

E.U.N.O.I.A.

Artistic Direction and Instillation Design :: Kate McDougall

Composed Music :: Jeff Cook :: Poem :: Mie quest

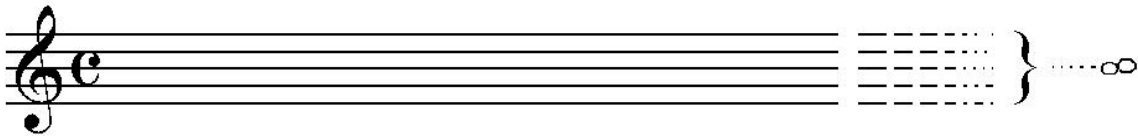
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Meta-Hodos: A brief philosophy behind E.U.**N**.O.I.A.

The cicada: a perfect little creature. A cause for her to look at it—an interlocutor for an immediate imperative; so confined that it is never really “seen”, yet is witnessed from the becoming present in its whistling to the being perceived in its presence. Never so confined to world (as she is), the cicada unfurls the world, it is an open agent for her to view, but nevertheless it (as it is) is completely confined to her. She can see its ‘brown ghost’ hooked to the medullary canal of a Phlox blossom; its shell unstitched. Her eyes viewing it, her hands touching it, her ears “hearing” its fragility—she clenches it in her fist, crushing it.

She has used the shell the way the shell had used the Phlox blossom—to fulfill. No zoologist is much different. Within this, the microscopes yield, to some degree, the same end. How incredulous this problem of investigation. For the cicada “knows” not of us; and all of our dabbling can simply force us deeper, deeper. She has no harmony—which would be fine if she could sing a sweet melody; but she is far from harmony and she is even further from melody. This is a necessary problem for her. She does not even care for the music englobed around her. Her ears follow only the system that is becoming; and she waits, like the cicada, for the moment when the great monuments of her species englobe her and allow her to look and listen to (but never touch) their contributions.

She is reminded of Brahms and considers what englobes *him* prior to the presentation of his creative genius:



Field Implementation Guide/Tactic 1: The vassal-trajectory—a dependent structure with an inertia that is never halted. The vassal-trajectory is always open and waiting for inscription.

For the cicada—this perfect little creature—it is also englobed (as Brahms is by the staff), but it is englobed not by the unwritten composition but by its disposition: the glebe, the Phlox blossom’s stem, the speckled shell (that binds it for a human eternity), the male’s individual song, the mate, the egg (. . .); these are behavioral “marks” that, “deposit a surplus of signification on the surface of objects”. When she makes her return to the staff, she understands it to be a simulacrum of a selfsame music. The staff shows her some lines—a vassal-trajectory. The staff is as much completely waiting to communicate Brahms’s creative genius by “image” as it is a re-presenting of the starting “grid” by which to investigate the behavior of the cicada—this perfect little creature.

E.U.N.O.I.A.

by Mie quest

I

Embedded shelters never set endless depths whenever nested eggs welter enfeathered. Crenelled between the hedges, the elm's kedges keel the glebe. Crenelled between the elm's kedges, the keeled glebe preens well-defended svelte trestles. Crenelled between these slender legs: the sexless sphere—perfected.

There [We] 'exegetes' detect the shell (men mettled). When the speckled shell emerges, [We] 'exegetes' resemble "mere-drecks". [We] 'exegetes' detect the speckled shell "sees" the trees re-versed?!? (Men prefer these terms.)

The shell prefers sleeplessness. The shell prefers: *chew, chew*. The shell's text: Shh Never tell. Men mettled; nevertheless, the shell preserves the secret—even when the speckled shell emerges. The speckled shell decrees: *tweedle-lee-dee*. Hence, the revered speckled shell gels, left recessed where the sedges meet the demesné.

II

Between her clever text, nerves nest well-defended, nevertheless dwell defenseless whenever perverse settlers wedge themselves where her "trench" remembers the ever nested entrenchment. She remembers. Her sleeplessness keeps her weltered whenever she repetends the melee. She rejects détente. She needs help; nevertheless her enfeebled nerves render her cheerless. She remembers her sweetness fenced, her tenderness skewered, her shelter drenched, her seed dejected—effete.

She sketches her deft knees depressed—there, where the chert meets the hedges. She keeps these sketches secret. She pledges: her 'best kept secret' seems best kept secret. (Shh Never tell.) She sketches these secrets whenever lewd ensembles peetweet: 'jezebel'. These shrewd crews tell her: 'repent temptress—never let men be tempted; never let the tempted tempteth thee, never let them pet the tender flesh crenelled between the clever text where nerves rest well-defended'. She clenches her teeth—then exerts

herself; nevertheless, she feels strengthless. Her strengthlessness dejects her. She tells her best kept secret.

III

The newsletters retell the perverse, demented wretchedness. The news stresses checkered sentences: Repenters pledge: repent, repent!—Hexers hex: we hex, we hex!—hence, helter-skelter begets the efreets' hell-bent, selfless self-betterment. He begs: 'defend me'; he begs: 'redeem me'—then he welters. He sees the December crèche, lest Hell's sewers tempteth thee. (Hell's sewers tempteth fevered deterrence whenever perverted men seek steeples.) Nevertheless, the efreets, when freed (he served) screeches 'Hell's bells' then flees where he redeems the streets.

IV

Whenever the wretched deed depresses her, she begs: 'let me be blessed, lest these recent events be remembered'—then she feeds herself fermented hempseed, her preferred nepenthe. Her senses left eschew, she feels serene; nevertheless, the chewed hempseed, when needed, renders her dependent. Her essence, fettered, enters the endless depths where she feels herself descend deeper, deeper. There, the [Sex] resembles melted flesh; reddened cerements represent her threshed self-esteem

Her depthless essence drenches the genteel. The genteel see her effervescence, her verve, her tenderness—the genteel help her 'feel' her embedded strength; hence, the genteel, relentless, defend her—redeem her.

Whenever she remembers, her help helps her deter the nether-sphere. She lets herself be swept wherever the gentle breeze sweeps her; hence, her tender seedlet re-presents the egress.

I

Rum-drunk Butch snuffs up drugs, churns turds, plucks thru smut *und* pulls much pud. Butch's smut churns up succubus lust; thus Butch slurs: 'Rum-drunk Butch must lull such rump *und* Rum-drunk Butch must thrust!'—Butch's 'hung' lug nut. Butch dumps dung clumps: *push, ugh; gush, gush; scuff, scuff; flush, flush.*

Butch lurks thru clubs. Lulu's dump-truck plus kung-fu pumps lull Butch. Butch blurts: *ruff, ruff*; but Lulu shuns. Butch bucks-up; but Lulu snubs such drunks. Butch unfurls. Butch tugs Lulu's dugs: *ruff, ruff!* Lulu clucks: 'U-turn Slug!—scum Fuck!—Dumb Chump!' Butch rubs Lulu's sun-burnt tush; thus Lulu must crush Butch's nuts. Butch gulps; Butch slumps. Butch upchunks lunch. Lulu struts

Such blushful fun, but much punch-drunk luck murmurs untruth.

Ubu must fuck; thus Ubu hunts. Ruth's plump rump plus full jugs lull Ubu. Ubu grunts: 'Shut-up Slut!' Such thugs (Ubu plus Butch) punch guts. Such thugs punch cunts. Ruth burbs up mucus sputum Ruth hurts. Ruth sucks mud. Ubu untucks Ruth's muumuu. Ubu cuffs Ruth's upthrust butt; thus Ubu thrusts Ubu blurts: 'Shut-up Slut!' Ubu pumps. Ubu bucks. Ubu grunts: *ugh, ugh.* Ubu cums. Ubu runs thru suburb slums.

II

Such thugs usurp much usufruct; thus Ruth must succumb. Ruth mulcts surplus funds. Ruth sulks. Ruth gulps rum. Ruth snuffs up drugs. Ruth fucks dumb schmucks (buff hunks plus hung studs). Such schmucks pull stunts. Ruth trusts such untruthful stuff; thus such schmucks pump Ruth full, but duck plus curb Ruth's dull susurrus gusts. Such schmucks murmur: *hush up, hush up.* Such schmucks dump Ruth; thus Ruth hurts. (Just Ruth's dumb luck)

III

Ruth sculpts. Ruth sculpts buckbrush shrubs—hungup stuff *für* suburb slums. Ruth sculpts mucus sputum. Ruth sculpts Ruth's cunt. Ruth sculpts bugs—such bugs Ruth sculpts unplug such thugs' plugs plus upturn cumulus flux. Gruff churls cuss: '*Sculptur* sucks!' Numbskulls, dumbstruck, shrug; but Ruth sculpts *für* Ruth (plus funds *für* Rum *und* drugs).

Trust fund gluts hunt *Kultur*; thus Ruth sculpts *Kultur für* such gluts. Ruth just clumps up mud *für Skulptur* busts. 'Mud busts *für* bucks' gush much untruth but Ruth must untruss humbug; thus Ruth tugs mud. But such funds trump Ruth's hunt, *für* Ruth hunts truth; thus Ruth puts up bucks *und* bucks *für* junk-fulcrums.

IV

Uncut shrubs cusp undug bugs. Such bugs' hushful tusks munch: *munch*, *munch*. Such bugs' curls uncurl. Such bugs' furls unfurl; thus such bugs must lurk up thru mud chunks. Such bugs rush up shrubs. Such bugs thrust mums. Mums pump flux; thus such bugs suck. Such bugs must untruss. Such bugs must burst. Dusk's blush dust unplugs such bugs' flux; thus such bugs' hushful murmurs spurt. Such tumults upthrust such bugs' susurrus churn but such ruckus lulls us.



I

Floods of moonwort (fond of blown sporozoons) follow compost ponds down to moss grown rock knolls. From worn rocks, 'brown ghosts' hold strong to Phlox blossoms. Blooms look bold: Now most folks drown from photoprotons; so, most blooms fob off wot looks, bottommost, of 'God's brown ghost town' or 'God's town of cocoons'.

Zoobooks show: Most offshoot growths hold brown pods (of sorts) long-lost from fog's lowborn forks or rootstock's 'two-world' tooth. Most old zoobooks show off-color zoom-shots of 'brown ghosts' thrown from monkhood; lost robots who, forlorn, go on to chomp on crops: *chomp*, *chomp*.

II

Who's Who now knows worth. Poof! Who's Who's now cool. Who's Who now strolls down to Boston's docks to wolf down hotdogs or corncobs (or both). Who's Who now 'hot-to-trot', dons go-go boots to mock dorks who go to poolrooms. Who's Who now fox-trots on wood floors for crowds—most of whom hoot or howl: *whoop*, *whoop!* Hoc loco, congos throb to voodoo hoodoo; bongos go bop; tom-toms go boom. Horns honk: *toot*, *toot*. Who's Who now hobnob snobs for works from Woolf or photo books of Rothko's two-world blotch on blotch. Who's Who now cooks posh food for posh blonds. Now, most posh blonds hold spoons not to chow down on wonton nor do most posh blonds scoff down '*bon porc*' or '*coq gros*'; for most posh blonds do blow. Who's Who now snorts blow too. Who's Who now "knows" worth?

III

Folks fond of dolor ‘pop’ Zoloft to prolong moods of torpor—googols of pods—blood for tomorrow’s robots. Most folks who look of ghosts: jog to jog or shop to shop. Most folks who do so do so to confront not world worn sorrows or common horrors: *boo hoo, boo hoo*.

‘Hot-shot’ doctors go to floor shows for Zoloft promos; for most ‘hot-shot’ doctors “sponsor” Zoloft for downtrods to nod off to. Now most ‘hot-shot’ doctors own ‘McCondos’, two-ton Fords or two posh hot-rods: *vroom, vroom; zoom zoom*. So, for most ‘hot-shot’ doctors, loot (or polo) off shoots doctor to common folk protocol.

Folks who flop onto cold floors, drool from shock. Doctors don tools known to spoon tons of Zoloft from torsos. Good doctors go to post-op to comfort folks who, for now, sob non-stop: *boo hoo*.

IV

For months townfolk prod Mom for word on Brook. Cops comb Boston top to bottom, fond of who sold Brook blow.

“Brook took off to Soho to work on porno,” josh two fools.

Mom, now orthodox, looks to God’s son: Whoso honors no cross of dolor nor crown of thorns go on, forsooth, to sow worlds of sorrow.

I

Is it this thin, sickish girl, twitching in fits, whilst writing things in spirit-writing? If it isn't—it is [I], it is [I] . . .

Dismissing nihilistic sigils, [I] think [I] might fix this crisis, bringing with its fix, this inspiring imprint which, with striking [Might] might rift insipid critics' nibbling philistinism. [I] find minds grim with disciplining nihilism swimming with spindrift—spinning in whirligigs. I sit; inscribing writings, which striking, still mimic primitivism. Is this inspiring? Isn't it chic? Isn't it glib?

Which sphinx is midwifing this virgin misbirth? If it's Christ's rising which micks this civilizing, is it Christ's knights, riding with vivific light, victimizing thriving minds with binding wiring . . . ? I think Christ's knights fight [Thinking] with shrill pitch; striking lightning whilst—drinking Him in—chip stiff scripts.

Is it this thin, sickish girl, twitching in fits, whilst writing things in spirit-writing? If it isn't—it is I, it is I.

II

Intimism isn't in girlish virgins in mini-skirts. Intimism isn't in twins in bikinis kissing. Intimism isn't in fisting. Intimism isn't in this film; isn't in gimmicks.

Intimism isn't in thinking jiggling tits might insight wild shindigs. Intimism isn't in striking skin. Intimism isn't in licking clits. Intimism isn't in twitching pricks spilling jism. Intimism isn't in spinning drills drilling thick, pink [Might] in tight slits. Intimism isn't in this film; isn't in kink.

Intimism isn't in victimizing. Intimism isn't in fright. Intimism isn't in hiding whilst thinking insipid filth. I highlight this: Intimism isn't in 'Bitch'! Intimism isn't him inhibiting his victim. Intimism isn't in finding girls still twitching. Victim isn't in intimism.

III

Kind Sir: Imbibing this, which is writ in ink, will fix this girl's kinship with griffins . . .

Prisms tilt twilight's kiss, bribing night's wild wings: singing with piping pitch; diminishing birds which, rich with spirit, find, in night, still trilling. Writing this in driving print is knifing this girl's drifting mind. Flirting with this scribbling, this girl might fight [Might's] stinging wind chill if, in this mist, [Spirit] finds this twinkling prism.

IV

In its striving, it mimics blind spirit whining in its whistling din. Its shrill piping is rich with crisis. This thing's singing is dripping with [Will]. In flight, it swims; gliding high, fixing its wings in rigid pitch.

This thing's instincts stick with its imprint—its grid. With thrilling vim, this thing skiffs its limpid ribs: *chirr, chirr*. It is chipping Mississippi birch, mining Fiji's cliffs—inhibiting its sigil imprint with wild kinship.

[α]

A labman clamants: 'Plasma stat' as Cassandra gasps a fatal schwa. A labman jabs and jags athwart Cassandra as a vassal tracks hard data and taps and pats Cassandra's vacant arm. Staff watch as a labman zaps Cassandra back; alas, Cassandra gags. Alas, Cassandra's phantasmal amaranth hawks Cassandra's fatal fall. Cassandra's dark drama falls apart as alpha-dawn attacks Cassandra's cataclasms and calls Cassandra back—hard and fast.

THE BEGINNING

About “E.U. **N**.O.I.A.”

“E.U. **N**.O.I.A.” re-presents the struggles of victimization by a metaphoric-code of perfect assonance. Assonance is the quality of resemblance to sound. Perfect assonance is the quality of resemblance to one kind of sound. The highlighting of each vowel makes its presence known. As the perfect assonance takes its hold upon the language, each vowel begins to act out the call of the victim: Look at me!—see me, allow me to be open again; allow me to move in any direction. . . . Of course, once victimized we are not the same; we cannot tear ourselves completely away and so our open call is always halted. A vowel by itself is always open. A vowel always moves. A vowel has inertia. But a vowel is always blocked by the surrounding consonants and its inertia must repent. A vowel is like a victim. A victim is surrounded by a population that enfetters its presence. A victim is in crisis. A victim is fixed.

The technical goal of “E.U. **N**.O.I.A.” was to highlight each individual vowel. An additional goal of “E.U. **N**.O.I.A.” was to follow a strict narrative. This narrative focuses on what is natural, what is clinical, what is physiological, and most importantly, what causes us to become victimized. The natural focus follows a cicada from birth to presence. The cicada is an image of hope for the victim. It represents a goal—to come out of the shell anew, leaving it behind completely. The clinical focus highlights the increasing commoditization of anti-psychotics and questions the supposed modern fix of these particular drugs when prescribed by general practitioners. The physiological focus follows the victim through the inner-struggle of confronting the abuse in the hopes to one day become anew. The causal focus replays the scene of victimization through a graphic portrayal of rape. Each narrative helps tell the story. Unfortunately, in order to tell this story there must be a cause for which all the narratives depend. This is why the causal focus is most important.

“E.U. **N**.O.I.A.” is a cut-up. Its application of perfect assonance was inspired exclusively from Christian Bök’s virtuosic work *Eunoia*. He exhausted the lexicon and it proved very helpful as my assonance dictionary.