

# Every Thing is a Hole in a Thing That It Is Not (A Theoretical Fiction)

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A is a hole in the series of letters, each of which is also a hole in the series of letters. A is a hole in a wilderness of words, each of which is also a hole in a wilderness of words. The wilderness of words is a hole in a white space. The white space is a hole in what surrounds it. And so on in the form of a machinery that designates a figure and its ground followed by a negation of the notion of figure that is accompanied by a restoration of the figure that was previously negated as an element in a differently configured ground that can run independently until it negates the whole of the universe or grinds to a halt.

This sequence of words signals a shift in register that, as it unfolds toward the introduction of a narrative, also turns the orientation of the hole designated with the letter A. This shift repositions A as a signifier that points toward a character that is beyond itself. Because of the viewpoint that will soon be adopted with respect to this character, A will come to refer less to a thing than to an embodiment, that is to a hole of a different type, one that is continuously filled with combinations of sense data and emptied out again by forgetting

This version of A is in motion through an environment that he is and is not. That environment is a field strewn with debris. Periodically he stops. The way in which he moves and stops is shaped by what he preoccupies him, which is in turn shaped by the fact that he moves and stops.

When, in the diffuse pink light of morning before a formations of stacked plastic bag clouds dyed blue, he follows with an index finger the trajectory of a series of yellow forms that are drifting across the canopy of trees like inflatable observation towers, he thinks that every thing is limitless extension and is only itself in the ways that it is bounded by others.

When he bends forward to alter the position of a fragment, now a shattered cube of Styrofoam, now a cluster of nails embedded in shapes made of wood, he changes its company and thinks that every solitary thing loses differentiation.

And when, later, distracted by the possibility that he is among the solitary things that are losing differentiation, he walks into a signpost atop which is an arrow that indicates something beyond his perceptual field that lay along an imaginary line running to his left, the existence of which he only suspects because of the indication he has run into, he concludes that the sentence he has been thinking about is likely a sentence about words.

