

JOSHUA CLOVER

THEIR AIN

BRIGHTLY

PRODUCED SUMMER 2003 BY QUEMADURA

CD TRACK 1: THEIR AMBIGUITY

TRACK 2: TERRANOVA/TOTALITY REMIX

VERTIGO EUROPA AUSTERE MUSEUM sex hotel record shop
Odeon neon breath isolations in the vale of lang climbing
the Whispering Gallery doing the Strand glad girls paper
wedding painted retina crosses a small continent between
two bars colored rays of visible things in the Spring in the su-
perlative Hotel Europa Drag the light of the past tense falls from
an iron hotel railing a long skirt drenched in lassitude all Po-
laroids are out of focus felt anagogic the taxi came thwack we
drove into a book

Against things made things, new desires. But I had wanted to tell

you about my town and already we have reached the problem of

Are you for or against Brigitte

the new. Absurdity is the new beauty. Ugly is the new black. Three
Bardot, the Rolling Stones, small cars, hippies, nationalization, spaghetti, old people, the

is the new closure. This is the story of the new noun, set in rela-
United Nations, mini-skirts, pop art, thermonuclear war, hitch-hiking?

tion to what it must replace—everything that becomes equipage

Each word, idea or symbol is a double agent. Some words,

for lifestyles. But no, the relations are the new nouns, and they
like "fatherland" or the policeman's uniform, usually work for authority; but make no

will sing our forms back to us, almost unrecognizably. It's a new
mistake, when ideologies clash or simply begin to wear out, the most mercenary sign can

town, natch.

become a good anarchist.

New every day! Adrift in Late Contingency, addicted to symbols,

to paper, addicted to our roles, tangled in the the worn grid of the

city the new city is still trying to swear off. Smear ink, you're

soaking in it. It's a little like having two memories at once. Then

The spectacle's time: time for a kiss, snapshot time.

you realized there would be a series of these things, a composite

view called the flower of individualism. Now an electronic texture

is the only one that can deal with sentiment, memory, and imagi-

nation, a whirlpool in which objects can regard themselves with-

Whatever you possess possesses you in return.

out tragedy. It is, as they say, très contemplatif—the latest style.

When a poem by

Mallarmé becomes the sole explanation for an act of revolt, then poetry and revolution will have

The very mention of which summons up our beloved revolution-
overcome their ambiguity.

ary sweetheart with his cup of days, his notes on the brooch, the

That's why I prefer you to wear

Ravachol, the hemline. The sweet disposition of his blow-stuff-up-
to this party, since it is out of season, and just official and administrative, some marvelously crafted

ism. To be a client of chance where client is the only role available,
artificial flowers.

a tiny ideology unfolding until outsideless. If one attunes one's

feelings to the perspective of the clock, dismal spires will give

I have had quite

onto the new noun, implied in language's need to make more
enough of calling Ruins those facades that for three years now have displayed their fire-blackened stat-

language. But from the map's point of view, downtown must
ues, visited by the moon and young ladies from whose Tyrolean hats white veils flutter—the coquetry

arrive eventually at the ambience of the inverted neighborhood:
of a metropolis brazenly new, rich, and splendid.

as streets lead to rueful erotic dreaming, boulevards lead to sub-

urbs. In the suburbs of Paris now they pray to Allah and the

smoke is sweet. In America the new suburb is the endgame of

SuperStudio, the megastructure realized as a social form.

Agreement held us captive: down quantity street, everything is of

a muchness. This is an idea, this is a box of Orange Jell-O. The de-

bate over whether one is an architect or a construction worker,

Nature exists, and cannot be added to;

the slow war between artists and ouvriers, is kept on the down-
apart from cities, railway lines, and several inventions of our making.

low so as not to interfere with our long season of the ineffable,

lined with a profound feeling to which shreds of melancholy still cling. I have nothing and must have everything. And so we wave goodbye to the happiest disorders of youth; *après ça, la mystification*. Isn't this getting rather, well, French? The Disney version, smash le system. Still, a year inside the glitches is an education for

Thus revolutions and counterrevolutions follow hard upon one another's heels, sometimes

a busy child, intensity without departure.

within a twenty-four hour period—in the space, even, of the least eventful of days.

But deep down inside, every mercenary dreams of killing the king.

That absence of an intensely desired presence, how quickly it moves from invention to basic banality, and yet for now it makes looking good again, immersive, as when you first guessed you were in it, and not just its creature. Over the slate roofs, there was a framework on which to hang the appearances, though just ignoring it seems like more fun. To speak of when we were modern

is to invoke a drowsy and forgetful god. And look! There are the

This project could

cranes and yellow helmets of the workers hoisting the new noun
be compared with the Chinese and Japanese gardens of illusory perspectives—with the difference that

into the hacienda of the air, amidst some trees and red arrows,
those gardens are not designed to be lived in all the time.

in the last evenings of summer. The content of the town is our

pleasure; everything that remains is form, though one could say

the same thing about the totality for kids.



MONUMENTAL THE LACUNAE between illbiquitous prom-
enaders down to the Square past the Open 24 Hours as
social forms of grieving we are prohibited this is the
remix the new glitch has been recalled melancholy of
luscious Pictober the fall of the phenomenon into the
iris back with another one of those Return of the Flaneur as hard-
core Autumnophage echolocation always places you in a differ-
ent country the cure is beats per minute bad year in Brooklyn
Bombs Over Baghdad the negative needs no introduction and/or
here we go!

