

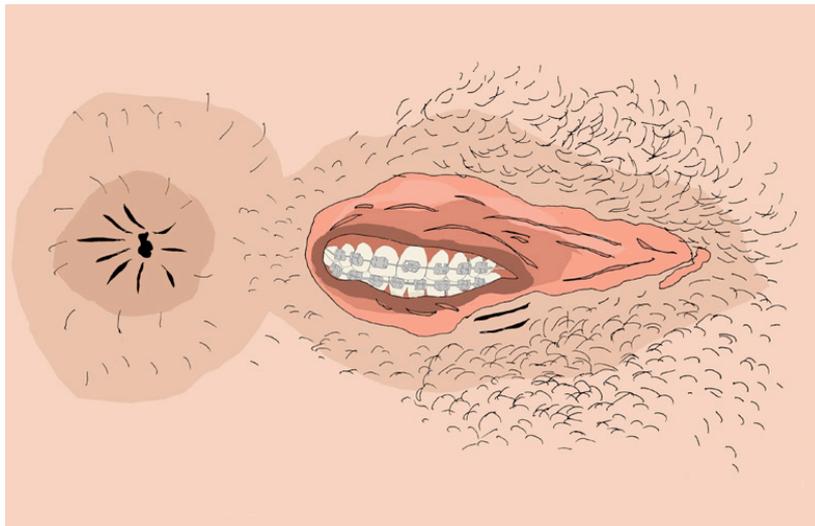
The same place we come from appears to be, at least for the majority of men, the same place we struggle all our lives to get back in. The opening in the flesh where everyone makes a start and which runs red occasionally as if to signal memories of a wound. We try very hard indeed. But the moment we are in we pull back out, yes, that is the thrill of it. And then, before anybody could know it, back in. So coarse, so sublime, so absurd, so stimulating.

Or of course it can be regarded inversely: that the female flesh taketh and it, what, releaseth. Either perspective, the sense is that this is abulia enacted, indecision in the flesh. Ancient genetic programming, alright but something entirely else too. And in the act, I feel, we are trying to somehow lose ourselves so that we are never finally faced with the decision: return or journey outwards. Which is anyway not a real possibility existing at the level of the flesh but only a vague vision in relation to those old base pairs: guanine-mother-cytosine adenine-father-thymine.

In the flesh we only have the upwards spiraling excitement of frequency, friction, heat, perspiration, colliding bodies, throbbing members and the prospect of a moment of total, total oblivion, which is simultaneously felt to be absolute somatic goodness and also an emptying, an evacuation [of the spirit perhaps].

Moreover it seems significant that this carnal over-stimulation, which many a commentator feels obliged to call the summum bonum of the human comedy, happens at the body's mid-level: the hot, humid equator [of no season other than heat], the golden middle [where perspective draws out to infinity], the middle class [whose power is convention].

The symbolic content here slides down into a deep, pink furrow or bursts forth in slimy white of little insight and all meditations on the matter get fucked by a perennial vulgarity. And the most I can perhaps hope for is a passage from the primordial soup to the post-coital exodus.



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For a ravishing, mesmeric woman to be caught out looking at a man playing in one of the many aesthetic leagues below her is some small defeat, acknowledged by an immediate redirection of her line of sight, which is difficult to understand I find, the defeat is.



I don't know if I can pretend any longer to significantly understand what is going on in the world. I don't mean my exclusion from the sanctioned sphere of surplus production that has gone on for months and for which, to a certain degree, I have been quite grateful. I mean that sphere of which I like to make fun quite frequently, the macrosphere of global media events, events created by and for the media plus TV and Internet consumers who head-shakingly try to make hand and foot of them. First of all, at least to me, there is the figure or persona of President Obama. My cynicism concerning elitist, anti-middle&lower-class politics knows no end but when after a couple of centuries a man...of African Heritage [as we designate it in Switzerland] was given the opportunity to occupy the position of President it was subjectively impossible not to feel some scintilla of hope swell my chest. And now, three years later, this President Obama from the scraps of media coverage I have the stomach to be bothered with [http://www.nytimes.com/2011/08/01/opinion/the-president-surrenders-on-debt-ceiling.html?_r=1&ref=paulkrugman] seems to have entirely sold out whatever remnants of his initial promises he was still clinging to. I have read Krugman quite a few times before and in contradistinction to his lesser, flat-earth colleague at the Times, his articles are always thoroughly researched, not to mention plausible, so as layman I have very little reason to distrust the general thrust of his assessment: President Obama has sold out; No, he can't; Change, you can't believe in; a. s. f. meaning many more soul-smashing clichés. And actually the logical question would be: did he even really sell out? Is this middle-of-the-road, political opportunism thing not the very hallmark of anybody aspiring to become

President of the U.S. because now I do recall reading some rather shady stuff about his campaign financing and legislative voting record¹ in Illinois.

Why am I giving this as an example? I think that what has happened to/with this President in the course of this debt crisis has killed off whatever remainder of faith I might have had in the political process and I'm convinced it must be doing the same in the U.S for a lot of Democratic party faithfuls.

One of the more interesting and demoralizing aspects of this process [and it's still ongoing] is that the "top"-politicians involved evidently don't conceive of the debt-crisis in the first instance as a matter of economic survival/future of the USA but instead as a complicated wangle to win next year's presidential election, wherein the own government's debt default is an admissible wager. This strategy only seems loco to the little folks in the street [some of them indeed exiled from their appts by the subprime cataclysm] who don't have the kind of multi-million mullah to protect ourselves from the repercussions, that is, the giant holes that will be ripped into the social security net. Still, I can't really claim that I understand it, I don't have any empathic access to how the shakers&bakers in DC can behave so out and out nuts, so callous.

Then that sociopath in Oslo, Breivik. Naturally no sane person can understand what has been going on in the man's mind, just as one does not know what goes on in any other person's mind or one's own. What I do find so difficult to wrap my mind around is how politicians from Italy to France to Switzerland have made barely veiled expressions of sympathy for the murderer's ideas while contorting or bending over

¹ Clearly I'm not familiar with the precise political lingo.

backwards to half-assedly reprove his deeds. First of all: the guy's manifesto is 1'500 pages long, so there's no chance in hell that just two days after the massacre they could have acquired even so much as a superficial familiarity with Breivik's conceptual edifice. What they should have said is that they agree with his populist, neo-fascist cri de coeur "Down with multi-culturalism! Down with Islam!"

Secondly, some commentators, notably the unspeakable head of Weltwoche, implied that mass-murderers like Breivik come about because European Governments do not pay enough mind to their citizen's valid concerns. For heaven's sake, not even the Norwegian far-right seems to have been able to accommodate the man's "valid concerns" so to shift the blame onto a social-democratic Government because it doesn't move towards the anti-integration far-right is more than dishonest

[<http://www.guardian.co.uk/world/2011/jul/30/norway-attacks-anders-behring-breivik>].

Moreover Breivik has jacked up his stock of frustration in the private economy where he bungled a number of business ventures.

Third, the days following the massacre were and are a time of great family and even national grief so that to make such expressions of sympathy for the culprit so briefly after the crime is in itself an act of utmost cruelty, inflicting yet more unnecessary suffering on those grieving relatives who might chance on these inconsiderate statements. From a certain perspective it could even be called a crime by association. Moreover, this could be point number four, these incredible statements were treated as only just passing news in the mainstream media [tagesanzeiger, bbc, etc.] rather than outrages in their own right. Wilders from the Dutch Freedom Party is informative in this respect. One only has to imagine what might have been the response if on September 13th a public figure of the official "left" would have made a

statement to the effect of “Yeah, yeah but Bin Laden and Atta kind of have a good point there still.” Political suicide, unconscionable, did not happen.



As much as I might try, as much as I know that this was bound to turn into a media circus, I can't comprehend the desperate moral confusion the 2011 Norway attacks seem to have created. And yet somehow one always again manages to care at least a little bit and try to make sense against the odds. Perhaps I have become, here in the exile of my high, altbau room with a view onto an inside court of little distinction, disconnected from the everyday cruelty of the world.



The writer knows in her heart that her art cannot be touched by any other, no chance. Not by theater, nor by visual art, nor even by scintillating movies or the ever-agitating sound of music. This is not an argument for better or worse, it is one for untouchability. So no, it stands alone with or inside its secret powers, writing, right amid the human psyche. And from this knowledge of its peculiar untouchability the writer can draw both succor and strength. The first as a snake-oil to alleviate the

continual, crushing reality of failure [only two or three authors can write well], the latter to keep on writing despite one's own inability [to wit: this pile of shit], to write despite everything. To remain untouchable d'une façon.



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