

door less entry-like  
 Or it was like that  
 Or like this

Not being able to find right access point of The Globe. Crooked arm points in wrong direction. A vision maybe of what it was or where it might be come. Yes. The Globe. No. It was not because of crooked arm. It was invisible. Yes. They might be invisible. Like that. Silent. Yes.

The vision. As visions often are. A you. But there is. No. A you-en value. A you is too valuable. Not here. A thing. The Globe. No. Not here. I told you already and you weren't listening! Nor here. Gosh. Value is a thing. No. Object. String of symbols forms values. Like this.

$\text{CaO} + \text{SiO}_2 \rightarrow \text{CaSiO}_3 = \text{carbon corn.}$

Values although symbol<sup>1</sup> which stands for something else is not a belief.

When I arrive I am told there will be no entitlement. I can not even find the space. Like this. I arrive. The Values. Yes. The Things. Or like this. The objects. Neither do I know Ali Baba. No not here. The Globe. You is not here. The Object. It is not here. The Value. She/He is not here. Nor do I know where to find him. I am not here.

No!  
 Like this.

(only things and people)

perhaps not erasure/abolition in specific geography  
 here where he or she or you or it transform space. Just like this.  
 being he or she or you or it (yes. like this) but change of  
 understanding in relation to the object. (or was it value?)  
 A you. No. A Neighbor  
 (or was it subject?)  
 he or she or you or it may remain as pieces of erasure or convoys to  
 abolition (exasperating)

Again.

he or she or you or it use encoded language  
 (like domination. yes. just like domination)  
 and the I responds<sup>2</sup> when the what or the who of the dominator is not  
 understood.  
 because the unscrambling of power can not be bought or sold.  
 not like paying the cable bill.

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<sup>a</sup> The characters of the Neighbor and the Turtle are influenced by Rachel Levitsky's poem *Neighbor*. "Scrapppers" is a response to the artist Scott Hocking.

<sup>1</sup> There are no green benches in my city. The green bench has been permanently banned—first by the planning board 4-3 and through the ranks to the city council 9-0 to be signed by the mayor. It is merely awaiting his signature; a signature with very high peaks and valleys with a loopy swoosh at the end representing a Z.

<sup>2</sup> Like when I found my hands.

Stuff.

(only things and people)

Like this. No. Just like this.

Again reverberation (percolating space)

Again angry cartographers (remember holding hands with happy architects?)

Again orange and sweet onion revolutions

(exasperating)

> I never end <

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More sensitive to space than time. No. It is time.

Not the auditory glow of specific sounds. Voices. Yes. Ghosts.

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rhythm of copper or or or or reverberation of iron.

like this. yes. like this.

like an isotope you can dance to.

yes.

Neighbor resistant to oxidation.

Yes.

Like that.

Lipstick crucial to The Globe economy (L = 26.981538(2) g/mol).

Just like that.

Not well behaved

No. No. Not at all

Like exposing The Neighbor to ghosts.

Even when occupying unequal space.

Yes. The Neighbor. No. The Turtle. Yes the Turtle. Like that.

Sensitive to the randy operationalizer

Again. It was like the dream she had. No. Chene and Forest. Like that juggernaut. Just like that Lonyo and Ferdinand. That dream. Yes. The Neighbor. Discovering El Chino in Detroit. Again. Do you remember the one? It was merely a consequence of modernity. She exerted. The Neighbor recalled. The Turtle exposed. The Ghost insinuated. Just like rustic pagan incin[era]tors.

They all laughed and had another glass of pinot noir.<sup>3</sup>

In oxidation she will explode violently in air.

Mapping into kitchen. Again. Again. Again. Lipstick in sealed steal. Stroke of hair with spatulas. Again. Unsexing sex in blenders. Or was kitchenaid? Yes. Moving into cement. Or maybe was stainless. Again. Maybe it was like that. She can't remember. Mapping into The Globe. Yes. Like that. Yes. The Globe. Bound by a rhythmless map that writhes and snakes a way up her body. Rhythmless. Like this.

(only things and people)

tender tender tender tender tender tender tender (breath) tender tender  
tender tender tender tender tender tender tender (breath) tender tender  
tender tender tender tender tender tender tender (breath) tender tender  
tender tender tender tender tender tender tender (breath) tender tender

Yes.

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<sup>3</sup> Say America! Say Yes! Say America!

I am myself tightening and releasing in the kitchen<sup>4</sup>.

Like that. Yes.

(And because of this, she is no longer allowed in aircrafts).

Again.

1 lb of olio 2 c firmly packed (light) brown sugar  $\frac{1}{2}$  c  
(light) caro syrup 1 T pure vanilla bring to boil boil 5  
minutes remove from heat add  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp sodium bicarbonate add to  
7 quarts of popped corn divide corn in half drizzle and stir  
syrup over corn stir thoroughly place in low oven 250 for 1  
hour stir every 15 minutes nuts optional

all the same she thought. she was satisfied with that.

Neighbor extracts Fe from rhythmless at 5120 m/s  
(stable with 29 neutrons)

all the same she thought. she was satisfied with that.

Again.

Then her smile sold and bought smiles for values smile  
because it is a smile that has the most value for the least  
pay smile emergency exit with smile wash with smile fuck  
with smile teach with smile type with smile  
perhaps the pay is better for the fuck than the emergency  
exit

Yes. transition.

this is actually about the Neighbor. she understood the Lady but became  
the Turtle. No. Like this. The bunny. Yes. She understood the  
Neighbor but became the Bunny. She can't remember. She became the  
Bunny. Little. No. just like that. Yes. blazing. little. Bunny.  
No. always about the Neighbor.

reverberation.

both are dangerous industries.

Little Bunny. Taps paw. (In transition).

There are certain methodologies to conducting one's life. Not like  
that. There are particular properties of steel. Turtle understand  
property. Yes. Created or discovered. Yes. Can it be measured?

Again.

(For example).

What is the melting point of Ghosts?

A woman in that Skylar, Nebraska steals coffee spoons from each café she  
visits in Europe. Each café. Like that. Yes. Like That. The coffee  
spoons are all the same in each café. Just like that. At the end of  
her life (killed by a lucky meteorite in a suburb of Lisbon) she had

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<sup>4</sup> Not civilized.

amassed 72 coffee spoons from European cafes. Yes. She was satisfied with that.

Does the Neighbor oxidate?

They can be found virtually anywhere. Neighbors. Lady's. Ghost. Yes. Turtle. Bunny. Or like a shopping cart. Like that. They hardly ever rest. Again. They don't even exist. Yes.

Not space. No. No. No. Never space. Time. whosememorywho.damn.again.

Where are the people?

Time. Turtle claims non existence. Can't be analyzed. No. Little Bunny. Not when exis[ti]ng.

Again.

Maybe like this.

Like turtles exposing Ghosts to Neighbors.

Like. Like the taste of carboncorn.

Or like.

like when they, like when he, like when it, like when I<sup>5</sup>, like when they, like when the Neighbor chokes.

Obstruction stop breath.

No. Time. Yes.

Time stop breath. Again. No. Space stop breath.

See?

Rhythm changed. Like that. Or, was it like that?

The Ghost.

Just like that.

Yes, there.

Turtle sees Ghost.

Yes.

Turtle feel rhythms of oxidating mud.

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<sup>5</sup> Social scientists inadvertently contribute to the erasure of individuals and (my)self through work that is based in a tradition that is entirely foreign to (my)self. These ideas barraged, disturbed, and disheartened (my)self in both my conscious and unconscious methodological musings and challenged how I might view (my)self in relation to the visual social world. If we accept that science (and those in praxis) erase social actors through scientific inquiry, how will we ever see them?