

# Artificial It

“to begin with...”

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to begin with, that is, not only by the negative, for it is also, itself, the distasteful, but by, no, no, one more idea, stupid, once more blurted, to the point where one would start asking, no, no, one does not ask, nothing, no one can be that difficult, I mean, within the realm of thought, let us keep it at that, agreed, and by the way, small interlude, there will be many, it may well be just as difficult, yes, one says difficult, to obtain better men, even in quite a few more years, difficult, that is, be it internally or otherwise, ah, bloody me, yeah, you got it, what?, that's the question, how?, even just one man, only one, if only, ah, my own shit, too much keenness to do something, some ill thing, some silly thing, some disillusioning thing, no, no, adrift already, anyway, too much keenness, hence, for sure, for something stupid, I make myself feel I can see much, where?, in there, haha, into the other, into the end, into cunts, into cum, yes, into these things, time & cash, space & sex, among others, for a while at least, haha, yeah, after that only the wall, one wall, at least a nugget of wall, haha, even if some keep calling me back to my practice, and, for sure, WHAM!, I get it, my thing, my own, my nothing, such a nice word, almost transparent, therefore, since one is at it, so that it is clear once and for all, all this, the above, I consider it assimilated, you might almost start thinking about taking notes, not that you ought to, naturally, only in order to be the bigwigs you dream to be, what am I saying, in order to be the poles which you dream said wigs be tossed on, it is now, chop chop, dirty little poles that you are, it is now that I would advise you to get down to it, and do also take note, in your hideous little notepads, that, for knowing the joys of another weakness of the same ilk as this, that I may speak of further down the line, although that remains unlikely, I can confirm that if you are set on dreaming about all that, my good chaps, well, you can go on hoping, for hours, and this even if perchance you were to take the small dreams, and the small dreams only, verily I say unto you, for hours and hours, to your fever's content, till whatever do you part, oh yeah, true crux of the matter, alack, no, yet one more end that is not strong, cut!, or not, one would cut it all, and to hell with that, true, after all, does one even want to cut it all, of course not, perhaps some day, not now, back to it then, back to what, to the wall, the wall, yeah, the only way, go ahead, pig!, for it ain't as if you would want to do but a whit of my my own private lot, innit, oh yeah, needle!, inverse!, you are the only one in this mess, WHAM!, you tell it like it is, it must be quite something for those full-of-it-s to

hear this, but poppycock aside, let's bring it to an end, the important thing being, stick it up your memory, to get there, yes, absolutely, one can, but not without wiggling, without poling, oh yes, something like that, good conclusion, standard, seamless, haha, this voice, this bloody voice, precisely this one, yes, the one that said, that was said to have said, around all this, something like, let us see, "de jure dead, he would have departed, on his merry way, yes, gone, no one would have known what had happened, pursuit of the best, of the worst, of the same, as always, no surprise, as mentioned", mayhap, holy moly, yes, the best, the obvious, the trivial, yet infinitely better somehow than all this beauty, oh yes, all this beauty everywhere, slimy beauty, miry beauty, something along these lines, yes, oh yes, this then, whereof one speaks, this that finds its direction in a practice, hem, no, doesn't sound good, doesn't sound good enough, one more setback, one more stumbling, as there are so many, I would not be against it, it goes without saying, yes, against it stumbling!, but then it must go all the way, let it stumble in full, not like here, not like now, as if, as if, truly a bad habit, this was but the veil of that, you know this affair, the copies, the second-classes, whiny scum, that's what they were, yes, what they are, what they shall be, all these beauties, the old riffraff of stumblings, neither same nor other, neither better nor worse, yes, because one won't unstick me from my guns, the best is the best, as our tautologists holler, I could tell you a few stories about that, but no, back to it, back to it, write the voice, and the sad voice to boot, yeah, say something about it, as one does about the use of disgust between the streets, between the legs, easy, all too easy, even if it will be as ugly as I, not quite the same, but just as ugly, what is more, without forgetting that it won't help, one knows that, for, no, no for, to hell with the for, a simple jump will do, WHAM!, because of your path, what are we talking about, you are safe one way or another, and because of mine, one guesses all that is left to me is a being as rock'n'roll as possible, oh yes, cunt!, rut!, fucking hell, it could be more amplified for all that, oh yes, it should, more than this recess at least, and they, they can, but what is one talking about, if they want to, they and their path, they always can, they can ever more, amplify or reduce, at Their pleasure, I can guarantee you, but there's no risk for it to happen, busy as they are cutting out everything out there, we spoke about the cutting out, chop it all up finely all the way down to silence, whereas amplified is what we need, so amplified, dream!, knout!, that at last it could be the hour where one

hears oneself howling, in this hovel, yeah, WHAM!, well well, how come I loathe it all, I wonder sometimes, and by this point, mamma mia, these scorched horizons of detestation, was it not specified in the programme?, in gilded letters, iron letters, leaden letters, thus it is to be pondered whether one should even take the time to start listening when it goes off, “therefore I wish to say something about”, or similar matters, no, no, one must listen carefully, not give in to slouching, oh yes, faex!, urethra!, you at least understand me, damn, shag, it fucks me off so much, all this, really, I need to say it, it cunts me up big time, hell yeah, little fucking shit, you try again, dirty shit, you can’t any more, you don’t ever stop, oh yeah, once more, ah this, despite the efforts, again, how to go without saying, how, despite perplexities, despite this void, void that, a note in passing, could well be it, haha, this it, the it, no, not it, haha, the it to come, haha, the it one supposes for oneself, rightly or wrongly, what a lovely supposition we have here, I have come to the point where I can even ask you directly, do I suppose yes or no?, it’s true, damn it, and even in this implausible scenario, what would that be exactly, that which I’m supposed to suppose?, yeah, plainly please, what?, what?, tell us, golly gosh, yeah, suppose that one may break out for instance?, out of the mud?, out of the pus?, pah, blessed with the old wit are we, you think that you’ve got the speck, of what it takes, for this, to suppose this, to break out of this, you do think that, pretentious little man, well think ahead, I won’t be the one stopping you, certainly not me, him, on the other hand, most likely, he would make you stop, that is certain, then he would make whatever you think stop, in the very instant, you can be sure of it, I saw him, ask the bigwigs if you dare, whether you think it or not, in fact, haha, that’s the beauty of it, in any case, break out, dare, be not, all that, if one asks me, deep down it’s only about a tiny thing, mundane and discreet overall, in the intensity, in the extreme, where everything ought to be, son of a bitch, or not to be, fuck, yeah, hem, heavy-handed that one, all the muddy antinomies painstakingly to obtain, in a surreptitious and unthought way, insofar as it holds, that it may change, somehow, with the “but how”, “known refrain”, “critique of reason”, “forget it”, and the “&c.” on top, to obtain that all this could be of no fucking interest, yeah, if only, if only, WHAM!, one brief noticeable positive point, it looks like one swims here in the sludge of a sense quite entirely remote from the word “work”, good, one less bed for the strange fellows, at this pace, my lad, if it could be

sustained, it would be done for, devil, done for all the way down to hope, haha, quagmire jacuzzi, what you would not do, swinelet, for a few old things more, for a fistful of things, haha, what would I not do, now like in the worst of times, this one, that one, to exist, I am the landfill of abstract literature, then, then, what to add to that, some maintain I collect, and so others can go to hell, I must reenlist, for Acheron's sake, I henceforth reenlist, I reenlist therefore I am, latest shiny overbid on what shit crumbs you, you all, bigwiggers, highway polers, leave for me, each day another you, each night another crumb, each dawn one same it, one never ending it, but after all I don't complain, oh no, not at all, no work, let us not forget, no happy ending, of course, who would doubt that, quite the opposite of this, rather the reverse of that, the shit, I sense it, shall lead, for good or ill, to the difficult end of the return into the sound of my project, whom would this not elate?, yeah, into the sound of this cumming, of this writing, into whatever it is, with as its inevitable conclusion the cell, the swamp at hand at last, El Fangoso, how deeply I yearn for that, cf. above & below, at hand and gnawed until everyone leave, for the love of some random reason, ever reiterated, yet again, another megalomania on the market, truly, again, what a pity, my boy, my stupid boy, same thing without the same thing, with the same thing, refucked and relashed, the sad thing, the same, oh yes, and this reading that does not work, what?, provisional aside, let us forget it, that is the word, yes, the word yes, haha, no, ugly, all ugly, at least ugly, that's the least one can say, hem, the being ugly and the not being ugly, no, no, these two again?, whence does that even come?, unbearable, ah, all this fucking, all this fucking, well, not exactly what I mean to say, as mentioned, let us pass over it all, let us try instead with the doing, the not doing, repeat after me, I'm doing it, I'm not doing it, today, tomorrow, that's it, continue to do something, to pretend to, your turn now, for once, believe me, for real, it's not that hard, to tell you the truth, the more I think about it the more I think it is possible to think about it, crazy, innit, thinking about it, and really, whatever they say, it remains possible, always possible, constantly coming back this twaddle, could I possibly be a twaddlist?, no, I won't, I'm not in, ever, chuck all clubs, down the drain, I know a few who are going to complain, but only a few, actually, yeah, a few who don't matter, in contrast to life if only toward psychosis, that yes, oh yes, so much more pain, but so much more, vulva!, hinge!, so much fucking more, haha, as usual, yeah, for

years still, the years ahead, haha, one nearly reimagines said few, all these innermost ones, telling themselves that he was sad, like, deeply sad, in the deep end of the deeply, but of course it's simply a case of the deep end of the page, and of this never truly deep end, blighting bane, never quite deep, a little trouble of one's own, that can be felt in the moment of the day where the day is the day, as dumb as that, where remains in the mind, in the heart, WHAM!, all the journey left, the voyage out, yes, out of the meta, or just out of the shit, ah, all these things that you would really want, that you want to change, and, for a change, my word, it, he, changes, I, you & they too, therefore, yes, in some sense, yes, let us be bold, I, yes, he, am, is, haha, yes not like the few, at least that, ah yes, soon, quick, soon, yes, no, yes, no, definitely yes, stop it, carry on, voilà, here we are, the impure absolute, the absolute bucket, it, here, oft written in memory of some great name, for fun, for the tone, and it did happen, I can assure you, in this worst of moments, in this sort of never, the same as a few minutes ago, where never is never, this kind of stuff, more and more there's less and less, you get the idea, with at the same time, into the bargain, old marvel, this it, which should be something, which would be something, of course there is but it, only it for truth, for falsehood, wherein live labour lies, where it lives on until something, and after that, and BANG!, one sets off again, one talks about it again, after what by the way?, at times in writing it is good not to ask oneself too many questions, after that then he says, he says it all, firmly docked onto the need for self-making, for self-undoing, since the beginning it's like that, what climbs is, brother, yeah, haha, here a prime delicate question for you, he's always been the best, incorrect, he could have been, no, no, he's wished it in any case, yeah, old bag!, refuse!, he only ever wanted that, that or the block maybe, that's it, the block, or nothing, it goes without saying, interesting, for real, to be continued, haha, that would be good, be fucking good, hem, interesting indeed, but how, ok let's go, and don't worry, I'm trying, let's go, how, how