moretheless: material investigations becoming questions with interjections

abdelghani alnahawi
The music in the waterbox listens
with the rain in the fire escape

every drop drops a flame
Running before

Person i = pi = i

An irrational number of eyes, i falls into an ocean of skies

Today, person i walked in the rain, and as pi was arriving with the seagulls who were swimming by the Providence canal, i thought of Lynn Margulis – and her rediscovered Endosymbiotic Theory, which functions by the absorption of one thing by another. In her book, *The Symbiotic Planet*, Margulis writes that “all beings alive today are equally evolved.”

Diving with seagulls into the waterway, one propagated from within, with fish in my mouth, when i realized that the ocean has eaten me, or has been eating my body wholeheartedly.
What if moss is the ultimate mass: what if moss becomes another planet?

- plant c = Cinnamon Fern
- plant s = Spartina

- plant c connects with rhizomes & multiplies form by travelling with light
- plant s builds landmass and subsumes form by filtering water

inferred from chance encounters and online reads:
gardeningknowhow.com + eatstayplaybeaufort.com
Scene: small pirated window, with lines that resemble the vent. Foam secreting out, forming within. Foam stays as form goes. Without form, different windows present themselves with vines, through wire.

grey and brown

a situation of sorts, similar to when

one window closes and then, File > Reopen
Closed Tab: 23 tabs open

within every tab another window,

much like the marriage of the Fractal Theory with the windowing system
A pencil tries to draw the table from underneath its skin, while charcoal attempts a rubbing on surface $x$ of the table: if surface $x \neq$ surface $y$, does surface $z$ exist?

**split infinitive**

Assuming frames are fixed, things can be definitional with words, and though words are fixed to an extent, they are evolving without; and the distance between them and their meaning can be fixed as variable, but not very fixed, because that would deem distance to be variably variable, unless $d = 0$ and within $0$, there is a whole planet without a planet, where a thing appears to be something within nothing: an abundant space sharing more than it could hold, and holding more than it could take. And giving comes before going with the given.

Drawing allows me to imagine what materials may sense with and without tangible touch. With categorisation, a space disconnects into dimensions to make sense of space as it strives for one point of connection. That point of connection plays with meaning – accepting the responsibility of being connected with materials of worlds within, where distance may not exist.
In autumn 2022, a saggar firing with banana leaf, copper wire, salt, and wood shavings: I found that the terracotta clay produces a rust-like effect, in some instances, the aesthetic ‘reverses’ the rusting process to a gray, silver-shiny metallic effect.

I have also been thinking about a quick study by materials engineer Aled Roberts, titled “Building on Mars with human blood and urine.”

How can materials, secreting without the physical body, be absorbed by another body to produce immaterial images?

How can images, forming without a physical membrane, be mined by the mind to remember mindlessly?

Encounter √image

Thinking with fractals, images and encounters split together -- (within) every image is an infinite aspect.

Encountering image (without)

How one image is ingested by another, for another

In autumn 2022, a saggar firing with banana leaf, copper wire, salt, and wood shavings: I found that the terracotta clay produces a rust-like effect, in some instances, the aesthetic ‘reverses’ the rusting process to a gray, silver-shiny metallic effect.

I have also been thinking about a quick study by materials engineer Aled Roberts, titled “Building on Mars with human blood and urine.”
Two weeks ago at India Point Park, an insect flew onto my eye, or my eye fell upon an i, without seeing the flying creature, or other. Onto my eye, into my mind – when two bodies are travelling, and they hold onto each other, do they travel into together?

or do they dance?
Freewheel, Flip-flop and Dropout

With a found bike, the lines align where the sounds listen with sound. Some paths may sound pathetic, but the bike goes and the path becomes pathful. Like the lost dropout of the front wheel, the bike learns to fly. What use could parts serve when they cannot come apart to play with a part of this play? The freewheeler halts, stands with flamingo and greets the sunshine; nourishing the mechanics; feeling the parts.

The vocalists exit. Enter their vocals, coming into their voice, solus. Audience is dancer in their own seat. Partner rides with the ride.
Mixotricha paradoxa = mixed up hairs paradoxical

insect meets the eye
right front side, facing the left
Of the posterior: back, chest beats upfront

cardiac
rest
dense = slow
soft = fast

speed spins
With material

part insect, part microbe: a haircut, a dance
I have been thinking of irritation as rotation accompanied by chiselling action;
hair grows without; the dance continues with the pauses between the sounds

mind following
rotational path
heart feeling
rotationally symmetrical
body forming
radially protective skin
neither the insect, nor an insect; thought to be either

travelling within and beyond an ecosystem of images, each to be an eye in and of itself

adapting speed with another; all is “equally evolved”

one one, one two, one three...

didn’t see i, yet embodied the thought of one

a thoughtful microcosm

connected via body

which makes them one of the same circle:
a point pointing = a thought thinking

Present images interwoven with an ever-evolving image, for the brain to imagine one: a bank becomes a library; a city grows a forest; and an organism sees an eye.

i: fly with the human eye, what flight does i imagine?

h-i: a cell with neither colour nor light, full of colour and light; growing without and staying within the core of the ocean, where forms may precede their own perception – an inward electricity within a circuitless city.

i within water

forgetting the body

I have been revisiting an essay by Lynn Margulis and Dorion Sagan, titled ‘All for One’ as part of their collection dazzle gradually

I am reminded of a thought by Margulis from ‘Speculation on Speculation’: “Movement itself is an ancestral bacterial trait, and thought, I am suggesting, is a kind of cell movement”
what i taught eye

something – an insect’s eye inverted inward sees something as nothing and nothing as something else, something more, something less, something not, something beyond, beyond something, nothing as everything, and everything within everything without everything with everything every thing \( \forall \) everything every thing every-thing every-thing e v e r y t h i n g every-thing thing - thing
I thought of the world as less, and less seems like too big a word, or a planet without a planet. Not to return to the place, but to return to the person, with return, under absolute ambition and how many times can time be multiplied. Formulating the creation of something else, for giving before given, and what becomes the meaning of a word meaning to be without meaning?

We have conversation, about a conversation with conversion, before conversation: “How can one reduce a moment to the moment when every moment rotates within a moment, and concepts see with unread words,” the present stays with an absence of the point of view. Not every word makes its own case within a material ecology, giving birth to a lesson.

I was thinking in the style of Diane Seuss and in response to a conversation between Zoé Samudzi, Cameron Rowland, Fred Moten and Hannah Black engaging the ‘visual politics around representation’ on April 11, 2023
Finally, living with an insect and rock between the bark, feeling slow to rock with the bark. Stasis and subsistence: a gripping gnat with a silent symphony. What a forgetful object! The joy with the insect - infant to the sky. Thoughts thought once. Now with the insect of the world: "bark thinks of concrete. Concrete thinks with concrete."
On April 25, 2023, I was invited to my friend Ilijah Nikolov’s preliminary exam presentation in the Physics Department at Brown University. I am also reminded of a conversation we once shared, “there are no fours in salsa”

The time evolution of an interacting single-spin system

Every drop gives birth to an umbrella moment the sum of drops subtracting the subtraction

Leave out fours: two trip-lets spin-squeezing splicers without magnetic noise

The living motor assumes a distribution of frequencies with no frequency; instantaneous pulses within

Decays grow along pulse lengths, hidden order parameters use non-linear interaction:

if y rises and z grows within, we spin along x.
Everything is beautiful when you calculate,

but how do you measure a coherent spin state?
To avoid the rotation of the field, define fidelity!

Two spins halt, squeezed into one; there are four degrees of freedom
slow sculpture

Not ink on paper
Not chalk on blackboard
Not grain on woodblock
Not ashwood on sandpaper
Not marker on metal sheet
Not charcoal on newsprint
Not print on surface
Not photo on camera
Not eye on screen
Not text on page
Not hand on chisel
Not step on stair
Not book on shelf
Not shell on shore
Not sand on ground
Not graph on grass
Not caterpillar on concrete
Not person on train
Not watch on time
Not time on hand
Not thought on something
Not idea on mind
Not order on theory
Not play on words
Not theory on order
Not frown on head
Not smile on either
Not key on board
Not frame on window
Not fly on wall
Not glass on table
Not feet on floor
Not shell on shore
Not gram on body
Not bark on tree
Not rock on mountain
Not hair on skin
Not stuff on chair
Not oscillation effect on pendulum
Not life on earth
Not decay on decay
Not planet on planet
Not shape on plane
Not cut on edge
Not strap on shoulder
Not kiss on cheek
Not blood on bone
Not word on letter
foreword
walking slow

of chisels

upward footing heading downward,
this might be the mighty space
darks draw each other closer
worshiping the silence, fulfilling
their emptiness; the time (we walk with) stays as we go (without going)
The floor is a living object after all,
thinks the staircase between the wall and the wall.
Spaces see spaces, and
buildings build bodies;
fabricated connections contain
curvilinear organic forms

every containment contains the container
on note on notes:
sometimes reflection, sometimes atmosphere
sometimes material ecology, sometimes spatial response

with gratitude to all

my mother, Kinana Fallaha
Lynn Margulis, kindred mind
my batch, faculty,
family and friends
Mixotricha paradoxa

Special thanks to Mairéad Byrne,
whose voice, poetry and presence
have been nurturing this book