What we think in America is not always clear

US ENGLISH

DESIGNED TO PROTECT EVERYTHING INSIDE FROM

EVERYTHING ON SI

LOTS OF DANGER IN

ON SI

(COUNTRY THEY USED TO CALL IT). NOW THERE

I dedicate this work to the *U.S.A.* (country, they used to call it). Pls print. What we think in America is not always clear. It is still some form of wilderness, just another part of the world. We seek accurate representation of ourselves. An appropriate contra-diction. The question is, can we find fabrications that fit the circumstances of our lives, no more, no less? #godblesstheworld One must live with the times.

From: H < hrod I 7@clintonemail.com >

Sent: Monday, November 12, 2012 8:30 AM

To: 'hanleymr@state.gov'

Subject Fw: Lessons from Appomattox...

Pls print.

Can we find harmony among discord? Do we even want to?

V. "OBJECTIVITY" MUST ALWAYS BE SACRIFICED TO PARTISANSHIP, IF THE CAUSE FOUGHT FOR MERITS THIS.

TOP SECESSION NEWS WORLDWIDE

As we enter the Twenty-First century, the desire for individual liberty is at an all time high.

The time has come to recognize that the great nation state "experiment" of the last five hundred years has failed. The time has come for humans to launch new experiments, ones based on past experience as well as new ideas and technology.

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This is, after all, "where our nation reunited,' said Elder, her voice tinged with slight sarcasm as she quotes the slogan adorning every sign into the town where, on Palm Sunday 1865, Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant, marking the beginning of the end of the Civil War. UNCLASSIFIED U.S. Department of State Case No. F-2014-20439 Doc No. C05796684 Date: 11/30/2015 It's a nice idea, that a place could symbolize

peace and harmony and, even, healing after what was inarguably the most divisive time in our nation's history.

At the end of the day - republican or democrats - BE HERE NOW @oprah and live with integrity... #UnitedNations

The statement President Obama made in Hannager tiens of wonted in Hannager tiens of wo

The language of artists. The terms of the present. The permeable borders of language and its infinite sites of speech require the artist-critic to approach the present as a soliloquy among multiple voices.

We speak at present as US English, walling off a voice within a collective identity of nationhood. Yet, the language has changed around us and now we are captured by it. Partitioned in by partisanisms and suggestive secessions, our

text is in tatters. This fragment forms the cords of our current voice.

Unable to correct this language, we must speak it as-is. Our Americanisms are increasingly trigger happy; we register our sentiments in semi-automatic, pseudonymous writing. This process of transcription binds us as a multiplicity of identities within one self- and culturally-selected voice. The voice is algorithmic, auto corrected. It is a name from a drop-down menu, a voice of some people, a singular we.

It's a nice idea, that a place could symbolize.

A slight sarcasm as she quotes the slogans adorning every sign.

We speak this readymade language, yet misread it willfully. We take multiple sides at once, never silent. We are a streaming fiction, an advertisement lacking agency, our America (country, they used to call it). What we think is not clear. A weathering lectern in the wilderness, a scroll found there. Before, asked Beuys, we consider "What we must do," we must first ask, "Who are we?"

Courts have allowed prosecutors to expand the law "away from targeting clearly dangerous and operative conspiracies and toward enabling the prosecution of "unpopular ideas, and the speech that expresses them."



We are a myth splintering into unavoidable exits, a series of unsuccessful secessions. Yet we can't reject our multiple tongues. We enact our other too easily. We are two clicks from adopting pseudonyms in unacknowledged forums; we are one chaotic atom away from our most hated form. We are an unpopular idea and the speech that expresses it.

The language of national identity doesn't allow for a non-identity, a refusal. Rather, it requires a reconciliation of irreconcilable voices - not a new text, but a new reading, a reenactment of the present, changed.

Tyranny, we are told, begins in the *language* of tyranny but makes it soon enough back to our bodies. Does transformation, too, begin in the *language* of transformation? Does it make it soon enough back to our bodies?

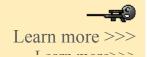


We read a fragmented text by design. This was always the case, but the present's skill for sleight of hand is a product of the proliferation of platforms that read us more easily than we read them. The forms of speech have multiplied: SMS, CSS, Unicode, spambots, Snapchat, blissymbols, memes, ads, graphics, glyphs - the sites and modes of language we actively enact are infinitely expanded. However, it is not the expansion of language that is new, so much as it is the radical expansion of the reader that is new. The tablets have turned on, talk back, autocorrect, search, record. The binding holding our language together is learning.

Our systems of thought, belief, and identity are constantly refreshed and bid on by competing and conflicting media, a barrage of non-beings with insistent ideologies. Clipped and copied ideas

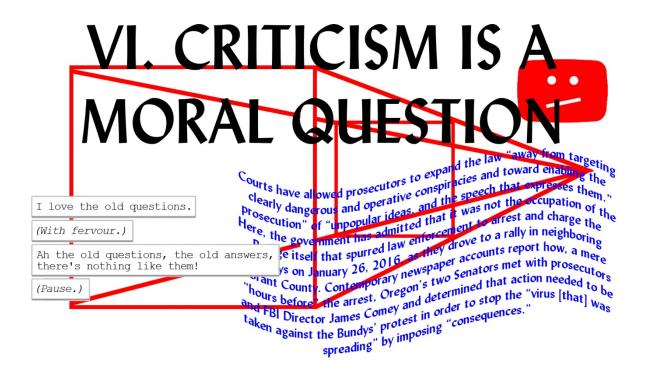
unspool as processional texts: ads-as-algorithms, followers-as-bots, news-as-feeds, each aspire to content, to the casual (mis) information suggested by an acquaintance. They are always viewed in part, an impression of a thought, parasitical within the deluge of voices everywhere online. These evolved readers already know what we believe in, or aspire to, selling themselves through a deepening of our own furrows rather than gathering a narrative of the radical discontinuity that is the American voice. This is the form our voice takes next as language is just the din of a tribe doing its business.

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends, Rough, hew them as we will."
-csi-tech, Senior Member, prepperforums.net



During the algorithm's learning process, the machine basically switches between two states: exploration vs exploitation. The model is formed around us - clicks and non-clicks are observed, as well as the pauses between. This practiced prediction reads even our misreadings, sells our misgivings to automated bidders, channeling us into platforms formed for or by our own decisions. Before we speak, our available languages are dictated to us, pre-dicted. They branch out algorithmically, all available options generating sentences in a continuous space. These sentences form the politics of our

clicks and non-clicks; the politics of prediction and predilection, read back to us.



What happens to our propositions, to our attempts at truth, when they are filtered and mediated through the fractured and premeditated lenses of partisanship as viewed from our microcosmic platforms? Our feeds blur blue, or red, based on the text we've already entered. What we read is reshaped by what we have already read. The State, as statement, begins in fabrication and ends in fact, and beginning in fact ends in the shimmering lenses of fiction.

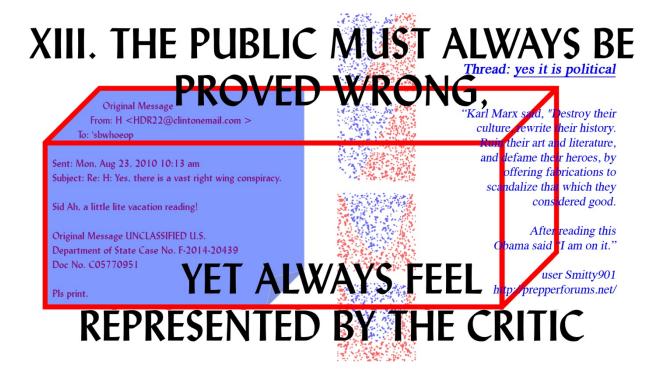
Viewing the roots of these intertwined phrases, the State-as-statement becomes simply "What is stated." Arising out of language, the State in this view is the accumulated text we speak. The truth of the text, the truth of ourselves in some essential sense, becomes negotiated among

the modes of enunciation, the means it is presented to us and our capacity as critics to properly read it.

We are patterned to look for truth in the platform - the mode through which we receive information - but we have become the primary platform that data passes through. We are the final test case, the dispensation. The platforms have formed around us within the din of business. There is comfort in a familiar tongue, even as it ties us together unevenly, unequally, unfreely.

Whether we hear from the media property or the pulpit, it is not the platform that must be virtuous, because it is unable to be, but the recipient, the reader. Only in a moral reader, or, further, a moral critic, does disinformation and data mediate all our fictions to do the work that fiction has always claimed for itself: instruction through fabrication.

It is in this terrain that we see the mundane, quotidian grain elevated into transcendence or the transcendent text reduced to a blunt tool. Our (mis) readings become the most important thing about us, electing Presidents and marking whose life matters, accumulating weapons or prompting sit-ins in the House of Representatives, occupying Wall Street or a Wildlife Reserve, making some traitors or Moses leading an exodus into the wilderness.



These juxtapositions force us to experience our contradictions collectively, observing our own hysterias made manifest in object lessons. We are simultaneously Marxists, anarchists, arch-conservatives, counter-revolutionaries, consumptive capitalists, libertarian patriots. We find truth and terror everywhere; we are foreigners in our own homes. We are collaged ideologues and there is no simple other pulling the purses, prompting the scripts. It is us, in our infinite confusion, performing the roles of savior and survivalist, empiricist and citizen, consumer and critic.

It is a role of the critic to assemble a public out of these scraps, proving herself wrong along the way. She acts as a con, a prefix working "together" or "with" the variegated voices. An unelected representative, the critic is both an

interpreter of fabrications and a representation of them.

In a nondescript, but properly described concrete building in St. Petersburg, the Internet Research Agency spins out speculative disasters in our news feeds. From his interviews with former trolls employed by Russia, Chen gathered that the point of their jobs "was to weave propaganda seamlessly into what appeared to be the nonpolitical musings of an everyday person."

Comrade (n): "One who shares the same room"

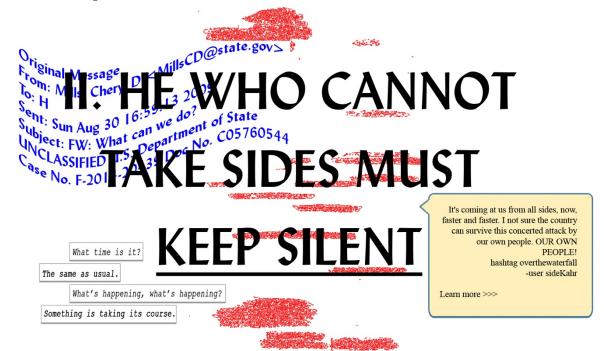
We understand that the text is a fabrication. That we are a fabrication. That the voices, collectively, cannot be trusted. The critic that speaks takes sides. The taking of sides, while speaking the text as-is, which is to say accepting the text as-is, is the vocation of the critic. The text folds up like fabric - politics, and our accumulated languages shelter this tenuous fabrication: "a structure, a construction, a making."



Our various fictions stream out, endlessly unspooling at arms reach as we read them as internal translations of a sacred text, incompletely. These texts are an addendum to ourselves, script and postscript, the (non)political musings of an everyday person.

One author reveals how and why Americans have segregated themselves geographically, economically, religiously, socially and, yes, politically into like-minded communities. In one example, he writes about a Texas Republican who was ostracized from an Internet listserv in a liberal Austin neighborhood after he recommended a candidate for the board of the local community college. UNCLASSIFIED U.S. Department of State Case No. F-2014-20439 Doc No. C05796684 Date: 11/30/2015 "Within the day, the newsgroup

reacted in a way that wasn't as much ideological as biological," wrote the author.



A hypothesis, a condition: Outrage in an age of presumed omniscience always arrives too late or too soon. This perpetually inconvenient, out-of-time visitor splinters us further into our nascent tribes in which we are speaking to no one in particular beyond our incessant newsfeeds. We become more of who we think we are, inscribed within our infinite differences. We are the issue, in other words, requiring not simply a systemic upheaval, but a million micro movements towards one another. A rereading of America, as-is.

What we think in America is not clear. It is a text to be interpreted, a fabrication to be folded and unfolded. There is no inside, nor outside, merely the moldable material we cut up, stitch together, clothe and shelter ourselves

with, tear up into rags and finally, discard. Our structures no longer fit the circumstances of our lives (country, they used to call it). This is of course a moment of danger; that is perhaps the one thing we all agree on. The question is who takes control of the memory we call America, this misreading we call the present.