

Calquéform

(an atlas of diminishing expectations)

Kane X. Faucher 2007

Programmologicae:

The atlas is referential space recoded and representamen. The function of an atlas is as a tabular conspectus that bears this terrible burden of spatial representation through geographical and topographical maps and cross-reference tables. An atlas is a thing of pure Stoic surface with only feints of depth through the insertions and splices of code.

This collection of poems and vignettes are logographic surfaces with unapologetic translingual neologisms, and are occasionally divided by a single threaded poem set in large type that acts as a “refrain from the hidden frontispiece”. In order to reproduce the aspect of tabular conspectus non-visually, it was necessary to assert a mixture of logical precedents found in Baconian code (*Voynich Manuscript*), impossible bestiary and cyclopaedia (Serafini’s *Codex Seraphineanus*), and the “Atlasian” operation of representational containment and sequencing. In the course of such sequencing, one must allow the uncanny exception or “mis-voicing” to erupt as a means of demonstrating the failure of containment strategies. In the end, the product is effectively “calqued” together in the semblance of form, one of “Atlasia” (as opposed to a rigged gesture at aphasia).

Clapboarded reason

Aide de Memory

From profania to profaniac.
To gutter from snipe.
A dictionary full of guff.
Serpent sex.

The simplicity of authorship maintains
That words break backs
And pens clutched make for fists
To pound out rhythms
On the heads of literary clochards.

You can copyright all you want
And make everything legally irreproducible
Save for the one narrow channel
Of permission purchased.

It is either an island of excrement served up
Or it is far too fringe to accept.
Conservative mandates closes too many doors
And throws open its windows too high
Save for those on the wing.

Words that flounder in water
Will one day bubble up and have their day,
--it is hoped—
But the fool's ruse gives less comfort
Than a cord of applewood in winter.

I have only this spreadsheet that tells me
You are in temporary possession of some words
That I spilled and are now in their perpetual
Nomadic transition.
Back to me, my own words, with an added one:
No.

Sphacelationscholiarch -\ inscrute

Kostabi Effect

You write I sign
The meatbox compressor of language
Paid to pen pen for pay

Churn crank a mini-cloaca machine
In the Wimulacra of Wimulations.
A pope of sheissein.

We of the irony industry
In boredom smile the width of our wallets.
“we make money not art”.

Lapsed Warholics 12 steps to success
A neon splash on brow of diktat
Market logometrics of manufacturing taste.

Eirolith

Gutgarter kife
Spinvisibility alphabab mesotype

Xilch. Caprica atlasia

Dans un grand lit

Exploit weakness in blaq plastik.
High-end dildonics al vibrato cyclitoris,
Feast as the hazards will have it,
Along orgasmix thunder row.
Charge pleasure minus prime,
And even ambition does not make immune
A leaky battery.
Fry small hairs.

Telegnosis

Coordivine where
Splace of myne.
Es gibt multipliciter.

Equixeroxes

Rolls in launch smoke sun touches down sand to glass.
Peer over city sinkhole burst water main look like Beirut.
Only half here at any point in space half being half ego
 Shot through as eyes full sand windstorm.
It is that vague and anticipatory waiting of boredom
 In conversational hanging time.
Useless Myanmar march in a place lined up far off
A tyrant in the sea pouring saltwater into a pitcher
Up to his ankles in surf surge surface.
Wept at the war wall babies clutch mother.
My telephone crush ants no call.
Scotch arm rise pull a sidearm to kill dereliction duty.
Keep at machine type soundlessly wordprocessor.
Music thrum parody of harmony.
Looks like bomb aging infrastructure calls for money.
Refugee taxi driver remembers image at home shiver
 Thousands miles away bomb bodies wailing siren.
His eyes cloud over and there now back there.
With him half here half being half a hole.
They cut the hole into parts power grid outages
Construction war zone pierced with machine fix.
Burst pipe pour sand in the basement soak become mud
 Not glass slide surface surge surf ripple slow liquid.

Efforts are surges that break, offers of irregularity.
It is a time sink, halved Achilles other side Tortoise.
Left with shards in hand a broken girl.
Red, Red Wine is a great song
But I would transfer text images
In the way Glenn Gould parses a tonal phrase.
Even love succumbs to mitosis.

I jab pen in sinkhole cannot retrieve it an image
 Gaping maw of failure eyes rolled back up in head.
 Eyes roll back into cavernous hole in head.
 A remembrance not one's own a litany of bullets to the head.
 Heading hole down down the hole to head.

Walk now in falsely confident stride things to do busy.
Bury doubt in pockets fingers twitch inside.
Anxiety reduced to walking finding somewhere nowhere,
 Relieved all the same to be in a place without bearing or marker.
Geography cleaves, the schist memory, concerns without targets.

Difficult to love the wordsmith
For those with tenuous bonds to the convent of

Quotidian and quiddity.
It is the day and the what, routine and its repetitions and many returns
And the falsely acquired sense of the whatness of things.
This makes an *arche*-ology of the hole that is the head.
Teeming with glorious fictions swirling a catalogue.
No easier task than to –ologize Being to its what where and coordinates.
Difficult to love the wordsmith
Words warmed over.
To words bound and without release, a prisonhouse of language.
Communication into the hole from the hole a series of holes widening.
Convention to covenant of the verb.
Lucretius on one side of hole where action is only in the making of space.
Make an ark for the writer's deposits and set it adrift along the shoreline
Of this hole let it hang there in a suspended shell a hanging mandala.
Symbol and signifier float not slip
not pinned down like so many upholstery buttons.

Prides in jeopardy so many prides along the rim.
To each their own hole or the collective hole and dump freely within
It is the impunity of holes and to deposit there
Stands for what is called meaning.
But forget and walk with false pride in full and confident stride and intent.
Metaphors issue from it all in a miasma, harden and crack
With the brittleness of interpretation.
But metaphors are phantoms and images are conduits facilitating memory.
Like a nostalgic smell or a gnostalgic reminiscence.
So many unhinged, unmoored images looking for someone to
Manufacture their anchors.

Jobs sink us into excesses that give false luster to diminishing time.
Revolutions of all kinds infantilize all its members link them to one book
To one image of the absent father who makes occasional prodigal returns.
Will it matter if Commodus or Mao is assassinated on Trafalgar Square
When the image burns a thousand times in size and quantity
Like so many Warholics, critics of said same rolling thousands deep
In galleries and magazines?

Hole-type the gram and the supplement the space the invagination.
The deconstructive trace and the space and the place where
Holes where they will kill all who go there.
Between the warp and weft of sentiment lay so many deserts.
Perhaps a desiccated John Wayne or so many sardonic grins
Where history blackens and memory sinks collapse.
Where no compass serves and time becomes a confusing motley
Of pure molecularization.

Hector runs in zig-zags like a rabbit fleeing predators.
All I see in my dreams is sand sand hole.

Bagged at the ready staunching water flow
But water always wins in the immediate and sand wins
 In the long-run bet.
A wager between the wet and the dry.

I've known and relished the touch of the warm the wet the quick
 Of bodies but they are always in transit.
What endures and remains
Is the dry and the cold, the patient and ever-*zuhanden* text.
Walls of sandy books, *liber harena*.
Or to wring the wet into the dry the process of what it is to write.
A little touch of alchemical craft a pouring on of sand.
The dead and dry rule the earth.
The world of the quick wet warm can only carve its domain
 Its parameters.
But the mounting piles of books and no love from the warm world
Is proof of a transcendental endurance.
Remnants and the mausoleum of all images,
 The hole in the account and ledgers of history itself.
It is trite to speak of history at all.
It makes badgers of us all.

There is perhaps nothing more circumstantially more cruel
 Than geography.
And perhaps nothing more mendacious in deed
 Than the pursed lips of the unspeaking concealing a hole.

Fern-stud tailgunner justice
Logos zoon Geryoneis
Neu
 Cracko si?

Daddlestradt wissessein M-laut.

Gueule

(a slav-ish raillery in no parts)

--...trouvez...

--...amusant mais...

--...voyons...

--...tellement / camoufle...

--...fond...

--...vendre!...

--...mort...(.)

Scandallion standala y catapostrophe.

Bas alt relief belie goncourtier

\?--:...rue the infinite gimmegimmick a la

Moi-toi

NRF(I)NRF(II) dire la roches-elle dans un

Et Gaston Ilieme dans deux 1953.

Ecrivez-pas babelogue

Insta instro insitu insu introck.

Ref fer ere frere ren enc yclo clochard hark arkhe.

**+Cavicula cavaliercular clav +claviscous
claveculari calve cleave +clove
callioperatandum co ca cla clo +caca-ca
clo co loaca coloaca calaca**

Hadeous

Debitandum / Eruditrea

Epistolary protocol dictates that: petrify / purify.

We abdicate the word to tally to the letter.

Here is what the strumpot said:

<<drinkin' Brasso through the gusset of old tights,
Setting off car alarms playin' footy 'gainst me metal car park door.>>

In reply, I said I was *hAdeous*,

A true *Gesaumstkunstwerkerotische-sheisSein*.

Told me:

<<yer a water cooler philosopher and a Jesus H. Handbag,>>
I take such jibes in stride, I tell myself,

Fuming all the same.

They said they could see the pillar of magma

Like the beginning of the world

Rising from the way I drank myself cool that night.

[Umbone phalangea pangaia neuba]

Hexalanguage-1

/A\

[a ligature]

Gala inscrow phonopoematicae effervensis

Tri/ /pli/ /ate [+adnoun] – [rescriptor VI].|:

Pensums pabulum Pablo plicasse-pipes

Con [+/-]

Fusionist

Fucianist

Leaptures to stock still stack stalk

Hoop hop lop loop

Penumbrae span bridge foot scream munch.

--...ooo...cccooo...ococco...co /r/

E+

e-/+ y

re-vers.

Hexalanguage-2

(knelling of klysmer bell)

The realigion haptaesura of cut-polish brass
Held in plumb length down by diskaugury
Tended in vespers by those of the hepacteries.

(surrounding town as aural ear)

Once struck the sound vibrates labyrinth organ
Of ur-ban inverted cripple.
St. John of the Cross is parking by the bakery, in thought.

(sunlight shuffles cloud movement)

Up there the veils are the dancers themselves
The sway of cotton snake and pull of the horizon drain.
Aerography of aeroliths.

(lateral blade of dying light)

In a room a man
In his eye a tear
In his hand a bottle.
(in his ear the last knell of klysmer bell).

Lava Lab

In my lava lab there are cibachrome smears
Where ordure and filth are arranged
To feed an alchemy machine.
Gold and silver pate in metal frieze,
Black chalk crumbles
Checked out to patron.

Feast as the hazards have it
Motoliths deleteski,
Stopper for throat, calquelate
Calque
Un "calqueur" pas pense d'un/e
flaneur/se.

Mesovoltaic

a swank entablature across dicoplex(+us+trasse).
In reference to a fuzzy object in collision
In a game of cache-cache
Pompierists scrambling at libidinal ground zero
A polite and even-toned hysteria
Dishlevel brittle broken leaves of phalan- & archistrata.
A double underground cable poke up in volt bloom,
Current lasts a second,
It occupies the body and finds exit as quickly
As the verb relation between nouns.

Oedipapa de popa popo oedifice--

nOiMOcrazeN-2-e

moo nomocraVENte zen ventriloquivocal a
pilex pixelitic frongfrond sangsand froid bombastix
efflue

eviant

pulsion-p

not-believe that-b pulsculli-on pulscion-ic polireal.

Make no book /tri\ \[pli]/

Cadgeboard sign semiotrick machinegun \bi/ \[chiffre]/

Labi lutesce lackry mo no mose morse

Zace inima pulatre pilectica pile pila p pul pa

Phylabin ygracterie huff gog fi floe

Cana klysmos – golgaga neuerdada.

Ernalte isgraced ookmakerb inestf-utc-fo-akens.

Rib trop trap trip ell trant choisir smockma

U-bout ouate rue kai kite klit /scemio\

Pulpae larvalab chrysipPatre chariscote snowel

Kommenwheel staats-Ur \[taxte]/

Ur ba da ba da de ce nu ni. /fatch face nani ani.

Aufbleibenstrasse der die das die der die da das da.

Xic

Qow

Oeaue

Vlzb blb qoo.

Oöem to a passing glance

To credit you my eye's gaze
Is the final science, upturned
Dessicated fly's legs on
Dirty many-winters' long neglected
Window sill.
Compound, crystal-faceted, chipped,
Lunadesic and faded opaline.
Point moves in line
Line moves in plane
Plane moves in body.
An egg
Oöetic.

Whim wham flim flam =
Whim flam film wham =
Emoticonte des jeunes
(mais tais tois).

Reticulum of Reference

Exungulate, to pare the nails and lose the hoof as to:

Find corium, the true skin under the skin or the basal portion.

As Aureity is that which pertains to gold, as in a golden nail or

The golden true skin under the skin of El Dorado.

*Daddy, did they drive golden nails into the palms of Christ, or were they pig iron?
Did they drape him in silk or cottonade?*

No, in cottonage, and the nails were a lutescent alloy from two distinct yet cheap metals mined from two disparate geographical locations and brought upon the backs of those indentured to the Romans as slaves from the outer peripheral provinces.

In 1732, they used duledges, a kind of dowel used to secure the wheels of gun-carriages, but by then Christ had indeed alchemically transmuted his corium for oak and applewood, and became a merchant chariot. They crucified the felloes to his wheels. He had firescreen face and draped in the ripped pages of homiliaries. There was a drop of mercury at the inner margin of his compound eye. He was rolled out for every harvest.

Speak in trilabiate tones, a florid gesture of the pansy.

Excessive or unusual in its duration, the semantic sense of lutulence.

Speak in trinities and be counted in a census of a martyrologium.

It is matutinal, it is diurnal, it is nocturnal, all three.

A crown and two pierced palms makes a torture triangle.

Even the maundering of the devout can be drawn out into length or wire.

Sail threesthmus, in mass we truss, for fish we prostrate.

sAF

aperçuttenance ap gyra ytterbi um-phalos –

canti ng glorhizombal nter

d s nter d cnter floskcloyer

-oid –oid – oid

Fvck naut chr cthones

Pheremiss xenolisp

Glang

Glang

I r l s rst.

Ashpay chokering hadeous

Tyresome ytres Mohadadma

Dadadma postdadadisma dadistaldistillatata

Cor fus pelfin-ofay.

Atropistolas chut chut gryphone.

Wheelpain subconject telehygienic tango twice around triable.

Regimenez comma puncta sutra

Papate de suta cedilla Delilah

(une fille comme des autres)

Comma de sutra,

Fata morgana matinale

Puta de Mayo

Veni suma tablezu

Igno immano quero tal

Is-man es gibtolia

Being a master European metal smith is no easy task, and even if the shadowy signature of Spinoza is redoubled in a hard-boiled detective account where gem-work is akin to the suspicions of forgery--where forgery is indeed the smith's art: to forge—would be enough to raise the magnanimous ire (and the sword out of the Renaissance scabbard) of a Cellini, one works metal through the eyes of powdered lenses. Comforting voices always attempt to make themselves heard in the clamour and din of an era that subscribes wholesale to the concept of terror. Jörg Prater-Camlot's resistance to opulence in working metal into free-range installation pieces dotting the Munich cityscape clashes almost ornamentally against the aesthetic esprit of a city whose public works can be said to be both a historical anthology and a municipal legal deposit on behalf of a culture that cannot repay its debts for its original sins. Prater-Camlot has given a new name for the prose of the world, and it is damascened with that kind of flippant minimalism which conjures up the very riddle of the space in which he has chosen to exhibit his works.

When asked if he was attempting to straddle the sandy line between art and craft, or attempting to drag one into the other like an unwelcome and impromptu gate crasher, Prater-Camlot screwed his face up into a wince. "Neither craftsmen nor artist should posture about like a sphinx," he said in a crowded café, saluting his own point with burning cigarette pinched between two stained fingers. "The danger of riddles is that they get solved. Once a work of mine would be considered solved, it ceases to honour the public commitment that was unfairly imputed to it."

Vignettes for a Scene

Debonair, morass, grinning goblins, O grifters of swag and dress-down demon divas wrapped in a grandma's comfort shawl. Wholesome, almost languidly imperial, but tinged with the slow ace that makes suckers out of every urbanized anxiety case looking to experience the open road...Get away from it all, live slow, down and easy in the lowdown and sleazy. With the makeshift pleasantries in their purpling parade, we compile our album of souvenirs in that spirit of the ironic soi-distant cool.

-

Lethal civilizations. My painted quasi-gothic handscrawl. True to the etymology of the novel...should share a border with the heretical, letting its *ema* mingle helplessly with the condemned on the other side where the literary lodestars find strange and amiable companionship. Ema-nation.

-

The antonym of terror is, through the romance of Spanish, a grounding tranquilizer. *Deterra/deterria*—a lifting up of now helpless Antaeus the aesthetic and the anaesthetic in the wrestling match ideology. The opposite of terror is the art of feeling nothing, an earthbound docility. Both Bataille and Artaud say as much in their texteriors, traveling about in the busted shoes of spirit. Toss those Fresleven's shoes away...

-

Her opulent apartment was nothing more in that moment but a beacon for a further debauch; that she read so-and-so, had a print of so-and-so, drank fine vintages of such-and-such—all of it, the style, which kept me captive between her legs.

-

Reliquine Philtre

Ate,

Ate,

Tauciborium Rex, Heidetoolegger-
jackleg ballyhoo man (zuhandenschaft
of Sheissein).

Microchrist and Macroroman.

Macromasty of vestigial virgins

Propped up dogstyle against the wall by A century of endless conga line centurions.

-

Bucatarie is the center of the Romanian woman's universe?
I'm too sexy for my typos
Remittance is futile.

Death chases me slowly from the burning end of my cigarette, installed in my mouth, but it is at the butt's end that I make an escape, only to be predated upon again, faster this time. *A ajuns la mucuri de tigari*. Death is not worth the 'h', *non vale un acca*.

Have done with the parcel of rogues, the self-absorbed flakes, the heartfelt pretenders, the filthy liars. A decline in spirit is countered by a chosen and sudden self-emancipation from the fetters of bad company. The tethers of gravity are cut with but a few well-selected words, deployed with surgical precision. A few words are all that stand between you and making the difference. A word has an edge that needs no strop. You've only to close your mouth around the right vowel, bring the lips in tight, and rub the tip of the tongue against the grain of the teeth. A full stop, a full release. A nightmare can be severed by the careful vivisection that is employed by little more than a good phrase. Even a trope can be the braid of a noose. Tear out the hearts of the dumb by their root. *Dracu zace in inima prostului*. The gentle sleep will bring nothing, *somnul dulce, nimic a-duce*.

My dear, my *draga mea*, they all see what you do. You were a liar like a knife in the first act, and someone will always get killed, *pace Verdi*, by the third act. And so we forward to that point, the third act politics where now we must consider bricking up that fourth wall so that the audience does not participate and see your mendacity. It is shameful and rather disgusting. On this end, it is the take down of an elaborate set that was milk-painted and cheap glitz...From afar it seemed much more, but the illusions of depth and substance and value have only multiplied fear and made whores of us all. The wolf is appointed shepherd and the sheep are appointed gardeners. The cycle of eating death.

I could have crooned along with your insincere and all-too-late apologies. I cool to the memories of you.
--the fetish for titling.

Book/Mirror

The book.

The mirror.

Phantom relation...Phantom-beings, phantom-kings, phantom-gods.

The book as mirror, a phantom relation between two “things” not here now, but deferred, sliding off the infinitesimal moment of the now, of the present—yet ever-present even if it is just connected by phantom cables. I hold a crayon in my hand and transcribe myself—a virtual compendium—across the surface of the mirror, a mirror that I will fold up into a book once it has come to pass and I no longer create the reflection. I let the reflection cast itself, like a net, over me. And others come to this mirror-book, too, and see for themselves different things, varying reflections that I have no access to. At least in any liminal sense. But it came from my crayon! No matter. The others come to this book and remark it, bring their own transcription implements to its surface. Their faces are chalk white, like mine, but the reflections indicate different gods than what I am. They are other. But I am also other—to myself, fully and refreshingly self-alienated... and yet self-revealed in that moment of the mirror where I speak words to it and all it can do is mime the movement of my mouth.

I am a compendium, a bestiary, an encyclopedia, and it matters not if all the bundled data is correct, True, Good, Pure, even indigent of another time...it does not matter if the compilation of entries do not follow some recognizable alphabetical order, or a numerical order; I know the logic of my own book intimately, even if it is reams of iniquity, of self-deceit, playful illusion, a ghostly mirage, a complete laceration of self into splinters. All of this will be reflected in my mirror book, as I am sure it will yours. And the mirror book will be a surface of reflections, and these reflections will have no material volume—which is to say that they will have the absolute volume across an infinite(simal) space. These reflections will bring the gift of my compendium back to me in a split moment, conveyed in its own furrowed brow, its own haggard eyes, its own strained lines of a weary face, its own minuscule text from left to right. And I cannot close this book, even though I suspect it has covers and a spine. I would like to address all these anatomical features, to trace their contours and know them in a tactile sense as I close my eyes. Yet I do not wish to eroticize these features, as if learning *her* body in the night under the consistent laying on of hands. You may come to this book and a passage I find innocuous, superfluous, of mere verbiage and filler, might arrest you, seize upon you like a marauder...or captivate your eye with a secret desire to break the serpent gaze, to look away. The book not only receives, but freely gives, but it is itself a translation into another language, a kind of transcendental image, a carnival of mind(s).

The spine, the covers, the numbers, the corners, the margins, the fold down the middle that suggests both closure and opening. This is a book. This is the book in its barest, coldest, anatomical reality. If it does not actualize (or conceal, dissimulate, reveal, fulgurate) in any other manner than this empty ontological proposition wherein we enumerate its constituent properties, then the book may not be essentially differentiated from the chair, the caboose, the walls of a house, the hinges on a door. A book—as mirror—must both say and play; or

rather that you say, it plays. You play, it plays more. It will always exceed your threshold of play by its sheer nature of excess. Deceptive, it is always more than the sum of its parts. It is even more than its constituent whole, more than anything. It is still bifurcating, being transcribed upon, giving off another surface. Always another angle. The spine or its covers—that thick hide, that skin that encloses textual innards—does not inhibit its growth like it would a body. The pages, like Borges' book of sand, are always multiplying, in a kind of cell division.

Atymylogon. Quire Primum non secundum...

Pseudonymity.

Codex Obscura. Finis Logos. The Fictions of the Voynich. Baelnographicus. Nihil Nos Celat. These are our texts. They form a zone of intercalation, of interrelating parts consistent with their whole. They constitute Cosmosis Urdoxa. This is not a worldview, alternate or new. This is nothing but the token of death of metaphysics, its active destruction, and its recreation. It is a metaphysics of play and silent voice.

Atmologon. Quire Primum non secundum. Para XVI, Sch. X, Prop. CCLXXIV...

Oetological knowledge of the newly circuitized saints. Their movements. Their new quadramachines. Their marching bands. Our end / their end.

Jonkil Calembour. Jakob Sigurdson. Jonkil Calembour. Edward Albrecht. Jonkil Calembour. Jonkil Calembour. Louis Legare. Peter Ibsen. Jonkil Calembour. Castellemare. Barber Drac. Enoch.

Quattronaut-naught-not...Alex Copec. Synthetics of Leopold LeRouge, Le Roi comme par ici, non. Mervish Stinklewater. Course credits. Curtain. Diagrammatics of tomorrow.

Oligophrenia and the Taut Cable of the Secret Deleuziac Scholia: Loose Ends of A Labyrinthine Web.

Arrested Hegelian development for underachievers, secret meeting, bring bricks, wine, alembics, retorts, inverted squid. Goose Geist on for the almighty unfolding to the very terminus of consciousness and its reduction. We stand before you, O Hegel, headless though you may be, in your garb of the infinite rhetoric of a State where we must honour and respect the majesty of the purple.

Retrograde movement of the true.

1. "They want Empire without all the responsibilities...And technology multiplies this even more"—Alain Joxe, *Empire of Disorder* p.50-1
2. "Buy the ticket, take the ride."—Hunter S. Thompson.
3. "The people are missing."—Gilles Deleuze.
4. They installed the arbitrary government organization, but never removed it (Edward Gibbon, *The Rise and Decline of the Roman Empire*).
5. Le Chevalier est la seule piece qui peut sauter par-dessus une autre piece.

I have since entertained myself to death. Sophisticated technologies have allowed me to deny my body, to give it no thought but every single possible thought, the promotion of body-hatred par excellence: the only fundamental function of pornography. There are no longer poets that will go to prisons for their daring words, but rather we will publish absolutely everyone and read no one. Palliation for the voluntarily sick. Like some enormous bubble palace, like some saccharin luxury for the comfortably destitute, like some padded cubicle seat of the republic's aim to include everyone at the cost of offending anyone, like the death of conflict in its own raw essence in favour of a military-business narrative that can be spoken to the non-secular youth from the bulletins of the CNN effect.

Whoetry?

Authorazine/graphometric bio:

Kane X. Faucher is the author of several books, most notably *Urdoxa* and *Codex Obscura*. He lives and lectures in Canada. Web = www.geocities.com/code1977

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Colophonia non este esse naturans.