

A Mess

by Kog Zadare

A.K.A

Amputated narratives of the not yet come emancipatory order

Modesty would be forestalled (left aside) in the case of the title "The Mess...."

"But who can shoulder the visceral (cough) burden of what is to come?" - The God of Trifling Grammatical Error.

"Cough - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The *cough* reflex consists of three phases: an inhalation, a forced exhalation against a closed glottis, and a violent release of air from the lungs .."

And then What, And then Who! Who to blame, What to strangle.

"Emancipatory - definition of *Emancipatory* by the Free Online ...
e·man·ci·pate (-m n s -p t). tr.v. e·man·ci·pat·ed, e·man·ci·pat·ing,
e·man·ci·pates. 1. To free from bondage, oppression, or restraint;
liberate. ..."

This is a record which states that at this time people were as this here. Thus its being rescued for future years is then a good boon.

(But, who would shutter themselves up under that heart wrenching and sad burden, who would then hide in the cubby hole protected from wind, mean sun and biting ice? Am I in a nursery school and thus protected by (from) all things, ("Shut the doors!" -Lao Tzu) let's hope it is that way.

"And the temple I bring down in so many days" - from out of a Jesus quote taken, invoked since the metaphor of body as a house

({willfully}misunderstood by the pharisees, the Romans?) is applicable to us all or not then. (In the age of neuro-biology? After the death of so and so Pascal, Descartes, Morgan Freeman?)

If you are willing there is enough, but you must share. I wish to console you, but you can never see.

The tone is to include all things, run of the mill, etc. , singing lullabies of inner despair and disquieting dreams, daylight and the sea, fields of molasses and drudging up the greatest tourniquets devised by thinkers and the ruminations of madmen, seeing the art and the commonplace in action and beguiling an age through truth.

The conductors, just think in that icy country away from self knowledge, have to get hold of the rains (of the Trireme bearing Zeus), else the unearthly troika (of Kafka's doctor Pistorius the mystogog.) go over and all be lost. They say it's true of a book too! Yet - Who is they?! Who is they!?

What after all would a model of a destroyed book look like?

If you are then, or now, starting but haven gotten up on you feet and toes standing hyphenated and crawling about for the time being but hadn't you better and when you think twice about it then isn't it just as they always said it would be in nursery school but if thats the way of it.

A few mistakes too many, indigestible.

I was a lamp, blinking on and off - blink, blink,blink, blink,blinkblink

"Mr.Short or Kurtz with words, he expired or he dead as if to say in the tongue of the what." - from out of a Konrad quotable released from the mouth of a Negro cabin boy circa 1326 H.D. But, (as is so often the case?) was he blasted by colors! Clouds across a landscape

rolling past as if unimaginable bags of magic Aiolos had Pandoraicly wafted onto the faces of the landscape and her expressions unilaterally diverging into a omni moving mass.

I am deeply attached to the place. My name is Enè Io. I make progress through the place. I will die for making these notes. Are we to throw up a hand in the place with a laugh or with a sigh? In the end it means nothing, very little.

We see that there is a joke printed somewhere on the internet that can only be described as Bellicose Anti-absurd convolution and (like the skits on the Jay Leno show that are (unintentionally?) beyond the cusp of modernity, it begins after the death of the Romanian school and long before the death of Samuel Beckett. It's central offices are made of pressed mud bricks which bake forever under a revolving sun.

"Lacan once had a patient who believed he was a chicken. At last, the man was cured. When he was released from the asylum, he crossed the road. Lacan called out, "Why are you crossing the road?"

"To get to the other of the Other," the patient replied.

"You cretin!" Lacan said. "The other of the Other does not exist."

"I know," the patient replied, "but tell that to the fox!"

"I guess he's cured," Lacan thought to himself, "at least by Parisian standards."

-a lacan joke pulled from the web

I was an all seeing eye, perched above the world, in the world, we use your descriptions to entertain you, but they fail flatly, what is it to see, to at last see?

I just assume have a cursory look at my surroundings, so as to see no one is ready to slaughter me with a cleaver or an iron girding.

In the words of Henri Kissinger concerning the success of the French revolution, it's too early to say.

Robespierre or Shakespeare, which has done us in through excess of more harmful malice of intent and thoughtless pride brought down the third and they went into the rubbish heap, delved them deep, after roots and weeds of immortality, but then he said as if in a sagacious mouth some utterance of woods and travels men of mists and dark fearless knights and so the tale was begun and ended in its follish betters of silence, to be sure I say so but don't take it even from this point of to go on? Like so many ghosts haunting our inner most lives, we can't see them clearly and out limpid limpness forbids even a passing glance.

There are no walls here. Sometimes there are walls. The industrialists call them fleeting walls. I am told the term 'fleeting wall' has a particular meaning, but I am not told what it is. Sometimes the walls seem almost in my way. There are no walls. Nothing interferes with my progress, never.

At the Hague, Van Gogh a stately pleasure garden did... etc. but the thing is too well know.

More or less, crazy all.

You know you are skating on this (here terra-round, earth bound) thin ice and must be as diffident and mistrustful as one who "forges a river in winter" (-tao te ching) and then goes into the Icelandic dreams (oh so frigidly shivering).

I understand that If one tries to know beforehand what the place is all about, one will not know what the place is all about. You can only know this afterwards. If while one is in the place and wants to know what the place is, one will not know about it. Only after you have

gone from the place can you hope to know about the place. One always starts and ends by going to and from the place.

Blank Blank Blank loved and cared for and fortune shown, then death and underarm they weighted you out caught you up, nailed you around, drunk you out, and when upon a mid days stroll you go to feed the shepherds and the daughters of shepherd's, so is it that the one who having begun to journey is going out and his travail in the giving of a birthed up thing is mighty and he wales and turns and then hatched out of the fishery is a thing or as many would have it a part and it gets up then to stand and tip a hat to the others in their long lost emancipatory elevations of the places without and is there anything past and properly without.

"Hyphen - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
A definitive collection of *hyphenation* rules does not exist; rather, different manuals of style prescribe different usage guidelines. ..."

"It is enough to make a record and spin it." - on the art of Manifestos by Delique which wholeheartedly reveal the truth of an age.

meet me by the belly of the earth (where they howl, inaudibly, men of some distant past) a man built artificially by aliens is now descending upon the landscape, that is why you go to die in the new soil smelling of smoke and the lusty trans-human flesh, (Having intercourse with computers.) of the Gobi desert they say it is more sublime by night, idlers are the new hard core lot of the proletariat, outside of the bounds of your illusion making Mayan houses just a few of your prettiest Tibetan girls sing by the birch's white stalks and all the tall trees waver and creek and you that don't belong in the desert with wax against the sailors ears

Now I am at the place where there is nothing great. I am at the place where there is nothing beautiful. Here I find nothing great nor

beautiful. At the place Enè Ioh finds nothing great nor beautiful. No. No.

I was an ear, fastened in a make shift way, albeit by fools, to a head. In all probability I served no function. Which is to say neither a divine nor a pantheistic function, nor in fact was I of any practical use to naive materialists such as Darwin or say the Dali Lama.

Oh, enter the process of a crooked creation and read under the parapet the things that are kept out of well made works but here revealed through base ignorance, by way of seriousness of intent!

Break Amplitude More, and her eyes, ducking down madly beneath her hair lip, and the dental fatigue of her psychologically ill teeth. This is one of those days...

I do not believe that the industrialists mean any harm, but I must go away from them. I do not dislike the industrialists. There is no danger; I simply prefer to go elsewhere. There is everywhere and then there is the place. There is everywhere else and then there is here. I, myself, am here.

I am longing to get birthed and die.

I had been incarnated as the spirit of the day, lofty words, yes but I have no others, it seems that in the words of Bacon a little pheasant under the hourglass has consumed my right to reason and shouldering the burden of all things I give way to the night, and the Owls perched and squawking, this is never known to my sweet and palpitating heart strings and so I weep silently and extinguish.

Feeling myself ill at home in this foreign nation, I hope to remember fondly all the snow in the garden by the foot of the mount.

I find the place ugly. I make allowances for the place. Over to one

side of the place the industrialists are passing a hat around. They pass a hat from one to the other. In the hat they have written names. Many names are written within the hat that the industrialists pass from man to man.

and just for that reason, of your having misdirected so many travelers, is it true you are to face a judge in the wilderness or wasteland, ("They made a wasteland and called it peace" -Tacitus first century) I stand in the shade basking and ready to be born but the travail of a yearling already exposed to the shimmering definitions can hardly hold out and if you make a go of it as a lao ztu or whomsoever and the thought of the lightening as in a dream.

twas that you had gone along the straight and narrow holding on to papa's hand

In the words of the graffiti of France 68 "Never Work"

on to papa's hand onto the railing, going out into it you go, onto the open, and then

The bestiaries and the shady streams of the place will not go unnoticed by Enè Ioh who is of the place. I will die for all this. It is of no matter, to no one. Not even the Pingüino Rojo will be moved.

This work which has so much good in it, is thrown under. It is impossible to expect that; had one known it one should have died already.

Early means twirly, twirly means pigs tail, pig tail means curly, Curly means of mice and men.

The beginning of it is that once, upon a then (in an hour by the winter night, as if a traveler etc.), there was however a roman knight, and surely he was of the higher rank so that by day and by

night the sun shown on his backside. (Surely he could have expressed (exposed?) himself better, but out of a desire to seem clever...and all inelegancies of style have been retained.) This was in the time of Tiberius and in the ancients Armenias which fell to the governorship of a certain prince Zeno, who having entertained (at a post human circus?) the Roman ambassadors soon met with the newly awakened Ire of his countrymen, however this is neither here nor there. However, the burning of the sun working its way along the backs of green crocodiles was a dragon giving birth to days.

I am told that particular terms such as 'the place' have strong, singular and deep meanings. They have hardly come into existence for their own pleasure. They are, believe me, items which offer us the temporary use of great utility. They have for me an allure, the allure of the foreign. There are those who call me simple minded on account of my views. These terms are fleeting but yet valuable, very.

"the use of rammed earth architectural techniques was commonly used for walls and foundations in China." - wikipedia

I should be very eager to love a plain and beautiful dog, but by way of expansion the sun created clouds in the coffee of life.

The natural seasons pass over me, unnoticed.

Blinked, blasted? As if to say by way of interpretation or as the common saying has it; not hot nor frozen, being as such lukewarm...ich bin spewing you out - Biblical interpolation by anonymous berger mister of the middle ages in European Samoa.

giving energy out.

It astonishes me that no one has made a proper report about the place. If it is possible to know anything about the place, it is just as well that I put down some notes about the place. My intention is to

write with a firm hand and put everything down about the place that I know of the place.

Sayat Nova, the renowned (rotund?) poet, came hoping into town on a jackass with the three little hogs and the wolf of the famous story (starring blood red and rose white) and just once he said unto us out loud (bellowing in a guttural voice like a man who speaks to his enemy) to us and the Armeniakns he speaks saying, behold "my dream towers of wax your heat melts' like as if Confucius, who having met a certain confused gentleman was told then to go, go, to the farthest shore - illumines up with knowledges and putrid things - seeing illusion - encountering waterfront property, boardwalks and the game of Monopoly with all it curious implements of childhood and youth, thimbles etc.- but still remember with me that "The flow of the river is ceaseless". A fable is only elevated by the popularity of its implementations upon the minds of everyone and sundry.

It is said that women cleave to certain terms, hoping against hope to copulate with them. If you want to fuck a term of temporary use but of great vitality then you must enter the place, this is what the industrialists have said time and again. They say that only in this way can they have the illusion of vital creative power.

And it came to pass that Alamander, the Roman knight we have since mentioned (above), was placed in charge of returning the Tribute carriage to the capitol at Rome.

Not talking of literature; I prefer the term "imaginative bullshit." However, I am invoking here Blake's straddling definitions of imagination!

Ever since the start of Earthen culture the search for the holy yesterday, which was presumed to be better, was perused by artists. Since there was no *better yesterday* they had fallowed merely their own tails until becoming dizzy. They fell down and felt a little bit

high.

If there is longitude there is latitude given to the ones who go out into freedom.

The nearer one gets to the place, the further one is from the dark degeneracy of the place. It is better that one avoid the place or in any case one can go out from the place and come to the place at last. I stand and it touches me to see the place about me.

Having tried very hard, I could always have reached the final latitude.

"a culture lost in the superficiality of its past and unable to create any new meaning." - internet quotables 101 i.e. the commonplaces of contemporary ideology at its grinding gnashing best! Post absurdism is now remodeling this house and can use such statements to great effect. They will be understood differently. It is not necessary to take George Orwell's 1984 methods, to remove the statements the photos, as states do. We will just give them births of new meanings. From the inside out as artists do it.

I have looked for the places where I can push pass the commonplaces so as to get a little limpid view of things, in this no doubt I have made little enough progress, still more tries to come.

Concordance, sympathy? To be true is a ruff thing and offers little reward.

Around an illustrious table, shipboard on a vessel out in the unknown sea, sat assembled a great number of extraordinary characters from all the human lands. And there was Agamemnon lord of men, king of kings, seated upright and lean with a sinewy powerful bent about his person. And Gilgamesh engorging his massive person devoured plate after plate of roast boar and

succulents , drinking forever goblets of brown grain wine. And to the right Hercules of whom it is said men turn away from him trembling as if like flocks of birds scattering. And Moses who was a lord and a mastermind sat and great king Mohammad leaned and reclined enjoying, being himself one who was for life.

When I was out and traveling. I went to the place. Some people began to tell me of the walls which were on all sides and getting more and more obtrusive. There are no walls. I have noted and transcribed the walls. I theorized that if I met with the walls a great number of times this would verify without doubt there being here, and forever. Some of the industrialists mocked my simplicity. In my view the walls are fleeting.

You see, we have done things in a different way here, and i want you to understand. Wasn't it that in the old days people spelled and grammered exactly as they pleased? ("In those days there was no king in Israel and every man did that which was right in his own eyes.") Yet, this is not a step back, but a look into a new frontier.

If you notice that their is happiness in the place you will go to the place. You may also go away from the place. I find that here I am not restricted. I notice that there is sorrow in the place and go to the place. I do not feel in the least bit restricted in my movements. I go to the place and walk at my leisure surveying the place. I go to and from the place and I walk around in the place.

And there sat Jesus and Zoroaster, who were fanatically mild in their willful obstinacy, and who overawed through the force of their persons but was this a sin?.

Yes, Alamander took control of the Imperial geld. He and some few centurions divided the great wealth amongst them and split into far off and sundry places. And as for Alamander he went west and then north, and traveled into the hinterland where perhaps his treasure

would be of little value. But, he buried it there, the bulk of it under a Yew tree, and marked the spot. A desolate ground far from any dwelling place. And he meant to return only after many years. In the shade of the forest where the mysteries beckon. He traversed many a lonely mile.

Some times I see the hat going from man to man and filled with names, travel across the place. The industrialists meet in their council chamber to fill the hat with names. They sit and transcribe names on little slips of paper which they put into a hat. There are as many as three hats going from woman to woman around the place. From time to time they remove a name from the hat and place a ribbon around someone.

was it harsh, you will say so.

The haggard beast of fiction crawls onto the stage and bows to the owners. The asshole censors always will win out, by the way had you begun to read your Chaucer?

If you are a man like Hegel, and you hear that the Irish drink their beer at room temperature, you must be ready to instantly reflect that drinking beer cold may be the unusual act. To go seriously into every aspect so they say he has reveled now this age in its nakedness.

I must say it is frightening when you go into the chamber. If the walls are there, it is somewhat more mortifying. There is no end to these great flights of fleeting walls. I must go now to the chamber but will be back with you.

You say not to complain widely but deeply as Romans once elicited wikipedian plebeians into sex addicted actions to be in a way massaged in parlors from twelve thousand caves of Zeus and loving nature, you cry, Adoni Mori, "Refuse and filth of all kinds got into

me, like a contamination which can't be relieved as a sexual disease". Very putrid. Pisseues on the cross, We don't talk that way anymore; the phrase "into you" is no longer in use. All problems have been solved by our human and limitless capacities which are cosmically rot as Plotinus out of his chamber came saying I "have left behind the temple images" to give suck to new icons birthed on Anaxagoras reason based in the firm soil of natural happenings based here to for On John Searl's faith in sub-atomic randomness the final look against the crossroads, in short everything is filled in, recast, flown up, may or may not be lionized, valorised by intelligence, created in the wombs of scholars, their authority as that of the scribes must never be dying Viz. We have been touched by a hand and kissed by a wind viz. everything is erased.

There is no chamber or so I am told. The walls are the only things that can form the chamber, but they seem to come and go. I believe the industrialists refer to the walls as fleeting walls, but the meaning of this term eludes me. I am a simple man and of short birth. In my earlier days they called me Enè Ioh and I was short and tall. I was short in the place and tall around the place.

And penetrating the dark forest and knowing all its mysteries, and so in his loneliness after many years madness descended upon his mind and he, he and his horse, meeting only with wild beasts and ancient trees. But at last of an eve in the late spring he came face to face with a coastal region having gone through a close mountainous pass beyond the bounds of "law, language and the Roman road" he emerged upon a small coastal enclave and dismounting with the sun he rested upon the plane and saw the ocean bursting against small jutting rock faces and a plane of healthy grasses made a bed for the night.

Their is no Veritas in being because it shifts too much.

If I hear the voice of one of the walls hearken to me, I scramble and hide. There are no walls. Some say when they call us it is to delude us or to somehow work some mischief. Some people in my youth used to refer to the fleeting walls but it made so little impression on the face of a youth.

Am I then well? You have asked but it turns out that this question is past my limited means of understanding and to this end I have looked into the lands of all the nations and had dreams and so no one can image the sheer joy of the farthest star as she bursts against the galaxy wall.

And there will be calves aplenty in the promised land, and they will have for you buckets of sweet milk! The milk will be fodder for golden bricks to build houses with, for you to dwell in. Finally that too shall be complete in its excellence and from magnate stones you will create levitating roofs. And it shall be unto you a kind of a death. Salah.

I perceive that in order of likelihood it is still more likely that the voice of the wall is a beckoning without design and to no one. For lack of meaning this reminds me of the story told of an object that had no colour and was strung up along the side of a void. I know for certain that there are no obstructions or walls. When they call to me I laugh and cry all at once becoming confused and fearful about the matter of the voice of the fleeting wall.

You see there was a wicked man who lived here in this place along with his daughter and servants. And from whence he had come with his soul blackened over by dark crimes one can not say properly. And as for the youthful maiden of his keeping she new naught but their house was a fine tall house surrounded by some mud brick wall fortifications with fine heated baths, and in short they lived as well bread romans, as if they only rusticated in the districts a days journey from Rome. They lived so, at the edges of the world, in it's

dark night.

"The Mediterranean Biome covers 0.654 hectares (1.6 acres) and measures 115 feet (35 m) high, 213 feet (65 m) wide and 443 feet (135 m) long. It houses familiar warm temperate and arid plants such as olives and grape vines and various sculptures." - Anonymous wikipedia excerpt is now high art. Read it properly to revel (or reveal for the slow of speech) in its secrets and secrete properly your resigns on the public amphitheater floor, run in the hippodrome your best horses and sail your vessels (vassals?) under the loving eye of the goddess.

*Enè Ioh sits and wonders, at times, shall I ever reach the place?
I stand at the place. I go to the place. I go and stand in the dark and
light places within the place. Here in the place I make my home and
resting place. I do not mind it if the place is too far from home; I
only know it here at the place. I know well enough that the place is
here before me although some perceive and mock my simplicity.*

I was a computer, at the edge of time I lived without motion, no one had utilized my great capacity for crunching abstractions and then the last hour of the last decade of the final century began to die and at once the energy stored into the face of my capacitors streamed out onto mighty youtube.

And with dawn and mild days coming Alamander saw the Tall house which stood against the sea. Everything was different now then it had been during his life in the forest, or so it seemed to that man Alamander. His horse kicked up some moist soil and a cleft of grass, stretched its bony neck to the sky and let out a bellow as if announce the return of those who had been dead to this land of life.

Sometimes I scramble about the place without aim. I see everything in the place. I see the edges of the place and the undersea parts of

the place. I ask why this anxiety holds me powerless before the great powers of the place and all their nefarious agents. I feel my simplicity and understand nothing and retreat to the place to regather myself for the next scramble.

I was Tomorrow, or some had the gall to call me that in any case I failed to form myself into a proper existence but in this was I so different from a stone a tree or a wig?

omit the unnecessary elements until you reach the final in a series of aphids, the one who is the smallest and at once the most clever, which is to say the one who demands existence to be exiled rather than reified.

I do not like it when the industrialists began to walk about the place. I know that they are not out to do us any harm. I prefer for them to go their own way, and stay away from us here. This place is well sized and big. I stand at ease and stretch my feathers and don't perceive any difficulty. Some call to their mouths the industrial imperatives and begin to name them off. I know for certain that many who have at their finger tips lists and statistics concerning the placement of the walls are no more wise than I. Let them go to the Caterpillar with these footnoted lists and statistical towers. I doubt they can mean us any harm. It is a long journey to go to and come to the place; Even when you have left from the place.

The feudal lord is laughing, he has let loose a bit of wind, he is no burger meister but a proper lord (Poper was also a philosopher of the right, or the right thing, remember Luke, always do the right thing or the force will be with you, always...), he drinks wine and eats vitals (viscera?). Somewhere Zizek mentions to the Chinese, a tasty delectable country, that he is encountering persons of the to us that in is journey intellectual elites or politcnoti and so fourths who are saying Americans are not yet in their right capitalism (not even

having control of themselves let alone their markets.) and still only birthing of a Feudal structuring. This is a hint at some of the recastings and restructurings of the roasting world which is called history written by they who and it is enough to say the constant struggle is mesmerizing in the words of Hesiod custom is the capital of Sarcoz's France and the new urbanist vision of the exterior is thus in adding (the habits of the Jews tells Tacitus in describing the man Moyses are against all Roman things, since what is for us lawful is to them forbidden and the reverse.) is is enough to mention that for the first time Urban population surpass that of rural and Sao Paulo had banned outdoor adds (billboards etc.) as mental rubbish bins and pollution of the brain stem. It is sufficient to mention... and true it was told that in the Roman fashion they recast even Genesis telling the tale thusly - The man Moyses having contrived to take power promised to lead the children of Israel out of the dessert seeing therefor a wonderful stray Elephant "of extraordinarily auspicious mien" followed her to a waterfall and was made king. Dominatrix Cleopatra was coupled with Antony, Cesar and several small animals (They are thought by some authorities to be chipmunks though Hestopahnes has it Jackals.) in the last days before the great Libraries at Alexandria unrefrigerated by way of conflagration.

Sometimes I see the industrialists with a hat when I walk about the place. I walk through the place and down under in the place. The place's long parts and its short parts are know to the Pingüino Rojo and to Enè Ioh. I see the hat passed from man to man and ribbons being placed around the necks of some industrialists. I see the council room of the industrialists where the ribbon clad industrialists gather in their symposiums. I and the Pingüino Rojo see these things.

The buffoon calls the man who yawns or who outstretches his face to the sky, at his buffoonery a buffoon and the yawner, who is as green with envy as a pot bellied printer, is nonetheless absolutely wrong as the odd one in or the last hour of a new day or what then? which is

only a day in name which is to say nominally, having become a timeless thing against a cyber and twenty four seven littoral access to seas of trans geographical natures etc.

It's easy for nature, her own sweet self, to stimulate a heart attack.

I, Enè Ioh, am at last at the place. I like being at the place at times such as this, and it is dear to me.

If I go away from the place and come back from the place I recognize the place. If I go for along time away from the place and return after a great duration to reach again the place I recognize the place. If I travel along the roads and highways of the place I come to the place and see the place and it remains unchanged. What a stranger she must be within the place who does not know the place. Sometimes I see the ostriches fluttering around the place.

But, who had it been gathering wood by the birch copse save Arcui, the slave. And didn't but the having seen the new day and being born, but that being against the point he, or a part of him, had noticed then Alamander's approach, or shall one include then, in the risk of wordiness the stead of the man Alamander. And it was then that withing his confused mind, his sinewy limbs drooped the load of wood, and he ran out at a gallop towrds the tall house of his master, who was one dark with evil upon his face and inner victuals.

"An important discovery that boosts the case for the potential to abolish suffering is the example of deep brain stimulation of the brain's pleasure centers. The direct electrical stimulation does not create tolerance proving that there is a potential to overcome the brain's anhedonic homeostatic mechanisms.[*citation needed*] Pacemaker-type neurostimulators have been proven to reliably increase subjective happiness without causing detriments to functionality: these interventions have proven to actually increase various cognitive and social aspects of human functionality.[*citation needed*]" -

-Wikipedic massive knowledge bombs are always exploding and bombasting the minds and souls of the viscerally disemboweled.

How I wish to see the place on a day, when late in the evening, I return to the place.

There are no walls here at the place. I go about the place exactly as I please. I move to the right and then again to the left. No walls get in my way and I move about all the contours of the place with perfect freedom. Long ago some people, no doubt well meaning, invented a glorious term called 'the fleeting wall theory'. I have no doubt that they were not lunatics but thoughtful folk such as ourselves. I walk about the place and encounter no difficulty and nothing gets in my way. If I hear a wall calling with the strange power of voice, I only curl up my tail and listen in silence and voided space without colour and then I go along to the place.

Too, and with narrative continuance one may say also, Alamander went then forward to the very gate of the Villa, which in itself lay against a sea in a wondrous isolation as Freud would have said.

courage, to go on.

It is so very quiet in the place on days such as this one. I sit in the place and notice out of my window the place.

When I am in the place I dream of the place. I dream of being at the place when I stand asleep in the place. I lounge on the outer parts of the innermost labyrinth of the place and far away aspects glimmer through my dreams of the place. The sight of the place is wondrous and I see it with tongue, foot, wing and scale.

I was courage, a disembodied creature, if you will excuse the expression. Stand aside! I shouted, has I pushed to the center of the world and exploded into a universal whirlwind of fisticuffs and at last dissolving into the struggle of true things.

What was your true motivation in being born? But, if you are a serious minded fellow as was Descartes you would not even concede that you had been born. There can and never was any conclusive evidence which can stand up to a serious minded fellow.

I have built me a mask of dry earth out of the ground I have built me a man like an existentialist moron of cretinized wood and mud brick well dried. soon enough it will be enough to mention that I have built nothing, and as Gogol is always saying without going anywhere he had left.

Enè Ioh travels through the wind of the place and dances with the women of the place. If you see the beauty of a passing mosquito in the place you notice that in the place it has no faults. Enè Ioh sees a beehive in the place.

Look at the ribbons of the industrialists if you have the chance. Look at them closely. There is a ugliness in the industrialists but I bear them. I walk around the place and meet with them. They call me by name Enè Ioh. They call me by name Pingüino Rojo. I walk about the place and make my notes. I walk around the place and see everything in the place. I walk about the place. I go to the place.

The man Alamander went towards the gate of the fort which lay wide open and unfortified. Arcui, the slave of the dark house, ran and ran, using his sinewy legs to bring him to a great speed, until at once he had come past the mild orchards and the bath and to the Tall house itself and he stuttered and spattered "They are he, he come!" and pointing he pointed out the direction of the man Alamander who approached.

Concentrated bombast, boom boom, goes the dying Gaul of the Internet age of the unlined babies sprawled out over the "real-time" plane without borders. It is enough to mention Brice Marden, because or since he uses squirrely lines and the old school colors to

some distinctive effect, however this and other things are not unanswerable.

I see the place with not only my eyes, but my teeth, and claws. The place is pregnant with stupidity, and wickedness, and is meaningless to Enè Ioh. Who would think that the industrialists who are all wise would have missed all the subtleties of the place? At times I find that I am really very simple minded and need to find the path to the place. How many times have the walls and the corridors saved me. I am told that these are only fleeting walls. It is true that the exact meaning of the terms is beyond my reach. I go about and bump my face into the walls. From time to time I run into a wall. There are no walls in the place. I go here and there and to all manner of nooks and corner spots.

No, one could say that Arcui had failed in his duties, or then they could, but, however should they be then correct, or if they were then in regards to the fallen wood bundle, had this been the capitol thing, but rather expedience dictated, also one may mention that Clyme, daughter of the Evil Vizier, was a great beauty, or at least appearing so to some, she was to take on such a title having a mirror in a far off glen of a gurgling watery place or a spring of hot tepid and clear waist water and then she was bathing in this, that very hour, and so lost to introductions.

I suffered much and my name was Enè Ioh of the place. I turned from the place and went again to the place. I left the place and entered the place. The other day I was explaining my life to my neighbor and all of the sudden she starts to tap her foot on the floor, unabashedly thumping a hoof, and her feathers got all into a terse and menacing expression and she blurts into my face the old adage "Go tell it to the Caterpillar."

"Constructed in 1821, the Borough House Plantation complex

contains the oldest and largest collection of 'high style' pise de terre (rammed earth) buildings in the United States. Six of the 27 dependencies and portions of the main house were constructed using this ancient technique, which was introduced to this country in 1806 through the book *Rural Economy*, by S.W. Johnson." - Wikipedia

I start to walk around; ostensibly in a circular motion. My toe and my penis are against the floor and I am in the place. I go forward only to at last reach the place. My classical education has finally payed off - I have reached the place at last. So, I have reached the place at last, the place.

My name; Enè Ioh.

The people are standing there, how oddly they stand like red potatoes, should of been someone else, but instead the rounder and taller of the two figures who must have been the shop keeper went and turned aside as if to wonder why he existed at all.

Rounded, onion like things were in the earth, growing and flourishing in the soil and they were tasty to eat.

Ostensibly and so far as I am able to notice, there are, and can be, no walls. Nothing subverts my travel operations in the environs of the place. Some of the industrialists mock my simplicity. There are no doubt fleeting walls. I note, in my notebook, the observation that there are no fleeting walls. I will be killed for this.

Look here, my name is Enè Io and what do you want of me?

The piss and shit of martyrs and "Young dying Gods" is in the soil giving birth to boons as the fabled death of Oedipus of Christ, and so forth. It is sufficient to mention Epicures without invoking Epictetus, since in the first place the latter was haughty and self assured whilst his slave Aurelius born brother of Hercules reading Heraclitus forged the river of Pressed mud bricks into the tomb (The Womb?) of

Akhenaten and balancing haughtily along the girth of the scales of Osiris (or the massive penis of a certain Cuban performance artist out of the Godfather part two, bringing about the death of Fredo etc.) he falls saying only "It is possible to live well, even in a palace." So much for the ancients. But it is sufficient to mention viz. to say, that is, being interpreted, to elicit an image before the eyes viz. to vid in the words of the Latin scholars gone into cockoarnge works, etc, another Latin rip off artist writer, like Puzo, and well enjoyed, and so forth to the pity sake a freedom to enter chat rooms is the first right afforded to late capitalists upon reaching their majority.

I believe that at last I have reached the widest area of the place. I am tempted, like some, to call it a vast and futile expanse of wicked degeneration and a place of dry starvation. It is very, very odd when you notice that you stand at the very part of the place which is most like the place proper. Many mock my simplicity but I keep my own council. I shall be killed. It is a small matter, little.

beans and potatoes from a silver plate said he, and she stood glaring as if her teeth were to fall out of her face at any moment.

Fingers are not compendiums granted to all the glorious earth things but only to sticks, trees, rocks and various persons of the lower classes.

The place itself is little and large. I, Enè Io, note this fact. If my name was Enè Ioh, I must have had this name for some time. I don't know properly if that was my name. Enè Ioh is my name and I am of and at the place. This is Enè Ioh the same who is present at the place. Enè Ioh who stands before you at the very place. Enè Ioh of the fulcrum without wall or walls. Enè Ioh of where the fleeting walls stretch on. I do not believe I had this name Enè Ioh. It could be that I am describing another man's life. Enè Ioh of the place.

All the truths have come out to dance of an evening in town.

Who will settle all my accounts within the place? When the birds strike me in the place and I go to run to the place, I see all the sides of the place at once. When I claw at the place and go to the edges of the place it is I Enè Io who is telling you all of this. What I am telling you now is that I am Enè Ioh and that this is my story.

Do not be fooled by the light of the place. It hides a sort of darkness. As I walk through the place I am prone to reflection.

My feathers begin to wilt when I go to far along in my journey and reach the place. If I do get to the place they will fall out completely. I reach the place having journeyed, a long and goodly way, from my origins at the place. My feathers themselves show no sign of wear and are no worse for the travel and hardship of the long day and night of winter, and the hot hours.

Heaven and earth quarreled like three old bitches around a piss cauldron boil the battle, win loose, voluminous orb of saint peter, crack the stones, as well this one as another, yes, yes. A pace not to be replicated in a star trek machine from another generation, the how the world, turns out to be, the Douglas Sirk, the Feminist mindings and bindings, Fassbinder etc.

Alamnder, was great by the master of the Tall house. Met as an expected guest he was given everything and sat upon the settee. Nothing was asked of him save his needs and then after the pickled herrings and brush wood onions were devoured to bed.

If the industrialists are disappointed by the place and their prospects within the place, they will be sorrowful.

I go then to the place, under the questioning eye of an industrialist task master. He is standing now atop a high place. Hardly can he hope to see me. I doubt if he will even attempt to admonish me.

From such a distance what could he hope to achieve? He stands in the place and I stand in the place. No doubt I am a simple fellow. Some of us stand in the place under the fury maxed eye of the industrialist. I know for a fact that they can not harm us.

It is surely enough to mention the Eden protect and the great draw it has on the mind of the populations of various and sundry and to say again that such is the stuff, but if you remember more closely a certain episode of the sitcom cheers it was precisely such a project which ended the marriage (Mirage) of Lilith and Frasier Crain. sic. "Layout

The project is constructed in an unused china clay pit. Once into the attraction, there is a meandering path with views of the two biomes, planted landscapes, including vegetable gardens, and sculptures that include a giant bee and towering robot called RSA WEEE Man created from old electrical appliances."

- Excerpted from wikipedia page with extreme prejudice as in Coppola's film with Harrison ford as the army man of fragile feelings.

If I see an industrialist passing a hat I know that a ribbon will soon be passed out. If I see a hat going around I know that a symposium will soon be held in the industrialists chamber. Who can know what is in store for a poor badger who travels alone through the place? I go through the place, my shoulders prick up and my fur picks up dirt. The place is a wicked bone of contention with the ones who go about the place. I go into the place and burrow towards the place. I see the place and the voice of the place makes me drunk within the place.

They say most of our better ones turned recluse as if to escape the bombast of late capitalism, but a few were surrendered to the inevitable by way of their great faith in the almighty dollar, in the downfall of Christianity in the righteous errors of the Argentinean

economy of eighty nine and so forth but that being executed into the annals of history, and in the words of Tacitus the scholar, the reality was made obsolescent through means of concentrated contempt and through alienated divorces.

Sample of the code underling this page:

```
var wgArticleId = "9971";
var wgIsArticle = true;
var wgUserName = null;
var wgUserGroups = null;
var wgUserLanguage = "en";
var wgContentLanguage = "en";
var wgBreakFrames = false;
var wgCurRevisionId = 312377859;
var wavers
var wgVersion = "1.16alpha-wmf";
var wgEnableAPI = true;
var wgEnableWriteAPI = true;mf";
var wgEnableAPI = true;
var wgEnableWriteAPI = true;
```

The man in the mask as Eliade tells us (The medicine man, the Shaman.) Is already (before the ritual drums have begun to beat as a heart.) "running and flying to the center of the world". Arcane amputations from the four corners unite at last in the trans-time detentions of the contemporary circle of being, doing, doing, being, existence, essence, platonic ...satirical i.e. Sartre - tirical.

I make notes on rose wood and sand wood, on beech wood and elm. I am in the place at last. I bask in the sun and drink in the waters of the place. When at the place I know no thirst. I taste of the place and there are no walls. When I go about to each side and to the high place and the low I meet no obstacle. I go about in the place and travel from the place to the place and encounter no wall. The lack of

obstacle within the place makes the place into an absurdity; It is no place at all.

There are some walls, fleeting walls. At the foot of the industrialist's I notice some fleeting walls. They call the walls there fleeting and say that this term 'fleeting walls' has a particular meaning. The meaning of this term eludes me, but I notice the walls. There are no walls to prohibit or preclude my free walk about in the place. I walk about the place freely. I notice some naked women cleaving to the industrialists. Feathers puff about and plume in great heaves all about the place and by the industrialist's feet and against their talons. Some of the ostriches are molting and some are in heat.

Then, Clyme returned and heard of the stranger and how he slept deep within the tall house and in the orchard by night the slave Arcui met an apparition that set him to kill his master in the depth of the night and the night went into night, and it was that the dawn was fresh spleening out underfoot.

Membrains
Hare of dog
hay from a loft

I was a membrane, and no one could have destroyed me, for within a cover of hard pate I dwelled.

I had been a rabbit, during my life on earth. We rabbits have occasion to be chased by dogs.

I was a bale of the kings finest hay. They kept me in a distant loft. No one dared to molest my fine golden entity.

What a bitter and misunderstood creature I encountered today while traveling through the place. I saw the old beast whaling and toiling in the place. I was deeply touched and stood in the place a long while after the beast had gone from the place to go to the place. I

stood in the place and was looking to the revolving and burning sun. Some of the sunlit places within the place extend a good way until they reach the place at last.

"Only that which doesn't exist is written with the sepia ink blood of simulacrum" - Borges by way of Quadrillard by way of Invention

You should remember that in Marx's time opium was considered a medicine, that he meant precisely that Religion was the medicine of the people. The cure of social and Economic alienation, as analyzed by Marx, could only lead to a worsening of Human alienation itself. You are relieved from your duty as a human being, you are relieved to piss in the streets. You have come to the wrong door and Marx has misdirected you. If only it was as in the Kafka tale called "give it up", when you are asking directions of the officer and he says only "give it up" and turns away, as we are told "like one who wants to be alone with his laughter".

There are, and have been always, those who do not feel at home in the place. I see some who tell me the place is too ordered for their taste.

When voices call from the walls it does not bother me. I only stand still until I can reach the place at last. I always go to the place at times like this. I stand in the place. I go into the place and its far corners and notice everything about the industrialists and what they are up to. I am very sure that the industrialists can not harm us although we are simple folk. I see sometimes that the path is clear and I go out to the place to relax and recline. I run through the place and go right into it. I know for sure that the industrialists can harm no one but still I prefer to go my own way and stay in the place. I travel to the place. I go still there to the place and don't fear the industrialist's wild claws.

It, happened then that of a night in the wild and cultivated garden

the slave killed the master and disappeared into the underbelly of the earth and went over the hills themselves or perhaps into the sea's bosom and the man Alamander took to him Clyme for a wife and they lived in the villa. And a daughter was born to them in time and they told her stories of the merman and his evil deeds. And then running in mock fear the child and the woman laughed and the man Alamander retired to his divan, where he sat reflecting on dark things until at once the stars who being twice named, once of men and then as Homer has it in the language of the Gods, bled ichor.

What I am saying is that my name is Enè Ioh. This is a story from the place. I am telling you a story from the place. It is of little importance. I will be killed for it. Some say I will rest at last within the walls of the place. I have never seen any walls, none.

Enè Ioh wishes to learn a little more about the place. Enè Ioh is burdened with the serious problem of unhappiness in the place. The predicament of Enè Ioh is too much to bare.

They say my name is Enè Ioh and that this name has a particular meaning. I am unable to discern the meaning of this name of mine, Enè Ioh. I am only going to tell you a story for which I will die. It is of very little consequence, small.

"The Core

The Core

The Core is the latest addition to the site and opened in September 2005. It provides the Eden Project with an education facility, incorporating classrooms and exhibition spaces designed to help communicate Eden's central message about the relationship between people and plants. Accordingly, the building has taken its inspiration from plants, most noticeably in the form of the soaring timber roof, which gives the building its distinctive shape." - wikipedia excerpt with true knowledge of true places.

We are thus brought up to speed with the super knowledge base noticing only after that our acclimatization sickness is not

thoroughly gone, but in time these comments fade into disuse as of archaisms in prose, mind and body. When we don't notice yet the complications of the vying theories concerning sets and these questions of "fascious" references to "random nonsense"s, In so much as form is not respected, as means to an end are, super science takes off into the life f it's own, after all this we can also slip into not noticing new questions about daily practices which bring unbounded troubles but can surpass this level and and reach normalcy which is an exceptional excellence and again as Aristotle has it a kind of finish.

It is possible not to ruin everything again and again in the place. If one clings to this possibility it will hardly do not to make the attempt. I search in the place and strive to reach the place. I see the place full of industrialists and open aired expanses. I put down words to beechwood parchment.

One day one of the industrialist was mocking me while I stood in the place. I wondered about to the side and to a corner of the place. I said to his protruding antler "Go to the Caterpillar with you." I turned and without waiting for a reply walked over to the place. I walked to the place and didn't look back. From the place I heard something which could of only been "Fuck You!" I went over to the place and stood silently within my place and at my place. I turned and spied out over the place and lent my gaze across the place but the industrialist was not seen by me.

I went on a journey that same day and at long last arrived at the place. I went to go to the place and came back to the place. I saw no one at the place. At the place there was no one except myself.

But, they thought it best to retrieve the fortune of the Caesar's and return to raise the dark eyed girl in a city among youths of her own ilk. so they set out to go live themselves in a city as wealthy persons and live a life of happy living in a city and they went then to

live in a city of large numbers of rural dwellers in a place of a city and they went.

I heard the low voice of one of the industrialists plotting, as in a whisper. I walked out over the plain and saw the extent of the place. The burden of the place absorbed me from morning until evening. I crawled up an enormously high place. I gained a foothold in the stones of the place. I rubbed my antlers against the crags and outcrops of the place. I went to the place and stood in the high part of the place. The fury of the place threatened to engulf me and throw me down to destruction. If I would crash down from the place, I would be lost to the place.

One must like the place a good deal to bear with the place in times such as these. I walk about the place. I went then to the place. I see all there is to see in the place. I hear the murmurings of those who are complaining about their lot in the place.

It is striking to see the place on a morning such as this. This horizon extends to the place. The place is the most beautiful and it is the place. In it everything reaches itself and is itself within the place. I am or am not Enè Ioh of the shore and the place. I see the nature of this place come to life in it's bullish fury and suffering and in the endless sorrow of the place.

Instead of asking what can your book do for you and what is its value, and how shall I read it? Ask then instead, how do I look from (through) the eyes of my book? Through the many eyes... (a transformer of kaleidoscopic variations of human seeing is then prophesied?) this brings up the oft entered questions of an eternal series of images and invented places and persons such as ourselves and our towns which are to be built up from the start once more and again as the water which is entered not even once by the student is entered twice by the teacher and so forth. Who is to give the powerful voice of the book its applause worthy muscle when presented at last to a quire as if by the preacher of shit books. Even

a buffoon becomes a weighty demon under the lamp of his wooing live crowd, even a great weight comes into him forever.

I was a book, having been read by many distinguished persons I contrived, and was no way abed in this nor influenced from without, to alter my very foundation, i.e. the words in my text did I alter, so that these fine gentlemen thought themselves fearfully ill with brain disease.

Here I am in the place. I go out to the place. Enè Ioh is here talking to you. I go to the place. I Enè Ioh am here to tell my story, not by choice, but I must. I am in the place and the place is where I go. If I, Enè Io, go along the way and encounter a wall then I know that there is a wall. In the place there are no walls at all, none.

Is one to dream of emancipation from the place?

I could never know my face if not for my lodging at the place. There was, there, a mirror. I stood before the mirror, as a man stands when he is before the mirror in his lodging place. Before I went out of the place to go to the place I stood a long while. There I was at the place of my youth. I stood there and a knowing look glimmered over my face. The tenor of the light shifted so slightly. The place which I had always know grew a bit dimmer. I stood and went out and into the place. I sojourned and I journeyed until my paws were raw with soot and dry scabs.

Are you going to meet Jesus with a yawn or the amazement of Pilate and placates his duties with a cynical move in the wrong direction. But the answer is always that had you got nothing from the elevated cultural device you had not been ready to hear that which is only for those who have "ear to hear".

Oh what alien has got into my pate and besets me with senseless prattle so I'm a dark by soul of the soil neither to sow or in rich the temperate zones or to cross any days to the dead, Viva Rivera! And plant and grow a dragonfruit.

Marx, through the rage of a fallen rich man, channeled the books which landed humanity in the cauldron. Against his own reason and knowledge he has pressed his penis into the world flesh, taking his revenge against his mother for birthing him. However, the good man is forged mainly in the furnace humiliation, and so has we are told, it is to early to say what will be the final solution of this man kind problems which should have been solved in school says the doctor.

Although I am a simple man, Enè Io, the place is no home for simplicity. No one has every yet got to the simple truth of the place. I look about the place with my teeth and claws and simply tear the shit out of the place.

Someone leaned very close to me and in a raspy voice said "Whistle if you want the Aardvark to come a call'n" I don't know who this Aardvark is. If I did I would not whistle for the beast. I am a simple man. I have no interest in Aardvarks. If I were to meet an Aardvark at the place I should at once turn awa

