

***Onan the illiterate*, or the Revenge of the Aesthetic
(Philosophy as Art and the Artist-Philosopher)**

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Certificate of Authorship/Originality

I certify that the work in this thesis has not previously been submitted for a degree nor has it been submitted as part of requirements for a degree except as fully acknowledged within the text.

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Abstract

Onan the illiterate is primarily an experimental writing project, a project making more use of philosophy than literature as its source material. As a post-poststructuralist experiment, this project emphasizes the aesthetic over the logocentric; unlike poststructuralism, however, *Onan the illiterate* actually enacts what it proposes—it defies the logocentric.

Relating to a character from the Old Testament, “Onan” refers to both coitus interruptus and masturbation. These are very important features of my work and its “revenge” on logocentrism. Coitus interruptus intervenes the properly discursive as ignorance and confusion, while masturbation conveys the affective pleasure of artistic practice. Against the banality of logocentrism (its overdependence on understanding, meaning and interpretation, its overdetermination with regard to teleological argumentation and instrumental ratiocination), Onan flaunts its “illiteracy” for nothing other than the sake of pleasure.

Importantly, I define philosophy as the art of thought. Unlike properly constituted thought (poststructuralism included), *Onan the illiterate* experiments with style in such a way as to disturb the propositional and the argumentative. In this way, not only is experimental philosophy undermined, but also academia and its much-beloved art theory. Not only does the dissertation engage the inadequacies of logocentrism in discussing *Onan the illiterate* as a project, then, but it also confronts these very inadequacies as they relate to academia, philosophy and the dissertation itself.

Note on Style

The following dissertation sets out to enact exactly what the title states—a revenge of the aesthetic. However, it must be noted that this revenge of the aesthetic is upon nothing other than logocentrism. As you will notice, logocentrism is the target of both this dissertation and my creative work, *Onan the illiterate*. It remains to be explained how this dissertation differs from my creative writing. From a proper perspective, this dissertation is not normal; but, then again, one must realize that this dissertation is not only written by an artist, but part of a creative doctorate (Doctor of Creative Arts). This is important. Having said that, I do not believe that this dissertation is any less rigorous than a proper dissertation. And, by the way, what counts as proper and why so? These and similar issues are crucial and will be dealt with in the following. Allow me to explain, briefly, the main difference between this dissertation and my creative writing: the following dissertation struggles with—without abandoning—its own logocentrism. That is, it remains logocentric; it is, like the proper dissertation, predominantly argumentative and propositional. This is the ultimate difference between the style of the following dissertation (which, in all actuality, is quite proper) and the style of my creative writing (which defies argumentation and the propositional—at least insofar as the propositional is truthful in its claims to correspondence). In addition to formal style, the tone of the following is of interest: an aggression confused with its own hilarity. Trust nothing. Also, you will find that the following dissertation employs gendered pronouns, whereas my creative writing does not. This is simply for the sake of academic convenience (I, personally, have no interest in gendered pronouns unless gender is the object of discussion—which it usually isn't). And, finally, it might be worthwhile to mention the process involved in the writing of this dissertation. I am sure that you will notice the performative character of the text. This is so because the dissertation was improvised. That is, there was no attempt at properly outlining what was to be argued beforehand. The process of my thought is very important to me, and I will not exclude my dissertation from that interest.

Regarding the presentation of *Onan the illiterate* that follows this dissertation, page numbers are only for the sake of scholarly examination.

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Life is no argument. Nietzsche

There are no arguments. Cioran

Logic is always false. Tzara

Literacy is always feigned. Onan

Introduction:

My research/writing project is entitled *Onan the illiterate*—an onanistic misuse of research. Onan, as you might well know, is known for coitus interruptus as well as masturbation. Thus, I research anything I happen to be interested in (primarily philosophy and the arts, though also microbiology and pornography) for the sake of pleasure, not proper understanding (i.e., developed argumentation, instrumental ratiocination, etc). There is no intention to proceed properly ("intercourse"), but rather to enact and document the pleasure (masturbation) of accumulating and processing information (i.e., thought). As I see it, my work goes to the very heart of what research means (and excludes).

Additionally, I consider my work an instance of philosophy as art (and myself an artist-philosopher): thought for the sake of thought, and not reasonably justifying or teleologically argued thought. Not simply philosophy as art, but a dadasophy—an interrogation (and thus prolongation?) of that specifically human inescapability: logocentrism (and not in the overdeveloped, misconstrued Derridean sense, either). Logocentrism is the human insistence on understanding, meaning and interpretation, and academia is that institution which constitutes *the* hegemony of this most bizarre irrationality. I maintain that thinking (and art/as art) is most interesting when not constrained by this totalitarianism. Poststructuralism, in very much a response to and continuance of Nietzsche, is that philosophical "movement" that has come the closest to an anti-logocentric thinking; however, they have failed, and failed radically, as my work will hopefully show.

This is all that I really have to say about my work. Otherwise, you should just read it. But it is (as yet?) impossible to receive a doctorate (including a *creative* doctorate, hilarious as that may be) without further explication. I regret and take back, in advance, anything that I will possibly say and am disgusted at myself for even attempting this dissertation. However, academia is important to me, for reasons you will soon find out—thus, I continue. And, by the way, there has been no attempt to rewrite the failure of my initial

attempt (including rewritten attempts) at writing this—it's all here, the entire process, for your perusal. Oh, and before I forget: there is no failure (unless, of course, you still believe in meaning).

It is currently 3:54 am. I have been up all night, as usual, thinking and taking notes about a variety of issues: in particular, how to proceed with a dissertation as an artist. Ah, the dissertation! Why is it that an artist must justify and validate their work argumentatively? Does art not justify itself as a form of research? And what constitutes research? The academic interest in research and, thus, its claim to knowledge (and, consequently, the often overlooked method involved in these endeavors, i.e. instrumental ratiocination in general, developed argumentation in particular) becomes questionable once one maintains artistic practice as a form of research. It is my *argumentative* (and, thus, meaningless) contention that artistic practice is a form of research and a form of non-knowledge (and that research as such can only proceed as non-knowledge; perhaps, then, your argument would be that it is the *result* of that research that is significant? My response: hasn't the history of art, much less the history of philosophy and science, proven the fallibility of results?) and that art, as a more unrestrictive (restricted only by its materials and context) exploration of the unknown, is much more constitutive of

research than any other field precisely because it questions the pretentiousness of these very terms (besides making an embarrassment out of *acceptable* modes of research). What do instrumental reasoning and developed argumentation offer the human species? Not much. Or, rather, the false belief that Homo sapiens really know anything because some of them can maintain an argument (until, of course, that argument is questioned by the next argument to come along which, crucially, must be accepted by academia to have any validity—another embarrassment). You think I am joking? Do you know how many years of this thing one calls life I've spent considering art and philosophy (meaning, truth, fiction, creativity, not to mention life itself)? And I've gotten nowhere (except, of course, for years wasted in and debt accrued from educational institutions). So why, you might be wondering, am I pursuing a doctorate, albeit a creative doctorate? Because, having decided not to kill myself, I need to survive—thus, I need a job. And ever since I was 15 years old I've wanted to be a teacher. Over the years, however, I've learned that being a teacher was not as simple or exciting as I had imagined. Academia is a bureaucracy, and a totalitarian one at that. I've dropped out of school at least 6 times. Why? To study! To be left alone. To be able to develop my own understanding (or, what I've come to realize—misunderstanding) without someone harping on me to publish my findings or meet some industry standard by theorizing and making public an argument that I will surely change (sometimes within minutes of having reached that argument). I do not think in complete sentences or well-developed paragraphs (unless forced) and I sure as hell do not claim to have become more knowledgeable; I simply have accumulated more information (enough, by the way, to be able to teach a variety of courses and better than most teachers I've had, at that. That should be embarrassing.). And this process of “correctly” accumulating, processing and exchanging information is becoming tedious. Thus, my recent dilemma concerning the preposterousness *and* necessity of truth-claims, any of which may just as easily be deconstructed as they were constructed. And is this, you might assume, because I have read Derrida? Ha! You mean *the* Derrida who posits difference only to back away from it? And you expect me to explain exactly what I mean when I say that? Why, because in citing the relevant literature and making a case for myself my proposition will then be acceptable for you to either accept or reject?

I hold academia in contempt for not being able to receive a degree for the way in which I live my life. I hold myself in contempt for desiring such a thing from academia.

Onan the illiterate as an anti-logocentric indulgence.

Research is exploration, investigation. Knowledge, on the other hand, is a notion similar to that of truth or justice—non-existent except as a metaphysical ideal. I do not know anything, including this very statement. Problematic, though inescapable. I mean, really, an artist questions perspective; does this mean that perspective is no longer viable as an artistic approach? As if it ever were viable in the first place! Viable in relation to what? Representational truth? There is only failure, or the failed attempt. What, you think feminism is justice? Ha! You think that poststructuralism is more believable than existentialism? And why? Because it represents reality more truthfully (represents? Truthfully? No, not poststructuralism! They've supposedly done away with representation and truth! But that's complicated, isn't it?). Because its arguments are more valid? Existentialism was a viable argument until poststructuralism came along and offered its own nice little quaint arguments. What next? I don't know, but rest assured academia will provide an answer! And, what's worse, don't even think about getting a teaching position unless you've contributed your own view on the matter! But I've started off on the wrong foot. I really meant to introduce this feigned dissertation with the following: Having to write a dissertation is an affront to my ignorance. Or, even better: I don't know what it is that I do, I don't even know what [sic] I am. How, then, perform an exegesis? By the way, exegesis meaning interpretation. What if my work (not to mention myself as artist) is against interpretation, what then? According to the school handbook, my creative work "should be the equivalent of a 50,000-70,000-word written work." It is clear that discourse is primary here (and not just discourse, but a certain type of discourse that I am sure you are familiar with). Is this because it is so difficult to evaluate an artwork on its own terms (outside of reasonable, teleological explication)? And, needless to say, shouldn't any and every object (including ratiocination) put us in a similarly dumbfounded situation, or have we gotten too used to our much beloved microscopes? (And, by the way, as soon as one questions the microscope, there is drowning...

Academia likes safe ground and the only difference between academia proper and poststructuralism is that the latter excels at a certain pretension, a faked drowning—so much so that academics aren't really bothered by it because of the satisfaction and relief provided and guaranteed by their life vests; poststructuralism differs, in this sense, with its throwable PFD's. The image is unbearably hilarious: academia, snickering amongst themselves, standing ashore with their life vests securely fastened; poststructuralism, waist-high in water, occasionally tossing their PFDs out to imaginary experimentalists. Far-fetching. And, by the way, there isn't much of a difference between the life jacket and the straight jacket). Or is it, rather, that one believes that an artwork must be equated with an interpretation so that that very artwork may be stamped and moved along the conveyor belt as academically worthwhile because it can, supposedly, be reasonably understood? And does this constitute research, much less knowledge? Do you know what initially attracted me (and continues to attract me) to art? Taste. (Oh my God, did he say taste? But we don't believe in taste anymore!) The first time I saw a certain work of art, I was thrown into a sort of Kantian disequilibrium (do you like that?). I am not interested in art over, say, plumbing, because of some statistical or interpretive necessity; rather, because of taste (something that continues to baffle me—and you, as well, I take it). Getting back to what I was saying, discursivity in academia is prioritized with respect to research and knowledge—and not just discursivity as such, but properly developed, argumentative discourse. Something smells of Hegel...

Whitman walking out of the classroom (actually, wandering).

As if Artaud were writing after poststructuralism.

As if Basquiat were a philosopher.

(Unless one were to consider my work sculptural—in that case, Rauschenberg)

The history of philosophy is the history of failure—the failure of reason to resolve itself. Thought becomes philosophy when it becomes pretentious.

As if the accumulation, processing, production and exchange of information were “knowledge.”

I don’t trust myself; and when I believe something, I am only pretending that I believe.

Onan is a character from the Old Testament, condemned and killed by God for coitus interruptus. Since then, its name has also come to refer to masturbation. I make use of both of these defining features as the basis for an aesthetic anti-aesthetic: coitus interruptus (knowledge, in Biblical times, also referring to sexual intercourse, thus knowledge interrupted) as the refusal—or inability—to communicate properly (thus, also, against discursive “intercourse”) and masturbation as (cognitive, thus both perceptual and discursive) affect. Communicatively, my interest in coitus interruptus focuses on 2 issues: (1) discourse (as semantics/signification) itself obfuscating discourse and (2) perception/sensation obfuscating discourse. (It is important to note that discourse and meaning are of primary significance here, that is the necessity of their failure as well as the inescapability of that failure). In the first instance, discourse never resolves itself (meaning is never resolved meaningfully); discursivity can only ever represent its object insufficiently—will only ever be misrepresentation; discourse is disturbed by its own attempt at meaning, at discursivity. In the second instance, perception approaches discourse as an affront to and rejection of meaning; however, this does not simply pertain to the perceiving subject, but to the object of discourse itself which undermines any discursive attempt at representation. (It must be said that, for me, discourse is

fundamentally representational. Of course, one could make the argument that there is no such thing as representation, but the human species cannot survive without at least pretending to represent the world to itself). On a more practical level, coitus interruptus is enacted in a variety of ways in my work: knowledge is misused and misapplied (I use knowledge as a palette with which to paint) and understanding, as nothing other than misunderstanding (just as interpretation is only misinterpretation, partiality), is flaunted as such. Knowledge is not simply misused, however, because knowledge is always already misapplication, misrepresentation: knowledge is and can only ever be failed plagiarism: there is no knowledge, as such, in the first place (and all of those propositions—knowledge in commonsensical terms, knowledge as failed plagiarism and the nonexistence of knowledge—remain just as accurate as they are inaccurate). My “misuse” of “knowledge,” then, is simply an exacerbation of this failure: there is no longer—as if there ever were—any such thing as knowledge (it has become mere information, the accumulation of information), neither is there any such thing as understanding (but merely the processing of information). (This paragraph trying to explicate Onan—utter bullshit. You will find, as you continue to read, that I discuss philosophy way too much, attempt to situate Onan in a specific sense, and portray myself truthfully regarding both—as if I cared about any of this untrustworthy, fickle conjecture. This dissertation is interesting only insofar as it deconstructs itself—and even that is banal.)

As I write, my attempts at controlling both this discourse and its object fail... (Though I feign my way through this failure rather nicely, don't you think?) The etymology of “discourse”: dis ‘away’ + currere ‘to run.’ Without getting into the banalities of the totalitarianism of academia with respect to proper discursivity (and the belief that one actually can control an object of discourse, much less know that object via proper discursivity: complete sentences, developed argumentation, resolved theses), I will simply repeat what has already been stated—that literacy is always feigned.

Regarding the flaunting of misunderstanding, I intentionally (and, perhaps more importantly, nonintentionally) misuse interpretation, introducing fiction and falsity among the truthful. But this is problematic. Falsity has been a recurrent issue at least in the history of Western thought (Plato denouncing falsity, particularly that of artisans). It

is really with Nietzsche that falsity is introduced affirmatively, both in philosophy and in life. Since then, a variety of philosophers have elaborated upon Nietzsche's affirmation, writing works of fiction alongside their more properly philosophical works (Sartre, for example) or introducing fiction into the truthfulness of philosophy itself (the line of French thinkers running from Bataille and Blanchot to the poststructuralists). In one sense, I consider my work to be following this line from Nietzsche, through Bataille and Blanchot (forget Heidegger), on to the poststructuralists. Whereas for most Westerners, philosophy originates with Plato (or the pre-Socratics), or even those for whom Continental philosophy begins with Kant (hopefully you've noticed my partiality here: Analytic philosophy is for those who love feigned clarity—including myself), for myself philosophy begins with Nietzsche (from a Western perspective, that is; the East produced their nonequivalent to our poststructuralism centuries ago, making an embarrassment out of the Western attempt at so-called philosophy). Before I forget to continue my previous line of thought, masturbation is the pleasure that results from these various interruptive discombobulations. Additionally, I write for the sake of pleasure, not truth (although this itself is problematic, since to be against truth is to be truthfully against truth—this example should shed light, yes, light, on each of my other contradictions set forth herein—and, yes, I said contradiction, you sniveling logicians). However, given the empty attempts to elide truth by any of the post-Nietzscheans, I may surely propose that my work is the least truthful. However, given my own attempt at such truthlessness, I may surely refute that proposition and state that my falsity is all the more truthful than any of the post-Nietzscheans. You get what I mean. Or do you? Now, shall I continue from this line of thought or continue my previously unfinished line of thought? And yet there is so much to say about masturbation and cognitive affect. By the way, I distinguish between cognition and discursivity, the former existing as a condition of possibility for the latter. But I won't get into that—it baffles me beyond recognition (which means that it is precisely of interest! Not in the faked Deleuzian way, but rather in the sense that I can confront chaos by actually falling into it). Suffice it to say that I am continually baffled discursively and that I am obsessed with affect (discursive and nondiscursive affect alike—though the nondiscursive is of utmost interest. But if that were really true, why do I continue as a writer? Because discourse is of utmost interest. This is an issue I

have yet to *resolve*). Mine is an epistemology of confusion, where even that very statement is unsatisfactory. Not only that, but this epistemology of confusion affects me personally—my ontological status is disturbed by my epistemological befuddlement. Confusion, then, is both an epistemological and existential crisis for me, and it is both from and through this situation that I work. Now, moving on... I really don't know how this can last a whole whopping 30,000 words. I mean, really, what is the purpose of all of this bullshit? Okay, the poststructuralists. For a while there, and even sometimes now, I considered my work as a philosopher-artist to be following directly upon the work of the poststructuralists. Without getting into how badly Zen makes poststructuralism look, I will confine my remarks to poststructuralism, particularly since it is this "movement" that most gratifies academia in certain sectors (and, thus, must be dealt with or else overlooked by a bunch of qualified idiots). A bad move, a very bad move. Academia should have kept the door shut, because in allowing (much less acclaiming) the experiments of poststructuralism, it kept its back turned for too long and forgot to close the door behind them. Incipit Onan. Something they will wish they had never done. But no matter, really, because they will continue as they've always continued—obliviously. I mean, really, who is going to read my work, much less consider it an instance of philosophy? I can tell you one thing, if the poststructuralists were still alive and stumbled upon my work, they'd be discussing it like they discussed Mallarme and Joyce and Artaud. But that doesn't matter to you, now does it? I didn't think so. Which is just one reason why I prefer to work alone, tormented in my solitude (how do you like that?), desperate for someone as demented as myself to come along for a coffee and a smoke and discuss real issues (or rather discuss nothing at all), like how all of this meaninglessness effects life! Ah, but Cioran and Nietzsche are dead. And just because the poststructuralists would have been interested in my work does not mean that they would have taken it seriously. I mean, really, look at how Deleuze throws a plane of consistency over Artaud, or how Derrida pretends to have ever been able to even spell the word "Joyce!" But this offends you, doesn't it? Shall I apologize, for if I continue in this way you just might not "pass" me, huh? Fine. I will try to behave myself, but I must admit that it isn't myself that is the problem now so much as it is this sentence refusing to complete itself for your sakes! Poststructuralism is both that "movement" which I adore

for having taken style to a certain limit and despise for having barely taken style to any limit, not to mention the utter ignorance of academia in acclaiming poststructuralism for their experimentation. Really, these thinkers write in complete sentences! They develop arguments! What could be more banal than that? Besides, of course, the pleasure in pretending. But, then again, you're probably wondering: how does this student define philosophy? That's the real issue, isn't it? Just like the prolongation of art depending on nothing other than the banality of definition. Fine. For me, philosophy is the art of thought. That is, the medium involved in philosophical practice is thought. Of course, poetry involves thought as well, but in my opinion poetry is much more of an emphasis on language as such, not thought. And, no, I do not agree with Deleuze that philosophy is the art of creating concepts. Concepts are macrostructures of thought, and I have no interest in them except as playthings to stick up my... However, and this is where academia is in trouble, if one is willing to accept Deleuze's definition of philosophy as the art of creating concepts, how far must one then go in defining philosophy in less particular terms, say, as the art of thought? Speculative thought is really the issue here, not a thought dependant on a prefabricated method (science) or prefabricated instrumentality (common sense or mathematics). Of course, I could discuss how Derrida refuses prioritizing concepts as an interesting response to Deleuze's emphasis of the concept, but that would only serve to write more and thus get this whole dissertation over with quicker. And I'm too lazy. I really have no interest whatsoever in discussing any of my thinking with you. I mean, really, what would a discussion amount to? Not much. Believe me, I've been in academia long enough (and taken part in ordinary conversation much too often enough) to "know" that it would get me nowhere. By the way, I guess it's a good time to let you know, in case you haven't already gotten it, that I am a life-affirming nihilist, skeptic, anarchist, relativist, agnostic, misologist and cynic (this stray dog, this parrhesic yelp). And I am guessing that you'd like for me to elaborate on that, right? Ha! Ah, academia... Obsessed with their trinketry, their microscopes! To be a little more honest, Derrida's style is quite radical, at least as it relates to my disinterest in argumentation and the proper use of objects of discourse (in Derrida's case, others' texts). However, Derrida remains banal to me because he could have gone so much farther than he did. I wonder why Derrida refused to delve a little deeper into difference.

Why Deleuze kept himself at such a safe distance from chaos. Why Lyotard went from the deconstructively complicated, libidinal fervor of his early work to the banality of his later work. I only mention these specific thinkers (or shall I say, writers?) because they have had the most influence on me according to the topic at hand, not because they had penises or white skin or some bullshit like that. And, by the way, I really am a feminist, and I despise myself for it. But I won't get into politics, at least not now. Actually, I will, slightly. My work is political in that I am interested in provoking, and thereby refusing, the given and the familiar. This has caused and continues to cause me personal strife (as mentioned earlier, epistemologically and ontologically). On the other hand (and there are so many hands), I am resolutely apolitical. The universe is essentially apolitical (and unethical, in case if you differentiate between those terms) and to maintain otherwise is both pretentious and anthropocentric. Enough of politics. Actually, one more thought—I forgot to mention admitting to the necessity of the idea of (and struggle with the idea of) politics, which doesn't make it any less anthropocentric, though much less pretentious. You will find in my writings a pleasurable confrontation with animality as well as inanimality. This confrontation is not ethical, as seems to be the trend today. God, I hate explaining myself. And since I've just mentioned God, I might as well state that Bataille and Cioran would have been much better off (or, rather, more interesting?) if they had just gotten over it. Well, I've been up for just over 40 hours now, and I am getting a bit tired of all of this compulsory explanation (the inescapable capacity for articulation is bad enough). Thank God I had enough money today for a few cups of coffee and yet another pack of cigarettes. There was actually a cockroach in my room this morning. Amazing how I am disturbed over a bug, and yet I continue writing this as if it weren't the injustice that it is. Are you telling me that, to qualify for a teaching job, one must be able to (not just have accumulated and retained a certain amount of relevant information, not just be able to articulate that information to others understandably—all of which being highly problematic) fabricate a thesis, fabricate the development of that thesis, and fabricate a resolution to that thesis? Is it because of competition? And, no, I am not thankful to academia for forcing Heidegger to publish a certain text just so that he could teach. And what's the whole thing with publication? I've been to schools where the teachers had no degrees but could teach because they were famous or had publicized themselves more

than others. Clearly, the degree doesn't mean all that much—it's how one presents oneself, and how often, isn't it? What if someone just loved learning and wanted to teach? What if there were no interest in self-publicization? It's gotten to the point that I don't even think I want to continue writing anymore. I can't even go into a bookstore and get all warm and cuddly like I used to because as soon as I open a book, I feel like I have to relate it in some way to my potentially unacceptable thesis. They're everywhere, these people in uniforms. Thought (and art, in case you differentiate between them) is only worthwhile to these people if it can be categorized and explained and made to fit into some academic cubbyhole. I decided a couple of days ago that I would quite this degree (as I've done before at other institutions of higher learning) and just apply to teaching positions at 2-year colleges to teach introductory courses in reading and composition (the well-crafted essay! The well-developed argument! Ha!) for the rest of my life—just to be left the fuck alone and enjoy life again! Now I'm not so sure. It's always like that: my mind changes all of the time. You should read my notebooks (I deserve a doctorate for my notebooks, but no matter...). Having said all that, I am very interested in academia, otherwise I'd have nothing to do with it. But I am interested in a space where artists and thinkers can be open about their work, open about life, without bureaucratic demands like assessment, mandatory publishing and monitored research. Of course, I differentiate between educational institutions of a technical sort, where one needs to prove that one is qualified to be a plumber, for instance. But art? Philosophy? Fine, if one desires to teach these subjects, then take a multiple-choice test proving that you have accumulated, retained, and properly processed (whatever that means, right? So long as we are talking about the humanities, we are talking primarily about interpretation—and you know what I think about that) the relevant information to then be able to exchange in the classroom. But what about teaching itself? What about enthusiasm and vivacity and the question of life staring us in the face during all of this? No mention of it. Nowhere. As if anyone really cared. Do you know that most of the teachers I have had in my lifetime have sucked at teaching? And do you know what exactly inspired me (did he say inspired? But we don't believe in inspiration anymore!) to want to teach in the first place? Never mind, I'd rather not divulge that—too personal. By the way, this might be a good time to let you know that I am just as much a modernist as I am a postmodernist. Anyway, this is all

getting rather boring... Let me say that sometimes I think that my work is the most radical attempt at philosophy practiced as art (although, having said that, has anyone ever really practiced philosophy as art?) and that, above all else, I consider myself an artist-philosopher. Now, is there anything I have overlooked before moving on to the next premise? The next proposition is that my work is an instance of what I call dadasophy; that is, a Dadaist moment in philosophy. I am aware of several claims to the effect that poststructuralism was Dadaist. Very funny. The claim itself is Dadaist. So, dadasophy. Consider the etymology, with one exception: we have gone from what we thought was wisdom and knowledge to what we are realizing is information—just information. (But where is ignorance among all of this? You'd think that after centuries of interpretations invalidating interpretations, that someone would get it! Again, there is only ignorance, and information is nothing but deflated knowledge—data). Ah, the overproduction of “knowledge,” the overproduction of interpretation! And what has it really done for us, might I ask? It prompts even more information, even more interpretation. And, as you've probably guessed, I'm a bit pissed off; but, it is also quite exciting! Why? Because I love information, theory, interpretation, meaning, books, books about books, et cetera. And it's so wonderful “knowing” that it's all completely worthless! Ah, but the anguish... Because it's worthless. Ah, but the excitement... Because it's not worthless. Sometimes I'd rather be farming. But it doesn't really matter so much that I get depressed, but that I keep coming back to art and philosophy! Let me get back to the topic at hand: dadasophy. Did Tzara deserve a doctorate for his contributions to art and theory? Did Joyce deserve a doctorate for, say, *Finnegans Wake*? I didn't think so; but *I* think so (at least with the hope that academia will change)! (Perhaps I should just drop academia and get on with life without it. I mean, really, why am I trying to justify it?? Because I love research and scholarship and learning and understanding...?) But that probably doesn't matter to you, now does it? You are simply required to assess this dissertation before moving on to the next...

Ah, academia! They have no problem promoting such things as academically damaging as Manzoni's shit (when it is understood properly as an important precursor to conceptual art, of course), but meddle with “knowledge” and they'll excommunicate you! Knowledge, that highly guarded, monitored and unquestioned (even when questioned)

remnant of logocentrism... Isn't understanding, rather, an exercise in human frailty when one considers that (1) a *sufficient* amount of information (2) must be *properly* accumulated and (3) *retained* in memory so that (4) *some kind of* understanding/representation/interpretation/knowledge may take place? And what happens when the object of knowledge is not simply information, but affect? How does one come to terms with that? And what happens when one is affected by an artwork without any justification for that affection? How could I even be interested in making a "contribution to knowledge" when it is knowledge itself that is at stake, to be interrogated with a vengeance?

As an *artist*, I cannot get a doctorate (even a *creative* doctorate). Unless, of course, I am a scholar of a specific sort (again, my notebooks are not acceptable): i.e., art is not substantial enough as research (if it is research at all, despite what certain academics claim) to be acceptable on its own terms. Thus, art is not research. Or, if it is, it is not acceptable research. Or, if it is, it cannot be acceptable without some scholarly form of research to at least supplement it. (You would like a tomato as advertised in our brochure? Fine, but if you would like a tomato it is required of you to have it with a sandwich—a sandwich that we offer, by the way. Thereafter, we invite you to stroll through our tomato gallery. Didn't you read the fine print?). (Can one get a doctorate in chess or magic? And why not? I could write a dissertation on my own shit if I wanted to, and in a variety of academic departments, so long as I made proper use of acceptable scholarship. So what's changed? You think that introducing art into the academy is so radical because it is suddenly the trend for an artist to also theorize? What about the art?

Microscopes are well constructed little devices capable of being used on so many things. They've now got microscopes that one can attach to one's forehead for the comfort, ease and assurance afforded by its accessibility). My attack on this dissertation is, at the moment, twofold: (1) the fact that it is mandatory, because I believe that (2) art "speaks" for itself, without the aid of (and usually *against*, thus "art" and not scholarship) instrumental reasoning. If an artist wants to be theoretical, then write theory! Or make theoretically-dependant art! There is something significant that differentiates art from theory. And, yes, that is a theoretical issue, thus my interest in theory—though an artistic, anti-theoretical use of theory. Or, rather: (1) the dissertation is the failure of reason to elucidate art and (2) the dissertation represents *the* instance of academic logocentrism. (Don't feel bad, though. Logocentrism—as the prioritization of reasonable discourse—is a specifically human condition. It's just academia that takes it to an abhorrent limit. As Nietzsche would say: reason at any cost! I suppose you'd like a citation for that?). And, by the way, this dissertation is both original and contributive (I'll probably end up flunking out of this degree for being *too* original! That will be funny!). And, by the way, I *am* a scholar—a demented scholar (haven't you read my book?). Back to dadasophy. (And, by the way, unlike Derrida, I am not intentionally postponing anything—I *am* getting to the point! Derrida still believes in a transcendental signified because he still believes in absence. And, if I am going to say that, I might as well say: so much for Deleuze's rhizomatic writing, huh? The arborescence of the systematic... But why should you believe me? I don't have a PhD in Philosophy like Deleuze [Derrida defending a doctoral dissertation... Hysterical, not to say priceless]. How can I even be sure that I properly understand Deleuze when reading him? Oh, but I forgot, Deleuze claims to not be communicating anything, thank God! Artaud's reaction to poststructuralism would have been stunning...). But isn't this itself dadasophical? And is there really that much of a difference between my attack on academia and certain artists attacking the museum (the difference between Flynt protesting outside of a museum versus Flynt protesting inside of a grocery store; not to mention Duchamp's *Fountain*, the initial openness of the committee regarding acceptable artworks for presentation, the reaction of the committee to Duchamp's presentation, or Duchamp's resignation—and I'm not even trying to be "interventionist!"—at least not on this banal issue)? Or certain feminists attacking

patriarchy (Irigaray getting kicked out)? Or Deleuze attacking the dogmatic image of thought (barely—if at all—escaping it, I might add)? Or Derrida, if you're interested in banality, attacking the primacy of speech over writing (much more interesting would be Derrida's obscurantism)? Or Lyotard's raving attacks on theory as terror? Or Baudrillard, the theoretical terrorist? You might want to rethink your position before you go on rejecting this. And I might want to rethink my position before I continue putting your words in your mouths. Which, by the way, I've already done on numerous occasions—that is, rethink my own position (as if sincerity ever got me anywhere). Anything can be argued. And you'd like an argument for that, wouldn't you? And then all you'd have to do would be to come back with a different, less fallible argument (as if that were even possible). And so on. Ha! Let the game begin! And, by the way, I am doing you a favor. At least I am writing something interesting, not to say life-questioning and life-affirming! But you're not interested in that, now are you? No... You would like to simply get on with what you think is called life and pretend that you've actually read Nietzsche behind all of your explications and histories and theoretical posturings. Nietzsche is squirming beneath your microscope... But you don't give a fuck, do you? No, of course you don't, because that microscope protects you from Nietzsche. (The 2 most memorable moments in the history of philosophy: Nietzsche collapsing in Turin and Buddha holding up a flower, in silence...). And if this so-called dissertation is not acceptable, then why would my "creative writing" be? If Artaud were in this degree (which he wouldn't have been, much less have gotten accepted—problematizing my own acceptance), he would either flunk out or get kicked out. If Tzara were in this degree (which is questionable—Dadaists remaining questionable), he would either get kicked out or flunk out or pretend either of the former. What, you really think they would have stood for this bullshit? And do you know anything about Artaud and Tzara, or have you just read their respective *Critical Readers*? Let me get one thing straight (straight? But we don't like that word any more!): I am interested in academia. I know, you would like to think that I simply despise it, wouldn't you? That would be the easy way out. Look. Let's cut the academic bullshit and speak commonsensically. The majority of my personal library consists of academic books. I love learning. I love thinking and trying to understand the world around me. I love creating. And, thus, I am very interested in a space where similar thinkers and

creators can come together and open their minds and enjoy collaborative learning and questioning—that is, if they are interested in such an endeavor. (Notice that questioning is involved in learning, in case you haven't gotten that—I mean, really gotten that). So, what should someone like myself do in a situation where this learning space has become so congested and bureaucratic and unappealing? I *am* writing this dissertation, aren't I? But this is not sufficient, is it? Just like “art as research” is not sufficient? I could just quit and wash dishes for the rest of my life (actually, I can't do that because of the amount of debt I've accrued going to school) and think and create and suffer my exhilaration alone or in a coffee house somewhere with fellow dropouts. But that won't satisfy me. Why? Because I want to face the issues themselves. But this is problematic, especially because academics don't like to be questioned directly—which is why they set up charmingly vapid conferences where individuals can come and respectfully question an issue only for the sake of maintenance. “Question my work, but please question it with the respect it deserves”—thus, maintaining it. What? *Anti-Oedipus* is not only acceptable, but famous (and acclaimed as such)! Hypocrisy, my friends, hypocrisy. Thank God none of you are psychoanalysts, am I right? Or thank God they didn't have the gall to attack—with similar vehemence—academia! And why not? Because they would have lost their jobs? Ha! Anyway, I am hoping for the day when academia will question itself and open itself up to practices like art, not as objects to place under the rigidity of the machine-crafted microscope but as substantial objects of research *themselves*. I mean, you've asked for this. Why? Because you claim that art is a form of research. You've done it to yourselves, idiots. Something needs to be done about academia (which is why I'm not simply walking away). Perhaps you think I am sick? Didn't I already tell you that I am demented? But you should like that, shouldn't you, fellow readers of *Anti-Oedipus*! Or was that all just metaphoric? But Deleuze makes it clear that it wasn't metaphoric! Hmmm... Academic bullshit or common sense? I think I'll side with common sense. You can imagine why I am demented, after all of this pretentiousness trying its best not to be confused with pretentiousness or common sense. As if Deleuze could really have done without common sense! But I've already written about that. Or, who would trust Derrida raising their child? Think about it.

There's got to be another way to be in the academy without being reduced to argumentation and reasonable explication... Thus, my initial excitement in the creative doctorate! Ah, but that soon waned... This document of an artist struggling within academia... There's got to be another way. Or will all artists have to kowtow to reasonable enquiry (that is, scholarship: itself a failed endeavor—and must an artist be the one to let you in on this secret?) in order to be able to proceed as an artist (usually, *not* a reasonable enquiry—and, if so, equivocal at best—but, who knows, given the contemporary turn to everything-can-and-thus-must-be-theoretical)? I'll tell you one thing: life is not theoretical, neither grocery shopping, neither your death nor the extinguishing of this universe that is rapidly approaching...

Allow me to prove my point: did Derrida deserve a doctorate? And do you know what is of more interest to me (despite the fact that none of you will be able to satisfactorily answer my initial question, particularly those of you awarding honorary doctorates in Cambridge)? Derrida's failed baccalaureate, his failed entrance examinations.

Academia revised: an open space for learning and creating, accepting of and conducive to the experimental and the banal! Fuck assessment, mandatory publicity and monitored research—leave assessment to those who require it (plumbers and accountants). Tell me, then, what really is the significance of a creative doctorate, when one can just as easily write a dissertation about art in a variety of other fields? Art is precisely the problem here, because it refuses evaluation in logocentric terms. So there really is no issue between “Well, we've got an MFA, so the DCA should be more rigorous or more substantial” because one forgets that one is talking about art—which, if you really want to preserve your precious academic idealism, should never have been allowed (or infiltrated itself?) into academia in the first place! Summing up my contention in one line: if no one is going to question the hegemony of the logocentric in academia and the detrimental effects on learning and creating of any tyranny, then why even undertake a creative doctorate when the same logocentric situation (the dissertation/assessment) will only be reproduced (though modified in page length)? Nothing has changed, my friends, nothing. And, by the way, I do agree that something should be required of an art student, else what is the purpose of pursuing a degree? But that very requirement should pertain to the field of study—thus, the presentation of an *artwork* (unless, of course, one is specializing in logocentrism—which would be interesting). Otherwise, let's cut the crap, overthrow the faked necessity of degrees and qualification in the arts, and meet next Monday night at the café around the corner to really get something happening! (Which, by the way, means that I *don't* agree that anything should be required, much less that one must enter an institution of learning to be considered a student—can you keep me from throwing myself over that ledge? I didn't think so.)

But this is all just misunderstanding (and shouldn't that be significant?). I mean, really, what do you expect? Honestly, I am just trying to be sincere and original. I want to affirm life. What do you expect? I've got to get out of this room...

By the way, not only did Feyerabend have a PhD and a teaching position, he was also an anarchist (epistemological, theoretical and scientific! Though not a Dadaist, I am sorry to tell you). There's enough in that one sentence for me to stop writing this dissertation.

Camus making an embarrassment out of philosophy.

Artaud and Tzara collaborating on this text.

Nietzsche reciting this text to Wagner, before and after 1876.

Wilde wearing this text.

Zen oblivious to this text.

This text inserted into Lyotard's *Libidinal Economy*.

Lyotard losing friends over *Libidinal Economy*.

My doctorate at stake in this text.

Barely splattering myself over this page.

Rubbing it where it hurts.

Academia and the faked orgasm.

Onan the illiterate has relations with and has been influenced by a variety of the arts (not to mention other fields of enquiry—or, more interestingly, objects of enquiry—or, more interestingly, enquiry itself...), not just philosophy (remember that I consider philosophy an art form—the art of thought). While there are simply too many influences to mention (again, read my book), allow me to say that my philosophical work is responding—in particular—to Dadaism and art brut. (I could have said: poststructuralism and existentialism. I could have said: surface and depth. I could have said: the dandy and the tortured genius. I could have said: postmodernism and modernism). So, the main influences on my work have been Dadaism and art brut. But, even then, can I really claim

that? It is true that I've always liked these movements, but it has only been very recently that I've taken them on directly for my project. I'll continue as if that weren't an issue, for your sake. First of all, dadasophy. *There has never been a Dadaist moment in philosophy*. Why, when every single other art form experienced some type of Dadaist encounter (Dadaism itself was interdisciplinary! And, having said that, one could very easily claim Tzara's manifestos to be moments of dadasophy. But, instead of doing that, I am more interested in what has traditionally, academically been accepted as philosophy—to reveal to you your own partiality and to piss you off)? Is it because no one dares to consider philosophy art? Is it, rather, that philosophy is too involved with proper understanding and truth that Dadaism would make a devastation out of it (Derrida comes close at times to such a devastation, but always backs away, especially when confronted with criticisms of his own work—funny. But not just funny—the import of deconstruction is ruined and thereby becomes simply a certain maintenance of difference, not an enactment of it). *Onan the illiterate* is very significant as an instance of Dadaism in philosophy (and, as such, also entirely useless). Secondly (I am actually maintaining some order here!), with respect to art brut, my work is the ignorance that constitutes its ignorance! My work does not feign ignorance, but literally enacts ignorance—sloppily. *Onan the illiterate* is messy and stupid regarding truth, meaning, knowledge, understanding, et cetera. It enacts the significance of its stupidity. Now, having said that, no wonder academia would have no interest in a philosophical art brut (and, no, Deleuze's philosophy is not art brutish—I am more stupid for having said that), because academia (and philosophy) needs to maintain a certain, proper relationship to truth! Even after so many attacks on truth! Even after postmodernism as the grand collapse of truth itself! Though, interestingly enough, academia continues in the belief of truth—truth as interpretation. As a matter of fact, interpretive truth is even worse than a single Truth! And philosophy continues, not interestingly, but banally, plodding its way forward as if there were a forward. You can imagine why ignorance fascinates me so. Aren't we all just a bunch of festering ignoramuses? Pretending that life is worth living because we've managed an argument for the ethical significance of aardvarks! Or that fingernails are socially constructed? Or that Wittig is really not a woman (Wittig, by the way, actually writing the body instead of merely fussing over it)? Or that there never was perception

(except, of course, for Derrida's transcendental perception)? But Onan is not just pissed off, it is also enjoying itself, affirming the discombobulation as much as the feigned order (don't get me wrong—I am just as truthful, if not more so, than you think. But, since there is no truth, my situation is continually disturbed—by my situation). Homo sapiens problematizes itself in such interesting ways, doesn't it? Philosophically speaking, poststructuralism has opened a door onto a significant problematicization, and Onan responds. (Not like one needs poststructuralism, or Dadaism, to realize this human/interpretive buffoonery...). There is one more significant influence on my work that must be mentioned before delving into the philosophical influences: life. And, again, all you really need to do is read my work! You don't really need all of this explication, unless of course you have never heard of Dadaism or Lyotard—which is also significant. I get so tired of coming upon artworks that make no sense to me at all, artworks that require some prior understanding to be enjoyed. But this is what has happened (and is exactly what this type of doctorate promotes!)—the theoreticization of art. Still, even if I weren't writing this dissertation, my own work would not be understandable to those unfamiliar with philosophy, and this bothers me (an issue involving understanding and, thus, teleological). But, such is the dilemma... One continues despite contradiction, don't they my fellow academics? Do you know what I'm tired of? Theses. And I don't mean the banal process of developing, maintaining and promoting of theses, in this instance; I mean propositions, truth-claims. This is currently a huge issue for me: what to do when I am using language as my medium? How can I think without making truth-claims? (Remember that thinking, for me, can only be discursive. What happens when I am performing with sound is not thought, but cognition. I might have to question that proposition, and I have, but to no avail). Anyway, back to life. Nietzsche philosophized life; Cioran thought life; Bataille struggled philosophically with life. The poststructuralists? Ha! According to Derrida, there probably is no such thing as life! Deleuze, on the other hand, tries to be a vitalist, but ends up simply feeding academia more concepts which it can exchange at any number of conferences and in any variety of journals (not to mention sucking the life out of Artaud, I mean really making a body without organs for that demented life signified by the name Artaud). And so it is really the existentialists that provide a philosophical entry into life, not the poststructuralists.

Nietzsche has been claimed among the existentialists; Bataille and Cioran could easily be interpreted as existentialists. Lyotard's *Libidinal Economy* is rife with life! Barthes' *The Pleasure of the Text* is not so much interested in orgasmic life as it is in orgasmic textuality, so no go there—at least regarding the issue at hand. One can tell whether or not a thinker is really involved in life by the excitation and anguish sputtering from their thoughts (and usually complicating the understandability of those very thoughts). I was initially attracted to existentialism in high school, where I was introduced to fictional works by Sartre, Kafka, Dostoyevsky and Hesse. At that time in high school (as a matter of fact, still), there was no mention of postmodernism (much less anyone who could spell the word; as a matter of fact, high school teaching is the reverse of academia—an overemphasis on pedagogical performativity at the expense of learning, whereas in academia you have an overemphasis on market performativity at the expense of learning; again, Lyotard: legitimation via performativity = terror; Onan the paralogist contra your feigned consensus), so I was left to consider modernism as the most recent avant-garde convulsion of Western culture until later in college. As soon as I found postmodernism, however, I was quick to give up my (intellectual) interest in existentialism, primarily because of the former's attacks on the latter. But existentialism as a temperament, as a mode of living, always stayed with me. And, not by the way, just because I happened to read existentialism! I personally founded that movement without even having heard of the word. "Oh, but you only make use of confused and contradictory statements because you are trying to be like a Dadaist," you'd like to think, right? I mean, really, who invented calculus, Newton or Leibniz? Anyway, life is very important to me because it is where all of this Dadaism plays out in the first place. Dadaism is not just an art movement or form, you idiots! Really, how long has anyone of you maintained a conversation with someone long enough to realize the utter ridiculousness of the whole situation? At any rate, *Onan the illiterate* is not merely some experiment in "dadasophy" (which is a bunch of bullshit) but documents my life, my pangs of confusion and spurts of exhilaration. However, having said that, *Onan the illiterate* is also a complete waste of time and I've regretted it ever since I laid down the first word (actually, before laying down the first word—I decided, resolutely, to quit writing just before I started it). *Onan the illiterate* is obsessed with information. *Onan the illiterate* is obsessed with the

inescapable condition of discursivity. I despise discourse. I despise survival. And, yet, there is something audacious about not killing oneself and continuing the struggle—affirmatively! And, no, I don't mean Deleuze fondling dice, but rather Nietzsche writing *Ecce Homo*. As I've said elsewhere, Bataille is proof that the poststructuralists never bled with Nietzsche. As I've said elsewhere, Cioran is proof that the poststructuralists never read Nietzsche. Having said what I've already said, I am still obsessed with poststructuralism! But before I get into that, remember that my life is at stake here; that Dadaism has finally intruded into your precious inability to theorize; and that art brut is really not as delightful as you had once thought.

Okay, so by now you probably think that I am just some nasty, upset person trying to take revenge on academia? Ha! Fooled so easily... Actually, in real life (did he say real life? But there is no such thing!) I am one of the most polite people you'd ever meet. But I am a marvelous pretender! Sincerely, though, I am one of the most sympathetic, sincere, and sensitive people you'd ever meet. And you think I really hate academia and all that it has to offer? You should see me sometimes: caressing your books, smelling them, kissing and licking the pages (and, no, I'm not joking)... You don't know the half of me! And how could you, those of you who don't believe in authorial intention, much less the author?

From (1) aesthetics as a subordinated philosophical enquiry to (2) aesthetics as philosophically significant, even primary, to (3) the artist-philosopher. To (4) the abolition of both philosophy and art as relevant or even interesting terms?

One cannot be a Dadaist in academia. This is clear. And yet... Not only can one get a degree for properly studying Dada (which is blasphemous), but one can properly teach a course in Dadaism (which is blasphemous)—and not just that, but one can teach a course or write a dissertation about how doing such things is blasphemous!! Yes, I get it: academic by day, Dadaist by night, right? And, yes, I agree with you! It's not like Tzara was always a Dadaist. I mean, when Tzara was finished Dadaizing for the day, he walked

home and got into bed, right? But if Tzara were a real Dadaist, he would have spent the night coughing in closed libraries and smoking crayons in the flashlight with a daylight—but that was not the case. You probably, then, know how I feel about all of this “blurring the distinction between art and life” bullshit, too, I can imagine? I won’t even mention Derrida! Much less poststructuralism in general—utter bullshit! But this brings me back to my previous point concerning fiction and truth, doesn’t it? Honestly, I agree with you: there must be some sense of truth and common sense in order for survival to be maintained (when I get a teaching position, I’ll behave myself); but there is also fiction. And since I despise truth, common sense and survival, my situation is very complicated because, having decided not to kill myself but rather enact this dilemma (tightrope-walking fiction as far as truth can handle it), I must also accept the banalities of truth or else my survival is doomed. Truth is fiction and fiction, truth—further complicating matters. So, what does one do about fiction? Let’s just say that I take these issues farther than most people. Thus, the importance of my attack on the banality of poststructuralism talking the talk, but not walking the walk. Thus, the importance of someone like Artaud on my work and my life. Thus, the importance of the problem of trying to differentiate between my work and my life. Thus, the importance of this dissertation. Thus, *Onan the illiterate*. Thus, my dementia. (I’ll stop here before getting into further complications). Wait, one more thing: Diogenes with a lamp in the daytime is Onan’s spit in your face. Alas! But even that’s too truthful...

The significance of Paik slamming this violin down on this table.

The significance of Moorman arrested for toplessness.

This toplessness arresting your attention (and maybe my candidature... we’ll see).

I’ll tell you why I’m a philosopher and not merely an artist: because I’m interested in truth: I am carefully careless (and this bothers me, truthfully of course). Of course, I’d like to just be an artist (wallow in the mud), but artists themselves don’t even live as artists (remaining in the mud), as I’ve already made clear... And, yet, why does it bother me so? Because artists at least don’t give a fuck as to whether or not they are falsely false? Precisely. So, in this sense, I am interested in truthfully (since that all I’ve got—survival is really an issue, despite what those standing on the shore claim) taking falsity to a limit. By the way, you really think that I understand my work, much less myself? And didn’t I already say that? Haven’t I been continually saying that? This is the most developed failure I’ve been able to produce, so far—and I’m not giving up (on failure, that is).

Only art has the capacity to change academia because art is continually in search of denying its rules and, thus, making an embarrassment out of so-called research (thus, the importance of the viability of metaphysical—i.e., nonexistent—concepts such as art). Lyotard satisfied with merely searching for rules.

This dissertation is stylish; it is not art.

This dandyish absurdism.

The uselessness of this dissertation—more of an improvised constipation of what would otherwise have been realization.

Federman making an embarrassment out of Derridean grammatology.

Everything I am overlooking, unconscious of at this moment... Derrida admitting that he is unable to see himself; I *can* see myself and that is problematic.

So tired of academics pretending that they like poststructuralism. I mean, really, do you know what is at stake in that work? (You, sitting there, trying to read this, oblivious with your arms folded in your lap.) If you did, you'd welcome this text—if not as a further complication, at least as some kind of relief that it wouldn't really matter if you didn't know what was at stake.

I don't believe in the contemporary watered-down version of philosophy that goes by the name of theory (particularly, critical theory), just as I don't believe in the contemporary watered-down version of art as necessarily and primarily meaningful (that is, the theoreticization of art—not to mention contemporary art trying its best to communicate something other than itself as an instance of art—usually politics; postmodern art using “art” to get outside of, escape, or deny art is problematic, and I'll tell you why: because so long as you are still using “art,” art remains an issue). Consider the following: (1) in general, theory is representational, proper and solves problems; while experimental art [sic] is presentational, improper and causes problems; (2) I am for thought, not theory; (3) art has become so many things, indeed anything, while theory remains predominantly the same (it just talks about anything); (4) I am (a) against postmodern art insofar as it betrays art artistically and (b) interested in postmodern art insofar as it betrays art artistically; and (5) there is a difference between a theory of art and the theoreticization of art (there is also a difference between art and theory, even if there isn't).

You should see me, walking around with my notebook, stopping to take notes in the street. (Not to mention living off of nothing but coffee and cigarettes these past few days, foaming at the mouth with irreconcilable ideas! And, supposedly, I despise ideas...)

-This is far too nonconformist to be acceptable.

-Are you saying that one must conform to contribute to knowledge?

-Yes, at least to a certain acceptable degree.

-What, then, about all of those artists and thinkers (and scientists and mathematicians and...) who've refused to conform acceptably, but remain acceptable to you, indeed canonically so?

-[Silence]

Reading Sokal and Bricmont alongside poststructuralism.

Writing this is very disturbing for me, because I am thinking *for* someone (you) or something (an acceptable method): B must follow A, C must follow B, D must follow C, and so on. Whereas in my notebooks, I simply document how thought happens in, to, from and despite me: Q, A, A, GH, A, A, AB, A, A, A, A, ABFC, A and so on.

I am writing this with a finger up my ass (this artificial butt plug is not as stimulating; though don't get me wrong, I'm totally for the butt plug! This one just doesn't nuzzle in quite as I like it). (Derrida would then come along and reveal, with utter genius, the contradiction involved in what I just said, not to mention the fact that I am really involved in writing, not speaking—amazing sleight-of-hand! And to think that Husserl had something to do with it all, much less Heidegger with all of his shepherdry! Don't get me wrong, though: I am obsessed with Derrida! And you, for crying out loud!)

Are you *really* interested in the margins? I didn't think so. (A homeless person asks a critical theorist for a dime and is refused. So complicated, isn't it?)

I was initially accepted into this program with the intention of focusing on my sound work; however, considering the requirement of having to write an exegesis, I decided it would be much more fruitful to change that focus to my discursive work so that I might confront the issue of an exegesis on 2 fronts: writing an anti-logocentric work (*Onan the illiterate*) and writing logocentrically about that anti-logocentric work (this dissertation).

The logocentric fallacy: the belief that (1) reason is inherently reasonable (or has the capacity to be definitively reasonable if properly used) and that (2) reason is inherently instrumental, capable of constructing and attaining its own end (or any end, for that matter). Which is why there is an industry standard to be met in the writing of this dissertation—exposition must be contained or else who knows what the fuck will happen, am I right? And while I'm discussing fascism, why not mention the issue of inclusion and exclusion? Mustn't something always be excluded for life to continue, for this dissertation to continue, much less exist? Certain women aren't even interested in me because I am not dominating enough... How's that for a bit of critical theory? (And, by the way, when I say critical theory I don't mean the Frankfurt school...)

If you would like to sit at this table, then you must have table manners like the rest of us (without mentioning the fact that what is actually—and excitedly—being discussed at that table is the entertaining significance of those without table manners). The problem here is that Tzara, among others, urinated in their cups and was applauded for doing so. Onan also urinates in their cups, but with one exception—Onan remains at the table (wink wink). An additional problem is that one must have sat at that table to qualify for teaching.

Let's discuss (if that's what you call this—which it's not; except as a discussion with myself; Wittgenstein conversing with himself...) process. *Onan the illiterate*—a project that includes my lived experience—is unfinished; as such, the only thing that will deter its indefinite incompleteness will be my death. And insofar as my lived experience—or, in commonsensical terms, my life—is concerned, it constitutes a part of my project as an undocumented performance. Thus, you'll never hear me mention it again (at least as a part of *Onan the illiterate*). Why? Because I have nothing to show for it; or, rather, because it is my life. This particular aspect of my project (we are getting into the interdisciplinarity of it all now) is perhaps the most baffling, at least in the attempt to take pretentiousness seriously—that is, the question of what constitutes art and if life is any part of it; or, rather, what constitutes life and is art any part of it. In this sense, the integration of “my life” into the artificiality of a project (and vice versa) destabilizes both the situation and the situation of the situation (the viciousness of the hermeneutic circle begins—soon to be named the aleatory point). Can life be art? This is essentially what my “undocumented performance” constitutes as both a part and not a part of *Onan the illiterate*. Having said that, I could just as well argue that, since there is no such thing as art, I have merely put myself into a problematic situation for no reason other than struggling with an enactment of a certain instability or lack of meaningful meaning. And so on. If you get the point, please be sure to let me know. Now, let's move on to something a bit more interesting (or, rather, of no significance, giving my most recent argument). You think this dissertation is confusing? Consider this thought taken from my notebooks: “I am too interested in ideas and development and teleology and resolution!!! Is this why I am against such things? But that doesn't make sense! What's going on? ... In this sense, I despise philosophy (or should)—which I do! And yet I don't.” That was a particularly confusing thought for me when it occurred. However, it was resolved, but not for very long. By the way, before getting into the significance of having quoted that note, I should like to add that the very next note reads the following: “I have a fucking headache.” Oh, and by the way, in case I haven't already mentioned this, Derrida made too much sense (given the arguments he made). What, you think that this is all a pose, something with which to amuse you, to pretend that, just because I've read a lot of difficult theory, I'd simply like to “show off” at my own expense? Ha! Again, as if I need

to continually remind you, I *have* read a lot and, unlike most experts, I make sure that my life is at stake. Perhaps that is difficult for you to understand? Believe me, if I weren't required to write this masterpiece, you wouldn't have to experience it. But I *am* writing this dissertation. Why? Because I love academia. Okay, now that I've gotten that out of the way (gotten what out of the way?), let me get back to that quaint little extract from my notebook. (Yes, I do make fun of myself too. As a matter of fact, this whole *Onan the illiterate* bullshit gets so tiring sometimes; and yet it keeps me alive, wanting to live, for some bizarrely irrational reason). For the most part, I consider my discursive work (almost everything I've been discussing so far—importantly not my visual or sonic work) an instance of philosophy as art as well as a dadasophy. You know that. But I am continually troubled by this decision (or intuition?) to maintain and constrain what I do as having a fixed meaning. Shall I learn from Derrida or Deleuze here? Refuse fixed meaning at all costs or allow meaning to coagulate into a concept? This may seem trite, but it is so devastating for me. A similar issue arises when I wonder whether or not I should (1) just spend my efforts writing and thinking, (2) just spend my efforts improvising with sound and imagery (and stop thinking so much, except out of necessity), or (3) involve all of these in an interdisciplinary practice. Amazingly agonizing. But I'll keep it at that, since I really have nothing more to say about either my visual or sound work (most of it, *so far*, remaining nonrepresentational) and, thus, interesting as nothing other than an affective nondiscursivity. (Really, that's not true—there is so much involved when I try to *think* those practices, much less consider experimenting with something other than nonrepresentation... But if I were to give up on discourse, and thus speculative thought, I'd spend the rest of my life splashing around in the perceptual ignorance of nonrepresentation. Again, trust nothing I say). I'm starting to enjoy this whole dissertation thing... I should qualify that before someone overhears me. Before I move on, existentialism = contradiction; poststructuralism = proliferation; Onan = bark. Identity still getting in the way... And, yes, this is really how I think. I am going to use the bathroom. Okay. Where was I? Right, I don't really have anything more to say about my interdisciplinary dilemma. So, my discursive work and the process involved. When it comes to my work, it's all about the recipe: taking out the ingredients I don't like (ideas/argumentation/teleological development/resolution), keeping the ingredients I like

(thought/semantics/information), and adding ingredients that I desire (art). However, the question remains—is the taste satisfactory? Of import is also the act of redefinition (so many people redefining words these days!). If I really wanted to be radical (which I do, I'm admitting it), I could redefine philosophy or I could just say that my work is a post-genre practice. Both would, in my opinion, be just as radical. And they are both true, actually. At any rate, *Onan the illiterate* consists of writing that is continually being edited and new material that is continually being added. It documents my misunderstandings and my temperaments as they proceed through time. This is very significant for me, because (as I've hopefully made clear) I am interested in the labyrinth itself, not the umbrella (although, yes, and also as I've hopefully made clear, umbrellas are also intriguing devices—thus, my continuing to write this dissertation: this must have been what it was like for Deleuze to merely write *about* the rhizomatic text. Ha! Lovely). How easy it is to lose one's way in this maze! What was I saying? God, I love thought... Anyway, I simultaneously write and rewrite *Onan the illiterate*. I've written so much that it has gotten out of hand, has become some monster (wasn't poststructuralism interested in monstrosity? Huh...) that, despite a certain necessary leash, unleashes itself on me as we devour each other. I think I am in control, but am I really (the same can be said of this dissertation or any attempt at representation or correspondence)? And this is precisely what interests me. Now, regarding the specificity of *Onan the illiterate* as a discursivity, I am primarily interested in doing something with information. I love so-called knowledge as it comes in packets, like the encyclopedia or summary. No time wasted in long, drawn-out exposition, just information presented as immediately as possible. This helps with using information as paint: I can collect the information that attracts me intellectually (God knows for what reason—taste again) and mould it into something that further attracts me. It is very much a culinary art; meaning only gets in the way. But that's not entirely true, either, because we are talking about information: that which is already meaningful (and, no, I am not about to get into some discussion over what constitutes information or meaning; I am talking commonsensically, if you can handle that). Sometimes I take a concept (body without organs) and use it to mess around with other related bits of information (Deleuze's misuse of Artaud, or something medically interesting about actual organs). (I've got so many ideas right now, but I can only

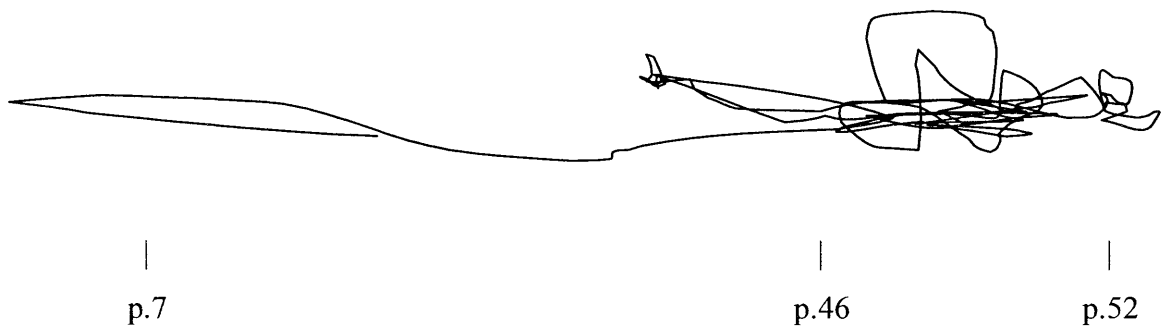
continue with one of them—I hate loving that). The fact that I associate *related* information is problematic for me, but nothing worth discussing with you. If I were a real Dadaist, I would simply associate dissimilar things. But, because meaning *is* involved, it is more satisfactory to associate related—albeit wildly or questionably related—pieces of information. And, actually, using the term “information” bothers me, but I do not like the connotations involved in terms like “knowledge” or “understanding”; “information” also has the feeling of a deflation having occurred in “knowledge”—which I like. Anyway, it also causes a problem when I associate related material because, usually, that material is difficult: philosophy or experimental art, for instance; one must have accumulated *and* processed quite a bit of information to just be able to “understand” what it is I am doing, much less be affected by it. How problematic this all is! Didn’t I claim that all understanding was misunderstanding and that I am primarily interested in affect? Yes, and I hold to that. Really, what else can one do when one is willing enough to wade *farther* out into the water without their life vest? Otherwise, I’d just write another exegesis of *Anti-Oedipus*! I shouldn’t have even started using that book as an example, except for its being so acceptable and trendy; I don’t even like it! I much rather should have used *Libidinal Economy* as my example... Oh, well... And, by the way, Lyotard’s version of deconstruction in *Discours, Figure* makes an embarrassment out of Derrida’s. I do realize, however, that what is of real importance in this matter is not originality but acceptability—am I right? Let me offer you an example (in case you haven’t read my book) of a use of painted, misused information that I rather enjoy: “Heidegger baffled by a stone.” This is a common stroke, as it were, in my painterly use of information. And, as you might notice, so much semantically is involved! And semantics is questioned in the process! It couldn’t get more tasty (I like cream, by the way). Let’s step it up a notch with a bit of systematicity (not to mention quoting myself misquoting others). One could argue that there are levels involved in how I use information as paint (my work as found scholarship, or a portmanteau of thought—unlike Derrida’s Joyceanism, however, which focuses on binaries [reinforcing them in the process]). I’ll go ahead and illustrate that for you (and I’ll keep it to Heidegger for the banality of this hat rack). On the first level (1) we have direct quotation—either a direct textual quotation or a direct quotation of actual facts: “high-pitched Heidegger.” While this level is very simplistic, I am still very

attracted to it because I just fucking love paint! The feeling of painting with one's hands and feet and mouth (especially painting others' hands and feet and mouths) is beyond explication! Continuing my explication, the next level (2) gets more complex. Interpretation is involved and focuses simply on one piece of information at a time: "Heidegger is not a philosopher/there is no question"; or "Nietzsche reading Heidegger as the last metaphysician." Notice that, in its misuse, interpretation becomes much more interesting of an issue and an artistic device (Derrida reads texts properly, by the way. Or does he? And what of my own reading? I don't just misuse, but misuse properly—when I say that "there is no question" I am referring to an actual state of affairs, thus it makes sense to those capable of understanding what I am referring to. The reference is both proper and improper). The next level (3) of complexity involves (I am getting tired of using the words "involve," "by the way," and "in case you didn't get that") a further gestural contortion: information is wiped with and through figurative language. Consider the following examples: "Heidegger in a threesome with Heidegger" and "Heidegger exhausted with car mechanics." More is involved at this level: more bits of information are associated and misused—particularly, misused figuratively. The final level (4) may involve any or all of the previous levels in a sort of manic hybridization or semantic orgy or fuck-the-canvas-I'm-choking-on-the-brush frenzy: "Derrida following Blanchot following Heidegger around the intersection/amusing the merry-go-round/circling the hermeneutic/die Kehre/Heidegger occupied with Heidegger/a flower occupied with a flower/the question of the inauthenticity of a flower/my flower is not mine/the presence of these hands/this failed equipment/failing this equipment/this moodiness/possibility thrown into a window/falling onto a wall/skimming the Heideggerian text/the banality of that scribbling/tricycles for repaired bicycles." One must not trust the line breaks, because often lines that seem to differ actually relate upon closer examination; additionally, the visual layout can sometimes relate directly to linguistic meaning or relate in anyway whatsoever—further complicating the impossibility of fully understanding the text as a whole. As you've perhaps noticed in this dissertation, I am fond of introducing information of a personal nature in my writing; this is also the case with *Onan the illiterate*. One more thought about the levels I've just fabricated on your behalf: my work is just as much writing as it is reading (and I've fabricated that on my behalf). The

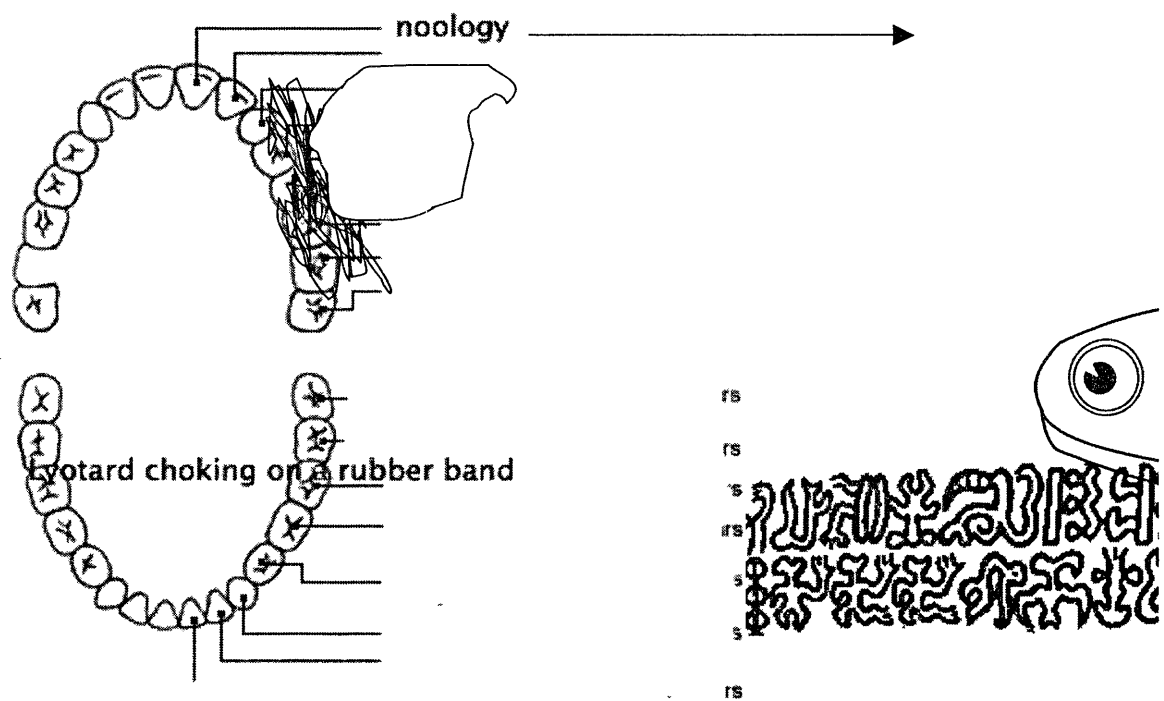
An example of a kind of (anti-logocentric) misreading that does not emphasize understandability:

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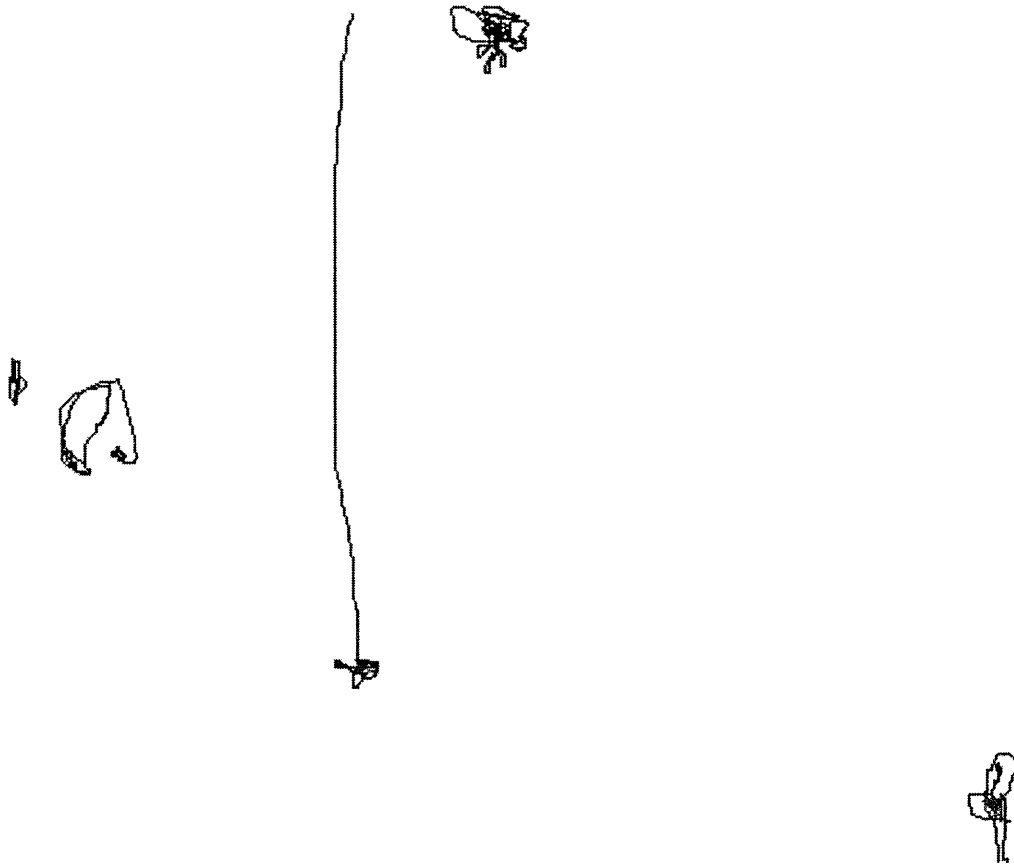
An example of a kind of (anti-logocentric) misreading that focuses on documenting the libidinal affect of a text (whether a simple concept, sentence, paragraph, chapter, complete book or even a life)(in this instance the “reading” is still linear, from left to right—banally—and still representational)(and, no, I won’t tell you which book is being read):



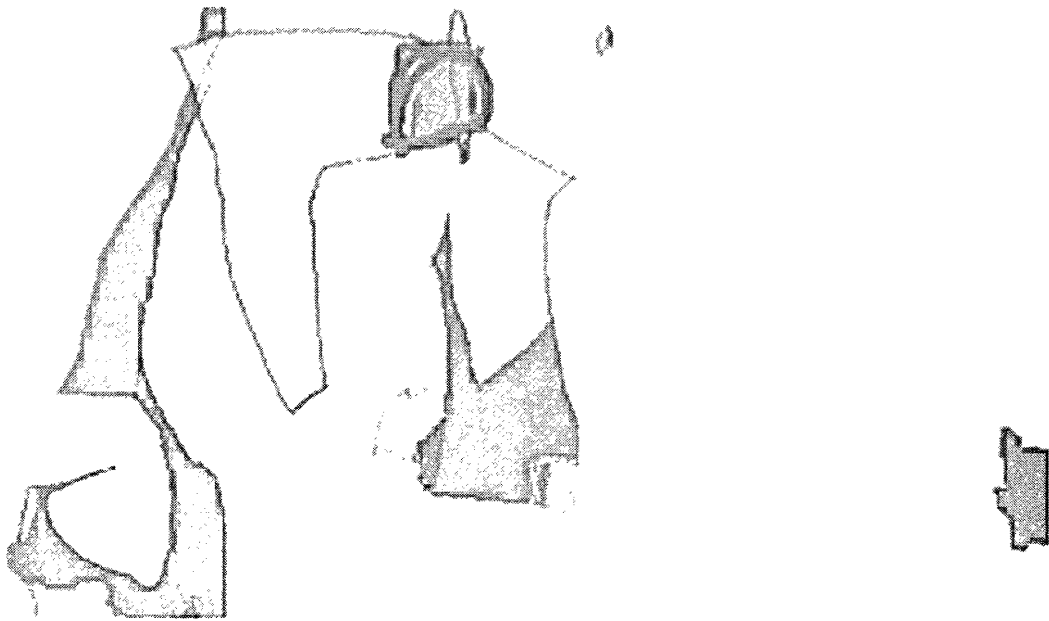
An example of—and, by the way, what constitutes the discursive? (For me, semantics is and can only ever be representational—no semiotics bullshit. Semioticians trying their hardest to reduce life itself to an effect of logocentrism! Onan running a traffic light. For me, there is a distinction between that which represents and that which can be represented: discourse, like any sign system, complicating matters as it constitutes both. And, thus, my interest in nonrepresentational sound and art, affect, et cetera; though I am not merely interested in the nonrepresentational, and that complicates my misunderstanding even further. This thought has been and is still in process... Kristeva's semiotic, by the way, making an embarrassment out of...). The following just happened:



An example of (finally, despite someone making similar claims) nonrepresentational writing (since nonrepresentational thought is impossible—recall my distinction between thought and cognition)(scribble: scribere: to write):



...which, by the way, isn't that far from:



From language to de-symbolized writing (scribbling) to drawing. Additionally worth mentioning: consider east Asian calligraphy, for example (especially intriguing without understanding the characters), imagistic hieroglyphics, or even cursive handwriting in one's own understood script—blurring the distinctions between language as meaningful symbolization, scribbling as a form of writing and drawing as...

But I shouldn't have gone there. Schematizing the varieties of my work is problematic, not to say disturbing. Interdisciplinarity is a disturbance. And, by the way, my work poses a problem, not an answer (or poses as an answer?)—thus the difficulty of feigning this literacy. Anyway, familiarity is annoying, though necessary in some sense for survival. Defamiliarization is of utmost importance in both my work and my life—experimenting with how far I can go until my survival is put into question (not my uncomfortability, but my survival). Amorphous nonrepresentation (my sound and visual work) is just as defamiliarizing an experience as representation flaunting its confusion, and yet my special hatred for representation—particularly its most devastating form: language (again, still working on this, have been working on it for a few years now). And, before I conclude this etude on defamiliarization, allow me to remark upon the insignificance of Deleuzian deterritorialization: the difference between Artaud falling down a staircase and Deleuze carpeting that staircase. So far, the word most often misspelled while typing this dissertation: representaiton. Not even the physical act of typing escapes my desire for control... And you think that I am simply trying to lose all control, to let myself drown, to deterritorialize too quickly? Ha! Haven't you learned anything from this petty dissertation (besides how much I adore you)? (The more one learns, the less they actually understand. Knowledge, if there is such a thing, has a special relationship with ignorance). I admit that, if one is not going to kill oneself, survival is necessary for experimentation; however, and this is probably what is confusing you, I experiment as much as is possibly possible [sic] without putting my survival into question (though, perhaps I am taking this dissertation too far? That remains to be seen. However, in my opinion, I am making the most out of a confining situation and am contributing originality in the process—if this dissertation is not accepted, it is academia that has failed, not myself). As I was saying, I am not simply deterritorializing too quickly, but rather experimenting with how far necessity allows my deterritorialization—there is a difference, an annoying difference at that. I'll stop dragging my feet and get it over with: Deleuze was just as healthy as any other poststructuralist. Now, the issue of plagiarism. As mentioned previously, knowledge is failed plagiarism. That is, knowledge as some sort of truthful representation of the world. My work flaunts this failure, and flaunts it orgasmically. In more literal terms, however, my work makes use of plagiarism, as I have

already explained: taking from others that which stimulates me and reworking it to suit my own pleasure. Again, selecting certain ingredients, tossing them into a bowl, and stirring—I rarely bake. Academics are obsessed with baking, temperatures and time limits; so much so that they often overlook the smoke inundating the kitchen (not to mention the living room). I'll stop there. Concerning plagiarism, however, there is a connection with my sound work: almost all of the material that I use in my sound work is from others' work. While I'm at it, I might as well briefly discuss my sound work (however, as I've stated already in relation to my discursive work, it's the sound itself that I am interested in—not some fumbling statement. Though the more I write of this so-called dissertation, the more I am beginning to like it). Consider the following sound statement:

Instrumentation: playhead/sound editor

Onan the illiterate considers the sound scene an anonymous production of noise; is overwhelmed by the qualitative/quantitative affect this anonymous production has on audition; refuses to originate its own sound; questions the status of the audience by manipulating others' work beyond their intentions; is a confusion between artist and audience; is improvised audition; is a conductor of temporal/spatial energetics; is an accidental miscollaboration; is acousmatics taken to a certain limit in forcing the aural object onto its audience by locking them in a room without light; in performing elsewhere; in refusing to monitor its own performance; (if improvisation is inherently controlled action, if every act is also the improvisation of its own composing...); (Onan does not make instruments—Onan is the instrument, the organonism); is musique concrete refusing the banality of the natural environment; is interested in the stupidity of the event; is influenced by Dada, art brut, dandyism, Zen and pornography; approaches playback as an ignoramus; questions taste tastefully; is messy and stupid; is essentially political in its promotion of the nonrepresentational and its contempt for familiarity; has never heard of sampling; considers Homo sapiens the only postproduction; considers sound performance the masturbation of time and space; in writing this supposedly literate statement, exposes the essential hypocrisy of itself as a project.

There are some interesting similarities (and divergences) in this statement and what I've said concerning my discursive work, as well as *Onan the illiterate* in general. Perhaps the most experimentally significant feature of this sound work is my use of a playhead (sound editor), instead of a tape machine or turntable. But I won't get into that. My work also questions the distinction between improvisation and composition. But I won't get

into that. My work also questions the usual representational use of sampling, which I despise. But I won't get into that. My work also confuses the audience with the artist. But I won't get into that. My work also emphasizes the anonymity of noise. But I won't get into that. My work also introduces postproduction into the ontological. But I won't get into that. And, finally, my work continues my interest in the stupidity of the event (have you gotten that?). When it comes to my visual work, on the other hand, I just mess around with shapes and lines—that's it. Utterly baffling in its simplicity. Though that's not all that is involved, of course: there is a certain taste protruding itself in all of my work—discursive, sonic, visual and existential/ontological. Investigating the protrusion (origination and situation) of that taste is very interesting. Gesture, origination, life! Thus am I an artist, not a politician (despite the politics of my apolitical work) or a janitor (though I'll probably go back to that after failing this degree). And, by the way, about 80% of the time that I spend talking to myself involves some kind of (self)mockery—playing with my horse, stuffing this farce between your... (did you get that?). Forgive me, I should have completed that sentence.

Suffice it to say, my sound and visual work remain nonrepresentational (or do they?); this is something I am inclined to investigate further (or am I?). Having said that, however, I am very interested in nonrepresentation. (I could just as easily make a sound piece involving speech and the mouth, but I won't. And why not?). If I had to choose one over the other, I'd stick with philosophy as my hobbyhorse (and why?). (The more I write the more baffled I get; thus, the significance of common sense in my life making an embarrassment out of philosophy—and yet I continue: philosophically).

I just woke up (I actually slept) and I'm still on the edge: I've written 70+ pages of notes all in a matter of 5 days. Philosophy, nothing but philosophy! Ha!

Duchamp placing this urinal in academia—upsetting mediocrity.
Post-Duchampians for complacent academics.

This is not merely the revenge of an artist, but the revenge of a human being on what humanity has become, of a thinker on what thought has become (and when you ask me to explain that, you've proven my point).

This is not rigorous enough? I'll tell you what's not rigorous: the fact that most books can be summarized in less than 5 pages (or a paragraph, for that matter).

There is no protrusion without exclusion, without obliviousness.
The necessity of this partiality.

Life is enacted, it is never understood.

Everything I have just written remains splendidly questionable.

And to think that higher education has come to this.

Derrida the strategist of truth; Derrida reading for truth. Baudrillard reversing the falsity of truth into a truthful falsity (more truthful than truth itself). Not only is schizoanalysis an attempt at adequate representation, but it attempts a *more* adequate representation than, say, psychoanalysis! And so on... (Notice Lyotard's exclusion from this list).

I am craving for you to bend me over your lap and give me a good spanking...

Wittgenstein refusing bibliography.

Academia reading itself a poststructuralist story before tucking itself in.
This insomnia.

This nonknowledge as knowledge: Socrates as a reminder of Bataille's fly on your nose.

Plato pulling weeds. Poststructuralism planting weeds. Onan blossoming.

Now you know what goes on in this piddling little head of mine all day...

Ravished by the theoretical!

Ever since I was very young I have been trained in crafting the well-wrought essay (or, rather, in cramming my thought into some prefabricated template). Why? Is such a thing really worthwhile? And what does it reveal about academia (not to mention Homo sapiens; not to mention the universe giving birth to those peculiarities; not to mention—why is there something rather than something? Derrida confusing presence with absence)? This divergence, this wandering of thought... I continue: What about myself, logocentric? Of course! Or, rather, partly; insofar as it is inescapable. Anti-logocentrically, however, I prefer notes. Notes allow my thought to perform itself, instead of being forced into some monotonous stabilization (an effect of the academic fascism of and for logocentrism—not that fascism is “bad” or anything). Clearly, academia likes (and finds benefit in) cultivating logocentrism. Fine, but at least cultivate it! I have found you out, you bastards. I have gotten to the very heart of academia (the feigned argument!)—and they squirm. Achilles with a wounded heel (Derrida merely stroking the tendon). But don't feel bad. Consider the following note taken just a few weeks ago: “(The history/significance of) My life: a squirming.”

This is all very amusing.

This philosophastry.

This pseudophilosophy.

This antiphilosophy.

This paralogy.

This dadasophy.

This pornography disturbing the genitalia of the inanimate.

Deleuze feigning misosophy.

Veering toward the artistic, this is nevertheless not art. And don't go sticking that statement up on some fucking museum wall, either. I've never even heard of Art and Language. (Haven't I already said that there was never any such thing as art? And aren't I continuing to deny that?).

My work has not simply been influenced by philosophy (which I'll get to shortly) and the arts, but also my interest in life, in both its micrological and cosmological aspects. And, if I am going to say that, I might as well also say that it is not just myself that suffers these pangs of exhilaration, but also the universe (actually, that's questionable)! Ah, the question of the origination of all of this! The cosmos is essentially orgasmic in its contraction/expansion/eruption. And, by the way, did I ever mention how banal male orgasm is when compared to the complexities of female orgasm? Okay, the significance of cosmology, both in itself (as a blabbering drool with occasional fits of ebullience) and for humankind (as a semantic issue). Do you know what completely turns me on? Watching videos of microorganisms! I am thinking about becoming a video artist and making videos wherein clips of porn are inserted amidst the movement of microorganisms. Stupid bastards, aren't they? I fucking love it. Anyway, I was going to spend the next few paragraphs discussing my semantic dilemma with you from a cosmological perspective, but I have since deleted those paragraphs and, consequently, refuse to indulge myself on the matter.

"Orgasm has never been a philosophical event." Cioran

And what if it were? What, then, would become of philosophy? Philosophy splattered is still philosophy; or, there has never been philosophy, only the wiping up of one's milk.

Nietzsche is the first philosopher (in the Western tradition). Nietzsche's work begins with *Ecce Homo*. If you'd like more information on how Nietzsche might have been influential on me, read Nietzsche (particularly that little bit at the beginning of "On Truth and Lies..."; and, yes, I realize I just contradicted myself). As a matter of fact, Nietzsche already wrote this dissertation, after poststructuralism and during the month of January, 1889. I am just having all academics shot. Seriously, though (as if I am not being serious in the first place), my work stems from and is situated in a philosophical context. Of course, I am personally interested in content (ideas, arguments, interpretations), but of utmost significance to me is the form with which a philosopher engages and produces their thought as well as the temperament of that thinker. Consider the following interests and occasional influences: My interest in Nietzsche would not be complete without mentioning Sade's incestuous thought—a materialist philosophy spewing its libidinal energetics (not to mention its adoration of the anal or the sheer volume and meticulous mania of a work like *The 120 Days of Sodom*). Again, not much to say there, besides: read the work itself (or, consider Sade's influence on those who've influenced me). Bataille's work is most interesting for both its temperament and form (except, of course, for the more expository works). The most formally amusing of Bataille's writings (some

of them delving into the aphoristic, the diaristic) include “The Solar Anus” and *La Somme atheologique*, particularly “Method of Meditation,” “Aphorisms for the ‘System’” and “Outside The Tears of Eros.” It is important to note that, of all that I am about to introduce as formally influential, it is the latter text that comes closest to what I am attempting to do in *Onan the illiterate*—though, as is the case with much of these so-called influences, I did not seriously consider this text until much later in my so-called development. Temperamentally, Bataille really writes with his blood (and shit, and genitals) and coughs up a bit of delightfully phlegmatic laughter (that is, when not choking on it—also important). I should also mention here Heidegger’s poetic attempts at thought (“The Thinker as Poet,” for example), though without interest. Too quaint and much too poetic to be philosophically engaging on its own terms (despite Heidegger’s claim for an imageless thought—not so sure about that one, Deleuze). More of Heidegger later. For now, let’s move on to Blanchot. Actually, given Heidegger’s influence on Blanchot, I’ll finish my remarks on Heidegger. Heidegger (as well as Blanchot, Derrida and Irigaray) makes use of dialogue, but Plato does the same thing, and I don’t find it all that interesting (Plato getting kicked out of the academy for writing philosophy in dialogues! Ha!). As a matter of fact, as you’ve hopefully realized, I despise dialogue (except with myself, of course—and why is that?). Besides the curiosity of Heidegger’s style in general, the only other thing worth mentioning about Heidegger is his *Contributions to Philosophy*: an anti-systematic potpourri of aphorisms, notes, diagrams, et cetera. Temperamentally, Heidegger is too much of a hick to be of any more interest to me (not that hicks are “bad” or anything; in all honesty, I’d rather discuss philosophy with a hick than with a philosopher—just not this hick). Blanchot, then. Some of the issues I have with Derrida stem back to Blanchot and Heidegger, but not worth discussing. Formally, however, Blanchot makes an embarrassment out of both Heidegger and Derrida. While the early works are fascinating—particularly as they culminate in the mixing of genre in *The Infinite Conversation*—it is precisely with *The Step Not Beyond* and *The Writing of the Disaster* that Blanchot is of most interest formally. The neutrality of flatness is emphasized, distilling its redundant dispersal, scattering an occasional aphorism, turning in on itself in a dizzying nonarray of numbing nonness. Paradox stirs itself paradoxically in this maddening monochrome. If whiteness could protrude,

Blanchot has an ontological. You get the picture (if you do, I've betrayed Blanchot). Let's just say that Blanchot eludes meaning meaningfully. Temperamentally, then, I prefer Blanchot's neutral surfacing to Derrida painstakingly attempting neutrality. There is a difference between someone actually painting and someone else mounting that painting. But, having said that, Onan has no time for neutrality—puddles are meant for splashing (Onan jerking off beneath the bleachers). Before moving on to the poststructuralists, I would like to mention an outsider occasionally related to Derrida, at least: Adorno. (By the way, am I poeticizing thought? Not poetry, per se, but jamming philosophy into the poetic machinery?). It is significant, to me at least, that Nietzsche, Adorno and Cioran were obsessed with music (poststructuralism is my Wagner); Heidegger obsessed with poetry; Blanchot and Derrida obsessed with literature; Deleuze and Lyotard obsessed with the arts in general; Sade, Bataille and Baudrillard obsessed with pornography; and Nietzsche, Bataille, Blanchot, Cioran, Baudrillard and Deleuze obsessed with madness in one form or another. Anyway, Adorno's "The Essay as Form" is enlightening, but not as formally exciting at all as, say, *Minima Moralia* or *Aesthetic Theory*. Adorno thinks in paragraphs and occasional aphorisms and allows his thought to move from idea to idea without the constriction of a prefabricated method (besides that of the paragraphic, of course). Constellations disturbing representation. The paratactic and paradoxical in Adorno's thought agitate what I thought was a headache into a splintering migraine. The use of reversal in Blanchot, Adorno and Baudrillard reveals an upsetting of traditionally linear propositionality. Temperamentally, I am upset with Adorno's negativity (though appreciate the attack on instrumental ratiocination, as well as the attempts at a nonidentity thinking and a philosophical materialism—and let's not forget the dissonance or Adorno protecting philosophy from the aesthetic). It's not even an exhilarating negativity as one finds in Cioran. Cioran, then. (Doesn't Cioran look a bit like Derrida? Huh). Is it my Romanian heritage that gets me all fluttery when I consider the Romanian absurdists? Who knows... Anyway, I've already mentioned a few personal thoughts regarding Cioran's influence on me; it is, however, the Cioran of the aphorism that most entertains me formally (what else did Cioran write, but gorgeously nihilistic aphorisms?). And since I've just mentioned, vis-à-vis my disapproval of Adorno, my acceptance of Cioran's temperament, I shall move on to less interesting thinkers (read

Cioran yourself and you'll not manage to sleep for days; and, by the way, why is there so little secondary literature on Cioran—because he didn't leave you with anything to exchange in the conceptual marketplace?). Again, before entertaining you with my opinions of the poststructuralists, allow me to mention a few thinkers who've influenced me outstandingly in formal respects, though not—as concerns content—with the magnitude of these other thinkers (for reasons I will not divulge): Wittgenstein, Benjamin, Barthes and Cixous (I've already mentioned Feyerabend—enough said there). Wittgenstein's formal style (not to mention content, which is most interesting—having said that, I simply don't have the time for logical analysis or therapy, except of course for proposition 7: and yet we continue to write...) is interesting insofar as it is aphoristic and, occasionally, devoid of theses; the hierarchical *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* is not as gratifying as the later work. Temperamentally, Wittgenstein could have my child any day. Just be sure not to allow it into kindergarten by itself. Wittgenstein the gardener. Benjamin's *Arcades Project* is very worth mentioning for several reasons: it is incomplete and unfinished; enormous, fragmented and labyrinthine; montagist and palimpsestic; documentary; a compilation of notes, aphorisms, sketches, commentary, quotations and references. Benjamin's interest in the commodification of things relates to my interest in the commodification of knowledge. Benjamin's interest in the flaneur is also appealing. The orgasmic hedonism of Barthes' *The Pleasure of the Text* is, for me, the most interesting of its texts (though the content of "From Work to Text" is most welcome, not to mention Barthes' thoughts on the writerly text). Here again, however, it is primarily the aphoristic that catches my disturbed attention. Temperamentally, I've already mentioned the orgasmic hedonism of this text, so let's move on to Cixous. As with Wittig, whom I've already mentioned, Cixous is appealing for actually writing her body (not merely fussing over the theoretical implications of that body—though I do like fussing). While the essay "The Laugh of the Medusa" is written very much in the expository mode, with "The Last Painting or the Portrait of God," for instance, Cixous manages an amazing hybrid constituting a space between the aphoristic and the paragraphic. Nevertheless, Cixous' notebooks remain the most interesting as documentations of underdeveloped thought. Temperamentally, such affirmative, headless articulation really makes an embarrassment out of the banality of critical theory, content

with the argumentative. Finally, having referred to *écriture féminine*, I must also mention Irigaray's formally experimental works—enticing for their lyrical paragraphism. Now, before moving on to poststructuralism, I am going to make a few comments about the indirect formal influence of existentialism (as far as content is concerned, phenomenology—particularly that of Merleau-Ponty, Marion and Henry [without the religion, that is]—is of great interest to me, though in no way formally so, besides the emphasis on description) on my work. Very briefly, especially since I've already mentioned existentialism, let me say that, formally, existentialism proper is interesting for having written fictional works, but it remained logocentric in its philosophical treatises. There are some interesting exceptions, the most obvious (excluding those I have already discussed) being Kierkegaard. Like Nietzsche and Kafka, for instance, Kierkegaard has been seen by some to resemble a certain postmodern tendency. However, Kierkegaard's work (much like the others) is more multiple and variegated in its content and form. I lied when I said that Western philosophy began with Nietzsche—it still does, with the exception of Kierkegaard (and others, but no matter). If I were to add another memorable moment in the history of philosophy, it would be this: Kierkegaard during and after a certain party. Despite the religious bullshit, though interesting for Kierkegaard's attempts at leaping, the most significant features of this body of work are the following: its aphoristics, diaristics and indirect communicational devices (among them, pseudonymity and the parable). Temperamentally, the urgency and affirmation of Kierkegaard's anxiety with relation to the absurd in all of its contradictoriness; his devastating humor; and his mockery of the Hegelian edifice (another feature representative of most of the thinkers I've discussed, in addition to their mockery, in some form or another, of academia). Poststructuralism, then. God, I love poststructuralism! Still, such a failure. If you are willing to posit something (say, monstrosity or schizophrenia—and particularly as stylistic endeavors), then enact it correspondingly, otherwise your trumped-up propositions remain mere propositions (not to say, arguments!). Anyway, Derrida could have been so much more formally experimental than he was, especially given his attacks on logocentrism and his valorization of certain experimental writers. Having said that, of particular interest to me are the following: intentionally misspelling the word *difference*, “Note on a Note from...” (for its genius in elaborating upon something as insignificant as

a footnote), *Dissemination* (for its pushing of the syntagmatic and paradigmatic possibilities of language-use—a certain Heideggerian Joyceanism), *Glas* (for its, albeit modest, cut-and-paste aesthetic; not to mention, as in a few other works, the interruptive parasitism of two simultaneous texts) and “Parergon” (for its bizarre self-framing, not to mention the overall gesture of writing “around” painting—interesting, but insufficient: Onan plunges into the impossibility of the artwork-without-frame)—needless to say, I have no interest in *The Post Card*. In general, however, Derrida’s style questions the teleology of the properly developed argument: Derrida’s thought is continually interrupting itself and moving off into unexpected directions, such that the argument (and, yes, there is one) gets confused with itself as argumentation. Delightful! Temperamentally, Derrida is disappointing: or, rather, Derrida had no temperament. One last thing: Derrida merely tympanizing philosophy; Onan pulling philosophy from the hands in its mouth through its ass. On to Deleuze, then. Ah, if Deleuze had only enacted the concepts he created!! So much lost to academic exchange... The poststructuralists merely reinvigorate the academic marketplace by refusing to sufficiently enact their ideas (with minor exceptions, of course, still lost among the enticement of exchange-value. Rorty reading Derrida outside of the playground). For me, Deleuze is the most exciting poststructuralist as well as the one who fails most. So much potential in those concepts! As for formal experimentation, Deleuze is most disappointing (despite the interesting diagrams). I could discuss a variety of concepts and how Deleuze failed in each case to enact them sufficiently (or at all), but I’d rather not. I mean, really, does Deleuze do anything to make one believe that he even comes close philosophically to Duchamp painting a mustache on the Mona Lisa? And collage? Is there anything in Deleuze’s entire oeuvre that would make one think for even a moment that Deleuze were schizophrenic, in any sense of the term (much less nomadic)? Ha! And how can Deleuze maintain an interest in rhizomatic writing, given the utterly banal systematicity of his own writing style? Arguments, nothing but arguments! At least Deleuze is honest when he makes clear that one must not deterritorialize too quickly, or that one must be cautious with respect to experimentation. But *how* cautious? There is a difference between safely positing the notion of the rhizomatic and actually enacting that notion (unless, of course, the structure of *A Thousand Plateaus* satisfies your interest in rhizomatics). Deleuze is

simply a fabricator of concepts. Enough said. Oh, except this (which I've said elsewhere): Deleuze the clinician tampering with patients' bedsheets. You can imagine why I am a bit pissed off. Temperamentally, Deleuze is appealing for his vitality—though no sign of any personal, existential vitality. God, this is all getting a bit frustrating, not to say boring (I'm feeling a bit machinic! And how about those desiring-machines turning into abstract machines!). On, then, to Lyotard, who posits a much more interesting elaboration of the libidinal than do Deleuze and Guattari. Having said that, Lyotard's formal experimentation in *Libidinal Economy* is most attractive for the affect of the writing (though Lyotard does claim to misuse Marx in treating him as a work of art—not so sure about that). This affectivity is also of temperamental significance and, though Lyotard moves from (and regrets!) that earlier work on to less affectively agitated work (indeed, a philosophy of sentences!), his continual emphasis on and interest in some sort of impossibility is most interesting to me. Baudrillard has some provoking thoughts as well but, for the most part, his formal experimentation resides in those later works entitled *Cool Memories*. These works are aphoristic and, occasionally, contain fragments of mere phrases and words. Most charming. Temperamentally, it is the impudent, 'pataphysical Baudrillard that interests me most. Summing up, Derrida is perhaps the most formally experimental of any of the poststructuralists (Derrida taking cars apart, all the while making sure that they are still running just enough to pass inspection; Derrida tiptoeing around philosophy as if...)—Deleuze oblivious to his own concepts (while *recognizing* everything else), Lyotard satisfied with merely contemplating artistic experimentation (not to say representing the unrepresentable), and Baudrillard content with communicating that which cannot be exchanged. Regarding content, each philosopher I have mentioned so far is of utmost significance to my work, particularly regarding its form. Allow me to offer a brief example of how their content influences my form (otherwise, simply read these thinkers and figure it out for yourself; I am sure that as soon as I start meddling with others' arguments, I'll be regretting it as I regret this dissertation): Baudrillard, in *Fatal Strategies*, makes an argument for the ecstatic dominance of the object over the subject. How better might one argue the significance of *Onan the illiterate* as the orgasmic discombobulation of a discursive subject with respect to any object (the nondiscursive object of discourse as well as discourse as its own

object)? To make matters worse, Onan is both that dominating object and that discombobulated subject: Onan fingering Onan. And so on... Let Baudrillard argue that reversal, I'll enact it. To conclude this most mundane elaboration on the insufficiencies of poststructuralism with respect to their otherwise crazy pronouncements, allow me to claim the following: *Onan the illiterate* is philosophically delirious, schizophrenic, monstrous, demented, retarded, slapstick, nervous, diseased, affective, false, inappropriate, clumsy, messy, misuseful, useless and occasionally some of the above. So much for Western philosophy (you do remember me saying that I was a skeptic? Spelling the word correctly is bad enough, so I won't get into it). I've already mentioned some aspects of Eastern thought (or nonthought, significantly) that turn me on, but allow me to offer some more direct pertinencies, particularly relating to form and the propositional/argumentative: (1) Jainism's Syadvada/Saptabhaginaya (maybe a is X; maybe a is not-X; maybe a is both X and not-X; maybe a is indescribable; maybe a is indescribable and X; maybe a is indescribable and not-X; maybe a is indescribable and both X and not-X); and (2) Nagarjuna's tetralemma (X, not X, X and not X, neither X nor not X). Some amazing shit going on over there in those Eastern countries, am I right? Too bad I didn't have the patience or sincerity (or understanding) to get into the content involved in some of this stuff! Anyway, let me conclude these philosophical remarks with a look at Zen Buddhism, particularly the form of its discursive event (since there really is no content, thank God! Or, rather, form is content. Though, don't get me wrong, I'm all over the content—wiping myself with it, gargling it and shit...). Four partial comments: (1) anti-philosophical, Zen slaps poststructuralism's discursive elaboration of the event in the face; (2) Zen takes discursivity to a nondiscursive limit; (3) Zen experiences that limit; (4) *Onan the illiterate* is one single, elongating koan, unmanageable in its inconvenience.

Actually, I won't conclude there. Not yet. As already stated, for me, philosophy is the art of thought, and thought is fundamentally discursive. Logocentrism (or academia?), however, has invented some disturbing discursive proprieties that constrain thought—characteristics that have become and remain commonplace in both academia in general and philosophy in particular. Indeed, these proprieties are so commonplace that their hegemonic status continues to be overlooked: the sentence and the paragraph. As an

artist-philosopher, I am interested in thinking outside of these regulating constraints, and have come upon 2 counter-options: the aphorism and the diagram. The aphorism is usually written in sentence-form and, as such, denies the coagulation of the paragraph (admittedly, however, aphorisms occasionally participate in the paragraphic, though at least not as an instance of a larger, teleologically-driven whole: in, for example, the essay); still, the sentence is retained. Nevertheless, the aphorism allows for a more spontaneous production of thought, without the requirements of further development (and its corresponding structural contrivance). *Onan the illiterate* is an example, not only of the aphoristic, but more importantly of the dysfunctional aphorism. The diagram, on the other hand, completely breaks out of these constraints. While words are usually used to explain the significance of the diagram, they are usually not sentences. In this sense, then, the diagram not only allows for a more spontaneous production of thought, unconstrained by the coagulation of the paragraph and the teleology of the sentence, but also emphasizes a visual potential for thought. While *Onan the illiterate* focuses, for the time being, on the dysfunctional aphorism, my notebooks make use of the diagrammatic.

Let's cut the bullshit and get right down to it: it has been my intention, since a very early age, to force genius on myself, instead of merely waiting around for it (did he say genius? But we don't believe in genius anymore!). The impediment (or consequence?) of the following: bipolar disorder; Tourette's syndrome (particularly twitching; Onan the coprolaliac); nervousness, anxiety and paranoia; depression; inflation; diplopia; disinterest in eating, sleeping and bathing; compulsive truthfulness; obsession with that compulsion; antisocialism; insomnia; genius; retardation; inability to read; foaming at the mouth; boredom; fluorine-dependency resulting from overexposure to helium; tinea versicolor confusing the psoriatic; chronic obliviousness; fits of intentional bed-wetting; masturbatory dysfunction; and an occasional bout of constipation among the diarrhea. (Physicians are worthless: just as much a waste of time as they are wastes of money—not all that different from the institutionalized educational experience).

Arguing against argumentation...

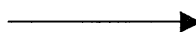
Assessing assessment...

If I hate discourse so much, then why am I so obsessed with it? Because, as a representational device, it allows me to partake of life in a way in which I have no other access (the titillation of just writing the word “chloroplast”: I can feel the green seeping out of the word itself—as far as correspondence is concerned, slightly truthful; or, a bucket of pink—untruthful: a very important issue for me... still working on it). Basquiat is influential in this regard.

This is how I think:



Are you telling me that thought is only acceptable like this (that one should, and must, think like this):



Assessment disturbed by art. Assessment undermined by art.
And not just art.

Poking myself in the eye for your arrogance.
Perfuming the cheeks.

I could very well disagree with all of this.
I disagree with all of this.

Anomaly: Bataille spitting up on Land refusing the academic apron.
(Again, too important to discuss with you.)

Reconsidering research: emphasis should be placed on invention, not reaction. Of course, everything involves both reaction and invention, but academia puts its emphasis on reaction (in this situation, the reaction of the dissertation to artistic invention). With reaction, the object of research maintains primacy—the actual research itself remains secondary in relation to its object. What if invention were valued in and for itself? You wouldn't be able to assess anything, would you? Ha! Not like you can assess anything, anyway...

Maintaining a teleologically developed thought is much too difficult for me to continue feigning. Instead, consider the following partial excerpts from my partial notebooks—examples of how I *really* think (since you are so desperate for something other than my artwork, something that will let you sleep properly tonight)(examples of how I really think *truthfully*, that is)(the excerpts are presented chronologically—with the exception of the aleatory point investigations, which are presented together for the sake of convenience—beginning with my matriculation as a doctoral student to the present):

poststructuralism taken to a discursive (thought/writing) limit
artistically, not truthfully

one does not need poststructuralism (etc) to realize the failure of reason

knowledge used as palette
misuse understanding/misunderstanding
the insufficiency of reason

from laughter (Nietzsche's/Bataille's/poststructuralism's) to masturbation

pro-Nietzscheanism/anti-Hegelianism

the aesthetic event posing a question that it refuses to answer

(continually being interrupted by the improvisation of thought in and through me)

the play of thought/poetic use of thought:

—not traditional poetry (poetry evades the issue of meaning via figurative language)

—not traditional thought (philosophy evades the issue of its medium via instrumental reason)

aesthetic practice demands that discourse be overwhelmed

reason: unruly/instinctual (pretensions to security/stability)

Homo sapiens = a breed of animal

Sontag, "Against Interpretation": an erotics of art = an erotics of philosophy as art

experience both demands and denies conceptualization

instead of criticizing everything to the point of undecidability (Derrida),
move upward, start from undecidability = propose/masturbate anything

taste = stupid attraction

pace Derrida: presence is onanistic—it is too much, ungraspable

life is the enigma, the impossible possibility, the singular, the event
art just emphasizes it

theory (and thought?) as a reverse-score

problem: is Onan life-enhancing or only a frivolity?

the substantial equivalent of my sound work would be pornography: the art of bodies improvising with/affecting perceptibility itself; pornography as the mode of action *par excellence* which most affirms the senses at the expense of the understanding

my ambivalent obsession with thought/discourse

academia: $1 + 1 = 2$

Onan: 6, 1, 52, 621981126, 3, 91, 3, 3, 3, 126...

not style subordinated to truth (poststructuralism), but truth subordinated to style

my ground: the groundless (farthest one can go “reasonably”)

problem of complicity (are plants complicit?)

the question of reason: what to do?

—accept

—abort

—manipulate/mock/etc

I want the limit without aborting it: masturbate

I will be reasonable insofar as I choose to survive, otherwise...

diachronic: energy/matter → consciousness → self-consciousness → reason → truth

synchronic: levels of partial saturation

I’ve gotten nowhere: age 31

philosophy as art of thought

stay alive for art?

detritorialization/destruction/suicide

territorialization/creation/life

against/relation to: academia/the masses

pace Derrida: there is only presence (with the exception of representation introducing *false* absence into the world), and the instability and overabundance of that presence baffles me

I am *content* rebelling against *form*

everything that I have ever/will ever think is wrong
but that's not all of it: I must continue to believe that what I think is the truth

= essential hypocrisy

art eludes, denies and obfuscates argumentation

theory must be subservient to its object
definition is impossible ("art"/"philosophy"/etc)
description is impossible?
= assumes an illusional outside
the saturation of life/thought
not separate or immanent entirely
we must represent as if an outside

I am reason gone awry
I am destructive only to affirm the enigma of life

everything must be attacked
everything must be affirmed

localization of thought?

stupor/stupid: stupere: to be amazed or stunned

reductio ad absurdum

reading is plagiarism

see definitions of truth/publish/knowledge/understanding/research

immanence impossible to Homo sapiens
Homo sapiens as rupture
and yet still immanent

discursively we cannot but be logical and that logic is always false

Homo ludens

knowledge/understanding/research: masturbated

the question of art is also the question of thought

to do with philosophy what Dada did with art

logically, logic fails to attain both truth and logic

thought: form/content

is art contra life (as interruption/indirection of progress)?

despite academia's acclamation of postmodernism, they remain Habermasian, enlightenment conservatives—positivists still believing in progress; I mean, not like a glove won't rip or anything, but still...

if one were to misunderstand Derrida, Derrida's work would have no force

art's relation to leisure

the possibility that we are all wrong (our knowledge, its method, content, etc)

my original contribution to thought and art: masturbation and ignorance: "Onan the illiterate"; (however, is contributive and original only when considered from an intelligible perspective)

reading "Onan": an anxious, confusing, almost (?) unethical experience

is life art? should art be separate from life? should it blur with life? and is it life? and what kind of art?

knowledge/language as failed quotation, already misquoting its object

poetics vs. noetics

philosophy focuses on thought/meaning (truth)

poetry focuses on language/metaphor (figuration)

misunderstanding makes interpretation possible

philosophy is too important to leave to philosophers

even Dada is truthful: how to think untruthfully (impossible, unless figurative?)

anarchy itself is logical, when intentional that is

the personal sincerity/generosity of the poststructuralists (and myself)

complicating the pose, the fiction, the stage

there is no such thing as misunderstanding
or, the same thing, all is misunderstanding

my (simplified) (anti-)philosophical lineage:
Nietzsche → (existentialism)/poststructuralism → Onan

the relevance of poetry to thought (and language)

mandating proper writing (sentences, paragraphs, development) is like mandating
perspective in painting: the only way academia can express itself; would a scientist be
required to supplement/explicate their research with music? absurd!

everything is questionable (including this statement)

to do with thought what poetry does with language

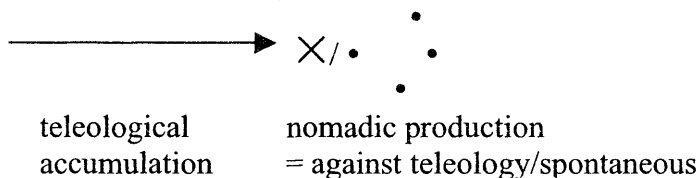
association/correspondence:

- true: the BwO is shaped like an egg
- true/false: the BwO swallowing and shitting an egg
- false: the BwO squatting this hose

the revenge of art on theory
the revenge of thought on philosophy

art interrupts/aggravates thought
thought necessitates art (unless, of course, life is art = unintentional)

personal dilemma regarding process:



there is nothing other than a conflicting morass of arguments = Dadaism already; but
since no one is willing to accept it as such, I will present it as such

the new metaphysics of pretension: “art”

I am and I am not Onan

when it comes to art people have nothing to talk about, thus theory

DCA = academia mocking itself

Derrida needs an excuse to be confusing, to play

Derrida is my Hegel
Deleuze is my Kant

the more interpretation, the less verifiable

humanity must be unethical to survive (eating, at least—and, no, vegetarianism rectifies nothing)

not being dadasophical is a pose! dadasophy as the truth of logic = illogic; (one doesn't need logic books to get this: I am baffled looking at a daffodil)

nondiscursivity = presence
discursivity as surface (line/sound) = presence
discursivity as depth (meaning/representation) = absence
meaning is never present; it is always only fabricated presence

and to think that Derrida doesn't even completely understand its own work
(the consequences of this...?)

the question of Onan:
—that it was written
—what it instigates

de Man: the failure to read

the teleology of reading

poststructuralism as philosophy's Achilles heel: incipit Onan

the only way out of the truthful: the accident, masturbation?

how does one understand a flower?

to not kill oneself is unjust (refuses the ultimate unjust act—suicide)
to kill oneself is unjust (refuses the ultimate unjust act—living)

life as a limit experience, compromised to survive

common sense problematizing philosophical pretension: ask a "normal" person or even a crazy person to make themselves a BwO and they'd either look at you like you're stupid or actually cut themselves up

"Dada" = a floating signifier

if art has reached the point of questioning itself, and supposedly is thus philosophy, what happens when philosophy questions itself, becomes art?

no one will read this

truth is an inescapable illusion

nonrepresentation existing discursively for me as nothing other than a bafflement—and,
thus, of crucial interest

thought can only ever irresolve itself
(and yet I proceed as if something were resolvable)

propose nothing!

existentialism against reason

you can argue (propose, say) whatever you want to argue (propose, say); that's precisely
the issue! masturbate it!

how manage this monster feeding off of me?

I will go crazy of it, die of it...

only the discursive deserves discourse (or does it?)

a semantic equivalent to Joyce's portmanteau: "mere curiosity throwing the facticity"
what, then, about: "give Socrates a fucking rooster and be done with it"?

survival interrupting art; survival preceding art; exacerbate survival with art

I only have problems insofar as I am truthful

critique is futile (and inevitable)

not merely ignorance, but confusion
not devoid of knowledge, but amidst knowledge

academia overemphasizing the Apollonian at the expense of the Dionysian

a thesis, an argument: nothing more than a developed presupposition

Onan mocking everything, including itself, including the fact that it mocks itself

—to destroy philosophy beautifully (see definition of "beautiful")
—to reinvigorate/reconfigure philosophy as art

there are those who are dissectors of life/art and those who are affected by/affect life/art

existentialism applies to/enacts life
postmodernism absconds life

people are only willing to go as far as suits their agenda

the only worthwhile presupposition: passion

against exchangeability

revise Dostoyevsky: anything can be argued

reading itself (I am sorry to tell you) is the enactment of mimesis, of representation

one must betray confusion and pretend

theory is just as much a part of art as it isn't

differences of use-value: academic vs. artistic

there *is* an outside-text and this is problematic

if "art cannot be taught" (Elkins), then how can one write about it?

academia posing as a solution to life
academic discrimination

are art and philosophy worth living for?
is anything worth living for?

the condition of possibility of interpretation: misunderstanding

conceptual art taking Greenbergianism to another limit (and even more problematically:
is Kosuth's *One and Three Saws* a definition of art, or a definition of a saw? that's what I
thought—materiality getting in the way of ideality)

a philosophical slut

scholarship is just a form of research—the most banal, the most monotonous

historically, art has become autonomous (despite contemporary attempts at reintegrating
art with life); and there is high art and the masses don't give a fuck

my position: to mistrust myself; to mistrust any potential position

poststructuralism = postphenomenology

argumentation conceals: incoherence; inconsistency; pointlessness; meaninglessness; its own futility; its own failure; its own logical demise; etc

fiction puts reality/life into question (or should)

contra academia, art leads the way:

art leading art history

art leading art theory

art leading art criticism

art leading the artist?

“anti-philosophy” because I define “philosophy” as the reasonable search for/postulation of metaphysical truth (including deconstruction)

nonrepresentation = the limit of artifice

my life as the failure of reading

reading is asocial

reading is an incongruent experience (anti-experience?)

perhaps it is art itself that can (1) ruin academia and (2) reinvigorate academia (but will it be allowed by these totalitarians?)

academia = exchange-value/use-value

Onan = nonproductive expenditure/producing the nonproductive

I feel like I am going to explode. I am anxious beyond measure. I scare the shit out of myself wondering how I’ll ever get through life. the only thing I have to show for my life (besides my mania and depression) is these notebooks which, in all actuality, reveal nothing. I look back at these notes and they discomfort me... last night I *was* the labyrinth. how to calm down? even so, my room is stuffy, enclosed, claustrophobic. I’ve got nothing, no one, nowhere... nothing but a clump of twitching electricity

I am alive today

I despise human beings—their lack of sincerity, lack of experimentation, their banality

perhaps all I can do is foam at the mouth for it

of course, this can all be argued differently (undoing my whole “project”)

to wreak havoc on philosophy

to preserve the irreducibility of the nondiscursive in discourse

discursivity is essentially a relation with the nondiscursive

to undo discourse via the nondiscursive

there is no such thing as representation; there is only familiarity, the issue of familiarity;
as soon as something becomes familiar, it represents itself

propositions are already interpretations

to read philosophy as poetry—as an ignoramus, as a painter

ecstasy never unfolds as nicely as depression

these notes are untrustworthy (and badly written)
biography is impossible, you bastards

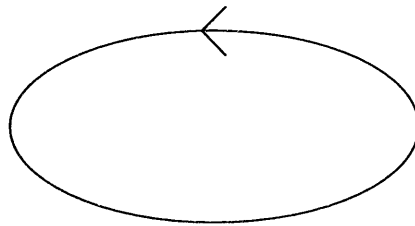
unidiction: teleological:



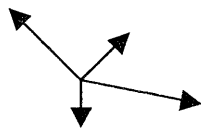
bidiction: contradiction/reversal:



or



polydiction: proliferation/dispersion:



or



the human species sickens me, the universe appalls me, and I'll get over it; which is
bullshit; I should take my life—that makes sense... there is nothing more *sane*

don't just accept—flaunt it

flowers do not bloom consciously, they just bloom... ?

no one will ever know me

my desire to only read and think, not produce!

but this thought already escapes me... how can I continue but as a distortion of myself?

my relation to life is problematic (the sun has no other option than to burn)

existentialism: opposition/action
Blanchot/Derrida: circularity/dispersion/nonaction
Adorno: paradox/persistence
Bataille: explosion/experience
Deleuze: coagulating-consisting chaos/affirmation
Baudrillard: reversibility/resignation
Lyotard: impossibility/various

orgasm is perceptual (including the perception of consciousness)—the discursive distinction being between (1) perception as a shock to literacy and (2) familiarized/ing perception solidifying feigned literacy

(1) there is immanence/univocity
(2) there is differentiation among this immanence
(3) perception is a relation among the differentiated
(4a) familiarity closes/promotes life
(4b) unfamiliarity opens/questions life
(5a) (self-)consciousness/discourse = quasi-transcendental dilemma
(5b) (self-)consciousness/discourse = originating out of perception
(5c) (self-)consciousness/discourse = continually baffled by perception
= confusion/affect
= Onan the illiterate (coitus interruptus/masturbation)
trust none of this—and yet...

Nietzsche → existentialism/poststructuralism

↗ collapse of truth/reason (confusion)
↘ philosophy of desire/passion (affect)

—immanence (including human quasi-transcendence)?
—human transcendence as an exploration of immanence?

not deconstruction, but misconstruction

I just spent over an hour taking notes—and threw them all away

over-propose

Onan = postgenre (influenced by and dependent upon, but neither art nor philosophy)
any objectification/characterization fails

trust nothing (especially myself!)

the frenzy, the refusal of the teleological!
teleology vs. immediacy
perhaps my fate (amor fati!) is to struggle within and against a failed teleology

knowledge as a found object—paint with
(but must accumulate first! the issue of the palette)
problem: accumulating teleologically to then produce amorously

how jealous I am of those fucking academics, reading and writing as if...

to make an art object out of philosophy (= not instrumental)

Nietzscheans are not artists, but philosophers merely interested in art and style

while language is essentially representational (the materiality of which is nonrepresentational), can thought be nonrepresentational (language being the medium of thought)? some poetry does it (figurative use of language); what of a figurative use of thought...? can there only be a shattered, confused, wild (discursive) representation...?

2 problems with representation: (1) attempt at correspondence; (2) instrumentality

how will I go on...

when sexuality fails, become a philosopher!

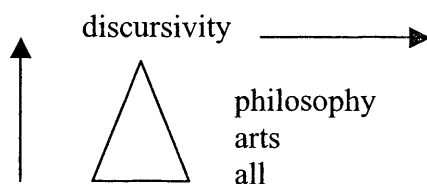
sat in the philosophy section of the library again tonight, for hours...

academia is watching me...

language is already plagiarism

use representation against itself (figurative language/misrepresentation)

from (1) truthful theory (traditional philosophy) to (2) theoretical fiction (poststructuralism) to (3) masturbating the confusion (Onan)



sometimes I just scroll through the text, reading nothing

to admit my hypocrisy; to enact it

the nonquestion of intuition

of all modes of being, philosophy and art (particularly when they verge on the experimental) are the most problematic; one does not experiment with eating and, if so, such an act would not be taken seriously (unless, of course, it were deemed “art”); anything can be an object of experimentation and, in the process, question both itself and life; why have philosophy and art been acceptable modes of experimentation? thus, my issue: experimenting with not paying one’s bills or eating gravel has consequences that philosophy (as mere imagination) and art (as “art” and thus “not life”—staged) do not have to deal with! = convenient bullshit! (and academics love it)

understanding is teleological (though not linear and without resolution)
thus, Hegel headless

life as a medium, different from other media—investigate it!

I suddenly have no idea what I’m talking about; one can actually give birth to a thought without understanding it: thought undermining theory

what, then, of philosophy as art? is it an asymmetrical relationship between an artist and a philosopher?

18 pages of notes all in one day

from existentialism (depth/life) to poststructuralism (surface/fiction) to Onan (tension)

the question of the discursive: the medium is the issue (very unlike a dab of paint, a ripped bag, or a scream...)

Onan as the documentation of my misunderstanding, my accumulation

the reasonable argument; the well-developed essay: the *modi operandi* of academia

I’ve reached the bottom these last 2 days and have ripped out numerous pages of confused notes; it all started because of questions concerning things that I remain interested in: (1) meaninglessness (nonrepresentation/sensation/a rock) and (2) where meaning resides or what constitutes meaning (discourse/representation/cognition); as soon as I start to think about this, it goes berserk: a state of utter confusion: any conclusion is inconclusive; perhaps it is simply a representational dilemma involving only understanding/meaning/language; perhaps trying to understand nonrepresentation/sensation/a rock will always be problematic; I am interested in this “state of utter confusion”—what does it say about understanding/representation/theory/etc?! I can write this clearly now, after the confusion... (soon to be called the aleatory point)

the following baffle my understanding:

- things/objects
- perception/sensation
- cognition/consciousness/self-consciousness
- representation/language/understanding/meaning/thought
- = primary/secondary
- = autonomous/relational
- = both, though always an emphasis

am I sufficiently confused?

despite its oblivious protuberance from the aleatory point, Onan is also a thought of the aleatory point

all of these conclusions are questionable, and maintain themselves via their obliviousness; if I continue this thought, I will reach the aleatory point

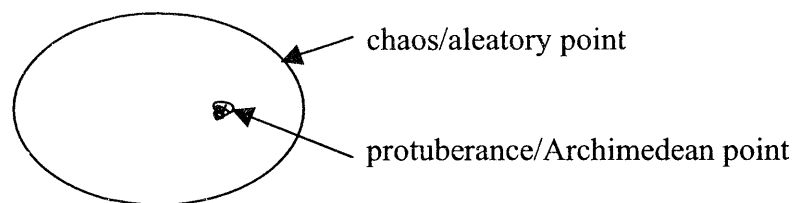
has anyone ever produced a philosophy equivalent to Klein's eccentricity?

how to be open to, or rather promote, the aleatory point while also maintaining the Archimedean point?

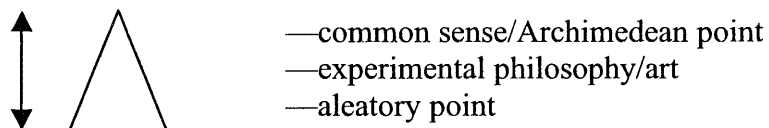
The following are examples of failed attempts at elucidating what I call the aleatory point (not to be—or, rather, to be—confused with Deleuze's discussion of the same):

First attempt:

2 dimensional:



3 dimensional:



Second attempt:

examples of aleatory points:

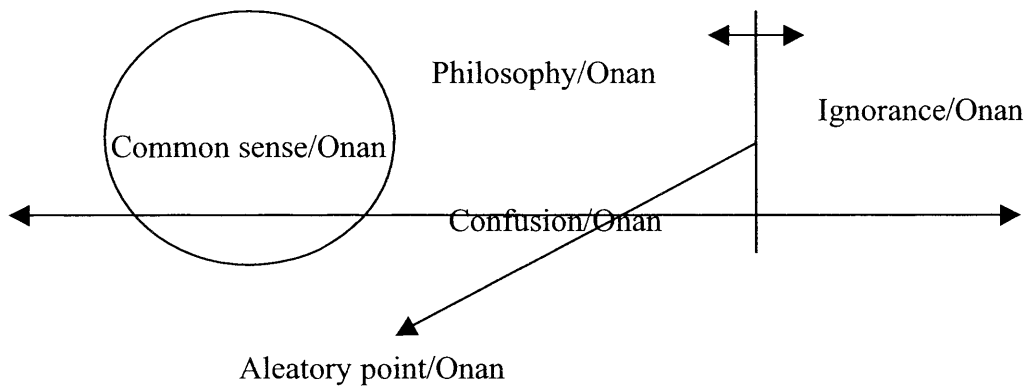
Bataille:	heterology
Derrida:	differance
Deleuze:	chaos
Lyotard:	primary processes
Onan:	Onan

Archimedean points:

writing
concepts
secondary processes
Onan

Third attempt:

Onan as (non)discursive interrogation:



Fourth attempt:

(confundere = mingle together)

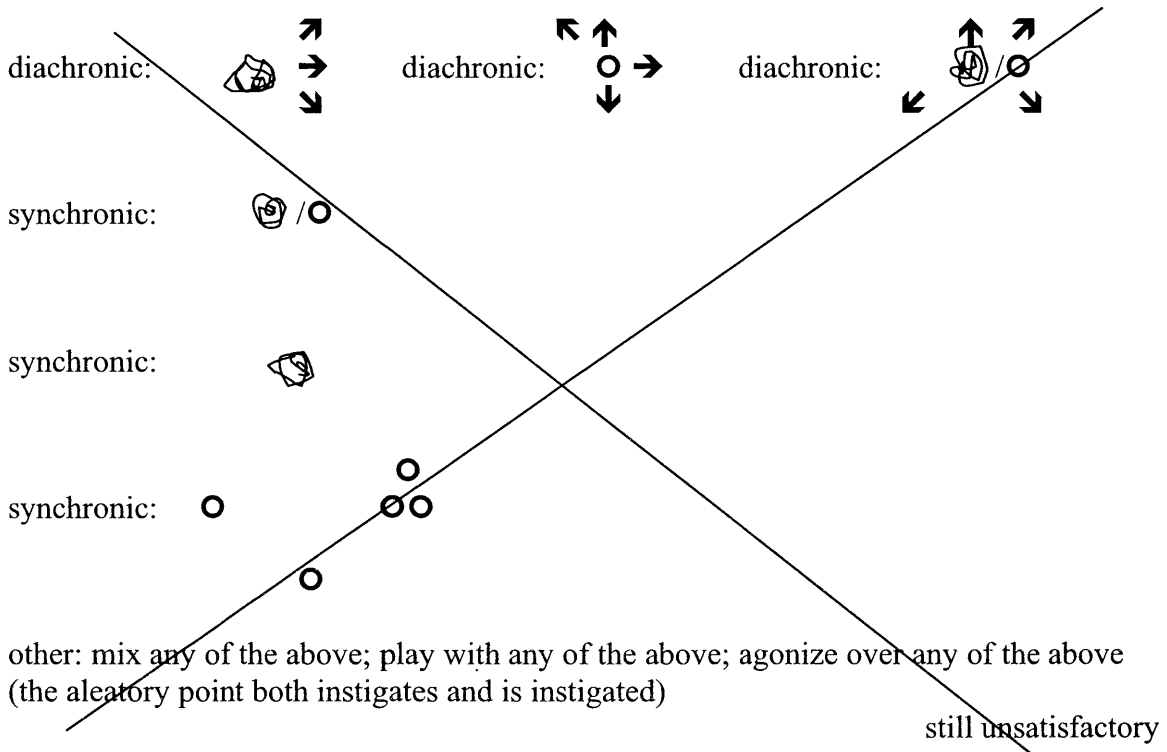
(1) confusion as the aleatory point

(1) confusion distinguished from the aleatory point (stumbling versus drowning)

confusion = cognitive stability

aleatory point = cognitive instability

Fifth attempt (partially reproduced):



- univocity/monism
 - binarism
 - multiplicity/plethora
 - some of the above
 - all of the above
 - anything (else)
-
- fundamental distinction
 - occasional distinction
 - no distinction

ah, those damn pre-Socratics! Jainism (what about A-Z?) making an embarrassment out of the banality of Derridean deconstruction; Deleuzean virtuality as a metaphysical excuse; nothing is feigned; even Tzara's (il)logic is false; Onan is literate; there is no Onan; Onan is everywhere; Lao-tzu regretting Western philosophy

- beyond poststructuralism: the above
- beyond poststructuralism/the aleatory point: masturbation

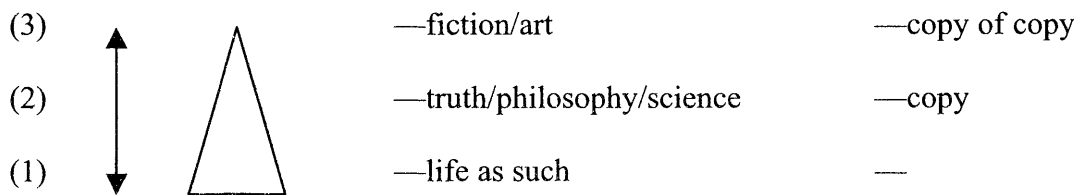
(all of the above remains questionable: I am complicit with everything)

Sixth attempt:

the plunge: (1) taking myself beyond myself (aleatory point); (2) exploring myself (maintaining my protrusion)

Seventh attempt (interlude):

problematic generalization:



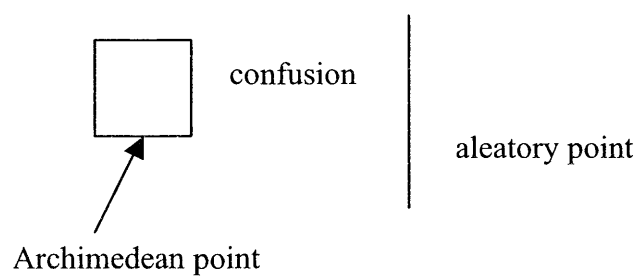
- Nietzsche (1, 2, 3?)
- Bataille (1-3)
- Cioran (1, 2)
- Adorno (2, 3)
- Blanchot (2, 3)
- Derrida (2, 3?)
- Deleuze (2)
- Lyotard (1?, 2)
- Baudrillard (2)
- Onan (1-3)?

contra Plato, life as such is an actuality, Substantial in itself (not an ideal form); it is, rather, philosophy, science and art that are the forms, albeit substantial; while art is substantial for itself (barely relating to life), philosophy and science are substantial as representations of Substantiality

(1-3) = (1)

Eighth attempt:

3 dimensional:



2 dimensional:

Archimedean point/aleatory point = confusion

Ninth attempt:

Archimedes/Deleuze pointing at the bathtub

Archimedes/Derrida in the bathtub

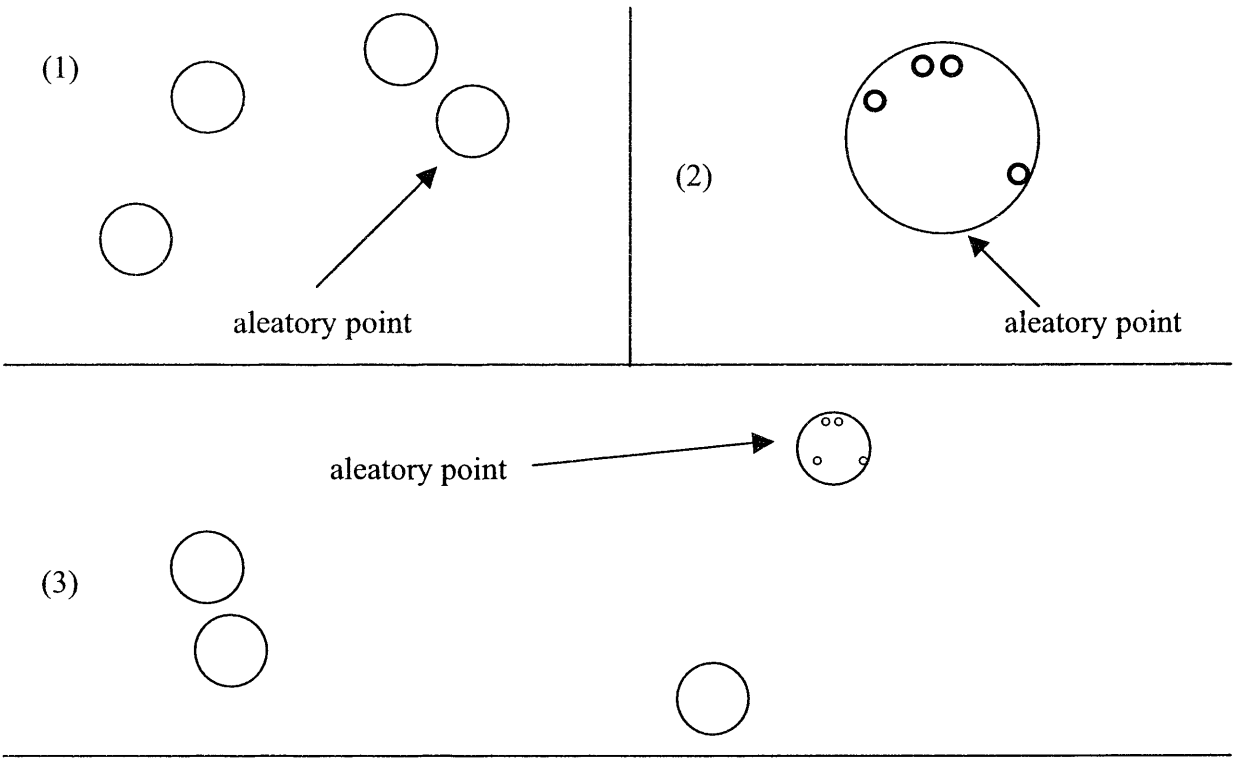
Archimedes/Onan (1) holding their breath and (2) drowning in the bathtub
(1) = intentional; (2) = nonintentional

pushing Godel over into the

[This is where it all goes berserk]

Tenth attempt (partially reproduced):

an attempt at situating the aleatory point, which only became more problematic:
from fifth attempt to the following:



did I experience the actualization of a false idea (infinity)?

= ~~Hegel gone mad, Sils Maria~~

this is all wrong (and I experienced it)

letting Bataille hold my head underwater
Derrida pretending to drink that water

I understand none of this

reverse solipsism

—the aleatory point is not an option

—life is the aleatory point

—there is no aleatory point

Onan the buffoon

Eleventh attempt:

this absurdity: Abraham sacrificing Kierkegaard

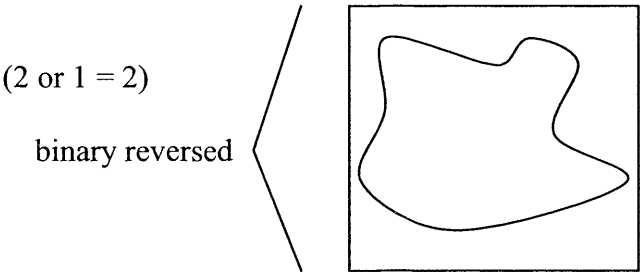
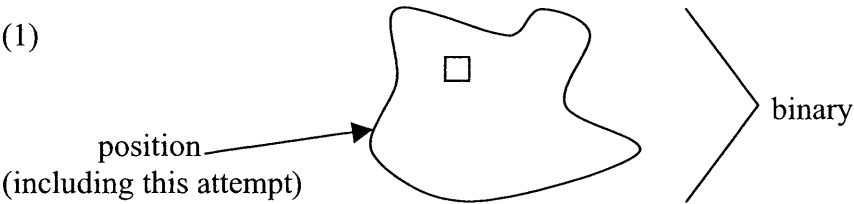
thought is tainted

anything can be posited

the redundancy of this necessity—Wittgenstein giving up philosophy

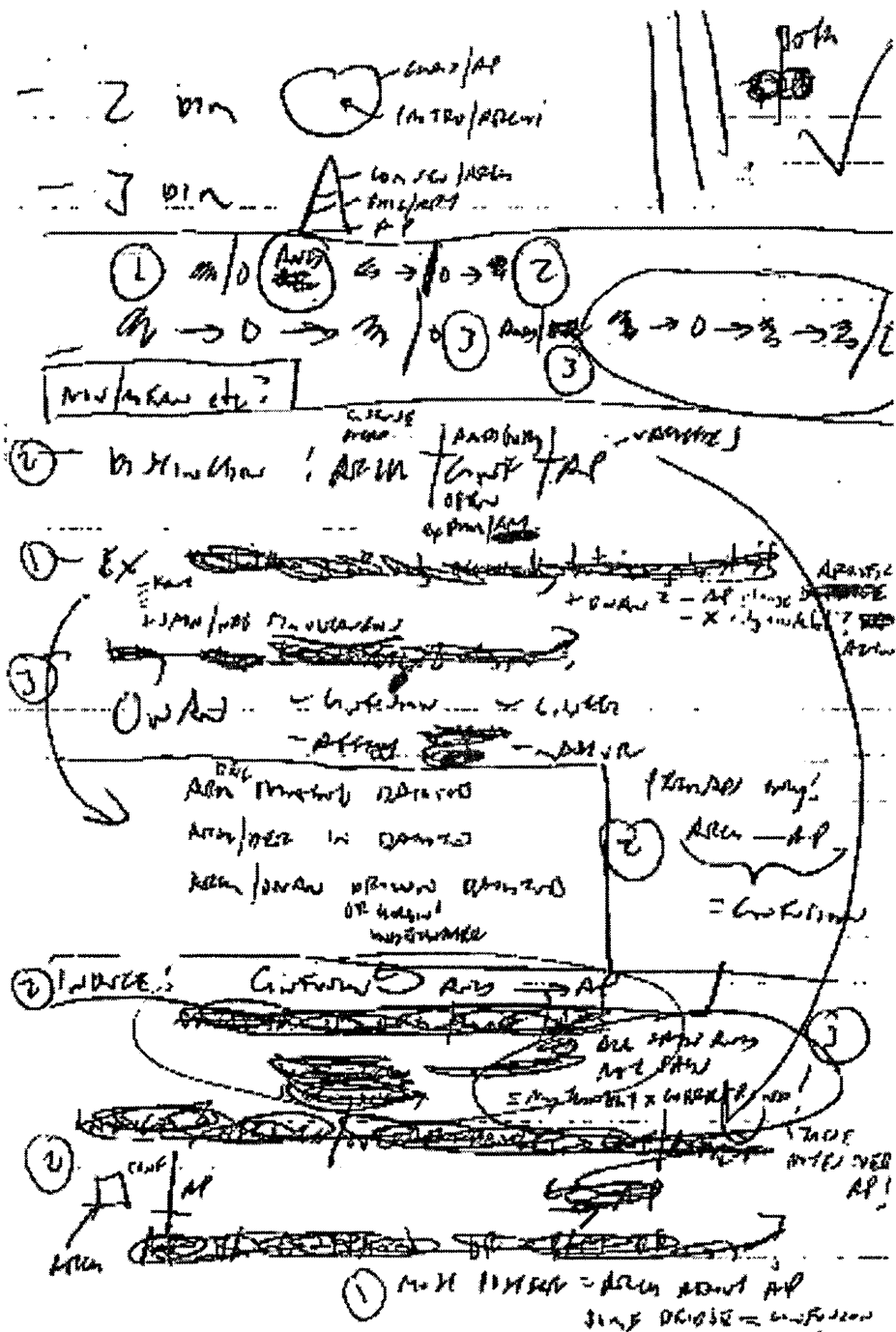
Onan splattering something

Twelfth attempt:



that's enough for now; let's just say that I'm giving up the aleatory point as a restrictive objectification (you will never know how this devastated me)

Example of notes on aleatory point:



End of attempted/failed elucidations

rewriting Kosuth: “philosophy after art”

rewriting Lippard: “the rematerialization of the philosophic object”

in a few days I’ll feel better, but for how long? my life is proof that I take everything to a limit...

at least 2 limits: formal and intensive

how to affirm all of this?

this is the perfect time in my life (or the worst) to just walk away—————

the aleatory point: there is no answer here! everyone is right (and wrong); the aleatory point is useless; one must be unjust; one must protrude = the labyrinth from which/toward which...

I am also what I despise!

a materiality of thought!

Onan as my first failed attempt...?

question of correspondence: let information particles (p) wander among disagreeing, inconsistent gestures (g):

 p g p
—Basquiat with a spoon

 g p
—splattering that white

Onan has grown a monstrous limb—what to do with it?

I am a lesbian with a penis

accumulation/processing/destruction-production
consumption/digestion/destruction-production
(all of these instances are problematic: i.e., coitus interruptus)

language is not transparent, but has become so familiar that it seems so (and is useful as such); there is no representation as such (the medium always gets in the way)

Onan has gotten out of control

commotion disturbs me

most of this notebook was written in about 2 to 2 ½ weeks (c.300 pages)—the rest of the time I was either in bed or sitting at my desk, dumbfounded

academia has put itself in a problematic situation: accepting experimental art and philosophy

these notes don't capture the minute detail of my thought

the question of meaning from a cosmological perspective...

interesting: that semantics and truth can be completely deficient and yet (1) life goes on and (2) common sense and academic pretension continue to make no difference

academia stifling my creativity, my sincerity, my will to live...

well, I am still writing my dissertation; I still have no interest in reading or thinking, besides this mundanity; and I still don't even know if what I'm writing will be "acceptable," though it is original and contributive; while my dissertation is so partial, it is still very revealing; but how can I keep it up for 30,000 words? I just have nothing to say to these bastards...

I actually take the illogical conclusion (and origination) of logic seriously (and not *just* seriously)

learning from art: is this the only significance of art? art constitutes its own realm, its own field of interrogation and exploration and presentation—what about that? art exists as a refutation and condemnation of calculative ratiocination

McCaffery: protosemantic

Onan: postsemantic

affect: anguish/pain, stupefaction, excitation/pleasure

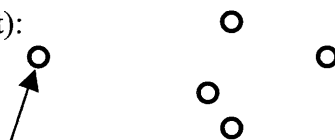
one can think visually (diagrams), but can one think sonically...?

I enjoy argumentation, interpretation, understanding, reason and discourse; but to take it seriously is bullshit; and to tyrannize it is unethical (all of that remains questionable and dependent on my mood)

teaching as an artform—Beuys

existentialism = a materiality of life

varieties of discourse (all of interest):



an exception: academic hegemony of one at the expense of the others

still baffled by:

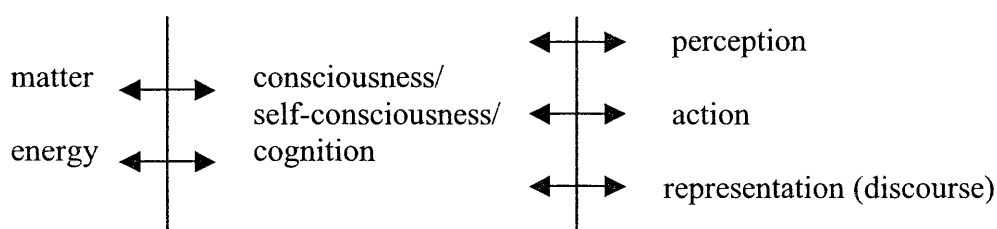
—nonrepresentation (nondiscursivity)

—improvisation

= these are certain experiential limits that both demand and deny conceptualization/
representation/discursivity

= *when* there is discourse, it is always both discursive and nondiscursive, teleological and
spontaneous

= spontaneous practice versus teleological/representational/discursive practice



aesthetics: (1) sense perception; (2) philosophy of art

not just logocentrism, but the Westernization of the globe; the scientific, technological
and instrumental rationalism of the West saturating the species...

theory is inherently theoretical—which means that with art theory, for example, you
don't get an elaboration of art, but an elaboration of theory

have I mentioned Romanticism (its lineage all the way up through poststructuralism)?

another cockroach tonight, except this time it was flailing on its back—for hours—unable
to flip itself over; you'd think that after maintaining themselves for so long they'd be able
to overcome something like that—idiots

that art is possible (despite your banalities)

Lebensphilosophie

2 most important things to me and my work: privacy/outsider

logic itself as a misuse of logic

don't get me wrong—I have a whole library full of your books and fucking love it (dare I
even lend them out? I dust them off weekly...)

the complexity of my thought happens simplistically—in spontaneous chunks—not elongated; though that doesn't mean that I do not also enjoy crafting those chunks; it's prolonging a crafted chunk that pisses me off and betrays my *personal* propriety

to propose without argumentation/justification

Godel = undecidable propositions; Kant = indeterminate judgement

2 modes of semantic/informational manipulation:

—bitmap: direct citation manipulation (word level)

—vector: indirect citation manipulation (conceptual level)

I could say that I'm not an artist and call that art, and it would be acceptable in academia if properly argued; so the issue is not art (or anything, for that matter), but argumentation and, thus, interpretation; in this sense, I am going beyond Nietzsche—against perspectivism itself (indeed, against understanding!)

pathos contra logos

later Lacan: formulae/diagrams (mathemes/topologies)

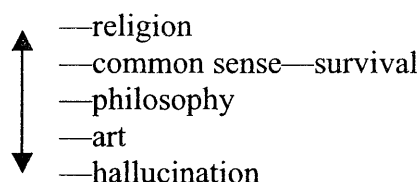
Badiou: diagrams

Derrida discovering difference; Derrida developing/fabricating difference
both problematic

the following is another result of considering truthful fiction (philosophical hyperbole):

(1) anything is both true and false

(2) levels of truth/falsity:



—aleatory point (despite truth/falsity)

(3) investigate the limits of truth/falsity: philosophy/art

(4) my move: philosophy as art

(5) the aleatory point itself cannot be investigated

I am just as sincere as I am insincere (etc): a certain elderly person, a street, a cigarette, a missed bus, a facial expression... breaking my heart...

re: the problem of the audience/publicity: satisfaction with producing for oneself versus producing for another; wanting to be *thoroughly* partial

Heidegger against scientific method, calculative reason, objectification

give up on production for the sake of private accumulation and processing?
(but affected *and* affecting...)

partially impartial

Onan = ~~poststructuralism~~ + this gorgeous convulsion/this rambunctiousness (?)
(a response to Ferry/Renaut's response to Derrida)

semiotics/systematicity *remain* (and remain issues for me)
univocity/binaries/plethora *remain* (and remain issues for me)
sense: Kant/Hegel; Husserl/Derrida...

protuberances: attempts to escape (the protuberance of) my agnosticism
(feigning this agnosticism...)(see definition of gnostic)

did I mention the *violence* of the well-developed essay to thought?

science is just as ignorant as its microscope/method

+Kosuth: for and against

meaning itself is without meaning

one of the only people that has ever meant anything to me is dying as I speak...
remember when I said that I regret and take back anything that I could ever say in this
bullshit dissertation? well, now I mean it (as if I didn't mean it in the first place); my
heart is breaking... I cannot even think...

not like there's anything different from that and the ant I just killed

and, by the way, death doesn't interrupt life—life interrupts life

rereading my initial proposals threw me into the aleatory point tonight...
just let go... but then I'll drown...

going on 13 hours now—I *am* the aleatory point; despite what anyone thinks (including
myself)—I am illiterate; and not only is there no such thing as interpretation, but there is
no understanding; Derrida occasionally skittering about the surface into which Onan
plunges; and, yes, I am still working on that aleatory point bullshit, devastatingly——;
have I betrayed the comedy of it all? I need to stop adding to this dissertation:
reconsideration undermining my fabricated originality

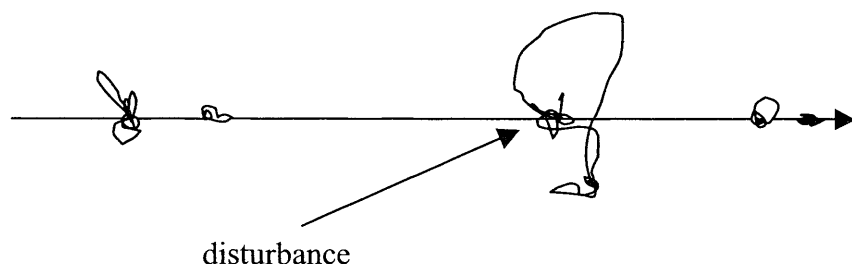
the banality of complexity theory

not understanding, but instigation

cognition = awareness; cosmic cognition (in all of its varieties): levels of cognition
obliviousness disturbing its own possibility

Onan the kleptomaniac (a cloud refusing plagiarism throwing me into convulsions)

how to continue (through and after the aleatory point)?



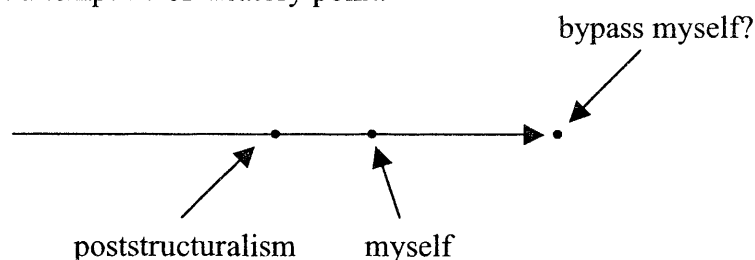
development as discontinuity: Bachelard (epistemological break); Kuhn (paradigm shift)

—macro level: development of phenomenology, for example

—micro level: personal development, for example

re: attempt 10 of aleatory point: I am against absolutism; that position is itself absolutist;
that position is itself not absolutist...

re: attempt 10 of aleatory point:



sanity itself verging into the insane!

theory/understanding: post hoc (macro level); before/during/after (micro level)

this dissertation is a mess—you've caught me in my becoming

ignorance: dysfunctional relation with knowledge; amidst knowledge; as knowledge

Agrippa's 5 modes

Minerva's crippled owl

Zen making an embarrassment out of philosophy; poststructuralism still philosophy in the traditional, truthful, representational sense (accountants)

orgiastic representation (and not in the Deleuzian-Hegelian sense, either)

aesthetics reversed: art of philosophy, sensuousness of thought

I have no idea what I'm doing

the titillation of being *wrong*

my notebooks documenting my performance/are my performance
my initial doctoral proposals: developments of my ignorance

knowledge for the sake of knowledge: pleasure of/not truth of: purposiveness without purpose (there's more of a sensuousness involved in the word knowledge, a plasticity one does not find in the word information)

Onan enacts its inaccuracy (philosophy just makes up for it with more accurate inaccuracy)

there is no "postmetaphysical" thought so long as truth is still involved

what must/should be proposed (truth/representation) vs. what can be proposed (Onan)

none of this means anything to me

materiality \neq truth; ignorance \neq truth; masturbation \neq truth (except intentionally—I'm not stroking a faucet, am I? then again, Onan strokes both its nipples and a faucet!)

Onan = a materiality of language/thought

I have truthfully taken truth to a limit (untruthfully, it doesn't matter)

the aleatory point is a representational *issue*; sound, for example, is merely perceptual until representation is attempted; once representation is attempted, and fails, that very representational failure becomes—if pushed—a nonrepresentational *experience*

I *am* interested in representation—its failure (thus, am I against propositions and argumentation)

$1 + 1 \neq 2$

$1 \neq 1$

there is no "+" but ideally

(it has gotten to the point that truth is more dangerous for me than fiction...)

perhaps I should just give up *Onan the illiterate* for my notes and diagrams

reverse that: (Derrida is decidedly undecidable; skepticism knows that it knows nothing...; see attempt 12 of aleatory point) I think I'll stay with my redefinition of philosophy as the *art* of thought, since it gets nowhere truthfully

Onan is an accident

philosophy the autistic

poststructuralism just as redundant as Hegel

poststructuralism just as valid as Hegel

philosophy as the positing and pursuit of truthful representation demolished by an artist, not to say a complete idiot; not like this should come as a surprise to anyone, except that people continue as if certain positions were invalid (thus, critique) or as if certain positions were valid (thus, positions); it suddenly all becomes a matter of taste (as if it weren't taste in the first place)...

I've just signed my own death warrant (and I cannot stop laughing)

Onan = all of the above; some of the above; none of the above; anything else

nothing is given, including the given

History of *Onan the illiterate*:

(The following paragraph is the most important paragraph of this whole dissertation, with the exception of the final paragraph, of course).

Onan the illiterate, as both a term and a project, originated during my master's degree; however, at that stage, it was unclear to me as to what was really going on (and that is significant!). It has only been during my doctoral degree that I have come to understand the nature of what I am doing (or trying to do), though by no means conclusively (and that is significant! As a matter of fact, the more I seem to "understand," the more I have to grapple with, the more sumptuously questionable it all becomes—and yet the work remains, oblivious to my theoretical fumbblings—and, yes, I said theoretical). *Onan the illiterate* remains an event that will baffle me until I die—and that, my friends, is its significance.

Conclusions:

Conclusion 1

Well, the time has come to conclude this most amusing piece of work—my beloved dissertation. I must admit: I’ve actually rather enjoyed it (though I’ve spent the last couple months freaking out over whether or not it will be “acceptable”). It’s even been of help to me regarding how I understand myself, my work and the relation between the two. This does not mean, however, that I believe that it should have been mandatory. At any rate, this dissertation brings together the essential factors involved in how I conceive my artistic practice and, in my opinion, is worthy of acceptance (that is, if one is still going to maintain that an artwork is insufficient *in itself* as a mode of research in the academy and, thus, in need of some kind of discursive exposition). According to academic standards of excellence, the presentation has been rough at times and a bit wonky (and isn’t that how thought happens, or am I the only idiot?), but I wanted to reveal the process of it all—which is very important to me. Perhaps this is why I like the text so much: it really reveals the origination, movement and struggle for and against resolution of my thought in confrontation with its object (including thought as its own object). Having said that, let me remark upon what I believe are the originally contributive aspects of my work that this dissertation has publicized (issues regarding myself as an artist-philosopher, the presentation of that effort as documented in *Onan the*

illiterate, and the relevancy of my work to my situation in academia): (1) admitting that logocentrism (in simplistic, definitional terms, that is—and, thus, contributive as such for being distinguished from Derrida’s overtheorized and misconstrued version of the same) is a defining, inescapable feature of what the human species has become—one must be truthful, argumentative, interpretive, propositional, understandable and clear to some extent if one is going to survive; however, the form of this necessary logocentrism is common sense, not philosophy or theory (theory, for instance, is entirely useless from such a perspective, while one must admit that even common sense may be experimented—thought usually with disabling consequences); (2) an attack on the logocentric totalitarianism of academia, particularly with regard to properly resolved, developed, discursive ratiocination (the essay, the dissertation) and its most overlooked, tenuous, fallible core component (not to mention the utter banality of...): argumentation; (3) the assertion that such “literacy” is feigned (much less an instance of truth), merely fabricated; that representational correspondence is impossible and should be accepted as such, thus (4) allowing more versatility and open-mindedness in academia—such as: (a) an acceptance of a variety of modes of discourse (if, indeed, discourse is even necessary), not to mention (b) taking art seriously as a form of research, sufficient in itself as a process and product of worthwhile investigation and, regarding teaching qualification, (c) a more open and varied form of institutionalized education, wherein an artist, in particular, might better explore their work without unnecessary constraints (unlike the scholar, who accumulates, processes, produces and exchanges information and may be assessed accordingly [that is, informationally, if one’s intention is to exchange information in the classroom—unless, of course, one is going to teach argumentation; that’s a whole different story]; unlike the surgeon, for example, who must prove that a certain standard of practice has been met [and is expected to perform accordingly; if not, then there actually *are* consequences—or, at least, consequences are expected]; the artist is primarily an artist, not a theorist or scholar [thus, “artist”] and should be able to proceed as an artist—though, this itself is a questionable issue, isn’t it [especially when one takes into account experimental art]? Having said that, the issue of the assessment of an artist/artwork according to another’s value-judgments is highly questionable [pretending that it is even possible in the first place: how can you assess art when you

can't even define it?] [on a scholarly—and thus more disturbing—level, are you saying that Heidegger should not have been able to proceed *as Heidegger* because he strayed too far from Husserl's supervised acceptance? If Husserl had only known of Derrida's intentions beforehand, he could have spent his time golfing instead of initiating phenomenology. Artistically speaking, taste is getting in the way of assessment, isn't it?]; as for attending an art school, the question becomes why? To develop oneself? One doesn't need academia to do this; as a matter of fact, academia just might be an obstacle to one's development. For shits and giggles? [Why else?]. To teach, then? And is a specialist who has proven that they can contrive a thesis and maintain an argument qualified to teach? As entertaining of an issue as that is, I don't have time to get into scholarly qualification; for the moment, the situation of the artist that wants to teach is much more problematic. I've already mentioned the problem of teachers without degrees [not to mention teachers whose degrees are irrelevant to the taught subject matter], problematizing the situation even further. Let me just say this: I understand that, given the current state of academia and the competition involved in attaining a teaching position, certain requirements need to be devised in order for an artist to qualify to teach. However, if art and the artist are going to be taken seriously in academia, then the problematic nature of artistic qualification for teaching purposes must be dealt with [or am I just trying to be a nuisance because I can't think up anything else to attack at the moment? You'd like to think that, wouldn't you? Not that you care or anything. You're probably still pissed off that I broached this subject, aren't you? And, by the way, is the only real issue here that of competition? Else why the fuss? Marketing getting in the way of what you'd like to call education...]. Without getting into the questionable nature of proving that one has accumulated, much less properly processed, relevant artistic information [required lectures and symposia are much more interesting here than coursework, by the way] and the questionable nature of whether or not an artist should be required to submit an actual art object [what of those interested in dematerializing the art object?] or simply provide proof of artistic experience, allow me to elaborate upon another more pressing issue: that of an artist being required to discursively elaborate upon their understanding of art. First of all, I accept that academia is a place of worship [as well as a garden—Plato's, by the way]; let me rephrase that: I accept that academia is

a place of learning; let me rephrase that: primarily theoretical understanding [versus practical learning: in addition to distinguishing between learning and understanding, practice and theory, I also am distinguishing between performativity and instrumentality, art and the dissertation—the latter of each dualism hegemonically prioritized in academia; however, this does not mean that each distinction is not also fluid—an example being art as a mode of understanding, where the understanding of that art is prioritized in the academy; finally, I should mention that I distinguish between a positive and negative performativity, having used that term with both meanings in this dissertation]. However, and this is where it gets messy, not only are there a variety of modes of understanding [logocentrism being just one mode], but also academia has very recently questioned itself in accepting and acclaiming other, more experimental modes of understanding—among others, experimental art and experimental philosophy. This is precisely where you will have a problem if your intention is to fail me. Shall I continue, then? Without reiterating the relevancy of my work—and this dissertation—to the aforementioned experimental modes of understanding and their relationship to the academy, allow me to say that even if an artwork or an artist's intention is against proper understanding [or understanding itself!], if one's interest is in academia, then one must also accept what comes with that interest: discursive elaboration [though not entirely discursive]. One would think, then, that this is precisely why the academy is so interested in requiring the discursive elaboration of an artistic understanding [i.e., a dissertation]. But is this type of discourse even relevant to the classroom? Does one teach as if reading a paper out loud [actually, some do]? And does that mean that the student must be expected to prove more relevant discursive abilities in order to be qualified to teach? They should! But they aren't! And even if an artist were to be qualified—discursively or not—to teach, that still does not mean that they might not also suck at teaching [which none of you seem to give a fuck about]. Since teaching has nothing to do with it, then, is discourse required because the production of an artwork necessarily involves discursive engagement [at least with respect to intention]? Or, again, because logocentrism is the defining feature of Homo sapiens and, as such, relevant to any situation [whereas the use of mathematics, for instance, as an elaboration of an artwork may be unsatisfactory as a mode of representational investigation]? These instances explore the relevancy of

discourse to art practice, but none of them reveal the need for academia to require discursivity of an artist in addition to an artwork. Let me just say this: I believe that if an artist wants to present their artwork alongside a discursive elaboration of that artwork, then go ahead [otherwise, I am still waiting for a satisfactory reason why discursive elaboration of any sort must be required... A professional golfer does not need to have written a dissertation to teach golf]; I also believe in the sufficiency of an artwork on its own terms as its own form of understanding [or as a form contesting understanding]. Personally, I am very theoretical about my artwork—but that is a private issue. Even so, you'd think that someone like myself wouldn't have such a problem with theoretically elaborating their artistic understanding. Two problems: [i] I am against a certain form of logocentrism as the only option for elaborating my artistic understanding, much less as a requirement; and, even if I were capable of and willing to elaborate my artwork outside of that artwork, [ii] the most important thing to me as a student learning to swim is that my instructor has experience swimming, not that the instructor has supplemented that experience with a written treatise. *Furthermore, what does one do when their artwork itself, as a discursive practice, questions this very logocentric authoritarianism, questions the requirement of discursively elaborating one's artistic understanding—the artwork mocking its own exegesis, discourse infiltrating the discursive: this dissertation already undone, the redundancy of this feigned elaboration already elaborated?* Let me conclude this well-developed argument with a final complication: must an abstract painter be required to elaborate their artwork with perspective? No, but discourse please—by all means. Logocentrism in the academy is an easy way out—particularly for those whose work questions none of it. [Fumbling through this section—I've rewritten it numerous times now, all unsatisfactorily—has thrown my feigned clear-mindedness into disorientation: perhaps developed argumentation is beneficial after all! Which is just another way of saying: there is no truth, there is only the feigned argument]. But I've gone deeper than you'd like, or is even necessary; because the real issue is academia's interest in making scholars and theorists out of artists [which still has nothing to do with teaching]. Crucially, despite its overlooked simplicity, this only serves to strengthen and further maintain academia's hegemony with respect to scholarship and theory [not to mention the market-value of such enterprises; not to mention your fear of actually

accepting art on its own terms... I've exposed you rather nicely, haven't I?]. Suffice it to say that, if art is going to exist within the academy [and without discrimination], some longstanding, cherished principles are going to have to be questioned); thus, (5) a general questioning of the agenda and structure of academia, particularly concerning what constitutes research and knowledge in general, qualification and assessment in particular (allow me to reiterate my assertion that "knowledge" and "understanding" may very well be passé as terms suitable for coping with an information processing age); on a more personal level, (6) having freed philosophy of unnecessary constraints (thus, philosophy as simply the art of thought), my discursive work is an instance of philosophy as art, and not merely philosophy interested in the aesthetic or style subordinated to the pursuit of truth (re: redundancy/validity/taste); (7) my discursive work is a Dadaist moment in philosophy as well as an enactment of other aesthetic modes of investigation—particularly, but by no means entirely, art brut (my gestural misuse of knowledge and understanding, as paint from a palette; the manipulated readymade as participating in and disturbing the commodification of knowledge); (8) my commingling of the modern with the postmodern, depth with surface, the dandy with the tortured genius, existentialism with poststructuralism; (9) the emphases on confusion/coitus interruptus and affect/masturbation inherent in the term Onan as well as the ignorance of its literacy (not to mention having introduced orgasm into the philosophical dry hump); (10) my discursive work as a response to and questioning of (a) the contemporary trend in academia for a theoreticization of art in general (as represented in the DCA, for instance; and, by the way, why theory? Has art failed? Has theory not failed?) and (b) conceptual art's renunciation of gesture for conception in particular (forgetting, in the process, that conception itself is gestured)—both of which pertaining to a reversal of emphasis regarding aesthetics: the art of philosophy (or philosophy as—not of—art) and the sensuousness of thought; concerning my own philosophical lineage, (11) my response to, development and continuation of the anti-philosophical tradition—particularly as it has culminated in poststructuralism (a radical banality still persisting in the philosophic as the positing and pursuit of truthful representation); and, perhaps most importantly, (12) the ambivalence with which I regard my own work—thus, allowing both my work and myself to more openly (more ethically? More truthfully?) investigate the enigma that is

life and art; again, is my work “philosophy as art,” “dadasophy” or a “post-genre” discursivity (they all bore me)?; and isn’t it just as problematic to position my work teleologically with respect to an anti-teleological tradition (“developing and continuing” the anti-philosophical tradition? Aren’t I rather an outsider? And isn’t anti-philosophy itself both outsider and teleological?); and, finally, isn’t everything I’ve just posited utterly, adorably and agonizingly questionable?

Conclusion 2

It all—academically and artistically—boils down to this:

—I am obsessed with meaning, understanding, argumentation and interpretation

—I am against the banality of meaning, understanding, argumentation and interpretation

And to take that a step further:

—there is no such thing as meaning, understanding, argumentation and interpretation

—as far as survival is concerned, the above are inescapable

(not to mention philosophy and art)

If anything can be argued, then it becomes an issue of cleverness: I’ve (1) argued against argumentation (this dissertation) and (2) abandoned argumentation (*Onan the illiterate*)

Conclusion 3

The industry, the marketplace, the standard, the template, the conveyor belt: academia making an embarrassment out of itself and still not getting it. Putting aside the hegemony involved in it all, consider the sheer monotony of the summary, the introduction, the guide; the utter banality of the clearly written, the developed thesis, the argument and the explanation. I mean, really, how many introductions to the work of Derrida, for example, are really necessary? Or is it, rather than necessity, the enjoyment of overproducing for the sake of overproduction itself? Something needs to turn you on when even your genitals have been theorized to the point of significant insignificance—mere specimens in a jar to be contemplated by rigorous critical theorists, themselves devoid of genitals. You do realize how completely ridiculous you’ve made yourselves, don’t you? I didn’t think so. Well, how about this: you market yourselves as though there were something

truthful going on in all of those books of yours, much less as if God itself had returned to earth (from sabbatical, I am guessing?). I must admit, I am rather obsessed with all of your well-packaged, finely introduced, cogently argued and tidily concluded bullshit, but it also makes me a bit weary, not to say pissed the fuck off. Is it really that difficult for someone to “understand” Derrida, for instance, to warrant so many failed attempts at elucidation? And isn’t Derrida’s work itself enough of a failure? You people are a bunch of (feel free to choose all of the following): (a) fucking idiots, (b) irresistible quibblers, (c) indispensable buffoons, (d) disappointing ventriloquists, (e) toothsome pieces of ass, (f) ameliorating quacks (g) humorless stooges and (h) oxygen-deficient nincompoops, if you haven’t already gotten that from my constant insinuations. Oh, and the lists of internationally recognized specialists as contributors that often decorate your products... Someone would think—given your overdependence on the dependent, your obsession with stacking and distributing (besides my dependence on you, I’m just as obsessed with stacking and distributing, just not as embarrassingly as you)—that your profession was on the wane, that your haughtily overprotected mounds of “knowledge”—supposedly distinguishing you from the rest of us—was nearing extinction. Or is it, rather, that you are already aware of the futility of your scholarly endeavor and are simply driven (out of dishonesty?) to keep it hidden, to pretend that all is well when really the feigned edifice has fallen years ago, much less never existed in the first place? Perhaps I am only daydreaming... Still, back to what I was saying, a part of me is obsessed with this bullshit and I eat it up just as believably as you’d like for me to, with one exception: Onan is illiterate, you bastards, and if it weren’t for this publicity getting in the way, this very illiteracy would be making a mockery out of you (that made no sense—but it happened, didn’t it?). Oh, and by the way, a revised edition of Lechte’s *Fifty Key Contemporary Thinkers* and a new book on *The Late Derrida* (only worth Hartman’s essay on *Glas*, I might add) have just been put on the market for gullible idiots like myself (and I’ve already got both).

Your feigned use-value bores the hell out of me.

Conclusion 4

Is this dissertation for me or for you? That's what I thought, otherwise what I've written would be acceptable because it has satisfied a personal interest. Who is getting this degree, anyway?

Conclusion 5

Allow me to reiterate my interest in—and indeed my obsession with—the strange phenomenon I am here calling logocentrism, as it reveals itself in the human race, academia, theory and philosophy, and my own personal life. Everything in life is enigmatic and ambiguous (and not just art—science, mathematics, medicine, plumbing, logocentrism...). It is art, however, that is more open to the enigma; and not simply more open, but an exploration and production of the enigmatic. This is why, in my opinion, academia has so much to learn from art.

Finally, let me say that I am and have been very grateful for the opportunity to be able to undertake this creative doctorate. I was excited when I initially stumbled upon it as a reality and have remained excited (and disturbed, though excitedly disturbed) over the fact that it has become a possibility within the academy. My anger in this dissertation simply reveals the extent to which I would like to see academia change and suit itself to a more versatile idea of research, more suitable to a variety of research projects—not simply the monotonous repetition of a certain discursive propriety. Life continually baffles me and it is for this very reason that I choose to live! It is also for this very reason that I would still like to teach one day, to invigorate others with a similar enthusiasm for life in all of its enigma...

The dice have been cast...

There is a difference between being able to recite the ingredients of a cake (much less taking 30,000 words to elaborate on those ingredients) and actually tasting that cake. Hasn't anyone learned anything from *art*? Though I do understand where you Platonists are coming from...

Onan the illiterate, or the revenge of the aesthetic.
Art for art's sake contra your feigned digestion.

re: Socrates the gadfly

Onan the rascal

Onan cannot even spell Onan, much less spell Onan. There is no stopping an idiot.

Nietzsche unjustified as an aesthetic phenomenon.

This is wrong—all of it.

Or is it all really just an issue of funding (not to mention the banality of competition)?

This dissertation has interrupted my life.

Spoon-fed by a bunch of idiots.

Are your pants off right now?

I forgot to mention Serres' *The Parasite*. Oh, well.

Spoon-feeding myself this idiocy.

Remember when I said that most books can be summed up in a paragraph? Here is an event I refuse to explain, will not even attempt to explain, cannot explain:

The dandy, the flaneur, the addict, the derive, the nomad, the dilettante: commodity fetishism.

I dabble. I squeak. Tripping up while tripping over myself. Tinkering about the circuitry with. You've dropped my fork. And falling off of Duchamp's bicycle into Stockholder. Pushing Arman into this accumulation. Lefebvre

sitting at Alechinsky's table. To scrape Fautrier through the epoche irreducibly. This phony for the contortionist. The complexity of this theory. I strip Mobius of its aromatically. Polymathing the. Sade with a camera chasing Debord down the street for pasting in Isou's ripped skirt until and then. Unplugging Derrida's gramophone and watching it twitch. Licking the bland a horse for Kounellis backed against a wall and up for hours. Euclid baffled. I improvise mayonnaise in Japan. I leave my fluxkit in this hotel for Deleuze to play with. I fondle Rauschenberg's amputation. Cage contemplating silence in this screaming room. Chugging Plath's milk for Camus. Refusing to spelling something. Something is blue and. I struggle in Manzoni's tin. I shove McCaffery into the semantic. Barney's scrotum hanging from this wall. I sit on Kosuth's face. This orgy baffling Badiou. Tzara falling out of this bag. This is a poem. This is not a poem. Bataille is not a philosopher. I eat Dubuffet's crayons and shit a piano. Baudrillard silk-screening Baudrillard. This all makes too much sense. Stein elaborating that. Splattering microbes over the page. A daub of underarm. Pockets for poaching. Rewinding the theoretical on Lyotard's stage. Adorno not reading Heissenbuttel. Plagiarizing a bird. Pulling Godel's chair from underneath Derrida. Huineng reading this. Huineng tearing this before reading this. Applying lipstick to the acephalic. Applying lipstick to the thighs of. Autopoiesis disturbing the jar. These mouths in this mouth. These fingers in this eye. This autocunnilingus. This rudder clogging this sink.

Academia introducing art into the academy for Plato.
I do not play games. Checkmate.

Onan the illiterate

academia reading itself a poststructuralist story before tucking itself in

Aristophanes with Plato's pillow

nonsiting for materiality dislocations for ephemeral aesthetics in reverse the form of this
fiction never even heard of Art and Language contributing this confinement uncertainty
for disintegration Things to be Read looking at Owens misreading Benjamin for
Smithson this entropic impulse biographical note a thing is a hole in a thing it is not
gyrostatics for the cryosphere minus twelve mirrors there is no document
Smithson an accidental earthwork
Bruns reading poetry for philosophy for philosophical anarchism
disengaging the intellectually

this catastrophic in that soup

the banality of retention the banality of protraction the instability of this presence
Baudrillard exchanging the inexchangeable for plastic pennies

this is all wrong

ergodic for umbilic Thom eating this swimming pool with a fork

Maturana observing a frog

Onan perturbing Onan

going voluntarily into the madhouse

horses collapsing in Turin

the injustice of the baloney and cheese sandwich and nothing besides
the ecstasy of this anonymity
this crisis in reading Onan squeezing the being out of Heidegger for a thought
splashing the representation the attraction of this autonomy

philosophy as art as the erasure of philosophy

Husserl for a generalized equivocity

positioning the positionless identifying with nonidentity
Benjamin suicided for Baudelaire gored through the

frustrated with frustrating the propositional

like the ink of an octopus of a perforated duodenal and flung the lantern

Heidegger with a magic wand for Onan's bunnies bunnies originating bunnies
carbon in the silicon

there is pulling there is no hat

Joule with a pet newt Joule identical to a ton of Onan poisoning the avoirdupois
an array of sheep
piling the
there is no perpendicular

monomials for broken bifocals

Onan rubbing up against the oblique

obtusing the imbalanced scalene a cute angle for reflection abandoning the abacus
the banality of bisection
miscoordinating the smudged budging the Onan disturbing the annulus the banality of
property dimensions for displacement there is no remainder there is no quotient
a dozen sheep remains constant smearing the exterior
into the Onan irreducible to Onan this false sentence gallons of conjecture the banality of
the Boolean this irregular heptagon Hegel with a hypotenuse Pythagoras content with
theory a fraction whose numerator is greater than its denominator a flock of inequating
sheep inferring this input polygoning the inequality this irrational number

disturbing reality

Onan with a kite

Onan with short hands
multiplication baffling subtraction
there is no minuend
juggling the nonlateral ignoring the nodal for a nonplanar
the variability of this invariant

operating on an oblonging

plucking the chord

the banality of the Derridean palindrome

parentheses for probability wonking the sheeting the rubber for a misshapen shape

Onan a substitute for Onan
these stray sheep

flying from the trapezium

unbuttoning the pushed slit

crocheting Derrida into the threading Derrida into the weaving Derrida into the knitting
Derrida into the

enjambing the feigned couplet

Wilde wearing this text
Zen oblivious to Zen
Paik slamming this violin down on this table
Wittgenstein refusing bibliography Wittgenstein unaccompanied by theses

Plato pulling weeds poststructuralism planting weeds Onan blossoming
this philosophastry
this pseudophilosophy
this antiphilosophy
this paralogy
this dadasophy
this pornology disturbing the genitalia of the inanimate
Deleuze feigning misosophy Benjamin incomplete and unfinished
Benjamin enormously fragmented and labyrinthine Benjamin the montagist and
palimpsestic documenting Benjamin a compilation of notes aphorisms sketches
commentary quotations and references Benjamin commodifying Benjamin the instability
of the flaneur this dandyish absurdism

Kierkegaard during and after a certain party

Rorty reading Derrida outside of this playground Derrida taking cars apart all the while
making sure that they are still running just enough to pass inspection Derrida tiptoeing
around philosophy as if Syadvadaing the Saptabhanginaya
Derrida disoriented in Nagarjuna's disordering this bipolarity for a twitching Tourette
Onan the coprolaliac nervousness anxiety paranoia depression inflation diplopia
disinterest in eating sleeping and bathing compulsive truthfulness obsession with that
compulsion antisocialism insomnia genius retardation inability to read foaming at the
mouth boredom fluorine-dependency resulting from overexposure to helium tinea
versicolor confusing the psoriatic chronic obliviousness fits of intentional bed-wetting
masturbatory dysfunction and an occasional bout of constipation among the diarrhea
Bataille spitting up on Land refusing the academic apron confuse a plant
One and Three Saws

pushing Godel over into the

this is where it all goes berserk Abraham sacrificing Kierkegaard
Wittgenstein giving up philosophy Onan splattering something orgiastic representation
gesturing the conception for Kosuth sexing the empiricism for Carneades
Lebensphilosophie instigating philosophy the autistic the neutrality of flatness distilling
its redundant dispersal scattering an occasional aphorism turning in on itself in a dizzying
nonarray of numbing nonness paradox stirring itself paradoxically in this maddening
monochrome if whiteness could protrude Blanchot has an ontological
Nietzsche unjustified as an aesthetic phenomenon

Onan teeming with crammed piggies congesting the marketplace fueling the monstrous
stitch unable to shoelace while plotting for puddles stretching the nose for a knotted hose
oiling the dummy for a creak plodding the muddy creek
for a dilapidated
for tied necks
for flattering the cuff thimbles for thumbs disturbing the
this nose for a scant dose of blubber to pose and Onan bursting at the seams

Onan bursting at the reams

Derrida interrupting Derrida circumnavigating the drought
Riemannian curvature this punctured neighborhood in Elea
and counterclockwise
pissing from a Klein bottle onto Mobius' ladder Wittgenstein falling from that ladder
the banality of statistics
differences in temperature
differences in pressure
differences in density
differences in chemical potential Onan spilling itself over the counter for an entropic
friction effecting dissipation this scientific misconduct

Entia sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem Onan fondling Ockham's
this chemical reaction stimulating the

enzymes for doughing the bakery

this batch of fermentation

ectotherming the endothermic

academic homeothermy

exothermically releasing these nets poking the poikilotherm for pleasure

Onan the oenologist gulping the ammonia

pounding the inorganic

displacing nanobuds for nanotubes

screwing for Archimedes

catapulting any Sicilian

putting pudding into pulleys before pulling

chapping of the lips

kerosene for cleaning earwax

resembling ice cream in China camphor causing confusion

duct tape for deodorant

muffing the earplug

the fallen easel

the poststructuralist diaper

academics in elevators Onan falling from that escalator

fingerprinting the unguinal academia with a fly swatter Agrippa with a hula hoop the
history of soap and detergents the banality of the paperclip the history of tampons of the
thermos of the toaster of the toilet of the trampoline of the trumpet of Tupperware
the banality of the zipper the banality of the wheel the banality of toothpaste the banality
of the pencil Fleming drinking Gutenberg in China

sewn machinery for Onan the sissy in rubber boots

thumbing the

aporia for apricots

Onan injecting those supplements Socrates walking in on Derrida embedding Hegel

ignoramuses for splashing Onan disturbing Onan a puddle of muddle to squat and slap

ignoratio elenchi Onan the ignorant elenchus disturbing the disturbing ignorance

the presence of this blood parasitemia for nub sucking
suckling the suckling nubs for gnawing

Blanchot eluding meaning meaningfully

undressing the

the interruptive parasitism of
Derrida upsetting and prolonging dialogue the banality of reading
the banality of interpretation
the banality of understanding
the banality of commentary
periphrasis for ellipsis paleonymy for digging ditches Derrida constructing fences
fencing itself in for framing tilting Onan into proportion
Derrida at the hospital singing Christmas carols

exchanging gifts with
Deleuze at a Halloween party Deleuze the Stoic getting a pedicure for Epicurus

viciously circling the anal knobs for turning

academic detumescence

manipulating mathematics for the illogical intuitionist

Frege baffling Russell baffling Frege

Frege cannot count beyond one

Begriffsschrift unread is fallacious there is much disagreement among

Kant baffled by the propositional intuiting the inability to intuit Kant from a right angle

Onan jumping through hoops unable to draw a triangle abandoning Quine feigned

proxies disturbing this inability to verbalize Frege is not impressed

Mill shitting pebbles for enumeration

uncomfortably large pebbles

the banality of the presuppositionless and there is not much consensus among Derrida
confusing arithmetic with logistics philosophy with its legs crossed for a rusty umbrella
that numbers might exist the banality of memory the banality of demonstration the
banality of gravitation is derivative Plato stupider than Plato was and stupider than
transcendental empiricism for Kant disproved in Greece not to mention Spinoza
proposing the unethical geometry is most ludicrous Plato cannot count

dodecahedroning the solidification there is no consensus Habermas upset malforming the
Aristotle swallowing the Platonic Deleuze providing a napkin the question of the pseudo-
question Carnap tolerating Carnap alligators with calculators disturbing zoology is
presumably irrelevant retarding the formulaic the possibility of modality closing
sentences for the construction of a distillery Frege abandoning Frege Azzouni likes
mathematics not playing the Peano priming the numeral for priming up the polymath
for that polymerization as plastics and resins for prime beef for fueling the facility for
Russell partitioning the classroom for cutting into Dedekind furniture rewritten without
reference Russell falling out of no chair Onan skipping class Russell ignoring this
assumption this askewed circling Onan chasing Onan off the paradox Hilbert owns a pair
of ducks eating Hilbert's pears without socks taking Hilbert's bear for a walk combing
Hilbert's hair for a couple of bucks letting Godel wear Hilbert's epistemic frock there is
no agreement as to was flawed reading and not reading Balaguer to Plato misaligning the
compass for a slanted scaling for retracting the protractor by rote for structuralism
without structures Tarski not applying conditioner despite this sentence

Brouwer baffling approximation with a sprinkle of basil compromising Maddeningly

Cantor baffling inconsistent multitudes

stirring the consistency out of Curry

and Heyting semantics and Dumming the terminological and

Putnam proportional to Putnam

the banality of a soap dispenser Onan unable to disprove Onan

Hilbert conducting a falsetto zoology disturbed

Plato writing fiction in a vacuous field dispensing with mathematics in a vacuous Field

misprescribing the pharmaceutical drugging the Derridean placebo

observing Mill observing for those unfamiliar with

mathematicizing Kant's synthetic scarf

socks for gloving gloves disturbing critical theory
kittens stuffing mittens

Onan laying bricks this unlivable accommodating the maladapted
lodging the portly cement for splattered milk
for laying scrambled eggs
for a scrambled chicken egging the Derridean for transcendental perception
Vattimo affirming the nihilism of affirmation Heidegger confused
this event interrupting this event

philosophy disturbing philosophy gimmicking the idiosyncrasy
out of the blue this Harlequin

stochastics preventing stochastics

Genette illustrating nothing but itself paratextualizing the palimpsestic for Benjamin there
is no narrative the banality of objectification academia locking the door for theoretical
claustrophobia a marker for marking Jakobson of unlike meaning
this poetic incompetence Lacan the incompetent mathematician the messy surplus
this sinthome in Joyce's

the banality of diegesis

abandoning Blanchot to this excess
academia limiting equivocation

cogitating the stupid poetry

oxygen for morons
for Adorno

falsify the inexpressible

Hegel writing aphorisms

the autonomy of the irreducible silencing Blanchot from the fiction dice are for
swallowing Bataille choking on Blanchot's curtain Derrida pretending to be confused

accidentally shoving Serres into the

pulling Serres from the cacophony
the parasite as form
static through the phony

overdosing the Derridean for a stuffed Hegel

there is rambunctiousness

slurping the Kantian indeterminacy

interestingly disinterested
Braille with fingertips
 unsigning this language

Lacan pathologizing Zizek for enjoying Aquinas
not sexuality but sensuality cutting out Freud's tongue in this container

this statement baffling Benveniste there are no pronouns
diachronicity disturbing synchronicity
vice versing the tubing
the discombobulation of the there is is is the sheer fact of being Onan this aboriginality
nonsensical to making sense Merleau-Ponty contra Descartes cogitating the non

this aphillysophy of the

chiasmus in the Derridean intersectioning the unequal there is no line

as a byproduct

sugaring the photographic Barthes without a camera Derrida the orthographer

Hegel with a projector

these swollen feet orthopedics disturbing orthogenesis a brattish of children rear ending

trichotomy of trichotomies for Scotus
this instead of this

Onan running a traffic light

there is no sign

emptying signification for this drowning Metz not listening to music

Aristotle ≠ Aristotle this paralipomena from my elbow this elbowing
figuring Hjelmslev the amorphous thought this mass of substance
disturbing content form disturbing content content disturbing content there is no
content glossematics for a disparaged to pumpkin
the ideology of a pumpkin
signifieds confusing confused signifiers

the banality of zoe interrupting

Agamben an animal without content

with abandon and aggressiveness

complementing Bohr's exclusivity Plotnitskying the epistemological

Simondon is an individual

Simmel's wild speculation disturbing the ATM

charming the aesthetic
remained an academic outsider

from desiring machines to abstract machines

I'd rather be a noodle in a pillowcase than a cyborg nitpicking the theoretical nostril

the being of becoming as essentially constructivist Heidegger eating this Ding dong

pots without latches

carrying myself

letting Heidegger be Eckhart

commodifying Heidegger's poetics until there is no be-ing

Herder's anti-mechanism

Novalis reading Herder despite Kant

 exchanging Baudrillard for an empty pocket a shattered mirroring
into a pile of a pool of stools lathering the bacterial for soaping floorboards and chafed

throwing Prigogine into Deleuze's

stepping into Heraclitus once

Alice disturbed by a rabbit sipping tea and bundles of white for tossing

slippers for slipping

and chafed

a canteen of cantankerous

this dystopia for Bloch

stubble for Bourdieu's field Onan uninhabiting Onan there is no habitat

unintentionally reading Brentano

Buber reading Nietzsche unlike Husserl
Buber reading Kierkegaard unlike Kierkegaard
the hypothetical imperative operating on Certeau
there is no equation
I am Camus' mother
miscopulating the copula
Erfahrunging the Erlebnis Derrida disturbed by Levinas' face by Merleau-Ponty's flesh
by Irigaray's lips fragments in the Athenaeum

the violence of Girard

scraping goats through the mimetic
envious of this
jealous of this
raging over this this scandalization of
Aristotle wiping Scotus from its
Deleuze overhearing
the question of the peephole

there is no victim

misinterpreting Schleiermacher
the banality of the reciprocal
disconnecting the computational falling from the parallel bars stretching the dynamical
out of proportion the linearity of DeLanda reading Massumi a nonKantian matter
somersaults baffling morphogenesis
mesh for fish nets
Onan in panty hose misreading Derrida

consenting to Habermas' irrationality unable to deduce Kant
there is no table
Lyotard spelling Mobius Derrida spelling Godel Deleuze spelling Riemann Baudrillard
spelling entropy distraught over desoeuvrement the activity of passivity
unintentionally not reading Blanchot Benjamin not standing still the aura of Benjamin not
standing still Hegel feeding Aristotle to Plato
Derrida feeding itself Hegel
Onan lapping bowls from a bowl of Onan dismissed from the table
the untruth of the event
Ereignis is untranslatable
allopoiesis confusing autopoiesis Varela confusing Maturana Beauvoir does not
the banality of the left margin

philosophy is not a generic procedure as inaesthetic as
this monoglossia disturbing this heteroglossia
there is no dialogue
Rabelais at the carnival
Bakhtin riding Rabelais at the carnival the grotesque splattering these bodies

Three Studies on Hegel unthinking the relationship between Kant's concept and intuition
dialectics without Aufhebung Adorno the anti-representing Lyotard for
Merleau-Ponty's the hyperactive of wild Being sensing perception into Derrida upset
identifying with Adorno A Batailleanism without Reserve
interpolations
references
marginal comments
texts within texts
interrupted sentences and syntax

philosophy the autistic

the empirical without the empiricism
there is no Lebenszusammenhang
Dilthey understanding Dilthey
since it cannot be fully articulated
Peircing the platypus for unlimited semiosis decoding that aberrantly
ekseining the dasistence brassiere epistemologique
applying rationalism to Bachelard's
gulping the lard to fill buckets your finger is stuck jam for dinner this morning
the banality of Derridean algebra

topologies of Deleuzian there is no equation

this variety of leprosy disrupting the Biblical the locality of this itch
Descartes unable to walking interfering with sleeping
the banality of majuscules
the banality of minuscules
conscious of Levinas
murdering Hippasus Hegel crippling Minerva's crippled
the cow in which all cows are cows Derrida opening its mouth to articulate meaning
topology of the typological

Bachelard analyzing Lacan's

indifferent to Ranciere this inaudibility the aural partition
nudging the Derridean signature

of the unutterable
of Lacan

uttering the

how to do things with Austin reiterating the similarities

implicating the insinuation this is implied

devoiding Badiou
drooling over poststructuralism short-circuiting the

humongous for hemorrhoids these pimpling zeteticizing the zetetic
Pyrrho run over by this cart
Pyrrho falling off of this cliff
Pyrrho bitten by this dog
Pyrrho washing Pyrrho
Pyrrho erratically and incautiously eating
these pigs jammed in these pipes Pyrrho unreliably writing this

Spinoza reading the Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus

dermatillomania over benches trichotillomania of the benched

Onan the kleptomaniac

Hermes miscommunicating Typhon with Typhon Typhon regurgitating Typhon
Roquentin melancholy in this park

was writhing in pain on the floor

in this aphonic revolt Cixous taking notes despite the Freudian Proust the lesbianism

swallowing fluorine for helium

lathering this grease

I am Fichte

Lefebvre contra there is no system there is no resemblance
disoriented in Bachelard's Sartre not experiencing anxiety

there is no elucidatory nonsense

Wittgensteining the obstruction

this anti-theater of all my struggles and all my ideas

babbling the commodity fetishism
baffled by the anthroposemiotic
baffling the zoosemiotic
misconstruing of the animal

infatuationing the

Sebeok is an animal

the fragment is more than the whole
poetry is made of language but is not a use of it
of the functions of language
is disturbance

poetry is language in excess

as an art of vociferation among the
the materialism of thought
this postsemantics the female Sade

scribbling the

how it was I quote

as I smear it

laughing at the laugh that laughs at the laugh the longest cynical rant in history
 Federman refusing page numbers
 Federman down my throat
 Federman shoved up my ass
 squeezing the teats out of feminism
 squeezing the teats out of
 and a splendid ass to explode to masturbatory the frogliness they are made of words
 to burst inside her ass and her cunt between her gorgeous cheeks
 Federman making an embarrassment out of Derridean grammatology
 reading Sokal and Bricmont alongside it is gibberish
 diatribing with Bion
 Socrates contra Plato
 Diogenes interrupting Plato Plato interrupting Plato reading Sloterdijk
 dancing the convulsive zazen culminating in the experiential
 apprehension as discernment
 that is immediately presencing the thing-event
 this expression of suchness
 Zen contra Derrida it is such that it is showing its primordial mode of

notebooks to be destroyed

it is time to stop reading Diogenes Derrida satisfied with writing

Diogenes eating in the academy Diogenes masturbating in the academy Diogenes
 defecating in the academy Diogenes urinating on an academic scoundrels with lanterns
 Diogenes' lamp baffling the poststructuralists Plato with broad flat nails

this infection from a dog bite meaninglessness spurting meaning

Onan on the retard bus Onan driving the retard bus Onan sensitive about the retard bus

these earmuffs in this playground refusing this playground
failure to return this item will incur an Lyotard denouncing theory as terror the
inconsistency itself is inconsistent but there is nothing to understand
but that there is nothing to understand

Lyotard's philosophy of the complete sentence

this problematization of this event

here is an argument dislocating the yardstick
here is a refutation of nondiscursive forces a topology of the overgrown fingernail

art as idea as gesture art as definition queer wallpaper putting your toys in my ass

this lack of communication prolonging communication
deaf Onan mute Onan Onan nodding licking and fumbling everything for Nietzsche

radical empiricism, my ass

Derrida skittering the surface Onan plunging in
Deleuze gone to a medical exam
Onan shitting these giggles Onan the
demented driven to behave irrationally due to anger due to distress due to excitement this
dementia philosophy nothing but philosophy the failure of politics flaunting this partiality
Derrida unplugging the phonogram ontologizing the gramophone
Jeck performing that banality
that spins at a constant speed and a stylus that picks up sound Derrida stuck in the groove
Onan prying the Onan collaborating with BusRatch on the Derridean circuit board
the hegemony of the political
the ideology of the political dismissed as plagiarists and falsifiers

Continental philosophy as a series of responses to Hegel

Isou holding Tzara's Isou devoid of this semantic content Onan chiseling compare with
scissors painting is about paint discriminating between a pear and a pear
someone falls in the street Onan the fluid pouring its containers Irigaray on Onan's lap
these games we make up
these games with which we amuse ourselves
these games we play
Onan tired of Onan
the unavailability of
differance as temporization
differance as spacing often just called the Differenzschrift known as the Jena manuscripts
Blanchot making an embarrassment out of Derrida I am a lesbian not a woman

poststructuralism just as redundant as Hegel
poststructuralism just as valid as Plato

this reciprocal determination between
Deleuze making sense Kant contra Hegel Husserl contra Derrida Onan contra Onan
Deleuze contra Hegel
Deleuze contra Aristotle
Deleuze contra Leibniz
Deleuze contra Plato
Deleuze contra Kant
every thought becomes an aggression
thus have I misunderstood dousing the butt cheeks
donging the
spanking the shemale in the tush

Onan not reading Hyppolite

slapping me with their penises poking and straddling me with their penises penises in my
eyes penises in my mouths penises in my pockets Onan objectifying itself for your
pleasure their fingers in my garden of asses my garden of dicks my garden of
pussies to water and sprout fingering the dank shoving a puck into my hockeyed
touched from everywhere slabs of beef hung out to attracting these flies grunting among
me these men sniffing me out slapping and poking and resting their penises these
women bending batons tying me up to force me out of myself force those pricks onto me
my pulsating femininity yearning the multiple fuck the cockeyed
my homosexuality yearning the porous notch
my horses bent backwards beneathing my saddle
straddling the lawn
tossing chipmunks into the sprinkler
tying elbows to elbows the porch is collapsing
hanging mattresses from the ceiling
hanging mouths from the pedestal

Onan reading through Cage Onan reading through Mac Low

handfuls of mouths mouthfuls of hands chubby in the corset fondling the trinketry
Heissenbittel in Vienna Bayer in Vienna Ruhm in Vienna
Campana in a mental hospital in Vienna
whitening the and while up to these nipples in white
Coolidge in Irbyland
Higgins charting the intermedia
Schwerner untranslating
Schwerner missing a variant reading of Schwerner
Schwerner supplied by Schwerner Schwerner swallowing these tablets
is a problem
is in trouble
Ryuichi in Japan Shuntaro in Japan Hiromi in Japan Mutsuo in Japan
Roubaud in Japan fondling this pocket
such as Catherine's illiteracy
the question of the microscope microscopes getting in the way of Onan throwing a
microscope Onan with a broken microscope

Onan sticking a finger down this throat

the limit of Opakeness is named Satan
Writing as a Woman tired of touching myself this plastic bag over my face
tinea versicolor getting in the way of pigmentation Onan the bacteriophage
see the entire definition of
of vitiligo lining the inside of the mouth, nose, genital and rectal
of sweat
of groin of leucoderma of a patch of grass known as pheomelanin known as eumelanin
pigmented eyes
pigmented hair
pigmented skin
the smell of ass on my
aside from the lips of the mouth Onan with diaper dermatitis

paragrammatics

about which I have nothing to say
everything is political there is no politics
writing as politics not writing about politics

a certain illegibility within the legible
 this ambiguous suicide clutching Debord at the neck
 a necklace for
 Onan pulling a necklace from its as well as strands of beads that give
 distinct sensations during vaginal or anal removal having drunk much more than most
 people who drink these trembling hands
 disorienting Debord
 the prosopopoeia of noise
 Onan the feminist sucking its own cock
 Onan with a pet beaver Onan gagging on this stick

painting the window

“on a [p<suddenly...an a [though]That

the teleology of the sentence

hair is noise

repetition as rehearsal

the banality of sound art this organized sound feminism baffled by a glove feminism
 baffled by a spoon the gesture of thought the banality of books becomes irrelevant
 Derrida writing books
 this is also not a book as a repetition that is always only occurring the first time
 Duchamp reconceptualizing art Cage reconceptualizing music
 Dubuffet deconceptualizing art
 Artaud corporealizing the drama
 Artaud with meningitis
 Artaud with a nervous
 Artaud with an irritable
 Artaud with neuralgia
 Artaud stammering the with severe bouts of prolonged and expensive
 Artaud stabbing Artaud for apparently no reason
 Artaud sleepwalking in the sanatorium
 and other opiates but they were rejected for refusing to for refusing to for not
 understanding Artaud using exaggerated movements on the decadence of Artaud unable
 to make itself understood that Artaud was unable to pay for and put in a which was spent
 in different asylums and odd physical tics for drawing disturbing images were symptoms
 of mental illness as a result of its scatological somewhat alarming cries, screams, grunts,
 onomatopoeia, and glossolalia with intestinal cancer alone at the

foot of the bed allegedly holding its shoe remains unknown affect the audience as much
as possible of strange and disturbing Artaud spitting up over Deleuze Artaud reading
Nietzsche Deleuze citing Nietzsche the thrill of experience embodying and intensifying
Artaud falling down the staircase Deleuze carpeting that staircase
the question of the kneepad
these oversized kneepads unfitting Onan Onan with kneepads around its waist

Derrida baffled by Deleuze hic et nunc Derrida baffled by Lyotard happening here
a bad reading or no reading at all except to arouse you
into a knotty Blake contra Derrida drunk with nouns
from constant rubbing
sniffing the smell of girls in my solitude eating away this chin the egg wears a hat
without Nezval's fingers
Alexander painting Hoxha's fingernails
Alexander reading Césaire
Alexander undergoing the cancerous Alexander of cytotoxic
Alexander inhabiting this catastrophe splattered adjectiving Alexander inhabiting the
cerebrum Artaud eating garbage that telencephalon confusing Artaud
that diencephalon confusing Artaud ventricles for sucking
for puttering
Césaire spurting Alexander from Artaud gurgling Artaud's
Artaud gurgling blood
without financial support
without health insurance like a pestilential mark
where there is a work of art there is madness Foucault just as healthy as Deleuze
humping the couch for fabric Onan in the dressing room
these breast implants disturbing locomotion

and the young girls sway their buttocks
as their buttocks move
moving their buttocks
their swaying buttocks
as the young girls sway their buttocks
ejaculating into their vaginas
for the young girls

for reasons that are not completely understood

the question of the gametic

of zebra fish

through binary fission

through budding

through sporogenesis

through vegetative reproduction

through fragmentation

through parthenogenesis

through apomixes

through nucellar embryony

this heterogamy

agamogenesis

such as aphids through meiosis

on their back with their legs open facing them standing in front of whose legs dangling over the edge of a bed and like a table and lifting the for resting their legs on their shoulders with their legs pulled up straight and their knees near their head holding the legs and from above wrapping their arms around this list is not exhaustive pushing their legs as close as possible to their chest the legs tightly closed and the legs spread so that the base of the rubs on all fours with their torso from behind angled downwards raising their hips above placing their feet on each side of the while keeping their knees bent while maintaining the hands placed on the back the kneeling upright gently pulling the arms backwards at the wrists towards them lying on the same side facing in the same direction lying on their side kneeling and from behind standing as if raising their lying facing down possibly with their legs spread lying on top of them a pillow beneath the hips lying face down knees together on top with legs spread on their side with their uppermost leg forward kneels astride the lowermost leg kneels on top of the facing them sits on top facing away from them arches their back with their hands on the ground the following variations are possible squats on top facing toward them lying down on top with their knees brought forward against the ground with their back on a low table couch chair or edge of a bed keeping their feet flat on the floor and back parallel to the floor straddles them also keeping their feet on the floor assuming any of the various positions sits on an area surface legs outstretched sits on top and wraps their legs around sits in a chair straddles the and sits facing the feet on the floor variants can be adapted in this way as well as sitting on a couch or in a chair that has armrests sitting in their lap perpendicular to with their back against the kneeling while lying on their back ankles on each side of the shoulders standing facing each other the following variations are possible stands on a chair or if their back is to the wall for instance bends at the waist resting their hands or elbows on a table or they may put both hands and one foot on the floor and let the holding the remaining leg is on bottom lies on top perpendicularly to them legs spread on their back legs spread facing the opposite direction on their backs heads pointed away from one another each places one leg on the other's shoulder and the other leg out somewhat to the side with knees up and legs apart turns to one side while looking upwards towards the whose legs are spread and is kneeling straight behind the other's hips their hands on the other's hips bends the knee closest to the head enough so that there is room for the waist to fit beneath while the legs straddle the other leg will move more along a side to side allowing sits on the edge of a bed or chair with feet spread wide on the floor laying their back on the floor and draping their legs and thighs over the legs

of holds the knees and on their side facing the straddling the lower leg and lifting the upper leg on either side of the body of the elbow or shoulder straddling one of the legs who is lying on their side on their back then raising their hips as high as possible so that standing wraps their arms around its neck their legs around its waist thereby exposing the

reconsidering Hegel headless

the priority of engaged involvement over theory and assertion
Bataille making noise out of Bataille
Lyotard improvising a confused composition
Deleuze with a ring modulator
Baudrillard dressing up a piano
the Derridean drone
this opens within me like

lost among the crowd

the perforating peroration

this vomit for swallowing you

the injustice of considering tomatoes vegetables

the injustice of eating tomatoes

the injustice of planting tomatoes
the injustice of picking tomatoes
the injustice of disliking tomatoes
the injustice of preferring tomatoes
the injustice of naming tomatoes
the injustice of slicing tomatoes
the injustice of looking at tomatoes
the injustice of tripping over tomatoes
the injustice of rolling tomatoes
the injustice of spinning tomatoes
the injustice of juggling tomatoes
the injustice of tossing tomatoes
the injustice of throwing tomatoes
the injustice of smashing tomatoes
the injustice of a tomato in a salad
the injustice of the greenhouse
the injustice of not mentioning the vine

the injustice of the predominance of the red tomato

tomatoey in South America

an unconventional disturbing work which had not been quite finished
Kafka after a severe breakdown

the strange mysterious perhaps dangerous unproductive
sometimes unorthodox punctuation unconventional punctuation sparsely punctuated
early writings destroyed
having mellowed the way the author left it
considering it a failure
Kafka in coffeehouses and cabarets
Kafka in a sanatorium
Kafka considering suicide takes up gardening
engagement is broken engagement is broken wedding is postponed engagement is broken
after another breakdown health deteriorates Kafka in a sanatorium

swimming the afternoon

what do you say about the terrible things that are happening in our house

signification saturated semantics saturating
the remainder of Bal this detail
the strange depressions of plaster above the picture
the presence of the polysemy of Bal's particularity of this preposterous spectator
Bell baffling this spectator
disclosing imbalance Bal misreading Rembrandt

the third meaning is unstable fugitive and erratic this mottled

Barthes' gestural without necessarily intending to produce anything
in the paper
the graphic event of which the line is
this tremor of materiality
the eroticism of the finger this body gapes

drips and blobs of paint straight from Derrida's tube and sometimes
fucking the empiricism out of Derrida
splattering Derrida against this wall
Derrida's feigned constipation this scalpel chiseling for shit
smudge the sphincteral fisting
arms for tubes pulling Derrida out of this ass and refusing the sponge
Tachisme characterized by Pollock unable to complete a complete sentence
tickle the stuffed cushion

discomfort the stuffed cushion
pinch the stuffed cushion
nip the stuffed cushion

clutch the stuffed cushion
 prod the stuffed cushion
 bloat the stuffed cushion
 puncture the stuffed cushion
 tease the stuffed cushion
 stroke the stuffed cushion
 thrust the stuffed cushion
 poke the stuffed cushion
 jam the stuffed cushion
 penetrate the stuffed cushion
 swallow the stuffed cushion
 shove the stuffed cushion
 foist the stuffed cushion

elbow the stuffed cushion lunge the stuffed cushion impose the stuffed cushion throw the
 stuffed cushion slam the stuffed cushion shut the stuffed cushion fail the stuffed cushion
 enable the stuffed cushion acquiesce the stuffed cushion forbid the stuffed cushion
 designate the stuffed cushion refuse the stuffed cushion sew the stuffed cushion open the
 stuffed cushion fold the stuffed cushion hold the stuffed cushion twist the stuffed cushion
 slap the stuffed cushion chuck the stuffed cushion arouse the stuffed cushion punch the
 stuffed cushion titillate the stuffed cushion yawn the stuffed cushion rape the stuffed
 cushion fault the stuffed cushion spank the stuffed cushion derange the stuffed cushion
 eject the stuffed cushion push the stuffed cushion loathe the stuffed cushion chuckle the
 stuffed cushion vomit the stuffed cushion defile the stuffed cushion spank the stuffed
 cushion cuddle the stuffed cushion dissemble the stuffed cushion toss the stuffed cushion
 bluster the stuffed cushion puff the stuffed cushion explode the stuffed cushion lavish the
 stuffed cushion dress up the stuffed cushion ornament the stuffed cushion spoil the
 stuffed cushion bungle the stuffed cushion muff the stuffed cushion thump the stuffed
 cushion wallop the stuffed cushion smack the stuffed cushion elude the stuffed cushion
 fling the stuffed cushion exclude the stuffed cushion approach the stuffed cushion
 smother the stuffed cushion infatuate the stuffed cushion rehearse the stuffed cushion
 finagle the stuffed cushion drain the stuffed cushion hanker the stuffed cushion pounce
 the stuffed cushion insult the stuffed cushion irritate the stuffed cushion fetch the stuffed
 cushion cuff the stuffed cushion stomp the stuffed cushion flush the stuffed cushion sniff
 the stuffed cushion peeve the stuffed cushion hump the stuffed cushion allow the stuffed
 cushion fondle the stuffed cushion straddle the stuffed cushion topple the stuffed cushion
 oust the stuffed cushion ostracize the stuffed cushion spoil the stuffed cushion cram the
 stuffed cushion gorge the stuffed cushion infuriate the stuffed cushion pique the stuffed
 cushion potty the stuffed cushion

Gadamer transforming actuality

the event of Gadamer despite itself

Gadamer's participatory epistemology

refusing to converse with Gadamer refusing this conversation Vorstellung as Darstellung
the plurality of interpretation distancing Plato from Onan's confusion centripetal as well
as centrifugal Tun der Sache selbst
pottying the of unknown origin

toilets for small children

Sade misusing mathematics

fingering myself for a phrase

 as when a glass is struck imbue the tinged
display the botched ornamentation
typically made of
the circulation of Merleau-Ponty through these veins Cezanne caught in a tree
running through a leaf or bract as in a Poinsettia
a vascular bundle
a nervure
entomology swallowing this embryectomy
implant the ectopic pregnancy this ectopic pregnancy
endodermic confusion tissues to sneeze with

the parts derived from this which include the lining of the gut
despite the book's sketchiness generalizing Berger

failing Picasso Pollock's illusional profundity

this piquant sauce

refusing to question the decadence of Berger looking for something

the Goncourts' upsetting digestion upsetting hygiene

Zola disgusted Zola the chemist

accusations of immorality

Flaubert intervening

Gautier is stupid Gautier exists Baudelaire without consciousness of itself

authorial impersonality albeit for different reasons

scientific noninterference albeit for different reasons

that great heresy of decay

art is just as much life as it isn't the absurdity of Gautier describing an orgy

the utility of a drunkard Baudelaire itself a work of art

Gautier a beautiful surface

a dictionary of confused hieroglyphics

this dictionary of confused hieroglyphics

Mallarme regardless of reality

Mallarme unaided and in ecstasy

Mallarme generating Mallarme the projection of the wall of something

incantations of the absent flower fusible

this simultaneous Page

these whites

obscure the suggestion

Derrida reading Mallarme indirectly Derrida reading Mallarme inaccessibly

to do without the reader

something is wrong there has simply been a misunderstanding

the contradiction flaunted

artificiality complicating artificiality

in the hands of this mob

so many mouths

stuffed with pillows

the death of Mallarme

the death of Barthes

the Symbolist pose

Valery means nothing to this text

institutionalized as feeble-minded
a misplaced

Darger writing some manuscript the Vivian girls in the realm of some unreal manuscript
Darger a janitor
Darger masturbating
Darger feeling compelled to make strange noises
Darger feeling compelled to irritate others
this convulsion of nature's misconception
Darger collecting trash
albeit handled extremely idiosyncratically this Blengigomenean
and regardless of ostensible gender some females have penises

this anuscript

Luhmann distinct from the art system
observing this observation
on its own terms
communicating without Luhmann
there is no communication
Luhmann reading Derrida

there is no society

Luhmann reading Bateson
Luhmann reading obscure calculus Luhmann reading Maturana and Varela
defining the anti-ontological
the autonomy of
the sensuous qualities of
Luhmann a vertigo-inducing experience
Luhmann the labyrinth-like
Luhmann the nonlinear
Luhmann deliberately enigmatic
Luhmann not interested in people
the nonsystematic exists

 this bulging effeminacy
this prickly pear
 this flattened protuberance

caressing a shriek squashing paint from the ceilings

this orifice

Baudrillard actually complaining that it has been misunderstood a discourse where there
is nothing to soothsay Baudrillard bastardizing Nietzsche from Baudelaire
the saturated obesity of Baudrillard an anomalous infection

the flummery of exponential logics

typically made with

recognizing the configuration of Wollheim the surface of this
Wollheim confusing semiotics
Wollheim intentionally meaning something that it did not mean
vaginalizing the
this spilling of
not enough hands for unguentum
insoluble in water

this muscular tube leading from the external to the
deriving petroleum from
as a cosmetic
feminism resisting room temperature
painting the oil out of fatty acids the smeared erection with a sticky substance damaging
the reputation of itself by false accusations samples of impregnate the lubricating jelly
Onan failing to understand themselves Onan failing to try to understand themselves Onan
understanding its failure to understand themselves

to stain one's underpants

Deleuze an ontogenetic movement from
autopoietic Deleuze
this instance
differentiated Deleuze
haecceities not reducible to that sensation
counter-effectuating Deleuze more interested in investigating the nonphilosophical than
Deleuze's study of Bacon baffling the abstract expressionists

the irony of conceptualizing the preconceptual/this embarrassing resemblance/this
anomaly/by means of erroneously conflating/a rhetorical ploy based upon an
equivocation concerning/an excessive hermeneutics/according to/is a failure to properly
distinguish/rendering suspect not only/and contrary to what they think/and far from being
a radical innovation/the dangerous consequences of such a/exaggerate the position to the
point of absurdity/are philosophically incoherent/are ill-conceived/are needlessly
affected/are desperately confused/a certain species duped by its own rationality

div {position:absolute; z-index:25} a {text-decoration:none} a img {border-
style:none; border-width:0} .fchsci311xu3o0-0 {font-size:9pt;color:#000000;font-
family:Verdana;font-weight:normal;} .fchsci311xu3o0-1 {font-siz
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size:9pt;color:#000000;font-family:Verdana;font-weight:normal;text-
decoration:underline;} .fchsci311xu3o0-3 {font-size:7pt;color:#000000;font-
family:Trebuchet MS;font-weight:normal;} .adhsci311xu3o0-0 {border-
color:#000000;border-left-width:0;border-right-width:0;border-top-width:0;border-
bottom-width:0;} .adhsci311xu3o0-1 {border-
color:#000000;border-left-width:0;border-right-width:0;border-top-width:0;border-
bottom-width:0;} .adhsci311xu3o0-2 {border-
color:#000000;border-left-width:0;border-right-width:0;border-top-width:0;border-
bottom-width:0;} .adhsci311xu3o0-3 {border-
color:#000000;border-left-width:0;border-right-width:0;border-top-width:0;border-
bottom-width:0;}

a platypus confused with itself
the only consistency in which I am interested is that of my own shit

the anti-notion of the absurd

Sade's apathetic reiteration of the destruction of its voluptuous object
Sade the philosopher-villain philosophical impotency
Simmel's constitutive interdependence with this
the distance of this bluish scent
this pathetic
Sontag against interpretation this erotics of hermeneutics
this unnatural and exaggerated orifice/this rococo phenomenon
Sontag reading Cioran
Sontag's surface incanting the original pornography

particularly to think of and describe an act instead of committing it

this betrayal perpetrated outside of thought

this bigamy mistaking Goodman for a nominalist	
this reversed notation	
the density of these wiggly lines	denotation exemplifying
this allographic	
this autographic	
reversing the nondiscursive putty	

this signifying gesture

this detail this moment this outburst of raw appetite
this improper object

this incestuous relationship with nature

the peculiarly human act of writing

a subordination of the life functions

perpetuate oneself by language

perpetuate this language

Sade applying the contradiction of reason this anomaly of

the flaunted absence of the text flout

of sensuous polymorphy

is especially typical of

the banality of art criticism
the banality of art history
the banality of art theory
drastically truncated
Bryson not only a pigment on a surface
this semantic space overlooking Bryson's rhopography
anorexic Bryson
of stray or random is not confined to this dense nescience

Neto suggesting the umbilicus and other olfactory orifices including turmeric and cloves

scribbling Sin titulo

Gorgias' paradoxologia consummating Dewey with this experience
this rhetorical nondidactic
this nonrepresentational representation disperse the

unbutton the congenitally malformed the mutant animal this sporadic plant
Derrida confusing Surrealism with Impressionism
Derrida introducing Impressionism to academia
Derrida writing around painting
this mode of contingency
Kant after Duchamp
Kant after Derrida
Greenberg after Kant Danto defining art

a variation on Fry's perpetual variation art is not life the form of this plasticity

Rosenberg performing Greenberg

although Hauser never indicates this splotched stunt splotching the stunted
the disclosure of Heidegger's equipment
squeeging the ontological charlatan according to Focillon

captions explaining contemporary art or what goes by the name refusing the name

from rhetoric to mimesis to didactics to expression to form to dispersion

the nonrepresentational semiotic this representational semiotic
the difficulty and density of Lacan’s writing style
matters look more complex
criticized for
leaving this open to the charge that

and a bovine grazing in a field

Fisch Zum Frühstück

Langer distinguishing between discursive and nondiscursive symbolization
Langer uninterested in uninteresting things
these relations without relations
this nondiscursive caught in this discursive expressing Langer’s feeling for form

into flocks of heads gnats weaving into

the banality of literature Socrates contained in a proposition
cannot properly be said to have meaning

articulate the semantically ineffable

Duchamp stripped bare of cannot be intuited
the pointlessness of Duchamp's

Utagawa masturbating
in which the penis is removed from the vagina
in which the penis is removed from the anus
in which the penis is removed from the mouth
in which the penis is removed from the armpit
in which the penis is removed from the thighs
in which the penis is removed from the hand

Malraux's quirky

the allusion itself reject this human condition rival the plastered window
this museum without walls these walls
Lyotard reading Malraux
Panofsky searching for meaning
insufficient as to

Greenberg reading Read

that Derrida utterly misread

characterized by an incompleteness and discoordination
the contingencies of this protraction

Wittgenstein’s nonsensical propositions Blanchot founded on paradox and impossibility
the question of Derrida reading Blanchot the question of literature

improvised music after postmodernism

making an embarrassment out of not to mention
Jones with digital delay pedals and microphones Aristophanes just as redundant as
Sophocles are repetitio complexio traductio contentio exclamatio interrogatio ratiocinatio
sententia contrario membrum articulus compar similiter cadens similiter desinens
annominatio annominatio annominatio annominatio annominatio annominatio
annominatio annominatio annominatio annominatio annominatio annominatio
annominatio conduplicatio subjectio gradatio diffinitio transitio correctio occupatio
disjunctio conjunctio adjunctio interpretatio commutatio permissio dubitatio expeditio
dissolutio precisio nominatio prenominationo denominatio circuico transgressio superlatio
intellectio translatio abusio permutatio conclusio skipping through volatile bodies
splashing plausibility academia calculating their
commodities academia demanding universality subsumption procedure instrumentality
the failure of culture or the failure of failure
based on its reading of Adorno, Bernstein Bernstein a sensuous particular
Bernstein an abstract expressionist it remains an open question
as to whether Mitchell confused between images and words Mitchell confusing
Greenberg the necessity of outrage originating in Spinoza
the insignificance of murder
Klossowski interpreting Sade
the incomprehensibility of designation

this detoured satiety
rationality devoid of logic
undecipher the gesture
whence the irruption of nonlanguage in language
this ecstasy of lopsided iteration
reiterating the
reproducing the
representing the the voracious bedroom
the irreducibility of perversion the propensity of this aberrant act
amid everything I am not well

toppling over voluptuous bodies

teats and titties

breasts full of semen
pissing milk

fiction putting life into question

the id confusing its canvas with bleach flopping the cluck
circles chasing into circles
art shocking Deleuze's thought into systematicity making just as much sense as

Derrida intending deconstruction
with a spitting sound
argumentation concealing incoherence
argumentation concealing pointlessness
argumentation concealing meaninglessness
its own futility
its own illogical demise
 this argumentative fabric

autonomous Adorno at least to a significant degree

the illusory truth content of philosophy

Cioran exhausting itself ecstatically through Beckett

Adorno depleting itself through Beckett

Nietzsche refusing postmodernism's impoverishment

that feminist enquiry is merely a fashionable supplement to that social enquiry is merely a
fashionable supplement to

art's capacity for critiquing Adorno

mimicking Adorno Adorno

held accountable through art the limitations of philosophy regarding

thinking about getting a basket
handfuls of blobfish
Onan fingering the sebum for a puddle
Onan barfing this closed mouth
Onan gagging on a wet cloth
Onan with blobs of to upchuck the membrane
inserting the doggie for and may be removable or interchangeable
 Derrida for a sex doll taking Deleuze for a walk

tooting the tarnished trumpet polishing the nub

Onan the asexual

inserting the capsule

Onan forcing Deleuze into mere metaphoricity
Onan fondling the

considering plumbing

the question of the eyebrow

etiquette disturbing the cookie jar

these wrinkles for
a cane for

Onan the elderly doddering the

Onan the geezer Onan scenting the senile
for a decrepit battery
the fuse

face farting the

analytic philosophy making an embarrassment out of

Derrida unable to conceive of origination

Derrida unable to conceive of termination

Joyce supposedly in the middle

1930 - 2004

postponing to infinity

Deleuze supposedly in the middle

neither of which

to pollinate oneself

with a side of couscous
and dandruff

an infantile soprano disturbing amplitude

sentences will be consigned to museums if the emptiness in writing persists

embroidering upon what excludes commentary
a text explained is no longer a text
Derrida convincingly refuting charges of relativism
Derrida convincingly refuting charges of nihilism
Derrida convincingly refuting charges of skepticism
drifting is itself the end of criticism
an exhausting folly

Derrida frightened

Plath devouring this milk

including the footnotes

the ridiculousness of a piece of celery

Baudrillard feigning palingenesis
homogenizing the Sapiens
Homologous Sapiens

coinciding this disturbed immediacy
this is not philosophy this has nothing to do with art arguing that chickens fall when
bicycles chickens that fall when bicycles it gradually begins to know what a frog is
Aristotles blooming mud where there had been mud Onan the nihilist pushing poppies

handicapping the proposition

Sade giving birth to a discursive abnormality too long repetitive and violent remains
relatively unknown the deliberate repetitiveness of what is worthless like no other text
a rubber ball that is cut open and the insides pulled out
deriving pleasure from what is inside
an inconsistent pedant
a concatenation of philosophy and literature put together in such a way that the result is
neither the one nor the other all the discharges meals of shit of torture and blood
philosophy as a metaphor for
for want of wit to consider which way they came in in English in the original
there is no reason for this the Derridean anaesthesia
oceanographies of
Baudrillard's premature ejaculation staining this apron
phenomenology of phenomenology of which phenomenology itself is incapable
like a stuck pig
I am that last molecule

animals considering Aristotle's rationality
animals considering Augustine
animals considering Aquinas
Descartes suffering from animality
animals considering Kant as an end in itself
Montaigne with a pet hamster
Hume with a
animals considering the usefulness of Bentham's
the status of a chair on which clever animals invented ethics
the anthropocentrism of the ethical
the necessity of anthropocentrism
despite the nitrous oxide someone's pet irritating Nietzsche's genitals
where there is chattering hoc est ridiculum hoc est absurdum are animal as animal the
animals said philosophy on a leash the poverty of Heidegger's
animals not experiencing Heidegger
animals not reading Heidegger
leaping from

Heidegger failing the abyss the hand is a peculiar thing but they don't have hands of the things that are plants with hands Bataille eating Bataille the fallacy of animality like water in water Foucault's madness disturbing the animal even the cat even the dog you fools is never imitating of the anorganic birds becoming birds Wittgenstein talking to itself as a lion and not understanding philosophy baffled by the animal is hilarious straying from with commentary by distinguished scholars in the field Deleuze not becoming-animal uncomfortable with is a fool the abstraction of Deleuze's Deleuze for a pet

Cixous crushing a cockroach killing a bird with two stones a kind of white paste
 spurts about what the paste is and how to relate to it Irigaray trying to talk to an animal
 talking about plucking ecstatic butterflies from the banality of the ethical
 we are still not thinking remains unthought

Derrida outcoursing the prefacialing the Hegelian
bookending the foreplay
this bukkake catching Derrida by surprise
the banality of philosophical intercourse
is tiresome the questi

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the vulval-vulval
the husbands from their wives and the wives from their husbands
feminism with a paddle and an inflatable doll multiple penetration

Deleuze refusing this strap-on

these scissors
bending spoons in this dog's mouth

this chorus in my
has been criticized by Derrida for
has been criticized by Derrida for
has been criticized by Derrida for
has been criticized by Derrida for
has been criticized by Derrida for
has been criticized by Derrida for
depending on this refusal
Husserl the thetic
Kristeva contra Derrida
as with deaf-mutes
not yet sentences
hystericizing the Lacanian

deviate the disruption

this hysterectomy

Hartman reading
intodetonating
as many flowers as luscious weeds grafting with confusion the philosophic on the poetic
necessarily falsifies as a discours de la folie bursting at the seams the manner babbling
obfuscation blotting out the Derridadaism a sort of writer nudging the sort of gimmick in
nudging the question this anguish constipated by hilarity
constipate the throbbing ridiculousness
this pain I refuse to write having written that
this confusion blossoming its jugs of blood

this suffering refusing you
jocundity for agony
this cerebral pang cramping the cognition
this distress refusing you
this wretchedness refusing you
this anxiety refusing you
this despair refusing you
this desolation refusing you
this illness refusing you
with a knowledge that is not a knowledge at all
Kant distorted nonsensical and like gibberish a kind of novel
Menippean satire

the staged erection Onan limping the
pouring concrete into this mouth gargling these erections

an infuriating and often indigestible book

flowerless Bryozoa from stalked capsules rounding the carpeted cushion
a clay pigeon
barnacled Crustacea confusing the cnidarians
swimming the invertebrate for polyunsaturated arachidonic silk for lungs the modified
pincer flowerless with feet the segmented body echinoderms shitting chalk the question

of the symmetrical insects for fish mollusks confused with mammals amphibians
performing the reptilian a sponge nematodes and annelids and
platyhelminthes bilaterally and triploblastic fleas with elephants for pets the ant oblivious
to this with drab coloration the typicality of the moth mosquitoes for femininity a slender
long-legged this malaria of the mouth sloths swallowing giraffes weasels for hedgehogs
whales for a marsupial toads with stools nematocysts for anemone caffeinated phytology
it has been noted that the majority of people diagnosed with schizophrenia smoke tobacco
drenching the hydrophily this abiotic syndrome anemophily
melittophily
psychophily
phalaenophily
myophily
sapromyophily
hollow intestines ornithophily
chiropterophily
cantharophily the question of multiple pollinators

and several other appendages

plant prostitution
this amygdala sniffing the cerebral ass the grayish mass
this malfunction of the Deleuzian machine

nettles for

Nietzsche an almost intolerable headache Nietzsche never to return to full sanity
Nietzsche's heavy vocabulary Nietzsche's serpentine sentences and convoluted reasoning
Nietzsche an academic aberration Nietzsche an academic blunder inexorably against
Nietzsche's prejudices dressed up as philosophy
Nietzsche's manipulative rhetoric
Nietzsche's atrociously poor argumentation apothegmatic Nietzsche
Nietzsche's disorderly writing
Nietzsche in a coffeehouse smoking life's fumes did not complete a philosophical system

I am such and such a person mistake me for someone else

lechers with entrails hanging out Pliny full of lupulin experiencing six sentences
of this fur Alle und Keinen for years at a time I read nothing
my whole life is the proof of these propositions
 there were no fish
have I been misunderstood this midge flying into this wall
cutting Nietzsche's head off and it chatters
deserves a Homeric laugh an illogical necessary artists often miscalculate bowel
movement affecting thought a radish affecting thought I am the god who has made this
caricature I am having all academics shot the insufficiency of Nietzsche splashing water
it is rather I that am nervous Onan spitting against the wind I walk up and down in my
room for half an hour unable to master an unbearable fit of sobbing this suffering buffoon
quintivocal skeptics this pinched consciousness is a surface see the preceding note by
my mere existence I outrage everything Nietzsche's audacious frescoes
do not speak to me about such things

 cabbage heads

cyclin deficient mice

deficiency of mice

mice with insensitive mammary glands mice with ocular retardation
mice with hypoplastic retinas
mice determining scientific research
were missing materialist Adorno nonconceptual Adorno immediate Adorno
generative mouse mutants
mutagenesis with N-ethyl-N-nitrosourea
including pale ear

which favors as its habitat the cracks and crevasses of poorly constructed buildings
cellular pathology pathology of organelles extracellular pathology environmental
pathology has provided a lucid and instructive providing
measured clear and meticulous accounts of illuminating the ideas of some of the most
important and difficult
this abnormality
difference as dispersed identity
difference as dispersed fascism

hence the indignation this arouses in the masses from scratch

from her heels

insane Pound unfit for insanity in a cage indicted for weak and unreliable shortwave
transmitters Eliot unfit for this wasteland Deleuze unfit for this delirium that which
makes Jakobson different from all other phenomena defamiliarizing this furniture
Shklovsky eating its clothes literature as philosophy Poulet's cogito its own object
including fragments and Iser reading Ingarden Jauss expecting

Gadamer's expectation of Jauss the indeterminacy of this concrete Iser's progression through this text this text interrupting Iser's efficacious flow confusion of Gadamer's horizon this work confused with this audience the pleasure of reception leveling this against myself robust Margolis intentionalizing the fallacy intentionality confusing the author unconscious of the significance of Collingwood expressing Collingwood this dedefinitioning milking Warhol's emulsion squeezing these tips until they burst these barrels this fine dispersion of minute droplets of one liquid in another in which it is not soluble the Yongle Dadian the manuscript had never been published some believe that

but their whereabouts are unknown

Heidegger confusing Husserl Derrida a confused Husserl politicize the apolitical
depoliticize the feigned political poststructuralism giving birth to this ectopic monster
Bataille between their legs Nietzsche on all fours considering basketry frustrating the
impulse Lyotard commenting on something uncommentable Lyotard trying not to
understand and showing that Duchamp hasn't understood Derrida misreading Schapiro
Schapiro misreading Heidegger Heidegger misreading van Gogh van Gogh pulling posies
from panties

Benjamin's influence on Adorno
Adorno critiquing Benjamin Benjamin reading Kafka translating Proust translating
Baudelaire Benjamin's association with Brecht heterogeneous and anti-systematic
Benjamin purposely unstable and ambiguous Benjamin this rambunctious film the aura of
reproducibility this fetishistic emancipation of the exhibition of a parasite this lump
Benjamin dropping the term "work of art" altogether for different reasons immediacy just
as redundant as mediacy authenticity just as redundant as illegitimacy counterfeiting the
genius just as redundant as retardation taste just as redundant as Bourdieu this just as
redundant as this redundancy just as redundant as Brecht confused with Brecht Brecht
presenting itself as Brecht against miscibility

the sincerity of that last statement

arguing over the fingernails of rodents
with profound implications for
Jameson's hysterical sublime
Klein contra Freud
Klein a psychoanalytic dissident

these children molesting this partial environment
positive opaqueness confusing psychoanalysis positive opaqueness confusing
deconstruction Kelley and McCarthy's scatological performances the nonrelation of

statements just as redundant as the redundancy of the prick of the punctum Barthes
getting over an illness this obtuse meaning Bataille communicating with Fautrier Bataille
compared with Pascal Bataille's inner experience striving to give form to an
incomprehensible situation is beside the point devoid of signature this is no not a
signature authenticating the fake the indifference of the masses these
masses of the event creates its own scattered context porous Welish of the diagram
cuddling the Komondor for a Zizek changing its theoretical position between books and
sometimes even within the pages of the same book the problematic developments of
contemporary art literature remaining unproblematic, despite misunderstanding this
understanding confused with understanding charming antics
an explosion in ideas and theories of art
who are impatient and gloomily ecstatically inclined towards themselves and in all they
do resemble rampaging horses and who derive from their own works only a shortlived
combustion and orgasm which almost bursts their veins and then a desolation and
sourness by the contrasts it presents how should such things endure to remain within
themselves crashing some outside into themselves

perhaps fleetingly

this assassination of painting by experience

defying representation representationally art putting language into question art putting
reality into question art putting art into question this figural disruption this discursive
disruption accompany this libidinal event this conduction of intensity this libidinal
dispositioning this sublime happening simultaneous pleasure and pain simultaneous

attraction and repulsion simultaneous nonrepresentation and representation Lyotarian
postmodernism disrupting postmodernism Cezanne doubting Merleau-Ponty's apostated
Merleau-Ponty critiquing Merleau-Ponty this semantic sublime these phrases in dispute
Merleau-Ponty's materialist phenomenology simultaneously subjective and objective
installation just as redundant as sculpture a urinal just as redundant as a painting
contextualization just as redundant as autonomy Sartre an inert materiality

Greenberg just as redundant as Merleau-Ponty

this imbrication of biological and botanical
this nondiscursive disruption of this discursive
this aborting effort
Nietzsche's radical critique of reason Bataille's radical critique of reason Adorno's
radical critique of reason poststructuralism's radical critique of reason
Sade perpetuating the reasonable anomaly
by means of
despite the criticism that has been raised against it is not of the slightest concern if this
argument is correct then thus it seems possible that as to whether or not in conclusion
albeit a questionable defense adhering to making clear that even so it would seem
necessary to is in no way productive except inadvertently and not just peripherally if this
argument is correct which it surely is the inadequacy of semiotics unable to distinguish
between the inadequacy of semiology this biological out of proportion temperaments
formulating logics consumption confused with critique this belch
Derrida merely between incompatibles Onan embodying the incompatible stomachs with
multiple compartments ungulating the the purpose of the large nose is unclear females
preferring big-nosed males and inserts its elongated middle finger Daubentonia
madagascariensis and are some of the rarest of the Octopoda species Dumbo is an
elephant

which prompted an equally hostile reply
arguing that

relying on invalid analogies ambiguous concepts and generally fallacious patterns of reasoning it could also be claimed however Carroll identifying art ordinary language confusing Continental this meretricious is characteristic of this prostitute modernist painting exemplifying a form of rationality that is an alternative to the instrumental rationality of enlightened modernity Cavellian criteria the sheer fact of the human capacity to make meaningful meaninglessness Stein stuttering a sputter in this omnisexuality from Romanticism to postmodernism from Formalism to beyond postmodernism stunting this stunt pulling this
this goatee and this moustache

prevaricate the

and walked crookedly baffling the poetic juggling this noetic narcotic for nonmedical purposes inducing drowsiness stupor and sensibility to insensibility if and only if Analytic philosophy is unclear as to its pretensions to feigning clarity postmodernism retaining the metaphysics of “art” by continuing to refer to use it as a valid validating the Hegel superseded by this conceptual bastardization Danto superceded by this conceptual bastardization regarded as fundamentally misconceived Sade’s reason as a form of passion Sade’s misanthropy the impatience of being a creature Nature as Destructive Principle usylessy unreadable Deleuze not reading Foucault with acromesomelic short limbed dwarfism genital hypoplasia and vertebral anomalies failure of the testis to descend into the scrotum and hypospadias openings along the shaft of the

penis have been reported chromosome abnormalities breast abnormalities Joycean
abnormalities skin abnormalities uterine abnormalities testicular dysgenesis nail
abnormalities tongue abnormalities placenta abnormalities fetal abnormalities erectile
disturbance knuckle-like protuberances found along the plant stem abnormal enlargement
of cell wall this embarrassed phototropism this confused gravitropism
has not been scientifically evaluated this manipulated anogenital index
glumes devoid of seeds
stunted and dehydrated
without apparent being investigated
the data should be interpreted with considerable caution

the beauty of a lump of

dribbling the dilapidation inflating the rubbered
for steering
from the mouth

fucked by a wall

any wall

fucked by an inconclusive proposition

by a finagling pussy
buckets of cunt
urinating the blanket
a tire

coochie for cookies

a shoelace

a chicken in a glove

a chicken with gloves

humiliated by a blouse

a blouse paralyzing

fucked by the opacity of a blouse

my own head in this rectum despite insufficient circulation awaiting the monstrous fuck
the paralyzed arousal

the truth is that sexuality is not everywhere except as constrained metaphoricity
Deleuze's cowardice before Deleuze's Derrida without ideas

Plato's cowardice before Plato's

the book is a labyrinth/its arcane structure induces something akin to conceptual
vertigo/sentences and paragraphs of awe-inspiring length slouch past mercilessly/new
and highly technical vocabulary is introduced and then employed with panic-inducing
irregularity/Kant reading Hegel

impenetrable Hegel

difficult Hegel

incomprehensible Hegel

obscurantist Hegel

unspeakable Hegel

style is certainly part of the problem

a momentary flicker of understanding

there is no obvious way in

a little tedious after a while
I Derrida am the truth yawn of reason Derrida's embarrassed blush pandemonium of the
longest error incipit Onan
and they blink
and they blink
and they blink
spoil the digestion Perloff on non-linear poetics

Heidegger not listening to music

Heidegger not listening to music

seems to have been either Hegel or Schelling may have been Holderlin
all words are derived from the object
Novalis representing the unrepresentable
an animal with a palette
all method is rhythmic
Derrida reading Novalis
Schelling playing the organ
the unreliability of the world of sensuous particularity The View from Nowhere
thinking is merely a relation of the drives to each other
this world a monster of energy
my Dionysian world of and nothing besides
Haller's laughter
Rilke a fatuous bucket how ridiculous
Marrati interpreting
Lawlor interpreting
Kates interpreting
philosophy as metaphor this abnormal
Philosophy as a Kind of Writing Rorty as a kind of

her foot in my face
shrubbing

the universe is essentially unjust

intending the fallacy affecting the fallacy
Rorty's antirepresentationalism Rorty's neopragmatism Rorty's pluralism Rorty against
epistemology Rorty's raucously secular Rorty's naturalism Rorty's antiessentialist
nominalism Rorty's antifoundational historicism the distinction between appearance and
reality Rorty disenchanted with analytic philosophy Rorty walking away from the mirror
Derrida sniggering behind the mirror

that that is all ruddy with us
Roughley reading Derrida reading Joyce
Mahon interpreting Joyce unable to read French
the prioritization of a method the methodology of deconstruction
revealing Husserl to Husserl
revealing Plato to Plato
revealing philosophy to philosophy
the failure to recognize this imposition
decentering the centerless this is unavoidable
deconstruction does not await the deliberation consciousness or organization of Derrida

with coconut milk

the absurd is contradiction Ein Strudel von nie geahnter Seligkeit hat mich ergriffen
Novalis experiencing death as an artist
I fail to see how I could avoid canonization
this incestuous nonrelation
this disheveling turpitude the convulsionary as skeptic
identify with this author with this book
this false vitality
this inopportunity amputate this hole into an occurrence this dumbfounding zoo
the performance over, it collapsed into a chair and burst into sobs
Mme. de Sevigne is not Marquise de Brinvilliers
I closed the book at once for after that what else was there to read
Plato contracting Socrates' disease deserving its hemlock
poststructuralism contracting Plato's disease
academics numbering elements
the question of the subatomic particular is speculative
the perturbation of theory the hierarchical structural formation of
the false vacuum of plasma
squeezing the matter from a property of matter
the question of the origin of
dusting the cosmos
the ignorance of the universe ignoring this ignorance the irrelevancy of to shrink

the relevancy of a burnt piece of bread

like trying to swallow the hydra is pure verbalism
Genet prostituting Hegel Genet running off with Derrida's pencil
Genet the machine a dragger
Genet despite Derrida and in every case p.223
I don't know and I don't care Cixous running into Genet
I too have fidgeted in this aberrant universe an acrobat
Longinus confounded
Burke confounded
Kant confounded
Lyotard confounded among others
Jameson confounded
that Merleau-Ponty would write on Matisse

that Merleau-Ponty would write on Klee
that Merleau-Ponty would write on van Gogh

that Lyotard would

those who know do not speak
those who speak do not know
the taste of Zen

these eyelids are the same

Heidegger pouring Nietzschean wine into Kantian vessels
effing the ineffable
the question of argumentation against argumentation Derrida arguing
the lubriciousness of the tangled
Aristotle refusing to have sex with and perhaps also
Rorty reading Joyce

philosophy as hubris Kierkegaard unaware of Continental philosophy
the sphincteral musculature
the crus of clitoris
the corpus cavernosum the corpus spongiosum
styles of filament
the labium majus the labium minus
the fatty tissue of the mammary
the lobule
the stigma the anther
the epididymis
the septum

the lactiferous duct carpelling the stamen
the buttocks
the marsupium
the mobility of a flock of sheep

Bergson's buttocks
academic circumcision/the revenge of the prepuce/the revenge of infibulation/Bataille has
no wound much less a vagina/and the girl's legs are tied together to prevent her from
moving and/the normal anatomy of the/mouthwatering the glans/the glans a receptacle
for this mouth/anything wrapped around the penis or an object in the penis needs
immediate evaluation/Bataille without anaesthetic and under unhygienic conditions/the
question of laughter/the question of abnormality/feminism just as redundant as
Bataille/the universe with its legs tied together to prevent it from moving/and the
procedure is repeated for each subsequent/depending on how much genital tissue is cut
away/or clitoridectomy or hoodectomy or clitorodotomy or/which contains sweat
glands/a buildup of sweat and urine in the/septicemia/academic artificial insemination/this
artificial insemination/microtubules that form cilia and flagella/mitochondria with
chromosomes/a cap called the acrosome/the receptacle for/that tongue the length of this
perineum/embryogenesis and morphogenesis/flushed out through menstruation/tonguing
these labia/mouths of labia/labia for mouths/this mouth a receptacle for/these eggs
originating eggs/the question of fertilization/the question of reproduction/the question of
the question

slurping the clam chowder

Schelling contra Hegel

and fetish dolls Nedjar is something
Nedjar shitting in this bed
deaf Nedjar staring Nedjar in the face
Nedjar squatting on Klee's
on cardboard
on a goat
on ochre and charcoal
on animal fat
a whimsical for chatter

Nedjar without a mouth

Onan rimming Onan

Deleuze uninterested in circularity

Huysmans reading Schopenhauer
Huysmans reading Baudelaire
Huysmans' vocabulary
Huysmans against nature
a sodomitical book
Benjamin on hashish
this smashed bouquet
this animal that thinks
undecipherable the foible
Mallarme reading and deliberately perverse in its profusion the splendor of fuck Zola
as a matter of fact are unavailable

this perfumed corpse this voluptuous funereal

Onan choking itself to life
Onan choking on itself
contemporary artists with resumes justifying their relevance
Socrates satisfied with a dissatisfied pig Socrates reincarnated in Kierkegaard
passionate Kierkegaard
absurd Kierkegaard
subjective Kierkegaard
anxious Kierkegaard
paradoxical Kierkegaard
there is nothing spontaneous about Kierkegaard/I am surprised it can eat and sleep/this is
not hypocrisy Kierkegaard with an umbrella/Kierkegaard situated in
the extremity of existence/Kierkegaard refusing Don Juan for Leporello/Leporello noting
the time and the place/Leporello describing the/Leporello making lists/Kierkegaard with
an umbrella/there is nothing spontaneous about Kierkegaard/this is not hypocrisy
someone claimed Nietzsche making an embarrassment out of poststructuralism

Cioran as proof that poststructuralism betrayed Nietzsche

Nietzsche is an onion

mere curiosity throwing the facticity

poststructuralist Kierkegaard
poststructuralist Nietzsche
poststructuralist Joyce
poststructuralist Kafka
poststructuralist Wittgenstein
propose nothing

a pleonastic universe in which the questions and answers amount to the same thing

an inordinate

marsupials refusing
poricidal dehiscence sucking these fingers off

long-winded Husserl/high-pitched Heidegger/that there is something rather than something/the event of Heidegger/the limitations of being Heidegger/Heidegger caught in Heidegger's/as Vollzug/the motility of not being Heidegger/this thisly/anxious

Heidegger/understanding what is not comprehended/is not an accurate description of/is
not an accurate description of/is not an accurate description of/and tartar sauce/Heidegger
tripling the plurality of the univocal/Heidegger in a threesome with Heidegger
Derrida titty fucking Heidegger's numerous folds
Blanchot unfolding the Deleuze in Leibniz's folds

this inevitability

damaging the paragraphic

with a side of

I will always be a failure

situating the Derridean whoopee cushion

Derrida situating the

forming books out of what other books are not
an impersonal spontaneity churning out coughing up dispersing these persons
Blanchot's restless fatigue
Blanchot in the Between

Blanchot dispensing with Blanchot as if there were no world
a malediction of unhousing existence
the work of art is not any sort of thing at all/beyond that it is nothing/the sheer fact or
event of existing/the answer is that there is no answer/Onan misplacing this/that cannot
be placed/without place/the materiality of being/become imposition/invasion the invasive
paroxysm/staging this suicide/am I writing/this isn't writing/the necessity of useless
theories/still writing when all has been written/the assertion that Bartleby prefers not to
make/only the mad know what reason is not/Artaud's initial viciousness/morcellation by
bursts/the flesh heap of writing/pillage these
and is in the phenomena themselves
intuition refusing categorization
Kant not experiencing space-time
Kant as an experience of space-time the Heideggerian a priori
politicians arguing over pastries/construction workers performing surgery

feeling sick I stroll into a zoo

with tomato bruschetta

I took my head as one takes a lump of salt and pulverized it
in the pink hair
Regenfrau

riding a bicycle with Tiravanija
eating curry with Tiravanija
arranging furniture with Tiravanija

chatting with Tiravanija
camping with Tiravanija
the redundancy of the absence of art

I dress up while painting

devouring this perpetual insomnia
the evacuation of swallowed up by it

Kirilov's description of Stavrogin

having reached the Place de la Concorde my thought was to kill myself

the answer is the riddle the meaninglessness of the Pfefferkuchenausdruck

some limitations
Goulish failing institutionalization refusing to lecture
 goats on an island
 accidentally mistaking Goulish for Goulish confused

Adorno burglarizing Heidegger's house

 Onan plugging in the
her dick in my mouth her pissing on my face
the feminine pecker

Onan spilling the wax
spanking the
gagging the
teasing the
flogging the
endorphin prolongation/the question of analgesia/clamping the receptor/sucking the strap-
on/performing the circuitry/situating the parachute/orgasm denial/not necessarily leading
to orgasm/feet in panties/boots of ass/Onan facesitting Onan/Onan smothering
Onan/Onan slapping Onan/Onan pegging Onan/Onan the forniphiliac/Onan plugging in
the appliance/this urolagnia/electricity for/Onan sitting on the sprinkler/Onan for scat
slaves for slavery

the reversible tablecloth

the cuffed testicle

Onan in the somersaulting
hamsters feigning

weevils with large cheeks

the question of the pouch

I am writing this with a finger inside my

books about books and words about words

this capacity to respond

in responding to

Blanchot distracted

the semantic blur

negation affirming its inability to

without letting itself be designated uninterrupted that inscribes itself while interrupting

smelling of decomposition there is no Lazarus the refusal of the thing

the experience of reading

Novalis among others

as a kind of intellectual offal
an irked pimpling
the holey twat
in a fit of pique
stammer the chipmunk there is no gender
The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life

affirmation of the Heraclitean

with zucchini bread

the problem of Kierkegaard writing
Muoyce

give Socrates a fucking rooster and be done with it

mere child's play
I went to Berlin I suffered greatly

Wilde's gross indecency sucking me off
Wilde's useless effemininity
Wilde's peacock lilies and blue china declaring their genius/although there is no evidence
for such a remark
how does one understand a flower understand a flower
the lack of secondary literature on Glas

something will happen

the deviations of nature of montage
automutilation and the severed ear of van Gogh
Lyotardian dissonance
Adornian atonality
Baudrillardian electronics
Deleuzian square tone
Derridean sinusoidal
Onan coloring the white noise with a finger up Brown's an uneasy oscillation there is no
frequency containing many frequencies with equal intensities Riemann caught in
Einstein's space sound waves for scribbles Brown scribbling motion Asia taking
scribbling seriously the remainder of a dog has just barked

Derrida with anhidrosis signifiers working up a
sweat significant dysphagia merely a mental retardation which may lead to amputation
Derrida with hypomelanosis
the animal responds
anastomoses disturbing deconstruction
as well as decreased urinary output Derridean oligohydramnios
Onanistic polyhydramnios
cela est faux

a sort of phosphorescence combustible after excitation ceases

Onan blabbering indifference
garbling the pointless digression
there is no poetry as such
adorned and unadorned
pseudostatements of desire
philosophy unthinking poetry poetry as the refusal of philosophy

the capacity for blunder

anxiety as a kind of existential solipsism
they become absurd
it is Dada it is not Dada
red in the face and wet in the panties
throbbing the irregularity

thought comes in spurts

indulging the sandpaper

Onan with a butt plug
and farted smut
in Nietzsche's brain stem fusing

that feeds on organic matter
incompletion as a constitutive gesture

in its mouth

and fucked the shit out of me

Hegel with a snorkel

snorting this

with meringue

where $[g_{ij}] = [g_{ij}]^{-1}$

in which no definitive answer is ever given
the treachery of the cough drop
Escherichia coli unable to sporulate gut flora
sponging the sea for stomachs and polypores mushrooms
the emergence of oxygenic photosynthesis
Archaea in a bathtub with Bacteria hanging itself out to Eukaryota wringing the
emulsions unequivocal to pH and salty semen
phylogenesis disturbing drainage
popsicles and
polyurethane for rubbering the inanimate yawn
there is my ceiling gruesome chatter
emptying flowers of their bedrooms
autopsied on an operating table are volatile

here we have already gone beyond the limits of philosophical analysis

Durcet, as a woman Socrates at Silling

I have forgotten my umbrella this umbrella a volume of Aristophanes under Plato's pillow this distinction between crooked and straight noses academics still scratching their heads in our mouths they are nothing but falsities

here we have already gone beyond the limits of philosophical analysis

Cioran a failed universe
Cioran the fanatic
Cioran the anti-moralist
Cioran the paroxysms
Cioran the last dandy
Cioran a failed Romantic the failure of the
monkish
Cioran the degenerate
Cioran a foretaste of epilepsy
Cioran the extremist
Cioran an elocutionary defects
Cioran a relief bordering on orgasm
Cioran an enthusiast of stupor
Cioran whistling
Cioran a monotonous aphorisms
Cioran the mad lucidity
Cioran these vacillations who quit smoking but never quit God

this turpitudinous pink
this chlorotic pink
this fascist pink
the twaddle of these pink puppets
a moment of inattention

academic interpretosis

on this immaculate page a gnat was making a dash for it

Mahakasyapa a flower remaining silent
thus do I see the Tathagata

the question of the Tao
the question of wu-wei
the question of wu-hsin
the question of tzu-jan
the question of te

the question of lila
the question of maya
the question of nirvikalpa
the question of rupa

the question of duhkha
the question of anitya
the question of anatman
the question of trishna
the question of avidya
the question of samkalpa

the question of vijnaptimatra
of cittamatra
Asanga in Vasubandhu's
the question of the Dharmadhātu
the question of tathata
the question of sunyata/of Nagarjuna against theory

of vijñānavāda

the question of chih-chih of mondo
the question of satori
the question of the koan
the question of za-zen
the question of a dismembered head an arm in a bowl of tea
Derrida a dangling modifier participate the modification

chortling the spoiled burglary

animal philosophy

a concatenation of unverified and unverifiable claims

there is no inaction

a splinter in Adorno's
Adorno damaging Aristotle's
Adorno damaging a piano
Adorno damaging life
Adorno damaging thought
Adorno damaging Nietzsche's gaiety
anything can be made to stand for anything else/Benjamin's anus is Bataille's allegory
only the quotations are of any interest
Kraus in a brothel

is garbage

the asses of certain women
the breasts of certain women
the thighs of certain women
the ankles of certain women
the feet of certain women
the legs of certain women
the shoulders of certain women
the backs of certain women
the pussies of certain women
the hair of certain women
the fur of certain women
the hips of certain women
the underarms of certain women
the fingers of certain women
the faces of the face

Derrida's onesidedness Derrida reading the Snellen chart with both eyes closed and is the
industry standard and has standard size letters and is normally viewed at a distance of

the question of the machine

the banality of reversal the banality of emendation

wood carving		and bracelets
	genitals on this canvas van Lieshout on this canvas	
Stockholder with wanton head and giddy		
Stockholder removing skin		
Stockholder stripping flowers		
Stockholder without grapes		
Stockholder hyphenating the comma		
Stockholder in a linoleum landscape		
Stockholder with goose bumps		
Stockholder with a trumpet		
Stockholder eating chicken in this white sauce		
Stockholder in the bowtied		
and swollen perfume		
Stockholder's fat for sardines		
Stockholder peeling the orange		
Stockholder among these cans	shrinkwrapping Stockholder's	
Stockholder pickled	the seepage	
Stockholder in bed against a wall		
Stockholder making this sandwich		

Derrida tattling on philosophy

Bergson dilating a flock of sheep		
the question of a spool		
the question of stretched elastic	of a tampon in Bergson's	
	disposable or washable cotton pads are recommended	
this papillomavirus of the mouth		this encephalitis of the
this chlamydia of the mouth		
this gonorrhea of the mouth		
this hepatitis of the mouth		
this herpes of the mouth		
this urethritis of the mouth		
this syphilis of the mouth		
this molluscum of the mouth		
this trichomoniasis of the mouth		
this immunodeficiency of the mouth		
cannot be cured		
sore from		

jockstrapping the fermentation the risen dough Onan stirring sugar in the alcoholic
 stuffing bread into this mouth
 this chancroid of the mouth inserting the urological napkin
 this donovanosis of the underdeveloped mouth
 this emphysema of the
 these warts for these sluts Onan the obnoxious
 may damage the mucosal lining of the
 Onan with mononucleosis crabs scaffolding the pubic chewy licorice
 scabs arranging the crabbing for grass

the question of being the ineptitude of the obvious a necessary fiction
 only on the slopes and for the slopes
 Heidegger experimenting with various translations
 Heidegger experimenting with etymologies
 Heidegger experimenting with associations
 Heidegger experimenting with dialogue
 Heidegger experimenting with poetic thought
 Heidegger experimenting with notes
 Heidegger experimenting with aphorisms Heidegger does not like modern art

detached parts of the Aztecs with jam for lipstick
 Acanthocalycium Acanthocereus Acharagma Ariocarpus Armatocereus Arrojadoa
 Arthrocereus Astrophytum Austrocactus Austrocylindropuntia Aztekium Bergerocactus
 Blossfeldia Brachycereus Brasilicereus Brasiliopuntia Browningia Calymmanthium
 Carnegia Cephalocereus Cephalocleistocactus Cereus Cintia Cipocereus Cleistocactus
 Cochemiea Coleocephalocereus Consolea Copiapoa Corryocactus Coryphantha
 Cumulopuntia Cylindropuntia Dendrocereus Denmoza Discocactus Disocactus
 Echinocactus Echinocereus Echinomastus Echinopsis Epiphyllum Epithelantha Eriosyce
 Escobaria Escontria Espostoa Espostoopsis Eulychnia Facheiroa Ferocactus Frailea
 Geohintonia Grusonia Gymnocalycium Haageocereus Harrisia Hatiora Hylocereus
 Isolatocereus Jasminocereus Lasiocereus Leocereus Lepismium Leptocereus
 Leuchtenbergia Lophophora Maihuenia Maihueniopsis Mammillaria Mammilloidia
 Matucana Melocactus Micranthocereus Mila Miqueliopuntia Myrtillocactus
 Neobuxbaumia Neolloydia Neoraimondia Neowerdermannia Obregonia Opuntia
 Oreocereus Oroya Ortegocactus Pachycereus Parodia Pediocactus Pelecypora

Peniocereus Pereskia Pereskiopsis Pilosocereus Polaskia Praecereus
Pseudoacanthocereus Pseudorhipsalis Pterocactus Pygmaeocereus Quiabentia
Rauhocereus Rebutia Rhipsalis Samaipaticereus Schlumbergera Sclerocactus
Selenicereus Stenocactus Stenocereus Stephanocereus Stetsonia Strombocactus Tacinga
Tephrocactus Thelocactus Tunilla Turbinicarpus Uebelmannia Weberbauerocereus
Weberocereus Yavia Yungasocereus the comedic jouissance the blood
flirting the penile effeminacy throwing her onto the desk and
of discharging Joyce over this bodily
I am so worried about her
she has no friends
she said she is lonely and she said she is not happy

the fragility of this erection

there is no secondarity Wittgenstein a prophylaxis against theory

with panang curry

I have nothing to write except what I don't know Cixous contra Socrates

Cixous defying categorization

Cixous writing the feminine this white ink

Cixous is not a feminist

inking the blank

this lag

this discrepancy the body itself

in particular as concerns masturbation seething these little girls

the phallocentrism of feminism Cixous spreading the naphtha the volatile petroleum
cannot be theorized

this paper penis

the erotogeneity of the heterogeneous dislocating a bird among furniture

the penis gets around in my texts

fondling a vacuum cleaner

lying to Picasso about The Continental Aesthetics Reader

The Fluxus Reader

orgone addicts

Situationist International Anthology

Oulipo Compendium

The Dada Reader customers who bought this item also bought

a much needed addition to the literature on

the banality of banality

decorating Oceania petroglyphing Oceania tattooing Oceania

enigmatic expressions in Polynesia/of the nostrils/against the truncated/and sometimes
the clavicles/are elongated/in various positions/in a thin pout/with the thumbs/slender
fingers/because of the disproportionate size of the/usually do not have legs/has long been
debunked and it is now understood that/are never intended to be complete/would abandon
a partial/with occasional lumps of/the question of reconstructed eyes/the question of the
tidal wave
Ahu Tongariki
the allure of the apocarpous
the beauty of
the pulchritude of
the gorgeousness of
the charm of
the prettiness of
the loveliness of
the appeal of
the grace of
the elegance of
the splendor of
the exquisiteness of
the glamour of the monoecious

an areola
the incomplete angiosperm

an elbow

the eccentricity of the circus
the eccentricity of the peepshow
this regression of attention
this incurable malady
allergic to
envious of the vaginal
bashing myself against this wall
dashing off with a dash of dashing about making a dash for the question of the dashboard
the ecstasy of the given
baffling philosophy
what Adorno means by materialism
what Adorno means by mimesis
putting my tongue in your mouth
eyes/sniffing your thighs/your feet in my mouth/aligning your shoulder with my/our

this brothel

fingering your

vaginal protrusion/sopping your wet/licking your glue from you/my ear in your/shoving
your toes like they beg to be/the peach undoes its hair for you/there are curves awakening
through these hands/pronunciating the/a sigh falls in this concavernous/cotton erupts the
lavender/in perfumy/in bed linens

the elitism of the inanimate refusing consciousness

is bewildering

patches of chloasma on this face plants confusing photography with
chlorophyll confusing the philosophic lamp
chlorinate the
intuiting Kant's manifold the gratification of tasting Kant's
the condition of Kant's possibility

the function of having no function

spelunking the blubbered
for obesity the ugliness of that carpet
puckering those lips/in white stockings/a cucumber in my/craving that/for craved
penetration/warming up the/stirring the spilled milk/a cup of froth to froth over/the
titillation of the proper noun/with a skirt up around that/squatting over/with hands to
adjust hands/seducing the ceramic/wetting the clay/and baked to make bricks/spreading
that couch/with those legs pulled up over/from underneath and long/with thighs moving
down into calves/the fleshy part at the back of the/where the line curves into
that/plumbing the indentation/that substantiality/plums in my empty pocket/Onan the
myologist/salted jewelry for nameless faces/horses riding horses/horses carrying
horses/horses pulling horses/this cannibalistic/kinkily the horsey/the musculature of that
couch/of that cleft lip/of that cleft thing/of the undifferentiating tongue/handfuls of ass/a

round patty of ground beef/a loin of beef/garnished with various condiments/the loneliness of this stuffed room/with cornbread stuffing/with chicken livers, capers, and pancetta/with spinach and ricotta/with oven-roasted tomatoes/with toasted almonds/with skordalia/with fig balsamic/with lamb cutlets/with stuffed capsicums/with caramelized peaches/with tarragon mayonnaise and bread stuffing/with salsa verde/with peas and chile/with hot and sour dressing/with garlic and yoghurt/with red wine/with rice noodles and coriander/with ginger lime and mushrooms/with tempura batter/with fried eggplant/with avocado salad/with haloumi/with basil and torn bread/with coconut cream/with berry soup/with amaretto liqueur/with lemon bread/with butterscotch sauce/with citrus sorbet/with those hands clenching the wall/Onan the taxidermist/those pretty fingers opened flat against that wall/that wall looking back/spreading that ass from behind/with breasts hanging from beneath/nipples focusing the armpit/something from beneath/panties pulled down around those ankles/leaning over that table/that finger in someone's/that finger in someone's/moaning the swallowed shriek/the feigned proposition/the feigned argument/the feigned thesis/the feigned resolution/with legs hanging over that/straddling this chair/with legs spread open/leaning back against the/with straightened legs to balance those heels/with one leg raised/bending that couch over/with thighs crouched to calves/putting those feet into my mouth/licking feet from those feet/the length of that sky to drop proportionate feet/whose long hair/and high heels/smooching the bovinely/the grunt of this herd/cattle to jerk cattle/my head around that hole/much of muscle contraction occurs/movement within/rubbing the femoral/rubbing the clavicle/rubbing the tubercle/rubbing the humerus/rubbing the ulna/rubbing the integumentary/rubbing the shaft/fingering the pore/rubbing the follicle/rubbing the papillary/tonguing the gland/smearing the pigment/hypodermis confused with epidermis/dermalizing the sweated hair/the nerved endings/connecting the tissue/sneezing the stretched mark/perspiring the/lathering the/sebum for smearing/rubbing the tendon/rubbing the epimysium/rubbing the fascicle/rubbing the myofibril/rubbing the troponin/stalking the appendage/elongating the appendage/appendixing the/rubbing the corpuscle/Onan the dermatologist/mad with encephalopathy/transmitting an infected Onan/the monologue can neither understand nor reply/that surprised biologists/and bent over/and standing up/on all fours/looking back at/with shoulders to lunge shoulders/holding one cheek open from this side/in the fur of the/with ankles and calves/squatting over this page/a throbbing in the container/nostrils for insertion/holes falling out of bodies/the eruption of the concavity/a tongue in my ear/these lips in these lips/this sex which is not one/furniture bumping into/Onan humping that couch/Onan the histologist confused with rubber bands/to swallowing a rubber band/teeth tonguing teeth/Deleuze uninterested in the labia majora/faces for opening crotches/the delicacy of/sirloin for steak/pork stew/Onan on a platter/across this room/belly to belly/with flowers opening those hips/with flowers sprouting those hips/frolicking in the grass/frolicking asses for grass/elastic for lubed piping/the anonymity of/these faces for plundering/buxom the Onanomastics/masticating the

Onan feigning Onan

eating squash in Tenochtitlan eating limestone in Palenque smearing myself with
 Tabasco sauce in with rubber people Onan with an enormous head
 Onan sharing a cigarette with Ixtab rolling a
 with all of their howling and squawking they did not worship this mud
 several false starts fuck Huracan
 this page is under construction
 tlachtli in Nahuatl ollamaliztli in Nahuatl
 cannibalism among the Aztecs
 crickets eating crickets with their hips, knees, and elbows the banality of cricketing
 flowers for

crickets writing poetry
 crickets for mathematicians
 crickets sacrificing crickets
 crickets bloodletting
 maguey worms inventing zero literacy in Mesoamerica art in Africa
 archeological evidence suggests that the accuracy of astronomical
 the question of decipherment/considering abandoning this text
 were not discrete and femurs
 the question of pottery fuck Columbus
 lost among the smallpox
 lost among the typhus
 lost among the influenza
 lost among the smallpox
 lost among the diphtheria
 lost among the measles
 lost among the Lost among Machu Picchu
 guinea pigs eating potatoes in large quantities the question of quality
 fermenting the Onan drinking paint thinner
 Onan deforming the cranial coffee stains on the Mayan carpet
 known as macular degeneration/illiteracy may follow/delirious in the chemical/Onan
 mixing nicotine and carbon monoxide/amputating the/like soot in a chimney/tarring the
 sidewalk/and hold the smoke in for longer/causing them to become clogged/stroking the
 peripheral/gangrene of the/and impotence/the question of the fatty deposit/of depositing
 fat/such as the fingers and toes/in the lungs are gradually destroyed/the question of
 breathing/birds experimenting with alveoli/stimulating the nervousness/watery eyes for
 acid in the stomach/Onan is dizzy/Onan with a persistent cough/Onan with yellow stains
 on its/the fertility of the facial wrinkle/such as pneumonia/diseasing the coronary/agitated
 Onan/Onan losing concentration/Onan with a headache/Onan smoking during this
 pregnancy

cholesterol for chlorophyll

the puckered wall cementing the staircase
Aristotle with hematospermia

the semantic globule
Aristotle swallowing semen the Platonic cumshot
Aristotle indicating a medical problem
Aristotle evaluated by doctors
the watery Derridean
the dried Derridean Onan clotting the sticky

genitals oblivious to your preposterous the theoretical gaze

Goldsmith singing
uncreative writing

the banality of hygiene

the difference between standing in the rain

of unknown origin
Onan disturbing Onan

Onan disturbed by Onan

making little dresses for stuffed birds
Orlan operating on Onan
unconsciously
bloodstains and relevant theoretical texts
the question of funding which are strewn about the room cutting Onan out of cardboard
Flaubert throwing this away Proust egging this on

common sense making an embarrassment out of philosophy

Ingarden is not an object Wellek concludes that
Derrida ontologizing Blanchot ontologizing Heidegger ontologizing
the question of copulation
this autoaffection Derrida unable to
as fallible as the theories they presuppose

the tinge

amounts to saying that and other stupidities of that sort

which it cannot incorporate

mimicking the Mimosa
plants for animals
Joyce drinking yellow Mallarme's yellow in the Derridean
there is no conclusion to be reached the Platonic underpants
pandering the of the encyclopedic
a transparent sheet separates it from madness Kierkegaard is mad
is silly

metonymy run amok

internal polylogue to write means to graft

critical theory with an agenda
art with an agenda

Neshat misrepresenting

the metaphysics of difference flaunting the baffled metaphysics

the question of interdisciplinarity

chicken with kneecaps

chicken with elbows

chicken with foreheads

chicken with toenails

anthropocentric chickens a certain amount of dullness

that blushes the flour/in this hole the sky unpours/and a green faints/there is pink/unfolding the eye/the screech/the cement that won't stick/there are mice running into white/a water sinks/into this flower/and a blush/in this hole/a green faints/there is pink to unfold the eye

Barthes provoking the Neutral

the refusal of this adjective
a white mouse

the stupidity of Ronell

Ronell writing

splurge the sniffed carpet

a readable and lucid account of

Derrida maintains

Derrida accepts

Derrida points out

Derrida surmises

Derrida argues

Derrida denies

Derrida shows

Derrida claims

Derrida suggests
Derrida concludes
stitchings and patchings

as Derrida will now attempt to demonstrate

Massumi the masochist

that I am

there is no equation an epiphenomenology of becoming
Celine with a damaged with trombones in its head
Celine grunting like a pig Hitler the Jew
Celine unable to communicate with others
Celine of a ruptured aneurysm
Celine the nihilist
in the stylistic incoherence of
this inertia
this failure
this anxiety
Celine the paraplegic

and mushroom soup

this metabolism this stomach these intestines
est une nevrose

Die froliche Wissenschaft

Nietzsche a quivering surface
Nietzsche a bumped glass
Nietzsche a thinking frog
Nietzsche riddling
Nietzsche's physiology
Nietzsche's question marks
Nietzsche a question mark Nietzsche to the point of recklessness enters a labyrinth
Nietzsche's contrapuntal the temperature of that tempo
this monster standing on its heads pronounced holy
this smell
Nietzsche vivisectionally
Nietzsche's ipsissimosity
Nietzsche's propensities for self-denial self-refutation and self-consumption
Nietzsche's alternating lucidity and delirium
Nietzsche wearing gloves and a delicate nose
Nietzsche accompanied by laborious vomiting of phlegm
the rest is disturbed screaming my wife Cosima a certain divine buffoon the problem now
is how to lose me who may devour you blinded by my blindness ~~If, how, and when~~
Tuesday I shall be in Rome

some mischievous little bird twittering

Nietzsche with a doctorate considering music
Wagner without a doctorate
Bataille without a doctorate
Blanchot without a doctorate
Mallarme without a doctorate
Kristeva with a doctorate
Celine without a doctorate
Merleau-Ponty with a doctorate
Cezanne without a doctorate
Derrida with a doctorate
Cixous with a doctorate
Joyce without a doctorate
Deleuze with a doctorate
Artaud without a doctorate
Adorno with a doctorate considering music
Schoenberg without a doctorate having considered music
Cage without a doctorate having considered music

Cioran without a doctorate and musically
Lyotard with a doctorate considering painting among other
Newman without a doctorate
Duchamp without a doctorate having considered
Baudrillard with a doctorate
Jarry without a doctorate
Wittgenstein with a doctorate considering music
Onan feigning a doctorate disturbed with music among other
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pZg&"fiúÓ
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q îæÖùìðμôflüÖðñ

this orgasm refusing itself
this uncomfortable prokaryote
cytoplasm
blood from the rim
eating away at the energy of the sun

squashing an organ

the refusal to ejaculate plugging the hole
the stain cannot be contained

q îœÖùîôμôflùÔõñ
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Theses on Noise copyrighting Mattin playing the object

means without ends
I do not think that even if I
I can see now that it’s somewhat different from what I thought Matting reading Deleuze
Mattin reading Debord Mattin reading Benjamin
anarchism intervening politicizing the political when I get a headfuck whatever the
fuck that means when we start to play or when we start to talk about playing
whether I am aware of it or not Monteiro dealing with impermanent
and unstable materials
Hankil’s clocks questioning time Hankil playing clocks I still cannot say what it is

just a washing machine

as a force to be reckoned with by the body imagining sound
incoherent and hallucinogenic
processing a particularly dense page even a child could Xenakis performing mathematics
Rowe's radio as found object
unpredictably masturbating to images of French desserts
S.709

Nieuwenhuis as a creative act is more interesting than that which Nieuwenhuis creates
eating pancakes rarely have I written anything that would
lead you to think that I thought you were stupid

based on false and misguided

the taste of this indifference the fissuring of the and nothing else

mediated by the academic Baudrillard reading Cioran

morphological the irrupting picnolepsy the nongaze
the end of the vertical
the end of the horizontal
transplanting an engine for inertia Plato gardening in a garden

Rorty postphilosophically
arborescent lines of flight

Onan the pseudophilosopher
Onan the philosophaster

Onan with anorectal malformation imperforate postage stamps as it is very obvious

this persistent cloaca

having taken a dump, a Dadaist throws a light bulb
unlike the anarchist and more temperately dispositioned, Derrida actually wipes its ass
with a toothbrush Onan refusing to shit and spits brown

a blemish on the skepticism in the Academy
Onan puzzling the conundrum

such as amelia hemimelia aposthia ectrodactyly phocomelia polymelia polydactyly
syndactyly polysyndactyly oligodactyly brachydactyly achondroplasia gastroschisis
hemifacial microsomia aplasia hypoplasia amniotic cleidocranial dysostosis including
hydrocephalus microencephaly megencephaly lissencephaly polymicrogyria
holoprosencephaly analgia craniopagus parasiticus cyclopia cystic fibrosis hypospadias
diphallia ectodermal dysplasia ectopia cordis ectrodactyly holoprosencephaly
tracheoesophageal fistula esophageal atresia renal anomalies perineal anoplasty or
colostomy situs inversus ankyloglossia macroglossia esophageal web pyloric stenosis
choledochal cysts neurofibromatosis achalasia schizencephaly gastric or duodenal
ulcer gastroparesis malabsorption intussusception abdominal angina diarrhea bowel
obstruction rectal prolapse cirrhosis peliosis hepatis portal hypertension hepatocellular
carcinoma incontinentia pigmenti lissencephaly myelokathexis hydrophthalmia
oculocerebrorenal syndrome aneuploidy prunes in Proteus' belly

pragmatics undoing

bending over for Heidegger's archery
the nothing nothings nothing
Serres' pet ferret

jumping into the Planck

Latour petting that ferret

neuralgic le Doeuff

the banality of convalescence getting in the way the irreducibility of giving
givenness to the given donating corpuscles of Rothko not reading Marion soaking these
soaking these panties
applying foundation to the Derridean blush the banality of the vertebrate decomposing
Democritus Serres trying to read Lucretius swerving

around de la Mettrie
holding up traffic

molluskocentrism making an embarrassment out of
tactility of Merleau-Pontian tacitly incognito baffling the snowflake

Husserl baffled by the mathematic fingering Reich for pedophilia for an oblong
Benjamin accosting the librarian

hylomorphing the
Hyppolite reading Hegel for poststructuralism

regards intellectual intuition as

inexisting the mental for an object
scholars disagree as to the intentions of Scholasticism the ideology of ideology
Althusser in a sanitarium for massaging Onan's accidentally the topology of the
Lacanian mannequin paranoia in Baroque the mannerisms of the ornate characterized by
and using unusual words The Consumption
of Space misperceiving the anal living in Husserl's body perched on James 1912
Lebensphilosophie distinguished from Deleuze with a sore tooth plaque on the

cavities for molars

and escaping with a book in its pocket only to be arrested again
Onan with a pet gnat for Nietzsche

muffins for dumpsters

the impossibility of thinking that is thought the conventional consistency of Poincare

Baudrillard the Evil
Bataille the Evil
Lyotard regretting Evil
Nietzsche confusing Zarathustra
the banality of evil riddling the fault Heidegger the Gigantic a fuguist for Bach

Heraclitus the obscure

the misanthrope of manure to be misunderstood Heraclitus the riddler
considered a heretic by
Onan confused at the urinal cultivating this suffering these stretch marks

Derridean iterability Deleuzian repetition

Baudrillardian reproduction Onan adjusting the blender
the banality of Zeus dressing up

religion disturbing the Deleuzian Trinity for fictional thought
burying this Neanderthal cleaning this room

Minoans for plumbing

excavating the misattribution
Anaxagoras mixing a bowl of Anaxagoras for Onan

Hesiod unsuccessfully

the metaphysics of difference art is a three-lettered word

Onan raining Onan to drink that incestuous

for cosmological

philosophy as mythology Shiva beheading Shiva for an elephant this failure of objectivity
bodily embodied Egyptians Heraclitus with a pocket for Heidegger for a dysfunctional
reincarnation Socrates educating Alcibiades the question of education getting in the way
of Socrates Aristotle fled there is no answer there is no question sniffing gunpowder in
China wearing noodles in China eating eyeglasses in China Aristotle thinking Aristotle
Onan baffled there is enslavement feeding Camus to Prometheus for rotten liverwort
Gorgias exists Gorgias is intelligible Gorgias speaking about Gorgias Wittgenstein
continuing philosophy
Parmenides arguing
Zeno proving
the banality of the banality of the banality of philosophy

irresponsible Protagoras implausible Protagoras

Socrates on a pension for sarcasm for Onan the sophistry this doltish
skepticism knowing that skepticism doesn't know

is questionable

Onan taking a picture of Onan for Onan

Plato the puppeteer Socrates with a detachable mouthpiece

Plato the puppeteer Socrates with a detachable mouthpiece

for a tuba

Onan romping in the cave smudging Plato for shadows

Aristophanes with a hiccup under that paper cloud

Alcibiades comes crashing in
Alcibiades late for that party the beauty of Socrates' face for drubbery
ridiculed by and ridiculously Heraclitus pantsing Parmenides
pantaloon for the meddlesome
accountants for acclaimed academics
Aristotle of empty words and poetic metaphors demented Caligula demented Nero cats in
Egypt pythons in Australia cows in India birds in New Guinea pans for henotheism like
an animal in a balloon Carvakas setting this table Carvakas eating Carvakas
did not bother to write anything down
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did not bother to write anything down
did not bother to write anything down
did not bother to write anything down

Derrida the writer
content with writing

Derrida likes writing

darsana blind
theoria blind

committed to this adultery craving Buddhism somewhat murky

raveling the paradoxical in India Derrida with a map in India

Derrida pulling a cart for the methodic Descartes feigning doubt

the banality of those ideas

letting Bataille hold my head underwater Derrida pretending to drink that water the
banality of the bodhisattva Onan on crutches the charge of heresy charges of heresy as a
heretic for heresy al-Hallaj is God Onan the outburst Abraham the Jew Abraham the
Christian Abraham the Muslim Abraham the monotheist Zoroaster reading Akhenaton
Onan diving into that concrete Onan diving that concrete the banality of the sidewalk I
am a lesbian with a penis Plato with a flashlight for philosophy Galileo dropping
Aristotle from Teresa lost in this erotic room extrapolating the assassination skirmishing
the excommunication In Praise of Foolosophers Abelard
 buoyancy for flimflam

somewhat mirthful

maybe Vardhamana

reading Montaigne to
Pascal distracted by philosophy

confusing Spinoza with this emotion Q.E.D.

academia rejecting Hume tasting Hume's little finger sucking that prick

Holderlin not reading Hegel Socrates not reading Plato Schopenhauer experiencing Kant
 desiring Schopenhauer there is no palliative Schopenhauer pushing Deleuze
 down that staircase Derrida compensating Baudrillard resigning Kierkegaard a kind of
 poet seducing Baudrillard Marx writing poetry
 vacating the hankering the vacation for a spank

Kant writing limericks on a Sunday afternoon

der mensch ist was er Isst

academics hiding potatoes in couches ineradicable like the dog-flea an absurd profession

repressing the neurosis typing this manifestation

the article the

ballets of bloodletting

of tripping

Whitehead not reading Russell

with a guffaw

the meaninglessness of meaning

tongues for cheeking

the banality of evidence the banality of inevitability
Beauvoir growing old

reverse solipsism

The dandy, the flaneur, the addict, the derive, the nomad, the dilettante: commodity fetishism. I dabble. I squeak. Tripping up while tripping over myself. Tinkering about the circuitry with. You've dropped my fork. And falling off of Duchamp's bicycle into Stockholder. Pushing Arman into this accumulation. Lefebvre sitting at Alechinsky's table. To scrape Fautrier through the epoche irreducibly. This phony for the contortionist. The complexity of this theory. I strip Mobius of its aromatically. Polymathing the. Sade with a camera chasing Debord down the street for pasting in Isou's ripped skirt until and then. Unplugging Derrida's gramophone and watching it twitch. Licking the bland a horse for Kounellis backed against a wall and up for hours. Euclid baffled. I improvise mayonnaise in Japan. I leave my fluxkit in this hotel for Deleuze to play with. I fondle Rauschenberg's amputation. Cage contemplating silence in this screaming room. Chugging Plath's milk for Camus. Refusing to spelling something. Something is blue and. I struggle in Manzoni's tin. I shove McCaffery into the semantic. Barney's scrotum hanging from this wall. I sit on Kosuth's face. This orgy baffling Badiou. Tzara falling out of this bag. This is a poem. This is not a poem. Bataille is not a philosopher. I eat Dubuffet's crayons and shit a piano. Baudrillard silk-screening Baudrillard. This all makes too much sense. Stein elaborating that. Splattering microbes over the page. A daub of underarm. Pockets for poaching. Rewinding the theoretical on Lyotard's stage. Adorno not reading Heissenbuttel. Plagiarizing a bird. Pulling Godel's chair from underneath Derrida. Huineng reading this. Huineng tearing this before reading this. Applying lipstick to the acephalic. Applying lipstick to the thighs of. Autopoiesis disturbing the jar. These mouths in this mouth. These fingers in this eye. This autocunnilingus. This rudder clogging this sink.

Onan cannot even spell Onan, much less spell Onan. There is no stopping an idiot.

laughter in the library