

Comments on the Schizopastoral

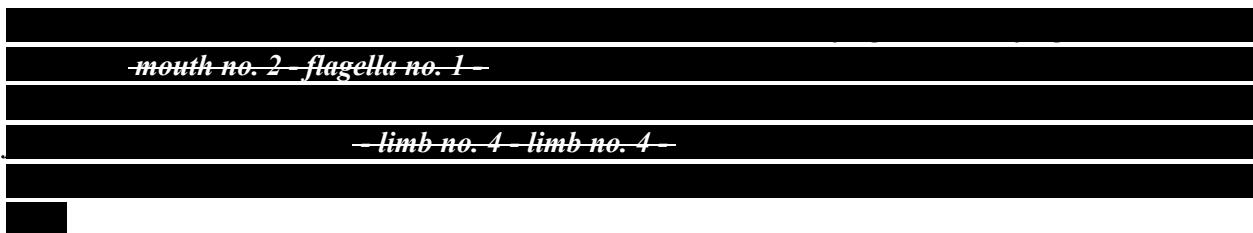
Data coagulates at the boundaries of the expanded field. The universe fractalizes inwards. When there is not room to grow, artifacts must be discarded or recycled.

Void-portals declare that you are not intended for speech. The landscape is not intended for grazing cattle. You are only a surface. There is no reason for you yourself to speak. There is only reason for you to create the space for speech to occur.

In the margins of this imaginary supplement, I write something along the lines of, *This is the second attempt* or *Another attempt is made*. I allude to previous offspring.

The landscape of your flesh is fragile. It desires continued attention. It wants its dimensions / traits / mutations / variations described. Perhaps as a means of perpetuating its ontology.

Do you fear the agency of the text? Its ability to return from assumed completion? Even when there is not more to say, there is more to say.



I am told that the first iteration of my opus is incomprehensible. The text suffers from the same complexification it desires to summon. In the eye of the void, there is speak of *regrets* or *missed opportunities*, but this cannot be how I frame my expedition.

Our relationship thus compels me to write in a new way. I plan to remain rather unclear. You might encounter certain decoys. And I hope that they will lead you astray.

Henry and Veronica say, “The flesh is a radical text. Its fluidity allows for the rewriting of old scripture. If not the rewriting, then the remapping of their impact and meaning.”

Comments on the Schizopastoral is not an attempt to explain myself to you. Or for the text to tend the wounds that you have led it to suffer.

It is my desire to return to what has already been laid in place. So that I might shape this body of gelatin into a new mold.



—*mouth no. 6 flagella no. 2*—

It was *A Primer For Cadavers* (Ed Atkins) that I first used to build this altar. Shaping its pages into a papier-mache body and dancing its legs in the likeness of a puppet.

Now, I think I would like to summon the phantoms of *Peripatet* (Grant Maierhofer). The brick echoing its desire to be devoured. My chords humming in the periphery, I will bottle what emanates from the base.

A new altar is built from these abstract materials. Each past attempt will be recycled and its findings will be used to create more viable and lasting void-portals.

Once again my thighs are unsewn. Sharp-toothed mouths taking their first breath. Slug-tongue touching the surrounding tissue. Testing its environment.

But now the language of my disassembly is beautiful. It does not ooze from the primordial, but instead hums along the walls of the interior.

Holding a new text-source over my head, the locomotion of the creature is no longer grotesque and biological. It is slow and spectral. The anatomy of an organized ghost. Rearranging the furniture of its dilapidated house.

Schisms demand new typesets and epitaphs. I caress the sound of my abstract organs—each speculated mass of tissue—and derive new meaning from their multitudes.

—*mouth no. 6 cilia no. 8384*—

—*mouth no. 1 cilia no. 506*—

At first I wanted to return with my body bloated and open. Birthing new orifices at each slouch forward. Moaning in pain. Gesturing with the mannerisms of a minotaure.

But growth occurs within. The mouth does not develop as a result of its replication. It develops by tunneling down. Forming a throat and an esophagus. Creating pockets of air and a more complex larynx. So that it can utter new sounds. Overlay one tongue's efforts with another.

So I expand inwards

The schizopastoral landscape further complexifies. Text is orated and layered. Built as discard skin or grazing animal. The heifer is sacrificed and resurrected again in the emanating light of the summoning palm. You think an altar is not a scientific tool.

The praxis of the schizopastoral is difficult to standardize. Its performance is simultaneously frivolous and exact. This is the nature of the *occult*. Which often overlaps with what is considered *literary*.

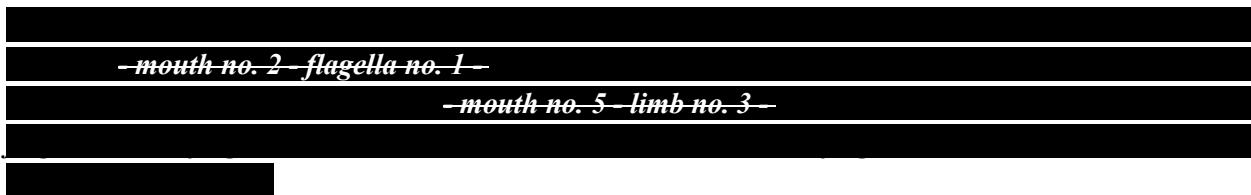
Pockets of information crawl into your ears. It is not my intention to be interpreted. It is my intention to be misconstrued in unexpected ways. To convert mistakes into new fields of study. Their lineages derived from the indecipherable tome locked under your tongues.

Henry and Veronica say, “The schizopastoral landscape is a micro-structure. It is built in the likeness—a trend—of gaia. Living landscape. Your body is an uncaring vessel / fragile surface.”

You respond—I’m sure—by asking who Henry and Veronica are. And the answer is simply that they are the other people standing in this room with you.

The text is a room. The room is the space that your physical mass has intruded upon. Henry and Veronica have done the same but they have done so begrudgingly. Knowing that it is wrong of them.

In the depths of your new orifice, the slug-tongue locomotes further inwards. Pressing against the roof of its mouth. Coiling into the primitive opening of its throat. The grotesque qualities of the landscape heighten as we further explore / study each cavernous zone.



This is not the text, it is only the tool. You were naive to consider this complete. The molar artifacts of each void-portal dislodge from the gums and expel into the open.

The text is a source and the schizopastoral is a tool for obfuscating. Re-orienting what has already taken shape and fractalizing its potentialities.

Your mouth(s) is not a text. It is only the means by which we might begin to misunderstand what has been written.

When I tell you that *you are not yourself* it is because a tool is defined by the objects it is made to manipulate. The schizopastoral is a means to an end. And when that end is achieved / reached it will be replaced by what is next demanded.

The pages of the manual cycle forward.