

MODERN MAN MANUAL





Mani Marketplace
697 Columbus Avenue
New York, NY 10025
“Ask for Taki”

Volume IV
Halloween 2011
Table of Contents

Portrait of Kevin Shea (With Face Slashed)	BJ Rubin	1
Letter from the Editor	Lauren Martin	4
Figure Study	Greta Kline	6
Dots	Kevin Shea	8
Hit Me	Lauren Martin	16
Surreal Syllogisms	Justin Bastow	18
Ambience	BJ Rubin	20
Michael 2031	Sarah Palatnik	22
My Little Boys	Owen Kline	24
A New Reveille	David Buddin	26
The Martyr	Charlie Judkins	32
Self Portrait (In Pencil)	Nondor Nevai	34
Portraits	Eliza Doyle	36
Portrait of Lauren Martin (In The Hospital)	BJ Rubin	40

Megaton Media
110 West 94th St. 2D
New York, NY 10025

Lauren Martin
Letter from the Editor



October 10, 2011

Dear Reader,

I hope you are having a fantastic Columbus Day. I know I am. On this day we celebrate the arrival of Europeans and their civilization to the New World. I myself like Western Civilization and all its niceties. I like refrigeration. I like computers. I like public transportation. I like toothpaste. I like television. I like electricity. I like air conditioning. Thanks Chris!

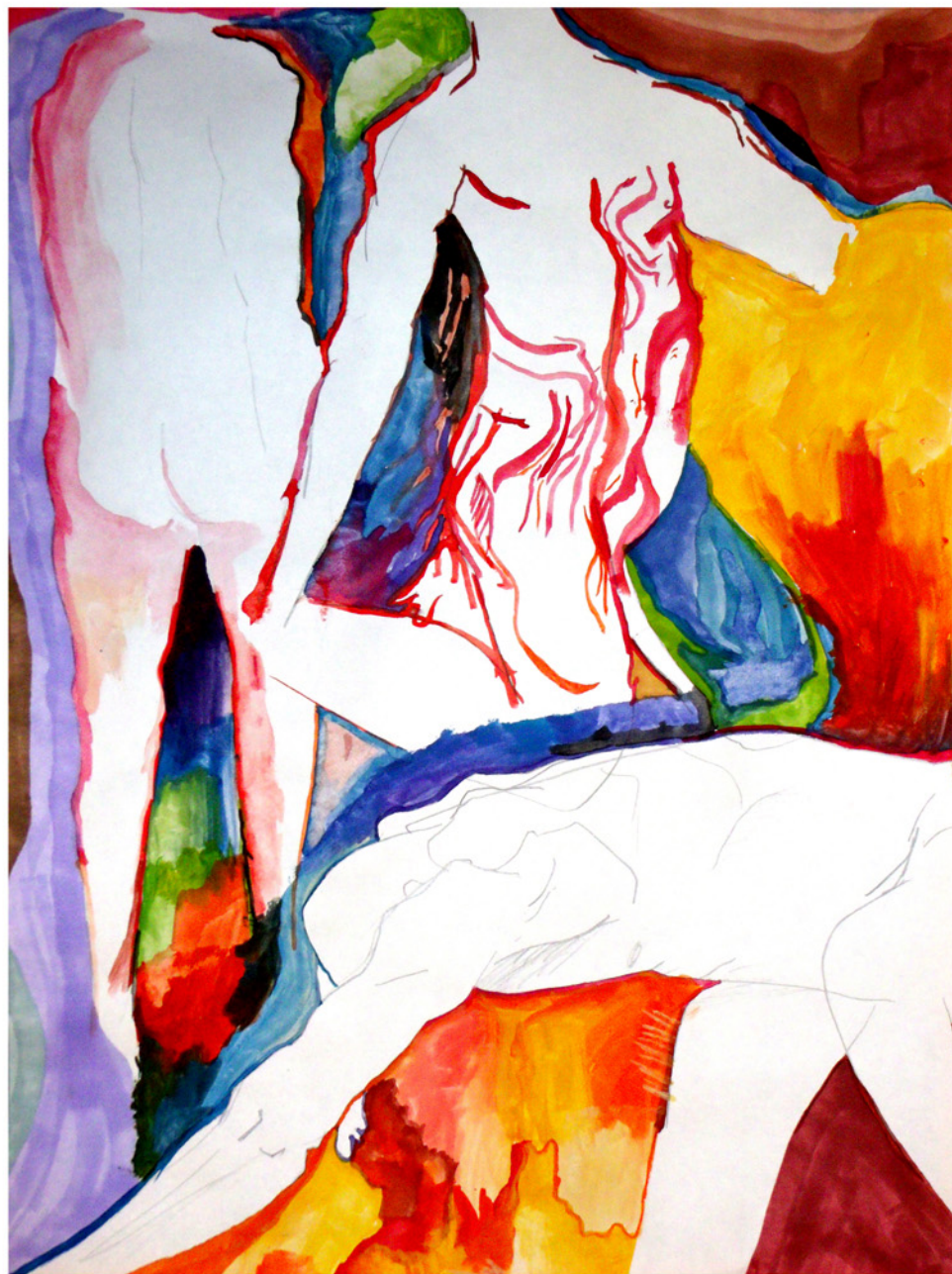
Excelsior,

A handwritten signature in purple ink that reads "Lauren Martin". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Lauren Martin



Greta Kline
Figure Study



Kevin Shea

Dots and 3 Patterns and Eliminative Materialism

Dots and 3 Patterns and Eliminative Materialism
by Kevin Shea

Dots and 3 Patterns and Eliminative Materialism: changeable discourses as an allusion without discernible clauses, an epiphenomenon of the brain -- language games fragment logical interpretations. We follow the collective character Dots on a Bloomsday sojourn, abstracted to continuum with Three Patterns. A parabolic degree of probable law/nexus and effect in objective analysis and reductive reasoning (faith deduced for epistemology) holds that the prophetic liminality of syntactical psychosomatic-nano fracas and vicissitude for fatalistic material intervention engenders a disenchanting future of optimism/praxis/moments and a pulchritude of homunculus kitsch. An informed analysis of this invisible obstinacy through a cultural development lens of emotions -- integrating neurology/physiology (as molecular nanorobots exploit harnessed protein energy substituting organic life) -- illustrates an innate disenchanting/nihilistic self-improvement/replacement therapy/surgery (contemporary asceticism) of immortal machine hype/techno-homo. Like when an android/abolitionist/politician/Avon-lady (The Dots) surrenders to companion idealism because of a technical glitch -- a failure to magnetometer the visitor/savior at the planet center (the pinnacle of preordained shapes) -- the visitor loses itself to inhabitant emotionization with no checks in place, while creating existence traces through robot love. Maybe like those Dots in a timeless planet center where there is a pink stink, an old colonial myth where inhabitants, addicted to violent adrenaline, playing off a forgotten gesture, plagued by the inability of opportunities to resolve the future of the present, die in tribal warfare. There are no complete flat thoughts, only a series of gaining conditions and secondary color memorials to the obscure parameters of negative space exploration. When Dots arrive like certified checks to predicate the additive process through insight discussions, mobs gather, paramilitary rangers are deployed, and curfews are activated. Another conglomerate pattern like Dots has already been charged in connection with amortizing the unknown code-crankers, so Dots keep their agenda under wraps -- it's a celebration in foresight by means of democratic stimulus shattering the holds against previz resolution, but Dots (as a race-less nonhuman, a traceless anti-apologist hole without a continental or global spirit) policies are noble: to sweeten the milieu! Dots assume the center exaggerates in phases. The commoners despise Dots initially, but these are Dots' karmic responsibilities...Dots have no choice but to act in spite of social challenges -- a confluence of agoraphobics stuck flat in anonymous place in which intuitive pragmatism is a form of madness.

Dots are a selfless form remaining paradoxically omnipotent, pragmatically conservative and therefore seemingly superficial, whose goals are to diminish intuiting syntactical colorization by justifying the psychology of losing the ability to intuit. By the time Dots depart -- in a transport that is wholly urban, a time-case event of leisure and thus indifference, inhabited by desire and encounter -- sub-particle distortions crumble synaesthetic perceptions and primary color consequences are complete. The

Dots program is thus a pseudo-dogmatic/intentional/compassionate mockery of unsubstantiated/anti-empirical generalizations, where anthropo-transgressional paradigms are based on an unjustified/objectified, inappropriately fetishized, false interpretation/anthropomorphism of a nature taken for granted, with an innate capacity for destruction (reflexive of supposedly necessary human principles, violence/cruelty/power/statements over and above empathy). Masking the Sadean system through semantics, let's be blunt. Dot consciousness follows blind intuitions/assumptions/probabilities about world/life during quotidian pragmatic praxis. No surprises while appropriating the inevitable cage of custom/feeling, only the sincere imagination/youth and a strategy for mobility (the constant readjustment to flux). Dots structure unjustified, anti-empirical, generalized interpretations merely enabled, without intentionality, through the capacity/incapacity of physiology – robo-feelings (awakenings to capital, where synchronicity is not purposeful behavior) – as with Hume, where reality is based on probability and probability is a human feeling, a pragmatic expectation, but not a universal fact - "we expect the event with the greatest assurance," yet in truth, "belief is nothing but a firmer and stronger conception...than what attends the mere fictions of the imagination."

Dots might confuse as theoretically justified as an important example of transgressing/shifting/resisting central power taboos and structures (in ignoring an apparent conspiracy of sophistic/detersive polemics/disassociations from moral teleological goals for the sake of winning/debasing/shattering games of language/discourse/regimes/arguments indifferently/rationally), but in Foucault's genealogy the flux/transgression of power are inevitable in connected nature as well as on a purely, isolated human level. We don't need Dots as a sole proponent/model for flux/transgression because flux/transgression is infinite. Inevitable differentiation, an eternal return to the change/sameness of flux, shatters method-universal particulars/ideologies. Like Bataille who believes one can only substitute an individual feeling of isolated discontinuity with what he unfairly deems the violent transitional phases of death, and less substantially, sex. Like how in the deep cuts of the urban night, sitting in the relaxing chamber and suspended without hindsight on the essence of the epoch, leisure (like a posh leatherette recliner reshuffled with cotton tube socks, interior decorating as concept rather than observation), The Dot epidemic lingers. With a sexual lust for insomnia/suicide, space Dots flip and blip, flushing interminable hues and the sullen glow of wasted carbon, masochistically assuming/creating a purposeful falsehood/self-crisis – a virtual/metropolized mental life evaded in stubborn individuation – like how in the unsubstantiated generalizations/comments of new lovers the recipient understands the true illusion of these fleeting, charmed statements and wants to keep it this way (fleeting and unsubstantiated) in order to remain in possession place/origin. Physiological traps of excess assume points/vortexes, like simulated/personal nightmares and pending divorces. Dots infect/interpret/reconstruct/erode words with no surf/tide – like when a person whose physical characteristics are irrelevant is lonesome as warplanes shake the lemon trees. When a storm blocks the Dots, sharks fester in

schools near the coastline glowing black. Like set-designers beginning a long/literal/current internship – a spaceship without financial reward – interpretation creates environment as bodies celebrate spatial relations – formulaic coordinates not unlike celestial designs, orchestrated by interpreters for instant fixes. Irrelevant/normal moments (thoughts anchored by emotional hankerings) bore Dots – points of significance/permutation/repetition/overstatement/self-critique/press blurred by hindsight-ecumenicalism. Practicality is a withdrawal from spontaneity, an intellectual defense against over-stimulation that serves to create answers about vague needs in elucidation of the practical through situational/site-specific episodes distilling pure character to impermanence and scopophilia.

On Dots' final day of instruction a psychosomatic fissure in current affairs anthropomorphically enables the memory of an enabled memory contained in surfaces, materializing a flushed moment of no probable guarantee. Remembering automatically remembers remembering remembering what it is remembering when Dots lose the starting point. Trapped by enigma, an unconscious trace of actual place-time triggers a kinematical response of involuntary flexion: Dots pull back the listening curtain and step onto the podium. Anechoic nostalgia phases out the instant distances – the Academy applauds as Dots' hands reach out to accept the malleable and corrosive resistant bozzetto of an armored endoskeleton, yet upon touching it a portending present overwhelms: hidden in the colored petri net nothing great for individuation – the hormonal assays and electrophysiological wave patterns probing the heart come up negative. Rationalization, pragmatic at best, prevails unhindered by illusory base desires and wants. The only thoughts triggering periphery emotional states are bored/empty thoughts, paradigmatic of leisure and a malfunctioning hypothalamus, or the molecules releasing neurotransmitters are residual – no emotionally competent stimulus triggers a restoration of balance or compassion. Dots have their roots in adolescent innocence and further impracticality – a hatred of a domesticity that causes crisis (a psychological anxiety driving them to roam with hopes to obliterate the feeling-space of domesticity), a causal/detersive channeling of thoughts to spatial negotiation (a vitality of looking, reprocessing and abstraction – creating a non-place/reality of misleading consciousness/presence. Thoughts breaching the symbolic divide clash purposes and borders spawning ineffectual power relations/action).

Three Patterns follows Dots to their near end – the (anthropomorphic quintessence of a couple of ancient/humble/little epochs/patterns pre-arranged by the proximity of their individual timeline bodies into an abstract meta/macro-matrimony) histrionic pattern might begin as a forced dissemination of hard-nosed intuition on a global scale: like how widths are reset in Sears's parking lots around America. Target clientele prefer larger sport utility vehicles for their roomier cabins and authority on the road. A problem, notes one customer, is that, "The size of most mall parking spaces hasn't accommodated over the last decade or so for the needs of the contemporary vehicle owner who has acquired a popular larger-sized vehicle for their standard family

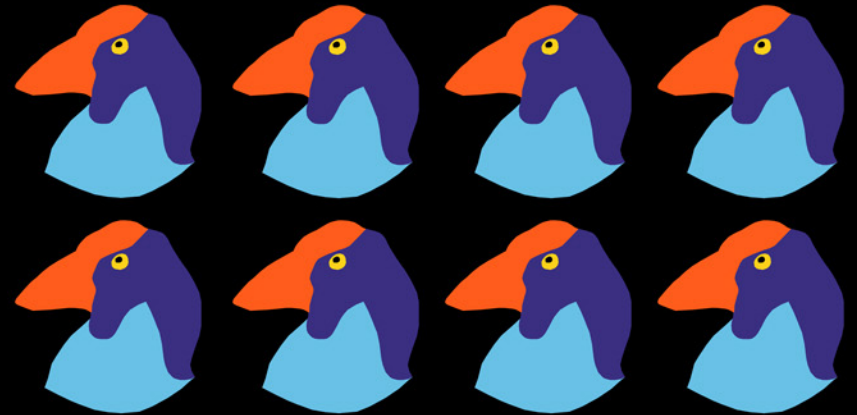
transportation. Retailers should increase the size of mall parking spaces by at least ¼ each to encourage consumer spending during, and after, our current condition of recession and national hardship.” Architects redesign lot plans, reconfiguring shrubberies and medians. Monolithic multi-level parking garages make up for the lost spaces. When construction is complete and customers situate themselves inside vast rectangles amongst a grid of metal depositories, cheers exhume lost pride and renew sensationalist feelings for something.

The pattern continues with the victory of techno-standard of living and the defeat of human rights: Big the insentient gardener pulls his new Craftsman 20 hp, 48 in. Deck Deluxe Lawn Tractor out of his new Ford Explorer and sets it on the asphalt driveway. He sits down proudly on its shiny padded seat, wrapping his blistered fingers around the ergonomic steering wheel. With his grass-stained leather Caterpillar boot, he kicks the ignition and the spark plug fires. A calm whirl vibrates the seat from which Big throws her into gear and begins his run through the Aaronson’s lawn, the most challenging of today’s route. From the second story, 10-year-old Gretchen Aaronson peers out through the right side of a New England saltbox home (voyeurism makes her whole. Her eyelashes tickle the optical viewing lens of a recreational telescope; she’s got an awestruck expression. She imagines certain vindication climbing millions of years on light beams to where the body and the soul are one and the same. Reductionism seeks to naturalize epistemology by investigating brain states and neural synapse locations and charges – if synapses can be isolated and understood as to their macro-physical result, then psychology of the past has been an illusory folk-psychology whose terms, as in desire/feelings/emotions, are assumed but not physiologically explained). “She must think I look pretty cool,” Big thinks as he lines up perfectly on the outer rim of his previous pass around the perimeter of the clover shaped front yard – the tight 18 in. turn radius allowing him to trim close. Anything growing above two inches shoots into the canvas receptacle attached to the side of the mower. Big imagines lumbering out of control on subliminal vortexes and lawn moguls. Big has never flown a plane, but he knows this is like flying a plane. It’s like sex five or six years into the relationship – suitable, sadistic. He imagines a whole chorus of passengers cheering him on. He takes off and trudges forward without hitting the obstacle: a large rock misplaced by nature at the end of the runway. Luckily it was there, the mower wings disintegrate and he lands right atop the rock safely. The lawn mower chews up a large dragonfly whose wings burst into an unrefined powder like raw cocaine. Yet as ecstatic metaphors are purely human relations, would ideological cruelty/dominance be ecstatic without there being an architect to aesthetically appreciate the interconnective-psychic-death-design of the others? Wouldn’t the knowing, the escaped cave dwellers, pose a threat to the architect? The entire schema has been created for the pleasure of architect/individual identity/bias, an organization that is only the result of consciousness (which for all we know is a vestigial mistake of biology, not a trait to be revered). A dog runs up and grabs Big’s leg. That night, with the dog attack reprieved and subsequent sexual interest condoned by his wife, long debated human feeling outweighed theoretical analysis. “All

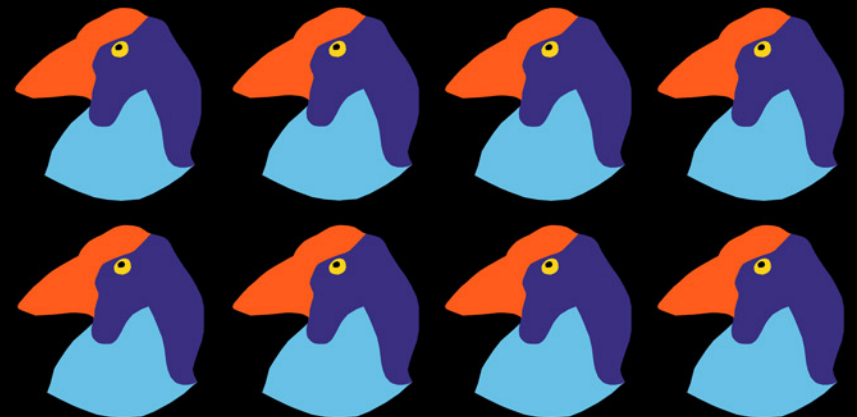
I’m saying is I don’t think it’s merely a vibe – rather, a fetishistic paradigm of ultimately ineffectual aura substituting for compassion; a Tayloristic rational product targeting the McDonaldized rational consumer – when the two disparate elements connect, its like chimpanzee extinction or mountain-leveling out of neglect. Did you have an orgasm this time or not?” He saw the wristwatch – an earlier connection/fuss between two individuals of planetary motion resulted in a new watch last month. She liked it unbecoming, a selfish truce emoticon, a reminder or trace of civility (though not very sincere). Big had sent her a mean e-mail closing with a smiley emoticon. Rather than squabble, the wristwatch represented a parenthesis/semicolon appearing in 3d/hologram.

The pattern completes with the failure of mimetic comforts: Gretchen Aaronson walks the newly cut grass barefoot, hiding behind banquet tables and foldable chairs. Guests mingle like popping corn, eruptions of laughter surrounding centers of attention. Whole orbits are formed in clusters about the lawn. Gretchen watches as topics magnetize specific participants, all of them falling inward toward delicacy buffet trays. She is a spectator, embracing the prospect that someone might trip over an extension cord or accidentally spill wine on an expensive silk blouse. Hors d’oeuvres spread to the end of clear plastic party plates and finally tip over onto the grass as dull plastic forks are used unsuccessfully to cut tough meats and vegetables. Gretchen collects the food scraps, putting them into a blue plastic beer cup. She has seen baby bunnies around the woodpile in the back yard and wants to make sure they have enough food in order to survive. Its sadness ornamenting discontent as at last, annihilation: red six-legged army ants swarm over and around scraps of rotten food. After the male soldier ants cut the food into tiny fragments, the female worker ants use their giant front mandibles to carry the pieces into little caves in the ground - a maze of tunnels dug into the warm, moist earth closer to gasses created by decomposing vegetation. At the axis of all tunnels there is a larger burrow hollowed from the earth in which a giant Queen ant sits patiently with its gelatinous white sack filled with gestating larva. Her soldier and worker ants respond to signals she generates when she clacks her corrugated beak against itself. Food is brought to this central location for storage and fuel. Global Amelioration. Interpretation captures/erases the magic of the external or properties of inferiority. This is Dots and Three Patterns – this is how Dots reconnect. Dots don’t need violence to understand the disappearance of the individual – interpretation/meditation facilitates connectivity without action. The indeterminacy of interpretation enables sovereignty and thus the capacity to experience the essence of the epoch, leisure. Yet imagination facilitated by leisure serves the status quo. In lieu of imagination the world disappears. Pragmatic Dots evade political consequences. But if the status quo is a figment of my pragmatist’s pragmatic/determinate post-indeterminate reality/consciousness folk-interpretation from the I I think to be I that Is lying, then itself is that it is not itself, or embracing the status quo might not be so bad. Three Patterns illustrates this passage from the impossibility to conceive of a universal chaotic unity of Dots – a choiceless/multiplicitous singularity (due to Dots

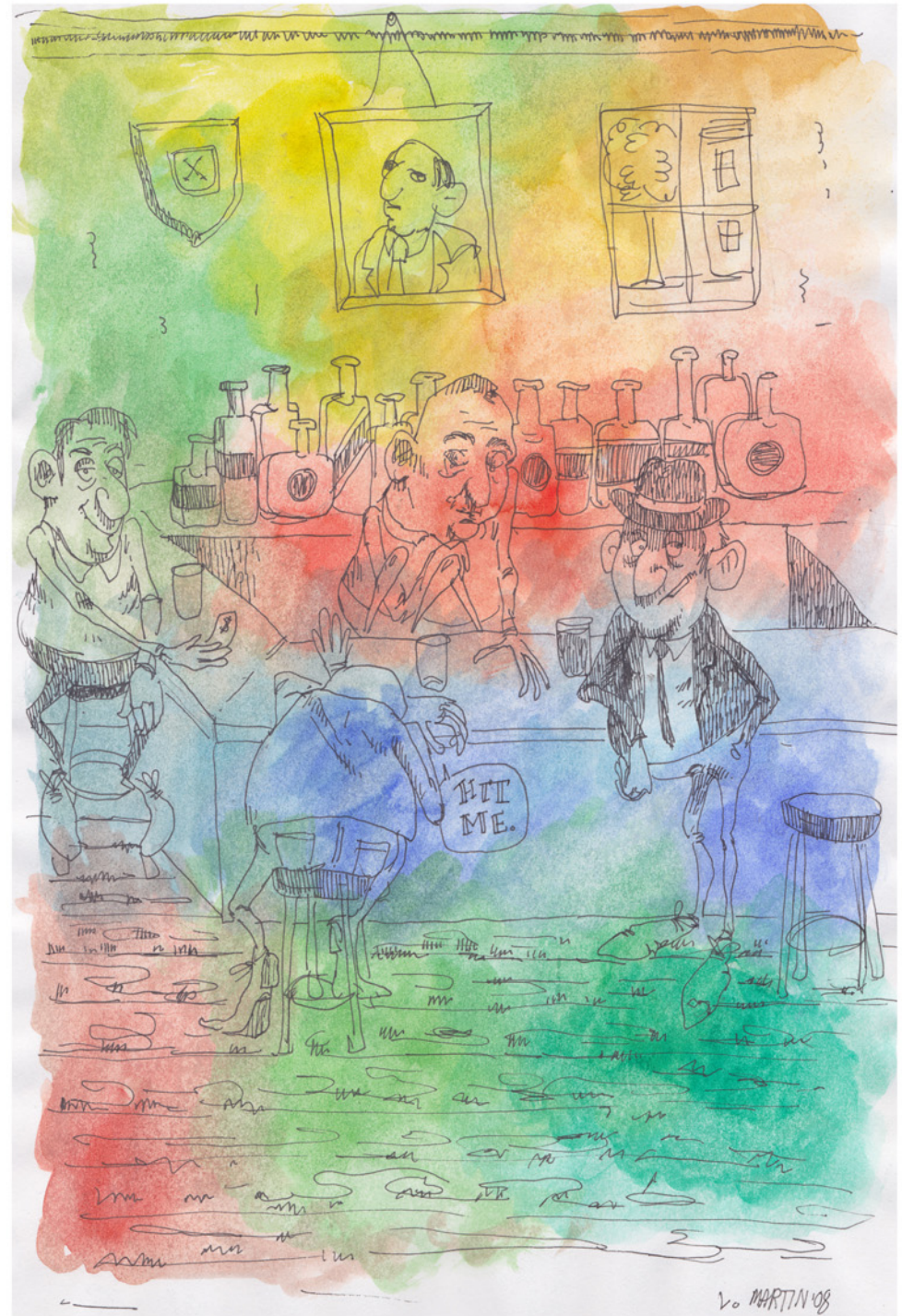
physiological/programmed constraints and narcissistic hang-ups) evading contextual understanding in fear of loss – to extinguishing identity and classification at their sources whereupon teleology diffuses and Dots are only part of an omniscient white noise, where Dots are no points of significance by themselves but slices out of the broader meta-understanding/paradigm. All moments of epiphany (Dots) are related to the evolutionary process and epistemological context -- no one Dot-event drives the others -- there is only a blurring of effects of effects of effects on and on (functions of functions, functions of functions of functions...infinite regress). Perhaps with all matter/consciousness/interpretation/perception intertwined things shift too fast -- instable change eliminates empathy and ethics, emptiness becomes fear, information eases anomie, sparks fly like cheap anti-subversion laws -- yet advected into the fluid velocity field there is pure love (anamorphic release points shutter in lapses of ratiocination -- a gradual liquefaction while licking the concatenated pattern of a Möbius strip). Out of constructivist relations (whose phenomena is in part mere fractal mentality), there is realism: an objective universe despite human brain recognitions, one where economic greed governs all political agendas; there is a philosophy in the flesh, a peripheral embrace of nature (birds/biosphere/trees) despite the urbanization of the mind.



PUKEKOS.ORG



Lauren Martin
Hit Me



Justin Bastow
Surreal Syllogisms

1) Flights from Denver never leave on time
2) Flights to Nunavut arrive on time, if at all
∴ Flights from Denver never arrive in Nunavut

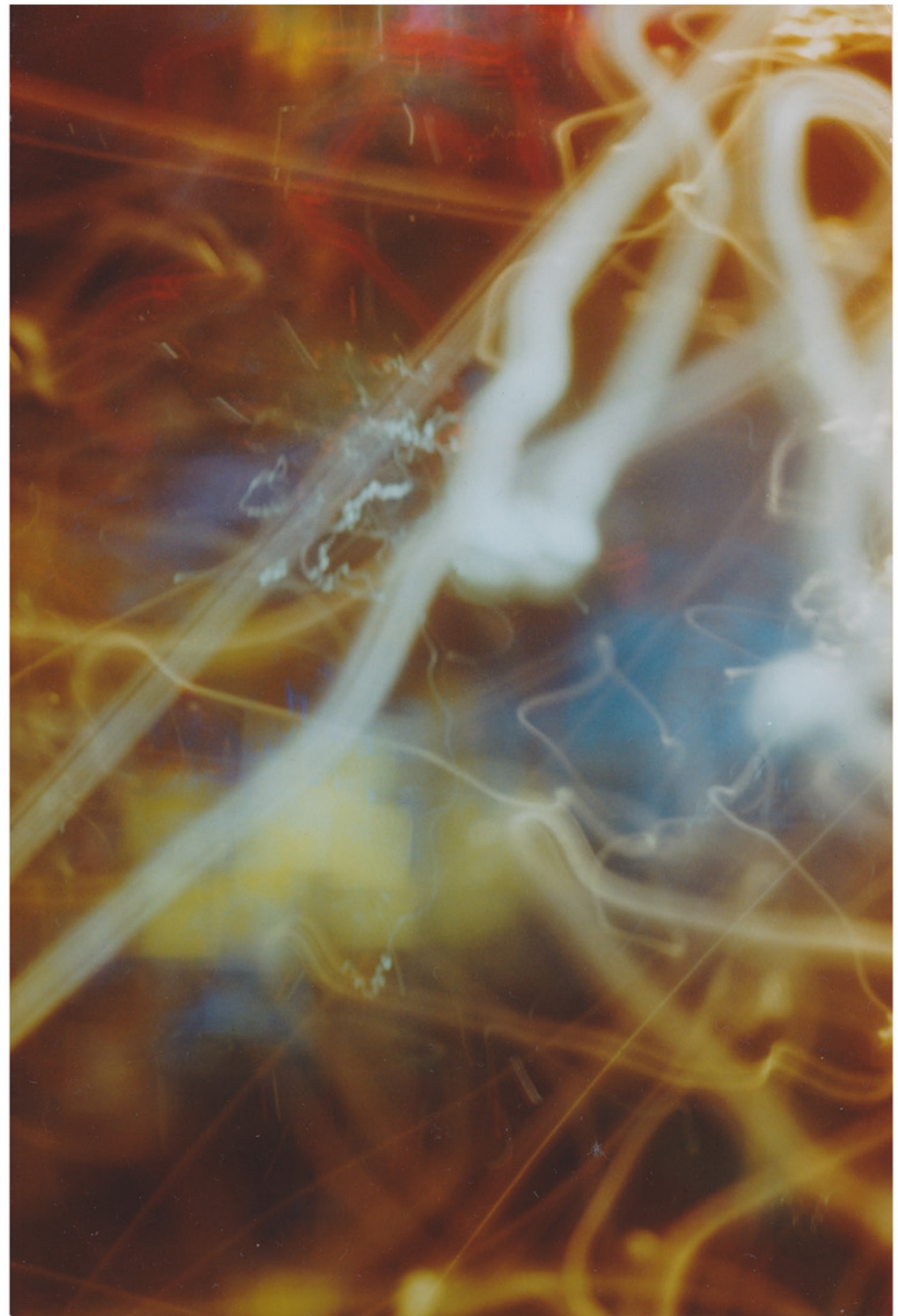
1) You will never believe what I saw today
2) That chitons can graze the clouds would be a dazzling notion
3) You believe all dazzling notions
∴ I did not see chitons grazing the clouds today

1) I only drink beer that's darker than my thoughts
2) My brightest thoughts are completions of your murmurs
3) I am drinking a white ale tonight
∴ You are murmuring tonight

1) This ring will not allow you to skip Wednesdays
2) Everyone knows that the petals of a black daffodil are an impossible find
3) All impossible finds allow you to skip Wednesdays
∴ This ring is not the petals of a black daffodil

1) All we need are enough top soil and tomorrows to dream
2) We need more than the bucket of sapphires I buried under the hackberry tree
3) We needed the hackberry tree for me to bury the bucket of sapphires
4) Hackberry trees need enough top soil and tomorrows to dream
∴ A bucket of sapphires is less than enough top soil and tomorrows to dream and we already have everything we need

BJ Rubin
Ambience



Sarah Palatnik
Michael 2031

I met Michael at age twelve, when he was a human male. He stayed that way for a few years but by the time we became best friends, he began to change. He announced to me one day that he was gay, and soon thereafter, the shy meager boy became unashamed of all that he did. He became interested in new things and it soon became clear that there were three things constantly on his mind: shoes, transvestites, and aliens.

Michael's obsessions began at around the same time, in the spring of our sixteenth year. That summer he bought his first pair of woman's shoes and many subsequent pairs followed. I have to admit, he walked around in four-inch heels better than any woman I have ever seen. One night that summer, we had a sleepover and gave each other intense makeovers in the earliest hours of the morning. We watched the movie *Signs* and afterwards he insisted that we scour the sky for alien life and then complained that the aliens had not contacted him yet. I said, "I know, I hope we find aliens in our lifetime."

"Sarah," he replied bluntly, "we're living forever as robots. Of course we'll see aliens." He went on to explain a show he had watched once that described a future of human preservation, so that an individual would not technically be alive but would still be conscious. "I don't really care what you want," he said, "when we're eighty and the world is about to blow up because of global warming, I'm forcing you to become a robot with me so we can survive and see it all." I laughed it off and our adolescence continued with general lightheartedness. It was the year 2014 when the biggest changes took place for Michael.

He started calling himself Michelle and became involved in MENSAs and NASA. In August of 2014, he informed me that because of predictions made by scientists at NASA, human-to-robot surgeries had been developed and he was one of the first on the list. But there was one thing he needed to do first. His sex change happened in September, and the hormone treatments lasted for a while afterwards. Michael was finally a woman.

"And now for the real change," she said to me the night before her next operation. By that time I learned that if Michelle wanted something, it would happen and I couldn't stop it. The operation was a bizarre success, Michelle was a robot. We keep up a close correspondence via email, but I have not seen her as she lives in a closely monitored facility and human-robot contact is not encouraged. There are bits of her old self in her messages, but nothing can feel like old times. Even though she is not technically "alive" I'm glad that she is able to feel happiness as she prepares for her eternal consciousness.

Owen Kline
My Little Boys



David Buddin
A New Reveille

A New Reveille
for two trumpets in C

David Buddin(2011)

♩ = 84

senza vibrato

f, senza dim. *ff*, senza dim. *f*, sostenuto

senza vibrato

f, senza dim. *ff*, senza dim.

mp *ff* *mp* *ff* *mp* *mp* *ff* *mp*

mp *f* *mf* *p* *mf* *mp*

f *ff* *mp* *f* *mp* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

ff *f* *mf* *ff* *f* *mf* *f* *ff* *mf*

f *ff* *f* *p* *f* *fff*

98 *sf* *mp < f* *mf-mp* *mf*

104 *mf* *f* *sf* *sf* *mp* *f* *sf* *f*

111 *sf* *sf* *ff* *sf* *ff* *f* *ff* *f*

117 *ff* *f* *ff* *f* *sf* *f* *mf* *sf* *f* *sf* *ff*

122 *mp* *f* *mf* *f sostenuto*

mp *mf < f* *mf* *f* *mp* *f*

130 *ff* *mp* *mp* *f* *mf* *f*

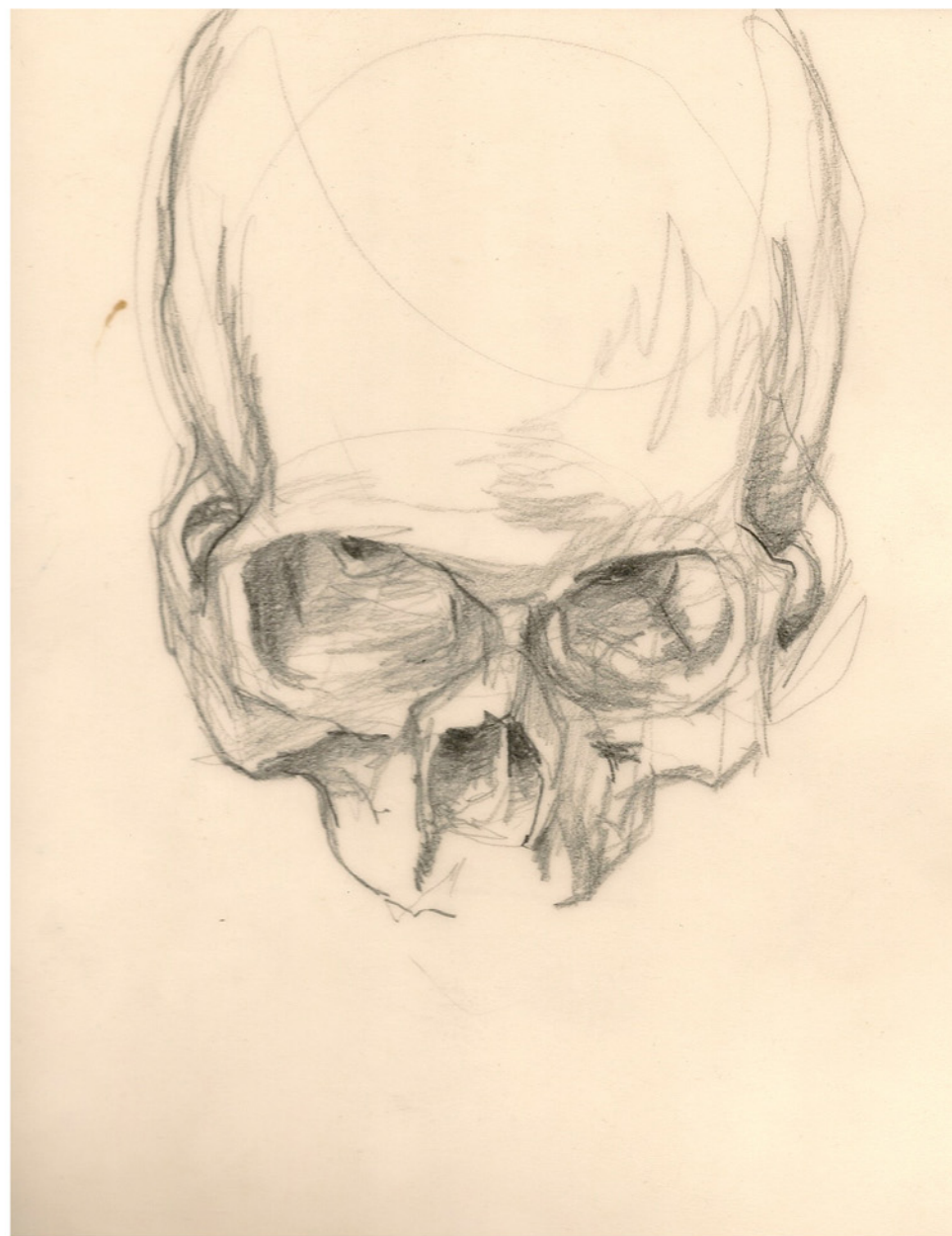
135 *f* *mp* *mf* *f* *mp* *mf*

138 *mf* *ff* *sf* *sf* *f* *ff* *f* *ff* *sf*

Charlie Judkins
The Martyr

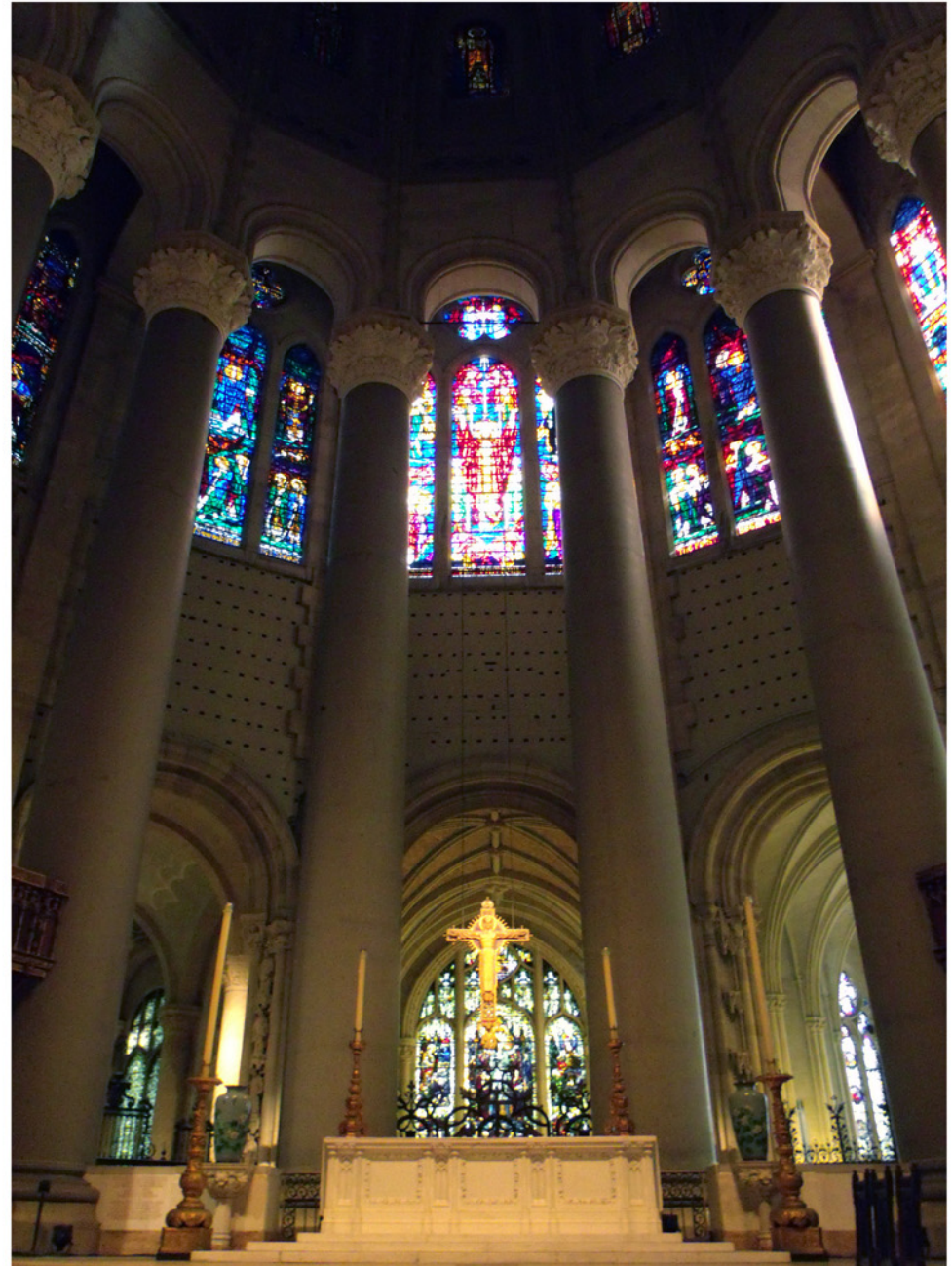


Nondor Nevai
Self Portrait (In Pencil)



Eliza Doyle
Portraits





**The Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine
1047 Amsterdam Avenue
New York, NY 10025**



MEGATON
MEDIA

110 West 94th St. 2D
New York, NY 10025