

3. IMMANENCE

Elements at face value are already more than we can think.

—Etel Adnan (*interviewed*)

I never liked a party with a time limit.

—Jackson Meazle, *Deaf Metal*

1. Eduardo dreamed of his top. It was blue and red, it made a smoosh-color when he spinned it. When it slowed down it flickered, and after that, the blue and red were separate again. He was dreaming he lost it, in the dream he was crying and yelling. When he woke up in the morning he got out of bed and went over to the table in the corner. There was the top. It hadn't gone anywhere at all.

2. That which inheres. Viewable matter, traceable behavior. Predictability of healing scar. The limitations of the source tape. That which, being the world, clings to the world.

3. Caged word, breath trapped behind m and n standing stones. Unlike *aspiration's* variety of vowel sounds, with *immanence* you have stick cut stick.

4. Rust mark of long-vanished paper clip still at the top of the sheet. That loop of rust.

5. A window sash still functioning in the wall, or detached and glimpsed at the edge of a vacant lot. The molecular equality of that.
6. Staying power of the numerical notch. Ninety U.S. feet from mound to plate. The theoretical flying crow.
7. The natural outcome, the cell's acknowledged guardians, the chemical script.
8. Things that lay down, changing only as things lay. That there could actually be booklets of tides and sunrises.
9. Hitting something to hear it. *Immanence*, the opposite of transcendence.
10. The orbit of a hot star, and of a life-bearing one, and this building's ledge, seemingly static, and the tempered shadows.
11. "What time is it?" Emma asked. Madame Rollet went out, held up the fingers of her right hand against the brightest part of the sky, and came slowly back, saying, "Almost three."
12. That which resists metaphysics. Present extent of weathering in a vane. "What you see is what you see." He also meant it wasn't going to change once you saw it.
13. That it is costlier to use bronze, faster to slide down a pole.
14. *Mono-ha*, the "school of things." "If you duplicate our world in all physical respects and stop right there, you duplicate it in *all* respects." (Frank Jackson)
15. That which doesn't manifest past itself. That which is put into a false position by figures of speech, projections, and desire. That with no story. (Except everything has a story.)

16. That with particularity, even as it advances to peculiarity, even in mass-produced numbers. (Recalcitrant *strangeness* of Bibles—the bewilderingly thin pages, the sense-defying italics, the hardcover-softcover irresolution.)
17. In toughest terms, that which nowhere seeks conditions of possibility. But also a quintet in which the squeak from a player's chair sounds like the next note in the score.
18. Keepsakes of the irrevocable. "I have a mole on my right cheek, astigmatism, and flat feet. When I was nine I slipped while running on wet concrete with an iced-tea glass in my hand, which broke and cut my right knee, so that's there now, too."
19. "Hunilla leaned upon a reed, a real one; no metaphor, a real Eastern reed. Long ground between the sea and land, upper and nether stone, the unvarnished substance was filed bare, and wore another polish now, one with itself." (Melville, *The Encantadas*)
20. The detail the culprit didn't take into account, both hanging back and present all along, neutrally sealing his guilt, or, lucky for him, remaining unobserved.
21. Is a tire tread in wet sand a good emblem of time's passage? No, because the tire might have made the impression at a snail's pace, or even a glacier's.
22. In bed and turning, the time that won't yield to sleep registering, to me doing the turning, as insomnia itself.



I am ready to travel to my projective "North," my arctic shack where it will be just myself and some words. As I said in "Practice," I've done a lot of mental prep before my arrival, sending up subject-packages and thought-crates. But in the midst of my plans, something happens. I realize that most of myself is already there. It is *not* going to be virgin space; my boot tracks already show in the snow before I've even bought my ticket. I have a clear view of the walls

of the shack and all that stuff hanging from them, the new stuff that was supposed to glisten, that I was looking forward to testing. *Telos* has become *Topos* before I've processed my inner farewells. I'm still determined, but now I'm trudging rather than journeying. Is this one more jest of the Puritan Dilemma? The part of the puritan that expected complete inauguration?



23. *bicycle* was written in two years of a four-year period in which I rode my bicycle 20 miles, meditated an hour, and wrote an hour each day six days per week while also working full-time. I missed, perhaps, three days per year of this routine. And so I rode through thunderstorms, snowstorms, 20-degree-below-zero weather, all kinds of extremes, and one thing I learned was that there is always someone else out there. (Roberto Harrison)

24. A photograph of what's left of an Athenian statue, a hero's head. It doesn't fill up the picture space, there's other stuff to look at, seashore, rocks. Everything is out of doors, seemingly "left" out of doors, and the head is decentralized, banal, scarcely more interesting than an interesting rock. A comedown from the god-world it once represented, and the culture-world it has come to represent. Except what world is it in? Has no one taken it off the ground? Or, for the sake of the photograph, did someone set it down?

25. Manuel Flores, in the Borges poem, is not reveling in a gift but registering a fact. He's to be hanged. Not a freshening daydream but hypnotic dread. As the seconds march past.

I look in my hand in the dawning.
I look at the veins contained there.
I look at them in amazement
as I would look at a stranger.

26. Sight as proof. You see *that*? What does *that* look like? And so the crowning evidence to use in an argument for someone wanting to claim radical objectivity.

27. Two companions, trying friends. One committed to sweet-mystery-of-life, the other whose still-breathing life was a mystery. The first unwilling to come down from existence-tripping, the other inured to passing days. Each aggravating the other's obtuseness. The more starry-eyed the one, the more hard-bitten the other. *There are no grounds to say what is real.* There are plenty of grounds, enough to work with. *No, we will never truly know.* It's not as cosmic as you think, you're just being a solipsist. *Okay, tell me one thing—one thing—you can guarantee me is reality.* The one whose still-breathing life was a mystery put his cup down, with a "crunk" sound. You want reality? Kids eating lead paint.



Of all the world cities hosting the *Any* conferences, Seoul turned out to be the most inspired choice. It was the host city that became, inadvertently, the revealed true subject of a conference. It was the direct concern of only a few presentations, but almost all of the speakers addressed the crises of population and compaction throughout the eastern hemisphere, issues of which this South Korean capital is a radical exemplar. Clouds of dread hung over many of the participant's remarks, such as David Harvey's, after his walks around the city and the "brief and quite traumatic exposure to the urban processes that are reshaping Seoul." A city with a subaltern past (the Japanese occupation), a present marked by flash economies and exploding populations, and a fast-grab future, Seoul signified both "historic site" and "New Asian City." In the mid-1990s it was growing so fast that, according to Davidson, 100,000 new housing units per year were needed to keep up. It was finger-in-the-dike urbanism at a more or less constant crisis level, and its improvisations made things raw for the attending theorists and plansters. This second-world megacity's aggressive indefiniteness got to them. The *Any* arguments that year tended to be art-versus-commerce, with reactive side-notes. Participant A's enthusiasm over an animated-graphic computer program was derided by B as a wonk substitute for pencil-paper-idea. C's socialist conscience was scandalized by D's celebration of "dynamic disequilibrium." E wondered whether F bothered to consider the relation of architecture to powerlessness. G quoted H's saying "he didn't bring his project to design resolution precisely in order not to fetishize it, but in my view it is because he didn't bring it to resolution that he did fetishize it." There were also moments, at least to non-players like myself, that might have been laugh-lines but didn't play that way, as for example when someone asked another, "How would you have designed the same house if you had decided, for instance, to obey the client?" Quite often someone's visionary