

Excerpt from the forthcoming
"29 Inches: A Long Narrative Poem" (Chiasmus Press)

by Mark Amerika

Look, said Ali, raising his voice a few notches higher. That hitchhiker. He looks familiar.

BC slowed the greasy soyburger to a barely audible sizzle, and grilled the young Turk before letting him in.

Who's there?

Who's there, the yeoman bounced back.

Who's there, Bramble was more forceful the second time around.

Mocky, said the Turk, VJ Mocky.

What kinda name is that, asked Sheesh Ali.

VJ - as in visual, as in Visual Jockey.

Mocky as in mark my words, things are not as they appear.

Bramble just had to laugh. A visual jockey named Mocky.

Get in!

What's your game, Mocky?

Mocky's the name, VJing's the game.

Sheesh, said Sheesh. Don't tell me. VJ *really* stands for Virtual Jew, right? Cause you're a wanderer, yes, you're a wanderer, a-wanda wanderer...

Well, said Mocky, I may be a Virtual Jew, but VJ, as I said upon intro, is for visual jockey.

Go on, said Bram, as he careened the lean cuisine machine to a cruising longitude.

Yeah, egged on the Sheesh, what's it

really all about?

A VJ, speculated Mocky, is more what it's not than what it is.

Do tell, requested the driving B.

Well, continued the Mockmeister, reading from his RIMMjob:

- A VJ (video/visual jockey) is not an MTV personality.
- A VJ is not a net artist.
- A VJ is not visual DJ.
- A VJ is not susceptible to computer crashes (i.e. believes in the power of positive thinking).

OK, said B.

Go on, said Ali –
but neither were really following.

Well, what to say - [the Virtual Jew
kept talking,
lost in his own abstract expressionistic poetics
hanging on the ellipsis that his nomadic lifestyle
lived and died by] – you sure you wanna hear this?

Sure! they both said, in unison.

OK OK OK OK

A VJ is a nomadic narrative artist who
hyperimprovisationally constructs on-the-fly stories
composed of realtime images processed through various
theoretical and performative filters -

Think of me as a creative writer who manipulates matter
and memory by composing live acts of *image écriture*
repositioning the quicktime movie loop
as the primary semantic unit of energy -

Imagine that I am some kind of Tech*know*madic flow
whose fluid Life Style Practice captures consciousness
in asynchronous realtime and is forever being remixed into

One Ongoing Text Exactly

Very Joycean
wouldn't you say?

Yes, concurred Bram, the Virtual Jew is
Very Joycean.

A Veritable Juggernaut
of virtuoso jamming
reeking vixen jasmine
seeking voluptuous juvenation -
Bram was rambling, but he liked the kid
and wanted to know more.

What exactly is a Life Style Practice?
he asked, his curiosity once again peaking.

You see, said Mocky, LSP as I call it,
it's the new LSD except more embodied
in practice.

It's hyperimprovisationally constructed
and by that I mean I use my binary code -
my wireless nanobotic prosthetic Zarathustra
to generate new iterations of meaning -
but I do it in an on-the-fly *proto-inventio* way
so that while my machinic attachments are trying
to figure out what I am doing with language
I am already miles ahead of them and taking it -
The Language -
places it's never been .

or at least that I have never been with it .

Yeah, but you're talking about looping movie clips
as language, said Bram, and that's a might bit
different than the kind of language I was raised on.

No, no, said Mocky, we've all been raised on
image information, and our bodies are constantly
processing that image information as a language

Take, for example,

the way we interact with our surround-sound image-information,
for instance the way it invites us to co-create situations
for us to generate fluid iterations of our moving visual thinking in -

what you might call the body in motion

seeing.

Consciousness as mobile matter and memory

on a moment to moment basis.

For example... said Ali, trying to keep up...

For example, the VJ picked up on Ali's instrumental ellipsis,
dreams. Hallucinations. And not necessarily
drug induced hallucinations.

Oh, you mean body-brain achievements
where what you see is a self-projected
hallucination of what's always been there
right in front of your eyes but you didn't
have the capacity to actually see it, the
way a drifting dreamwriter comes out of his flesh,
projecting spontaneous visions of excess,
said Bram, he was no fool after all.

Exactly, said Mocky, and he reached into
his carrysack and pulled out a bag of weed
and began rolling a joint.

Not that drug-induced visions are themselves
inappropriate or irrelevant (someone said).

I'll say (said someone else).

My name is Sheesh, said Ali
as he introduced himself to Mocky.

Sheesh? As in hashish?

Si.