

The exoteric indigeneity of the archive.

Been watching the pot, paying close attention to texture, but with resistances that turn to ambivalence if you tend to them. The cook's resistance to her food is intensified by her presence in the pot. She's in the soup but not of it, being off in it. The trouble with selflessness is that it appears to be a function of absolute self-absorption. You give yourself over to what you endure, rubbing slowly through the pillar of that band running down your leg; otherwise, more people would try to take it up. You gotta have a theory of it, see it from somewhere, evidently. So, it's better to chip away at your point of view with the extreme care of the merely culinary, submitting to your own bitter flavor, than it is to go ostentatiously hungry.

impromptu, t(o)ba

with

Lauren Berlant, Kathleen Stewart, Andrew Causey, Susan Lepselter, Stephen Muecke, Ben Anderson, Renee Gladman, Barbara Browning, Imre Lodbrog, Ben Anderson, Anjali Arondekar, Kris Coben, Chicu Reddy, Hal Sedgwick, Ken Wissoker, Edgar Garcia and Denise'nem

To be announced is tough (on) black asses, as in what's in the soup and what the soup is. Now, it's on. The serpentine chitlin' circuit is like a trip in an audience with no friends. It's not that there are no friends; it's that it's not enough for us to be friends. No time, where did it go, everywhere, not even after hours. I guess I have to capitalize "is" as there's exception in the ordinary. The ordinary exception is all lover. The place, Lyotard and the difference, where the truth resides, between language and metalanguage, is Tarski made frank, *Francuski*, really. *Schnee ist weiss ist wahr si la neige est blanc*, a soup of snow, or fog, the general turbulence, or turmeric, or your turn.

To be announced, I guess, is what I am. I guess I want to be announced. I can't just walk into the room any kinda way. But fuck the assignment. I ain't doing it. I don't like exercise(s). My back hurts. My back is broad and we don't do no worlding. Ain't me, ain't mine, now what? And I won't not do it by myself, either—not even here. I don't want to be a person among other persons. I don't like that kind of hovering. I can't accede to the fact that this is my life. But this did happen to me and I want to say that somewhere, in the general cinema, but your gorgeous welcome can't quite let me have it. I wouldn't be doing this if it weren't for you. I'm a means of means by no means. I like stuff *from* it from time to time but not having it makes me work, not mad. I ain't got it but I can pay something *on* it. Left to lose, that's just another word for nothing. I'm Frederick the Entertainer, with my tough black ass. I put the owners in parenthesis on my endless tour.

My associations come in long black sentences. That's one of them long, pearline balloons over brush. I'm not gon' be by myself like this with all these people, though, usually, I'm pliant. I won't comply, though I do bend to the hangout. If you force me to think about myself, I'm gon' refuse in my blue balloon. Boy, gimme my

all that beauty

FRED MOTEN

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