

NOTES ON IDSPEAK

1

Finnegans Wake is a strong influence here. Recycle analysis. A pessimystical vision of the wheel. Its blurry protagonist is a once-effective but now soiled, stumbling and stuttering father figure. Things flow of part. The whirled as wheel as re-presentation.

2

Porno-mystical-ironical graffiti. **FOR MADMEN ONLY.** Allusive. Recombinatory. Paul De Man on blindness and insight. The nothingness of human things. The literary. These fragments we have shored against our ruin.

3

For HCE we substitute H, a generalization of Hobbes, that first chapter “Of Man”, and the pseudo-Solomon of *Ecclesiastes*. Upright and autonomous. Proud, suspicious Oedipus. A man of substance, in that sense, and, as a consequence, Empty Dumpty, who had a grey ball.

4

Sartre’s subtle confessions in *Existential Psycho-analysis*. The erotic object that cannot be consumed. Impossibly white and liquid. A water that forgets its ephemeral distortions, the rings it wears momentarily for stones therefore without genuine solidity. Final unfuckable abstract pussy. For that reason basically phallic. Dirty chew feet for sucking. Wipe coffin panties.

5

Dali's **paranoiac-critical method**. The text is a machine, an implement. The reader completes the work. The game also perhaps that Nabokov played. The hilariously "impossible" educated conversation around *Lolita*. Is hand scum out of this cream.

6

Recycle analysis. Hamlet too was poisoned through the ear — via liquid hieroglyphics, Saussure's thought-sound. Analogy is the core of cognition. Up of a smoke.

7

Moist entirelessly without substance, as our resident phenomenalist has it. *Time is the fire in which*

we burn. All procession is. The story-go-round of
our condition. The blurry-go-round, hurry-go-round,
fury-go-round of our condition. Fairy-go-round the
burning maze. Pale waif in a short squirt.

8

Parties more original-wise responsible rename unfound.
Demiurgently evaporate my reasons almost why.