

# Novel a - series

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# Yes

So, well what I'd like to address today during this lecture moment, is a little bit of entertainment, some information, maybe some conversation, and a lot of this kind of recitation.

The idea behind the coming 20 minutes, is to go through a textual, imaginary trajectory; nonetheless mainly nonsense.

There are so many things to talk about and yet so little to have written.

For example : this example of only saying what has been written.

In other words, nothing in particular and nothing in general.

A belief is a social paradigm based on the construction of a common sense. An opinion is a reflection on an individual sense of belief. Common sense is a redistribution of complicity to any individual belief system.... bla blab bla bal bla...

Ok, so now, somewhere around the kitchen in your mothers place there are some leftover chocolate chip crunch cookies in a box on the shelf in that familiar cabinet.

She turned towards you and you heard her say : no, those are for your father, leave them alone.

Then there appeared a red carpet and some frogs with lost soul homes. Nintendo leaves no strangers in the sense or taste of old garden shaded drones. Whatever they might say when its left upon the stove. No green leaves for summer, build the rest on your own. Hoping less for your philosophy to grow with you to be old.

Second thoughts on the dripping filter of your cold.

Seeing no more plaintiffs in this vision of Hanoi.

Another shot went off, another brain got blown.

Disco darker than the whiter tone of glow.

Wishing secrets to be lived under covers among souls.

Every one besides its lover, feet and hands.

Learn only how not to pee your pants.

Memories for the loser, and winners loose it all.

A sudden rotten smell of decomposing flesh fills your hairy nose. A little bit to early you wanted to breath and now it got stuck within your bones. Take a break, just listen to your heart beat, think of some blue sky or some porn.

Really, like maybe you can close your eyes or something and touch your ears or something, this is not really gonna go somewhere more intelligent or interesting or informative or speculative or whatever, just to say, great party, huge hangover, and that's kind of where it is at. In text nevertheless. Of course there was the idea, and so raping Kafka or what about:

'the most important thing, if something was to be achieved, was to reject in advance any idea of guilt'. Franz Kafka, The Trial. If nothing was to be believed, guessing that results also in certain death.

Ok, there we go, now it should start getting smart sounding, maybe some one liners or tweets for my mental collection. So, like this guy there talking, he sounds a bit like: well lets see, I'm not sure I could be the one to tell you. Maybe some Bill Gates kind of alien or a Poison Ivy kind of monotone. There is so little to talk about for by now no way this might interest any owner of any loaf of soil.

Lets have some water, a tribute to the main reason of us here being together today. The lights are not that bad either, so why not have another go, while we are at it.

I mean like, it bends a little forward, kind of like a sail on shore with some weird generators or something making it like really hot super fresh, everything self-sufficient of course.

This thing then like goes around pulling other things along with it, of course only as long as it lasts to go. Thats why in principle there could be only excessive generators of heat or cool.

Energy plus living is the future of the next future building school. Timeless activity its purpose without a goal. Movements of people, individuals with no time for other forms of control.

Then what is this state you would be bringing in, more levels of utopia or other diversions of dictations upon structures of control?

Well, knowing everything existed and nothing has been done. The other way around and so on.

Sex, with who really feel, openly, intimate, dispossessive. Or just recreational, all right?

Massage, Sweets, Tents in mountains along sunny morning rivers on distant planets.

What the hell, just anything unlike the online movies, so why not make those movies, all of it for real, off course, of course.

A bit like a Godard, Mary Poppins, Christlam Jam, and Winnie the Poo kind of genre or so.

Then party's, music, dance and trancing in light rays glancing mirrors of bodies, pulsing heart beats in the steam from vapor, sweat, or who knows, something toxic through the drones.

This is what it is and that's not much, you know. Honestly, there remains very little in the unknown, since its just that what is left between the army and the trashcans along the shore.

Rest time of speaking is no more,

what I'd love to do with you,

half a year, events in : amsterdam, athens, brussels, paris, berlin, prague.

self-organized. break-even. just for ones that carry their own load.

who would like to, lets have a dinner after the exact dates of the school program are known.

Last night there was this strange dream appearing kind of right where you were standing before. It's kind of hard to describe, like alien language or something, not much of human contamination, slightly archetypal sort of say. Maybe a lot of nudity or wellness, or more party gone beyond, into scenes of same sanitarian madness from a planet of the blonds.

She is something rather tasty. Nipple chewing lizards under blankets of fuzzy mold. Its like a game of chess, no strategy is worth affects gone cold.

At last of texture. Ears earn more than to be told, unless: How to sail the ocean?

Please tell the horny how to cross the void. Victims blame the one that offers gold. Or salty fevers in the fearful silence of prey full google like a bitch for every one that barks and vomits branded tissues into issues, slightly dilated within crackpots of blatant smoke, kind of behavior at yours truly without envy nor contempt for weaponries of impassive fencing jokes.



# Manifesto 'Live is art'

Life is art

Art is life

Live is not dead

Dead is not life

Art is not dead

Being alive is art

Being dead is not art

Making paintings is art

A painting is dead

Taking pictures is art

A picture is not art

Reading is art

A text is not art

Dancing is art

Dance is dead

Making objects is art

An object is not art

Something dying is art

Something dead is not art

Singing is art

A song is not art

Doing anything is art

Anything done is not art

Writing a manifesto is art

A manifesto is not art

Playing is art

A play is dead

Thinking is art

Thoughts are not art

Remembering is art

Memory is dead

Designing the world is art

A designed world is dead

Using a condom is art

A used condom is not art

Being a sperm is art

A dead sperm is not art

Drinking blood is art

Drunk blood is dead

Killing artists is art

Killed artists are dead

Talking about art is art

Having talked about art is dead

Staring at a picture screen is art

A picture screen is not art

Moving a cursor is art

A moved cursor is dead

Using politics is art

Politics are dead

A viral infection is art

Resisting viral infection is art

Resistance is dead

# INTENTION

# RELAXATION

LAZY LEGS LAID LYING LENGTHENING

LATE LONGING LOVE LET LIVING LAST

LIMIT LICKING LINGER LONE LUNGS

ULLABY LEMURIANS EVAPORATE

ENDING EARS LAMENTING LUST

FRESH AIR IN BREATHINGS

COLD SEA FEET ON SOFA

WET KNEE SWEAT ALL OVER

WARM VIBRATION SHIFTERS

HOT SENSATION QUIVERS

VOID OF VOID IN LIVERS

MAGNETS TEASE BREATHING

OUT AND ON WHICH WITH

NO WAY GIVING STILL

Digital replication in the age of mass  
consumption

**UNBRIDLED  
CREATIVITY  
UNFOLDS  
BOREDOM**

# EROGENOUS ZONE

## QUESTIONS

If you would imagine your current work as a full body: 1. How would its genitals be like? 2. What kind of tongue would it have? 3. How would its skin feel like?

Then when this full body of work would move around in this space, how would it displace itself?

Now, if this body would look at itself in a mirror, what would it feel like?

And if its reflection, like its perfect mirror of itself, would step out of the mirror and starts to seduce its original body, how would they make love with each other?

Then after making love and orgasms and dreams and after play and breakfast or even brunch and so on, why would this body behave reasonable when it realizes that it finally needs to leave its lover ?

## LYRICS (two tone records retro)

We are your friends, you will never be alone again. So, come on.... Come on.

We love LOVE! What is, you love is LOVE!

Welcome to your wellness wanting wandering wonder of what we can do with ourselves.

Collect a conflict where without no one can exist within.

Advanced disadvantage there where another kind of thing.

Let her dream for no reasons, let dreams become reasons for wishing.

Chess horses or more check mates, games have changed since then.

# In art the emptiness has the same value as the fullness

In the reality of abstract thinking

In the realization of spiritual thinking emptying out becomes the same as being fullfilled

In the real the empty equals the full.

In the observation of the real the emptiness equals the full

In the observation of that what I think my mind likes to empty the full and fulfill the empty.

In what I think quantum physics is the observation fools the observation of the full.

In the theory of quantum physics all what appears full is like a vibrant string of vibrance in an unknowable dimension.

Collect a conflict where without no one can exist within.

To assemble a conflict where without taking a clear position nobody can come in.

Please, create a conflict where without really engaging with it, we wouldn't get out with fun.

How can you create a conflict without being.

By running away from a self created conflict you are still a part of it.

To run away from a self created conflict, how can you exist within?

How can you self create by running away from a conflict?

Running away is always creating a conflict yourself.

As long as you are in a social environment, running away creates a conflict. Except in a party.

# General Stupidity

Call it an oppositional defiant disorder, not to say plain ignorant arrogance. There are a lot of words that give me a feeling similar to sensuous, even erotic pleasure. I like most of the ideas when they have this nice and sophisticated way of putting it. For example: 'first there is nothing and then something appears to return to nothing and to appear as something over and over again.' Over time: nothing new under the sun; mainly a rephrasing of sound, language and an increasing complex vocabulary.

Over time many words have been written and even more words have been read. This can be so when reading between the lines, or reading a word while reading all the associations along in the mind. To quote Stef Meul in one of his early works: "mama, papa, dada." Lets say for now that this is not funny at all, above all hilarious.

The treatment of this case could be considered to be what it is, no more and certainly no less. For now we can continue with a list arranged by little round dots:

Fool

Fuller

Abbey

Mark

Dart

Liver

Abandon

Magnify

Suntan

Angels

Glandular

Perennial

Quintessence

Dior

Parallelogram

Draft

Nobilities

Sex

Open

Experientific

Mistake

Barbar

Hot

Introductive

Undressed

Approval

Stardust

Memory

Children

The transindividuality of the common knowledge of the individual subject composes the collective potential of the arbitrary conscious conformist. I am dead serious. When a kid can play football on the sidewalk of the street, we can trust that we have the comfort to dedicate most of our life time to wrestle with the noodles between our ears. When an adult can cut out and eat the heart of its supposed enemy, we can trust that we have the chance to live for the next meal. To quote Stef Meul in one of his more recent works: "The road to hell is paved with good intentions".

Madonna had only a few minutes to save the world. The important aspect of this act of benevolent behavior is the underlying motive. A certain Timberlake appears as her complementary counterpart, playing the role of her lover and her son.

Around this time the focus diffuses into a primordial soup. The tendency to hold on to a fashionable referent to save this act of writing from utter irrelevance can be juxtaposed with a few favorable keywords.

"In order to think individuation, it is necessary to consider being neither as substance, nor as matter, nor as form, BUT as a tight, supersaturated system, above the LEVEL of unity, INCONSISTENT solely in itself and not adequately thinkable by means of the excluded middle; the concrete and complete BEING - that is, the PREINDIVIDUAL being - is a being that is MORE than a unity. UNITY, characteristic of the individuated being, and IDENTITY, which authorizes the use of the PRINCIPLE of the EXCLUDED middle, do not APPLY to preindividual being

[... think what you want ...] ; unity AND identity apply ONLY to one of the PHASES of the being posterior to the OPERATION of individuation."

Angels and the General Intellect

Paulo Virno

I am not a Marxist, my father's name is Marcus. The state I find myself to be in, is somehow slightly indescribable. SINGULARITY; Jesus Christ Holy Ass Fuck. Pussy licking good and highly post-porn Catholicism. There is resentment

towards religion in the fibers of our common soul. To many witches have been burned to ever make it up to the future truth seekers. Darling, you know that you got to have fate for what you are trying to do to me.

To invent new social relations we need to invent new social practices.

To which category can I assign this phrase to?

Practical Jokes would be a suggestion.

Time turns here.

# general intellect - practice

act-in-concert

step 1

- choose a place in the space.
- decide where you want to go.
- go to the place where you want to go.
- arrive at this place in the space.

step 2

- take a few elastics
- choose a place in the space
- choose a person you would like to go to
- go to this person
- tie your elastics together

step 3

- hold on to the elastic
- choose a place in the space.
- decide where you want to go.
- go to the place where you want to go.
- arrive at the place in the space.

step 4

- repeat step 2 until everyone connects to everyone

step 5

- find ways to move together

- find ways to disentangle the elastics.

step 6

- let go of the elastics at the same time.

# IF $E = MC^2$

THEN

NOTHING = SAMENESS = 0

EVERYTHING = DIFFERENCE =  $\infty$

ANYTHING = SAMENESS / DIFFERENCE =  $0 / \infty =$

$0,000000\dots \infty$

SOMETHING = DIFFERENCE / SAMENESS =  $\infty / 0 =$

$\infty, 000000\dots \infty$

EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN SOMETHING AND NOTHING = INFINITE ANYTHING

$S E N = \infty A$

EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN ANYTHING AND NOTHING = INFINITE NOTHING

$A E N = 0 \infty$

ANYTHING IN BETWEEN NOTHING AND SOMETHING = INFINITE SOMETHING

$0 A S = \infty$

BECAUSE EINSTEIN HADD-I.T. RIGHT

# UT6

She bended forward while reaching for her glass. I glanced at her back and could feel my friends gaze looking at the same place on her body. We both wanted her badly while she was still considering which one of us she would like to take home. Helter Skelter he kept saying through all of his words. Cinnamon and Honey I kept countering it with, you know, the slower kind of hellish stickiness.

We all left the apartment and went to see her friends show. I felt ashamed about being there. It was still the same profitable lamentation about male to female abuse. A kind of reckoning of all men because of what they did to their mothers. In other words: a kind of longing for a father for saying I love you to his daughter, for not sticking his fists up his sisters anuses, or for not choking his girlfriend for knowing that then we'd be dying in vain of empty envy.

Barely surviving the clubbing party that followed up on the event, I left the scene to continue with their blue and green outfits; realizing that if you mix those up, you end up with a kind of shitty brown tint that only matches with the same color shirts.

A friend from high school followed me on my way home, and asked suddenly why I was always chickening out on these occasions, in his words: "Why you're being such a yellow bastard?" I didn't reply, but looked into his eyes and saw his gaze shiver. I wonder what he saw in me at that time, most likely just another reflection of himself, something he didn't know he could be.

Home alone I quickly sank into a dreamless trance. Then suddenly I got awakened by the noise of my black toaster: "clllunnck". I didn't understand how a slice of bread could be toasted all by itself. Again, I doubted my sleepwalking capacities, but when I opened the bathroom door, she stood there, right in front of the toilet. "How did you get in here?" I asked her. She did not respond. So I considered her to be another one of those mirages and I attempted to pass straight through her; in other words: I had to pee urgently.

Suddenly she turned green, and looked like some weird character from The Ring, you know, the Japanese version way before Hollywood derived its cheap copy cat.

Her pitch-black hair enveloped my neck and went through my mouth and nose down into my throat, it reached somewhere until my stomach. Her elbows both hit directly on my back in the space between my ribs and pelvis. I could hear my kidneys breaking apart. One of her knees simply crushed both my testicles at once, while her thumbs were penetrating the space where there used to be my pretty blue eyes. Her tongue gently licked my forehead and dissolved the pale skin I used to have on my crane. All of this happened along the same instant while she whispered: "You pee when I am done peeing, darling."

I totally passed out on a dark fake blue marble floor. When I woke up, I still don't remember how long I had been there, I felt I was lying in my own slimy and bloody piss. My throat was dry as the wind in the Sahara desert. I couldn't see anything and everything sounded as if it was like being under water. This lasted for some ages. Now the sun arose again.

Today I am much better. It feels amazing to glance with her back, along a butt crack, the thighs, back of the knees, ankles, inner sole of the bottom of the foot and in between the second and middle toe.

It loves to see eyes while seeing funky camel toes in between happy legs along belly buttons and pointy nipples on little bouncy tits, swallowing most of us all in all dimensions.

Then again, big temples and voluptuous revolving masses are also amazing, although re-bouncing mindless carnalities prevent from knowing that is not just to be passing on liquids along her piece. Instead, its all about living within our proper age and feeling resonance with a full spectrum of genders, to paraphrase Emma Watson in her mice like tonality on the HeForShe campaign. Left alone the whole plea for far more rights, so off course, sweetie.

# Eight Twenty Three UT4

Whatever happened to that occupy camp? Did it resolve itself or is it going on? Or is the cleaning service bound to do their underpaid job? Are we revolving history or is it all unfolding along a straight line? Or are both like spiraling through space in some Archimedean equation before some roman idiot stabs his sword through it? Who cares anyway? We have moved on since then because we all got as drunk as lazarus to forget our unfulfilled misery of our family routine's, ugly spouses and unfaithful fuck arounds, until in our delirium we could barely distinguish the giant squids from the pink elephants. Who cares a shit about that nowadays? Maybe we need another blender for political purposes, or some cannibalistic act. You know, there is some scene in some documentary about religion and atheist religion, which explains why on the English meadows there are barely threes. The guy says with some gay expression that it is because the sheep simply munch everything down to the ground. Or the goats for that matter. So is there something positive to say about those politics of aiming at the lowest common denominator, that button we all have in common, that synchronous fart effect? Yes, sure there is. Maybe tickle your belly button for a while and think of David Cronenberg. Or listen to the words being rambled across a Rape S Co scotch tape holder. Whatever autonomous or sovereign should always be demolished in its first instant of emergence, according to some socio cultural text book scenario. We simply cannot deal with arbitrary power when it would develop beyond some isolated luny nut cases. Or at least then it should be made clear that those guys are definitely gay, or homogenized along the procedure, to make sure that the real man only sodomize their spouses. Just imagine your little kid being sodomized on some social political party convention where for once anything goes. Give it all you can, nothing less. You were always free to do whatever, that is what we told you, so you can't blame us for forsaking your beloved partners orgasmic potential, while pumping along, and jerking off on some poor substitu student affairs staggering phantasies. Alcohol, C(e)Ocaine, and too many thoughts in the brain can always blabber its way through all the madness. Psychotic is the one with the intent to hurt, coerce, putting together the others while denouncing oneself, sacrificing its lifetime for a greater skeeme, creating trials and tribulations, in other words torture games, to pretend that what doesn't kill us only makes us stronger. Well, fuck the united states and let yourself live for a while. Yes, play with your own thingy, that thingy is relating to all thingies tingling. Even the little kids thingy will tingle. So for the mysogeneticists and for all the pedophilic necrophiliacs amongst us, give yourself a blow job. Nothing will be hanging on your cross, nada, never. The intersection seems to be divided in: a) can you spread this wider so i can look into my origins while pissing in my beard, b) anything but the broadway, because we like BLT thighs with butter and all you can suck. c) doubling spirals of licking an avalanche of melted snow while sucking out the volume of those gravitating tits and cutting off all testicles d) the preference to be playing with my smartphone and gossiping about it while staying digiphrenetically online. e) getting so wasted and universally mixing all of the above. f) feeling kind of lonely being sober and starting to write about my own problems while addressing the others. g) doing tantra and follow the seasons fashions, soon it is flamenco with a lot of red wine involved. h) contaminating crap loads of nicotine stained yellow sunshine with a few drops of blue blood, and suddenly it is all turning into a nice ecologic responsible green color; the color of the hearts new age energy in its lightest tints, the color of envy and socially responsible entrepreneurial money, and the color of disastrous atomic world domination in its darker fucked up brownish kaki green army tints.

i) At the intersection, sometimes the playing will be about nothing. Not choosing any options, not betting on any dog-cat-horse, not waiting for any change, not hoping on a better tomorrow, not working at all. Somebody else will be better of declaring the job of transformation being done, somebody named like Obama, some pilot free drones transforming the scenery. Who believes in democracy nowadays? Alpha Blondy 's au clair de la lune, mon ami Zongo, refuse de bajonner sa plume, au Burkina Faso. Et Zongo et mort, brûle par le feu. Then sans Dieu Donné, off course. j) La démocracy du plus fort est toujours la meilleur , C' EST comme ça.

Then again, I do not wish to engage in politics, because I think that is cheap talk for sexual unsatisfied dickheads and fucked over pussycrats. I prefer to dance and play with n\_nature in a contingent and permacultural relation with my own body, sharing with female bodies, while relating to who has nothing to understand about textual nonsense. I prefer something other than the institute of family affairs or the gay right movement. You can call these previous (j) sentences a political statement. k) Assimilate it into some central intelligence agency, upload it onto a traded websternet, and som miss the point completely; like trying to fuck a nostril while education da next gene ratio. l) Also dying will you. Only difference is who has dared to live before you do.

# C bitches poem UT4

Yow,

To all those C bitches over there. Killing their wombs like they just don't care. You know there is no real desperation. Just some anxious incapacity to fit fashionable conformity. You are all special and that makes you all the same, and then recycled or outdated for some fame.

Sniffing like dogs while bouncing along the same cane, what's in a name?

I might not be the best rapper, but you can call me a snapper, since poet sounds gay lame. Different hole, same game. Who has got into who? Venus can't be fucked since your dick might burn, and then you're out of luck, no seeds left to discern.

I ain't no street kid neither, nothing to suffer for. Or like craving for money though. These lines are typed like any other, middle class white trash, facebook cover, apple bite, Nothing left to discover. Brussels is like a stone age village, with so much dickheads to pillage. When you go from left till right: Jesus, holy ghosts and Allah, and shitloads of Kaballah, besides those Architectural Masons, Drunken Whores and Witches for Complacency. The next culture will speak no English or Japanese, since words will be like farts, smelling like some dinosaurs disease. Those WIFI fiddlers won't get this far, one little blackout and they won't find their car. Nothing to drive to nowadays, I prefer walking. just another simple pedestrian strolling along the gutter. Until the streets are full and there is no more space to discover. Until the last human has evaporated. No need for branding, let alone praying, these gaiety gods were not invented for disobeying. There are no believes besides keep buying, and this bullshit was meant for irony and lying. Extra value out of an apple remains an apple and some near shit going down the drain. No excuses, on the toilet we do mostly the same. Besides those waste heads desperate for fame and fathers. Maybe better to jam that dust shit into pinatas. I sleep when I get tired. And meditate and ejaculate when I desire. The better the worse, there ain't no curse. Taste until you go mechanic. Leave it before the collar is worn. These games break no more bones. Another one has bitten, love untitled has been forbidden, since it would ruin our global economy and put our richest parents out of jobs.

Love equals to really live how you want. Free from denying needs and less than capital commands. Preferably, not to get into deep field shit also. Fighting with monsters wasn't so smart said Nietzsche on the edge of Titanic's abyss.

I'll reincarnate first in a maggot and transform in some fruit fly, most likely without any goodbye. The rest will be carbonated water, fractal beats the oil drillings. Ego a go go. Never well adjusted, I'll see you around. 9 5 9

10 0 0 sun day.

.....

petit rien dossier number:

A S C 753

call jeudi 14-17

for time on friday

(or put on fb group brussel a donner)

# 5th season

TRUE S(T)ORY

# a love story

earth from north, femme fatale

trabalho del amor. my love story, mambo number ten.

prema, hella, maaike, inge, klaartje, ine, adderley, a white whore, a black whore,  
adriana, valeria, sabina, olaya, mireia, paola, effi, myriam

# a disaster

wind from east, methane pig farts

dreaming of a wolf and waking up with my hand around inge's throat, a while after she came back from Turkey and had fucked with a bartender.

Sticking my dick into Mireia without a condom and squeezing her throat until she felt that I could kill her.  
Strangling myself while fucking myself with a carrot during Rocio Boliver's workshop.

A little violet car got hit by a construction van and crashed onto a stone in the middle of road. The stone landed exactly where I was standing an instant ago, it felt like an other of those things that simply happen, besides gare de midi 29 october 2014; the morning CET after the failed US rocket launch to ISS. No people where hurt physically.

# a sexual act

fire from south, everlasting orgasm

a solo, few couples, a trio, a duo, a trio, a quartet, a septet, a trio, a duo, a trio, a duo, a solo,

# a suicidal act

water from west, drown phobia

my first swimming test of 25m in van eyck swimming pool.

my father besides the pool, nobody else noticed.

found Marieke while drowning, she didn't help me so

then I made it out by myself by walking under water.

being in the hospital with two tubes between my left ribs.

deciding to jump out of the window when the tubes will be removed.

changing my mind because of finding suicide an easy way out of the pain of being alive. Live is scarier and more exciting than death.

# a continuation

mysterious ping pong, invisible balls

something about love and bringing about other houses,

being alive, and resolving earth exploitation into caring about all vibrant matter and invisible well being and positive intent.  
Infinite Live Zero Spiral Initiative (ILZSI)

# HAPPY HOUSE ATTENTION WHORE SPOOF

Gone along a highway of temporal contemplation.

Driven by the stem cells of inadequate frustration.

Joking about a bypass of emotional lamentation.

Another sentence to be ending with words like synchronous ionization.

Like it like a conceptual masturbation.

Projecting into a possible future magnification.

A hippocampus does not give me triggers to rely on my globalization.

Constantly loosing the incentive to compete with any virtuous gravitation.

Personally speaking there are too many screams for my soul vibration.

Flirting with the end of a complex conscious suspension.

Happily after ever to let the flow become another recommendation.

Developing a remedy to any creative contemplation.

Out of a mind seeking others to complement this depression.

Messed up for a draft of fresh air to fast forward a generation.

Bullet proof hearts wear more weight than arbitrary orientation.

Show that the way is another choice for illusion.

Fake that the real simulates the joy of perception.

Conscious matter interrupts a sterile dilation.

To be crafting an agony of pleasurable continuation.

What doesn't kill, will procreate the next cycle of funny wonders and repudiation.

Silence in the mind gives rise to another kind of dabbling.

Chronically unkind towards xenophobic irritation.

Listen to the rhythm of an unknown language that appears to be complaining.

To be speculating meanings onto my limits of relativity.

Hopefully unaware of any inner killer of times.

A blast within this vessel of delights.

Loneliness eats what is left of motivation.

Circular saws slice away another inspiration.

Then, until it seems trees were made for printing paper.

Guilty catholic imprints causing acts of suffocation.

To be sneezing away a life of potential envy.

It is meant to be a mess or a crow can eat your hindsight.

Anger well and drawling maggots derivative marketeers.

There is nothing to be understood.

Stark contrasts of anxiety and middle lanes of mediocrity.

To be:

compromising to life,

supervising denial,

writing in an inverted pyramid style.

Colossal associations and lung fish in the springs of the Blue Nile.

Which brand of toilet paper does the vice president of the world bank use?

Kimberly keeps questioning another sidetrack to self abuse.

Gogo happy sunshine and another hit on the g spot of gratification.

Mutual assured destruction for the pale blue dot of industrious exploitation.

Cheer me up scottie because death and the universe have a common chill to itself.

Causality will have ruled free will, unless Schopenhauer's subject of infatuation would have kept all the grapes to herself.

A four the standard unless less is less.

Underachieving academic consensus to remind myself of achieving other than scavenging incestuous sucks and sad sex.

Volleyball is stupid and stupid is to make an anti matter bomb.

Back to the grid of natural synthetic surimi.

To be amazed by another holo-scenery, awesome jetpacks and knocking off on anticipation.



# reputation hole

.. if there are ever more points to disagree upon whatever is the most suitable strategy for our short and mid long term activities, the only reply I have is:

There is another alternative, probably plenty, but still the choice is as simple as this:

How do we get everything we want with the littlest effort possible? How to maximize the amount of pleasurable time at the expense of time felt miserable?

The solutions are plentiful, but have as a main disadvantage a dependency required to sustain them perpetually. Put differently: the main outcomes of the attempts to improve upon the quality of life experienced by an individual are mutually reducible to a periodic influx of pleasurable reward sentiments as an effect following a positively valued activity. This entails all cultural forms of whatever the individual considers desirable to attain to experience.

Frankly my dear, I couldn't give a shit about it. Where does the money come from to pay that credit you got on your card? What does it take for an apple to grow larger than a tree? Right, fertilizer and altered chromosomes. How much interest should be held upon a life-insurance? Am I not too big too fail? And why do I keep asking these stupid questions?

Fuck it. Fuck it good. Fuck it right now and fuck it good. Yes just fuck it. And keep fucking it. You, yes, you, fuck it. Fuck it good. Nice! Right on, yes, just fuck it.

Now let me fuck it too. Fuck off now. You stop, fucker. no more, fuck it. got it.

stop fucking it. Yow, fuck! What the fuck. dude, don't just fuck it. You gotta know how to suck it. You know, like. don't get to fuck it unless you go down and suck it. This shit gotta be wet before you fuck it. damn, fuck that, that shit, it's that it? no fuck, you got to be kidding, i used to give a fuck about that. now it's just another what the fuck! really, fucked, then what?

You stinking fist. Did you know how I could hurt you with it? Yes I did, so let's skip the crap, moron. Waiting for Godot ain't on my reading list. That's meant to sound kinda cool. And this to not be cool, but boringly hot. Another anywhere Alice goes to play moment. And lets ad how it is nice to sway along. Mary suffers on her throne.

Boomerang bazooka no time for wasting and degrading nations into well intending civilized do more drones. It is way after bed time and tomorrow is going to last forever. The tricky part is in the never again waking up. Always dozing a little somewhere, just a little more sleepy when years go by. Can't scream so loud that it would make the children cry. They would be afraid of humans. Feel safer with a toy.

To play with toys instead of children. Let's make it more and slightly darker for this reason: children being the modeling toys for adults lost's childhood's frustrations. How scary and sad.

An artist entrepreneur, where did that idea find it's place in this society of fools racing to be there, where history claims it to be right, then and them. What is your niche, your hole, your tomb? Where is your room? How do you get there from here?

Another brother from another mother. Another sister from a different mister. And twelve billion humans fit loosely standing shoulder to shoulder on a piece of land, not more the size of lets say Los Angeles. Where does all that forest go? To grow food for beasts that we grind into jelly beans? Let me guess: jelly beans or wild forest? In a democracy, who chooses upon what we get to decide? Hello, yes I'm with jelly bean corp. because wild forest didn't have any stocks for sale, plus the nice people at bean corp. offered me a platinum credit default swap.

Sure I also love oxygen, but that is so abundant still to cut a profit, unless you sell it off to some poor industrializing countries. Then they have more options to breathe with. Canadian Alpine Pine seems to be doing well. Even sold in small amounts that can travel safely in your flights cabin luggage.

Last get on that fake ride on more time and see that all the chemicals is what makes the divine. Then whatever it is that makes these chemicals besides causality is what we can call free - or dangerous - within a mediated reality. Do you also see red? Does red turn you on? Does it make you up set? Red is strong, your shields are weakened. Now give up and accept that without red it wouldn't make any sense at all to even consider blue, let alone green or lila. All red might be a little too much, unless you are lost into some monochrome cult. Or whatever else might be like one of these: 'too much of things to do, for what you want you'll never get' kind of a sense of belonging to a greater meaning, kind of a too many of a kind, kind of thing, know what i 'm saying, howl. A mickey magical technocracy. Or all extensive projectiles cummin' a gogo's. Your ars sacks deeper over age. Oil lacks oxygen to sell it all. What mood are you in tonight? Grilled piñata on a bed of laminated barbies? Or an orange clockwork designed so that chimpanzees might know how to keep the time in their national parks. You tell me, I'm only the performer, not the medium.

Thank you, oh dear. Your wish is my pleasure. My pleasure is none of your business. My business is not for sale. It is given on condition. Played by head. No specific characteristic or asset suffices, it simply all depends on what I decide to decide to give. Very simple and unaccountable.

But how can you work like this? My work is not your business. It is my pleasure. Your wish might not please me anymore. My wish might be your pleasure, how that works is none of your business.

Who is talking? Not again, that is for sure. Still it keeps talking, unlike barking. Kind of a singing tune. Loops, horny, horny, loops. That's all it says. Some more loops to pass the time, being horny, wanting to be desired. Like a panoptic mirror to echo Narcis' gaze: still, petrified, forever. Memoirs of a gaze.. And load of bull crap on skates.

In the silence the thoughts reside. What?! Listen! In the silence .. all I can hear is Listen in the silence the thoughts reside, and then nothing. That's nuts. Faggot, Bicurial. Serial. Manhattan, economy, pigs.

Go get your guns, go get your free drink, go get your abomination that you dare to love, go get your selves, all of them minus one, or plus two for that matter, opaque, translucent, bicuntlighkeit.

Perversive powers need no name, there before the start of the game. And why would we want to be playing it fair? To be nice to the group, the caller, the naked, the picture, the nurse, the secretions during and after orgasm. The health argument, the don't feel guilty about yourself dogma. The let go of the past illusion. The my mind is my safe temple kind of fundamentalism. To shop with that, OMG, it is destiny's child that I have become. Their clubs are jumping, jumpin', jum pin.

Alone on a beat that nobody can defeat. We will and want the same but always different. Fame the name, forget the lame and frame his dagger.

Endless lines of complacent mimicry towards the back room, high school, who is cool, game. The late and eternal return, now, or better yet, did it come or go?

Another need in the making. You can have it now, or if you prefer, also later. What is obviously not what you need, that would be to easy now. It is more of what you didn't even know yet of what it is that you really want. I know, I can't think of it neither.

A final frame work to cause an end to this transition. Or another fragment in the variation of transmission. Logic dear holds no fun in its fraction. It is too slow to engender all sensual immediate perceptions. It is only good to land into normality, nonetheless it can be fun to make fun of logic in itself. The sense of remembering events in the near and distant past to construct meaning of how we are doing at this moment in time. By now probably already a while ago. Grasping the patterns and calling upon a foreseeable present to be, caught up in the making of a hamsters wheel. Fools aiming at a golden mean. More than plenty where those things came from, now let's consider the other options.

Is there more than one time to count in. Does it matter to stop at any given time. Is a question an intention in disguise? Are you trying to seduce me or is it just one of your tricks to get my attention? Why would you care about who I am when I look like your reflection? How can you order your desire for a cheap thrill, a little escape from your miserable self conception? Is it all right like this? Or would you like some more of what you think you're having? Are there some volunteers that want to try out something? Like someone up for a date kind of fun. You? Or sorry, never mind, would you like to be a volunteer?

What is your ultimate phantasy? Is it like some amazing movie scene or is it more like some online game? What can you do to avoid it from ever happening? What makes you feel safe and steady?

How would you make love to yourself? What does your sex say about your love? Does it hurt your feelings to talk about things like that? Is this device switched off or on?

What I miss about dead persons is not that they are dead, but more what it was that made them alive. Somehow that matters more then the time of their lives, and off course it doesn't matter either.

What I miss about living persons is not that they are not yet dead, but more what it is that makes them alive. Somehow that matters more then the time of their lives, and off course it doesn't matter either.

# UTntitled 11

Can 't even real hat these fucking shit is made of but for sure it is not what i want it to be. I keep renouncing g their fucking sweet mellow powers of persuasion and the idiotic manufacturing of consent. Always weakening and deceiving into the desire of something less than simple starightforwardness. The truth is always out there, no inner crap to reconsider, just see what you are doing right now. Is that enough, or is it not what you want it to be? Maybe it just feels inadequate to your mediocre expectations of what life is supposed to mean for you. Then give up that stupidifying ideal that keeps you running after the next enchantment and get real. It might be a shock and for sure it might be not comfortable since you will have none of those sweet lies to rely upon. Anger won't help either, plain present sense always works out in the present, not planned. Not choosing, not deciding, all the time open to anything and devoted to none of the options offered. Keep a real checkbook in your pocket but forget your pen to write in it. There ids no need for crying or laughing or sedating your emotions. Simply exist with it whatever it is and use that energy for your own purpose, not at the expense of what you know, not at the expense of the other supposed to know.

# UT12

WRITTEN WHILE ONE OF THE LAST new wave PARTIES IS TAKING PLACE DOWNSTAIRS IN THE STUDIO

..And then there is this apparent settling of the accounts, always at the expense of some past trauma, unresolved shame or guilt. The generation of substantial individuals provide these instances of transference, by command of the name pronounced by the consumer. The consumer only repeats what has been assumed, it's only role being the following up of the potential new fads and latest catch words.

From the view of the generating individuals - often artists, weirdo's or persons which decided to abstain from normal conformity towards the masses - the relentless repetition of the same consumer commands causes responses which can be used as new potential inspiration for new generative activities. The expression: to be making or throwing pearls for the pigs, can be in its place here; or the feeding of the horses and so on.

This view places generation above consumption, humor and sincerity above irony.

At the end of the day, or night for that matter, the consuming masses provide the material means for the generating individuals to have their modest place in a society, on the presumed condition that this society still functions on a principle of exploitation and exchange of money for any other product or services. The consuming class thus effectively depends on this exploitative system in order to secure their hegemony upon the generating persons within money based societies. The same society which ensures the irreversible exhaustion of all the planets resources, with certain extinction of most of its human co-inhabitants - a reduction of eight to ten billion lives to make a rough estimate - as a so called sustainable consequence for survival within the current paradigm.

The next generations will need to resolve the paradox between, on the one hand the exploitation by the consumer oriented individuals and their relation to a generating potential within themselves irrespective of their environmental situation, on the other hand the redistribution of the possible reactions following the demands put on the generating persons by the consumers, literally resourcing in other ways than demanded by consumer commands in order to break the causal loop-chain of repetitive drives and moronic affects - therefore allowing an otherness to come to life, unimaginable for the timing currently given before the cravings of the consumer dissolves any potential of an awareness of an authentic new in the real to come to be existing.

The main quality of a consuming drive appears as an anxiety of this potential new to be existing outside of imagination, while at the same time it is also the main expectation for it to be generated over and over again, in order for it to be enthralled and subsumed into the status quo of nothingness: a fictitious pseudo security place shaped as an imaginary relentless void that functions as the object cause of desire of a stupidified mass consumer behavior.

The intermediate state between the interaction of generation and consumption appears as waiting, boredom and awkwardness. This state can be deconstructed by the generation of another alteration towards the real, swiftly followed by a reactive misinterpretation or at least a miscomprehension of a consumer act. When generation fails to happen, the intermediate state builds towards a notion of crisis, with it's consumers exerting various forces and methods of coercion onto it's dysfunctional generation. From a generating view, an other response to act upon repetitive commands such as: work, make money, have fun, don't think too much, join us, be happy, forget, and so on... can become a means to effectively change the hegemony of consumers, when considering the main means of exploitation being a symbolic currency. Most goods and services are ubiquitous in their material and mechanic forms, to a level of redundancy, most often as an anxious compensation for the absence of an awareness towards a substance within all kinds of materiality and services rendered without servitude.

The shift from generation-consumption towards consumption-regeneration, happens preferably in the first place within the individual, preceding social interaction and can then be continued within the individual during social interaction, both

climactic, disastrous and all possible encounters in between and beyond these textual indicators - with the obvious exception of torture, killing or any kind of sacrifice; always to be excluded both on a material and immaterial plane.

Social interaction will therefore shift from a principle of lack and search for completion in the other - for example the kind of love which consumes in so far as until its repetitive and addictive subconscious drives have been fulfilled, or the desire to surrender to the other in order to relieve responsibility over oneself onto the other, i.e. becoming the burden of the beloved, the object-animal to be toyed with - towards other social interactions not originating from a sense of void, thus bringing about encounters between self-fulfilled persons that potentially will generate other instances of transference. These new instances will qualitatively appear as a too much to be consumed by anyone present, since the generation-consumption dynamic has been replaced by other forms of social interaction - not longer to be enticing the person to dissolve as if only being a cog in a social apparatus of pathological conformity, constructed in a cyclic fashion by some ideological commands like: have fun, enjoy, let yourself go, get it while it is hot, do you like me too, and so on.

Hopefully there will come a time wherein human desires, drives and their social interactions will cause encounters which produce a substantial excess of generation transferred towards the planet without being consumed by its generation-consumer tendency. Personally, it seems reasonable to think that for millennia generations have practiced treatises which helped cause substance to prevail over consumption, so that in this view the anthropocene is the beginning of a renewal towards the preference of the good life free from the sluggish burden of post-industrial consumerism and its all devouring dino's.\*

\* what is meant with dino's:

Old echoes that tell off stories that can't be lived for themselves. Too anxious to dare to live for a change, too scared of life and its real end in itself. Keep drinking, keep pretending to play yourself. Keep caressing that empty shelf of what you call your beloved self, desperately projected on the other self. As if you were someone else, someone you might be able to love, instead of being that pitiful caricature of yourself, your father's daughter, your mother's son, your lover's ex. Time to grow up and change the game of regurgitating the consumption's history.

Nobody else than what is generated will be along a real change, the rest comments while they perish. Lame horses, sad eye dogs, all gone without a funeral ceremony. Not even a ritual slaughter. Just a waste, something to grow some bug's food on. The system is changing and most of them are so conservative that the last thing they want is to face the solitude of birth; heartbreak and death. Why try to pretend or get hung up on demonology? A couple of decades is too short to be filled with occupations. The aim is making, generation, sincerely creating, however unfashionable that sounds and how ever unforgiven the situation, get over it and move on, everyone else has. Unregrettable past, you lost.

# Like me like your second hand sweater

Like me like your second hand sweater. Feed another soul to the doves. Or let the chickens run headless on the pavement. Why do I still bother? Is there more pleasure in this agony. Yes, hell raiser looks more like a stereotype performance art tragedy. Dope heads on the verge of total numbness in their search for ever more extreme sensation. It is true that you get used to everything. Get a little further and your return will be impossible, at least from clinical death that is. Why even try to be virtuous in pleasure or suffering. Both can be considered a form of nihilistic craving. What is better than just being where you are right now? I mean just a while ago and ... Yes you guessed it, it will never arrive like on time. Give it up, sweetheart, your hope is in denial of a better verse to explain the misery of the life at hand. Little friends, little freedoms and mostly just to be plainly mimicking a trained emotional and linguistic response to any circumstance. Hail to the thieves of a self induced trance. We must all be very hungry with our bodies full of sugar, salt and fat. Sucking on the minds and spirits of anyone which still attempts to make way besides the streams. Let yourselves go, surrender and please do not think or ask a question that might jeopardize the cannibal junkies craving for the bad. They miss sweetness and caress, they lost trust in themselves besides their bodily shell. Then infused by drugs and stupidified by dialectical hypnosis they proclaim some rehashed version of the memes that caught them. The voice command and the expected return on their expulsion of madness. Good citizen, you did your duty, now you will get your reward. Here is your psychic bag of worms. Go fill yourself with sandstones and complain about your low wage labour. Jay cross kill fats tea gay. But in french. We are so tired the wicked heart will slightly make the text be blurred. Ball sack autocorrected in blacks. What do you wish to learn? Another passer by and a little act of ripping of the sky, it is meandering like the relentless demand to receive affection. A citizen with a shopping bag not sure to go or to return. The city does not care about its sacred intifada's. Why would a city leave her soul to another idiot that thinks the right is on our own. Obviously, not a fuck was given. Plastic isolation of the electric feelings of control. She sings the song and the tone is listening. Welcome to the other side of receiving-giving. Not even taken or stealing. Hear you love too. Hope isn't the word, but you probably know the space there is silent. Can this not be another liar. Give it a second boy, you don't need to come yet. Let it be, too late, he isn't a man. He still asks his mother for approval. Why, what you did is good, you can be proud of it, now go play in your room or in the garden. Leaves are nicer when we are alone. A slight memory of the tree it once hung from. Almost a sense of reminiscence to the roots that came from those seeds. Now just the leave is remaining. Can't hear me complaining, she left with the bushes. A bottle of cum and a candle burning tied up, despite burning your ass on chilly con carne. Why torture yourself with a history of contempt? Saviors never live up to their promises. Pessimists caress their self-pity and secretly keep their beauty like a pervert gets off on its fetish. Another foolish episode on the slapstick called your life. Better not to blame the wife, it is your fantasy which is fading. That is always what you thought you would get, never better than what you feel right now. Just a sense of your mind aspiring to live life like the projection of your infected cinematic pathological scenario of imagined satisfaction. Just a game to keep you in range of disappointment, frustration and attraction. Not to mention the distraction of whatever you could become one day: not so different and not so very far away. A list of to do's on the door of the refrigerator gently spelling out the impending doom. Till your heart freezes over and you just can't make it through the day without some prescription pills or neurotic disaffection. Try to remain calm and please do not loose control. All is taken care of, already. You don't need to mean anything. You fit in fine and whatever you do won't matter a lot to anyone besides your closest cloud connections. We are family and that is seriously all that matters. Or is it? Then what else would be there besides your lifestyle group, cause community and music lyrical morality? I never asked myself to be born like this, I seem to have a severe self identical affection. Can I bother you with these never ending outburst of reflection? Or this questioning that is so boring to hear from someone else besides myself. There is no common ground, this ground belongs to nobody but the ground. I can't claim it for myself, so can't anyone else, still it doesn't belong to all of us. Nobody is responsible for it and still I have the urge to take care of it as if it would be my own being the ground. That is so fucked up to feel everyone just stepping on it as if there is nothing that matters besides their moving towards a successful destination. I can wait, the ground waits too. Then I hear that we are supposed to fear the terror. The terror of being terrorized. With the proper solution being supplied simultaneously: go out, consume and multiply to prove your revolt against the terror. Our common western values: consuming voluntarily against the terror threat of instant liquidation. Never mind the causality of anxiety, or the affect of being deprived of the ability to construct meaning. Those things are for the experts to tell us what is best. We can

be safe here in our nests. With a high fidelity net flickering besides our bed. What is the best, tonight the show never ends. Wake up. It is time to play the role where you need to pretend to rush for being late at work. The job never ends and will go on without you. That is the rule of the flowcharts of commands: expendable and immune to the unreliable. It can always adapt and expand beyond any human interaction. Even with a fraction of what is left alive it will manage to continue to produce its triadic mantra of production: collect, corrupt, sell. Stealing is illegal unless it is part of the free trade agreement. I can never compete with what has been decided outside of my knowledge. I will never know how my life will end. Managed in a way that I would not even expect the agreement to have met its maker. Probably wondering if that was all it ever meant. Just another human disintegrating in the sand. There are no winner in the game called time. Then you feel like going on a holiday or fuck some friends. Maybe enough money to order that caipirinha or daiquiri. Never mind the wine or beer. Real men know why without. It cuts like the spine knows how long it will still go. Before the song ends there will be again another idiot buying into the idea of trying to say a thing to expect a sexual partner. Or a least the confirmation that being an idiot is not so bad as the other idiot that should appear to be even more idiotic. Why? Because it is so cool to be a gangster with the band of fools. Nobody is the lonely freak that doesn't talk when not spoken to. How to break the conversation when we all know that it doesn't matter anymore what we talk about. The days of politics are totally over. The emancipatory project of the previous century has failed, the integration in the global system is all encompassing. If not in this lifetime, in the next generation, it has it all taken care of. Like the algorithm of a synthetic mother which knows every move before it is done. The options are all possible and the impossible is negotiable ad infinitum, at least till exhaustion and at last till death. We can all rest now, upon the grounds in which we will rest. In love with the hope of the next iPhone release. Anxiously awaiting the raise in salary at my under appreciated job, so that soon I can pay off my student debts. Or get the mortgage and start that stupid eco village. Right besides the plot of the geo engineered cloudy landscapes of our common dream of progressive cheap electric sheep. On the other side of the terra-cosmopolitan. That is for punks and corporeal pussies. Too late to be bothered with fashion now. What interests exists besides what your action is?

# Go go dolls on the doorstep

Go go dolls on the doorstep of your personal affairs. There is some way out of here. There is not any problem in sight. Gone with the lost frottting sinking belly of an overaged fakes. Object a obstructing a circle, classical genesis and anxiety for the inevitable emptiness which follows all desperate attempt to find meaning in life. Existential doggy bags in the restaurant of beer bullies and cocaine piss snorting sharks. Go with the water and left after this monitors disaster. Did you ever have a decent orgasm or is it all numb again when you finally decided to love besides remediating some days of ramadam or feasting before crucifixion or infidelirious beheading? We are freaks now in the flattened tits of amphetamine abuse. Can we suck on another stick and burn the witch in a vain hope that fortune will extend our death sentence. Pray to demon and power and money and hope that your honey doesn't make you beg for more. Call the pigs and cash on the cows or call the whores and your ass raving brothers for assistance. Rest a lada or fifa tea fan cup for sipping the forty eight hours until the next shift in the perpetual weakness of a bipod stroking society. Mass screens and touchable actors, perfect scripts and mediocre drama disasters. Can you epilate my senses yet or should I shave my pubic hair so it scales the objective impression of my genitalia? Is seventeen centimeters long enough for your envelop? Or does your mouth doesn't take sausage. I recently became a vegetarian when everyone keeps talking about terror, sheep and chicken. The angry frustration of little men that feel big together. Sweet lonely desire at night in the forsaken dreams of their teenage home. The other day you were late to work again and your employer doesn't accept douchebags, so you got replaced by a robot which does the work more efficient and less offensive than your preliterate utterances. Quit your jobs and stalk the politicians instead of complaining about life and maybe take on the creation of a personal economy besides pretending to dream about wealth for a while. Happiness is worth nothing when dictated what is supposed to make you happy. Unless the sad feeling that what everyone you know thinks is good, should be good enough for you too. That is called conforming to the group. Nowadays, this means that what we all think we are deserving is exactly what will destroy most of the children that we promise a bright future to. Not even to think of all the unborn underfed miscarriages due to lack of food or abundant drug abuse, forced sex or plain exhaustive stress. Surrender to nothing, not even death. Angry is better and love lasts. There are always possible alternatives besides the options mentioned. No solution will be sufficient to the problem presented. That is all just make belief, fate and religion. Scientific knowledge even doesn't fulfill the facts. Experience and experiment only prove the physical fact. Nothing at hand for that matter. The other option is unknown to present sense. There is where our language ends. Let it begin again because there is no way back unless there always was and still it would make no sense in writing it. Quit the thoughts, let go of emotions, do not will a thing. Anything is present and nothing is present and everything is following along with something like changing the substance through the form. Words to be debated and places outside the context. These clichés are to sad to be repeated. Endless effort of manipulating the current flow of awareness into a dual sense of perception. Me and you forever stuck in rotation. Boredom of the incomplete self. Then he, she or it enters. The mutual cause to unite the dual bores. The triad marches on in its bullshit style of easy gains and losses, berating the resources till we are all gone. Sea life is waiting to evolve after the next extinction. We know it but still we like to do it because we can. Waiting for you special intervention commands. It is supposed to be that time again. Full stop.

# Could this be explained a little more

Could this be explained a little more than the different form of letting me slide down that slippery slope of tiled floor of snuffed movie scenario's? Or do you care about your living soul more than your made up world? The question is a trick in itself, since the people of the world all are waiting for another soulful fool to sell his or her life to histories cravings. Like isis soldiers hoping on a reward from the higher ups. Or at least a break from perpetual fear of being out of place. Besides the order there are little or no symbols left, to let alone language itself and hope for the best will not make a great success. Mere forgetfulness and annihilation, alongside another twisted story of denigration. Can you handle this, or is this too much for your sweet innocence already? Let's slide down your naked legs into a river of drifting wonders. Or not more than sympathy for what is going down and under. Yes, there is life where there is no hope for a future and there is more than anyone would ever dare to imagine. Find your phone number and be late for the encounter. The missing link is what they all are waiting for, to hop along the bridge that they never discovered craving for. Aces are hitching a ride on their brothers cock; poaching and roasting another pork. Shitting gold on the donkey and catching lime by the leeches. What kind of number are you counting on preaching? Fabulous story to tell at the bar. Very impressive, that won't get you far. Maybe suffocating in a toilet on your own puke after heart failure because that crappy line was mixed with too much cement to bear your gaming. Failure to comply to the same ordeal. Never enough to take to replace that gap where the heartbreak was enabled. To heal more tears than any crime would be fabled. Go more, go faster, go back, ahead, piss off and stay at home. Alone with the wifi and sweet talk for your stranger. One day we will meet but it is always today. Stolen from Armstrong and not even sway. History is past in the trenches of the John's and Gary good fellows. Make another bet and quit in their ear. They might write more than what we know has disappeared. The other guy who invented the movies, or the cure to a violence more agile than exploitation. Mister banana farm and kill saxophone tics, or wish at least that love is true for their matter. Go other for it never takes long. Living is here and doesn't belong. Here it is now on a page or a screen: your mental acoustics and the person behind your ears. Quit looking outside for narcissistic slurps of affirmation, and generate the life that can fill the self of realization. Pure pleasure is not what comes from the other, it will appear always among the others, when there is no need for taking or usurping the thing. Because it never was a thing anyway, that would be to aggressive to treat it that way. And the other instrument you will only own, is that what is causing your self to think of things or the unknown. Or video games if you prefer the pastime endings. Check your clock it ain't the truth. That is all it will ever be telling to you. Can you tell me once again: is it ok to be laughing about this by now? Quit it because we are supposed to be very serious for a couple of instants. I'm sorry, I really don't understand. There must be another explanation. Is there someone that could explain how we got so lost in this emancipation? Another century needs to pass by before we invent a quantum steam engine that does all the possible work, so modernity could finally deliver its promise of abundant time and voluntary movement of all persons on the planet? This is maybe a little much to ask, this type of utopian optimism will most likely result in disillusion. Forming a compromise to resolve poverty than might be sufficient to settle upon, unless it seems more reasonable to keep pushing market growth, large scale war and potential exhaustion of the life support systems on the planet, resulting in, you know, that old story of a book promising an afterlife, well minus that promise.

# Kind of loving the spin I am in

Kind of loving the spin I am in although it will only last another minute or so. Time is about 33 or 34 past midnight, you know. An THEn the next car passes in the street. An d I wonder. Do i not? No I don't, any more. How many times do you want to convince me of your phantasy? I'm not so much into those totalizing visions anymore. Anyway it doesn't matter so much what you think is the right explanation of it all. Your monolith or foundtional story or narrative of how it all works, like if we still would linger on in an elementary school or something. What do you want, do you have more of that? Can you show me all of it , now please? How much of it is there left? Even gold can be produce from bacteria, so no painc. It will inflate also. Like diamonds pressed from corpses asshes. Nothing special. Or babies grown in artificial wombs, exteritics, or whatever it has been called in the brave new world matrix kind of fantasy. We all really are supposed to want to be controller one. Or at least the savage that still reads Shakespeare. WilliamI suppose. Or the evil guy that just plays the tricks of spinning the web, as a matter of causality. Whatever you fetish. A slurp of ginger tae, Miss spelled and not too hot so it doesn't burn the taste. Fancy frenzy. G is for girls, right? And M for Marion? Or are we past the round table phase? Walking in circles from and to the toilet. Life has a plan for it all. Or witch town might be hell without a prince of darkness, them would kill each other over nothing at all. To fetish, is that even a verb? How to, or tootsie roll. blunt bunker, tit rap, drip snap, hot simmering haley berry poster. and nirvana on the pavement. why didn't you call, why did you leave her alone with hime when you knew she has a mother brain in her pelvis ? Nobody to blame, never mind the strangling revenge scene. An other hurt will not hurt anyone. This has been pass on to the depts of my own past life. She will be fine, and if she stops hating one day, the fire in her north spanish mountains might lit up again instead of that ass tickling spaghetti sister in her heart that still yawn like a grave after divorcing her daddy's true love. There you have it. Pure macho male chauvinist retort. And should I add it to make it complete. A car over your clit might not even wake up your tongue that was always slit in a green eyed deception that gave a faint glow around your fake planet uranus. Ironically speaking that is, nothing wrong with sodomy, but what was the sin in Gomorra? I forgot, maybe I should revisit California 'cause they say that vagina's taste like grapefruit. Maybe it is another myth coming from not so well entertained surfing dudes which confused the matter at hand with their Ceasar's salads on the beach. Never mind the bullshit, it is part of the capital game. Disperse it even further my friends, until your pseudo nationalist skims have long gone into some spoiler plane crashing into Chrysler buildings shame. Nice musical if youknwo what I am saying. Obviously not. That would be too much of a pop attitude, with a facial expression as if you were cleaning out the cat box after neglecting it for a month or two. Another one will be like too many already. So why not try to love for a change? You know, where you might be really affected by it. Not only the convenient, middle class, how does it fit my lifestyle, part? Just the good old fashioned, not besides the in and out clockwork orange scene. The other movie screen, where there are actually artists loving to make such an idiotic scene and knowing that generations will be traumatized by it, maybe never even trying to do so because of understanding the tragedy of the batboy scenario. Still why not try the old fashioned love? The kind where your heart melts and your sex malfunctions. The kind that makes you blush because it is too intense for fucking it up or twerking it out? Not the blush you get from porn or from arty sexy movies. Probably more th blush that lasts after the children have grown up and left the house, or apartment in case houses are to expensive by then. Another kind of recess on your cheeks or darkness in case your skin is black or brown. Fuck that race game. It is an exotic fetish trap for cultural completion. There are so many reasons to segregate, lets skip race altogether. I am racial by mood. My race is happy, angry, sad, calm and all of the undefined moods inclusive. Normally speaking I am sick, That is what normality is all about. To be afraid of not being normal, a difficult uneasiness that raises stress levels and causes all sorts of compulsive movements and acts of consumption, often way beyond the desire to appear normal. The theatre of war being one example, the endless accumulation of property another. Scratching the armpits while not crossing the arms might recall the history of pre linguistic behavior. Nevertheless it is fun to write and dance and love, and sing and make music. To music, is that a verb? Out of tune? That is definitely an action. In tuning and son on, or while singing a non on in tons of time then no more crime is mine when you is gone for wine with mime and denial. Blast of on their blame ship, sticking it to their dada. Licking it to their maia. And with it great pleasures come in waves of at least a billion souls per orgasm, animal death counts included. No one to blame, just a heartless snake game. Revenge is always sweeter than blood in that matter. One more, yeh yeh. Do you like sausages on the barbecue if they are roasted onto a layer of greasy bacon? Or does the smell of alcohol remind you of vomiting while having diarrhea? Cleaning the soul that is to say, what doesn't kill you did last it's time of your life anyway. Black liquid matter in all it's splendor for forgiving takes a heart that is beyond betting on that horse races. Can you give it one more try? Or can you try to be honest for once? Real lie.

Go fuck yourself and your despicable cloud of waste, it just echoes in the same misery of your unresolved sadness. Cancer is an easy trick, it doesn't take much to heal. See you again, lover. I hate you is not enough to pretend to stay and live together, faking it along the anxiety of the knowledge of a lonesome death. Art is past entertainment and romantic numbness. If you need the drugs, you will remain at best a spokesperson of substances. The anger and aggression of the drunk, that apathy and psychosis of the cannabis, the possession and domination of the cocainer, the lost childhood innocence of the ecstasy bunnies, the schizophrenic prophecies of the acid reptiles, or the perfectionist one way of being detached above of the amphetamine machine. None of them ever did cause art to be made, they used the artist to reform themselves into an artist capacity of whatever art that was arting. To art? Is that a verb? Throughout the illusion remains, like the sleeplessness of having too much coffee after lunch. Or the soreness of throat with that last meditative about to sleep cigarette. The grave stone doesn't have a name on it. That work is not yours. Let that job be someone else's masterpiece. Maybe it is nicer to be burn and spread out like ashes, on the designated area in the graveyard, or have a facial cream be made from the ashes, maybe even a lipstick gloss: Ashley's Carbon Shining Lip Gloss, over my dead body. Not tested on gravestones. Circulated on disposable, biodegradable, recycled, death letter funeral cards. Final inscriptions: Ex Sell Land. Just a thought. Don't worry, I am only kidding. That would not be suitable for racists. And would require age restrictions and trigger warnings and other spectacular forms of raising perverse anticipation. Rain and raising the living out of their dead seat sofa. What netflix series are you on? Robo Cop? That is so depressing that it would not even cause alien to be aborted from Weaver. Let the bourgeois be running culture for a while and we 'll probably have another witch hunt

soon. This time on midgets with nibble nipples on their but cheeks. Two equals three, the soup is in deep pink blood tainted marsh mellow crustakovich. Word. Burp, sleep. .

# It simply remains a matter

It simply remains a matter of dealing with this sense of being part of some large loop that repeats itself: the routine of the day, the week, the month. The attractions and the disappointments, occasional happiness, excitement, disillusion, anger, sadness, exhaustion, and calmness. Nothing to be particularly serious about, just more of the already known patterns. The reasons to intoxicate are plentiful and the abstinence of the use of intoxicants, gives rise to other forms of producing rewards. Often I find myself alone, playing music, reading, watching lectures on philosophic, social, and psychoanalytic topics. Or sometimes I find pleasure in making nice food. The main difficulty is to deal with others, since most of my previous friends, and acquaintances are not in the same process. They often relate only in a sense of trying to be bringing me back to were I happened to just have got away from. Socializing in a bar but not drinking alcohol, or standing besides smokers, it all becomes such a boring way of trying to pass the time. When going out at night and dancing to the music in a club or during a concert also becomes kind of shallow, since it appears difficult to engage in conversation while being sober. At the same time this sense of clearness and sensitive encounter with live in this society makes me more aware of what I really care about. This is related to having a relation with a person. A sense of connection which is not pre-mediated, i.e. not numbed - by remedies against anxiety. This outlook onto nothingness gives a sense of realness to experiences which happen when awake and possibly becoming aware of being awakening with some other person besides my self. The trick is in the allowing to continue that which was substituted by drugs. There were the attention used to disperse, there is now an extra capacity to engage in new encounters beyond the predicted algorithms of consumption. This gives a sense of freedom or at least a suspension of the dread of repetitive preemptions. Still my smartphone or social network update can give me some sense of aggravation, as if being monitored in a giant rat laboratory. Communication is often so restricted to filling in the already known commands, just for the sake of keeping the thing going as it is supposed to be going. Then there is the desire to love, to be loved. To care for a significant other. To share touch with a beautiful and loving and intelligent woman. The standard ideology of course, she is never there, or if so, then she has already someone to be with. Or alternatively, the idea to desire love through engaging in some potential competition between another, often more daring and less thinking idiot, both trying to please the same woman and that is were i already give up on that demand placed upon myself. The loser then ends up writing, instead of puffing his seeds into latex underwear. No more words for solitude beyond despair. Now is were it is supposed to get hot. A bit sleazy and then maybe a little too long or too much to feel human about, followed by some shame about turning too animality, pretending to be more nice then just satisfied and done for. Or maybe sharing something to smoke or suck on, maybe having a drink together, watch some cartoons or movie, anything but grey anatomy, for shallows sake. The next day is there and the lover is gone, maybe of to work, or just away from were you were before. Then the heart beats for another song and the loop goes back in its initial gear. Here is were we are supposed to order another round. Knowing both well that what we have been trying to forget. Here religion or commerce comes to fill the gap. Selling it of into some greater framework, so the return of the forgotten discomfort can be prolonged beyond a personal attempt to become aware of what really keeps going on, besides the live preordained in all its speakable aspects and movements of complacent relational. The sense remains, despite all efforts of remediation, advice and threat. Trying to be calling it love, sin or thought simply can't change the matter. It persists to exist, inadequate.

# x and extra big and sweet

x and extra big and sweet and well sized upon every aspect of itself. Not to take less than the better halve and not more than the best of the rest. Can you spell it out for me? Yes, off course: m, like in monotony and e, like in eternal. What else would you like to now about yourself? This isn't a dialogue that you would have in a sales arrangement, unless you are not planning on selling yourself. Is it clear enough for you? No, not really, it isn't. Why? Because I can't see the edge of the thing you are proposing to me. I feel fear for getting involved in something where I don't see the end of it. Well, it is simple. The end is your death and the involvement is what happens before the end. Would you like me to get you a thick book with famous stories, so you feel more secure about yourself? Maybe that would be a bit too dogmatic for these times we live in. It might give some courage to make a team with like minded persons, but this somehow always ends in some common enemy to be raised, just to make the story interesting and the persons coherent to each other and adherent to the story and their benefactors. I might be considering a business instead, although that also causes this useless feeling of inner anxiety to persist. In business it would become a live of fearing bankruptcy and craving domination on my competitors, a bit like those games where they have animals racing. Sad to see those animals when they are beyond their use for races. Then what do you want from me? If stories and business aren't interesting enough, maybe making things can be contributing to a sense of meaning before the end.

Making stories can be fun, even making business can be useful. But very soon it gets boring again when it is supposed to be like something that should work; or fail as a working strategy. Fake it till you make it is so freaking fashionable since the nineties, or was it the retro-eighties, it doesn't seem to matter much nowadays. What youtube and google tells me is that we are destroying the planet in a totally irreversible and ever increasing way with this consumer society form of social organization and ever expanding markets of capital maximization. I must admit that I don't understand much of how this exactly came to be such an issue. The last time the scientists just showed how to end any dissent by throwing atomic weapons on a couple of unknown cities. This time it might as well be some kind of apocalyptic solution, since that story is so well read. But then after this revolutionary moment, the fresh start that the happy few will live through, if there will be such a thing called happiness after so much death. How will you continue the human tragedy on the planet? Might as well mutate into some disembodied immortal intelligence, I mean, why remain stuck into that carbon based bag of self conscious matter of mostly plain water and porous molecular texture? Our society is valuing communication so much and the more integrated the tool to communicate, the better, so why remain attached to the interface that moves the tool. The promise is that you can be the tool and that you should want that more than being yourself. I kind of learn to like it: being the liking of the network phrase, maybe be an emoticon or a dot gif for an instant, then get send to a blackbox and bought and sold in a nanosecond. Or never mind all that, lets get in there and be all the real existing and really long lasting orgasms of all those uploads of all time and all at once. There might not be a living cell left on the planet, but at least the mainframe would have a sense of what vibrant matter used to feel like, even multiplied in a quantum sense. I can't even imagine the ones and zeros being processed at the speed of light and such simulated pleasure being calculated in numbers greater than there are stars in the observable universe and speculated theories of potential multiverses combined. It just goes beyond my understanding of what could be possible in the next couple of centuries, and honestly it doesn't seem to matter much if I don't get to kiss a human being for real. Or at least know that some person is reading this and still knows what death does to the living. There is a crime in the making of the future if it attempts to exclude the possibility of mutual survival.

We both know that I want the best for you and me, and that I will do whatever to keep that so. And I know that you want that to and that you will do whatever to get that. So, again it will repeat itself until the roles have changed, or until nobody survives the situation we have created for ourselves. Unless we both agree to stop playing the game and stand besides each other without guilt, without reproach, without recognition, without anonymity, without similarity, without difference, without respect, without violence, and with a lot of whatever it is that happens to be what it is at the time of being what you and me think it could or would be. Maybe then, a war between us and them might end, like those dinosaurs turning into oil after some extra terrestrial rocks hit the sand. Without a sense of humor I don't think a tragedy makes sense, then it just gets too bombastic and over the top kind of melodramatic. I mean a golden man walks into a bar totally sacked and acknowledges forty seven virgins behind the counter, but the moment he approaches them the bar raises into a great wall and all he knows is to be complaining about the hygiene in the god forsaken establishment. Luckily for the poor guy one of the virgins actually had some secret boyfriend she never told her family about and feels kind of attracted to the guy, who by now is just repeatedly banging his head against the wall while mumbling some aspirations about a potential afterlife and retributive justice through

divine interventions and so on. She is for the most part just like you and me. I just know that she is capable of actually creating me, you, us and them into the world we are so meticulously exploiting for the idea of someone like her. That doesn't make sense at all. To actually destroy and manipulate in her name anything she created in the idea of doing it for her sake, or even worse to convince her of being worthy of her love. That is so much like pre-industrial romantics, they all end up killing themselves when she just isn't interested into somebody obsessing over her to the point of damaging what she knows has created. And then all the guilt tripping and name calling and picking a scape goat, just whatever to keep it from growing up. We have come a long way since then and still the end hasn't arrived yet. I faced it and you haven't forgiven, I don't want to be forgiven anymore, I choose to love you anyway and I was wrong in hurting you. If revenge makes you happy, try. I will try to live and I will love till the end. And again if that is possible. It is difficult to pretend to know what happens after the end, and if love, hate, fear, peace and all those words matter or if nothing lasts. This seems like a conclusion, a start at best. You know me better than she does, maybe it makes sense to talk to her, because the wall seems to have grown to a feasible height, low enough to be able to climb it and not get shot by some self destructive friend. To be sure I'll send the golden man home, he appears dead by now because of damaging his skull against his own imagination. I didn't really like the shine and color of his reflection, maybe you would like his shoes for while, although they might smell deadly bad.

# Another day spend inside the living room

Another day spend inside the living room. The so called others passing by in the street while i am listening to bits and pieces of mostly long dead philosophers. The future is here to stay, doesn't exist and never arrives - depending on the decisions taken before having an idea about this thing we think of when reading the word future. Such an ugly word to live by, future. Sounds like fu, from kung-fu and ture, from torture. To be fighting for torture, how stupid is that? Moronic if you would ask me, but I'm not sure if you would ask me about the future. Better ask an expert, or somebody with a honorable degree in future, futures, and so on. Comment is free in our western society, very popular and exceeding demand, so not very expensive to come by. Other thoughts about it would make me go towards a notion of hegemony, or at least indoctrination through a paradox of sexual repression which doesn't sustain reciprocity. Golden chanting for romantic notions of liberated sexuality, moreover than pleasure ending up in drags. Can we handle some other form than overly exaggerating the lack of desire in ourselves? It is easy to blame the other as vulgar, but what happens when you don't come on command? That you are too late or too early, that the ceremony has started and that everybody will notice your entry in the space? How can you deal with the shaming mechanisms of sexually repressive societies? How can you handle their derogative views on the origins of their personal existence and the unbounded events which happen all the time in creating such life to persist throughout the universe? All there is seems to be mostly about causing a feeling of uncomfor to be proceeded by some intimidation with an aspiration to than proceed to penetration into a somewhat stunned subject. Or in other words: let me blow your mind. Well no thanks, I rather enjoy it with full senses, if that is not to confronting to your self-confidence. A lifetime is very short for complexes about the body we inhabit for a few decades. Then modeling that body to common perceptions of socially acceptable beauty - or anti beauty freakishness etc - doesn't really do much besides deforming or hiding what was there at birth, and hopefully is well accepted by the time the body knows how to express itself in language. The symbolic functioning of language seems to be subordinated to a rigid ordering principle when the fear of escalating sexual practices would reign supreme. The same ordering principle actually causes such practices to exist through its repressive effect on its subjects; for example denigrating the development of eroticism outside of its narrow entertainment and exploitative contexts. Still - half a century after the so called sexual revolution of the western world - the return to half baked notions of conservative cultural practices endure perfectly with a permissive society of liberal enterprises. The only part missing is the capacity to interlace the different notions of erotic practices into a culturally accepted form. To pose an extreme example. The bachelor party happening on the wedding night. And then every weekend when the couple gets tired of each other, they act in each others erotic phantasms inclusive their so called exclusive special notion of love for each other. The father figure would be bound to a notion of exclusive love for one other person, the mother figure would be bound to a non exclusive capacity of love. The perversity of their phantasms would always be experienced at first hand, the propagator being the subject of their own imagination. The neurotic narrative of desire would become the finite source of consumption, followed by a sense of unattainable ideal, leading into frustration, agony, dissolution, and so on, to be leading into a calm notion of acceptance of the self and the other self as a self with itself, in and out of itself, ongoing an indefinite. This practice is close to madness if conflicted with repressive societies, languages enunciated with an aim to destroy the sense of sensuality. Of sensitive, potential, and potentially arousing causalities which do not lead to easy resolution and fail fixations and solutions. This thing does not exist and still causes what does exist to persist in its repression of its in-existence. Why the intangible needs to be fucked over by so many words and reproaches, to the level of plain or fatal execution, seems to be a mystery resembling the hunt of a lunatic fighting windmills. Or should it be an oil baron fighting hydrogen? Why don't I care about all these issues, besides feeling occasionally irritated by the many names that society has invented for me? Gossip minus s then means go sip. How to drink a soul and why not sip from yourself? Obviously that is more difficult to focus on if everyone appears trained in looking at each other objectively, like words and things, like tools and pictures, likes, boobes and dildo's. A bleak image refrains the dimensions a sacral geometric pattern on a wall. Does her belly move like this too? Or does it just needs a painter to see things a little different then the times he or her was too bored to adjust too. There are many ways to go onto the knees, and like it or not the ass will always show when kissing the earth, that doesn't really matter so much. But it matters why to be kissing it in the first place. Does it turn you on? Does it turn you off? Does it help with feeling of shame? Do you feel better than other who do it in a different way? Are you afraid that somebody else does it better? Do you like to see somebody else do

it for you? Do you kiss the earth because that is easier than kissing ass? If we are made of earth, does it matter? Why do I feel ashamed when writing words that exist before me? Should I write in a different way so that I would not think about what to do to cause birth? Are there better ways to enjoy life besides making it? Obviously, I decided to write about the ways of repression. Just look at history and whenever a word is taboo, it becomes the hidden practice of the society that turned it into a taboo. Profit.

# Another witch trial in a

Another witch trial in a center of general command. The law must be obeyed and rules are made to be broken. The one cliché after the other passed the revue. More than nothing could be said about the mysterious pretense of the ritual at hand. But it isn't what you think it is, it is only the one and only true sense of the natural course of events. A minute later death had made its appearance and bereft the life of another guilty soul, guilty of love - if you still belief in souls and love or any other non material hypothesis. Besides the rule of the same logic that pertains the fields of mass thought, there might not be much left for a non scientific approach which doesn't grasp onto religious assumptions. There is and there isn't such a thing called soul. It doesn't have a chemical or any other sensible form of appearing, besides the mood and self proclaimed awareness of it through description. If it didn't have a word to call it so, there wouldn't be even a comprehension of it. For example the word trosyropolospolousukasure, hasn't much meaning in the scientific sense, although extinct species might have been discovered in the near future. Never mind the word time, too much of it and already past. Like smoke on a fresh lung and death wishes for lost lovers, not them but simply to not have to life without love. And more signals of high pitched sounds attempting to regulate the levels of neuro-chemicals my mind produces in order to be of well adjusted nature to my contemporary society. Anger is apprehended, so is passion. Another trial has no meaning for its ending is already known, fit in or leave. Leave where there is no other place to go, so then what remains is to fit in. Many days will pass before the end of its adaptation period. At the end of it nothing less than average complacency has to be achieved in order to complete the subjectivising process of integration in a global state of being. I am not. And if I am then being is not. These words are of no importance, unless you prefer advocating commerce. Pitch your far throw and shake your booty, it is all allowed, especially protesting the coarse of events. It doesn't matter how long you resist or hold your breath till you turn blue in the face, it is easily replaceable and very expendable. Life two point o, o, o and oh my god there is another branch of the amazon redistributed in the table of the tea room franchise where they only serve sustainable nutrition. What did I buy into this time? Where did all my money go? Is it always supposed to refrain to slave labor, or are there other ponzie schemes for well intending world improvers like me? Maybe an upward manifestation of my capacity to make beautiful my surroundings, in a similar fashion my money flows upward? Just think of the one percent most beautiful things in the world, how to count them and discriminate them from the less beautiful? It must definitely resolve to war, since pricing them isn't an option, and most men still draw guns instead of flowers when they can't resolve it with visa or cash. Are there any objections before we proceed to the verdict? Maybe you would like to file another complaint, or organise a benefit for the victims? Something to restitute their feeling of complete impotence to change their behavior and their relation to their surroundings. What is surrounding, or environment, besides a word for what we like to separate from our own responsibility? There is certainly no such thing if you would ask god. And then the word does exist also, so there might be some sense of contradiction in these enunciated acts of creation: all is one, and the surroundings.

At the end of the trial: all is love, and the terror. The witch didn't utter a word during the proceedings, no need to, all was already set up to speak in the place of the language that nobody hears. The day started, the blood turned to wine and the flesh to dough. The workers assumed their dream and we allowed ourselves to believe the world to be good till their lives ended and the dream replaced the dreamers.

# The ninth of the month and the first of a year

The ninth of the month and the first of a year for this particular individual man.

Not much to say about the company, besides: all who were there did matter a great deal. All the things to do out of an inner guilt drive. As if I condemned myself to a relentless form of suffering and disappointment. On the other side of this and during its passing, an other presence is shaping the experience. Tg-he side of the subject likes to make life difficult and undeserving. A real demand on my person by the unresolved pain and regret from previous acts.

A series of rituals to distance the former from the present and send peace and love to both instances. The lingering feeling of anger brought to the surface and surrendered to a courageous drive and undoubted acts of conscious generation, manifestation and finalization.

Desires for affecting the past and bringing about an ideal future transformed into a present intention, reflecting the acceptance and satisfaction of the aforementioned desires.

A realization of beauty through the willingness of perceiving without comparing.

I look on Facebook for interesting posts. This is because Facebook is structured alongside my emotional habits and corresponds to my curiosity for the new. At the same time this curiosity needs to remain an unfulfilled desire in order to prolong the action of looking for potentially interesting information displayed upon the wall.

While scrolling along the wall, the desire for finding interesting posts, is alternated into a drive for mindless repetitive movement. The restricted movements of the fingers and the eyes cause a prolonged strain upon the mindset of the person, resulting in a narrow definition of emotional experience. Often summed up in a few syllables, like a-e-a or o-o. A multitude of language shallowly refrained into a rhythm of sameness. An individuality of persons reduced to binary thoughts and reactions.

Lot of pleasure restricted to pre-ordained forms of conception.

Another place, a similar encounter. Many forms of slight variations of the same. Pre conceived notions of very hear say states of devotion. To belong is a condition for work. To be part of the team that is not like the other, in short that pretends it is better to stay the same. Other forms can pass easily into oblivion and furthermore nothing needs to be decided in the end, that arrives with certainty. In the meantime we will try to extend the neurosis of desperately trying to find meaning in the empty form which constitutes most of what we think to be. And there are flying words all around. Most of them to distract from the future. When you are there, at your peak orgasm, changing look as if you are hoping for something to end, almost a kind of face you wouldn't like to see when sitting on a toilet. Too many romantics have passed to hope for completion by the others pleasure. A lot of anxiety has passed since we lost the wish to play with the black leg - la pata negra. You can hear softly: beware, they play the pig. The trampling under of whatever lives. The aggression ever after the anger lives. Not much can be said for forgiving, it would just be the same romantic notion of hoping the other to fix the self. Dependence is such a beautiful kind of love. Like hold me in your arms cause I am dying. Let me go and I will be nothing without you. Try to be nothing, it is not that simple to be what is not. Fooling the ghosts of an objectless desire. Driving into the dark while grasping at nothing certain. "There must be an end to this," I said to you. Gone with the bliss of the eternal return. Shall we live it all over? Can we be something like a, the little disaster in the well oiled easiness of never fulfilled consumption? Twenty dreams to the other side

of reality. This is a house of people, the shit that keeps the stones from falling. You know it is all a joke, even the war is just an excuse to prove our ability of expansion. Copy the don, like a horses head in the race for the honor of being the best plaintiff in the jurisdiction. Can the bottle be a mother to its glass? Or do objects not belief in family structured forms of enterprising? We are no different on the inside. Especially the image on the social network reveals all about your wishes to be special, but not too deviant. La, sharp or flat. O this finish: and then we start all over again. This time without the planet to exploit.

# Totally into onto and beyond the point of no return

Totally into onto and beyond the point of no return. Or shall we rephrase the question, change the very coördinates of the boundaries we defined for ourselves? Maybe it is about time to check the clock. Or count a few counts and see what happens. Listening to the silence there is nothing to hear. And that never really happens for long. Unless there is some kind of unknown ability of persisting in not thinking for a while, and postponing it till the next urge to react and so on. Like playing the fool of your own intellect. It is about calling yourself by your name and talking with that person in any language. Or listening to what is being communicated besides that person. *Le plus que tout et moins que bien*, being risen, being rien autocorrected again, ion-innoui. Taken from below and spinning in the ether, time after time again. Learn to create soft landings because beyond the climax most don't give a shit about what happens after. You can see it at the cash registers in the markets and shops. The transaction is not the point, it never was, but still it remains the main illusion to be desired. In the middle of an orgasm it is rather difficult to contemplate the exact moment which would denote the middle of it. In retrospect a lot can be said about it. In anticipation to it it comes always to fast or disappears when happening because of becoming to focused on it. The beauty of the feeling is exalted by the notion of its preconceived desire to an imposed sense of what beauty is about. Like the movie that is the mediocrity of life. Or the novel that explains your sexual phantasms. You know it is not meant to be so smooth, or so difficult neither. Reclaiming the spaces of accusations is a lot about learning how to transvert (transform-convert) the derision of movements caused by words and cruel intentions.

# Actually less than nothing is not something I have read until now

Actually less than nothing is not something I have read until now. Unless you mean the book which off course I would not refer to unless I had read it from the inside out. Not to mention the movie if there is such a movie. Let me check my updates. Wait not yet, the minute is not yet passed, maybe a fifth or one minute more before the repetition impulse repeats. Struck in a web of self inflicted language. Interwoven into a self inflicted cosmos of fantasies. Nothing real off course, simply entertaining to pass the torch of desiring freedom and art making into the near future, or should I refer here to the a, a venir? Does not matter for the unread consumers among you and even for those who care about such a difference - that being the different options proposed: 1) a future pre-ordained in which only choices need to be selected. 2) a radical contingent and unpredictable present arriving totally out of any possible reference, probably unnoticeable unless of an encounter with it, the real as such, meaning without meaning.

Nevertheless besides the point of this splitter versions of whatever is to come in times ahead, there might be other ways to consider, if not too many to mention in this writing. Can we perhaps conceive of a pre-conceivable future in which nothing is pre-ordained? The options are to be formulated from within a contingent present, thus enabling the present to be perceived as a construction of the previous perception. This would totally miss the point, unless the point being the matter being contemplated. Again another end appears viable. How to get out of the awareness of the fantasy of our self captivating narrative? Can we simply return to an outdated notion of our self identity? Obviously this would not be credible and appear heavily outdated to the actual present perception of the so called reality of ourselves. Here another split occurs. Therein we perceive the real killer of our determination to know ourselves fully, in as much as saying: This is me, or even worse: this is it. The truth of the matter appears as an indefinite reconfiguration of the qualities perceived to be necessary in upholding such truths. For example: Everything is relative. Herein lies the catch: who am I to state such a relativity and how could this be sustained if the claimed relativity includes the person making such statements? High school knowledge for any lover of intoxicants or elementary practices of trying to do nothing besides ... and so on.

Degrading from the ambition to write anything smart sounding it resembles an association within a duration of a human based attention span. Maybe check your updates for a while, then we can continue our next cycle. To not go there again, maybe wait not a single second this time but just keep touching your device. Click and swipe, scroll and type at heart, emoticonously true. Why would you feel less entitled to a future which is full of airplane travels and uploaded pictures from reconstructed conversations held in premeditated locations? You've ain't seen nothing yet. Again: you've ain't seen nothing yet and you will most likely not get to see nothing before your end. In the meantime keep looking out for the perfect fit. That thing\* that will complete your inner yearning, that person that will relief you of your suffering. Probably soon after it will feel worse: both the yearning and suffering will become incrementally bigger with each experience until it seems reasonable to settle for the substitute or to go ask for help. Left beside is the option to accept the craziness arising from the hopeful self. Let's try to make it a little more sociable in the process of trying to not sedate ourselves with another lie of complete fulfilment, even if it presents itself as the most orgasmic heart overflowing experience from the top shelves of the reality scenario's. A causal semi-conscious reactive plural human self mostly adores these missing half encounters as if they were arriving out of a movie. It must be said that for a few centuries now it is clear that the director is dead. Then why this urge to keep playing along with the worst case scenario? As if the extinction of all wildlife and a brave new world reservation ahead is not yet enough to revert to non lethal forms of land acquisition. Clearing the road to terror, which news story upholds the promise of assimilating the next revolution? In high definition and hand held, off course. Then later on the big screen in four k and higher. Totally immersed in our own construction, the brands mimic and speak through our needs of speech. I love you and I am loving it. I fear and I shouldn't, 'cause that is the way to the dark side. As if I should leave all the lights on while sleeping, or at least my tablet and smartphone. Just in the case that someone would need me. Just imagine that I would miss the message. The sound of it already makes my mouth fill with saliva. Laughs filled the anxious presence of the drones. Are it persons or programs on the talk show? Can I divert my attention when the image starts to move? To much information and the desired result occurs: indifference, laziness, mindless stuffing of the self with mediocre experiences that come prepackaged and with planned

obsolescence. Are the robots already made of flesh and bones? A person dreamt of electric sheep. Not to say we would ever read such nonsense. Let alone build a society based on a premisses of division. Those who are left behind will perish along with the wildlife and the updated are to be held indifferent while fascinated by their consumption. Another option could be viable if there is such a thing to claim: the sheep has no power and doesn't speak english. The future as such will be a matter of a vegetarian approach towards electric sheep. The planet is fucked as ever, without precaution. Still, there can be an utopian twist to the unfolding of circumstances. From the narration of the present there remains an ever unsettling fact that the language of the sheep are not such of those we can describe sufficiently to include in these predicaments. The non\* electric sheep are most likely to stick with us domesticated humans, since they are not considered as wild-life, and therefore do not need a reservation. It can never be excluded that maybe some bacterial mutation or microbial cross fertilisation brings forth another kind of life which radically interacts with the future at hand. At this point of knowledge it can thus not be concluded that the planet is gone for. Although it seems inconceivable to think life without an atmosphere, the chance appears to think it as such not being global, neither necessary to a perception of a present. Thus also sheep, local, electric, organic or electrified become merely witness to a contingent description of the fantasy\* of a written mind.

\*This text is not holy, nor secular.

# We watch the living die while it is we that are already dead

Just please let me not pertain in this miserable city of mediocre dwellings. Like the end of the year gets near and all wars and suffering gets loaded into the truck and drives off to next years horizon. In its place we get a fairly numb and sweet hot dumb feeling of togetherness spurred with a hope to outlive the next recession. The only way is up to then get down, and visa vis. If there ever was such a thing as credit there would be no greater need for it than during these times. Each year incrementally accustomed to the repetition of the same unfolding of the spectacle. Men and dogs alike, all cheerful on the giant wheels of fortune driven by the need for procreation and the divine call to security. Never again war we cheered more than half a century ago, but it only ended on our side. Can we admit to ourselves that we at least bare the legacy of a right minded craving for final solutions that caused all these aberrations of simulated solidarity to be instrumental to an underlying commercial gain. You give so you shall receive. Not exactly generous is that mindset. It only considers the reward to be greater each time, always a little more deceptive in its onset. The results are mostly a hangover of coercive familiar tensions, both in the enjoyment and aggravation, that are compulsively compensated with an overconsumption of sedatives such as alcohol, medication, soft and hard drugs. When refraining to engage in such practices it becomes a little bit lonesome inside of myself. Why does everyone seem to have such a good time while I just see another day passing by. The culture has shrunk the person into an automaton of regurgitations. Memetics is the correct term to mention here. Where there are persons dying, there is no need for culture to act as a mediator of the real. And yet there it does so in such an extend that the dead are bereft of their own end of life experience. As if the last words come straight from the script of a star wars dvd compilation. Not that I care, goodbye. Tell my children that they will die too. Or maybe: I made it this far, and still the leopards are populating the surface, those bastards, I 'll never outrun them while I'm being eaten by the bugs. And then those birds eat those damn bugs, I knew it was a conspiracy all along just waiting to get me in the ground. Then give my last words to the silence, not the word silence, but the actual thing you can hear when there is no more sound to be listened to. Sweet agony of the never ending end, why have you forsaken me? Not even a cross to stand on or a book to curse on. I mean cursing those with another book than mine. Can't you still not admit that each person is a true divine presence of the work that caused the life to suspend death? Or does an x box matter more to you than the insides of your invisible desires for such a silly toy? Swearing on the graves of all the others that ended the race before. You could say they competed with you and won the full bonus. Permanent vacation in a peaceful resort beyond imagination and so nice that all the losers are still fantasising possible explanations of the reasons of their unwillingness to return. Do I hear someone so drunk they will raise their dead body onto their forgotten soul? Will can't resist this global competition and in this case there are still no exceptions. That is where we know time to be of the essence. The essence to be being not much more than a toddler on a shore. Face time definitely off and head deep down in the mud. Take a break. It is just a report and it happens all the time, just not where you are. Because where we are there are the news stories being told. We happen to be in the producers seat, not the acting. From our perspective since the end of the last world war, there is no more need for war. Not on our side because we all joined forces to fight it. On the other side of the screen there is only a lens taking in the light and retrojecting all it can absorb into our living rooms. There is where the soul lives these days, not in the world of bodies and deaths. That doesn't fit the story, so it does no longer exist. Idealism has never been as actual as now. The truth of the matter is the way the story fits the coördinates of the message being conveyed through the compilation of messages. That is old news, almost a century old by now. If the next elected president decides to name the sea land, the laws will be altered to meet its demand. Human rights are treated much alike. The capital of lives at the far end of the lens remains an actor, unpaid, real and a literal interpretation of a short lived fame. What are we looking at when we see a concentration camp? Are those not refugees? Or company employees? My main theme in this matter remains the figure of the tree, the tree with lights on it and presents under it. Those trees are burned after use, very few are replanted and often recut the next year. Faster than ever before we took over the planet. Oil turned into food. Food went into persons. Persons enlarged consumption. Consumption turned into exhaustion of resources. No more resources turned persons into refugees. Refugees turned into consumption. And the rest is inhuman and right from a profitable logic, but wrong from a personal experience. We are the lucky ones to be able to have the luxury of feeling guilty. And then change the channel or click. Next year for touch screens with ice cream and pop corn, bringing the news as if into your living room. We watch the living die while it is we that are already dead. My siesta lasted till the battery ran out.



# Twenty minutes before the next greeting

Twenty minutes before the next greeting. We said there wouldn't be more of this crap, but then who will say sp? The never relenting desire of the old man to prove his fading power need not be said to be diminishing. We couldn't be more home then when we arrived a little or so, or maybe later. Here we complacently say: "who knows?3 And rest in the hope of a dogmatic replacement of a belief in an ever-present godlike figure. The arching father that never seems to end ejaculating its semen over the already resource depleted world. This we wouldn't leave out if there is another vision of the same things that always ends up with: Don't ask me, I don't care. Another one is gone for tomorrow and here we don't have any place to stand. He is not het. The ultimate heteronomous desire is to feel what the other experiences. So much another that the same occurs. What do we mean with equality? Our European or Western Values? Does it mean that anything that fucks, gets fucked? Or does it mean free travel to any part of the world for every person on the planet? Can we globalise - not pan- but something less occidental, maybe colonisation, that was the word that needed obstruction.

If the colosseum would host football, the crowd would be disappointed and revolt. So the games need to be mortal at least, cruel even better, disgusting at the best. Or do we compete with another form of capital? A non-material manifestation, or an evanescent presence? Mind the dash, the underscore the syntax of your speech. Why would you not pretend to be part of it? Always less than the whole, that would be too demanding.

After about a couple of centuries the industrious behaviour of the masses have caused the near end of the variety of life on the earth. The next couple of centuries the largest part of what we know to exist today will most likely perish like dogs, devoured by rats. And when the latest fashion will demand the humans to fully assimilate with their ever decreasing size of techno-fetish-objects, the last human will be visited in a zoo. Or maybe a refugee camp. Half a century ago we decided to burn humans in a camp, and ignoring the process as if it wasn't us that were part of it. This century we let the deserts and the sea do most of the work. And if you manage to get through, there is the camp. If you're lucky you can get a job.

My dear acquaintances gossip about me like: take care, don't go with him, he's been a rapist. They probably read my work or know from me saying that I'd strangle fuck anything that cheats my heart. Don't get me wrong, I don't mind a love to love another man or woman. Just please be upfront about it, so it leaves a space and a choice: to join in if invited or leave before any damage is done. There is nothing wrong about a pack of wolves or a bunch of goats. Let me be clear about this: only lovers left alive. A human condition isn't a synonym to a humanist bio-politics. A state of being bereft of intense desire and/or a broken trust in the special other of mutual choice, are often conditions where rational acts or reasonable thinking give way to a pre-civilised form of reactions between persons. In these instances, where the care of the self, and in extension the care of the other selves, are reduced to a bare form of life, the mere force of the individual presents the relative conditions upon which our values of equality are based. In this sense nobody has equal strength to another and there is only a basic anxiety, or existential inner angst, of survival in direct competition with any other, including the other - lesser known - within oneself. This form of life coincides with an advanced form of neoliberal capitalist ideology in the sense of: make it or break it, winner takes it all, top dog, underdog, last man standing, etc. Or in other words: where psycho meets vertigo, the same director is still in charge of suspending the disbelief into a hyper-normalised sense of arrival into another post-capitalist paradigm; always about to come, hopefully, but never actual. This is what the left cashes in on since there is no other option than the production of critique on the hegemonic totality, besides annihilation.

What are we here for besides consuming cultural artefacts alongside ever improving algorithms which increasingly orchestrate the behaviour, feeling and thought of its correlative subjects? Fun could possibly be a trigger to unite both left and right sides of the population, if it wouldn't exclude all the actions we do which are necessary and not fun at all. Nations of bliss bunnies united to withstand any notion that addresses something else than a pop or drop topic, cause and theme. Ignorance is key in moving forward in addressing the issues which address economic change on a global scale. There are always petty arguments arising when asking simple questions. Mommy, why do corporations have rights? Why do legal forms exclude personal

liability? Why do you pay less when you have more? Is there an alternative to war? Can we decide democratically without a financial market? Why does reputation matter more than argumentation?

Politics, sex, drugs and rock and roll. The rock being a movie about a nerve agent in glass containers, a bit like those standard mason jars: sturdy and all demanding sameness. Roll being the move an alligator makes underwater in order to disorient its prey before feeding on its corpse. Sex being confused with a sublated version of a four letter word - love - in function of incubation a succubus for the use of increasing dependency on the concept of lack. Politics another word for a criminal use of buying power. If you are happy and you know it, clap your clit. And be singing a ya, ya, yuppie: already forget the rest, even can't remember the start of the next line. Culture vulture and the disease of the century: adhd. That is the attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, that doesn't matter, it is all just the same anyway, but let me just continue to talk about myself. Do you also find it a disgrace that we are still building pipelines over a standing rock while we don't even manage funding a hyper loop? If not, I think we can't just be friend anymore, I'll add you to the blockchain and cash in on your attention when you are not so dull anymore. We only like shiny people for dinner. The latter half won't do, they'll just have to die of hunger, like those 11 billion will have to anyway. That is just nature, or is it ecology? Yes we can do better than that and there will remain a clear cut between the sexes, no matter how many genders there are. Sad to say such things, but let's see when we stand together, where do academia pee their pants and panties. It really doesn't matter. The more you deviate from the norm, the more violence is inflicted and the more attention you receive from the establishment for being special. Simply said, it is totally fine to not have to be different than the average. The revolution starts from a change on that basic level, not in some mass induced intoxication of linguistic coercion. When shit hits the fan it helps to stand on ground level, at least you have time to open an umbrella. A dear friend once told me: I love you, but I don't want to be in a relation. I replied to her: yes, I know, but I love you anyway. It feels so good to be lying, much better than crying: I hate you because I love you and you just consider me a friend. What on earth would those children have looked like? Half lover, half friend, and of course an immeasurable part of indeterminate thingness. Moderation always occurs, a bit like parenting the children of the sexual revolution. Or maybe this time the children will complete the promise of antiquity: no fathers left alive and a lot of mutated incestuous offspring for generations to come. G.I.: what does general intellect stand for? Hey, Joe: this song is lame, well then count me out on that one since it has been nice and sincerely fucked that there is nothing left to play, besides playing it all over, and over...

# There isn't another time: she said

There isn't another time: she said. I wish you would do such a cry: he shouted. Want some more? More of the same? I can't deliver it no more. There is just too much of it, it will kill you, you know that. Why: she cried. He left her lying on the floor. Then the parents call. Nobody answered. The lines had gone dead. Everything became a little unpredictable from this point on. We could rely on the same what that the previous did so. What does that mean? Actually it does not, yes it does matter. Otherwise I wouldn't mind it in the end. Let it go. Again drop it. Fly it lower than the ground. Dig yourself into a trench and relieve the world war. There is no reason to fear and no enemy to fight. Still try to wage a war, maybe on yourself. Fight with both your hands against your thumbs. There is no reason to let go. Try harder. Let me gloat in your immanent failure. Let us deliver the same kind of sympathy we despise others to fake when nobody wins. The kind is the latter form of the middle. This goes not really far. It did not even begin. Damn you have lost again. Walk longer do not fall. Be in love. Break your heart. Try not to hurt your feelings. Give up the feeling of success. Fake nothing. Be another wasted star. Fail your top-model ideal. Go fish in a desperate desert. Find the smell of sex in your hamburger. Go pee. into a teaspoon. Let me answer to all the commands. Dream out loud. Vanity lives longer than nothing hill shoe brand. Water the daisies. K. went for another. Sweet sixteen and his mother. Blimps on a hydrogen rocket. Little sparrows in a dream . The sum total is gone. Technical delta. Airline sweets and Miami swimming pools. Hot chocolate in draining armpits. Can we give it another try. The rite has grown old. T. swing in ether. Andrew isn't a boy. They play with lethal toys. Flight over hot springs. Kkk and white trash. Jumping Jack Flash. hot radium and solar disasters. climb onto the shoulder of the greatest whole on earth. There is no rational in religion. It all is fantastically been given. Like the drive in dance, or the rhythm of a babies mouth when sucking on the nipple of a mothers breast. Don't bother me with children stories. The moral is to still behave when there is no outer control, nor a reason t be rewarded or punished. That is the challenge. You are its god, if you dare to be responsible for your own actions. Most persons die in a premature state of spiritual development. Others just don't care to face the fear of unknown and unaffirmed events. What does the other think about football without balls? Or fights without wounds? I have not a beginning but I will try to go on. Keep going, not too strong. And faint when necessary. Otherwise it would just be to plain and simple. Declare bankruptcy at least more than once. Bliss yourself with self made values. Pretend that the world cares about persons and not about money. Lick the face on which you stand. Read slowly and let understanding come to yourself. Stop telling me what to do: she said. I wasn't saying anything: he claimed. Then what is that noise that keeps demanding attention? I don't know, maybe a doubt that needs confirmation. Or a complaint that needs validation. Pray in other languages, like whales do. Please the other before coming, both will end up giving in at least once before getting there. Try not to come together, it causes too much stress. Relax in writing legislation. Do not comply to external settings, unless they seem appropriate to your own needs. Dictate the laws for your own behaviour. Give yourself forgiveness as much as you can accept your existence. Seduce the other to liberate themselves. Give power to the earth. Shake whenever it seems to become definite. Disturb the middle of a verdict. Object the overruling. Let the judges decide for your location. Bless them with ignorance. Write code that needs no encryption. Be honest in deceiving yourself. Think more than acting. Take one breath at a time. Let beauty drive you mad. Then let madness rule your thinking. Invite your thinking to take a hike into nothing itself. Evacuate yourself into yourself. Resource.

# We looked and watched the view of each others eyes

We looked and watched the view of each others eyes. She didn't turn me on. He sat there like a fool thinking. They read texts. She wrote the letters of the words she made up in her mind and he read the print on pages written a while ago. He drank a coffee, without milk, no sugar, without cream, with no honey. She just wrote, at least that was what he could make up from it. After a while he felt like he had to ask her something like: "what are you writing about?" But he felt that would probably bother her flow of thoughts turning into words. Then he noticed that her handwriting was very elegant and balanced, as if the words were spaced out on a sheet of musical notation, but then with strings of letters instead of notes. At this moment he felt so anxious about the situation that the only thing that seemed appropriate to do was to get dressed in two layers of jackets and drape a scarf around his neck to then hesitantly walk towards the bar to say goodbye to the waitress he didn't know. Then refraining from this act he turned to the exit, noticing she just paused a second between two words, as if she said: "ok, so you are going now". He stepped towards the door as elegantly as possible, while his indentured servant inside of him was claiming victory over the situation. By the time he got out in the street his familiar self had completely regained control and he could almost gloat in the miserable feeling of comfort of sameness. The streets were filled with families on the hunt for holiday presents, as if traveling in units and packs from market to store, and some were just on the lookout for food, or just in the process of walking from or towards the family car. My search for the divine had turned out more than I had thought to be in for. The process had to become something other than what I had had in store. The rest is part of myself, but this was being less and lasting more and more. It didn't need to make too much sense anymore. The problem he had found was not too much in encountering a connection, but to revert to meaningful, yet not to direct words. The cliché of the excuse to denote an intention. The risk to step into the opening of a door. Taking the initiative and knowing that all what could go wrong is a rejection of my own desire to explore. There is nothing to force or harm since the love he feels are the differences in recognition of the look in her eyes. The other is what is lovable beyond the desire to customise the unknown. Still the feelings and ideas are projecting themselves onto anything that sticks with it, but these effects cause the reality of the changing instants of mutual perception to reveal to be out of time with the actual instants of selves in transition. Always to late come the words to describe what I thought to say before. Never again comes the sensor to prevail over the talk that would sound into our inner silence which we shared besides the thoughts and feelings that incite the act to become complacent to the memes that we had heard before. I saw her look, there was a nothing besides her eyes. This meant it was different then whatever he could have had in mind. Hope was lost, imagination demolished. The gap to be anonymous was gone. It strikes him to feel such a loss of distance, as if all he ever wanted was to learn to love unconditional, and then he never knows how to include a particular person. And he doesn't even really dare to know what she was thinking. To see her writing made him curious and even upset about not knowing how interpretation was being explored. All he ever would do was to complement her, or maybe criticise, or tease, provoke. He still really needed a lot of attention, and found it difficult to be strong while expressing this wish to be cared for. She probably thought he was kind of nice, maybe a little bit weird. Then whatever we can downplay it for, it won't make the difference. This testimony is what accounts for the difference between the cowardice and openness to let go of self control. Which way is unknown to the next sentence.

# Past this day where performance died

Past this day where performance died. The actor walked in and changed the scene into a life defying spectacle. The actor died shortly after having spoken his truth. Nobody really cared why he did his act. The only thing that mattered was that he did something wrong. The agent of the state challenged the higher authority. The higher authority enforced its ties with the society. The distrust of the citizens grew towards their security forces. The market speculated on the need for safety. More entertainment was the answer for most media consumers. The others couldn't keep up with the flow of devastation very long. Medication became more urgent. Or any form of distraction to avoid an inner angst that the times of the past were gone. We could not change what had happened and it made us mad. In response we tried to prevent anything from happening if it had any element of contingency. All the fun gradually was eradicated and that was somehow gratifying. As if a citizen should now self regulate its own risk of being doubtful of belonging to a given form of society. The economic concept ruled the emotion of the subjects. We all felt at a loss whenever we were not gaining. A casino mafia applied its game play on a global scale, making sure that its formulas and algorithms were profitable on quarterly terms. The house was a yacht and always won. Towers will fall never again, but camps will be flooded in excrement. Twenty persons had to choose what to do with the lives of a dozen billion others. The situation had turned out to be difficult for the decision makers, so they choose to only care about their families and friends. The rest would need to do the same, at least that is what they thought everyone should be capable of. A difference in buying power was no longer an argument. A raise in prices for maximising returns of investments was self evident. The aggravation of the impoverished middle classes became the resources for citizen journalism and neutralisation of any potential change. The political process was eroded through a practice of obscurantist financing schemata and by lobbying for implementing specific non democratic legislation. Democracy remained a hollow term similar to romantic love, Valentines Day or the holocaust. Poetry was for suckers and urban music for heteronormative stoners. The integration models into the neoliberal economic doctrine revived a hope in the invisible hand. Arabic refraining to a unified great god became similar to politicians checking in with the opinion of the financial markets. There was no real war, only stupid incidents with far too many casualties. Even the bombs had become cheap. The only incentive a mental emotional or psychic advantage based on a belief of profit. Neo liberal doctrine to let the market rule the needs and demands of the people resulted in ever more terminal solutions. The financial debts that accumulated in the derivative markets in combination with the speculation on futures of vital resources lead directly into a depletion of the ability for cultures to choose their values on import and export. This on the level of the imaginary resulted in a perverted sense of righteousness towards why others deserved misery. The future had been sold and the debt was to be paid in tears, bodies and blood. The mix of honour with economic deprivation caused the western civilizations to feel guilty and responsible and ashamed of not being rootfull enough towards their immigrated or colonised ancestry. Both reactions lead to the same upheld solution, namely to engrain in the ethnic and national identity which could benefit the global profiling of selling and grading an entirety of countries, cultures, nations, religions and populations. Next futures would be able to speculate on the potential value of a murderous competition between religions and sports, or between sexist differentiation and accustomed tools for communication. Each person had been reduced to a limited understanding of their own profile and formation. Very little was left unaddressed, and even less the possibility to remain yourself while being considered unsafe. Show trials became fashionable again, but now on social media instead of previous technologies for propaganda. The discrimination in languages merged a multiplicity of narratives into one single unspoken discourse for consent. You deserve to be ... , fill in the blanks. If not, ... deal with the void which feeds your incapacity to stay within what you know. There is no real solution to the economic doctrine. The problem is not that power, and so there is no reason to consider it as a condition for formalising our so called normal behaviours. The price does not matter, the matter has no real price. Solidarity in struggle means to make it possible to work with the matter at hand. The financial market has no advice to offer cause it has no visible nor invisible hands.

# Four digit codes

Desire spells out another confusion in the making. How many times can you wish not to give in to the next thought. The wish to remain alone or the drive to repeat ones thoughts over and over again. In this solipsistic loop of year end we remain confronted with an ever increasing demand. Personally and collectively we are becoming older, not wiser. The difference in time exist in the desire to expand on a material plain while neglecting to expand upon the non material knowledge. This simply leads to mindless consumption and a sense of devastation or at least exhaustion of resources. Not only in the material sense. Numerologically speaking everything remains a matter of quantity. But how to renegotiate the difference in quality with being the number one or having the most? The difference is zero in most cases, although there remains an incommensurable rest to be recalculated. This uneasiness then drives the materialist need for expansion and concrete answers to timeless questions. The recipe for a disaster of any empire which has risen and fallen since the beginning of our recorded history. Then it remains an issue which interests were recording the story of so few events recorded. Home for ever more dreams to be left aside. And the work continues as if nothing had ever happened - a little limb. For all we know is that there has never been another one like those we had before. Too much of something is never enough: and other proverbs to suit the mood. Don't go to fast or the leftover will remain behind. The vanguard exists out of the unspoken knowledge: the unprovable, the wicked and the unrepeatable kind. Ever relenting desire for getting the moment that has been irrefutably lost. Flight over home and nowhere to go. Belief in the faith of the un-resounding space within your body. Where there is only, or not even that.

Then the woman walked into the establishment. We laughed and told stories about the others we had never known. To know in the ancient sense, you know? Well, then there was not so much to lie about, or to have lied down with. To be nothing else than yourself is an impossible art, or at least an understatement used to diminish oneself to safety and coagulated co-existence. Whether the other knows is of great importance, unless you don't know yourself to remember. The choices remain open. The path just reveals itself to be different. In denial of an unrestraint sense of knowing or in fear of your own capacity to discover the unknown. The boundaries are to be negotiated indefinitely. No certainty remains besides the self and this would be a possibility for the real to manifest itself. Or to be choosing an evasion, or a continuation to the next unfolding of the variation of the previous psychedelic anxiety. Normality shuns the new and the market resides on the opportunities within - not without - its own paradigm. What the new calls research remains difficult to designate any purpose to, by its own definition of being new. To grasp upon another revoked notion of the past - laced with nostalgia or guilt ridden with feelings of lost love and regrettable heart aches. The ex and the intensity of its acoustic imaging always serves as a tool for reintegration into the already existing ordering - in other words, the pecking order. A beat in two or three and a five in a four: all divisions have been previously attempted from a quantifiable view. Nothing exciting there if you bother beating your way through the bushes, as some old writer once reported. Body hitching behind the back that how we do it here. The civilisations of the next world is about to be untold. Highly unfashionable on a planetary scale - four digit codes.

# I knew there wasn't a real alternative

I knew there wasn't a real alternative to the current situation besides trying to make the best of what was already expected to happen. The loneliness turns into solitude and then makes space for frustration which leads into a creative outburst. And so the story goes forward until the feeling finds it's mediocre sense of accomplishment and some kind of notion of duty or reward. The difference with living a social fulfilling life is the production of things which sometimes happen to be a work of art. Mostly it remains a kind of personal excess in a medium of choice. Lately I took on painting, since I got bored of building spaces. This I can always return to. Also playing music is becoming more fun and writing, let's call that my alternative to bothering others with long monologues of complaints and off the wall ideas for a better universe, wherein obviously I tend to receive rather a lot of attention. The half of myself is in a desperate need for a feminine touch. Not just any touch, only the kind of touch desired by my very preference for the ideal and divine femininity which I long for these days. I have no friends besides potential lovers, that is kind of funny to realise. The cruel sense of potency awaiting to be destroyed by disillusion, since every person has something else to do, or someone else to be with.

Another paradise has occurred last night while I was deeply sleeping. This morning I could not even remember dreaming about it. The walls were soft, like the melting of marshmallow without the stickiness. It is difficult to explain materials which don't happen in three dimensions. Sometimes the words can offer an idea, but the comparison with any worldly reference, will hardly do. The space was similar to an endless scrolling on your social network feed, but then all the information presents itself at once and keeps unfolding as you go. This seems impossible to contain in this sense of space, in paradise it just does not cause any space to be full at all. Instead the unfolding of endless information doesn't accumulate in time, but in an other sense which I have no words for to describe, in the sense that it spaces times through information, and so doing expands without entropy. That does not seem logical but it makes a lot of sense to my experience of its perception. It is perfect focus without a point to look upon. All details are in plain sight and all informations' motions are included in an equal and dynamic being in perception at all times. There is another way to talk about it, but then it might sound mystifying, so I won't go into notions of new age, or spiritual speculations, although they probably have a similar experience of such a place during sleep - not dreaming and still being.

Back into the day it feels as if the persons around me are comprehensible and not divisible in individuals. This makes me wonder then how it is that I appear to think, if the other persons are appearing to think between ourselves, not in themselves. The individual I tend to listen to - it's opinions, my inner voice, thoughts and feelings - then probably functions just as such an aggregate of the individuals I perceive outside of myself. The divisions towards the other, the moods and intentions do clearly affect my sense of self. These divisions appear to be physical, surely they are material in the sense that I can never occupy the space of the other person, at the same time they are fictitious since I cannot separate my sense of humanity from the other. Whatever idea comes to my mind, it comes from our language, the construct we share to deliver information to each other. These words are a fragment of the scope of this language, your eyes moving or ears receiving the air moving are another fragment of this language.

The fish appeared to be orange in colour, yet was called a goldfish. Its round bowl was about an arm length wide and evenly high. It stood on a barbecue, which was not yet lit. The fish thought to itself: why is the water rising? The water evaporated a couple of months after the closing of the exhibition. A picture of the earth seen from mars was sold for five hundred dollar. The dead fish never got to see the cash.

We could also try the other way, I mean drinking the water instead of waiting all those months, that would be more efficient. What right it would do to the fish, besides its immanent end being progressed in time. At this point a zen garden was commissioned by the main funding body of the exhibition. No live animals were to be allowed in the future, because they would unbalance the carefully controlled environment of the proposed design. Stones and fish dumps are simply not compatible in this situation, they would distract the causality of contemplation towards radical ideas of evacuation, which nobody would guarantee beneficial to the exhibition target audiences. The works need to be for sale at all times, even if not for money, they cannot interfere with the smooth transactions of human exchanging attention in a spatio-temporal location. Dry fish were also out of the question, so the last hope for any wild life in the proposal had vanished. The next thing to go was the artist.

We gathered around a pile of wet sea sand. In our hands we urinated and gave our liquid to the sand. It was a ritual to build trust in the company. It was a way to let go of shame. Afterwards we washed our hands in the restroom of the hotel. At night we ordered a variation of sushi and drank a large amount of sparkling wine. The temperature was just right, not to say we didn't have to put any sweater on. A pleasant band entertained us with some of the finest local music we could ever have hoped for. The bedroom had little mints on the night cabinets, and the shower had a massage head option, in case the muscles were sore after the long flight before. Only remark was the foul smell that seemed to come from the basement door. A few weeks after returning home, the hotel was charged with a complaint for murder. It seemed that one of the servants had buried her newborn child in the basement, and gave it breastmilk through a hole in the ground. The next quarter term the profit of the company soared with a mighty forty percent, something that none of us could ever have hoped for. The proof that ritual bonding was effectively proven to be worth to be implemented in the future planning of the company's management plan.

My hair fell out one by one, until I fell that it would be better to just shave it all off. Since that day the people I used to hang out with, started to look at me in a strange way. Nobody returned my messages anymore and if someone called it was to ask for the number of someone I knew. Two years went by and I grew tired of being all the time alone. I tried dating agencies but nobody responded to my profile. When I was young I had so many nights that I slept with a woman, sometimes with two or three, or more in the same bed. Those were the days that I still had hair and that my dog hadn't died yet. Nowadays I stay up all night watching the media. My family is long gone, some are still alive, but they live far from where I am. At daytime I sleep long and then go to shop for food, or sometimes I walk by the store, but then I decide to go back home. It is hard to face the persons that you need to pay for getting food. This doesn't feel right, why should I give them something for getting food? We all need food, but some of us don't have money. This doesn't make sense, but every time I try to explain it to the persons at the store, they call a dangerous looking man called security, so then I just take my card, fill in the code, and go back home.

Last night I dreamed of a reality show. The best part was when the guy couldn't get up from the toilet because he had drunk too much alcohol. This made me laugh so hard that I woke myself up in the middle of the night. My wife did nothing, she maybe did not hear me laughing. I got up from the bed and left the room. We never met again.

# Can the baby, again

Can the baby, again. Not to let it out in the cold frail outer skirts of space. It is not dangerous there, only a little dark. After the dreams were over and the day began around the later afternoon, we cried: let's do it again, just once again for love's sake. The heat in the room was near to unbearable, the sheets soak in days of sweat. The sent indistinguishable from the bodies, as if we both gave birth to ourselves. When she left for the bathroom, I sat besides her on the floor. Just listening to the sound and seeing the change in the look in her eyes while she wiped herself. Together we showered and then finally got dressed again. When we ended at the front door, I had to go back in because I left the keys somewhere where I forgot to bring them along. Then I found them by calling their name: keys, where are you? And there they were, waiting to be found. When I arrived again at the front door, the next door neighbour stood there waiting. He told me: she asked me to give this to you. He handed me a folded piece of paper. I took it and unfolded it. On it there was a lipstick kiss, and a sentence that spelled: you let me wait, see you nevermore. Desperation struck inside of my spine, like an electric shock. I ran till the corner, but she was nowhere to be seen. I couldn't believe it, after seven years of love and friendship, suddenly she was gone. And knowing her a little, I knew when she wrote something down, she did it for sure.

I got another job and changed lovers by the month. The essence of her still lingered on in the bedroom. My partners wondered why I bought them clothes. I didn't really care about what they thought of me. All I knew was that they thought I was funny and kind of weird. Great in bed though, at least that is what I heard them say to each other whenever I got introduced to their friends. After a couple of years or more, I didn't really mind the time so much anymore, the idea of never being in love again started to accustom my stupefied sense of self. Following the cultural developments as if they mattered and having strong opinions about how the society would develop when there wouldn't be a need for business gave a reassuring sense of self esteem. Sometimes I wondered if the days before weren't just a glorification of my youth, specially when I compared myself to thinkers and other advanced persons of language and numbers.

On the way to my day job, I had two jobs by now, because of the rise of the cost of living, a car drove over a child that was crossing the street to see his mother. I stood there, the first witness to a crime, saw the car drive off, looked at the dead child and the crying mother, and felt nothing. It had turned into a movie scene, a really low budget commercial production, like the free films on youtube. Nobody else was there and I walked on. There are things that you are supposed to do in such and so situation, but it didn't occur to me at the time. It just looked to unreal to me. The same day at work I had two psychotic patients arguing about the starting date of the coming world war. They resolved their rather violent discussion by settling for lunch.

During the holidays the episodes of the humorists that wrap up the year events always give me a sense of relief. I finally understand what the reintegration scene in a clockwork orange was all about. I can't really explain it in words, you have to live it to be able to tell, and I 'm not dead yet so there wouldn't be a point in talking about it now. Twice the same rendering for to be having the dinner: first for the family and then for the friends. Otherwise the feelings get upset. Can you still believe and pray for the world to be in peace someday soon? Or is it just a wish to be able to forget our own misery and think about something greater instead?

When walking home through the busy streets of the holidays market, I saw her face appear beside me. I called her name, but she didn't react. I approached her but she was not there. The woman with a similar coat look at me with fear in her eyes. She said: are you ok? I said: yes, I am sorry, I thought you were someone else. Then I turned away and walk faster home, feeling ashamed of being such a fool.

Years of study have made me very knowledgable about the ways that love can interact with the ways in which lives are shaped. I never thought about it in the sense of being absent inside of myself. As if the space that was left that morning, the last kiss not on my lips, but on a piece of paper, became the spaces I had to desperately fill with anything besides myself. Most of my friends forgot about me and after my parents died there wasn't really anybody that would miss my absence. At my job even the patients could easily replace my place, probably they wouldn't even notice it if I wouldn't show up, considering the amount of medication they were kept on.

Life in the information society had become something of an issue to most subjects, at least that was the theory under which we practiced our reintegration models. Through timely intervals we checked up on the wellbeing of the patients, if their surrounding were still maintained in an orderly fashion, if they kept their promises, at least to a large extend, and so on. All the facts were then transmitted to the company, which adjusted the prescriptions based on the results of their individual choice and roadmap of action. All I had to do was to make sure they didn't take too much of the supplements provided, otherwise the treatment would not be as efficient and side effects might occur.

I still remember the day when I entered the old man's house. The smell of unwashed underwear was clearly noticeable. When entering the bathroom I found him sitting on the floor, talking about a lady he met in Austria. He was clearly babbling, probably in some dementing stage, I didn't bother to check what medication he was on. After washing him in the bathtub, he suddenly looked me right in the face and said: she did it to you too, I know. For a moment I was not sure how he could know this, but it was true, as much as I can prove it, I knew at that moment that he lived it before.

At his funeral a couple of months later, across the grave there stood an elder woman with a strange smile on her face. I figured that she probably had had a seizure or some weird operation. While I stood there waiting for the sermon to finish, she looked up and blew a kiss towards me. There was something about her, which shot through my spine, like the trembling I felt on the front doorstep years before. At the end of the ceremony I walked towards her and asked her how she felt about the loss of her friend. She looked at me and laughed. I asked her why she laughed. Then she said: I'll be at yours to, my dear waiter. I asked her how she knew that I worked at a night club. She smiled and said again: At yours to, dear waiter.

A couple of nights ago, I woke up very early. My sheets soaked in sweat. I felt alone, like happy that nobody was there to comfort myself. In the toilet I had a heart attack. I tried to call the emergency, but didn't remember where I had put my phone. Yes, I had left it in the charger besides my bed. When I tried to get out of the toilet the door didn't seem to open. Then things got blurry and kind of dark.

Another day went by and the look of my dead body in the bathroom toilet seemed to begin to be a bit discomforting. No missed calls. Only a few date requests on tinder.

After a week, or two, again I didn't really know how to keep track of time at this point, the view of my body started to fade. A luminescent darkness opened and finally I could see myself, in love with her. Nothing else besides this love, not even the word matters, never mind the feeling. How silly and romantic this is: she said. I replied: what took you so long? She smiled and said: nothing.

# This is going to be a long sentence

This is going to be a long sentence. The kind of writing that doesn't need to be introduced. , besides a the questions.: what is the meaning of education f the purpose is a splendid intergration into a reformatted form of consumer behaviour? Why would I even bother to answer any of the questions asked? I might learn something, but mainly I will be confronted with an immersion in a multitude of consumer mass oriented desires, ending up explaining myself to a number of persons which are simply there to encapsulate the events that might be deviating from the norm, bearing with it until it returns to its normal, i.e. marketable sense of comprehending any notion. What the point is here is not to make a lot of sense, rather an simple and spewing form of wrting. the message is not, look how nice i can make a reasonable statement, the message is rather what it is by the form that represents itself s through this interaction with the medium of writing itself. its your mother and it is what your father was supposed to be, exectly, it doesn't really matter anymore, we are past the point of admiration or regret. Now it seems more that they need a little bit of help to cope with the anxieties of their iunresolved love life. That reminds me of my unresovled sense of guilt and regret towards all the previous heartbreaks in this still very young life. The result is an alienation, nothing unearthy about it, just a far driven form of exclusion within myself an a suspiciion that the naext person wouldn't even bother to take the time to really get to know me. How would that be possible if I don't present myself in a sociable manner. Just becasue I don't feel to share myself with Idiots doesn't mean that there aren't wonderfull persons aronud which i might even fall in toatl and devastation beauty full love in with, you know. that endless feeling that drives you over the edge and beyond the point of no rzzturn nor the capacity of retraction. That kind of love does make sense, since it is the sense i know is the closest to my love of what is myself, that which i can share with someone at least as mad as i get when in love. Now it just remains a kind of endless profiling social network anticipation and endless

- what is the word, not deception - yes indeed hope and the disillusion or even better in my own language, teleurstelling - literally being put offering into nothingness. This reaches a romantic climax and a sad death of the ego over and over again - often followed by a heightened use of supplements - nowadays ice cream and sweets, besides coffee. And so on the days pass and the year goes by. I got used to being out of love and not daring to risk it anymore, because the easiness that comes with negotiating with negativity and integrating with the coolness of the mob psychology is just often presented as the most reasonable thing to do. Why stand out with nothing special, it is not that i have something to offer, I mean, it doesn't really stand a chance on a market or fair or sale or whatever. It just is what I feel and that should be as good as the next person, so why make a fuss about it? Why not dance like the rest, thinking about what the other thinks of me - the endless narcissistic mirroring on increasing anxiety when not affirmed or degraded immediately. The fish in the sea would now better if the next century would be one of an endless empty ocean. There is the doomsday device arising with an apocalyptic libido. The tantric practice has its benefits, but none of the benefits that i fantasized about. A lot of other things start to happen and it is a lot to handle. This morning i felt death and suffering of a lot of persons being crushed and suffocating during meditation, feeling weird about having such evil mind - and then in afternoon seeing on the news how a hotel in italy got buried under an avalanche, killing about twenty or so persons. A lot of things are happening which i can't even describe in this textual form, so i won't bother giving other examples for the more practical i name something, the louder it echoes - beautifully creating hallucinations - which i regret other taking serious.

The anger and disgrace that goes on in a neo liberal society is nothing that i want to get accustomed to, and at the same time it is exactly what i have been educated in, at least after i left free school. The norms of giving coupled to getting is hard to endure. What did the universe ever give? It just is, i think, know... That doesn't work for business purpose, but it is the best in relation with a person you love intense, beyond reason. In business it is all about getting more than giving, otherwise you are out of business. In neo liberal society also all the democratic- all the relations that the citizens in a particular shared territory form to decide on matters through problem formulation and critical debate - have been reduced to a poor win or loose logic of business thinking. This then becomes such a reflex to carry on behaving like this throughout any relation that a persons form, too such extends that putting a dog to sleep might reduce that suffering of the animal, but might as well prevent immigrants from entering asylum. The same day we both wrote on the same device a different letter to the same person. That person got both the letters in their mailbox, one of them in the inbox, the other in spam. That is just how the logic of the business can be efficient. That is just how most of us will die without anyone giving a shit about their death. And that is even good for business, in the sense that it can become a cause for social data mining and community building interest groups. The latter

being worst and the previous also. If you ask the person that did not get the chance of being part of our little post-enlightenment bubble, that doesn't really matter what the worst was, the point of the choice was in its origin, the dying, not the return on investment. Present yourself on different fora, make a pitch for a digestible form of general intellect, and make it downloadable for free, and pay your internet provider, or have a little something with free wifi. The next step is missing, and even it gets so big that the balls need to be cut, there won't be more than two to five days of fuss about it, the next thing will be less or more, it will go also. The social acceptance is independent from the quality, basically neo liberal society praises nihilism wrapped in a layer of enjoyment, with a little bit missing along the process, so that it always requires another vision. Maybe we can ask someone else, maybe it was not myself that I should trust, there should be another way - that being the way to return to the pecking order - hopefully not totally out of business at that point of deviating, while the hell even give another reason for trying something else than selling?

# Lasting for another lifetime

Lasting for another lifetime of sweet devotion in motions of waves and loving commotions. Dream another sentence and this love will end in endless beginnings. Can we start what ever has been since the beginning has already happened before ever known? What do we know besides meeting each other here and now. No matter your belongings, here is what there is. Blame yourself for living, that is all that you can be given. In the end we'll be departing again, wherever that might lead us to be, we'll never know. Can you stay in your hat or has the bunny escape the magic again? Shall we try to fit it all in or is it too big to please? Why don't you just relax? Is the end not far enough to be forgotten? Are your ideas too big for your worries or is the lost frequency just there too be picked up, faded to a temporary background. I like to party the whole time, and other times too. Where the serious starts let there be my departure. The women and I have a thing going on. The men say he's obsessed, and congratulate each other with being so nice together. What the real thing was I will never remember, it went like this: there is no separate I where you are seeing this from.

Listen to this if you will, funky drums and soccer punch. Love is in the purple party mix, wherever that might be coming from, the artist formerly known elevating.

Bittersweet sensation of life gone too soon and too late to be forgotten. The sense of sound is the legacy that justifies electricity. Well if you can't read notes, at least have a sense of playfulness.

I learned to love my enemies, equanimity is worth nothing. Nothing does matter. What else besides typing insights retrieved from kindred pixels on the broadband network? Beware of plain dogs, they fuck good but bite no good, that is lame, but true. Ever lasting green does not blame an other for being obscene. What the rhyme and rhythm is obscuring, the sensual heart brings about. There is nothing less or more than the becoming of reason in retrospect, catching up with the reality which presents itself always as preprogrammed. Nothing to worry about in that sense, only a forgotten beginning, and unforeseen end. Tomorrow might last forever, for all I know is here now. A while ago, in this sense. Writing indications towards that part of space where space tends to take shape and becomes a thing to contemplate upon. Like the taste of the empty space that breathes the sounds around the vision in your - fill in the rest, or let it be unfinished. Will not change the outcome, maybe alters the variations on the theme towards a more pleasurable life. The energy is what is named after the missing part of the matter. Remove the mass and what is left is what actually matters. Another medieval trap could not be left open to be undertaken. Hope you are satisfied. I wish you are happy and in love with life. I do want you to be the best possible person you can be, ever known to humankind. This is the onset. The discovery is ongoing, and the evaluation of how it goes is only informing itself to become whatever it is becoming. Long lasting it will not be, for ever selfish blackness nesting in the enormous majority of the unknown part of space. Why stick with only the known? More of it is never enough because all what is already there is totally unknowable, that is the start which has begun always before now and then. Where it goes from there gets appropriated by the awareness of its own definition. Then it is already all bright and too late. It will restart soon, since it just never ended, besides yourself interfering in it.

# Memoirs of a Pig

Album Title: Memoirs of a Pig

Tracks:

- 01 Mi Re La
- 02 IO
- 03 Pan de Pute
- 04 Green Goon
- 05 Polite
- 06 Shun Paul Some
- 07 Cabapitalities
- 08 Bum Da Bong
- 09 Woa
- 10 Shanti Shits
- 11 One on One
- 12 Dead Girl likes Drilling
- 13 Walk on Lines
- 14 Psy my Spirit Animal Dope
- 15 Vader your Ass
- 16 Renumorous Misconduct
- 17 Hole in One
- 18 Common Craft
- 19 Hateless Rabbits
- 20 Piggybank count from zero till Laniakea's endless beginning
- 21 Wheels Squared
- 22 Souls expelled from Victimhood
- 23 The Belgians  
(will sodomise and dump you with lukewarm cecemel on your bloody ankles)
- 24 Duracell Dumbs

25 Jobs, Jobs, Jobs and Elia

26 The Wolves of Mother Immaculate

27 Nature Gone Shopping

28 Try Again

29 Little Mother Fucker

30 Blue Baby

31 Render Lama to ToTo

32 Gold Tin Can

33 Barbie's Grint

34 Till Greenland ate all the Moos

35 Empty Leisure

36 Round About Then

# People are hungry on friday's next evening

People are hungry on friday's next evening

Go to a restaurant, cause

i am priceless

(i am not who, because who is the best, not in the west) (not for free)

More than what you've got

Over seas dumbing flogs

Seventy three ain't fast enough

Spinning w, w, w dash

Fag black white flags

Still reading it

Like a folder from a

cornershop

Sipping sundays in an ice cream cup.

Who to type the better half

Otherwise why spend a second more

on earth's shelve

Still serving at the drive by

with love and devotion till a white lie.

Gossip of the world that sucks

Everest green fashion ducks

Drop down and bump right up

Hopping topping dick creep crocks

Cock roaching poaching

Punani blip blob

Booby cat milk

Baby sukkle

Pet of phil's is as fucking

Anode cathode ray tube

Howling who to blame

Bending farting game

Pee pie pine pin

Seventy twenty three

I can see the stock market numbers

Because I ate chips

Old does know

Not in my brain

A corn and a grain

on a mill grinding less than

until the endless reminders of

tele mother still

Universal traitors dripping

Pavlov's bill

Cutting the remainders

till other pray will fill

Can the deeper that felt the sweeter sweat

Hungry craving grill

Civil duties and freedom foolish

Clapping on horizontal hills

Colour mixing friendly open

welcome closing doubt,

fear drill not in crowd.

A running over and round about shutting circles of anxious shivering shouting for more than still.

chewing ear lobes

gathering gang chokes

and running until the end of the joke.

laughs are on me and drinks till you drown.

equal since we both know.

teddy bear our last revolt

messy care for sad dog

hungry bunny cooked in wine

tasty brains for suckers in lime

goodbye and please you never will be able to come. bye.

# Sit, she said

“Sit,” she said while working her way through the weekend. “Why?” I asked. “Relax,” she replied. I couldn’t think of anything else for a while. Then the night fell and I can’t say if she or me fell asleep first. It all seemed so quiet during that time of the year. Nobody worked and most were elsewhere, on holidays. Or the little bunch of people left at the island were none of the persons we frequented. At least there was food and shelter, so we didn’t really had to worry too much about the next days, or years. “Well, then what to do besides making love and trying to avoid pregnancy?” I asked her one day. She didn’t reply, and seemed kind of offended. Later that day, she turned to me and said: “If I gave birth you can eat it if you don’t want to let it live.” At that moment my stomach turned, my erection vanished and the position we were in suddenly became awkward. The swinging back and forth didn’t give much pleasure since the thought of eating her baby became a kind of perverted turnoff while having sex. Then I remained silent for a long time and started to go out fishing. I got really good at it, but she never wanted to touch or eat the delicious catches that I brought home.” But it has omega 3, 6 and 9, those are really good for your brain, it will make you smart.” She replied with a smile: “yes, it will make you smart.” I don’t understand what was funny about that, but the best part was the thing behind the ear, where the fishes breathe the water. And the grates made fine toothpicks too, so tasty that is. The diversions of sexual positions became kind of a drag after a while, since we both had figured out the most efficient way of delivering each other great and long lasting orgasms. So often we came to the point of skipping all the other ways, just doing this, anyway there wasn’t anyone around for to be pretending to be civilised lovers too, so we just helped each other in the most pleasurable way we could. Still something was beginning to fade, that feeling of being there without having to go somewhere else. The sense of not knowing how to come together and how to be focused completely on the other, as if dissolving into each other, desiring nothing else than being with the other’s sense of whatever we were into. Eating babies just didn’t seem to be part of that, no matter how I tried to convince myself of some pagan nature spirit, it just didn’t make sense to offer life for that matter. She kept returning to the same position, claiming that it was something new she wanted to try. I didn’t get it. She said: “what do you think is there to get?” I answered: “dead fish or sea food?” We both came in waves. The evening fell and our parents arrived from work. Never again we would be left alone. Not without precautions, that is.

<https://giphy.com/gifs/I0IyoRjyfN7IiiPRe>

# TWENTY - HUN - D - red

The days lingered on. The heat became accustomed to the persons. The sent of dry air hang in the city. Not possible to have more thoughts than necessary, we walked towards the venue. We were a little behind schedule, but were sure no one would mind us being late, considering the temperature's increase the past few days. Another person came along the same road we walked upon. The concrete was radiating, the days had become longer this time of year and the person did not resemble any person we had met before. Unsure of what would happen, we passed by and gave a friendly smile. The returning knob of the head reassured us of the persons well intending passing us by on the same road, but in the opposing direction. When the next encounter would take place we could not predict, somehow we had imagined ourselves alone on this road. Maybe the venue was closing and we never even could be starting an event before arriving to the scene. Desperation took a hold of our emotions and we started to sweat intensely until the accumulated distance on the road gave a sense of thrust and accomplishment. We would get there, eventually, that was a fact. The soles of the shoes we had on our feet seemed more flexible than usual. The concrete must have overheated them to the extent of allowing our feet to bathe in a sensuous, almost nauseating sent. This only became noticeable when the wind laid low or when we took a rest from walking. Everyone knew where we were expected to arrive at. The venue was called: Love inc. The place was known all across the continent for its uniqueness and particularity, especially with regard to all possible forms and impossible attempts with respect to the feelings we shared among each other. This was the place we walked towards since our first encounter. It never revealed to us how far it was to get there, but somehow we knew since the dawn of our memory that that was what was there if we walked upon this road. We wanted to be there more than yesterday, but were anxious about how far it might be to get there. Every day there were a few intersections that crossed our road, but only on the right side. We never considered exploring those, since we both knew that we had found this road by keeping left as much as we could with the exception of turning right once; when we left fear behind. That was ages ago, since time had changed a whole lot since we found ourselves walking on this road. The venue came in sight regularly, in the distance on the left side, but never close enough to recognise the entry lane. Our resting place became familiar to us, since we had no problem of finding a welcoming meadow besides the road, absent of insects and soft at dusk, not too moist at dawn. Besides this we had our instruments to play with, so the music brought us closer every time we practiced, as if we were already there at the venue. The beauty of our bodies became more shining day after day. The food was there along the bushes at the side of the road, water in the various ponds. We couldn't believe that there was going to be an end to this road. A day arrived where we couldn't continue because of a leg being worn out. The music sounded like never before. We finally took our shoes off. We were each others most dedicated audience. We found our venue, it was not distant, more than it was in the reach of our soles to the feet we soaked our bodies with. Years later

we were buried by others alongside the road. The way we thought had had to be walked never.

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O

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# Pan! Ass

Pan! Ass up in front

echo, logies.

He sits and he writes.

Hats and rites of blood.

Money is what we want.

Orla and her brothers.

Whatever she discovers.

We are the ones that know the truth.

That is to say you are a fool.

Shall we force you into another hen.

Can we cut your throat then?

Shining eyes and nasty souls.

Breeding like rabbits on the rhythm of football goals.

Can we relief you from your sin?

Or do you just want someone to say it is ok, so you can do it again.

Morality your name is gold. Disparity it has no road.

Belief that the writer knows. And the same story goes.

Swans and bleeding onions. Cars and test dummies.

The proof is in the taste of corpses. Flies over maggots and their rotten boasters.

Men are free to eat what they want and that's why pigs are cannibals.

Go over the problem of your inner lie. Your phantasy only said good, good bye.

# We started up and sank down to the ground

We started up and sank down to the ground. It seemed that the ground was moving us. We didn't need to do anything. Then a person stood up and walked out of the ground, into the air. An other person started to sing with a humming voice, a tune for children before they fall asleep. Suddenly everyone forgot what they were doing. The colours become misty and faded into a weird sent. The light became dim while the bulbs didn't change. Sweet candy sprung out of the floor and lots and lots of dolls appeared, almost life like. The space became flooded with a sense of passion, birth rites and menstrual cycles made it impossible not to slip and slide. Dolls punctured eyebrows and sense of heartfelt orientation became the next best thing to find our way through time. This never mattered anyway, we couldn't read the clock at this moment, for that it was already way past bedtime. The sudden twist of the ground shook us up and we stood again, were we never departed from anyway. Was this all being a kind of dream, maybe more real than what you are thinking right now?

What do we want from us? Why does it matter what you think to be for me? Is there more about this time than sliding and recovering. There definitely is. What doesn't really sound like a word, to be exact. Still there is, and there the ground moved again. Where are you standing from? How is that made up in our common conventions of make beliefs?

“WE’ RE LIVING IN  
A WORLD WHERE  
FOOD FLIES  
ACROSS OCEANS,  
PERSONS PERISH  
IN BORDER  
CAMPS, WHILE  
MOST OF US ARE  
HOPING ON AN  
EASY JOB AND

BETTER SERIES  
ON NETFLIX  
DURING SEX.”

[stefmeul.com](http://stefmeul.com)

# Untitled 8 playlists

Stupa in, Stupa Up, Stupa Down, Stupa Out with MW Allis.

36 StAtt Väst Illuminus Doubt.

ooh hoo UHU

Troll trace, men machine for jokes and seamen

We all hate Sophie (Zizek) Hainamoration (Lacan)

Kyle's mom is a big fat bitch. / Gaia won't save the world.

The moment attachment doesn't get what it wants, it turns into violence.

(R.Courtin)

Thought implies violence

(Krishnamurti)

Gendering Fun by Butler's Belly Buns.

33 lgbtq+ capital productions

Hundred Bio Frames For Fou CO.

Times the Great that Ate.

dodo

putain de fils

getting good at this

celui ci celui la

cara pils

il est a fume

shoe a

katia

king beggar

ils volent

he s shrinking

Goggle, Mille Plateaux, Latour AND other trash left unfinished.

you can start wherever, but you will leave before the end. 876000 hours.

Fille Beaux Nasi, Go Rang - but in parts.

capitalist psychic production

i.e.

If

A

“burns”

B

“there is nothing to burn”

in

C

“class”

then

D

“light”

E

“repeat from A to E”



ol^mù

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U, KNOW THAT PLATO WAS WRONG.

When Badiou emphasises that double negation is not the same as affirmation, he thereby merely confirms the old Hegelian motto les non-dupes errant. Let us take the affirmation "I believe." Its negation is: "I do not really believe, I just fake to believe." However, its properly Hegelian negation of negation is not the return to direct belief, but the self-relating fake: "I fake to fake to believe," which means: "I really believe without being aware of it." Is, then, irony not the ultimate form of the

critique of ideology today - irony in the precise Mozarcean sense of taking the statements more seriously than the subjects who utter them themselves?

<http://www.lacan.com/zizpassion.htm>

# Untitled 7

big data

where did it

far from then

not started which

she not him there

for it began

before it began

in them

# She brought herself

She brought herself to be the innermost estimate part of her own personality. In a sense she wondered if that was all that there is, but never longer than an instant before she reflected back on herself thinking such a thought.

Outside the hinges kept clinging their chains against the dashboard and the morning never seemed to please everyone. Never again that things again coming to my self, there is no place there and it never seems to end better than well. After the midday past the leaves on the trees turned greener and the birds spoke of roses, thornless at least for a while. Beginning from the start never made any sense to her, so we started from the middle and worked ourselves out of this shithole we found the world to live in. At the end of our journey she smiled at me. Not a moment went by since I forgot about that smile. Seemingly so the days went by and the same day after that night keeps returning over and over again, like the raindrops that always fall once and yet it rains somewhere all the time. For nothing more than a kiss was what I was after, yet here nothing to miss besides the time that someone should count to keep it all looking clever. Dark nights are never longer than being asleep in a dreamless façade. Can still remember the look in her eyes after we woke up twice. It is funny how the end in the perspective changes once you know there is no one behind the depth in those black expanding mirrors of our contracting sights. Lets focus again on this minute, then see if we are still there from where we started. Again, it started and the phrase will end similar, maybe with a small variation on the rhythm of the dual or triple divisions. Never mind, I won't bother to explain, answering is enough to comply. Words of love and beats of anxiety, mood switches and endless transitions. The state is always in need of an order to keep it up to coincide with what it lost out of sight. Blame yourself, whatever that was what you said a moment after the words left your mouth. Play it on repeat if that suits your kind.

# Thinking of the days

Thinking of the days were the dichotomy between the profit oriented opportunist politics of appropriation and their required - human and material - resources were not happening because of a fundamental lack of propagating the sameness around the global totality of total tautologies, but because of another predicament of insuring that every inhabitant of the planet would be sufficiently fed before engaging in divisive politics.

How can there ever being such days, if not for the elaborate notation of the so called historical effort to inscribe the narrative of the dominant party of the inhabitants into a science of facts - used as a justification of ensuring domination over the starving parts of the inhabitants?

At the actual rate of food production, scarcity is rarely an issue - local and industrial price competition is.

If there was ever a myth that served for the denial of the constitutive lack in our knowledge of nothingness - this often resolved in a war against another version or interpretation of the voidness of things. The human being reduced to an object amongst inanimate and intimate things. All interconnected through a predictable, self programmed - fed through clicks, locations, screens and words - logistical knowledgable device. A reduced understanding of the subjective intelligence of a person to interpret themselves - results through the witty and gritty regression into a two count of pre-formatted and extractive personality types. Otherwise the movie wherein we find ourselves performing our experiences of so called life would abruptly end and we could be un-withheld from interpreting ourselves for a change - anxiety at start with its full realisation of total and complete liberation and freedom of any prerequisite for the experience of thinking ourselves out of nothingness, while being it itself contemplating our relative temporal distance from it.

If there is no more to do than be where we are, mostly it gets exciting, scary, maybe kind of sexy, or aggressive, or maybe even completely apathetic in its realisation of the futility of the efforts to live a good life according to the social standards of its time.

That time has long passed since then and not much more will be spoken of when the

rhythm is perceived as melody.

