

Astrozoica

:An *Opus Infama*

The Obscure works of Vladimir Napoleonescu

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Biographical Sketch: Vladimir Napoleonescu

Details of Napoleonescu's life remain, to pardon the grievous pun, "biographically sketchy". Most of the details we are given about his short life are through third-hand anecdotes and apocryphal sources that do not sate the biographer's desire to fix his or her subject in an arranged referential frame. Most of what is known about Napoleonescu must be deduced through a kind of logomancy and speculative feats of interpretation derived from his writings – scant as they may be.

We do know that he was adamantly Nietzschean in many respects, but there are moments when he passes over his break from the illustrious German philosopher in a kind of indirect silence. Sewn here are the seeds of his complicity and conceptual disagreements with Nietzsche's work. He is perhaps closer to his fellow countryman, E. M. Cioran, and although there is rumoured to have been an epistolary correspondence between the two incendiary figures, this remains textually unconfirmed.

From what purposes we can rally around the impossible name of Napoleonescu, he fancied himself – either by arrogant largess or as a devoted pupil determined to complete the work of his Master – the hier apparent of Nietzsche, which is reflected in the titles of his short books. Nietzsche had planned on continuing his will to power project, but tragically succumbed to the ravages of late-stage syphilis and was subsequently institutionalized before being released a few later into the care of his mother and sister in a vegetative state. In one of the few exchanges between Napoleonescu and a friend where he makes mention of his ambitious project, he states, "History has been forestalled, so many realms of pseudo-philosophical blather has been publish-bound, and all of the mistakes made in the 20th century (a century that never, in proper sense, actually *happened!*)...all of it on account of Nietzsche not being blessed with the fortune and grace of time to complete his master project for the complete transvaluation." Other than this, Napoleonescu remains a phantom, a mysterious absence, a question mark upon which our questions are permanently suspended.

We leave suspended for the critics and Nietzsche scholars if Napoleonescu actually succeeds in his task of "completing" Nietzsche, or if this is even possible. The befuddled reader and academic is not granted much by which to make such judgements, since what survives of Napoleonescu's output is rather minimal. He did prefer to work in the aphoristic style, and it is difficult to discern if this was a failed emulation or a dutiful fanaticism. We have here presented these aphorisms – sometimes rambling, unbalanced, whimsical, or without sufficient context – in the order they appeared in his surviving notebooks and in the pamphlets he self-published. The reader will note the narrative and rapid conceptual development in Napoleonescu's work, how it moves from somewhat sophomoric juvenilia to its high pitch of rigour in the succeeding aphorisms. The choice to include his earlier and not so compelling aphorisms was a decision based on this edition's desire for completion and to demonstrate philosophical development. For the scholar, this presents the benefit of seeing in the author's early writings the seeds of intellectual concerns that would be later

redeveloped and rearticulated with much more precision and conceptual puissance.

It is not known when Napoleonescu was born, and no knowledge of his real rather than pen name. Many of the existing accounts have a common consensus that he was born sometime in the late 1930s or early 40s in Sibiu, Romania. However, his nearly native-speaker proficiency in the English language, the fact that he never wrote in Romania, and the lack of reference to sociopolitical developments in his native land seem to cast doubt upon these attempts to pin the author down in the coordinates of space and time. There is no record of employment or indications that he was well-traveled. We do know with some fair accuracy from a handful of reports that he took his life on December 16th, 2006, and that a few of his correspondents were able to identify the body. There also exists a contentious claim that Vladimir Napoleonescu's real identity is none other than Jonkil Calembour, a claim not to be dismissed outright given the latter's predilection for constructing alternate personae as endemic to his self-proclaimed process of being a "living harlequinade".

Both the text and the author present us with some irreconcilable difficulties. There are lurid references to various American pop culture items that give us some indication of when the aphorisms were written, but the voice is never consistent. There are elements of Nietzsche, Cioran, and Céline in these aphoristic outrages that seems to suggest, vaguely, multiple authorship, and that the name Vladimir Napoleonescu is actually a composite mixture denoting a collective of writers in a collaborative effort. This theory was advanced by Dr. Martin Fallworth, an assisting editor for this edition, who was uncertain if the shifts in handwriting style in the notebooks were due to the author's unstable state of mind or the result of multiple authors. In addition, the poor state of the notebooks themselves may suggest that it changed hands repeatedly. Fallworth is currently subjecting the notebooks to a penmanship analysis in preparation for a paper he plans to publish on the question of authorship in the works of Napoleonescu. These curious deviations and inconsistencies thrust the hapless editor into a kind of Borgesian mystery.

A note about this edition: it was decided to reprint all of Napoleonescu's notebooks and pamphlets in their full and unexpurgated form. The only editorial interference would be in removing obvious repetitions between the notebooks and the pamphlets (preferring, in some cases, to choose the pamphlet version of an aphorism under the assumption that it is the edited and intended final copy the author would be comfortable with), the excision of rough notes with their violent strikeouts, and the numbering system insofar as his works did not contain numbers – instead, the editors chose to number them according to the order they appear in his notebooks and the release of his pamphlets. It was also of some interest to bundle many of his introductions and prefaces together since there are some notable differences between the notebooks and pamphlets. The works presented here most likely extend back a few decades, earlier works reputedly having been destroyed by the author himself. Some light revision was undertaken by the editors for the purposes of clarity and structure, but with strong emphasis on showing fidelity to the intention of the author.

Kane X. Faucher

Introduction

On May 23rd, 2006, someone by the name of V. Napoleonescu

I, prince of vehicular punditry! I reject wholesale the plutocratic pledges of greedy cabals as they so feign dignity and equity in their quarrelsome manner, smirking all the while while the shining white eye of Masonic predilection for ridiculously impossible global dominance presides over their actions, acting as governor and executor of acts! O sour note of our times! O distillers and handlers of fear in the guise of a freedom to come, as prostituted as all congressional and state matters! O manipulation of the presses and their willingness to be manipulated! O grand tides of money washing over the prices of every head! O hatred of a desert that will continue its reticent feature, never to yield to the tyranny of the oppressive slave caste of redder white bomb blue! There are no temperate voices in this warring tempest! There is no question that I am the firebrand of spirit, of only the freest spirit!

I, Vladimir Napoleonescu, unacknowledged return of Nietzsche, persona non grata in the land of counting houses and its vicissitudes! I, Vladimir Napoleonescu, despiser of the willingly mollified mores and saccharin value systems of obnoxious repetition! I heard the rustling in the grass and saw there the national snake, emblematic as the sun and the rigid eagle that soars above it! O noosphere and blogosphere where these outrages can take place, let what a truer freedom become take hold of the hearts and minds in ways that do not necessitate command and control in the mundane fashion of our selected military pontiffs!

I reject the vapid Napoleonization of lands, and whittle critique into the lintels of American-Roman relation like the most indelible graffiti of our era! Let these messages burn brightly for other ages to swallow whole with eyes intent on obtaining knowledge of another type!

And, as we know, there is no freedom and no altruism--just idealized jokes these concepts are, fed to us as grain to the bovine who will only munch without question! For what is true absolute freedom? It is to be unhindered by any power, to go to the limit of one's power...but even in the most reclusive and nomadic sage of the hillside must still abide by his slavery to the elements of physics. And of altruism, that too a joke...No such thing! A fable! A fairy tale! All hokum and a waving of the concept-wand to transmute resentment of the world into a disguised resentment alone! Every act is done for some kind of self-interest--so let us finally admit of our egoism and not show pride--for we are a reactive species. Even I, completely unleashed being who does not act out of fear of consequence, can be show at bottom to be a reactive man as well. But that I acknowledge and realize this, and that I have knowledge, will make me freer than the likes of those who still believe the myth that we are one, that everything can be reduced to the good and the useful, that our values are ineffaceably right! Surely, I cannot truly glean whether those who still espouse this belief in a higher duty, a la Kant, are flagrantly arrogant or merely crudely ignorant! That is a matter parsed out for no reason, for the outcome will invariably be the same! The very same fashion delegates and hordes of value sick-fed customs will disseminate further the necessity for our habits to act as

princely in the home and humble in our exchanges--and yet to we manufacture and release the bombs of our values over the heads of those who have no desired interest in our churches! Why must the Crusades--so archaic, so déclassé--continue without the instructive redressing hand of wisdom? Not that I trust wisdom to ever be responsible...As it stands, modern wisdom can only be known by its one virtue of neglect.

And lo what do I hear from the screeching and keening harpies on the sidelines who critique my project and declare me a bad player at the tables of bad conscience, who may indeed lump me in with the “evildoers” to be liquidated by the state’s trigger-happy apparatus of difference-hatred? I hear only what tone underlies their keening, for one must dig deep for any substance in the lack of variation in their mimicking bird-calls! I find, beneath these ornitho-logoi shattering peaceful air, one item alone: a fear and hatred of the one who loves knowledge! Let I call myself a philosopher in unabashed style, but the first of my type, perhaps the first philosopher! Aristotle was merely a body accountant with the long ears of an ass...Socrates a quarrelsome drunk...Descartes an unpleasant accoutrement of a mechanical paradise...Hegel a fixer of fights in the transcendent! What need we of these faux philosophers? They would have no other fate in this day but to run for public office! But I digress...These harpies do not recognize the names I spin on the rolodex of time, for these harpies know only the spin of their media nests and the colour and preening of their own plumage! With their eyes that see far behind television reading glasses, they assume that they see farther than they do! Yes, the range of sight extends only to the border, and everything beyond the cultural bubble is too far, and is therefore distorted! Ignored! Perceptions of the Middle East homespun in the tired fabric of our rhetoric! Our way of seeing which is assumed to be absolutely right! And what else do our eagle-eyed harpies of the many too many see? They see two men punch each other in the face for money or a staged battle on the gridiron to chase after an contained oblong chaos! Let me say this to you harpies: I consider not your pecking beaks upon my skin, for you are at the precipice of your one only contribution to history: *cheerful barbarism!* Let your savagery and smiles be reflected, sans narcissism, to demonstrably indicate what monsters you be (rather than your claim that you fight and subdue them!)...

O rumbling war-elephant America! Heed the words of your enemy’s book, 105:1-5, and how the Muslims know all too well the outcome of this dangerous game! It is written there that clay stones pelted the invading elephants, was it not? But I assure you of a different fate, America, one that will not be as elegant as the allegorical words of a book you have been bred to despise...And around the neck of your high cabal will be the embroidered silk cord of the noose you fashion for yourself. Your military will outpace you, slanderous politico-generals of fomented mistrust and exacerbated rhetoric! The soldiers will rebel against you, the grand artificers of global discord, and then pillage your hoarded stores of wealth! At first, your fall will be the military dictatorship you unwittingly created, and then the ungainly features of decadence from another plateau will be the arrow which flies straight and true to the arterial source, puncturing your lifeblood in a wound that will not close until you are drained dry!

O titans and clay colossi! I watch you belch your tired beliefs in your campaign trails...trails little more than paved Roman roads laid there by your great historical figures, the same reliance on diminishing expectations and the disrepair of the ages! You are in no way as great as the golden halls you have erected around all your lackluster figures of the past, and America has no heroes! For as long as you erect walls around the fishbowl of the fourth-world conditions of the slaves you have only in word liberated, you will gain nothing in respect, and only half in fear!

When will the liars and artificers finally erect their fortress as if to invite a siege? This Fortress America, coming soon! There will be no trolls under the bridges other than the ones you handpick or "elect", and behind the great walls of your republic will seethe the ripe principle of decay! No matter how high the wall you build, all of us will still smell the rot of your decline, the open dirty groin of your nation suppurating in its last throes of syphilitic dissolution! Please build your fortress quickly and cordon off your self-aggrandized garden--behind walls, perhaps, you will become private global citizens and finally disappear! Make this fortress a complete and accomplished act and cut off all ties, not even debts to you should remain! Complete severance! Do you shut us all out or shut yourself in? Become the shut-in nation and bother us no more! Keep your circus to yourselves! I think it safer to keep the half-mad Christian reactionaries behind tall, inescapable walls, and quieter too!

The glittering spectacle of the spectacle! O you tongue-twisted glam-war machines in your star-moon-bomb boots and interstellar solar womb-suits! I await your crossing of the finish line of your space race and your full realization of a 1950s style sci-fi domination of the universe (as fools lay claim to the biggest and most unmanageable of spaces!)...And your plans to find oil on the moon or gold in the Martian deserts--all laughable folly! You will quickly learn, as your ignored scientists continue to petition, that there is nothing but dust and iron in the beyond, and that to look outwardly to continue a way of gas-swilling life is but a shabby pretense not to seek *another way of life*. I would grieve for the sorrow of the universe forced to welcome your imposition upon its untouched reaches, but I know only too well that the universe neither recognizes your sense of dominion nor will it willingly open its bosom of treasure to your technological pricks and pokes! I fear not that you will subdue outer space any more than I fear the mammoth will conquer the tar envelope in which he has unwittingly found himself sinking! Besides, the universe's bounteous treasure is of *a different type* that you will never appreciate or understand, and your constant probing for opportunities beyond the Gaiasphere will only rush past the truth of space to chase after ideals that are nothing more than the phantoms of your projected sick desires! This lesson is the hardest for you to learn, as you have not learned it here with the cornucopia of truth on earth: all space is boundless, and all partitions of ownership according to stale timocratic ideas turn out in the end to be the false glitter upon a ground that is so easily whisked off by the first indifferent wind!

Toward an Explanation

Have we not had done with explanations, endless in their diversity, their bland types?—But, lo, I am called upon yet again to explain, to make *concrete*. And so, this title, this etymological aberration of *Astrozoica*, a free and all-too-liberal

merger of the Greek and the Latin. And, why? Let me say that it is because the classical age is cold, a mortuary with a chilling zephyr. *The classic age is little more than a historical typo.*

So, am I heralding the Great Age of Astro, a whole new era of what Nietzsche called the great transvaluation? No, not quite, unless we are to bear witness to the conflagrations that must first be *felt* and *reflected upon*. The river rushes to an end, and the vessels of projected ego-ideal apocalyptic buffoons will hasten in order to edify themselves as being right. And the joy in being right?—as the ignored prophet, the solitary sage, the lonely philosopher, the recluse knows: *none*. The astrozoic age will be one where not only Christian morality lets out its one last strong miasma, pushing the sails of crusader fanatics, but the other faiths, too. An unquestioned Islamism is as dangerous as an unquestioned Christianity, as an unquestioned Hinduism, an unquestioned Buddhism. See how they colour everything still, beyond the sciences, and into what we so cheerfully and barbarically call our *virtual utopia* of new digi-media. It begins with a shrewd innocence, our question, and then we proceed to thump harder that the “why?” may be firmly lodged in the reformulation of the question itself. It is this “why?” that resounds, and it is the ignoble that hasten to give it an answer.

Preface: The Ode to Nietzsche and Prologue to The Free Spirit

Twice! Three times! Another! Bloody fishwife doubloons of hate-war and their addled demographic of anal leakage and televisionary bric-a-brac! They are they, too many, screaming all sorts of obscene merchandising gestures and Hallmark gimcrack incentives into my ears while worshipping a clown god under a hamburger sky in a tempest of pop-up emails and grease! They say I am too hardened, negative, bitter...In sum: too full of life! Choking on life, and I am no essentialist! Every word of my wisdom was gained at the gunpoint of fate, in dramatic showdowns with constant failure—I have the wounds! “Collect your little words in a book,” some unbearable sot said with Wagnerian opera creeping behind his walls like a threat. For sure and certain! Shall I make a show of my tragedies like so many jilted and bilked French writers? Should I put on my best Celine game face and fall all over myself in maddening apoplexy or fits of animal screaming? This is what the parlour of the Pleiades is looking for! Another literary waltz, another theoretical nibble, another asinine Punch and Judy extraordinaire to pad the Arts Section of the local mid-brow papers! Have I considered a movie of my life? Do I look like an alcoholic rocker with pretensions of singing the blues, only to die in a stinking crotchhole of a bathtub in Paris? I’d sport a big black swastika tattoo on my face well before then!

And so I have decided to lay an egg rather than a legacy. Yes, I have mountains of notebooks that I carry with me everywhere, full of unapologetic vitriol and lament—but TRUE every word of them...So true that it is best kept in a dark cellar marked for arson. The best fate I can ask of my works and labours is that they do not make the stale upper-supper-crust circuit for navel-gazing poltroons who dab at life with a long stick behind an oak bookcase bubble...I would prefer that hooligans came across my works without knowing who I was, read them aloud in derision, fall into sick laughter, and finally set them ablaze or defile them with their soiled body cavities. That, my friends, is a more fitting and noble end to my work!

I have been asked in premature fashion to prepare a collection of my musings. I say premature on the grounds that I am not done yet, and perhaps never will be. I say premature also for the reason that I will not be adequately received and understood until great and monumental changes take place in culture that may take centuries to unfold. The people are not only missing, as Deleuze said, but they are not yet here! They are not ready for me just as yet, and I am not about to make myself accessible for the slobbering rabble-ass shit-flingers in the circus of despair! Doors and bridges are accessible, and our age has no lack of accessible things. I am not about to reduce myself to the level of the people’s convenience just on the account that they are lazy and want the “meaning” dished up to them in For Dummies handbooks and Coles Notes disaster point-form simplicity. I am as intolerable and unapologetic with the world as it is with me. I think that is only fair, all things concerned.

I have since fallen from my grace and fame period—thank Valhalla and Fate! Thank Allah and the Cosmic Pig! I am no longer very popular anywhere I go. I have been all across so many lands, accruing enemies and credit card interest at a life-crippling rate, but through it all the question has remained: was it

worth it? Ah, have I had done with VALUE by settling on the value of my traipsing through life and love? I still hold out for more noble values—

Fame makes me too accessible, and I have already alluded to my feeling and value on that score. But let us talk about music and the tiresome thirty-year cycle, shall we? I feel somewhat passionate about music, to the point that I am unwilling to torture my ears with the bland soporific saccharin Mini-Pops Michael Bolton style money-grubbing pedigree of bad hair bands and gimmicky bullshit. Free jazz from the experimental late 60s Germany or avant-noise projects that are too slippery to be gentrified for me. Music is a very useful index of any age, as it is yet another media storehouse of how a culture views itself, the values it holds dear, and the problems it faces. The periods of true grit and cathartic aesthetic would be the 1930s, 60s, 90s, and the 2020s. I cannot fully explain without falling into assumption why these gripping and meaningful movements occur every thirty years...Perhaps it has something to do with the pendulum swing from one generation to the next, from left to right. It may also have something to do with economic prosperity or lack thereof. My highly appreciated decades have all succumbed to financial ruins. But it is in this time of strife that the greatest creativity surfaces. Take, for example, the idealism and the madly wild creative period of the 60s and you will begin to see my point. Psychedelia took center stage, laying to rest all that 1950s happy bourgeois bullshit of ducktail haircuts, cars with fins, Elvis, and the perfect WASP family. The 1950s were a large illusion, a stifling lie of order and prosperity, a triumph of deadly conservatism. Following the 60s came the disillusionment of the 1970s, a time of weary spectacles and parodic over-the-top acts signaling the decadent decline of the 60s ideals. Then came the 50s part two: the 1980s. Happy cocaine big business era of repression under the tyranny of King Reagan and Bush. Big hair bands approved by the parents' committees, and dreadfully boring (thank god for punk). And then the 90s came with the fall of the Berlin Wall and the recession, ushering in many angst-ridden lyricists of the grunge era. Add to that decade an apocalyptic feel (as erroneously Christian-based as that was, although still real insofar as so much cultural investment went into making it so) and you have the making of a Sophoclesian decade. I mean, who could deny the surprisingly potent and apt words of Mr. Kurt Cobain: "I miss the comfort in being sad"—What a startling critical shot against false 80s happiness and the rise of pharmaceuticals that have made it almost immoral to be happy ("no more excuses for unhappiness: regulate your emotions today with little pink pills!"). The early millennium decade, like the 70s, was a glut of spectacles: reality TV shows, Jerry Springer white trash KKK slugfests, pop star contests, behind-the-scenes exposes of "how we made this or that show or movie", S&M tongue-in-cheek documentaries so tiresome and weary as we talk sex to death in our attempt to repress it with our overexposure and body-hatred/fear. So there you have it...The Depression, the war in Viet Nam, and the apocalyptic feeling are all one and the same milieus of great creativity of which I was proud to be alive, well, and thinking. Conversely, the 1920s flapper-girl prosperity, the 1950s fat-belted suburb-building boom, and the go-go neon pink 1980s of big business are all examples of creative ebb. Of course there will always be exceptions. I pride myself in being a constant exception, if only because I am a resolute ironist.

But we seemed to have drifted, haven't we? So you think me negatively, outright outrageous? Ho-ho, my little caged bird, just you wait until I set you free into the real living world of colour and flames! Living in the practical republic of that kingdom of ends where the "bottom line" prevails may seem real to you (as the indisputable proof of production-consumption issues from your spasming anus down to the bed of your lined cage!)...but—But! (always a but)...just shadows on the cave walls! Just because we can appeal to this shoddy and cadaverous, diluted and cancerous, aseptic and unilinear conception of the "real", it does not make it so, no, no, does not make it so. So...parade out all your petty vengeful logic that does nothing to persuade me. I have seen such colour, life, motion, chance, and laughter so that anything you could demonstrate to me from those ledgers of the practical real pale in comparison unless the purpose is to sadden me to your terminal condition. You can only offer me the grey walls of tepid and bland Reason as a poor defense, all of it that belies your allegiance to the businessman-gunman-axeman and other spectacle fiascos of your morbid era...the unending era! When the entire edifice of majoritarian values comes under its next crisis, and the degenerate slobs of the disaster are struck scared with the brimstone of Nature's revenge, take care not to count me among your ridiculously ordered ranks of the codiform failure.

Yes, Nature's revenge, but not some backward Rousseau libertinage pining for the civilization of LITE beverages fed through the mesh of pathetic moral reason. The trees cannot gain the support of a reasonable overlapping consensus between their finger foliage and the many overprinted flags of the Sad Republic of False Tragedy! I had watched with joyous eyes as the fall of one building begets another, an inverse womb, the creation of pure vaginal space at the very base of Amerikacious penility. I sometimes play the tape backwards, observing how the standing tower produces the airplane from crumpled, fiery wreck into a pristine missile of vengeance, right back to that one moment just after the mediocrity of the passengers' flights was shaken by the destiny of the age. No more false apocalyptic feel, then, not like that scene in *Deerhunter* when the gunshot was always deferred in that Vietnamese betting circle roulette. Yes, those twinning towers, a becoming-cunt, unknowing of its fate. But panic makes the people buy, buy, buy, as if another set of pale overproduced linens will fill the growing chasm of the fearfully inevitable. Perhaps this will be the day that we margin-aliens cast off our silly and ridiculous titles that lay claim to the margins inasmuch as a margin presupposes the viable existence and lordship of a mainstream creampuff center. Perhaps this will be the day when the justice of the great few will prevail over the sick power of the many. Perhaps my steps will be too measured, my words too loud, my actions too conspicuous in this era of fear, and I will be made the first enemy before the firing squad electric chair of American barbarity. People do not like their illusions shaken, and this is why we must dance lightly around patriots lest we succumb prematurely to their vile wrath...It would seem that the people fight more fervently to preserve a lie, perhaps realizing deep within themselves that their hold on the real has suddenly become very tenacious indeed. Deadly injection of the monoethal. The one-shot finish like so many cum blasts in the pornographic fabric of the culture's bloated desires. Problems have solutions, so say the demagogues who fan the fires of culture-hatred with asbestos-lined flags marked black and white. It makes me

wonder if Hitler was such a bad guy after all compared to this. We have merely given our monsters cushy jobs and showered them with flowers, wreaths, and Roman laurels as they parade their war plans before us...they, the illusory conquerors who annex the lands but fall impotent to arrest the spirit. Their only power is in manufacturing caricature villains a world away (details? Complexity? We're too crude and stupid for subtlety and accuracy!). We'll need more than a grain of salt to take with these heaping doses of Hollywood-ready motifs so predictable and binary. But I am much too old to believe in monsters. I see bullies and victims across the globe, nothing more.—But perhaps I see something else in ascendance...something not like, but *is*: the free spirit!

1. The Free Spirit

1

What makes me vomit, or what keeps the last and finalizing urge to banish the contents of my gastric fare. Certainly, for the latter, not the potpourri plaid of sickly repetitive morality. These fishmongers with their whiny pride! These sour IKEAmaniac dervishes with their hands clutching the cross so tightly! These flagrant value parade floats with their pink and yellow bloated bellies while piloting God's fuel-efficient bubble-SUV replete with all the mind-liquefying accoutrements of bland Disney *entertainment* and bongo-headed baubles! These wretchedly frugal-dress-down sots with their suspiciously over-polite bourgeois twaddle! These prattlers of television clichés who fret endlessly about their lawns and the magnifying lens on specific parts of their underworked bodies. These trifling types who chase after mediocrity and banality like mind-bent junkies, who chase out and away anything that clashes with their muted décor of prostrated failure! These consumers of endless tons of pointless rubbish and media intoxicant reality game show soap opera sitcom arena playoff pageants! These lifeless husks riveted to their ass-friendly ergonomic chairs, their wrists dangling Baroque limp and helplessly over gooshy pads for mouse-manacle internet digit-twiddling! These despairing families at the very apex of falsity! These cheap and gaudy whores with their knick-knack psychological baggage kept sequestered with closet organizers! These fashion zealots and enemies of art! These trend-obedient retro-futurist jerks so conformist-uninformed in their subboxed-xeroxed uniform homogeneous stasis! These clowns of worn-out wisdom bought and sold Hallmark-McDonalds way! These empty confectionaries and dispensaries of instant cure pill-mediated lobotomies! These fiendish harlots whose only joy is in feeling vindicated whenever the "jock" puts one over on the "nerd" in some tiresome American media stereotype fetish as fresh or stale as striped bellbottom trousers on a disco corpse! There is a greater justice, and until then my stomach will continue to roil! Vomit is the last form of personal protest. But, never fear: there is a way...

2

Ho-ho! Each year, American high schools endorse the genocide of over three million frogs for the purposes of vivisection in biology labs—imagine how much higher this rate is in universities. I do not wish to get waylaid with a long polemic against the saddening and alarming acts of animal cruelty (to which end, there you sit, my dearest bourgeois or proto-bourgeois reader, as unbeknownst to you most of your cherished or innocuous household items that have brought you the maximum of convenience have brought so much torture in testing laboratories to the most defenseless of our earth's creatures). Instead, I would like here to draw up a parallel example: the genocide of taste. It would seem as you specify yourselves in the workplace (stapling departments, photocopying departments), the apex of alleged progress is monotonous. Just as you sit there atop your mountain of commodity crap that you never knew (or cared to know) was being tested on animals (the same animals you read about to your children, the

animals you brought your children to see incarcerated in zoos, the same animals you feed them at dinner time), it is the same with your mediocrity. It is stifling! Every ounce of flesh, effort, every cent spent on your mundane entertainments that only reinforce the weakest and basest of human values, is what you take away from the truly adventurous. Yes, that now endangered species of animal known as the artist or the daring scholar! You feed the empires that drive them out or force them into abject assimilation under financial Darwinism! A gray new world, so much like the older one, but grayer! More like a tomb...a pathopolis of your body image problems and techno-induced anxieties leading toward a necropolis of stillborn desires! And perhaps your eating of the fairy tale Peter Rabbit at the family meal is merely yet another instance of your modified barbarity, your recrudescing Christian vampirism...Yes, you read about the exploits of Christ, and then you attend a mass where you consume his flesh and blood while worshiping the instrument of his torture as some highly vaunted symbol of your faith. How sick is that? Dare you call me a degenerate deviant for abhorring your little postmodern Roman circuses of popular sports, my irreverent laughter at your silly Christian rituals, my absolute loathing of all the porno-violent substrata in all your media that objectifies only a secretive hatred of life? I have too much love in me to passively endorse your deathstyle boutique of half-chewed saccharin values in your matrix of flesh-hatred.

3

A large withdrawal from the Royal Prussian Bank of Hegel (stuffed with Swabian Marx...marks, who(m)ever. Of course! Capital is the most sophisticated and effective means of Christian triumph and ero-political transportation! Debt and credit unto virtual *Krist!* All gather at the altar of consumer cashier cash register of sick values, all tithes payable to the stock market pope! Buy your dispensations, values, and suburb retirement picket fence posies here! Revealed theology is in your wallet!

4

The most grievous affliction of our modern, all too modern, age beyond that of the tattered shroud of the patriot's flag is...--an old affliction! Crutch of the simple masses! I speak of popular sport as it is played out over so many electrified circuses, replete with the electro-edified gladiator icons of worship whose value is based on the arbitrariness of statistics ("he scored 244 goals in x number of seasons": and this is supposedly a treasured and desired set of skills!). it is the favourite of the slaving mob of sick degenerates who deny life and art in favour of false idols. It is the triumph of anti-intellectualism par excellence, an impuissant disaster! Each moment spent gawking at our trained animals on ice or gridiron is another moment viciously stolen from much needed reflection, another dollar snatched from the struggling painter or philosopher to prop up a failed empire of decadent failure and despair! Now is the time to dust off the manifesto for meritocratic syndicalism. Yes, let us see how the athletics industry stacks up next to what is really important!

5

Philosophy has become both a business and a bloodsport, taking its lessons from the paltry domains of the reactive throng. O when will philosophy cease to serve the State and wander from the shadows it creates for itself?

6

Philosophy dissolves its painstaking gains in the failure of its insecure vanity. It wants respect, acclaim, and acceptance like an aging starlet looking desperately for that one last flashy gimmick that will win back the crowd. But the crowd continues to thin! Perhaps even the crowd has higher expectations than that! Even if you add the sex and gunplay while chasing after the people screaming “I have the truth!” there is no guarantee that any heads will turn. The trick is this: philosophy must both turn back to itself, not appease the indifferent audience, and gaze outward with well-trained eyes that can witness the everyday with critical acumen. We are in dire need of philosophers who will take the hardest path of all, to bravely take on the mantle of cultural physicians. Creation is bravery; repetitions are nothing but fairy money in the gloaming of day!

7

What will become of philosophy at daybreak? It will see its shadow once and for all.

8

Let us hope for Jihad and the death of the flag. Let us rejoice as artists and thinkers alike as the cages topple all around us! To the frontiers and limits we will fly—and beyond!

9

Patriotism is religion for those who are too lazy to spend their Sundays crammed in the pews and would rather hate their neighbours from home.

10

The democratic, electoral process as it so stands is the ugliest face of choice. The grotesquery of the voting booth is a symbol and testament to the false luster of banished hope and fairness. All those who have felt the same, who have made meticulous arguments to that effect, have all been branded as unsavoury.

11

Cliché poetry is always about the things you don't have or the things you cannot get rid of.

12

No such thing as negation! Negation depends on the positivity of something to be negated. So where do we begin? How can philosophy start? Is there an answer that will satisfy everyone? Let us continue creating and see what comes of it all. If anything, we still have our bodies and our concepts—equally malleable and motile.

13

Every value is forged from either a feeling of love or hate. This is the way in which they are born, and in direct relation to at most one thing loved or despised. Name me a value that does not begin with one principle, that one principle criticizing one thing, that criticism based on either love or hate. Any genealogist of values knows this old trick, but let us not believe that absolutely everything can be pared down to this binarity.

14

We watchful sentries of cultural history—ourselves also thankfully imbued with a prodigious cultural memory (culture headaches are par for our conditions) and so damn ready to shoot from the hip with incendiary critique—haven't been asleep at the desk, or up in the tower staring numbly at our feet! Of course we could smell those foul odours of the old all around us! That was the ever-present decay of Madison Avenue mass marketing as the glittering next new gold cow was forced upon your desire. The whole gamut! Clothes, music, food...just filler! Straw! As cheap as possible to produce! To the highest bidder! Fated for the landfill! All that you love, you love for its promises of eternity while you know all too well its ephemerality! A date with destruction! Planned obsolescence! Asinine and myopic! It is the same up in the tower, what with the excrement of tradition piled on top of us in anaerobic conditions. Even we scholars are subjected to being buried alive under the dung of traditional knowledge, stuck in a convection oven of bland and rotting carcasses! But as cultural physicians, we must know the symptoms well before we begin treatment.

15

Cultural physician's first lesson: all the allegedly beautiful, efficient, progressive, and convenient things that can be seen, felt, or heard derived from the sickest of values. Beware: it is still sickness that motors them.

16

Cultural physician's second lesson: everything has a shelf life, even those things that promise eternity. You must study well the iron laws of cultural apoptosis—the programmed cell death—that dictates what is now so lovingly called the “real”.

17

The Canadian novelist. Ah, how they pack and stuff their books...But they are like checkout boys who are indifferent to what they are packing. All that matters is order: no eggs on bottom! Bad eggs on top!—That's the way the writers are hierarchicalized: bad eggs on top! Stinking sheen of literati, fetid gravy skin! The meat—the good, hearty, nutritive stuff—always at the bottom, hidden, under the tyranny of decay, if it is there at all! Although we can respect the vegetarian's lifestyle, we should thoroughly despise a meatless kind of writing. Or maybe their books are just a taxidermist's birds: all colorful plumage so perfectly set in place, but no one sees the awful stuffing within. The mystery behind the oh-so-fetching plumage is disappointment, filler, clumps of random balled fibres. And then when I walk in on the banquet (for none of them would invite the vitriolic likes of me), they sit me down and expect me to feast. Feast on what? That is when the taxidermist's bird is plopped on my plate. I will not eat chaff! Away with it! I

cannot get fatly satisfied feasting on the bloated dead, the indigestion cliché! I'll set the place on fire, chuck eggs at the chef, open up the chests of young children, and dance around screaming, "I'm invisible; none of you look or talk to me!" But once the fanfare and bombast of their tepid little ceremony is over, I have only one request that they can never fulfill: to write something that, in each line, makes the reader loudly erupt with a "Yes!"

18

It is a tragedy what mockery you have made of philosophy! I have spoken of your ipseological temperament again and again...I will say little more on this. But it is here that I will stand up against you, for you do not cow me with the false luster of brilliance. Dare you burke my creativity and difference? I will not buy your logic machine. I will not eat them with a fox or eat them in a box. I boil down your Grice, your Searle, your Sellars, your Russell, your Carnap, your Austin: I make paste with your pride! What lies and fairy tales! No doubt you will be indignant to my attack, but it will do little more than expose your baseness, your ignoble and petty fear. The cruel fact of the matter? You are inappropriate...That's right!...It is not I who is the inappropriate one, but the censor-type that you embody. If I am sentenced to the margins of your tepid discourse, so fetid and vile, I am in my rights to say anything I please. And who here has the courage and the audacity to stand up to you, against your sour logical ontologies and machinic speech acts? Though I may be the only one standing, I represent a larger group who feel the same way, but are too meek to bare their chests to the rubber lance of tradition. Fear and rue the day that I actualize upon my full potential, when I grind you into the dust of forgetting. Pure obscurity will be your reward! Why do you fear and vilify resistors and resistance? Your own insecurities! Pathologies! Anxieties! Quivering inconsistencies! Misspent energies of unrequited desires! Lack of passions! Pure impuissant living! As the years go by, I will not be alone in standing.

19

The measure of rightness is conducted by a broken ruler.

20

Hegel gave Geist a knife called the "dialectic" which it still keeps pressed against the throat of the world. What keeps us from calling the postmodern Geist a pirate, a whore, a bandit, a thief, an intellectual rapist at (the) knifepoint (of the dialectic)?

21

The definition of parasite and person share a startling congruence.

22

The so-called necessity of adjustment...How comedic! And who is the adjustor, and by what right? Puerile model conformism of the overcoded mediocrity culture! Where O where is the *agalma* of the exchange (value)? "Be my adjustee" I see in your eyes, gawking so rudely out at me from your purring bourgeois mobile, still an infant in fear of his phantom God-bogeyman under his bible-belted

bed. Yes, you vermillionaire (notice how well I play my Heine!). “But look at you and your slovenly appearance! And that army jacket! A nose to spite the face or just a contradiction?” When will you learn that I am my own most capable judge, that I am not polling candidates? Oh, yes, I heard you and your sick value-informed opinion, but I am an ironist. If mine appearance doth offend thee, cut out thine eyes, you fiendish back-rabble zealot of the failed age of infant disasters and torpid desires!

23

A preoccupation—morbidly obsessive or fleeting—with the terrain of ethics is a personal disaster.

24

Can there be anything more bracing than failure?

25

To my loving critics: a response, quip pro quip.

- a) “You fly off in all directions”—at least I am flying!
- b) “You are intransigent”—what an inverted assertion!
- c) “You are too cavalier”—fixity breeds contempt.
- d) “You lack focus”—and you lack vision.

26

Institutions of commercial power are fond of inculcating neuroses among potential customers, for nothing sells a product or service better than fabricating panic—especially of the moral variety. The iron law of capital recognized: let us strum the lyre of fear!

27

An irony: gender equity. Does a gender-neutral title diminish the continued commodification of the flesh, or just grant it further success in the shadows?

28

Flesh-sale is flesh-hatred.

29

The vilification of vices will continue until the megacorporate will can exert influence enough to regulate them.

30

A plastic culture must now pride itself on its disposability.

31

Activism is now merely a commodified genre, a business venture, a narrative device, an edible piece of market merchandise, a quaint decorative piece of furnishing, a culture bent on archiving itself into nullity.

32

Expressed pride in being common, practical, accessible, and down-to-earth is an attempt to hide one's softness of head in matters of theory and conceptuality. Practicality is the tool of the obsessed, uninspired, and uncreative that fear change—and so should they be ruled by those who do have the vision.

33

Let us rejoice in the ending of one old sickness in place of a new one! It would seem that the bland soup of the commons has hardened and grown quite a skin...One would need a very sharp spoon indeed to access the *substance*, or better yet: the best appetite is to *turn away*.

34

The congealment of the unsophisticated impulse. By sophistication we do not mean the man who can bear his weight in ivory and in textual yoke. Yet now so many herd around that dimming television lantern; that mere image of spent fire consuming its own ashes (O so postmodern, this constant returning of the return...the soiled and sullied value of the return as merely the return of ancient sit-coms in retro fashion). One no longer needs a sharp eye but a quick and able digit...And so they delight in the great sickness of remote control.

35

So easily this laudable life (laudable by *whom*? Certainly only by a *people to come*!) succumbs—or better yet is assailed, leaving the body intact in its difference—to that specter of all insults: *ratio non sequitur*. But I am not haunted by their judgements masquerading as proposition! Yes, my arguments do not follow...Rather, they *lead*! Let them take *that* to their cyborg Jesus!

36

The gloom of sick empires. Who today among the haughty does not prescribe medicine for the sick empire at the expense of truly understanding *symptomatology*? And whose will does that serve, I wonder? I encounter so many who pen mere *reportatio* from the lectures of history, and who haven't the eagle's courage to make a flight, to move into *ordinatio*. We must beware those physicians of culture who diagnose too quickly, who prescribe too readily so many manifestes, for their eyes are fixed upon the legacy of their own 'I' stretched out over so many repetitive monographs! I hear you still! "Et tu Napoleonescu? Then fall I-Marx!"

37

The gloom of sick empires, II.—Who here is not infected with its gloom? So gloomy, yet the empire denies its sickness, denies that it is ailing unto death (and we must all shiver when Kierkegaard is even partially right!). Instead, it continues to commission the likes of the obedient to paint glorious portraits of itself, *the lie that obscures stars*. But the image of health is no substitute for the real conditions of health, and this real health is and can only be the Joy that follows the greatest suffering!

38

The dead can only live another day if they are frozen in space, like Disney. But here is the secret lesson: time decomposes the unmoving and unmoved. The overbearing stench of our era revealed!

39

Of children. O how they are besieged by the dull and monotonous technocraft of the day! What witchery beguiles the child and makes her obey! Best is the child who turns her back on so many talking mice and burger clowns, for it is she who is too busy *creating*. Strong is the child who says No to the false and glittering clamour of merchandise-unto-mediocrity, and gives her affirmative Yes to the making of all things different.

40

If only when the soldier died in battle that he would take his flag with him. Every raised flag is yet another foul resurrection of the bland patriotic majority and the erection of another life-denying military phallus. This spectacle is too old, and yet not old enough! I walk among the ancients and those of the future, and it is this heinous and fat middle that proclaims its military triumphs and patriotic zeal as progress when it is actually decline. And so I will always hold a measure of contempt for any form of progress!

41

Sick are those who fuss and fret over the perfectly manicured lawn in their suburban barrios, who despise their own bodies while they giggle and blush at the sight of another's. I am too jealous of my time to pull the heavy curtain back for any of their inevitably failing types! What will the revolution bring if I am the one who must bring it upon my back? I will ride the ass into town, and this will be my lesson. I will not resort to the tactics of shame and guilt that have for so long been the currency of theologico-theoretical exchange. Shame and guilt is the law, while I am of the weeds that grow long and wide across any surface without self-restriction.

42

The transference of sick values to the world is the feverish warmth of the diseased body composed upon the bed of a swamp. If only morality would sleep...

43

To the philosophers of anti-life. A philosophy not tied to life is not a philosophy, but a foppish, bourgeois ornament for scared, comfortable, ill degenerates allied against the free spirit who hide their blackened faces at the very sight of true puissance. When philosophy aims to subjugate life, it is little more than a prepared ointment for a sore anus! Philosophy must be an excess of wine and air—nothing less! When philosophy tackles its problems, it must always remember to put the problems first!

44

I care not whither the wind goes, but whither--and whether!-- it takes me.

45

Hegelian categories are merely a metaphysics made into a game of bingo for addled and inveterate minds. The prize? More Hegel!

46

Our most grievous error: to have not let our Hegel go. Instead, we keep his headless corpse above us and reproduce it at will. We are his Geist, and Geist is little more than the cheapest of whores abused by the true power of forces that motivate life. A headless Hegel and a crucified Geist! These are our triumphs? It shows that we have been saddled for too long by our *modesty* and this pervading stench of the extreme absolute.

47

To those careful readers of Hegel's *Phenomenology*. What value is the dialectical odyssey of an ox that only sets out to discover all in the world that is not its home? And what value this odyssey that returns back to home, replaying some petty dream of vengeance against its neighbours with the alleged glory it had accumulated from so many besieging contraries in the world? Have we not seen all this already in Dumas' *Count of Monte Cristo*? The return is impossible, I say. Hegel's *Phenomenology* was at its most honest state—that is, its most revealing theological state with all the heinous bits not excised—when it was written by Milton in his work *Paradise Lost*.

48

That I am not useful to most. Of course! But it was never my intention that I be reduced to utility! If I am to be reduced at all, let me be reduced to the level of life—or better that I be raised to that level! Those who hold the mania for all things that can be *judged* as useful have only one rubber dagger poised against the throat of the world: the *analogy* of use!

49

Let us kill Bob Dylan's ghost and his conglomerate internet empire and his means of reproductive projection! Deleuze would have learned more from the madness of Syd Barrett on how to not plunder and salvage the passable kernels of weak vessels. But who are we to deny those who eke along fingering feces for portents? In that vein, the entire future is to be found in our accumulated cloaca! Again, this is the fraud of our debilitating postmodern condition.

50

If it were not for the tired and continuing phantom of a vengeful Christ and his authoritarian rod of repression, Hollywood would be penniless.

51

Of high and low cinema. The one tells the story and the other invites us to live it.

52

Of the prejudice of EZ LITE. A life of value is one of struggle and richness. Instead, we must endure the reign of so many cultural anorexics and bulimics. There is no joy to be found in dusty relics...no satisfaction in eating, seeing, or hearing...dust! How easy it would be just to *sneeze it all away!*

53

The cultural ideal of thinness—besides being a body hatred—is our culture's fattest decadence.

54

Hatred of the Other is our sorry luxury. But those who nourish themselves well and selectively realize that there is no Other at the buffet of life. There is only the All that returns and the All that does not.

55

To my harshest critics. It will be the object of much hostility that I *dare* to complete the Nietzschean project, and perhaps an apotheosis that I decide to deviate and do it in *my own way*. They will impute arrogance to me, of which I will not shy away: all genius is arrogance. They will claim that I do violence to Nietzsche, that I dare to speak in his name, that I am arrogant to think myself capable of writing the works that his illness did not permit him to do. But my question: other than Nietzsche, who is best suited to write the remainder of his works? I think no one. If not me, who? If not now, when? Perhaps, with any luck, even I may overcome Nietzsche. This will depend on much more than me.

56

We Orthocrats! Alcibiades comes bursting drunk into the symposium to crown and garland Socrates--a false king! O Plato's revenge! And that Alcibiades is so casually neglected and denied...But Plato's tricks only work on children and philosophers, and this vagabondus ex machina only tells us that Plato has run out of steam. -- shrewish hum of his wife... that philosophy of boors...mixing wine in the water of Kraters...No wonder Schopenhauer, that delegate of pessimism, kept two loaded pistols by his bedside--to ward off their dualism! But one pistol was called will, the other representation! O Freedom and O Enterprise!
56. Olivetans, calendar reform 1752--counting from *jesus.idioticon*, demophilia.

57

There is a great differential divide in acts that censor or sieve opinions. When one is not speaking of plain and trivial matters of fact, scientific definitions, or in strict mathematical equations, one speaks opinions. Indeed, there are degrees of opinions that will be informed from a variety of sources—some “educated,” others through direct or indirect experience with the world. Opinions are thoughts. We could discard the idea of *speaking* opinions, and call this affair for what it is: *being* an opinion. And both being and opinions change when spread out over space and time. But the matter of censoring opinions if they are deemed inappropriate to whatever law of social context that governs all utterances in a given milieu, is to regulate the indifferent. To regulate a lexicon of words that are arranged in a syntagm by a person who desires to express a thought-opinion, will

achieve nothing but hostility...And perhaps the perpetual reinforcement of mundane system-*value*. Roughly hewn or “inappropriate” opinions challenge limits, threaten transgression from an outside which is inside, stimulate upheaval and micro-revolution within a milieu. Opinions of this type or degree are the guerrilla speech acts of our day, and today’s transgressions may turn out to be tomorrow’s banal, systematized mediocrity—at least when it becomes an institutionally accepted opinion that is held by the walking dead. But the utterance has been made, and the one uttering has long passed and become something other—he or she no longer stands behind this opinion like a standard-bearer, but moves on to the next series of multiple oppositions. It is injurious to censor opinions, as John Stuart Mill has said, but we can push them through a sieve. We can be *selective* with the opinions we accrue or utter on our own behalf. Instead of a negating suppression, it is an active selection—an affirmation of language at its very core, the disruption and constant destabilization of communication itself. What use is an opinion a million times already heard, sawing at our ears in new garb? We need new opinions, and a new people to wield them!

58

The terrible tragedy of the derma-regents and cosmetic-Frankensteins that spread themselves out across this land of death-grinning decadence...But there is a valuable lesson to be learned even in this, to be derived from their unwitting motions. Fleshcraft and medical techno-thaumaturgy has paved a way for us to become the monsters we truly are—to affirm the tragedy of our sickness, our Hollywoodist obsessions! We are now able to corpicure ourselves to the nth degree of false perfection, as if the face lift, tummy tuck, or breast enlargement are perfections unto themselves! These are the projections of the hollow and empty. It should therefore amuse us to pick out exactly those who have nothing to offer us or this world but their shallow emptiness.

59

The pan-logicists and ipseological buffoons continue their terror tactics unabated—nay, with full support and encouragement! Still they pen these awful, anti-poetic declarations of war, these treaties of terrorism against those of us courageous enough to see that the contents of our study are much bigger than our box! Philosophy is not one condensed and closed off whole, or its use would be doomed! It would serve as much purpose to everyone as one shack in the wilderness! But the winds beat and pound upon this shack, wearing it down with rain and sleet! We others know that philosophy has conducted secret exchanges, trysts, and polygamist rituals with other disciplines, for we see the traces and lines it has tracked along the way! We see the cords and wires where information and love is exchanged in the night from a constellation of disciplinary monads. True *love* among the disciplines concerns allowing oneself to be assaulted and contaminated with other disciplines, and to return this service. There is no isolated Other, unless the entire constellation system of knowledge is itself Other.

60

To all my nay-sayers: I *am* a time terrorist, a becoming-guerrilla, a harlequin-despot, a savage utterance in the dark, who writes with an axe and has no will to suffer fools with patience! Critics at large, beware! The blood of Christianity is on your hands! While you consumptive barons are busy belching and farting over trifles, I am the unrecognized pharaoh and architect who designs and delegates the construction of great pyramids the likes of such grandeur that your eyes are too sallow and myopic to understand! Still you will try to reduce and derive use and function out of a creative enterprise, to jot this down in small books as your testament to the death of all great art! The pay cut of personality!

61

I do not have the time to produce reader-comforts. Comfort is an atrocity in all literature and thought. One must proceed first by producing something alienating. It is only through a feeling of alienation that anyone will begin to learn! Reading must be brought to a period of great crisis. If we settle for the chaff of the given, the universal appeal, or a feeling of connection, then we have penned pointless failures into the air! I am adamant on this point...The life undisturbed is the life un-lived! Comfort is bourgeois negativity to the highest degree, and is essentially an act of treason against knowledge itself. If you wish to write troubadour fluff for the soiree harlots and the comfort-addled folk who retire to the parlour to hear the gentle styling of the piano, then knowledge is no keepsake for you! And you great philosophers who convene special roundtables on the already-given should rather internalize the shame you freely project against the marginal transgressive who writes and thinks *alone*, as if in exile. All knowledge is gained by a sense of exile, not by comfort! Mediocre comfort is the anti-erotic instance of text, a stamping out of the fiery will and the burgeoning libidinal creative impulse.

62

Viewpoints of moderation in philosophy are the secret enemies of philosophy. It is not that views of this nature are charitable or balanced, but that they attempt to forge compromises between "camps" situated on the antipodes of debate. Moderators throw water on fire and proclaim a success, that no violence has occurred. They are the enemies of a struggle that is always necessary in any philosophy, and they give a convenient escape for the weak to retreat and accept the awful terms of compromise while the more vivacious are spurned if they continue through this marshmallow wall of moderation to re-invoke the debate! Moderators have no place in philosophy! Moderation of one's arguments will have already taken place, and a decision made—what need we of moderation to personify itself and halt the proceedings? What may have been gained is shunted prematurely. Death to the Beautiful Soul.

63

There are far too many outlets for accepted ignorance. The domain in which ignorance governs increases by the day until we few are abscissed into a void where no one may hear our charges. What is needed is a severe thunderclap that will rupture and dissolve these outlets and wrench the people back into meaningful discourse the likes of which will be conducive to creation yet again rather than saccharin and passive reception. First target: the business model

must either be revamped to host brave marginal howling or be scrapped altogether! The development of ideas depends on our being able to deregulate the prevailing dominance of our ignorance structures to which we seem to be so willingly subservient. Supplicate yourself to this no more!

64

If I should target the formalized procedural operations of allegedly progressive “modern business,” what of it? That I call for a temporary criminalization of profit-mongering and a general pardon and amnesty for those afflicted by the violence of the business world that abhors singularities, is but one minor part of a larger method I will one day push forth as the last and most necessary option. The creation of a new world must first clear away the useless ornaments and wreckage of a sour old world! Capital must be set to task against itself, to utilize its devouring principles of universality to “progress” itself out of existence. This can be done if the efforts are made, and we may then phase this monster out of prominent office so that we can set ourselves to the task of creating the better alternative. We will first need to dethrone the God, Capital, and make him descend to the level of the laity. It is by this grand Luciferic fall that we will see the ugliness that hides behind the mask of congeniality and efficiency. Perhaps it is necessary that we witness the true demonic nature of that which we have hitherto praised before we can set to work dismantling the creature and feasting heartily upon its body.

65

Your life and its values is a house, and your polite compassion little more than a welcome mat. What false advertising (is there any other kind? The prettiest storefront always harbours the most diabolical of monsters)!

66

A note to the Cartesians: what a sad, pitiful group of circumspect dualists you are! Was one world not enough that you had to make two? Why stop there? Let's make a few more! Let's set up a long hall of mirrors and cement barriers to give us that much more distance from the real! And the pun! The rationalist rash! I'd be allergic to life too if I had set myself so far from it for so long! So, again, why not divide the *res extensa* into a multitude of individuated parts? Categories galore! Perhaps Hegel is right in this one instance in implying that Cartesianism is just a phase, like an awkward puberty or gibbering adolescent rebellion that takes the form of the most mundane crusade! What fools you be! I know the world is real well before I start pouring hot wax over my hands! Your system's one major fault: it lacks proper auto-regulation insofar as even a child knows that a clockwork universe needs to be wound up again and again. It is the children you should be listening to! They know the real in ways you never will...The cuts and bruises, small triumphs and sensations, are all the true character of the real. Who needs to think a world when there it was putting the chair under your fat ass?

67

A note to logical positivists, the species that many had now thought extinct. And how I did think you all perished by your own devices! I had thought that even your lives could not be submitted to your verification principle and so you decided, in deference to the Holy Axiom, to perish rather than allow an inconsistency survive! How easily you settle matters of truth with but a badly rendered Parmenidean flourish of binary fuddle-duddle. Either something logically *is* or it *is not*.—Simplicity to the highest! How perfectly your system would work if there were no people! Perhaps I should prescribe a healthy cooperative effort between you and Malthus! What fun that would be!

68

Plato, Kant, Hegel, lumped together. They have given us the first reversible cow. What fun your dialectic proves to be among the children and their board games! The dialectic is for those who have an erotic joy of filling out forms and questionnaires. When the petty dialectician stamps his foot impatiently and orders me to make a decision, he takes my silence as bad schooling, as ignorance, as bad manners. “Choose!” he declares, but I see no real choice before me. Am I to choose, and if so, between what? Mind or Body? Being and non-Being? Master or Slave? The dialectician presents me with the reversible cow, tells me that no matter what choice I make will bring us to its synthesis. Choose one side or another, but it is still the same cow!

69

The readers of Hegel and his Mighty Church. Nietzsche had the courage to make public that Plato was boring and that Rousseau was worthy of our hatred. Pure taboo in today’s polite academie. So I continue in this line of tradition and declare that Hegel too is boring. His moves are theologically predictable, as any good genealogist knows...The questions are tepid! Hegel’s *Phenomenology* should go by other names: *The Evolutionist Failure*, *The Aborted Triumph*, *Rewrite of Milton’s Paradise Lost*...What of us who do not want to go back home, or to even leave the field of “empty and bare particulars” (for they are much more robust than even he will ever realize)? I want to toss and turn, become distressed, know life on its own terms! Bring us the drunken Hegel who staggers from the Bacchanalian revel, the Hegel who pukes on his one buckle shoes and slurs his enmity against this degenerate world! I can no longer bear the Hegel in frock-coat, the Hegel who plants trees only to cut them down in his books, the Hegel on the cross, the Hegel whose smug self-satisfaction spends the remainder of his years playing cards! I would like to push Hegel’s dialectic to the extreme...I want to see how every thesis-man copulates with the antithesis-woman to produce the singular synthesis-child, the world over, until we are only left with one child on the earth! The Hegelian world family, just one crying baby at the end of history! The great inverted population pyramid, courtesy of Hegel! Planned parenthood by the dialectic!

70

You cannot spell desecrates without Descartes. Or, an antigram: Descartes = rested case. Ha!

71

The Birds. O Stymphalion birds, how you peck at those softest regions of the flesh, how you never tire of plucking at me as your daily zither! And the tighter you pluck, the greater my tension...for I am no chronolute, but an aionic string-bundle in the tall pillar that holds up the roof of all your clocks! Your Orpheus will now speak directly, without intermediaries, to your governor, Thalidomides, whose mechanicaloric clock has nothing more than two hands and a face (and so cannot budge, dearest perchers upon the busts of Poe!). I am heralding the age of the flattest time with no depth, nothing but face and distributions along surface tension...a time with no depth is its own quasi-cause and its most filmic affect! Are your gears, pulleys, springs, fulcrums, and pendulums not redundant? Say, have you ever witnessed that nocturnal delight when our dear friend Descartes was slipping hot wax into the Newtonian tick-tock, poison in the king's ear? Do we not enjoy when one saboteur of nature does unto another?

72

Time of the Gospelling Bee!. Time is innascible, but only discretely. So...et ideo nolo quod nominetis mihi aliquam regulam, neque sancti Aristoteli, neque sancti Deleuzi...

73

Buchanan's Lamp is out! No Starry Eternity brings forth Blossoms of Time!
O Anarchitextura! What undoing weave and weft do I see in the accidents of Ruskin's paper lantern? Is it the principle by which the face of the structure will betray no shame of how it was constructed? That would be to impute too heavy a wisdom on our dearest friend of things built! Was it indeed the Gothic heaviness of major time that lent its shoulder to push the new masonry of the perpendicular style? The camp retinues of Norman axes become 14th century chisels, dictated in movement by counterpoint, and spaces between lancet windows (opening up to a stained glass time as they shine in on the monkish stained white sheet!) become slender mullions. The concept of time becomes as such heavier, for a play of light and umbra come to replace the imitations of the luminous. The error was that such a midnight special would thus shine a light on it, when indeed (as Ruskin's lamp) a light shines through it. The source? If only we were clever enough to seek that! Instead, we have busied our hands in the dirty game of messy generalities and become rank phenomeniatrists!

74

Chaopolitical Time is never of the Essence

The staged aged of the chaopolitik? We must stop seeking signal events to turn upon their heels and announce to us that ages begin and end with their declarations! Saint Foucault has already warned us against this in a variety of *mots* and other *choses*. The next era, if we have not already been steeped within it for too long will be a geo-logic age, or perhaps a transcatenation of geo-cognitive and geo-aesthetic ages. It will be known to those whose ears are finely tuned as the Astrozoic age...an age of angry sky, how chance dicethrows are so erroneously perceived as negative portents and global revenge. Doomspeeches from so many pulpits will tell us that the environment is failing us, but it is in fact

merely folding away. Revolutionary speculation will only feed further the gorge of phantasy--books of Douglas Dixon and sci-fi kitsch mixed ambiguously with the romanticized post-apocalyptic yawning dream can only be a bad paralogic. The C-constant of light itself slows, bends, perhaps on the grounds that there has been an increase in photonic mass. Even a phototemporality is no longer a stable reference point, or anything as remotely stable as calendrical time (which has always been, in any of its formulations, an ugly mathematical result!)-a system-thinking bobbing along an uncertain flux (the fluxus and fluvius is certain; our placement within it is not).

75

Fissura Magna, Carta-Cartels of Nucleated Fission

At this point, consider compact and fissured time as constellations of blocs, packets, and the fragment. Even clocks become unbearable.

76

Bloc Party

Each catastrophic endowment is propulsive mechanism, but the "maturation" (read: development) of the blocs is imbued with false linear movement.

77

Geoternal Return Imminent?

There can be no eternal return without the folding and flattening of a despatialized time. Geologic time is the time of eternal return: quiet and full, yet light in its dance. Suspicion of the resounding moments are quelled by the slow pulse of magma, the geology of time without (re)moralization. Only Marxist time tries to steady the foot upon the pedal of labour, and it reduces time to production while the unseen hand is down its pants diddling with "critique"! As such, time is ripped from the caul of singular blocs and made merely blocky; no longer a Byzantine mosaic, but a gridwork. What is supple in the mosaic is force-colour and the fragment, not the organization into headless wholes. As any aficionado of the mosaic knows, the wonder is in the fragment, not in the fictitious imposition of its order.

78

Truth in Painting

A fresco deepens and richens in colour over time (perhaps over time's knee, spanked until the blood reddens the surface of its ass), and what is repeated in the moment of its generation is its gaining of hue, not its restoration or appreciation. The lightest hue is the repetition of its darkest subsequent companion. All colour is the repetition of the black it will become, not the fractured white of genesis and its lumen origo.

79

Astro-zoic Time

A true geo-logic time is an astro-logic, the unity dissolved, the mechanisms and gears moot, errant not ab-errant ("Errancy has ceased being a return to the

origin; it is no longer even ab-erration, which would presuppose a fixed point” says Deleuze).

80

Why She Needs to “Go” so Often!

The cerebral bladder always seeks to relieve itself of time too quickly. That is the inherent problem in a belief in containers.

81

BiCyBorglette Grammaria

The Aged of Metaphysics: In 1899, Alfred Jarry reinvented the bicycle wheel, effectively demonstrating that metaphysics proper has outmoded itself as pure technosis. But we will maintain that an event sounded of this chord before the pataphysical realization. Hegel was the first cyborgian philosopher, and perhaps cyborgesian. The whorish imprecision of Geist in constructing the perfect grammar of subject-object abides by the corresponding necessary cause of an outside principle (rather than an inner-principle--or, thumbing the nose at scholastic necessity). How does this stand in relation to time? Our dear Historico-Hegel’s double-fisted dialectic: past and past is a perfect present when opposed to past and future combined; this resolves itself as such: perfect past and future produces the perfect present, which is represented by (yawn) the present. This is nothing other than the two-command set of the cyborg and the gathered programmers under which they thrive: RUN/STOP.

82

Geology of Morals

Geologic time is molten substance. It unsteadies Being precisely because it does not churn in perfect circles, and precisely because it is demonstrable proof that Being is the loose tooth jiggling gin the broken jaw of its own ontological dentition.

83

Inheritance

Careless history is all that is left to us, and all that should concern us.

84

We Need Geosphers, not Geospheres!

Against the priests of petro-temporaglyphs. Only rank disciplinarian historians of the most paleoscopic degree concern themselves so obsessively with marked events in sediment. They speak in such way as to have their dictates obeyed, pointing to this band of strata in saying, “here, this happened; next layer” as if Atropos herself were in perfect agreement with this matrimonial terra-cake! Division is representation, and to see a past there calcified in shale and limestone is to merely witness the husk of an event. For even geologists know the child’s trick of the earth; that mineral afterthoughts replace the flesh of the event to create little more than its representation, a monument, even a Nazi Architecture...trilobite moultings cleaved from the rock. But even the geologists compartmentalize so crudely. Where or to whom shall we look when historians

are cake-bakers and geologists are merely shipping-receiving clerks on the dockyard of mineralized histories? I say we engage the *geosopher* who knows well the true wisdom that lava unsettles sedimented representations of time and returns them all to the event!

85

Dodging the Imaginasty!

That damnable creature Jacques Le-Quand and his cyclone-alysis has no sense of the time of the plateau, but only of the platoon, which is why all subject grammar is medieval glamour (as etymology so attests!). Eckhart, O Meister, preached and taught differently--for him Reason was not some bloated pontiff on a stick, nor castrated mama-papa-machine of little sisters with no pricks to hunt for orgasms in caves! There, at the clerestory of Reason, is Lacan's ultimate signified, so flat and phallic in stained glass! Come receive Communion, the sacrament of the sacred signified whereupon true difference is crucified on a stick, and we are to nibble at its victual-body, and sup its be-soured blood! How close we come, but never quite close enough! How this thralldom continues is precisely to have that label hovering over one's head: your being is incomplete, and it is life that is to blame! What is this? Incompleteness is deficit of Being, and not a reason to rejoice in becoming? Forget the transcendental signified as just a bad version of the crucified and embrace the real potentia...that is what I say. We need no priests of the mind to tell us otherwise, nor their impossible transcendental carrot of meaning--for that meaning is for the nibbling and frightened rabbits of Reason's serfs!

86

Don't Cry, Little One!

I see you there wailing at the margins, beating your chest and pulling at your hair that your voice is not heard, forever shadowed as it is by the fat prick monument of the centre...But have you not heard? Put your ear to the geo-logic and know that even that centre is caught in a windchime...the West is forever lost in the East, and cannot find its way. But whereas being lost is a crime against Reason and the bane of all centrists, you and I know better that it is another reason to rejoice--but not in some crude spirit of relativism or nihilism...It is the grand hymn of the nomad whose place is everywhere and nowhere. Do not pay heed to those cognitpicking generals of the "new" philosophy and their positivist ballyhoo...all they can do is point, like those burdensome bagged creatures in Gulliver's Travels who had no language! Those wretched ispeologists will accuse you of being a relativist, and point to the wrong words in your mouth, always the wrong ones without fail! One cannot read the symptoms of the age carelessly and claim them all to be equal in some horrid liberal equation--there are good symptomatologies and bad ones, just as there are good physicians and ones who only exacerbate illness! Let not their alleged pointing-cure be your superego...Dissolve that, too! There is no margin, there is only desire...and desire always writes and speaks.

Not on Aristotle's Time

When we say astro-zoic time, we are not rehashing that old Stagirite copout of reading it through a natural world and its celestial motions. That only leads us back to the calculable fragment, to the ultimate reference points by which motion is measured. Astrozoic time is to Aristotle's time as Heisenberg is to Newton. The waves of event cannot be measured, lest they be predicted, and we happily shrewd nomads know that the celestial bodies are only plotted points as useful for travel from this place to that--without ever assuming it to be absolute measure. Rather, let us free time from its static constraints and see the dynamic for what it truly is behind every shabby logic that can only speak to the false exteriors and facades of events. In the heart of every nomad who knows the secret of astrozoic time beats the erratic rhythm of the stoic logic...and so time is timing, and a timing without measure. If any measure, it is relative measure that can never be condensed into absolute reference. It is not aeternitas, either, for that too often falls into the abyss of eschatological humours. The stars pulse, come to be, burn out, continue in their eccentric motion. They never proceed by points, and it is the weakness of dogmatic thought that assigns them post facto as if the point traversed was some static present, measurable. Time and history are never to be conflated, for the latter only tries to carve out a slice from the former and assign it absolute value.

Who is Freedom?

Do not speak of freedom if your means are militant; the deployment of troops laden with the means for producing great human misery is an absurd premise to kickstart any degree of peace. It is not enough that soldiers must drop from the skies to clear a path through tyranny while installing a muted version of their own, but to clear the path of any and all militancy. Occupation is a euphemism for corporate expansion tactics!

Delayed freedom.

To those who believe freedom emerges ex nihilo from fear

So unfortunate is our species whose history is saturated with the myths of immaculate conception! If it is not Athena from Zeus' migraine, Christ from the loins of the Virgin, it is this inveterate belief that fear will emerge triumphant and fully grown from the cloistered womb of fear! O how we cajole and perpetuate fear, as if an expectant mother...Inflating her size with our nutritive offerings, our elections, our colour-coded threat levels! But it is a false pregnancy! What insipid value we adhere to if it is believed that a detour through a wilderness of fear will suddenly bring about its antithesis! What sorrowful judgement...To multiply fear will not ferry us to the freedom any more than adding apples will suddenly yield bananas! A reliance on fear only nurses a sickness into being prolonged, to fortify itself; and words of freedom belched from the State architects of fear only succeed in a temporary alleviation and mollifying of a republic breastfed the sour milk of our American enter-taint-ment! But in the long run, these same words are

emptied and divested of their meaning, packed in the ice of revenge fantasy, and has the effect of the sword on the hydra's head.

90

Same Masters, but with pay and ammunition

Those who so ardently and vehemently criticize the ones who critique the State's actions embroider a flag for free, not to mention assume that the nation is a weak and fragile creature in need of being so verbally defended, its ears clamped tight against the words of our interlocutors. If their Christian obedience to the sovereign's righteousness (tempered with all the sorrowful glut of Christian recreation, enjoyment, and besotted values) can be reduced in Christian-democratic calculation to its crudest form of utility, then these same hawkish and reactionary critics can and perhaps should apply for a transfer. Why should one who so hedges all bets on the veracity of the State continue to exist as free labour? Indeed, as mouthpieces of the State, as preachers and disseminators of the State apparatus of domination, as those whose patriotism is deep in the skeleton of their character, as those who cannot scramble over their open and enormous contempt for those who deviate from the State's gleamingly pristine image, should they not be duly remunerated?

I say let every adamant and blindly fanatical patriot who wields a flag bring his opinions to the front lines behind a gun, and be shipped off to combat against the unbelievers in a military crusade. In this way, at the borderlands of fomented fear, they will be paid and will pay more dearly for their hitherto inactive convictions! A needful sacrifice for pay! And let them take comfort in the flag in some far-off place that will only honour a star or a stripe of a different making! In this way, too, one still offers full obedience to the same master, but under the conditions of equivalent remuneration for all hitherto services provided gratuit!

91

The Reign of the Collicky Beast of Fear

...will continue for as long as we install despotic Caesars in that whitest of houses. Buttressed by reactionary punditry and hateful and wanton Christian ignorance, the people will always be swayed by the Caesar and his fiendish cabal. But when we strip the Caesar's image and laurels away, and abstract him from the ceremonious pomp and purple majesty of the State's elaborate scaffolding, what is our system of precious cult of personality left with in terms of this Caesar? What remains of this Caesar after such a dramatic subtraction? A mewling simpleton in a high-priced suit who with each word nails himself further still upon the cross of public opprobrium. The people would learn well to investigate their leaders without the footlights of the press and its character-constructing apparatus of slathering on the thickest veneers!

92

Let Freedom Reign!

O how this word from the Pretender to the throne has brought about such shame and sadness among those of us who are so finicky with words. For, it is all too painfully known that this Caesar has so far in action reviled every possible definition of freedom, and distorted it to such a an extreme as to mint its

opposite! Whose freedom? Yours or mine? I have seen nothing of freedom in these days, but I have seen the clearing of a path for continued fear.

How Elections repeat History!

O Michael Moore, take note and heed of this! Remember November 2000!

As Gibbon said in his "Rise and Decline of the Roman Empire":

The emperor was elected by the authority of the senate, and the consent of the soliders.

O how the cues from Roman history multiply their ferment in our modern parallel! Shall we continue? Shall we speak topically?

In terms of the Abu Ghraib prison, Gibbon had this to say to me:

The centurions were authorized to chastise with blows, the generals had a right to punish with death.

Or in the words of Seneca, on Iraq:

Wheresoever the Roman conquers, he inhabits.

And in Orwellian flourish, Gibbon says this about Rome-America:

The terror of the Roman arms added weight and dignity to the moderation of the emperors. They preserved peace by a constant preparation for war.

Yes, war is peace, on the conditionality of a perpetual state of war (fear). At what price this alleged freedom undergirded by the capricious force of fear? I ask this one question in the stillest night of so many Roman sieges of the globe!

93

Freeze the Assets!

Our Caesar has stated on numerous occasions the dire need for economic vigilance in freezing the assets of all those who use their finances to fund endeavours hostile and destructive to freedom (and, whose freedom? Is one's freedom another's fear?). I urge our Caesar to quickly consider the source of his own familial wealth, that his Augustus-Grandfather was one of many well-known financiers of the Nazis. And should we freeze the accounts of our cherished Caesar and his diaphanous network? Let us render unto Caesar what is Caesar's due! O ho ho!

Of course!

What set of ratios would not come with their host of linkety-links? A bad grog-swilling situation, to be sure, behooves us to stay the hand that would outbound itself to its outsourc'd partners! And see, anon, what these, ah yea, things might show forth and shine brightly as linkages! Aleatory slippages! Lunkages! Lanks and licks, for links and sphinks!

94

How Dumbo Could Hear the Micro-Music!

Only an elephant could hear the trickle of democracy in the roaring tide of oppression! For those of us without such discerning ears, or perhaps not privy to the same kind of auditory hallucinations, what does freedom sound like to our Caesar? I wonder if one day he will hear the footfalls of the Praetorian guards behind him in the dark, he with such well-attuned ears!

95

Caesar has Lurkers!: A Caveat.

Our Caesar perhaps is too complicit with his advisors, all of them shadowy creatures with such shady pasts! Borderline criminals, the lot of them! If they are not descended from deep corporate affiliations, then they are applying their diabolical wizardry in their new appointments. Who to trust? Dearest Caesar, they are forming a triumvirate behind your back, making contingency plans for when you fall, to keep their vision alive. O ho ho, you thought yourself instrumental to the Republican agenda, that without you the entire machine would malfunction! But, I must tell you, not that I wish to plant the seed of doubt in your mind, that you are an instrument...A puppet! An expendable prop in the theatre! O how your Whitehouse is little more than a stage. Beware the stagehands, almighty Caesar, and beware the director!

96

Refurbishing the Cradle

O that we could see fully revealed your designs and scheming plots at reorganization in the middle east! It all began with the carving out a slice of it for Israel, and the hammer of global politics that smashed the area into 22 separate countries! Are these nations little more than pit stops on the pipeline for you? I see you with your shrewd eyes on Iran now, and perhaps you fancy yourself a kind of T.E. Lawrence...that you will indeed unite the Arabs all under the murderous cross of Christian capital! Why must you litter the very cradle of civilization with all your toys and twisted desires?

97

Morality is to Blame!

What baseless foundation do these warmongering tactics spring from? Recrudescant Christian nihilism, yes, nothing particularly new...Big Brother has constructed his Big Other as the very source of a silly antagonism. It is the nominal character of freedom that is but the mask on the wretched body of fear, shame, guilt, and the wellspring of such hatred! How is it that a populace so motivated by the inspiring words of freedom come to embody the very opposite in all their actions? That is, they posit the principle of freedom negatively. The nation negates fear in order to sew it into their own flesh! Look here and look there: the witch-hunt and the McCarthy days are here again! And perhaps soon we shall see the cattle cars speeding at the city limits, filled with those who take liberty at its word and make it a deed!

A Military Logic

What was it that the military requested not long ago? Their soldiers are in short supply, especially musicians! What war can be fought without music? Even in the shopping mall, music is utilized as a weapon to subdue and mollify the patrons, to encourage them to shop more! Will this music make the troops fight more? And what breed and stripe of musician do they require? Those who specialize in funerals for soldiers! What asinine and bewildering logic! If so many are falling on the frontlines, would it not serve the troops better to pose the question at its source rather than on its corollary appendages? A hundred more euphonium players is not a suitable substitute for addressing the issue with more acuity.

A New Place to Live!

It is in this era where it becomes essential to build freedom bunkers and fear shelters. If Octavius Cheney can move his operations to the Cayman Islands to avoid the tax-groping bogeyman, perhaps we of the citizenry deserve such a refuge for our more pressing issues!

Bully in the Global Playground

How long will it be until the brash and unstable bully of the world is brought to order by the instructive authority of another? How long will the world endure the prodding and brutalizing of the bully before the world itself bands together to put it back in its place? We should rather ask the fundamental question of why this bully is as such, what unstable emotional processes have led to the formation of this bully. For all bullies are edified by a most negative power, a reductive and reactionary savagery as it exacts revenge on the outside for what it wishes it could do to itself. Is it a lack of identity? Is it a Napoleonic urge to dominate founded on a dismissive Mother Europa? To react against the bully's terrorism is to become, according to the lawless law of the bully, a terrorist. O ho ho, what a clever bully who has at his disposal all the psychological tools of the trade, and can infuse his rhetoric to twist all the gains of truth to shift the spotlight of "evil" upon others who disagree! But for whose benefit and in whose eyes? Does the bully appeal to a god in the sky as the ultimate authority, fearing the reprisal of the surly and stolid invisible parent, that the bully must appear as indelibly righteous? What use this reversal if not to appeal to some higher power? The bully seeks recognition from somewhere, someone, always chasing after himself to be constructed in full. If there were no God in the minds of the bully, the bully would not contrive such elaborate pretenses for its savage actions. But I have sage words for the aggressive and manipulative bully: the authoritative presence is already here, judging against you, and it is not God or some other phantom contrivance: it is time itself!

Welcome to the Era of the CCCE!

Yes, my dearest friends, welcome one and all to the Christian Coalition of Compassionate Economics! Whose job dies for your workplace sins? And every

government payout to the corporations to run amok with their own proselytizing of products comes at the expense of your eternal guilt and punishment! Every consumer laden with the guilt to consume, to bring back the dead god upon the lumber of industry! Our grand corporations with their overt Christian ethos have plundered the earth according to the biblical playbook, and they accuse life for underconsuming! Redemption of life can only take place in a tax-free existence, with an automation laity that will continue to consume and support without question. "Have faith!" yell the corporations, and dare not question their inner workings unless one wishes to be usurped and detained as a heathen! Corporate Christianity has its deployments, indeed, for if (as Nietzsche says) Christianity is Platonism for the people, what further degeneration we find in all aspects of our waking lives: that pop culture itself is corporate Christian enforcement unto the people! And look ye all to your shining beacons of television sets and find there newly minted representations of Christian choir in the music industry, and the spiteful revenge against a true life of puissance in a glut of reality television programming! It is all the combination of the new Holy Trinity: Corporate-Christ at the centre, Hegel's negating power of "progressive law" as the son, and Adam Smith's capitalist invisible hand as the holy spirit! Be good players, sayeth the corporateers and corporocrats! Make no demands of faith, but let the stock market rain down its angelic honey miracle! Of course, how could a corporate Christianity function without tying its origin to some miraculating moment? Ah, such immaculate conception of capital! To deny or question it is to be considered obdurate, and to become punished with poverty!

102

The Cloak of Convenience

How is it that a disinterested, pewter ducat media-fed mob of eligible voters become so polarized? What is it about the mass opinion that is formed by a constant inculcation of televised poisons that puppeteers the hands that handle the ballots on election day? Well, we know such answers as the others like Chomsky, Zinn, et al. have presented them; entire reams of evidence unheeded and ignored! A vast and deplorable anti-intellectualism has taken root, nurtured in the soil of archaic frontierism intermingled with cowboyism, Christian family values...And if God blesses your crumbling nation, he is a bad divinity! What installed father of the people praises folly? Unless your God has a different plan, or you are mistaking his blessing applause for anything other than his mere amusement at your bleak debacle! God bless America, but damned be all the outlying nations not yet subdued and tied to the yoke of the oppressive cross! A God who blesses ruin is nothing but a Nero in the sky, and so fear ye all his further blessings! Perhaps the only good turn that America can make is to work toward God's displeasure and disappointment, otherwise America will grow complicit with these blessings, cloaked in a universal divine right bestowed by a divinity with an appetite for tragedy!

103

America-Rome: A Fundamental Lack of Consistency

For all the ills the Romans visited upon the villages of the surrounding regions, Rome was still wise and generous enough to bring some merit to those they

inhabited; aqueducts, baths, trade, roads, and so forth. What has America brought to the nations they have inhabited with their garrisons? Fear and violence. Deposing a dictator they once supported and installing a hasty and loose democracy (labouring under the assumption that democracy is indeed the grail and linear destiny of all progressing nations, as if this is what the people really want!) is little more than a rehashed game at the table of feudalism. And now our occupied nations pay tithe to a different lord, a lord who is vaunted as their saviour, to which they must sacrifice the lion's share of their economy to reduce the unpayable debt bashed over their heads! The lord will give title, land and trade opportunity to its coached friends while oppressing the remainder. And, O how the invading lord now backpeddles when his false pretenses for invasion have been shown to be false, and now speaks to the hearts of his own people about the things they have been trained to adore as sacrosanct virtues of the state: freedom and democracy! But these are just words when they are ferried across to the invaded land! Something essential is lost in translation! There is an Arabic saying: you must train a donkey many times before it will do what you want it to do. Is this the logic the lord sells? Is the nation he invades his personal donkey? Oh, he will ride this donkey until it expires and find a new mount soon enough!

104

What I am!

I, prince of vehicular punditry! I reject wholesale the plutocratic pledges of greedy cabals as they so feign dignity and equity in their quarrelsome manner, smirking all the while while the shining white eye of Masonic predilection for ridiculously impossible global dominance presides over their actions, acting as governor and executor of acts! O sour note of our times! O distillers and handlers of fear in the guise of a freedom to come, as prostituted as all congressional and state matters! O manipulation of the presses and their willingness to be manipulated! O grand tides of money washing over the prices of every head! O hatred of a desert that will continue its reticent feature, never to yield to the tyranny of the oppressive slave caste of redder white bomb blue! There are no temperate voices in this warring tempest!

105

For I am...

I, Vladimir Napoleonescu, unacknowledged return of Nietzsche, persona non grata in the land of counting houses and its vicissitudes! I, Vladimir Napoleonescu, despiser of the willingly mollified mores and saccharin value systems of obnoxious repetition! I heard the rustling in the grass and saw there the national snake, emblematic as the sun and the rigid eagle that soars above it! O noosphere and blogosphere where these outrages can take place, let what a truer freedom become take hold of the hearts and minds in ways that do not necessitate command and control in the mundane fashion of our selected military pontiffs!

And, as we know, there is no freedom and no altruism--just idealized jokes these concepts are, fed to us as grain to the bovine who will only munch without question! For what is true absolute freedom? It is to be unhindered by any power,

to go to the limit of one's power...but even in the most reclusive and nomadic sage of the hillside must still abide by his slavery to the elements of physics. And of altruism, that too a joke...No such thing! A fable! A fairy tale! All hokum and a waving of the concept-wand to transmute resentment of the world into a disguised resentment alone! Every act is done for some kind of self-interest--so let us finally admit of our egoism and not show pride--for we are a reactive species. Even I, completely unleashed being who does not act out of fear of consequence, can be show at bottom to be a reactive man as well. But that I acknowledge and realize this, and that I have knowledge, will make me freer than the likes of those who still believe the myth that we are one, that everything can be reduced to the good and the useful, that our values are ineffaceably right! Surely, I cannot truly glean whether those who still espouse this belief in a higher duty, a la Kant, are flagrantly arrogant or merely crudely ignorant! That is a matter parsed out for no reason, for the outcome will invariably be the same! The very same fashion delegates and hordes of value sick-fed customs will disseminate further the necessity for our habits to act as princely in the home and humble in our exchanges--and yet to we manufacture and release the bombs of our values over the heads of *those who have no desired interest in our churches!*

Why must the Crusades--so archaic, so déclassé--continue without the instructive redressing hand of wisdom? Not that I trust wisdom to ever be responsible...As it stands, modern wisdom can only be known by its one virtue of neglect.

106

The Crucial Wisdom--unheeded as per usual!

I reject the vapid Napoleonization of lands, and whittle critique into the lintels of American-Roman relation like the most indelible graffiti of our era! Let these messages burn brightly for other ages to swallow whole with eyes intent on obtaining *knowledge of another type!*

107

War Elephants

O rumbling war-elephant America! Heed the words of your enemy's book, 105:1-5, and how the Muslims know all too well the outcome of this dangerous game! It is written there that clay stones pelted the invading elephants, was it not? But I assure you of a different fate, America, one that will not be as elegant as the allegorical words of a book you have been bred to despise...And around the neck of your high cabal will be the embroidered silk cord of the noose you fashion for yourself. Your military will outpace you, slanderous politico-generals of fomented mistrust and exacerbated rhetoric! The soldiers will rebel against you, the grand artificers of global discord, and then pillage your hoarded stores of wealth! At first, your fall will be the military dictatorship you unwittingly created, and then the ungainly features of decadence from another plateau will be the arrow which flies straight and true to the arterial source, puncturing your lifeblood in a wound that will not close until you are drained dry!

The Pecking of Birds

And lo what do I hear from the screeching and keening harpies on the sidelines who critique my project and declare me a bad player at the tables of bad conscience, who may indeed lump me in with the “evildoers” to be liquidated by the state’s trigger-happy apparatus of difference-hatred? I hear only what tone underlies their keening, for one must dig deep for any substance in the lack of variation in their mimicking bird-calls! I find, beneath these ornitho-logoi shattering peaceful air, one item alone: a fear and hatred of the one who loves knowledge! Let I call myself a philosopher in unabashed style, but the first of my type, perhaps the first philosopher! Aristotle was merely a body accountant with the long ears of an ass...Socrates a quarrelsome drunk...Descartes an unpleasant accoutrement of a mechanical paradise...Hegel a fixer of fights in the transcendent! What need we of these faux philosophers? They would have no other fate in this day but to run for public office! But I digress...These harpies do not recognize the names I spin on the rolodex of time, for these harpies know only the spin of their media nests and the colour and preening of their own plumage! With their eyes that see far behind television reading glasses, they assume that they see farther than they do! Yes, the range of sight extends only to the border, and everything beyond the cultural bubble is too far, and is therefore distorted! Ignored! Perceptions of the Middle East homespun in the tired fabric of our rhetoric! Our way of seeing which is assumed to be absolutely right! And what else do our eagle-eyed harpies of the many too many see? They see two men punch each other in the face for money or a staged battle on the gridiron to chase after an contained oblong chaos! Let me say this to you harpies: I consider not your pecking beaks upon my skin, for you are at the precipice of your one only contribution to history: cheerful barbarism! Let your savagery and smiles be reflected, sans narcissism, to demonstrably indicate what monsters you be (rather than your claim that you fight and subdue them!)...

Erecting the Fortress--a disguised good

When will the liars and artificers finally erect their fortress as if to invite a siege? This Fortress America, coming soon! There will be no trolls under the bridges other than the ones you handpick or “elect”, and behind the great walls of your republic will seethe the ripe principle of decay! No matter how high the wall you build, all of us will still smell the rot of your decline, the open dirty groin of your nation suppurating in its last throes of syphilitic dissolution! Please build your fortress quickly and cordon off your self-aggrandized garden--behind walls, perhaps, you will become private global citizens and finally disappear! Make this fortress a complete and accomplished act and cut off all ties, not even debts to you should remain! Complete severance! Do you shut us all out or shut yourself in? Become the shut-in nation and bother us no more! Keep your circus to yourselves! I think it safer to keep the half-mad Christian reactionaries behind tall, inescapable walls, and quieter too!

110

The Error

O titans and clay colossi! I watch you belch your tired beliefs in your campaign trails...trails little more than paved Roman roads laid there by your great historical figures, the same reliance on diminishing expectations and the disrepair of the ages! You are in no way as great as the golden halls you have erected around all your lackluster figures of the past, and America has no heroes! For as long as you erect walls around the fishbowl of the fourth-world conditions of the slaves you have only in word liberated, you will gain nothing in respect, and only half in fear!

111

The Space Race: its winners and losers!

The glittering spectacle of the spectacle! O you tongue-twisted glam-war machines in your star-moon-bomb boots and interstellar solar womb-suits! I await your crossing of the finish line of your space race and your full realization of a 1950s style sci-fi domination of the universe (as fools lay claim to the biggest and most unmanageable of spaces!)...And your plans to find oil on the moon or gold in the Martian deserts--all laughable folly! You will quickly learn, as your ignored scientists continue to petition, that there is nothing but dust and iron in the beyond, and that to look outwardly to continue a way of gas-swilling life is but a shabby pretense not to seek another way of life. I would grieve for the sorrow of the universe forced to welcome your imposition upon its untouched reaches, but I know only too well that the universe neither recognizes your sense of dominion nor will it willingly open its bosom of treasure to your technological pricks and pokes! I fear not that you will subdue outer space any more than I fear the mammoth will conquer the tar envelope in which he has unwittingly found himself sinking! Besides, the universe's bounteous treasure is of a different type that you will never appreciate or understand, and your constant probing for opportunities beyond the Gaiasphere will only rush past the truth of space to chase after ideals that are nothing more than the phantoms of your projected sick desires! This lesson is the hardest for you to learn, as you have not learned it here with the cornucopia of truth on earth: all space is boundless, and all partitions of ownership according to stale timocratic ideas turn out in the end to be the false glitter upon a ground that is so easily whisked off by the first indifferent wind!

112

Simplicity Uber Alles--Or, the Death of Thinking: From words to colours
Dear Neetchee two;

I am a member of the militarized citizenry revved up for pointless wars with no clear victors and under flimsy pretexts. I have a commando-esque SUV, a personal handgun (+rifles) and wear cargo pants. Language is too hard. Words are too complex and ambiguous. Words make my head swim. Please recommend an easier, simpler way to understand the world.

Johnny Moronic

Dear Johnny Moronic;

We of the Industrialists Collective Plus have intercepted this grievance letter. Let us put you at ease by announcing the bold and frequent use of acronyms in our language which will hopefully make existence more intelligible ASAP, esp. on the INTERNET as well as the NYSE.

Yours
Ed Wms;
NY, USA

--

Dear ed;

I now have so many acronyms floating around in my bowling alley of a head that I forget which means what...I mean, NASDAQ, CD/DVD RW BCE and so on...I'm so confused! Help!

Johnny Moronic

--

Dear Johnny;

We of the Pollsters and Statistics Center of Pointless Studies have dug up an old solution that might just work: numbers. If we reduce all of existence to numbers, this will make life so much more simpler!

Yours,
0010100101

--

Dear World;

With all my computer and calculator stuff, my arithmetic aint no good like it useta be in grade three math. I am no longer motivated by numbers. I cannot understand how 2 and 2 go together anymore.

Johnny Moronic

--

Dear Johnny

We of the Ridgian Patriotic Society for Continued Panic and Fear have heard the call of many Americans like yourself who, by no fault of their own, find numbers difficult to figure. So, in response to the needs of our fellow Americans living in this age of fear, we provide a simpler system that you can also fashion coordinate with your modest shanty decor: colours. Red means very bad, while green and blue mean ok. But don't worry: to make it easier, we'll make the threat

levels we announce rarely ever deviate from two colours: yellow and orange. Hopefully this resolves the plight of honest Americans like yourself living in a world of such unnecessary complexity. Our grand Presidente Pretender also believes in a simpler world where our foreign policies can run roughshod simplicity over the meticulous nagging details of difference.

With our fierce anti-intellectualism, we salute you!
The Ridgeans

113

Headlines and Slogans 1

PRESIDENT BUNGLER OPPOSED TO MERITOCRACY; FAVOURS NEPOTISM AND RULERSHIP BY DIVINE RIGHT. DO NOT RE-ELECT MONMOUTH THE PRETENDER IN NOVEMBER!

Headlines and Slogans 2

THE ELECTION: DEMOCRACY OR LEARNED HELPLESSNESS?

Headlines and Slogans 3

12 000 DEAD IRAQI CIVILIANS: THE FOUL HEARTLESS ART OF DEPOSING ONE OIL BARON AND INSTALLING ANOTHER

Headlines and Slogans 4

CORPORATE DICTATORSHIP UNVEILS MONEYED COLOSSI OF CLAY-- PUBLIC DEMANDS SHOES. TYRANNY OF WALMARTIAN REGIME CLAIMS LIVES IN SWEATSHOP-CHINA.

114

American journalists cannot pose questions (a lost art)

America clerics of capital in tow, brandishing the embossed priestly hammers of a new cross--the snaking rood dollar sign upon which everyone else is crucified! this is the era when the dictate of values shifts but slightly to reflect demand: all are sinners = all are consumers. O what fools the populace be, that they encourage tax breaks for the papacies of big business corporateers of iron blue in the hopes that wealth will trickle down to the lowest common wallets! but no wage hikes, only more hoarding! perhaps the bulls and dispensations of frittered stock options are not far behind, and by then we can all languish under the truncheons of neo-feudalism's walloping knights!

115

Iraqiline

What war in Iraq? What doctored journalistic artifice of spun and edited morale inflammation all the rage on infotainment channels? Iraq war? Oh, yes, I saw the movie! This is what news journalism has traded its integrity for: a handful of pewter shekels, the unilaterally blind and one-sided hollywoodization of facts! Sexy soldiers! exploding tits! waving flag!...Have flag will lie!

Questions of Clarity

Fear of what? Freedom of what? Is there any infinitive left in freedom, or has it all been ferried away to the shores of the past while we populate the banks and shorelines waving our solemn adieus? Is it planes we fear over our heads, our own weapons, the hypercombustion of automobiles near commercial nexii? No, it is the fear that our days as master-consumers of the earth (false masters--mere slaves!) will come to an end--or more acutely, that the reigning DAY OF OUR VALUES will be exposed absolutely as ridiculous infantile error. To the scrap heap and antique shows will go our crown and throne relics of value! And freedom...O what imposture in a nation that purports freedom as a grand gleaming virtue! When its populace is coached, prescribed its actions, buttressed by a tepidly weak document, its actions, waging oppressions in other nations of oily interest (while stirring false political movie intrigue at home!). When its populace must sign oaths of allegiance to see the party's head speak! O what freedom burst from the birthing crucible when two commerical Reichstags were felled in incendiary attack! O what freedom to detain people offshore with no access to legal representation! Those who bleed such obfuscating rhetoric over these truthly matters are the real enemy combatants! It was freedom we sentenced to Guantanamo Bay, drove out of the White House, and in its place we crowned bloated fear!

Please De-monster-ate your grievance!

That we now register Muslims as we do pets! And what is this tactic but a flagrantly discriminatory act to re-designate the monstrosity of an Other into the safe category of pet poodles on a database? Shall we slide further down the slippery slope? I am calling for a more penetrating registration: I want every corporate christian right-wing demagogue and lobbyist registered and placed under the harshest of scrutiny! I want them fingerprinted, photo-mugged, ID-microchipped, and to have their organs diddled at all the security checkpoints! I want to be able to track their every movement! And if equality is the virtuous lynchpin of the republic, I want to see armed security personnel in front of every church as they already have at the mosques! For, as we know, christianity has a long history of breeding insurgent minds! O collateral indemnity!

Vulgate Community!

Vulgus vult decipi, says Phaedrus, and how true! It is precisely because they cannot auto-deceive--an impossibility! The very folly of the nation is its transfer of deception through its media canon and how willingly our alleged journalists march in chains to our elected officials with not questions, but coached responses and trigger-items! Deceive me completely and according to justice, say our common--all too--common people, but ensure that all deception is double-dipped: once in a stagnant pool of our immutable "rightness", and again like the infant Achilles to be coated in the impervious skin of asinine rhetoric. Arm the vulgar still further by giving them shields, assigning them allegiances, and narrowing a view to the world to mere slits so that a global view is just the

upside-down world of the camera obscura! Even the trail of words announces the further folly to come: deception to disceptation to decapitation!

119

The President is Dead!

Let our weary nation unseat itself, take to the streets, and begin its wailing and mourning. The president is dead! Shout it through newspaper megaphones, the president is dead! Which one? Does it matter in this nation of sponsored assassinations of both overt and subtle design? All presidents are dead, for they preside (praesidium) over nothing, protect nothing other than their thinly veiled knteresrs and dubbing such egoist fantasies as the will of the people. What imposture! What a return to messianic fascism! We'd just as soon put a horse in the senate for all that dross and slurry is worth!

120

Sadly, even the current "president", who gads about as our earthly Caesar with all his vainglorious Bellum Persia lacks even the eloquence of Julius. What he has in ample supply is folly and conceit, with which he has added another layer on his crumbling kingdom, whereupon he launches stuttering invectives here and issues a thick slab of saccharin "commonsense" sentiment there. O King Georgivs! Sickly turnaround war-boy dropped from the loins of Cold War paranoia and pecunia omnia! Either you align yourself with finance or the people--you cannot do both!

121

Centurions For Peace

Has one ever heard such blatant oxymoronic comedy? Has one ever seen freedom or peace issue from the barrel of a rifle or carpet-dropped from a fighter plane? The Romans were similar liberators, too, deposing so many tyrants to ensure the inception of trade-slavery! You are free, say the liberators, heavy with their guns, and then they install their capitalist Juno in the oppressed peoples' temples! What use is this changing of the dictators? On the grounds that they promise a peace and prosperity impossible to deliver? Viral expansion of the market as if this equates quid pro quo for freedom? It all seems to me to be yet another case of absentee landlordism!

122

A Small Paradox

It will take more than the rough justice of American capital to bring about the smooth transition to national serenity--in fact, all it can achieve is a crushing of the will of a people. How beholden are you to the unscrupulous miscreant law of the most for the fewest? Judge that if your last bout at the ballot box could be flawlessly superimposed upon your current visitation. Will two ballots be identical? Will you repeat the error of re-throning King George II and his ineffectual doll-queen wife?

123

The 3 Symptoms of Your Government

More than half are seriously afflicted with the advanced stages of a disease which manifests itself as fatigue, retardation, and indifference. Therefore, you got the government you deserved. If you are administered a cure, I fear that you will be as Catallus: bitter and disillusioned.

124

Honoured Pledge

The King promised less "Big Government", but has exceeded his promise to the extreme; we are now left with minor fiefdoms all under the puppet master who doles out filthy dosh as kingly bonuses to those states who best serve his will. His will shall be done, and where it lacks it can be paid for.

125

Retiring the Appellation for an Epoch

It can only truly be called a post-9/11 world if we stop speaking about and reacting to the event of 9/11. If we continue making reference to it, using it as a convenient justification to push forth misguided policies that act as infractions upon the freedom of people here and abroad, it might as well have happened yesterday! A wound stays fresh if it is constantly reopened--even if to make a point, to look the part of the martyr and the hard-done-by plaintiff on the world court. And a constantly reopened wound soon allows infection to set in, perhaps to further exacerbate the pose of the victim. We will, for some time to come, continue to languish interminably in the 9/11 world. What is needed to push us beyond the stagnance of this present inertia is a politics of true difference--but before that: a doctor to mend the wound and order the patient not to pick at it! Tie the hands of the victim!

126

A Prescription for a Better Future?

At the root of our continued legacy of failed besotted values and bad politics is the deep and enfolded core of our collective body hatred. O how our obsessions with diets and pharmaceutical-surgical enhancements of the flesh, the televised mating games--all of it the further consequence of our body hatred! We tease and act as provocateurs of our bodies by torturing it with sensationalist extremes, killing it with hamburgers or our fashionable Munchausen Syndrome of breast enlargements! Bodies to be constantly modified as bigger or smaller! The body is the only true claim to life, and so is it any wonder we hate and fear it so much? Imagine a true and honest live of bodies, an unconditional non-begrudging affirmation of bodies! Not the construction of mannequins, but living things as living as all organisms! A will to grow, to keep growing, to be! Affirmation of the body would run all our cosmetico-surgical Dr. Frankensteins out of business! Natural pulchritude has its fount and end in the will!

The End of War

Our first step cannot be external, it cannot be merely the removal of troops from abroad or the committing to the smelters all our instruments of ruin--it must begin at home. In sum: we must de-militarize the citizenry! How clandestine the process was...how SUVs, cargo pants, and the popularization of military fatigues were absorbed into popular fashion! Why? Because we purchased the unconscious rhetoric of the Final Solution, the End of Days, Revelation, the Apocalypse! Perhaps we are collectively more astute and perceptive than our more conscious counterpart: we have already foretold that our time is nigh, the end is imminent, and that we are on an unavoidable decline.

A nation that seeks to isolate itself and only attract to its bedside its most cherished allies is much akin to the animal who perceives it is soon to perish. Will America's version of its own freedom be so markedly Christian? A freedom as death, a reprieve from a life condemned as suffering, to move to some fairy tale hokum transcendent beyond? And true to Christian textual form, it will not opt for a passive fading away, but the showy and opulent burst of a bomb...Dragons and sword-mouthed Christs...an entire parody of Orientalization of religious symbolic decadence. Our only joy for us on the periphery is that it will happen quickly and be no more. Who will be the first to light the magnesium coil of their nation?

O how the many have buttered their tongues against me by the very indolence of their creativity! Why is that?--Well!, and this is no mere speculation, but the very fact of our lack of creative dignity! That it be easier to tear down a wall or to peer through a perceived error with ocular protrusions than to raise the structure--that is all too common the human condition! I have seen my critics sharpen their tongues, primed for an episode of baiting I care not to engage with...Still they razz the whetstone, and perhaps some even ignite a flame behind their teeth in preparation to spin off a lubricious polemic! But how that flame quickly gathers and consumes their thoughts, how it makes their waxy brains gutter like beef-tallow candles! What is left at the end of the day of these vicious written or spoken assaults? Scrunched scowls and hunched trolls whose only labour is to lurk under bridges in wait for that intrepid spirit that dares to cross, who does not believe in the asinine luxuries of *boundary* or *territory*! "Hold and halt there!" says the troll while he sinks the entire sea of his vicious lexicon into my ear...that I ought to abide by the boundaries, those arbitrary divisions, that I must not soar to other lands but rather remain landlocked so that I may crawl through their gantlet of cruel stupidity! That one cannot write or be read without having made the proper obeisance to the reigning few who lay claim to a false kingdom of gilded letters, fame, the prancing leper-courtiers who preen their images while the fat in repose can speak only of its mundane "style"! That I may not even *think* until I have served the servants of thought, to have gone through so many of their pointless contests, rites of passage, covert ego-tactics, to occupy seats at committees lest they fly off the orbit of the earth itself! I do not joust with rubber lances, nor do I seek to please any of the kings of the land.--Thought and

creation always resides elsewhere, in that other region uncut by the crude swords of disciplinary or social division. Once there, it is necessary to return, to make that retrograde step and to announce that something blankets even they who spurned you first, who tried by force to either get you to obey or be cast out! There is will and spirit beyond their reach...For as long as they stay mired in divisions and false articulations, their lenses are warped. Let them worship at that broken altar of prismatic! Let their false rainbow overlay the plot-lines they will occupy in the cemetery!

130

The imprecision of Christianity. O that we count in our calendars from the day of the beginning, when the dissident was born. A promise is held in the last section of that poorly composed anthology, otherwise known by the devoted as the Bible, that the end is nigh! Judgement! Final and everlasting! The temporal imprecision of the arbitrary dates, the confusion between Julian and Gregorian calendrical time! It is almost enough to inspire a riot, like in 1752 England (even that date and that place is suspect!). Should they quibble on the false origin of their living-dead-living-raised “king of kings”, to speculate on the day of birth, to transplant it to that quarter-mark of December to fool the pagans by Paulist deception...That they will aver to its accuracy, and yet with all their claims to precision they cannot declare the shelf-life date, the day of expiration when the judgement takes place! It is a religion that bides its time, hating life, waiting for the clock to run out...But when will that be? We creatures of precision, we creatures with the clocks in our pocket, need to know! We do not want vague guesses, idle speculations, or retractions when the date passes and with it no judgement! I insist that the Christians settle this among themselves, to select a date when they think this world ends, and to mark it on their poorly conceived calendar. And then I insist that we work backward, a countdown clock, to that day. I wish to plan in advance, to have my best clothing ready so that I may laugh at error in appropriate style!

131

What is this obsession with apocalyptic thinking? To what end or use? That we must be tortured with yet another vision of the End of Days by cinema, book, sermon or sandwich-board delegate of that ridiculous thought of Nighness! It is truly *nigh-ilistic*! We have mixed this thought so vigorously with that murderer of metaphysics, technology...And so the End of Days is populated to bursting by cyborgs and computer meltdowns. And what is this “life after Christ”, this panorama of waste in that post-apocalyptic desert of ruins?--But, to the more serious question: what prompts the sick joy in a Christian to eagerly await that Day? That he or she may be raised to the Heavens? That the spirit of revenge will have triumphed over the alleged “wicked” of the land? That History herself will finally have meaning? That the Christians, like smarmy schoolchildren who have outdone one another will declare that they were Right? That the whole edifice of time and reason may finally repose or collapse, signaling the death of the rumbling will so few of them have taken the time to understand? What is needed is a deep psychology of those who aspire to be present at the end, to itemize this bankrupt desire for all *living* life to end!

132

What I truly despise. Those who offer me their prayers, over and against my declarations against their crooked-crossed faith! Their offer of prayers are vengeful, an attempt to play fist-over-fist on the baseball bat of worldviews! Their offer of prayers are needlesome arrows that attempt to bury themselves as slivers in my flesh! What good has any prayer done anyone? Why must one *ritualize* hope or wish? What is wrong with merely hoping and wishing for the better outcome without appealing to divine phantoms who, if they did exist, could not be bothered with the trifles! A prayer is not a request, but a demand via faith, and it so easily becomes a tool for those who wish revenge on others! I do not only implicate the religious and their hedge-betting, but as well those who pray to their clocks, bank accounts, and petri dishes--for to assume that the result can be rigged for one over and against the reality principle is to have too high an estimation of self, to be arrogant in assuming that the forces will contrive to grant you--against their innate character--your demand. Although there is an abundance of humiliation, there is not one iota of modesty--and if it is there, it is always a veiled form of unbearable self-righteousness.

133

The priests are gigolos of a lie, or they repose to be curators of so many relics--but nary a true history to be found that is not fraught with the errors of immodesty.

134

To command or obey in the State has the same outcome, equally undistinguishable in its action: to express dissent or assent at the ballot box--otherwise, says the State, one is completely amoral, a Greek *idiote*. Demophilia has blinded us to the real separation of a willing act!

135

Vanity, true vanity, takes hard ancient men--not the foppish nightcrawlers of present morality. We speak of ancient men with eyes on futurity, not those over-Christianized whelps and mollusks who suppurate in the valleys and fetid swamps...Ancient men at the summit! A crude vanity too easily materializes in false modesty, but it is the task of a great people to cultivate their vanity as art and style.

Whatever can we mean by this, our lauding of vanity, the prideful sin? We, of course, do not believe in sin, for all sin is grounded on a poorly posed problem in relation to a world (and in this, Hobbes was right, the amoral character, but not entirely!). We take the case of the *crudely vain* the will-to-History (whose?)... The dialectic takes shape according to the valley-dwellers' moral reading of history, from their jaded and coin-slot eyed perspective of having fallen. That is, the dialectic of Genesis and Judgement as the presently sodden earth that the Christian so despises (since he is an *enemy of life*, and not *to life*--for life has no time in its joys for bitter hatred!). How is this any different than what we advocate for the ancient men? The ancient time and the future are not two peaks separated by a valley of misery, but are one and the same! Cultivated vanity is to truly see oneself as one is and not, as Christian-based vanity so mediates behind

its moth-eaten curtain of false morality, a representation across a void. For the Christian, the earth is a warped Platonic carnival mirror of those two divine “transcendent” summit-moments, and these two summit mirror each other as antipodes, as two distinct phases of a *developmental* (and so therefore *progress-based*) history--from beginning to end, genesis to apocalypse. What vile socratism beats in the ehart of the Christian dialecticians! But we who know, and know ourselves, do not believe in such neatly divided episodes as if some patterned rug--we who walk upon such things and pay no heed to its facile simplicity, and so *let it fade*...as it ought! It is the Christian’s bad vanity that raises the *als ob* to its transcendent level--let it be known: at the expense of life!

136

When we inquire into the genesis of the political urge, we constantly come upon the same root cause: the desire to corral the insipid and mean-spirited poltroons and anti-creators under one assembly in order to punish the strong and the different (one and the same, we artistic scientists!). Throughout the history of statecraft, punishments have vacillated between severity and slackness; in one age the different are burned, quartered, hung, subject to unspeakable bodily tortures...in another, the hangman is retired (and trained in a new vocation, perhaps as an officer of law or a priest!), and the different imprisoned, banished, exiled, rendered perhaps financially moot. But in all cases, prior to the exacting of punishment, is the process of classification...To impute and impugn such slanders and filthy names foisted upon the “punishee”: idiot, heretic, dissident, terrorist, insane...All these and more enter the lexicon of the state-as-punisher (by the backdoor of their reasoning!). Where would statecraft be if it did not first *name* what it sought to *silence, destroy, exclude*? If the offense lacks a category, especially as an inversion of whatever that state prizes as good, then it’s powerless to act. Some call this Reason, while others with shrewd and careful minds call it the tyranny of the state tongue.

It was Machiavelli, that puttering and stuttering officocrat trying to win the favour of the Medici, who finally laid out the real motives of State: to play as Janus at the table of morals...Was it not our precious Niccolo who knew the secret that one ought to only appear, as far as may be possible, to possess virtue? That he has been refuted by those after him is no proof that this is still not the case, for it is the politicians of today--if they read anything at all--who would discredit Machiavelli for being in poor taste, for having the bad faith of exposing the magician’s tricks! Difference endangers princes, and so we creatures of pure difference are the antidote to princedoms, being princes *on a higher table of values*.

137

The Priest as executioner. What vocation for the axeman who would stumble first into his cups and swing a loosely aimed axe so many times into the necks of those to perish under Law? Outmoded, as metaphysics was, by technology--the guillotine. Where may the axeman and hangman find occupational solace, a place where his skills are *in demand*? Where may the executioner preside over the dead and those earmarked for annihilation? Why, no other place than at the pulpit, the sermonic vocation where one may come shambling to the corpse upon

the torture-rod and share in the drunkenness of that priest who has had a hand in *killing God*. In fact, a whole religion whose basis is *the weekly killing of God*--but only on that day of rest when execution is not labour, but an idle hobby...

138

Hegel: apologist par excellence. He who takes the cake can indeed be a heinous creature, but more so if he apologizes in doing so...perhaps almost as bad as he who bakes and then takes that cake. The more profuse an apology, the deeper integrity sinks and the higher the distrust and suspicion of those like us mount. Hegel was such an apologist--he took the cake of history and made it his unbearable source for apology. What is an apology of that stripe otherwise known as? The System that seeks to explain, for explanations are too often thinly veiled apologies. But Hegel's crime is much more serious: his arrogance led him to think that history required his apology, that he could speak and apologize on its behalf! It is for this reason that we place Hegel at the chain's end of successors vying for the completion of the Christian theological project.

139

If we visit another and are compelled, after our bookish fashion, to judge that person by their material possessions, how quickly we readers alight our eyes on a collection of their books. It is folly to judge on what one has in one's library--for this means little to nothing and is never a guarantee that these volumes have been granted real attention or if they are as neglected by the cuckolding owner--but rather let us judge by what that person has elected to leave out! Our book collections are initially guided by a deselection, and this is of no small importance!

140

Likeness is indecision.--Will Rogers, eternal American optimist, once said, "I never met a man I didn't like." Well, when true and hard selection is always at a premium in this world of mediocrity, the *media mortis* of culture, did he ever encounter men he loved or hated? To be merely "liked"--no worse fate can befall a person! To not inspire a real emotion! To "like" something is not to take a strong stance...it is *tepid evaluation*.

141

In much the same way Kierkegaard derided armchair Christians, we must take offense of the meek armchair critic. True critique, not criticism, always places itself at risk or not at all!

142

O wretched state of the triumphant cogs and dogmatic supremacists! I know of one who has been admitted to school in Oxford, and she has taken every pain to blast it from the heralding trumpet of her overly-high estimation of self. But I contend that there are great thinkers working in all sorts of places, institutions little more prestigious than a dark alcove--and perhaps in places like that, there are more of them since they are not beaten black and blue by the bloated prestige of their host university. I am told that I am in bad faith, but I rebut on

this--that she is emerging from her chrysalis of self to become that wretched colourful elitist butterfly who only flutters toward the lamps of fame and reputation. Creatures who once crawled and now take flight, by the virtue of that faculty of sodden ego, are doomed to become functionaries, unbearably bitter and vehement creatures who nip at the heels of those Heracleian great thinkers who happen to be working feverishly in the most unlikely of places. What can this cancer-crab attending Oxford hope to achieve? In the end, she will only produce on the margins and believe it to be the substantial text proper--but nothing more than an exegete, a mote of dust, a footnote buried in some forgotten work. She may flaunt all she wishes now, for this will be her last taste of greatness, illusory as it is. Such vile pretense! As the winds so blow, she will find herself lost and without anything to say to the wind, nor have the ears to hear its vital lesson! Where, in this desperate clambering to the top of an academic beanpole, is real critique? Real *life*? Where is the vitalist principle in all this dusty boxing and pigeonholing within that prefab system of academic values? O you crabs and butterflies--the tides and winds make such quick work of you.--Will you learn the lesson of modesty and humiliation too late, if at all? I ask you: whose office is steeped in real shadow, and whose in the radiance of living illumination?

143

Culture as idiopathic. Careful critique cannot begin without taking an interest in the methods and tools by which it may be engaged. One must first be a hammersmith before one wields the hammer, for even the hammer of critique must not be immune to the midday exposure when all is seen. If we are to lay to rest that *idiopathic* uncertainty of cultural values, their origins as to their values and the values of those origins--genealogy!--we must take careful stock in the precision of our instruments. It takes an eagle's eye to see both far and up close, a mild temperament of joy so as to easily slough the detritus one invariably accumulates on critique's way, and above all a well-crafted and *unapologetic hammer*. For apology--and apologists are many and legion--is not the faculty of the hammer of critique, but the finicky needlework of inveterately needlesome old maids. Whatever the eagle's eye, open temperament, and hammer discover, let it be discovered without revision, embroidery, exaggeration, caricature--and above all with the audaciously brazen courage to consider the possibility that one *may be in error!* If in case of error, one must return to the question of the tools, to refashion at will an even more precise instrument, but no less active in its ability to break the law tables as a hammer. Creation must begin with the destruction of persistent childish fictions, and true critique is double movement that creates as it destroys. How? Look to the painter who destroys the blank and absent surface of the canvas with but a brushstroke, and then you may glean the beginning of this process. Destruction as positive, creative, but *in a certain way*.

144

It is too often the case that others attempt to sell me the means by which to make more shadows rather than to instruct me on the ways to dissolve them. Let us be done with the shadows of life, this life reduced to shadow as if to mock it! This, too, includes the shadows of ego and all its shadowy accomplices.--

145

Experienced globalistas required for the continuing suppuration of the collective neo-consciousness. Ah! He who multiplies knowledge and history--with true verve, passion, and trembling!--increases sorrow (Scripture, QED, but *who* gives such liberal credibility to literary history's most poorly composed dogmatic anthology?)...What will we do aeons from now? Should we be so sick to live this long, when history becomes so enormous in its belt-busted girth as to become insufferable? Has it not become so already? What delinquent malefactors our historians be! They know all too well the indelicate craft of weaving a narrative fabric for little more than tomorrow's wars! Why not call it an art? O ho ho! That would entail that the craftsperson had any instinct for restraint! It is not enough to be a disciple of discipline, for the *choice of discipline* is all the matter! A historian who does as he is bid is a lever-puller, and you who nod in agreement with it see the curtain rise on little more than a set.

146

It is difficult to avoid becoming glib. However...if life and morality originate from the same dank, nether-taboo point of our physiology--the groin--what then? One has two choices: to take flight from the body under the guild of life-hatred, or to regal in rigor vita.

147

The terror of enforced and secured freedom is little more than a poison from two sources: the past slipping into the blood with the mercurial affectation of the hatter who only has reactionary interpretations of all immediate phenomena, and the ominous projected phantom of freedom removed. Always a perceived threat from the shadow of experience, and another hovering before our eyes in hallucination. Truly what cripples an honest present is the voraciously infinite power of past and present, double oppilations in truly evaluating the arbitrariness of the now. Habit from a past, a lack that points to the future--there is and must be a better and more noble way to think than this!

148

A hammer to the spammer whose spangles bangle to that regular jangle, an anthem as quotidian as the two globes of an electronic ass that unlesash a hidden cloaca load.

149

Relinquish us from the inveterate *natomania* that adheres to all systems of old, crumbly values. And--spare us from the Internet as bad poet...Genius bleeds into the feet, and this is known among the true inheritors of any sphere--electronic and otherwise--as the lightness of dance.

150

Our similar spatial qualities: in heaven, as on earth, the people of intriguing and robust nature--are missing! No, we must spare life this tormenting comparison and refuse facile generalization. I have seen the coming people, but perhaps you have not...It is a matter of taste and location, I shall say, since every interesting

being has been in some fashion shut out of every church, academic institution or public office...Shut out, even as they hold offices within those walls.

151

We heavy drops from the cloud! We rain down with our critique, and the skittish flee for dry shelter...They rue the rains, for rain foils plans and purpose--but our rain washes clean the errors of soiled spirits, and only the wise know to interpret the rains rather than to flee to some distant place to explain them hither and thither they go.

152

Philosophy, as it is so tyrannically overseen in many departments today, is one of the last bastions of anachronistic bloodsport where to make a theoretical move in any non-previously approved direction is to invite one's own crucifixion. But I do not fear any of these things, for they have not the bellies or minds to drive a nail here or there to the strongest ideas that will always endure. What is the worse punishment they can exact upon the young scholar? Denial of tenure to make one a gypsy? Their wall of threat-soundings only blockades a good ear from entry, and it is their archly traditionalist message blending into the bland commercial landscape--and other corporate fictions!

153

How is one to triumph over infantilizing forces? Surely, one cannot set their silence as one's goal, but rather to *pass through them* with intrepid heart, to realize that they were as phantoms...Never there, and so easily *forgotten*. Sin is among the most imposing of phantoms--and then there is also the dialectic ("alive" and "well", no less).

154

Vir parvae sapientiae...liber magnis ponderis. A man of small wisdom and a book of great weight. What does this mean? The smallest wisdom for the most ponderous books? It seems a contradiction unless we are free to expand the cloisters of definition to make wisdom forge its alliance and focus upon a life principle. I do mean a true rather than jaded or misguided vitalism of the mind, what Deleuze calls a new image of thought that opens up the fluid channels of thinking, perceiving, and being into our arid desert cogito. Life is the smallest wisdom, the greatest clinamen. Should it not also be that books of great ponderousness allied with this small (joyful) wisdom be, in essence, the means of recognizing lightness?

155

Sunt tibi animus et mores. You should have soul and character. Let us agree on one and discard the other as a patently childish fetter. The soul, says Zarathustra, dies well before the body. How many soulless wrecks upon the ebbd shores of activity and rigour, so many once-intrepid yet misguided pilots who sailed their *stultifera navis* with the erect masts of *goals* in mind? Let us not even retain "soul" as *als ob*...Descartes was not advised that the body never needed a thinking substance to dictate what *it can do*. Souls can never know the

capacity of the body as will to power, but can only *add* explanations that seem only to--explain the soul! Let us clear the table and start fresh: let us speak of the soul *of the body*, which is *character*. And what is character? An affect, an expression of body, unlimited yet selective. Paltry thinking souls abound, but so rare is the body's soul of character. Ensouled bodies--what Aristotelian dogmatism! What Christian lugubriousness! Embodied souls: that is character that demarcates a true sense of *style* and *type*.

156

Mors est somno similes. Death is similar to sleep. O Schopenhauer! Do we not see the trick up your pessimistic sleeve? Flipped over, are we to assume with you that life is similar to wakefulness? Certainly we would agree if for but one sticking point: that such relation is mediated by likeness. Similes of life are not life, and so rather we should state that similarity is similar to sleep or death! Life, we contend, is *insomnia*. It seems that life appears only to sleep in the minds of gravid, ponderous, overwrought, thinking men who sing their "souls" to sleep with the barren melodies of identity-logic.

157

Quisque sibi carus est. Each one is dear to himself. How true this egoism, this egoism a truism. But the free spirit dares to ask: how wide is this self so dear, and what of this self as such and in general (and particularly!). Foucault retired that old "subject", capitalized or in miniscule, and opted to study the *soi*, the care thereof. This question is too soon. The free spirit must know: *pourquoi le soi?*-- And, what is it, what types is it expressed by? I have an inkling, but let us not tarry...The free spirit already knows that this question is tinged with poison, and so such a spirit duly sets it aside.

158

Liber est mihi multo carror mea vita. This book is dearer to me than my life. Books and life on the same scale of value? Since when? O it is the oldest of mistakes, one of the essentials in that crudest of tasks: to degrade the value of life in and of itself by whatever means available. What Judeo-Christian silliness and textual idealism...to assign the false majesty of value of one while lowering the other in order to produce--equilibrium upon that sorry set of scales. Surely, the Jews know all too well that their book is their place, and bodies are transient and nomadic. And the Christians, too, preach that their poorly composed and slapdash amendment to the first testament endures eternally compared to the ephemerality of bodies that sink or sin, that ape its tired phrasings. Does not the Bible begin with the Word? How much more different and alive if we started much differently: in the beginning there was the mouth, opening as if to utter--or yawn! Anathema: to assert that perhaps creation began with the pandiculation of a deity. But for us who are not so easily fooled by the value of the book--do we not crave that one book that would rather begin with a *gesture of motion*, more in league with what we know best: the body?

159

Greasy Idols of Ideology.--What can be so hopelessly sentimental and *outmoded* than our theorists with their stakes driven into the now non-arable land of ruinous Left and Right? Do their arguments matter to us anymore? Ideological speculation is a luxury we can no longer afford in this newly inherited globalitarian world, and the last thing we need are the priests of old prodding the herds to vote and react! O is not to vote a reaction of the lowest order, a pity mechanism, a reducing of a world to its bipartite *nothingness*? Let us leave this sagging, infirm beast of democracy alone, and let it wander off and pass away. If someone had not already earmarked democracy for the abattoir, someone would have had to kill it *prematurely*. Let it pass. However, although youth has brought us together around the books of the French theorists we so came to admire, nigh is the time that we sound them out...Perhaps we have become disenchanted with those arguments that no longer hold stake for us. It is not the fault of these fine theorists at all, for they critiqued what was, for them, the essential points... But it will be our fault to remain complicit, if we do not move brazenly forward. Have not our cherished thinkers become greasy and worn to our fresh touches? Can they any longer sustain our need for *critique*? It is time to empty our toolkits and take stock here, perhaps fashion new implements...

2. The Immoralist

Preface: The Immoralist

Oh ho ho! So you find me here, so full of life beneath the grey sheen of your failures, your wandering bone-lust, the vicious poverty you impose upon me! This book, my “immoralist”, Nietzsche’s second book of transvaluation of all values, conducted like a careful cultural Gray’s Anatomy. And to think, if suckfish moralists like you and your cagey wicker basket value systems did not exist, I would not feel obliged to set my wrath and joy on paper like this! And the irony? This book will be bought just for you by one of your middle cash class buffoons as a gift in recognition of your self-proclamation that you are a well-read little liberal...But in truest matter of fact, you’re a slob! A charlatan of knowledge in your slippers, silk embroidered housecoat, and pipe by the fire! You will have my book collecting dust on your shelves in no time! Next to your parading snazzy of authentic African relics and other high priced knick-knackery! All for show! Have you read that Napoleonescu fellow? Why, a bit, yes, chortle, chortle...A jolly good read, that! Ha! While I swing from the rafters! I can only hope that one of your guests sees my book and at least has his eyes open long enough to realize what it *means* to own such a book! Social suicide! But I do not want you to just be morally *offended*, but truly overcome! If you truly have the courage of your convictions, step out into the schoolyard, out from behind your sniveling God with the Holy catarrhs! You and me, fisticuffs! Even brawn! Let’s stack your values next to mine! Do you have the affirmative verve to transvaluate or is your comfort too precious to sacrifice?

What a large gallery of putrid boudoir pics and menacing little phantoms! I wipe them clear from *my* conscience, I assure you! But I have laughed my way through more sombre churches than any you have attended, spat in all sorts of baptismal waters and sacristy wine. Even my dogs won’t go near the cross, and they’ll at least sniff anything—even skunks! Your bibles give my dogs the runs... They won’t even touch the shredded bits anymore! They’d rather eat moss off the tree! Oh, but they are unholy creatures, aren’t they? They are not enlightened enough to receive the Holy bastard son of Roman rape. You little Cartesian whiner! And now you ask me of the fate of the Nation...O bilious rapture! The ecstasy of Saint Liberal and the canonization of Cardinal Conservative! When will it end? When either this sinkhole of a nation or me is a moot and turgidly dead issue...Into the belching furnace of forgetting after, of course, the mandatory garroting!

I am surrounded on all sides by all those reams of Dear Abby and Reader’s Digest claptrap spawned by the great big empire of smiling hate, 1984 and the Ministry of Smarts! The beasts continue their bovine moaning at me, their attempts to reduce my interests in the true pursuit of meaningful questions in the world of knowledge to a puddle of undistinguishable and unsavoury slush! Fearful reductionists! Americomaniac cows! More herds, fewer herdsmen! That is the terrible and squinty-eyed future! Self-fashioned lords with hooves, fat bellies, and with their udders swaying obscenely filled with sour milk! They shilly-shally about with blinders on their eyes and shit between their teeth, speaking of

the Good and the True. But their teeth are only set for chewing life into a bland cud of disgusting juices that erupt back into the mouth at a moment's notice—that is the state of *morality*! Pure cud! Regurgitated values! At every congress of their speaking! Fie on them and their bland diet, the regurgitatum diet! Feed them the ambrosia of the eternal return and even that is reduced to cud in their mouths, mouths that grind pointlessly and ceaselessly away! Damnable reductionist cattle! The purpose of their petty reduction exercises? For the same reasons art is devalued: they fear and envy life, for they are the inept and uncreative, and so must go about abolishing and punishing differences everywhere with their cud logic. When they say “what you engage is irrelevant and commits the fallacy of illicit importance, not in accord with true knowledge on how things actually are” (and how much I despise a recourse to this false *how things are* argument!), they do not merely represent a lack of understanding and an intransigent unwillingness thereof, but they truly mean this one thing: “if we cannot crane our necks to see the mountains as you do, we will call Procrustes to have your head knocked clear off!” Or, worse still: “we will huddle our masses around you until our awful gravity drags you beneath our hooves of reason.” If they embody the cause of truth, what an ugly, useless, petty truth...What a pathetic animal farm of pseudo-philosophers. I have enemies I can overcome, and I do not take seriously the slanders of my integrity of vision by those who have chosen blindness. But these cattle, they want to have done with all their enemies, to graze peacefully in their flat pastures. They will only succeed if they sentence the creative and differential types to the slag pit with their implements of the gavel of their inverted logic and the analytic leeching off of life. These petty judges have only banished life from their lives when they banish me. Let them wallow in their syllogistic barns, their straw stables of reason, the agri-logic where the terrible violence is separated into carefully manicured rows for the thresher! Dare ye taste of their produce? A tepid salad of bland ruffage for the undiscerning of palate and the weak of stomach.

How noble I feel in this field of beasts, but how bored I become with their constant drive! I invite them to laugh, to drink with me the liquor of this life, but they turn away! When will they leave Kant to die rather than to stick their clumsy hands up his ass and make a puppet of his corpse? As for Kant, I have said this before and I will say it forever: Kant in leather pants, piercings, and given Internet and cell phone privileges is still just Kant. No matter if you will read him on a train, in the rain, in a box, or with a logical fox, it is still the same horrible concoction of green eggs and ham! Bad eggs, ego-support ham!

160

To abdicate one's sovereignty is to do nothing at all. Can you reverse your own abdication, embrace the idea of everything for nothing with a view to laughing? Can you abdicate sovereignty's opposite: the desire to *be* everything?

161

A world with annihilation on its eyes can only barter in the currency of revenge. So, at the last point of sale, whatever shall the merchant do but perish?

162

By whatever surfeits of righteousness, bounded up by monotonous sunny-side assessments, I here wish to make a public denouncement to all those who make their pens wobble to that fascistic tune of the projected fiction known as *an audience*: we are agents of mercenary writing, and we outsource our pens to waging *topics, thematics, concepts*—not wars (of which an ego split in itself is one such war). Blow-counter-blow on the field of ego wars against self, in pleasing the audience at the *circus* does nothing but obfuscate the real matter... and you have made of yourself little more than an ephemeral spectacle for the delight of the café crowd. Here is the demon's question for those who do write: can you sign your books *in your own name*?

163

Virgil exclaims that there can only be a few swimmers in a vast sea, and that nature selects. The sea drowns the martyrs, and it is the sodden who make heroes out of them. It is the same with the bloggerisms of excess textuality, this mass dysinformative copulation. We may play leapblogger with ourselves, but let us drown the pointless jabber of retrograde buffoons, the dunderpated minions of sour dreck and bothersome refuse. Stand sentinel over that which will be said! Keep the seas clear with the strong. Detect the indignant and sour note of the times, and work to modulate what *is* so that we may treat our ears to the music that *ought to be*.

164

Nero-tzsche Notice:

In the fight factory,
Nero Roi!

And where glib oceaniks steal, double pincer'd metrics of
Nothing! My kingdom for a fling-flinger!

No, not, but,

Was it true you were part of that merry prankster frat, Franconia?

Well, was it?

Yes, yes, before Basle and after Pforta, somewhere between Rocken!

Ten years unlimited service and now

I am very good with at least 3 weapons:

The cannon

The saber
The pen! –*Poom! Poom! Poom!*

Could you please preserve your formatting in rich text?
--to poor text we go, antonymously, with a fitted t! I shall not
preserve it richly other than text, blowhorn!

In the body of an email aorta attachment or fort or da, whatever does it matter?
To what? To editoreador pontificos playing backrabble games to lengthen the
size
Of spam penis patriot acts?

Well.
Was it?

I Friedrich have seen the Luther emerging from crippling bowel movement from
my papa, Ludwig! Was it no wonder I told Lama to shove faith up her ass and
sing instead?

Lama married a German's German, a real pig! They founded a million billion
crony colonies in Brazil and Argentina and all places that stink of inviting
Germanic German piggishness! For entertainment in the parlour and boudoir,
coquetry instead of searching for several truths!

Instead, Lisbeth-Lama married a pig!
She gave my walking stick to a pig!
She edited my work like a pig!
She no doubt dies as a pig!

I Friedrich have seen my ratings at Barney-Rubles.com, and I know my
Zarathustra is waning in the glimmer-eye spunk'd wallet brims of the public, but
never in my heart! A prelude of rhymes! An epilogue of more! Always more, you
see, for it is only the pigs that censor text, which makes them as

Proud pigs.
Marry my sister!

165

The cure for overweening self-reflection (the morbid vanity of mirrors of all kinds
and types) that only lends itself to the vain ego-edifying thought of suicide is to
become a hub—replete with connections and activities that keep one in motion,
in a state of perpetual transfer. Otherwise, one indulges adopting the mask of the
emotional cripple, a magnifying lens on that miserable ego--.

166

Scholarly interests need to be cultivated with more modesty, and so perhaps
cultivating outside, non-academic interests diverts our inveterate gaze upon that
fateful academic mirror. Academia is just one mode among many—and surely

not the *highest* one. Cults come in all sorts of colours, with myriad purposes to select from, each with their secret initiation rites, their purpling-pomp ceremonies, their sacred names like passports through an iconic divine. There are many more chapels. Have membership in more than one cult if you wish, but never let your contumely be conditioned by the arbitrary rhetoric of whatever temple you happen to pledge temporary worship within.

167

The only truly effective consolation is, ultimately, self-reliance. Have not all strategies of consolation only echo back to the self the already-known? What is a therapist but a kind of clever macaw? Even Sartre knew that we chose our advisors for mere reconfirmation, and Sartre was the most hopelessly inconsolable of all!—who else but a late convert to soft Marxism is the Magus of Inconsolability?

168

Never trust those who oppose the act of drinking in all and every cases—they would put fetters on the charm of the soul and its desire to enjoy a life of the only truth: that of the eternal masquerade.

169

What are these accumulated honours that accrue to me? Are they recognition? A recognition rather late when the effort and its grand results had already been achieved in solitude (where such efforts are best savoured!). Nothing more than entry lines on a CV, a *means*. But, a means to *what*? To regaining solitude, free from the obligation *to prove oneself to all those who are not oneself!* What is my name?—in the annals, already ransomed to the whims of someone else's parody!

170

The question of what we owe the ancients is unanswerable, a non-starter. Should we not give way to the real question that burns within us, what is truly of *relevance*? What do we owe to tomorrow?—but, can we pose this question free of all the recrudescing debt and guilt? Certainly, if we do not let the phantoms of the past—usurers, the crucified, “our heritage”—sully our view and orient our future projects. No, the future must be thought—not in terms of the past as if a lens—on the terms set by tomorrow.

171

To “what do you write?” I must answer: I write what I *want*, which is to say that I write what I *feel*, and what I feel is but another puissant shred of all feeling, which is *necessity*. Failing that, I *walk away*. A minor point on its surfaces of laminar flow that is writing itself, but how so many violate such a self-evident maxim!—this history of writing.

172

Epistemological illnesses are the sum of all vices. Let me properly attribute this, for it was a sagacious and sultry woman who divulged this secret to me at a high

cost. Only a fool disregards the wisdom of women, and has not the ears to hear them in that precious moment of confession. I owe nearly all my wisdom to what women say in secret, and to what men make public by means of the negative object lesson.

173

To a “borderline suicide”: your claim lacks conviction because it was so thoroughly announced by such ego-desiring, emotion-saturated trumpeteering. A true suicide tells no one, but merely adds it as the last entry on a quotidian to-do list.

174

Fear sells.

175

How many Philippics will rescue freedom from tyranny?—Poor question. *Whose* freedom? *Whose* tyranny?—Better questions that open up to *an order of rank*. Today, the alleged freedom fighters are elected, mere wooden heroes, one half actor and the other half the rhetor’s *asinus*. Only chandalas speak of freedom in the grips of widespread fear, and beneath the spectres (flags and the other trappings of virulent nationalism, military deployment and full-fledged support *contra* integrity) is none other than fear again. Reelections of wooden heroes raises a bronze monument to fear. It is at the ballot box that the people relax conscience in favour of choosing perpetual trepidation in the flowing robe of *securitas*.

176

Our comfort.—Just as one thinks to have an anchor language from and by which other languages may be learned (the linguistic tablature, the mandarin ruling of the single tongue), comfort issues from theories that purport to rescue us all. Comfort is histrionics, tradition, a heritage, a false inheritance, an old logical sawhorse...But: the great theories of tomorrow will build within them a thorn or two so that none can fully gain repose in them. This has been the problem of all theories—democracy, socialism, capitalism, communism, moral utility, duty ethics, the patriot urge, all that the maunderings of the priest—they become stagnant and we become complacent. So many theory trees to slumber under, never noticing the change of seasons in the grove! The failed solution: aggressive outsourcing of political systems, the forced ideological implant (and subsequent organ rejection), the shoddy graft, the superfluous cabinet-appointed appendage, the “Big Shill”(C. Rice), votes at gunpoint, the soporific ballad of “progress”, the crudely literal hanging of a king for confused symbolic reasons (smug spirit of revenge, circa Dec. 2006). A thorn in theory spurs to action, keeps us on our feet, perpetual sentries, and with an intellectual integrity that is rigorous. I hereby call for military severity in the domain of theorizing—a *new discipline!*

177

Dread follows, a darkness at noon: a culture compatible with infotainment. We must get our real news from comedians now. Satire *is* current events.

178

Only when culture realizes its own innate satirical constitution will it finally embrace the truth of its necrotic wasting disease—and bring it to fruition! Constant delay has made us numb, tired, less vigilant than merely waiting.

179

Culture, *our* culture, in the fewest words: the ossification of taste. Unmaking the “cool” does not revive the body. It takes more than three days behind a rock... Only sentimentality for the “remnant” remains. Countermovement only acknowledges the dominance of that which is to be crushed.

180

The most unnatural selections are invariably the most interesting—and they happen with the bubbling esprit of spontaneity. Grace is kind in difference. Even a catastrophe is a creation.

181

Think carefully on this point: is a ballot affirmation of willed, voluntary servitude? Think of all the priests we’ve elected, whose guardianship is the abusive cycle of punishment as fear and reward as counterfeit hope—A carrot and stick politics: appealing to the baser feeling, the easiest to generate.

182

An assassination is not a felicitous selection, not in accord with grace and difference. It is of a negative power. “We plotted against and killed him because *we were tired of ourselves.*”—the mantra of the weary.

183

A Nietzschean note of contemporary relevance, applicable to successful politicians that are evangelical against reason. What of their success? How?: “Fanatics do not invent such carefully thought-out systems of oppression—The most cold-blooded reflection was at work here”(WP ap.142). Behind the senseless, halfwit tyrant or the elected buffoon of State (elections: buffoons support their own, a cultural nepotism!) is a cabal...A shrewd machine of strategists, pols, shadowy and contemptuous calculators. Their mean, bitter, heavy spirits make them cold. Their reasoning is equally cold, patient, cautious, with a view to ends hidden from us (they of the new scriptures). There is in them a very formidable and—I daresay it—admirable degree of power, but of the negative type. It is a power that hates life, condemns it. Quiet, scheming monks in a monastery...

184

The only solution for dealing with incompetent politicians: it is not enough to vote them out, for the pendulum of the masses votes another one in to the fill the vacuum where stupidity reigns. It is not enough to drive them out by revolutions

and cut off their pointy heads, for this only creates sentimentalism and wearisome loyalists who are beguiled by fancies of a return. No, the solution is to show that their bungling *is no longer amusing!*

185

Paltry authorities always spring from a mass-perceived object of fear, rushing in to fill the role of the new priest, and so do not last. Unless they do last, but such authority is not vested in the person but in the formation of an institution. Proof: religion.

186

Fear cannot last unless it is constantly sustained and heightened, and even this cannot last indefinitely. The frightened eventually reach a threshold. They become oversaturated, insensitive to stimuli, desensitized—worse yet, they become *bored*.

187

Mistake: we have grown accustomed to seeing mere instruments and symptoms as the locus of fear and security. Have we come to see the barrel of the gun as fear and the safety mechanism as security? Fear and security interchangeable in the same instrument—how is it so? The better inquiry, and the right target: the one who wields it. A bullet speaks of the real cause?—“By their fruits ye shall know them”. If only we had access to the scene of the action so that the deed of one man may yield our knowledge of him, his type. Instead, we are given the rotten fruit of the fruit: free interpretation, the shadowplay of distortions. Some call this news media.

188

We do not contest that a life obsessed with comfort also fears pain and death. In fact, such an obsession is also an obsession with mortality as such. Like a Christian-Platonic lie of an immortal soul, life is vilified, palliated, assuaged,—in sum: buried in comforts.

189

What are the most detestable comforts?

- a) Desire for physical equilibrium—mistaken perception of *need*.
- b) Comfort and complacency with oneself—a rejection of becoming, the weary loser’s mantra. A cur’s philosophy.
- c) Comfort with institutions—relaxing true critical inquiry during crises in favour of substituting minor components while the fundamental institutions remain unchanged.
- d) Religious comfort—merely sugared stoicism for the people.
- e) The cult of simplicity over that of the simple. Have we forgotten the wonder, power, and good of that which is simple? Power itself is simple. The other trend: to simplify, is a retrograde motion, a making of a circus. The simple baffles us, is an enduring source of all that inspires thought: Being, Nature, etc. Simplification is the

pride in idle manufacture of things that appeal suppurating needs and base types.

190

Life in a black grinder, operated by the headless, the heartless, and with relentless rhythm. This is touted highly—the efficient function, I mean, and is mistaken for humankind being taken up in a holocaust of grandeur (as Artaud names it). Friction, shredding, mechanical bone separation—all of these are taken as our only possible proof of our engagement with the world. For example: without war, no history. Archaeologists do better to read and index strata by the design innovations of swords and other arms than to read terra cotta relief on pottery shards or the written ruminations of ignored papyrus cosmologists. Ah, even the billowing drapes of tradition are dyed in the blood of what is collected in the trap of this black grinder. What does not submit to the grinder is commuted to the furnace. They call this endurance fortitude or even vivification. Whatever resists must be made to glow hot. All wars are hot, even the cold ones for the latter are just kept under the lids of “cooling diplomacy attempts”. Heat induces trance. War is vertigo, historical ecstasis, a shamanistic hallucination, history’s eternal fever. Whatever resists, be it by intellect, luck, or territorializing avarice, will be made to glow in that infernal forge. Even an incendiary philosopher can be made and fashioned into a sword wielded by a people or a pope. War is cultural laxative without which human history cannot defecate...but only endlessly masticate between the hard iron screw-jaws of a Black Grinder. A cow and its cud. Culture is in the mouth while war is in the bowels.—what goes in cold comes out hot. What remains? Always a cemetery of knowledge, the fallen of a war whose spirits of resistance have left them leaving only the bodies of lore. Beneath even the most sober metaphysical reflections incubates pure *polemos*.

191

I am King Meteor, and so—hold on to your minds! I was raised on hope only to be summarily killed by corporate witchcraft, but I am a borderline case on a border culture, just filling my personal prescription and turfing someone else’s psychological dishwater. This is the odd day out in a nomenclature of wills.

192

Lonely people tend to smoulder with a covered flame. I have spent many years in bars, taverns, pubs and clubs watching or being one of them. Be it the misery of desiring solitude or the social inability to turn and speak to the strangers on all sides, it varies. I watch as they perch upon the barstools of resignation and indifference, so solid and unmoving except perhaps for the clockwork raising of the glass to quaff at the lips. Each of them stare off into nothing in particular. Human paperweights with purchasing power.

193

The palace of memories an opulent but inhospitable place to inhabit, a minefield. Perish memory.

194

Celine's literary wordscapes are indeed firmly studded in that they could quite aptly be called *croquee*. One either needs good teeth or a good dentist on hand to make suitable repast of Celine's pebble-strewn syntagms. Every once in a while the sea of language vomits forth something even its timeless maw cannot dissolve into finer sentiment, but Celine manages to trawl the shoreline and arrange these roughly-hewn diamonds into a literary necklace...A fabricolage. A literature of pure texture is indeed what one can tangibly feel, but one is equally liable to choke or suffer abrasions of the mouth and face by incessant engagement. Suffering abnormalities of the word is the most divine affliction for those with the will to read. Those with weaker, more fluttering labile wills can only issue their indignation or that laugh that ends with a hiccup.

195

The insane and obsessive are much better since they are—for good or ill—more attached to life, even if that life is a phantasm, a delusion. Now take your garden variety phantasiist: locked in the tepid and insipid prose of the workaday life and the careerist lie. I'd rather learn about a man who thought he was the pope or believed the colour yellow was trying to kill him well before rubbing elbows with the mildly erudite lawyer with her mild connection to life. Celine was right: you have to pay dearly and personally for the stories you may one day tell, or they just aren't worth telling (Faulkner agrees as well, as per his Nobel Prize acceptance speech). The ante has, by necessity, to be high or else the potential return on investment will be piddly and trifling, flinders and dross.

196

Against the new inquisitioners:--Those that, by their own trust issues project mistrust upon your credibility are those that spread their illness as broadly as possible over the maximum body of subjects. To them and their filthy-handed methods of reconnaissance we say *iugula!*—lance him through! To interrogate someone to find where they trip up in the details, to parcel out fiction from fact, to use as a basis of insult demonstrates the most flagrant abuse of that one gift humankind has: the ability to question. One should take care to pose questions well and with good purpose—not as a means to create a slander circus, not to mediate the frilly inconsequence of shallow and frail egos. The question must be raised above the paltry accoutrements of failed personal psychology. It must be directed at what matters.

197

A rotten cabbage of a brain that develops and issues forth the appropriate thoughts in league with its species. And by what relation shall we make such a cabbage a king? An election, perhaps? Carroll's paradoxes are sequentially killed over time by the manifestations across the horizon of history.

198

Adding to Crowley's question: How will we ever know if God cuts himself shaving? Will it matter either way? Perhaps it does, especially among those theologians who would rather not have it known that God may be a bungler with

poor equipment or (as it is in the Rubaiyat) that he was a potter—our potter—with shaky hands.

199

Pataphysically yours:--an opposition is an equivalence for Jarry, and his Ubu made *merdre* and *phynance* such a pataphysical equivalence. The unity of the highest symbolic order of value and the lowest. Manzoni's genius makes Jarry's resound in 1961: canned shit indexed to the price of gold on that particular day—the synthesis of shit and gold in an alchemical product of the highest essence (ironically, of course), that being *art*. It takes a purposeful ambiguation to disambiguate neighbour terms...

200

"Wow, you've lost weight!"

"Not really. It is just that your memory of me got fatter."

--A proverb for Hegel and Marx.

201

Today, the once noble professions of poet and philosopher have become etiolated weigh-stations or, worse, commodities in a cultural vending machine. Forever doomed to blanch under perpetual fluorescent light so as to expose entire surfaces to better homogenize against an equally non-chiaroscuro surroundings. Professions of this nature have lost their nobility—even their sense of the originary "noble lie"—and so are afflicted with a serious lumbago.

202

I am a vectorpolitik, a fractal monetary attractor, and a sexual emanationist. This will stand as my holy ethical trinity. All else? A disjointed narrative calved from the ice floe of ecriture.

203

Your only living testament of achievement in this life is the deductive remainder of your carefully manicured lawn—a small, green postage stamp, a mere mote on a failed suburban geography.

204

A loveless letter:

All legalistic psychomachia aside, whatever signature sans witnesses you inscribed upon this body is now little more than a body of increasing irrelevance. I was warned not to court a flatpack apocalypse, but I assume the responsibility of assembling with key in hand, since it was what was ready to hand. An indolent homo habilis, I was motored by the vain Cro-mag desire to conquer what was indeed a matter of guts-for-garters. A clitoris is nothing more than a play button, an *inceputa*...a dick is nothing more than a plug and play instrument that pistonizes against loneliness. In a lonely hole, my plug to your play. Accuse me of lunacy, of mendacity, and demonize me to the stars—but only blind fools do not know what parts they play in the drama of sexual grammar. Nouns can only feign innocence, and I was a vectoring verb. To interrogation and spying and

baseless jealousies and all the rest, I say: expect not one jot of consistency or truth under such conditions. A man never turns to lies more than by necessity, by sparing himself by any means a summary and unjustified crucifixion. And such crucifixion deserves little more by response a crucifixion—the crucible of mendacity as legal repose. Slowly undoing the satin ribbons around each station of my phallus does not make the nails' piercing any less agonizing. Intervene as you wish through the saboteur witchcraft antics and wish every ill upon this beast—my energy will prevail. A judgement is slow and deliberate, its effects harsh and final. It was when I turned my back that I realized my orientation was indeed forward. Banished are the ontological settings of arguments ad regressus.

Hyperattenuations: The Intermezzo

[Ed. Note: *It is uncertain if this text is attributable to Napoleonescu, but it was found tucked in one of his notebooks dated two days before his alleged suicide. Presuming it is by the author's hand, it is uncertain if his reference to his name being a constructed character is meant literally or otherwise, and if this is a confession of authentic authorship, if it is more than just a pen name. The author seems to have succumbed to some very profoundly serious event that brought about his break from philosophy itself*].

It is time for me to step out from behind this shadow, this shield of sobriquet. Strangely enough, this intrepid act of “baring all” (which is to refuse to bear all of one’s fictions) is in fact the desire to be much more silent. A turning point has been reached, and its name is geographical, a country I spent time within in central --- [location blacked out presumably by author –ed].

I once believed in the celestial fancies of philosophy, the gilt and pearl-edged realm of metaphysical thoughts, but no more. They have flown from me, or perhaps withered in an increasingly arid soil brought upon by the saline flood of experiences that leaves drought as its remainder etched like the signature of a glacier in its recession. Philosophy is one faith among others. A stern and practical phantom sits in my heart these days, and directs me to seek *another place*. A place to pitch a tent, most likely another desert like myself. Even to write words is a pain (but to write words about the act of wording is a means by which one may be cleansed, to do away with this graphomaniacal addiction, this desire to write and become *substance*). Philosophy is a hagiography, and I have no saints by my side or nimbly prancing over my head or even crushed beneath my boot heel in an act of revolution that is merely a mask for reactive petulance. One cannot spit at history; one must surpass it by forgetting it.

As I write this, the world has never seemed so exciting, so unstable, as if in revenge against the comfortable stagnation it so seeks to create through power structures of homogenization and the leveling of all desires to corporate trigger responses to not-so-new products and services. One can participate in this economy in one of three ways: with hysterical euphoria, resignation, or grudging cynicism. I speak here of a real cynicism, the kind one cultivates, that which is the overgrowth from a garden of irony.

What has philosophy brought me? I have secreted, perhaps, in my schooling in the discipline a means of escaping philosophy. Is that not the real philosophical impulse, the real desire of the philosopher?—to finally escape Her clutches and subdue her? There is no subduing a fiction, the disciplinary event of the mind. There is only willful forgetting. Spirit away these feelings of despair and consolation you feel at philosophy, out from view of your lecturing masters be them in books or classrooms, and examine what is left in your hands. Truly examine these pieces, regard the residues they leave, the way they have invited sorrow and confusion to knit your brow. Is philosophy, in all its history, little more than a formalized punishment and an idle pursuit to keep indelicate minds away from matters of state? Do not the oldest philosophers appear to have let their thoughts droop and stoop to such flagging matters? I do not know if I have turned

my back to philosophy, or if She has abandoned me; in terms of a divorce or separation, the conditions do not matter—only what remains to be done afterward. I am not interested in such criticisms that may land at my feet such baseless claims of my cowardice or inability at the bloodsport that is philosophy. Philosophy itself is not to be saved. Questions will persevere without it.

The theorists of these days—since we cannot speak of philosophers anymore without that grin of irony or a fear of being labeled ostentatious—also cease to bring me pleasure. It is not as though their questions cease to have relevance...It is that their struggles cease to have a relevant value *for me*. Reading is an intellectual and erotic charge, of which I feel inert to these days. It has been an ebbing in the last few months, and it was punctuated and finally completed its course when I lived in that place in ---.

I learned many things, and they are for me. I share them here, but they apply to me and that is the matter. I have learned to do away with this endless prattling of our psychological problems, for this makes us unbearable and hopelessly weak to others (our flaws and weaknesses already show without making an utterance). I have learned deep suspicion as I have learned resignation. I have learned action where it fits, where it is appropriate and meaningful to take it. I have learned that idealism is the true death of thought, and optimism is the raiment of those blinded by their own youth and those that succor it. I will continue to act and function as a theorist or a philosopher in my professional life, but it will be with considerably less conviction. Why bother confessing this to you? What other vocation is left to me but to be a consummate fraud—and if one is fraudulent, one should seek to be the best at it. This has been the slow-to-boil lesson I have placed in my works, in the character of Vladimir Napoleonescu, and a lesson I have been ever too slow to recognize. Sometimes one region of the mind outstrips the other, and it only takes a traumatic event (all meaningful events are traumas) to bring the regions into harmony...just as war brings eventual accord or a violent separation invites perspective.

Comparisons are inherently flawed, which is why we secretly treasure them so. This country to me, for example, was what Lord Henry Wotton was to Dorian Gray. Even these collected jot-notes are indicative of the transition I have had to make as a matter of natural course. Have I not retired the fashionable label of voluntary dissatisfied exile only to return and play a new game, refreshed and watchful? Accents slip from the tongue and break into shards of glass, or else they are accents installed in one's being that glint with a knife's edge under the right conditions. It is time to move up to a new politics, but to do away with the antiquated fetters of ideologies of left, right, center...to dispense with what seem now to be questions of urgency such as globalization and other matters that we have bowdlerized or overexposed beyond the domain of approachable understanding. To speak in terms of the outdated or the much too baggy renders relevant thought moot.

Afterword

It is said that to read Nietzsche is to become him, and perhaps this edition is the distillation and return of his voice, his voice as *type*. Perhaps he does haunt these pages in some way, through the mask of someone contemporary who is himself just a mask with his false name – another actor, another *mise en scene*, a cosmic jest, a theatrical jape. I cannot say.

Before this work went to press, I was deluged with several disconcerting letters and emails from shadowy people speaking in cryptic manner, indirectly referencing my ongoing task of publicizing Napoleonescu. Some of it was vaguely threatening, and never were any of my replies answered. My attempts to track any of these mysterious epistolical writers have been in vain. Broadsheets written in an incomprehensible cryptography are inserted under my door in the middle of the night, and I find some of my books taken from my shelves with certain passages underlined as if to convey a code that I am meant to decipher. If that was not vertiginous enough, a complete stranger behind the glass of a moving bus mouthed the name of Napoleonescu, pointing at me, perhaps suggesting that I was him. It is this horrible obsession that has me in its grips, and even my fiancée has now left me, accusing me of constructing elaborate fictions and living in a delusional fabrication. The enigma grows. Even Fallworth's wife reports him missing, a sudden development enshrouded in implausibility. It does not add up anymore.

Strange noises at night. The blue flicker of lights without sources. Coming home to my locked apartment only to find a stack of my books in the middle of the floor. Coded notes in my pants' pockets. The sudden flash of another face when I look in the mirror. My skin cribbed with tiny and incomprehensible writing. Unfounded claims that I was the author of these aphorisms, as if by popularizing them in print I inherited their authorship *de facto*.

It took a bit of convincing, but I was able to slip in this little note here before this book went to press, unbeknownst to my chief editor and publisher. I suspect my colleagues of some kind of treacherous joke, and they speak in hushed tones behind closed doors and treat me with a kind of cautious suspicion. It won't be long now until whatever they have planned will come *lux et tenebris*. I am beginning to fear for my life. Reader, you who are listening to me now, I ask you to save me and may this not be my last testament.

Kane X. Faucher