INFINITE REGRESS

The rest of what follows will be an outburst of continuous reading, confusion caused from prior words. Abstraction will occupy the closed volume of interior space. Picture the entire biosphere if the connection is triangulated, monolithic novels carved into compulsive narrations.

In a conversation from newspapers the greatest challenges are commonplace: asides and transformed objects never coincide, truth is an assumption, a dramatized act of surveillance. This brilliant essay is possible without the horizontal axis, a whole readymade in the matrix of electrified cultural discourse.

Delimit the frame of complexity and confirm the need to take chances. Criticism depends on an index of possibility: the song of all that is does not work by analogy. Meaning is nowhere to be found in this sentence, distance has begun strolling at night through a corridor-like spiral.

Utopian promise has utterly collapsed. Under the glittering skylight someone asks what's so good about experience joined to memory. There is a sense of another critic, not just the paradigm of the palimpsest, in the weighing and wanting, with no explanation of malign connotations.

The basic medium of artistic practice is presence and behaviour, humanizing values enter the pages of the body's upright posture. An engaged writer will neither rest nor allow a massive backlash, is propelled into circulation like cannon shots fired from a ship. This provides time and space for us to create without having to rely on academic fog.

The development of fascism is in the destructive wrath of forest fires, the precipitation of dust from the air, is a measure of passing time, both a cooling down and an effacement of focused attention, insisting upon content's return and the institution of self. The intensity of colour reflects political content: nothing but a bunch of messy paint.

The rapidly made marks along the bottom convert the present tense; psychic activity gentrifies every line, loop and splatter; structural linguistics strip the work of signifying possibilities. One might consider drawing closely related to static, diffusion as the formal product of breaking-up coherence, aspects of self come to light as an outgrowth of intention.

Understand something about imagination, not its origin but its destination: what seems significant is set to rhyme with disintegration. Absence is the result of clouds of unknowing, is the logic of reversal, an account of fundamental instability. My theory was developed from need to correct how we record acceleration in unstable experiments.

Meaning will not be inscribed on the surroundings; empty space is a cue for touch, there is no code distinct from the precious monotony of grey print. Utterance is an effect of expression, uninhabited by voice. Exemption from meaning is one more knot within the flow of translation, insistently stippled textures inscribe a depth nowhere to be seen.

The centrality of my work is pure reflection. No matter how important it seems that everything is different, I continue to explore the self, writing underscored by the implications of expository language. Transmission of information is one type of sign that insists on contradictory and illusionistic space.

Start with time. The plan was a talismanic flower sprouting from a decaying wall, mechanical and mathematical, a dream of a world which has renounced desire. As predicted, the game started over and over again. I calmly vanished from later versions as my text collapsed in columnar disarray.

In asserting the open field there is a difference between quotations; we should move even greater numbers aside and find the centre of the argument, with shards from the material world and rigid continuity made invisible. Faith cannot be expected to take into account space thus measured out nor the composition of a framing device.

The most moving paintings employ fragmentation, are not developed from prior experience. Within the shapes' perimeters we find continuity of forms in the landscape, an organizing system widening out within the world, with animated figures projected against the opaque mind of the artist.

The past has been fanatically secretive, supplies the darkened field, the master narrative and plaster wall. Different variables can be altered within a self-sustaining whole; viewers are required to interact by rearranging parts. Random exploration is encouraged: find something that you love.

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