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Field notes from an Infalling Observer Sequence\_\(8\) Unidentified Inquiry / Unknown Wave

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DEDICATION

To Sophia Claire, my child, my happy thought, and to date, my greatest creation. To Lisa for pushing me and never letting me settle for anything less than greatness. To my thesis committee, thank you for your support, patience, and guidance, without which I would have never achieved what I set out to do. To every single artist, scientist, writer, dreamer, lover, parent, teacher, musician, friend, and traveler. To every wayward particle, every collection of variables, every system, every event, even you reading this now, I am eternally grateful for your influences on my system.
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Field Notes From an Infalling Observer, Sequence 8, and Unidentified Inquiry / Unknown Wave, are three intermedia projects comprising the body of creative work in fulfillment of my M.F.A. thesis. In Field Notes From an Infalling Observer, a collection of poetry and computer generated typographic designs, narrative themes of annihilation, communication, and rebirth are explored. (It must be noted that an infalling observer is a theoretical observer entering a black hole.)

The non-linear narrative follows The Observer through a series of events on their way to study a black hole in the heart of the Hercules Galaxy. While traveling, the Observer interacts with several other characters, including alternate versions of themselves. The Observer confronts a female manifestation of themself and is forced to examine the shifting or quantum nature of gender and sexuality. The collection is framed by three poem cycles, “Uncategorized Observations of KIC 8462852,” “Post/Pre (E),” and “Dreams in the Key of SETI minor,” the first two being distributed throughout the collection while the latter is situated in the middle of the collection. Each of the “Post/Pre (E)” poems contains a code generated, and indeterminate, interpretation of the entire thesis. Each of these is a representation of a black hole, with the final image representing the passage of The Observer through a black hole.

Sequence 8 is a musical composition for live performance. This piece primarily explores musical indeterminacy, through the use of coding, randomization software, and field recordings. Conceptually, the narrative structure is an extended interpretation of Field Notes From an Infalling Observer. The spoken word content of Sequence 8 is the poem cycle “Post/Pre (E).” This thereby mirrors the narrative content of the poetry collection while also exploring the narrative impacts of medium reinterpretation. The foundation of the composition is a series of four field recordings edited and indeterminately arranged with the aid of software. The field recordings are arranged in the
Fibonacci Sequence (an algorithmic sequence where every number after the first two is the sum of the two preceding numbers) and this informs the overall structure. The composition is thirteen minutes long and the eighth iteration of the Fibonacci sequence’s value is eight. Hence the name Sequence 8.

*Unidentified Inquiry / Unknown Wave* is a video composition and animation that uses one of the black hole analogues from *Field Notes From an Infalling Observer* as pliable substrate to further examine and interpret the initial narrative of the collection in yet another medium. Concretely, this is an exploration of two-dimensional text set in a three-dimensional space to simulate a black hole. The most abstract of the three projects, *Unidentified Inquiry / Unknown Wave*, explores nonlinear narratives, indeterminacy, space, motion, and eventually non-narrative structure.

SETI, Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence, discovered a Fast Radio Burst on 15 May 2015, whose point of origin—the Hercules Galaxy—and intensity suggest intent. This is the impetus for all three projects. This real event sparked the question of “well, what would happen if I...”. Each of these three narratives is an attempt to answer all derivations of that question.

These three projects, *Field Notes From an Infalling Observer*, *Sequence 8*, and *Unidentified Inquiry / Unknown Wave*, are nested such that the collection of poems sequentially informs the next project. Each project contains overlapping content as well as a reinterpretation of the initial seed project, the collection of poems. Each has been created to stand alone and within the context of each other.
To fully situate my work, a brief explication of the primary theoretical frameworks, Hawking Radiation, Parametricism, and Process for Composition, is necessary. Before moving into the respective theories, it must be understood that the unifying characteristic of these seemingly disparate frameworks is indeterminacy. In the simplest of terms, indeterminacy is a set of all possible outcomes of a given system. System, in this case, is a set of variables, i.e. words in a poem, notes in a composition, variances in a live performance, lens flare in a photograph, etc. The distinction between indeterminacy and randomization, is that in an indeterminate system all available outcomes are present, while truly random events are outside the purview of an observer. Observer being just that, an observer of a given system at a given time.

Consider the following: in two-dimensional space a flash of light, or event (E), will propagate both forward and backward simultaneously. As it propagates, a pair of cones, or funnels with their smallest parts touching, begins to expand. These are light-cones, and within these light-cones all available outcomes for that system, in this case a flash of light, are present. This is a fully indeterminate system defined by the edges of its respective past and future light-cones (Hawking 19). In the context of Hawking Radiation, these events occur on or near the event horizon. The event horizon being the last limit before mass can escape from the gravity well of a black hole. In its simplest of terms Hawking Radiation posits that any mass, or data, that falls into a black hole will eventually radiate out by means of quantum mechanics. Given enough time, black holes will evaporate, and all mass that fell in will be redistributed through the universe.

In these projects, Hawking Radiation also serves as a narrative framework. In *Field Notes From an Infalling Observer*, a reader encounters the account of The Observer’s journey to and through a black hole. In *Sequence 8*, the listener, ideally in a live setting, encounters selected communications from The Observer that include music as a chronicle of the journey. In *Unidentified Inquiry / Unknown Wave*, the viewer encounters a visual narrative, albeit the most temporally and narratively fractured of the
three. Lastly, when all projects are experienced within the context of one another, the reader, listener, and viewer becomes The Observer chronicling their own journey to and through the black hole.

Parametricism, a controversial architectural design philosophy, is most easily described as non-uniform changes in a topology over time. This yields numerous pheno-types coexisting, rather, than replacing the original geno-type (Shumaker 2016). The repetition of an initial pheno-type, while changes are introduced over time resulting in a collection of geno-types, add up to make a parametric form. These forms extend beyond the limitations of geometric topology initially posited in architectural theory. Further, words, their semantic, spatial arrangement, and phonetic characteristics, can be treated as parametrically pliable substrates. This too extends to music composition, performance, photography, animation, and video. Regardless of the initial substrate, as long as the pheno-type is preserved in the context of subsequent geno-types, the resulting forms are parametric.

Parametric design can be divided into computational and non-computational applications. As a computational parametric design is achieved by controlling for specific parameters in algorithmic, or otherwise generative framework(s) to yield creative work beyond the apparent intention of the creator. Therefore, parametric design, parametricism, and the parametricist, are inherently indeterminate practices, in which part or whole, of a system can be generated. Further, a link between parametricism, and indeterminacy can be established.

All three projects, Field Notes From an Infalling Observer (FNFIO), Sequence 8 (S8), and Unidentified Inquiry/ Unknown Wave (UIUW), are further rooted in John Cage’s Process for Composition: Structure, Methods, Materials. This is discussed by Cage at length in his seminal work, Silence. Here I will explain my use, implementation, and alterations of that framework.

Structure is the division of the whole into parts (Cage 18). This refers to both the
individual projects and the metaphysical constructs that the projects draw from.

First, I will examine the project at the level of structure. Structure, in this sense, governs the large-scale parameters of a project. *FNFIO*, is broken into sections based on a cycle of poems, a cycle of micro essays, and visualizations of the entire collection. In *S8*, the Fibonacci Sequence is used to demarcate the beginning and end of four separate field recordings. This results in a composition, with six distinct sections drawing from four sources, that serves as the foundation for the entire musical composition. In *UIUW*, the Fibonacci Sequence is used again to define the structure and sequence of the individual animation and video compositions. This project is strictly rooted in the Fibonacci Sequence, whereas with *S8* the sequence was more loosely applied.

Second, Structure refers to the theoretical frameworks that inform a project. This is best thought of as the set of ontological commitments required to explore a given topic. These frameworks include Hawking Radiation, Parametricism, Indeterminacy, Linguistic Relativity, Conceptual Metaphor, Quantum Mechanics, Metaphysics of Quantum Mechanics, Philosophy of Science, and the Fibonacci Sequence. These serve as the discretionary bounds between elements of these projects. Lastly, structure is perhaps most easily thought of in terms of a low-resolution project map, with only major elements defined.

Cage defines Method as the “note-to-note procedure” of a given composition (Cage 18). This too is subdivided into two applications: one, set of ‘machines’ that produce indeterminate interpretations of material; two, a set of specific conditions established by which those materials are then applied and used to achieve a composition. The former being built or found systems by which an initial data set is entered, then processed by a system to produce an indeterminate interpretation of the initial dataset. This is then recombined with the initial dataset to achieve a complete state. In this regard, the method is used to further develop the material resulting in a composition between myself the artist and the systems I’ve created. Once the material is altered beyond its
initial state--this being the inclusion of the ‘machine’ driven data--it is then applied to a compositional method.

Materials refer to the “sounds and silences of a composition (Cage 18).” Cage goes on to make the analogy of collecting shells along a beach. Each shell representing an individual material to be applied to the method of a composition. Within the confines of my projects, materials are divided into two primary categories. The first being materials that I directly create: poems, musical phrases, animation clips, designs, and multimedia elements. The second being materials derived from outside sources such as: field recordings, passages from structural texts, quotes, and computationally generated data. These materials are collected, curated, combined, and finally set in the method for each project.

All three theoretical frameworks, albeit to varying degrees, are inherently indeterminate. Therefore, indeterminacy is the unifying ontological commitment for these frameworks and resulting projects. Employing Cage’s *Process for Composition*, it allows me to control the overall level of indeterminacy for each project and larger combined project.
Field notes from an infalling observer
Although, non-linear, fractured, and incomplete, the following is a curation of poems, and indeterminate typographical displays, all chronicling the journey of The Observer. Each typographical display contains a version of the entire curation and individually serves as signposts for the journey.

This document and its subsequent data were received as a Fast Radio Burst originating in the Hercules Galaxy. The FRB transmission gave no indication of order or temporal* duration of the events.

A team of researchers determined that order was a non-variable in the system(s) constituting this record, as meaning is imposed and not derived from a system. Although there are approximately $8.159 \times 10^{42}$ possible combinations for these data, for the sake of narrative analysis, 34 versions were compiled. The following is version 21.

*All temporal, gender, and sexual markers are determined to be quantum and therefore — upon observation — subject to change.
however the following is a recollection
a collection
a data distribution of events
linear nonlinear & extra-linear
a parametric weave
through time & dimension
a confluence a death & a rebirth
see i have no memory of the events in question
i know they did indeed occur
the sequence of events leading to my ascension is
rather arbitrary & perhaps meaningless
i cannot disambiguate reality of from the glitches
the errors the errant erratics the outliers or the facts
they have altered the intrinsic properties of my experience leaving only
this set of records
begin transmission

1. listening to the chorus of last night’s rainalling from this morning’s boughs

we meet

pad dermis & bone rising
a telescope of fingers searching

maybe we can name it
you whisper

but what would we call this Mobius of thought
i ask

neither of us answers

is it even ours to name

2. later between here & mars
i find a note you left
a delicate script
absorbing all wavelengths save for red & it read as

i (  ) you

you too are asking for a name
say it
    i want you to say it
—how do i speak of now without addressing the
    star stuff we came from—
3. no closer to classification
   yet this proto-metaphor persists
       unformed
       mono and poly-chromatic

       you too will leave me
       &
       die some day

   you both plead
       events independent of each other

4. transmission through fears
   seemingly immutable
as the black vacuum of space
   & the broken notion
       of silence prevailing

       but galaxies
       they sing
       of particle excitation
       a sub atomic symphony

you see
   i will not die

   i will simply
       change state
i want to accelerate
& approach immortality
near the edge
of the speed of light
deck the architecture of the stars
map uncharted thoughts
recorded in aftermath
through counter rotation in rings
the ouroboros
stories recorded
waiting to consume
to understand
the way stars live
to hear their lives
voiced through
light curves
morphemes once so specific
as to calibrate new metaphor
now i watch generic
language induce vacua
they degenerate infinitely

in fact
i don’t remember the formation
only the transition
& its black hole formation

generically
the process of black hole formation
should be preserved

the process of evaporation/translation

this mentions nothing of time
of which i will not speak
with you

“In fact, the process of black hole formation/evaporation will generically induce a transition among the infinitely degenerate vacua.” (Hawking, Perry, Strominger 2016)
tell me of pure stones

& the mine they came from

or was is a collider
turning deep
the rough edges
of electron collision

pour homes into lesser vessels a volume
for all you’ve wanted to need
but could instead be
seated simplified in an ideal setting
almost sedated

& never quite sated
sediment settling as silt

can appear to be pure even like stone

the deception of refraction is easier to believe than the truth of deep fracture
hydrogen on hydrogen fuse the self to feed a furnace roller flame fingers over

& over

with fusion comes evolution
possible explanations of the star

KIC 84628532
a rather ordinary F-Class Main-Sequence star

exhibiting

rather extraordinary &

inexplicable magnitude fluctuations
i need to leave this planet

gravity keeps me here

not the space-time distortion

but the gravity the of inability my species

to rise above petty arguments

over morphological features

sexual selection

& gendered expression

i need to leave this planet

exit this atmosphere

distill the tragedy

of when as a child i was discovered

expressing my own sexual preference

—quantum—

& as a result received parental religious judgment

these events

compress nitrogen into fuel

calculate the mass ratio

the weight of tragedy —i will leave this planet—

the weight of myself & determine my efficiency for velocity
UNCATEGORIZED OBSERVATION OF KIC 84628532

(HELIO-BRAKING)

centuries old voyage
    a craft autonomously driven
passengers sleeping
    placid faces reflect
pale hum of life support

    velocity too great
    to easily reduce

on-board AI
    calculates the probability
    of success
sets the controls for a plunge
    into the yellow-white dwarf

Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun.

— Pink Floyd
i am at the edge of a disk of light

a place you cannot follow

tidal locked in slow
orbit around a singularity

i
manipulate our
(co) variable

slowly marking each
observed outcome

cataloging
causation
(correlation
& effect

EXPERIMENTATION
i approach the event horizon of sleep
   eyelids listless satellite(s)
but an event propagates
   ether dissolves slingshot
   causalities
   me into orbit
the formation of words
   around an accretion metaphor that
   i have been writing toward
   for weeks expresses itself

a marble between rings slowly coalesces
   a roughhewn sphere rotating
   multiaxial wobble playful a
dance
orange molten skin
   pulse of the proto planet

impact
   waves ripple concentric
violence encircles
   the globe & swallows Theia

collision’s exhale & the moon
   formed of two into one
   into two again
curtains side swept
  s(he) sits
  window open
chromatic stars &
  unspeakable night
  pour in

liminal lights lingering between

floorboard & frantic hands

s(he) searches for a rogue star &
  a collection of planets
  strung like an Escher necklace

worn like a crown

asymmetric & broken

s(he) writhes
down the hall
  a dissonance junkie
binge eating
  in the dark
  starving for meaning between

the loose kerning
  of memory & reality
occultation of the inverted light curve resulting in anomalous dips

R Coronae Borealis (RCB) variable a super giant evolved

accretion disk of a BE-star up-spins to near breakup ruling out a progenitor donor neither gravitationally bound or an imaged companion

most promising theory: a field star & barrage of exo-comets into the host body

(Boyajian, et. al, 2015)
this will all make sense when you are on the other side s(he) tells me

i thought this was a map of when i was & where i will be but you saw a heart a new way way home

& “a loving embrace to see me through” —Tool “The Patient”

you knew better you always have
this began with a photo of our species’ home
guiding me to cerulean seas
gently forcing me in a quiet way like when rain stops

to look in

when all i wanted to do was look out

—

i tried
but i couldn’t leave
without telling of my planned trajectory
so i drew a map
on the only scrap i had

so s(he) would not forget
i wrote it all down

so s(he)’d know when i am

& if s(he) felt me & where i was

if s(he) saw me

further i was on the launch pad

helmet sealed tight
artificial atmospheric mixture

just right

& then in the reflection of my decisions
s(he) came
with the gravity of memory
& what atoms matter most

searching        singing       shearing through
my barriers
softly calling

s(he) wouldn’t

let me
leave
s(he)

whispered
I’ve got you

& held me
at the threshold
of escape velocity
the threshold of
memory levity gravity & grace

but what i did not know
is that

i was already ascending
above the mire of my own
merciless recursive recall

pushing beyond
the configuration
of my own comfort

her insight        a home
altering          my in-
trinsic        expression
s(he) shared
not a particle
but a new
state of matter
— hope —
previously uncategorized
& beyond the confines of the standard model
generated by her defiant
lightless coils
coiling around wisdom insight & grace

further still
i spoke of leaving
to find the particles of (I)
& with my eyes out beyond the Oort cloud
i began my search for a new home
—warm & hospitable
this one
—cold & hostile
no longer serves my needs

& i need to leave
the matter of seas
but with
a bright utterance

s(he) arrests my momentum
with a statement
so precise my atoms
briefly

un ra

vel

you're the only one

that's made me feel

i do not understand the sentiment

but s(he) calls me back again & again & again to forget her

would be to forget myself & my awakening

so i chose to leave part of me forever

there in an orbit held home
Given two-dimensional space, a flash of light, or event (E), will propagate outward as a pair of disks, thus creating a light cone. A light cone is further divided into future and past light cones expanding from (E). Moreover, a light cone contains all available outcomes for (E), past present future.

(A Brief History of Time, 42)
a pair of bound morphemes started it all
cata—lyst

an event \((E)\) once propagated in this room
approximately here

where we \(\Theta_1 \Theta_2\) sat together
& watched you \(\Theta_3\) stand
where I am now

at that moment all possible future & past outcomes
occupied the same space-time
a period punctuating causality

outcomes where we three stars
—so pronounced in our solar flares—
successfully negotiated a common orbit so precise
we only momentarily eclipsed each other
a stellar pulse observable for light—years

outcomes where we kept complexity simple
maintained mutually
exclusive rotations
even raised a small solar system of our own

outcomes where we three flung each other into
events independent of our prime point
when we never achieve
orbital stability

outcomes
where we two remained in our low eccentric orbit
you a rogue star
     blue from mourning
crashed through our system
     —unaware of the satellites orbiting you in slow decay—

outcomes where ten years previous to (E)
we three Θ stars change state
     in our stellar evolution
propelling forward causally
     & we never met

outcomes where we three
     time-tethered since we were stars
     then star stuff then human
formed one
     then two    then three   pairs and one triad

outcome: i am evolving
     you are an independent event
     & you are
     no longer contained in my   possibliy
listing in the upper atmosphere our
vessel groans

a change in velocity
we tip surface bound

plasma’s sheath & friction’s kiss

sifting through seemingly disparate debris
the black box of our wreckage is found

cause of failure:

improper atmospheric reentry
a flaw in logic center
attributed to an unknown payload

(guilt)
if we lost ourselves in the tidal pull of our own decisions
& became data distributed across an apparent horizon

we would escape
the dark star
hitchhiking Hawking’s radiation
we would be
rediscovered & reassembled
the difficulty however
is in being reunited

you see the rosetta stone is missing from the language of the universe
and with three points we can locate our center
but if we cannot speak of our
time distance direction

we will remain perpetually adrift

without a nebula womb to achieve rebirth

no orbital plane to claim yet somewhere between

quark & quasar

you & i

& we

exists a dimension unmentioned

& the particle of hope
he asks me

if i think about stars

i don’t know how to begin

to tell him space & time are interchangeable

& that he’s pinned & unpinned

folded & unfolded

opened & closed & opened again

configuration spaces

without the slightest bit of effort

countless micro galaxies bursting pinwheels of light behind my eyes

his effect on my system a split
dictum

observed & unobserved

now a breeze & he whispers let go

& he knew i needed to hear that
& so i watched him conduct
because he let me
& because he needed to be heard

&
that
because of the afterglow
the parabolic stance
the arcs of his arms
& lines of his eyes
detecting expecting expressing expressions all
were breaking like sheets of rain after a winter too long

he whispers again
sometimes i can only feel the moon

softly he’s begun patching cables i’ve missed
of an instrument perhaps only now coming to life

though heart at rest
can beat too fast
yet a calibrated synthesizer polyphonic & polyrhythmic
will rhyme in & out of time unconfined
by standard lines
but not local time
his time
& he carries it in calculated
erratic arrangements
expressed not in notation
but an inner cartography
he weaves
through spacetime
unbound by divisions circumlinear
bravery a sextant
guiding him
shoulders & body follow
a map on his skin
with constellations
seldom seen
a stellar cartographer’s dream

i parse
increments of time to understand him
i sit in
a vacuum between
ticks & clicks
  slicing down & up
out & in

  under & over & under & over & under & over & under

  & over thinking the
discretionary bounds

  of where we begin
  a line so fine
  that light will hide
  & shadow will shine

what is done with the substrate
  he & i have named
  time

so yes

i think about the stars
bodies in orbit

we $\theta_1 \theta_2 \theta_3$ touch

exchange fundamental energies

ignite the pulse of the protostar

a chromatic cloud illuminates

in staccato

asymmetrical

bursts of light

extending

millions of miles

an ideal setting for

signals transiting my $\theta_1$ orbit

expressions of

a warm Neptune

in exchange for a cold

moon

a divergence of hues

with little

lasting overlap

but like the barest crescents

sounding on the rim of a
Venn diagram we are bone water light
out of time

but we can change values tempos
& transpose
translate & transmutate
the rest we’ll turn sideways
derive patterns
& count off new songs

2. Fractured Thesis
we have chosen incommensurability
over orbital stability
end
commence
no longer able to commune

dialectal drift

that shape our reality

a lens ground

to filter words & light
duplicated & split

a pair of pairs
inverted such that

we cannot observe & arrive at

the same conclusions

inclusion end conclusion

we’ve chosen seclusion & reclusion

that precluded our ability

to arrive at a mutual conclusion
could this be our essential tension as we $\varnothing_1 \varnothing_2 \varnothing_3$ pitch & rise on the axis of collision & excitation of harmonics shared between realities we merge $\varnothing''$ & spill $\varnothing_1' \varnothing_2' \varnothing_3'$ like three drops of ink following in fabric fractals of fundamental frequencies but we cannot see the pattern we draw conclusions from what delusions we envision
flashes cutting light on a wooden floor
beneath my nebula bed
waiting for you to come up
i guess you 03 just did
this is where the echoes
of John Cage resonate
dust motes in reflection

a friend once told me to write
about something haunted
reverberations of s(he) 01
as the ghost particle passes through

"until i die there will be sounds &
they will continue following my death"
—John Cage

3. INTERLUDE IN 4:33

so i wrote about you
propagate from my source (E)*
unhindered
4. RECONSTRUCTION OF A COMPLEX WAVE

my fingers follow a distribution of sine waves
oscillators coarse tuned duplicated & fine tuned
dials & wires patched
all slaved to a master clock
ticks clicks
beats & quantization
we Θ1 Θ2 Θ3 swing
back to our shared variables & co-create
n-dimensional instrumentation to transmit a response
5. SIGNAL ATTENUATION

color coded
three concentric arcs
you $\theta_2$ & i $\theta_1$ & us $\theta_3$
along the continuum
sending signals
just above threshold
the conductor
an atomic model of motion
breaks the surface tension
notes ride a Mobius strip
back to where we began
—stay with me now
this transmission
will soon be over
& this space created
may no longer be manifest
or needed—
6. SYNTHETIC PREMISE

objects presuppose existence & perception independent of the imposed constraints of reason

but what can be said about what we believe* if all knowledge is synthetic

(Longino 1999)

7. N-BODY PROBLEM*

now i am in free ascension trajectory moving between bodies

you Ø3 & you Ø2 & s(he) Ø1
carrying me
carrying me
a ring around
a ring around
a bell
a bell
a halo
a halo
an eclipse
an eclipse
radiate
radiate
illuminate
illuminate
corona
corona
the crest
the crest
of a solar flare
of a solar flare
i am suspended
i am suspended
& freed from
& freed from
orientation
orientation
so many of the events
choices
communication
degradation
discretionary bounds drawn
& actions not taken
all find an expression through these data
every single nuanced articulation between us
every single piece of ourselves
they still fit
"i know the pieces fit
i watched them fall away"

—Tool “Schism”
encode message
develop on intercepton:

an interstellar present wrapped
in solar-panel paper
    with a gold button
    bow tied
above a card reading

to: you
    you distant traveler

from:
    the pale blue dot

While passing *Voyager I*
no monument placed between
    Cygnus       Lyra
with laser etched titanium plaques
    bearing names of the fallen

no lace & lattice of hologram
activated by proximity
    of arriving galactic school busses

no children to don jetpacks &
    atmospheric suits
    listening to prerecorded
        24 tone language-prime

there are
    cold broken
shapes orbiting a yellow-white star
    jagged aftermath
        a       quiet progression

a series of collisions
    a        comet       a        rocky planet       a        gas giant

— poor solar decisions —
i am beyond my last known point
existing as an aberration
on the edge of this accretion disk
a plane of light
my temporary home
beyond the confines of my ship
my relation
orientation communication & pragmatic sense
of self preservation this message
a package of data
this pulse of light
a transmission
may it guide me
to a new way home
for all that remains
is to ascend
the singularity for “we are eternal
& all this pain
is an illusion”
—Tool “Parabol & Parabola”
an unknown variable in the system ( )

dis assembly
a self experiment
to examine failure fractured bits of data
estranged zeros & ones
a flock scattering

unbounded confound
there is an
—outlier—

previously unobserved variable
both is and is not until measured

parameter changes:

account for ( )
= x = position = value = emotion

at present time unable to accept—resubmit

results inconclusive
recalibration needed
further study recommended

* publication contingent changes:
balance primary equation
further define theoretical framework
recommend future applications
reaching into a swirling eddy time
searching for a word
my hand darts after flashes
a shoaling of tiny lightning cracks up my arm
syringe pins inject memory
of the apex where you were needed
& where I stood looking
at a ceiling with a whirlpool
& hand descending
dancing after flash bulbs of color
i am

tracing the smooth edges of the where you were absent
an indigo perfume creeps up the steps
like a thunderstorm from space
clouds lacing around my legs
an eddy pulling me
beneath floorboards descending
i reach out & begin
the aggregate probability of you and i syncopating
in our respective dynamic time signatures &
compounded by the incalculable permutations of human genetic coupling

the odds of you and i being are greater than the successful threading of a needle on mars from a spool on earth

yet here we are unfathomably so
when the first relay messages were unfolded and the interstellar linguistic equivalent of “watson come here i want to see you” was recorded & replayed at the homosapien exhibit in the museum of natural history with walls adorned by period correct time lines (yes they still thought of time in lines and limited their dimensions to three) was heard by school children on a field trip setting aside their studies of quantum theory for an afternoon of remembrance they gathered at a plaque that read:

we could no more than see an angstrom than we could our own insignificance without instrumentation we subsequently pronounced our own demise because we as a species serve as an average footnote in someone else’s short story
in a remote arm of the milky way
  a small cluster of galaxies
in a larger super cluster
  aptly named Laniakea

—immeasurable heaven—

which itself is but
  an asterisk
on a footnote that is
the dynamic
  manuscript of the universe
raw material
    slowly accretes
    cosmic cloud
    in a highball glass
    molecular distribution

    heavy flakes fall
    others rise
    a few escape

    all swirl
    chaos slowly slips into order

    pulse of the protostar
    sputters

early signs of ignition
    erratic flashes

    a stellar storm

prismatic jests illuminate
    the murk of genesis
black earth open in rows
    broken by a lone cornstalk
    a harvest survivor

    this solitary signpost standing between
    golden fingers of morning light
&    aurora shadows
    points to a comet
    rounds the sun

    its windblown tail
    a cosmic dandelion
    seeding a universe

    103 folds of paper

beginning to beginning
given currently available theoretical models
no evidence exists
that i am discrete
or continuous
yet i am both

though i can conceivably argue
for my discreteness based on
the existence of a so called
‘smallest measurable unit’
the self particle

i do not have evidence to support
this notion
other than anecdote
viscera instinct emotion

conversely
the argument can be made
that i am continuous
unbroken
infinite origami
a four dimensional kaleidoscope of possibility
folding enfolding unfolding
if you see them the way i do

but that’s the problem

we cannot share the same space-time

however

there is a point of entry

& a nanosecond of possibility

first you must understand i’m an erratic point of origin unknown

second if you let the ocean take you squall in all

the storm along the iris horizon

—it's for you

grey-blue hues along a jagged coast

sailing the pupil

the unknown surface tension

a membrane where time runs

position & counter

you could pass through diving deep

& borrow my particle detectors

my temporal lens & receive

that i too cycle as the stars do
by asserting that
i emphatically ( ) you
— whereas ( ) = x = position = emotion —

and by further defining x

i increase the accuracy
of that measure

    while decreasing
    the accuracy of another (p)

painting a hand on a mirror

    & losing the self between splayed bristle brushstrokes

—whereas ( p ) = momentum = relation—

    ticks from a knob turned
    frequency attenuation

i can either know
emotion or relation
not both

this all presupposes
    none of these variables-are-entangled

if {
    then...
}
if i underwent particle decay
     would i owe you the space
of  an
     a p o logy

as i slowly change state
     a new elemental construct
     i ablate my electron cocoon
     radiate random bits of myself

a sparkler tonguing the dark

i willfully break away
     with the intent to achieve a state
where i am no longer
     visible in your spectrum

all in a hope to lose the
     particles that entangle

     our shared region
a star observed 1890 — 2016 emits indecipherable pulses of light

unknown conductor arbitrary clock

an orbital transit dims the magnitude of a host star like thumbing-out of a light

inconsiderate of nocturnal activities

plucked planetary chords
slow angular crescendo

notes too few to decipher

not a melody but a cipher

solar brass instruments

arcing in erratic staccato
theories must change as too must this poem
exchanging framework for verse
analogues
what is left of the carcass
if we cannot quantum entangle
because we are sleepers' bodies'
spasm shaking off sheets
caught between light & aether
our thoughts irrevocably change
conjecture
would theory have been disproven
if the sleepers had not first entangled
& if they knew
would they disentangle
waking upon theory is irrelevant
i’m a nomad
   hands trembling
one clutches a broken sextant
one finger follows creases
   through an outdated star chart

a traveler catching
firefly whispers of immortality
   between particle waves

carrying light from
   ghost furnaces
    burns
       at the beginning of time

the Observer watching planetary
spin swing
the galaxy into view
blue white salt
    spilled on a black canvas
weaves loose solar-panel-rigging around comet atolls

high atmospheric oxygen propels raw plant material strung between the islands large enough to sustain contained ecosystems

bio satellites coil-orbit the length of a knotted torus orbiting a yellow-white sun braiding vines into a green & blue halo a solar bonsai evolved cultivated beyond root & branch constraint free form given as gift of self awareness & set on a path of evolution
i've left the safety of my ship
my last layer skin & home

i am ascending beyond reason beyond logic

beyond the configuration of understanding

i'm unraveling particle at a
time disorder exchange & all
bits of data & all infinitely

pulled from me

a cacophony of light

toward "the random or whatever
whatever will bewilder me"

will bewilder me

—a Tool “Lateralus”
end transmission
transmission
 received
REFERENCES


