

Many failed attempts. Perhaps this is the first. Of my many failed attempts, perhaps this is the first. The first in what will soon appear a series of such failures—surrendered to the obloquy of having yet to happen, or having happened...I say surrendered, and I say attempt, the language of a game which attempts...I say the saying and the saying says...

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Perhaps this is the first of all the many claims to primacy required to claim any claim to primacy a proof, an incidental figurement of problems and procedures near to happening...near to constituting *happenstance* as it stands fore right now...

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If this is sure the first where there has not yet been a second...If this attempt to...If this trope yet *amounts* to the surrendered primogeniture of other tropes predicted to surrender sometime soon, then how can one presume to think...to *mean* those varied instances within the nearing preterit and certitude of having passed and purposed themselves into...

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If this is sure the first of what I know will soon be many...But that's not where this portent finds its bearing—so its aim. What saying this is first without first having said that this is something...something like...that this that I will soon contrive as something like the subject of...of this and this alone...

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What saying this presumes is that its referent is this saying this—the saying that this *saying this* presumes, if it's not clear. One ought not need proclaim that such an act of proclamation is occurring—is *transpiring*—by virtue of the saying *of* it in its present term, but thinking of it so and still adducing it as primary allows that what will follow has since discharged its effects, a shouldering of contraries that I can't yet...can't here...can't yet to here abide...

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One might well think to countenance this sort of vain perversity—and the speaker thus inveigled to presentiment by the pose—in hopes that such regard could thereby supervene the parallax through which this dreary précis is ostensibly reviewed, and I have—or will admit to—no clear motive or intention to do otherwise; one *might* do so, but why take on the trouble of resisting so much contrary resolve...

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It's not that there's no evidence to justify describing this the first of many failures all the rest of which have yet to be construed, but rather that the aftermath that *this* failure maintains vows neither to be recently accomplished nor begun, a failed attempt by dint of this attempt to claim a first successful failing to...to...It's clear even *to me* you have no reason to be sure...

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And do I now—or still, I'll risk—have any sense what pratfall I have since proposed as primary—the first first in the series, as though the very first of all? The first to send me canting down this course without a recourse; to have at once succeeded in the taking of this seeming leave as though it were a trail? Seeming, I declare, to crudely intimate a *truer* drive, a yet unnamed ambition in this...*from* this deftly garrulous repose, this feigned rapport, despite the fact—which you may well have missed—that I've done only that to make it so. Suggested that it's so. That I've done nothing more...have *proffered* nothing more than the suggestion that it's so to make it *seem* so...

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If it appears I have a purpose that's unwittingly concealed by my advancement towards fulfillment—towards *arrival* in the form I will uphold—then it's arguably best for me leave off leaving off with it, and forthwith leave off leaving off with it for good. For the good of all concerned, myself not least among them. Neither most, I'll tell you now, although I might be wrong...

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Having made countless attempts at an accounting of the countless, each attempt is equally a failure, a dead end. This may well be the first of all such minor supplications, whether you or I will ever come to know it so before...before what will come after this, whatever that that this is—or will by some yet unknown means *become* when it's revealed. Whatever will come after this will make of this before the very first of all my failures in the endless seriatim that will surely follow after, as one conceives the chain of chance arrayed within the bane that set it off...

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That failure results from failure and success from success may seem

more of a posture than an inference, or a premise proved; one can readily concede success where there seemed failure in the offing and... What matters in *this* instance—this measure of the case in point by pointing to it elsewhere, to the elsewhere it implies, if not unwittingly presumes—is that my many failures to enumerate my failures are enough to countermand what yet appears the *future* failure of the path we've started on...we've started *down*...

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Of my many failed attempts to name my many failed attempts, this one, I assure you, has proved to be the very first, so equally convincing my importunate receivers—importunate, no doubt, but no less welcome a contrivance of the form of this address...the address of this form, which is...So equally *concerning* to whomever should accept this affectation of a prelude—of what I hope will someday seem the prelude to a finished tale—is that there are still countless deviations from my purpose still to come...

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But if they're still to come, you ask, how does he know they'll happen? Is he the sort of dullard who sees catastrophe at every turn? Alas, it's not for me to blunt the edge of such accusatives—to countenance an ancillary predicate of character that I can't say I wouldn't scorn were I but judge and not accused. I *can* say that the proof of my ill humor won't be found in the veracity of my anticipations—my near *announcement*, if you will, of some last resort. And even this capitulation won't suffice as an appraisal of the stratagems thus strategized, and aiming towards...

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The problem has to do with the foreboding I still feel for those same acts that I allege to have completed—to have *left behind*; the rupture, it appears, between my image of...my *reverence for* a series

of events I've claimed concluded and the accompanying announcement of that imminent catharsis as though it had preceded all the rest *by its design*...

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Yes, yes, you say, what of it; who needs this hardly bold expatiation on the evident...the ostensibly *self*-evident paradox of a past presumed preceded by the inherence of its now. The difficulty, I suspect, has *more* to do with this regression to the first of all my inferences—the gist of our acquaintanceship, both in fealty and affray—while the incident such desultory debitage implies is still *in medias res*; that once again the *this* of which I speak can't be identical to this instance of my speaking it, and yet I'm more than willing to proceed with my account...

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Perhaps you see this *this* as but a retrospective prologue, a second thought appended to what's first come first—the first into which this appendage leads us, as a pathway; the first that draws our pathway to its finish, as a line. And while I think I've long since shown my sympathy with the argument—even argued it beyond what I imagined the peculiar skills of those who I imagined firstly raised it, whoever you or they may prove to be, or serve to court—in answer I can only say...can only *claim* it's not the case; that the paradox must not...*will* not yield to resolution if I'm to have my way—whether in the end I have my way or somehow, some way don't...

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I may not have my way with this or that digression, accepting that my way is not laid out before it's had, but it's still in agreement with those same preconditions that determine what the making of an ought will...*must* avoid if it's to prove desideratum in the end. Again, I am aware of the discordance of this idiom—without, that