



MECHANOGRAPHICAL  
LOVE PROSE



Just standing at the streetlight  
Waiting

~~Wondering where we'll be going~~

~~to~~

The whole world wonders  
who'll be next?

she thought I had  
some answers for her  
~~so she~~ whispered gently  
soft regret.

Her cell phone rings  
It's him again,  
again  
again.

I've grown tired of holding  
~~the inside~~  
Why are you scared of being  
alone?  
~~like a child who won't leave~~  
~~his home~~  
You moved out  
here to be your own!



My sweater soaked with  
your girlfriends tears.

~~with each snuggle comes~~

~~sets~~ I'm not sure  
[ what you said to her  
but something had to give ]

[ We watched the sunlight  
split the wall apart  
while dawn revealed the years.

[ Two weeks turned her temper  
on you and somehow that's  
the cure.

[ Like a head within the heart  
we hate to be alone  
but loneliness is what we're for

[ You seemed so bitter that  
I helped her broken little heart  
but you never asked me to  
go home - leave

[ I said I'd sleep on the floor  
and she said no, I said I didn't  
really want to and she said I  
shouldn't go.

~~I've never loved your  
girlfriend though I've known  
her my whole life.~~

So the Plan is to  
make sections out  
of prose like this.

Playing with text/font/form.

More stories to come

The main theme so far  
is going to be  
other Men's Girlfriends!

Exciting!

It seems that every girl that  
I have ever desired/dated/admired  
has had a Boyfriend.

SOOOO. Time to let off some  
Steam.



McLuhan  
Concepts for the media

- Polaroids
- Journals
- screen shots

Reflexivity

Should I use the same text?

First level of removal

↳ First loss of original  
lossy ←

So technology is to be the  
ordered challenging of the Real  
That has been brought forth from  
concealment and left as a standing  
Reserve

How Does this relate  
to the Subject at hand

There must be an ordered Set  
Ordered - Man must initiate

Challenging - the real/Exploring  
Bringing forth - from concealment

Standing Reserve

↳ The End is the Text

We need a means to the end

↓                      ↗  
This is a means to this

"The Acknowledged experience of mediation"  
↳ so remediation does not destroy Art  
↳ Remediation repackages art into a new  
medium

Media as extension of sensorium

Implication of Gender

Maintaining the female as objection  
an attempt to draw perspective.

Oscillation between desire for immediacy  
and fascination with the medium



There is a book that perpetuates  
both itself and its author

- The book wants to be read
- the author wants the girl
- the publisher wants to sell
- The fans want to feel
- It starts with a note in this book

> Some prose

The book gains life

Ps 1 - the cover

Page 2 - 7 - scans

This is Page Seven, 7

Seven

↳ This is an Ebook  
an eBook...

## ① AN AUTOMECHANOGRAPHICAL EBOOK





*I suppose that it all started on december 31*

*yes.*

*I am certain that it must have;*

*it must have!*

*I suppose it all started on december 31*  
*It all started on december 31.*

i hadn't seen her in ages  
so when i heard she was in town  
my essence rumbled with desire for her  
when she came i was caught off guard ->



It started on december 31, but the real start was certainly two nights berfore that; december 29 was when it all began to unfold.

We Slept.

We Slept Together.

Well not TOGETHER Together

We Slept Together Foot to Foot.

We Slept Together Foot to Foot on the Couch.

On the Sectional Couch; the beds were all Full of People

# Full of Friends

→ We

**HAD BEEN DRINKING ALL NIGHT.  
WE WENT TO BARS, PARTIES AND  
STATE PARKS. WE GOT HIGH.**

**IT GOT LATE.  
MAYBE 12AM OR 1AM.  
NOT TOO LATE.  
NO, NOT TOO LATE TO GO BACK AND  
DRINK MORE.**

**FRIENDS GOT TIRED.  
THEY WENT TO FIND BEDS.  
I FOUND THE COUCH.  
SO DID SHE.**

**WE SLEPT TOGETER, FOOT TO FOOT.  
TOUCHING.**

**HER EX-BOYFRIEND CALLED  
AROUND 4:45AM.  
SHE HUNG UP ON HIM.**

**SHE WISHED ME GOODNIGHT.  
WE SMILED.**



When we woke up we all had hangovers.  
I was still drunk.  
We ate breakfast, and made plans to take in the new year.  
The plan was to take a 2pm train into the city.

She went home - to see her family- for an hour or so, and when she called she was ready to go. she drove back, and we all got in my car. seven people squeezed in for the ride to the train station.

we stopped at the liquer store first.  
we stopped at the pizza shop as well.

Onboard the southbound 2:05pm express we drank champagne.

we stopped at the Greenwich switch.  
she got off.

She Got Off

IN GREENWICH,  
THE TRAIN STOPPED...

I STAYED ON

&

SHE GOT OFF

(she told me that she was going to get off)<sup>1</sup>

1. she came to me on the train and said, "I feel like shit, I am getting off of the train in Greenwich, will you call me when you get home?"



i called her when i was getting on  
the plane...

i saw it start on december 31,  
when she got off of the train...

it was

a glitch.

we played it cool;

cool like january.

when she came we were so far  
from the city...

the noise..

the noise that she brought  
with her when she came.

**She called me from here.**

**we met up and i helped her  
move into her new place**

**a nice place (she has money)**

**we had dinner a few times**

**we had beer**

**at the bar**

**no glitch**

*The author walked home after dinner and  
never heard from his age old love interest ever  
again.*

*Then one day along came...  
Ring... Ring... Ring... Ring...  
our protagonist answered the alarmed cellphone.*

*☞ (It was her calling!) ☞*



She grasped his hand! they danced all night and into the morning. straight into the mourning.

It wasn't that she had been avoiding him for any reason. no reason for that!

She had just been really busy trying to find a place to live in a new town. she found some great room mates that needed one more person to move in. so she moved in. with two room mates.

There were three of them. She fell for one of them. it only took her a week to fall into love.

and love it surely was.

By the time that the author heard from her next they were heels over head in love. every night. every night she meant to call him every night she forgot except this night. when they connected, he got angered. not the author, but YOU, the "he" and soon to become ex-boyfriend for a matter of twelve hours.

OF COURSE SHE HAS A BOYFRIEND

I AM NOT HIM, I AM NOT THE YOU.

the clock strikes 1am.

they\* break up. shattered

\* They refers to Her, and her new boyfriend, not the author or her ex-boyfriend. They is our antagonist, the bane of my existance. or possibly a thorn in the author's forefinger.



my sweater was soaked with your girlfriend's tears.

I am not **sure**

what

you

said

to

her

but something had to give

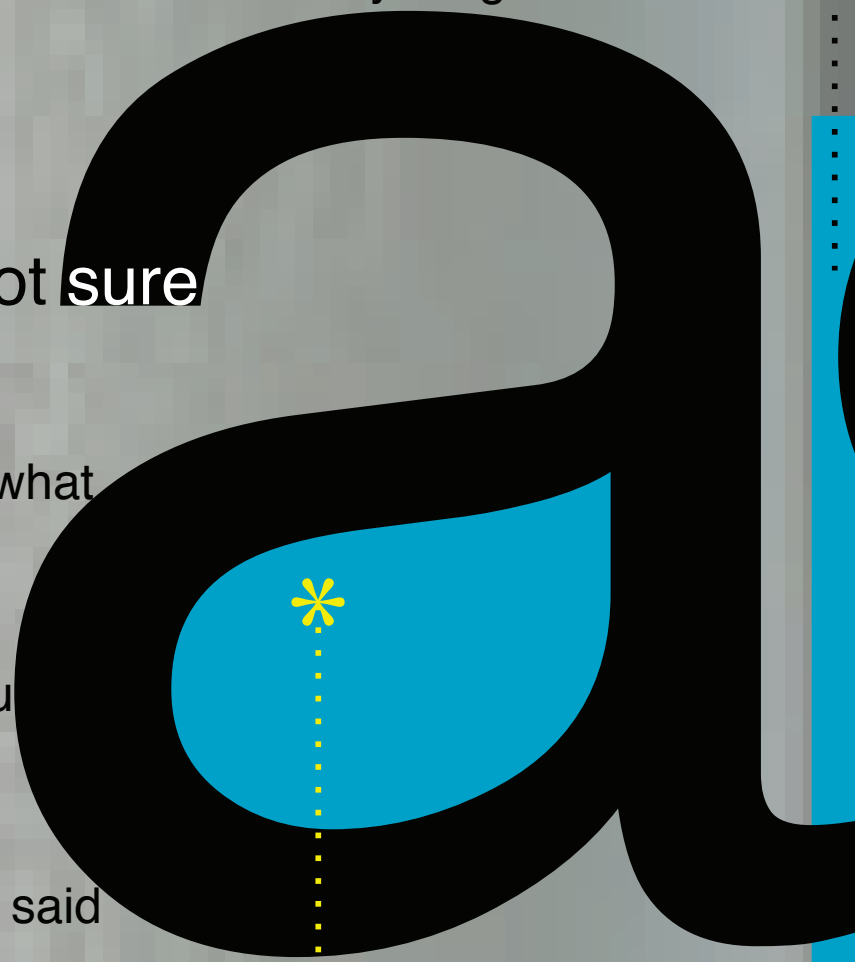
we watched  
the sunlight  
split the wall

**apart**

while  
**dawn**  
revealed

the

**years**





two weeks turned  
with the



reduplication

and somehow that's the cure  
and somehow that's the cure  
and somehow that's the cure  
and somehow that's the cure

like head  
within  
the herd,  
we  
**HATE**  
to be  
alone\*



you

seemed

so bitter

that

i helped her

broken<sup>little</sup> heart

(but she asked me to stay).....

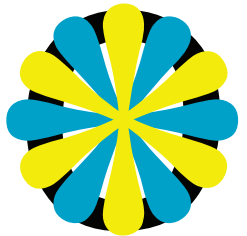


i said i'd sleep on the floor

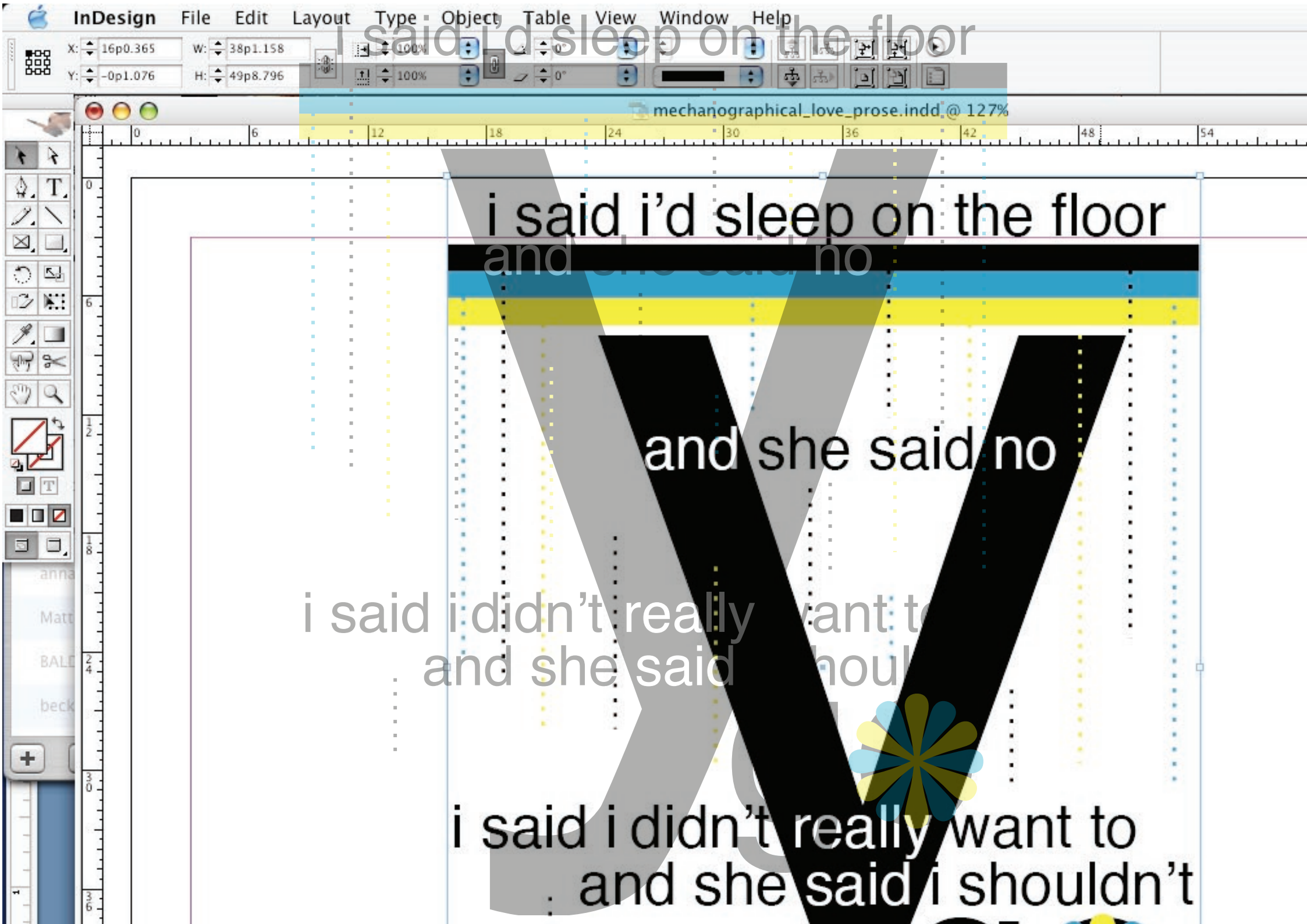


and she said no

i said i didn't really want to  
and she said i shouldn't







i said i'd sleep on the floor

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This is a means to this

"The Acknowledged experience of mediation"

↳ so remediation does not destroy Art

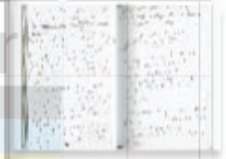
↳ Remediation re-packages art into a new  
medium

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Implication of Gender

Maintaining the female as objective  
an attempt to draw perspective.

Oscillation between desire for immediacy  
and fascination with the medium



Pages

Page 3 (None)

Page 4

Page 5

Page 6

Page 7

Full of Friends

Character Styles

Swatches

Stroke

Transparency

Isolate Blend

Knockout Group

Opacity: 32%

Window: Share X Read

made X Read

e.rtf





# // undergrad love prose //

## //The Life and Times of Some Guy Named William//

followed directly by coffee with your mother and her new boyfriend

my sweater soaked with your girlfriends tears



tears

a

Spartan

her temper

like head within

HATE to be alone

seemed so bitter

helped her broken heart

y

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Page 3

Page 4

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Search

Page 3

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made X Read





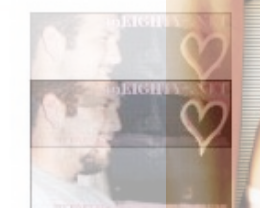
ashley.jpg  
640 x 480 pixels - 133k

www.neiu.edu/~ncaftori/gif/ash/ashley.jpg



johnashley15.jpg  
504 x 337 pixels - 32k

www.briansdriveintheater.com/beachparty/johna...



cam.gif  
292 x 197 pixels - 36k

sticky-fingers.org/portal2.htm



Harris, Ashley 01.hr.jpg  
1800 x 1465 pixels - 865k

Harris, Ashley 01.hr.jpg  
1800 x 1465 pixels - 865k

undergrad\_love\_prose.pdf (7 Pages)

1 Page (of 7) Page Up Page Down Zoom In Zoom Out Tool Mode

// undergrad love prose II  
 //The Life and Times of Some Guy Named William//

followed directly by coffee with your mother and her new boyfriend

my sweater  
 is soaked with  
 your  
 girlfriends  
 tears

Search

Page 2

Page 3

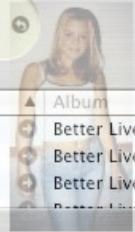
Page 4

Page 5

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Page 7

The Sex Pistols  
Remaining Time: 1:24



Better Live Than Dead

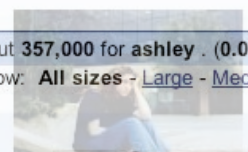
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er climbing... sound... Chomo... Hack

www.bearkey.com/photos/1046030566-ashley.jpg

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Show: All sizes - Large - Medium - Small



ashley.jpg

478 x 302 pixels - 23k

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ashley-01.jpg

450 x 315 pixels - 51k

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johnashley2.jpg

504 x 422 pixels - 38k

www.briansdriveintheater.com/johnashley2.jpg



1046030566-ashley.jpg

250 x 465 pixels - 18k

www.bearkey.com/photos/1046030566-ashley.jpg



Harris, Ashley.th.jpg

216 x 315 pixels - 33k

5a-sa-ashley.jpg

478 x 302 pixels - 23k

[ More results from duke.edu ]



Info: [None], A-Maste

Layers: 19

Pages: 20 Page

Paragraph Styles: [Pa], [Bl], [Re], [C=], [C=], [C=], [C=]

Swatches: [C=], [C=], [C=], [C=], [C=]

Gradient: [G], [T]

Color: [C], [G], [B], [R]

undergrad\_love\_prose.pdf (7 Pages)

1

Drawer Back/Forward Page (of 7) Page Down Zoom In Zoom Out Tool Mode

Search

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bing.com

Pathfinder Align

Align Objects: [Left], [Right], [Center], [Justify]

Distribute Objects: [Top], [Bottom], [Vertical Center], [Horizontal Center]

Use Spacing 0p0

Hyperlinks Bookmarks

Transform Paragraph

DIESEL Regular

12 pt (14.4 pt) Metrics 0

Links

page010.jpg	20
page012.jpg	12
page012.jpg	11
page012.jpg	10

Page 4

Page 6

Page 7

1046030566-ashley.jpg

250 x 465 pixels - 16k

www.beatkey.com/photos/1046030566-ashley.jpg

Harris\_Ashley\_01.hr.jpg

1800 x 1465 pixels - 885k

Johnashley15.jpg

504 x 337 pixels - 32k

ashley-9.jpg

423 x 319 pixels - 35k

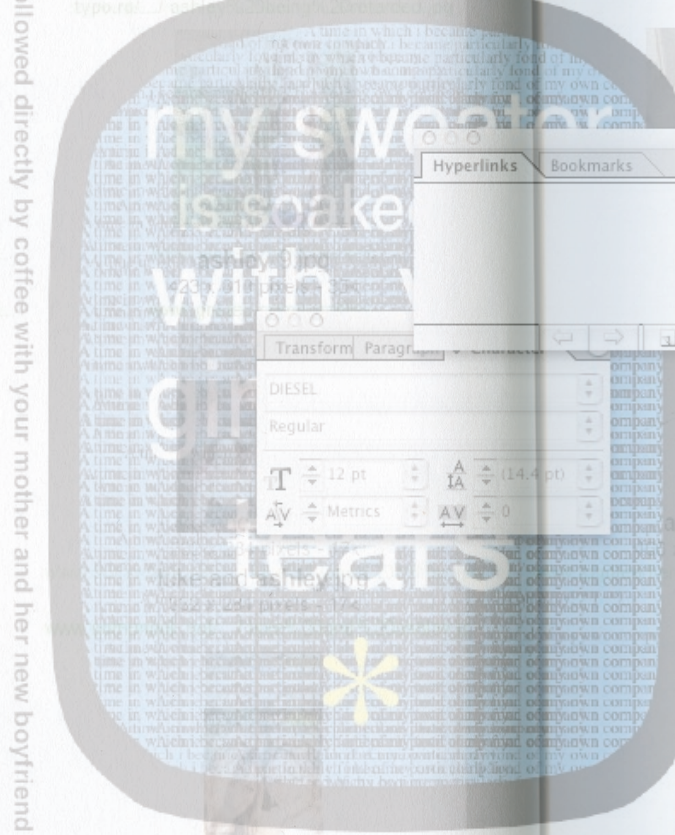
newyears02-ashley.jpg

300 x 257 pixels - 71k

ashley.jpg

478 x 302 pixels - 23k

**All undergrad love prose**  
**//The Life and Times of Some Guy Named William//**



followed directly by coffee with your mother and her new boyfriend

ashley.jpg

540 x 480 pixels - 133k

ashley.jpg

540 x 480 pixels - 133k

johnashley12.jpg

504 x 337 pixels - 32k

johnashley15.jpg

504 x 337 pixels - 32k

cam.gif

292 x 197 pixels - 30k

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Harris\_Ashley\_01.hr.jpg

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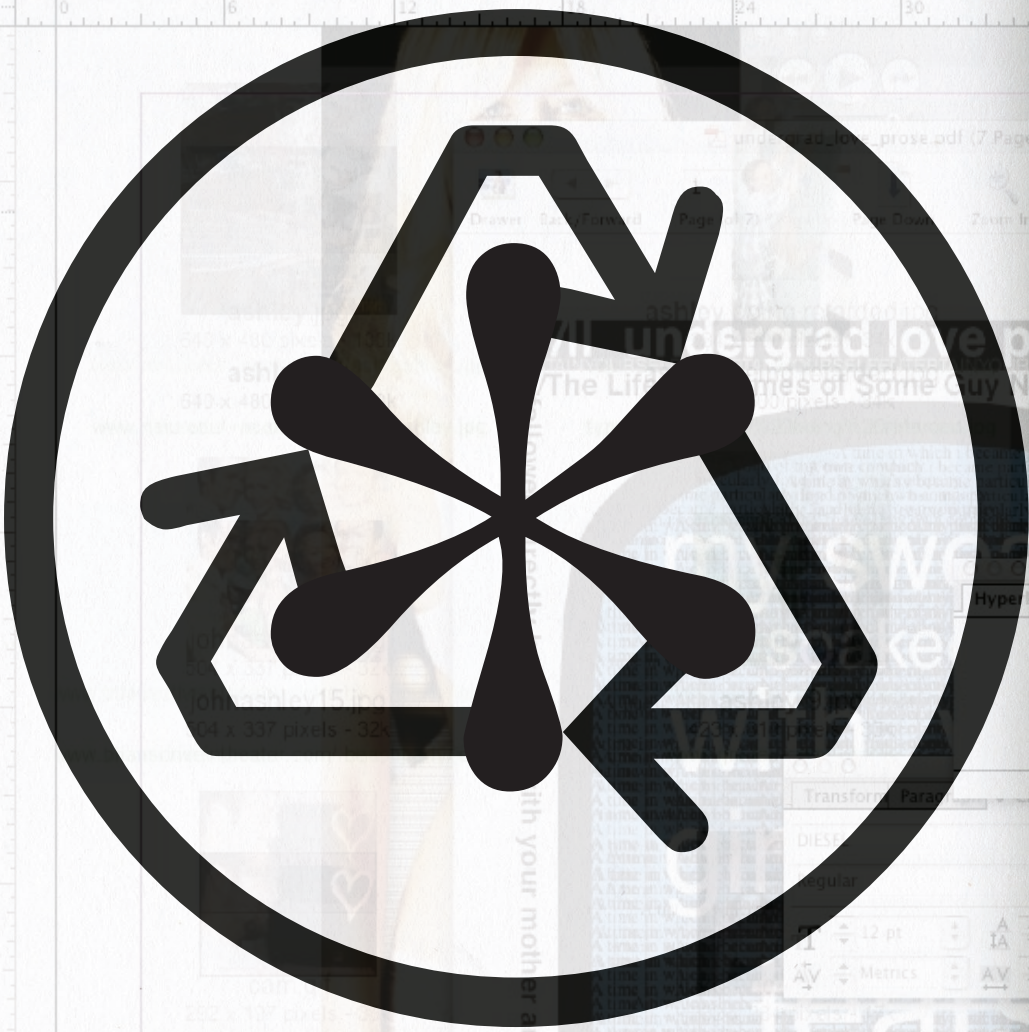
Johnashley15.jpg

504 x 337 pixels - 32k

ashley-9.jpg

423 x 319 pixels - 35k





ROLLING...

Rolling...

EXPEDITING

I THE AUTHOR



THE STREETS WERE DARK  
ROLLING...

ROLLING



And when the night was over,  
we found our author.

He seemed more or less indifferent,  
although slightly concerned.

The object of his aesthetic  
now lay in the street.

Crying

softly,

so the author could find the end.

My Means got up and  
ran to the end

To the end and back again...  
Sest to prove that It could.  
It surely existed  
As a ~~ball~~ ~~of snow~~ rolling  
pile of essential

Matter.

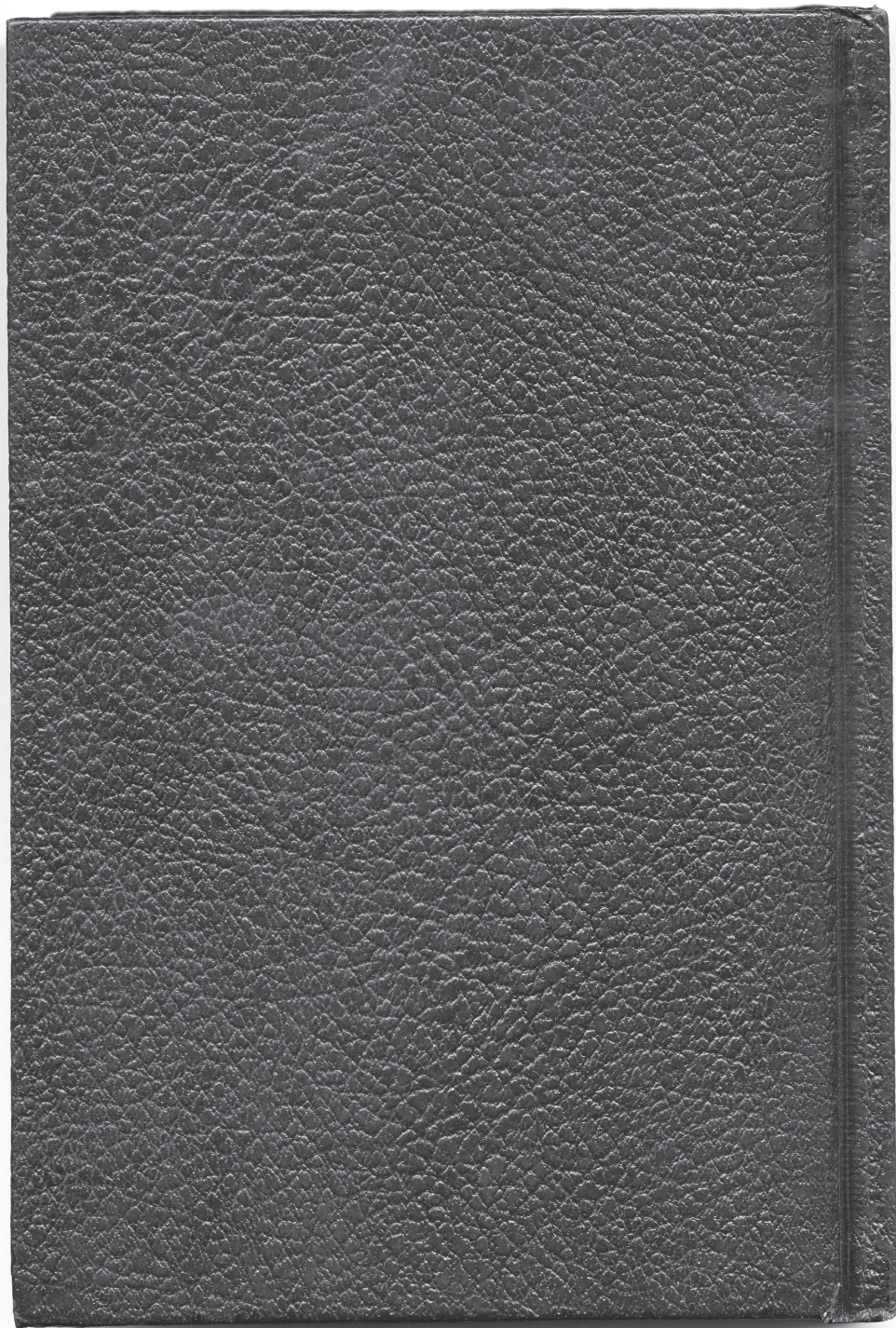
My means finished  
(Your's did too)

and then...

We waited At that stoplight—  
You walked away, she collapsed, and I.

Well it really made no difference  
for me,





*End*