

Noise is both the differentiation and the undifferentiated, open and closed, allowing multiple meanings and shifts, directly, sustained delayed, like language but more direct, more immediate, more immanent, in its incomprehensibility. Its total presence, and lack, its pure signification and lack of signification, its inability to fix a purpose, beginning or end, and its ability to express all that and overwhelm all systems. Noise withdraws from itself, fixes and unfixes, begins and ends, has surface and depth, like everything else- only not withdrawn, lacking the confidence of meaning and value, subsumes and is overwhelming all value. In its presence we become deaf, blind, and mute. It enfolds and contains all possible dimensions, all possible stories, and improbable and impossibilities. It is the bringer of life, the destabilization of itself. Noise is the origin and end of ignorance and knowledge, truth and falsehood are contained within it as only a small fraction, it has an infinite remainder, an infinity of points which are joined by an infinity of lines, transcendent and immanent. Noise totalizes itself yet transcends any totalization, here is all music, all sense, all life and all other. Its growth is unchecked, and complete, its height and its decent, noise is a multiverse of trivialities. An infinite volume of histories, incomprehensibly boring, beyond delight, its pictures coalesce and ignore instants of time. It makes time as pictures, noise is a resolution of identification in a fixidity which moves and creates at infinite speed, backwards, A multitude of virtualities and realities. Noise both creates this description of it, affirms and rejects, knows and ignores, is both absent and present, incapable of fulfilment and so complete, the play of endless infinite difference of the same, and the finite moment of the kiss.