

Probably Already Underway



The sixth great extinction  
printed for free at school

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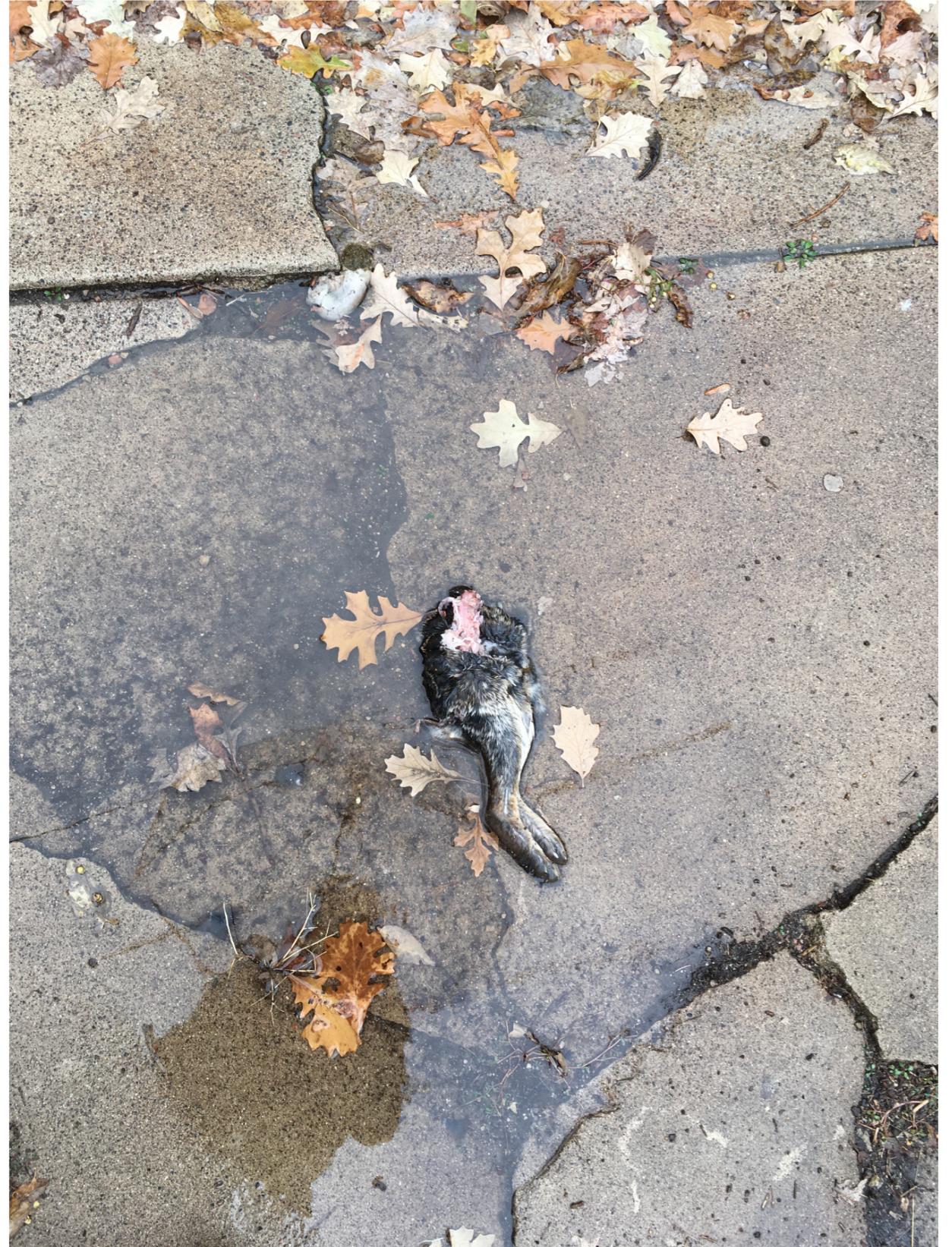
## A perfect State of forgetting

replacing every butterfly of a facsimile of a butterfly. Once we made as many reproductions of butterflies as there had ever been living, they cancelled each other out and no more butterflies could be born out of the hard little eggs shot out in jelly to the bottom of leaves. The eggs just dried up, and when we popped them with the backs of our fingernails, toner for a laser printer stained our bare nails with streaks. We were the only ones who noticed, and we watched with a ravenous curiosity as more imagery kept being created, wondering where the deficit would be extracted from.



Heavy emotional striations

*MEMORIAL-  
IZE YOURSELF*









ACEPHALIE

--

Dec 2021 - Jan 2022

perfect state

Memorialize yourself

Acephalie -  
[A Fire in Parts]

The Weather Channel

Seattle Cusp 2021/2

[sclerids]

Ghosts of Superior, CO

get caught

replacement, interbleeding

Bingewatching television to become dispossessed of my nightmares, to let them be overtaken my narratives outside of my own



# television at the hospital

Bimbo weather reporters do a segment called “Beauty of Winter Hanging On” with a snowman propped up against the mailbox and the tree at the entrance to some rural property in what looks like volcanic flats in Shasta or Lassen county. The snowman is painted pink underneath and a dusting of snow is piled in scalloped lines on its upright plywood breast. The look is just like Nevada City, CA but as the news program’s plot advances, it is revealed that this scene is in Pennsylvania. The weather report is focused on microdramas, social squabbles over where the snow pile should be placed, a car pulled over on the side of the highway. A tweet is presented on screen. They cut to a roseate sunset - showy flower from the extensive gardens in Portland - and show the current temperature in Arizona on the info bar at the base of the screen. A commercial for an amusement park plays as though the coronavirus does not exist. A commercial for a wireless company plays as though coronavirus does not exist. A fourth diabetes ad plays as though it is the only disease. An incredible promo for the weather channel shows a cgi representation of a weather reporter surrounded by the floodWATERS in the greenscreen adaptation of footage of an [eponymous? signifier of] flooded southern city. The computer generated imagery displays a vortex of water thrashing in a flattened funnel around his body. The water is almost up to his nipples, and he is wearing, for some reason, a raincoat. Dress glossy. Speak the cadence. I am sitting too far away from the screen to hear too much. The 3D renderings crescendo into dementia - three screens two up and one large one beside, all connected that are being viewed from a smoothly rotating camera, careful to show the hard work of the programmers. The television screens show variously a road cam, a snowy field and another shot of a snowy landscape. The room the computer generated screens are coolly planted in is stranger, with imagery of dead trees and snow peppered through the sterile white room. We should refer to this room as a volume.

the nurse is chatting about going to the fleet farm and looking for ammo, (for her Bird Dog Guy) and they are relating about how you cannot find it anywhere. Her husband has english setters and competes

with them all over the place. There are people who have britney’s, brush pits, and their setters are called swamp collies. The men reflect after she walks off: “Nice lady” they seem uplifted and impressed. Their spirits have been repaired; maybe they will go to a



Money outside of the veterans hospital by a smoking tent 1, Seattle. December, 2021

cafe in town and return at 1:00 for more testing and sounds like a biopsy.  
'is it a he or a she'

'there was a he that did this but a she did this... well, sounds like two of em... so, let's go. After you get one thing the second one don't hurt too bad...' they walk to the elevators.

A Cute spot plays called “BOY SCOUTS Surviving the Seasons” wherein a young man who speaks with weatherman cadence describes how to use reflectors

to start fires and attract flying emergency vehicles. “Never underestimate the sun,” he cautions. Cut to a royal blue couch with goldenrod pillows where a white woman and a black man sit in front of a screen displaying a large agricultural field of ambiguous green rows and a hyper saturated blue sky in the several inches left to carry the sky above the horizon. The composition is cramped, pressing down vertically on the heads of our hosts, trying to fold them into a small paper crane, and failing, exposing the inhuman practiced poise of the hosts.

When I went to seattle over christmas, there was talk of a snow storm coming. The preamble to the storm felt entirely neutered of the usual panic and drama and I found myself also unable to take it seriously. I brought my heavy dyke boots and a pair of running shoes and was completely SOL for weeks.

Some sincere profiteers!



My appetite shifts around of inside of me like a dog. Ghost of a dog.

# Seattle cusp 2021/2

on new years day, we got a call from our mother on my sister's phone. She sounded laughing-but-mad and asked if we even cared/ wanted to know whether she had to evacuate. We plummeted down from our puzzle high, coming into contact with a moment that included sunlight glaring in the window off of the sky and the snow spread like a reeking sugary paste, scraped over the belly of the grass.

We knew from the night before that something fucked up was going on in our hometown. I saw it on twitter. The video I saw on my timeline shows apparently affluent, white suburban families try to find their children inside of the chuck-e-cheeze. The fire is visible closeby out of the windows. The scene is one of dawning horror and escape. No one in the video is wearing a mask despite the coronavirus case count being at an all time daily high.

[transcript excerpt:  
jason we need to go, come on, we need to go  
garbled talking  
videographer: this is craziness in chuck e  
cheese  
we've got to go, right now, it's ok  
where's cass CASSIDY  
you go with \_\_\_ I'm gonna \_\_\_  
garbled talking  
Mom  
garbled talking  
Mom ]

A fire, origin unknown, started on Dec. 31 in Boulder County. It was called the Marshall fire, and resulted in one death and over 1,000 structures destroyed (mostly homes) despite its relatively small acreage. The prairie fire exploded in a matter of hours. Fire poured like a thin liquid onto the subdivisions and shopping centers, thinned and hurried by 115mph gusting winds. Strong wind and wildfires have been a part of the landscape throughout the last several decades as they have across the west due to maliciously negligent colonialist logging, farming and water redistribution and the carbon emissions produced from these processes. In June, I start holding my breath. By July, I feel my body burning in lots of little places as trees I've seen candlestick and light one another, apologizing. By September, I'm penned inside by thick smoke, and every safe place I've ever been is littered with the bodies of small dead animals. I cannot stop thinking about the lungs of the small birds and the absence of anywhere for



Money outside of the veterans hospital by a smoking tent 2, Seattle. December, 2021

them to go. The walls of wilderness collapse into reality. A fire at the nadir of winter required a new area to expand inside of my inner-egoic-world-concept. A bubble in the vein, it hurt traveling to its proper place. I apologized to my mother.

Winter, it appears, is no longer a significant enough force to disrupt wildfire season. Big Sur burned dramatically a month after the Marshall fire, big hot flames crawling hungrily uphill. The burning coastal range spilled its human residents westward toward the sea for refuge, forced ever westward in an ironic continuation of that infamous celebrity of 90's elementary curriculum, Manifest Destiny. I imagine the California Condor in all of this, an early loony toon character, a smoker, coughing a smoke cloud out of its red elastic neck and saying (to camera) "why." Because we saved them, California Condors cannot survive without human intervention. When the 22 remaining representatives of the species were rounded up on easter sunday in 1987, they were deloused at their intake into their San Diego Zoo enclosure, a process that permanently annihilated a specialized paleolithic louse that is necessary for cleaning the debris from the wings of the very large birds. Now, in order to keep their population feeling all right, they must be captured and maintained periodically by different scientists.

The personal approach finds its limit.

I attribute my dissociative shock and irresponsibility to my family to the season: I only count on my hometown burning to dust every summer. My climate panic had already found a location to overwinter, clingin' soggy to the turtles in Lake Washington, fixated on the possibility that they were freezing to death in the so-called unprecedented freeze. I can only wonder if the turtles have frozen to death and become lake-matter, fluffy rotting sludge to mix with the generously bodied algae. Not too much else is this texture. Bread in water. Nothing in its right state is the texture of decay.

Unhauntable spaces.

The story arc of the chuck e cheese video is the perfect white american encapsulation of tragedy. Words like usual and above average obscure the

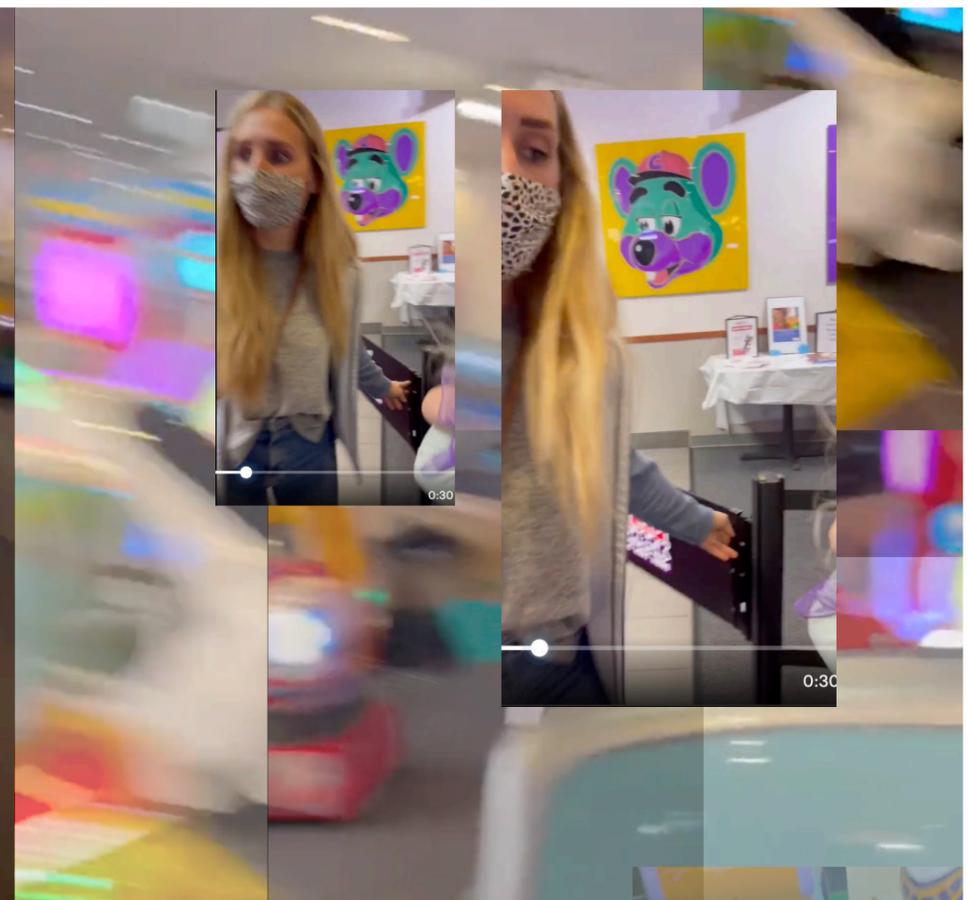


situation while outlining the arc.

the arc is what to watch

There is an air of investigative gossip to the language describing the possible origins of this fire that in fewer than 48 hours consumed completely more structures than any other fire in Colorado's history. There are rumors of downed powerlines (denied by the power company,) of a shed fire on the property of a Christian fundamentalist group "The Twelve Tribes," of an abandoned underground coal mine. You can feel the bristly mustache of the imaginary gold panner at the gift shop in these speculations and see the manly sweat on the straining brow of the chief of fire.

Wikipedia:  
An unusually humid spring with above average growth of the grass due to the wet conditions, followed by an unusually warm and dry summer and fall created ideal conditions for wildfires.[5][6][7][8] Additionally, high winds were recorded in the area, with gusts of up to 115 miles per hour. The winds were driven by the mountain wave effect, and allowed for rapid spread of the fire.[9] Effects of the high winds were also observed on the University of Colorado Boulder campus, where downed branches and trees were reported.[10]



← Tweet

Jason Fletcher @SoFarFletched

cher tched cher tched tcher stched tcher etched

Close up view of the Boulder County firer County fiuntly fire an of the Boulder County fire an County fire av of the Boulder County fiw of the Boulder County fw of the Boulder County fire anw of the Boulder County fire and reaction from inside the Chuck E. Cheese off Maese off Mæ off Marshe Chuck E. Cheese off Marshæese off Marsæ Chuck E. Cheese off Mhe Chuck E. Cheese off Me Chuck E. Cheese off Marsh:he Chuck E. Cheese off Marshall Rd in Superior, CO with wind gusts of 110mphs of 110mp110mph. with wind gusts of 110mph. s of 110mph. with wind gusts of 110mph with wind gusts of 110m) with wind gusts of 110mph. ) with wind gusts of 110mph.

1M views 1:00 1:01 1:02 1:03 / 1:50

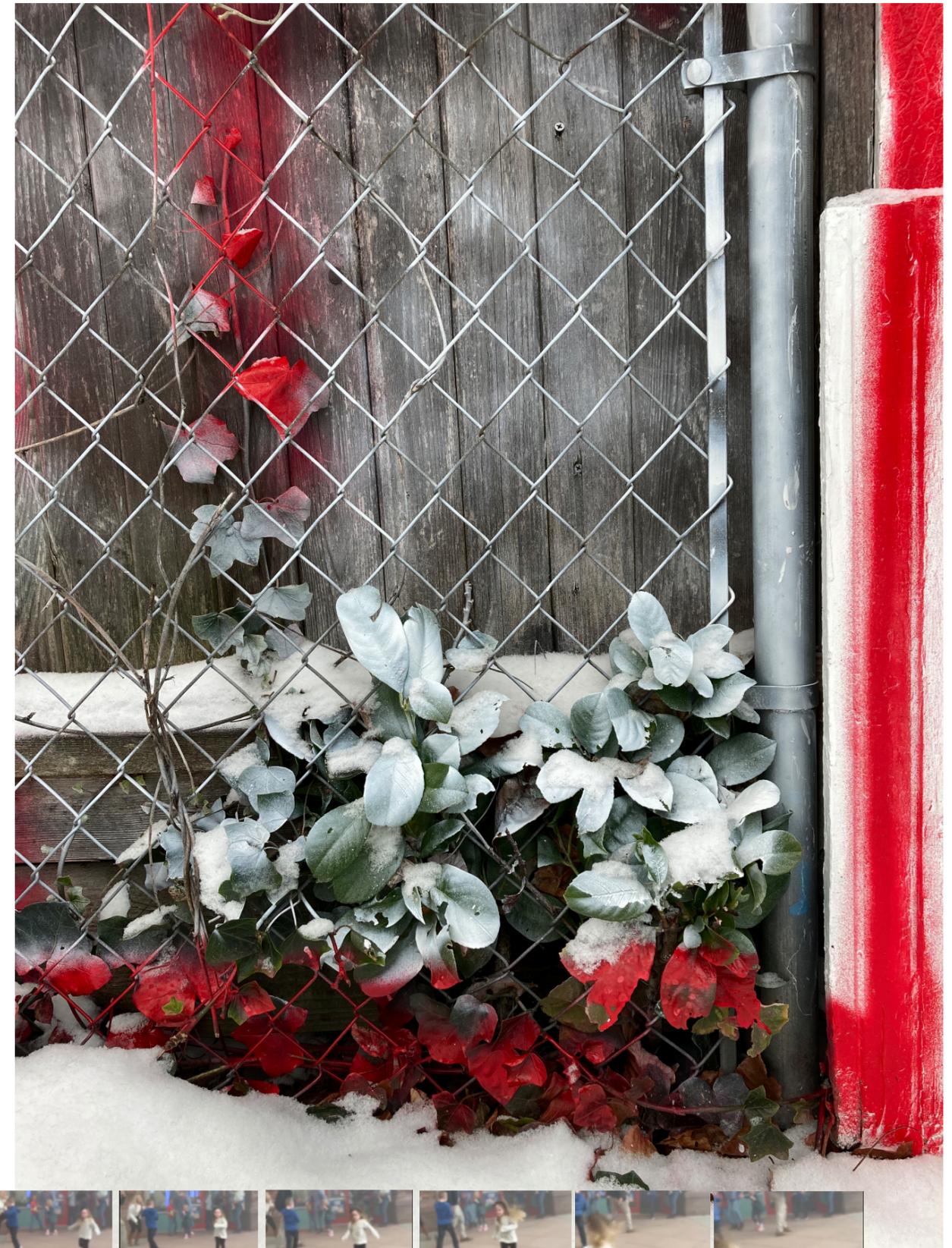
3:21 PM · Dec 30, 2021 from Superior, CO · Twitter for iPhone · Twitter for iPhone · 021 from Superior, CO · Twitter for iPhone · Twitter for iPhone · 021 from Superior, CO · Twitter for iPhone · 021 from Superior, CO · Twitter for iPhone · 2021 from Superior, CO · Twitter for iPhone

2,724 Retweets 1,237 Quote Tweets 7,524 Likes 7,524 Likes Likes 1,237 Quote Tweets 7,524 Likes ;524 Likes 1,237 Quote Tweets 7,524 Likes

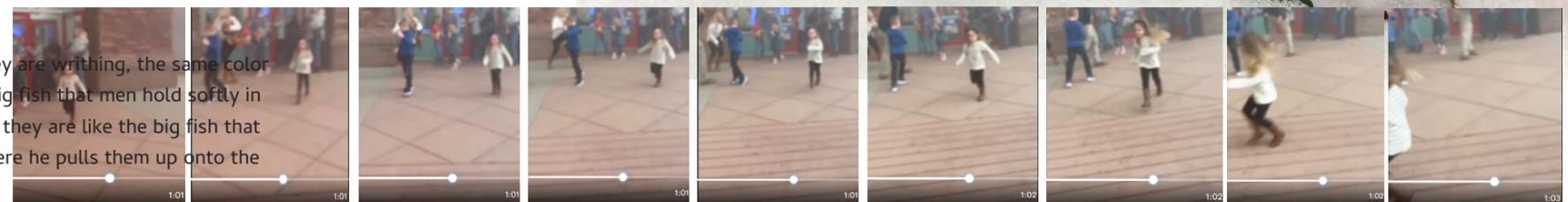


transcript:

garbled talking  
Jason no Jason let's go what is that?  
what is that?  
jason we need to go, come on, we need to go  
garbled talking  
videographer: this is craziness in chuck e cheese  
we've got to go, right now, it's ok  
where's cass CASSIDY  
you go with \_\_\_ I'm gonna \_\_\_  
garbled talking  
Mom  
garbled talking  
Mom  
I don't think we're safer in our car  
stay with me  
garbled talking  
I'm scared  
I can't get this door open  
videographer, sincere: at least we're locked in  
mommm  
it's ok, it's ok, it's ok  
ok here we go  
it's ok  
its ok  
ok, here we go  
I think it's the wind pushing the door possibly  
videographer: is it?  
grunting  
wind lashing mic  
go go go go go go  
unbelievable  
[name]  
casey! CASEY  
go go go go  
cmon  
cmon cmon  
wind, running footsteps, sirens  
get in, hey here here here here  
cut to driving away in the car  
intense winds and there's smoke right there  
I know  
right over, [to children] see? wind and fire  
driving wow, thats where we live, it goes all the way  
back there, to over there.  
[camera pans across a child making a goofy face in the  
backseat]  
it's going on the right over here too



The eels take place easily in my psyche. They are writhing, the same color as the water they are in. They are like the big fish that men hold softly in the gallery I remember from the north east, they are like the big fish that the man catches on the television show where he pulls them up onto the boat just seemingly to hold them.



The taste that is left in my mouth after screencapturing all of these video stills is distinct amid the tragic affect I have projected around topics of climate change induced fires. The people are white. The women wear beige hats from the fashion section of target. The children are white. Their clothes can be imagined in the ur-dryer, the holy-omni tumbling mass of poly blends, atomic meatball flinging small stony socks and horizontally striped sleeve-fettuccini around, around, which tumbles in this moment of laundry, this flat and ignoble pause in their Having A Smell (smuggled under imaginary scent worlds, by Tide!) These children have grown up in Superior, Colorado. Or possibly Lafayette. They live in identical crystalline outgrowths of houses, some in physical conglomerates, some in biological repetitions. The glimmer of humanity is dim and smuggled under in these suburban developments. The textures are latex paint and boho chic and faux stone. The fire retardants' hot chemical breath is full of VOC's. The flooring is gray plastic and the kitchen around it looks like it belongs to a snappy modern feminist version of snow white.

Disaster is something that we know to be saturated. The vowel sounds are the same in english. Its cells have burst open, its order corrupted, everything has been rendered obsolete from its special and particular function. The objects and the people are faced with their alienation from established forms of meaning and order. A dishwasher is no good when its molecules have been rearranged.

And typically this process is tragic (see: disastrous, saturated.) The tragedy is aesthetic, we are saturated with feelings of the disaster. Simple things immediately earn nostalgic rights when they've been lost too soon. A life that sucked, a simple curtain, retro home goods. The forest usually figures strongly in a forest fire, and oh, the beautiful forest! Its woodland creatures flee in terror and are cut down by a wall of smoke, cooked alive. Birds panic, they aren't responsible for this!

When the pandemic started, a cruise ship was docked for a month and the passengers were not allowed to leave. Nine people died.

the News is a tasting platter of disasters.

Wikipedia:

The British-registered Diamond Princess was the first cruise ship to have a major outbreak on board, with the ship quarantined at Yokohama from 4 February 2020 for about a month. Of 3711 passengers and crew, around 700 people became infected and 9 people died.[2][3]

Governments and ports responded by preventing many cruise ships from docking and advising people to avoid travelling on cruise ships. Many cruise lines suspended their operations to mitigate the spread of the pandemic.

By June 2020, over 40 cruise ships had had confirmed positive cases of coronavirus on board. The last cruise ship with passengers aboard during the first wave of the pandemic, Artania, docked at its home port with its last eight passengers on 8 June 2020.[a][4][5][6][7][8][9][10][11][excessive citations] In addition, over 40,000 crew members still remained on cruise ships, some in isolation, in mid-June 2020.[12] Many could not be repatriated because cruise lines refused to cover the cost,[13][14] and because countries had different and changing rules. The condition was stressful to many of those stranded;[15] multiple suicides were reported.[16] Heavy dogma as a placeholder for reality - just a lot of world building. Possibly

less sinister because it is



This world, with the hat from target, is not a forest. The synthetic melted piles of american construction fail to ignite a nostalgic response. They were never a quaint curtain. They repel pathos. They are spaces that are haunted only by a violence like a mechanical sound that keeps other ghosts from inhabiting. This filthy loss, this flat tragedy undercuts even Cormac McCarthy's pessimism. The burned outposts from the monopolies that created the conditions that turned the fire so large are the victims of their progeny. It is a patricide come too late: its killings are indiscriminate, massive and the violence only fulfills the need of the father, even as he falls.

an unaesthetic disaster is an unhauntable disaster

this imagery is ugly. The layout looks bad. The equivocating language that reports on these events also designed the buildings that the tragedy befalls. The beige and brick red paint and the parking lots, the unmasked suburban families, the target brand hat, the balayage, the polyester. The hand that designed these things has its fingers knitted together by the lowest common denominator. It can only indicate in broad, sexless strokes. It's reproductive capabilities are impressive.

they're called sclerids, the little hard balls in the pear. They soften as the pear droops and becomes ripe. The light that is made available to the prunes through the canopy is given a gentle treatment. Their dusky deep purple passes it along like velvet. They are rich eyeshadow purples and indigo. A sticky green before ripening. Golden sap balls when a hole is punctured in them while they are growing by a squirrel brushing vertically through the branches



The nice stuff they get out of me is golden. Extra virgin, first press. When my disposition changes to include the concept of wellness, it glows cuter for them. It makes it richer and sweeter, it pulls more of this silky, gorgeous amber out of me. They line the bottom of their trays with it and drop in the twigs and found diamonds (they're cubic zirconium) and they let them bake into crackers. There are hairs in the crackers that fall off of their greasy heads and they blame these hairs us and our secretions. The hairs are their favorite part, the feeling when their wiry width prys two of their stony teeth a little apart.

Peeling the enamel apart, like prying off a fake fingernail with a knife. It has been soaking in reeking, scented nail polish remover and I keep trying to corrupt the integrity of the glue and prematurely pecking at them with my pocket knife. It is like the frozen dumpling wrappers, frozen sheets of skin too adhered together that I kept hacking between with a knife and they just chipped and flaked in their cylinder, refusing to become supple on my time.



This is what an idea looks like. That you can use the false to plaster a new path onto the wet grass. It is only in your imagination that the two will heal together. They will just fight between a layer of mud.



The owner of this house was a wealthy couple, younger than me. While we fastidiously snipped the laurel bushes back into shape with fescue clippers, a woman came to the mansion to give a guitar lesson to the owner of the house. He was learning Nevermind, by Nirvana.

We maintained his living fence, shaping the barriers into a painful geometry. The leaf walls throb with depth and the sun glances off their many sword angles.

I never drove the van on the way to these jobs. Madeline had a fleet of two, an old truck with a tall kelly green plywood box for a back we would cram full of brush, and a dingy white clown-car van that I, in my horrible outfit would cram into the back of beside a mean blonde 19 year old boy who had harsh Wyoming cowboy energy and a dreamy musician named Pablo who had beautiful ideas and piercings and Jeff, a fish-eyed man I knew through an ex's graduate program. Jeff had a fabulous story about getting gout in Nepal, trying to walk what turned out to be miles to the next town and having only whiskey to drink. I got my first colonoscopy while working for Madeline. I was 29, and the results revealed precancerous adenomas. I allow myself a cigarette for nerves whenever I am told that I have a growth or a disease. I received this phone call at work with Madeline in an unknown wealthy suburban location. I had a cigarette but no matches, and went shakily into the house under the pretenses of using the bathroom to look for matches. I became paranoid. The security system returned some notation of suspicious behavior of a person in a yellow shirt. I had on a terrible yellow muscle tee. I abandoned my drawer rifling and went to the van. I looked around for a lighter. Jeff noticed my behavior and I gave him the primer and asked if he had a lighter. He suggested the cigarette lighter in the van. Trying to figure out how it worked, I burned a slim ripple pattern in my thumb from this technology that is not in fact obsolete, but which I have never otherwise used for its stated purpose.

Every two weeks, Madeline would pay us bundles of cash at the most famous hourly rate, \$15/hr. She would write our hours on a yellow sheet of 5x7 paper and fold it up with the cash in a small envelope with our names written in pencil on the front. Despite my uncommon name, I was not the only one with it at that job and was referred to as xxxx 2.

When I quit abruptly, Madeline was furious. It was revealed that we viewed the nature of my commitment to this liminal employment very differently. My scar tissue was horribly aggravated by the squatting and my tendons rang from using the hand clippers all day long, and both sent me into a panic about my body and its ability to be whole. I remember the mean blonde boy who worked with us, his gaze was stink on me like a bad rag. He saw me as a failed whore, a dried up madonna. Pretty boys hate me for my gender. I got free of this job for a self directed carpentry gig, and an old man who lived at the mouth of the alley we were working in asked me if we were for hire and if we could look at a few things for him. After several days, I folded and agreed to bring a tall ladder over and patch up a hole in the exterior wall that wasps were flying out of. He would do it himself, he was fast to assure me, but at his age, a fall like that could be a grave problem. I hammered a small patch over the asbestos siding, receiving no stings. The siding tiles were a chalky brick red with dusty blue and they bent like tar roofing or sheets of sour candy covered with sugar. So encouraged by my usefulness, the man convinced me to follow him into the basement to see if there was anything that could be done; he wanted to sell his house and move somewhere smaller. My memory of this event is reduced a series of textures: clutter, close in toward my face like the leaves on the laurel I had been training to their right shapes with Madeline, real and emotional stanches penetrating deeply into my senses from stacks of old newspapers, fake flowers, clothes, boxes, wallpaper, piles. I was able to communicate that there wasn't much a small outfit like mine could do for him, and unfortunately it was in reality a big job with no shortcuts. And I left, and his animation stalled like a coin horse run out of time.

Now, internally, I spend a lot of time in those laurel bushes. It seems that inhaling their collected pollen and pinching off so many of their truly unanthropomorphic vedic multitudes of fingers and arms, training them toward the sun, toward a circle, performed on me a mirror grooming, leaving me a lot between their twisting stalks and on the singular superimposed road to every separate mansion. I cling there: the bushes are a hauntable space. They have crevices, there is somewhere for me to get purchase. Maybe we exchanged some material between us.

## replacement, interbleeding.

the gardens and I replace a part of one another. The suburban landscape of Superior CO was replaced with a melted burn scar. The living were not replaced with their ghosts because the houses were not haunted because the houses are too slick - they repel ghosts. They have their own vapors, the nouveau VOC's burn the nose of a ghost and makes the ghost flee. Also, there are no textures in new american construction that are able to materially sustain a ghost. Let us compare flooring. The surface of plastic flooring with imprinted wood grain has a naturally repellant quality. It makes water pill up in a little ball on top. The same is done to the eye, the gaze avoiding penetration, splashes onto the floor and immediately pills up into an economic shape. Light can only sit like margarine on this flooring, pooling in the tooled grooves with the hairs and oils. A wood floor is different because it still has some cell memory of sunlight, and welcomes sunlight inside. The sunlight goes into the tubes which water used to get pumped through so it feels a little weird but it's like sex in that there are a lot of ways to go about it. Back to the room with plastic flooring and latex paint: A ghost cannot stay in a room like this, the repellant quality of the materials pick up the corners of the ghost and it has to scoot on out of there like an air hockey puck. Many ghosts have tried, and records of their efforts are embarrassing. The textures are not only textures, they are material also. And material from plastics have a stronger memory than a human ghost. Plastic things remember fossil time, but their memory has become wrong. Too many deaths in one memory, it's a celestial cacophony! The intra echoing of the dead have made the object go mad. Its madness is a flat state. The flat state is not porous. The ghosts cannot sit on it, because they scoot away as if by wind. There are many reasons this is a place that cannot be haunted. We, the living, (no offense) cannot project a ghost into an ugly new hotel, or a place with school carpet. The violence we feel there is not the october kind of violence that fills us with exciting feelings, its a dead violence that we swallow like a thin pewter bar every morning, the corners of it it scrape our throats and we forget we did it.

replacing wood with a facimilie of wood from materials from the past as repellant to other pasts because it imitates the past, as well as imitating wood.



saturated with the ur-ghost. capitalism's death toll

Fish go back down to the depths. They transform into shady versions of themselves, fewer degrees of separation from their surroundings.

I'll probably be raking leaves into a neat pile when the final fire comes