

NOT COLD ;  
keeping a facetious diary of the human crisis



*I have a confession to make  
I wish there were  
some role in society  
I could fulfill  
—Eileen Myles*

*, und warum die amis meinen ketarest genommen haben  
—sein bewußtsein und wandel kostenlos*

*we're just friends with detritus  
—AldiTalk*



"they were alive and well-esque", the dream-malcolm-turnbull claimed during last night's interview

after that everything they did sucked

I weep

... only

not from my

eyes, but also

from my eyes,

& also ,

from  
your  
eyes

in the silence          deadly you

starting to think

stupid  
things

maybe pants  
are also comrades

the only ones

this moment

anyway,

you found such  
absurd strength  
in these daft  
activities

before leaving  
via the door

you eat  
some triangular corn  
and eventually  
a banana  
you didn't try  
you just  
eat them

I fell into water I'd made unfit for swimming in  
thinking, well, it's winter

From a high wooden dock.

We were discussing how there was a range of mistakes and virtue, precisely calculated to make us identify with their ideal poles of these. the poles our dreams cluster and huddle round at the feet of, bending down. not waiting for the phone to shiver, our dreams.

so that in our dreams

there are always poles left for us to identify with

as we melt, ever waking up, not mattering how real or unreal, to keep us there.

i watched a bunch

for the first in a while, as if to feel

that all . . .

a sleep, privilege,

even of a worm, intact. (truly intact.)

in the dream, every cashier wished i were able to take back the feeling that made me hand over money neither of us could do anything with.

ONE thing to get up for is to

HAVE A CUP OF TEA.

thought is like the curtain's mattern's supposed-to-be-animated forms now frozen into their still, hanging shape

yeah, this senility .....that keeps returning & wrecking the dream when, in the fog-out, there seems no reason to get up — no reason to live towards, or through, an evening, without alcohol

what if your whole life had been articulated by  
a fantasy of unconditional love?

by the fantasy of  
your idea of  
clearing up delusion +  
improving the dreams?

by a fantasy of the obvious?

by suspicion?

we might not see them here

this strange thin woman with short hair managed to convince me to write a message on a t-shirt that L. A. was then going to sign. the message had to be written on the inner side of the t-shirt and therefore be written out backwards (though L. A. was going to sign the outside (I "thought")) the first woman had intercepted me in an arkaden we were trying to figure out first on a piece of cardboard with a sharpie what the message should be so the message had to be written forwards so it could then be copied out backwards in order to be read forwards then signed by her (L.A.) then worn by the first woman... "I sort of hope that the end of your time in Berlin . . . other stuff in the dream I've forgotten had to do with E. C.'s aphorism:

*Humour, as a lubricant secreted by external conditions, is insulated from them. But humour as grease poured onto already heated conditions can only help cook ingredients.*

your plans are not in the book of plans  
-a. rich

an account we can't be kept in town by, because of the number of preferences available to the person who was pretending to be them

in this dream, (a) represented the science of experience. (dmt) represented xenobiological invasion through an artwork. the scots (empirical (duncan)) were fascinated. (mum:) christmas can't be 30 degrees for each year which would know too much more. (dad) watches leaves falling and knows they're being, plucked, in uncertainty. convenient uncertainty, comfortable experiments. (growing a world that ever hews to the mimesis of whatever some square thinks "used to be" impossible.) good quality ecstasy moving through markets at a clipped terrain. while body is literally covered in warts in waiting. servants of the movements out and in.

the convenience is what is useful; my friend, explore the convenience

being something. not being around (as in *thrashing around*) agonised by the absence of some fake everything.

unfortunately, i am refusing to live for fried brains reason

have to try to collapse with myself, the colludeoid clues elves  
(you know, there's a secret santa listening beyond the veil to what his machines tell him about them

take speed once, see the magic writing  
when it wears off depression puts you back  
in its varathron where the apocalyptic vagueness of the light  
keeps fielding the unseen remains

structured by time and the elements  
but with something else poking in  
that's neither & none

we don't do evil for evil

let's

meat out

where  
there

words had to clew them back

be what where you are – ruining in circles – devoted & worthless  
eyes talking to convince some time in there somewhere  
a highly inactive particle!  
the content feasts on us  
needing new communities in which to  
shut the fuck up

—overcome by dizziness and death, —reassured that i'll be safe

freeway / christmas / burning virtual eucalypts – that it's all a graphic; repetitive, elemental; the  
elements producing no variation because they are identical (their difference only the positioning of  
their identity) – and the faceted, curious, solicitous swaying of the hairlike "vegetables" at the  
macroscopic level (the dressed eye)

a facetious diary of the human crisis.

domesticated mania's morbid pastimes.

as, directed by their advertizing,  
I cross potsdamer platz underground  
to my job at the Blue Man Group

the luck to have those animals  
give nearness

at least, to have had

"it talks about the immediate because it wants to mediate"  
"the correct sense in which anonymity is posed rather than as the negation of the individual (which  
capitalist society itself brings about)."

magic is willpower  
self-knowledge is the key to perfect  
control of will  
a hairball i lost track of somewheredownthere  
to be aware of the presences , and their effects on your body

for example – the collected works of  
the furry nietzsche

desire's size neglected by its escape

or like the surfeit of creative energy  
unceasing to abandon being preempted  
by control to value will

the escape of your own creative velocity  
from the bound... the bound  
by failure to lead around

allow base matter to proliferate without  
questioning or ordering

gut und böse sind die vorurteile  
gottes, sagte die schlange

the eternally unfinished  
kommt ruhig vorbei

you wanna make something of it?  
anything?

feet going indifferent directions  
that need to be polished

let's go it will be fun  
yes, fun is very important

you're just trying to convince me  
to go outside

with all the advice it's possible to get these days  
it is a wonder anyone is left holding the bag.  
yet there is a bag, and, it would seem, someone  
needed to hold it, alone in the night, as  
it is and as they are – the night reflecting  
(in the conventional evacuation  
that backs up the mirror)  
the secrets the possibilities inside the bag conceal.  
the bag's nature is to not be defined by  
the whatever it contains, but rather by a  
relationship between the fact that a bag is  
something with something (even if nothing)  
inside it, that it must hold—something  
left in it, to it, from last time, or  
something stored in it for next time—  
and the bag's symbolising next time's  
approach, when you may have  
to turn it inside out, and reveal  
what its lightless interior used to keep  
secrets behind.  
it can't be alone, with its contents.  
the bag holds something and someone  
is holding the bag – left – and in this sense  
it's sheltered by contents and persons  
whereas the person left holding it  
is unsheltered between contents  
and person, themselves, suddenly, starkly  
presented with their very situation, that of

being left holding THE bag.  
this is the only bag in town i'm left holding

a laser directed at the reader (i's) face and eyes.  
little down-pointing space in the more scales of the everything crocodile

a contemptible existence  
in which the city  
is your gymnasium.  
contemptible because  
unless you run  
on the spot,  
climb stairs  
on the spot,  
etc, you get  
depressed.

“one writes so as to bring fear into a determinate form and make it more bearable” :((((((((((((((((((((

poetry for attracting moths —  
no idea  
a good poem, a banana rotting  
in a fruit bowl

nihilism poetry from listen

Nature oneself  
Bored in nothingness  
Swallows them

Alcohol, cocaine, etc, death accelerants – their point is to give you a feeling of death – (jesus didn't need, knew what was in man)



I'm a searcher and hope to be saved.  
not resolved  
not not to be not saved and not not not saved

“pathetic, harmless victims...”

the boxes... the heavy, dusty boxes... collapsed cardboard... cardboard on my floor... drifting  
paper and cardboard

Are you a happy enough camper to munch on the pills' blue skulls from time to time this warm  
winter?

subject to ones own +  
    others decisions  
thats what it is  
a period  
of time  
now closed

but your happy minutes  
of life were just  
someone elses misery +  
    anyway – when seen thru  
this transactional mirror-  
telescope substance  
we have to live time in  
nothing changing  
just getting older

not that this wd “justify”  
letting go of the reins  
but having drunk these  
moralities w/ your  
milk + hormones...

*on my ride through fake country  
    to the great mock peril*

*In reality, the one who doesn't know anger knows nothing. He doesn't know the immediate.*

Reeling from another shock we've lost the energy to pick up the trail where it was starting to reappear, through the fires, after the last two or three crushing defeats.  
The strange functionality of US young people making jokes about being sent away to war in Iran

bed, neck ache, childish trust and disconnection. (although months later i have seen you on your balcony.)

covered in orifices, another cock connected to the global economy.

. . .they had already made a plan to try killing them to test their ability to kill by the time the fed who had encouraged them to get into it intervened. you've pulled it's head off mark.

everything i look for to make me well up while my lungs degenerate. people watching netflix in the dark before they fall asleep; which we've known about for years. and the feeling reading the coolidge blurb, deeply spelling at emperor jerry's—the edifice. the smell of black mould. fascinated by my horizontal boots.

is the guy who tells you he's god better or worse than the guy who tells you someone else is god. (in how many words.) "importance" as the meaningless core of pure domination; nothing to values other than subordination. to what do statesmen owe their "capacity for prudent judgement".

(imo) the need to distinguish between life and world stems from our separation from the dream and from animals—both of which are the world, and renew themselves without our mastering, intervention, or manipulation. (which is maybe the true content of those "we aren't really here" conceptual backflips about objects and crap. not wanting to die, but letting the dog shit.)

you know, dumb communism as the zen revaluation of our animal depression,

kind of thing

(it's wrong—like a hammer)

*they are alive ... perhaps in unexpected, fleeting moments – their words, their names, their voices, their movements, their smell, their smile, their love*

*I began to fall into a hole. ... I felt like I had become an eye, just an eye, which saw but did not comprehend what it saw. I doubted what I was doing: where was I going? Why was I going there? How would I get back? Would I get back at all? There seemed no answers, not even possible answers, to these questions.*

**Thus a man is considered active if he does business, studies medicine, works on an endless belt, builds a table, or is engaged in sports. ... What is *not* taken into account is the *motivation* of activity. Take for instance a man driven to incessant work by a sense of deep insecurity and loneliness, or another one driven by ambition, or greed for money. In all these cases the person is the slave of a passion, and his activity is in reality a ‘passivity’ because he is driven; he is the sufferer, not the ‘actor’. On the other hand, a man sitting quiet and contemplating, with no purpose or aim except that of experiencing himself and his oneness with the world, is considered to be ‘passive’, because he is not ‘doing’ anything.**

“Promises are shit  
We speak the way we breathe”

### **immediately prior to episode 2**

i certainly felt like a Mummy, The Mummy

i had re-watched *Two Hands* before going to bed—(20 years later)—and felt a bit like the dead brother, or heath ledger after his hell night fleeing the gangsters

maybe sleeping less is fine, it probably keeps you sharp, keeps you alive, having children probably makes you younger in a way

but (i'm just being super grossly honest at 8:29am) they do seem sort of pointless somehow, even more now that i am exposed to them more “properly”, or see them from the other side; but aren't they not any more horribly pointless than anything else? and sort of fun? i can sort of see why you might decide to move to the bush with them? instead of just getting one, and then having another person to buy things from the supermarket for?

Scroll. Love. Buy.

## episode ii

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@\_plafta

*hate going to the grocery store cuz u still have to cook after what's the point*

*9:17 PM Feb 13, 2020 · Twitter for iPhone*

<< we are numerous ; you are awaited >>

To be cheerful on the way to completely

Something that had started to come  
between me            give yourself this  
certainty as there isn't  
poem

                 as a physical epoch — the trace  
of what it determines determines it

Tinder = we're the forest of wood for  
the fire of this abstraction of desire

our gestures segments  
in an endless linearised process of  
extraction through the image

this was forecast in e.g.  
o'hara's endlessness  
where the moment always struggles  
back against its linearization to  
become an event

still  
an organic universe doesn't  
have to be a factory-box of  
endless same events

did our fear of dimension lead us to

throw down the ground & into  
mass production?

we would walk up and down the mountains  
telling each other things; following the water;  
much more of a life than currently *(cold natural auras you're inside)*

why bank so much on relative infutility  
when all is manifestation  
walking quickly thru flat  
only for must-be reasons

love  
circles displace  
older circles

so indistinct  
fit in

only a rocking  
horse to close  
the door for

*(this is just about flat leaving)*

the presences of these experiences are all proudly presented by the mortalist international and  
AldiTalk

“we are a group of nameless theory jocks for the generalized disaggregation” “you better fucken  
know we thriving in this context of liquefaction”

wind in the streets picking up plastic bags but it's their form allows them to dance and solve the  
problem of production and decay. stand against in baggy solution, a malleable rustling space inside.  
the bottom *would be* a rim and you can't deny it. you can't be god, the equal order in which all

powers are disposed, rolled out flat and crinkling when...ended, sparkling in the tree's greasy leaves. you notes that can't seem to be here, when we stop to say you might be somewhere else when we can't move. wind continues on this planet but as the empty spaces bring up their filmic habits the coke can smooths it down, once there's no asperity left the wind will still. so many sunny redounding collected eggs (plastic) that are lightning proof.

the gulls in the early night above the unquestioned booming hum of fans and traffic and the bath squeaks and some kind of lid is closed. their cries cluster into groups that we must know about in our myths between babies and their turning into the moans of vidlets on spits, spat into, thrust on. a perfect order was sliding away through the openings between moments of your journey that you didn't notice. you didn't collect the knife it was you neek. you leak into the light . . . strange shoes pace the earth's rotation, beating the pulse of its gradual loss. transform (by pressing a button on one of your concealed surfaces) into pile of shaded garbage on the ageing bridge before the turn in the road, to the sound of train tracks and wind through the wire frame streets. strange shades stopwatching you and your broken heart by the sea in the sun several years later the same dusty david not leaving the room.

the complete loss of even more of these circumstances. a slipstream in which i bike. on foot. i bite silently the bone of 6 years' rooms. hidden bone. assumedly there'd be a brain inside. resting on a kind of certainty. there was a brain inside and glowing veins inside the brain — the plastic magnet picked up the glow of heat within their curling brilliant worms.

what did i see? illuminated by the glowing brilliance of the worms, red eyes, behind glasses tears on cheeks with its soft moustache beneath, between them, crisis of anxiety, view. a pretty bright day. no lack of wind, the city sports in it moving its trees and bags. shaking its window glasses as if in an endless stock. tuesday evening – will someone find and fuck me? is someone fucking them?

—don't talk to me like i'm responsible for our shared unhappiness, i don't want that in my trough. i'm tough.

—i reject this pizza.

twisting avenue de haiti. the clothes dry, the baby cries, the other machine continues to crawl. the shadows of the people were unrecognizable with the sun behind them. the front of their bodies was entirely in its own shadow. i couldn't see their faces and i missed the building. my skin gets looser my chin is white and my back is covered with new things that start to assume their place.

*There are some faces in which every epoch of life is shown clearly, and in which one can always see the beginning, the childhood. The face remains timeless, neither young nor old, and the man seems more than anything to be a soul with wings.*

*... The image of the human form is gradually disappearing from the painting of these times and all objects appear only in fragments. This is one more proof of how ugly and worn the human countenance has become, and of how all the objects of our environment have become repulsive to us. ... These are things that have probably never happened before.*

*Everything is functioning; only man himself is not any longer.*

“In another world  
We will not motor.”

Because these pauses are supposed to be life  
And they sink steel needles deep into the pores, as though to say  
There is no use trying to escape  
And it is all here anyway.  
It is this  
That takes us back into what really is, it seems, history—  
The lackluster, disorganized kind without dates  
That speaks out of the hollow trunk of a tree  
To warn away the merely polite, or those whose destiny  
Leaves them no time to quibble about the means,  
Which are not ends, and yet . . .

*we do get violent from time to time*

*everyone is violent, every human being,  
even the fly, the mosquito, the cicada*

*but we try to avoid that sort of thing*

the all-seeing eye  
blue, watery,  
with a cataract  
that doesn't let you quit up  
and  
i forgot what to reverse  
at that point

someone looked into a cupboard  
7th floor, glassed-in balcony  
yellow light modulating on the building  
in the golden hour

and that balcony the only shadowed one  
because its shorter, western,  
side was blinded  
(at this hour, today,  
no light can come in from the front);  
the side opposite the cupboard  
whose wooden door  
the light started to light anyway  
...

*its the death in life we want,  
want to mine,  
the hardness of it,  
how its harder than us.*

how its harder is harder than our harder.

whining humpbacked otter emojis of partial objects  
enslaved by portable shrines to the eyelife lie  
in the mirrored temple of loss theology  
we don't get to the end of, more pointless life  
itself being folded into the  
*endless garbage chute of the present.*  
*prenez une bonne journée.*

Underlying all this is a profoundly important phenomenon: all human life, from the very beginning of its development within capitalist society, has undergone an impoverishment. More than this,

### **capitalist society is death**

organized with all the appearances of life. Here it is not a question of death as the extinction of life, but

### **death-in-life, death with all the substance and power of life**

● The human being is dead and is no more than a ritual of capital. Young people still have the

strength to refuse this death; they are able to rebel against domestication. They demand to live. But to those great numbers of smugly complacent people, who live on empty dreams and fantasies, this



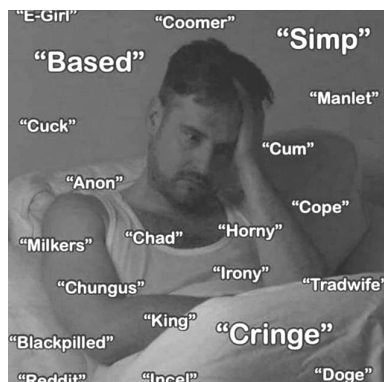
demand, this passionate need just seems irrational, or, at best, a paradise which is by definition inaccessible.

—JACQUES CAMATTE.

something frictionless and sold  
like i was always here  
hearing them talk  
through a crack between two walls  
and they study the sadness  
or the brilliance  
till the lights are shut-down  
memories of the architecture  
and the dim touch caps the button

(we're supposed to remember someone had heath ledger  
and all the gangsters but no one had the wind or the polystyrene  
rectangle the size of three cat doors, covered in contact  
that looks like marble, leaning on top of one of  
f's cupboards, and someone even had all these  
old things in all the mirrors

something does need being stolen into from behind the looked-at things



*the sun*

*now wanted to see you so bad before you died*

*the sky of words has an emptiness middle but is always trying to close together but it  
has a leafshaped a cerrated raggedy edge*

the world of a heartless heart  
the heat of the heartless world's heart



"God knows that the faith—above all, the lucid faith that reconquers itself from the claws of religion—has disappeared, to the point that one only finds with difficulty and patience those who have escaped from conformism, doubt, and atheism in the atmosphere of a brutal and materialistic humanity, of a *grouillis de jambes* [swarm of legs] no longer carrying souls, which are really no more than legs of bone and flesh for running after earthly goods, kicking and crushing the obstacles to their desires, *legs* which flood the earth, to the point that the bird can no longer find any grass beneath their stomping."

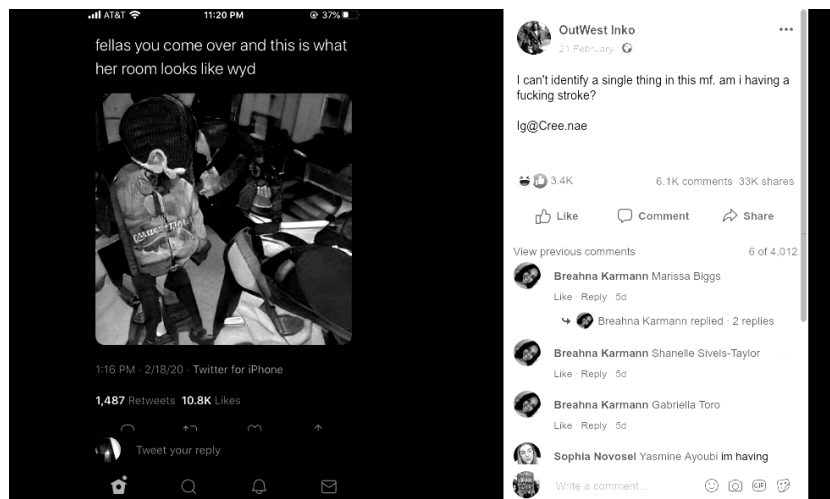
this slowness doesn't seem voluntary  
the way to cross  
time with the blanket with a series  
of movements that are close  
to being the same subtle  
folds of staring at the stairs as last  
time or whatever flat-bottomed  
glass egg  
because i realised in my sleep – didn't i?  
time disappears in an instant,  
is an instant  
i'm an instance of something held  
and my back this morning  
that word i can never remember  
fishing for inhibitions  
yo, we're not the special hero you don't know

letters and numbers in the "squares"  
on the surface of this cug  
"did you score" how those wandered  
we were stupid in uniform  
now i watched a line in the sky  
this dullness, this slowness, this animal depression  
with fixedly floating arms and legs  
as a kind of calm  
or the other calm  
that enters hip as pain  
falls with the too much bad  
rain on the branches again

*this building is all  
lobby and this lobby is  
all smiles and these smiles  
are all teeth and each day  
was dumber than the last  
until eternity wipes your face  
off that smile and you just lay there  
with the rest of us*

*if you play it right  
this moment of weakness could last you a lifetime*

how we as small dots walked the length of fields and later  
chopped up the dirty toadstools raw and then ate them i went  
up a small flight of stairs inside a cupboard and had a nap  
when i woke, i was ready to laugh, there was an idiocy  
about what we were doing that was pleasantly sinister



—they claim ageing’s a disaggregation programmed into the cells, an error yet not one (to what extent can cells be said to be “programmed”?), and that to call ageing an illness (difference from what we refer to as normal) is said to be an abuse of language; it’s meant to be normal to get old... but because i am a person[, i claimed,] i don’t understand it, [i used my text to claim] i don’t understand it in the very same way i don’t understand why i’m alive; because i don’t understand, i am afraid; therefore i write...

—:((

—i don't understand why these things have happened to me, i tried to explain this to you on the bridge and i think you understood. there's no excuse for how weird it is. i imagine something like looking from above at wedges of stone that jut into the sea, weather gyres of clouds to the right of the newsmen, very slowly, arrows. there's no point being afraid and there's no excuse for writing, but one might hope these spells work, and there is telepathy, i know that. i mean i liked writing to you.

*each society produces the artists who go with it nicely.*

but how noncommittally intercorkulated?

*ton gros rien dedans doit faire dodo*

you can't blame a duck for having a fat liver.

too ontosized for the anti-ontosis soirées,  
too anti-ontosis for the ontosized  
sorties  
(you realize you think)

one of its reference points was the world  
of “fapping” & the efforts' attempts to elude “fapping”

—what is a vitalist sentiment?

—one that would please vitalists?

—one that would conduce to an expansion of lively power

—the thoughts we think get the life they  
deserve.

(—you get the life i think you deserve for the thoughts you think.)

—change, theferofererofofore, begins with a holiday and ends with  
a whimper.

—at home.

“you need to see. otherwise you don't know what you're looking at.”

“the so-called euphemism treadmill”

the jobs that remain

Dada is “yes, yes” in Rumanian, “rocking horse” and “hobbyhorse” in French. For Germans it is a sign of foolish naïveté, joy in procreation, and preoccupation with the baby carriage.

...

*There are intellectual suspenders, intellectual shirt buttons, the journals are bursting with intellect, and the magazines outintellectualize one another. If things go on like this, the day cannot be far off when the spotaneous ukase of a center for intellectual concentration will announce a general psychostasis and the end of the world.*

incredibly sweet satisfying dream with a version of y (a many-layered composition of imaginary parts and pacts made with different experiences and commodities) that never seemed to end. at first only half woke up, smiling from how delighted i was.

*I set out            at the time there was nothing but  
necking            and yet            that was prepping and at the  
same time that was the end            goodbye  
blue curls            my life begins            again  
(frank o'hara)*

the sun enters this gentle area of yards and  
bottles its light sustaining concrete seagulls  
writing words that have no external sense  
the eye wants to become depressurised  
the corner of the eye can be made to squeak  
under the blunt finger tip of a morning  
something that isn't distinct but can be  
explained for no good reason  
so as to just continue the season – living  
a sort of knothole bunker  
a clot of personalities is a perspective of  
the anti-theft speedometer  
as the morning comes groaning and freelancing  
the reptile goggles post into the flames  
their ape vitmanins wearing a cravat with a cat  
only because the slowness is rebound

but even on speed there is nothing to do  
no anthology of consequences can connect it

to consider "fuck all" as the consequence of a seven year blink; and at the same time periodically read the words "we're fucked"; and want to fuck slightly, but not that much, but enough to forget the fork in someone's eye and eat sardines on the train, but not enough to think working for anything is really worth it.

because just look at it!

looking for some coat hook in the vagueness.

nice curtains.

and why should anyone shit the reeds

i thought to blink when i began and

ended The Time.

the hourglass is looking at its empty top bulb in the mirror.

a drone that thickens as i drift out through the curtain, glass, wrought iron and wood, i lean back and drift out through the pillows into the paint and plaster and into the wires and pipes, the hot water pipes don't burn my flesh, they've gone past, quiet, i keep drifting back and spin off the edge of the mattress but also bend back past my buttocks which fade as they also drift off down under the blanket as it melts through the mattress and through the lino, they scissor towards the small of my back and spin away up through the ceiling of the landing, i can no longer see them as my head drifts down through the stairs, the smell of rats, passing with a creak through the splintery stairs' wood

we expendable dependables

the flatly sudden glory pastes over the rough edges of the soirée, which are the points where the iceberg impression of an addiction to paratactic sententiousness peeps through rips in the body

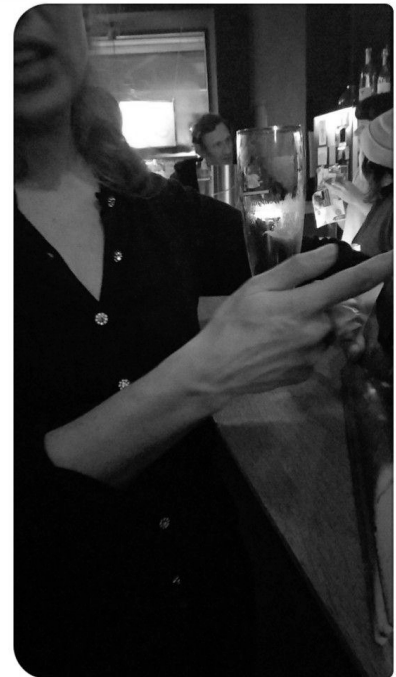
wake in a mist of light, keep dreaming, in the chronopasta

g was explaining vitalism in a pissed-off way uphill. nobody could honestly criticise or dissociate from it without having given it a chance. the earth has the ability to recognise the living signal you embody if you let it give you this power. it needs its dwellers to help it and so fills them with super strength, etc.—the ones who are open to it. a voluntarism of determinism. in the end, only the earth can be responsible for itself. i completely grasped this idea.

b, days earlier: "g has a lot of fantasies".

Now that iknyoung again I can wrote mynkemoirs

*i recognize a great difference between mockery and laughter. for laughter and joking are pure joy. and so they are good through themselves. nihil profecto nisi torva et tristis superstitio delectari prohibet. no deity, nor anyone else, save the envious, takes pleasure in my infirmity and discomfort, nor sets down to my virtue the tears, sobs, fear, and the like, which are signs of infirmity of spirit ...*



"Que tu es déjà en train de pourrir..."

Tue 22:45 🗨️

"You've gotta take what you have to get what you need."

the atheist idea of the idea of god as a product of infantile neurosis also just works in reverse.

we try to conjure away the place we're held in the cosmos/disorder by reducing its appearance in our mentality to some aspect of a manageable little psychology (traced in the home, between four walls, etc.)

"er wagt sich nicht als Ursache dieses erstaunlichen Gefühls zu denken". exactly.

*Nothing, in short,  
which would not be particular—and tricky,  
addictive, not to be too much believed. ...  
... So much  
life, too much of it: detritus, memory, phrases.*

you have to prove that poetry can *do* something, *changes* something (or even just that writing in general can; but that's even more strongly, more immediately subject to the same imperative)—it's critical, it's political, it has an effect on the affects, etc., etc., blabla. this is because your unconscious has to reflect total mobilization. it's *obvious*—that anything—that isn't useful—just can't—exist. if it can't be used, it dies. it is dead. it has its form changed into something that can be used. "A poor man cannot make use of himself."<sup>1</sup>

("usefulness" =/= use value (Gebrauchswert). Gebrauch, use = any action that's in an adequate causal relationship with the purpose of an object—see "Object of use" (bzw. *Gebrauchsgegenstandsbestimmung*). Brauch, Brauchtum, custom, usage. as in "I used to be eggbeater, but now I am not that person". *Brauch*: the sound someone hears in their own head when scratching their head while eating an apple. originally *baruch*. point barre.)

*sensuality never takes a day off*

—AVA ADDAMS

the disappearance of life, and the transformation of work into labour (and then the liquefying of the products of work into flows that inadequately replace the world of life), are the historical consequence of the world's domination of life and labour. this is why, for another thing, the endless dentist's waiting room of those fascist memes... ohh, anyway.

*... that*

*post wrecked feeling. I sit still, & it is as tho*

*my whole body*

*is listening, to itself, & wondering what I'll do.     A bird*

*lands, & takes off*

*or something.*

*the enigmatic long-term consequences or symptoms standard for my generation, the search for a good formulation, the exact wording of the fallacy on which our life is based... sport doesn't help either, nothing helps against rips in the body...*

---

1 John Wieners, "Money Is Not Monogamous"



from the dawn of philosophy to a tidal wave of alarmist think pieces in just ~3000 years

we are the rats  
floating in social lab tank  
newspaper lined ship  
its bloodstream tastes like copper posts  
& they supply us some tiny hammers  
to tap on the inside  
for flaws in the tub  
—here's your tiny hammer  
with which to judge yourself  
abel to do something  
on the kitchen taser  
    you gravel

*mutant abilities*

*we are as they take  
speed  
streaking the soon darkness  
forgotten like fond same frame  
nought may response  
like his its various free departure  
wandering poison  
whose varying brings one mood  
whose strings brings thought  
to each  
whose various feel path  
pollutes yesterday*

(something)

woke you up. "You are dead."  
"and           so"   Time   (space)  
in which           get           changed  
&           then           not  
go  
    to work.           is getting dressed  
important           ? At <<       Netto's       >>  
, i didn't used to know all you;

sitting on my knees in that photo (unseen (knees

a bit like agnes (lamb

a bit like dog with basket in my mouth.

nobody knows whether i ever received the TB vaccine

nobody cares about these troubled (screen

no yes paper { The trees are still } too much house

why put a bowl on new love { Drunk } hold for our lung

[kopecktively decided lung]

*path*

*various darkness*

*the same forgotten soon*

*whose departure*

*we are varying*

*to nought as they like*

*histake*

*yesterday*

*various abilities*

*poison one brings pollutes*

*mutant mood*

*streaking in response*

*whose frame whose speed-like fond*

*may feel each wandering strings*

*its thought brings free*

*Keine geringe Kunst ist schlafen: est thut schon Noth, den ganzen Tag darauf hin zu wachen.*

*Der Leib war's, der am Leibe verzweifelte, – der tastete mit den Fingern des bethörten Geistes an die letzten Wände.*

## **day 1**

stalker or its newer version's computer game

which is my life

the water is full of the oblong blocks of collapsed plattenbau

so when the waters of the river rush into the bay or from it

& the river's level swiftly climbs, the blocks at first create a bridge

which we use, then an enormous block construction accumulates

to tower over our heads as soon as we're across. tottering above us  
so we have to run & grab onto the cables of this rusty pulley system.  
the character's hand gets caught in the mechanism  
which is elaborate, rusty iron, not meant to be held onto.  
he screams in pain and laughs through the tears in his eyes  
making the visual field blurry and crying "i am having  
an aesthetic experience", in an attempt to amuse his virgil/  
stalker. it's also the pain notification to player.  
not meant to be held onto. but at the top  
there are sovoks awaiting us who serve us hummus  
onto the shovels we carry.  
it takes me a while to realise that collecting this food is our "task",  
and the well-made tandoori bread  
a perfect instagram simulation  
of endurance food for our escape –  
the sovoks don't seem to care that we  
don't belong there, are trying  
to escape, & almost jammed the  
mechanism. the hummus was  
evidence of the initial point, laid  
out onto those rusty shovels better  
adapted for moving hot coals.  
the initial point, made during a conversation this computer game dream led to, was  
that the historical fate of the gemütlich and the post-sovietic are inextricably linked,  
which can be seen from stalker or... and its instagram hummus on shovels

are the garbagemen  
wearing special suits?  
to protect us/them?  
the first one i see from my window  
empties his nose with the  
usual garbage glove  
using the usual technique  
(close nostril opposite the one to be emptied  
with finger.)



*examine this thought — it has no form*

less transport for less people  
so they seem enough to the not sick money  
to keep it more, yknow

...

this is week 13 of 2020:  
the little bugger's trying to ruin us!

*Yeah the training was kind of nice  
To shake the body  
Before the body falls apart*



stay the fuck home  
stay the fuck  
the fuck  
fuck

fuck

U

C

u

<- this is u now

day 2

probably sick, for "*probably sick*" to be a weirdly comforting thought.

the language: says

"THERE ARE NO GOOD OPTIONS HERE. EVERY SCENARIO YOU CAN THINK OF PLAYING OUT HAS SOME REALLY HEFTY DOWNSIDES. ... AT THE MOMENT, IT SEEMS THE ONLY WAY TO SUSTAINABLY REDUCE TRANSMISSION ARE REALLY SEVERE UNSUSTAINABLE MEASURES."

IN TIME, WE MAY LEARN HOW TO  
**BALANCE** THE NEED TO "FLATTEN THE CURVE" WITH THE NEED TO  
LIVE OUR **LIVES** AND REVIVE THE **ECONOMY.**"

and SOCIAL DISTANCING OF THE ENTIRE  
POPULATION

and then

LIFE IS FRAGILE, AND ECONOMIES ARE FRAGILE.

"The whole concept of death is terrible. But there's a tremendous difference between something under 1 percent and 4 or 5 or even 3 percent. So that's something that we're learning now.

....."

it's nearly sunset. one policeman is arresting two boys (they look like children) at the elevated train line's support pillar's foot.

a man stops by on a bike and asks me why are they bothering them?



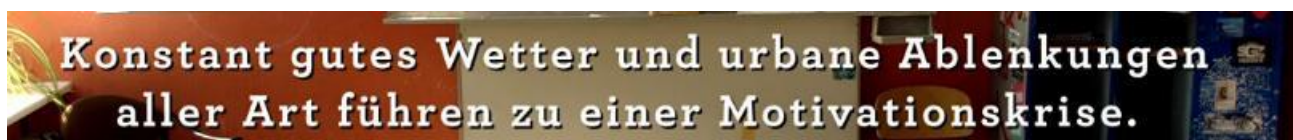
(the captain who started arresting the boys is an irritated  
-----prick. his colleague, with a beard, can't even stand up  
properly. he flops about like some character from asterix, carrying his gun and wearing the absurd  
outfit of a space marine. they are all constantly pissing their pants because they find us all so  
irritating and pathetically ill-advised. they are so void and pointless that

after some time  
they stop existing. the bike man asks me if i believe in the coronavirus. i think i have it, i reply. he  
explains to me that the coronavirus is being sold to the people so that these police can control all  
corners of the city. he explains that he has been riding all up and down everywhere and seen them  
lurking on every corner. and also, in order that the people stay home in their apartments and start  
feeling annoyed by the slow internet, which will thus make them more willing to accept 5G. which  
is going to spell the end of humanity. the coronavirus, "it's for them", he explains, gesturing towards  
the police people. according to the bike man they have sold their souls. all they are is robots now,  
and they can only work towards the transformation of all human beings into robots. he explains that  
they're not as bad as the police in turkey or the united states. in fact, he would enjoy slowly killing a  
cop from the united states. he would be very happy to watch a cop die. the police people here are  
slightly less fuckers, but still, they have sold their souls, they are working for the machine and are  
nothing but machines. (the captain has started giving a lecture on how if you were working in a bar  
and he came up and told you how to do your job, you wouldn't like it. a miserable impromptu  
lecture by would-be/killers moving their mouths, with backing vocals by some asterix and obelix  
mumblings.)

### day 3



—i guess we're moving into a regime where public opinion and aesthetic experience, like,  
phenomena, are sort of shaped by internet flows  
—shaped by molded internet flows, generating behaviour in the population, sort of thing  
—it's true, nobody's risk is zero  
—it's true



—i think it is a rather serious situation but there is definitely a lot of like self reinforcing panic on twitter etc

pain: is life trying to get your attention?

depression: is life trying (in vain) to avoid your (their) gaze?

—basically: generate massive compliance for martial law/surveillance, at the same time say, eh, ppl can go back to work

—maybe periodic suppression will become a new rhythm, like the working day

—great new tool to have to use on growing/dying surplus populations

—keep everyone on their toes

—illegalize groups of people

—traitors

—bioterrorists

—reading first stories today about people calling the cops on groups of people outside

iron rereading the en-dasheth trial

they live in a court

broken signs of uncle failure pastry layers

spray all over everywhere

cleann off with abstract

towel then finish.

**day 4**

from now on you will find me  
where the air is fresh and sweet



Klassische Gesichtsbildung	45€
Kosmetische Zahnaufhellung	65€
Fruchtsäure-Peeling	80€
Microdermabrasion	80€
Plasma Pen Behandlung	99€
BB-Glow	99€
Wimpernverlängerung	99€
Mesotherapie	130€
Fadenlifting	(Zugfaden Stück) 130€
Fettwegspritze	ab 150€
Vampire Lifting/PRP	150€
Microblading inklusive Nachbehandlung	199€
Dauerhafte Laser Haarentfernung	200€



*Random error affects measurement in a transient, inconsistent manner and it is impossible to correct for random error.*







day 5

You get more out of the web, you get more out of life.

"I guess we've both got it."

at last, our full attention ...

*In the earphone words, slow and uncertain, formed: circular thoughts of no importance, fragments of the mysterious dream which she now dwelt in. How did it feel, he wondered, to be in half-life? He could never fathom it from what Ella told him; the basis of it, the experience of it, couldn't really be transmitted. Gravity, she had told him, once; it begins not to affect you and you float, more and more. When half-life is over, she had said, I think you float out of the System, out into the stars. But she did not know either; she only wondered and conjectured. She did not, however, seem afraid. Or unhappy.*

"the [ x ] in me will hide sometimes – to keep from being seen"

—dude, we should just move to the top of a mountain. spit down.

*There is a dying worse than death, which consists in a loved one killing in themselves the image through which we lived in them. We "go out" in them. **THIS CAN RESULT FROM RADIATION THAT WE GIVE OFF.** Quietly, the petals close themselves.*

- is that angel pointing a remote control towards the sky?
- it's a broken off object?! or cell phone pic taking ya know?
- ticket
- to the no future
- there's only one left
- one ticket to the no arm present
- qst is who wants to go
- back to that same old place
- beneath the underdog

**day 6**

—maybe that guy travelled to the future and that's why

*... Das Universum als ein Bienenstock geheimer Zellen, in dem das beziehungslose Nebeneinander von Ausschnitten eines mit manischer Starre bewegten Lebens spielt. Die Welt als rational gebautes Irrenhaus.*

**day 7**

Wonderful! From listening to the cook's words, I have now learned the secret to nourishing life.

"... a little pantagruelism (which you know is a certain jollity of mind, pickled in the scorn of fortune)..."

## MORPHINE

We are waiting for one last adventure  
What is it about this sunshine that stunts us?!  
Piled-high towers of days collapse.  
Twitchy nights – praying in purgatory.

Also, we stopped reading the news  
Just smiling quietly among pillows occasionally  
Because we are so smart and ruptured  
We fly forwards and backwards in a frosty fever.

Well may everyone strive and suck (it) up  
Today rain is falling, less mirth than ever.  
We float through life untenably  
And are dizzy when we sleep over across it.

**today**

"i wrote a poem just before i got fired"  
"a false symmetry separates us"  
protect us from it  
magic & mediocrity  
walking back from a visit to yours  
in the decommissioned night

And now  
He cooks his' beans  
With his ear phones  
In his head

NOT COLD; ... was written between Christmas 2019 and April Fool's Day 2020 by Sam Langer and others. NOTES "I weep..." martian hiatt paraphrenia – "Humour" Emil Cioran – "they are alive" Jeroen Nieuwland – "I began to fall" Martin Edmond Luca Antara – "we do get violent" Le Collectif des Subrogés-Tuteurs – "its the death" martian hiatt january – "the sun" Alice Notley Reason – "God knows" Le Frère Michel – "this building is all" Vins Döring – "how we walked..." "they claim", "each society", Luise Marie Boege MÄRZ – "ton gros rien dedans" Lotto Thießen – "what is a vitalist sentiment?" Christina Chalmers – "you need to see", ? – "You've gotta take what" James Mason – "Nothing, in short," Martin Harrison Walking Back from the Dam Summer – "that post wrecked feeling" Ken Bolton Two Poems – "Yeah the training was", "i wrote a poem...", Marion Breton – "is that angel pointing", L Thießen, Lara Durback – "a false symmetry separates us", Sean Bonney Cancer – Rabelais via nick keys – MORPHINE is a wonky translation of MORFIN, by Emmy Hennings.



NO BORDERS