



SLEEPWALK EMPIRE

Sleepwalk Empire

&

poor math mars music

Chris Schaeffer

“A different image came to me a few weeks ago. The unknown thing to be known appeared to me as some stretch of earth or hard marl, resisting penetration... the sea advances insensibly in silence, nothing seems to happen, nothing moves, the water is so far off you hardly hear it... yet it finally surrounds the resistant substance.”

-Alexander Grothendieck

“It occurred to me, the basis of fiction is that people have some sort of connection with each other....mmmm, but they don’t.”

-Richard Harrow

“The president does have some special skills, which you’ll have to buy the game to find out what they are.”

-EA Sports president Peter Moore, *Fox News* 10/6/2010

When Grothendieck vanished into the Pyrenees he turned his back on lie algebra. He turned his back on objects.

Grothendieck studied transformations in the wilderness. His mother was Simone Weil. He took a long march through Galois. In a cabin he downloads a pop song that says hallucinate and tranquilize. He eats pine cones and chops logs.

I heard I could use Grothendieck heuristically so I wandered in the wilderness. I was told I could substitute 'Ariadne's thread' and 'philosophy' for substitutes. I saw him writing lists in front of a window. I heard he was dead. I heard it on crystal radio (a single circuit touching detector, antenna, slide tuning coil, cat's whisker, galena, aka diode, in the wilderness).

Grothendieck brought in sheaves and laid them out. Grothendieck burdened a sickle. In the wilderness, Grothendieck parsing sets and creating layers. An open set may have a lot of valences. A map may be elaborated on. Grothendieck ranking every living being carefully to choose mutants.

Grothendieck before the cat's whisker receiver. Black Sox. An anachronism or historical podcast. Grothendieck dead () in the wilderness. I heard I was eating logs?

When Grothendieck vanished into the Pyrenees he turned his back on non-mutant. Mutatis mutandis he reversed the polarity of a large map on a cabin wall, assembled a list of mutants

{1. C.F.S. Hahnemann (1755-1843)2. C. Darwin (1809-1822)3. W. Whitman (1819-1892)4. B. Riemann (1826-1866)5. Ramakrishna (1836-1888)6. R.M. Bucke (1837-1902)
7. P.A. Kropotkin (1844-1929)8. E. Carpenter (1844-1929)9. S. Freud (1856-1939)10. R. Steiner (1861-1925)11.M.K. Gandhi (1881-1955) 12. P. Teilhard de Chardin (1881-1955) 13.A.S. Neill (1883-1973) 14. N. Fujii (1885-1985) 15. J. Krishnamurti (1895-1985) 16. M. Legaut (1900-) 17. F. Carresquer (1904-) 18. ...Solvic (1923?-1943)
amerikanischer Arbeiter und kleiner Angestellter; anscheinend ohne jede besondere
Befähigung }

assembled a list of mutants to ponder in the wilderness.

Grothendieck turned his back on the poor math he turned his back to the poor math

he watched TV on crystal set

Human on Facebook: *I can't control myself. I need to be disciplined*
The committee comes to a consensus—"Glee Sucks": the committee—*Lynch's character, however, is unbelievably flawed.*

Sue Sylvester harbors an ardent vendetta against the glee club for no reason.

The organizing principle is strictly architectural. Begin to knock, which may mean interlocutor, specter, building inspector, mother, investigator, interloper, reasonable noise of wood swelling into wood.

She comes up with countless elaborate, harebrained schemes for destroying the glee club.

This comes from a blog and I come from a blog. Any reasonable human types: *I'm worried* into a computer and it's logged. Any structural flaw is strictly organizational.

I like to save my documents every three to five seconds. I like to organize structures from bed. I notice your empire—I'm sorry sir, I didn't mean to notice your empire. I'm sorry sir, I notice but your empire--? On the other hand I--?

Human on Twitter: *I'm empire.*

Well wait what does that mean— this comes from a blog--

Like many glee characters, Sue's character is fluid in nature.

Doing another one of their archive books. It's ok to identity.
Hey—I heard it's ok to—

To cut to the chase, here

the image of his body
the fiction of his gamey body
the notion of his sick bod

Indication of Steve Buscemi's body

as I found it in the Pyrenees
Reader A do you vote?
Reader B do you register?
Reader C do you want a
chapbook?
Mr. Buscemi's body
is slick and spry
he's pneumatic in bed
on HBO is on motion is
legal action

*We all found prohibition
pretty sexy*

we found sleep we

Like a human in a cardigan I too prey on sleep.
Like a milk carton behind the fence I too aim to please.
Like a pile of sand surmounting brick I too am a public spectacle.
Like Steve Buscemi's body thrusting into sleep I too rescind from view.
Like the cloud of unknowing I too aim to politicize sleep along the *via negativa*.
Like as math like as theoria like as pretence like as declension like as the work of conjuga

Reader D do you erupt in acts of infidelity at points of weal?
I mean to put you on the spot—I mean—I'm making myself

more comfortable because I don't usually do this kind of thing—
that is to say—speech acts--- Reader E do you look at pictures

of interlocutors online?

Convention provides a convenient shorthand for distinguishing
separate portions of 'use time.' Night is the period of rest and
in some schemas, mourning. Hekabe, for example, sniffs around
the perimeter between midnight and three. I order tickets and call names
and bid Buscemi appear in phantastic medleys.

Outside it looks like dark but, Reader F,
I'm not tired and I'm hungry for sweets and out of language
sleep and already-tired factory direct discounts from every willing tongue

The Poet, as figured specifically in the context of the vignette, neither deserves nor expects sympathy. Like a hand, cut around the mushy parts, chop the rest up and discard it in or around boiling water. One or several attempts to reserve broth with mushrooms but, obscured by smoke, the whole mess rushes out down the sink, the broth and the mushrooms, even the tiny little cutie pie ones with hats or

If a dog dies that deserves some comment but as if by miracle or approximation the broth becomes a strange burnished gold color and the peppers, rotten, taste like persimmons and are sweet to consider until the subject vomits them back up all over. Once, a poem about the death of a small black and white dog with epilepsy that made attractive people weep in their front vestibules, but now, general apathy, and in any case, a dog didn't die, it was Steve Buscemi purring in my ear at night again, unstapling documents, licking the bindings of rare books, up to his old tricks.

Same reduced to stock characteristics and dressed up in pale grey pants, suspenders, cardboard shoes, floppy hat with holes. At this point baffled and attacked by man and beast. Stares and stares at passing cars. object with long grey ears choking some civilian (what a tableau!) and visibly erect (who?). In Act II a strange figure [Grothendieck] shouts *keep moving* and, ah pure product, keeps moving!

Later on, savagely beaten and buried beside Dan Sourdough, Yukon, chewed thoughtfully by Robert Service and spat out. *She told me not to jump out the window but... hehh....* reports one attacker. As master of this specific site of utterance, I'll interject with this—I retain deep reservations about the term *Grammar* of Motive. In the hot seat, speech-actors stuttering, moving around, participles applied to the forehead, soaked in water, clearing a certain path towards an ethical praxis. One of two old men in the balcony says *if gender is performative, I want my money back!* and both laugh. I've been burnt too many times by syntax to jump into any kind of commitment. I've woken up next to Steve Buscemi with dozens of knives arrayed around my weird young body.

Reader G—my framed picture of Jaromil Jires—I want you to have it.
I may be dying.

I want you to sit by my bedside and hold my hand
while my complexion becomes remarkable
and I expound startling insights on Lies algebra.

I want your loved ones abducted by UFOs,
all of them, saying *what is this unusual music*,

no reason. mostly spite.

When I awake Steve Buscemi at the bedside and I'm not
he arrive in spats
cold-blooded
well-lit re: skin

and anyway this

and anyway this is just historical factory
that is, interlocuting and I'm not

he says: *ever since I changed my race on OK Cupid to 'High Martian'*
I've been a real sex magnet for men and women alike I think
it renders me vulnerable or mystic, I'm suddenly expected to speak
I'm bidden to speak in tongues and interpret
at once, but anyway, this is all just historical captivity

and I'm like—

'In Dreams I walk With You' may be period appropriate—
and in top-coat frenzied--

in the diegesis of this vision the president is Harding, who died leaning, as ever

Rea

Reader A do you want a chapbook?

A: one hand on your breast and I'm not into it

Reader B do you want a chapbook?

B: hand on one another's breast and I'm not into it

Reader C do you want a chapbook?

C: penis at birth and I'm not into it

Reader D do you want a chapbook?

Reader E do you want a chapbook?

D: one penis on one another at birth and I'm not into it

Reader F do you want a chapbook?

E: Sukkoth every night and I'm not into it

Reader G does desolation ride again?

F: Sukkoth stole my nerves and I'm not into it

Reader H do you want a chapbook?

Reader I do you want a chapbook?

G: reading paralyzed under law and I'm not into it

Reader J do you want a chapbook?

H: breast layered one over a law and I'm not into it

Reader K do you want a chapbook?

Reader L, becoming immense?

I: 'm not it

Reader M, ravenous by signs?

Reader N, more language? Sugar?

Reader O, gap-toothed and blind?

B:

Reader P, O ghoul speaker of obscenities?

A

Reader Q, encountered at night-time?

Reader R, recalled unto life? Still apostolic, huh?

Reader S, are you a print-maker by trade?

Reader T, your saddle-stitch and side arm?

Reader U, beloved of Victory?

Reader V, a real rootin' tootin' buckaroo?

Reader W, the phantom of nostalgia?

Reader X, rookie of the year born under Saturn. Reader Y weeping under Rashoman gate at Disney Land. Reader Z pornographic in his scope.

Fact is the shirt I assume for fun. Nucky Thompson vacant

and vamoose—in this episode the danger is that Al Capone will die early and invalidate the contract of canon—

--“mourn not the death of some guy, some gangster” uh huh “but the death of the factitive universe” um “and the creation of a divergent truth set” uhh--

a sniper lays down by the river and a dog makes off with his face—

although the Commodore dies early--??

Nucky Thompson writes: *I too am Jack Spicer*
having sex with a ghost (see: the handjob scene in Ghostbusters 2—Bill Murray, constant apostle to messianic Buscemi—don’t google that in public)

I too am a mutant of biography holed up in the Pyrenees with political math
and cartons of gorgeous dried goods— I don’t understand
and as Author begin to feel redundant in a poem that’s beyond me—

I’m a free ghost in horn-gate and dream, highly lazy,
because I’m Steve Buscemi—l’ecume of my own jour—

O! Nucky Thompson, *mon Amo, Amas, Amat* killer set and Pyrenee,
confirmed by Cantor and Wheelock as canon, *the subject that grasps*
its own limits, its ghostly grasp and grovel--

my favorite deleted scene, *I am my own favorite Martian--*

NUCKY COME HOME FOR AMERICA NEEDS YOU

Steve Buscemi roams

the night he's spats he's black- face he's totally in charge
collecting human body parts never coming back again sorry

Enoch "Nucky" Thompson reading for the part of The Poet in a Discrete Event
take one (autocorrect: take care)::

Ahem. *Afterwards The Poet is ambushed by bikes, knocked against walls, he or she tips over and explodes into gross chunks and scholastic minutia. When does this story lose its claim to truth value? The Poet's body decreases into quietude and the brain keeps creeping: 'I'm very glad I got to see Drive starring Ryan Gosling before I died.'*

I am on one million dates w/ Ryan Gosling IRL

But waterfalls are real, they really exist, so how is this a waste of water?

Nucky Thompson, America needs you,
moustache steam and narrow ass—
C.F.S. Hahnemann,
C. Darwin,
W. Whitman need you,
your patronage and snide condescension—
B. Riemann and Ramakrishna
are crossing and recrossing their hearts for you,
in your antechambers, waiting
for a loan—
R.M. Bucke is longing for you,
examining his penis
in crazed anticipation—
P.A. Kropotkin is acting
important for you, dressing important,
tying his wonderful shoes and wiping
that shit-eating grin off his face
for you—
Nucky Thompson come home,
America pines for a millionaire
with malfunctioning hair-styles,
beach-front, lake-front, genitals
made out of artillery spells—
Nucky, your money, I cast
obscene and astounding spells—
O! Nucky Thompson, O! aged Buscemi,
first draft among many among many! --1920

Behemoth and His Henchmen

Youth of the Beast

these are all very interesting titles but—

Twilight of the Super-Mutants

The Beast Is Dead—

or or or or or

Steve Buscemi roams the streets in the aspect of a ghost—

that is, he walks into Clio and declares

that history remains unsatisfying and untenable he says

I want a drink like they drink on Mad Men

the origin of the fact is

already spectral I'm ambiguous

about permanent

revival...

he says—

Steve Buscemi (poor, sad!) seduced and abandoned: by:

- | | |
|---|---|
| -girl with permanent kneecaps | -girl with medical incisions along the clavicle |
| -girl with red hair down to her knees, crease along the belly, two breasts | |
| -boy arrogant in knee-socks | -boy kneading loaves and whistling |
| -wild man whose crooked front teeth make him look like Bert Lahr in <i>The Wizard of Oz</i> | |
| which is somehow not endearing at all but deeply horrifying and then he opens his | |
| beard-body wide and consumes | |
| in violent convulsions--!! | -girl named 'Polly Dorus Jr.' |
| -E. Carpenter | -S. Freud |
| -girl enjoying multiple neoplasms | -R. Steiner |
| | -M.K. Gandhi |

Do I contain myself? I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, I contain myself.

The dream of Nucky Thompson “scoped and dropped”
in the dream the reader controls the actions of a gun
that belongs to a sniper that, per Benjamin, locates high-ground
at the far end of history angled backwards against the sun—*but*
we're still going to drown you—

aporia agreed upon as any lapse or pseudo-mystery
unaccounted for in any given TV show, premeditated
on blogs—a plot hole, a gulf in
tactical realism—interview on sites by weeping fans

the part of the garment that drapes over into silence but we're
still going to drown you— the question at the wake
that nobody dares ask is *is this canon? we don't call people witches*
but we're still going to drown you anymore--

Nucky Thompson pushing P. Teilhard de Chardin against his bench Nucky
Thompson's skin parted from the bone along A.S. Neill's high
cheekbone Nucky Thompson bossed around by T. Cobb Nucky Thompson
crushed to death in W. Whitman's terrible arms *is this canon*

but how can this be if

if any lacuna on the text enters invited it stays

if any mode accounts for its own entrée into high society

if I pull the Packard up will you park it round back?

if seriously, seriously, seriously canon?

I'm not sure. I contradict multitudes.

A Conjectural Fiction on Terrible Messes:

In 430 BCE, Athens is paralyzed by plague—one fourth of the population laid low by what may have been read as Apollo's Arrows in keeping with Homeric canon. Even Pericles—the Nucky Thompson of his age—became a victim of common disease. The *demos*, appealing to the God, consulted His oracle. Steve Buscemi descends from his high place to convey Apollo's demands.

Delos—a small island in the Aegean Sea—held a peculiar place in the canon of the time. It lay at the very center of a winding chain of islands called the Cyclades, which seemed to spiral forth from this arid center as the arms of a hurricane. Delos was a holy place dotted with temples, structural offerings from every city state which feared the gods and their harsh plot twists. It was these temples, attempts to appease the Author, which were lacking. Buscemi, through whom Apollo spoke, scolded the Athenians for their feeble, puny architecture, and demanded that they double their Delian temple, which they set forth to do, doubling the length of its hallways, the width of its arches, the height of its columns.

However—o unhappy, foolish ancients!—Steve Buscemi was not appeased. Apollo breathed destruction. Many Greek people died frustrated and betrayed, which is really bad. Various pretty-interesting mathematical problems emerge at this point, unspeakable to Readers A and F. Shall the author refuse to engage? Diverge from historical record, and communicate the voiding of one or several pacts? A terrible mess.

Consider if you will a backhoe clearing rubble among the ruins of Delos, voiced by Steve Buscemi. Consider the children (well-heeled, modern), to whom this spectacle is offered, pleased and propitiated by the sight and sound of complex machines moving slowly over hills and trenches, machines lifting and rearranging heavy assortments of debris. At any point a child may cry out, hurl one thing to another point, express boredom such that a parent may enter and shut off the tape. Before canon formation, one temple is as good as any other. Any volume of materials may appear similar when collapsed into a pile surmounted by Buscemi-as-Machine. *All things considered all formations of fact build from the same small assortment of assumptions*, claims the Backhoe Loader. On the back of the tape (*I'm Dirty!* (2008)): *Cleaning up a mess? Easy as pie. Make that a mud pie! Find out just how dirty a backhoe can get while doing its job. Who wants to be clean when it's so fun being dirty?*

Evariste Galois was unable to clean up the Delian mess but succeeded in digging a deep enough ditch to hide the wreckage. He died with greasy hands. In a letter: *I hope that some men will find it profitable to sort out this mess.*

Some men born to voice a backhoe, tremble with careful motions down a hill of profane space. Who wants to be clean built around the breath of Apollo.

These and other cliffhangers are resolved easily—

the sudden appearance of a rare bird, a loved one,
the sniper in the tower buckles in good faith—

every good structure is wood or wood-paneled
so that, in this instance, we may send Nucky Thompson
gliding along his way in total elegance.

That's an anachronism. I can see the boom mic.

Steve Buscemi brutalized by T. Cobb and re-asserted
with the narrative primogeniture of “ghost” and all the perks
therein—he explains: *within the poem each poem
functions not as discrete gestures—*

*consider the shadow animal, the billy-goat,
the bunny—and the poem the intermediate shape,
four fingers and a thumb in profile in process
or, heh, ‘becoming’*

I read on a blog that Nucky Thompson would never generalize like that,
hesitate, or speak in such a mood when handling one or any trigger—

Q: What is a canon?

A: The database. A subset of broad cultural lemmata. Certain facts about Star Wars. The idea of a canon contributes to the programme that narrative offers a discrete face of physics and history, non *hos me*, simply eclipsed or smoothed over by really-existing modes of operation. I guess. *Who hath wrought this?* Men in flannel shirts. What becomes of Bulkington? Exorcised to the bottom of the ocean, walking around, speaking in small bubbles, find out his thrilling story in upcoming DLC.

A: A canon is a constellation of codependent points with no other valence. A home for information of tenuous and delicate influence. Only in the happiest of all possible universes does the reader care about Dune or Doonesbury or what happened to the guy with the beard on Mad Men. Where is he now? What is he doing? Happy/sad? A canon is a formation without truth value. It's an edifice overlooking itself. It's Steve Buscemi blowing away Michael Pitt (spoiler warning!) and a man on the internet criticizing his anachronistic gun, cuff-link, and facial structure. The Reader is invited to contribute to the wiki, but only as an impartial technical advisor with no interest in ethics.

A: A canon is a universe begotten by “man” “begotten” “by” God. When facts in life become abrasive, grind unpleasantly against existing knowledge, we become upset at God. Lying in bed besides Steve Buscemi, daggered and wracked, I curse God for retconning my promising career in marketing, my potential love affairs with beautiful men and women without pencil moustaches and cold, bloody feet. The retcon read as the universe over-writing a prior truth with a newer, harsher truth unsatisfying to the Reader but pleasing in its broad strokes to an aggregate of several focus groups. When what we depended on to be fact is superseded—for example, Christ, mourned well, eulogized and *then* returned from the grave??— we may feel, as fans of the universe, betrayed. Thompson was slow to believe, for his fictions were rendered invalid by canon.

A: When Hippasus retconned the wifely blandness of the number he was put to death. The fact can be forced, through authorial intervention, into contortions, or, more charitably, new bodily incarnation. As I explain poorly in a coffee shop, catachresis can be the *unsatisfying* transition from one object to another. Hippasus found something ugly in a smooth beauty and he was put to death. *Real numbers can be written as very out-of-character* but Exodus (a typo in the primary text) died very rich.

A: A canon is a universe with certain hard boundaries defined by fictions. Within a certain stratum of facts which we, in good faith, agree to take as truth for several hours, a theoretically infinite substratum of elaborations and flourishes. We may initially take this robot for granted, but who made the thing go? What does it desire? A canon is a *summa* of false reports organized on Wikipedia for the delectation of wonderful people. The canon is a bastion for wonderful people with Excel spreadsheets.

A: A canon is a geneology of Steve Buscemis, is the refusal to believe that such a face, such a body, occurs once in the cosmology of fictions and should be taken as *hapax legomemna*. A canon is the insistence on a key of Buscemis, a sacred or pseudo-sacred bloodline of Buscemis passing from generation to generation and flourishing in secret:

Nucky Thompson who walks up and down his expensive New Jersey home. I'm the vulgarian mentioned in the text.

Randall the Chameleon—a different species, rendered by machines—knocked elsewhere.

He bought books in Portland on a show. I dreamt of each book, purchased books.

Lenny Wosniak, recurring character on *30 Rock*—appeared four times, an earnest, well-meaning contemporary.

Templeton the Rat in a latter-day remake, evocative of pathos and “fun.” Gluttonous.

Tony Blundetto on *The Sopranos*. Donny Kerabatsos. Dead, dead. Mr. Pink, dead.

Broadway Bob D'Annunzio. *Not* John Waters. Not asleep. More Zwigoff.

The doctor in The Laramie Project and someone in a Final Fantasy movie.

A figure in *Ghost World* as distinct from “ghost world.” Highly beloved by oracles/teens.

Host of Saturday Night Live. Buscemi-as-Buscemi really-existing. Voice of Backhoe Loader. *Clank! Rattle! Bang! Who's making all that noise? A backhoe loader, reporting for duty!*

Rockhound in *Armageddon*. Space dementia. Begotten of Phil Hickle from *The Adventures of Pete & Pete* (see: ‘Space, Geeks, and Johnny Unitas,’ #2x14)

Uncredited in various Adam Sandler vehicles (is this canon?). A wedding singer.

Buddy Holly but not Buddy Holly. The living replica of Buddy Holly. Whining Willie.

Beatnik Barman in *The Hudsucker Proxy*. Chet the bellhop. Mink in *Miller's Crossing*.

Charlie the Barber, a tragic figure, freaking out. See: Rockhound and Phil Hickle (the segment ‘Lost in Space’) grievously hassled by Joe Strummer and accessory to murder.

Luke on *Lonesome Dove*. Captain of the Guard. The Agent. Electronics Store Clerk. Dead Pimp. Worker. Neil/Theo. Willy/Raphael. Points on a chart, unordered data.

Man suggests the voice in the “haunted prison” or the place for people with illnesses to go. The detached tape. The podcast. The voice loop. The noise band.

A canon becomes the blog you want to see in the world. It organizes along an axis.

“You Have Never Been Monstrously Ugly”

you look like James Woods you run
over by a firetruck

if there's a God would he make a mug like this

I wrote it down behind groceries Buscemi vanishes
into the Pyrenees—to emerge from wood (wood, wool, a chipping machine)

I want a project but one I can abandon. I want Pyrenees

I want your math but I'm included in

I folded it into squares but they were even I pre-ordered a set

he took a march exit backwards with
sniper