

On Collaboration

We wrote back and forth with variable commitment to active uptake: we are separate people trying to stay in sync and to take in what isn't, to work with the heat of a proximity that echoes, extends, or hesitates into forms of life. Our bumpers are the archives we push off from. "Active uptake" was Michael Warner's phrase for how we enter a public through capture by its circulations; we become ourselves both more alive and tired at all kinds of speed. The impact that fires mutual awareness somewhere might figure as a thrilling link, an uneven curb, or persist like a conversation's low-hanging fog. Sometimes, a friend says, we wish that your texts would resist us more. Because, we respond, then you can feel that your reading is heroic. We're interested in what's active in receptivity. Active has no opposite. Even the easiest sentence is a test once you ask the background knowledge to come to the phone.

In any collaborative relation there is a fear of deep checking in. What do we do in the event of the force of clashing taste? It might turn out that we were falling through ice after all, not making tracks in the same-enough way. Some collaborators seek a secure job as the referent. The mind threatens to grow into an insane place if it's not getting to feel how it was supposed to feel. Some collaborators demand that everything confirms the circuits of their enjoyment. We are interested in the elaborate strange logic of the world. Being in the scene that is pulsating, not separating what's out there or in us. Without the plane of consistency, a series will often appear in tangles without syntax or as lines shooting out because the implication is on a frequency. A politics can be articulated in this difficult situation: these days we're panicking about causality, sensing mass mania, mass exhaustion, asthma; the distribution of borders and death and confused, upended life; the panic at what's fracking people in their bodies.

So we look for points of precision where something is happening. We don't presume what's going on in a scene but look around at what might be. We tap into the genres of the middle: *récit*, prose poem, thought

experiment, the description of a built moment as in *The Arcades*, the Perekian exercise, fictocriticism, captions, punctums, catalogs, autopoetic zips, flashed scenes, word counts.

(W. BENJAMIN 1999; DAVIS 2010; DELEUZE AND GUATTARI 1987; GIBBS 2005; GLADMAN 2016; HARNEY AND MOTEN 2013; MUECKE 2008, 2016; PEREC [1974] 2008; STERN 2001; WARNER 1991)