

A: Abadie's Sign to Autotopagnosia

His daemonic signed his waist his
daemonic signs his wastrel years his
business skills his female fans his sexual
drives his secret Redbook his moral floors
his improvisation skills he is composed of
us as interpreter played by Accardo
played by Burmeister played by Francesca
played by child prodigy daemonic
mythology and Catholicism his Jewish
stereotypes his deathlike appearance his
daemonic epithets his daemonic image his
daemonic image strengthening his
strengthening of his daemonic image his
daemonic state personality his views on
his image his Demon dream story his
death dance or *Totentanz* the current
culture of conductors his work true
popery concert his French school his
Correlli Bos his Inferno music his
comedian like personality his daemonic
side his employment of managers his
entrepreneurialism his masculine
performance his Mephistophelian piano
works his glow of goodness his altruism
his touch intense and infernal music his
Pierre should've lost the clue his left hand
pizzicato his rockstar metaphor his label
his French ballet French school French
opera his Napoleon comparison his
soloistic domination his popular music
tradition his ritualised social contract his

performance body his Allgemeine Wiener
Musikzeitung his Athenaeum his
Birmingham Journal his Figaro in London
his Frankfurt Journal his Gazzetta di
Genova his Le Globe his guitars and mikes
his Pierre Choderlos de Laclos his Samuel
Richardson loveless character his Clara
Schumann his eroticism and death his
eroticism and violin playing his eroticism
and violin making his eroticism and
virtuoso violin performance his forged
daguerrotype his flying staccato his
soloistic domination being his conducting
the orchestra his silencing the audience his
volume of sound his narrative control his
sovereignty of the self

S: Saccades to Synkinesia, Synkinesis

(Chaconne)

Sass. Breathes for a small.

Earlobes Stood.

Armchair Where four. Parts meet.

Fuel. Great.

Or slide. Where?

You've appointed.

Crochet rest

Individuals.

Gone sass. South for some reason.

If it came to it. You'd pass. Up the path. But it doesn't come to it.

You felt. To snap. One of those quite small branches.
Every little squirrel.
The Russell of.

That kept going.

With the knuckles.

Like JC did his quarantine in the wilderness.

Like your. Earlobes.
It is an uphill struggle sometimes.

I always thought. Of the incident.
As naturally occurring.

Time sort of milling itself along.
But now I'm not so sure. Even with your persuasion.

Continuous.

And.

As it is.

And what it is.

A sort of upstream downstream.

You're careful to place things.

And so transfigures a whole room.
In its many parts bookshelf.
Armchair lamp. It is a study sort of remains opposed. And it's
placed. In its full corners.

But not much light gets in this time of year.

With the slithering down a drain type of fuel.

Return.

Your fuel.

Turns positive.

Sass.

Earlobes.
Armchair.

Fuel.

A

Sass
Stood.

Armchair W. B Earlobes here four.slide.

Where Parts meet.
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Fuel for a small.

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But it doesn't come to it.

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Every little earlobe you felt squirl.
The Russell of.

kept going.

With the knuckles.
Like JC did his quarantine in the wilderness.
Like your earlobes.

It is an uphill struggle sometimes.

I always Crochet.
Individuals.

occurring.

Time sort of millinguish self along.
(sass)

But now I'm not so sure. Even with your persuasion.
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Z: Zeitraffer Phenomenon to Zoom Effect

as a man, I look at it this way: if there is a tender art to a
coconut well you've got blood on your hands

as an ellipse, I see my own belonging begin only when
afterwards is over

as a prodigy, I find myself requiring more spiritual
sustenance in the midweek

as a terrorist, I think the square of the root is only equal to the
square of the longitudinal

as a father, I consider myself lucky if I have two sheets to my
name coming out of the ceilidh

as a woman, I consider lines to the retina less obvious now
there's a fall in the ice rink rates

as a person of colour, I think waiting for government to act is
a bust flush two thirds of the time

as a navy man, I want gratitude to play handmaiden to
particularity

as a single mum, I have two main feelings about the return of
the Qui-Gon Jin

as a performer, I am aware of my own abundance when
ordering an ice cream

as an activist, I square make-up with discipline more in a
semi-Foucauldian conundrum

as a Londoner, I find more trouble times than when two or
three meat markets come and go

as a reliable flosser, I've given up half my life for the pursuit
of justice

as an acting subject, I find myself under no delusions about
Jar Jar Binks

as a first time Tory voter, I've found myself questioning the
fecundity of the Marvel Universe

as a trans man, I give freely of information technology
belonging to the state

as a partner, I find myself reminding you constantly about the
effect of a transverse wave

as a tenant, I look myself in the mirror slightly sideways to
give myself the time to encounter graft

as a model, I create my sense of scale from a wayward
combination of sight and sound

as a wannabe Tolstoy, I regret having only the subtlest cordite
lips

as a retired colonel, I skip lightly over the things you have to
say about wombs

as a commandant, I take seriously the recommendations of
the bipartisan commission

as a thinking man's crumpet, I elide myself with other forms
of prognosis within the window of the Bürger hypothesis

as acting deputy, I fillet 'o fish only to remind you of your
absence here

as a botanist, I give myself 5 seconds every day to think about
Israel-Palestine

as sinecure, I keep a wine catalogue of rare breed dogs under
my laptop

as a midfielder, I find myself called upon to construct my
voice out of a multiplicity of authorial intent

as a bachelor, I see elements quickly within the unity of
sandstorms

as a beard, I find myself always hanging around the snack
table at gigs

as a monk, I give lightly of my circumstance in order to
construct a new, bright relation

as a bank, I creep steadily towards the brink of our
destruction day

as a person of the night, I hide trump cards frequently under
the brim of my Stetson hat

as a Trump supporter, I keep unbidden flattering you with intimations of mortality

as a suffragist, I watch particularly crude fights here for the signs of a new song

as a crowd, I consider myself a good surveyor of complex forms

as a Lagardist, I crack eagerly the clubs over the eggshell science

as a sibilant, I take seriously the rumours floating around your halls

as a glitch, I concentrate on pulling teeth seemingly without a brastrap

as a conquistador, I find there's a little patch on my inside step rubs fitfully

as a universe, I see myself tending always towards the possibility of zero

as a paradox, I tend to dig deep into my past to elate a rodeo of sounds

as a Jew, I recognise the Liverpool of last year as barely distinct from the Liverpool of now

as a cosmonaut, I find puzzle pieces needed frequently housed down the back of your sofa

as a Protestant, I remind myself constantly of the inauspicious startings-out of Martin K

as a sycophant, I begrudge myself only the Tuesday morning in the attempt to make myself some sort of mark

as a grant beneficiary, my cottaging in Denmark often takes a surprising turn

as a fictional character, I require at least three turns of the crank to get myself going in the morning

as a celebrity, it's very easy for me to spot minor errors in complex algebra

as an engine of historical change, I take every second Tuesday off to retreat and go stare at gulls

as a positivist, it is unusual for me to find myself alone at parties

as a drag queen, I look without disdain at the flaws of the 'Rose of the Rio Grande'

as an optimist, I steam thoroughly and readily through the mines of your abject rackets court

as a burgher, I put aside 3 sheets of paper for flarf in every ten

as a curator, I have my officers bent on examining this particular specimen

as a creator, I toggle between easy mode and Pol Pot mode
only in popular fiction

as a recusant, I find myself thoroughly turned on by your
ecstasy of doubt

as the adult in the room, I can't help having my project
manager hat on

as a golfer, I give myself only three pieces of advice and they
are these

as a Magdalen man, I overcome these complex spatial puzzles
only somewhat easily

as an officer, I require myself to keep very strictly hands
inside the moving car

as a Methodist, my doubts flourish readily into a kind of
daffodil paint-by-numbers

as a git, I return only library books benighted by the sawdust
of thought

as an ethnographer, I see wrinkles in your attitude more
readily than in your orbicularis

as a philatelist, your material concerns are bread and butter
pudding to my mind

as a lithographer, I stand readily on ceremony when caught
between tribal feuds

as a contortionist, I look at myself as a kind of ambassador
between the Real and Rachel Weisz

as Benjamin Franklin, I speak of myself only in the third
person when amongst close relations

as an apologist, I undermine myself quickly through my use
of the passive voice

as a mother, I find myself depleted in regards to the rolling
stock

as a theorist, I consider retroflex morphology the servant of
having wants

as ambassador, I feel myself beholden to your request for just
three separate suites

as a toddler, I keep parts of my own salvation hidden even
from your unprying mind