

“Indecipherable Soup”

by Nick Katsafanas

Well, in any case your honor, I couldn't be any fucking happier. I truly cannot, from the bottom of my heart, be any goddamned happier than I am this second, and I mean that from the bottom of my heart. The rock bottom. Truly.

My happiness, your honor, it's through the roof. My ebullience as well. I've never felt as ebullient as I feel at this moment; my ebullience is at once impalpable yet totally palpable, it's like I can't help but grasp this ebullience by the throat, violently. I'm violently affable as well.

Your honor, if you haven't noticed, my affability is leagues beyond where it was when this court most recently adjourned. Since that adjournment my affability has skyrocketed in a manner that, frankly, in my opinion, is entirely unheard of. I'm just so fucking happy. Of course confessing anything is an impossibility, your honor—we know this; nothing we relay from our past is entirely accurate. It can't be. And our desire for it to be so is a serious, serious flaw in our character(s).

Having said that, am I happy? I would say I am. I would even say I'm fucking happy. Ebullient even! Can things ever be reconciled? Probably not. Most definitely not, in fact. Rescinded? Never that. But does that mean everything's over? Maybe not. I don't know, your

honor . . . I guess I've just become, kind of I guess you would say a late blooming optimist?

That's right—my optimism is, you heard correctly, blooming late. An autumn bloom of my optimism; my optimism is scented of autumn. I think things are going to be just fine. I guess all I'm saying is—let's wait and see. She could recover from this. That's possible. People jump from buildings all the time. Some survive. Others don't. But some do. Glass half full, glass half empty.

Your honor, my culpability notwithstanding, I can tell you with supreme confidence—can I even say I confess?—that I am, from the bottom of my heart to the tip of my cranium, really fucking happy. Really extremely happy. I am. This is my confession.

Your honor, my culpability notwithstanding, I ask the court to recognize not only my joy as authentic but my confession of happiness as true beyond a reasonable doubt. I'm happy. This is what joy looks like. This is what violent affability sounds of. I'm truly in love with my emotional state. I, in fact, want nothing more than to make love to my emotions right now. Violently, yes—but in an ebullient fashion as well.

I guess what I'm saying, your honor, in, mind you, a quite long-winded and circuitous fashion, is that it's—everything, that is—it's a matter of degrees. Of percentages. It's all volatility, fluctuation based on percentages rather than integers, which don't necessarily comply with our traditional conception of arithmetic. Two percent plus two percent doesn't equal four percent, your honor.

Which is my point here. It's why, at the end of the day, everything else notwithstanding, I can honestly say I'm satiated, and perhaps even happy. Is my happiness concrete? Absolutely not. It'll dissipate eventually. In fact I can already feel it waning—violently. This is the nature of happiness, your honor, it rejuvenates you only to eventually violently wane. My violent affability is transmuting to a violent waning. And this waning will be the death of me, your honor.

Ultimately, I'm culpable, and I know that. Let's face the facts here: her cranium was shattered. I identified the body, that you know. And I say body because there was, functionally speaking, no head. Her head was a despicable, indecipherable soup, so when you ask me, am I happy, if you in fact asked me that question, what exactly do you want me to say, your honor?

Yes, my happiness is violently waning in a manner that, in all likelihood, is irreparable. Maybe she had the right idea, after all. This happiness—it always violently wanes, and when it wanes so violently what's left for us to do, your honor? What's left to do but jump off a building, with the explicit hope that our cranium explodes into an indecipherable soup and there's no chance of resuscitation. To be resuscitated, that's the real crime here, your honor. Do Not Resuscitate: that's the true felony here, your honor, if I may be frank. Is my candor appropriate here?

You try and assist someone, and you know this as well as I do your honor, you try and assist someone, and it all inevitably begins to wane and wane violently, until this person inevitably, left with no other choice given this violent waning, jumps off of the highest

building they're permitted access just to spite you, knowing all too well that it will be you tasked with identifying the body, the body without a head, because the head is a despicable, indecipherable soup.

By jumping off this building, the highest building they're permitted access, this person condemns you to also inevitably jump off a building. The true murderer, the homicidal maniac, your honor, is, in fact, the person who jumps off of buildings out of spite—their cranium shattered to so many pieces it's impossible to count. We could count these pieces of cranium like we count percentages, your honor, yet all it will do is reinforce this notion that there's nothing left to do but jump off a building, both inevitably and out of spite.

There's nothing left for us to do, when we find ourselves with our happiness waning so violently, but jump off the tallest building we're permitted access. And the odds are good we'll do it, and that our craniums will shatter to soup, and that this soup will prove both despicable and indecipherable. But this is a matter of probabilities, your honor, the art of probabilities and stochastic processes, and subsequently of percentages. Two percent plus two percent does not equal four percent, your honor.

But yes, overall, I suppose I am happy. I'm dealing with things, there's no doubt about that, but overall I've found myself, of late at least, to be somewhat of a late blooming optimist. At the same time, if my candor is acceptable in this medium, and I'm still, candidly, unsure if it is, I have an explicit urge to jump off the tallest building I'm permitted access. My cranium, it occurs to me, your honor,

would be immeasurably improved if shattered to an indecipherable, despicable soup.

While the court indeed hears Mr Bevel's pleas, the court is reluctant to grant this so-called confession full merit. This idea presented, that there's nothing left for us to do but jump off the highest building we're permitted access, well, the court finds it somewhat specious to say the least.

There are, in fact, a plethora of things for us to do in place off jumping off buildings, much less jumping off buildings that are rather high in stature. Buildings high in stature, in fact, increase the likelihood of serious injury and/or death when jumping from them.

In the case of this young lady, yes, the court finds it accurate to say she jumped from a tall building, but the motive of said leap is still dubious in character, as the young lady's cranium was crushed beyond recognition and, in turn, unable to be cross-examined in the aftermath of the leap. The court therefore finds the accusation that the young lady jumped from said building to spite Mr Bevel specious.

The reality, Mr Bevel, is this: you're a relatively young man! And you have so much to live for it's not even funny. Do you realize how precious life truly is, Mr Bevel? The court seems to believe you do not, that you believe life is something that will extend for an eternity unless manually concluded. Well, Mr Bevel, that simply is not the case. If the young lady you supposed to have jumped from this building to spite, in fact, didn't jump from said building then it's entirely plausible she would have perished from natural causes. It's

clear she suffered from mental deformities of a severe nature, and persons in America who suffer from mental illness are seventy five times more likely to perish before forty than people who are clinically deemed sane.

Are you insane, Mr Bevel? It seems as though you'd like to convince the court that you are, yet it's the court's explicit opinion that you are not. Yet you'd like the court to believe you, in fact, are insane, wouldn't you, Mr Bevel? That you're some sort of archetypical tortured genius, whose happiness wanes violently in the most stochastic of manners?

Well the court would like to argue otherwise. Mr Bevel, just because this young lady's cranium was shattered to seemingly infinite pieces doesn't necessarily imply, never mind MEAN, you're a tortured genius. No, in fact, nothing of the sort can be concluded from the events surrounding your female friend, if in fact she was a friend at all.

Furthermore, it seems to the court that at this time the court would like to ask the very nature of this relationship with this recently deceased female. May the court ask this question of you, Mr Bevel?

Are you being coy with me, your honor? Because it seems absurd that the court would have to ask me permission to ask me a question of this nature.

The court is never coy, Mr Bevel. Now may the court ask this question?

Of course, your honor.

Well, Mr Bevel, what was the nature of this relationship?

The deceased and I had been in what is commonly referred to as an on again, off again romantic relationship.

Mr Bevel, the court isn't concerned, never mind familiar, with what things are COMMONLY REFERRED to—could you please elaborate on the nature of this relationship.

Of course, your honor, I wasn't aware, you'll have to forgive me, that the court was so . . . zoned off, so to speak, from the nomenclature of the general populace. The deceased and I met at a wedding of a pair of mutual friends about four years ago, and I dryhumped her in front of her father, then I took a large bite out of a piece of, what I discovered to be, a fake piece of fruit and jumped off a table, balancing myself with the piping from the ceiling, which promptly was torn to pieces from the pressure of my weight.

Then the wedding concluded. The deceased and I travelled to her hotel room, I didn't have a hotel room, despite the fact I was in the wedding party and probably SHOULD have had a hotel room, in retrospect this was possibly disrespectful, and the deceased and I fornicated in her hotel room. Later, the deceased would deny that fornication occurred in the hotel room, however, it definitely occurred. Now I'm not saying extensive fornication occurred, that didn't occur. However, if we define fornication as the male sex organ entering the female sex organ, which is in fact how I've always defined intercourse, as the act of penetration, then we fornicated in the hotel room that night. Which was a red flag in and of itself, your honor.

A female who has sex on the first night—although we did spend time together at the rehearsal dinner, so maybe it wasn't technically the first night, your honor. And of course, why shouldn't males be held to this same standard? Am I being unfair here, your honor, by suggesting the deceased was perhaps of unsavory character because she fornicated relatively early on in our courtship, yet not deeming myself of unsavory character for doing the same? It would seem that I am. And isn't that the problem here, your honor? How do we go about assessing CHARACTER, how can we accurately recall the past? Because I, for my part, can't recall the past accurately, not even close.

Hoads of people have urged me, time after to time, to pen a memoir, that my life story, so to speak, would be of particular interest to many people out there, but I can't. Every instance I've attempted to write my life story, so to speak, I've stumbled upon this moral quandary, your honor.

What's true and what is not when it comes to recollected events? The deceased and I had a relationship, that's for certain, I suppose. But what comprised this relationship, the fulcrum of our interactions, that somehow remains foreign to me. Even today, having spent years with the deceased, living with one another in close quarters, your honor! Even today, I can hardly recall her. Only fragments, piecemeal fragments remain of her, and they come to me of their own volition, I can't recall of them of my own freewill, your honor. I understand this may be frustrating to the case at hand, I do. Maybe I have some kind of disorder here?

I'm not really sure I understand it myself. I'm not entirely sure I understand myself myself. When I heard the news that the deceased had in fact hurled herself from the top of this building I immediately removed all photos of her from my phone, I threw out anything that would remind me of her immediately. I knew what grief can do to me, your honor.

Grief and pity have the capability of tearing me apart, your honor, yet as I stated previously . . . I can't say I'm unhappy! In many ways, I'm satiated as we speak. You know what I did this morning? I took a shit while watching the video for Natalie Imbruglia's Torn on my laptop. I literally do whatever I want now, and I love it. Yet the vision of that cranium, if we can even call it a cranium, will probably never leave me. And it pierces me at random. I exist on edge, never knowing when that image will pierce me. Images, they pierce us in this way. The image, perhaps it's the only true expression of human experience.

The older I get the more I believe the image is the only true **EXPRESSION** of human experience, everything is aesthetic and false. Yet, your honor, I'm NOT referencing photographs when I utter the word **IMAGE**. Photographs are pernicious; I despise photographs, both of myself and others. An Austrian novelist I'll refrain from naming here has written a far more eloquent harangue than I could ever aspire to against the pernicious nature of the photograph in the beginning portion of his novel *Extinction*, so I'll refrain from extrapolating upon my thoughts of the photograph, I'll

simply urge you read the beginning portions of this novel called Extinction.

In any case, the nature of our relationship, your honor? I think, beyond saying on again off again, I'm not really sure how much more detailed I can get. Or I should say I'm not sure how ACCURATELY I can detail the nature of relationship beyond saying it was on again, off again.

Understood, Mr Bevel. The court find this explanation unsatisfactory and endearing. It seems as though you're still attempting, in the court's eyes at least, to prove that you're some kind of tortured genius, that you're capable of hurling yourself from the top of buildings with the intent of becoming deceased. But becoming deceased won't prove your genius, and the court is not of the belief, in any case, that you're capable of this act, Mr Bevel. How did the relationship, on again, off again as it was, conclude? Or did it conclude?

Does anything conclude, your honor? That may be up for debate, but the relationship between the deceased and I did, in fact, conclude. It concluded with an admission of infidelity on the part of the deceased. The deceased previously told me a ridiculous lie about a gentleman I noticed her communicating with, and finally I had had enough, your honor! I said PLEASE, can you just TELL me who this person is? Because it clearly isn't the person you told me it was, and this ambiguity is tearing me apart! And finally she relented and told me, at least GENERALLY, who this person was, and at that I realized that I could never be with this person, the deceased, that it would be

impossible for me to have any sort of relationship with this person, that this breach of trust was contemptible in the extreme. To go behind my back is one thing, your honor, I almost expect, given the extremity of my disposition at times, although you claim my disposition is not of that extreme it is in fact of that extreme, and it drives people away in droves! Well, maybe not. I actually think I'm a fairly pleasant person to be around, although I do need my solitude. Solitude, it's the only thing that refreshes my spirit, your honor, and I need it in abundance at times. But females, you know how they are, your honor. They misinterpret this solitude! Can a man just be by HIMSELF sometimes? Maybe for days at a time?

It's not that I don't want to be around FEMALES, it's that I don't want to be around ANYONE. Being around people can become a nuisance so easily. It's fair to say I'm not exactly a people person, that I may have a streak of the anarchist running through my veins. Yet, in any case, it's one thing to go behind my back, your honor, but it's an entirely OTHER THING to, when caught and confronted going behind my back, to continue to lie! This was a case of serial deception, your honor. And while I can live with deception, we all live with deception and deceive ourselves, we deceive others and ourselves I mean . . . well, I simply can't live with that type of serial deception. It's too disrespectful, your honor.

Now, am I being unfair to females by insinuating they can't handle a man's need for solitude? Of course, I am, your honor, but I'm a man of biases myself. I have biases and I admit my biases are real.

I'm a flawed character, an unreliable narrator so to speak, but I do have my noteworthy traits.

Mr Bevel . . . the court at this time would like to issue a recess, as it seems as though this interrogation, or questioning rather, or perhaps it is an interrogation, well, it's clearly run its course. The facts of the case remain clear: this young lady, who you may or may not have been involved with on a more than on again, off again basis, jumped from a building, perhaps the highest building she was permitted access, and she fell to her demise. Unfortunately, due to the decrepid condition of the corpse, namely the absence of a discernible head, the court required third party verification and contacted you by way of the departed's phone records. Now, you say you're content, perhaps unrelentingly happy, is that correct, Mr Bevel.

Well, in a matter of speaking, yes, your honor, I am really happy.

However, this happiness has a way of waning violently, you say?

Yes, that would be accurate, it does wane in a violent fashion.

Now, assuming this court adjourns, and all of the required participants exit this courtroom, in that instance, can you promise the court, Mr Bevel, that in the face of such violent waning that you will refrain from jumping from the highest building you're permitted access?

Your honor, while I realize making that sort of promise would prove beneficial to the court and ease the process of adjournment, I'm not, and never have been, in the business of making false promises. The fact of the matter is, your honor, that this type violent

waning, especially as it's so starkly contrasted with the violent ebullience and sociopathic affability I mentioned earlier, cause people, myself included, to act in ways they perhaps can't control. This type of VIOLENT WANING arrives unannounced and is entirely unpredictable, your honor, I hope you understand this. I understand the court is of the belief that my previous statements were manufactured to give the impression that I'm a sort of tortured genius, and the court believes this notion to be specious and inaccurate. That topic notwithstanding, this violent waning the court recognizes to be of substance, so to speak. And in turn the court is concerned that this violent waning could adversely affect my, Mr Bevel's, behavior, and cause the court to have to reach out a third party to confirm the identity of MY corpse, is that correct your honor?

Yes, Mr Bevel, it would be fair to state that is indeed the case as it currently stands. The court, at this time, simply does not have the resources to identify a secondary corpse regarding this case. Any secondary corpses would have to remain unidentified, however, the court finds the unrecognized corpse contemptible in the extreme. It's the courts opinion that all corpses must and should be identified and identified in a timely manner. It's the court's opinion that this is an open and shut case, so to speak, and should be shut as soon as possible. However, as you are well aware, the court will need to adjourn prior to this case shutting properly.

Of course.

And it's impossible to adjourn under these conditions, Mr Bevel, as it's becoming increasingly clear.

Well, then what do you suggest, your honor?

It's the court's opinion that this case, it's becoming increasingly clear, isn't the open and shut case it was previously believed to be. It's also come to the attention of the court that a piece of evidence in this was either misidentified or misplaced.

And what would that be?

Well, Mr Bevel, it's a letter from you. A letter dated to the deceased the day prior to the death. The court would like to, after the court hands it to you of course, read the contents of this letter for the court to hear. Are you capable of that, is Mr Bevel? Is that something you're capable of?

Of course, your honor! As I've previously stated, I'm in the business here of, violent waning notwithstanding, getting to the bottom of this case and also closing this case as promptly as possible. If you believe the reading of this letter will assist in this manner, then I'm more than willing to do so.

Thank you, Mr Bevel. Now please begin.

Ok, I'll start reading now?

Yes, please begin, Mr Bevel.

SECTION 02

Aware that something was in need of change but unsure of what exactly was in need of change, I approached an adult female on the outskirts of town, where she stood in short jean shorts and a white cut-off sleeve t-shirt, not doing much of anything at all. I'd known Corinne for some time; she was my first girlfriend, so to speak, at the age of eight years old. The two of us, at the time, were the quote-unquote ethnic looking kids in the heavily Anglicized third grade, although, by today's standards at least, it's very possible neither of us would be considered ethnic at all, assuming the word ethnic was ever assigned a coherent meaning in the first place.

The world as it stands, Corinne said, as our conversation progressed of its own accord, is entirely objectionable on multiple fronts. We sit, and perhaps you know this as well as I do, and attempt to deconstruct this or that political faux pas, this emergency, that injustice, obsessed with our categories, but it's precisely our categories that must be done away with. It's our categories that suffocate us. It's our categories that send us on these spiraled sojourns of deconstruction, where we emerge exhausted and useless. It's not the various categories and subcategories of human being that must be deleted but the concept of the organism itself. The organism, Corinne said, is the first fallacy. History begins with the organism, and history is the most pernicious envelope of them all. I stood there, my thirst steadily mounting in the humid air, but not necessarily in disagreement with anything she said.

It'd been quite some time since I'd seen Corinne. The last time was in a dream where she mothered a small child, where I found myself waiting an elongated period of time for my oil to be changed, only to discover two of my tires would need to be replaced, only to discover the bodyshop failed to supply me with a detailed receipt of the quite costly repairs, only to take a right turn onto the expressway and find the expressway dissolved into fragments of molten rock.

Prior to leaving, I'd asked Corinne, in my dream, to give me her phone number, not because I wanted to pursue a sexual relationship, which I did in the dream, but just in case we ever needed to contact one another in the future. You know, I said, you were technically my first girlfriend, and I guess that means something to me. I feel as though we've drifted unnecessarily apart from one another. Well, she retorted, there was always the whole race thing. I wondered what she meant, but before I could give the comment all that much thought Corinne denied my request for her phone number. In the dream, I felt as though she denied my request purely out of spite, perhaps holding a grudge against me for not doing more, in our youths, to maintain a connection, a friendship, an acquaintanceship. And now it was too late. When I left the bodyshop to find the world in disarray, on the precipice—or perhaps in the midst —of apocalypse I wasn't surprised in the least.

Do you mind if we go inside, I said to Corinne, who was still standing on her lawn, I'm a little thirsty.

Inside, Corinne continued as we sat at her dinner table, both of us drinking ice water with lemon.

The organism, as I said, Corinne said, and I still believe it, is the first fallacy. To do away with the notion that we're physical organisms—a notion that has arisen purely from sensual evidence, sensual evidence that is only corroborated by the senses which, of course, sense themselves and, in turn, generate a completely absurd system of observation—to do away with this notion is to do away with all history. And to do away with history is to annihilate our culture. Of course, Corinne continued, this is happening as we speak. But it's happening under the guise of doubling down on our organic imperatives. It will never be proposed that all of these categories are, in fact, essentially fictitious . All categories of identification are essentially fictitious , but that will be the last thing to be proposed by these faux-revolutionaries that dominate headlines today. These faux-revolutionaries use these essential fictions only to further their own ends, but that's exactly what can never be said today. Yet to fully commit to this notion isn't, in fact, to defend the one culture over another culture, it's to annihilate all culture. Every thing, all culture, must be not only destroyed but annihilated.

I took a sip of my water, which had a strong tint of lemon, which I enjoyed. Do you really believe that? I said.

Of course not, she said, to believe it would completely contradict the theory itself. And to acknowledge the possibility of contradiction, for that matter, is beside the point.

What is the point, is I guess what I'm asking, I said, although I feel like I know exactly what the point is.

There is no point, she said. There never has been. This entire conversation is simply motion , it's nothing more than motion, the two of us as conduits for necessary motion that can never be reversed or repeated. Or recalled for that matter. And I can say the same thing for every other conversation and text ever performed, because they are only performed —they have no static existence in themselves.

As I stated previously, I didn't necessarily disagree, but I wasn't sure how much it mattered that I agreed, if I did in fact agree. The interior of Corinne's house was well maintained, yet essentially reminiscent, in its structure at least, of other working class row houses in the neighborhood. Above the sink a window displayed a small backyard with unevenly cut light green grass. On the unevenly cut light green grass sat a red Cozy Coup with a yellow roof, with its driver door ajar, and a plastic slide with a moderate amount of dirt visible from the distance of the kitchen.

Corinne ambled to the cupboard and retrieved a bag of Cape Cod potato chips, uttering the words Want some? just as the large gray bag became visible in my periphery.

No, I said, but you go ahead—I have a bad habit of completely overindulging when it comes to potato chips, especially when an entire bag is put in front of me.

She chuckled and brought the bag over.

How are you going to be sure you don't indulge, considering the bag will more or less be right in front of you? she said, tossing the first chip into her mouth.

It's a good point, I said, but I've been fairly diligent over the past few months—since I came to the conclusion my consumption of potato chips was bordering on the absurd.

Corinne smiled at my statement. I feel like everyone eats too much these days; our caloric intake is absurd across the board, she said.

I agree, I replied, we're all getting fat, but I'm not even sure how much it matters.

We agreed it hardly mattered. The average caloric intake of the average American indeed bordered on the absurd but acknowledging this absurdity, never mind actually caring about the absurdity, was even more absurd.

The sun seemed at its peak as it glared into the kitchen through the sink above the window and the sliding door that led to the small wooden deck. The kitchen remained pitch black save for the extreme stream of sunshine from the window above the sink. One washed dish sat at the bottom of the sink. Corinne ate the potato chips one by one at a slow to moderate pace.

When I woke from my dream, after attempting to trudge up through the fragmentary expressway with no idea where I should go, I experienced an intense feeling that everything I'd been quote-unquote doing with my life was not only essentially misguided but indubitably wrong, as if I'd been too close to my life for years,

that I'd fallen into a rut that I was unable to recognize as a rut by dint of being in said rut, that perhaps it was too late to alter my course, but if I failed to alter my course my life would be irrevocably wasted.

Lying in my bed I felt paralyzed by this revelation, unable to move and weighed down in a way that was almost entirely impalpable. It seems it's only in dreams where this type of impalpability is at once specifically horrifying yet broadly libidinal. There's an excitement adjacent to this impalpable horror that's distinct from any conscious experiences of impalpable horror. It seems more and more obvious to me that the horrors I typically experience when dreaming feature more complex ripples of intensity than almost any of my so-called conscious experience.

My conscious experience seems further and further removed from my corporeal body, almost as if my consciousness is derivative of my experiences in dream rather than my so-called physical body.

You sure you don't want any? Corinne asked, smiling almost in a sarcastic fashion, preparing to wrap up the bag.

Don't tease me, I replied gleefully and glanced toward the front door.

Do you have to go? she asked.

While it was true that I glanced at the front door with the intention of conveying the possibility I may have, in fact, had to leave, I didn't have to leave and conveyed as much to Corinne.

Do you remember seeing me at your college and not saying hello, she said.

With Junior , yeah, I said, referring to a person I'd genuinely forgot existed prior to Corinne asking me if I recalled seeing her at my college.

Those days were such a blur to me, I said, especially looking back. While I admit it's cliché to say, I do feel as though I was a different person during that period of my life, perhaps at various periods of my life. It seems as though a good amount of my memories, especially when I recall them at random, seem increasingly sensational to me, regardless of how mundane in nature they may be. Which is fine, supposing that I refuse to try and reconcile these memories with my current conception of myself, but when I do, then I find myself entering a dark mood, almost as if I'm entering a region that would be better left unvisited. Not the memories themselves mind you, but the reconciliation of these memories, the attempt to knit these memories into some sort of cohesive, continuous whole.

I don't disagree, she said, staring out the kitchen window into her compact backyard. The memories I retain of my childhood and young adulthood for the most part induce nausea. Not to beat a dead horse, but this world—it's difficult for me not to find it entirely contemptible. Yet as I age my contempt is increasingly void of rage, yet it doesn't fade into resignation either. In many ways I still want to see this world destroyed completely, but I don't have any vested interest in seeing it done while I live, or while I experience consciousness in this particular manner . It'll occur or it won't, or it's

already occurred and it'll occur again, or it's already occurred and will never occur again, or it's occurring as we speak in an entirely imperceptible fashion. Every aspect of my life is essentially antithetical to how I imagined it as a child, but so much of what I remember of being a child is at this point imagined. Maybe that's the true source of my contempt. At times I try to search for this source, and it's this absurd search that makes me feel, if I believe in anything, that this organism is a lie, a fallacy, and a pernicious one at that. Nothing this incongruent can be considered whole. If this is logical then it's more or less obvious to me that our logic is entirely illogical.

When I left Corinne's home that afternoon, I returned to my apartment and almost immediately searched for her name on the internet. The only result populated was from a website that was widely known for disseminating misinformation. The site alleged Corinne to be six months older than I, which surprised me, not only because I'd never thought of Corinne as older than I was, but also because I'd always, perhaps unknowingly, associated her with the Scorpio Zodiac sign. The site also alleged she was married, Asian-American, and Christian.

I thought back to her saying There was always the whole race thing in my dream, and the racial identity of Corinne and I within our childhood milieu puzzled me for some time. The data seemed mistaken, the question seemed as though it should have had the most obvious answer, yet for some reason I believed the data to be

true, knowing that I'd most likely never be in a position to ask Corinne to verify one way or the other. I believed the data to be true, despite the fact it directly contradicted what seemed to me to be the most obvious answer. For a reason that eluded me, it seemed completely absurd that Corinne and I could be of disparate ethnic backgrounds.

Later that week I found myself traveling toward my apartment on the deck of a commercial ferry as the sun set in a way that seemed overbearing at the time. I stared indiscriminately into the vast ocean, which extended unimpeded toward Western Europe, gazing at the seemingly infinite rippling of the water, attempting to perceive this body of water in its entirety, suddenly terrified of the possibilities of what potentially existed underneath this body of water, which seemed to extend to a distance so gratuitous in magnitude that it seemed an absurd proposition that it existed at all.

I felt myself absorbed into a muted fissure, longing for the comfort of a home I now knew to be a pernicious lie. This home, it occurred to me, had been stripped of its integrity piece by piece, organically dissected, until all that remained was the residue of habit, a severed limb twitching in dwindling muscle memory. Conversely, I now knew the ocean, which I continued to gaze into with increasing intensity, which I now realized expanded into cavernous regions far beyond my comprehension, to be authentic beyond reproach, that what I'd previously known as comfort, the land I was traveling toward, was constructed in a wholly artificial fashion, for reasons I could no longer recall.

SECTION 03

Now, Mr Bevel, given the contents of the letter you just read, how is the court expected to proceed? You did, did you not, readily admit that the deceased was allegedly unfaithful, and egregiously so, in your previous statements? Yet what is the court to conclude from the letter you just read? What is the nature of the relationship between yourself and this Corinne, and how would the deceased have reacted, given the fact she allegedly read said letter just prior to heaving herself off of a very large, very high building?

The court must ask, perhaps even demand, that you, Mr Bevel, extrapolate upon the character of this Corinne, who seems to have anarchic ideas to say the least, and give further detail with regard to the exact nature of this relationship did, or perhaps did not, have with her. What is the ethnicity of this person, Corinne, who seems to, from the contents of your letter at least, have no discernible ethnic background? And what is the exact relationship between her ethnic background and your own, Mr Bevel? This may, or may not, be a matter of national security. These questions, at this juncture, seem to have no adequate answers. And the court must insist, at this juncture, that these questions have at least satisfactory answers, if not appropriate answers.

As you well know, the court is not in a position to adjourn at this juncture, nor was it in a position prior to receiving this evidence and

having this evidence read aloud by you, Mr Bevel. However, now that this evidence has been read aloud the court is definitely, beyond a reasonable doubt, in no position to adjourn, so these proceedings must, for better or worse, continue, perhaps indefinitely.

Now, Mr Bevel, can you please, in the most concise manner available to you, which the court recognizes may in fact be quite loquacious by median standards, help explain the role of this letter and the role of this person Corinne and how they do, or do not, relate to the deceased.

The truth of the matter, your honor? But what is the truth of the matter, and why should we come to know it, what right do any of us have to knowing the truth of this matter or any other? The truth either approaches us or it doesn't. What difference does it make what the truth is and whether or not it comes to us, if in fact it's even possible that it could come to us? It seems increasingly likely as this case proceeds that the truth will not come to us, and even if it did come to us it seems more likely than not that we would completely fail to recognize it, or recognize it as something other than the truth.

Because the truth is of this nature. And this nature is not in any way recognizable to us, especially in this courtroom, and especially with regard to this matter at hand.

Your honor, what's outside is, ultimately, just as illusory as what's inside. What's haunted me incessantly for all of these years, for as long as I can remember, since I was a little boy your honor, is that what's inside has always seemed as unknowable to me as what's

outside. All I've ever known, your honor, are vague urges—urges that I've never been able to associate with any system of identity.

Yet these vague urges, since I've been a small boy, have always been corralled and subjugated into these systems of identity. These vague urges have been forced inside of me by the world! It's the world that's forced me to become my own inside, where I know nothing, and everything is ultimately just as impalpable as what's outside.

The world—it's the world that has subjugated me by creating my inside, your honor. The world has told me I have an inside when I've never had an inside. And all of these vague urges have had their way with me because of it. These urges have no identity, your honor. It's the world that tramples us, that constructs elaborate schemas to restrict these vague urges to an inside that, ultimately, doesn't exist.

It's all illusory, your honor! Both the outside and the inside don't exist, the outside, yes, it yearns for nothing more than to get inside, but it's a futile effort, because the outside and the inside can't be distinguished in this way. The outside and the inside aren't the same, I'm not saying that, your honor. What I'm saying, yes, what I'm saying is that the outside can never come inside. My inside is impalpable to me, these urges, when restricted as such, in these needlessly elaborate schemas, they become violent toward themselves.

All of this is illusory, your honor! Please, that much must be recognized and also recorded. We search through our insides in vain, finding nothing for years, pushed to increasingly extreme and

nonsensical methods, until we want nothing more than for it all to just end. When will this just end, we think, exhausted and ashamed of the extreme and nonsensical methods we've employed in the service of nothing. At the same time we're proud of ourselves, in an albeit shameful manner.

Your honor, this court has completely misinterpreted my milieu, in my opinion at least. And I hope the court will recognize my opinion as the truth. I'm of course no genius, and, no, of course I'm not tortured, standing here before staring at the ceiling and the wall above your head, your honor, awaiting my judgment has been the best time of my life. It feels like 4:55 on a Friday. This illusion of my inside is finally expiring, and I can be happy for that.

Guilty or innocent, no longer will I have to distinguish between what's outside, to worry about what's outside gaining access to what's inside, which is impossible. There are no more blinds to close, your honor. This is what all of the great spirits of our species have taught us—that all we hold dear is illusory and unknowable. Everything having to do with our spirit is ephemeral and illusory. And these illusions are tortures. These illusions supply us with the greatest of joys only to create gargantuan vacuums in their aftermath. Gargantuan vacuums we bask in for decades at a time, closing blinds and peering outside, haunted by our pasts.

Our pasts always come back for us. They remain with us, dormant, only to reemerge at the worst of times. Our pasts approach us as elaborate schemas and suffocate us in their grasp, in their torture chambers, these patterns come back to haunt us. These random,

seemingly meaningless patterns confront us everywhere inside. We find ourselves confronted with a binary choice that offers equal amounts of misery, and we arduously waste our lives calculating the spread, hoping the scales shift. And the scales shift endlessly, but the amounts of misery always remain equal. But the equations are a waste of time, and we know it.

Your honor, I've never been able to decipher my own inside, to the extent I've ceased to believe in its existence, this much you know. Yet the world won't let you stop believing without a cost associated! This world believes that it's now beyond its religious stage, yet it's more dogmatic than it's ever been. I'm no intelligent man, much less a genius, and even I can see that. Yes, we've elevated our senses to deities, but our senses are inside too. We've manufactured our senses into our manufactured insides and we've called our senses God and their observations Divine Prophecy, this is exactly what we've done. The mob of the senses, as Plato referred to it. Our senses are no better than our gods were. Our senses tell us the same lies our gods told, just in different rubrics. Yet to try and disassociate yourself from these senses, your honor, is to agree to pay a terrible price. The world won't have it. The world has its own agenda, your honor, and you or I have no say in it. This court has no say in it, even if it claims it does, it doesn't.

Discussing the world is itself a nonsensical exercise. We have no say in it, no control. We've been ascribed an inside, and all we can do is wait. Wait in increasingly excruciating fashions until we find where the ceiling and wall meet, and we stare at this point in utter

glee, knowing this madness is finally coming to an end. All of this, it's nothing but madness, your honor, with all due respect. We're endlessly entangled in irrevocable illusions. I wish I could see things in another way, but that's simply not the way it is.

But, yes, yes, let me, allow me tell you a little more about this relationship, your honor. Because I haven't been entirely up front with the court to this point, and for that I sincerely apologize. I hope the court accepts this apology as well as deems it sincere.

You see, of late, actually right around the time things between myself and the deceased began to deteriorate in a more serious manner than they had on prior occasions, I began what I refer to, for lack of a better phrase, as my rescinding process. I began to rescind from the modern material world. The modern material world, more than it had previously, began to disgust me to an acute degree. Corporate America began to, more than it had previously, disgust me to an acute degree. What we deem our culture, more than it had previously, began to disgust me to an acute degree. Even many of my long-standing friends, if they didn't disgust me, began to strike me as superfluous, as friendships that were based on a history of being friends rather than any type of genuine bond. Of course, these notions had been building up steadily inside of me for quite some time, from the dawn of my adolescence onward, and the definitive origin or a definitive origins of this process is maybe beside the point. In short, your honor, living in the world increasingly struck me as a dubious proposition.

Which it still does. In the end, it's more or less impossible to estimate the degree of fraudulence you can live with until you find yourself in the midst of said fraudulence, your honor. It happens almost incessantly, we know this, that a person will overestimate the amount of fraudulence they can endure and subsequently crumble under the amount of fraudulence they, in fact, signed up for, because it's impossible to know what you can and cannot live with until you begin to live with it.

This was the beginning of my rescinding process. It was only via year after arduous year of discovering myself to—again and again—be utterly fraudulent, it was only when I'd been pushed to the absolute brink of fraudulence that I came to realize this amount of fraudulence was wholly unacceptable to me. The world wants nothing more than to see us accept increasing amounts of fraudulence.

And people are no different—one of the main reasons rescinding becomes so necessary, a matter of self-preservation in fact, is because of people. People, your honor, steeped in never decreasing amounts of fraudulence, want nothing more than to see you steep yourself in fraudulence. In fact, if you refuse to steep yourself in fraudulence then it's you people deem as fraudulent. You become a traitor to all tradition, all culture. Of course there's nothing to discuss with people, the idea these types of issues can be talked through, so to speak, is ridiculous. You are and will remain a traitor to people, and for good reason—everything people represent is utterly fraudulent, and people refuse to rest until everyone else

achieves a replicated state of their own utter fraudulence. And at a certain point one must be honest: sanctioning this type of fraudulence is to steep oneself in fraudulence. This fraudulence cannot be sanctioned. The only option—lest you eat yourself alive—is to rescind and to rescind completely.

Understood, Mr Bevel. The court acknowledges this rescinding under the auspice that this rescinding will lead to a more granular understanding of the events regarding the conditions that moved the departed to become deceased. Now, please proceed. It will be impossible, as you know, for this court to properly adjourn until this matter is put to rest. It's now the court's opinion that, while much of this exposition has been contrived and aesthetic, this process of rescinding may be materials the condition of the deceased prior to becoming departed. Please proceed.

Of course, your honor. Allow me to begin. You see, the velocity of my rescinding process increased in intensity this past July 3rd, when at approximately 4pm, restless in a way that could partially be attributed to the heat wave that had occupied almost all of New England for the fourth straight day, but that could also partially, perhaps, be attributed to my innate disposition, I decided, after fidgiting and manically meandering through my small apartment for three hours, to take a drive through the city. I decided I would take a walk through India Point Park. I would put ten dollars of gas into my car at the top of the street then take the scenic route—although the scene would be through one of the most dilapidated neighborhoods of Providence—from my apartment to India Point Park. Driving

down Douglas Avenue (the scenic route) to India Point Park, a series of intense impressions overwhelmed me.

However, although I was overcome by these intense impressions, any sort of hope or ambition of recreating these impressions was notably absent. It seemed entirely out of the question that the scenes of these intense impressions could ever be recreated faithfully, honestly. To recreate these scenes, I thought, would not only be entirely futile but would be fundamentally dishonest—unethical even. Why I recurrently experienced these types of intense impressions while driving down Douglas Avenue completely eluded me, yet it occurred to me, this time, that these impressions weren't impressions at all, despite the fact I'd, throughout my entire life, always understood these impressions to be a form of inspiration, a sort of mandate to create. No, these impressions weren't impressions at all, I thought—they were, and always had been, unique physical phenomena. It dawned on me that these impressions weren't in any way referential.

I meandered through India Point Park, which was only just lightly sprinkled with people on the intensely humid late afternoon. The breeze coming off the river was welcome, and the heat was increasingly unbearable as I ambled onward. Before I fully realized it, I'd walked completely out of the city of Providence, about a mile into the neighboring city of East Providence, where I stood across the Seekonk River, staring at the East Providence Yacht Club. I looked across the river into the East Providence Yacht Club, where a fundraiser had been thrown annually for an old friend of mine who

passed away tragically ten years previous. To my eye, the Yacht Club was completely desolate at 4pm. Of course, the very fact East Providence, of all places, has a Yacht Club is laughable in itself, and I almost laughed myself, staring at its desolate deck at four in the afternoon. Instead intense memories of the populated deck of the Yacht Club, during the hours of the fundraiser over the past ten years, overcame me in an intense fashion as I continued to stare at the desolate deck.

I glanced at an information deck detailing the history of the Seekonk River, but before I began to skim its contents I felt a bug land on my forearm and instantly swatted it away. Its corpse, infinitely larger than I'd expected, fell lifeless on the information deck. I stared at the corpse of this insect, no longer finding myself capable of conjuring the energy to read, nevermind process, any of the information regarding the history of the Seekonk River. I glanced again at the empty deck of the East Providence Yacht Club then began to walk back to my car. Walking back it occurred to me that the question was what to do with ?intense sensations. I repeated the words ?intense sensations to myself as I continued to walk. I made a note of this before entering my car.

Only a week later my rescinding process would again gain speed, so to speak, when, attempting to recreate an experience I perhaps already knew could never be recreated, after buying a small collection of birthday gifts for my significant other at the time, I decided to return to India Point Park. However, as I returned to my car I quickly realized one of the gifts I'd purchased was a small

collection of chocolate candy, so, due to the temperature being well over eighty degrees, going directly to India Point Park was an untenable proposition. I would need to return to my apartment, drop off the candy, then drive back to India Point to take a walk, from India Point to the Seekonk River, across from the East Providence Yacht Club.

No sooner had I started my walk I realized this walk was void, and would continue to be void, of the solemn profundity of my July 3rd walk. I walked somewhat despondently through the jovial groups of people, mired in a creative frustration I'd found myself steeped in all too often, of course to no avail. I returned to the tablet delineating the history of the Seekonk River. The East Providence Yacht Club was now thoroughly populated, loud rock music and high decibel conversations were audible across the river. I glanced again at the tablet and, rather than reading its contents, attempted to see, despite the heavy rain just a few days prior, if an outline of the corpse of the large insect was in any way still visible. Glancing at the tablet with increasing intensity, I began to believe I caught glimpse of a black streak that very well could have been the final remnants of said corpse, but I couldn't be sure. The Yacht Club no longer conjured memories of my deceased friend's many memorial fundraisers, and as I walked back to my car, in at this point a near manic fashion, I continued to ponder what I considered the experience of the creator as the audience—how the viewing of the art one creates so easily devolves into these volatile vicissitudes, perhaps necessary

vicissitudes, that eventually lead said person to strenuously question the very nature, worth, and reliability of his or her sense perception.

I walked past my car and entered a small deck bar where I ordered a vodka with a splash of water and immediately paid the tab. Sitting on the fairly populated deck, I drank the vodka at a fair pace and nearly immediately, with my left hand, slapped at a bug resting on my right forearm. I stared at the corpse of the insect tangled in my forearm hair and made a note of this situation prior to finishing my drink. A slender cloud in the sky, located above a new building in the midst of its construction downtown, caught my eye before I left.

Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? said Socrates on his deathbed.

There will always, for as long as there are human beings, be an industrious bunch that will arduously construct sprawling, fictitious syllogisms that prove the world makes perfect sense. To argue otherwise, your honor, is only an exercise in futility.

In the dual corpses, the mutual core, of the two insects that punctuated my successive walks—walks that could never resemble one another, no matter how much I wished otherwise—I witnessed clearly what physicists refer to as entanglement: the state two particles enter into where each particle is incapable of being described independently of the other, even when the particles are separated by long distances. As soon as one particle is observed, the structure is altered irrevocably. My conclusion, it became clear to me your honor, was that this type of entanglement, which is under

heated debate within the scientific community, not only exists, but is essentially the fundamental state of all human interaction.

Well, Mr Bevel, this rescinding process, well, it's certainly something. However, the court—excuse me, yes, you two in the front row, could you please keep your chatter down, the decibel level, yes. No, it's fine, you can whisper among yourselves from time to time, the court is fine with that, but please refrain from full-blown conversations while the proceedings are in process. I understand that, but your boyfriend's legal matters and his impending remunerations are not pertinent to this courtroom. Thank you.

However, Mr Bevel, the court can't help but suspect that this rescinding process masks something else . . . namely this person Corinne, who seems to exist in dream as much as in what we currently deem reality. Would that be fair to say?

She definitely exists in recollection, or my recollection. And I did have a dream about her not all that long ago, so, yes your honor, I suppose that would be fair to say.

And she was your first girlfriend, so to speak, or so you detail in the letter to the deceased?

To the extent a person can have a girlfriend, so to speak, at the age of eight years old, then yes I suppose that's correct.

So, Mr Bevel, could you then please explain to the court WHY you would present a letter detailing an interaction, and a quite baffling one at that, with an ex-girlfriend of yours to the deceased, given the fact the deceased was, at the time at least, your romantic partner, to

some extent? Was this an instance of vengeance on your part, given the alleged infidelity of the deceased?

The fact of the matter is, your honor, it's now more difficult than ever to discern why I've acted the way I've acted, not only with regard to my relationship with the deceased, but for the entirety of my life. My life, in many ways, just increasingly seems like a series of random encounters that I only have the ability to contemplate in passing. Every encounter, by the time I become conscious of it, enters into a past state where I'm unable to verify its contents, all of its contents are under suspicion of being biased by my own sensory faculties. I can't know for sure with any of these seemingly random encounters, your honor, and it sends me on these—as Corinne put it—spiraled sojourns of self-destruction.

Did you, Mr Bevel, truly love the deceased? The court would like to know.

How is that relevant to the case at hand, your honor? With all due respect. I hope the court deems my objection sincere and appropriate.

The court is just curious.

Of course, I had love for the deceased, and in many ways I did love her, we had a lot of great times together. And just to be clear I mourn for her passing. My happiness notwithstanding, I'm also in mourning. The corpse haunts me, as I've noted previously. However, as I'm sure the court is well aware, every relationship is subject to issues, it's intensely difficult to live with people in close quarters, and some relationships thrive in more casual environments. True, it's

said that opposites attract, but when going down the road of a serious relationship it can be challenging when some of the differences between two people are so, for lack of a better phrase, stark in contrast.

Like what, Mr Bevel? Give the court some examples, you've consistently failed to supply examples during this proceeding.

Well, for instance, your honor, she was very messy, in terms of household, and I'm, well I'm a bit of a neatfreak.

But Mr Bevel, the court must remind you that no two people are exactly alike, and just because someone may leave a few pairs of dirty underwear strewn across an apartment floor from time to time, well that's in no way a BIG issue. If a few dirty thongs strewn across your floor is enough to push you over the edge, Mr Bevel, then the court finds your romantic prospects severely lacking. Plus, as you've stated, and it's been obvious to the court that this was the case, you're a neatfreak. You're someone who needs to be in control at all times, this much is clear. You need things exceptionally ordered, perhaps even psychopathically organized. So perhaps it was the deceased that should have taken umbrage with your excessive cleanliness rather than you taking umbrage with alleged disorder.

I do shower twice a day, almost religiously, your honor. And I'm aware, or I've heard that taking two showers a day can dry out the skin, and maybe I'm misguided in these processes, but I've always found myself paranoid about potential stench. The possibility of another person detecting a stench on my person haunts me, but I

realize, your honor, that that's indicative not only my vanity but my reliance on the opinion of others.

And you present yourself as someone who is wholly independent of that reliance, Mr Bevel, don't you?

Indirectly, yes, that would be fair to say.

So perhaps it's fair to suggest, Mr Bevel, that you're just a little bit too obsessed with being clean? That perhaps you drove the deceased to this infidelity not by the vicissitudes of your tortured genius, which the court still refuses to recognize, but rather than this insistence on CLEANLINESS. Cleanliness, as the popular saying goes, is godliness, Mr Bevel. And a major part of being in a relationship is divulging your humanity. The deceased, realizing your obsession with cleanliness not only suggested that you were trying to be something you're not, namely a god of sorts, so to speak, but also that you were failing to divulge your HUMANITY to her. You had secrets. Secrets you refused to divulge. So the deceased took solace in the arms of another man, but can you blame her, Mr Bevel? The court certainly can't. The court is of the opinion that, if anything, you should have apologized to the deceased for pushing her, via your excessive cleanliness, to such deceit, not presented some baffling letter detailing a conversation you had with a childhood girlfriend. Cleanliness, Mr Bevel, is in the long-run not all that important. People stink. The natural state of the human being is one steeped in stench. Attempting to remain clean at all the times is akin to attempting to learn how to fly, that's the opinion of the court. A human being's private area, as inveterate dispensers of waste, should

always have an air of stench to them. Private parts can't be clean all the time, and perhaps they should never be truly clean. Sensuality is a dirty, fickle business, Mr Bevel, as you well know, and private parts that are excessively clean only enhance the deception that sensuality produces. A private part drenched in stench is an honest sexual organ, and that is commendable. A private part excessively cleaned is a deceptive sex organ, and that's an infidelity in and of itself, Mr Bevel. By maintaining that you've kept your sexual organ excessively clean you've admitted to an infidelity yourself, and this infidelity pushed the deceased to her infidelity. It was only through your two showers a day that the deceased was pushed to this infidelity, that's the official opinion of the court. Now, was this cleanliness responsible, was it the driver, the main motive behind the suicide of the deceased, well, that remains to be seen.

SECTION 04

Now, Mr Bevel, the court has just received a second piece of evidence.

Oh, really?

A student loan transcript. It says here you're severely in debt, is that correct?

Well, I'd like, if possible, for the court to define SEVERE, because—

It says here you owe over \$60,000 to the federal government for these student loans, is that correct, Mr Bevel?

That sounds about right, your honor, in the ballpark of accuracy without a doubt. My student debt is something, frankly, if I'm being honest with the court here, which of course I am and have been, I've struggled to pay off for some time.

Could you please go into further detail? It says here you graduated from this university around the time of The Great Recession, as it's colloquially referred to.

Well, yes, that's funny because I thought the court was generally unfamiliar with colloquial terminology . . . You see, your honor, how should I phrase this? By wholly legal, actually well regarded methods, this massive regulatory body you reference loaned me upward of fifty thousand dollars for the purchase of a college diploma, however, due a massive dislocation of the global debt market within just a few months of my graduation, what you refer to as The Great Recession, the initial college diploma became completely worthless. So, through events I'll proceed to explain, I was convinced to pursue a graduate degree, which more than doubled the amount of the debt I had already accumulated, yet once I'd attained the graduate degree, the global debt market—arguably—had stabilized, and the degree was more or less superfluous. I could have easily got an equivalent job with just the bachelor's, I thought sitting at the job I (allegedly) got because of my graduate degree.

Obviously, your honor, possessing that amount of debt, my first thought was to declare bankruptcy, but that was impossible—the financial institutions, university bureaucracies, and federal government were all aware the cost of college was at a level where, if allowed, defaults would increase exponentially and become normalized, so they subsequently colluded to disallow expungement of said debt through bankruptcy. Obviously, my second thought was to hang myself, but that would've proven a major inconvenience for my immediate family—as the financial institutions, university bureaucracies, and federal government were all aware that if young postgraduates were restricted from expunging their massive debts through bankruptcy the rate of suicide would increase exponentially, so they subsequently colluded to pass ancillary legislation that disallowed expungement through death for student loans. In the event you died, your student loans will be transferred to your nearest relatives.

The fact of the matter was, I almost admired the law, despite it for all intents and purposes ruining my financial solvency, ruining my day-to-day budget and, in turn, by proxy, ruining my love life and, in turn, by proxy, ruining my entire life.

Actually, when the court thinks about it, the court almost admires the law as well.

Well, that's one way to look at it, your honor. But another way to look at it is this loan industry marks perhaps the highest corruption of our country to date, a malevolent collusion between university bureaucrats, politicians, and loan originators, all profiting at the

expense of the American student. In fact, just thinking about it fills me with utter disgust, makes me want to hurl literal rockets—by hand!—at these university administration buildings, this corruption, taking the people who choose to continue their education and unrepentantly fucking them up their asses—and not in a good way either!

No one, absolutely no one your honor, is capable of enjoying the type of assfucking these bureaucrats, politicians, and so-called financiers so opulently supply us. Every university president making exorbitant amounts in annual salary should look themselves in the mirror—then maybe they would acquire some integrity and good sense.

And these politicians? These politicians are across the board no good at all, there isn't a politician on this planet I respect. Obama, you say? The more I think about Obama, the more I seem to confirm to myself he's more reproachable for being so believable. At this point I'd rather shake the tiny fingers of Donald Trump, I'd rather shake the diminutive hands of a total asshole than an impostor like Obama. But that's not to say I would shake the hand of a Donald Trump. But I'm not so sure I'd shake the hand of a Barack Obama either. Obama, we have to admit, absolutely allowed the catastrophe of the Syrians in Aleppo to occur just as his forbearers have allowed countless atrocities to occur in the name of American business—again and again the West chooses economics over intervening in verifiably human catastrophes. How many decades until Aleppo is deemed a genocide?

How many millions of dollars did the United States spend to kill Osama bin Laden never mind Saddam Hussein? What good did that do? Yet not so much as a cruiser missile for the children suffocating under the rubble in Aleppo? I recently read a direct testimony from the massacres that occurred in Asia Minor at the hand of the Ottoman Empire between the years of 1913 through 1922. One account that's stuck with me reads as follows, you honor: They tugged out her intestines, and with her blood pouring out she said to her daughter My child, when you see the dark, fall into the sea.

A daughter witnessed her mother's intestines ripped from her stomach while she was still alive and breathing; other victims were made to eat the intestines of their deceased loved ones, and the United States of America and the rest of the quote-unquote Powers of the West stood idly by, for quote-unquote political reasons. And today people still view America as some kind of paradise. Well let me tell you something, your honor: I respectfully disagree! And I'm sure the same is going on in Aleppo, there's no doubt about it. There's no politician on this planet I respect. The only good politician, as an old man told me long ago, is a dead politician. There is no prior politician on this planet I respect; from Pericles and Cleon through FDR and JFK—I reproach all of these politicians in one unflinching swoop!

That is quite enough, Mr Bevel! Your opinion on geopolitics is not the concern of this courtroom! The entry of this piece of evidence

was intended for analysis only in the way it impacted your relationship with the deceased!

My sincere apologies, your honor, truly! But you have to realize when I express these types of opinions, they're not necessarily sincere, so to speak, my mind vacillates between opinions at truly breakneck speeds.

Mr Bevel, that's just absurd. The court cannot recognize that to be true, because if the court indeed did choose to recognize that to be true then your entire testimony would be called into question, and if your entire testimony is questionable, then this court will never be able to adjourn, and this case must be closed, not only in an expedient fashion but a propitious one as well.

But truly, my feelings do vacillate at breakneck speeds at times, your honor, even on the most trivial of matters I'm capable of wild swings of emotion. I hope the court will acknowledge this phenomenon as, if not satisfactory, at least sincere. I believe this case may be closed, but expediently as well as propitiously, even if my entire testimony is questionable to the extreme. My testimony is no plus here, your honor, it's a minus. In fact, the more questionable my testimony proves, the better for this case, because this case will never be closed if my testimony is regarded with favor.

For example, and I'll give you an example your honor, only because I feel as though the court will fail to acknowledge this phenomenon as sincere, and in turn hold my nonexistent, wholly insincere geopolitical views against me, unless I furnish the court with concrete examples. For example, at about one am on a

nondescript but frigid Saturday night in the middle of winter—it was last winter, or I should say it was now two winters ago—and I was standing up wearing a muted expression at The Dorrance, a so-called upscale bar located in downtown Providence, and I found myself intensely craving a grilled cheese from Say Cheese. I was intensely craving the purchase of a specialty grilled cheese from this place called Say Cheese.

There were five of us, including myself, and everyone, excluding myself, was relaying anecdotes, laughing at these anecdotes, which were admittedly somewhat amusing, not incredibly amusing but somewhat amusing, perhaps not even amusing at all, yet all I could think about was this grilled cheese. I'd arrived at The Dorrance well after my friends, if you can even call them friends, none of them were friends save for one person who may, at this point, not even be my friend anymore, having strongly considered staying in (it was frigid, I was lethargic), and I was drinking beer but failing to catch a buzz.

This grilled cheese—it was dominating all avenues of my thought process, despite the fact I wasn't particularly hungry. The thought occurred to me that perhaps, subconsciously, I decided to go out for the sole purpose of prying open this possibility of purchasing a grilled cheese at Say Cheese. It was a frigid winter night, and three of the four people in our group were minor acquaintances at best, I wasn't friends with any of these people. These people, in fact, disgusted me to increasingly great degrees, and I found myself asking myself, incessantly perhaps, what I was even doing hanging

out with these people, I had no couth when it came to hanging out with people, I'd clearly just hang out with anyone if drinking a beer was involved. I contributed no anecdotes of note to the conversation, partially because my mind was so singularly focused on the grilled cheese—under normal circumstances, I would have definitely relayed a few noteworthy anecdotes. I can't wait to get some grilled cheese, I thought, not craving a meal as much as craving the thrill of purchasing a specialty meal at that hour. This is capitalism at its most corrosive; I could really go for a grilled cheese, I thought, noting the female who sat next to me was as tall as I was, but I was standing up while she was sitting down.

At the first sign of the group preparing to disperse, I hurriedly expressed my goodbyes, realizing that the very act of leaving my apartment was at best gluttonous and at worst an overt act of self-harm, and practically sprinted down the block to the entrance of Say Cheese.

Because of the employment of fresh ingredients the sandwich took upward of twenty minutes to prepare; I assumed the sandwich took upward of twenty minutes to prepare due to the employment of fresh ingredients.

An amateur DJ with an absurdly large nose, and I'm saying this as a person who acknowledges the size of his nose, a nose that's above average in size, who married a distant cousin of mine who has some form of terminal cancer, I believe, also entered Say Cheese, and I tried my best to avoid eye contact. My preference was to avoid conversation. Luckily, this amateur DJ, who was approaching forty

years old at least—not that you can’t be a successful DJ in your forties, depending on what sorts of parties you choose to DJ, or maybe that doesn’t even matter—but luckily this person either didn’t recognize me or felt the same aversion to conversing with me as I did to conversing with him.

Eating the grilled cheese, staring out onto the desolate city street, all I could think about was how gluttonous, how superfluous eating the grilled cheese was at that time of night, and I immediately began to regret buying the grilled cheese.

Is it not possible, Mr Bevel, that this debt load you currently carry, so to speak, had an adverse impact on the nature of your relationship with the deceased? But enough of that, because the court feels an intense need to get to the bottom of this Corinne situation. Who is this Corinne, and what was the exact nature of your relationship with her, and how did the deceased feel about this relationship?

Well, your honor, the deceased was certainly aware of the letter, but, to be completely honest with you, we never really had any sort of extended discussion, or even any discussion for that matter, about Corinne. Corinne was certainly a person the deceased was aware of, via the letter if nothing else, but I wouldn't necessarily say the letter was about Corinne, so to speak, or that the deceased was even all that concerned with Corinne, much less the letter. Or if she was concerned, then I wasn't explicitly aware of this concern. You see, communication between myself and the deceased, especially toward her departure, wasn't of the most robust character. While it's

certainly true I wrote that letter to the deceased regarding Corinne, it's not necessarily true that the deceased got the message, so to speak. How I felt, and the letter if anything only captured how I felt at a particular moment and not how I felt as a whole, maybe wasn't something the deceased was aware of, or she was aware of it but only in a cursory manner. Or maybe she was aware of how I felt but wasn't aware of the extremity of this feeling, which to be fair may have only been a momentary feeling.

Would it be fair to say feelings were not often a topic of discussion between yourself and the deceased, Mr Bevel?

Not necessarily, your honor, because we did discuss feelings, but we never, or rarely, discussed feelings in depth. Our feelings, for whatever reason, were rarely discussed beyond the surface. But of course we know that to truly discuss feelings the surface must be penetrated, so maybe you're right, maybe we never really did discuss feelings. In any case, we definitely never discussed Corinne outright, although the deceased was admittedly aware of Corinne's existence via the existence of the letter.

Given the manner in which the letter is written, Mr Bevel, it's the court's belief that Corinne may not exist in the way your present in the letter, meaning that Corinne may certainly exist as a person, but that you've taken liberties with her character in your letter, that perhaps the letter you wrote to the deceased regarding Corinne details a dream sequence with Corinne, and then a subsequent lucid dream sequence with Corinne. The letter, in the court's opinion, is

an, albeit abstract, exegesis on your feelings at the time, rather than formal narrative regarding your actual relationship with Corinne.

However, despite this, at first glance, beneficial interpretation of the letter, Mr Bevel, the court will reiterate that the very existence of Corinne, regardless of her perhaps nonexistent status in the letter, is a material matter in the conditions of the deceased prior to her departure.

Understood, your honor. And I appreciate your exegesis of my letter, even if I will, at this time, refrain from confirming or denying the court's thesis on my letter.

SECTION 05

The court respects that decisions, Mr Bevel, because as you know this courtroom cannot, under current law, demand an exegesis of a letter from a witness. That's unlawful, as the law currently stands. However, the court would like to discuss the events of a recent Sunday afternoon, August the Nineteenth, where you, Mr Bevel, are alleged to have been seen in a pub, drinking a glass of liquor and smoking a cigar at three in the afternoon. It seems, according to witnesses, that you were in the midst of drowning some combination of sorrows, unsuccessfully no doubt. And it was at this time that you were approached by a female of Portuguese extraction, a few years older than yourself, Mr Bevel, and she asked you why you were destroying yourself with smoke and drink, did she not? She asked

you questions that seemed to suggest, to you at least, that she was aware of your exact situation, did she not?

She said to you, did she not, that she, you, any person, cannot subsist living for someone else, so to speak, that if something is not working, and not working to a profound degree, then a person has no choice but turn to solitude. Better it is to live alone; there is no fellowship with a fool. Live alone and do no evil; be carefree like an elephant in the elephant forest. This female, who was from Portugal, so spoke with a heavy accent, who clearly emigrated from Portugal in recent years, who had an almost supernatural character of her, spoke to you directly, Mr Bevel, did she not?

You, Mr Bevel, at this juncture realized the impossibility of your situation, that this situation would lead to the exact situation you currently find yourself, did you not? This Portuguese female wanted nothing from you, you asked her what do you want from me, cynically no doubt, as your state of mind was steeped in cynicism on this afternoon, and she said I want nothing from you, but I looked at you, and I said what's a young man like this doing sitting here drinking and smoking by himself, he must be in dire straits. So I'm going to talk to you briefly, she said, and then, after speaking with you just momentarily and relaying essentially your entire situation to you without you informing her of a thing this female did exactly as she said she would—she walked away, and you've never seen her again, isn't that correct, Mr Bevel?

And you didn't even get this female's name. But if you did receive this female's name her name would be Corinne, or she would at least

tell you her name was Corinne, would she not? But this Corinne, Mr Bevel, is no sensual object of your desire, is she? This Corinne, in fact Mr Bevel, is the polar opposite of a sensual object for you, she's nothing more than a signal to turn AWAY from sensuality, and this turn away from sensuality was immediately felt in your relationship with the deceased. The deceased was prepared for sensuality in the days prior to her departure, was she not?

Yet you sat smoking a cigar and drinking liquor at three in the afternoon as this female approached you and informed you of your exact situation, that you were involved with a person, the deceased, that you could do many things but one thing you couldn't do, or it wouldn't be advisable to do, was continue to kill yourself, in her words, for the sake of another person, that you could no longer sacrifice, that your actions that afternoon, the expression she witnessed on your face informed her that you could go no further, that continuing down this path would lead to YOUR demise.

Of course, this woman, if in fact her name was Corinne, whether or not her name was Corinne, there's no reason for you, or the court for that matter, to believe she knew what she was talking about in the least. In fact, it's very possible she had no idea what she was talking about. Seeing a person drinking and smoking in a bar by himself at three in the afternoon, well, it doesn't necessarily take a wild imagination to imagine that this person may be in dire straits. However, as it so happened you were in dire straits that day, Mr Bevel, and this person struck a chord with you with her words and her demeanor. The fact she didn't ask anything of you in return gave

additional weight to her words. Her demeanor displayed a person who had endured what she referenced, not a self-help guru or fraudulent swami, of which the world is filled. You took her seriously.

The court believes this incident is of material importance to the case of the deceased, that this turn from sensuality, this turn toward solitude and in turn turn away from the deceased materially impacted the course the deceased took. Perhaps you saved yourself as this lady suggested, Mr Bevel, but it's also possible you condemned the deceased, that in your avoidance of your demise you caused the demise of the deceased. It occurs often, in the court's experience, that a relation will enter a state where the demise of element is necessitated by any further movement, not altogether different than your very interpretation of entanglement you presented to the court, Mr Bevel.

One measurement of one element changes the structure irrevocably. By measuring one element the structure of the whole, and in turn the measurement of the other element, will be altered irrevocably. In the court's opinion, by, accurately or inaccurately, assessing with fortitude the condition of your relationship with the deceased, Mr Bevel, you altered the relationship irrevocably. This was only possible through your interaction with this female the court will, for lack of a better term, refer to as Corinne. And this is a material matter in the case of the deceased, as you well know the cranium was indecipherable, as is much about the case. The case, in the court's opinion, is more or less indecipherable on many material

fronts, so adjournment at this time remains more or less an impossibility.

Your honor, would a recess be possible at this time?

Unfortunately, Mr Bevel, a recess is not possible. A recess, as you may know, in the eyes of the court, too often leads to premature adjournment.

It's just that my legs are getting a little tired, I've been standing for some time now. Normally, I wouldn't bring something trivial like this up, but I feel as though serious cramping is more than possible, possibly even likely, in the near to immediate future.

The court absolutely can provide a chair to you, Mr Bevel. Is that something you'd be interested in?

If the court could provide a chair, why yes, that would be much appreciated, your honor. Normally I'm not one to complain, but in this instance I feel as though the fatigue I'm feeling in my legs is, well it's adversely impacting some elements of my testimony, and as we're now veering into territory that seems to me be increasingly material I feel as though I need my testimony to be as accurate as possible, both my sake as well as the sake of the court. Not to even speak of the sake of the deceased, because that goes without saying.

Indeed it does go without saying, Mr Bevel. Now do you find the chair the court has provided to be adequate to produce accurate testimony?

Do you have a cushioned seat, because that's what I was kind of thinking of when I asked for the chair. I apologize for the lack of

specificity in my request, your honor, but this almost strikes me as a chair from a dinner table and a rather shoddy dinner table at that, and I generally consider courtroom chairs, although granted I have limited experience within the penal system, but I generally consider chairs of a court to be cushioned, most likely leather, chairs.

Well—

Or even if you have just have a cushion for this seat, that would be fine. I guess my concern is if my ass starts to get sore from the wood, then am I going to have to interrupt the court again for a cushion? I think it's more prudent, in my opinion at least, to just get the cushion now, rather than potentially ask for a cushion later. I realize the court may be slightly perturbed at this disturbance, but I sincerely hope the court recognizes both the sincerity and veracity of my request. Also, I hope the court recognizes that, although my subsequent request for a cushion may be deemed as annoying, so to speak, that my consolidation of requests into one series of requests, as opposed to multiple requests scattered across separate times of the testimony, which we know can interrupt the testimony in more material ways, is the most prudent course of action. Hopefully the court recognizes these things, or at least I hope the court will recognize these things.

Unfortunately, while the court recognizes this request as material, the court is of the belief there are no spare cushions in the courthouse at this time. Furthermore, the notion that leather cushioned chairs are standard court chairs is demonstrably false, Mr Bevel, as there are no cushioned chairs to speak of in this

courthouse. Furthermore, if there were to be cushioned chairs introduced into this courthouse, it's highly unlikely they would be leather. However, Mr Bevel, having said all of this, the court doesn't want you to believe your comfort is of no importance to the court, because your comfort, Mr Bevel, is in fact of the utmost importance to the court. The court does have a rather thick blanket, if you'd like to sit on this blanket that would be deemed prudent in the eyes of the court.

SECTION 06

Your honor, I understand why the court, this blanket is quite comfortable by the way, thank you, I understand why the court may feel it necessary to interrogate me to this degree, and I understand the evidence presented with regard to this Corinne, whether or not all of the evidence indeed pertains to Corinne, is provocative, I'd really like to just clarify my love for the deceased. Because I feel as though this is being overlooked, and maybe that's partially on me, as I did after all bring up my violent ebullience toward the beginning portion of this interrogation.

But I'm a human being, your honor. And, while I'm admittedly unsure if you've ever witnessed the soup-like cranium of a loved one in your life, I can assure you, if you haven't, it's an image that stays with you, violently. We live in an era of simulation, but these emotional vicissitudes are the one thing computer scientists will

never be able to accurately simulate, because there is and never will be any simulation of emotional terror and mental decay. This is what technology can never simulate, your honor.

These images haunt me, your honor, and they haunt me because of the love I felt for the deceased, and while, yes, she will be deemed insane by those of us who believe hurling ourselves from high buildings is insane, the fact of the matter is I'm equally insane as she. I'm equally insane as the deceased, I only control my insanity more efficiently than she did, your honor. Which is deplorable in and of itself, insanity should and needs to be unleashed, and—furthermore—correct, this insanity, the court is correct, doesn't emerge from some kind of tortured genius. Tortured genius and insanity have absolutely nothing to do with one another, the court is correct in that notion. The deceased may suffer from insanity, but it's very possible I suffer from the same insanity, your honor, only I deplorably control and subjugate this insanity for impure ends.

But, Mr Bevel, I must inform you . . . you realize that if you suffer from this same insanity as the deceased, given the pretext of the court, well, this court may never adjourn. Until the court feels as though the risk of you hurling yourself from a high building is properly mitigated this testimony will be unable to adjourn.

I understand that, your honor, and I sincerely apologize for the inconvenience my latent insanity makes for the court. Perhaps I'm overstating my insanity, perhaps I'm attempting to chase the clout that accompanies mental illness, after all if I control my insanity, is it even insanity?

According to current municipal law, Mr Bevel, a properly controlled and subjugated insanity is, legally speaking, a procedural grey area within city limits.

Ah, for the love of God, what does it matter, your honor?! What does any of this matter, because none of this matters, in the end none of it does, and you know it as well as I do. You know none of this matters, none of this matters, and this proceeding can feel free to continue ad infinitum as far as I'm concerned! To be completely honest with you, your honor, I couldn't be fucking happier. I'm the spitting image of happiness as I stand before you here, or rather sit I should say, nothing matters, and I'm fine with that! Things that matter, well, that's no good. Shattered craniums, they don't matter! High buildings, they don't matter! Long-term relationships in irreparable states of dissolution, they don't matter! To attempt any further argument that any of this matters is pure foolishness!

Do you know I trudged through a large puddle to park the deceased aunt's SUV just months before our relationship concluded, your honor? Do you think I wanted to do that, the thoughts I had traversing my mind while I was doing that, your honor? Well, to be fair, I was fairly inebriated when I did it, so I suppose I'm not all that sure what was going through my mind at the time, but in any case it's funny how these things work, isn't it your honor? A person, you meet a person, and you realize there are serious incompatibilities, if that's even a word, between you and this person, yet this person becomes, manages to become the center of your world for years on end, despite the fact the two of you are perhaps irreparably

incompatible in many key ways. This person becomes the center of your world for years on end, and, one day, almost as if it happened independently of either of your wills, they dissolve in front of you, and it's almost like they never existed—except when their despicably dissolved image returns to you in an acute fashion. What does it say for our experience, your honor? Oh, there's nothing left to do but jump off the highest building we're permitted access, your honor! How can you possibly disagree with this statement? How is this testimony insufficient for adjournment? This case is already closed, can't you see?! The harsh fact of the matter is the court is correct in that I've had this coming to me for some time, your honor, Corinne or no Corinne, and now it's my time to repent, and if my repentance involves hurling myself off the highest building I'm permitted access, then I don't see any fair reason why that's so offensive to the court! My corpse can't possibly cost all that much to clean up! What is truly standing in the way of adjournment, your honor, I demand that you tell me!

There's crime, Mr Bevel, which of course is relative to time and place, the pedophile of the modern era would be just a sensualist, Epicurean so to speak, in Ancient Rome and Greece, but it's always fascinated the court this crime.

I hope you'll excuse the court this brief digression, Mr Bevel, as the court has obliged you in your plethora of digressions to this point.

A young man, a child more or less, the court's read in the news, has been accused of murdering his grandfather, who was opulent to

an extreme degree, then murdering his mother on a trip out to the ocean, his mother who received a \$42 million pay out from his grandfather, who he allegedly, this child, as the court previously stated, murdered three years prior. So this young man, again borderline child, murdered his grandfather then, well aware of the payout his mother received as a result of this murder, allegedly quote-unquote LOST SIGHT of his mother on a boat trip he took with her when the boat began to sink. His mother was lost at sea, so to speak. Now the general populace has made itself amenable to the idea this young man murdered his mother. After murdering his grandfather.

Crime, it has a dual nature, Mr Bevel. Crime fascinates us, and the court isn't ashamed to say it's not immune to this phenomenon, because it requires certain, when applied in other venues, ADMIRABLE TRAITS, yet it repulses us nonetheless. The greatest traits of a human being, presented to us in a manner that's wholly disgusting, that's what crime is, Mr Bevel. Oh man, if this kid, if he just applied that energy to BUSINESS, the court hears people say in cases such as these. If this kid, oh if he just, oh if instead of murdering two members of his immediate family for \$42 million, he could've been a millionaire and more!

What drives people, especially so young, to such despicable acts? This is what the court asks itself, but there's, of course, no answer! The psychology of the criminal, Mr Bevel, is a joke, and everyone knows it. Everyone knows we have no idea whatsoever what motivates this criminal behavior.

The primary benefactor of spirituality is criminal urges, without criminal urges no one would ever turn to spiritual matters, Mr Bevel, and the court hopes you will be honest enough to admit as much. The priest, the monk is prone to the most criminal, most heinous of urges among us, the actualized criminal has urges only one-eighth as criminal as the monk. Yet you deplore the court system, Mr Bevel. But the monk is aware and has processed all of these terrible urges within him or herself for decades. Perhaps he or she has mastered them. Perhaps not. Perhaps the monkhood is a front, this in many cases the court will never know, the court will never know half as much as the monk knows about him or herself, and there's nothing the court can do about it, Mr Bevel.

Now with regard to the deceased, Mr Bevel, you must understand the court is not engaged in the same aims as the spiritual organizations of the monk and the priest. The monk and the priest are in the business of turning away and turning away completely, it's only when the search for answers cease that the monk and the priest are satiated, whereas the court is in the business of, please excuse this coarse word BUSINESS, for lack of a better word the court is in the BUSINESS of the exact opposite, of getting to the bottom of things, so to speak. Even if the court readily acknowledges that it will never get to the bottom of such large-scale questions as what motivates criminal behavior, and it's not that the court's curiosity isn't peaked by these questions it's that the court must remain focused on the tangible, the court must still aim to get to the bottom of the small-scale problems that it's capable. And the tangible, Mr

Bevel, is getting to the bottom of such small-scale cases as your relationship with the deceased and preventing unnecessary corpses (such as yours!) from appearing within city limits.

So when you ask the court so passionately, and the court recognizes this passion as sincere, if not emanating from any sort of tortured genius, when you ask the court why the court can't just adjourn, why the court can't see that this case isn't closed, well, the court can't see what isn't there, Mr Bevel. And this case isn't closed because of the material questions still left unanswered by YOU, Mr Bevel, regarding the state of the deceased in her last days.

Your proclivity to claiming, in a shrieking, philosophical tone of voice, that you're quote-unquote UNABLE to recall these events with any sort of veracity is only, in the court's opinion, harming your own case. The court isn't looking to incarcerate you, Mr Bevel. There is no harsh punishment awaiting you, Mr Bevel. The court simply needs to clarify the state of the deceased in her final days, construct a plausible motive for the act of hurling oneself off a high building, and then the court will be able to adjourn and possibly even close the case.

In addition, Mr Bevel, this theater you continue to indulge in regarding your own mental state hurts your own cause equally if not more than your philosophical amnesia. While the court remains certain these theatrics are just that—theatrical—the court views you as an actor that's become lost in his role, that you're, in your current state, capable of acting out these theatrics in real life, not that that will make the theatrics any less theatrical, Mr Bevel, because it

won't. If you were to just understand, once and for all, Mr Bevel, that you are an ACTOR, that your so-called torture isn't emanent of some divine genius but a role you've chosen or been chosen to play, if you could just admit that to the court, once and for all, that would only help your case and the case of the deceased, who by contrast very well may have been tortured by a divine genius, and you would advance this case toward the adjournment you claim to yearn for so passionately.

With all due respect, your honor, and I do respect this court, but if this court is attempting to criminalize suicide, then I may have to walk out of this courtroom right now, adjournment or no adjournment. Adjournment be damned! The criminalization of suicide is something I've always opposed, and I haven't expressed it in this courtroom, but I've had this feeling for some time now that this court is attempting to criminalize the deceased's suicide. Well, I don't stand for that, your honor, all due respect, in fact, I'm appalled by it!

I've always respected suicide, your honor, maybe that's something you don't understand, that I've had nothing for respect for suicide my entire life, and I've even respected cultures, far more admirable than American culture, where suicide is even venerated, much less viewed as a criminal act. Furthermore, the court, beyond attempting to criminalize the deceased's suicide, has even sought to criminalize my alleged possible future suicide attempt, and in turn has refused

to grant me adjournment on that ground. Well, that's appalling, and I'm appalled!

Yes, that's right, your honor, I've had enough of it. Life, your honor, conscious experience, we must admit that it's not for everyone, that at some point every individual has a right to say This is enough, I've simply attempted to persevere through this conscious experience to the best of my ability, but it's to no avail! But no—of course the state rejects that right. The state, it would prefer to deem these people quote-unquote mentally ill and pump profitable medications, the euphemism the medicinal industry uses for DRUGS pure and simple, into their systems ad infinitum.

Oh no, these people aren't DRUG ADDICTS, your honor, oh no, they're simply ON MEDICATION. No, no one completely DEPENDENT ON NARCOTICS for a mental worldview that's in line with social norms is a DRUG ADDICT, your honor, oh no! they're just brave enough to SEEK ASSISTANCE. Well, I think we both know, your honor, that that's a load of nonsense, that it's pure horseshit, that there are two types of drug addicts we have in this country, we have drug addicts that are approved by the state and drug addicts that are not. It's that simple. A person can exist in our society wholly dependent on the most lethal narcotics known to man and be viewed as an upstanding citizen, while someone else can, conversely, take two hits from a bong once a week and be considered a terrible drug addict.

Well, I've always respected the ones who took their own lives, your honor, more than the ones who allow the state to drug them into a

so-called acceptable state of mind. What is this acceptable state of mind, your honor? Someone comes to us and says This life is no good! And we reply by saying Oh, you're sick! But the suicidal ones are always the most sane, your honor! Over the course of human history, it's always been the ones ready to hurl themselves from tall buildings that have proven to be the most sane in the long run. It's the people who go through their entire lives thinking Oh yeah, this is good! I like this! it's these people, these poor morons that are the insane ones, your honor! But, no, the court, I can already hear it, the court will deem my insanity inauthentic, deem my potential suicide attempt as detrimental to the state.

We all know the suicide bombers who blow themselves up expecting 72 virgins on the other end of it will be severely disappointed, your honor, but are they truly any more delusional than half of our populace currently strung out on prescription medication? Are they, your honor? You tell me. We view ourselves as if nothing could be more true than our own point of view, and we do so because as soon as we cease to we think about hurling ourselves off buildings. But you know what else is a sin, your honor? Ignorance. Ignorance is a greater sin than insanity, and I'd much prefer going insane to allowing a perspective to pass me by without contemplation! But that is the greatest sin in the eyes of the state, your honor, contemplation is the sin par excellence in the eyes of the state, your honor, as soon as you question certain tenets you get placed on lists, and nothing's changed! I'm sure I'll be on a list right after making this statement!

Oh, we talk of open borders all the time, the pros and cons of our borders, but the state is concerned with the borders of ideology far more than any Mexicans running into Arizona, and we see it now more than ever. I challenge anyone to following the audit trail of what agencies are funding which ideological agendas, because we've reached a point of pure ideological chaos, your honor! This country is being ripped apart by the seams of its own convoluted ideology.

Or are we? Because the ideological warfare that hits the front page in today's era is of the lowest stakes, economically speaking. The definition of gender and an immigration crisis that simply has no answer, no, these are—

That's quite enough, Mr Bevel. Now, the court will now pose one question and one question only to you: What was the name of the deceased?

SECTION 07

You know what I've noticed, your honor, and it's the strangest thing, I don't know if it's from getting older, but the past two winters I've noticed that my left nostril gets really sore, not only sore but actually bruised. But I have no idea how. Am I sleeping on it wrong? Is it the change in temperature that comes with the change in season, I have no idea. Have you ever had anything like that happen with your nostril? Or even another orifice, if it's a similar feeling. And, just for

the record, please record in the ledger that it's only my left nostril, never my right.

Mr Bevel, the court has requested that you provide the name of the deceased.

It's strange, some of the bodily sensations you endure, your honor, these sensations emerge from thin air it seems. I felt, for example, a really weird tingling in my ass yesterday evening, like to the extent I began to believe it was a serious thing, like this tingling in my ass was signaling the onset of a serious convulsion. But then the tingling went away.

Mr Bevel—

Your honor, your honor. Your honor.

Mr Bevel—

Your honor. I'd like to note one thing for the court prior to proceeding.

Mr Bevel—

I still don't necessarily disagree with Corinne's assessment of the organism. I would be lying to the court, and I'm not in the habit, despite what the court may surmise, of lying to the court, I would be lying to the court if I said I didn't occasionally feel as though my body isn't quite mine, that the autonomous processes of my body are at times exceptionally foreign to me. What is this body, I often ask myself, which is a question that feels incredibly sincere at the time but dissolves into utter nonsense when faced with the melted face of the deceased, your honor. A person you love melts in front of you, your honor, yet somewhere within yourself you still hold onto this

sneaking suspicion that all of this is an illusion, that this body, you're walled off from it—until you're too close to it. When you're too close to it you cease to believe, and not only do you cease to believe it but you feel tremendous shame for believing it in the first place. How could I have possibly possessed the gall, had the AUDACITY to believe all of this is illusory when a person has dissolved in front of me, and not just a person I knew on a say hello to basis, but the very person I've spent the majority of my time with for upward of a half of a decade, that's who!

It's absurd, thinking that none of this is real when in fact it's all too real, all of it. Yet you don't stop believing it, your honor, and you don't stop believing it because there's something about this life that continues to strike you as slightly off, these little moments pluck you from your routine and make you question the very continuity of your life.

Is any of this linear?

So you travel back and forth between believing this life isn't real at all, or it's all too real. Too real to endure! Too real to endure or not real at all, you just can't decide—when confronted with the vicissitudes of life things seem too real, yet when you have time to sit and contemplate this very reality, out of nowhere, you feel a tingling in your ass that leads you to believe maybe none of this is real at all, that it's some practical joke you can only wish you were in on.

Mr Bevel, the court will cease to allow this type of speech suggest that reality is perhaps some kind of an illusion going forward. Reality, as we define it, is without a doubt entirely real, how could it

not be? If reality isn't real, then what is, and if nothing is, then how can I, the court, be addressing you, Mr Bevel, right now? It's clearly obvious that if reality wasn't real this courtroom wouldn't exist as it exists right now, so the case seems to be settled right there. In fact, if the issue of the deceased was anywhere near as clean cut as the reality of reality, then court would have adjourned hours ago, and the court would have been able to have lunch, which the court would very much appreciate. The court gets hungry, too, Mr Bevel, and all of this prevaricating on your end is only making the court increasingly hungry.

Now the facts of the case, existing in reality no less, are as such: the deceased hurled herself from a tall building, and this leap occurred not too long after your relationship with the deceased disintegrated once and for all, and this relationship's dissolution may or may not have been related to a letter you wrote to the deceased in reference to a woman named Corinne. This letter explained some of the natural philosophies of Corinne, and perhaps you yourself, subscribe to, as well as details the nature of the relationship between yourself and Corinne.

Furthermore, unbeknownst to the deceased, as far as the court is aware of at least, you had a deeply spiritual conversation with a woman of Portuguese extraction prior to your breaking off the relationship with the deceased, and this woman's name may or may not have been Corinne. The nature of this conversation, and the way in which the woman inferred your imbroglio without you communicating any details beforehand, moved you to solidify your

decision regarding the deceased, you decided that things between yourself had gone far enough, that the infidelity on behalf of the deceased was simply too severe for you to continue. Yet you did, did you not Mr Bevel, know that the mental state of the deceased was a concern, that without you the deceased very well could precipitously spiral into a state of extreme mania. You knew this, Mr Bevel. Yet you made a choice. You could have lived with the deceased, and you could have lived a decent life, a life that certain people would perhaps even be envious of, but given the actions of the deceased you decided that this decent life was far from satisfactory to you long-term, and you subsequently made a decision to divorce yourself from the deceased, despite the fact you knew the deceased was extremely dependent upon your presence and companionship.

Your mystical interpretation of your situation had real-life consequences for the deceased. And while the court acknowledges the deceased could have acted differently over the course of your relationship, the same may be said of you, Mr Bevel. You abandoned a person who was in intense need of your presence because you were unable to look beyond a disrespectful action on behalf of the deceased, the deceased wounded your pride and you couldn't handle it.

Yet the court is of the belief that if the tables were turned, then the deceased would have looked past her own wounded pride and forgiven you, Mr Bevel. But you were incapable of forgiveness and sparked a sequence of events that, in the court's opinion, directly led to the deceased's death. The ideas of this Corinne you describe in

your letter, and the conversation with the Corinne you conversed with at said pub both led you to, erroneously, believe that this reality is only, at best, half-here. That you're actions are only up to you TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, that there's a substantial variance when it comes to the accurate apprehension of conscious experience, and these ideas, once solidified, moved you to make your decision. This is the official opinion of the court.

Now you've identified the corpse of the deceased, and the court thanks you for that. Now the court will politely request, yet again, that you identify the deceased by name. This must occur before any sort of adjournment can even be remotely considered, Mr Bevel.

Absolutely, your honor, I understand where the court is coming from, and while I don't agree with the entirety of this interpretation, I certainly understand where the court could begin to believe such interpretations, because such interpretations certainly COULD have merit. With regard to the name of the deceased, I haven't been prevaricating your honor, with all due respect, I've been genuinely speaking my mind, that's all. And my mind is unfortunately quite prone to these sorts of digressions. The deceased's name was, for the record, Corinne.