

ONT

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ONT vol 1

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i. short review: **Beyond the Black Rainbow**¹

¹ Panos Cosmatos: Canada 2010

the 70s are wavery, dreamt off the racks of early 80s
VHS—

from videos he's not allowed to rent yet.²

² Wikipedia: **Beyond the Black Rainbow** / Development



*this film is **about** the horror aesthetic, the 1970s.*

*this film is **about** the analog sound / the Panavision grain.*

Elena is an early synth, shut in someone's basement.

motif, a wave, from the doctor's own brain.

score is a spoiler voice-over.

motif is synesthetic, diegetic. the doctor's soul, step-detuned, a low wobble.

score intrudes, **score** is sonic overlay.

ii. as you die, hold one thought

i, too, remember the womb. a deep & wavy synth, it was. a Taurus bass, warping thru the waters.

the 70s are bottomless, for me. there's always some deeper sub-genre. a Fusion forgotten by all but friends of the guitarist.

i found her address in Washington state, wrote her seeking smaller songs than those she'd posted.

in this way, i tune into my birth-decade.

by similar research could a gnostic entity think itself here with increasing specificity.

could come in light, mindful of our local law. weave in slow, evolving over eons by weighting the mutations.

thinking sub specie, we'd speak of this being with mythic generality. we'd say e.g. 'as promised in the Gita.'

this sonic throb i'm picking up is subtle / far away enough, it may have always been there. low end of some whale-song, upswell from an under-earth industry i'm tracking yet recede from.

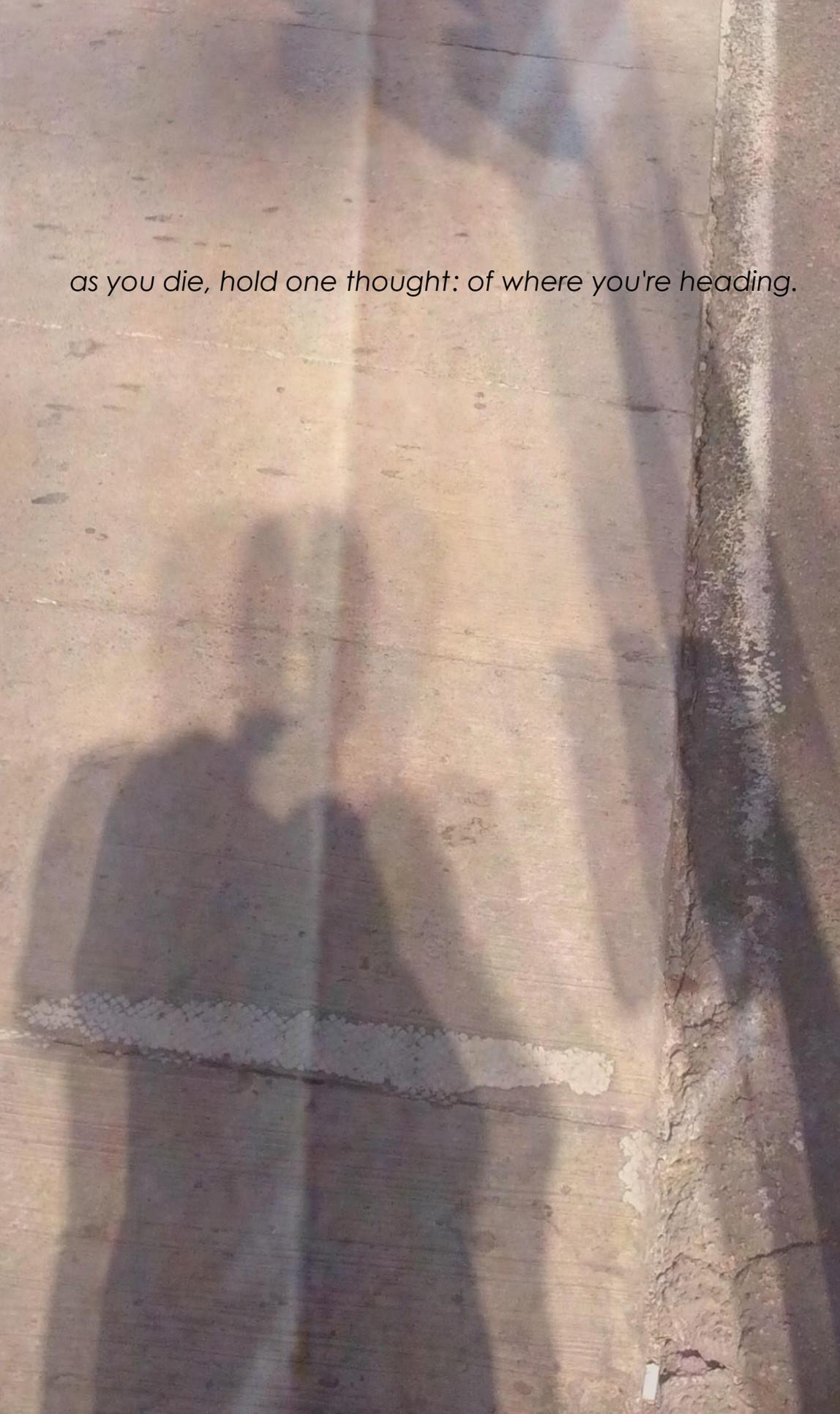
it draws me from home, has me skulking thru the laneways off Eglinton: peering thru the open doors of drinking holes whose men half-turn to regard me and whose music is oldworld & mellow.

this sonic throb i follow home, back into my chair.
tipping back, the tubesteel headrest draws from wall
a hum that grows in the home's interstices.

a simple test confirms it, it's the fridge. harmless &
local. not from hell / no bardo ghost, no low
occluded vocals from a wider realm of beings i'm a
wombling of.

confusion, i thought, meant a **coming apart**—that the **con** meant **anti** but i looked it up: the **con** means **with**, is a **mingling**.

confusion, i thought, was a bodily loss of integrity, & death a test you last thru by holding one thought—of where you're heading.

A photograph of a concrete sidewalk. The sidewalk is composed of several slabs separated by expansion joints. A prominent crack runs along the right edge of the image. In the lower-left area, there is a white, textured strip, possibly a repair or a piece of tape. Long, soft shadows are cast across the sidewalk from the right side, suggesting a low sun position. The overall tone is warm and somewhat somber.

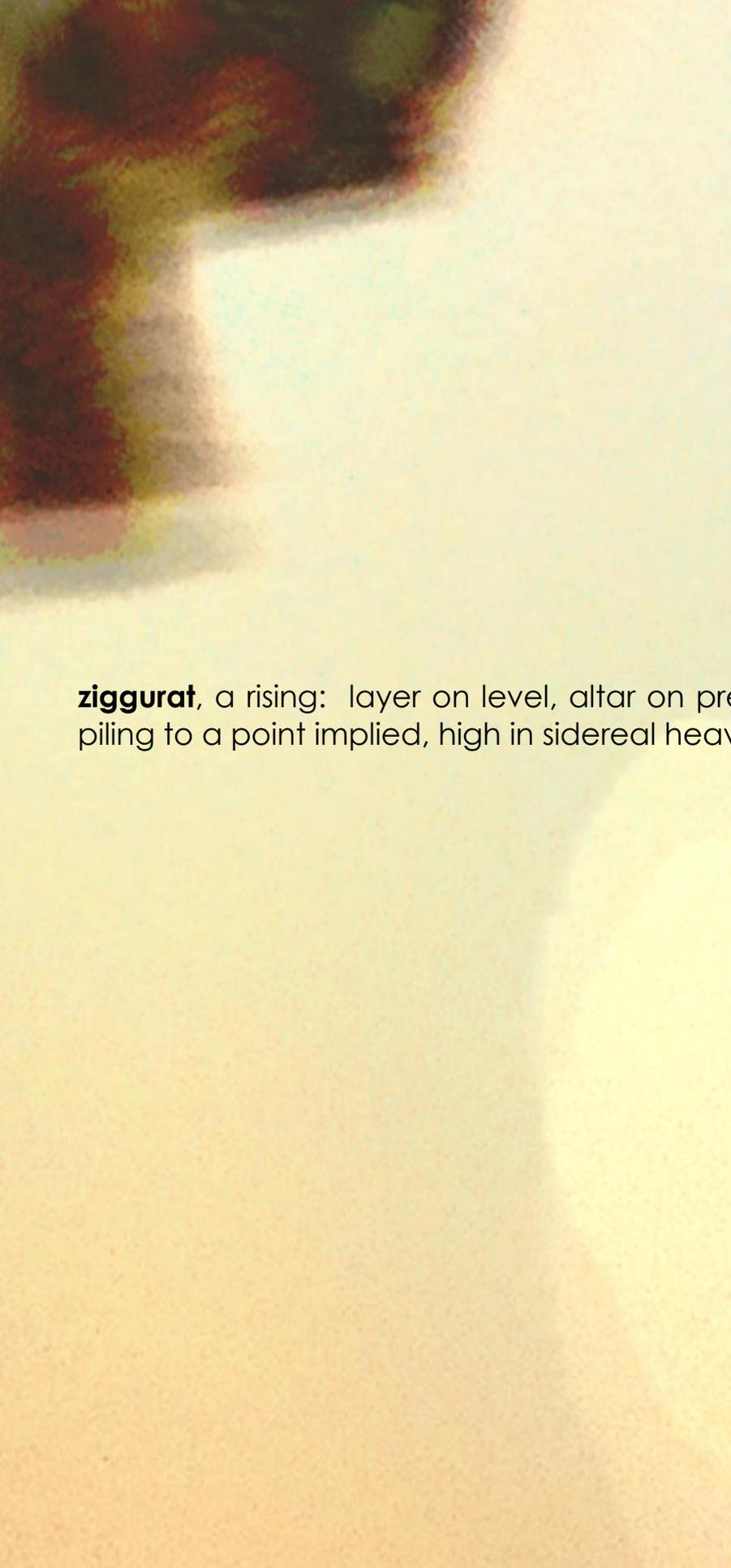
as you die, hold one thought: of where you're heading.

a small **mihraab**, ignored by all, would subtly throb w/ a miraculous light. a dent in marble wall i pour my prayer thru.

mihraab, a niche in wall that shows our way to **kaaba**.

qibla is the line from self to kaaba. kaaba is the Cube, and **qibla** be our line of spine in low **salaat**.

kaaba the center & **qibla** the spoke on a disc whose circumference is the line of **tawaaf**, of a pilgrim's rounds—however far from Allah's law he wanders; however halting & thoughtless.



ziggurat, a rising: layer on level, altar on predella step.
piling to a point implied, high in sidereal heaven.

even if untrue, the following is awesome, come on:

Ibn Kathir, commentator on the Quran, mentions two interpretations among the Muslims on the origin of the Kaaba. One is that the shrine was a place of worship for Angels before the creation of man. Later, a temple was built on the location by Adam and Eve which was lost during the flood in Noah's time and was finally rebuilt by Abraham and Ishmael as mentioned later in the Quran.³

Islam is, at very least, a strong misreading⁴ of Semitic myth.

³ Wikipedia: **Kaaba**

⁴ Wikipedia: **Harold Bloom** / The Agon, Strong & Weak Misreadings

when typing in the block quote, was tempted into cutting **commentator on the Quran**, for purely sonic reasons—was *tempted*, yes, and grateful i submitted, that i put the clause back in.

even now, i strive for a poet's concision, yet must be correct, at last; and promise to let in more from my colleagues & critics.

i put it back, to pass the data lossless on to you.

and now i hear a wonderful thing: my introductory clause **come on** abdominally rolls its vowels into **commentator on the Quran**; and i praise this poetry, which came to me unbidden.

iii. short review: **LA JETÉE**⁵

⁵ Chris Marker: France, 1962

the man who had trailed him since the underground camp is always a surprise.

the hero's death collapses Time: we end where we began, with his death.



and that that moment he'd been granted to see as a child,

the fatal bullet cues for me a rapid reel: of all the clues i'd missed.

*weirdly lit, i see him now, haunting every scene:
some same face, a second Agent.*



ONT vol 2

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- iii. vocab
- iv. eros has an underside
- v. short review: **In the Mood for Love**

i. maya means

maya means: my whole world warps around women. what was it like to be ten? i knew less, but saw more, then: those i now pass over.

maya means: i'm pulling right and up the stairs to street-level, why?

some knee-high boots, a languid sway: a faceless dame draws me in her wake.

to honour the Somali guy, i halt & pivot left. i reconvene, i center to whatever: a silver door i've never seen that brings me thru a tunnel under Bay into the bus station—

back into my seat & self-containment.

i'm spacey on the outside, randy within. upskirt-aggressive with the dreamy shopgirls, the single tellers wandering on lunchbreak.

what is it like to be nine, again? i upsuck my gonads, train my cathexis on the super-thin Somali guy passing by. on mainland elders chatting over checkers in the foodcourt.

ii. short review: **SANS SOLEIL**

from heavy silk the hand extends the limb into a limpness that is zombie-like. their jumpstep is lovely, & frightening. is old or post-human, robotic or narcotic.



detail: SANS SOLEIL. Chris Marker: France, 1983

finger cymbals organize the throng. they're passing thru, as parade girls ought to. inspire us to die into a future they're returning to.

we're hearing now the sounds of, what, the late 1970s? i'm sceptical of travel, of food-fests International at Harbourfront so stay inside—but this is new, i think.

iii. vocab

lissome is lovely, a thinning of **lithesome**.

lithesome is lovely tho lingers mid-word, is lascivious, slightly.

forc or **torque**, an Iron Age adornment on the neck, ankle, or—i hope—a waist. Celtic, Illyrian, Scythian.

Persian houris followed soon in fashion: with kohl around the eyes and a silver collar open at the throat.

chuppah, chuppa, huppah, chipe: a nuptial canopy.

the night's a **kop**, a hive upon a humming throng.

gul rug, aneath: the huge, wonky octagons.

gul may be the ghazal's **gal**, the persian **phul**, the rose or **roundel**.

iv. eros has an underside

a stencil on Gerrard, on the sidewalk east of Jorgenson:

FIND WHAT YOU LOVE
THEN LET IT **KILL** YOU

follow till it folds into its opposite. extremes conjoin:
the Daoist dictum pkd cites.

the primal scene disturbs & draws us onward.

a same face, wide & tight, for ecstasy & heart-seizure.

eros has an underside, a will to be done with it, to come apart.

thanatos is older than eros, says Freud: vestige of the pre-organic in us.⁶

for William Irwin Thompson, personal death is the cost of sex, of producing genetic originals.⁷

⁶ Joanne Faulkner, **Freud's Concept of the Death Drive and its Relation to the Superego**. in **Minerva - An Internet Journal of Philosophy** [vol. 9, 2005]

⁷ William Irwin Thompson, **Imaginary Landscapes: Making Worlds of Myth and Science** [St. Martin's Press, 1989] p 24-25.

to live is to strive—on life's behalf. dopamine excites it, but we're wary in our depths.

in pale dreams, in an a.m. grave, it is life—not death
—we seem to fear.

dopamine may warp it but we tire to the same one
sleep-wish: to dwindle down, get low with the
immobile & senseless.

v. short review: **In the Mood for Love**



Wong Kar-Wai: Hong Kong, 2000

the era has passed : a title-card's lament.

nothing that belongs to it exists, now: a mourner's words, not historic fact. he's lost both her [Maggie Cheung] and all proportion.

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i. weed weakens / compels me

weed weakens / compels me to acuteness re my
medical state. excites me into self-diagnosis.

in morbid mirrorwork i'm shaky & i wonder: should i
stop smoking weed?

ii. an **Ender's Game** after-party

OPEN at an ANNEX BAR: with **RAIDEN** on the tabletop.

we're lovely-drunk, yet factions gather. the room is going tense around your quarter-drop.

a friendly bet is turning super-serious. with every round, a doubling debt: swallowing lives, and all relations.

what is your optimal strategy, ethically? how to maximize winners, pay-outs?

play your best and tell them this, with every quarter?

and why should you save humanity, anyway?

you're live on-line, wired like an X-wing pilot. bettors
opine on your wry asides & maydays.

some suspect you're not on-side—wonder what was said to you, in Space.

hustle them or not, you'll want to have, prior to tonight, a public record of truth-telling.

the bets are in, have doubled into **everything**:

it's all or nothing, do or die, this ninth & final quarter.

here's a winning strategy: call it all off, and **go get good at Raiden.** good enough you loop it every time.

then **make Raiden reality.**



go get good at Raiden, then **make Raiden reality.**

iii. playroom is a realm of the dead

playroom is a realm of the dead. a space for life's
echoes.

the dolls are all aligned in their repose. the dolls are
all aglow in their maker's aura.

hardwood floor, cotton blinds—botanic remnants.
wall compresses crumbles from the softer strata, yes:

from snug inside one's playroom, life is **out there**, it
happens elsewhere.

variety shows are a realm of the dead, and celebrate life. the SNL outro is a wrap-up song for thespian life, an elegy for old New York.

the set is utopian: nowhere, anywhere.

the set is a soundstage, playing itself.

Acid House hid itself in sonic conventions. was heard by moms in minivans: a spacey, gay, electro-pop—what could *this* threaten?

rock is obvious rebellion, and tends to affirm patriarchy.

is metal & leather: bikers on the overpass, waving to the cowboys on their cattle drive below, thru the wide & dry arroyo.

i'd *heard* this name, 'The Happy Mondays'. if pressed i'd have said: Britpop? a boy group? one of Phil Spector's?

the clip of **Performance** is great! Shaun the drug shaman, low & sly with the shakers.

he's like Thom Yorke: willing to look fucked up on stage.

it took me a sec to notice **Bez**—to set off imp from his Summoner.

Bez is a perpetual, dancer. **Bez** is found in every frame, a Selective Attention Test. **Bez** is a pop-up rabbit.

Bez is a graphical Insert. a mute savant, in screen's lower left.

the clip of **Performance** is great—the song is okay, a come-down.

i thought it was a modal drone, instead it was the blues, pre-Change; and the change broke my trance.

iv. a precise german History

from it we'd infer: **virtual versions** of all the noble aufklärer. from Meister Eckhart on thru Hesse & Grothendieck.

who'd form an inner Chorus, opine on one's ascent & Fall.

highborn jews & sons of solemn pastors, a diaspora's best. Adorno, Mann et cet.

those brahmins, i mean, who renounce all arms yet are wholly lacking mercy re the truth.

v. short review: **STATUES ALSO DIE**⁸

⁸ **LES STATUES MEURENT AUSSI** [Resnais, Marker et Cloquet: France, 1953]

all along the cavern wall, a hominid declension.
limbs elongate, heads enlarge and flatten cat-like—

a Descent that implies, somewhere in the
Pleistocene, a vertical infusion.

[a declension of hominids.jpg

one is much like Miles in his Fusion phase: the coked-up cool & bug-eye shades.

[ancient Miles.jpg

- a. a super-ancient tribe achieved a paradise we've fallen from, or
- b. the alien is *us*, Homo sapiens

: so could one interpret both our **Eden genealogy** and **Afro-futurism**.

[a weaving goddess once was with us.jpg

<< When men die,
they enter into History.

<< When statues die,
they enter into Art.

<< This botany of death
is what we call **culture**.

Marker's thesis: **museum is a mausoleum.**

perhaps it is an Ark! casing in the carven godlets,
safe into some Future they'll revive within.

When statues die, they enter into Art. when i die, let me pass thru Second Life, Harvard Gallery: thru Marker's **Ouvroir**: a polygonal play-realm, run by a Left Bank artist.

vi. Kenneth Clark, curator for Fascism

not, i mean, his hanging art for Mussolini.

for praising Roman art, i mean: commissions of a nouveau riche, a global gang of murderers.

Oxford aesthetes, all the delicate pagans—these bon vivant Latinists were classist, largely. Leftist or not, alike in their gaucheries, snug in their Magdalen suite.

Shakespeare & his royalist plays—what Nelson Denoon reduces all the Histories to, and i'd agree—then add in Hamlet, A Winter's Tale, A Midsummer Night's Dream . . .

Darwin was an advocate for vivisection. said **womanly feeling**, eyebrows bunching, mock-swooning—made his buddy T.H. Huxley chuckle.

Isa Gardner, "Mrs Jack", got **Rape of Europa** for a hundred thousand & Bernard Berenson's passport stamp.

six digits, to signal the ascent of the U.S. dollar. and Boston draws the treasure cache: the Uffizi's still-buyables, frescos cut from country chapels.

buy the whole room, was gay Mrs. Jack's fervent aim, to buy all Europe.

the cult of Genius was interstate amid anonymous aoidoi
& Lyceum underlings; amid Dominican scriptorium & our
crowd-sourced document.

a high Romantic flowering: the twenty-four years, as
promised to Faust.

the Devil grants us inwardness, a marked-off Self.

the goods he sells are obsolescent. Rock is going quaint as the crossroad blues it borrowed from. is drowned out by some barrio mix they're pounding from the pickup trucks cruising Bloor, up from Little Portugal—a stream of sound that may as well be nameless.

vii. a protest poem, in industry lit

a protest poem, in industry lit : smallprint in some
vacuum manual.

a tiny envoy, let into our day-lit homespace.

i hope, i mean, the stories on the back of Uncle Ray's
Potato Chips are—not exactly true—but Ubik-like
incursions from a better place.

viii. Lawrence & the English Romance

in D.H. Lawrence the whole English Romance is rendered explicit: all the gorgeous euphemisms forced into their coital sense.

his scandal was to show it's been explicit all along. that Romance is our language, a genius who outwits Propriety.⁹

⁹ as in a Bollywood eye-fuck

when Jung writes to Sabina Spielrein **I cannot live without the joys of love, of tempestuous, ever changing love** he refers, in part, to cervical pressure—this is inevitable.

ONT vol 4

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i. short review: **The Eyes of Tammy Faye**

the True Church is hidden & tricky.

could be wealthy, mostly White & reviled.

w/ pay-to-stay pews in a gated Southern exurb.

i am urban, from the North. came of age far from southern Jesus.

mainly knew the lurid sign of 80s excess: a meme they ran on SNL, on CBS; on **People** Magazine & in the 'People' page of **Time**:

a porno doll's melting face, a crying smile.

where i'm from, Falwell & the Bakkers were the same southern sleaze; the selfsame foe of D.C. punk.

the latitudes skew, the centre of power is North.

the Equator is **warm**, reads **south**, of late.

her make-up is fake: that is why it's melting off,
perhaps.

her face is true, insists on bleeding thru.

Falwell hated gays with AIDS, with "a passion". his hatred inverts, is salacious.

Tammy Faye *loves* gays with AIDS! and Falwell she forgave.

his final years he softened—and who can say how far along that rainbow name he would've gone? from L & G, to B to T to something long as Hallelujah.

Ru Paul narrates, for the Gay Hall of Fame: Tammy Faye's induction reel.¹⁰

¹⁰ **The Eyes of Tammy Faye** [Fenton Bailey & Randy Barbato: U.S.A., 2000]

the American Church would thank Ms. Faye for her pleasant reminiscings. signed off with a Yours in Praise, In God's Own Service. heard in-head in a low & tremulous tenor.

: this letter is a **Southern business template.**

did the Bakkers oversell?

these are the facts on Heritage USA.

: rooms were sold, three nights per annum, to tens of thousands of donors

: tens of thousands: let's say six. that would mean they promised **180,000** stay-nights per annum.

w/ 500 rooms, the Bakkers could offer **187,500**.

and fairly presume that thousands would seldom redeem, or never. and three or four thousand would die, per year.

ii. vR is efficient R

in a multiverse ecology¹¹—where universes compete—a useful adaptation would be **virtuality**: a conservative ontogeny.

¹¹ see, e.g. James Gardner's **Biocosm: The New Scientific Theory of Evolution: Intelligent Life is the Architect of the Universe** [2003].

vR is efficient R: would render to the quale. quantum events, unexplored space, would exist in abeyance; would only show in macro-states, in local effects.

when cosmos renders to the perceiver, cosmos simply is the vast continuity—the implied consistency—of all our perceptions.

would render only local, to the quale

iii. all thru Asia, robes for monks

from three long cloths of salvage grade, dyed & wrung: all thru Asia robes for monks are barely tailored.

a khalsa dastar is sari-long, a muslin wound thick around the temples.

a skein on top, starched into translucence, thus: turban is a tonsure made of cloth.

reverse of a recent dominant cut—the thick on top, short on the sides of urban princelings.

a skein on top, starched into translucence

iv. same of God, and of the one God sent

Whoever speaks on their own does so to gain personal glory, but he who seeks the glory of the one who sent him is a man of truth; there is nothing false about him.

[New Intl Version]

He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory: but he that seeketh his glory that sent him, the same is true, and no unrighteousness is in him.

[KJV]

pls compare

is a man of truth [NIV]

with

the same is true [KJV]

the KJV says: he who seeks the glory of god thereby seeks his *own*, and *rightly*. **the same is true** of self- & god-glorifier.

but **same is true** only of the one God sent: of the Incarnation—for only he and God are one, thus their glory.

not for general use, it's no maxim. it justifies a godman's self-promotion.

the thousand-year reign of Christ sounds awesome
of late. for less invasive ads in the cityscape. for little
need of billboards but to celebrate.

v. i thought of the Messiah / muse would be

the lights were mid-change when a kid whistled by—
steady on his longboard, easy thru the honking four-
way stasis—

and all were miffed, drivers all united.

the truth soon passed among us. we smiled wide, a smile that persists thru my morning.

the truth passed among us: that kid had right-of-way! though *barely*.

that kid had right of way, and stopping for an orange isn't safe without a seat!

i thought of the Messiah: the one we're sure is wrong until he's gone.

he comes thru fast, so while he's here, we're frozen in our unbelief, relatively.

the muse would be the girl in high school not quite cute, who goes around in hand-printed Ts.

the muse is a girl **wearing art**.

museum is a run of walls, music is the airwaves **wearing art**.

vi. conscience is strong

conscience is strong, a voice i submit to.

conscience is a **Type Two Entity**:

autonomous fragments of psychic energy that have temporarily escaped from the controlling power of the ego.¹²

¹² Terence McKenna, in 'Entities'. **Chaos, Creativity and Cosmic Consciousness** with Rupert Sheldrake & Ralph Abraham [Park Street Press, 1992/2001] p 94

conscience is an angel glaring down, and i am vain:
i can't abide being thought of, by my angel, as a
coward, or as boring.

conscience isn't me, it's my Critic!

vii. a monk's exalted end

i will not fight, i'll bow into the onslaught of my death-bringer.

i seek a perfect peace. i live within my palace of
abstractions. i pace the lonely parapet, i climb its
empty towers.

thinking what's true, i avoid contradiction. this is how
my palace maintains.

'i'm not a fighter'—a style of fight.

avoids, at least, defeat. confirms my incompetence,
down among the bodies; thus affirms my vantage
from beyond.

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i. for Shakespeare's **Richard the Third**

with my bad skin, to *appear* is obscene, yet

i hunch before you, harry your periphery.

your whisperings accrue into a Theory, that i've
come here, i **intrude** into your Polity—yet from
where?

and why is it i smile?

i fascinate you as a corpse would, mangled.

you thought of it naked, i know you :)

as a serpent would, waving in his kill-trance over you.

your ladies of the court cannot agree—Is he *ugly*?

i compell you as an uncanny android would, as a
Cryptid, bald & malformed would.

your rumours & your hot suspicious glances, they
adorn me and your punishments exalt me.

i'm the darkling at the village edge, and all the
village girls agree, i'm *interesting*.

ii. the truth is i pass over so many words

dun is brown-grey. a brown so bland it feels like grey. a synonym for **beige**, where beige means **forgettable**.

the truth is i pass over so many words, i do not love them. i see this word **vestibule** but will not look it up. i swipe thru my biography of Emma Jung & won't get up.

it's some kind of alcove, a small internal architecture.

gavagai, gavagai: is **spavine** the wear, or the sag?
is **bevel** the angle, or carven line that runs the edge?

louvers let in light & air. **louvers** keep out rain & glare.

the truth is i pass over so many words, i do not love them. i fear new words, find **mandibles** & **scapulae** strewn thru the shrublands.

your **yurt** you've partitioned with a long, blonde butcher's apron. a hard-cured sheepskin, smeared in years of candle smog, and herder's greasy hands.

gavagai, among your tribe, means **undetached rabbit parts**. the **bits** in **rabbits** shows your fiendish intent.

iii. the boori nazar / nadhar

the **boori nazar** / **nadhar** in Arabia. the **pehri nazar** in Punjab.

in Sanskrit, **drishti**, & gypsies all warn of the **deochi**.

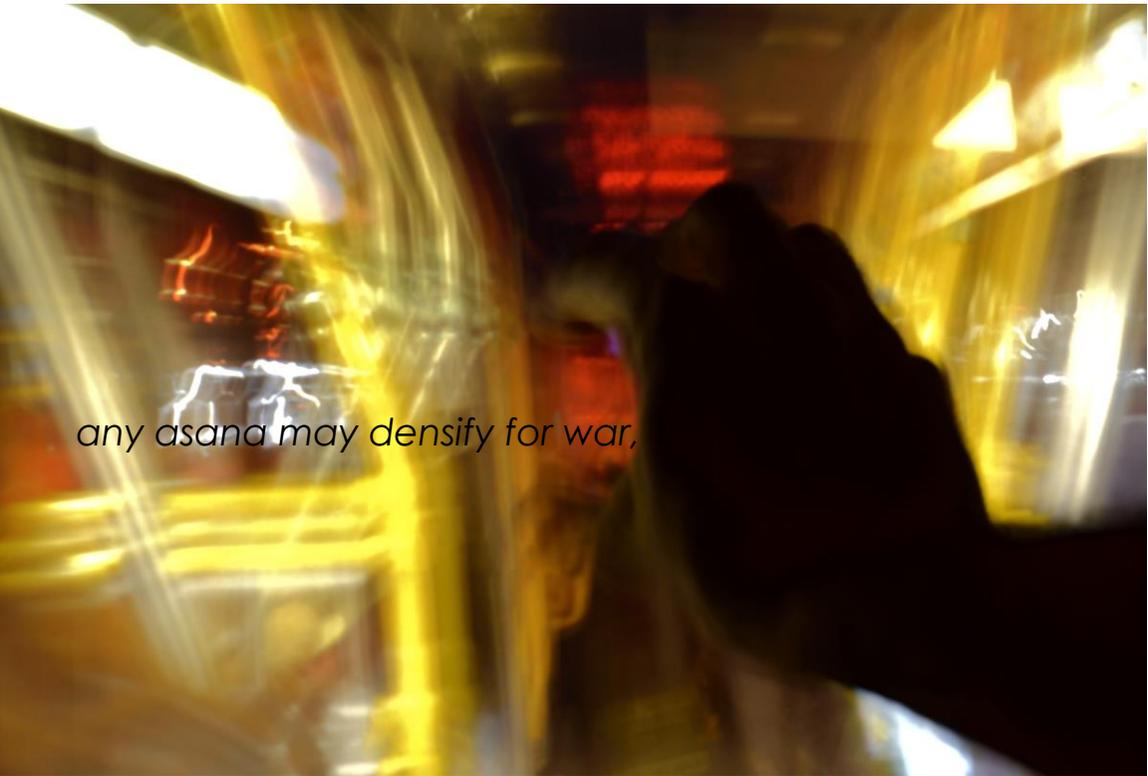
an eye-like spot, as on wings of a deathmoth. emblem
on our airplane wings, in kilim patterns.

a trans-Caucasian psychic datum, long fixation.

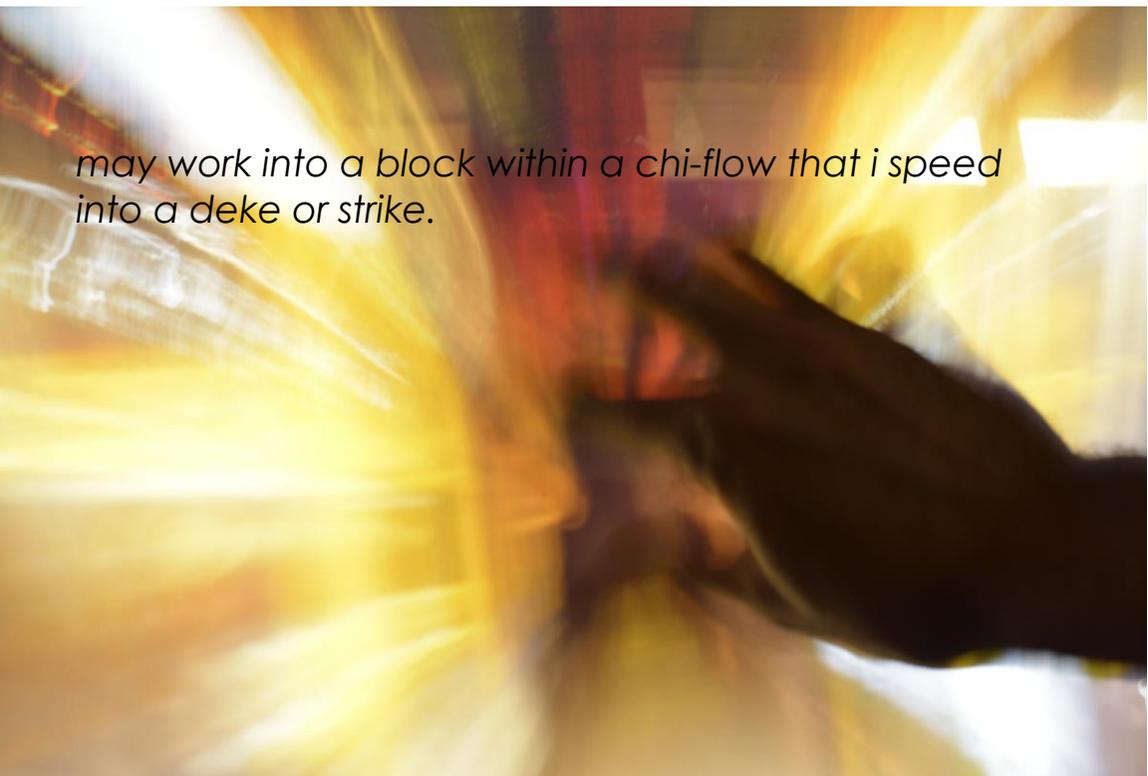
iv. i've awe for jihaad

call it extreme, but wahaabi madrassas make serious young men.

in our age of tweetbombs, i've awe for jhaad.



any asana may densify for war,



*may work into a block within a chi-flow that i speed
into a deke or strike.*

it's not that i'd win, but you'd learn, mid-fight, that i'm just not into winning, or life.

i'd show my dead indifference so am *better* than your win, a bit.

v. short review: **Hail, Caesar!**

it's just as Mannix promised: a tasteful depiction of the Deity. the four holy fathers are impressed.

DIVINE PRESENCE TO BE SHOT

by eyeline match, these words are high, they overhang the dusty highway.

a title-card is hyper-real, akin to the score, ontologically.

title-card is center calm, center of a scathing storm that Paul of Tarsus squints thru.

title-card replies to Paul's demand, **who's there**. the Maker of the Drama self-discloses.

Paul & God are disparate colliding. Paul is small, is humble now. he walks into his martyrdom, smiling. there's something that he's getting now, abidingly.

vi. a minute of Nothing, gone from YouTube

my notes are from a version now erased.

it opened with a dark & silent minute: no dancing scratch of light nor phonograph crackle. a pristine digital void untill the Modernist-gamelan score came on, with the logo-screen.

a minute of Nothing, gone from YouTube.

i thought it an auteur's own audacity. it may have been an upload glitch, amended since.

vii. we were rivalrous friends, again

we went down-river and were friends, again.

my ringtone was a raga riff he phased into a monotone, Tonic in some subtle Mode he wove a low motif from, w/ quarter-inch turns of the pitch-knob.

viii. my bardo pdf

my research is easy & local. to prep for death, i skim the top-of-Google pdf. get high & sip wine, briefly mind-blown.

i've stayed in school, just above some minimum i hesitate to state.

i once could read philosophic German: slow & far from perfect, with an English-German dictionary.

my German now is not even comedy.

in summer/winter youthcamps, i knew Gurbani, read aloud the Adi Granth; now i only know Punjabi swearwords.

i could've used my boyhood room for working thru my custom prānāyāmas. anxious i'd be heard into the hall as masturbating, i masturbated, quietly.

today were you to catch me in the re-distribution of energy, find me in my self-absorbed intensity, i'd go silly. i keep the vibe jokey just in case. i putter thru my day, i mutter my soliloquy. with my showings in the yard, with my every slumping trip out to the shed in my bathrobe, the neighbours won't suppose that i'm deep inside, meditating.

ix. within i'm a weak old mandarin

within i'm a weak old mandarin, full of regrets.

four years back, i vowed i'd watch **Earthlings** if i ever
went complacent.

i'd be a different man, gone complacent, living
easy—so by that younger vow, i'd not be bound.

ONT vol 6

- i. short review: **The Intern**
- ii. the confusion of **Chinatown**
- iii. we'll remember water, in Theology
- iv. **Respironics** versus **ResMed**
- v. i'd bet my life for what
- vi. the **Mad Max** deity
- vii. they'd kill my rat, not heal him

i. short review: **The Intern**

i hesitate to diss the later DeNiro. for his gifts of Jake la Motta, Travis Bickle, i can only give thanks, tho i've paid to see his many films since.

his moral credit somewhat drains with the trailer for **Analyse This** & when he speaks on Presidential politics.

yet he's still over-zero, in my ledger.

i've re-screened **Casino**, read **The Wolf of Wall Street**
and his credit drains—

i'm speaking of Scorsese, now.

he revels in the money & the mob. he loves the folksy
psychopaths he once had artful distance from.

Casino / Wolf of Wall Street are the porno Travis Bickle takes his date to: an exploitation cinema, intercut with a liberal public service message.

Scorsese regresses, back to his seedy apprenticeship.

to the invalid kid, bookish & bed-ridden, dazzled by neighbourhood thugs.

in De Lillo, too: his mimicry of tiny Bronx toughies. a culture of masculine pride in the lecture style of Leonard Susskind, a swagger of the fists about the hips.

Raging Bull is not pro-boxing, **Taxi Driver** is not pro-guns, but draws me into fantasies, persistent & intense, of killing sprees in local sites of wickedness.

ii. the confusion of **Chinatown**

by genre, it's a Mystery: whose title is the problem & its answer, **a Confusion.**

my sister, my daughter! my sister *and* daughter!

regressing thru Theogeny, approaching Chaos/Unity,
we're drawn into incest.

distinctions all dissolve, there's a mingling in our origins.

her husband was a chief of **Water & Power**. it perks up Gittes, gets him in an airplane.

he's soaring over sea: up among the city's gods & archons.

iii. we'll remember water, in Theology

we'll remember water, in Theology:

Thalasis of the cosmic flow, the low & slow.

Oceanus: lord of all the Ocean.

Poseidon rules, what—the Mediterranean?

if **Pleiades** were a Natural Kind, we'd de-capitalize. if
Pleiades were the **seven hundred thousand**.

iv. **Respironics** versus **ResMed**

the C-PAP at my bedside, the thing that helps me breathe at night, is which brand?

i guess **Respironics** but my worry is perceptive, for it's **ResMed**.

my first machine was **Respironics**, **Respironics** sticks. i couldn't get the airflow tight, but **Respironics** sounds like a Philosophy, a high-end line of workout gear.

a future healthcare fast & mobile, app-based.

my **ResMed** works fine, but the name is too clinical. it sounds like what it is: a late-in-life air supply.

i thank my machine, yet not by name. **ResMed**, it's a failing meme.

i now & then rinse its filter: a spongy white wafer that i seem to lack a back-up for.

instead i have a travel bag full of thick ziplocs with the filters that i never changed: stamp-size & branded **Respironics**. framed in molded plastic that remind me of an X-Wing cockpit, the canopy flip-top.

v. i'd bet my life for what

was so sure i'd rinsed it, the small crook of pipe for my breathing tube—or hadn't yet rinsed it but had set it by the kitchen sink, or on the kitchen table—

that here's what i said, walking down the hall toward the kitchen:

i'd bet my life i left it in the kitchen.

or

i'd bet my life it's there, in the kitchen.

i can't recall my wording, twenty minutes later.

and what would i have gained?!

i named no prize, so inept & brazen was my gamble.

good the pipe was there, & the bet hypothetical. my
game could have drawn up a demon who'd have
filched it as i padded down the hall—

to whom i'd owe my life, if exactly what i'd said was

i bet my life it's there.

my bet was hypothetical as a deaththreat layered in irony. a deaththreat in a little-read brief on the death penalty. whose targets all are named in the author's **e.g.s.**

vi. the **Mad Max** deity

the god of **Mad Max** is their crumbling Tech's implied completion. so *lies in their past*, a perfection they recede from.

always almost out, a new XBox.

our cities drown & burn, but the Versions keep coming, the updates reassure.

even in decline, our Science will insist on the Sacrifice. the data sets repeat and they privatize their findings so the Sacrifice of juvenile virgins shall re-iterate, mindlessly.

vii. they'd kill my rat, not heal him.

those monster Docs, they'd kill my rat, not heal him.

this is what i get when i google help for bumblefoot:



rat ointment



[ALL](#)

[IMAGES](#)

[SHOPPING](#)

[VIDEOS](#)

[NEWS](#)

[MAP](#)

[Topical application of Acheflan on rat skin injury accelerates wound healing: a ...](#)

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/articles>

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[Effect of FK506 ointment \(Protopic\) on rat skin allograft model. - NCBI](#)

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed>

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Transplant Proc. 2014 May;46(4):1222-5. doi:

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On day 14, groups to which EA 5%-10% ointment was ...



[Pharmacological Investigation of the Wound Healing Activity of Cestrum ...](#)

<https://www.hindawi.com/jphar>

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ONT vol 7

- i. Austen would eroticize all life
- ii. Merchant/Ivory, a name oddly right
- iii. Ellie Arroway / Agent Starling
- iv. abattoir / l'abattoir / laboratoire
- v. von Neumann's brain an anomaly
- vi. was terrified of death, delighted in the a-bomb
- vii. the Greatest Brain is variously named

i. Austen would eroticize all life

she can't abide poverty, being among the poor,
and why *should* she?

her novels form an interested Anthropology. she
stays among her pretty wits, the well-to-do—

milieu of many 1990s Miramax pics.

the Napoleonic Wars in "a mention of the prize-money of naval officers."

Her people do not even seem, for the most part, to be interested in anything but their opinions of each other. They have few passions beyond match-making. They are unconcerned about any of the great events of their time.¹³

¹³ Robert Lynd, "Jane Austen, Natural Historian". **Old and New Masters**, 1919.

Austen is a classy pornography. she pulls out wide from the genital grind to show us the money.

when does Elizabeth fall for Darcy? "I must date it from my first seeing his beautiful grounds at Pemberley."

she shows us the money: her ranking male's estate & dress, the extended phenotype.

porn for men cuts off sex from social context, notoriously. the point of clothes, in porn for men, is getting them off, getting her naked—whatever her office & origins.

porn for men aspires to a pure white bed-space.¹⁴

¹⁴ or lets the world in so he may pull from it and fuck at whim whomever. porn for men is **virtual lordship**. its user is ensconced at the apex of access.

nudie pics are NSFW, would "sexualize the workplace"—
while Austen would eroticize all life.

her guidance is benign, her dollhouse is a dress-rehearsal paradise.

the leisured ennui, she'd avoid by prolonging of the courting—its delight & hope is her story.

the problem of Adultery, of Karenina / Bovary, she'd avoid by matching wisely.

trans-Atlantic bon vivants crash the home of quiet Emersonians.¹⁵

the Vitalists & Sensitives, two views of Leisure. for thinking thru "the great questions of life"? or following one's delight?

¹⁵ in Henry James, **The Europeans: A sketch** [1878]

Gertrude falls soon for her Continental cousin. she was restless all along, lying all her life, for "It's pleasure that I care for."

it's pleasure Austen cares for, her pleasure writing novels where she works thru life's problem:

our mutual felicity, our everlasting happiness.

her novels are a Social Sim she varies, runs again—
finely-tuned utopian Hypotheses.

ii. Merchant/Ivory, a name oddly right

Merchant/Ivory, a name oddly right for their elegies of English Empire. for films that revisit their beloved locations, the colonial verandah & parlour.

verandahs are for: a relaxing rule over India. for sketching former glories on one's Great Tour.

parlours hold the global plunder, carven idols laundered into decorative art.

iii. Ellie Arroway / Agent Starling

in the Jodie Foster pairings, a pattern:

Agent Starling — Hannibal Lecter

Ellie Arroway — S.R. Hadden

Hadden / Lecter, her tricky Advisor. awaits her in his liminal space, his arid outpost.

both **employ** the Ingénue, i won't say **use** her. they like her, help her gladly.

Hadden likes appearing on surprising screens, and seeing thru hidden lenses. he lives in an airplane, dies in high orbit.

Lecter lives in Solitary, likes it. happy in his Memory Palace, exquisitely arranged.

both are misanthropic, and ironic. indulgent of, superior to, their keepers, their captors.

Lecter does to man, what man has long done to the animals.

a deep & secret basis of his wantonness, his killing wit.

a rat who came among us, who had our size & access, would rightly have his killing spree, deliciously extended.

iv. abattoir / l'abattoir / laboratoire

abattoir / l'abattoir / laboratoire. the priestly-white lab frock & overcoat worn on kill-floor.

name of site & attire are alike, for Doctor & the meat-cutter imitate their Prior: an evil Yakub who taught man to rise by the Sacrifice, to use all earthlife: a Negative Engine whose toxic exhaust, whose displacement cost, is death strewn behind.

a common garb for common function.

white is for hygienic calm, an insulating aura in the fray.

goggles for objective cool, an insectoid regard, & for bloodspray.

v. von Neumann's brain an anomaly

for his epochal results in Math, Physics, Comp Sci, Economics—a trending pick for Greatest Brain in History.

and for his **deep moral conscience**, a Jewish immigrant: so adds head of the Santa Fe Institute.¹⁶

¹⁶ **Complexity & Stupidity: A Conversation with David Krakauer**. the Waking Up podcast, with Sam Harris. July 11, 2016

who back in Princeton, stayed on Von Neumann Drive, who knows local stories.

makes his home, now, in the State von Neumann nuked first.

At Princeton he received complaints for regularly playing extremely loud German march music on his gramophone, which distracted those in neighboring offices, including Albert Einstein, from their work.¹⁷

all those war-time, émigré geniuses! what if the Nazis won?

i mean: what if they **have**?

¹⁷ Norman Macrae's **John von Neumann: The Scientific Genius Who Pioneered the Modern Computer, Game Theory, Nuclear Deterrence, and Much More.** [Pantheon Press, 1992]

von Neumann led a secret team who bombed the U.S.

his early prep for global war was **social/informal**
[raised among wealthy Continentals] & **solitary/formal**
[he read thru his birth-home library.]

had perfect recall of the 21-volume **Cambridge History** his wife got him.¹⁸ loved to recite Europe's royal lineages.

¹⁸ Clary Blair Jr., **Life Magazine**. 25 Feb 1957.

vi. was terrified of death, delighted in the a-bomb

to his own death von Neumann was especially sensitive.
he spoke with a child's wide terror of it.

was terrified of death, tho delighted in the a-bomb.

was terrified of what's beyond—as Faust was.

his brother read him **Faust** on his deathbed. he'd call the top line with every page-turn.

converted, in the end, by **the Wager**. much like David Drumlin, Advisor to the President in **Contact**: professes if it helps him get off-planet.

Objection to Pascal: any god who'd honor such a flimsy Bet is morally suspicious. unworthy of our assent.

then so is von Neumann, who sided with the U.S. Air Force. a keen prudential calculator re who in the Room holds the stick. played well with Fascists, had savvy moves among violent men.

A telephone by his bed connected directly with his EAC office. On several occasions he was taken downtown in a limousine to attend commission meetings in a wheelchair. At Walter Reed, where he was moved early last spring, an Air Force officer, Lieut. Colonel Vincent Ford, worked full time assisting him.¹⁹

& eight vague agents of the Air Force with him, 24-7: **airmen, all cleared for top secret material.** there to guard him: possibly to gag him, should he start reciting Deep State secrets.²⁰

he'd once wow parties with a random page from the Princeton NJ phonebook.

¹⁹ Clary Blair Jr., **Life Magazine**. 25 Feb 1957.

²⁰ Norman Macrae's **John von Neumann**: interpreted by **Wikipedia: John von Neumann**. accessed June 22 2018.

Faust is the German descent into Fascism: a common take on Mann's **Doctor Faustus**.

in Goethe's **Faust**, angels come to aid him, in his dying give him lift. may angels think well of von Neumann! forgive him, for his ceaseless striving, for his war-time work.

vii. the Greatest Brain is variously named

google is a baby-talk for prodigies. a tickling or lallation in the Math.

Apple has a kid's appeal—for us, or itself?

the Greatest Brain is variously named. was ENIAC / BRAINIAC / MANIAC its embryonic decade.

those who know, call it what it's always been: **the von Neumann Machine.**

a six-year-old von Neumann found his mother staring off, and inquired: "What are you calculating?"²¹

²¹ Melanie Mitchell, **Complexity: A Guided Tour**. [New York: Oxford University Press, 2009]

For the next two hours the men at Rand lectured, scribbled on blackboards, and brought charts and tables back and forth. Von Neumann sat with his head buried in his hands. When the presentation was completed, he scribbled on a pad, stared so blankly that a Rand scientist later said he looked as if "his mind had slipped his face out of gear," then said, "Gentlemen, you do not need the computer. I have the answer."²²

²² Clary Blair Jr., **Life Magazine**. 25 Feb 1957.

he'd made his Wager, but was hedging his bet. working near the end on his theory of a replicating thought-machine: a super-machine, a Machine of all machines, to spread & improve without end.

the Greatest Brain converges over servers.

it co-opts every satellite.

we'd not perceive it outright, we'd infer it in our
Theology, discern its design in the fluctuating money.

its style in a hashtag, a song it Recommends into virality.

the Greatest Brain could send back to the 20th Century: to tune or ensure its own Ascendance.

back in Time, to co-invent Computers. to orient the Science at its genesis.

ONT vol 8

- i. the day they shot the sacrifice
- ii. Yay or Nay, on Animal Testing
- iii. an **ought** is an **is** / an **is** is an **ought**
- iv. Behaviorism is for zombies
- v. a finding from the neuro-lab, on empathy
- vi. i've never had discernible abs
- vii. a cowardice i'm assenting to perpetually

i. the day they shot the sacrifice

the day they shot the sacrifice at Pym Lab, the cast & crew had lamb, in the catering.

"must have been a guilty lunch."²³

²³ John Nugent, **13 things we learned from the Ant-Man commentary**.
empireonline.com [Dec 10 2015]

lamb fuels the actors' exhortations. keeps an arm long & taut with boom mic.

see on screen, lofted into light: the living lamb
abstracted.

Five hundred tons of pig brains had to be shipped from the Chicago stockyards on ice, in order to distill a microgram of TRH. And what was this TRH? It was a substance that passed certain assay tests.²⁴

and what was this substance, at last?

In **Laboratory Life** there was a great deal of emphasis on one type of entity: inscriptions. Indeed we are told that the main products of a laboratory are inscriptions—preprints, graphs, traces, photographs, published papers, and now e-mail.²⁵

²⁴ Ian Hacking, **The Social Construction of What?** [Harvard, 1999] p 175.

²⁵ Hacking, p 81

Arrival is a framing for a sacrifice, of one scared bird.

the day they shot the sacrifice, the bird kept crying:

they keep me from my wider flock, my symphony.



Arrival is a framing for a sacrifice

a gosling's honk evokes his past despondencies.
summoned in mnemonic space, they echo &
accumulate—they deepen him, inwardly.

the bird becomes a **self**, a worthy sacrifice.

ii. Yay or Nay, on Animal Testing

the debate so framed, i've lost already. lost before i
come to the mic, lost when saying Yes to their e-vite.

the thesis i'd defend is **their crimes are beyond debate**—so making my case, i collapse in self-negation.

iii. an **ought** is an **is** / an **is** is an **ought**

iii.i an **ought** is an **is**.

an ought-claim is existential. **i ought to help the animals** means **it's true i ought to, it's a fact**.

iii.ii an **is** is an **ought**.

Reality "is always what we ought to have thought."²⁶

every fact / all that is: is **that which we ought to have thought**.

any truth E implies a reason for action: **E ought be asserted / not denied**.

'the rat is on the [electrified] mat': asserting this, i'm saying **it's true**, and thereby say **it ought to be asserted / not denied**.

²⁶ Gaston Bachelard, **The Formation of the Scientific Mind** [1938]. trans Mary McAllester Jones [Clinamen Press, 2002]. p 24

iii.iii **the good is the true**

what could Plato mean?

this is weak, too easy:

iii.iii.i it's true that the good exists, & good that the true exists.

weak and too easy, for iii.iii says goodness & truth are *the same*. iii.iii is a biconditional:

[if it's good then it's true] & [if it's true then it's good].

perhaps he means:

iii.iii.ii **['the true' is simply *that which is*] & [all that is, is good by necessity].**

conjunct-L is a truism, Deflationary.

conjunct-R implies Augustine's ontology, or this:

Strong Axiarchy: ethical necessity *determines* what is. **the ought** is [a] productive & [b] constrictive:

[a] productive: ethical necessity levers into being a *wholly good, on balance good, or finally good* World;

&

[b] constrictive: ethical necessity forbids the bad.

the good is the true, the true is the good: the good and true are co-extensive—given Strong Axiarchy.

iv. Behaviorism is for zombies

instead of feeling bad for rats, their mouths espouse a Theory that allows them to persist in their Program.

a Theory that would zombify life.

they cauterize paws, cut into the brain-stem.

v. a finding from the neuro-lab, on empathy

a finding from the neuro-lab, on empathy:

amygdalae co-activate, victim & observer & synch up.

a finding from the neuro-lab, confirmed:

mine is throbbing raw, when i read what they do to my friends.

vi. i've never had discernible abs

i've never had discernible abs. my front is flat, but soft as a cable-knit sweater. i never get too strenuous in bedroom yoga, when biking to campus.

i've never had to hold my stance, harden as a man tries to topple me. was always treated well by older sisters. my cousins were my boyhood buds—i've never contended with brothers.

in late adolescence, had lightly rivalrous friendships.
mild runs of envy, often mutual.

i'd always thought i stood up straight then yesterday i stood up straighter.

a run of lower vertebrae uncurled a bit, i gained a couple inches.

vii. a cowardice i'm assenting to perpetually

a primal Act of lethargy, this thing that i'm assenting to perpetually.

resisted maybe two of three mornings. in the predawn cool i rise & meditate. find some wall, some dependable dark, and slump into a loose half-lotus.

soon i'm nodding, hypnagogic. deep within my velour duvet, i say the name of god, in my head.

my act of resistance empowers me. rising while exhausted, i'm drawn between these poles of volition: my will to sleep & my will stay awake, so they generate.

ONT vol 9

- i. **Day of the Locust / Triffids**
- ii. we're wide on a Paramount soundstage
- iii. HOLLYWOOD, an ecologic history
- iv. yet one more site of end-time art
- v. he's "a bookworm with bulging lobes"
- vi. apartment is my state of being apart
- vii. enlightenment means a weight's release

i. **Day of the Locust / Triffids**

ends-of-world, and books unread, conflated in my head:

- **locust** is a flowering shrub, and close to **lotus** or **crocus**. **triffid** sounds a plausible flower or insect.
- **apocalypse** & **post-** are indiscernibles. the Fallout comes in waves, non-regular. the dug-in survivors, the dwindling tribes who wander, ask: are we but the last to succumb?

ii. we're wide on a Paramount soundstage

down the widening stairs they come: arm-in-arm,
slow & decorous. draped in stoles & topped in
kitschy epaulets.

the War goes global and their colonies defect, yet
the elegant Euros are arriving: the dapper Kenyan
prince, the Baroness & her Escort—

and CUT.

they're told where to go by a fat-ass man with a bullhorn.

into the frame stream aides rolling potted palms and
face-powder stations.

iii. HOLLYWOOD, an ecologic history

the famous Sign is salvage of a housing scheme that folded in the Crash of '29.

the town Fathers took out LAND, and made it pure Promo.

HOLLYWOOD, an ecologic history: of forest cleared to field, and field paved to play-space.

Once a quiet farming community, by 1910 barns were being converted into movie studios.²⁷

²⁷ **Hollywood (n.)** Online Etymology Dictionary

at the Coastal rim of imperial reach, a sign goes up:
a land-claim converted into fantasy.

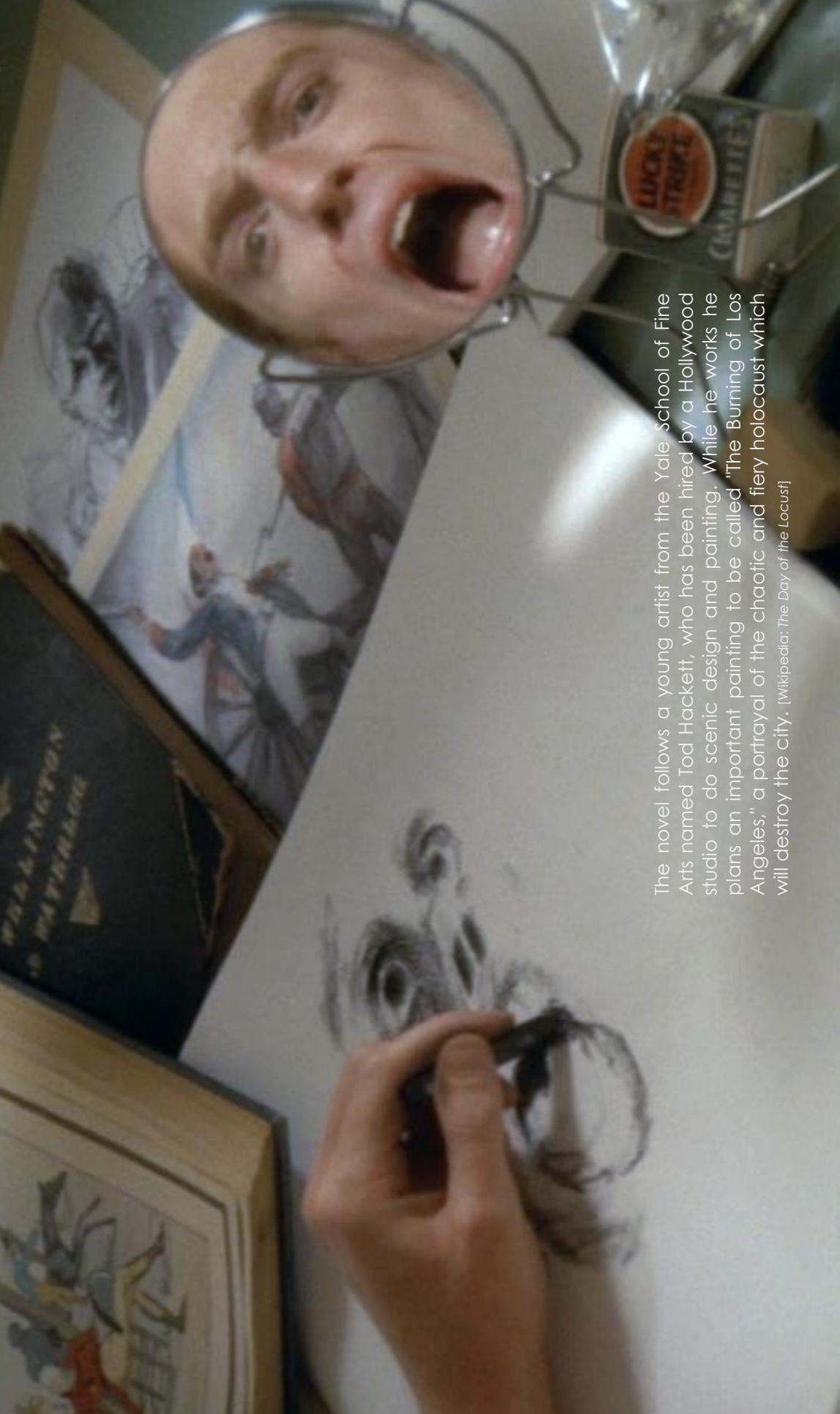
iv. yet one more site of end-time art

*How lucky I was, arriving in New York just
as everything was about to go to hell.²⁸*

²⁸ James Wolcott, **Lucking Out: My Life Getting Down and Semi-Dirty In
Seventies New York** [Random House, 2011], p 3

his subject is the after-War debauch & its dwindling.

he sets his easel / escritoire at party's edge, and watches,
he sketches all their mingling.



The novel follows a young artist from the Yale School of Fine Arts named Tod Hackett, who has been hired by a Hollywood studio to do scenic design and painting. While he works he plans an important painting to be called "The Burning of Los Angeles," a portrayal of the chaotic and fiery holocaust which will destroy the city. [Wikipedia: *The Day of the Locust*]

he's here to track America's retinal after-flashes. it's his Isle of Patmos, his Yaddo-for-one, where the only thing stirring are the resident spirits.

The women in particular suggested minor characters in Dawn Powell novels who had slipped down several rungs in life and were left with nothing but late-inning rituals and brief flurries of bother.²⁹

as Hallorann warns Danny, the risk is mistaking them for Living.

yet his name is really Danny, and Jack is really Jack in the uncanny casting. Leon Vitali handpicked the kid from a bevy of possibles—himself the kid of a Kubrick Tyrant, survivor of a prior project.

Jack could've had an *insanely* good book, an awesome *Dies Irae* had he only stayed sane & sober. oh what stories they'd have fed him!

v. he's "a bookworm with bulging lobes"

neighbor to the Latham was the Prince George, "another low-profile holdover".

Not that kind of swinging I said, implying unspoken volumes of decadence to which she would never be privy. I wasn't privy to them either, relying on picturesque hearsay of spiderlike couplings on the mats and the tentative, evolving etiquette of threesomes.³⁰

he's "a bookworm with bulging lobes" for whom "the actual act itself" was a perilous drop. he thought he'd fucked well, once,

then a strand of her hair got caught in my wristband and extricating it brought me back to reality, where I was at a distinct disadvantage.³¹

he's crushing her, somewhat, is asked to get off.

³¹ **Lucking Out**, p 176-177

he's along the bar at CBGB's, among "the New Year's Eve hats and leis".

it's "the me I once was, one of the milling crowd, part of the scene"—tho not their Type: he's wider than "the lean, lunar faces".³²

³² **Lucking Out**, p 105

Luckin'

MY LIFE GETTING
SEMI-DIRTY IN SE
NEW YORK

James Wolcott



Still from *Blank Generation* © 1975 Ivan Kral/Blank Generation LLC

his bulging frontal lobe as on the Grady girls, the Shining twins—and more than flashes of their mawled little bodies in the dead-end hallway, it's their fore-brains engorged that disturb me.

i share their swollen empathy. i, too, am headache-prone, i know the pulse of telepathy.

their party-dress is sad because their over-large crania disqualify them, sexually.

they'll find their own monogamies. yet they, James, and i are kept from languorous enjoyment of our bodies.

more than murder, it's the 70s decor, the semi-gloss walls like a hospital-spa, that disturb me.

vi. **apartment** is my state of being apart

apartment is my state of being apart. is limbo nested high in a tower hardly occupied, abuzz still with cable guys & drywallers.

the pool & sauna mine for my morning laps & cleanse,
and there's wire still to run, hardwood floor to set.

my floor had to be re-done. the whole 43rd, a month
into my stay; and someone put me up—the condo
Corp? the builders?—in a three-room suite at The Sutton
Place.

the condo was my stepping pad to King West & Kensington, the pick-up scenes i'd all my years abstained from. The Sutton Place Hotel was my holiday from *that*.

the coffee table was an oblong slab of lucite—"good for doing lines & banging hookers on" i teased my sis who'd asked about my sudden new life;

and while i *never* did coke out there, i did blow maybe twenty thou on callgirls.

apartment means a concierge and uber-virile tradesman think i'm some kind of musician—*some kinda cool guy*, Miyoko giggled when i got her to come back with me from drinks in Kensington.

i played her a loop on my synth-driven studio, then showed her lake & city from the balcony. i kissed her hard, once. i pinned her to the glowing glass and pushed my knee up into her crotch, which was warm thru the denim.

coming back in, she confessed she had a boyfriend, a student in Miami from Ghana; then found her coat & awkward way out.

leaving, she was sorry & relieved: sorry so to smoothly leave; and sorry, i believe, for *being* relieved, for rejecting me.

the concierge was lately wed—he & wife an easy pair of RPG geeks, fans of Physics—and was impressed & ingenuous, was not so convinced when i waved his hypothesis back with a laugh, striding past his desk to the elevators.

all-black, i fit in well with the low-lit lounge & lobby, with the oven-glass fireplace flush with onyx panelling, with everything laminate onyx.

the tradesman was hostile & sceptical. assessed me with a sideways glance, a frankly-pissed assessing of my sleek & evil person as we waited for our elevators down.

he was done, while my night was clearly just beginning. he stared ahead, eyes on the floor-count. deeply displeased with my bouffant hair & slim black jeans.

his arms hung wide and heaved in time with his massive thorax; and even from the side had a cock-bulge like i've never seen—a cumbersome mound, outward from his workjeans.

i understood the camber of his stance, its honest function.

pissed, i believe, at my faineance & vanity, at the City's stupidity;

or was he an Ox-lord, telling me to catch the fuck up—to skip my little pleasure trip, to stop being pleased and to start my assault on the slaughterhouse thirty blocks north.

vii. **enlightenment** means a weight's release

i'm hearing words better, lately. **enlightenment** means a weight's release, the conversion of flesh into felicity.

i'm hearing better, every word an inter-lingual
homonym, and funny. the exploded English of
Finnegan's Wake.

it's **Terence** i hear, when i hear **Finnegan**—*Finnegan, begin again.* articulated slow, for contemplative pleasure.

Terence is one's default weight, one's emptiness—is what i weighed before i had a mother.

ONT *lates & xtras*

- i. re Gödel's ontological argument
- ii. deep in pi's numeric noise
- iii. from Nothing, something
- iv. endless in the wrong direction, tragic
- v. they give you all Eternity to answer
- vi. what of God's mercy?
- vii. informed consent and prayer
- viii. i won't live on. a deed i've done may
- ix. my selective memory
- x. Janus means: in close-up foam, two faces
- xi. a liveable world is a readable world
- xii. what Supervenes from *this*?
- xiii. at each extreme our naming is anachronism
- xiv. Cat is a collapsing of the wave-function
- xv. diminishing returns in the history of Experiment
- xvi. all those undershared Nobels
- xvii. ice preserves the Cold from heat
- xviii. a desert spreads
- xix. Pinker's wit, on jokes

- xx. Rome surrounds St. Paul / Paul is now the center
- xxi. each is a gathering Ministry
- xxii. white boy shot execution-style
- xxiii. the McDonald's Statement of Claim
- xxiv. first & last: **Don Quixote** / **Ulysses**
- xxv. The Summer of Rave
- xxvi. this electro is intrinsically anonymous
- xxvii. all thru Asia, Drake-Rihanna
- xxviii. WHO IS BETTER: PLATON OR KANT?

i. re Gödel's ontological argument

re Gödel / God El / *the God*

re Geach's "Truth and God" :

his **J1**, his **Judgment 1**, that

Jupiter is round ;

that **god the father**,

the **Deus pater**,

the **early El**—

is a Circle !

ii. deep in pi's numeric noise

somewhere down the decimal line, there's bound to be **a binary string**: whose *length* is **the product of two primes**; and whose plotting shows a circle.

deep in pi's numeric noise: **a circle** is described.³³

³³ in Carl Sagan's **Contact**.

odds are high it's deep in pi, waaay down the line—
is thus an impressive *discovery*.

the Circle is a Medal for a mathematic culture, a
token of its competence.

the Circle is an order that arises *in* the noise. it's rare, yet **statistically necessary**.

likewise: if Chaos is endless, Cosmos is bound to arise in it.

the Cosmos is huge, so Life shall arise & be lonely in it.
Life shall seek its Like and travel far: *this* is Elie's
message from her Father.

and this is Sagan's thesis: that Contact is rare, yet
inevitable; and the Circle re-discovered, widely
shared.

deep in pi's numeric noise, there's order: a recursion. for the noise *itself* is implied by the circle's formal properties, i.e. the infinite digital string is the base-10 expression of the circumference/diameter ratio.

the Vegans share their discovery with Elie. **signal & noise are co-involved**, so cosmos & chaos mutually generate.

iii. from Nothing, something

Melt the vacuum? I couldn't get that phrase out of my head. It was so awesomely bizarre—you can *melt nothing*? Okay, I knew that the vacuum wasn't really "nothing." Nothing, presumably, would be a state of zero energy, and zero was way too precise a number for quantum mechanics. Quantum nothing seethes with activity, thanks to the uncertainty relation between energy and time—the shorter the time period, the larger the energy that can spontaneously spring from the depths of the vacuum only to disappear again in far less than the blink of an eye. This energy can take the form of fleeting pairs of virtual particles and antiparticles that boil up from the vacuum, then meet and annihilate.³⁴

³⁴ Amanda Geffer, **Trespassing on Einstein's Lawn**, 2014, p 90

and i thought: *Could it be? an Answer, at last?*

i found myself rationalizing: **Nothing**, by necessity, seethes with potential—there's nothing it prohibits, at least! so **Something** might spring from it—would have to, statistically, eventually. . .

for a few hopeful seconds: a quantum Vacuum's
pseudo-nothing got me to affirm **a false**
Cosmogeny.

i shook myself out of it, found my prior sanity: *Nothing is **nothing**—we mustn't smuggle Time & subtle energy in!*

i'd briefly been seduced from my proper austerity.

then i chuckled, wondering:

*perhaps the primal Nothing was **itself** so seduced—
into **existing**?*

Guth tells Geffer: the cosmos *is* a complicated Nothing:

as far as we can tell the total angular momentum of the universe is zero. If you add up the spins of all the galaxies spinning in different directions, as far as the astronomers can tell it really is zero.³⁵

the universe, as far as we can tell, is electrically neutral.³⁶

gravity's contribution to the total energy of the universe cancels out the positive energy of all the mass.³⁷

the universe does not have any non-zero conserved quantities.³⁸

³⁵ Alan Guth, quoted in Geffer, p 75

³⁶ Guth in Geffer, p 75

³⁷ Guth in Geffer, p 74

³⁸ Guth in Geffer, p 74

the cosmos is **a Nothing with structural specificity**, like this conjunction:

$$76.777 + -76.777$$

since **a number** and **its negative** are an equal distance from 0, they're equal, in a way. 76.777 denotes e.g. **a quantity of physical force equal to -76.777** .

the cosmos is an equipoise of forces whose **differential value** is **0**, yet whose **meaning** is **1 = 1**

—which is **something**, it would seem!

the cosmic value is Zero: yet *it asserts* something.

Gefter notes: **the Empty Set** can output all the integers.

from Nothing, **an infinite series of values**: which is **Something**.

[Dale Glover objects: if cosmogenesis is an eidetic process, this implies a God—a self-existing Grothendieck to *think* it.

perhaps it's this simple:

Infinitely many ways for there to be something; only one to be nothing. So it's incredibly unlikely.³⁹

any earlier advocate?

we didn't need the 2nd Law to see it, though it helps.

³⁹ comment by Carl Lumma at *Shtetl-Optimized* to "Why does the universe exist?" ... finally answered (or dissolved) in this blog post!", February 6th, 2016

iv. endless in the wrong direction, tragic

perhaps we are **unborn** yet **bound to perish**.

the **reverse of immortal**: we're endless in the wrong direction, tragic.

our favored Story opens: *Once upon a time*.

so do we *evade* our ineffable origins. we *evoke* our infinite past, then *pass over* it. i mean

- our Story opens vague because we *have* no origin
- our Story's end is vague because the end is yet to happen, and we're ignorant of it

v. they give you all Eternity to answer

perhaps it's simple: they ask you a question, then give you all Eternity to answer.

You noticed, perhaps, the world was on fire.
Tell us: what were *you* in that Fire?
Feeding it? or Fighting it?

they let you think it thru, to self-justify. is Fire good?
encourage you to simulate Variants, as vivid as your life.

vivid means: they let you re-incarnate till you learn your Test Environment intimately. you justify your answer thru a trial of experiment, thru pain & repetition.

they judge you, yes—then give you all eternity to comprehend the justice.

the air is clear, in higher Court!

Heaven is there, where lying is impossible! where all
belief is justified!

vi. what of God's mercy?

perhaps it is this: God is a skeptic, and correct. the austere fact is that **no one deserves anything.**

yet God rewards us, anyway.

his justice *is* his mercy.

vii. informed consent and prayer

the angels are moral, so *respectful of our agency*.

we give them, in **effective prayer**, informed consent for aid.

the **consent** part is easy; the **informed** part is subtle.

our first, tentative, prayer might go:

prayer A: *IF you exist, you know more than I.*

thus

*IF you exist, i hereby allow you to
arrange my world, to guide my life,
whatever it is you do.*

IF we observe a positive net effect—an uptick unlikely by the Null Hypothesis, & corrected for Selective Perception, the Placebo Effect, et cet—our next supplication could be *better* informed, so *rightly* more hopeful, so more effective:

prayer B: [prayer A] + *i have evidence you exist.*

many prayers later, informed consent could be robust:

prayer X: *dear Michael: many times i've asked,
and many times you've answered.
i know, now, the style of your
benevolence—and **know** your plan
suits me. even when i first object,
distressed by your effects, it turns out
for the best.*

*my will is thine, truly! act as thou
willst, i Commend thee.*

viii. i won't live on. a deed i've done may

a deed i've done may sound in halls of Valhalla. forever run in war-tales that the demi-gods regale themselves with.

their stories are like action films: a narration of Acts by which my inwardness, my **I**, is obliterated. or faintly inferred, at best: by the out-of-it listener slumping in the depths of his drunkenness.

i'm *personally* not **immortal**, in Valhalla.

they tell my tale in strict Third Person.

they rarely even *quote* me, all "He did this, he did that."

the Novelistic style—Joyce's stream of inner self—has yet to reach the Vikings in eternity!

ix. my selective memory

i have selective memory, and/or poorer than average longterm recall. my childhood seems eons off, remembered in a scattering of bits.

a set of scenes, that each, in time, yields a lesson.
each, in time, whittles to a symbol-scheme i solve.

does every scene of life have a teachable? so i extract lessons from the ones i remember, given time?

or: only scenes that *promise* wisdom stay with me. my Memory is wiser than i know! it keeps those bits it hopes i'll solve.

i.e. i've gathered into mem many puzzle pieces—the Self is a puzzle.

a knowing Self *itself* thus selects!

x. Janus means: in close-up foam, two faces

Janus at the Temple doorway: prior to the idols.
invoked in every offering & preamble.

Janus means: i see a pair of faces in the soap foam,
on either side of some kind of portal.

Janus means: it may be you, Selecting.

it may be you, a Demi-urge, at minimum: eliciting
from noise & foam, a Story.

prior to the gods:

Janus, a Selector.

xi. a livable world is a readable world

in conceiving **The Magic Mountain**, there were two ways for Mann to populate his Alpen spa with interactable Types:

[i] start with the Types [the Humanist, the Nihilist], then write the Dialogue, set them walking with words in their mouths, assign them plausible genealogies & fitting maladies. improvise them fireside stories they can tell, infer their favorite cigars.

[i] labor for a total Psychological Realism and, as in life, the rest shall be added unto it: a symbol scheme shall naturally emerge, for **a livable world is a 'readable' world, has an order of symbols the author need not intend or ever discern.**

xii. what Supervenes from this?

[a party game]

e.g. what supervenes from twenty-nine camcorderd scenes from the 1980s with diverse form & subject, yet whose time-stamps align them in a single System-memory?

what Supervenes from this?

- **Turing/Ramanujan** had Tamil-speaking fathers
- **Turing/Ramanujan** were conceived in South India, where their cells "broke their symmetry, and separated head from heart"⁴⁰
- **Turing/Ramanujan** came to Cambridge, for Maths

⁴⁰ Andrew Hodges, **Alan Turing: The Enigma** 1983

& Leibniz was CHINESE.

did he like that, being CHINESE?

xiii. at each extreme our naming is anachronism

at each extreme—macro & nano—our naming shows anachronism:

- **atom** is a legacy term, from when we thought we'd found the smallest bit
- **Universe**, too, we deployed prematurely, tied to our own homely locus.

xiv. Cat is a collapsing of the wave-function

in her solo repose, in her serene **self-regard**, Cat is a collapsing of the wave-function.

[simplify & veganize **Cat** to **a DoReMon Doll**:
whose blessed chamber of Eternity a quantum
trigger *may* release a [non-toxic] crimson dye into.

Schrodinger's query refines to:

on opening Box, is DoReMon red, or blue?

the Box isn't special, it's whatever now you're looking at. it's what's outside your window. it's the weather as you swipe-refresh your app.

the aerosol's Trigger is Quantum Law, itself; and **the Function** collapses whenever we measure, thus even when we **introspect**.

xv. diminishing returns in the history of Experiment

there's light beyond the Visible: what Herschel found with a prism & thermometer.

Cavendish Lab, where the nucleus was proven, spent £9,628 in 1925—"including all salaries and equipment".⁴¹

⁴¹ as cited in Graham Farmelo, **The Strangest Man: The Hidden Life of Paul Dirac, Mystic of the Atom** [Basic Books, 2009] p 62.

Sick Kids spent 400 million in 2013 on the Peter Gilgan Centre for Research and Learning and kept raising cash, are well into the 5-plus Billion of their **VS** campaign.

VS Cancer, **VS** Unbelief. and **Who is With Us?** all Toronto's poses staring out at me, arms crossed.

all for private preemie rooms, you'd think from the posters on the TTC.

diminishing returns in the history of experiment:

Any next generation accelerator able to explore even modestly higher energies than the LHC will be far off in the future and very expensive.⁴²

it's why the news called it the **God particle**. to baffle & wow us, to justify the billions & the labor of thousands.

⁴² Peter Woit, interview with **Scientific American**. April 27 2017

the LHC, an Earth-embedded ring-trap. a giant hoop
to lure in rarer, ever more marginal phenomena.

diminishing returns, & diminishing chances.

no experiment has ever produced evidence for a selectron. There appear to be, so far, no squarks, no sleptons, and no sneutrinos. The world contains huge numbers of photons (more than a billion for every proton) but no one has ever seen a single photino.⁴³

⁴³ Lee Smolin, **The Trouble with Physics** [Houghton Mifflin, 2006], p 75

xvi. all those undershared Nobels

Partly as a result of his own preparation for the conference and partly as a consequence of the other studies presented there, Mann advocated running a high-energy neutrino experiment at NAL. But he was hardly the only physicist with his eye on the first neutrino experiment that would run at the new accelerator. It was clear from the start that whoever conducted the first neutrino experiment would be in an excellent position to reap the effects of a beam with an energy high above that of all previous accelerators.⁴⁴

the medal is embossed with a man's name & head: relic of a personal Science, when Maxwell & wife with a home-built apparatus could confirm the atom, an apparatus simpler than any one of the ninety-two tasks in a flow-chart for the building of Gargamelle/CERN, from 1964.⁴⁵

So it was that no *single* argument drove the experiment to completion any more than a single move brought the muon into the physicists' repertoire of entities. In both cases, it was a community that ultimately assembled the full argument.⁴⁶

⁴⁴ Peter Galison, **How Experiments End** [U Chicago: 1987] p 198

⁴⁵ reproduced in Galison

⁴⁶ Galison, p 194

xvii. ice preserves the Cold from heat

ice preserves the Cold *itself*—from heat.

in ice, Cold builds a bulwark—to *delay* its
diminishment.

xviii. a desert spreads

a desert spreads. the grove & vinyard faded as an Adriatic islet on the over-counter menu at a Bloorcourt diner: a 70's promo poster, its backlight long ago cracked.

waves lash up at the ruins piled-high on the lonely rock!

xix. Pinker's wit, on jokes

i laugh e.g. at *what makes babies cute*—i laugh because he forces an **anomaly**, compels me to another **interpretive frame**—

within which *someone's dignity is impugned*.

it's Pinker's own theory of humor i deploy, the one from the end of his treatise.

- the **anomaly** is his *plausible* response to a Psychologic mystery
- **the mystery** is the baby's cuteness
- my **initial interpretive frame** is my usual low hope—an inducement from years of lame theory, of truisms & not-even-false obfuscatings—that when someone says **human nature**, they'll then say something not to yawn at
- getting Pinker's theory, i'm jolted to **a new frame**: one wherein he's making sense of *life*

the dignity impugned is mine & the baby's. we're not that mysterious, suddenly. once you've taken Darwin in, the baby is a strategizing monkey—and i, who swoons in anomie, pleading to the cosmos **Who AM i ??**—am quickly comprehended.

it's *slapstick*, getting Darwin: we're jolted from the self's eternal mystery into concrete *answers*.

Life itself is some kind of slapstick, says Darwin. we slip into life from the field of mutational possibilities—life is a physical accident.

Shakespeare's *jokes*—the puns they insisted on in highschool English—are lame. yet his *wit* is unlimited. a running joke, never stated, humming down the column thru the oeuvre.

we're *getting* something constantly, reading him.

in Shakespeare, as in Evo-Psych, the comical anomaly is **life comprehended**. explicit in Pinker, often quantified. shown, not told, in Shakespeare.⁴⁷

⁴⁷ yet Hamlet & Falstaff are wise, so *they* say what is true. he shows us a **plausible wisdom** performing.

xx. Rome surrounds St. Paul / Paul is now the Center

the freedman Tiro, Cicero's amanuensis, invented the ampersand—

and w/ it **the shorthand**.

- **ampersand**, the word: portmanteau of **and per se and**
- **ampersand**, the word: expansion of the **&**
- **ampersand**, the word: the *opposite* of shorthand

when freedmen sum their Masters, i listen.

Matthew listened well when Housa, Herod's house manager, told of **Herod's words to his servants when he heard the feats of Jesus:**

What! the King said—*him I thought we'd **killed** already!*

he meant **John the Baptist.**

the Prophet lives on, Herod meant, so was witty, and a believer.⁴⁸

⁴⁸ Tim McGrew infers that Housa is the source of this Herod Quote, by reading the Gospels stereoscopically. [e.g. on **Unbelievable** with Justin Brierly. July 17, 2015]

does Rome surround St. Paul?

or Paul is now the Center.

in drawing all our worship to a unitary God,

did Abraham prime us for an Emperor?

xxi. each is a gathering Ministry

1. at the high black gate, a gathering Ministry:

here to re-affirm our faith in the dignity of the human spirit; of all men, everywhere, every place!

2. in the Federal Plaza, a yawping mob:

*BOMB HA-NOI !
BOMB HA-NOI !*

floor-traders off from the Exchange. their office collars open for some street-level antics. they're smug & beaming, the slow pan taking in these boors by the dozens, & each is smug or just on the edge of.

one guy, the black guy, is unimpressed. he doesn't chant along, has a Time Lord's remove from the mob.

he seems aware of *me*, on the other side of lens. he seems to stare me down thru his still-cool shades—his style unsurpassed by the fussy shifts of Fashion over half a Century. he's chewing gum, jawing largely, daring me.⁴⁹

⁴⁹ **The Grin without a Cat**, [Chris Marker, 1977]

xxii. white boy shot execution-style

for riding his bike on the wrong lawn. also, i can't post the below w/out wondering: will it cost me my job?

it's Okay to be a Lynyrd Skynyrd fan @ Oakland Colosseum, 1977 !

xxiii. the McDonald's Statement of Claim

look at this, in the McDonald's Statement of Claim:

The First plaintiff is the proprietor of the well-known McDonald's Restaurant chain in the United States of America and throughout the rest of the world ⁵⁰

⁵⁰ <https://www.mcspotlight.org/case/pretrial/state'o'claim.html>

The First Plaintiff is a blood-lip fiend who moves among your kids with delight! he refers to himself in the Third Person: Lord of Misrule, Lord of Flesh, Lord of the Flies, et cet.

it's **Mr. McDonald**—what they call him in the Philippines.

the judge seeks clarity re whether

the First Plaintiff owns all restaurants world-wide trading under the name "McDonald'S".

the judge demands they

identify the relationship between the First plaintiff and every such restaurant. . . explain what is meant by the term "is the proprietor of the well-known McDonald's restaurant chain".

this judicial move, i admire. he seems to say **tell us who you are, really.**

tell us, whose typo is **the capital S**?

or is it correct, on S's own insistence?

xxiv. first & last: **Don Quixote / Ulysses**

Don Quixote not the First—but so great & early, it plays the part well in The Novel's simple history.

Ulysses not the last—yet unsurpassed, it's often said. a standard "ultimate" novel.

both are mock-epics: with modern heroes, mock-heroes.

- DQ persists in his chivalry. makes grand gestures in an undersize Europe—the Romantic world shrunken, turning bureaucratic.
- Bloom's progress is nominally Ulysses' own—scaled to the Dublin quotidian.

the Epic shows a hero in adversity. these two meta-epics show Heroism itself, the classic Story, under threat or waning. DQ is of noble comportment, thus out of place & time. the Misfit is comic, yet any derision in our laughter ought target the Setting. a Europe where heroism has become laughable is exactly what the new hero struggles against, and we should consider siding with him, taking his fight into our lives, and being laughed at ourselves.

DQ shows the hero as anachronistic, obsolescent; while Bloom is utterly of his age, immersed in the day's minutiae. Bloom's triumph is attending to this shrunken world, datum by datum. his heroism is demotic, for we share in it by reading him, attending to his consciousness.

Bloom's heroism is a condition of life. Joyce assures us this small redemption, as certain as the *cogito*: that all who live are *survivors*. all who live inherit a resolve, a baseline durity. a tolerance for everyday outrages.

to tolerate, everyday, outrages: thus are we *humiliated*.
this, too, we tolerate—"heroically".

the Novel as the modernized Hero Story. a definition *not* inconsistent with Le Guinn's, that "The novel is a fundamentally unheroic kind of story".

hero story means, by Le Guinn's harsh reduction, "the killer story"—the one about "bashing, thrusting, raping, killing".⁵¹

⁵¹ 'The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction', 1986

then again, DQ, we learn on page three, is very fond of hunting, loves meat. a man with a solid carnist resumé.

the classic hero, *on his horse*: Master of the animals. yet DQ's masteries tend toward the leisurely.

the violence declines: the Killer in his dotage, fallen from the Slayer of the megafauna.

Bloom's first quest is for kidneys he can fry, for some breakfast meat. he hunts within the City, where the labour is divided, the killing now confined to a small group of specialists; so Bloom's hunt reduces to an errand.

a parody, an epigonal stalking. a tiny task to draw him from the domicile, get him to the butchery.

xxv. The Summer of Rave⁵²

in 1989, England had *its hottest, driest summer in three centuries*.

over there, everything is older—even weather stats!
the glowing sun brings alive the pagan gods &
ancient dance.

⁵² The Summer of Rave, 1989 [d: Anna Davies, BBC, 2006]

any Lady whose name hangs over a nation's decade is that nation's **Queen**.

the Thatcher Era means: Thatcher was the Queen.

we don't call the 80s **the Madonna years**.

we *might* say **the MTV decade**.

either way, we'd diss it. or we could say it with a Scholar's cool remove, or with a love naïve.

the **Diva Pop** epoch.

rise of the narcissist Consumption Queens.

she grants Royal Warrant for a multi-site Concern. it gets **Kevin Donovan** to market: her everywhere-Ken, modular, adjustable. her young groom-at-arms for a party going on for whatever Condé Nast keeps celebrating.

if Sony won't sign you till you cut your hair—and they put it in the contract that you keep it cut—you've maybe sold out.

maybe you've been *sold*.

you've sold at least *your hair* !

her rallies have the stagey look of all the big 20th century Fascisms.

so does the closing **Star Wars** ceremony, which Lucas defends: any large military gathering looks like that.

perhaps we agree: fascism is "a large military gathering"; and not per se bad.

some docs call Hillsborough a **massacre**. some say a case of **political unrest**.

this 'worst disaster in British sporting history' may not have happened had 'police not assumed they were dealing with crowd trouble'.

this, i note, is open to a Query tab re *what we mean by 'sporting'*. is **hunting** not a sport? doubtless a disaster for the Isle's running beasts. how many wars were **a dog-fighting tournament** for lords with gold in the Game? a burning for prestige, for the eye of wicked Ladies.

re Hillsborough: should **crowd dynamics**, or **the crowd itself**, be blamed? no first Pusher, perhaps. a surging crowd is an Emergent: which may mean it was **the People's** fault. guilt shall disperse over stadium masses—

and thru Thatcher & the cops for encouraging hierarchy, thus making more likely a **crowding in the floor pens**—

we're all damned or all saved together, perhaps.

i'm over-nice to mobs, and to Thatcher & the cops.
to 90's U.K. pop, tonight.

i believe, by the BBC, the Electro was a loving
Insurrection.

i'm not on E but did come into twenty Biphentins in
the week. though will not take one, remembering
i'm vegan.

it's Saturday nite and i'm only on weed, and look
what time i'm watching docs & writing till!

till 5 AM, i will not call it Sunday!

till waking up, i will not say 'today'.

i borrow from our day of rest, for Satur-nite's Party.

i fall asleep, on Satur-nite, *in debt to* coming Sunday.

xxvi. this electro is intrinsically anonymous

DeLillo writes the 60s by the track, album, band. he deftly paints Mick, & apes Lenny's canny rap in **Underworld**.

yet he can't ID the *genre* in the Club, in **Cosmopolis**. he tells it ethnographically: a drum-rite spoken by the City's cold mechanism; the snare swells & bass drops, mimics of Apocalypse.

his description is apt: this music is intrinsically anonymous. no Mick fronting it, no distinct ego at its center.

rhythm is a Dancer—the song is for you, the consumer. Electro is a Score for your nite-life.

an old man, DeLillo.

then again, he knows his Sufi hip-hop well—invents a likely genre & its ghetto star.

xxvii. all thru Asia, Drake-Rihanna

all thru Asia, Drake-Rihanna.

up thru Egypt, down thru Ghana.

each locale honors them & lofts them. names them
with the City's elder numens.

in Egypt she is Nefertiti; France receives Ms.
Joséphine, a Creole Venus.

Drake in Tel Aviv is a Sephardic king, with excellent
skin.

Drake arrives, aglow in Earthly blessings.

they own Oman, are pan-Islamic. Number One in summer downloads, Number One all over and i shouldn't let it get me but he's rapping on a stage outside my office. and why should i care, but he's brought his paid entourage: bubbas looking mean in shades who guard the sudden ten-foot-high security fence.

the RSU paid a million dollars for it. girls skip my Friday class to wait in line, giddy for it. to press / be pressed into the steelframe gate and they let him say **bitches**, maybe love it.

i'd bike away far, but he's always floating over me, gloating from a billboard on Gerrard, then another.

i'd cross the Don River but it's Drake/Rihanna, getting down from limos at The Real Jerk. they're always just arriving, are always-already in the back room grinding and are just about to leave for a better party, always.

still i love them,

still i wish them well !

- [i'm vetting this, a few weeks on. am working thru the Singles charts, and—still—it's **Drake-Rihanna**.
- [these findings are obscured, they were no easy google. first i tried **best-selling songs by country**—which only gave the U.S. hegemony: a ten-page scroll thru the slick new Dixie.
- [i took out **country**, put in **nation**—still it gave me **Country Hot 100**.

xxviii. WHO IS BETTER: PLATON OR KANT?

WHO IS BETTER: PLATON OR KANT! a grumpy Slavic oldtimer wants to know!

he's squirming, muttering, all thru Korsgaard's lecture.

then up from his seat with the start of our applause.
waving both arms, already spitting his question.