To learn to work a text is partly to listen, so that it's not just about me having my little autobiographical story, and stamping it on everything that comes along, but it's me going into Faulkner or Rimbaud and trying to listen to them. When I emerge, I'm some kind of conglomeration between them and me. It only works as kind of a challenge.
Kathy Acker

My older brother, Alfred, invented 'the game'. It was an RPG that could be played anywhere, at any time. We had a beaten-up Warhammer manual, maybe third or fourth edition, that we used as a (very loose) frame. Instead of dice we had a silver, brown and beige calculator for random number generating and simple probability calculations (die/live, lose/win, etc.)[1]. The rest of the game was an implementation of our shared literary experience thus far, which was pretty biased on the SF/Fantasy scale with an injection of world mythologies.

We played for hours, days uninterrupted while our parents were working. It was essentially a way for Alfred to offload all the information he had acquired reading. He never tired of making up situations for our characters – challenges, confrontations, ways to die – that were far beyond the usual fantasy role-play realms, engulfing all of science fiction as well as our current surroundings (South/Central American tropics). Through 'the game', he taught me that reading was not about deciphering glyphs on a page, i.e. making sense of something, but about what reading could make possible in real life. It was not the act of reading itself, but the feeling of your brain working, intruding on worlds and extruding through worlds that were both yours and not yours at the same time. 'The game' was proof that reading could control you and *be* you.

For the first couple years of learning to write I didn't use any punctuation. At school, a teacher taught me that Good Writing was about Good Grammar and the elegance of the English Language. I gave up English and I gave up writing, but I didn't stop reading. Later on in the same school, an art teacher placed a book in front of me and told me I was going to like it. The book was about the artist Gordon Matta-Clark. I liked the pictures and I liked him, he was like one of my characters in 'the game', truly wild and truly serious. Some of the pictures in the book were pages of his handwriting. He paid no particular attention to grammar, to where words went on the page, where letters went in the word. He was using language in a way I'd never seen before, he was building with words, building a deconstruction of modernism, a destruction of civilisation. I copied passages down on scraps of paper and kept them loose in school books. They gave me power and taught me how to read again.

At some point in my late teens, I accidentally purchased Pierre Guyotat's *Eden, Eden, Eden* (in French) for 99p in a dusty bookshop. I painstakingly translated the entire first page into a total mess of bloody erotic noise. As Roland Barthes wrote in his preface, *"we are left simply with language and lust, not the former expressing the latter, but the two bound together in a reciprocal metonymy, indissoluble."* It reminded me of Chaucer, the wildness of language as physical presence on the page. This ancient language of *NOW* was not about grammar[2]. I started writing again. It was bad, terrible, and probably still is.

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1   If this bit makes no sense, and you've no idea what I'm on about, just imagine it's like a board game, say Monopoly, but with no board and no money and no little houses and a rule book that's got one hundred times the number of pages. But if you really want to know then buy a D&D rulebook. Start at the beginning. Oh, you want to start at the end? Read this: http://sinisterdesign.net/what-makes-an-rpg-an-rpg-a-universal-definition/

2   *"Literature is concerned with plot and character. Its intention is to be "well-written" and "comprehensible." It's a very commonplace activity. Then there is the progression towards writing . . . writing as writing . . . I mean simple textual writing.. . . It is that desire to do something new which compels one to move from literature to writing and from writing to matière écrite . . . brutal matter . . . no wasted words or wasted time."* Pierre Guyotat

This is no longer "writing", it's the process of working with a material that is common to all @®†!
When I read/write I want to be changed, challenged, and for the world to go dark around me, for light to come flooding back.
To describe the process of reading, or life is a description, or possessing a process?
This passage from *Blood and Guts in High School* (Kathy Acker again) helps me feel it. I hope it gets you the way it got me.

> *Boppy doppy doopy wah yahyah mm. Is that what you think craziness is? Are you scared you're going crazy? Do people who go crazy freak you? Look sweetheart.*
> *I woke up in my attic that the winds swept through and all the world was grey and black. I saw pine trees covering the grey sky and sea, tall trees, boats, tall trees, boats.*
> *I walked along the highway. I was looking for a place to sit down, for some grass I could walk in, for a wood I could explore. I walked for hours. All the land on both sides of the highway, cultivated and wild, was private. I had to keep walking on the highway. I thought that people today when they move move only on roads. They perceive only the roads, the map, the prison. I think it's becoming harder to get off the road.*
> *I live on a desert island. It's a nice desert island. I like it here. This is what I do: I eat; I sleep; when it rains and gets cold, I hide under some rocks. I like it here. But I am getting bored... What can I do? I can repeat what I see. I can draw this old grey trunk and make it look different. People got cures for polio and syphilis by imagining. People have and can change the world. In the beginning, on the desert island, the world is totally beautiful. Today in my room in New York City the world is horrible and disgusting. What the hell happened?*
> *I don't want to be a slave, I don't want to be a whore, I don't want to be lonely and without love for the rest of my long life. I've got to find out how I got so fuc***-up.*

/snarl You bare your teeth and snarl. You bare your teeth and snarl at <Target>. /snicker You quietly snicker to yourself. You snicker at <Target>. /sniff You sniff the air around you. You sniff <Target>. /snub You snub all of the lowly peons around you. You snub <Target>. /sob You cry. You cry on <Target>'s shoulder. /soothe You need to be soothed. You soothe <Target>. There, there...things will be ok. /sorry You apologize to everyone. Sorry! You apologize to <Target>. Sorry! /spit You spit on the ground. You spit on <Target>.

Playing 'the game'. What we saw and what we read became our shared experience, we were listening and emerging as conglomerations. I guess 'the game' was our writing.
What is so different about being an adult? I'm irresponsible. Uninformed. I realised at some point recently that reading has become the same thing as writing for me. All that enters the brain becomes you, physically. Choose carefully. An output is called for, an excretion of information. Confusion? Hide under some rocks. What can we do?

I mentioned the performance at [Hayward](#) because of the way language became a kind of elemental struggle, both physically (in terms of scrawling the words out onto the wet clay slabs with a tool that kept building up detritus and the slab that was never quite clean, layers of marks building up etc...) and mentally as a viewer (trying to make sense of the words, trying to match the sentences together, as an awkward conversation, a break-up, a poem, a coincidence...). It is a really complex piece to describe to someone but so clear in its feeling, if that makes sense. It's like you were exploring language as a PHYSICAL THING or a body/bodies.

I guess I always wanted (with [FORM IV](#)) to be coming from inside the body of language, deep down inside an artery or intestine villi or something, rather than what we would think of as language as what we see and know it to be - proper language...the exterior/epidermis view.
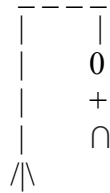
Are you reading this?
Still?
Remain still.

{and}

Relax.
It's an inhalation that requires an exhalation that requires an inhalation … it's an animated spiral describing Robert Smithson's sculpture describing a Constantin Brancusi drawing of James Joyce's ear. Nothing is new. Mass and Energy are equivalent and are exchanged. A way to keep on keep on reading is writing is reading is writing is reading is writing is reading is writing is
reading is writing is reading is writing is reading is writing is
reading is writing is reading is writing is
reading is writing is
reading is writing is
deceleration is accretion
and defecation is
acceleration is
discharge is blood is sweat is _ _ _ _ _ _ _ .

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Is everything is nothing is not even nothing a body listening to bodies breathing in and out and this is not going anywhere but onwards and inwards so:

PLAY THE GAME GAME PLAY PLAYING THE GAME GAME THE PLAYING GAME

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I CAN CRAWL AND I CAN SCRAWL AND I CAN CRAWL AND I CAN SCRAWL I CRAWL
I SCRAWL I CRAWL I SCRAWL IIIIIIIIIIIII I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I  I  I
I  I  I   I   AWL   I   I   I   AWL   I   I   I   I   I   I   I   I      ALWLAW
II     I     II     I     II     I     II     ALW     II     I     AWLLAW     I     I
I        AWLAWL          I         I         I         I         I            I            I
        I                          I                           AWL
           AWL                                      AWL
                    AWL


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              AWL




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