that by doing this video blog I might meet somebody who, like, feels the same way I do, that like, understands, like, really understands the pain and suffering in the world. Like the other day I saw a dead bird and it was just, like, so sad. Like, I don't understand why these things are happening. Like, birds are dying. Like, Birds are dying! Like, it's like the symbol for, like, how shitty the world is. And [sigh] it just made me so sad... So, I hope you guys, like, understand how painful that story was for me. Like, this is, like, the real me. Like, I hope you understand, thanks for watching.

What, after Mark's death, do we friends and family hear? Tribute, troll... something else.

Written by Andrew Mausert-Mooney
Edited by Kera MacKenzie

<http://www.youtube.com/user/xEmoBoy1987x>

there was that one night
you told me you were heartbroken
you told me you felt alone
I told you the world was cruel
i told you we were beautiful, you told me we were
crusty

there was that one night
i was lost, lost
searching for you
consoling myself with whiskey
consoling myself with your last words

there are no more nights,
just memories
of bored pretty girls
of beauty queens
of torch songs

nights of waiting for your laugh
your texts
your tears
your hugs

waiting for my krusty girl

we were krusty girls.

—Juana Peralta

Twelve Steps to Being in Twenty-Twelve, Year of the Dragon

- ONE. Be positive.
- TWO. Consider lifestyle (for girls).
- THREE. Consider becoming (eventuality).
- FOUR. Consider consequences (in particular ways).
- FIVE. Talk to your therapist about situational gender and your conceptions of boy/boy/gurl/girl/grrl/woman/female/male/intersex/genderfluid/normative/masculine/effeminate/feminine/dyke/trans/man/butch/fem/femme/fag/queen.
- SIX. Get to "dragon" (or another name with some psychological economy).
- SEVEN. Don't worry about legitimating certain moves (go ahead and become a subjective subject and not a description, or a critique, or a deconstruction).
- EIGHT. Get to becoming (becoming-eventuality-enables us to consider consequences in a particular way).
- NINE. Get to consequences.
- TEN. Get to the Forbidden City. (Notice all the dragons on roofs, doors, pillars, bridges, and utensils.)
- ELEVEN. Buy a yellow robe covered in five-clawed dragons. (Don't leave the Forbidden City without a yellow robe covered in five-clawed dragons!)
- TWELVE. Wear your yellow robe covered in five-clawed dragons. (Be misty, mystic, occulted, noble, untouchable, and free of guarantees, or systems.)



you but you're bringing me down. Fuck work. My feelings deserve better than being ground into capitalist time and production. Let me have more than "my" work. ✂ I think above all queerness is about understanding both the impossibility of completion, and the urgent, driving desire for a complete self that's forever just beyond reach. ✂ WITH SILENCE SLOWLY THE RECORD OF YOUR LAST WORDS STOPS SKIPPING: Talking, processing, 8 months after the end of 8 months, just feels like breaking up all over again, reaffirming what the other person loathed. Silence is more redemptive. When I'm silent the person imagines they might have been wrong. Then the person invites me to lunch. Silence keeps me safe and let's me heal over. Silence feels like possibility, like one can do anything with it, like maybe if the only parts involved were your body and mine in proximity, things might have worked out. Too bad we have to talk. Too bad sometimes all we have is talk. Too bad sometimes we will talk, we have to talk, even when we know it will feel like breaking up all over again, as if once weren't enough to leave the wound clean. ✂ this passage speaks to me of the difficult time I've had trying to point to the way love affairs shape art and its archives, moments and movements. history "love is thus not here, and it is not elsewhere. Once can neither attain it nor free oneself from it, and this is at bottom exactly what it is: the excess or the lack of this completion, which is represented as the truth of love. In other words, and as it has been extensively said, extensively represented, and extensively theorized for some two centuries: the impossible." Jean-Luc Nancy, "Shattered Love" ✂ I don't want to modulate my anti-racism. The way I see it, when it comes to race, you can either be a masochist and do right by history, or be a sadist and fulfill the Hegelian prophecy. But the latter is really fucking predictable. ✂ If I had a wish to spend I'd wish to have had a sister, have them now, but I'd wish to have had one always. ✂ Sometimes I tell stories about my ex but I just call him "my friend" so the people I hang out with don't get tired of me talking about the same person all the time and judge me for my baggage. ✂ I am crying because of racism and I hate it. Earnestly and shit, just like a feminist kijijoy. Brown fucking kijijoy. History is here at a fucking gay bar. Addendum: I did not cry in the bar or in front of anyone, but on the walk home, like a revolutionary should.

15 False Propositions About God: 2

by Jack Spicer

Look I am King Of The Forest
Says The King Of The Forest
As he growls magnificently
Look, I am in pain. My right leg
Does not fit my left leg.
I am King Of The Forest
Says The King Of The Forest.
And other beasts hear him and would rather
They were King Of The Forest
But that their right leg
would fit their left leg.
"Beauty is so rare a thing," Pound sang.
"So few drink at my fountain."

—Selected by Nathan Thomas

The following is an edited version of the artist talk that Claire Arcander gave on the occasion of Torch Song, Mark Aguhar's MFA thesis exhibition at Gallery 400 in April 2012.



These careful, figurative ink and watercolor drawings, made just before she started her time at UIC, are some of the first of Mark's works that I remember seeing. The drawing on the right is called *If U R gay I want to fuck you*, and on the left we have *Even if U R str8 I still want to fuck you 2*. Of course, Mark posted photos of these works to Facebook and tagged all the dudes she'd portrayed in these hand drawn catalogs of masturbatory fantasy. I admired the bravery and casualness of this project. I also related in a really dumb and honest and important way. This work made me think about my own—"Gosh," I thought; I've basically made a version of this project before. But instead of being as direct as Mark, I threw a comforting layer of abstraction over my work, substituting piles of foam on the floor for the bodies of those I was beating off over.



A little over a year ago, Mark had a show at the Lawndale Art Center in Houston. A gouache work from this exhibition, *No Top Needed* plays like a visual manifesto – 2 bodies with dicks come together via an asshole conduit. Each segment of the bodies is filled with a lively, colorful pattern. Here, Mark trades skin tone for textile. The central form that we understand as a dildo becomes one with the bodies – just as important, not inherently different, not an outside object but a connection, a body part. The patterns themselves communicate the complex layers of markers and triggers that mediate our desires – they are painted with such specificity so to indicate to viewers that each quadrant culls a precise memory. I see knock-off McQueen, Op Art, childhood bedsheets, lumberjack chic, 1970s Baroque wallpaper. As Mark wrote, “It is complicated.”

Mark showed a range of works during her early critiques at UIC. She began using rope to bind, draw and sculpt. These deceptively simple, easy, elegant rope works are documents of intimate interactions between bodies. Mark would tie up participants and make Polaroid photos of her bound subjects, but to me the most poignant statement hangs in the linear longing of the ropes themselves, wanting those bodies back, prostrate on display.



Mark also began to prolifically sew her own clothing – fodder for looks with a commitment to colorblocking, femme realness, fringe, sheer, butch pageantry and all in all, high-stakes play. She started to professionally go-go dance and to do more live performances during her school critiques. She wrote declarative poems.

The last live performance of Mark's that I was lucky enough to see took place during Aay Preston-Myint's show *I'm here to make friends* at the Happy Collaborationists in January. This was a collaborative show to which Mark and I both contributed. For the show's closing event, she wore the amazing look you see here, she spoke, and she sang Mariah Carey's *Through the Rain* a capella. She broke up during the song. She stumbled over the words. She faltered. But she kept going, at once a gift and a challenge to her audience. To hang with her. To deal with her.

Throughout all this, Mark maintained a profound online presence, processing and amalgamating, working through things on her blog *Call-out Queen* and on her YouTube channel.

Pain and romance: the work in Mark's MFA thesis show expresses a gentle strength and empathy—in the delicate lines of her drawing of the magical air plant

which infatuated her. In the tender retelling of a moment of recognition and acknowledgment on the street with an elderly Asian woman who was rocking some serious advanced style. In sharing about her struggle to cope with the loss of her sister Christine, who died this past June.

Mark wanted to have a stage for her thesis show, a space for herself and other queer performers. Her friends and collaborators made this stage a reality. A sexy monument, a triangle aglow, it acknowledges the spaces that she created, the spaces she took up, the spaces she has left behind.

We are so lucky that she left us with this body of work—a body of work that longs for a body. A song that calls out for her voice. And we all know how she could sing.

In her life and work Mark was always wanting, always becoming, but also always being. Mark uncompromisingly stood for femme power. So many facets of art communities and LGBT communities alike still herald heteronormative masculinity as the apex of strength and desirability. She saw through this fallacy, she broke it down, she went after what she needed. I intensely admire her ability to feel and share and be in the moment, be in her body, be present — and in doing so, demanding the same from her audiences—whether that meant her art school peers and teachers, her friends, or strangers on the street. Her adamant commitment to self and her insistence upon uncompromisingly conveying her desires and needs through her own body and words and art will truly continue to serve as an inspiration.

Mark followed RuPaul's *Drag Race* with excitement and investment. This season, Latrice Royale, another strong, big, brown queen, defined BITCH as **Being In Total Control of Herself**. Mark, thank you, you fucking bitch.

DIFFERENTIATION

A performance for two people.

by R. E. H. GORDON

I. Introduction

ILLUSIONS

HALF-TRUTHS

BLINDNESSES

RATIONALIZATIONS

THE NON-UTILITARIAN NATURE OF OUR ACTIVITIES

THE STYLE OF OUR DOING

ACTS THAT DO NOT ENCOURAGE EXPLAINING

IN AN EXACT SERIES

SELF-CONTROL

DIFFERENTIATION

DISTINGUISHING THIS PLACE FROM OTHER PLACES

NOT ONLY PLACES, BUT

OBJECTS

BUILDINGS

PEOPLE

NOT THE SAME AS OTHER BEINGS

A QUALITY OF SPECIAL-NESS

THE OBJECT THAT IS MORE THAN THE SUM OF ITS PARTS

THE OBJECT THAT POINTS TO SOMETHING BEYOND ITSELF

RHYTHM

REPETITION

SUPERNATURAL BEINGS

THE UNIFICATION OF PAST AND FUTURE

IGNORING THE PASSAGE OF TIME ALTOGETHER

THE IMAGE

OBJECT

IDEA

ILLUSIONS

HALF-TRUTHS

BLINDNESSES

RATIONALIZATIONS

THE NON-UTILITARIAN NATURE OF OUR ACTIVITIES

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THE UNIFICATION OF PAST AND FUTURE

IGNORING THE PASSAGE OF TIME ALTOGETHER

OBJECT

THE IMAGE

IDEA

II. Conclusion

A PLACELESS PLACE

THAT SPACE THAT OPENS UP BEHIND THE SURFACE

A SHADOW

RECONSTITUTING MYSELF WHERE I AM

ABSOLUTELY REAL

ABSOLUTELY UNREAL

WE DO IT EVERY DAY

OVER-BELIEFS

WITH SUCH CARE

LIKE ATMOSPHERE

I SEE MYSELF WHERE I AM NOT

I AM OVER THERE

I COME BACK TOWARD MYSELF

THE SPACE THAT I OCCUPY

AND

PASSING THROUGH THIS VIRTUAL POINT

WE HAVE TO

ARRANGING THESE OBJECTS

AND PRECISION

YOU SURROUND ME

THAN
OWN
IN YOU
AND MOVE
IT IS STRONG
AND HOVERS OVER ME
WE HAVE
OF ONE ANOTHER
YOU
THROUGH
AND THROUGH
I SEE MYSELF WHERE I AM NOT
I AM OVER THERE
I COME BACK TOWARD MYSELF

CLOSER TO ME
MY
BREATH
I LIVE
I STAND IN YOUR PRESENCE AND TALK WITH YOU
SOOTHING
A HABITUAL SENSE
IN THE WORLD
I FEEL YOUR CONTINUOUS BEING
UNINTERRUPTEDLY AFFECT ME
AND THROUGH
A PLACELESS PLACE
THAT SPACE THAT OPENS UP BEHIND THE SURFACE
A SHADOW

RECONSTITUTING MYSELF WHERE I AM
THE SPACE THAT I OCCUPY
ABSOLUTELY REAL
AND
ABSOLUTELY UNREAL
PASSING THROUGH THIS VIRTUAL POINT
WE DO IT EVERY DAY
WE HAVE TO
OVER-BELIEFS
ARRANGING THESE OBJECTS
WITH SUCH CARE
AND PRECISION
YOU SURROUND ME
LIKE ATMOSPHERE
CLOSER TO ME
THAN
MY
OWN
BREATH
IN YOU
I LIVE
AND MOVE
I STAND IN YOUR PRESENCE AND TALK WITH YOU
IT IS STRONG
SOOTHING
AND HOVERS OVER ME
WE HAVE
A HABITUAL SENSE

