



Kubrick

r.g.
vasicek

Sometimes I cry: Bataille, where are you?!
Then I go back to sleep.
And when I wake up.
I forget.

This is the right space.
The lines.
The grid.
I am the blueprint of a (human?) thought.

Amerika bewilders me.
Me.
Me?

.

Bataille:

"I escape from myself and my book
escapes me; it becomes almost completely
like a forgotten name..."

"I write for one who entering into my book
would fall into it as into a hole, one who
would never again get out."

Eye

Okó



Believe me when I say I am no thinker.
Thought after thought after thought... and
what? Am I recording this: No.
I am being.
Me.

.

The (O)thers. How fascinating & strange. How delicious. The not-knowingness. Uncertainty.

The Mind swims in a liquid document.

The spatio-temporal relations of human bodies in a fuck.

She guesses your passcode.

You guess hers.

Swimswamswum, the mind has just begun.

Swimswamswum, the machine just turned on.

A rabbit race to the finish line.

She comes first.

You come a close second.

The Mind immersed in an aquarium of kaleidoscopic images.

War is war.

Orgasm translated from the French.

Bataille.

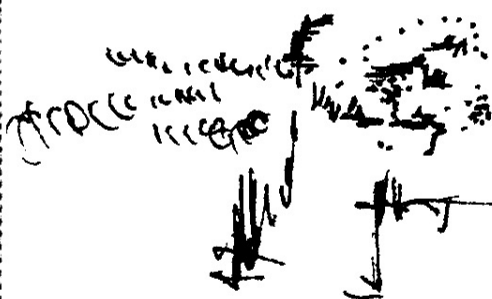
Pierre & Isabel.

The Machine gathers images. I say no no maybe yes!





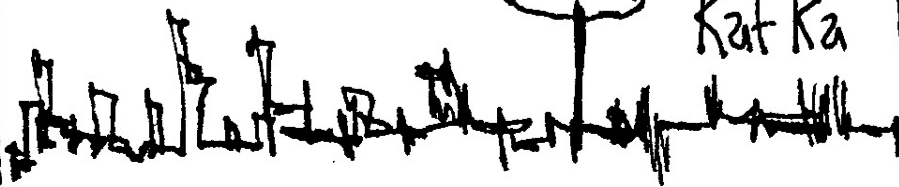
Kubrick.

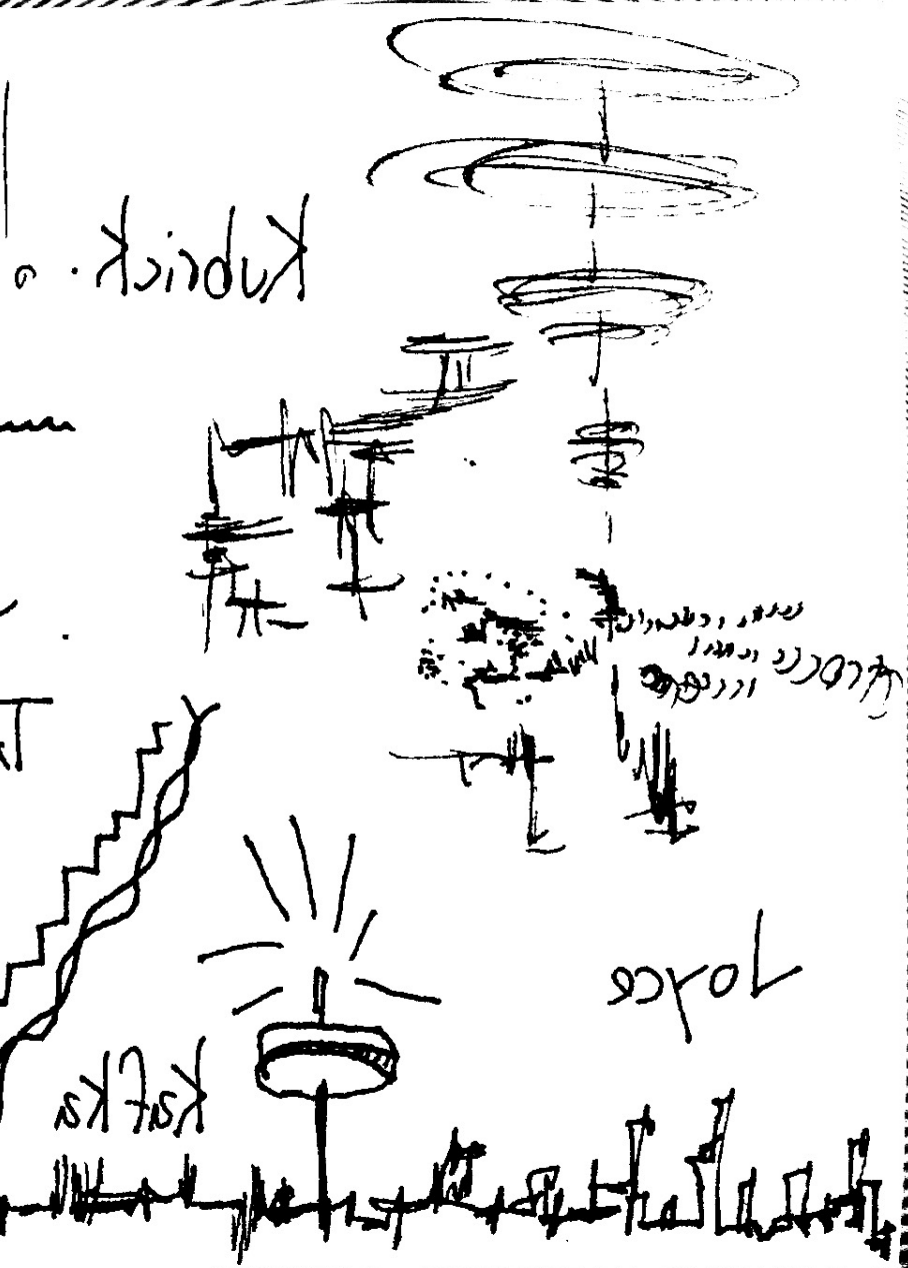


Joyce



Kafka





[illegible]



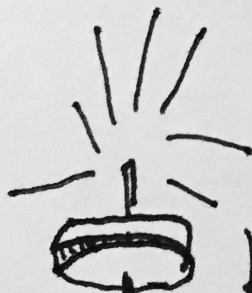
Handwritten text in a script, likely a form of Old English or Old Norse, arranged in approximately 12 horizontal lines. The text is written in a dark ink or pigment on a light-colored, textured surface. The script is highly stylized and difficult to decipher. The text is arranged in a single column, with some lines being shorter than others. The overall appearance is that of a manuscript page or a decorative inscription.



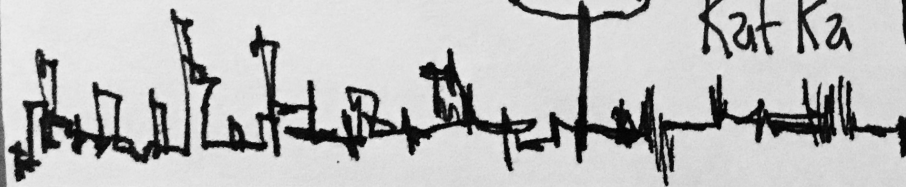
Kubrick. o

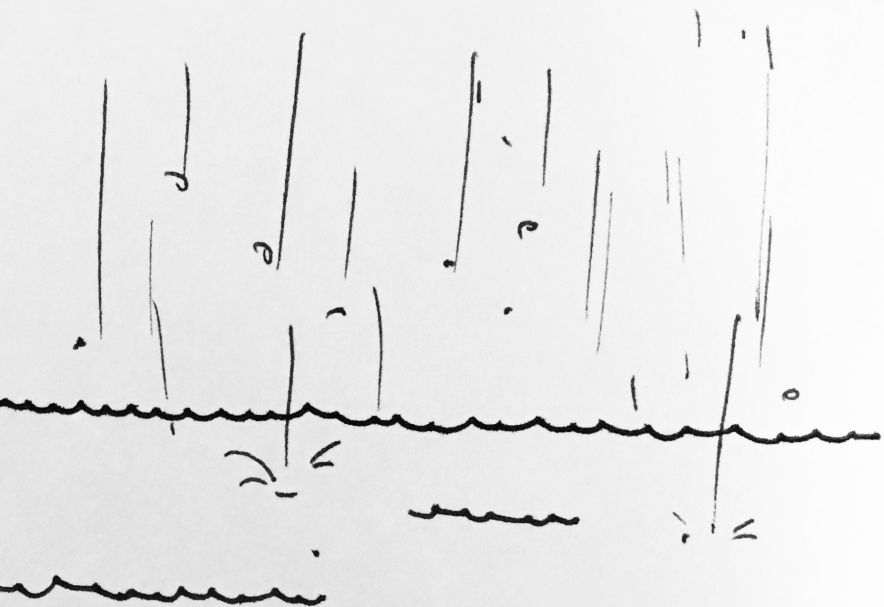


Joyce

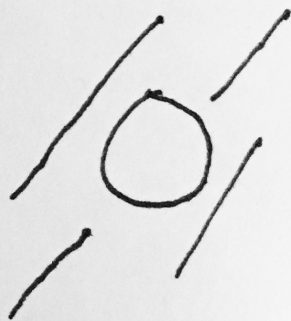
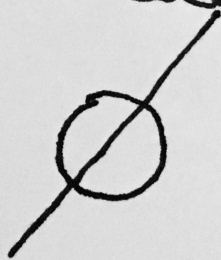


Kafka





ARKOVSKY



Eisenstein











D&G: "Desire produces reality..."

I sip coffee.

I think.

It is useless.

Boredom is eating my amygdala.

I am Zinjanthropian and Australanthropian.

Erect posture.

My hands are free during locomotion.

Tools.

Language of the face.

She calls me on the red telephone.

I watch her put my cock inside her mouth. It is incredible to watch. To feel. Wet smack.

Species behavior.

The process of anticipation.

Predicting what might or might not happen.

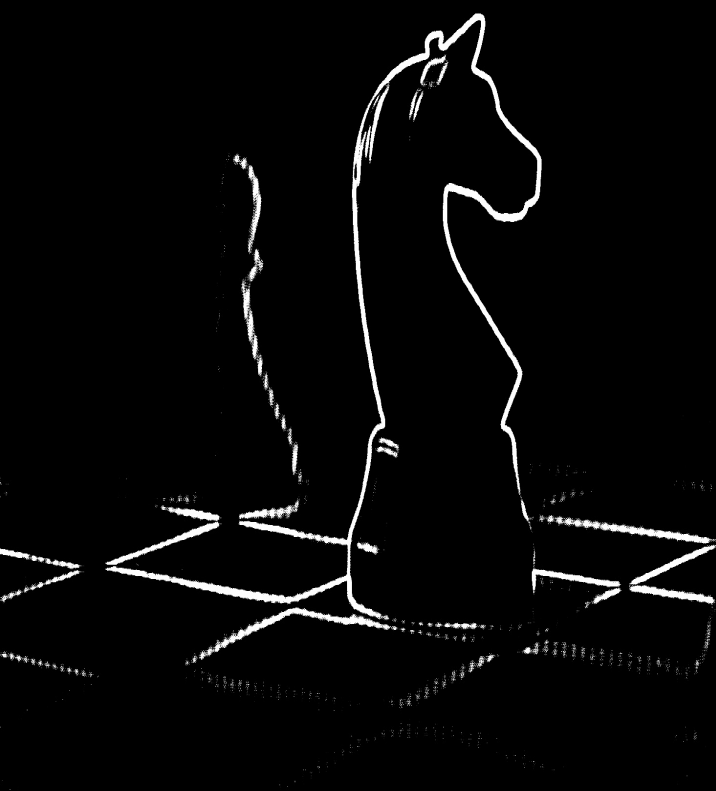
Am I getting better at it?

Uncertain

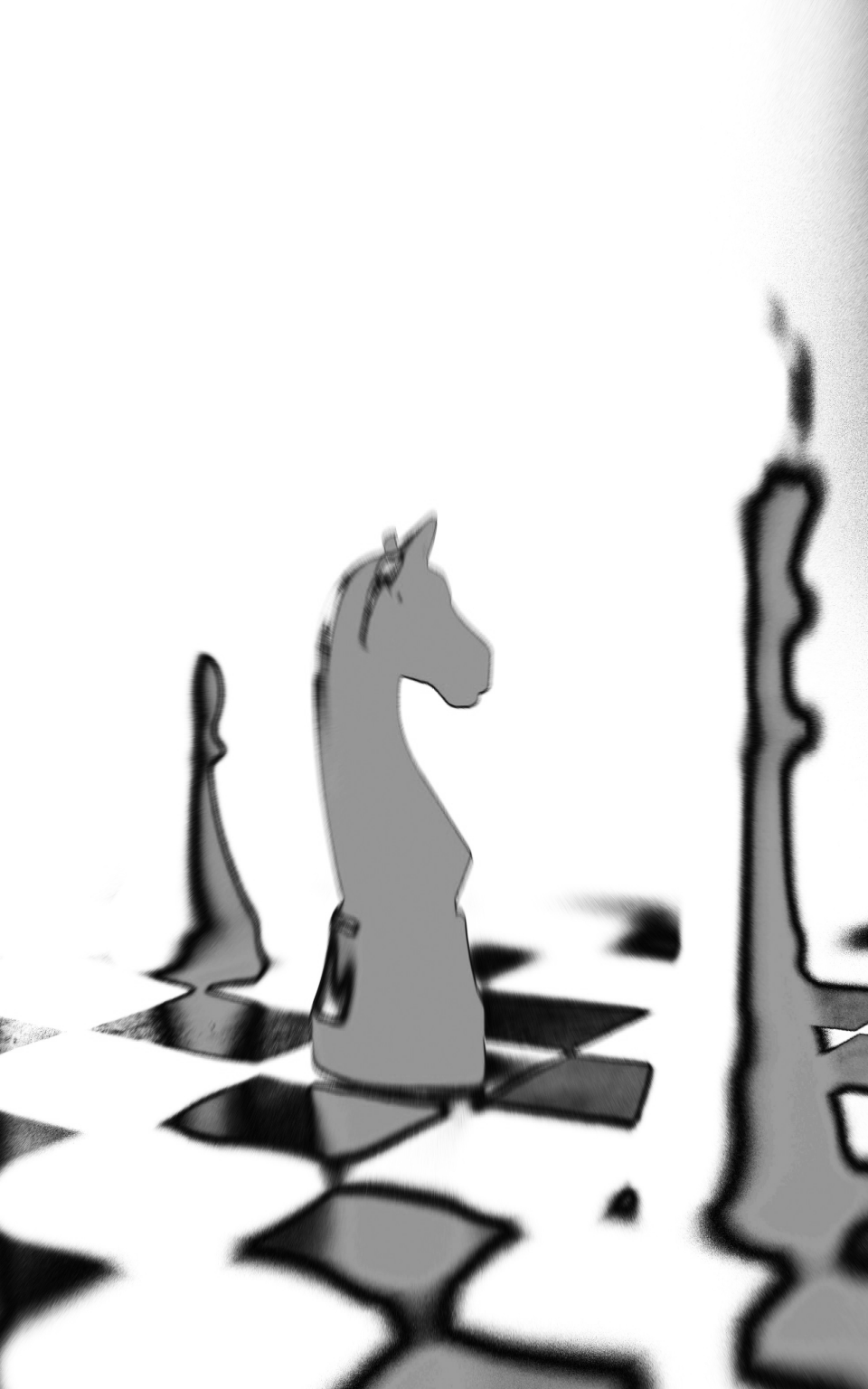
Unsure.

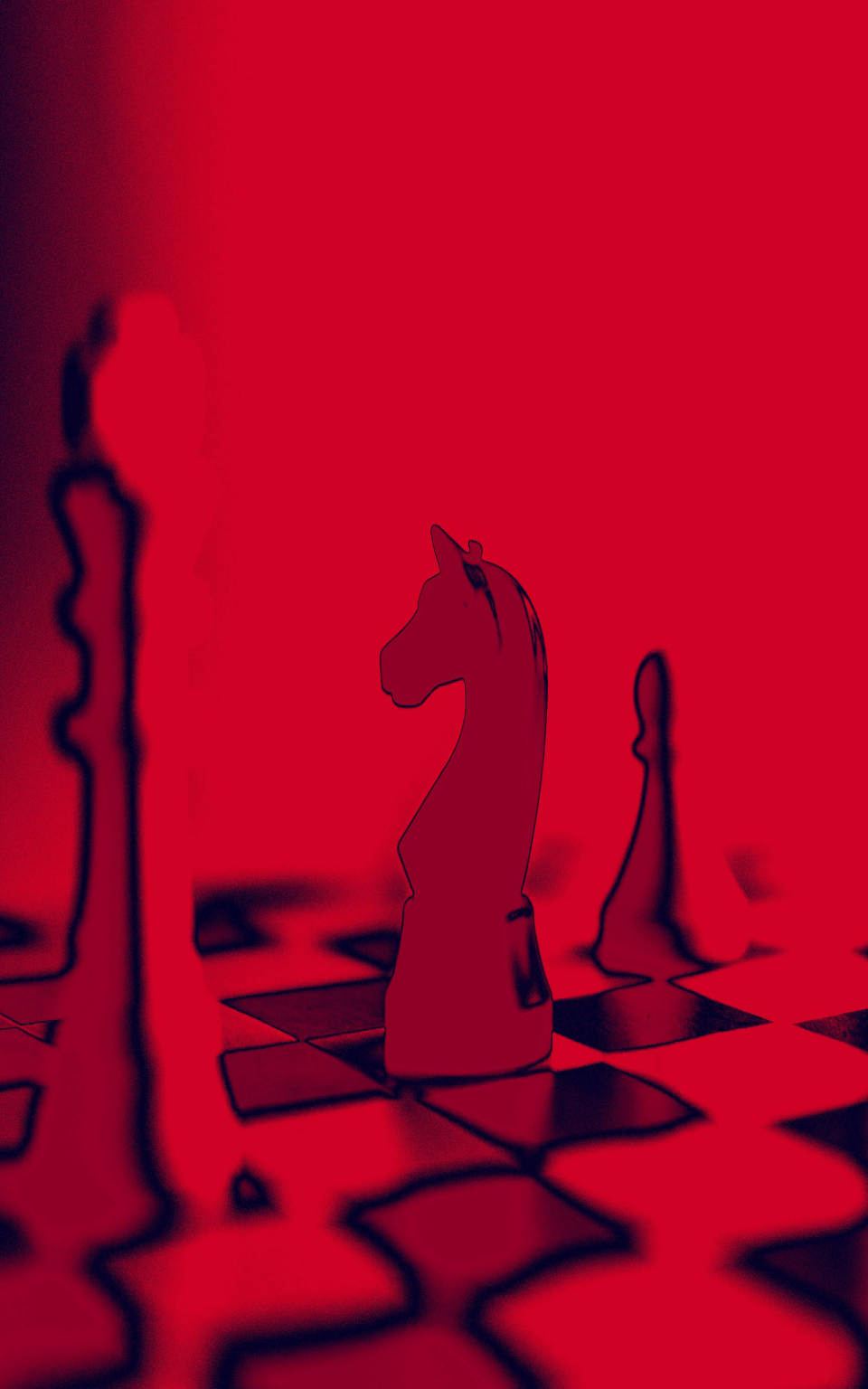












Heidegger: "Being is always the being of a being."

Are you sure?

The machine noise of fucking.

"Man... is at the same time engulfed within and deprived of the everyday." -Blanchot

She takes my jeans off & fucks me.

Silence is camouflage. Reverse-flow. A hole in language. It becomes quite powerful. A vacuum. A turbine. The speaker gets sucked in. Obliterated.

Every day is tomorrow. We are terrified.

Text unfolds itself. Are you not already frightened? The roller-coaster ride of non-linear language. The Cyclone.

My semi-presence during a fuck.

Petrified cities in a desert. Are you certain? Yes. We must enter. The gateways are underground. Cyborgs patrol the perimeter.

What is the "raw material" of existence? We pay too much for inert matter. The coupling of human & human is a peculiar act.

In search of...









CHICAGO

PARSON MARION HUTTON ROBT. ALDA



2.346



SUPER XX



2.355

14

2392



23



2388



2.353

SUPER-XX

34



**I THINK
THAT
MOVIE
DISTURBED
ME SO
FUCKING**

M

U

C

H

**I THINK
THAT
MOVIE
DISTURBED
ME SO
FUCKING**

M

U

C

H

Night becomes day.

Day becomes night.

The spin of the earth is embarassingly slow.

Or absurdly too fast.

I keep making notes in a notebook. There is some thought of a project. Something like Cyborg.

Or after(image).

Or Kubrik.

The next project remains unnamed.

Come to think of it: I do not make notes in a notebook. I make notes on index cards.

A new development.

I adjusted the length of a chain on a rubber flapper in the toilet tank.

Under the kitchen sink I replaced a copper pipe with a hole in it.

I shaved my skull.

I fought with my wife.

I argued with the kids.

I felt like a god.

~~Night becomes day.~~

~~Day becomes night.~~

~~The spin of the earth is embarrassingly slow.~~

~~Or absurdly too fast.~~

~~I keep making notes in a notebook. There is
some thought of a project. Something like
Cyborg.~~

~~———Or after(image).~~

~~———Or Kubrik.~~

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pipe with a hole in it.~~

~~I shaved my skull.~~

~~I fought with my wife.~~

~~I argued with the kids.~~

~~I felt like a god.~~













Believe me when I say I know something
about Nothingness.

I get obliterated every day. Solar blasts &
cosmic particles go right through me.

I am made of holes.

She plugs holes with forefinger & thumb.

Kali, the Goddess of Time, dances on Shiva
the Destroyer.

She is The Dark Blue One.

Kneel.

On your knees, mortal.

Are you satisfied with your spatial
position?

Is it comfortable?

Is it awkward?

A film without beginnning or end.

Edmund Gustav Albrecht Husserl was born in
1859 in Prostějov, Moravia.

Husserl, the godfather of phenomenology.

"A melody is a temporal object in the sense
that it is constituted only in its duration."







There are some thoughts that need
rethinking. Am I right? Are you not thinking
such a thought right now?

Animals. Birds. Insects. Are you not a part
of this? You stand there. Detached. Staring.

Mass amnesia.

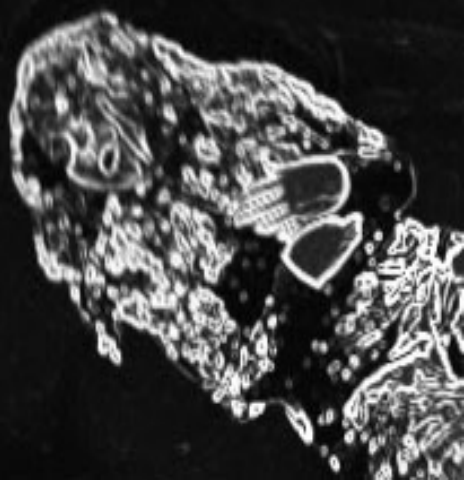
She meets herself. The self encounters the
self. Call her what you like. She can be you.
She can be me.

The locus of what?

Amerika.

New York.

We fuck in *italics* for emphasis.





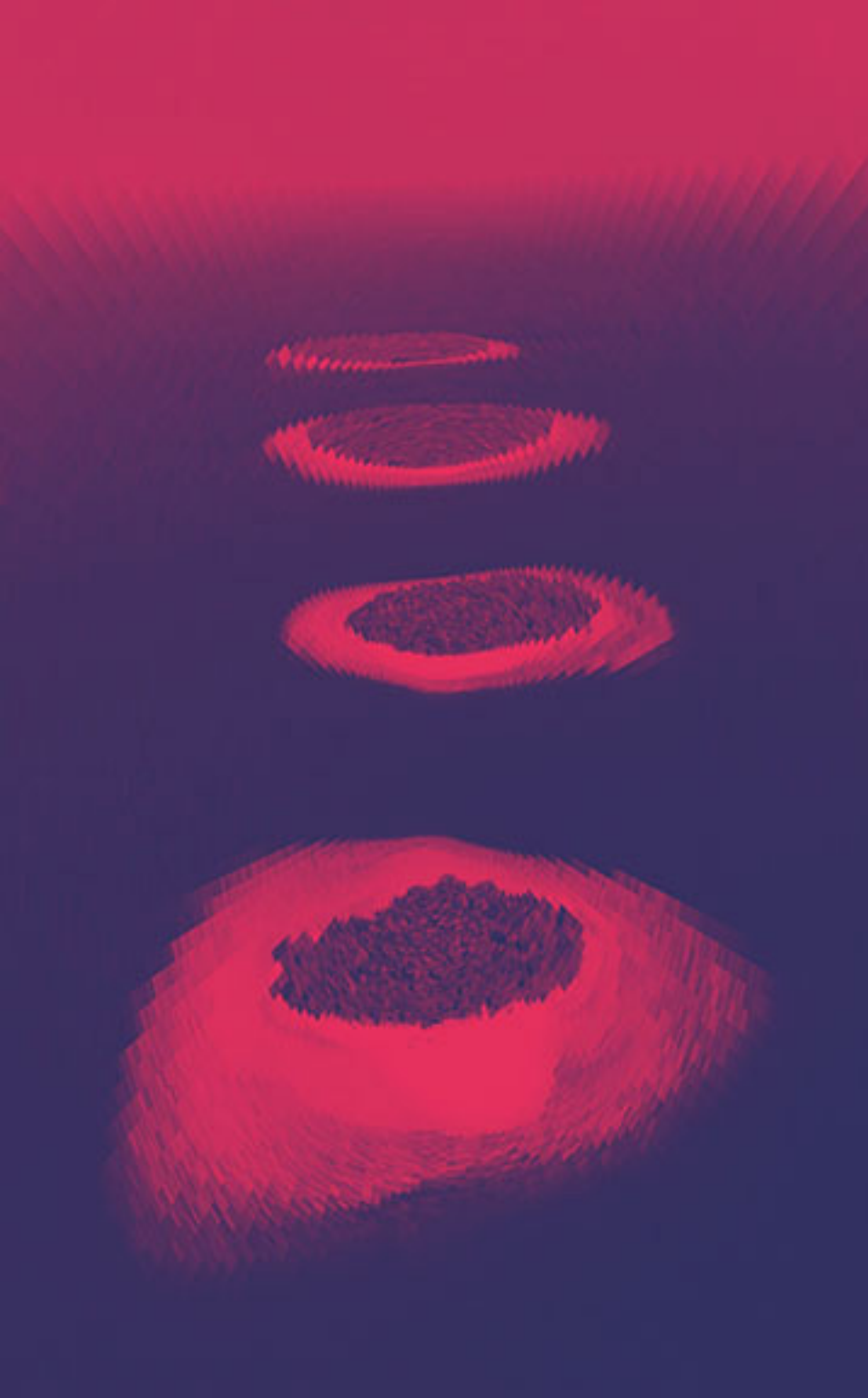


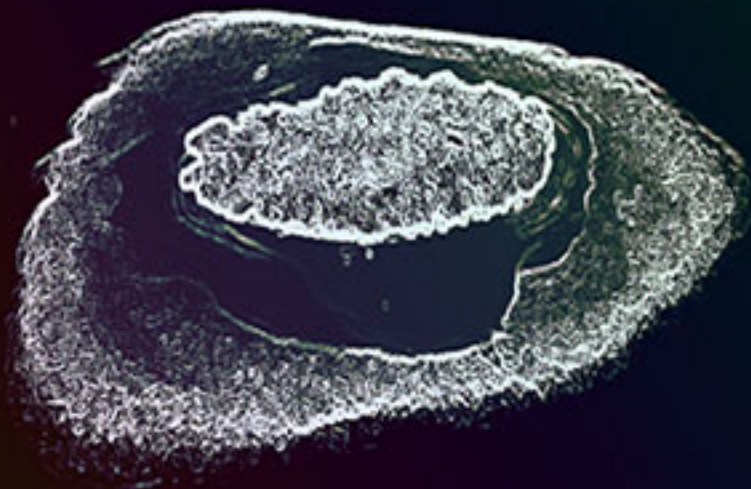
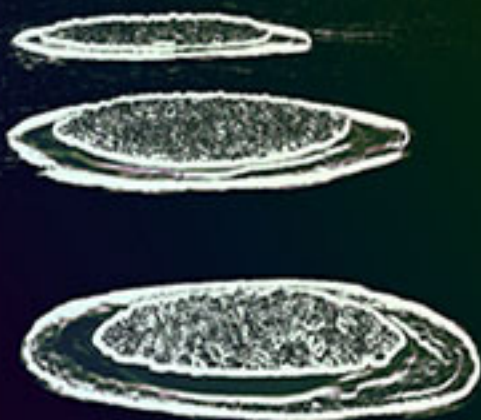
**THE
MEDIUM OF
THE MIND
IS
WHAT?**

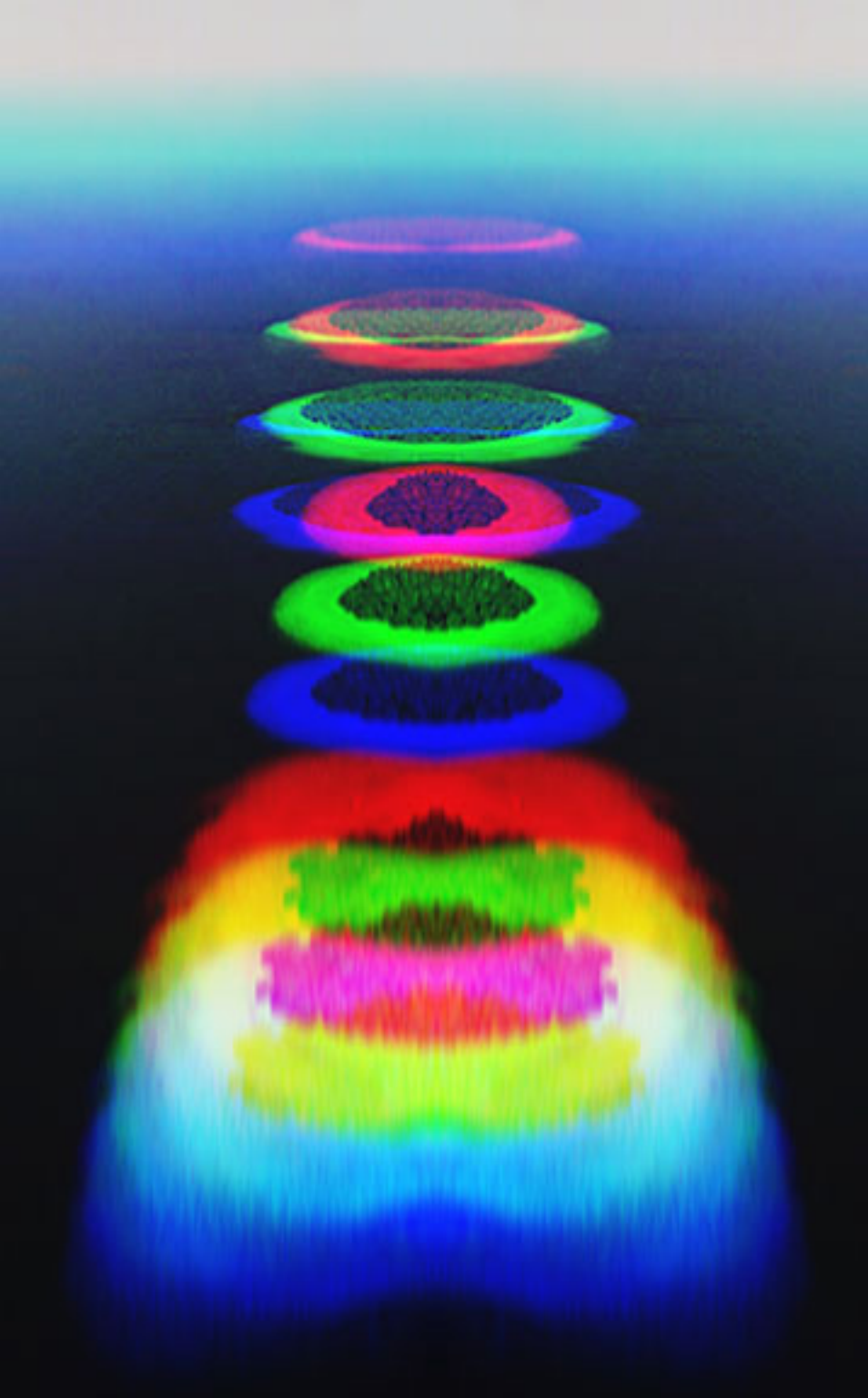
Backwards Yankees
baseball cap tilts on her
head. Yesterday she had
her hair cut short. Like
Demi Moore in Ghost. Her
hands are on my fly. I
think she wants sex. We
trade glances. Undress.
Small round beautiful
breasts. My face slides
down her belly, and I
pull off her panties. She
tastes delicious. My cock
gets harder & harder. She
pulls me up. She wants a
fuck. We go at it. Upside
down and inside out. Her
butt sliding all over my
belly. We are young &
horny. Albany is a rumor
outside of a window.

The notebooks are becoming fuck logs. Note to self: keep fucking. She drives her father's car to my apartment to fuck me. She is a good parallel-parker. We eat spaghetti. We watch bad TV. Everything is like in the movies. Except different. I skip class. I go to class. It amounts to the same thing. I am an artificial student. I am a superficial student. The books I read are other people's books. I want to read better books. I want to write my own books. I want to write a book no American has ever read.

Sloterdijk
says humans
have
become an
"ontological
fringe group"
and that
"humans lead
the lives of
islanders"





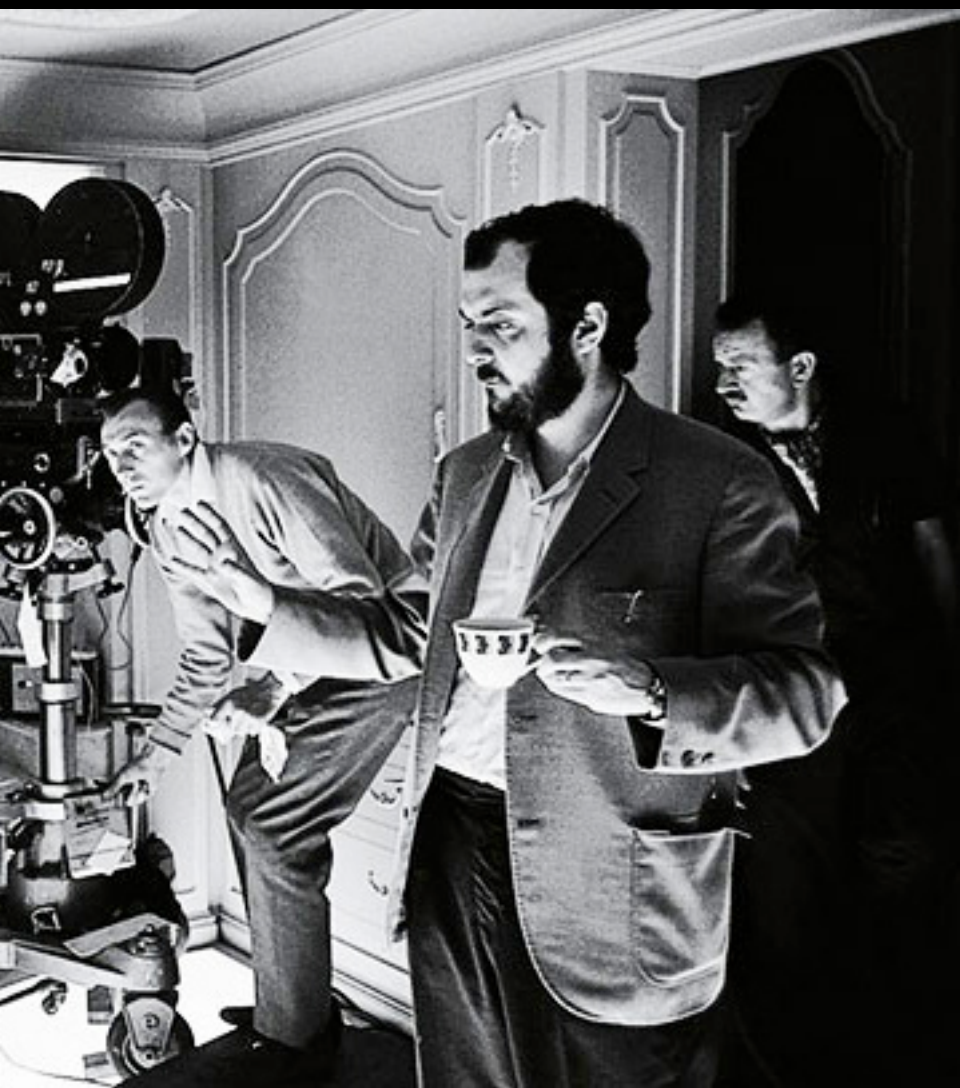




"The computer
is the most
misunderstood
and
misrepresented
entity on land
or sea."

Ted Nelson
1970





"If it
can be
written, or
thought,
it can be
filmed"











"Television
kills
telephony
in brothers'
broil. Our
eyes demand
their turn.
Let them be
seen!"

FW 52.18

Language is a trap. A prison. Already I feel the handcuffs. The chains. The trapdoor at my feet. My only hope is to escape. Like Houdini. Or Buster Keaton. Or Charlie Chaplin. I am an artist. A court jester. A zen trickster. I smile even when it hurts. Especially if it hurts. I giggle my way into an alternate reality. I am Czech. That explains everything. I am American. What the fuck is that? I am a New Yorker. I am an islander. I am a human being at the edge of the sea.













All "systems" go.

...a piece of code, a piece
of data... what are we?

I sip coffee.

I eat ice cream.

I am a human being.

Here we are again.

Plotting to take over
the world. Every thought
brings us closer. Closer
and closer and closer.

Theory-fiction is the
way to go. If you must go.
You must go.

We keep falling in love.
Falling apart. Everything
is at stake. I remember
everything. I forget, too.

The notebooks cannot
keep up. The velocity of
life. She opens my jeans
and gives me a blowjob.
I am incredulous. Me. Of
all people. Now. Here.
The Cosmos is a beautiful
space. All of Creation
going into this precise
moment.

I think we thought this
might happen. Your
panties on the carpet.
Now we are terrified of
the future.

She says facedown
orgasms are the best. She
throws her weight into
the fuck. Asses flying.











She is the Mother Plum
Tree.

She is the Jade Maiden of
the Obscure Mystery.

She is being outside-
and-inside-at-once.

She is the divine sphere.

She is the immortal
embryo.

She is neither birth nor
death.

She is the ten lunar
cycles of the solar year.

Infinite luminosity.

Cybernetic Hypothesis:

"Neither 0 nor
1, I am absolute
nothingness.

Firstly: I cum
perversely.

Secondly: I hold
back. Beyond.

Before. Short
Circuiting and
Unplugging."

"I do not respond
to human or
mechanical feedback
loops that attempt
to encircle/
figure me out; like
Bartleby, I'd 'prefer
not to.' "

"I keep my distance,
I don't enter into
the space of the
flows, I don't plug
in, I stick around."

immensity

vastness

"the new psycho-
cosmologically relevant
sentiment spread that
humans were not the
concern of evolution, the
indifferent goddess of
becoming"

feedback spirals

spiral feedback in the
sphere

your ontology intrigues
me

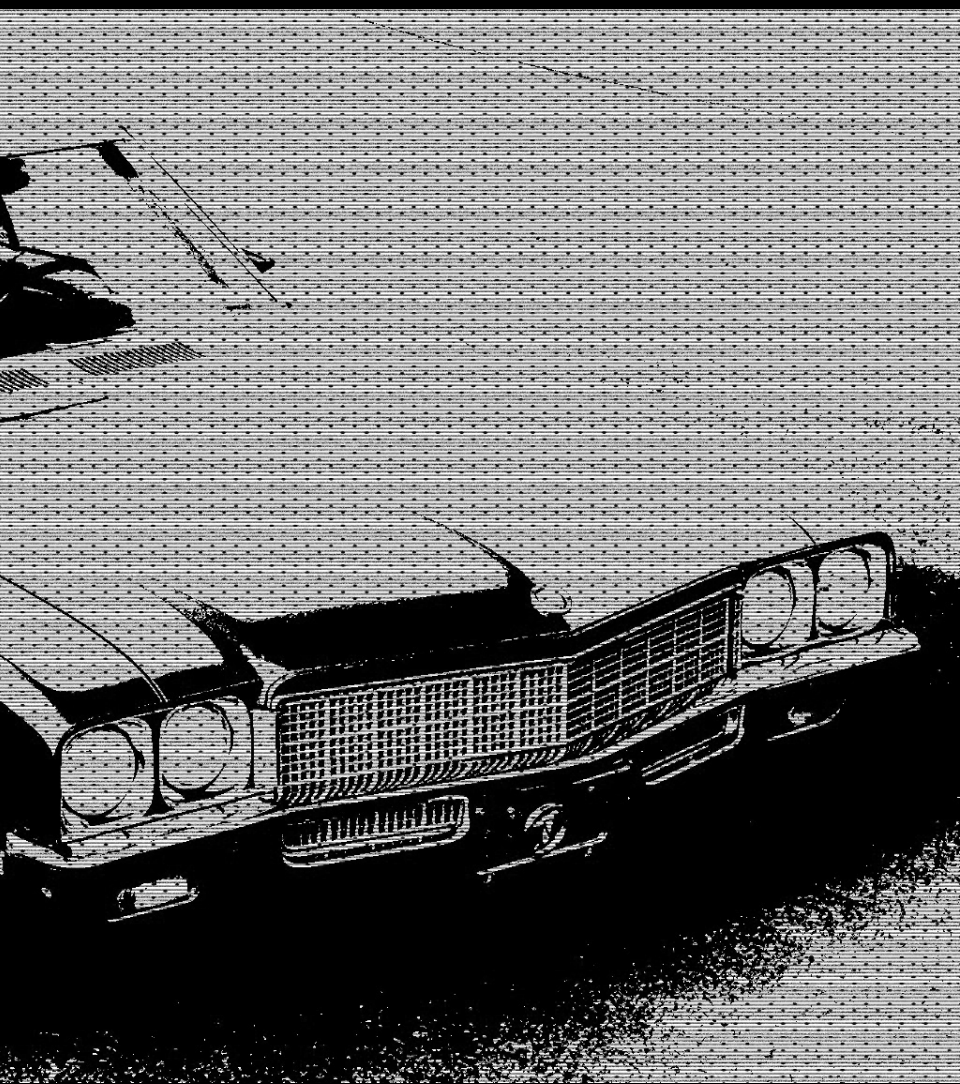
The machine hijacks my notebook. Every index card is a punch card for the supercomputer. I am just a human being. I watch. I do not say anything. The machine is hungry.

I cannot keep my pants up. She has such a beautiful ass. We do it in the back of a Buick Skylark.

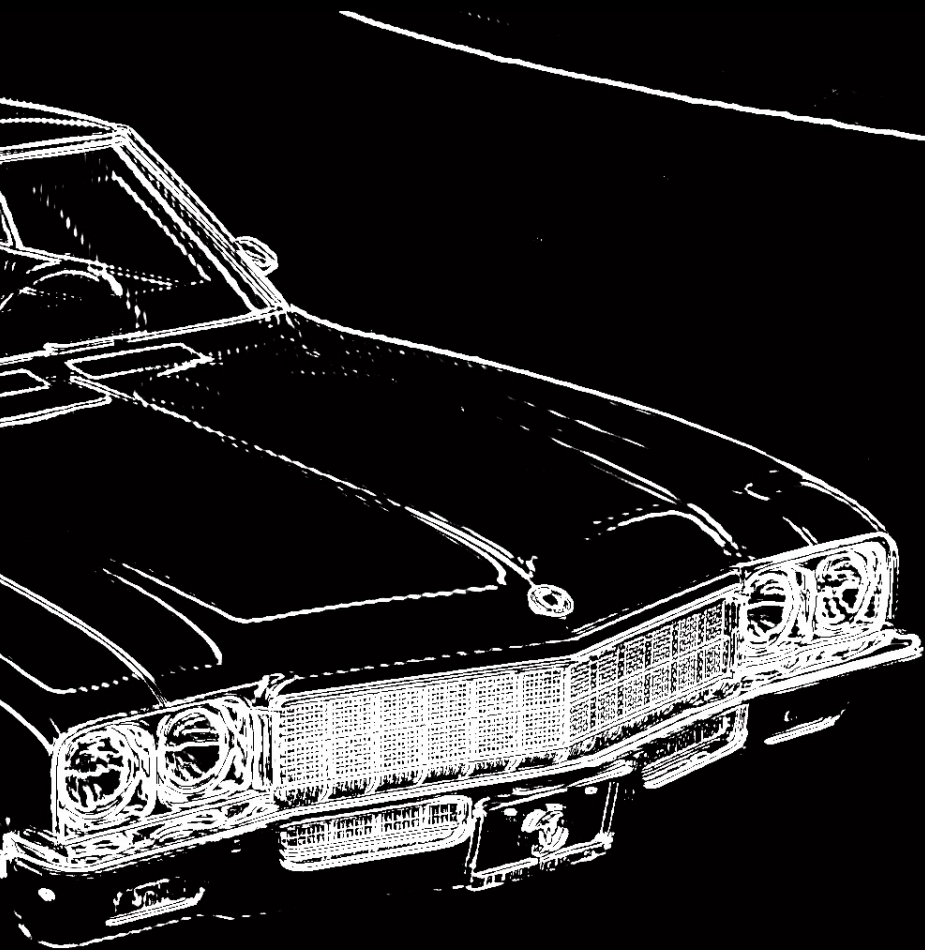
The political undesirables of Amerika.

The pseudo-territory of my being.













Seventeen years to write
seventeen chapters of
Finnegans Wake. Take
your time. Rush. Hurry.

Ink & paper. Girlfriend
getting her legs spread
by another man.

We are everywhere always
nowhere. Beautiful here.
Do you agree?

Rain noise. Radio.
Static. Peculiar waves.
Almost familiar. Not
quite strange. Synthetic.
Artificial. Machine-made?
Extraterrestrial-made?
I am a listener. Signals
intelligence. 847 mHz.

"these are not
fragments but
active elements
and when they
are more and
a little older
they will
begin to fuse
themselves"

James Joyce
letter
9 October 1923

I
bid
you
adieu.