

Tim Syth
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Stuttering for New Language

“...it is essential that one create new images, to bring out the unexpected from among the given possibilities in dialogue with others.

Vilem Flusser.

Voice.

That threshold of identity of that which is called you. Borderland spaces between I and me, between me and you, between you and they. Conjured differences, retroactively edited by human capabilities, thrust multiple understandings of the individual into our two eyes. Some days I am this before you, some days I am not. These words, slithering over lithe twisting tongues, singing praises while uniquely damning each self with a lifetime of digging for the treasures of truth, meaning, understanding, love, contentment, comfort. Soul fed, but queasy, this planet, our planet, my planet, your planet has issued each a breath. Whether into nature, into the void, or into her ear, this voice is a peculiarity that needs both exercise and play.

Voice. Dialog.

Here voices exercise. Even monologues are heard, meaning the dia-, the two, the with, is essential. Controlled statements, flagrant abuses, ecstatic screams, expiring whispers—this is the theatricality of our story telling. The necessary il-logic of our existence boldly inserts itself between the dia-, the two, and the with, but this bipolar conversation, this two-people-talking, is where the words are written, and with the right tweaking and effort, where words can be rewritten. Under the threat of another day, a day where we awake and find ourselves perched on a hazy precipice, stretching our wings and wondering if we can really fly, the dialog continues. This discourse, this intercourse, this sex, is the physical opportunity that time, in real-time, bestows upon us without question. The only demand of this real-time experience is one of participation: whether as actors or wallflowers, whether through creative word-employment or pacifist acceptance of definitions doesn't matter—dialog will take care of the details.

Voice. Dialog. Apparatus.

A fantastic word if there ever was one. Apparatus—like a leaking bicycle tire. The apparatus of the mouth. Breadth, voice, words, dialog: all cogs in this wonderful machine—this machina, machinery, appliance, instrument, tool, device, contraption, gadget, mechanism, engine, motor, manipulation, modus operandi—this apparatus—obviously there exist spaces in our languages and along our tongues, but do we speak them? It is easier to color within the

lines, but what happens when we only have lines, when the other end of the linear is tied to an anchor over the void? What happens is we scribble and we scream and we story tell. New images—what about an inverted camera? What would you do with a million photos of your eye? This is not a neglect of process, but a curiosity for news spaces; for a new apparatus.

Voice. Dialog. Apparatus. Interface.

In your face. Sur-face. Face-off. Multiphase experiences, yet we seem to want them bound as one. Why? If the ATM doesn't work, just go to the bank. There are many ways of doing things. Inter- as between, as among—interaction, intersection. Inter-only functions when there is difference, when there is disparity. Understandings that are too well aligned have nowhere to go. The apparatus falters, the dialog stops, voices fade to black and the once-glowing interface only reflects the user. The conjunction of understandings can be a fruitful pursuit, but it is not the only one available to us. Filtering produces any and all results. Unique vocabularies in the void are sailboats in the doldrums: no threat to safety, but no movement either. The blowing winds of the between and among are necessary; they provide for and allow movement. Inalienable incongruities ask us to perpetually negotiate. This is the opportunity of the interface.

Voice. Dialog. Apparatus. Interface. Technology.

The binary bird currently only cackles with zeros and ones, but this is an impermanent perch. Thus far, the only lasting technological perspective afforded to us is of the corporal sort, we are bodily based. Contrary to popular worries, this exploration of technology has found much of humanity sunning itself. The dance of techno-talking, a confused mind-fuck, skitters across physical, mental, and emotional screens. Though the dialog harbors some technophobia, it also summons the elation of adventure. The possibilities of danger, demise, and Bunko hint at unknown spaces in our languages; we all feel this in our anxieties and confusions. We have discovered a need for what some would term arrogant profanity: Ahhh shit, fuck the arts and the academy. I am going to look under this rock. Finding only worms is not a failure, for worms have feelings and their theory is undeveloped. Besides, worm technology allows for weaving ways underground in a state of blind—our

technology has yet to achieve this, or has it?

**Voice. Dialog. Apparatus. Interface.
Technology. New.**

Determinations of time are among our most intense assignments. The witnessing of our present, fading into various pasts while holding an impossible gaze into an unknowable future, is a task that simultaneously enlivens us and weighs upon us. Invariably, the media, the knowledges, and the experiences that we are unfamiliar with draw our curiosity. We are attracted to the unknown. Herein lies a human paradox: while we fear the shadows, we cannot help but to traverse them. Yet these fresh temptations, these innovative children, are maligned by their own paternal predecessors. Our measures can only come from what is known, what is defined, what is old. Given no choice, the new must revolt in a nurturing fashion as an invigorating technique. The newly weird, odd, and immature is not to be feared as a phenomenon of replacing, but embraced as inventive inspiration.

**Voice. Dialog. Apparatus. Interface.
Technology. New. Language.**

Whether spoken, written, coded, drawn, or played, this experience which envelops us is inevitably mediated. This multitude of tongues is the fertile crescent allowing our encounters to be enriched. No language is dominant. No language is unquestionable. No language is eternal. No language is perfect. Because of these beautiful failings, we are provided an opportunity to generate, program, and play at will. From within, from without, between, and among, our sublimely ephemeral system of languages invites us to participate. To participate is language.

**Voice. Dialog. Apparatus. Interface.
Technology. New. Language.**

These are the spaces, our spaces of stumbling exploration; areas where our queries ricochet as echoes among mountaintops, answering only each other with a further rising of intonation. "I don't know, do you?" Our retroactive continuity editing, better known as storytelling, reveals a precarious assemblage of histories threading parallel to, perpendicular to, and through what we call time. We struggle against the binding knots with appeals for a sovereignty we may have never known, yet when our nostrils first

detect shifting winds, we tie the knots all the tighter. Our created spaces, volumes, languages, provide sustenance, but all life-processes require death. Forest fires are good things for the forest.

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