

OBERON 3



Be a Cutting Machine

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Be a Cutting Machine was written in response to Boru O'Brien O'Connell's Reaching for a Soft Structure, which appears in the preceding pages. Be a Cutting Machine is meant to be inscribed by a plotter on the surface of an archival box, then photographed in the presence of a model of Russian origin, who is dressed as the Blue God, bidding on eBay for a Franklin ACE 2000 computer, and concentrating on the task of becoming a writer, an actor, a medium, an autograph.

You were backstage and your imagination just took off. You saw yourself in the Irish countryside on a cold and stormy night. Which way do you turn the paper? When you pick up a pen and begin to write, everything that ever happened to you travels down the nerves from your brain and through your arm, into your hand, and onto the paper. Your handwriting will tell the truth about who you are inside.

Landscape or portrait? You were lost. There was a pub. In you came through the door.

Seek them out, the flickerings across the face of your soul. They are infinite. Let go of everything you think you know. Do you prefer to use lined or unlined paper? Your ego and your successes, they are puny. Make life hazardous for yourself.

You have sat with a pencil and paper while you are talking on the telephone and the spirit uses the free hand to write. In you came through the door. You shook the rain from your hat and coat. After a moment, you realised something was wrong. There was silence. The silence seemed dangerous. You were lost. Always a little unhinged, you later lost it entirely and developed murderous inclinations, attempting to push your Hungarian wife Romola and your child downstairs before announcing that you were going to marry God. You eat your meat without sauce Béarnaise.

You may be able to consciously change the way you walk, your facial expression, or how you speak, but your handwriting will tell the truth about who you are inside.

Suddenly you slammed your fist on the table and yelled, "What the hell are you looking at!" There was silence.

On the average, how close are your words to one another? Do they almost touch, is there a space between them, are they far apart? Does the spacing vary?

After a moment, you realised something was wrong. Your job is not to use the pen to stabilise yourself or to celebrate yourself or to take revenge. Your job

is to celebrate the diversity of the world, starting with you. You were inspired by a poem by Mallarmé to mime masturbation with a piece of cloth. Your fans thought they were in the presence of divinity, and you appear to have agreed.

While you had been aware that you were on stage the entire time, that awareness was not in the least distracting. In you came through the door. What you utter must be yours alone, what you only know at the centre of your being, with only your language. Your sentences must be touched by the unique cast of your spirit. You learn about the fascinating world of spirit so that you can find comfort and guidance through the assistance of spirits when your outer and inner worlds collide. You discover how to ease the evolvment process in most situations by communicating with the spirit. You want to write the truth, which is why you lie.

Tweak your stability. Your essential statement hereafter should be: Bullshit, I'm a liar. I'm not going to lie to myself anymore.

You remember standing in the doorway during one of the classes. You heard her say, "That's too close to the bone." It was too literal; it was only itself.

You were concentrating on this strange thing happening to you in the pub of your mind, in the Irish countryside on a cold and stormy night, peat, emerald green, whiskey, accents. The mind is so totally focused that the person is open to being a free-flowing channel. An impeded, progressive structure with a peculiar poetic cadence, which reveals a need for deceleration of the imagistic mass and for its arrangement in the form of distinct steps.

She saw no poem.

Your essential statement hereafter should be: Bullshit, I'm a liar. I'm not going to lie to myself anymore.

She implied that anyone can do the literal.

Your fantasy was as real to you as anything you had ever experienced.

He asked you to come to the Europa Hotel, where he lived.

You disliked him for his too self-assured voice, but went to seek your luck.

You found your luck.

Your pen executes your one-time-use physical signature onto hard-copy documents using mobile and tablet platforms. This is possible because the mind is so totally focused that the person is open to being a free-flowing channel.

As I said before: getting out of your own way. There was a pub. To love light is to tend to travel toward it. In you came through the door. You begin with descriptions of how to build (as circuits, thought experiments, programs) a simple set of autonomous robots that either 'love' or 'hate' light. They are infinite. They are puny.

There have been schools of painting and sculpture that went on getting suaver and suaver until there was no expression but only banality left; then there always came a revolt. Perhaps something like this has happened in dancing. Your feelings were totally free. Your instinct took you to this bold, unpredictable choice: to yell. Here is what she said if she saw someone being literal: "Can you tell us the same thing by using another body part?" You remember her using the phrase, "Don't illustrate." After a moment, you realised something was wrong. Or, "Take it out of the face and put it into the body."

You trembled like a leaf. You hated him, but pretended, because you knew

that you and your mother would die of hunger otherwise.

It was thrilling. You felt alive.

The signature is a legal one.

Do you connect each letter within a word, or are some words broken up? How often does this occur? (If you're a printer, just put, "I print.") The pen does whatever you have just done at your end. You want to write the truth, which is why you lie. This includes "Happy Birthday Marge" and a picture of a pussycat – making whatever marks you have just made, in the order and with the pressure you have made them. You were inspired by a poem by Mallarmé. If you put the right sentences on the page, no one will care what you look like. You must see in yourself you are all things.

Describe your autograph. Tweak your stability.

To be fair, it can't have been all that much fun for you either. Is it clear and easy to read? Do you circle it or draw through it? Perhaps something like this has happened in dancing. Your sentences must be touched by the unique cast of your spirit. Is one name easier to read than the other? Which one?

Does your autograph resemble your handwriting? Does it feel like you?

The fact is, you detest conventional 'nightingale-and-rose' poetry; your own inclinations are primitive. You eat your meat without sauce Béarnaise.

One day you met a Russian prince who introduced you to a Polish count. This count bought you a piano: you did not love him. You loved the prince and not the count.

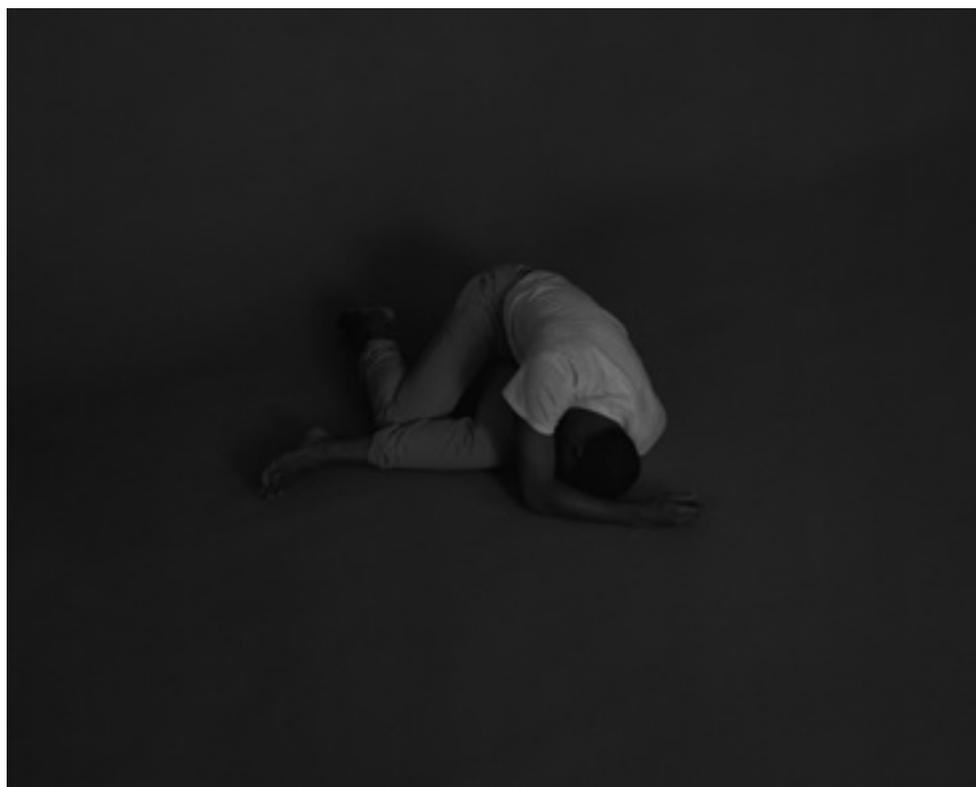
What about the baseline? Is it reasonably straight or does it vacillate? By progressing through simple circuits, such as 'love' circuits, which involve only light sensors, motors and wheels, you prompt a difficult set of questions previously raised by biology, computation and philosophy. What about the slant? If simple circuits can create complex behaviours, what is complexity? To love light is to tend to travel toward it.

After you were diagnosed, she had to look after you for the last thirty years of your life. To be fair, it can't have been all that much fun for you either. You were lost. They are infinite.

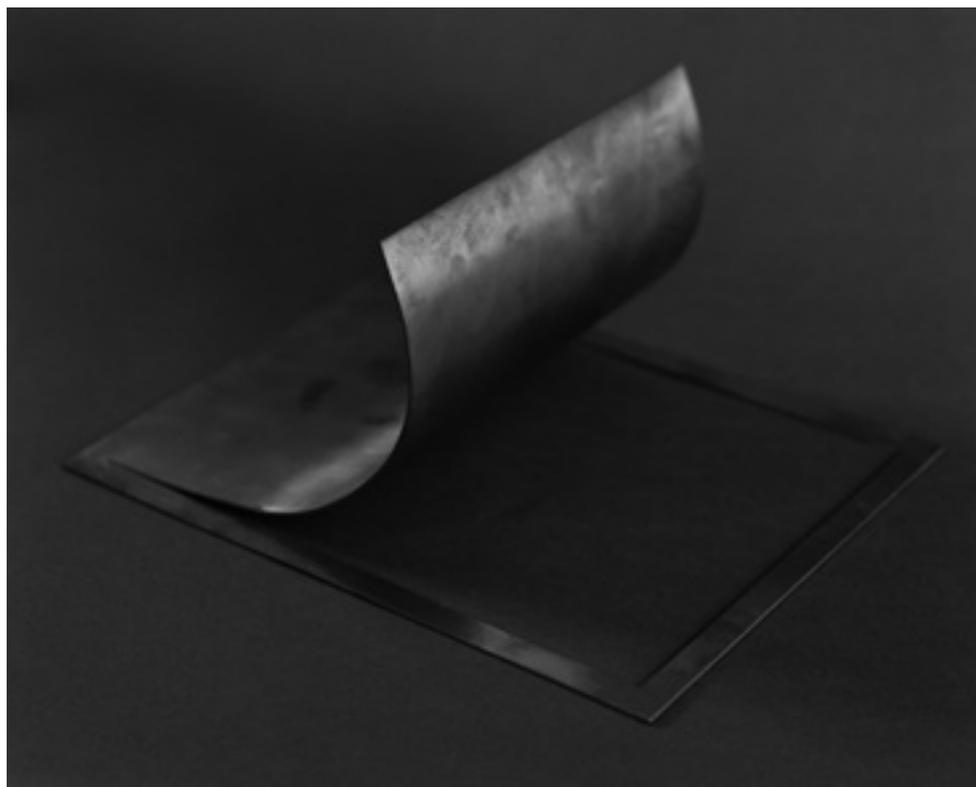
You are entering a time when spirit will draw closer, an era where the veil between the spirit world and the one you know on the earth plane will begin to lift and spirit communication will become commonplace. Your job is to celebrate the diversity of the world, starting with you. You believe you can dance gracefully in other people's ballets if grace is required, and you could compose graceful ballets of your own if you wanted to – by the score. How much pressure do you put on the pen? The prospect of being any man, not who you are. You become susceptible to the spirit that can make you God. Can you feel the writing through the other side of the paper? There is nothing in the world. You are going to make a world. Is your writing moderate with no indentation? Your spirit is infinite. You are like God. Or is it faint on the page?

This is your tool for communication with those who are so near, yet unseen.

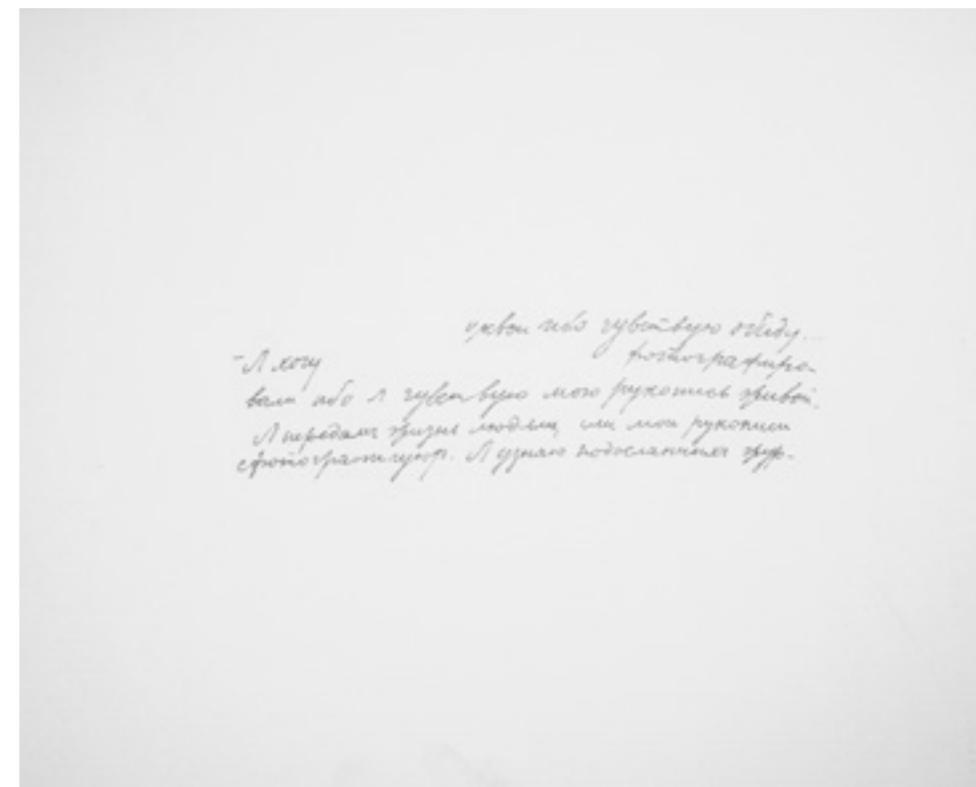




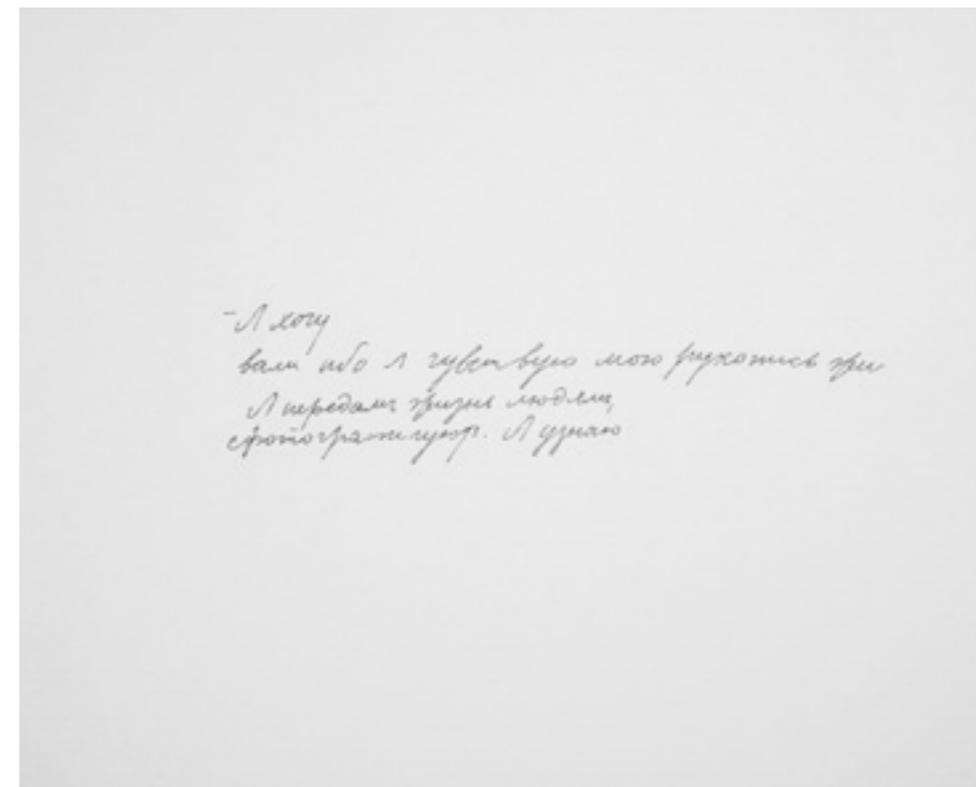
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