

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, false start, one more idea, stupid, once more blurted, to the point where one would start asking, no, no, one does not ask, one does not begin, nothing here, seriously?, such a bore, yet again, can't believe it, no one can be that difficult, I mean, even within the wide realm of thought, let one keep it at that, that seems improbable, 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 one!, yes, you got it, got what?, that is the question, how?, even just one man, only one, if only, ah, one's own shit, begging for conclusions, one's keenness, excessive, to do anything, even some ill thing, some silly thing, some disillusioning thing, no, no, adrift already, anyway, where were one?, excessive keenness, yes, 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, yes, 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, and I tell myself, you might almost start thinking about taking notes, yes, almost, you might, 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 blocks which you dream said wigs be tossed on, it is now, chop chop!, dirty little blockers 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 one, that I may come to speak of further down the line, although that remains unlikely, I can confirm that if you are set on yearning for all that, silly old chaps, well, you can go on, hoping, that is,

for hours, and this even if perchance you were to take the small yearns, and the small ones only, verily I say unto you, for hours and hours, to your fever's content, till whatever do you part, oh yes, true crux of the matter, alack, no, yet one more twist 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, yes, the only way, go ahead, pig!, for it isn't as if you would want to take on but a whit of my my own private lot, isn't it?, oh yes, needle!, inverse!, you are the only one in this mess, don't expect them to join your fray any time soon, 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 one bring it to an end, the important thing is, stick it up your memory, in order to get there, where?, wherever, one can, it is possible, yes, absolutely, but not without wigs nor blocks, oh yes, oh no, that's right, 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, regarding all this, something like, let one 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, not to be unearthed again, rare certainty, burrowing for good in the tunnels, on the spumes of sewages happily floating ever after", mayhap, mayhap, holy moly, what a story, 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 and through practice, no, once again, it doesn't sound good, doesn't sound good enough, no big deal, one more setback, one more stumbling, there will be many, I would not be against it, that goes without saying, yes, against it stumbling?, never!, but then, 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 these repetitions,

as if this was but the veil of that, you know this old 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 same voice to boot, yes, say something about it, as one does about the uses of disgust on the streets, between the legs, easy, all too easy, even if it will be as ugly as I am, it shan't be quite the same, but just as ugly, 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 is one talking about?, you are safe one way or another, and because of mine, one guesses all that is left to one is a being as rock'n'roll as possible, oh yes, cunt!, rut!, fucking hall, given all that, it could at least be amplified, oh yes, what is sweat without sound?, speakers should be replaced, the people want a hall!, more than this recess at least, and they, the speaker makers, they can, but what is one talking about?, they could, if they wanted to, they and their path, they always can, they can ever more, amplify or reduce, repair or replace, at their pleasure, no doubt about that, but rest assured, there is no risk for it to happen, hovels will be hovels, busy as they are cutting out everything out there, we spoke about the cutting out, busy as they are chopping 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 nook, yes, WHAM!, well well, how come I loathe it all, I wonder sometimes, and by this point, mamma mia, scorched horizons of detestation, was it not specified in the programme?, in gilded letters, or iron, or lead, rare earth letters, free delivery!, thus it is to be pondered whether one should even take the time to start listening when it goes off again, "a predicament which led him to wish to think something about the dismantling nature of foam and its

role in the multiplication of levities”, or similar matters, no, no, one must listen carefully, not give in to slouching, oh yes, faex!, urethra!, you at least understand me, curse!, shag!, truly there has never been a better time to fuck off, really, need one even say it, there is cunt in the air, hell yes, mouth!, tooth!, you try again, dirt!, you can’t any more, you don’t ever stop, oh yes, 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, yes, haha, the it to come, haha, the it one supposes for oneself, rightly or wrongly, what a lovely supposition one has here, I have come to the point where I can even ask you directly, do I suppose?, yes or no?, it is true, damn it!, and even in this implausible scenario, what would that be exactly, that which I am supposed to suppose?, after all, yes, plainly put please, what?, plonk!, tell us!, golly gosh!, yes, 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 think that, pretentious little it, well, think ahead, I won’t be the one stopping you, certainly not me, him, they, on the other hand, most likely, he, they, would make you stop, that is certain, then they, he would make whatever you think stop, in the very instant, you can be sure of it, I saw them, 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 some tiny thing, mundane and discreet, in the overall fumes, in the intensity, in the extreme, where everything ought to be, son!, bitch!, or not to be, time!, joint!, yes, heavy-handed one, all these muddy antinomies painstakingly to obtain, in a surreptitiously unthought way, insofar as it holds, that it may change, somehow, with the “but how”, “known refrain”, “critique of reason”, “forget it” engineered until oblivion, the “&c.” on top, oily and creaky, kale!, to obtain that all this could at last be of no interest whatsoever, yes, if only, if only,

all the wishes, WHAM!, one brief noticeable positive point, it looks like one swims here in the sludge of a sense of something quite entirely remote from the word “work”, good, one less bed for the strange fellows, riddance!, at this pace, ladle!, if it could be sustained, one would be done for, devil!, done for for good, 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, toiling as I am on the landfill of abstract literature, then, then, what to add to that?, some maintain, I collect, order of things, others simply go to hell, understood, and I for sure must reenlist, for Acheron’s sake!, I hence proceed, I reenlist therefore I am, latest overbid on what shiny crumbs you, they, you all, bigwiggers, high-flying blockers, leave for me, lettuce!, 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, for let one not forget, pickle!, no work, no happy ending, of course, who would doubt that, quite the opposite of this, rather the reverse of that, the it, 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?, yes, into the sound of this cumming, of this chopping, cabbage!, into whatever the sound of this is, with as its inevitable conclusion the cell, the wall, the swamp at hand at last, El Fangoso, how deeply one yearns 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 hitting the market, truly, again, what a pity, buoy!, lassi!, 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 one 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, the being and the not being ugly, no, no, these two again?, whence does that even come?, unbearable, ah, all this fucking, all this heaping, rope!, well, not exactly what I

mean to say, as mentioned, let one pass over it all, let one 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, carry on doing something, carry on meaning to, your turn now, for once, believe me, for real, it isn't that hard, to tell you the truth, you won't believe me, the more I think about it the more I think it is possible to think about it, crazy, isn't it?, 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, I am no member, chuck all clubs!, halls and pits, down the drain!, with the bones, I know a few who are going to complain, but only a few, actually, yes, the few who don't matter, they can keep their being-toward-psychosis, that yes, oh yes, they will seek revenge, I know it, so much more pain, but so much more, vulva!, hinge!, so much fucking more, haha, as usual, yes, for years still, the years ahead, haha, one nearly reimagines said few, all these innermost ones, after the slaughter, telling themselves that he really was sad, like, deeply sad, in the deep end of the deeply, but of course it is simply a case of the deep end of the page not being enough upended, not going much awry, 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 it 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 marmalade, 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 one be bold, I, yes, he, am, is, haha, yes not like the few, at least that, at least that, repeat, so soothing, soon, where was one?, ah yes, quick, soon, yes, no, yes, no, definitely yes, stop it, carry on, voilà, here we are, the impure absolute, the perfect 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 over there, 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, until what?, and after that, BANG!, one sets off again, one talks about it again, after what pretty please?, 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 is like that, what climbs is, brother, yes, nothing to add, 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, yes, bag!, refuse!, he only ever wanted that, that or the block maybe, that's it, the block, as hairy as it may be, or nothing, so much of this goes without saying, interesting, for real, to be continued, haha, that would be good, father fucking good, broth!, interesting indeed, but how?, all right, let one go, and do not worry, I'm trying, go!, how?, how