Derrida’s Hitchhiker

So I was driving to the ferry, when I heard the news on the radio that a student had gone missing. And not just any student — a rich and influential member of a family that had once harboured imperial pretensions and had finally risen back into the upper echelons of the Chinese sphere of influence. I was pondering the hidden subtext inherent in the metaphysical overlay of the event, and how the traces of a former presence had permeated the uttered signifieds of the disseminators, when I realized that I had no idea what that meant, and I decided it was time to stop for a sandwich, in the spirit of Saussure and his once-and-future followers.

The next rest stop came up, and it occurred to me that the primary tools of deconstruction could be termed interior or exterior, that is having to do with the analysis of the possible logical contradictions created by removing one at a time the interior supports that at least in documentation held together the various connective tissues of the etiological *revue*, or anti-telos, as it were, and could be corrupted by the act of reinscription of the demonized hegemonical undercurrent. At that moment, a tremendous gas cloud erupted from my own interior and I realized with all due haste that it was necessary to take a break, so I committed an egress from my *boxe roulante* and hastened forthwith to the room of animalistic evacuations. As Husserl once said, “stop frequently because you never know where the next McDonalds will be, or in what context the fashioning exemplars would have located it in the middle ground formerly occupied by the standards of reticence and foreplay.”

Upon *exeunt* I experienced a Lévi-Straussian moment of existential displacement as my anthropological examination of the once-sacred terrain became scandalously obstructed by the trammellation of my visual acuitors, but in retrospect I was forced to admit that I had a clean cloth in the truck and I adjusted the humidification of my lenticular assistants until my obsessitory input via post-retinal photonal absorption was clarified to my acceptability once again. I attempted a thorough ingestion of my comestibles, but the power-structure of the man-woman dichotomy distracted me in the form of a half-naked daughter of the sacred revolution appearing post-haste, which in Heideggerian retrospect should have indicated a general dissatisfaction with the composite functionality of the transgressive, that is, to wit and forthwith an acceptation of the proto-nudist impulsive normalized to the grounds of dehabilimentization.

Of course, not being a postmodern investigator of the essential, I emitted a high-pitched signal with a musical undertone, and attracted her early-late-post-Butlerian *female gaze* in a defensive mode. As it happened, the nude lady didn’t have a ride, so she climbed aboard and we resisted the unholy disembarkation believed in the foretimes to indicate an unwillingness to inhabit a congressional edifice.

We arrived, if you will, without further ado or its adjuncts at the docks, where waited, black and viciously garbed in the raiments of late-capitalistic counter-dominism the vehicle of record in which we may, in the Kantian sense, effect passage between the worlds of the new and the proliferized offerings of the boaterian schedule. In fact, it may be said, without going too far into the ontological creativist argument of self–reflexive absence, that we were indeed boated relatively intact with intellectual pretensions unquestioned.

Having no recourse but to accept the preceding information invested in the psychology of the Freudian backlash, we proceeded to the recreatory platform and advanced strategies of monetary exchange in order to achieve the “satisfaction” of the replete. I use this term in the larger mode of Foucault’s reversal of the guidance system of the palatable, of course, and for the sake of argument it will be necessary to take as a given that the history of sexuality as it has come to be argued in the visible remnants of the feudal trajectory is hitherto unquestionable, but leaves open the option of interpersonal digression. Thoroughly confused, we sat and stared glumly at the exterior, which forced us to promote a rupture with the scannable.

Unfortunately, this irresponsible exchange was glimpsed by the denizens of the unremarkable ingestion-levering surface leftward of our position, as convention would have it, scattered with the shared remnants of a once-democratized sharing of *vegetationary excrescence*, and a young lion of the post-structuralist invasion of the incomplete revolution of the hitherto-unindicted ideologico-political referent to the mainland of the chief Asian organizer of commercialist intent removed his posterior from the anti-gravitic sign of adjacent tabular support and forced a passage between myself and my once and intended target of differential, now clad in the remnants of my bathrobe.

Without claim to the eschatology of the present, he demanded that I remove from my forepocket the access-disinhibitors of my vehicular mode, and when I had recovered my composure long enough to internalize various logical countermeasures I decided in the face of socio-political and deeply personal power-mongering to remain inert, and granted his demand with what grace I could muster. I was deeply scandalized when he invested my discomposure with an announcement, if you will, and notwithstanding the aforementioned archive of my expletive dysfunction, of his particular status: “I’m the fucking prince,” he ordered and I was incapable of riposte. He and my erstwhile paramour then commanded the navigable space of said sandwich-infested interior in order to commit to the concubinage of the forementioned vaginally-composited humanette.

After this, and once again without companion, I posited self-referentially the incipient process of autosatisfaction, but in the light of my uninflated penis I decided it was too much trouble and adjusted myself accordingly for a Sartrian exit from the sphere of awake-itude. And when I woke up I was alone...so alone...so very, very alone.