

For a moment, I was I tonight. We went to see *Bonjour Tristesse* and then went to JG Melon for a burger and a beer. When we got there, the man said that the wait would be 30 minutes. When putting a name down, I said my name was I and then I spelled it out. I and I walked to a nearby deli and each bought a small bottle of sparkling water. The bottles were glass. As we checked out, I noticed that I paid a little bit less than I did. My total was \$3.26, his was \$3.86something, my memory tells me \$3.86 — I could ask him to check his charges. We walked back and when the host called us, he called me I like my name was I. Because I said it was. Before me we were both at work. We both work in offices. We talked about this, working in offices, and we talked about many other things. On Tuesday O had his thesis show, and later M and I were talking. We were talking in M's room and then we were talking on their roof. A few weeks ago, before starting this job in the office, I came over for dinner. We were going to talk about starting a company; instead we talked about our lives leading up to that moment. And the future.

We walked out of the theater and I said that *Bonjour Tristesse* was "buns". Which was probably the best way to start the conversation. I and I had gone to see a film that I liked and I didn't like. I read the film in relation to *Va savoir* (2001) and the idea of the French film in the 21st century. In relation to the past, present, and future of cinema. *Bonjour Tristesse* was a film which was a book, written by a teenager, which was made a film by Otto Preminger, before being remade today. On the walk to JG Melon, I asked if Preminger was German or Austrian, and I recalled together that he was Austrian. It's a significant difference. I wondered where exactly Preminger lived in Los Angeles, how far it was from I's house, or rather I's parents' house. Now I wonder how many of Preminger's residences remain. The Thomas Mann House in Pacific Palisades, which is now a museum, survived the Palisades fire but remains closed to smoke damage. While the house was not directly destroyed by the fire, the damage is still being assessed, and the building needs a deep cleaning before reopening.

I is from Los Angeles and lives in New York. I am not from Los Angeles and live in New York. I and I live two streets away on Fresh Pond Road. We talked about living in Ridgewood, living with our parents, and the specifics of living where one grows up on the train ride home. I think I was tired at that point. I was talking more. I had taken a concerta that M had gave me to Tuesday night, or rather I took it and then told him that I could have some. I took it while I was doing cocaine with O. I didn't have an ideal place to put it, so it was loose inside a silk bag with various accoutrements. If I am wearing cargo pants, this bag is usually in my front-left pocket. If I am not wearing cargo pants, this bag is usually in my back-left pocket. On the train ride home from O and M's I ran into C and L. I didn't recognize me, I had changed how I'd looked, and we've only met briefly every time we've met. At O and M's, there were many people I knew that I'd met but that I couldn't remember but I did recognize. I knew that L didn't

have a bracelet on his arm that he was trying to take off. He doesn't work in an office. He works for an art gallery. He said he was working at an art fair and that that's what the bracelet was from. The bracelet was very tight and strong. He couldn't take it off with his hands. He looked in his backpack for scissors. There were not any scissors. I wondered if he had spray paint in the backpack. When I saw him at C's birthday party, C had just been arrested. He was allegedly walking on the train tracks at night. His backpack allegedly had cans in it. But he was not caught in the act. I don't think I need to use *allegedly* there. We talked about this and I realized that I had something sharp to cut off his wristband. In my pouch was a razorblade, Romanian 1 Leu note, slightly crusted with blood, and a small amount of cocaine. Everything else I had left at home. N left the razor blade here when he stayed one night. It has become a sort of a signature, as has the bag. Signature bear meanings and associations. They are recognizable signs for people to observe.

I messed up the last time I stayed the night. C and G came over. I came over too. In my mind we were going to talk about music and music-related things. And then I invited N because I was at his apartment working with A on a video. So there were 6 of us, since I was there too. N brought cocaine. Everyone drank beer except J and I. But I drank *kvass*, kvatrom, and the *seizers*, snorted ketamine, snorted cocaine, smoked weed, and a cigarette or two or three. They went to get more beer. The amount of empty beer cans in the morning, considering only four people were drinking was tremendous. But before the morning, N arrived. Probably around midnight. He had been drinking with Z at a nearby bar. I don't recall if he buzzed up but I don't think he did. I made him a set of keys to make things easier. In case I'm not home, or I'm sleeping. But now he was tired and I had told him earlier that he could sleep on the couch. But now we were on the couch, drinking snorting smoking, making music, and talking. He sat in the adjacent room, charging his phone. His charger is still there. So I told him he could sleep in my bed. Only bed is not a bed, but a mattress on the floor, and my bedroom lacks a strong delineation from the living room, there is only a curtain, and not a wall. We were up until 5 or 6 revealing. Once everyone left, I wrote for another hour or two. I was meeting I. In the morning and I wanted to have some semblance of progress to display to him. When we met, we didn't look at the text in detail, rather we glanced at its surface. It is read best that way. I slept on the couch and N slept on my mattress, and when he left I went back to my mattress. I slept for a few more hours and left to get coffee with L. Later that day, I sent a link to a flickr album with images I had made from that night to the group chat and realized that I hadn't invited Z or L. I had realized this early in the night and thought about sending a last minute invitation, before the list of substances induced forgetting. I felt bad and apologized. It was a miscommunication — I am now trying to determine if it was a computational error, and if computation and calculation imply the use of a quantitative system, or if miscalculations can be errors in judgement where values are not fixed by systems or numerals. I am refraining from referencing an etymological dictionary, for the sake of time. Like I, I have to be in the office tomorrow.

If you recall, earlier I was in M's room. At first it was O and I in M's room. We saw a Jutta Koether book. M picked out a picture frame. At one point he tapped the blade against the glass. It made a noise. It made a sound. There is a blurring between taking and *taking*. But I took half of what I took on Tuesday this afternoon, even though this afternoon has both passed and is yet to be. Perhaps this is not a day in the sense of a sunrise and a sunset, or in the sense of a fixed quantity of hours, minutes, seconds, measures of time — perhaps this is simply a set, a set that I am defining through writing it, and under such definitions, such a thing as *this afternoon* can exist without breaking the rules. The rules of time. The rules of the game. I was having a great run writing sans references. Sans tires. A collapse into *Jung time*. I was moving files tonight. After I said bye to I, after we looked at the street signs wondering how long they had been there, I said they looked new, I said I had never noticed them before. *Va savoir* was moving between French, Italian, and English. The English was mostly in the subtitles. But I was thinking about how close *amour* is to a *mort*. Love and Death. It is not the same in English.

August 20, 1937

The English language is an infinite sea with no shores;

French is a sea which is full of enchanting islands, but also of

perilous reefs.

The first question; the first interruption. Will there be another? How long will it go on? I took half of what I took from M at the office and I continued to work. After work I took the train uptown, to meet I. We were going to meet at a deli with a hothar that I had shown me when we went to go see a Johnnie To movie at the museum. But now we were meeting at the theater. I was running late. I asked I to grab me a Clif bar and told him that he should hit JG Melon after the film. I texted me that he had "chicken nuggets potatoes some pasta" and that it was "delicious". And that he had to wander far from the vicinity of the theater in order to find a bar. And then that he'd found a bar, that I should go and find seats at the theater. I was confused. I had forgotten what kind of bars we were talking about, or rather texting about, but then I remembered. For a moment I read I's message as saying something along the lines of: I'm going to a bar to drink instead of watching this movie, because I found this bar, and it is calling me now but *Bonjour Tristesse* is calling me. And that was this was a joke. But then language aligned. I told me where he was sitting and then I found him. He showed me two bars and I took one of them and ate it discreetly. The film hadn't started yet, but I didn't want anyone to get mad. Before I got there, I texted me about the amount of old people there. This was who I figured would get mad. I replied asking about baddies. I and I agreed that there were a fair amount of baddies. I texted *baddies suited behind us* and then it got dark, and I and I changed the settings on our phones, the film was screened, and then we got up, changed the settings on our phones, I went to the bathroom, I waited for me, and we walked up the stairs. There were many old people. The day in which we walked was different.

I narrated the trajectory of the director. How she came to make this film, her first film. I pointed out how there were not even short films that preceded it. Her filmography begins with a feature. And I traced back each such a thing came to be. I traced it back to the British colonization of Bengal and the establishment of Calcutta, now Kolkata. This is not entirely my tracing. I've talked about it with P, who has talked about it in regards to his academic sphere, where the glut of Bengali post-colonial scholars can be traced back to colonization. Material conditions and aspirations. Before Tuesday, I was at M and O's apartment, it was M's birthday. I made him a card. I also met P, who said it was good to meet another Indian and asked me how often I go home. I didn't get into the complications of such a word like "home" with him and told him the last time I went to India. He said it had been six years since he's been, that he's from Singapore, but his family is from Delhi and Darjeeling. I had to ask questions to get this information. But it made sense in the way I expected. I talked about this with M later.

He asked if I was bothered but I wasn't really bothered. A different P came over last Friday. She came over by my hair but it wasn't the right day for that. I said that I would make food and I struggled with that. She wrote that we made soup and that I was dead and that she taught me how to use a can opener. I was dead because I didn't sleep, I was busy arranging a song, attempting over and over again, to get it right, and once I had settled on an idea of what was right, I had made a video for the song. And I had to finish it all before it would go away. So in order to not sleep I was snorting cocaine and ketamine. I did not have to work the next day because my office was taking the day off for Easter. I do not get paid time off because I am not a full-time employee with benefits, but rather an independent contractor. I was trying to explain the nuances of this situation to H on the roof with M, but we were interrupted by K. This interruption was later, before I was working and not sleeping, which lead to my death. While I was dead, P and I talked about J, how they are both half-Indian but they are different. I said something about how one chooses to engage with their race. I can't remember exactly. I was still dead. P's dad is from Calcutta. I was reminded of it before, but I didn't write it, but now I must write another reference: *Her Venetian Name in Deserted Calcutta*. The same sounds as India Song, with different images. On the roof I was telling M that I don't think of myself as Indian so much as Tamil, that the Indian nation-state is problematized for me, that it is a problem of language, Tamil is Dravidian while Hindi is Indo-European, Hindi is linguistically closer to English and I only know a few words of Hindi, while I can speak Tamil poorly while understanding most of it, but that when I go to the North they think that I am from the North and don't understand why I can't speak Hindi. Years ago I watched an episode of a Louis Malle documentary about India, the episode focused on Tamil Nadu and the organized protests against Hindi in the schools there. The film recorded a process that shaped who I am, a process that I was not present for. Material conditions. While walking uptown, I and I talked about *Bonjour Tristesse* as this sort of aspirationally French film, and its relation to dislocation. A novel, written by a French teenager, adapted into a Hollywood movie made by an Austrian Jew. The novel was translated into English, the translation censored parts of the novel. It was translated into English again in the 2010s, this time without censorship. It would make sense that Preminger's film was adapted from the censored English novel. The industry moved fast and made a lot of money then. But I don't think Durga Chew-Bose used this new English translation. She was born in Montreal. I would assume she speaks Québécois.

I did not talk about this I while we walked uptown, I read this later, I read this now. Now it is late. I have snorted all the cocaine I said I would snort. There is another bar. It is 4:10 in the morning, like a Drake song, 4:10 AM in Ridgewood, 4:10 AM on Fresh Pond Road, Fresh Pond Road Flows, 4:10 AM in Queens, 4:10 AM in New York City. This is where I live. I lives here too, I is gone right now. He's in Paris visiting his brother. Z and I suggested that he meet up with J, but she is not in Paris, she is in New York. She got there when Tuesday. When I saw her at O and M's apartment, she talked to me about how I know S, and how the world is small. I said French words with J and O, but I cannot speak French. Material conditions. It only gets later and now it feels both inevitable and right:

material(adj.)

mid-14c., "real, ordinary; earthly, drawn from the material world" (contrasted with spiritual, mental, supernatural), a term in scholastic philosophy and theology, from Old French *material*, *material* (14c.) and directly from Late Latin *materialis* (adj.) "of or belonging to matter," from Latin *materia* "matter, stuff, wood, timber" (see *matter* (n)).

From late 14c. as "made of matter, having material existence; material, physical, substantial." From late 15c. as "important, relevant, necessary, pertaining to the matter or subject," in the law of evidence, "of legal significance to the cause" (1580s).

condition(n.)

mid-14c., *condicionem*, "particular mode of being of a person or thing" also "a requisite or prerequisite, a stipulation," from Old French *condicion* "stipulation; state; behavior; social status" (12c., Modern French *condition*), from Medieval Latin *condicionem* (nominative *conditio*), properly *condicio* "agreement; stipulation; the external position, situation, rank, place, circumstances" of persons, "situation, condition, nature, manner" of things, from *condicare* "to speak with, talk together, agree upon," in Late Latin "consent, assent," from assimilated form of *com* "together" (see *com*) + *dicere* "to speak" (from PIE root **dḗk-* "to show," also "promissive solemnity").

Classical Latin condition was confined in Late Latin with *condicio* "a making," from *condicare*, past participle of *condicare* "to put together." The sense evolution in Latin apparently was from "stipulation" to "situation, mode of being."

Meaning "rank or state with respect to ordered society" is from late 14c. in English. From the notion of "prerequisite" comes the sense of "a restricting or limiting circumstance" (late 14c.). Also in Middle English "personal character, disposition" (mid-14c.).

And I was talking to I about not drinking, because he didn't drink for a long time, and he didn't drink but he really got drunk. I was talking about being at the bar with O and M and K and J and N and K and J and all the repeating letters. This time there are no numbers. L and I were not drinking. I went home at a reasonable hour. I went home at a reasonable hour too, but it was after K wanted to leave, so she left without me. And I went home and I read and I wrote, I wrote what I felt was the foundation of the play, a foundation of ideas, with some text. I wrote a secret, a secret between L and I, and M who prints and binds the books for me. Another quotation, this time M. Blanchot, interrupts *For the edges of a secret are more secret than the secret itself*. M was talking about the lack table. Later I was re-writing my writing: *There was no grand epiphany, no incredible realization by the end. The end wasn't the end, it was simply a departure. Plans were made for the near future, both firm and loose. Handshakes were exchanged. Deliberations were conducted. The night ended at a certain point, but the task that remains is to ascertain when. Paris Belongs To Us was playing in the theater of The 400 Blows, or so said M. Luck. The name was striking. It recalled cigarettes and absences. When the room was empty, I played a song I had written earlier, about picking things up and putting them down. I sent O and M my 14c. from when my voice was different, from when the world was different, but the same. The world was always different, the change was always constant. I don't have hope, nor do I have the absence of it. And I recognize the rule that time will play, in this future is come. It will come and things will be different, the change will be continue to be constant, I will continue to live, in, die, to pick up, and put down. An exercise emerges: How long can I hold a post? And does holding a post change the nature of time's length? If the past was brief, then that was a matter of memory. If a resolution was brief, then that was the nature of what the two parties felt was owed. He was talking, he was talking and repeating himself outside inside common knowledge, thinking of all the games to be played. Trains are turned in dominoes. Factories on the horizon signified an exit. So much of it was gone now, the glowing sign was neither barren nor solace. Eventually: 1610s, "pertaining to events," from French *eventual*, from Latin *eventus*, stem of *evenire* "to come out, happen, result" (see *event*). Meaning "ultimately resulting" is by 1823. Perhaps that was the signal. He stumbled into an old habit, realized it was best to wait, that he could wait while taking action.*

I said I couldn't be a Sunday painter. An old phrase comes from where? From memory: this is when I've been keeping myself. 5:00 AM in Queens. Tomorrow I will go to the office. Incorrect. In the morning I will go to the office. Remember: this point can close. And another point can open. Is it opening and closing, is that the operation at hand? Or is it something else, like emerging and submerging, dissolving and solidifying, condensing, materializing. These words are not opposites, nor are they pairs. I can quote myself again, this time from prostheses rather than memory: *This question of a stopping point... Stopping does not mean inscription ends. Stopping only means that these [points and brackets] must stop. Must stop - because that's what facts require. Writing of the lowest purpose: I realized stopping must stop... There is a realization. I don't desire stopping any longer. This isn't to say that this stopping is different than that stopping, or that the desire to embark on one stopping is different from the desire to embark on another stopping, only that I don't want this coda, this ending, this musical term — that I desire the ending but not the ending. I want free fall, but I don't want impact. I want and I desire yet what if I stopped wanting and desiring, what if I embraced this finitude with open arms? Is it possible? This infinite text, another infinite conversation, a coda, an ending, a musical term, that comes after the body of the text, after the footnotes, but before the last things last, ever expanding. And yet this can't stretch out forever, it needs things, oil and minerals, extraction of the earth. I don't desire the stopping of this coda, this ending, this musical term — do I desire the stopping of this extraction?*

Does it work here? Do these interruptions of stopping stop? Is not a matter of force, earlier I was talking to I about discipline. The dawn is creeping in. There was something else. It was about remembrance. But I stopped being I. It had to end. Because I went to the office and I didn't.

After producing such a volume of text, I had to face the question of what had been produced besides production.

Perhaps I continue linearly, of what was written after stopping. I went to my mattress and laid down, but I couldn't fall asleep. I laid there for a few hours, swiping on my phone. Eventually the sun started to rise and I went back to the couch. I snorted more K and realized that I wouldn't fall asleep for a while. The light came in and with it a sort of delicate dreamlike state. What happens when you dilate time and days. I used to do this so often, but I hadn't done it like this in a couple of years. I ended up going to bed around 4pm. I'm trying to recall what happened in the hours between that. I tried to watch some films but I couldn't. I made some arrangements for the text to be re-performed. I read and I took notes. I ate some freezer waffles. I worked my job from home. I went to bed. I missed Z's screening. I didn't take out the trash. The next day I woke up and got ready to go print with M. I had everything with me but my keys when I left. I realized this immediately. So I texted N, asking if I could come to New Jersey to pick up the keys from him. I told M that I would hang out with him, but had to bail. To some extent, the drugs are fucking up my friendships. I printed with M and felt insane in the printing environment and what American academia / art school is. We went to O's show, which I read in more detail, before leaving with the books in hand to meet I, for coffee. I got the espresso shaken with sugar that I had been craving and we talked for a bit before going back to his apartment. We talked more about the play and setting things into action. We listened to some music and worked through some references. Made plans. Then he went to work and I went to New Jersey. I went to N's house. It's a house and not an apartment. We talked there and then we got Japanese food and talked there. Then we went to an empty classroom and screened parts of films and talked more. Went back to his house and talked. And in the morning we talked. We attempted to make a track, during which we didn't talk much. All this to be said, I am trying to make sense of what was said.

I will wait until the morning. And attempt to start anew. Reorientation is something of a captain's log. The act of mapping is more direct. Tonight I dock at port in order to coordinate the journey.

Maybe the situation is that I am able to draw considerably, but that I struggle to bring a work into completion. That many of my works are the stringing together of drawings, in such a way that they bring about the illusion of completion. Or that by *framing* these drawings as a *work* I stop them, they become ossified. And then there is nowhere else for them to go. What I see in Rivette is this chase, this paranoid chase for someone sort of answer, some magical text, that will bring the disparate threads into a unification. Goldoni's lost play. When Colin realized that his search for the thirteen was misguided and that there were better questions that he could ask. But what are these questions. Perhaps this is what the play can be — the play is not fixed, it will evolve and continue to evolve as it is read and rehearsed. I have a starting point. What N talked about was what gets in the way of creating the work, and what accelerates the drawings that remain drawings. Of course, I have my sort of obsession with the drawing. With the work around the work. But I and I were talking about that Berenson quote, about the life of a work of art, and how facile that sort of statement is. Rivette's life was a remarkable life yes, but the films are what are truly remarkable. And his life was a secret, that's what Bulle Ogier said in that interview, along the lines of it being impenetrable, unknown, she only knew him through the context of his directing, through work. I rewatched parts of Gang of Four last night and was blown away yet again. N showed me a book of plays by Marivaux. When I was meeting with L I talked about rewatching certain Rivettes and the idea of rewatching these films again once I have read the plays that are being cited. A new meaning-making formulation would unlock itself.

And I texted O about the commitment. Throwing away the fryer after my sojourn. What the subtitle said: *You must have destruction and doubt in order to rebuild, create, invent. Destruction and doubt, that's what I have to teach you.*

Now I am in the office and the day remains.