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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 shakey and 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 are gathering. 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 and maydays.
some suspect you're not on-side - wonder what was said to you, in Space.
hustle them or not, you’ll want to establish, 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 and 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, with echoes from life.

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

hardwood floor, cotton blinds, are remnants of plants. wall compresses crumbles from the softer strata, yes:

from snug inside one's playroom, life is **out there**, it happens outside.
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: is 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 and 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 test of Selective Attention. 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 and Grothendieck.

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


those brahmins, i mean, who renounce all arms yet are wholly without mercy re the truth.
v. short review: STATUES ALSO DIE

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1 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 and bug-eye shades.
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.
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, at the Harvard Gallery: thru Marker's Ouvroir: a polygonal play-realm, run by a Left Bank artist.
not, i mean, his hanging art for Mussolini. for praising Roman art, i mean: commissions of a nouveau riche, an ancient gang of international 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 and 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 Berensen'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 and a network A.I., our crowdsourced 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, even for them, may 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 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, outwitting Propriety.\(^2\)

\(^2\) 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.