

The Grey Book

James Brush

TRY

WHY

ONE

HAND

BE
BE

[BE AGAIN]

GA

IN

NEVER WANNA SEE YA
FALL.

so,

thi ot

s he e

r s a i

g i r l o d



Good

luck and

I love

you.

Wind song, your pages burn bright,
Brighter than you or I,
In fields across snowy plains we fly,
To that sun-pink mountain shade,
Painted while the world runs dry.

You never disguised my feelings of solitude,
Or let the rivers of your eyes leave my soul,
As I lay there finally exhausted,
By the meanings of the surreptitious fog,
That lingers over us all.

In sweet solace contained,
Your beauty, the whiteness of your thighs,
The blankness of your hair,
Between individual threads long long gone by,
To whatever moment we decide
To let the enchantment go and drift,
Once more into the cover of the throws;

I will never know,
And the freedom in that unknowing,
To let go once and for all,
Drift in scent and sound and space,
Back into electron memories,
Driving harder than any speed ever known,

Or masking intentions strewn about like leaves,
From the cherry trees,
Among the extended necks of geese and propped attitudes of
mammalian uprights-
To those times I pass.

Far beyond forgiven in majesty's light humor,
Betwixt the wax and wane of another cycling moon pattern,
Gliding.

To fall,
The relative term we seek,
Unanswered, unfaltered, ever present,
Never mentioned, we fall,
Into oblivion sleep,
Persistently waking, again and again,
Uncategorized by love,
Our connections double in size,
To meet fleshy endpoints,
Wet and mesmerized-
Allucinante amor,
Allucinante, all I can recall,
Or mutter below sheets,
Bellowing fresh linen threads,
Begetting bantam weighted patterns,
Finding new inlets,

For shore patterns to leave,
A mineral sign that yes,
We shared a moment,
A sweet moment in time.

Let me remember,
Saying what?
Saying whatever,
Letting silence sleep just a little,
For our eye expressions,
To grow dimmer, they are lost,
They behave and do not stutter,
Or shiver, or gasp,
At inappropriate gestures made passive,
By superlative cultures,

The thoughts of what we were supposed,
To do,
To enact,
But that wouldn't suit,
Our style of play,
Now, or ever, would it?
With you at my side,
Now down,
Near me,
In whispered caves of good gettings,

Fond fingertips presses melting away,

Found frailty, found rhythm,

Found all sorts of recognition,

The memories awakened,

The instabilities shattered and weakened,

Down to their greatest weapons,

We can always sway disarm,

For all we need,

Down in the armory,

Thinning airspace and agony,

A suffering,

We find light,

You are like a flower in a storm,
teaching me to hang on,
through blasts of wind
and neverending waves
of suffocating water droplets

laying down
snow
on the sidewalk

Perhaps Perhaps Rappin'



People be talkin'
about technology
like it's some kinda
giant livin' in the
hillside comin' down
to visit the

townspeople.
We are
technology.
Me, you,
everybody, we
are technology.
So
technology's
goin' where
we're goin'.
The next time
you ask yaself

where
technology's
goin', ask
yaself, "Where
am I goin'?
How am I
doin'? -And ya
get a clear idea.

Wax the poetic, red eyes gone
slanted, our cannibal, animal
minds, never knew you "Had 'ta
have it..." Very perpindicula',
cross-cancelin' the miniature,
hypo-mechanical, layin' grounds
for the spectacula', entreviste la
grande professa, been talkin'
'bout ice and glamma; lifestyles
with poindexta glasses and
argyle bulletproof vest tremas.
Technicola diesel dreams

remainin' vastly obscene,
chocolate summa smash and
"Bye bye babys," leave waste 'till
we have a say, we have it all, 'til
the morrow, and songs of
sorrow leavin' the fallen united-
trapped in spaces of undecided;
livin' out days of collidin' stars
and violent planets divided- the
contrast with peace how we
knew with shaky knees all along

through our sinnin' that it was
always there in tha beginnin'.

-Da Qir, James Brush, Now ya know whas up.

Starin' at "D'oh! Wrong "Alerts.""

Tasks in spring.

I know I'm gettin' ahead,

On errors, but they are,

On top of mind,

Ya know what I'm sayin'?

Sweet

as

cool hips

in

the

sun

She swaggered

down the street

buns hitting

high

low

then

Closing

Sat, the corner of the room the largest perspective, the warmest most familiar rendering of space not imaginable.

An Outroduction:

Given the complexity and confusion that likely arises from this text, I felt it was necessary to include an outroduction to provide some clarity and explanation to the structure and content of the concepts presented here. The inclusion of an explanation also parallels the thoroughly descriptive nature of the art historical narrative from which this book and The Color Series arises from- namely the so-called conceptual breaths from the early alchemists of the 15th century to the present day. It is intended to be succinct, but I feel this outroduction, like the sections that precede it, could manifest into much grander formats if pushed slightly.

The Grey Book derives itself from The White Book published in 2011 and the Color Series in general. Where The White Book focused on the ability of a single page in a book to provide a platform for so-called conceptual art to emerge and on the precipitation of ideas and visuals for readers from words, The Grey Book extends this notion and becomes more lyrical and poetic; it is also less single-page dependent and emphasizes the continuity of the book format where sections act as unique threads that weave themselves together.

Below I will investigate each section of The Grey Book and provide a reasoning for its creation, the motivation that propelled its flow, and how it interconnects with surrounding sections.

The first section, Begain, catalyzes the creation of The Grey Book in its entirety. Its purpose is to encourage reading by the reader- a reading of letter forms as written/readable language, and also of letter forms as shapes on a page and the beauty of their architectural elements including curves, connections, breathing room, and white space. This section is disruptive to common notions of reading- it demands attention, it is

confusing, and implores the user to continue to the next page, to dig deeper for meaning, and informs the user* that the surface is not alone in creating meaning here. These conceptual elements of reading, interpreting, and provocation form the energy that then extends throughout the following pages. It is intentionally relatively short as a shout out announcing the content that comes next effectively clearing space for reader emotion and is likely 'read' quicker than I currently imagine.

The second section, Good luck and I love you, slows down the reader from the hyper-paced text of the first section using lyrical verse or poetry- whatever the user chooses to call it. It was inspired by my move from Southern California to Northern Colorado for a job opportunity and having to leave my girlfriend behind for a short time. The verses themselves are inspired by daily morning readings of love poems by Pablo Neruda before work each day. My reading of Neruda's work in his native Spanish makes me focus on the flow, sound, and voice of the text rather than its meaning, which seems to take simultaneous roles as primary to inspiration and secondary to overall importance. To me, the poetry focuses on how it is read, vocalized, or sung and these are the guiding forces of the verse presented in The Grey Book. The concept that the reader can read without attention to meaning, and instead feel the emotional aspects of the poetry through the mouthing of the words extends from this section to the rest of the book. Here is the key derivative from the first section- that energy is transformed by reading, words to emotion, to sound, to rhythm (the wave aspect of energy); Good luck and I love you introduces the flow for the book.

The third section, <when html became a rockstar>, proposes the concept that programmatic language has taken the stage as a highly influential and sexy performer in our contemporary society. Just as Andy Warhol was a rockstar for the art world, and Apple is a rockstar enterprise, the HTML language itself serves as the foundation for much of our digital lives and its versioning sparks fierce and expensive debates as it becomes hyper-important to the growth of capitalism and global socialism. The logic of the code- its structure, its capability to destroy, its ability to empower, its own self-

destructive nature are all rockstar attributes that we aspire to and pretend to know personally by name though we have never actually met. The content of this section reflects on our digital age, which may even be a little boring by now or utterly confusing, and recalls the nature of The White Book with its singular phrases. Structurally, this section incorporates the graphical layout emphasis of the first section and blends it with the lyrical nature of the second. <when html became a rockstar> completes with digitally rendered imaging as an over-obvious nod to the importance of digital imagery in our daily lives and how scale affects abstraction of imagery- much can be written how this abstraction functions on the effectual nature of artwork on humans in general.

The fourth section, Perhaps Perhaps Rappin' extends on the lyricism of the previous sections. It was written in pieces while listening to several hip-hop and rap albums such as Mos Def, Blackalicious, Del the Funky Homosapien, and others. The rap and hip hop genres carry tremendous weight in the shaping of our current culture and this is a first attempt at how a white male can approach a dominantly non-white movement of people. How can a contemporary white male talk about a world that is steadily growing non-prejudicial and incorporate a vernacular and entire community into an artistic practice? What is offensive without trying to be? There is much beauty in the stories and poetry of rap, hip-hop, and jazz music that I felt it was worth exploring the flowing rhythms of these efforts. I wonder how Pablo Neruda would approach Common...This section also furthers the concept that meaning of the written text may take a backseat to the sound of the verbalized art and that layout of text evokes emotional responses and intentional 'misspellings' that emphasize purpose over correctness.

The fifth section, free form break2 begins with a series of equations developed with the Daum's Equation Editor app in Google Chrome. These nonsensical equations again draw attention to the beauty of forms on a 'page' and restate the concept that a user or reader or viewer induces meaning where there may be none intended. As a physicist, I was trained to see the beauty in simple forms of balancing and to anticipate the use of sophisticated, yet elegant, mathematics to derive real world meaning from abstractions

of nature. In this way, equations will always intrigue and inspire me and they introduce the flood of consciousness that follows in the subsequent pages, which are then blanketed by a breath of air in the singular but multi-conceptualized phrases toward the end of this section. I am including references to programming and development also as part of this book which can be interpreted as an effort of exhalation on my part in leading to the last section.

The sixth section, Closing includes this introduction and functions as a delimiter for The Grey Book- in a work of text where meaning, form, and intention can become blurred or greyed, this section acts as a clear marking of an end (much like a frame for a painting) for the user. The fact that this closing section contains a somewhat sub-section of this introduction is meant to imply ambiguity of end- our output of ideas does not end with periods or chapters or sections or death- the energy is transformed and the spin of an electron somewhere shifts direction.

*I am using 'user' and 'reader' interchangeably here to call attention to the fact that a book is a user interface.

SELF IMMOLATION

2012: to set oneself on fire.

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