

These continuities are suppressed in the general narrative of modernism and efficiency, by which I mean in this context, adherence to a certain tight and undifferentiated analytic. In aesthetics, it manifests in the dominance of individualism and abstraction, of difficulty and of a contemporaneity that only an élite can interpret.

In brief and provisional conclusion

It keeps coming back to the construction of the Subject as an individual, and often as the One-Who-Knows. Ideas of ebb and flow, of process and networks (rather than separateness), have been around for some time. But they have not fully replaced the outmoded individual Subject. This is partly because radical thought has been in the past so heavily invested in oppositional discourse that it finds it very hard to give up what it understands as revolutionary fervour.

This is inimical to connected sociality. The maturation of born digital thinkers should go a long way to ushering in the new evolutionary shifts that have been under way, I would argue, since about the mid 1800s. But it is only since the mid 1900s, and the spread of the digital, that it has had the media its logic necessitated – and made inevitable.

Notes

1. Gervais is right that they are often perceived in this way, but clearly I dissent from the view that the linguistic is subsumed to the iconic.
2. The poem is *Le pitre châtivé* by Stéphane Mallarmé, published in 1884, written in the 1860s. As the author of *Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard*, widely cited as the seminal text of avant-garde poetics, Mallarmé's work is especially relevant to e-poetry. See also Florence 2000.
3. 'We' here refers to my primary collaborator, John Cayley, and myself. The e-Readers we are working with were devised and built by John Cayley, based on his collaborative *Readers Project* (thereadersproject.org) with Daniel C. Howe. They can be programmed to perform different operations according to poetic or critical principles, which is where my primary interests lie.
4. I mention Badiou and Rancière because of their prominence in recent discussions related to this paper, and also to my work on sexed universals. (Florence 2004)
5. Elizabeth Grosz (eg 2008), Kelly Oliver (eg 2004), and many digital theorists, whose work should be more widely referenced, just for a start. I am not saying the work is not known. I am saying it has wider resonance.

References

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RE:MIX

PARALIPOMENA: (DRAFT OF NOTES STRIPPED BARE, EVEN . . .) [IPHONE VERSION 2.0]

Mark Amerika

What does it mean to program desire in a robotic world that strains to create?

These interstitial rubbings, these moments of textual frottage, why is it all stimulating me?

Writing is the flesh I just can't keep my hands off of.

It's driving me wild, again, always, and I really can't stop myself.

I just want to touch it – to lick its outer edge and slowly, if it will let me, go in deep.

To take hold of the machine and make it come.

To turn it on (explicitly).

A profusion of uncensored scratch marks that tell the tale.

A pungent rain of text discharged from the invisible cloud.

An Unexpurgated and Voluminous Zip File Ready for Immediate Download.

But I'm not even here, so how can I dis-re-member this prodding packet of transmitting desires?

Was I here?

I haven't even left and I already forgot how I was when I appeared.

It's like that.

It's like remediating the social – remediating the social *medium* – in asynchronous realtime.

The asynchronous social medium persevering through atemporal times.

The asynchronous social medium that becomes transmission itself.

That becomes the appearance of an apparition.

Duchamp – in his *Green Box* – writes:

A Guest + A Host = A Ghost

These remediated social bodies are starting to rub off on me, and something, it's hard to say exactly what, is leaving its feint imprint.

Is making an appearance.

An allegorical appearance.

An apparition of an appearance.

This is where **you, Desire**, come in.

An email, a website, a text message, a tweet.

Desire is the desire for an Other.

I myself do not exist (cannot exist, and this the thing I like most about me).

Desire: the asynchronous social medium that *becomes* transmission itself.

Desire asks: 'What does it feel like to submit?'

'To submit to the machine that triggers yet more desire?'

Why the desire to submit?

So that one can then make an appearance.

One submits, and waits, and then, by fluke of imagination, if intuition is optimally programmed into the environment, another ghost transmission arrives in response to the submission.

It's an acknowledgment of receipt followed a short time later by a message of acceptance.

Your submission has been accepted.

You, Desire, Have Been Accepted.

I, meanwhile, am always (an)other.

Welcome to the Remediated Social Machine.