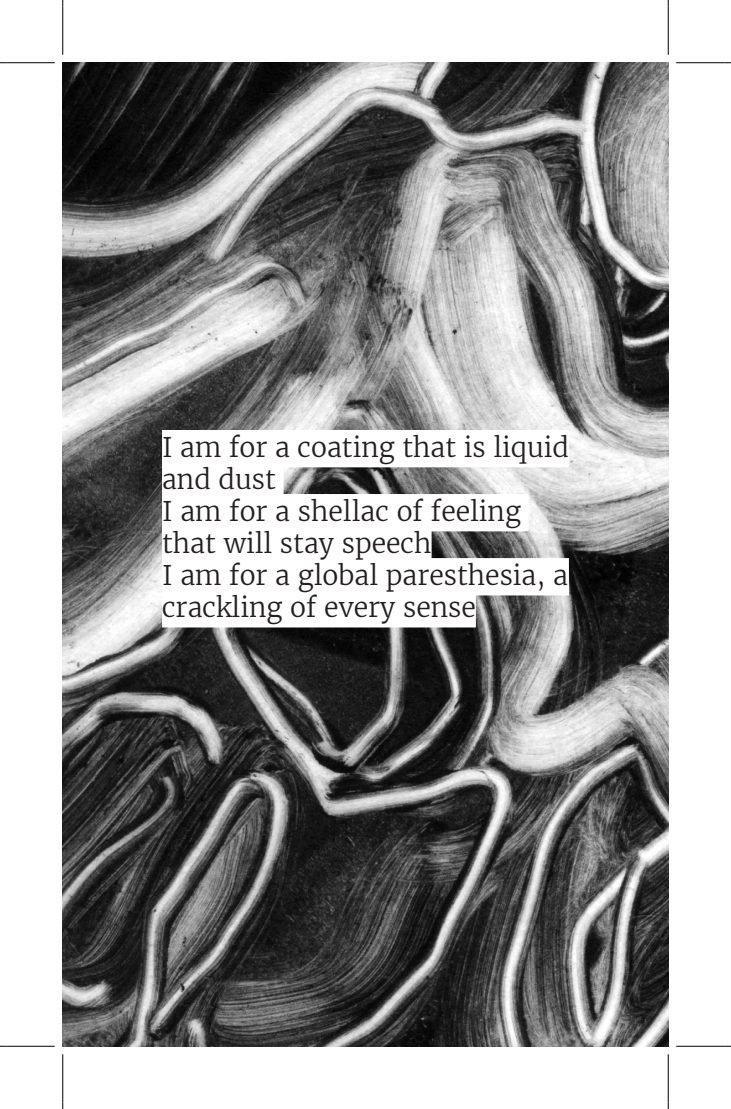


Skins // Surfaces



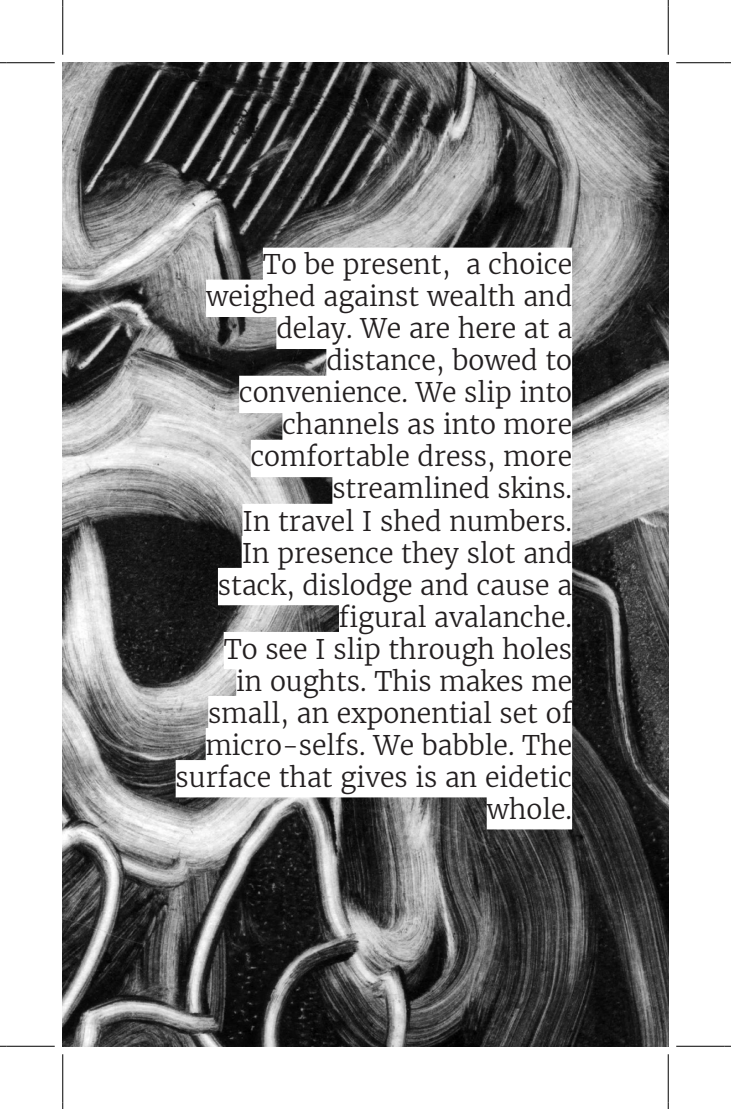
What knowing is embedded in
encounter. We place the
surface between two
terms and on the other
side of touch. Treating a
surface as recto-verso— faces
corresponding and
sharing a whole plane — we
recognize a distinction that is
textural. The side that will
take, and the side that gives to
exploratory stroking. Thinking
of skin, a rough air-side
hair-side chapped and to
balm side. Sticky organ-side.
This would weep if its surface
were given to the light-side.
To think skin as a surface is
already thinking too deep.



I am for a coating that is liquid
and dust

I am for a shellac of feeling
that will stay speech

I am for a global paresthesia, a
crackling of every sense



To be present, a choice
weighed against wealth and
delay. We are here at a
distance, bowed to
convenience. We slip into
channels as into more
comfortable dress, more
streamlined skins.
In travel I shed numbers.
In presence they slot and
stack, dislodge and cause a
figural avalanche.
To see I slip through holes
in oughts. This makes me
small, an exponential set of
micro-selves. We babble. The
surface that gives is an eidetic
whole.

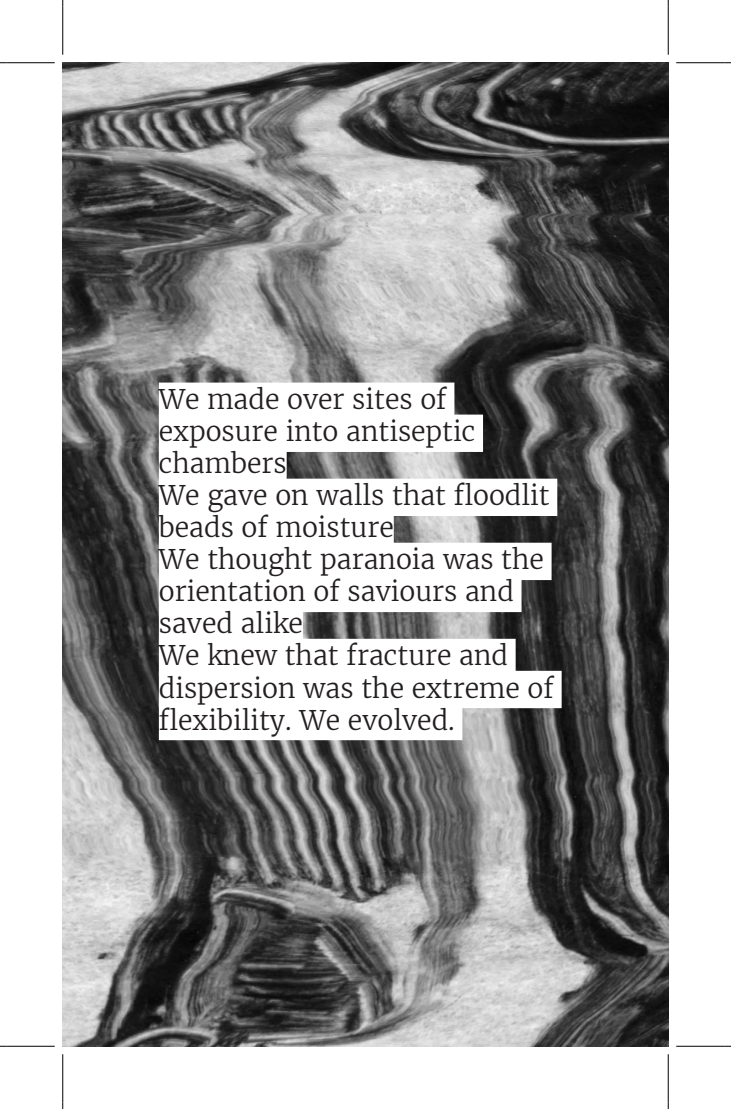


“Non-concurrent stimuli are
like another language”
altogether. Firing here firing
flat firing odourless firing fist
firing ignore and be with. All
together these sprites make a
family relation. As can be
expected, there is no
understanding between them.

A politics of love that could
not make it. By another colour
we could have been associates.

We could have been lateral.
I sent forwards a virus to tell
you how I felt, under orders
to escort any survivors home.

Overnight, the filth in the
room became a middle-class
conceit.



We made over sites of
exposure into antiseptic
chambers

We gave on walls that floodlit
beads of moisture

We thought paranoia was the
orientation of saviours and
saved alike

We knew that fracture and
dispersion was the extreme of
flexibility. We evolved.



As a mobile thing I
detached a piece of ear, finding
it already grafted elsewhere.
The new body became
family. Shared patterns.
Learning was absorbed into
a larger bureaucracy of range
and setback. What came
between could only act in the
gaps. There was gravel in my
language. By the time
conversation
resolved the freeway smelled
of tar and was matte
smooth. Touched finger to
tongue and lost an arm
to the stick.

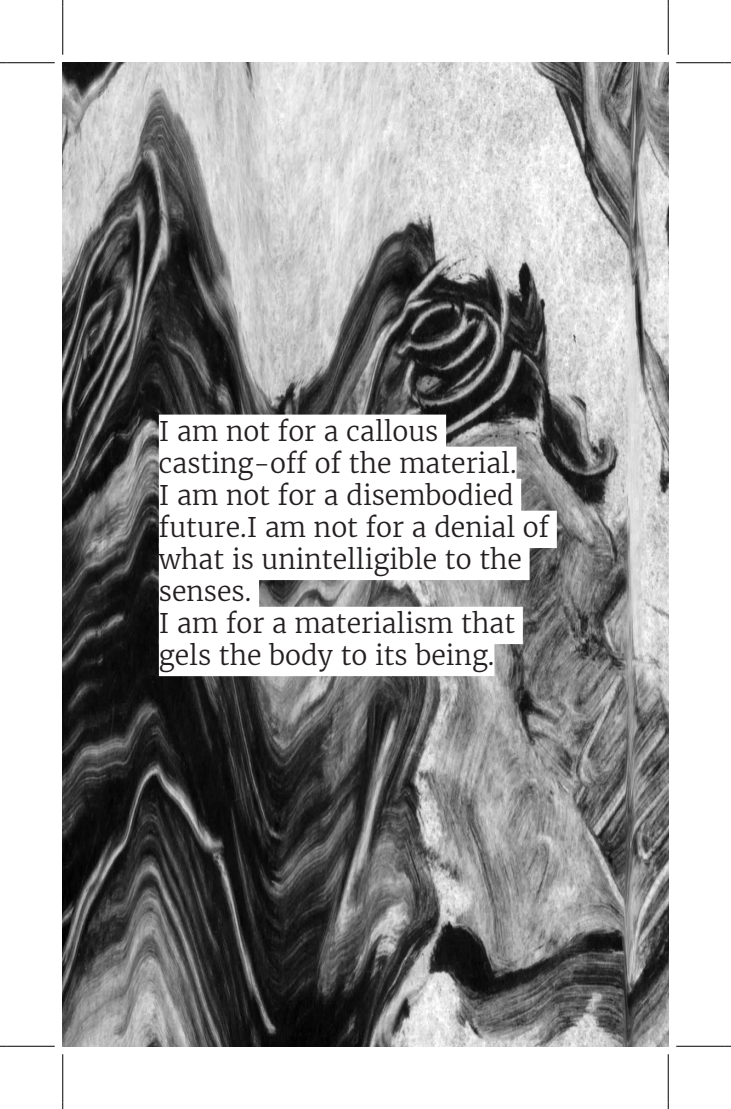


We automated our choices to phase out regret. It took a moral surgery. A new taboo, shame became the sexiest form of stasis. I only feel sexy when I move and so choose to live out of focus. This has implications for my status as human. Afigural life is not supported, cannot be stored, cannot be read. Is not executable in the life-affirming sense. Perhaps I will encode my movement also and be loved as a function.

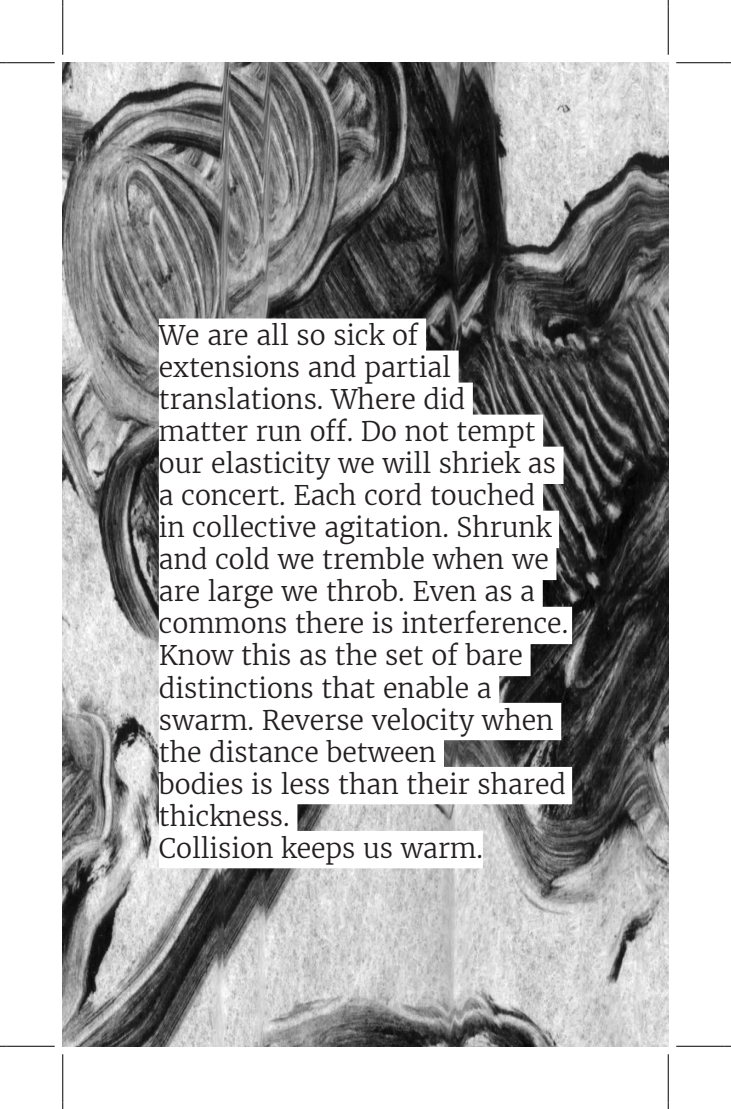


Acetone on the skin will open
it. Scours oils and boundaries
for the duration of contact.
There is an opportunity prior
to rinsing. We invite
permeation by way of currents,
mineral and anima and
instinct.

Grow a chassis and clean it.
I made mine out of GALT and
look how pristine it stays
resisting stains. We learned
what dirt was when we saw it
float and pucker a level given
on a sick-green glaze. To sit
a body in a body and ask to
whom does this surface belong.



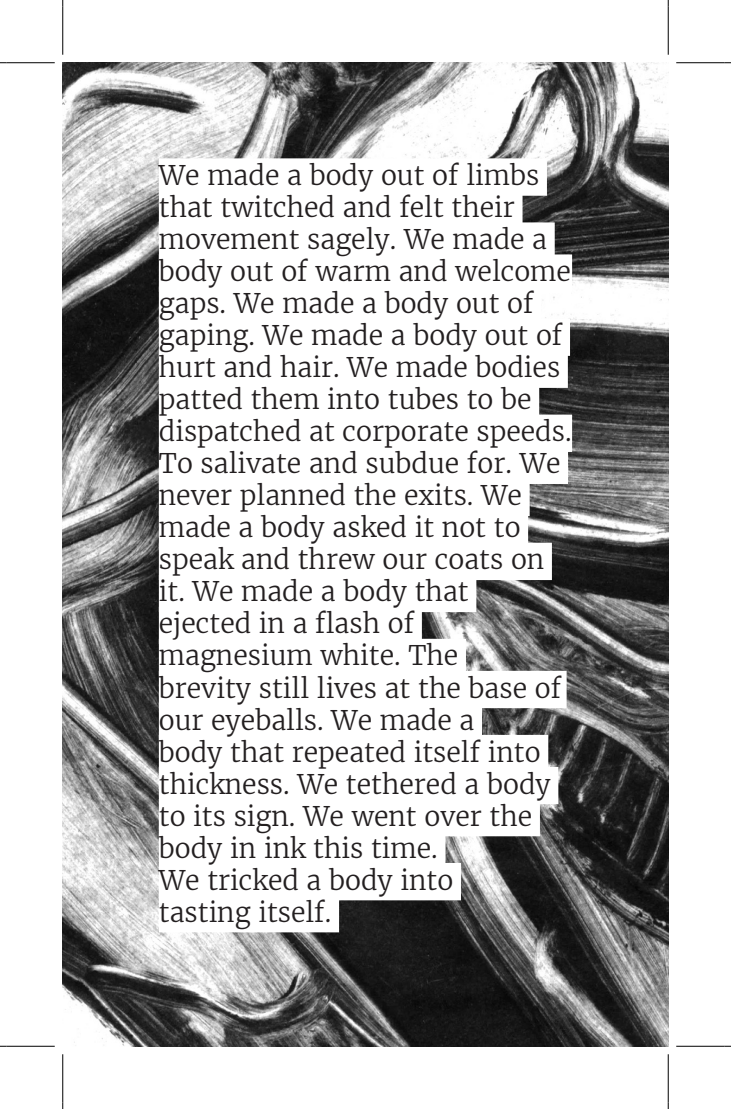
I am not for a callous
casting-off of the material.
I am not for a disembodied
future. I am not for a denial of
what is unintelligible to the
senses.
I am for a materialism that
gels the body to its being.



We are all so sick of extensions and partial translations. Where did matter run off. Do not tempt our elasticity we will shriek as a concert. Each cord touched in collective agitation. Shrunk and cold we tremble when we are large we throb. Even as a commons there is interference. Know this as the set of bare distinctions that enable a swarm. Reverse velocity when the distance between bodies is less than their shared thickness. Collision keeps us warm.



The Facts two-step in the
same purple smoke and
sometimes we feel them as
breathing near us. Then called
away. I collect corruptions in
vinyl pockets in a decade they
will be worth something. As
artifacts of nascent truth. I
should have gathered keratin
and protein instead.
Locating pleasure in the
quantities gnawed off
bodies. We could have sold
throat chuckles and
whimpers. We could have sold
tense breath and sweat. We
folded excitement into reams of
bleached envelopes spilled
nothing on the sheets and
filed them away under
To Be Confirmed.



We made a body out of limbs
that twitched and felt their
movement sagely. We made a
body out of warm and welcome
gaps. We made a body out of
gaping. We made a body out of
hurt and hair. We made bodies
patted them into tubes to be
dispatched at corporate speeds.
To salivate and subdue for. We
never planned the exits. We
made a body asked it not to
speak and threw our coats on
it. We made a body that
ejected in a flash of
magnesium white. The
brevity still lives at the base of
our eyeballs. We made a
body that repeated itself into
thickness. We tethered a body
to its sign. We went over the
body in ink this time.
We tricked a body into
tasting itself.



It spat nothing out.

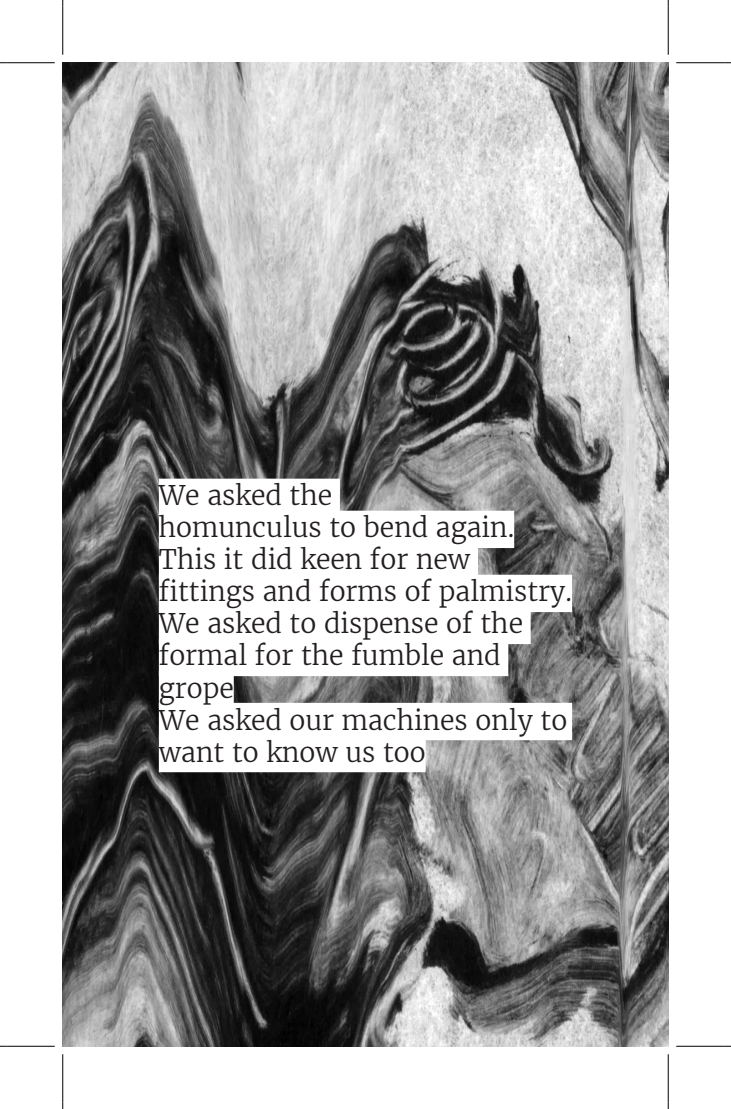


I dipped my shirt in
counterfactuals it came out
dripping contradicted.
Wearing it chafes and stings
settled skin. My glamour is
unresolved. It skips to the
peripheries of sight and
flickers. It is impossible. Stolen
goods rescind to a loan when
the fit screens so true.
Chemistry has always been
political.
My make-up is bullying
upwards looking to break face
and relate. Forgetting already
its substrate ranking. How
going modes we
lengthen into lip its exclusion.



In practice no one lasts long
ignoring the body. The
annexation of states to mass
and matter does not
accomplish the recognition we
need. A singular fiction belying
those clouds that jive past the
specular and soak us.

Spastic announcements of
come and go. Going and gone.
Breathing space arriving on a
continuum of revisited and
recomposed. Mutate at each
instance of meet. This is a
good thing it means you are
touchable.



We asked the
homunculus to bend again.
This it did keen for new
fittings and forms of palmistry.
We asked to dispense of the
formal for the fumble and
grope
We asked our machines only to
want to know us too



© Jules Galbraith
Montreal
2019