
Kookaburra

anti-tales of laughing doom

VOLUME 1

GRETTA JADE MITCHELL

SCHOOL OF HUMANITIES

ENGLISH & CREATIVE WRITING

UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

January 2021

Table of Contents

abstract	3
thesis declaration.....	4
acknowledgements.....	5
pr elude	6
summer school texts.....	10
i (with some trouble)	11
ii (my groin is still sore)	15
iii (from a high perch)	21
iv (it is unnecessary isn't it?).....	26
v (please text so i know you are safe)	32
vi (i'm praying)	34
vii (listen here)	40
viii (the ash rain)	44
ix (couldn't make it to heaven).....	48
x (i promise never)	55
xi (cooee).....	58
xii (whatever happened to the girl?)	60
xiii (i was wrong)	64
xiv (something to ease the comedown)	68
(news from home)	70
echo goes the sadness.....	72
philosophy in the dark	81
night i (you awake?).....	83
night ii (you asleep?).....	128
night iii (you dreaming?).....	142
(news from home ii).....	180
contra/diction: forget me	183
i'd be happy in port misery; or, a chicken full of belly	185
kooka.doxxed	245
things of which i will not speak.....	247
things of which i will	247
(news from home iii).....	257
works cited / consulted	262

abstract

Volume 1. is a creative response to the aesthetics of black humour. Taking as its catalyst André Breton's *Anthologie de l'humour noir*, the writing is broken into three major sections: 'summer school texts'; 'philosophy in the dark'; and 'contra/diction: forget me'. Formally, each section is divergent from the others while all are guided by situationist *détournement*. Together they detail a dark vision of an hostile dystopian Australia.

Kookaburra's quest, born out of despair, to learn how to laugh within the abysmal alienation of twenty-first century doom takes many incongruous detours: from feminist surrealism, through anarchic postmarxism and dialectical idealism, to ultra-left social media memes and melancholic black metal. As a research project on the aesthetics of black humour, the writing takes a stance against sentimentality — its mortal enemy — against corruption morally masked, against ideology as invisible.

Imagining a hard-won laughter in the face of horrors and hurt, *Kookaburra* is a fraught nightmarish text, non-didactic and bound solitarily by the anti-ethics of its dark aesthetics where only a desperate recourse to form can save us from the scandal of content, where experimental writing is understood to be the perpetual amoral subversion of prevailing regimes.

Volume 2. functions as an implicit narrative addendum to further problematise the writing by elucidating creative research through intellectual obfuscation and philosophical nihilism. Like the novel, the exegesis is an experimental text of black humour aesthetics; unlike the novel, it is a self-negating academic exercise, one that calls upon dialectics in order to think against its own thought.

thesis declaration

I certify that this work contains no material which has been accepted for the award of any other degree or diploma in my name, in any university or other tertiary institution and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, contains no material previously published or written by another person, except where due reference has been made in the text. In addition, I certify that no part of this work will, in the future, be used in a submission in my name, for any other degree or diploma in any university or other tertiary institution without the prior approval of the University of Adelaide and where applicable, any partner institution responsible for the joint-award of this degree.

I give permission for the digital version of my thesis to be made available on the web, via the University's digital research repository, the Library Search and also through web search engines, unless permission has been granted by the University to restrict access for a period of time.

I acknowledge the support I have received for my research through the provision of an Australian Government Research Training Program Scholarship.

Gretta Jade Mitchell

acknowledgements

I'd like to express my gratitude to the department of English & Creative Writing for hosting my postgraduate research over the last decade. It's almost as if this weirdo is perfectly suited to the creative writing thesis mode of inquiry.

Dr Ros Prosser, in particular, I thank for your ongoing support and trust despite the winds of favour blowing sometimes fair, sometimes ill. You have offered me a freedom rare in scholarship to pursue the questions that truly trouble me without demanding anxieties for commercial interest or the social acceptance of queer modishness. If nothing else is clear, I function best as a writer, as a creative researcher, when the aesthetic is my only concern. Thanks for letting me go to the void in my own way. I will miss you.

To Associate Professor Meg Samuelson, I have been blessed to have access to your spirit and energy for creative scholarship and your expansive knowledge of writing and theory. This doctorate would be a very different work without your input. I cannot say I have reconciled the difference between the ghetto and the slum as you so knowingly directed me to; I am still thinking on it, still living through it. Generally, to all, the department has had significant impacts on my intellectual development. I thank you.

To Michelle and Chilé Bean, my endless appreciation for loving this unlovable thinker; you have both enriched my life. And Michelle, for your way with words (Chilé for your way with silence) — I hope you enjoy reading some of your best lines here.

pr | elude

NEU-

ROTICA | NE

UROTICA | N

EUROT

ICA—

Are you the sexualtrieb or the geschlechtstrieb?

i am the dialectic

Are you the slaughtered
steer who lives in my dreams?

i am the is

Do you have perversions or perversities?

i am the disease

When I tell folks I'm from
The Gay Ghetto, they just say:
yuck. Target
audience: juvenile (as in delinquent).

i am the death drive

It's where I met the (no k)id, on the streets of The Gay Ghetto. She told
me octopi dream — and they are the earthling furth'rest from the
human being — a kind of alien's reverie that looks a lot like me.

Are you anal or oral?

i am your plaything

Everything is cold to touch. And melting, melting, the winds are
moving us all, on the inside — closer to the lost Antarctica. Fingertips
of callous sting, muscle remembers everything, but I can't even tell
what room you're in anymore. You can always find me; I write loudly.

for the gods gave me you — to abuse

Now that the gas is cut, she is the only thing that is warm to trace. It's
a gentleman's sky — like murder; the empire has been through here.

Outside, she's pacing in the horror comedy. The dingo howls. Sirens.
We live on the main road; it is very peaceful. Nobody ever visits.

at night outside pacing

Another woman is dead. To be a murderer in a murderous grid.
Are you talking about the heterosexual matrix?

the sirens

the dingoes

red dogs bluer on public holidays

have you ever seen the way a starving dingo walks?

concussions dementia amnesia

Bells ring on Sunday morn their melody a threatening peal for
everyone the church will kill. Cold to touch, westerly fronts, a feminine
sting is their thrill.

Chemical burn summers. The British dropped a nuke here once. For
fun. Colonial outpost, you feel class here. Like the weather, I guess.
Exposure.

i am the top of the class

It means nothing — ████████

i am the dialectic

there is nothing to transcend

Are you the baddie?

take me to your squid

Are you the Vorslust or the Endlust?

i am to be laughed at

Scorned and ridiculed in blasts only to be neglected in the end. But the aesthetics of dilapidation is better than over — nay forced fed. Exclusionary tactics like finger-pointing bullies who duck out of the closet in whispers to report our misdemeanours to some clean-cut dyke cop. But that is not the story.

not yet

She is outside, pacing. Miserable, in the squall. She's saying something. Something over and over again. Something I can't discern. There is terrible music playing — some aristocrat trash, like opera. Playing for the homos, castrati, travesti. What they call classical music reminds me that the war is over and we lost. I suspect neglect will kill me but I hope to die in a summer storm, listening to doom metal.

Are you sexy or hysteric?

i am pathology

Are you the male/female subject or the female/male object?

— am partial

Are you normal or ab?

just a matter of degree

I am auto[n]e[u]rotic, you see?

I no longer believe in my neurotica.

i am the androgyne

summer school texts*

... who had forgotten her prescribed occupational caricature and become human, that is childlike, curious, complex, and immoral.

Günter Grass

Psing a psalm of psexpeans, apocryphul of rhyme.

James Joyce

* Student's note: this section is formatted to be read on-screen. Any attempt to print the document may yield a destruction of its messages.

i (with some trouble)

Friday, 13 December 2019

dear V ^ N D ^ L
SMS 12:41 am

With some trouble and some help from a dishonest and smelly mathematician — who just so happens to trust in God as a prime number and not a surd — I flew the coop of my hostile home town and after many hours of tearful mandible-grind malnutrition that attends cheap-flight despair, I have reached A D E L A I D E (the type of forsaken outpost that looks sideways at strangers bcoz who on Earth would want to come here?)

SMS 12:47 am

Only last night I landed but am already convinced the Head of Kindergarten has seen pornographic pictures of me; we met at a boozy induction.

SMS 12:50 am

she thought she *knew* me she said
SMS 12:50 am

before praising my boots :o
SMS 12:55 am

What's more, I'm already barred from the pub — Overpriced and Underwhelmed; the blushing and aspirant lesbian wine is so lily-livered it belongs to a colonial Temperance Union (kicking the shit out of Bad Boy Bubby in high horse flats) rather than the darkly Nightwood where the sentences all exceed any reasonable character limit. But why pick on lesbians? Don't answer that. Are they right to shun me? Don't answer. So I rotgut in the gutter with the unruly and the shifty gifted; at least on the street I can waste all my talent / get righteous on deliria / wanton on my stipend / cause a fight or at least a mess and feel closer to you, your life, your work.

SMS 12:59 am

what a stinking hole
SMS 1:03 am

It always puzzles me for a second that there are people in such a hole who are able to subsist on superciliousness alone.
SMS 1:05 am

a whole life long? to the E N D?
SMS 1:05 am

while grey-headed flying foxes drop dead out of the sky, while even cancer dies? they are the catholic school crowd, the in theory *well-written* who don't understand a Thing (it's a capitalised abstract noun).
SMS 1:09 am

Pack of Howard era beneficiaries, pale washed-out thinkers, from mouth to anus —
SMS 1:09 am

these are the reviewers of my show and tell
SMS 1:14 am

but you know more about the alimentary canal than anyone ffs
SMS 1:17 am

Wait did someone say *capital*?
SMS 1:19 am

nah, I said it w/ a K
SMS 1:19 am

kareer is a verb anyway, right?
SMS 1:31 am

Who wants to kill herself laughing?
SMS 1:31 am

and I can't think of a better way to die
SMS 1:31 am

So, here I am @ home
SMS 1:33 am

say gday to my nephew — the p s y c h o p a t h —
and to Yurnangurnu Nola Campbell. I kiss your hand.
SMS 1:35 am

River red gums are the silent witness to some horror
story made of blood poison black she burns and the
sky is the colour of pit water. Anxious are the well-off
women in Sydney, the smoke in their hair, it stinks —
but it's what I can't smell that troubles me — blast x
Kookaburra
SMS 1:36 am

ii (my groin is still sore)

Saturday, 14 December 2019

dear V A N D A L
SMS 3:43 am

My groin is still sore from falling out of bed and having vanished from the H E A V E N scene, I cannot apologise, sorry. Mr Minister for Women (as they say) found my presence in A D E L A I D E indispensable and without a payday's delay. Thus coerced, I had to comply.

SMS 3:48 am

Are you angry I've undertaken a second shot at kindergarten? even tho I'm too gargantuan for the chairs? a laughing stock? like a deformed reversal of tv story time, knees to chin, hands to feet. I know you don't want me to be a lowly prop that has no meaning of its own; I know you're worried I'll end up writing like Maggie Nelson or worse become self-satisfied and ambitious until having children to suffer, slave and burn in the 21st C seems like a dandy idea and the right and proper course to secure my gay legacy; on the other hand, it's a bearable position in these times of E M P I R E so long as you don't agree to teach. How do you spell rebellion? Can you forgive me? Unlike the cracked child safes?

SMS 3:50 am

Fear not, any dimwit can pass kindergarten now (user-pays) and it's not so different from being trapped in a punitive welfare system. We are graciously informed by women wearing black knee-length polyester skirts whose gross assumption is they're dressed better than us: it's all who you know; there aren't any actual jobs. . . for those who have the nerve to excel at children's games but there are a fuck-tonne of forms. Signed, idc. And if you're waiting for something shocking to this way come, I have a funny feeling we're kinda after the fact. As an undesirable aftermath then, I begin to smell very (I mean completely) disingenuous: of semi-decent \$30 shiraz indecent ethics organic soaps and pure fuckin filth.

SMS 3:52 am

same/same; I can still taste the black bile
SMS 3:57 am

Nobody to talk to (of course) not even a neglected
and infectious swimming pool to drown in.
SMS 3:57 am

Face down farce and chronic isolation kills in time like
the deadly weather, so I took up smoking the other
day
SMS 3:59 am

to tempt the storm, my lover, while I listen to the
murmurs. O! Kookaburra don't make us cry, just give
us a kiss, señor x or a sublime line for the end of
times, we know you can do it, you abusive cunt you
glorious fuckup. In these the cities of the plains, in
the dead of the day, in apocalyptic heatwaves,
Gomorrha still loves Gomorrha.
SMS 4:03 am

so wut
SMS 4:03 am

Salt of the dead sea, unwittingly I've landed smack
bang in the middle of the old testament desert. Now
all that's missing is an investment plan in munitions
that says: hell to the yes. Virtual money doesn't ring
but bullets still sting, once made not far from here in
the glory days of Dry Creek.
SMS 4:03 am

Another round? I'm not sure where they
manufacture death now. The dreary playroom, the
whitewashed wiggles, and day after day after day
(more days) five gazillion Toyotas that won't get us
back to H E A V E N.
SMS 4:03 am

You need a V8 Commodore built in H O L D E N H E L L for that; postcodes goad, dear V, driven by the vilified revs of gas guzzlers hanging out the window yelling woohoo! wankers! and yet jet fuel is dignified — nay a duty to burn, sheer tonnes of it for the sake of research or more likely, vanity? but wait does anyone who lives under the flight path ever jetset to Tokyo? the same ol' cringe, the same ol' stinge but you can't outrun the cops in a conservative Camry. All in all, I'm in the grips of an inimical graphorrhoea (like Artaud is my father) shit a brick a book a muscular thesis built like a brick shithouse ffs take that shit-eating grin off your face shit for brains :P

SMS 4:05 am

To amuse myself I imagine the men are in fact women and I am in A D E L A I D E with them and for them, yes! fighting for the sensible centre oof and I surely don't smoke enough to fail a piss-test and this Finger-Painter in Service to the Market God is about to become a Laughing Kookaburra and do the Hermaphroditic Dance of the Gekko while drunk in the dust [virgule] and then I shall wake with my laughing sides on [virgule] underneath the bed we once shared [virgule] unloading pages with ghosts beside me brandishing your rhythm stick. Kick it. The decent shiraz is giving me night terrors.

SMS 4:07 am

To a hard-drinking soundtrack in minor keys, I dream — of digging my own grave — a hopeless quest a dreadful absurdity but it's cheaper to burn the dead into earthlessness for everyday fortune falls on an industrial scale the lucky and unlucky — so the ancient metaphor doesn't make sense anymore? no matter coz it's down to death alive and when the pit is just trivial enough to cover me (who like Antigone is in love with impossibility, raging at masters of injustice, weeping and dancing for the wild women of lachhus) my peers jump right in, one on top of the other, to take even that final welcome home.

SMS 4:08 am

Enough, and even too much? I've been on bad behaviour since I can't remember, wearing rehab pyjamas to meaningless graduations and carrying novels from the Aristotrash South. And I know (if you were talking to me that is) you'd say there is no bad behaviour just the wrong gender, the wrong class. So where on the ends of the earth do you want me to take you before dawn? to things that never were? to the details that prevail? there was never any before-the-war. And next? and then? We are going to die laughing, aren't we?

SMS 4:08 am

I've read in Maldoror that it's very difficult to learn how to laugh; so when you learn to laugh at the rapists and the slobbering of their lockjaw mongrels, be sure to let me know.

SMS 4:08 am

I guess they're the ones who need a mauling guard from feminists and their pussies?

SMS 4:08 am

A terrifying beast wept (I cannot say why) to see us together again; it's a nightschool lesson with Isidore Ducasse.

SMS 4:09 am

Or, counting the mite that produces the mange, you will have two friends (and one of them is me x)

SMS 4:15 am

Enough you say I am too much

SMS 4:15 am

to scale the library walls and get back underground

SMS 4:15 am

I am waiting for the storm, dear V ^ N D ^ L, you see? but I am also waiting for you. And I think I shall stop here. Know that I feel great respect (and I beg you to hear me) for the way you disrespect and when I said we all deserve to die and end up in one of Mrs Lovett's pies (seasoned with black pepper in a gravy made of poet) you somehow escaped the bowels of all my vowels. I now ask you: please please please. . . have mercy and reply before I leave the building via the fire escape.

SMS 4:18 am

Kookaburra, DISCIPLINE OF DESPAIR — 6 2 1 Arts Building, North Tce. I ritually salute Yurnangurnu Nola Campbell and send you the kisses of dawn. Re-reading my texts, I find them overall brilliant, though defectively written. I go down, like Matthew, go down. From where? Self-defeating and cognitively impaired. The ocean floor farted and we were born.

SMS 4:19 am

Here. Expecting rejection w/out concern.

SMS 4:21 am

iii (from a high perch)

Sunday, 15 December 2019

dear V Λ N D Λ L, I write you from a high perch where I've been lain low since the Howard era with what's left of the outback sky and a taped recording of my laugh. I have twenty-two dollars; do you think it will last? some days I hope it runs out faster than others. Like when he had maggots crawling through his head-wound in private aged care. Thanks, but nah, think I'll take my chances on the road with the angel of death; she must have mercy in spades over the insurance fear mongers, so full of fraud, lobster, cocaine, and fake titties, there's no petty cash left for iodine.

SMS 12:35 am

Why don't the cops swab for coke? only meth and weed? Two things I've never seen before: a guy riding a tenspeed on the beach and a prickly pear cactus growing in the roof guttering of a broke-down house repainted pink like in Betty Blue. But these scenes are real beyond the pretty little playground, somewhere, someplace. It's clear I think of you when I think of sex, which I hope shows love in the nothing left. Don't tell me it's over; tell me why we only get to hear from Glaswegians once they're sober. And despite your beautiful cassette rage. . .

SMS 12:36 am

And so I pretend to buy into the Meritocracy, and to aspire beyond my class, but I'm only in it for the \$500/wk and wifi. I cannot say the Enlightenment pretends to believe in me, but whatever. . . they get eyes full of dollar signs in kind when I finally learn to think like a girl. So, tit for tit, at least we have an unspoken understanding. I refine bad and nonchalant postures, and the quiet haunted laugh of the harrow of hard-times with which I like to adorn the privilege of ambidextrous writing. To the ruins! with my name and a failed thesis called: How Kookaburra Became a Good Tartuffe and Joined the Middle Classes.

SMS 12:41 am

I would like to be Courtney Love's whipping boy, a southpaw carnie, and a whitecollar worker who at her desk all day everyday does nothing.

SMS 12:42 am

But all I can muster is to stay at home and let my enemies decide who I am.

SMS 12:42 am

the results? I don't care to read.

SMS 12:43 am

What's more, I imagine my privilege is a penance. Something very bad, I did, to end up here in summer school: a kind of self-imposed detention, when I could be swimming at the beach and drinking Pirate Life; even the smell of rotting rays can't deter me from singing about the blinding beauty of the dying world; a Lana Del Rey swimming pool, shimmering, Nabokov floating face-down in the deep end where she gave him a Bacardi laced with heart attack.

SMS 12:47 am

But here I am: *white* and *writing* in a sandstone universe; we reconcile our trespass by killing carp for fertiliser; we rack the kills like wordcount. It's a fun, smelly, and murderous game, and I've convinced myself I deserve a six-figure salary bcoz I have talent on the cull. W T A F?

SMS 12:47 am

I aim to go mad later this month as part of my completion plan (would you like to see the excel spreadsheet?) and will spend sixty-thousand years self-medicating (stuporific, stuporstar) in an attempt to see — you — my only friend whom I lost hold of in winter or murdered that waterless night in the summer.

SMS 12:59 am

Have I told you, I'm sorry? If you're considering blocking my number, rest easy, an incoming message will. . . I mean I'll send some pics x and a Post-Sadean caption thoughtfully deleted? Where is my copy of Juliette?

SMS 1:01 am

I wrote to the T O M B O Y once or twice, I think.

SMS 1:01 am

Could I also ask for something (anything) from you? I have put \$10 prepaid onto your number just in case you're broke but maybe coverage is bad in H E A V E N? Yes, that makes perfect sense.

SMS 1:04 am

Aside from this? N O T H I N G

SMS 1:05 am

The women, however preferable to the men, are much without and almost dead.

SMS 1:06 am

Several times, I warned the leading P O E T that I would make her simply irrelevant without publishing a single line. I doubt she understood me at all, not knowing what it's like to be a slut; in any case, my current ambition is to wear a camo uniform with menacing aussie flag thongs, and to be an unimportant and malingering member of an all-girl beach cult in Antarctica — it's getting warmer down there, I hear. Maybe a faded war correspondent who can't understand basic grammar or read her own notes would be a position in which I could excel and find meaning? When you learn how to laugh at me, text. Do your long-lost fellow vandals have any credit? I'd like to converse with a mute.

SMS 1:09 am

or some friendless beauty
SMS 1:09 am

All true thotties are friendless, aren't they? If only they went for butches, the whole world would right itself. While I waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiiittttt, I'm rereading The Well (to imagine a smiling cry from the T O M B O Y) and trying to see something in it rather than a handsome rich butch ignorant of —
SMS 1:11 am

When Radclyffe Hall learns to laugh at love, thots will dig dykes. Of course lesbian love is still obscene, like anything that's fun and excludes men; it just doesn't distract me anymore. With this, dear V Λ N D Λ L, I add @donotreply to my fixations that seek no recognition, and I kiss your open mouth xxx
SMS 1:13 am

Kooka — your crash poet, your empty wreck, your Mad Max of the western wastelands, your raggedy man
SMS 1:13 am

iv (it is unnecessary isn't it?)

Monday, 16 December 2019

dear V Λ N D Λ L
SMS 2:26 am

Your messages haven't come through.
SMS 2:26 am

It is unnecessary (isn't it?) to assure you of your fame? I imagine you spray the walls of H E A V E N saying — G O D I H A T E M E N — no doubt in order to take from me a concurrence which my grungy antipathy towards complicit women keeps in a delay pedal. Phase? What day is it? do you think? according to the men?

SMS 2:30 am

I write you post-detention, where I languish as the sun shines in a utilitarian shared pigsty dripping with obsolescence and male privilege; but you know more than anyone that kindergarten is no place to have an intellectual conversation. There, punished by women who have advanced just like their enemies on the S A Y I L O V E Y O U I N E N G L I S H front. It is hush hush in the halls — that is all.

SMS 2:32 am

Are they pleased to know I am poor? my dear V Λ N D Λ L?

SMS 2:34 am

a touch?
SMS 2:37 am

a touch too much?
SMS 2:38 am

as they are pleased to know I am alone and empty, of course

SMS 2:38 am

No surprise? I haven't received a text from the T O M B O Y (knowing she only writes to get laid or to flee the solemn order that soothes the clique but tortures the loner who can never measure up to the rulers and their rules). Disordered beyond hierarchies of perfection, no wonder she has decided to R A V E for an unspecified wordcount. The very effort to stop dancing for these few pages is killing us; perhaps it will become easier to sit still like in Mission School. When you learn to laugh at who is trusted with our education —

SMS 2:42 am

write a thesis. Say what? all right, all right.

SMS 2:47 am

N O T H I N G K I L L Z the T O M B O Y like 13

SMS 2:47 am

From time to time, so that I cannot be accused of having kindly died, a weak handshake or a peck on the cheek from insincere lips assures me I am still a villain. The other night, I was introduced to a loving crowd at the A D E L A I D E bookshop as an important N A Z I; I believe the N A Z I looks natural as a bleached-blond and is published (eleven books no less of poetry in print) or perhaps she is dead but the prestige stuck. They (the loving crowd) have me in hot demand; it's strange and I know how it all E N D Z. At any rate. . . Anyhoo. . .

SMS 2:49 am

And none of this matters much; it is not funny, not funny at all.

SMS 2:59 am

oof

SMS 3:00 am

Are you sure the rivers are still alive or that sugar gliders ever existed? I don't think so. I see nothing on the plains at dawn except pigeons from Glasgow going fuckin nuts over the crumbs, coo coo. But surely W R I T I N G is still alive: certain rumours notwithstanding *pause* yet I think that I despise us; yes, there you have it; tonight I detest us bcoz. . . we all must be somebody's friend.

SMS 3:02 am

all my friends are dead

SMS 3:05 am

did I kill them? can't recall; what can you do when you're important enough to be the object of inattention and abuse?

SMS 3:05 am

When you learn to laugh at road rage (moron!) let me know. When you learn to laugh at the news (Aren't The Poor From Elizabeth North Frightfully Feral? and Aren't The Rich From Burnside Beautiful and Wonderful?) let me know. He turned up for work on a construction site in black acrylic socks after having been ordered to cover his feet. What can you do when you can't afford shoes?

SMS 3:22 am

all my friends are dead reds

SMS 3:23 am

Again it's about communism and wine? And that's why poverty is the devil and cancer is god. Bcoz bad things happen to bad people, right? And yet cancer can happen to anyone. . . even though cheap wine is carcinogenic? And that's what nobody understands (except communists) — from the theologians to the scientists, the pseudos to the pedos. But, by the bacteria of my gutbug bowels, I think it's a salubrious joke that even beloved and innocent family pets are struck down with tumours. Thank you, God. That's right, we don't really need your love.

SMS 3:25 am

When you learn to laugh at labradors having chemo, come back to life and fuck me. O the sad songs, I'm awake for all I know but it's a nightmare and they're playing Nirvana in nursing homes. Smells Like. . . nah, a traumedie called T O M B O Y will have her revenge on Adelaide; bingo! but wait there's no prize you greedy old cunt; or else, yes: I'd be Happy in Port Misery — yes. Writing has tracked me through every dive and gazed at me many times in horror. Screaming in his face, screaming in his face (not words but gutturalisms) shocked as if he had done nothing wrong. Is it ever gonna rain? again? Not money (I've given up on that topless ghost) but water?

SMS 3:27 am

At last the colonial A D E L A I D E roses are all dead. Hoorah! And they fan the grapes to keep them heavy on the vine, heavy on the vine. I adore riddles among other tricks.

SMS 3:27 am

now that's some vintage Kookaburra

SMS 3:27 am

Be sure to tell my nephew — the p s y c h o p a t h — that I want to text him and that he must give me his number when he is released from all the locked wards.

SMS 3:28 am

Pray tell? what does everyone think of cancer, communism, and cheap wine in H E A V E N?

SMS 3:29 am

v (please text so i know you are safe)

Tuesday, 17 December 2019

T O M B O Y
SMS 3:26 am

please txt so I know you are safe
SMS 3:27 am

and that you have a pot to piss in A M E N
SMS 3:27 am

I am bored to death behind my supreme desk in a position of puke and privilege so I forget how to dress the wounds and salt the locks. The R A P E M A C H I N E is going hell for breakfast (and silently) and I am near a decommissioned cocacola factory and poisoned substrata ground water.
SMS 3:32 am

It stinks of tax cheats, carbon dust, and rancid cooking oil, sickening like photorealism, and I'm not sure what to do without V Λ N D Λ L maybe I'm not as funny as I imagine. I would love it if you would pity me I mean message me something anything. Here like the train in Anna Karenina — shunted — and the coal-fired steam engines are not dead yet.
SMS 3:37 am

same/same expecting no reply. I salute you in various masochistic postures suicidal gestures bloodless manoeuvres and not six but seven Coronas. Kookaburra x Guuguubarra x or any other spelling you might prefer
SMS 3:49 am

vi (i'm praying)

Wednesday, 18 December 2019

Dear V A N D A L
SMS 12:17 am

I'm praying you get this bcoz coverage is so bad in H E A V E N but I'm coming to stay (once my twelve dollars runs out) for xmas. I'll message T O M B O Y about it just in case you have run out of credit. Can you tell me if H E A V E N will hold you for the psycho season and where I can find your latest destruction?
SMS 12:19 am

So hot and dry my skin is flaking off and dusty and thirsty. . . I can tell by my itchy and inflamed rectum I am severely dehydrated; but what do you expect? the desert gods have a taste for salted meats: blistered skin and bleached bones, melanomas in a biohazard jar, and bulldozer peace settles the argument with eviction while unpaid work powders some nose with blood — but is the lighting any good?
SMS 12:21 am

yes, light dreaming no less; how funny it all is
SMS 12:22 am

strong arm
SMS 12:23 am

fuck it we can still sit in the park and get drunk
SMS 12:23 am

the woman I love is crying
SMS 12:25 am

too bad! too fuckin bad!
SMS 12:26 am

And what difference does it make if that's the way it is? same/same from the sexwar, red roses and blue bruises, sweating disease, and my old solitary refuges are diminished and frayed — slumming it — poverty porn where the voice-over pulverizes

SMS 12:31 am

again it's over

SMS 12:33 am

again it's over 45 degrees Celsius and bespectacled women discuss the pederasts of Victorian England with the airs of air-conditioning (I think that's right tho can't be sure bcoz I'm not really listening but worrying about my powerbill)

SMS 12:34 am

same/dif, still the smell of pestilence in the gutters death in the waterholes and of derelict hospitals morphine behind locks does not delude me much

SMS 12:35 am

And then that young dyke with her baggy pants and her slacker sex —

SMS 12:35 am

slihFDksaejfb

SMS 12:37 am

There is a time to break every rule as a bee drawn to meat dies in the Exeter's toilet, its lost flowers.

SMS 12:38 am

k then who even cares whatev—

SMS 12:41 am

whatever
SMS 12:41 am

I'm not expecting a text from you bcoz forever is just one day on repeat; accept me thus ad nauseam with or without the broken records from your youth as they echo to glorify us in green puffs of smoke and know that this ghastly laugh is shadowed right through with sadness into the bum currency, farting a tune.

SMS 12:45 am

your slut, Kookaburra
SMS 12:45 am

psst — will you forward a message to my nephew, the p s y c h o p a t h, whose number I simply can't find?

SMS 12:45 am

T O M B O Y
SMS 1:50 am

I've just written a list of the objects cremated alongside you. All of which, young man, are marked as highly flammable. Warning. I throw foodscraps in the bin instead of the compost praying a morsel reaches you, surviving as you are, scavenging H E A V E N's landfill. I must thank you for your nonconformist courage. But no matter nobody reads anymore let alone the thoughts of this old stool. Is it true that the collaborators the movie-makers drown you like you are already 13 — a dead whalerider? And that's the real end of Grandad's harmless hate?

SMS 2:01 am

The wars never end, you know? and the sensible centre shelled me with more expensive books and I N C E L intel yesterday morning (AI is a boy who can't get laid; their son, no less) and although we are far from the line, I'd be sorry for you to die so younggggg

SMS 2:02 am

A N D N O T A G A I N but it comes out all ends when you're old and that's why love is important

SMS 2:03 am

I really don't want to but must stopover in H E A V E N; can I see you? for xmas? Write me a word if you deign to agree before-hand —

SMS 2:04 am

and try to arrange a class riot with looting and news-cameras so that we may be forgotten in style — together

SMS 2:05 am

killing it before I go
SMS 2:07 am

Did I tell you I received THE BOOK OF REPULSIVE WOMEN? Before she died, Djuna lived for forty years as a withdrawal symptom, never speaking to her poet neighbours, refusing re-publications, re-workings, interviews, demanding an eponymous bookshop change its godforsaken name. A heavy and solitary drinker, "The Greta Garbo of Letters". If only we had that kind of bankroll. O, Sophia begging in her threadbare coat. . . writing, she calls it. Ha. When you learn to laugh at aristocrats in need of Phynances — and sweets, S A D E. . . teach me how.

SMS 2:09 am

What luck the Marquis is not at school; what a sad writer he would have been, I think, morbid and obese; how can we pity Marlon Brando? the beautiful men are already worse than dead, aren't they? Old, fat, defeated, addicted to sugar. At any rate I thank you for simply not existing. For I can no longer listen to the dirty jokes that kill us all the time. Now I lie here, with my eyes on a pistol. Or, now I dwell in A D E L A I D E and the people do not call.

SMS 2:09 am

I count on forgetting you, no more viva, Kookaburra

SMS 2:10 am

vii (listen here)

Thursday, 19 December 2019

Listen here you fuckin foul bird of prey, I excuse you for being unhinged, and I have but one favour to ask and you refuse to grant it no matter how sincere and zealous my prayers —

SMS 4:23 am

that favour, that kindness, my old friend, would be to refrain from being a drunk slut. As you will not grant my wish, then I demand you cease from choosing as my rivals women more ridiculous than I and to keep from exposing me (me who is but guilty of the most commonplace and trivial offences of complexion) to the jowly jaws of callous women who mock you and think nothing of betraying you every moment of the day.

SMS 4:24 am

Put, oh Kookaburra, my fate in the hands of a laugh, if you must, for laughter is your sound, and it's only in the hands of laughter that sadness can enter rehab.

SMS 4:25 am

But o ye, lover of my nights, I devoutly ask that you choose not as my downfall a dilly dyke, a silly scab, a female boss who doesn't pay, a woman of the smudgy books — a fricatix — a child — a narcissistic transman — a gaoler of the colonial wars, a celibate lesbian minister and / or a butch thug; since it's fuckin written that I be sacrificed, o you rogue, since it's fuckin written in your great tome, and since you have brought me into this text in order to serve as the Ideas Factory for the unimaginative and for the plagiarists and that you know better than anyone that the only elixir I can distil from such a situation is to become more Vandalistic than ever —

SMS 4:26 am

oh the excess of spray paint I shall be compelled to aim against my fellow melancholy monkeys — at least let my example, through your writing power, be to the benefit of my Vandals, and that the base ideologues I have just mentioned, seeing by the total lack of success their so-called social murder has had upon me, will come to understand the impossibility of hiding their boredom any longer beneath the mask of ludicrous pursuits, and will at long last invent a new torture to subjugate us to the barren and vast reach of their vindictiveness and cupidity. A M E N

SMS 4:27 am

my dear V ^ N D ^ L

SMS 4:41 am

I dreamt I heard from you yesterday (see above)

SMS 4:41 am

I've been texting T O M B O Y about how much I need to see you. . . soon? sensing my twelve dollars will have had to run out, surely, by xmas afternoon. Now, I'm more than aware that everyone will be drunk in H E A V E N by the time the sun is over the yardarm, about which, and this is another story, if A D E L A I D E is an unloving abstainer, stone cold sober and reputable, then H E A V E N is a warm unfriendly drunk — forgiven and forsaken due to the harrowed beauty of a terrible incessant quest to dull the torment of five billion burning koala bears. In desperation trying to forget that smell: the accursed bbq in aussie hell. Third degree? a dodgy deal in Wagga Wagga. ICAC. Shredded docs.

SMS 4:43 am

Tell me, has the opioid crisis hit H E A V E N yet?
Down here it's been a boon for high art. Two
hundred thousand white trash stiff's sponsor the Met
via their truly altruistic donations to purdue pharma
and the Sacklers. Oxy, Oxy, Oxy! Oi! Oi! Oi! Have I
told you that W R I T I N G is actually dead? in a
morgue getting tested? Some scholar I mean pedant
is somewhere waiting on that toxicology report; but
it seems to me painkiller prescriptions are the only
vital, living poetry. O, the hillbilly H of West Virginia is
the nearest thing to heaven that we knowwwwww

SMS 4:43 am

Times six, I use that word (W O R D S G E T O N M Y N
E R V E S) Empty stage of — what? — breakable
brains who worry to please you *please* I shoot the
seventh dead, dead. Well. About a week ago, it
seems to me you welcomed a smiling cunt,
exasperating writing, all over the place which makes
you often burst into tears of laughter — of anger?
And the seventh night has presided (think) for a while
over my polemic gambols and I would, I confess, be
disappointed should I ever be publishable.

SMS 4:44 am

Great, now the dumbarse smartphone is dying and
doesn't want to go alone into the deathly low battery
zone and the sun could burn your ears off and
nevermind the blowflies and the smell of sweaty men
interred in cologne.

SMS 4:48 am

I am your slave. Kooka

SMS 4:49 am

viii (the ash rain)

Friday, 20 December 2019

TOMBOY
SMS 1:01 am

Everything is dying and I feel fine.
SMS 1:01 am

Saturday, 21 December 2019

T O M B O Y
SMS 2:55 am

it is the ash rain post-apocalypse 2.0 but we answer
the forty dead wild horses in the dystopian desert
with a . . . hey, don't sweat it.

SMS 2:56 am

the dry waterhole? die horsies die. When you learn
to laugh at the whispers of mass mammalian
cannibalism, adorn me with songs of eschatology.
The End, my only friend, is back on the catwalks,
right? I wonder who or what will come to eat me in
the end; they'll have to have a healthy appetite to
gorge on this sore, that's for sure.

SMS 2:57 am

Have you bought yourself \$500 worth of streetwear
which so elegantly edges a tomboy?

SMS 2:58 am

or is that?
SMS 3:00 am

(everything is possible after all)

SMS 3:00 am

redress from your family and the State?

SMS 3:00 am

And also when are you going to clean your dirty
kingdom?

SMS 3:07 am

At any rate I hope to see you when I pass through?

SMS 3:09 am

ffs it's hot but the pay to play economy doesn't read thermometers only degrees of some other measurement: the desperation of invisible ideology they call opportu — nay that word is not for us

SMS 3:09 am

Never shall I be able to survive the simoom.

SMS 3:09 am

I expect to arrive in H E A V E N on xmas afternoon; how about a coup around 5.30? or answer me if you can when you get this mess and tell me where, with a bit of chance, I can meet either you or the V Λ N D Λ L — or both? but ffs do not plot a familial encounter (familiar plots lead to the grave); an attempted reconciliation would of course be amusing but please consider I won't stay long in the city of V I O L E N T M E N — I shall descend x

SMS 3:11 am

Kookaburra

SMS 3:13 am

ix (couldn't make it to heaven)

Tuesday, 31 December 2019

my dear V ^ N D ^ L
SMS 12:19 am

I have often thought of you since I couldn't make it to
H E A V E N —
SMS 12:19 am

but I lost my tone; did you miss me?
SMS 12:19 am

— and still, the strings are still —
SMS 12:21 am

wo/men of science have clipped my wings
SMS 12:23 am

tagged my left ankle with an electronic tracker
SMS 12:23 am

and kept my data in a cage for 24/7 observation
SMS 12:23 am

they want to know why I laugh
SMS 12:24 am

in return I am offered desalinated water (but I've
heard is it true? drinking seawater makes you cray)
SMS 12:25 am

and a lab-raised worm to torture in turn
SMS 12:25 am

I would like to stop stinking, I mean thinking, to save my gut, I mean a buck. Let's not be soft in the head and condemn ourselves when we fall in our chance deliberations upon the hard-arse of the playground see-saw; forget? how we wanted to hurt the other? it's love, darling. O, to send st. valentine flying off the fulcrum! a game: same/same — insults and catapults; the theme of you pleases me, all in all; and I do not care for what the anti-graffiti gangs say in beige against you.

SMS 12:28 am

Don't you find it necessary that I initiate (I am not sold on this point) a third interlocutor between you, dear V Λ N D Λ L, and T O M B O Y #1? a sort of diabolyke dyke? without much nuance and not quite free from the matrix of gender ideologies but nonetheless very brazen — a sort of awe-struck sex-god?

SMS 12:29 am

And yet, and then, the T O N E ? I would like it ambivalent, punchy without fists, and of course not in the name of any W R I T I N G.

SMS 12:33 am

unless writing is for the little shits too

SMS 12:33 am

the butcher boys

SMS 12:33 am

whose ma is in the garage, getting fixed

SMS 12:33 am

a breakdown in E minor; whose da, an orphan and a muso (once a true contender lol) is drunk and there's nobody left to fight, the scorn of the town. So of course I respect neither writers nor right-ing; how can we when we're so wrong? down with subscribers, subscriptions, and literary magazines! MURDERWORK! And since it be necessary to disgorge rent in lyrical amounts of lust to some unholy cow, let study be fun and childlike, for nothing forgets better than the game.

SMS 12:35 am

a woman who believes [in work] is an imbecile

SMS 12:36 am

BUT SINCE A FEW OF THEM WERE BORN TOUCHED

SMS 12:37 am

or fucked

SMS 12:37 am

Anyway, I have good news: I saw a worker bee today, the women of the hive but they'll rue the day I am alone without you; please forgive what I said about your long lost vandals that night; I know you find them funny even though they are guilty of the most hideous crimes of: now I'm sure to benefit. And at your cost. When you learn to laugh at betrayal be sure to cut me some slack. Even the best jokes get tired. Even the best jokers die at the hands of over-telling and under-understanding. Popularity kills! you see? 10k views and still unhooked; I know I am infuriating and incapable of speaking seriously.

SMS 12:41 am

THE HOLY MARKET is despondent or else having
a panic attack. . . to the slaughter house

SMS 12:42 am

and it wants its pound of flesh; so I see no way to
make this pay; all I can do is embrace the
idiosyncrasies of idiolect by means of a dynamic
collision of terms — wanker! — or to sketch
displacement — wait, wha? — deposition; or to T R U
S T (as the third option in an either/or proposition)
the J O K E R as the one-of-a-kind in the pack. If I
were 16 I'd walk out right now and never write again.

SMS 12:43 am

But I'm not so I plan to leave it all behind in Autumn,
let it fall for the rot and the rake — I will not count
upwards like the others in their suits

SMS 12:45 am

O, C A R D!

SMS 12:45 am

— comic timing, of course —

SMS 12:45 am

but you can't eat figs, can you? really? I mean pussy
is delicious, but figs?

SMS 12:47 am

oh, her strap-on

SMS 12:47 am

life? a funny story
SMS 12:47 am

that detests me so much
SMS 12:47 am

but now I understand why nobody ever listens to me; I know it's hard to believe, but the professor was right I am strange a bonafide weirdo I mean I don't look like a school shooter anymore do I? carrying black journals and wearing reference headphones playing something dark and obscure with an unhealthy attachment to my broken sneakers and hunted spine postures of bullying and loneliness and homosexuality, a history of getting pissed on behind the toilet block spat on in disposal camos; wait. . . is that Gus van Sant following me everywhere in silence?

SMS 12:51 am

but who will sense the sorrow echoing through the laugh of a bird of prey in a data tree? there is no need to make it realistic.

SMS 12:51 am

It is in the nature of realism to be fake.
SMS 12:51 am

command option escape; we're white trash as they say bcoz we don't go to the campus party nor consent to hateful hazing but steal a washing machine for Dorothy Allison's Ma while everyone else is at the party; are there any peasants in the room? yes sir — proletarians? ummm no they study politics not lit or else are crushed to death under scaffolding and concrete, the superstructure and the base and here come the cops with teargas bcoz men are getting emotional; when you learn to laugh at Grenfell Tower, vote one LNP to remove all eyesores; is there a need for our hung-out-to-dry laughter? h is for hegemony too you know — bone mincers with madness oils — rugido — rugido — grrrrr — growl — growl — whisper x

SMS 12:53 am

throb — vromb — viber. . . slap x never trust an educator who can't cite A\$AP Rocky. The joker of the joke work, we all come from cunts — throb — vromb — viber. . . slap x

SMS 12:54 am

Kathy Acker, my old practical joker? Don Quixote on her way to get an abortion decides to let go of her mind and — the most insane idea any woman can think of — to love someone.

SMS 12:55 am

I know I frustrate you at times — but answer me — I might make H E A V E N in the first days of the new year — let's arrange some noise — what ugly silence white men want.

SMS 12:56 am

btw can you please stop selling tickets to the abos: a memo from the A D E L A I D E O V A L

SMS 12:57 am

Hope to see you, in any case.

SMS 12:57 am

With my best kisses

SMS 12:57 am

Kookaburra

SMS 12:57 am

x (i promise never)

Friday, 3 January 2020

dear V ^ N D ^ L
SMS 12:27 am

I promise never to text again
SMS 12:29 am

just give me the word
SMS 12:29 am

Soz, I know I promised but I'm doing so well in this forsaken outpost amidst burnt-out rape roses that I had to share my good fortune; but wait, no sudden moves a sort of forgotten heavy book falls on my head knocks me out hacks into all my social media accounts and starts making memes (that's the story I gave the review panel anyway — brain fade, it's a legitimate defence in H E A V E N — they didn't believe I was a serious writer and asked where they could find my work; of course I told them one last time and for the record that I object to being published now it's necessary; after which I was stripped searched and then googled and whaddayaknow? they found nothing on me).

SMS 12:40 am

Skin of my teeth, I spend most of my time thinking about how we're hurtling through space from where I see here a crocodile there a whore men on all fours and when I have money I flush it down the toilet and the pipes smell something awful but what can be done?

SMS 12:41 am

Do you remember highschool? sometimes? not even
the obscene sketches? me? never.

SMS 12:45 am

And my nephew, the p s y c h o p a t h ? they say he is
just like me bcoz he enjoys telling tales

SMS 12:48 am

well x your old friend, Kookaburra

SMS 12:48 am

xi (cooee)

Saturday, 4 January 2020

TOMBOY
SMS 1:32 am

I would have liked you to answer me with a C O O E E
but of course you are not only out of sight but out of
sound. Here I am in solitary for what's left of the
summer, a cool iron change. I have many fucked-up
funny tales — but gone you are. . .

SMS 1:35 am

I am, it seems to me, in good mental health, although
I know little of such things —

SMS 1:41 am

but I am neither anxious
SMS 1:41 am

— thank you —
SMS 1:41 am

nor depressed
SMS 1:41 am

Laughing, Kookaburra
SMS 1:42 am

xii (whatever happened to the girl?)

Sunday, 5 January 2020

dear nephew and p s y c h o p a t h
SMS 3:57 am

Pray tell, whatever happened to the girl whose nametag we found discarded by the aphid infested herb garden? Rebekah? or was it Rachel? Why, you didn't even worry to bury or hide it. Just threw it there like a Mars wrapper. To be fair, you'd face a heavier social penalty for littering than murdering a girl (who worked somewhere you'd need a nametag) in H E A V E N. A new year's eve anachronism, oh fireworks tedium and the big centres of capitalism are celebrating the victory of competition over its competitors. It is Sunday and I am not yet capable to express my hatred for you: do you mind excusing me?

SMS 3:58 am

btw I feel duty bound to pass on condolences bcoz your mother rues not drugging and drowning you in the old porcelain bath tub under the bowen mango tree while you were still small enough to overpower. I am quite content to live in the manner of the 13" x 18" despise-frame. It's as good a way as any other to wait to die (laughing). I fight ideology-infection and patiently rest for the no future peeling my way like an outer-reef ocean set. What a refined slum it will be, you see, in these days never to come. . .

SMS 4:00 am

and I'll be able to kill so many men
SMS 4:01 am

I also, target practice so as not to lose my eye, right?
SMS 4:01 am

but I must keep my process to myself these days

SMS 4:02 am

bcoz of the emissaries of the Market

SMS 4:02 am

But you only see sexed gender and haven't even read
The Communist Manifesto — I spit at your feet.

SMS 4:04 am

I was right to say you are not our problem but a
symptom of it.

SMS 4:04 am

Here at the end, I am writing for *nothing* — the
latest progressive lit mag that cons subscriptions out
of aspirants (here's one more from some hellhole, a p
s y c h o p a t h no doubt bcoz people in the ghetto
feel no pain and anyone who looks this good on
paper (that we don't know) must be — we should
really start charging a reading fee, you see?) But for
the rare are touched by illness, the rarer by pain. I kid
you not this is how they think. What was it like when
your father Abraham punched you in the face? was it
worse for him? did that make you grin? Do not doubt
that I am, nevertheless, decorated with academy
honours.

SMS 4:07 am

and bleeding

SMS 4:07 am

W E L L
SMS 4:08 am

Perhaps I will be given the title of PhD; nobody is opposed to it so long as I live in poverty with my old fuckbutch obscurity.

SMS 4:09 am

Most of all there are men like you all over the place, in every family, in every discipline, and maggots line their thinking squirming for hateporno — and the incorrect answer? psychopharmacologies of castration. I'd like to have a custom strap-on made of goat leather and imagination; kissing girls making them cry but with their consent — you see? and the men like you dissolve in the ocean of female ejaculation. . .

SMS 4:11 am

And you? How do the female doctors treat you, dear boy? Better than me, I grant.

SMS 4:15 am

Kookaburra
SMS 4:15 am

xiii (i was wrong)

Monday, 6 January 2020

dearE S T V A N D A L
SMS 2:17 am

you were right and I was wrong. I am empty and shunned — justice, they call it — and swift — but it is not Jonathan — and comes with a heavy tread of the overfed and a knee slam to my kidneys. Eo ipso, the only ethics we abide by are aesthetics; three curs (I mean words) in my pocket tonight; I love you; take it all at once — no sequence; for justice relies on the misguided importance of plot and the dodgiest concept of all — D E S E R V E D N E S S — bang bang disorder in the court.

SMS 2:17 am

wut? gallows humour, now?
SMS 2:18 am

I shall rise out of the neoliberal war a marijuana capitalist like those darling W I G G A S with twisted braids and dancehall stereotypes (and I hope so). . . or. . . or. . . you choose x

SMS 2:18 am

what a dissertation it will be
SMS 2:19 am

with fighting tomboys blown up bridges and microscopic signifying chains crawling all over the pages towards some new knowledge. . . underrated and ignored — with colloquies solemnly unattended; no bums on seats for this nightmare.

SMS 2:21 am

and now I know where you live
SMS 2:23 am

the diabolyke dyke of course in formal leathers
listening out for the precise moment of betrayal
behind the dying olive grove, eyes peaceful now the
rictus is all mine; the revolutionary is forgotten in the
library's joint store. Dumb phone followers with
commodified hurts in the busy bizarre of the absurd
sell; Rose McGowan now she looks sapphic but wait
Mr Weinstein has been there ugh and Mr Manson
and the academy is just a series of liveried scammms
SMS 2:23 am

so give me a body shot and an x
SMS 2:23 am

no to everything yes to you
SMS 2:24 am

I shall also be a goldtoothed healer or blind gunner or
a prisoner for cold blood and first degree or an
arborist who loves messy trees — a preacher of the
people don't preach — in the desert forty years —
each day further and further away — close shave —
such deft hands with Coober Pedy opals —
SMS 2:25 am

all this will end in unpublished heft
SMS 2:29 am

(reserved only for the greatest)
SMS 2:29 am

or in the ABR, pittance made. Well.
SMS 2:29 am

How am I going, my long-suffering lover, to put up with the last nights here? I have been told the neoliberal war is over, money prevailed and nothing changed. . . I am truly burnt out turned out and the women distrust my androgynous virility — they suspect me of something they can't admit to and trust Eileen Miles coz she's too old for sex.

SMS 2:31 am

— as long as they don't —

SMS 2:31 am

clitoridectomy

SMS 2:32 am

— while they have me in their robes!

SMS 2:32 am

A N D B E W A R E

SMS 2:33 am

summer school can't last forever

SMS 2:34 am

Kookaburra

SMS 2:34 am

xiv (something to ease the comedown)

Tuesday, 7 January 2019

dear E S T V A N D A L
SMS 4:38 am

I would've loved to suffer shame like a wealthy person and be able to leave you alone but I needed something to ease the comedown.

SMS 4:39 am

How's that for dénouement? I envy you to be in H E A V E N and able to take a run to the tip and see T O M B O Y (she is the best joke) who is more than worth all the trouble. Here I am in A D E L A I D E once again: a southern black expanse — womb world — desert guitars around an inappropriate time — cockstrap crows — echo of carnivorous poison and arcade disdain — people for sale, market slaves and circle jerks — moral highground — go! Some monster jar of distilled proof and some bloody laugh.

SMS 4:41 am

Galahs — I refuse to work let alone compete and scribble with expensive pencils on the back of discarded drafts for something — I do not know what.

SMS 4:41 am

by Virtue of the Absurd
SMS 4:42 am

I remain your emblazoner, Kook
SMS 4:42 am

**(news
from
home)**

**echo goes
the
sadness**

It's dark for daytime.

Get up. You have to get up. Jeans torn at her gravel-rash knees, a child stands (I want to say beside, but it is more like) without me, whispering intent, like we'd just lost the war and it is now time to die. At medic peace, her voice is minus that ego pitch of everyone's an aggressor. Dressed like a boy, her cap hides crewcut eyes.

Get up. You have to get up. There's a group of men coming. They've seen you fall.

The day could be worse, for winter. Blue-black icy air of the unloving city of the plain is choking for truth, for the no truth in that.

Kill me today. This place is post-something like a set-up nightmare scene where everybody has seen pornographic pictures of me. On a southern ocean front, a timber table of the many animates elongated distress across the sound of music video envy. There is nothing you can do but watch the inimitable turn their teeth to the frost. Nothing you can do but watch.

By the miracle of some low-rent demon of anaesthesia, I don't hurt too bad. When the gods gift you insult, be thankful it ain't injury. Then laugh, laugh like the devil himself, disgraced and scandalised, into the nether, the never of ever. Displaced bruise of the punch-line psyche, echo goes the sadness all through my laugh.

What are you laughing at? Her pack is black canvas. She is holding an improvised slingshot and the rocks in her pockets are not for counting nor sucking. Her shoes are made for running away and her tongue for talking back.

Myself, I say. Righting with animal ease from the wrong way go back suspension of the crash, the ochre-cobbled lane of unconscious comfort sings a silencing script I know by heart.

I didn't mean to wake you, but they're coming. Her posture loses patience as if an irrevocable edge, I'd now crossed. Guess I didn't make a great first impression, falling asleep on my bike — again.

Cinnamon and deadly dust, she smells of spice and toxicity. Finding something about me is mistaken, with understated precocity, she neglects to mention it.

We pause.

Amnesiac narrator, my name might be Forget Me. I have recently turned thirty-nine and read the opening lines to *The Divine Comedy* over and over again.

I have broken a few bones and lost a few teeth.

I hang the xrays on my windows.
There is a beautiful pause in the morning when all is forgotten.
This is where I live — before the intrusions of bank balances and grammar.
There is a Russian peasant under my fingernails, a hopeless addict in the fractures, and lightning lines of empty palms made not to reproduce.
The quick of my fingers remembers, no forgets.
Pause.
I once had a lover who said she loved me only because I look like someone who breaks the rules that need to be broken.
Break.
Somehow it isn't enough.
We break in the pause. (And can't afford Hegel's books.)
Imagine, though. Just imagine, if all the whores were men. Men on all fours.
Pause.
Nasturtiums on the steeps of the creek by the old greek cemetery seek what's left of the water after all the theft. By the time it gets down here to The Outpost it is but a dribble of colonial spittle.
I'd been dreaming about a dictionary and the name Artaud. Graphorrhoea. It's hard to spell diarrhoea.
Verbal.
Pause.
Oral.
Pause.
Few go for the heavy dictionary.
Anal.
Pause.
I once had a lover who said I had a whore radar. It wasn't intended as flattery but slights are often good for self-esteem.
Love begins with a simple question answered differently to everybody else.
Something we've never heard before.
Having decided my life was worth losing, I went for a Sunday afternoon bike ride.
Get up. You have to get up.
Get up narrator, get up.
It must've happened again. Last thing I remember? Don't ask me now.

But I have a theory about the grid and the planet and why I keep falling off my bicycle.

Get up. You have to get up. They're coming.

Five. I count five men.

Let them come, little one.

It's dark for daytime.

The men approaching are by no means any kind of authority bar the fact that they are men. I'd seen at least one of them at the bike repair shop; he hadn't struck me as particularly competent, with a wide-eyed brain, he will never admit the game is rigged let alone to his favour. He struck me as faggy though not queer: like a man who only loves his mother. He struck me as a sucker who spends his time mistaking clean for aesthetic and privilege for merit. Here they come, the moral watch dogs, the decorum police, state-funded small capitalists on bad-debt credit walking around as if they own the place, as if everyone loves them and will give them five hundred dollars like mummy.

Hostile crowd.

It's dark for daytime, but the day could be worse.

Imagine a cyclist at odds with gravity. Is life worth living if we have to work?

It won't be long before they mis-recognize me. So I make a second move to right myself and not frighten the child who remained a shadow of the day. I prayed, she would not escape me.

Do you know what it means to save someone's life? Like you just saved mine? Do you? Do you know?

I didn't mean to wake you, but they are coming.

She is not sure she trusts me or even if she likes me.

I didn't tell her that day it means murder.

Whatever happens, don't leave.

YOU ALRIGHT THERE SON?

Pause.

LOVE. I MEAN LOVE.

They were planning a simple charge of theft against me, but to a greater charge they would now conspire.

FIRST OF ALL I THOUGHT YOU MUST HAVE STOLEN THAT BIKE. (IT'S A VERY NICE BIKE.)

Pause. I say it that time.

Pause.

I turn to the kid, everyone's a cop.

They stand over us.

YOU'LL GIVE ALL CYCLISTS A BAD NAME.

If the men weren't so banal and predictably accusatory, I could've told them my theory about the grid and the celestial. But a theory is never an excuse or an alibi.

As I forget the part in *Nadja* when the narrator recalls the tale of how the eponymous she bleeds all over the guy's clothes who has just punched her in the face, the kid leans her welcome weight on me. Through the silence and the echoes of rum, cruel guns and Australia, I feel her warm relief, her urine flavoured rebellion.

THE KID JUST PISSED HER PANTS.

In disgust the men back off muttering to each other something about the law and female cyclists and hygiene and infectious brats and how they'll have to tell their mother all about it.

There is a hum. Tension.

Feedback.

Without a song, without a teenage anthem.

Feedback.

Without shame, the kid changes her jeans. She keeps a spare pair in her backpack and wants to show me where she washes the soiled ones after pissing herself to keep the men away.

The afternoon sheds a headache light of endless sadness, so I laugh. Dust myself off.

Laugh, dust myself off.

YOU BETTER GET OUT OF HERE.

Lookout! He's come to get his share of the scraps of our humiliation.

I've already grabbed the kid and we're leaving on foot as he enters the alley from his courtyard. By the looks of him, he can't afford his mortgage, so now he's out for a woman to kick.

It's dark for daytime.

We don't look back until turning out of the alley. He has a shovel and his right arm is in a cast. Muttering something to himself about money and the riffraff, he decides then and there to buy a guard dog — the biggest dog anyone has ever seen.

Leaving the laneway, I don't feel much better.

Don't you know how to ride a bike? She has a curious air.

Once, I may have. It's just like falling off a bike. Isn't that the saying?

Moods of a priori malice collect on our coats. We pick up our pace and embrace our stride as if it is all we have left. Leading me like an imp through hell she introduces me to all the sights. Not before darkening, darkening and asking me in hushed tones why I'd been sent to the gay ghetto.

There are photos of me.

I once had a lover who said I looked like a dealer who likes to sample her own wares. And when I imagine the name of the alleyway all I hear is Aragon: kill description, kill kill.

But the backlane is named. For no other reason than to give the elite a cheap thrill. Erected in the ghetto, signs that read: Kensington Place, Nobel St, Pleasant Way. Never: Shitsville, Hell St, Quagmire Rd.

Even so, the name is in dispute and what it is called is not what it is necessarily known by.

Why can't I just say what the godforsaken place is called? Flightpath consequence? Or the etiology of the sleet from the melting Antiarc, cold and rotten?

Drag Alley run me down, can't shake the weather.

Drag Alley shake me down, the names mean nothing to me.

Walking like a stray in wintertime, go ahead and lock your bins.

Every day I become more deformed; it is my charm.

Every day I become more confused; it is my answer.

Every day I kill description. Kill, kill.

The grid doesn't hold.

Here I am in Poisonville. No, here you are on King's Rd. Here I am in Dread Square. No, here you are in Oasis Lane. Here I am in God's Country, the far reaches of his colony, hushed and waiting for somebody, anybody to have a violent fit. Psychotic episodes is the nomenclature now.

Overexposed, figures blur if the focus is too sharp.

I don't tell the kid I'm hoping the weather will kill me. Taken by the planet, by a storm, a final evasion of the office of death. Either that or in a bath of final fade-out.

As these winter days preclude the endurance of suffering. Morning birds of prey size me up, size me down and then before I know it I'm blessed with thirteen degrees of afternoon hurt. The wind is a stingy lover. Pins and needles of cracked lips made of manufactured snow holidays and death to mountain men. I need just a touch of that famous Australian sun but it will not shine today.

Dead leaf rot, visible breath, reptilian hibernation on the metal wind.

I turn to the kid, why were you sent here?

I'm going to die when I turn thirteen.

There are gaps in the maps.

I have three choices: a rare adolescent stroke; suicide; or marriage.

If only I could merely cease to exist.

But the gods have a taste for gore.

So, I run around for thirteen years trying to keep shoes on my feet.

Only to be written out of the imaginary.

Maybe I was sent here. Maybe I was born here.

The kid takes the lead and is patient with me pushing my bike despite having only thirteen years to live. I adore the off-hand beauty of her tomboyhood. Thinking it unwise to ask her age since she knows when she is going to die, I guess she's about eight. Five years. That gives her five years, five more years of running around trying to keep shoes on her feet.

She tells me she's been adopted by two lesbians but doesn't like going home. She says they really wanted a boy but the state wouldn't permit it. The state says they're only allowed to have a kid nobody else wants. So, with a lingering distaste they decide it will be fine and dandy having a tomboy to bully.

They're artists.

So, I just imagine the ghetto is my house and the streets my hallways.

Otherwise the homesickness gets so bad, it makes thirteen years feel like too much of life.

She notes aloud how quiet I am for an adult.

I don't tell her I talk more in the summertime. Chilly alcohol wax, good spirits and sunshine, before the warm bodies of twilight. I don't tell her I talk more then.

We pass a strip of money investment firms on the main road. The bankers park their tax write-offs in order to obstruct cyclists and they all heart herbicides. They hide the poison bottles in the bins of their neighbours. Empty as evidence, now all the killing is done. At night they dream of a great plastic vengeance where there is nothing, no weeds left to eat their corpse.

Just them and empty bottles.

The kid says, they don't actually have any money.

I don't tell her that's more than we have.

We virtually have nothing.

Trucks bound for landfill hurtle past doing dirty jobs for cleanliness, dust stinging our eyes, sound drilling our ears, they'd chew us up with ease.

Rubber on tarmac and the force of the load, ocean, hellish ocean, waves and the set coming on. My bruised psyche is beginning to fail the test of holding your own kamikaze-style.

We cross.

My tap's not far now.

Sensing the shift in my demeanour, she looks anxious like she's thinking she picked the wrong adult.

You know I can't remember things.

That's not what troubles me about you.

It's the way you went pale on the noisy road and your eyes went all piercing and hateful. She notes again how quiet I am for an adult, adding this time that most adults talk way too much.

We walk past a school run by a religious sect that extorts government funds.

My two mums sent me there. Well, tried to send me there. I refused to go. I said, I know what they do to kids in school.

They rape you.

Oh kid, they said. No, they educate you.

So I just pretend to go to school and get raped and educated.

I can't keep a straight face when anyone talks about their good education.

It's okay to live without hope.

That's what I learnt from dying young.

That's why my two mothers don't scare me. Even when they say there should be a pound for kids like me.

Most mothers are just old women.

I think, addiction smells so good.

She says, authority is for jerks. We live on a deadly planet equal parts beauty and brutality. As its most plaguing species, humans are of course the most predatory. But predation appears as natural right and hence moral. Beware those movements of life which demand the least of your concern.

You speak too well for a truant.

Thanks for the eulogy.

*

Can it be that this monotonous expanse ends here? Expanse of what? I do not know, but expanse in order to set adrift all the artlessness of intellectual solitude. Nothing — not the bees on the weeds of the industrial yard, when left overgrown with disliked plants such as prickles — nor the poison flume of landfill fires — nor the deadly dust of rich garbage men — nor the drafts

and manuscripts thrown on the fire so they will die (atonal and agonal) to offer a scrap of warmth — nor the obsession which, despite everything lives on — nor the desublimation of the sky as commercial airwaves of scorn — nor the hush of the main road with its bulldozer peace and its raindrops of tar: nothing of all this will remain.

philosophy in the dark

Language should be tortured to tell the truth.

Elfriede Jelinek

Philosophize in your idiom.

Hegel

What matters in the end are not the proper names but the improper names, which announce that voice which can denounce this world.

McKenzie Wark

**night i
(you
awake?)**

Let us not be alarmed by any argument that tries to frighten us into supposing that we should prefer the sane man as a friend to the one who is disturbed.

Plato

**[there is no stage to set; the world is
afire with the weather of weirdos; the
boards are now barricades]**

z h e r ø : you awake?

k o o k : yeah, kinda —

z h e r ø : i've had nightmarez; is that rain? it soundz like bitter
applause.

k o o k : here hold my hand — i don't know / oh i know not / know not
in what dictionaries sausagez are made — it's freezing.

z h e r ø : don't dare touch me — it's sadistic how you always want to
put your icy handz on me; you're a cold blooded thing, darling.

k o o k : i don't know / oh i know not / who had to be silenced in order
to make those dictionariez bleed the poetry of offal; but maybe i'm cold
blooded b'cause the weather is all i've ever had; imagine what a storm
means to me!

z h e r ø : can't you keep your voice down? i know it must be difficult
for you, but please try to whisper; what's the time?

k o o k :

z h e r ø : don't sulk; you're not 13 anymore.

k o o k : i don't know / oh i know not / know not the tongue of the
slaughterhouse / nor know i the mad hurtz of the bitten-off, but if i had
to guess? about 3am; want me to check? check in with the murder
machine, time? that doesn't matter, mind?

z h e r ø : nah, don't turn on the light.

k o o k : have you ever been afraid of the dark? it's funny how only people who believe in god are scared of the dark.

z h e r ø : after radiation treatment my dreams changed; not my psyche, but my body has nightmares now; it's the only way i can detail what the machine did to me, the linear accelerator; and yeah, back then i didn't like waking up in the dark, or at all — really; i'd have a microsecond of bliss upon waking when i'd forget, forget everything; it only made remembering worse.

k o o k : yeah, well — my psyche will never be the same after the relentless exposure to fm radio in the waiting room.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : they'd play a pop song about burnz and burning; that's what they'd play in radiation oncology as i waited alone for you; it never crossed my mind to wonder: where's everybody else? our families? our friendz? waiting alone day after day, burnz after burning, i'd stare at my broken sneakerz; my great tomboy love of shoegaze music finally betrayed me to become tin, autotune and positive psychology as shyster redemption for untreated preteen rejection echoed through the emptiness; always told i was hard on shoez (as if the \$69.99 object had feelingz and i didn't) i'd stare impassively at my hurt solez in a futile attempt to evade a close reading of the strangely captivating and inscrutable stain on the carcinogenic carpet; and that's when i learnt: 1) life is a sick joke 2) nobody listens to the wordz except sadistz and fundamentalistz and 3) i must be a wordy kind of evangelical sadist who can't afford new sneakerz.

z h e r ø : you do fit the profile, with your weirdo talent for metaphor and exegesis.

k o o k : i don't know / oh i know not what overfed mercenary dressed as a business woman or a lawyer with bound feet killed all the metaphorz, nor know i why all the true hallucinating readerz of scripturez are dead; did they die of overexposure when i was very young and still wetting the bed? — 34, i think i was and studying for a masterz degree at the creepiest place we've ever lived: the unit near the contaminated site of the ex-hillz hoist factory: there i was, there at the end of the world with the toxic left-overz, the run-off of iconz: australian backyard colonialism, sullied ground water, heterosexual good timez, laundriez of the ammonia sun and violence; there, perishing out of pettiness; there, penniless, because my brotherz are bitchy men; but i was a stupid fuckin cunt then and endlessly distracted by suicide ideation 'cause — yes, it's true — it enabled me to live; i hadn't yet woken in the owl of minerva's fuckin frigid fuckin night, hadn't yet analysed the spookz, the uncanny correlationz between pop music, the death of communism, nuclear oncology, waiting roomz, isolation, and the degradation of philosophy and psychoanalysis into self-help scamz; nor had i mused over my missed vocation as a magnetic, sadistic, and no doubt brilliant, evangelical (who is a great stylist, but nothing more).

z h e r ø : so — what did you do with this new-found knowledge? this firsthand learnin' and your semi-educated arse?

k o o k : i decided to break brickz with dialecticz.

z h e r ø :

k o o k :

z h e r ø : and how is that going to buy you those pair of converse one-star re-issues? the ones with the off-white suede?

k o o k : i've heard the best philosopherz don't need shoez.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : but, yeah i don't know / oh i know not how i'm gonna afford those beautiful sneakerz; it's a formal aporia to be sure.

z h e r ø : oh kook, poor kookaboo, are your peerz surprised when they at last see past all the bravura only to discover you're an idealist? only cynicz are understood these dayz.

k o o k : ahhh, the small-city cynic in his drivelling cardigan of such overwrought bespectacled understanding with which he assurez himself of (puke) perfect grammar and his blameless impotency to change anything; his supreme indulgence is his open claim to intellectual vanity and to the bastardry of his own ascendancy; he is the perfect mouthpiece for a force that openly speakz of its reign of domination as preposterous and improper (tiqqun, 'theses' th. ix).[†]

z h e r ø :

k o o k : is it impossible to find any truth 'but the unique truth of vanity'? conceit understandz how to 'belittle every truth, in order to . . . gloat over . . . understanding, which knowz how to dissolve every

[†]student's note: all instances of paraphrase and quotation are modified to maintain cohesion of textual style (ie. de-capitalization of syntax, semicolon use instead of full-stops, and random z substitutions for s).

thought and always find the same barren ego instead of any content' (hegel 52).

z h e r ø : cynicism as the tool of class traitorz? there'z absolutely nothing doing though; this / is / the ghetto; it gets so cold and unfriendly here, in winter it doesn't even feel like australia.

k o o k : i'm not ready to talk about the ghetto.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : for once in my life i did exactly as my mother told me and went straight to hell.

z h e r ø : well, i have nothing if not time when it's a dark antarctic kinda hell and past three in the morning, so please take yourz.

k o o k : yeah, and it'll be in the void between us, zherø, where we might lose ourselves and find that love and infinity are about the gift of time; i'd read your paradoxical thesis time and time and time and time —

z h e r ø : without counting the wordz?

k o o k : — without counting the cost.

z h e r ø : how grand of the kook! i only wish you'd write of the poor girlz who — without fail — are chosen last; how long do you think it takes them to realise it's gonna happen every single fuckin time? and the old women who outlive their husbandz: bittersweet is the definition of that decade, but don't cry about it, the diabolical dearz made their deal with the devil over half a million years ago; and / and / and the sissy boyz in rough neighbourhoodz who despite it all still love and dream of their dreary dadz, verily; if you write of these and all the other

undesirable thingz that belong to me and the best of us, then your work will be a contribution to knowledge, worthy of your title — philosophy, doctor; if you'd only write, i can't wait to read; and remember having your shot in the abr or online @cordite.org doesn't count as a contribution to knowledge where i come from.

k o o k : come on now, you know i never write for the sake of writing, nor talk for the sake of talking; i'm not like those cabbies whose upholstery smells like wet fartz, chernobyl, nausea, and the long lost bloc, who undeniably have a close and personal connection to Sia and — wait for it — let me guess — what d'you know? her mother; on the other hand, it's far too easy to sing to the tribute of cheap thrillz when you're rich.

z h e r ø : when you have majority shares in the meter.

k o o k : aye! the wildcat strike is always said to be unforeseeable, but if you're gonna strike may as well make it about the catz in *a clockwork orange*.

z h e r ø : oh kook — if i don't know you kookaburra, if i don't know the sound of that schooled laugh of the redgum tree, i have even forgotten who i am; but i do and i have not; i know perfectly well you don't talk for the sake of talking, know even better that you studiously attend to the pages of *phenomenology of the mind* not as a sycophant in order to score points at the reading wall when the executioner — face in the sun — comez, but forever as a lifer in order to learn how to laugh in the midst of the sad nightmare you find yourself in; more than this, i know that even the master dialectician gwf hegel is not enough for you and you must turn to the *enragés* —

k o o k : someone has to come out swinging against the putrid pulp of monthly magazines: ‘the modernist pseudo-thinkers of the critique of details’ who are so blatantly without the capacity to understand — let alone foresee — anything at all; they are way too ‘attached to . . . their own miserable lives’; worse they regard everything with respect and are so crudely dishonest about it all; you can find them on the internet today, still frustrated af that they can’t ‘explain everything to us’ (si, ‘enragés’ sec. 1, par. 5).

z h e r ø : straight up — because the wo/men who hate the tomboy’z gravel grazes can’t break the spirit which cutz its broken teeth on much tougher fare than gluten free cakez and writing as craft; and when you met me, sick with passion for rhythm (and betrayed) post to the punk to the post-punk-show, you were blest with a brother to share in your endless prize fight; and so you asked me to play on into the night of warz as the marching line one of your battle song; but when i, in love with the pulse of peace, ask you to speak, you feign the wordlessness, the lost breath of under winter water, when in the end you will, if needz be many and comfortz few, feed me by force this anti/thesis of yourz.

k o o k :

z h e r ø :

k o o k : true, zherø — more or less; but my will to write is precisely due to an enduring and indomitable inability to speak — it has nothing to do with middling notions of wit or social charm, fuckery point scoring at the kindergarten library, there outside the toilet door (same/same we all lose our shit) and less even less to do with streetwise rhyme — as a child in regional qld i’d carry a pocket dictionary on me at all timez

only to become mute whenever loomed by men; there i'd be on main beach with my cut-off jeanz, my mark of strange, my poor man'z flannel, the future emo/chine of a macabre melody, and my silent wordz; a shocking vision of a weird devilish anti/bible basher — gender? unknown; you should've seen their facez when they'd realise their unidentified tender prey wasn't going to say a thing — not one word out of that dictionary; what's your name? how old are you? are you local? it was somehow impossible for them to parse — that i knew wordz, knew more wordz even than the grown-upz, than the bigboyz and their hunter truckz, but wouldn't use a single one; anyway i'd run away before they got really angry and i still can't decide what it meanz; aphasia voluntaria or, my 'unfitness for community' (tiqqun, 'sermon' 155).

z h e r ø : lookz like you already knew how to break brickz with dialecticz before stepping foot in the ghetto library.

k o o k : i don't know / i know not how to narrativize heuristicz — clunk whirr clunk goes the plot machine god — nor know i how every tale is subsumed into the torturous bowelz of the asx to become a success story of shit in the sky; tell me, zherø, is mutism my friend or foe?

z h e r ø : we are not the poetz of wit but of slang; we think outside official lexiconz and are careful not to speak, so sayz alice becker ho.

k o o k : poetry always getz what it wantz in the end; and poetry has nothing to do with poemz unless it is betraying poetry, so sayz raoul vaneigem.

z h e r ø : you gotta be poetic enough not to interfere and yet rogue enough to always be on watch, so sayz søren kierkegaard.

k o o k : 'what is at stake is not literature but something else — demonstration, password, document, bluff, even counterfeit, in any case precisely *not* literature —' (benjamin 19) a writer must not speak, not really — my tongue is concrete; there is no answer here, no voice — we are nobodies: scandal, repute? givezzerofuckz; this does not make me brave, but fearless; and when it is said that without fear courage is impossible — beware the spruikerz of false dialecticz; fear is not the antithesis of courage, cowardice is — thus what these lazy thinkerz are really saying is that courage is impossible without cowardice; now this i accept, along with their emasculated pusillanimity.

z h e r ø : but you still haven't said what you, you with your emotionally damaged shoez and your fundamentalist dictionary think about; come on now, your examinerz, though patient beyond measure and full of grace and learning, want these brickz broken yesterday — a clever solipsism from your youth (of course claiming not to be clever) does not cut the water nor the mellow mustard — even if it displayz your gift for character that all underclass writerz are said to possess — but academicz have more pressing matterz —

k o o k : sometimez you gotta flex — in a world where nobody knowz how to throw a good party let alone how to throw a good life; i mean, 'people never planned so many parties, and their enthusiasm about them never looked so false, so feigned, so forced' (tiqqun, 'theses' th. viii).

z h e r ø : in timez of sad parties, weeping and inconsolable at graduation, lacerated on our birthdayz, harrowed on nye, suicidalwise laughing at xmas, sometimes — you gotta attempt to detail the dark: the what of the abandonment; the sound of the dorm of unwantedness; and the taste of sleep when the winter sun slingz its slight arc across the northwest.

k o o k : i'm so pleased we have nowhere to go and nobody to see / no partiez to plan / or attend; we can ease into the empty space beneath the high ceiling of our doom: black skullz in the devastating headroom, eyesocketz of loneliness; and it will not be unpleasant, particularly at this, the most viciously antarctic time of year and at this the most viciously antarctic time of night.

z h e r ø : so write on and stop thrashing about and letting all the cold air in — and forget — forget about publishing a single word, because 'people already *live* as if this world no longer existed' (tiqqun, 'theses' th. viii).

[the eternal ghetto groanz: please
don't, please as it smackz kidz in the
brain for a fiscal fee; the hidden
treasurez of winter are someone warm
to touch now that the gas is cut]

k o o k : you hear that?

z h e r ø :

k o o k : those crickets?

z h e r ø :

k o o k : leviathan and mechanical, and when they are silenced there is nothing but a black expanse of feedback; they don't exist but are the swarming phantomz of our hearing damage caused by industrial noise and poison, our youthful exodus into crash cymbalz and distortion.

z h e r ø : i hear them; and on the road, it soundz like giant skip-bins on raw axelz, delivering suburbia of its ugly soul, and only people like you and me have to hear it, only we pay witness to the waste, north adelaide effluent, y'know it rhymes with affluent; and the festival centre is flushing raw shit straight into the torrenz; if only that was a metaphor, kook — if only.

k o o k : there's diesel and emerald gas, a tumorous front in their sexsong; and a place for us here to live and think, if we like, in the right now of our abandonment.

z h e r ø : please, write on.

k o o k : tell me, zherø, wasn't it somewhere near here that an atomic haze is said to have seized adelaide city thirty yearz after the desert bombingz of maralinga range? operation buffalo of 1956 and antler of 57, the british called their radiowarfare: one tree, marcoo, kite, breakaway, tadjji, biak, taranaki; seven pretty code-names, seven atomic bombs; there were people who lived there, y'know?

z h e r ø : yes, and don't neglect the hundreds of minor testz, nor the thyroidz of stock animalz, not to mention the marsupialz, nor the exhumed dead children whose bonez were cindered to measure strontium-90; you could say, they were murdered twice by the half-life of vixen b; in short, the grovelling of a prime minister echoez for at least 24000 yearz in the australian outback.

k o o k : cooee — but was it here where we sleep? i mean here where we don't sleep? the air tastez dirty like cleaning chemicalz and just right for the black children murdered twice to play in an after-life of obscure imagination; burnz and missing recordz and shallow nuclear gravez: from stomping ground to dumping groundz; 'they should bury it in their own backyard, that's what we say' (anonymous) — bury it at bondi beach.

z h e r ø : poison doesn't obey borderz, what does thebarton or torrensville or mile end mean to the left-over venom of scientific men?

k o o k : the bomb as the new god?

z h e r ø : yes, the bomb is light, but the fallout smoke is black, in three hours it killz your eyes — and then you live in the dark.

k o o k : but when the waterholez are all dead, what good is light then?

z h e r ø : the arrogance of science is its fatal flaw; it assumes a common ignorance and a general incapacity to reason — it thinkz very little of the likez of us, kookaboo; doing so it positions itself as god despite its protestations of anything redolent of religious fervour; and when it namez its robotz adam there's no denying the brazen hypocrisy of it all; due to this misled self-regard, and despite the advances made by freud's theory of the death drive, science fails to understand that life actively seekz destruction; if i was in government i would prescribe a reading of de sade's *juliette* to all the leading environmental scientists, who — geez — they don't even understand the nature they study; to cause mass extinction is a project of vanity, kookaboo; i mean, unmitigated suffering, torture, and endless fraud isn't an unwanted side-effect of greed and domination; we are talking about the holy god-like quest to destroy a planet; abomination is one way to get close to god, right?

k o o k : but, is the bomb ugly like wealthy white men who regard their mirrorz lovingly with their dental care and their nutrition, their myriad shelterz? thirteen cavez and counting? what do you see in its lines? falcor from the neverending story? the shadowz are confused though regular like hideous chemistry on the wallz of an art gallery i won't set foot in; i am not welcome there; bearz repeating, i am not welcome there; the symmetry is death, the mathz don't lie — or do they? the seven bombz? were they detonated because of a marauding monarchy? and their fear of the one and only working class hero? the one and only true villain in all of history? joseph stalin? annihilate the sovietz from the slavic winter to the australian desert; it's a bolshevik blood bath and we are simply irrelevant to a murderous hype machine;

but then again, i am the one true villain now, here with my wordz and my wonder and my hurt and my holez; there must be a hell of a lot of poison water out there; three ovariez and infertile; poor country; they have all died of cancer.

z h e r ø : the whole world will perish and you know who'll be left?

k o o k :

z h e r ø : — aussiez; aussiez and maybe the biggest toebiterz you've ever seen.

k o o k : that's the biggest hospital i've ever seen, on the corner of north and west terrace, but still the bedz are wanting; they must be expecting a hell of a lot of us to get sick; i hear a future of radiating irony; but the sun? there's something everyone is missing about the sun and a lethal tautology to nuclear medicine; there's a child crawling in the desert sandz of maralinga with radiation burnz; it looks like flesh is falling off the bone; slow cooked fast, that must hurt, right? hurt like mad? in the song of that microwave? and to witness? sadness will never leave those eyez; we live on ground of unholy fallow — cursed be this country, zherø.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : photograph eleven: landrover; photograph twelve: blastwave; photograph thirteen: landrover upturned; photograph fourteen: dummies face down in the dust: likely story — eleven mile camp, due north one-hundred milez to emu; whatever became of the landrover? i bet it's still out there.

z h e r ø : if i sought status and prestige, like all authoritez, i would not be extraordinary; i might then be cunning and able to smudge the bookz to my favour, to say the fallout didn't really make a mess — quantify the pitz and falsify their number, measure the doom on the cutting northwind, its velocity in jargonese — though deaf to the silent stanzas it whisperz, the mute force of whistling *alarum* coming from the desert in winter; but, kookaburra, while i know such shrewdness is valued highly by the numberz men and the women clutching their pin-moneyed pursez, it is merely the folly of anti/foolz, and misfortune shadowz a fixed fight because the dreaming breakz the gauge, the laboratories, the meter, the measure, the device, the dishonest digitz shatter like the bonez in a bought off boxer'z hand, all out of contest when the ngayurnangalku wants a kiss, when the mamu fall from the sky or crawl out of a hollow tree, when the pangkarlangu is outside your gate, when the morning star is a fuckin creep; if someone is unconvinced of daily monsterz, it's a sign they themselves are a kind of sterilized beast of bleach and rulerz, without fruit or imagination, who never contemplate their own feet, worse in fact than cannibalz after plump infantz to snack on; and though i am not capable of sitting examz and learning mannerz of fuck me up the arse tact, it is a farce for the men of empiricism who rest assured in their assuredness to deny what is not theirs to cage and gauge; beware of neat men with tidy beards.

k o o k : for they do not even know themselves; but we are — a poem of vilification; that is —

'just a negligible
residue . . . a total
non-value . . . criminal
and inhuman . . . otherwise
of course [they would be] the criminal
monster . . . that's all we
need to know to see
who's with us' (tiqqun, 'theses' th. ii; my versification).

z h e r ø : and if they do know themselves they are bent on deception;
it is a silent war and even in utero we are 'stricken by tinnitus' (tiqqun,
'sermon' 155) but sometimes the heavy dump truckz on the road sigh
of post-industrial anguish; hear that? the machine's lament, the elegy
of landfill, where we carry our burden of rubbish every day until we too
become that rubbish to be burned or badly buried.

k o o k : aye, the robotz feelingz are hurt just like my shoez; biopower?
that 'homicidal tyranny,' it carez so much for me, it killz me in order to
make me well (tiqqun, 'theses' th. v); and so i work to love the icy blast,
work to embrace the face full of grimy sleet, work for fire in this lonely
town; but how, zherø? how can we love this life of doom? what does it
mean? to want the dark room? the dirty air? the machinal soundtrack?
the pitiless floor? the death bed? the winter? the windz? why must we
enjoy the present? why should we? let alone, how can we?

z h e r ø : on the mothers' gravez of all the orphanz! it is a fine dark
room, kookaburra: high ceilingz of devastation and abandon leave us
free to revel in neglect and unwantedness; and the windowz barred and
boarded are closed to dead dollarz and divine like the desuetude of
cathedral humanism and the death of all priestz; and the incense of the

arterial road is the carbonised blessing of hush and wheeze that nobody comez / nobody stayz; the planez of senseless movement lend the charm of random sonic boomz overhead and to judge by my damaged earz it is the dissonant mode of neo-eschatology, sweeping, forceful, and fleeting like cheapshop jockz; from the feverz, your sweat leaves cinemaz on the dirty sheetz that are sacred to nymphz of the microbez; and my neuralgia is a glancing touch from the godz of ache; again and again, night after night, the dark and cold are revitalizing and pleasing; the dialogue singz with the phantom cicadaz echoing 'a powerful sense of *belonging* to *non-belonging*' (tiqqun, 'theses' th. x); but most delightful of all are the blanketz we scavenged to share and the two worndown pillowz in one pillowcase, thick enough to be just right to rest our headz of cognition impaired; so you have been the best of friendz to me — a stranger — my dear kookaboo.

k o o k : and everything you dragged here from the side of the road: the drawz, the wardrobe, a chair; symbolz mutate when you touch them, zherø.

z h e r ø : and our bed.

k o o k : yes, our bed.

z h e r ø : — describe it: use mimesis to please the mimics.

k o o k : i'm not ready to talk about our bed.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : kill description! but we have said that before; this is my meaningless *beau geste* —

z h e r ø :

k o o k : you'd go to heaven, if it existed.

z h e r ø : forgive me, kookaburra; you see i'm a lover of learning, but the teacherz never wanted to teach me anything, so i find my own way through the anarchist library in these the 'darkling days of the decomposition of commodity society' (tiqqun, 'theses' th. viii); but without you — my wordy mute stranger — i'm silence; so just like waiting hopelessly for a drug deal, watching the phone on the street where time passes without passing so we're immortal; waiting for something, anything, a kiss of relief that never comez; so you too keep me hanging all night and whenever you please by promising meaningful human contact in this way; in any case, now that we're caught in this dialogue together, i think i'm going to roll over and doze and you choose something to speak of, and speak.

k o o k : then shutup, darling — and listen; you know what i'm like; i'm your problem and you're mine: 'our fate is just the nature of a concept'; and we may suffer incurably, illz of both the poisoned soma and the damaged psyche, but i maintain we have done the impossible and escaped alienation: technical marxist alienation, i mean; y'know, the defining experience of capitalist subjectz? y'know, the concept that comes to explain a world determined solely by economicz? y'know, the meaninglessness that fuckz us all — up the arse three wayz? with objectz, with toolz, and finally with the process itself? y'know, the ancient aristotelian connection between exchange and 'spiritual sickness' (wendling xli, xxiv)? y'know, that quiet monster? y'know the early marx? it's a movie, ffs; y'know, how capitalism producez romantic humanism? y'know, the steam engine? y'know, hic rhodus, hic salta!

hier ist rose, hier tanze? and strangely enough, this miraculous escape
— it's due to our ever-expanding and ever-enduring

estrangement —

z h e r ø : wait,

i hear something, something
beginning with v; i smell

its sound from under the street
the corner of north terrace

and pulteney (though they aren't really the
names) it reekz of panacea

of fake vitaminz or charred charlatanz
like verfremdungseffekt it is stirring
in the offal

32` ASW FTUIOP[]

\?≥

it is of contrary stock
and absent of mimetic illusions
those dull cushions.

k o o k : remember that housemate who inherited \$89000 and asked me to please — pretty please — stop drinking all his booze?

z h e r ø : — he never stood a chance; we brought ruin to his floorstanding speakerz in no time flat with strapping young lad; those poor subwooferz lost their black bowelz all over the room 'cause they were only accustomed to melbourne-based indie bandz who think the kick drum is for white trash or maybe ambiguous dark-haired strangerz who — what d'you know? — don't have any money either.

k o o k : and remember that paunchy uppity englishman who kept increasing the rent every three monthz? every three monthz! shit — they must really get a hard-on at the sight of rent depositz; how fast it'd add up! then they start thinking they're part of the master class and want to inspect the place: to peer at your toilet where you shit and piss, to sniff around the room where you fuck, where you fight, where you bleed and weep and hate and philosophise.

z h e r ø : the philosophy of a slave; me, proletarian; you?

k o o k : — peasant; since 1610 my fate remains the same; the task of art is to make the familiar strange: so says adorno, so say the russian formalistz.

z h e r ø : citationz are only good for momentz of obscurantism or dumb fuckz tryna look smart, so sayz debord.

k o o k : 'in no way does he [sic] try to make it an enjoyable experience for the spectator . . . he [sic] is not out to produce mere emotions . . . he [sic] takes a stand and creates a mood . . . emotions and interpretations . . . which merely get in his [sic] way he [sic] combats by

interrupting his [sic] performance and starting to argue' (brecht, 'epic' 427-8).

z h e r ø : but, i don't want to fight!

k o o k :

z h e r ø : and when we die of cancer we are said to get our just dessertz — the only sweet thing we'll ever know.

k o o k : and i only wanna fight about the fight!

z h e r ø :

k o o k : metafight —

z h e r ø : really? is that all you got?

k o o k : if alienation determinez the featurez of our social and discursive lifez, then it's the apparitionz of alienation which we must fight (plant 20); fight!

z h e r ø :

k o o k : but you are unfired stoneware, raw ginger and cinnamon; your hair is blood gum fire and your sex, unpolluted bore water — but this isn't about why you're hated so; anyway, as i was saying we have escaped alienation via estrangement; we have made ourselvez strange and surpassed art; the alienated of our age seek attention and validation but the only meaning left is where nobody thinkz to look — in the dark.

z h e r ø : light attractz everyone, the most commonplace people; only the elect choose to linger in the penumbra, so sayz günter grass.

k o o k : our peerz take work as axiomatic but do not understand class; they bargain on their supposed charm, their self-nominated likeability, their white feminist exceptionalism — if we don't say so ourselvez — for a female future at $\frac{3}{4}$ the price, away, away, to the brave new day! workerz who have never considered the master/slave dialectic (how did the masterz win that death match? only to lose? to lose?) nor even who their masterz are — but it's class that getz you in the end; class is the ghoul in their loo, the microplasticz in their lower bowelz, and the middle rung of a shitshow ain't a safe vantage; their socialism is their great sickness, the debordian lie they tell themselves; 'the aim of the a-effect is to make of the spectator an active critic of ~~society~~' (brecht, 'epic' 432) — edit: themselves; 'intellectual alienation is a creation of middle-class society; what i call middle-class society is any society that becomes rigidified in predetermined forms, forbidding all evolution, all gains, all progress, all discovery; i call middle-class a closed society in which life has no taste, in which the air is tainted, in which ideas and [wo]men are corrupt; and i think that a [wo]man who takes a stand against this death is in a sense a revolutionary' (fanon, 'black skin' 193).

z h e r ø : you have to be willing to die; for it is 'only through staking one's life that freedom is won' (hegel 114); but nobody is even willing to be unemployed.

k o o k : aye, the bag lady syndrome (standing 63) but the libertarian politicz of freedom is a 'serious misunderstanding' for the 'endless expansion of control procedurez is the corollary of a form of power that is realized *through* the freedom of individualz' (invisible, 'friends' 45); so those who are not estranged from their motherz are alienated from sexual women and *eros* becomes meaningless; those who are not

estranged from their fatherz are alienated from *agape* and the commune and the communards with beautiful violent fire in their beautiful violent eyez, that great fight for life, becomez meaningless; those who are not estranged from their brotherz and sisterz are alienated from strangerz and the movement of their intellectz become meaningless as they are caught in a cage of familial fame; those who are not estranged from their teacherz are alienated from their peerz and shiftz of era become meaningless; those who are not estranged from their peerz are alienated from their elderz and wisdom becomes meaningless.

z h e r ø : hear that? the band?

k o o k : that ain't a band, that's a bland!

z h e r ø :

k o o k : we have been judged as lay-aboutz by the indolent, deemed deviant by pedlarz of perverse coercion, called dumb by the stupid and weak by the lame; we have been deserted by the overbearing underlingz and escaped debt due to lack of fundz; we have been abandoned by control and shame, shunned by the social and saved eternally from the boredom of the gouging and monotonous dance, the buffet of bland bandz; we have been blest by storm and stress.

z h e r ø : sturm und drang; there'z my idealist angel.

k o o k : now if we become afraid of the anvil of convention falling like spit from the lipz of the sex-offenderz in robez or the women in admin and/or reception who each toil for prestige and high-heelz and the pissy love of the boyz of spineless spite, if we weary of solitude enforced, we

must take heart in the brotherhood isolation grantz imagination and
hold fast our ringing earz and our buzzing thoughtz to the great ruse —

z h e r ø :

k o o k : catch me if you can, old cunt! you've made your choice and
i've made mine; we have been judged less than zero by motherz who
take low-livez in their wedding bedz, judged less than zero by sex
touristz who carry hiv home with the folded batik and the photoz of the
smog-locked bangkok city skyline, judged less than zero by nephewz
who ask their cousins on easter monday for headjobz in the bathroom,
judged less than zero by sisterz who put their daughterz in the hands of
lecherous men who call them lesbianz, less than zero by musicianz who
can't find let alone keep the beat, less than zero by poetz who know
nothing of the street; they hate their own wombz that cast us off into
the dark room; take the dark room from the cold cunt — the traffic
soundz oceanic and the tidez of plastic waste-wavez are coming,
coming to silence the human mouth, that monstrous beast, once and
for all; and the deadliest draft is scentless, from the well seepz its unwell
plume; nail polish twice removed has nothing on its task; i taste baby
vomit and blood, bile and steel; and you are the only warmth, your
incense, your howling breath, your offer of black coffee —

z h e r ø : it is a mortal sin to be a woman of rebellion, kook; and when
we are judged as slow-witted moronz b'cause we cannot get on in the
labyrinth or along to their song, we plead why yes, we are the oxy kind.

k o o k : — judged helpless by the aided and abetted; and yet i only
put my computer to sleep, never shut it down; i don't want to hurt its
feelingz, like i have my shoez: an assassin of mercy.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : did you hear the one about the two narcissistz having a one-way conversation in the halls?

z h e r ø :

k o o k : one said, i — and the other said, me?

z h e r ø : true love?

k o o k : you know it.

z h e r ø : but one doesn't converse with one's superiorz.

k o o k : — never; meanwhile my gumz are bleeding recession; meanwhile the pagez are dead/dying/die; and again if we are not estranged from our readerz then writing itself becomes meaningless; maybe we ought not write for those criticz (like me) leaning on the condemned building of their solipsism but for the ruin instead, not for those who are mere go-getterz but for the got, the had, instead, not for the fuckerz but for the fucked; and when at last this anti/thesis goes unread, i for my part think that not even the reader who readz as an exercise of conceit would find anything here to bolster prestige, anything here to arm them with a citation or illustration; in fact it is my only wish that reviewerz ultimately find nothing to say, not one word.

z h e r ø : art alienatez us from alienation, so sayz adorno.

k o o k : 'cause right now the whole write/review trade looks like a human centipede.

z h e r ø : you eat my shit and i'll eat yourz.

k o o k : round and round the circle jerk like a ring-a-rosy a-tissue a-tissue — should we praise those who have merely learnt the correct thingz to say? and how? ought we not be wary of the wilez of such an approach to wordz? people who are able to learn in this shrewd manner manipulate wordz in order to appear correct? people who use citationz in order to appear learned? de-contextualise and open-cut mine other people's thinking? i know it's done in order to feign charm, but it shows nothing more than the workingz of the mind of a creep; a sleaze in the library, looking for something, anything, a piece of wordplay, a clever insight, a method — they can ab/use; and the waste water runz a leaded-out green, pits of pollutantz — you get sick if you drink it; but maybe i am missing something; everyone knowz i'm retarded (real special) and pay attention to all the wrong thingz: the grease shadow from student headz in the chemistry lecture hall, where, pray tell, on the great periodic table, does human filth belong? the colour of the formica postgraduate deskz, a yellowy-green like the morning-after lady-like piss of a night-in on the chardonnay; the stark gender separation of chinese boyz and girlz — never a co-ed gang in kindergarten; the loss of the bookz in the barr smith library, the only thing adelaide had going for it; where it was warm and wordy in winter for a poor exile trying to learn about dialecticz.

z h e r ø : adelaide is just the salt in the wound, that's all it is; there is a price to pay for attempted genocide, kookaboo; whities entangled in solipsism and sophistry doesn't come close to recompense and an even ledger, doesn't reverse the curse of tardanyanga; you are complicit in this game of corruption, wordz and intellect.

k o o k : less-than-minimum-wage complicit! yes, to this charge i plead guilty and agree in order to please you; i study creative writing not to aspire (puke) nor express (retch) but because i wanna know a murderer when i see one; white men who kill their women don't serve very long sentencez — more of a sentence fragment — so i'd say we'd be likely to see a callous killer casually moving about in the general population at least once a day — sometimez it's more like once every second, round public holidayz and grand finalz.

z h e r ø : you are making this too easy for me, kook; you are digging your own grave, in your own image, to boot.

k o o k : to shoez! it's all any of us do — our life'z work.

z h e r ø : maybe you should read less european philosophy? i could never work out if the great men are pedantz or pederastz, but i do know philosophy is written on the broken backs of slavez.

k o o k : but i've already read the great african american women; and also our own, alexis wright, it is some other voice — mine; a peasant from the kolkhoz tryna figure out how the crow crowz.

z h e r ø : you came to adelaide — hegel help you — to learn how to become a marxisant materialist? to throw the black cape of your youth, your idealism, off the roof of the napier building? to watch it fall like being?

k o o k : i don't know / i know not why i came to adelaide, but right now i comprehend the exitial lure of the out-of-boundz and padlocked service ladder, the nth-storied rooftop beyond, whispering: jump, dear kook — jump; don't doubt i am able to pick that lock, zherø; the strayz of the ghetto begin to mewl in my kneecapz, newborn never-written

novelz wriggle in my pantz, under my sneakerz antz and echidnaz spur me on, fingerz become featherz, and over that lofty edge i see not only the sulphur-crested cockatoo torturerz, the poisonerz of australia, but the whole earth bleeding from its mouth — american dronez hover over the zharay district in the kandahar province; the men of the leviathan war machine have met their match in the lilliputian incarnadine flowerz of the afghani poppy field — waiting for the word, the code? stonecoldloser — the data? binary, but the stupor is heavenly; meanwhile a mountbatten forgetz how to laugh at his nazi youth now he lovez an african and at the very same moment in a museum in stockholm a whiteman plagiarist is lauded for creating jazz; tribal chiefz in png are cutting up women and children into an unidentifiable decaying mess while the far-right scream persecution, persecution, i fought for england, outside the old bailey; warshipz, warshipz, warshipz bluff the bluff in iranian waterz, while a mother with infant and dog waitz in manila for a trolley boy to push her along the trackz — but watch out for the diesel-fired commuter trainz that postpone for no man; an aspirant couple in culcutta try to sweet talk ai recruitment algorithmz into falling in love with their microgesturez, why did brahma make us so beautiful? but it's all the same to the reading machine and to the suicidal working class intellectual who has just exhausted funding roundz with no euphemistic luck and walking out on a jetty discardz his hard drive, his decade of decadence, that is to say his: intellect, into the gulf after applying to sell one half of his organz to transplants.com; in fear of stating the obvious, in every town in every tongue the rapistz are expected to continue their good work and the raped are expected to continue to clean the house, that is to say their dirty work; while rain fallz in gdansk and the sun shinez in

arriaga, cotton / cane / coal makez one man rich and another man old and even so a peasant playz a battered guitar in venezuela so well history is erased for three minutez, while the moneyed veganz in melbourne are powerless to prevent a woman in the apy landz (who has outlived all her children and all of her husbandz and outlasted so many primeministerz she'z lost count) from dreaming of a mouthful of kfc and the fresh fizzy-wizzy of cocacola; her camp dog scratchez a fleabite; a pipeline wave breakz plastic.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : from that roof'z edge all over god'z black earth i see nail-biting, zherø, nail-biting and polymer nailz, gnashing of gnarls and acrylic teeth, suckerz sighing and polypropylene pathoz, sordid smilez and synthetic joy, sorrow shivering and vinyl heat, sweating bulletz and styrofoam breeze, heartz breaking over latex love, mass extinction and pvc debt — floss your teeth and wear a condom = the philosophy of our timez; but wait, isn't our moral hygiene made of fakez that can't disintegrate? so much for judgement day.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : what would falstaff do? the kingz send the best of us wordzsmithiez from the forge to the jail where we cry eternal and then find love in a bucket of gruel that endz up (we're convinced) looking like rihanna; the reading expandz the void, if i may say so, my fine zherø, and makes me feel like i could say things that are different from what everybody else sayz — and no worse, hear me? bearz repeating — different though no worse; i am well aware that what i write is not the ground of my conscious brain, because i know i am an idiot — the plain

and simple village kind; the only way, i think, is that i read and shit, read and shit, empty me up with writing; but my brain damage has again made me forget the movement of the dialectic and the contradiction of all thingz.

z h e r ø : yes, there's nothing funnier than dialectic: it is the walk through the streetz that emptiez you of writing: the east end, the mess we're in, the addicts at the pokie wall, the concrete, emanating a lungful of disease like a heart turned mean (mean meaning: stingy) — the women on credit with their shopping bagz, denialz and deprivalz of all sortz — use your imagination — to make it through the southern winter where it is colder than all the north in the black metal sky, where no humanz have ever lived; everyone walkz as if a man called mawson is on the phone, but you, you kookaburra move like a preacher with sinning on their mind, thinking alwayz thinking now the drinking is done; in the east end of let's pretend; and it makes no difference to your image of yourself if you eat at hungry jackz or somewhere equally overpriced with the professor; please don't be a writer who writez only about writing.

k o o k : i don't know / oh i know not / know not what is writing / nor know i what waste a writer makez; like j. stalin sunday school led me straight to the marxist underground and just like g. debord, the marxist underground sent me gunning for myself in the woodz; you are a brother worth her salt, zherø.

z h e r ø : the dice have been thrown, let's move to semaphore!

k o o k : yeah, where we can dance the alphabet with black and red flagz in our handz and finally quit writing; i could get a job at port

turning a sign — stop/go/break; what better occupation for a poor dialectician?

z h e r ø : capitalism doesn't care for your talentz (marcuse 273), kookaboo; imagine the sneakerz a shitty job could provide.

k o o k : the onez with the off-white suede? the onez that will come to rule me? as the endz dear zherø, the endz? what if i don't care about capitalism'z talentz in kind? in kind? as opposed to money?

z h e r ø : 'the truth of the materialist thesis is thus fulfilled in its negation' (marcuse 273) and the more we toil the poorer we become; misery is a port of forced workerz — mortified bodiez and ruinz of mindz; we are human only when we eat / drink / fuck; human only when we are animalz, so sayz marx.

k o o k : truth is, the academy lost me at beautifully written; please don't let them say i was beautifully written and put a picture of a leaf on the cover of my discourse.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : and if i am murdered by gender terrorism please don't let them hold a memorial for me.

z h e r ø : don't give them a pretty photo.

k o o k : never; here memorialise this!

z h e r ø : this —

[if there are actorz, they wordlessly
share a bedpan and drink urine from a
water bottle; the vessel makez the
crackling sound of compromised and
overused single-use plastic]

— what ought be praised is the struggle; scratch and kick for every pissy
inch of life.

k o o k : the struggle is its own reward; and it's the two centz that
count.

z h e r ø : not to add up either; no, not to hoard — but to share —
among the orphanz abandoned in the postindustrial dorm.

k o o k : my nose is sandstone cold as it breathez disease and bleedz,
but dry blood dripz no more, no more; my tongue in cheekz are blained
and blistered and lost lipz are split from the wordz i cut to cut; frown
me across an icy plain and kill me before the nursing home does, before
i'm sitting in my shit with dignity and private health insurance; it would
be a corpse-like life without you, zherø; if we weren't inhabitantz of our
enemy'z city, there you'd rest in possum furz beside the great elderz.

z h e r ø : shut the fuck up, darling.

k o o k :

z h e r ø :

k o o k : ahhh philosophy — at least you understand it's not a debate
but a fight, a fight of furiez! a fight for life! so put up your dukez and

don't forget, zherø, as phaedrus sayz to socratez: we're alone in a deserted place, and i am stronger and younger than you (plato 15).

z h e r ø : nothing is stronger than a zero, but granted you are a tyrant; you are my darlin, my stalin, my starlin.

k o o k : and earth is just a country band.

z h e r ø : doom played backwards is mood.

k o o k : stimmung?

z h e r ø :

k o o k : — 'the affective tonality' that dominatez is not a general malaise; 'there is no question here of any subjective tendency, any capricious propensity to despair or lament: on the contrary, this tonality is the . . . datum of our era . . .' (tiqqun, 'bloom' 12-13)

z h e r ø : the void is an empty promise, i read that somewhere.

k o o k : something to pawn?

z h e r ø : something to pawn on friday morn.

k o o k : what d'you think i'd get for my manuscript?

z h e r ø : — a void.

k o o k : but i already have you.

z h e r ø : then, listen to me and keep your writing to yourself and rid it of all satiric and moralising caricatures (breton, 'lightning rod' pp. xiii-xix).

k o o k : keep it speculative?

z h e r ø : and raucous.

k o o k : nothing more desultory than an orderly collage.

z h e r ø : nothing worse.

k o o k : nothing.

z h e r ø : bad art played backwards is trad ab — excursus —

k o o k : the devil's work!

z h e r ø : i take issue with your use of the singular.

k o o k : mea culpa; bad artz —

z h e r ø :

k o o k : but everything is perhapz clearer when unsaid.

z h e r ø : feigning ignorance in order to appear wise?

k o o k : i don't know / i know not / know not what once upon a time
this is; sorry, i swear to you — but by whom? by which god? what about
this dark graffiti on the wall?

z h e r ø :

k o o k : i swear by this and all other forms of deviliz' work that if you
don't tell me what you think of alienation, i'll never tell you my
nightmarez again.

z h e r ø : come then, you musez of the non-song, there's been
reportz of picturez in the wrong postcode, there's been reportz of gypsy
women who play the drumz at night, so give me rhythm in dark flight
with which to subtract the human silence of predawn dutiez before the
hospice wakez in winter to instant custard and weak tea; pressure sorez
and who keepz accurate recordz anymore? change the bedpanz and
neglect to take your medz, so that my only friend can hear the story

and hate me afterwardz — once upon a time, then, there was a girl, or rather a young woman, and very beautiful she was; and she had been hurt many, many times by anybody she loved, so that when someone came to love her she reasoned that this must be her chance to stomp on her feet and permanently bruise her toez; and she spoke like this: in everything, my little whore, there is alienation, but is it possible to alienate alienation? we must start nowhere, that is to say, somewhere nowhere near definitions, definitive and defined — ‘pinning down a butterfly is not the best way to get to know it’ (vaneigem, ‘warning’ ch.2, par. 49) — at this point alexander downer walked into her office and the discourse ended because she went for coffee.

k o o k : was it good coffee?

z h e r ø : — a long black in a paper cup made second rate because she is a third class citizen who must still pay full price; so let us not become what we hate so in otherz: ‘here are four wallz; the general consensus suits the hypocritez; within these wallz, one is imprisoned, constrained, blamed, judged, honoured, chastised, humiliated, labelled, manipulated, fondled, violated, treated abortively and left begging for aid and assistance’ (vaneigem, ‘warning’ ch. 1, par. 6); i’m not sure i ever told you this, kook — but when i was dying and reflecting on my fate, i was so pleased with my decision to skip school whenever i could get away with it; do you think someone less than human in their teachers’ eyez should just sit there, obedient and credulous? in the name of what learning would this not be a travesty? truancy is the truth of my education.

k o o k : 'to put school under the shrine of competitiveness is to incite corruption, which is the morality of business' (vaneigem, 'warning' ch. 1, par. 42).

z h e r ø :

k o o k : the boyz come first — campus rulez.

z h e r ø : so then the girlz never come, right?

k o o k :

z h e r ø : if it is true that boredom engenderz violence, there would've been a bloody feminist revolt yearz ago.

k o o k : maybe the terrorised don't feel bored —

z h e r ø : if women have time to partake in absurd quarrelz and sit in sniggering and dogmatic judgement, they are not terrorised; and nor are they bored, i guess.

k o o k : what kind of man cares about the lining of his coffin?

z h e r ø : ?

k o o k : a wo — man.

z h e r ø : i was going to say, alexander downer.

k o o k : same dif? how do doom bandz move between tracks?

z h e r ø : they don't —

k o o k : except with youtube ads — the dictatorship of the market, i read that somewhere.

z h e r ø : it completely destroyz the doom; why? because the absolute is nothing but a plastic dollar.

k o o k : what do you get when you play an ad backwards?

z h e r ø :

k o o k : da —

z h e r ø : and half a dada is all the raisin' a poor girl needz; and, 'as the good teacher knows, money is what we lack the least' (vaneigem, 'warning' ch. 4, par. 25), but i didn't have any good teacherz.

k o o k : before i came to bed, a crescent was hanging in the western sky and a star died, right before my eyez — it looked so close falling past the horizon, its tail burnt a radical ochre and the neighbour'z yard smelt of blood and bone.

z h e r ø : nothing'z doing; it's either fertilizer or self-defence.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : or both?

k o o k : what are we?

z h e r ø : fertilizer or self-defence?

k o o k : blood and bone.

z h e r ø : these bleached-out business men with their fake owlz, their phoney philosophy of the boy and the buck; they don't even realise owlz are nocturnal, i reckon, day-dwellerz of no insight; but the fake owlz are carcinogenic, like bleach to dirt, their thinking murderz all the wonderful bugz of microscopy; we are those bugz, sent to send six-legged shiverz down rationalism'z spiteful spine; we are, we are, we are why slavez don't write theses.

k o o k : kill, kill, kill the illuminati.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : and in conclusion, fuck you.

z h e r ø : have you ever been killed with kindness?

k o o k : never; i say never fall into the handz of the virtuous; it is a terrible way to die!

z h e r ø : you can never tell them where you live; even when you're pushing fifty, sixty, they can never know.

k o o k : some people become orphans later than others.

z h e r ø : then hear me in silence; for the dark room on the main road is a divine place for you and me, so if we hear the ghostz trying to get inside or trying to get out like the desert wind in winter banging on the doorz, rattling the windowz, chattering our bonez, do not be surprised; as it is we are already close to descending into wild poeticz and what was once our youth, our bacchanalian song.

k o o k : true.

z h e r ø : and you're never cured, but perhaps we can avert that threat? alas a matter for the song of the wind; we must subtract to find the themez of our deliberationz, kookaboo; we cannot start at the start; we cannot start with meaningz.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : we hear with our bonez and with our hairz, our bowels; listen to the silence for they will come and with them comes the danger of the beloved onez; women are always looking for other women to sacrifice to their men; and you ask me what they think when they see the newz report about another son killing his mother, his sister, his

brother? remember when we were kidz we'd hear about the terrible, heathen chinese and how they'd leave their daughterz in the snow to die — or just abort them as soon as the foetus was gendered? plain and simple? i wonder if chinese children are told scary legendz about sordid, christian australianz who torture their wivez, their girlfriendz, their motherz, their sisterz, their aunts; i wonder if they reason: but we are clean, with holy hygiene we abort our girlz or leave them to die in the snow, but australianz, why? they torture their women and girlz, break bonez and cause bruising bleedz and throw hot liquidz around the home — rough aussiez! if we return to the start, you'll see we begin on the edge; we are alwayz waking in the wake; the first time a man made beastly noizez at me, i ignored him; the second time a man made beastly noizez at me, i ignored him; the third time a man made beastly noizez at me, i said: what a girly sound; right then i became conscious of an irrevocable estrangement and ever since i have been alienating my alienation; i decided the best course of action must be to pursue a world away from girlz, because with girlz and women, men alwayz trail; on the sniff these men have been raised in the sun and yet walk as if etiolated, only receive praise and yet mutter incoherently like victimz of punishing and perpetual abuse, have alwayz been fed first and as priority and yet couldn't forfeit a single meal in the name of starving children come war, come pestilence, come famine: their blood sugar just couldn't take the hit; offered the choice of subjectz to pursue they are unable to choose: their colourz are alwayz stolen, their style defunct; in short, their privilege is their degeneration and it won't be long until they are hearing voicez.

k o o k : but not ourz — i doubt they'll read this thesis.

z h e r ø : imagine a continent made of first-bornz — a world full of them.

k o o k : firstborn = thesis / secondborn = antithesis / thirdborn = genius; what sick godz enable motherz to pleasure over the beastz of their loins?

z h e r ø : in the son, the mother is a man.

k o o k : so we ought feel no sorrow at her wake.

z h e r ø : nil.

k o o k : and i've had a terrifying vision — all work will be women'z work!

z h e r ø : and that's how the future will be fuckin female, and not just plain fucked, but i can't see anything.

k o o k : we're seeing voices and i can't even recognise anyone'z face in the light anymore; it's like — who the fuck are you? do i even know you? are you in love with me? hatefully? is that a nightmare where your face is meant to be?

z h e r ø : your unconscious is very smart.

k o o k : i don't know / i know not what i know and what i know not; it's just that 'if one focuses directly on the struggle one losez; only a being obsessed with impossible or insoluble problems can make a breakthrough in possible knowledge' (žiček 652).

z h e r ø : the end of the world lookz like a bunch of orphanz, mixmatched and dehydrated, suffering exposure, sharing dried fruit pilfered from army reservez withering on the bank of a poisoned water hole; you, me, a gun-shy seagull, a magpie, melancholia on its mutilated

wing, an outgoing and scruffy piping shrike who has lost its singing voice; and even though we don't really like dried apple (or the ghetto), would prefer medjool dates (and a loving home), are surviving somehow — despite or because we have no kin.

k o o k : 'there is no such thing as lost allusions' (vaneigem, 'revolution' 127) above all, they want us well-behaved: that's the crux; so in everyday life i'm alwayz elsewhere, escaping the mean mindz of my brotherz, the things they'd say, the way they'd snigger — like, what's funny you dumb slutz? but the joke is somehow alwayz on the mother when everyone else has fled and it's just she alone with her beastly son; then she getz to know the true extent of the damage of her loinz, redoubled and redoubted; i know many people who want to hurt me and to defend yourself you can either hurt yourself worse or admit it — i know you want to hurt me; i know you hate me; it'z okay; there, that wasn't so bad; one thing i've learnt is if you're introduced to a new environment — a school, or a beach, or whatever — it's always the one person you thought was going to be alright that turnz out the worst because they are behaving in wayz to appease or appeal; and the only people worth anything are those with their own insoluble problemz — those alwayz elsewhere.

z h e r ø : a mocking laugh ringz hollow 'cause its target is alwayz disobedience.

k o o k : aye; in concert they sing hallelujah to the hollow hahaha.

z h e r ø : the psycho killer'z house was always very quiet.

k o o k : quiet.

z h e r ø : are you saying the estrangement effect doesn't work anymore (dolar, 'gesture' par. 4)?

k o o k : aye, 'the interruption of the program is itself part of the program' (tiqqun, 'sermon' 155);

z h e r ø : and 'the strange thing is that there is no more estrangement, and the *verfremdungseffekt* of . . . today takes its principal resource in the very lack of *verfremdung*' (dolar, 'gesture' par. 4); a good son; a good mum; quiet.

k o o k : i always cross the street when i see an ethicz committee coming and imagine bertolt brecht laughing in his grave.

z h e r ø : yes, moralizerz will steal your lunch then point crooked fingerz at the hungry hoboz, will kick you and call you scary; they don't understand objective violence and it's fuckin hilarious how it's only ever these cuntz who've never actually been attacked who feel so goddamn attacked.

k o o k : 'in matters of thought the attitude is more important than the ideas' (dolar, 'gesture' par. 11).

z h e r ø : yes, and 'in order to think seriously one has to discard seriousness; the more deadly serious, the more comical; there is no thought, no dialectics without comedy' (dolar, 'gesture' par. 11); your unconscious is very smart, but irl you're an idiot.

k o o k : i (don't) know —

night ii (you asleep?)

You beat the liver out of a goose to get *pâté*; you pound the muscles
of a man's *cardia* to get a philosopher.

Djuna Barnes

[feedback screamz atonal and leftside-
mono; the temp/o continues to fall;
kook wakez belly laughing from a
deeply disturbing dream; all psyche-
content is immediately forgotten and yet
the somatic fright residually remainz]

k o o k : you asleep, darl?

z h e r ø : yeah, kinda.

k o o k : hear the one about the judge who sentenced an aboriginal
man for murdering his girlfriend with a brick?

z h e r ø :

k o o k :

z h e r ø :

k o o k : he let him off the murder charge but gave him 17 years for
being black.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : hear the one about the good aussie bloke who walked into a
camping shop in rocky to buy a firearm?

z h e r ø :

k o o k : well, the gun dealer askz: so what d'you want the weapon
for? and the good aussie bloke sayz: to shoot my wife and kidz.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : so the gun dealer startz ringing up his purchase saying: just make sure you keep the gun registration on you at all times; i too have shot my wife and kidz, but i didn't have the bloody registration on me, so there was nothing the magistrate could do — worse 12 monthz of my life, that good behaviour bond — my only regret, not keeping that friggin registration on me.

z h e r ø :

k o o k :

z h e r ø : hell isn't other people, it's other people's music.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : particularly if they're from adelaide.

k o o k : i'm not ready to talk about adelaide.

z h e r ø : when the archivist gives the researcher the white glovez to handle your journalz, it'll be: here, these are for your own protection.

k o o k : nothing gives me more pleasure than screwing up a page at the end of the day.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : this sick joke of the godz — life — nothing gives them more pleasure than screwing up a human at the end of the day; so beware friendliness for it is the face hostility wearz, and flattery will kill you faster than a brain tumour, faster than a heatwave of 50+ degreez, oh celsius dayz of endz and vanished victualz; the whole marxist revelation about humanz and the social animal has been co-opted and is now an unholy scam, a dirty trick of the masterz, for there is nothing in this world better than being alone — alone with the mountainz, with the

wedge-tailed eaglez, the only onez to survive the scourge of farmerz on the land, pedlarz of poison, herbi-pesti-cidal psychoz; likewise there'z nothing worse than being in the crowded psychez of the slumming city of otherz; all day everyday plotting and scheming — men afraid of ridicule, afraid of rejection, afraid of getting a fat arse, as if being born isn't scandal enough! now we must hear from the voice of the chosen onez all about the voice of the other (puke) the masterz have always wanted to discourse on their slavez, so no sun / no underneath / no new newz.

z h e r ø : as 'wolvez love lambz' (plato 22), so too does the city love the likez of peasantz like you, kookaboo; you don't want to end up as a mess in someone'z toilet.

k o o k : coffee, black: a pleasant vituperant — wind, sou-wester: my coat will last one more winter — o week, assault: campus and bad alcohol, it turnz on you quick — research, revolt: a marked-up page about hegel'z humour and the despair of the comunardz — a history of sunstroke and distorted guitarz: i like my melody raging, raging in the occiput; and here in the dark, here in the black room, night is shelter as doom is comfort; we live by the abandoned townhall where the public library is privatised once and for all and post-metamorph it wakez as an entertainment company called vermin (nobody botherz with nineteen eighty-four irony anymore) that continually underpayz its staff; you need pound-heavy security guardz for that kind of thing; you need strip searchez, nice and slow, now squat and cough, taserz and gunz — ammunitionz, humiliationz, swallow your whole stash outside the gatez and die doof doof oof; you need fencez made of — what colour is

corruption? — razor wire, need dogz — dogz to tear your jugular out, lame like nazis, yeah you need dogz for that kinda thing — ideodogz.

z h e r ø : yes, but more than that you need success storiez; narrative, kook, it's the ideodogz' breakfast; all these kuntz with their künstlerrromanz; it's the biggest lie of all, kookaboo; and for revolt you need love; it is revolt itself, and revolt alone, that is the creator of life, so sayz breton: nobody is going to be willing to die at the pawz and jawz of those well-heeled nazis and their drooling dogz of war unless everyone they love is dead or dying; and then there's always drugz.

k o o k : drugz to numb the love, because love is rage in the handz of us; it seethez and screamz — you can't write a poem about treez when the woodz are full of police, so sayz bertolt brecht.

z h e r ø : yes, kook; when 'all commodities are *drugs*' (tiqqun, 'sermon' 156) you can't write a dialogue on revolutionary love! the bush is full of chinese capitalistz hunting wombatz with shotgunz who think we're so stupid and inferior they give us fake western namez; like hi i'm rachel (from friendz).

k o o k : like hi i'm mao —

z h e r ø :

k o o k : (from the party); will i be able to write a dialogue on alienation? is that what this is? the question is no longer: how many marxistz have read kapital? but: how many capitalistz have maoist leaderz?

z h e r ø : it's not over until the fat chinese boyz eat; three volumez of pure bible, the economy is political, you know?

k o o k : it's not over until you can't afford to pay your chinese landlord rent.

z h e r ø :

k o o k :

z h e r ø : what's to be done?

k o o k : what's to be read?

z h e r ø : you know you're on the right track when your reading citez unpublished workz.

k o o k : unpublished is the new published.

z h e r ø : we are gay-married under god.

k o o k : and we fuck on sundayz.

z h e r ø :

k o o k :

z h e r ø : this is your home, here; you belong in your isolation and that's it, kook; you'll hear nothing more from me; please let'z get some shut-eye before we must pay witness to the sun as it refusez to shine for us.

k o o k : but i thought we were just getting started, and would continue from last night to say an equal amount about the embrasure of the embraced, to the effect that we ought not believe the hype about the spurious payoffz of acceptance and recognition; why are you stopping now?

z h e r ø : haven't you noticed? darling darkling? that i'm already less than sick in a metaphorical sense? and so as for periphrasis i leave it up

to you; and if that does not indulge you then try inserting some kind of base and deliberate vulgarity (like the human centipede reference in part i) to suggest the grossness of the corrupt; i for my part understand that when advocatz speak of the deserving poor what they mean is the deserving poor —

k o o k : a tautological irony? so it is the working poor who are deserving of their poverty and not the dangerous classes?

z h e r ø : yes, the deserving poor, you see? deserve to be poor; while the undeserving are transcendental and getting high on the beach in qld.

k o o k : — aye, the old drunk debord never said alienation is inescapable or impossible to assess (plant 2); and that's why poverty is never punishment enough in a penal colony.

z h e r ø : but south australians, they will protest, of all new holland this was not a penal colony!

k o o k : whatever — isn't living in adelaide punishment enough? and that's why the pedantz split hairz?

z h e r ø : i think any kind of people who protest: but we aren't, we don't come from, convictz! are — are the wardenz of the world.

k o o k : wardenz of the world.

z h e r ø : yes kook, they are saying our only claim to fame is that we're not the scum of the earth, but hell we'll be glad to be the administratorz of the scum of the earth; i know what charge i'd rather face come judgement day.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : and why indeed make a long speech about it? enough has been said of the wardenz, the hall monitorz; your concernz are elsewhere; our dialogue will go on well enough without them.

k o o k : when we seek human contact nobody is to be found 'cause we might want something from them — something minor like, like — a declaration of the end of gender and the abolition of private property, for instance; on the other hand, when we seek solitude some sociopath comez knocking, thinking we have something, anything, a penny of pride, a kiss or a kick, worth keeping from them, something, anything, to take from us even if it's the only thing left, all that remainz of our livez — a line — some time, a lick of spine; but the thing about solitude is it takez agez and agez and agez; i only ever do anything worthwhile after 1095 dayz alone.

z h e r ø : the meanz and the endz, if alienation is both, we who fight to negate it execute the 'proletariat's revolutionary role' (plant 16); but as for me, i'm off across the plains of a solitudinous sleep where i hope to be refused all forms of alienated work and there to find you laughing and dancing on a mountain before you force me into saying something more.

k o o k : don't go to sleep yet, zherø; not until the darkest hour has passed; can't you tell by the sorrow of the soundz that it's just about 3am? the time when even emergency doctorz look for a moment's rest? let's wait and talk some more, and then we'll go and find that oneiric mountain, free in poverty, when most people are waking to their daily dread of shitting at work.

z h e r ø : you have superhuman handz, kookaboo, they are simply magic and you are becoming a better dialectician everyday —

k o o k : i don't know / oh i know not why i must walk past the biggest boy'z club you've ever seen every other day; if you'd like to know what ticklez the tittiez of the patri-hierarchy, a quick glimpse at a boy'z club tellz all, just like a man of cloth on a sunday morn: audi/vidē/tace — but only war mongerz preach peace.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : just as only those with a voice preach silence.

z h e r ø : at least the masonz understand negative aestheticz; the idea that we chip away, but their error is that we sculpt something rather than nothing; true philosopherz understand we chip away at nothing — our stone is the void; as i crossed the devastated plainz from new south walez, my darling, i had that feeling when you can't help but cry, or weep; yes, weep; i'm unaccustomed to such a feeling because as a woman of rebellion it is better to rage than to sorrow, and as a kid i wanted to hunt down and kill the dog whose shit i stood in; but oh fatal day! a strange melancholia kissed my forehead in a foreign tongue and said i must pay in salt 'cause i'd aggrieved the godz; well, i am able to hear the future — not see, but hear — and not well, either, but like people with untrained earz who hear black metal just well enough to determine that they hate the sound of it, like they knock on the neighbour'z door saying: excuse me would you mind turning the future down? otherwise i'm calling the copz! that day as i flew above the wasted wastelandz, a desert moon of overflow pitz and the stock of millionz suffering on a vast industrial scale, that day i heard the future;

for the fact is, darl, i should've never been on that aeroplane and the
unease i felt was grief for a future loss; you see, we were already living
the dream as the undeserving poor getting high on the beach in qld.

k o o k :

z h e r ø :

k o o k : what d'you mean?

z h e r ø : a mistake it was, kookaburra, dreadful, both for me and for
you; we were fooled into thinking there was something, some other
world, somewhere else, something other, where our giftz would be
cherished, where our coffinz would be gilt; we, our delusionz, were no
better than what we hate in otherz.

k o o k : if you're gonna have delusions, you may as well make 'em
count.

z h e r ø : besides, kaurna country doesn't permit of emigres.

k o o k : so it is said.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : and now we're stuck here where it's cold and dark and the
warm summer rain is forgetting our skin, night after night; what did
they do with all the treez, zherø? what did they do?

z h e r ø : everybody is angry with peta 'cause of what they said about
the lambs in the drought.

k o o k : who's peta?

z h e r ø : y'know — peta.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : it makes me wanna shoot the farmers.

k o o k : and that's why i love you.

z h e r ø : you are a superhero, kookaboo, and your superpower is the more you're bullied the greater you become; every slur purifiez your worth, every piece of trash talk makes you brighter, a mighty mutilated incinerator of biopower; burn, kook, burn; but still nothing'z doing; everyday isolation distilz and refinez and don't forget i'm here with you — you aren't alone in your aloneness; we have our solitude in common; we inhabit our homeland of exile together (tiqqun, 'bloom' 103).

k o o k : and you are the only void i'll ever want, zherø; at least you're not a pragmatic whore.

z h e r ø : as i said, nothing'z doing; you can change your past, but you can't change your class.

k o o k : it is not said.

z h e r ø : but it is by me, at any rate, and you, kookaboo, shocked as you are by life, by suffering; but if social isolation is, as we know it to be, a kind of high, or something at least zarathustrian and anti/divine, it can't be as bad as it is said to be; there'z nothing doing; someone's tryna squeeze a buck outta someone else — end. of. story.

k o o k : end of.

z h e r ø : just write the truth and you will be a great teller of talez; and the truth will always serve to keep the creepoidz at bay and away; and if all else failz don't forget your superhero superpower.

k o o k : captain absurd — hero of a world where truth is taboo.

**[a dream: starring johannes de silentio
who appearz to kook in the guise of a
21st century neo/romantic emo/dyke,
gaunt and garrulous]**

when i was very young i forgot . . . how to laugh; when i became older,
when i opened my eyes and saw reality, i started to laugh and haven't
stopped since; i saw the meaning of life was getting a livelihood, its goal
acquiring a titular office, that love's rich desire was getting hold of a
well-to-do girl, that the blessedness of friendship was to help one
another in financial embarrassment, that wisdom was what the
majority assumed it to be, that enthusiasm was making a speech, that
courage was to risk ten dollars, that cordiality consisted in saying
'you're welcome' after a dinner, that fear of god was to go to
communion once a year; that's what i saw, and i laughed. ('either/or'
51)

kook:

what if everything in the world were a misunderstanding, what if
laughter were really tears? (44)

kook:

i choose one thing: always to have laughter on my side. (57)

kook:

and even though [you] set no great store in people's judgements, [you]
can at least avoid their condolences. (196)

kook:

the comic is found precisely in the isolation. (143)

kook:

[screaming now over black metal blast beatz] surely it is a revolting thing that everyone should desire success. ('fear' 22)

kook:

may no one understand you, but all envy you; may no friend attach himself to you, no girl love you; may no secret sympathy suspect your solitary pain; may no eye fathom your distant sorrow; may no ear detect your secret sigh! ('either/or' 215)

kook:

the only thing that can save [us] is the absurd — ('fear' 63)

kook:

therefore [we] will wear the fool's cap contentedly. (67)

kook:

a soldier standing alone at his post near a powder magazine with a loaded rifle in his hand during a thunderstorm will think strange thoughts. (69)

kook:

there is infinitely more good in the daemoniacal than in more trivial men. (144)

kook:

to be placed outside the universal, either because it is one's nature or because the circumstances of life have led one to it, is the beginning of the daemonic: it is not the fault of the individual. (159)

night iii (you dreamin g?)

Real politics, *ecstatic* politics, begins there. With a savage, encompassing peal of laughter. A laughter that vaporizes the unctuous pathos of the so-called problems of “unemployment,” “immigration,” “precariousness,” and “marginalization.”

Tiqqun

[like the music in the hall, its overprice
– meanz nothing now; like love you
have to pay for – meanz nothing now;
like action = dust, add water = mud;
some nobody nowhere collectz
sublimation's discardz – different kindz
of jokerz – and that is how she found
me]

z h e r ø : you dreaming, my starlin?

k o o k : yeah / nah / kinda; i only have nightmarez now.

z h e r ø : — that's my line.

k o o k : nightmarez not of the card, but of the discard; y'know how
kookaburras don't always laugh?

z h e r ø : have you ever written a palinode?

k o o k : what's that?

z h e r ø : a recant.

k o o k : i don't know / oh i know not how to count the hourz
backwardz as if they mattered, but in doing time maybe i recant time?
maybe that's all i'll ever write? all my odez and insultz — insulting odez
and salted bonez — even though i'd like to be a 'pure force of negation'
(tiqqun, 'bloom' 35) there's always something — i mean nothing — to
negate.

z h e r ø : oh kookaboo, yes i can hear you now recanting your recant,
withdrawing your withdrawal, on an endless loop of a laughing wing;

and if we are overheard by a servile snob parading a gentle character with the brute force of conformism, remember: the 'parvenus are themselves only pariahz who have betrayed their condition'; the liarz don't only lie to themselves, they are informerz unknowingly confessing their disloyalty as they try to make a good impression 'while gazing on a field of ruinz' (tiqqun, 'bloom' 10, 30).

k o o k : and power doesn't silence, no not anymore, power 'insists you speak . . . insists you be *someone*' (tiqqun, 'bloom' 28); but what does nothing mean, zherø? to be no/body, to be no/thing?

z h e r ø : no/thing is the only thing that meanz any/thing — when the 'contemporary form of domination is essentially *productive*' and when the commodity is on the inside (tiqqun, 'bloom' 28-30); by producing this, this failed dialogue, dear kookaboo, by this, this production you are under control.

k o o k : i don't know / oh i know not what lapsez of mapz birthed me trapped inside the trapz but what if there is no outside anymore? what if everything we feel is wrong? as in: we are all affectively dominated? emotional despair as control? just as happiness is manipulative fascism? smile or die, fucker; even the rebellion of the abused and abject wife who in silence plotz her insubordinate thoughtz, noting every weakness of body, every moment of impotent unimaginative deadly triviality, even this her quiet masochistic rebellion that often leadz to a blunt or caustic death — is productive; but who is able to imagine walter benjamin laughing a barbaric laugh? what if the 'alienation of labour has itself *been put to work*'? i mean / i don't know what i mean; i mean what if some playboy is getting rich not from your nine to five but from your next midnight gig? (tiqqun, 'bloom' 62) what

if precarity is the new boredom? that's why passion (puke) and aspiration (shit blood) are so central to domination; nevermind whatever, i don't know what i mean.

z h e r ø : yes, but what whatever? when 'wealth is nothing other than what possesses you' (tiqqun, 'bloom' 90)?

k o o k : i don't know / oh i know not what whatever; whatever whatever? or the 'absolute *whatever*'? when we all 'rot scarcely more in prison than at club med', it's just the torturerz we need to dodge (tiqqun, 'bloom' 35, 98).

z h e r ø : and we're not proud.

k o o k : — this 'infernal dialectic' of control and explosion (tiqqun, 'bloom' journal vers. 36) like the torrenz weir in winter, little by little the dam has to be released otherwise — it's the image of the conservative city's psyche, or . . . or . . . like gypsy guitarz played electric, distorted, and deafeningly loud into the hush of reference headhonez; does the void expand under the simulacrum of my sternum? can i be, zherø? can a mute weep? can a mute scream?

z h e r ø : nobody carez, nothing'z doing; all that matterz is that we can sure as hell still feel pain.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : then, out of shame for those in pain, and out of fear of pain itself, i for my part am willing to change my past, to correct what has been said; and i want you, kookaboo, to put it in writing immediately that the art of alienation is still alienation.

k o o k : too late — done, because writing is how i plan to disappear completely; erased (like sade) forever from the mindz of men.

z h e r ø : or too early? though there's no sign of the lemony light and when you invoke an aristocrat — even an imprisoned antichrist — i can't make out if you're still the kook i know; and where is that demonic angel i was talking to? i want her to hear this too; if she doesn't she may go on her way before we can stop her thinking the ratio of redoubled estrangement, to stop her thinking the art of alienation curez alienation.

k o o k : here she is right next to you, whenever and wherever you want; the first night i met you, i decided — her, i said, she'z the one; i'm going to pass out on her bedroom floor.

z h e r ø : well then, my avenging angel, with your true love in the ghetto, orphaned at thirty-nine, a hard history of being hard on shoez, rumoured not to have any feelingz left at all, fewer feelingz even than penniez, unable to taste your reconstituted food, just add boiling water for soup, for soul, for salt; i was so pleased when i saw you passed out on my bedroom floor; you must understand that the first alienation belongz to everybody; while the redoubled alienation i am going to speak of now belongz to nobody: that somebody of who it is said, you're nobody; and it startz like this —

dissociez —

the theory is false if it says art alienates alienation; that would be right if it were given that art is able to transcend alienation in the first place, to work on alienation as if outside or beyond, as if beyond alienation's immanence; au contraire the greatest writing comes to us through alienation; i am not speaking of divine giftz, for the only absolute is a plastic dollar and i can't conceive of its kiss; i am speaking of the prophetz who prophesize nothing (si qtd. in plant 99) with filth on their facez and dirty work on their handz and all the children of the disintegrated commune who abandon work in favour of play and do their best thinking alienated in the swarm of the techno-socio realm — whereas when convinced of meaning we do nothing but piss in a pot or jackshit; and if we speak of the situationistz and of otherz who by meanz of alienated visionz clarify many thingz to many people and offer strategiez to defend against a lifeless life, we'd be in danger of stating the godforsaken obvious; worth noting, nonetheless, that among the modernz, those estranged alienz, it is a theme of the best; you could say alienation is to us what madness is to the romanticz; and there is a trace of madness in the etymology of the verb anyway: aliēnāre = to lose possession of, ah yes! (property is theft, so say the tshirtz quoting proudhon) but also to deprive of sanity (OED), to lose possession of your sensez! so when the modernz kill the romanticz, the deed is done with alienation; and when we testify to the fact that the machine-sent factory of alienation is a finer thing than the madness of the mountain and the musez, we are claiming second nature as our only nature; we prize alienation over inspiration, both when name is pit against name, and when effect is pit against effect; but unlike the greatest disorderz of psychic distress, which occur without rhyme in certain privileged dispositions, an atavistic and supernumerary tooth, alienation comes to

us all, yes all! to whisper its sick joke through a mouth afflicted by extreme hyperdontia, finding the exact shade of black — harrowing and beautiful is the decay born of social pain — emanating explosive umour — and the revolution of everyday life; as a result of this common horror, alienation hitz upon the badly kept secretz of history and deliverz some who embrace its touch, safe in the handz of the danger of dissociationz — mal/functioning as somatic madness, a mad escape: we are houdiniezz trying to escape the evilz of exploitation, get meaning or die trying! dying to negate the surplus value we leave in our wake — the ‘pure scandal of thingz’; for the one who is rightly alienated and estranged learnz: ‘it’s a fiction that has made reality real; all the elsewheres toward which we might flee have been obliterated, so we can only desert within the situation’ (tiqqun, ‘bloom’ 114, 135-6).

k o o k : ‘art is dead, but the student is necrophiliac’ (unef strasbourg par. 16); but did you just work my monster teeth into a theory of alienation?

z h e r ø : so art cannot alienate alienation because it is precisely alienation’z child this modern art of ourz; but can alienation alienate alienation? it has been said that ‘the end of alienation is only reached by the straight and narrow path of alienation itself’ (unef strasbourg par. 2) for ‘new forms of domination and integration make alienation integral to consciousness itself’ (plant 33); but this, our no/body estrangement begins post-alienation, post-meaninglessness, in the shiverz and the jawz of the dissociativez.

k o o k : but oh no no no, zherø! i don’t wanna live in a postmodern world where all that matterz is my self-reflexive chemo-mechanico

hard-on and my pill collection — with all my dying fire, with ice: i cry
life! i cry strife!

z h e r ø : the only thing postmodernistz are able to conjure is a stiff
upper lip, so the joke goes, b'cause 'in the postmodern imagination,
alienation is everywhere and is therefore nowhere; power is dispersed
and so impossible to seize' (plant 7).

k o o k : kill all uptilting pomoz! and when it is said: future homez
won't have kitchenz, i reply, no: future kitchenz won't have homez;
shanty townz will be trending soon; for the delinquentz like us who
survive youth 'only two futurez are possible: revolutionary
consciousness, or blind obedience on the shop floor' (unef strasbourg
par. 30).

z h e r ø : take an earthly, profane soma warm with heart and more
than likely a touch hungry, and feed it at the cost of this bloody muscle;
take a tender, denatured dissociative and demand of her love and other
formz of poetry and she will write a polemic, raging with counter
demandz and confident of her reading so with no recourse to the
unironic use of citationz; 'in love . . . in all love there resides an outlaw
principle, an irrepressible sense of delinquency, contempt for
prohibitions and a taste for havoc' (aragon qtd. in plant 51);
postmodernism is just fake honey celebrating meaninglessness and yet
the writingz of pre-dissociation are eclipsed by the estranged, the
isolated, the unrecorded — finally fucked by the fatally flawed who out
of despairing desperation find the meanz to end her meaningz; all of
these and still more are the fine featz of alienation of alienation; so let
us have no fearz, and let us not be alarmed by any argument that tries
to frighten us into supposing that we should prefer the social human to

the one who is radically estranged; let that thinking claim to be victor only if it is shown precisely the value of that social value; isolation is sent from alienation to the benefit of the writer and the written; we must show that alienation is given by nightmaring history as our only and second nature, so we may suffer as is our due, so we may give our suffering due.

k o o k : remember, suffering is its own reward.

z h e r ø : there's my baptising angel.

k o o k : it meanz nothing to me.

z h e r ø : well then? are we ready to comprehend the truth about meaninglessness? it is my wager that all meaning is material; for that which is always in flux is material; that which is fixed is absolute; meaninglessness is fixed; only that which destroyz itself (negatez itself) as its lifeblood of contingency, has meaning; meaninglessness is also the no/thing from which we subtract all meaning; every word functionz as a minus sign on the page of nothingness —

**thesis: dis / alienation (ie.
verfremdungseffekt as
meaninglessness)**

anti / thesis: meaning (ie. alienating alienation)

syn / thesis: meaninglessness via the art of
alienation (ie. the dissociativez)

anti / thesis: the meaning of violence
(ie. somatization)

syn / thesis: no-body

k o o k :

z h e r ø : about meaning's material meaninglessness, then, enough has been said; and to say what kind of thing dissociation is would require a dissertation, and one calling for superheroez with superpowerz different to yours, kookaboo; and yet to work out what dissociation is not — might be possible for us; dissociation is not a women'z football team of winged angelz and their demon coach; now in the case of alienation, both demonz and angelz are meaningless and of good immaterial stock; whereas in the case of dissociation, which is the meaning of alienation's meaninglessness, demonz and angelz are material and both live in the bowel; so that we are twice removed back into our own gutz, for glory is always smelly; bacteria, we are; how then are some non-dissociative? if everybody is alienated? why are only the best nobodies? all meaninglessness portends to the meaning of violence; now when alienation is a perfect angel on a deadly wing, it travelz the earth in an instant and governz the whole techno-socio world in toilet cleaner, disinfectant, and don't swallow the bleach — you can say whatever and i can say nothing'z doing — but the demon who is dissociative has lost all embodiment of her meaninglessness and is such a non-walking ((kinda levitating)) non-talking bowel, very close indeed to losing her shit; and ((twice removed)) the dissociative is called violent by violence itself; something givez her away, some pact of meaninglessness with which she refusez to comply; she is negatively marked —

k o o k : with an unrecorded look, so sayz djuna barnes.

z h e r ø : b'cause we've never adequately conceived of violence as meaning and not meaninglessness: the senseless violence of which

common sentiment speakz so often is exactly sensory, is it not? and b'cause we cannot imagine violence as meaning — its precise material sense — we cannot fathom the fathomless dissociative; but let this, and our account of it, please the bowelz of those disembodied from the incarnation of the meaning of their alienation; let us ungrasp the reason for the loss of shit — why dissociativez escape; goes something like this —

k o o k :

z h e r ø : if social alienation is like a high, then dissociation is like being on hard drugz; and i can hear the liarz lie to each other and i wonder why? why bother?

k o o k : each to their own negligence? why then the nervez? why is anyone afraid of being caught? i mean, it's not like they're going to be gassed and stripped and thrown a smock like an eleven year old Dylan Voller.

z h e r ø : straight up — the only thing anybody needz to be afraid of is being caught singing the whistle blower'z bluez.

k o o k : aye, the whistle blower'z bluez.

z h e r ø : the whistle blower'z bluez — liarz need constant reassurance of the buying of the lie, thus the nervez; nobody wantz to end up on the street at the mercy of social science grad studentz — thoughtlessly raped by the axiomatic narrativez they sell the abc.

k o o k : nobody; liarz are always yawning after a conversation b'cause liez steal oxygen.

z h e r ø : of all thingz belonging to the dark, the dissociative has the greatest share; the dark being safe, the dark being quiet noise, the dark being all thingz of that kind; so it is by the dark the dissociative is most nourished and increased, while exposure to the light of the liarz' life makez of us waste and wearerz of the willowz.

k o o k : 'some people think truth doesn't exist. . . this world needs truth, not consolation; domination has to be criticized because

servitude dominates; the fact that there are “happy” slaves doesn’t justify slavery’ (tiqqun, ‘war’ 4).

z h e r ø : first in the dark travelz dreamz, the great seer, divining an oneiric scene, calling forth disorder and the oppressive ratio’s disabuse; after dreamz there followz an army of alienated artz, where ‘all that is left is day dreaming’ (murray 81) but nobody day dreamz anymore; all we have left are nightmarez, so art has been surpassed.

k o o k : for we are envied clean water to drink, envied oxygen; aye, they will run you down just ‘cause you exist; like aboriginals walking back to camp from the nearest pub in the northern territory, they will mow you down like bandicootz; everybody doesn’t stop; everybody doesn’t go to gaol; and in this way the nobodies, the dissociativez, the ((twice removed)) become denotation: everybody derivez meaning from vanity, drawz love out of hatred for us.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : we called dissociativez don’t even go to our own party, but you might catch sight of us at a funeral wake, laughing from high on a redgum at dusk, laughing up at god, laughing alwayz laughing now the nightmare is real.

z h e r ø : the region of that laugh has never yet been celebrated as it deservez by us, nor will it ever be; but it is like this — we must be bold enough to be able to laugh at what hauntz our nightz, what hurtz our pride; especially when it is all we have that deservez the spittle and spite of our enemiez; this laughter is shocking to the envierz; for it is beyond any ideodog’z control; it’s sound cannot be feigned, cannot be performed, any attempt will alwayz ring hollow like gender rolez; it is

indefinable, loved by the hunted alone, by intellect hiding in the hovelz, and to which true knowledge wakez unto the dawning nightmare; thus the writing of dissociativez is fed by antithesis and thesis in all their contrariness, so too that of every nobody who escapez from all that is unfitting — like a tomboy from girl'z clothez — and we are pleased to hear mocking come from the mouthz for it meanz we are disobeying some unseen order, free from the tormentz of injustice, spite, and insipidity; and having laughed with buzzing templez at the hurtz and absurdity of our anguish, we wake in the real nightmare and descend back to the nether and go home — home to our home on the road, amused in our abandonment, nourished by neglect; and when there in the dark we throw another sleepless night at outerspace — take that voidgodcunt — full of the nectar of the nobody: this is the life of the dissociativez.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : of the other soulz/solez, smiling like sharkz with rowz of teeth, sharpz full of bleach and lifelessness, deflated in ambition, become ridiculous, stampeding one and all in the imaginary stairwell that's not only symbolic but real; jostling over nothing as each tries to step on the next; so descend the petty crises: the capitalist moral hygiene of hustle, sweatless competition and fixed sportz: upwardz to be able to afford debt and bet on the kangaroo court! but when the building finally burnz, and it will, kookaboo, burn kookaboo, at the bottleneck on the fire-escape all anybody will want to do is descend; many will burn alive and many otherz will jump to their broken concrete deathz; i can hear the impact, random thudz — and when it is said and done, none come close to meaning, close to anything at all other than

the wretchedness of a fancy hotel buffet and an instagram post they made about being on the right side of its cruel cakez; a great mistake — the attempt to attribute meaning instead of taking it away; subtract the metaphorz not just of overused but of all meaning; we are the ordinance of a very unnatural nature; do you see darwin when you look at your atm receipt? do you see him laughing? hard-on in hand?

k o o k :

z h e r ø :

k o o k : thankz for the image.

z h e r ø : just doing my job.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : we who follow disalienation and catch sight of the darkness of what is meaninglessness (that ((twice removed)) dissociation) alienate alienation and remain unnecessary until the violence (that meaning) enchainz the dissociative in sight like some wild creature from the nightwoodz caught in the headlightz, or caught in the might of the broad day light (a shared office where the windowz are always closed) hear not poetry not prose but something else; these 'girls . . . those who turn the day into the night, the young, the drug addict, the profligate, the drunken and that most miserable, the lover who watches all night long in fear and anguish; these can never again live the life of the day; when one meets them at high noon they give off, as if it were a protective emanation, something dark and muted; the light does not become them any longer (barnes, 'night' 80); the dissociative becomez a lover of this 'unrecorded look'; only those equally or more alone will hold their disintegrating gaze; if you're on the outer, nothing matterz,

nothing'z doing; you could be nelson mandela, it doesn't matter, not if you're on the outer.

k o o k : but how is a violent fighter like mandela — a man who pointz to the police and sayz: there, they are our enemiez — recuperated as a figure of peace? (invisible, 'friends' 50) is it b'cause within our world 'to articulate the affectz of oppression . . . is to be crazy, to suffer paranoid delusionz'? (oliver, 'affects' 88) but it's funny how it all endz in boredom, twenty-seven years of boredom, all the fuckery, it all endz in the slugz of drudgery and penny-pinched lipz of highmoral hush; and they think this is what respect lookz like? when in reality everybody is just pissing themselves laughing at it all on the insidez.

z h e r ø : maybe that's the way they like it.

k o o k :

z h e r ø :

k o o k : but i prefer the buzz; even distress they deaden, even distress is dead.

z h e r ø : we can no longer combat alienation by means of alienated forms of struggle, so sayz debord; so this wild creature'z body is viewed as flesh — the pound thereof — this much we know; it's a symbol of economicz; we are slavez devoted to treatz — ie. love and sugar; teach a man that only some deserve love and you have a slave alwayz on the willing to trade his body for a one-in-a-gazillion shot at love; the wild creature hierarchy followz: there are no hierarchies.

k o o k : make of it what you will, but it's not legal headroom! 'the lie is the essential produce of the world of alienation, and the most effective killer of revolutions' (unef strasbourg par. 55).

z h e r ø : the half-life of conceptz, maralinga — again; don't succumb to guile, kookaboo; never trade use-value for exchange-value; always forget, if you can, the fairytalez of the worst of the word; always choose to be kookaburra, kookaboo — until you depart on that sad wing and a laugh; don't be like the rest: alienation is the underfed and discarded baby of the concept of justice, not justice as retributive but justice as an aristotelian fair exchange.

k o o k : don't throw the baby out with the immanence!

z h e r ø : alienation? an unfair workplace.

k o o k : 'what they fail to realize is the banality of everyday life is not incidental, but the central mechanism and product of modern capitalism' (unef strasbourg par. 31).

z h e r ø : to destroy alienation 'no strategy short of the abolition of work will do' (unef strasbourg par. 60); 'but what about those denied even the cursed blessings of this most self-enslaving form of post-monetary economic exchange? cut to a wide-angled pan of a long and dreary line of sullen faced little orphans' (pfohl par. 8).

k o o k : zoom in on two tomboyz.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : 'overburdened servants of the void, the void rewardz them with coinage in its own image; in other words, it is the first time that

the poor have believed that they form part of an economic elite, in spite of evidence to the contrary' (debord qtd. in pfohl par. 14).

z h e r ø : 'rather than lead to sublimation, creativity, and belonging, the revolt of those excluded from the dominant values and social institutions — if they pull it off — is seen as uppityness, perversion, or terrorism' (oliver, 'forgiveness' 196); the fatally flawed steam engine is the glitch in your smart phone; so it is with dissociation that the nobody of an alien becomez gritty surrealism — 'surrealism in the streets!' (debord qtd. in plant 101) — and rimbaud's, that little boy wonder's, famous derangement of the sensez is just a pallid parlour trick for the fat and corrupt colonial contractor he already is: for it's as close as we get to close; thus if a dissociative leavez the scene completely, the unseen godz forget me perfectly; and standing aside from it all, i am admonished by the many for my use of distortion, when i am in fact more like the do not disturb sign — of course there are many thingz, i fail to comprehend.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : well then, the result of my whole account is clear — the alienation of the dissociative who, on forgetting in the present, and being reminded of true presence, becomez unhinged, and raging with amnesia somewhere besidez, but unable to forget the pure scandal of thingz, lookz askance like a madman, and taking no heed of the self in tow, causes her *in danger* to be seen *as danger* and looking to fight everybody with tidy hair on wednesday morning: the best of all kindz of danger come from all the best of alienation and estrangement, and when we partake in this forgetting we find that dissociativez adore the force of life and are rightfully called the loverz of the nobody; for it has

been said that 'when affective labour becomes part of waged labour it can be experienced as extremely alienating: i am selling my ability to make human relationshipz, something extremely intimate, at the command of the client and the boss' (hardt & negri, 'multitude' 111); intimate labour? no thanks — soundz too much like sex to me.

k o o k : — soundz icky! it's funny how feminism becomes sexism: especially for tomboyz.

z h e r ø : the sexist in a culture of sexism is the norm, so says fanon on race; so women in australia will be sexist — bet your butt! their self-hate, it's not under their skin, but up their arse and inside them, their mouthz; they literally fuck their haterz.

k o o k : we '*have no class* [or sex], and don't want any!' (tiqqun, 'theses' th. i)

z h e r ø : the dictatorship of visibility, i read that somewhere.

k o o k : — 'excluded from meaning making' (oliver, 'double' 32).

z h e r ø : the creation of meaning of the story of our bodies?

k o o k : the workerz went to kill each other in the name of nation and that's how the great war killed the second international; the women went to work-eachother-over in the name of work and that's how the great feminist victory vanquished feminism.

z h e r ø : — 'the only point of work now is to satisfy the universal need for servitude' (tiqqun, 'theses' th. viii).

k o o k : don't they know, it just shows fear? don't they know it takes workerz hourz to build a barricade that rioterz erect in just a few minutez? (si, 'enragés' sec. 6, par. 11)

z h e r ø : under the cobblestonez, a beach?

k o o k : under the kindergarten, learning?

z h e r ø : fanon's triple alienation?

k o o k : how many times has our oppression been denied? by women? half the time.

z h e r ø : it takes psychic revolt in everyday life, so say the situationistz.

k o o k : — social forcez? it's the quaint polite pleasure people get when they close their doorz on me; i understand it must be such an approved-of thrill — slam — yes, i've heard you all do it.

z h e r ø : but is meaning social? what of social meaninglessness?

k o o k : a 'community of defection, the party of exodus'? (tiqqun, 'theses' th. i)

z h e r ø : every dissociative no/body has by the law of our second nature observed the vacuousness of all thingz or else we would not have become this creature, alien to its soma/self, and yet it is not easy for nobodiez to gain from dissociative alienation, either as an idealist formation of a post-romantic prosepoem or the soma/self hate, the overworked hygiene of the posthuman body: those who fall outside themselvez only in termz of binariez and have the misfortune to be turned back against their own bodiez as transgender never get to forget the unholy handz of economised medicine men; fewer nobodiez are left who have sufficient forgetting; and these, shunned and neglected are driven mad with murderous rage losing not only possession of their psychez but the bodiez they love, and we have no idea what has

happened for lack of clarity and clean air; now in the earthly likeness of dissociativez and nobodyz there is nothing but wild creaturez of the imagination, like extinct insectz that might exist, unseen and underwater, volcanically — dormant, mordant, biting through the dark the meaning of the meaninglessness, their second nature besidez and asidez of them; but before alienation it was possible to see an angel, a demon, to make friendz of our madness in the kindergarten — in the name of imagination — and we were initiated into what it is right to call poetry, which we praised, and got drunk for seventeen yearz, untouched by the evilz of exploitation and the unfair ledger of balancing bookz, with our gaze turned finally towardz solitude, complex and hurtful demystificationz, in the dark room, dark ourselvez, and not entombed in this thing that we now carry around with us, called nobodyz, imprisoned in outer space like alienated thoughts of meaning; let this be our concession to forgetting, to dissociative amnesia, which has made me say too much out of desire for what never was, what never will be; but on the subject of darkness — as we said, it is the relief we seek without company of the everybody who showz and knowz and blowz and kowtowz in the search of their alienated lightshow, yes: light is just a lightshow, but the sun only lovez the dark.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : you can only see wisdom in the dark; it is at home there (i mean, here); love too, is terrible in the light of day; but, torch the city at night — war doesn't stop, the factories don't close, nor do the minez, nor outbound call centrez; the corrupt don't see beauty, so sayz socratez — they just run around charging feez for no service, on all fourz before the nasdaq, craven and insatiable, fatherz of

methamphetamine and usury, with no sense of smell; while the dissociative, the nobody — smellz (of) fearz — like demigodz, inferior divinitiez of mountain air polluted by tourists out to prove a point whose death by storm hurtz only their pride; so don't be afraid of alienation at the feet of honest love — delirium and feverz are only the symptomz of the dissociative'z becoming; for she is seen to be left cold by the versez of love, but not of poverty: 'how poverty, not just the social kind, but also architectural impoverishment, the misery of interiors, the enslaved and enslaving thingz, can suddenly turn into revolutionary nihilism — no one had noticed this before [surrealism's] visionaries and soothsayers' (benjamin 21).

k o o k : we cut our teeth on love and po[v]erty.

z h e r ø : love in the ghetto ain't easy.

k o o k : high feverz are the incubator of the dissociative'z wing; the birth of the quill, the plumage of pagez — scattering down north terrace on the penultimate day of winter, virga and a gale — draftz scattering to forget me; i need a gun license and a phd, scattering to forget — the wind is not a breeze.

z h e r ø : love is dental pain (plato 35).

k o o k : such is the state affecting the soul of a man writing a thesis; it hurtz and keepz him awake at night.

z h e r ø : 'the reader, the thinker, the loiterer . . . are as much figurez of epiphany as the opium eater, the dreamer, the drinker; and more profane; not to mention that most fearful drug — ourselves — which we imbibe in solitude' (benjamin 27).

k o o k : i'd make a good anaesthetist.

z h e r ø : yes, an etherizer; are hospitalz rotten though? just like kindergartenz? and the 'unbearable order of things'? (si, 'enragés' sec. 2, par. 5) what would be the hospice equivalent of a campus bum? you know patientz are expected to work, and more to fight? but your endless self-analyses are bound to put us all to sleep, eventually.

k o o k : my pillow is wet; i wonder if we can smell tearz during infancy.

z h e r ø :

k o o k :

z h e r ø : so when our darling dissociative lovez another nobody and is calmed by a brother'z rage who doesn't even have to touch, to affect a response of blood and bone — you feel 'em right down in your gizzardz and through the mandible, too; desire dispelz equationz and i love you, kookaboo; you are my relief; i spend my dayz here in the ghetto by this barred window, my eyez on the road, here waiting for you; you understand that, right? but when you suffer mutism, i suffer you; and that break, that kiss of having you, my like, my match to burn, i suffer to hear it become distress (the phantom industrial cicadaz); you hurt my chest, where i was strongest and i love you still; hurtz — we all have them, kookaboo; we all go mad with pain for love; like teething except wingz (plato 35); teething wingz, the mouth and the quill — fly, kook, fly.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : so strange, this condition raging in perplexity and in dissociationz we can neither sleep at night nor despair enough come

day, but the otherz in their bodies — heavy set — she at least knowz she has done me wrong; and as for sadness? don't be sad in the face of hostility! it is not the time for your tearz! once more for pleasure! for painkillerz! for soundcloud rapperz mumbling! for fentanyl overdosez! my darling, pain! love is addiction! unwillingly, i want you! you, i value above all! we have a chance with eachother to escape alienation and so heal; love is meaning! by forgetting — forgetting —

love forgetz —

k o o k : ahhh, the poem of love forgetz:

love forgetz
money forgetz respect
carez nada for decorum
laughz in the face of approval ratingz

love forgetz
work forgetz motherz
brotherz carez nada for friendz
laughz in the face of the fatherz of function

crying form

love forgetz
to get out of bed
carez nada for nothing but the tomboy
and the godz laugh in the arse

of our hairless fuckz

[after socratez (plato 36)]

z h e r ø : grandma's lampz? — my inheritance? of all i've been handed-me-down, i like my murderous rage the best — love? you have the power of medicine leavez, the sole healer — yes, as cause — of my greatest suffering; pour morphine all over me and by godz we'll sleep together forever; in an alienated state, kookaboo, meaning is experienced as unbearably intense, as pernicious; and with desire — mad love — the surrealistz failed to answer the incoming harrow of alienated love.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : but how can love alienate alienation when art cannot? is it b'cause love is material?

k o o k : i don't know; maybe 'cause art is for degenerate careeristz! (unef strasbourg par. 31) this 'will to industry, booty, possession. . . . i would like my life to leave after it no other murmur than that of a watchman's song, of a song to while away the waiting' (breton, 'mad love' 25).

z h e r ø : don't dissociate on me now, kook!

k o o k : too late — like when you have to use a gendered toilet: and this is where the women started coming for me, armed with prissy pride, prim and puritanical; too soon — under five and i'd already left the scene; no chance of recovering me there among holy hostilitiez; i understand, now, their outrage over the existence of me; can a mute dream, zherø? can a mute whisper?

z h e r ø : but you are kookaburra; do you want to cry? or laugh? do you forget the goody-goodiez at highschool? how they had nothing? all they'd do was plot and scheme against anyone getting laid, or getting high? suck-up to the teacherz and dob us in? fuck school, kook; it sux.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : 'schools are battlefields on which scorn, hate, and devastating violence ring up the bankruptcy of an educational system that constrains teachers to despotism and the taught to servility' (vaneigem, 'warning' ch. 2, par. 51); of all, you are a brother to me; don't forget your earz have heard all manner of thingz here at home on the road; let the blast beatz fortify your spine; can't you see the corpse in their mouthz? it's absolute alienation.

k o o k : refusenikz — ‘creativity and a machine-gun’! (vaneigem, ‘revolution’ 189) true love is an arse-kicking: so we die of fright; so we die (in love) of fright — until goodwill comez to resuscitate us.

z h e r ø : straight up — goodwill is divine.

k o o k : he’s standing on the tram trackz yelling: fuck you! it’s the last dayz of winter but he only wearz a singlet and stubbiez; his shoez that don’t fit right are all we can expect from a place like adelaide, and its weather and its almz; a backpack full of empty bottlez? he sayz they’re worth more after than before; before the bottlez just take all your money, after — at least — they give ten centz; he is the result of virtue.

z h e r ø : scream or whisper? we know no other modez of speaking.

k o o k : it’s all about fm radio — again? it’s apologia and philosophy of the mercy killing — again?

z h e r ø :

k o o k : y’know after all my yearz of education —

z h e r ø : after all your endless self-analysis?

k o o k : someone’z gotta do it.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : i don’t know / oh i know not what made of me ‘a clown, amid the mockery, / amid the guffaws, inside the grotesque’ (michaux qtd. in tiqqun, ‘bloom’ 87) but y’know there’s still one thing i can’t analyse away. . .

z h e r ø : ?

k o o k : why anybody would go to see a cover band —

z h e r ø :

k o o k : it's a question beyond all imagination.

z h e r ø : ahhh, 'here that the cretins of submissive thought pontificated — the knaves of recuperation, the modernist nullities of social integration' (si, 'enragés' sec. 2, par. 6).

k o o k : aye, but the key to its riddle has something to do with the fact that the only possum i ever saw in pirltiwardli (in possum park) was dead — poisoned by adelaide city council, a terrible way to die.

z h e r ø : shame adelaide, shame: is it disneyland or prison (plant 161)?

k o o k : despite knowing hegel and marx, they'll call us more anarchist than the anarchists (si, 'enragés' sec. 1, nt. 2).

z h e r ø : known for streetfighting techniques? like the zengacuren (si, 'enragés' sec. 1, nt. 3)?

k o o k : a proletarian and a peasant walk into a bar —

z h e r ø : and walk straight out again 'cause a cover band is butchering 'under the milky way'?

k o o k : sometimes this place getz kinda empty? i see the corpse in their mouthz, zherø! i see it!

z h e r ø : keep your voice down! 'it is the logic of the commodity' that maintainz capitalism and your language doesn't represent reality but producez it (plant 106).

k o o k : 'there is no reason why alienation should come to an end' why? when the 'police got rid of radio alice'? there is an aestheticz of

negation — surely — at the very least? y'know 'the negativity required by dialectical thought' (plant 114, 130-1, 119).

z h e r ø : do you forget the beach?

k o o k : aye.

z h e r ø : a private party? a private beach? a private beach party?

k o o k : in the 'emptiness and vacuity of commodity relations . . . chaos and absurdity are tactics' fitting to such momentz (plant 143, 147).

z h e r ø : straight up — flee, but while fleeing, pick up a weapon (plant 150).

k o o k : we are — [wo]men at work (for the dole).

z h e r ø :

k o o k : 'no longer [wo]men except in name' (vaneigem, 'revolution' 39).

z h e r ø : no longer work except in slavery?

k o o k : 'every locale excludes [us] in a like way' (murray 80).

z h e r ø : bcoz we come from the slaughter house?

k o o k : the fall as the 'aboriginal alienation' (murray 48)?

z h e r ø : alienation enslavez even its masterz; i read that somewhere.

k o o k : it's easy to disappear in adelaide but impossible to drop out; as a shut-up shop factory town it is a blackhole of alienation de-central; it's the only place i've ever known where central station is a no-through

stop — people will say: the moon is far far away and there it is in the middle of the day, or you'll get murdered for your pin number when the cold frontz start blowing through elizabeth downz on pension day, or how its conservative elite follow the bizarre rationalism of the phrenologist in hegel who with a twist of literary justice getz his skull kicked in, and yes the water is toxic, yes the water is toxic, but above all else it is an alienated place of impersonation; the social plastic factoriez are inside the private school gatez.

z h e r ø : singing, she spent twenty yearz in the gay ghetto; every single day it was black in the gay ghetto; they want to burn the witch, she's inside us (hole ver. 1) to subdue the ludic life (si, 'manifesto' par. 4) —

k o o k : disappearing — can you hear the weeping of the sad country?

z h e r ø : nah, crocodile tearz.

k o o k : — dry country, come spring.

z h e r ø : we never get the water back, the springz.

k o o k : 'whenever the fresh water of life stagnates, the features of the drowned man reflect the faces of the living; the positive, looked at closely, turns out to be negative, the young are already old and everything we are building is already a ruin' (vaneigem, 'revolution' 49).

z h e r ø : the young conservatizez already look one hundred.

k o o k : but 'the will to live retains a potential for violence' (vaneigem, 'revolution' 138).

z h e r ø : and when there's nobody home and dissociation is zoned out, are we on another planet or in a fish tank?

k o o k : it's so loud in here!

z h e r ø : an unexplained fit?

k o o k : spaced out shut down won't snap out of it —

z h e r ø : i think we're someplace else.

k o o k : in our own world.

z h e r ø : distantgonenottheregoesblankstarezzonezoutinadaze —

k o o k : tuning out, we can't hear what you're saying.

z h e r ø : and when we finally snap out of it we're scared, startled,
and crying.

k o o k : and they are angry at us — angry!

z h e r ø : hello? hello? hello? hello? hello?

k o o k :

z h e r ø : answer me! do you want spongebob macaroni and cheese
or not?

k o o k :

z h e r ø : hello?

k o o k :

z h e r ø : my chest hurtz.

k o o k : *key smash*

z h e r ø : in the gamez room? zeus and ganymede?

k o o k : desire! it will kill you and then say you are blest to be servant
to the godz!

z h e r ø : shhhh —

k o o k : a drink, then water-bearer? before i task your arse!

z h e r ø : shhhh —

k o o k : i forget.

z h e r ø : etiology?

k o o k : i forget.

z h e r ø : you and your premorbid tendenciez.

k o o k : the questionnaire consistz of twenty-eight questions about experiences you may have in your daily life.

z h e r ø : i have no idea how i got here.

k o o k : i can't hear what you're saying.

z h e r ø : i don't remember putting on these pyjamaz.

k o o k : i have no idea where this copy of *the sadeian woman* came from.

z h e r ø : no, i don't know you.

k o o k : leave me alone.

z h e r ø : no, i don't know you.

k o o k : i'm pretty sure you're not my kindergarten supervisor.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : does a wedding count as an important event?

z h e r ø : the mirror isn't working.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : derealise —

k o o k : nobody —

z h e r ø : fuck memories, kook.

k o o k : fuck everybody, zherø! like a scorpio?

z h e r ø : derealise dreamz —

k o o k : the unheimlich is where we are at home.

z h e r ø : strangerz —

k o o k : the movie is not for us.

z h e r ø : nor the fantasy.

k o o k : staring off into space, thinking of nothing, ignore the pain and it won't go away but will metamorph into uncle fester.

z h e r ø :

k o o k : talking to myself?

z h e r ø : it's easy to write a thesis.

k o o k : i don't remember writing that.

z h e r ø : easy.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : no comment?

k o o k : what kind of voice-in-the-head are you, zherø?

z h e r ø : the higher the score, the more likely it is —

k o o k : but you are a quality, not a quantity — like the elevator bell, it's a depressive tune — dingdongdell, kook is in the basement lab or in

the poisoned well — nobody wantz anybody to be there, there in the
hallz of alienation; i walk without touching the ground.

z h e r ø : you should tell them more about the room.

k o o k : why?

z h e r ø : to show you know how to write.

k o o k : the room is a spaceship, or a tanker.

z h e r ø : we have no being-as-such; we have no substratum.

k o o k : are you saying we have no process?

z h e r ø : straight up — no process to alienate us.

k o o k : no painting ever existed for the viewer, so says adorno;
radical autonomy — so we write for what?

z h e r ø : we don't know.

k o o k : what happened to us?

z h e r ø : we don't know.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : we moonwalked across the table.

k o o k : i always regret speaking, regret visibility.

z h e r ø : then just moonwalk across the table.

k o o k :

z h e r ø : shamon!

k o o k :

z h e r ø :

k o o k :

z h e r ø :

k o o k : my licentious horse has something to suggest to the charioteer (plato 41).

z h e r ø :

k o o k : i'm confused with kisses for you; welcome me as someone full of goodwill; ancient philosophy sayz i should keep it in my pants.

z h e r ø : what does de sade say?

k o o k : i'm not ready to talk about *philosophy in the bedroom*.

z h e r ø : haha

k o o k : what'z funny?

**(news
from
home ii)**

**contra/d
iction:
forget
me**

Low Man began to laugh, softly at first, but then with a full-throated roar that echoed off walls. He laughed until tears ran down his face, until his stomach cramped, until he retched and threw up in a water fountain. He could not stop laughing, not even when three security officers . . .

Sherman Alexie

After a while the laughter ran out. But my throat wouldn't quit trying to laugh, like retching after your stomach is empty.

William Faulkner

Low knew for a fact that everything was funny. Homophobia? Funny! Genocide? Hilarious! Political assassination? Side-splitting! Love? Ha, Ha, Ha!

Sherman Alexie

i'd be
happy in
port
misery; or,
a chicken
full of belly

The situationists place themselves in the service of *forgetting*.

(‘The Struggle for Control’ Internationale Situationiste #1)

Late one morning, some uncounted time after the beginning of the bloody creek massacres said not to be attempted genocide but wholesome white people doing wholesome white things, like exploring, like explaining, and despite a vague and foreboding dread at the thought of having an unplanned and unwanted girl-child who'd possess the welcome of the mountains but the hatred of the men, Friendly Mackay, acute in the gizzards with the fear of getting fat and with ill-conceived dreams of being a singer like Nancy Sinatra, gave birth at twenty-six to her third daughter, three weeks before the doctors ordained she was due to have her first son and six months after she said they were wrong.

Knock. Knock.

What the hell is that?

It's the morning of my fortieth or close enough and d-d-dark but there aren't any woods because I've just landed in Port Misery. A place perpetually on the verge of ruin where all the money disappears — magically overnight — into the hollow illusions of realism or rationalism. I could never figure the difference. But it hurts: interest; rent. Transactions for a dirty sideshow trick, a kick to the teeth behind the mirrors.

I wish my parents, or at least one of them, paid more mind when they conceived of me; I wish they understood what they were doing. Be careful, how I wish they'd said: be careful now, we don't want to make a mistake. What if we make a nihilist? Maybe we shouldn't make anything or anyone at all. On second thoughts, let's not — wouldn't want to tempt fate.

Pause.

A Capricornian woman of dubious origins, unexpected strength, and backroads beauty, she'd been laid out on a bed in a hospice named for the sake of some uncertain and barren lady. The public mattress protected from the savage placentas of the many, the forsaken new-bloods who unknowingly cried: life! and the silent ones too, who cleverly kept quiet and died. With her eyes on the ceiling, shaking like a rickety townhall when people who only know one book need answers, and her mind on the promise of morphine — ahhhhh, she named the unwanted chick Kookaburra, was done with the dishes, laughed and died. The child's father, done too

Terraces collapse and tilt like a scene from post-riot Detroit. But the plant kingdom isn't uploading revenge porn (shame) isn't creeping and crawling all over the turn of the century diabolical mills, so pr-pr-pretty against the hazed-out sky now the exploitation horror movie is done. The wreck-havoc vines won't be seeking filthy retribution anytime soon either b'cause there's a glut of poison. Herbicides are cheap. Ch-ching. The weather is queer — screwing us all. Something smells on the unseasonable northerly like plastics burning or paint run-off or a tr-tr-trillion hectares of topsoil drenched in roundup. Uranium mines and slaughter houses operate 24/7 out there somewhere for the love of mother money and free I mean hate speech.

It could've been different, or so some say. But there's a road in Tristram Shandy, a hard-worn road of foolhardiness become habit; it's where we become inured to even the most lunatic processes and call it character, and call it culture. Our demons and the sins of our fathers make that well-worn road their home. And those who stray are just the extent of its range. There is no other road.

Where am I? Oh yeah, *form*. Of bizarro world. Can *form* have

— ran in circles to the psyche ward and they say he is there still, constipated and suicidal, refusing to take his meds. Wilbur Mackay, an agnostic of Baptist descent, had been a male feminist and a friend of all the pretty women (and even an ugly one); he never set foot in town without a bruise of defiance or some cheap lipstick kiss on his gaunt and stubbled cheekbone (turned the other way, of course). He had been slim, smooth skinned, and touched somewhere non-specific near the groin by the dangerous hand of a whore-loving J. Christ. Forehead protruding slightly over his eyes, the turquoise storm of his youthful wisdom tooth laughed like post-despair, when other men argued, petty and pissy, over the sake of their hurt pride. The inevitable distance

Have a read of the names. They're the same as you see at kindergarten in the city. But family names aren't etched like that anymore. Letters aggressive like a giant redroo, bleeding ochre. It's a hit to self-conceit but safer b'cause you can't eat a company. Faded is the masonic pride of the Elders. Now it's traceless like Brighton Cement Co. Our landmarks are smoke stacks. A breeze, the delete key, caymans islands, the delete sky, me and my wife Zherø love it here. Except when Laneway Festival comes to town. We could do without economic renewal that sounds like the future patriarchy in nappies of indie music

meaning for a nihilist? No, but drugs can.

//empty cell (for the gaolers)

from these other men was produced by a disposition akin to a pacifist in a warzone, a medic or a conscientious objector. He'd a distasteful talent for character photography, and the patience and faith that makes of a stingy and organised communion an improvised and informal party.

Autumn, stirring him up, like no other season

and modish c-c-cash grabs. I dedicate this song to my bank account. It's called g-g-google where I went to high school. The money goes someplace else. Kool.

Sorry. Where was I?

Sitting at my desk or at a second-hand kitchen table made of common timber and brass bolts, working on my birthday. What has become of me? I swear I'm not a w-w-wonk. Nobody understands what it is I do, least of all me.

We are the product of a bad sex scene.

— it's yuck-funny

An acne scarred and coercive monster cuts the take, guaranteeing the comedy-porn that produces us all leaves us nothing if not sad and disordered, nervous and aggressive, prey to shocking starts and/or the plain-like constancy of the saddest dreams — dereal, depersonal: crying, rape! and no doctor or philosopher could ever set right the terror of

with untreated nostalgia for jungle zealotry and the scents of warm sex — the storms of desire and persecution — he had called his weather. Walking absently on the strand. . . seen, some said with a bible in his mouth, some said holding a black sapote that wordlessly spoke of the ripening decay of a bicentenary of rape and the dark juice of life, women and persimmons. Something, somewhere demanded that Wilbur's daughters should run bleeding and terrorised in the streets for the amusement of the establishment only for their corpses to rot as the muses of serious poets who want the street-cred

I'm not even sure how I keep getting away with it.

cOnSCioUsNESs.

To my partner (who, justifiably, wishes to remain anonymous) I stand indebted. Her irrational fondness enables an inexplicable endurance of me, and her high-tolerance for my particularly weird and disconcerting style of maladjustment is an instance of the ratio: love is love. Our misfortunes began at least nine months before this world (un)welcomed us and still we are slow to learn: the safest thing is to have no family, no friends. And watchout for bland-looking mothers on your street who do their son's washing. They are the scourge of this world as culture.

As we continue dying for formmmmmmm —

of black humour

in the post-industrial dumpsters of autumn

waste is the only rEaL.

Zherø says, wake up and smell the diesel; life's about dodging bullets. All anyone wants to do is blow your bowels out or disembrain. No more, no less. So keep to the shadowy terrain. My best gu-gu-guess's nobody c-c-cares. One of the hidden benefits of constant surveillance? there's too much data to pay any mind to the qu-qu-quiet ones, the ones who keep the mute button on all their nightmares, silence all their psychotic episodes and gaze at their sneakers menacingly reading some unreliable naif narrator who has a terrible headache, nay rectal pain.

It's recycling bin day today. All of our student drafts are to be dumped into landfill on Port Wakefield Rd because SE Asia ain't taking our shit anymore.

There's too much of it. Trash has yet to become 100% virtual, like love. Like love in the trash.

Millennial girls and their crush on an ageing and dotty prof —

But how do they do it?

desire money?

Lush women poo-poo the scene with the final word of the morality of money and here I want to say something really hurtful, like: the vacuous glee of a people both hypocritically hysterical and happy to fuck the enemy. From ethically-produced office chairs of child-slavery come their judgments on correct spelling. All anyone must do to get into heaven or one of their garden parties is to know how to spell (and pronounce, mind you) trisyllabic words — like guillotine? for instance. But the real key to a lifetime of impunity and a seat at boring and deadening dinner parties where you must drink in secret, hidden from the judgements of sober men, is to know enough French to sound like a snob but not enough to know the name Robespierre. And everybody outside the gates, or on the barricades cries:

((My writing privileges are due to be taken away.))

((How do I know? Because my pencil case has disappeared — like magic overnight — and all that's left is a ziplock bag of five cent pieces.))

Because I love the oblique sun in winter, does that mean it could've been different? Children's screams menace somewhere over the crossbow but it doesn't rain in summertime. We want nothing to remain come fall, come fall. Come fall we welcome you —

but we have PTSD! we are dissociatives! that's why we can't spell!
we are affected and anxious! not stupid! sorry, imbecilic! there is
no way we can be held accountable for our spelling mistakes! (or
our multiple punctuation (MULTIPLE PUNCTUATION))

And in a spontaneous flash of ephemeral generosity the exquisite
smelling women recall a line from Alfred Jarry, adored in the radical
days of their youth: if they are dirty perhaps they are free. Yes, if
they are dirty perhaps they are free. But just as quickly and just as
rightly remember Jarry's boorish misogyny and swiftly retreat to
condemning people wholesale for their ineptitude for spelling (and
pronouncing) trisyllabic words — like surveillance? for instance.

These thoughts and the black sapote (or was it a bible? the bleeding
word?) that was their trigger wrought in Wilbur, as certain fruits

You know the type. Laughing at the wrong place wrong time, pale
around the mouth and stupidly recalling that they are in some
useless class or in some degrading job network or waiting in line at
some usurer's bank to withdraw their final twenty-two dollars, they
look around the c-c-cage furtively making sure nobody notices.
Nobody does. Escaping the harrows of attention into some
nocturnal underland, I am truly silently blessed. So I tend to decline
the uptilt of *work* for the more honest and humble — sit down —
scholarship.

Readers,

brought to the pitch of nutritional wealth, no sooner offer their life then become inedible, the sum total of incorrect math. He had walked drunk, fearless, and doomed, his brain quivering over the fate of his daughters, a blessing to him and a curse to themselves that in the end could not make him the victim of any anxiety apart from his own. As he felt the tears over his bruised and kissed cheekbone, he wept not for his daughters nor for any woman, but for his own life, for his own death — fast approaching but still in fact five decades away: the degradation by which any man survives.

We don't use the word *art* anymore. Unless we're trying to terrify a case-manager or some broken man in admin who keeps track of the m-m-money. It's called psywar. And it goes both ways. He wishes he could be a stay-at-home Dad, I mean gamer, but women won't go near him. He's devised some sinister rape-trap. You can tell by the way he makes no mistakes.

Knock. Knock.

or (more likely) not — there are punters in the world who get totally psyched-out unless they know the joke before the punchline. From first to last, these backstories are for you. My born a joke now a joker: you are the reason I'm complying with a farcical fantasies of the origin tale. That, and it's a well-documented general consensus that I am mentally backward and commonly disappointing.

And as this submission is likely to make some minor noises and become a strange book for a digital repository

Suicidal at twenty-nine, Wilbur had prepared out of his own heart, a fist for his third daughter, fed on his own obsession, the remorseless desire for women. The prayer of the fallen is an internal monologue of negative culture chemicals, going on without reason or meaning, descending and ascending on waves of pure spirit, divining water where there is none, light and high with addiction in the blood.

And suicidal he had lived

But other than sick jokes *art* has no meaning at all. Everyone's an artist. Everything's a con. But me? I'm a fartist. It's not a ladylike occupation and it's clear I'm overdue a long break (deadlines are meant to be —

I have decided to please you. From the very beginning, the badsex beginning.

For, so longgggggg as I was born a joke — the result of a farce — I will not follow the rules of any dictum. Do not dare indict me with a trumped-up charge of grand narrative. You who should limit your cynical postmo advice to the grammar of complex sentences or free verse (I forget which).

All superheroes have a traumatic origin tale. No worries, mate.

with the ideation of driving head-on into a semi at 140ks

save for the promise that whispers love in the mad ear and stings
the lips of a young wife named Friendly.

Anyway reader, if you care not for the self-mythologizing of these superheroes of hurt, skip the next pages; they are only for the inquisitive and strange.

door slams shut

I was conceived in the nighttime, the night in many languages, in the year of our lord, one thousand nine hundred and seventy-six. Or the roman numeral equivalent. But this by the by.

Bcoz we don't keep track of time, we can't be sure who was around that a priori night of badsex beginnings, that throwaway night when disaster was in the stars. We can't be sure of alibis or perfect party-lines. The plot only thickens when paternity is in doubt.

// Regardless, my superhero origin secret is: I was forgotten. Clean forgotten. //

Wilbur had lived as all Australian men do who, cut off from blokishness by accident or design, find that they must inhabit a world of working women, who, sweetened by their underprivilege, force the mind to succumb to strange idealisms and imaginary heavens — not a garden party but a party in the garden. When a man dies at a party on the beach denying dialysis like Gurrumul, he deceases forever. Friendly, in spite of her placelessness, wept for a man who only wept for himself. Her body, when no longer sapote, no longer wet with tears and sex, when dead and dry, became the cold word and Wilbur ran for the nurses of psychiatry, troubled and alone. In love he had done everything possible to refuse suicide. The saddest

And so it is true that for as long as humanly possible, my parents forgot about me. Each going about their day like I didn't exist. My mother insisted she was just getting fat and did ninety-nine crunches every morning. My father, oblivious. Only when the empty shell started to tremble and kick was it unable to be ignored that I threatened existence and that their fatal mistake was made manifest in yolk.

Still Friendly's side maintained I hatched early.

— just like Tristram onto this vile, dirty planet.

and most futile gesture of all had been his pretence to feminism. He had felt at home with the persecuted and said he was a feminist of an oft-neglected, atavistic, almost extinct line, producing to uphold his story, the most absurd and inaccurate proofs: that he was pleased never to have had a son (oh the simple Christian joy he took in observing other men's shock at this most basic of distancing strategies); and a list of women (surnames included) whom he loved perfectly platonically — who in fact

Do you like heavy metal music?

Does anybody understand what's fair, beyond personal injury?

Love and war. Mercenaries of law. I too wish I'd been born on the Moon or any of our planets, Saturn, Mercury, (not Mars), I too would not have fared worse there.

Earth? the establishment is a den of thieves. Take a knee in perjury.

But it's not my scene and so I join that infamous wordy chorus singing again and again, again and again, it's the vilest world ever to be made. From the first breath till now scarcely able to breathe, unless it's nicotine, I have been sport of smart crocodiles who deep in semi-sleep don't have to eat: and worse, earthling men who excrete where they drink.

I will not speak ill of blessings. Even so, it is right to affirm, I am wronged.

never existed before his eyes and were the names of all the Australian women known to have been murdered by their partners, fathers, and sons over the past five years. Close to home.

When Friendly came upon this feminist list of Wilbur's he had said that the names were to remind him that if he was a murderous psychopath (the stats don't lie), there was one side of him — his mother's side — that was down for a desperate dip in the river on Sundays. He had tried to be a good husband to Friendly by marrying her —

screams

As ever a superhero has sustained, throughout all stages of life, pitiful misadventures and petty enemies, I hope a stranger accidentally reads this, a patient stranger.

My writing tends to terminate friendships. What kind of mortal am I? My god, it's a glorious day in hell. Take trifles, take tedium, take narrative, and let me tell my story my way.

Don't misunderstand this fool's cap, this scribbling in the margins; what appears as wisdom is not.

All philosopher clowns dare you to laugh at them.

— that'll do, surely.

this is my caesura — broken).

The kind-of-qualified doctor who helped the matriarch's wing with my birth said he'd never seen an easier labour kill the mother hen. This witch doctor, who relied not so much on his wisdoms and talents but on the wisdoms and talents of drugs of all kinds, was of course famous in the forgotten town that was to be my place of birth. As to this day are all men, rightly so, who have access to good fast clean drugs.

Have not the wise of all ages had their oxycodone, their doom guitars, their cannabis, their double-kicks, their secret lettered tobacco, their screaming songs, their maggots for cleaning, their dark mushrooms for seeing, Sunday morning psalms of uppers and downers, their coffee, their spicy rum, their nightmares? their obscene art?

Take your meds, shut up and write your book.

But more, he had tried to be a good man by taking her to higher ground, a little land to call their own — even though, to be fair, the house was a tip — as she called it — and no place to take a young woman with body and wits who had been to technical college in Brisbane. She would have left, then and there, but sensing something in Wilbur unlike other men, she had taken the shocking news of where she was to live her entire life as a wife must — with sex, pregnancies, both wanted and unwanted, and a lean-toothed Doberman to guard her on the deserted stretches of coastline where she would tan her belly

Drinking bitter espresso ie. the ruin of some precious ecology, the d-d-death of some rare stunning insect, I'll attempt to figure out how to reconcile, without downing longnecks of stout before midday, the thought of life running for another forty years. And that's only if I'm lucky, that's the good outcome. Children under ten, all over this great southern land, from opencut coal basins to fracked and cracked plains, are smart enough to kill themselves these days. Like coral? Bleach me silly. Governments blame bullying and hopelessness, the drought, as if these are new phenomena. Scientists devise laboratory schemes like de-sal to prolong the suffering. Feminists blame Lana

If it's writing they want, then let's give 'em some writing. Big hand of nothing, shoot your guns and pick your tune. For desire stings and I am far too reckless after five or seventeen behind the wheel of an Australian V6 with a wobbly history to be conceived of as wise. Let them have their cheap wine. And I am 'besides . . . a mortal of so little consequence in the world' it does not matter what I do 'so I seldom fret or fume at all' (Sterne 14). In fact, I sleep very well at night. But then

under that beautiful and deadly Australian sun.

She had believed whatever Wilbur told her, but he wasn't the feminist he thought himself to be. She had asked often enough: 'Do you love me?' — that perpetual seduction which rang out as a threat. It echoed through the vale of his life like a dark song. He had been tormented into speaking highly of Germaine Greer

Del Rey and Billie Eilish. Sadness is the new sexy. Summertime is lonely. We bury our friends for fun on the w-w-weekend. And tr-tr-trust me, you don't want to know about the prank the cops played on a girl of ten in the Brisbane

Watch House.

when I am made witness to the white-toothed virtue of self-praise disguised as shame or self-sabotage, suburban pursuits of the cleanly and the happy, so fearful of the perversely wronged in a corrupt extraction slum, then I cease to be a philosopher and rage, albeit in silence, the tension in my tetanus jaw, at the jokes of the wicked world. For fake titties' sake. And wish and wish and wish and wish all the badsex of it to the devil.

Dear Members of the Aspirant Classes,

I maintain this (not very well written) novel is dedicated to you, to corporate speak, to sociopathology — to wage and/or intellectual property theft, to impersonal emails, to psychometric testing, to microgestures, to social gatherings laced with assault after office work, to real estate agents, to private gated nursing homes, to stealing from the food budget of public hospitals, to bailing out the rich. I therefore beg of you, to accept it, with respect. I am humble

citing her thoughts on violence with the force of a safe man upon the ears of women who live in constant fear — fear for their lives and yet don't know it and can't articulate it. He laughed with heart when in the presence of that lowly order of men he called *blokey*, as if by the power of male feminism, he could advance them to the distinction of lovers of women, as friends of the fallen — something of which they had never wanted, let alone wanted to fuck. Confronted with the worst — a cop in ironed uniform — the overstated masculinity common to policemen, who wear their testicles in an icy vice, anal yet trigger happy, and only ever prepared for war if the fight is fixed, Wilbur had laughed in the blokes' faces and called them 'high maintenance'.

Suicide smocks aren't really that glamorous. But like all other problems, I won't be able to work out that riddle. So I'll just end up thinking about technology. How advances for the sake of social cohesion move on two fronts: war and porn — and how the surgeons will be dumbstruck by the sublime lines of the whizz bang mind-reading computer's transcript as it outputs the signals of the implant in the brain of a person suffering complete paralysis. Collating data. Collating. Reading. Rendering.

before your volkswagens, your asics, your day at the races, your three-year contracts, your well-heeled and sad-eyed children whose only wish is to be heroin-addicted skater boys in crummy vans w/ a slut for a gf, your atm receipt that counts the tally of virtue. Please accept this offering of a priceless dedication

((my blood sacrifices. . .))

in lieu of ALL fuTUrE rEnT deposits, grocery bills, utility accounts, streetwear purchases, and book orders.

He saw that Friendly had moments of attraction to this most base and false form of masculinity, the same blindness that befell women everywhere when a giant, bald, cashed-up, and thickset baby wanted to suck at their titties. The fire in her loins had been a simple light, fierce and prejudiced; she had been a woman held up to men, ideal as a sapote, and she tormented them like a pagan with something to say on Sunday morning. Looking at Friendly, Wilbur had become prescient of an unkind wind whispering a doozie of a dilemma: would he prefer the bloke to mistreat his wife? or his wife to mistreat the bloke?

killmefuckmekillmefuckmekillmefuckmekillmefuck.

I am honoured to be your most obedient, devoted, and tireless raconteur, Count Kook.

I swear it's true. None of it's true. I swear it's true. None of it's true.

The rest I dedicate to: The Wind.

Blessed Goddess, if you aren't too busy blowing toxic bush fire smoke all over Sydney, pray — take Count Kook under your wing and send me something sublime to burn.

But, fORgEtTING is a bLEsSiNg and when Friendly played the detuned upright, immodestly drunk on box-wine, the house became a backroads church; her hands on the keys, gypsy-ringed and self-taught, her strong shoulders unaware of the breakbone in their future, like all those who carry hardtimes yet to fall; the melody in her over-pierced lobes sustained a tribute to the warmth of a kitchen that survived days of rice and beans without prude or pride. Friendly had cooked them up good, as best she could. If ever there had been a self-assured young wife, sexy and defiant in walking shorts, she embodied it —

Machines can write poetry, they'll bemuse. Before force feeding the poor bastard a dairy solution through nose tubes. I'm not sure what paralysed vegans are force fed. Dairy, likely — b'cause human life wrapped in rich white skin is a sacred cow. And g-g-gods aren't allowed to die.

Knock. Knock.

What on earth?

The moon hangs in the clear blue sky. A contrary stage-set

The superhero's preface is always self-consciously poor and horny and bipolar probably, as sorry a prancing jade as the humble prefer. Lean and mean. Pimped-out, tho, in all kinds of meaningless regalia

hidden behind some patched-up door like the difficult to read.

but not without half a xanax of hope and a fatal breakdown at twenty six. The thing that obsessed her, though she had not been conscious of it, was Wilbur's feminist list of platonic lovers. She had believed he was *fidel* as a poor student believes in the goodwill of the teacher. Something in the way he would vanish into the trees at dusk, beyond the groaning windbreak, and come back after dark with redmud feet had told her much better. Thus warned, Friendly began to watch slasher flicks.

laughing at binary systems and confirmation bias, or an unholy haunting, a reminder for anyone who cares to think of bleeding women or petty men who ignore so much proof just to prove a fallacious point. But Autumn is ambivalence. Falling, the buildings? the sky? the pages? What are seasons if not treasonous to this or that? Another thing. Yes, another thing I've never been able to reconcile is job applications of any sort. Tell us about a time when you. . . When I? showed resilience. Well, ahhh I'm alive, unfortunately. We suggest expanding on this answer. Oh, I see. You w-w-want the gore-spangled details. But hang on a sec

Turning heads

In the Capricornia of Mackay's day, there were few jobs for long-haired male feminists without even a trade education, and with a well-versed wandering eye and contempt for authority

what exactly do you intend to do to me for (less than) minimum wage? Specifics, please.

forget what you were doing — here's the joker on her bullshit again
studying pHILOSoPHY to learn how to die
be ridiculous for everything is laughable
my sermon to drowning men, nay drowning dykes
do you fart or burp? have wits or judgements?

yet somehow he had conjured, by digging a few wells, by holding a heavy-rigid by the clutch on a eighteen degree incline, conjured for Friendly some land with a view of the sea, far enough out of town but not too far, to the north with neglected but fertile soil, the second-last acreage on the top of the hill, overlooking the underfed cattle holdings of a district of cousins with confused lines of kinship and roadside stalls selling honey and bananas for Ma's smoothies and white trash voodoo dolls for the kids. The house, though a tip, grew a room each time Friendly's belly swelled, and became a breeze-filled home of daughters left to their own ways of how to make a mess and rhyme a malediction.

Stupid pop quizzes are the reason I'm a fartist, no doubt. Your life depends on thinking just like everybody else. Seriously though, I mean the whole process is dreadfully arse-about-face. Folks saying please pr-pr-pretty please exploit me. I'll be a far better slave than so and so, a far better scab than the next man. My last master thought the world of me. Or rather, thought the world of the world he took from me. And so long as you don't want or need to die, human life is ch-cheap. A bargain basement of brains and muscle, of spines and fingers. It's called wage negotiation. But shouldn't the landlords be applying to us? Here, if you

No, no, no, no, no. I had this wheeeeeeeze before the plague. Swear! But the sermon is brand new. Fat prefaces break my heart and the sum of the world is only the vanity of men counting clocks and centimes. 1234567 = ø for me; and look! there goes their lesbian shill in a cashmere cardigan. My argument walks real slow and the joke is always on me, bad luck and a broken-winded disease. Nicotine can't breathe. Broken winged, they say I was once quite different but we are all sufferers of the same traffic.

The concrete slab, roughened, was tiled in earthy ceramics, the fibrowalls papered with an eden scene of water and women: palm sunday rather than judgement day, the asymmetry in the figure of a stained-glass dead god. The foundations were category three rated. On every surface some human touch, non-suburban, unique only to the peasantry and the aristocracy: strange and precious things, made by hand, by someone close or someone dead, someone infamous: ceramics nobody dared to drink from, annotated bible stories about the handsome devil, enigmatic fabrics, pages torn from library books, spontaneous sketches, an aesthetic politic missing from middle-class homes and their magazine bedrooms of sanitary sheen and let's count how many times a week we have sex. Some folks don't even know

come work for us, we'll take all your money on rent, power, gas, food, clothes and telecommunications. At the end of all that, if you somehow still have a brass razoo, you can buy a ticket to Laneway and watch my son play guitar. He is very talented. He reminds me of me and is influenced by Lennon. Oh, Lenin? No, Lennon. Sorry, who? But I've never belonged to any union or protested or marched in the streets though I often refuse to s-s-sign things. We only go to shows when Zherø's old connections get us in for free.

To the very ends of the Earth, we tend to 'bear the contempt' of our 'enemies' (Sterne 21) and the gentle laughter of patient strangers. Dealt a bad preface to ride? well 'round here the tunes are all stale, no war in their cry, the whiting is bony, the wo/men cruel and calculating, the slumlords tattooed up and drooling blood thru socially progressive fiscally conservative arse-lickin' lips. We're all suicidally sad like Mark Fisher and sick to death of academic point-scoring. Enemies would not and friends could not find the

what they like and need others to tell them what's good writing. But Friendly knew, and Wilbur did too.

A brass four-poster bed (one of those off-book purchases that mysteriously appear above and beyond the means of a man with the help of an unseen hand of male privilege), his wedding gift to Friendly, had the energy of an invitation rather than coercion. One day it might stand on a Persian rug, but for now it rested on cane-tiles over floorboards, unpolished but good and level.

There was no study

And even then, I'm unfriendly and morose. The ne plus ultra of plus ones.

Knock. Knock.

There's someone at the door. There's someone at the door? There's someone at the door. But I've just cancelled all my subscriptions. Fuck off, I yell. Calmly. It's the only way to end a manipulative corporate relationship. Bloody bullies. Cold canvassing senile and lonely ol' Grandma for funeral insurance (she'll buy anything so long as you talk to her) and hitting us up for \$70 to enter a novella comp. It's like an expensive raffle. Called feedback. Dear Fuck Face, unfortunately. . . there's no meat tray. Meat is murder. Didn't you know?

good in us. Fate attends in their absence. Forced to live without championships and acclaim in the derealization haze. Wherever: the slaughterhouses of Lobethal or Lakes Creek, the abandoned island resorts of the Great Barrier Reef, the little fish markets in Port Adelaide, the police horse olive groves in Pirltiwardli, the disused train tracks in Kilburn, the shut-up shops of Woollongabba —

but a wooden desk in a corner, well-built and modest, for Wilbur's bible and his broadsheets and Friendly's growing collection of horror, bloody and brilliant, she said. Friendly liked to be scared when she read: the sole point of women's liberation had been to equip a generation with just enough literacy to scare the bejesus out of them when they read. Non-existent monsters beheld their imaginary while the true terror of their lives, the true monsters were more scary and more real. If Wilbur had been a taught feminist he may have been able to read the horror novels as metaphors for family violence. As it was he simply ignored the pile of paperbacks

I'd rather w-w-waste my m-m-money on a pack of durries and a bottle of Coonawarra Shiraz. One with the old-fashioned cork. Start my own goddamn prize. The Kookaburra. Dripping in prestige and rort. Be a sport. Writing's a competition after all. Highly, highly high. Will I ever cease to be triggered by marauding mailing lists and the tone of the pay to play economy? so deaf to their own screaming ideology? Will I ever cease to be? Also, why on earth do the wretched long to be a part of the middle classes? Don't they know that bourgeois lives actually suck? Indeed. I mean sure you might get to escape misery

where I do nothing wrong — except exist w/out money. . . not a lousy buck. I am nothing but a painful example who lives for your amusement and absolutely nothing else. Read on, I beg you. Look, I implore you, look long into the black night of the dead jester's head. Where are your jokes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Grim remains of vanitas, rot on the lip and a stinky kiss. Remember. Nay, forget. We are the dark descendants. First Clown / Second Clown. The gallows are — forget it, just bring me a drink for I plan to sing as I dig the graves.

in favour of Friendly's lovely thighs.

and get to eat cakes okay alright dental care but the cost is st-st-steep. All that fuckery and all that judgement? For women who despise the thought of becoming cleaners, they sure do a shitload of cleaning. All that nonsense about noise. Wait, let me get my decibel meter. Turn it up. And worse. The prizes. Every-absolutely-everything becomes a competition. But I never buy w-w-wine with medals on the bottle b'cause I know all comps are rigged. Finally and fatally fixed. It's gotta be, just gotta be b'cause of the cheddar cheese. Granted. It's pr-pr-pretty good cheese. Zherø says she likes the sliced cheese, the singles wrapped in plastic. I say you can't eat that it's processed and b-b-bad for your bowels. She looks at me like I've become a snob and can't be trusted. No. Not to be trusted any further than she can throw me. But I look at her like I trust her completely b'cause she can't throw me very far at all. Yeah, that's the true measure of trust. A fair fight. But again, I'm not sure why vegan aspirants want to be middle class. . . if not for the cheese?

Shakespearean jokes? enter two clowns w/ spades into the churchyard.

— hahaha

gets pointedly ignored

The louvers were replaced by sliding windows (a modern touch: Friendly thought the least that could be done) and opened to sea breezes at night, screened and tinted though never closed and never curtained. Above Friendly's upright, a painting of Cooe Bay, a gift from a local artist — one of many — who called on Friendly when Wilbur worked nights. The colours caught the light so when it was dawn the painting was dawn and when it was dusk the painting, dusk. It was just one of Friendly's many magic objects. It had a melancholia that wasn't averse to a three-day party

Knock. Knock.

Zherø, answer the goddamn door.

'Welcome to the tragedy!'

— hahaha

dances a bawdy jig

a sensuality that didn't mind a sermon, and a life of its own that didn't mind death. Some said the nude in the foreground was the artist's wife, but it didn't resemble her much. And whenever she visited Friendly the painting reared between them and there was no need to brag.

The nude's bosom had a rare line and angle, curved with a remarkable ease, the same distinct tone of flesh as Mrs Mackay's, echoing like some colonial crime, the skin welcoming the sun as no whiteness could, workaday coffee with a drop of cream as if the rules didn't apply with the night breeze in your hair and the Damigal moon in ambiguous hazel eyes. There was no shame in that bosom — dusk or dawn — no haste to cover before the stare of men, pinchy and unfair. The likeness

But we have a rule. A secret to a gay gay marriage. It's called finders keepers. Whoever is unfortunate enough to be first made aware of any unpleasant demand, then it's their job to deal with it. F-f-fair go. It might be a letter from the government for a blind person

Gallows (humour) and the scripture go hand in hand. Each to their own book, each to their own hilarious heart-breaking death.

Be Yorick, be Sade —

Improbable truths like how our names are spelt.

Not old money, but old name — meaningless now.

some said, must have been unconscious. But Friendly didn't like Freud or any man with a neat beard. Had anyone dared to compare the living nude to the painting above her detuned piano, they may have found a cascading tear or two, but nobody was interested in Friendly's pain. Wilbur had denied the tears in some forgotten, dusty genoa at Byfield Hall on a frightening full moon and had unknowingly committed himself to cry in their stead; in place of Friendly's tears, his own madness wept in a portrait painted by another local boho who visited Friendly on Wilbur's nightshift (to check she was okay — out of town all by herself).

or someone who can't read. Illiterates still exist, you know? Oh no. It might be a blocked drain, an infestation of redback spiders, or the realisation that Australia doesn't exist anymore, aboriginals and convicts and the evil institutions, signing off, or maybe it never it did. It might be a question: do you think when the artist forced to live in Woorabinda said, Jo Bjelke-Peterson the great man is my father — it was a m-metaphor? or a joke? like truth? or have you ever seen funerals advertised at an aussie rules football game before? only in the NT league. Zherø says she'd

We don't have graves anymore. And sometimes I think this and sometimes I think ~~this~~.

Villainous mutations of our names so the crimes of our parents cannot be traced.

As you can plainly tell, Shakespeare is not of my line and nor is
God.

Some say, in love we don't need an alibi.

love to sling a besa brick right into the face of Nathan Buckley. It might be. . . but how real is it? as real as my teeth? as real as the answers I provide on a star template? that's as real as it gets in Sydney, Australia. I'm afraid. Again, bleach me goddamn silly.

Knock. Knock.

Heaven's above. Zherø!

But my wife is clever, smarter than me. She w-w-walks 'round the house all day with earplugs in listening to pirate radio from the sewer kids (and even though deaf she has a great ear)

But I am proud of the aboriginal orphan there.

Facts.

Whimsy.

Line-break.

Maybe learn to read. Give it a try. For who can know if they are a great genius or a dickhead dunce. Roller coast. Chances are we're all both, tho not of equal measure. As I've ascertained, the dialectic is never close to a 50/50 cut (plus constant in its shifts).

At this point the story ended for Kookaburra who in turn ended up in this world with an opening chapter lacking any excuse for a plotline or narrative arc, and whose inheritance was the sum total of these two paintings — and nothing more. The fault lines in her emotional range, prone to self-medication and dissociation, told her what they could, but the story was her own creation. Her entire knowledge of the past came from the lines and colours of these two paintings. What had formed Kookaburra from the day she was named to her coming of age onto her fortieth year is unknown to the narratives of men, for the flight of the laughing bird is

of the Bucharest underground. No m-m-metaphor. The babes of policy born unwanted. No contraception, no abortions, born scorned. They'd go home so long as Dad's not there. And then the beautiful tomboy who says there's no advantage to t-t-take from these crew cut eyes. Baggy cargos and bombers, she hides handsome in the hard edge of cardboard box beds and works hard to fight them off. It's the punch that matters (not the line) and Aurolac. Glue us back together. Like paradise. Nose to brain and she's schooled to death. Preteen, the streetest of the street. Wholesale high. Yaaaay. No asylum. Not for this gender lunatic. Deserted on youtube. And a year later? Defeated and beat. Can't even keep her crewcut cut.

Let me point to a story, I'll never tell. One for the prudes who love to catch holes in narrative and take notes about their neighbours' movements.

nods off

a riddle known to none.

No matter where or when you hear that laugh you feel she knows something you cannot know — no matter what it is she knows — some discipline she has trained herself to destroy, some secret she is nourished on but

Zherø can't stand triple j (don't ask) though doesn't mind some local bands. Lucy, Systemaddicts with their hearts forever and always in Christies Beach, ah, ah, a-ahhhh, hungover but feeling alright, Drama Dolls. If the sewer k-k-kids are unable to hack into the palace's data stream, she'll deign to tune into 3D. Oh, she also wears d-d-dark desert sunglasses everywhere. She is hearing impaired and super light sensitive. She's been through a lot, marrying me. I know she loves me but I don't know why. Maybe it's b'cause of my feet. She says it's hard to love someone's feet. All in all she's super a-ac-accepting and intuitively doesn't expect much from me, doesn't expect me to do very well in a world run by my enemies. Most would. High pressure system over the bight and it's getting more difficult to drop out everyday. If not for the vast blue sky. But Zherø says I shouldn't feel burdened b'cause it's n-n-not my shitshow.

Knock. Knock.

Am I staggering your faith yet?

cannot make pay —

Goddamn it. Should I admire their belligerence? or despise them? depends if I like the way they look, I guess. Checking my flannel pyjamas for rips in ungodly places, maybe a b-b-blood stain, or maybe. . . do I stink? of sleep and unwashed teeth? of writing? that vulgarity? of rejection and Russian novels? but people don't write novels with fangs anymore. I inch to the door. Past the kitchen table stacked with library books and wine bottles, old onions free to roll, petrel feathers Zherø collects on the bay. Big seabirds, a few left. My kingdom is a mess. My best work once done in the bedroom, now I write in the kitchen. S-s-stir. It's a perverse p-p-paeon to men's rights activists. Y'know

Like oil prices?

On the other hand, are nightmares a finite resource? just like everything else? para-conceptual?

We must make the most of them then and become mercurial, sublimated, heteroclite creatures in all declensions (Sterne 24).

And expand our apostasy without pretension.

laughing, the Australian bird is a clever fool. When her name is mentioned, everyone in earshot swears to know her well and to take her as their friend though they have not seen her in years or even decades. One will say she danced with her until dawn in a 90s doof, another that Kookaburra had been heard laughing over lesbian literature in a state library, though they couldn't say which state or which novel, and a third, that none of these accounts were verifiable as she herself had been by her side listening to the famous laugh in a treehouse made of capitalism's detritus deep in some obscure Tasmanian rainforest since 2001, where Kookaburra had been decorated as a fine bulldozer saboteur, as well as an excellent camp cook.

the creeps who blame feminism for obscene house prices, blame abused girls for their porn addiction, and never pay maintenance. Our home is made of corrugated iron and timber. We pay someone else to sleep here. I mean, we pay to sleep here. Built in 1910, it's worth a m-m-million dollars, like all shit-tips in Australia

I will not philosophize.

She called herself Count Kookaburra, not due to any pretence, but because it sounded funny. She took on the honorary appellation of Dr Kook when dealing with anybody who worked in an office, though she let lowly small business owners humiliate and degrade her as she counted out her five-cent pieces.

It's breaking news if the price of housing drops 0.001%. What is this? An anti-RBT? And Chinese-Australians think only rich people should be able to drink booze. We're d-d-doomed. Doomed like the losers in a fixed fight. Doomed like girls at a preppy party. Doomed like rappers who stutter. Doomed like insects. Six wings and step aside, b-b-buzz away to die. Zherø says it's not that everything is dying, it's that everything is suffering. Truly horrible deaths. Plants too. At least (thank fuck) we couldn't afford to buy tickets to the festival that didn't exist. I wonder what the houses that are abandoned halfway through construction will look like in a century but I will be dead by then. No question. Haunted by a future slum, I don't trust what will become of my lifeless body so I've asked Zherø to build a f-f-fire and burn me on the beach. Like rubbish. She says she'll go to prison. I say, that sounds fair. Our house has a hallway to hell. Hardwood floors, a bridge over the river styx.

Gay!

How Kookaburra lived, how she came by those five cent pieces nobody knew. How she came to be the most significant joker of her generation, nobody dared to understand. A bell chimes for many at the sound of her name though few heard her laugh more than five times in their lives. She was not well-liked, despite her underground fame.

Angrier and flightier than her father

There's a peephole at the end, where you can slot-machine manufactured and confused desires that aren't even yours. So out of nowhere I start thinking of Angela Carter or Fiona McGregor or Kathy Acker or Elfriede Jelinek but I can't look through peepholes thanks to all these women. Shame, it might be one of them. But through all the peepholes in my mind, there isn't a bitch squirming but a butch hurting. Ouch, she says. It's non-material. Immaterial, I mean. The rhymes hurt even me.

Knock. Knock it off, I grumble.

Now Dad, here's a nurse to sexually harass. She's pr-pr-pretty, don't you think?

The weather made us thus.

Kookaburra's hair was too dishevelled to be an academic lesbian's, her face too angular on the negative side to be a working-class dyke. Suffering what she said was hers to suffer — life, hers but nobody else's — one feature alone spoke of Friendly: the neck, which, though a fulcrum of great spine as hers had been, held too intimately all the tension of the inevitable anxiety of being a woman in Australia. Her dying rage, on whose grave when she turned forty blossomed melancholy prickles of all kinds, dislocated her features into a Cubist portrait

Here I was, tackling the great questions of adulthood without reward or recompense only to be required to answer the d-d-door. Oh, the pressure. Oh, the unholy demands on my time, on my psyche. At least it's not the telephone. As Roswitha says, telephones, telephones, wherever you go. Between the sea and the clear blue sky, nothing but telephones. Nobody from my past has this address. Why else would I move to Port Misery? My life has been that of a writer born into a cosmos teeming with journos, well paid and searching for a gotcha line.

Sails with no ballast!

and the eyes, into one was set a tic, triggered by her favourite things: the A minor chord, a clean wind, a crisis-born road trip taken at night, and the hoppy taste of a longneck of Coopers Sparkling under high summer twilight on the plains.

Without fail seen high and alone, as if expecting an invitation to wax lyrical and drink beer all afternoon on somebody else's tab, there was no place for which she could have been said to have been dressed appropriately. She never wore anything made with a woman in mind.

It's all that matters (to them) and grammar. Try to follow you fallow bunch. How come clean copy gets rarer the more journos start to look like Ita Buttrose? Yes, I see your mistakes. As you see mine. But Herman Melville's copy was clean. It can be done. Only w-without spell check, then? Without the help of robots? But with the help of unpaid women? Now the writerly weasels who backed the neo-cons all the way into power expect us to believe their copy gets changed without their consent. Kill all journos and real estate agents. Hang on a sec, that's not what I submitted. Someone at The Australian is violating my copy.

Given to

The Wind.

From the sick jokes that made up her past, out of blood, sweat and jeers, from the crux of sixty thousand mocking ironies, Kookaburra became rarefied and troubled — the idealist.

Her idealism took the form of an OCD disorder for what she called *alienation*: exploitation, meaninglessness, sneakers. She spoke excruciatingly below regular cadence with an off-kilter drawl and told anybody who cared to hear that her hero was Josef Stalin. Knowing her laugh to be her only power, she made it echo and fly. With the dozy dreams of an unnatural depressive, she disliked collaboration just as much as conversation. Buzzing with unbecoming intensity in the presence of those whose duty it was to sign the forms that ensured her subsistence — what's wrong with you? they'd ask. Fearful of the harrows of hardtimes, as if their mistaken and fleeting counsel with the reprobate might cost them, via some kind of viral outbreak

Zherø says she'd like to be part of a gang that takes steel baseball bats to the heads of people like the Premier of NSW. Goddamn it's a glorious day in Port Misery. It's clear why I love her. The things she s-s-says.

If it is as so and so says: and those who feel are tragic while those who think are comic, then black humourists think their feelings or feel their thinkings. I'm not sure which.

The chastest of lovers, the bravest of knights. . .

yeah right

the appearance of their own well-being and success. Kookaburra felt that the great powers, finance and influence, might crack just a little if she became ludicrous enough, absurd enough, if she laughed up to the sky on a dumpster dive.

In 2019 she found herself in the gay ghetto, still laughing, still hopeless, still impoverished — for the moral thing to do was to spend all your money on payday. The wrong city, the wrong century, the wrong pub, the wrong vocation. At shows she dismissed anyone who looked and behaved like they may be somebody, making the move so blatant that onlookers might get the idea that she was there merely to get wasted. She lived in slums that her desperation forced her into signing a lease to rent, and kept public books in metre-high stacks on the hardwood floors and canvases turned towards the plasterboard walls. Books

She's so loving. The door is dead-locked. Sorry, I live behind a door and am becoming out of reach. Like a lothario who lives in Perth. I live in Perth, s-s-sorry. Sorry, he says to the Northern Beaches' girls who'd like to marry and have his kids. As birthright. It's long distance, he reasons. And emotions can't cross the Nullarbor. Feelings d-d-die

Enemies to the affectation of gravity. . .

After the aftermath — we don't write complete —

sentences — anymore — entangled w/ those in — cloaks — robes
— appear — ance — of — serious — ness

and our wild ways of

became her friends because she liked their weight on her chest during hot nights when the breeze was unloving and unforthcoming with its relief. Paintings faced the walls because she formed attachments to people who turned their backs on her. She wore her poverty as intellectual and her sexuality as non-consequential. As mad as Cathy — madder — her Heathcliff had been a dark and diabolyke dyke.

And in her search for a reason to die, Kookaburra chanced upon suicide. Conversant with ideation and overdose, morning smokes and the minor key, with an acquired taste for ways of seeing in direct contradistinction to the received wisdom of the colony, with an ear for rare voices and non-functioning women — tales of dumb luck escape and the well-loved beasts who hunted them — she heard laughter in all registers from shredding whispers to the drop pitch of growls and screams, Kookaburra was read

on the way, on the five hours on the plane. Hearts disintegrate. Women, meanwhile, don't seem to realise they're oppressed. Thank christ I'm home. Far far away.

The hinges squeal from disuse. It's the music of exile.

talking —

unlucky inside the lucky —

and no need to fear — pick pockets shoplifters — but their opposite, scoundrels in high places — the real scammers

Yorick says, design is always — conceit — credit in the straight world — a trick, a taught trick — to affect — value greater than your worth

in the latest research on rejection and shunning.

She gave pause to every paramedic siren, an anti-pendant of hovels and dives. Her mind dreamed in rhythms of notes yet to be written. But suicides don't want to die. That's what they told her — alone, apart, and smoking.

Lesbians who have fled their hometowns, who for generations flee from paradise to gomorrah, have not yet found

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] But a soft-

butch is a perfect man simply because she is not.

The broken records of discordia. Eeeeeeee. Psyche. Through the million-squared fly eye of the security screen, I get my first look at our intruder. I mean guest. I mean visitor.

It's a ch-ch-child.

They're holding a reusable blue plastic bag.

like that sad man of the churchyard grave, I Count Kook, am persecuted for my honest wing and —

fly in the face of policies of discretion — if the sentence never — started, then the sentence cannot — end —

It takes an imaginary creature, a sphinx, a tomboy at forty, a
tomman, standing eternally as unthinkable, to be lesbian salvation,
to talk a dirty mess from the depth of a reckless drive and bugout
the virtue of an online form. The signs of lesbian seraphim

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] an uncanny

sustenance of suffering as birthright.

Early in life she had found herself at the day-drunk tables of the
unemployed

I can't tell

and small-time crooks. In some way these denizens were linked to her unwise juvenile ambition to know the more degraded and out-of-depth class called artists and writers. The smarter whores of Capricornia, the growers, and the self-taught chemists, had at one time or another granted her audience — the mute they said could talk to demons. Here she had neither to be girl nor boy — just loser. She became for an eternal afternoon part of their tough-talking and wounded wastrel scene.

The people of this underworld, with desires nothing like her own, also seized on suicide as a reason to live, a reason to die: a short-haired bleached-blonde addicted to the fumes of home hair dressing and the pungent sweat of psychotic men, who everybody except Kookaburra called: the natural

if they're a boy or girl.

I like them better already and opening the screen decide *she* is the new default sex.

She doesn't say anything.

dirty action = dirty fella (no matter the station)

humour — and the wing without ceremony

ask my skull later where have my jokes gone

would you prefer a laugh or a sum raised against you? think — at your expense? a laugh or a debt?

a pinkish, roidy strongman making them all nervous — bar the natural — who everybody except Kookaburra called: the calm man; a child whose paternity was still in dispute but whose bipolar was certifiably confirmed who everybody except Kookaburra called: the (no k) id; and a young aboriginal wearing a black tshirt that said in white print, why do you reckon? both wrists heavily strapped — the innocent; and even though the calm man made everybody edgy, it was only the black guy he pointed out and said, hey you're looking nervous! as if this was irrefutable proof of the innocent's guilt; and finally a sad and quiet phd student of working-class background who wrongly assumed the title of doctor would finally win the love of her peers, the positive notice of power, and the ear of her mother, or at least, if nothing else, the minimum wage; incorrect though like most research students on all counts

Not one word. No introductions. No names. No explanations.

Kook run a — fowl

of power

her thesis went unread, even by those paid to read it, and in her fantasies she finally won acclaim as an object of scorn and derision on a lowly comedy instagram feed

I like her more each second. I'm sick of explanations, tired of reflections, self-evaluations. And names. Oh, yeah. You know. . . I'm doing alright.

She's wearing a port power beanie and nikes. Someone's buying the little weirdo good shoes. And french terry track shorts. Cute.

She looks at me like I should say something.

Like I'm the adult here.

jocund and sorrowful — even the pests will abandon us — srsly, we'll be that broke — from micro debts and the evils of downward envy — as if, they say (cog-diss) but it exists

hopskipjump

but then there's no escaping the following lecture from some everyday post-ironic genius of the ghetto

and some say minimum wage continues to evade her even to this day, who everybody including Kookaburra called: the desperado.

Hurt and denied, barely people, cut of coin, the hopeless were immensely admired by Kookaburra. They took the rumours of their suicides, the whispers of their premature deaths, merely as a sign of a great and enduring infamy. The hearsay they inspired was all they ever had, the knowledge of the merriment the news of their deaths brought to the ears of cops and teachers and ministers and journalists, knowing too well that fame is never so amazing as when it is inexplicable and undeserved. Kookaburra perched on her suicide, on the proofs of her genetic predisposition to all the dark arts of addiction, psychosis, writing, and thinking, taking wing on gravitas that far outstretched her years.

I don't.

And she likes me better already.

trust us, Kook. For every ten jokes, you'll earn one-hundred enemies — it's basic — math — and despite your — lack of malevolence — most — cannot distinguish this — and those who can will blatantly choose not to —

the wasps the wasps around your ears

all will gang up on you, on this you may depend — until you have died of the plague (Sterne 27).

Estrangement made kinfolk of the outcasts.

Drinking with these people, the adults like the beast of a child and the children like a baby beast of adulthood, Kookaburra had that sense of communion she had only experienced in graveyards and butchers. She moved with gutter grandeur amongst the backlog of trauma and loss and loved the old-world charm of punitive scarcity with something of the love of a child for its neglectful parents — that non-beating heart, bloodless, absent, and cruel. In disappearing, in forgetting, in a vanishing apparition, a black steer in the middle of a dirt track at night, only a ghost is forever.

Some problems we should never seek to resolve.

The emotional damage of the outsiders produced in Kookaburra the urge to climb a river redgum and laugh.

The morning air is crisp. An overnight front cleared the toxic atmosphere. We have until 9.30am to savour oxygen. Pigeons coo, don't you love me? and commuter trains rattle in the distance. I'm so pleased I don't have to work in an office on Currie St. Even money wouldn't make that okay.

Where on earth is Zherø?

abandoned — or dead — in our beds — the soldiers — disinfect the city from what is left of us — we fawn as black bile — negation of bootlick

just as spleen = the seat of melancholy and the seat of laughter (OED)

immunocompromised sweethearts

The tables of the troubled were a place where she had no archetype, no Diogenes. Nobody to tell her to spit. Even there she would be never known. The outcasts at the table and their suicides were for her sad like history and as important and monstrous as extinct creatures. That she forgot them as often as she did, was evidence of something in her character turning Joker. She was likewise not surprised to find herself drawn to dialectics at the kindergarten, though this curse she handled with greater ease, without emotion or love; its arena, she discovered, was custom made for neglected hearts.

It was to a beautiful feminist professor who preferred young men that Kookaburra owed her first chance at neglect from a person of standing. Like all poor people, Kook was sorry in advance. The professor then

She's accustomed to speaking with mutes.

I have cigarettes in my pj pocket, so I offer her one.

lentils on Wednesdays — black coffee from the pot — it's not funny, but this is what's happening — the neoliberal govt just shut down small business

oof

but wait, there's an ever-present risk of sickness and death — nothing new —

new news for you?

in the fine home of a mean man, cleaning, explained that it was her job to protect boyhood. It was easy for Kookaburra to imagine her scrubbing the man's toilet on the leafy side of town. Like all academic feminists, her pretensions were beyond her earning power. Her trade — the submission of journal articles after the due date had lapsed — would not have kept her out of the ghetto of their own accord. It gave her, some say, a false modesty. Her eyes had the inability to read small print common to heterosexual women. Something of the patriarchy was in her pants

We light up.

I find myself stupidly wishing all human contact was this meaningful.

We stand on the front landing, smoking and weeping.

I don't wonder what she's doing here.

And she doesn't wonder why I'm wearing men's pyjamas.

but wait, there's too many dead to burn — on Wednesday the 26th of March in the year of our lord, 2020 — Australians rushed in their droves to get their arseholes waxed by desensitised Thai women — bcoz beauty salons were getting banned — hoorah!

but back to the lecture

Listen Kook, they'll be after revenge so spitting lies against your character until it bleeds — 1000 cuts — your integrity and good will mean nothing

the fear of old-age in her walk, as if the association of her oppressors, by the power of their acceptance and avowed love, was not even a problem, making her intellect, though brilliant and rigorous, brittle and proxy. In her face was the capricious expression of a slave raised above other slaves — a house whore. Her dentist was the most expensive in town. Like all wealthy white women she worried about her stash of cash and her bowels

An old 90s Commodore purring and full of rabble drives past blasting Major Lazer. I need relief. I need relief. But the poor have excellent manners and pay us no mind. All class. There's an election soon. The federal member for Port went to Unley High. It doesn't seem right to me. But people in the service industries don't identify as working class. Even though they spend all day on their feet? ummm, serving?

as your works discredited — as your learning derided — as your wise ways despised —

but wait, the cruelty of cowardice hasn't finished with you yet — twin admin hired by malice to highlight your weaknesses and mistakes — where even the best are open festy wounds — trust me, Kook — mark me, Kook — it's easy to feed the greed by sacrifice — the likes of you? — wherever you stray — wherever — there will be fuel enough for that altar —

as if losing one meant losing the other. Only dinner parties where she could prove her worth by the ridicule of some poor sod's pronunciation, mispronunciation, made up for the loneliness of her skin and the lost allusions to radicalism in her boots, her enduring lack of peace. She liked bold women, but she liked money more. Her conflict purposefully mis-counted like the glasses of white she'd drink alone in her study, the only room of the house she never cleaned. She wept over race, over racism, after seeing her male psychotherapist whom she wanted to desire her in a completely safe and cerebral way. Her ultimate choice in favour of men, over even herself, made her property that had property of its own: a trust account.

I don't wonder what I'm doing here.

And she doesn't wonder why she's wearing nikes.

We butt out.

cries until it sounds like laughter

'One day,' the feminist professor said to Kookaburra, 'we are going to die in Adelaide; and even though it is sometimes a pretty little city, at night in summertime after the eternal twilight and some of its better wine, I can't bear the thought; can you?'

'Ah, Port Misery!' said Kookaburra, 'it's not even ours to disavow. Fancy a rocking chair, professor? a shotgun and some homebrew? Dostoevsky, nay Lucashenko, in a gulag? the sun still shines in summertime.'

Out of nowhere Zherø is standing right beside me.

I'm thinking about our grunge band *High on Ice* and if we'll get a mention on the news again tonight. We're super famous and get on the tv almost every night. They're not typically glowing reviews. But y'know, no publicity is bad. Mostly it is said: who would do that?

High on Ice, that's who.

Zherø says if it can happen to Bomber Thompson it can happen to anyone. He had it all. It all. Now he lives a lonely life in a Port Melbourne townhouse. A guy runs past. Mid-twenties, carrying a badly-wrapped gift. He's full tilt. And then he's gone.

never again — swear — will we open ourselves to this hurt — the chest caving emptiness — the brain breaking buzz — swear never again — swear! — I def won't be turning on my phone today — or tomorrow — but wait, it's too late — and just when you think unto their favours you've wandered — the white-ants have been gnawing gnaw gnawed away for years and fears — leaves you fell — as many honest men have fallen before you

'It's easy for you, being worthless.' she said.

'Yeah, I know. Death will be the easiest part of my life. For it is the terms — my terms.'

'Why did you say you came here, again?'

'I didn't —

'To escape.

'We all end up in cheap motel room in Adelaide

It's a draconian town when it comes to drugs. And dry. A bmw suv swerves past hogging the road. The driver's on her phone checking google maps. She can't find the houses she owns. She has so many she's starting to misplace them. Is it too early for a stout? a smoko? Maybe I could negative gear a few hours. Of all days, being born is the worst.

Zherø takes out one of her earplugs. It looks like she might say something.

and don't forget you're just a regional stoner who accidentally made it to forty — your failure to advance isn't surprising anyone except you — you, who are nothing but a silly trifle — whose highfalutin — is just high farce — mock gravity — high as a kite — laughing endlessly through the vulgar show — comedy is for the low —

dies laughing

and that is how the likes of you, Kook — escape their enemies — fire eyes — one last time — broken and bruised — betrayed in the day — the broad of day — long lines of laughter — even now swift shake sterne — sade — forget me

at least once in our lives. But is it impossible to escape from where we have escaped to? The edge of the earth. Vertigo at O'Sullivan's Beach. You know the road where it looks like we're going to drive off into the sea. The only way forward is into the desert, the red heart. But you know me, I'll never make it past Semaphore.'

For all her faults or charms (for they amounted to the same smile) and even though the way she said worthless was the way she said dentist

I look like I might start bleeding from the mouth or have a minor stroke.

farewell from the tragedy — and surprize dickheads —

welcome to the PR nightmare without end — all comply with reflexive cynicism — and our daily lives are their nightmares coming true — how do they do it? fake smile? they are the undead police state of fake eyes, fake tits, and fake reports — not the dead welfare state of fake jobs — they pretend to pay us and we pretend to look for work

it was not the beautiful professor who helped Kookaburra decide never to work with the bourgeoisie. It was a psychiatrist, hard like pragmatists with no pity in their souls for pain or painkillers, who reason they'd make better poets than the idealists. Hard, yes hard like a woman who overcomes easy odds with pride. They make their psychiatrists stiff in the ghetto and their dentists shy a semester's credit or two. The shrink leaned forward and said, just as she said to everybody she was forced to meet but pre-emptively despised, looking over the interlocutor's right shoulder with the bitter thrill on her sour pursed mouth of guessing when they'd guess she was toying with them

Before she can summon that beast we call language, our intruder I mean guest I mean visitor walks toward Zherø opening the blue plastic bag. Inside is the dead future, looking like a peaceful stray.

So now we — kill and burn — in the early afternoon where the only white men are lost boys. The church has had its way with them. Oh yeah and immigration cops, but they only work here we live here and they should fuck off back to where they came from. Again, I came here to get away. Cheap rent coz it stinks and a freight train line, recessions are coming, oh yes, depressions of you. Soon all the hopefuls will be unemployed like I always have been, unemployed. Zherø says, it's a verb: you've been un-employed.

the elegy of white text on a black page

she leaned forward and said: I've had a horrible day! And I can't see
it getting any better from here.

alas, poor clever Kookaburra
alas, she's so stupidly lucky

kooka.dox xed

A doctor of nothing, I firmly kept myself apart from all semblance of participation in the circles that then passed for intellectual or artistic. I admit that my merit in this respect was well tempered by my great laziness, as well as by my very meagre capacities for confronting the work of such careers.

Never to have given more than very slight attention to questions of money, and absolutely none to the ambition of holding some brilliant post in society, is a trait so rare among my contemporaries that some will no doubt consider it incredible, even in my case. It is, however, true, and it has been so constantly and abidingly verifiable that the public will just have to get used to it . . . and I can say that poverty has principally given me a great deal of leisure . . .

Guy Debord

cover letter

Below is a list of the topics I am willing to discuss at the impending job interview for the position of casual team member at Bunnings Warehouse, Mile End SA 5031. This list is non-negotiable and my decisions final; no correspondence will be entered into. Also, if you could please answer without delay, my one question:

Q. What kind of earthlings shit in their own drinking water?

(I am not able to consider any position until I receive the answer.) For your general information, as I write, I hear the young men with whom I share an office typing very fast and unrhythmically and am insignificantly delighted they are not marking my response to 'The Platform of Prague' or The Executed Renaissance of Ukraine; there is a faint smell of iron and wool, life and death, dentistry and neglect; my cotton pants are damp from sleet though not wet through; and I can't decide whether to breathe through my nose or mouth; given that if I breathe through my nose I smell a town built on the germs of typhoid and of cholera and if I breathe through my mouth, I taste it.

Holding my breath, Kookaburra

things of which i will not
speak

The future

things of which i will

Dialectics

(stop bringing up my past)

Every Tuesday morning around 11am, I walk in *Pirltawardli* in the shade of the River Red Gums and the shadow of the OLD ADELAIDE GAOL, walk with risky children — much hated and poorly constructed. Only the black cormorants, who care for their young with mud, see we look though are not brain damaged; our material conditions on our sleeves, our muted hearts of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] — worn — for all the mission to see. Cooee.

The women I have abused*
(*more than three times a day)

The weather

Virginia Woolf
and/or February

The Bolsheviks
and/or October

The mistakes I am
(making right now)

- Wrong life cannot be rightly lived,
so says Adorno.

That time I did T I M E for getting into
a fist-fight with a transman over male
privilege and how I told the judge it
wasn't abuse but meta-abuse and if
she were to fine me it wouldn't be
justice but meta-justice.

She waived the fine and sent me
straight to solitary saying it wasn't
prison but meta-prison.

The theory of a daughter of a factory
worker.

o, black humour: selection criteria

O, Black Humour! I have not left your side since the learned thinkers said you could not be defined. More elusive than an authentic man, you demystify the horror of the everyday like xray machines aimed at the hazing ways of power. Superego surveillance? Virtue is a nazi. And André Breton's enemies were once his friends. Since the day of my unwanted birth I have dreamed to be as earthling as a Daintree River crocodile, as earthling as mass murder, but it is your slum I frequent now I'm grown, the lower dens of your famous men. I, the most at peace, of all your desperate proselytes.

O, Black Humour! Once there was a hole in my chest, a something, I don't know, empty as despair, but mercifully, and with the zeal of that young nihilist, I descended the steps that lead to your books, thrown around in an abandoned library on the outskirts of control. Misunderstood and exploited by the base and the high-minded, you filled my chest with a fighting fist, dark and sickle-red: can a friend request from a murderous waif dispel the privilege of men?

O, Black Humour! This heart made of fist set aside both dull drunkenness and sober skepticism with a brutal vision of war come home to roost. Where munitions are manufactured but not fired. Somewhere near an unknown town called Dry Creek, on a strangely humid day in the desert, you asked me to laugh. O, Black Humour! With your help, the help of your nightmare-work, my brain cut as easy as a crescent through the dogma's scrolls of the slum and under an aspect

of the black expanse, the western sky, the ideal lay bleeding, the concrete smashed the abstract skull.

O, Black Humour! With the help of your radical succour, like a poor white getting first drink, first milk. . . straight from the tittie! I took flight and assumed a ghost-like levity in the midst of the devastating vision you gift. Is it love that means time and not one will be abandoned? no matter the crime? no matter the rap sheet that counts as a past, which, you know, is good for nothing if not a laugh.

Macabre! Antithetical! Strange! This is your furious triangle! She who has never known you is without that sulphur spark and merits the sham ordeal of ignorant solemnity. Nothing but suburban gobble guts overfed on anti-depressants. But she who knows you desires nothing more of this world's givens, is content with your anti-definitional escape and, born of your light touch, your fatal cut, scarcely felt, desires nothing more than to know we do not know, bleeding out and smiling faintly around the eyes, a forehead lifted and raised on despair, a highfalutin laugh from the gutter of dead dreaming.

Even Hegel is a black humourist when he says that language will always say the opposite of what it says.

We laugh at how we hurt.

Like lightning.

O, Black Humour! Alive! with death, with dormant death. Alive! with the gaseous whispers of toxic industry cum writing materials. Alive! with poison and nazi youth and a trustworthy man forging official documents that send 20000+ animals to their mass grave of watery sickness and sex offenders who are free to go to school when the network is down. Alive!

And to speak of *love* is *mad*, André. I'm sorry. And to speak of love is funny.

O, Black Humour! wonder who the school shooter loved? who kissed him behind the toilet block at night after church or football training? who pissed on his face? Yeah, we wonder who hate-kissed him after his Dad had taken the best of his sex, wonder who left him in the pissy dust of the mirage of love in regional towns after stealing his smokes and his copy of, let's say. . . *Gender Trouble*.

Not to say we valorise the killers, so full of misogyny and racehate, so ignorant of true enmities. No. Nevertheless those who die are no better and no less.

O, Black Humour! Incomprehensible, Black Humour! to ordinary logical attitudes. Wipe that a priori off your face before we do it for you. We are radiance, dark radiance. The apocalypse is a book of revelation, after all.‡

‡ And the numbers are funny too.

While the govt and business talk in \$trillion\$. . .

me, working out how much my bowl of cornflakes cost
(the future is negative interest)

cv: kookaburra

FARTIST

Discipline of Despair
Nearest Drug Testing Facility
Yeppoon and/or Port Adelaide, Australia

kookaburra@nether.org

0000 000 000

so you want a time line?

2017 **Stupid Punk of the Creative Kindergarten**

Living w/ out Hope & Learning How to Laugh
Purple Prose & Menippean Discourse
Dialectics for the Cognitively Impaired

2016 **Decades of Superfluity**

Trying to avoid rape

1996 **Accidental Death by Falling in the Septic Tank**

so you want some blag?

important writer and sewer rat

- somehow writes important experimental novels while living as a sewer rat
- somehow gets away with it
- don't ask me how

obsessive and vague

- somehow gives the wrong impression (consistently)
- somehow sounds like an idiot while writing like a doyenne
- somehow — don't ask me how

combative and disrespectful

- somehow articulates complex insults
- somehow always looks confused and/or nauseated
- somehow evades the cops
- don't ask me how

laughs below the poverty line

- throws Qiu Miaojin's novels in the bin (hahahahaha)
- somehow loves the hazy blue sky (the pollutants of disposal)
- somehow — don't ask me how

so you want proof of the willingness to self-exploit?

- an obvious weakness

really has nobody to vouch for her so. . .

we advise

the exercise

of discretion

and the perpetual

delay

of judgement

l e t t e r t o t h e e d i t o r

I must say I am quite disturbed though not surprised to read your report outlining the South Australian Police Force drug testing the good people of Pooraka during school drop-off on Monday morning.

What an indecent demonstration of the corrosion of goodwill cunningly undertaken at the ungodly hour of 9am and in the winter time too.

And then to hold the positive test results up as legal justification (of this classist debasement and postcode-based indictment) is beyond even the crassest Adelaidean news report of bandits and thieves of Aboriginal appearance.

To those who swabbed positive, take my word for it, we all applaud your determination to get your kids to school. Bravo!

If you degrade a people they become degraded.

Count Kook

**(news
from
home iii)**

We all
got together over beers
on the deck

tiger prawns
cracked pepper

fresh white bread rolls

local hinterland
butter

and nostalgia

the pacific
for the east coast
ocean in the 70s

noosa heads
in autumn

before the people

moved in
who drink coffee out

at the shops

and look

down
on us

and decided

you are a waste

of space
it is your fault

we hate you

you you you you you
did this to us

we'd tell you
in free

form verse

given the scandal
of content
is such

a joke*

*we miss you please come home

once the beers
started to
buzz

over your math workbook we looked
treasured
all these years

full of self-hate

scrawl
or poems
as you like to call mess

works cited / consulted

- 2 Broke Girls*. Created by Michael Patrick King and Whitney Cummings, Warner Bros. Television, 2011-2017.
- Acker, Kathy. *Don Quixote, which was a dream*. Grove Press, 1986.
- . *Blood and guts in high school*. Grove Press, 1989.
- Adorno, Theodor W. *An Introduction to Aesthetics*. 1958/59. Edited by Eberhard Ortland, translated by Wieland Hoban, Polity, 2018.
- . *An Introduction to Dialectics*. 1958. Edited by Christoph Ziermann, translated by Nicholas Walker, Polity, 2017.
- . *Negative Dialectics*. Translated by EB Ashton, Routledge, 1973.
- . & Elizabeth Lenk. *The Challenge of Surrealism: The Correspondence of Theodor W Adorno and Elizabeth Lenk*. Edited and translated by Susan H. Gillespie, Minnesota UP, 2015.
- . & Max Horkheimer. *The Dialectic of Enlightenment*. Translated by John Cumming, Continuum, 2000.
- Alexie, Sherman. *Blasphemy*. Grove Press, 2012.
- . *The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven*. Open Road Media, 2013.
- “alienate, v.” *OED Online*, Oxford University Press, June 2019, www.oed.com/view/Entry/4999. Accessed 20 August 2019.
- Alien: Resurrection*. Directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet, 20th Century Fox, 1997.
- Alighieri, Dante. *Dante's Inferno : The Vision of Hell from the Divine Comedy*. Lerner Publishing Group, 2014. *ProQuest Ebook Central*, <https://ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/adelaide/detail.action?docID=5443144>.
- Allison, Dorothy. *Bastard Out of Carolina*. Flamingo, 1993.
- . *Trash / Stories by Dorothy Allison*. Firebrand, 1988.
- Amenra. *Mass VI*, TuneCore, 2017. *atmosfear*, www.youtube.com/watch?v=i_l8S03NIEI.
- Aragon, Louis. *Anicet, or the Panorama*. Translated by Antony Melville, Atlas Press, 2016.
- . *Les Aventures de Télémaque [The Adventures of Telemachus]*. Gallimard, 1966. Translated by Renee Riese Hubert & Judd D. Hubert, Exact Change, 1997.
- . *Le Paysan de Paris [Paris Peasant]*. Gallimard, 1926. Translated by Simon Watson Taylor, Exact Change, 1994.
- Artaud, Antonin. *Watchfiends & Rack Screams: Works from the Final Period*. Edited by Clayton Eshelman & Bernard Bador, Exact Change, 1995.
- A\$AP Rocky. ‘Goldie’. *Long. Live. A\$AP*, A\$AP Worldwide, 2012.
- Au Champs Des Morts. *Dans la joie*, Believe Music, 2017. *atmosfear*, www.youtube.com/watch?v=E-TBDZvoIMM.
- Bad Boy Bubby*. Directed by Rolf de Heer, Umbrella Entertainment, 1993.
- Barnes, Djuna. ‘Lullaby.’ *The Book of Repulsive Women*. Edited by Rebecca Loncraine, Fyfield Books, 2003.
- . *Nightwood*. Dalkey Archive, 1936.
- . *Ryder*. Dalkey Archive, 1928.
- . ‘Suicide.’ *The Book of Repulsive Women*. Edited by Rebecca Loncraine, Fyfield Books, 2003. 23.
- Barnes, Jimmy. *Working Class Boy*. HarperCollins, 2016.
- Becker-Ho, Alice. *The Essence of Jargon*. Gallimard, 1994. Translated by John McHale, Autonomedia, 2015.

- . 'The Language of Those in the Know.' *Digraphe*, 1995. Translated by John McHale, 2001. *situationist international online*, www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/posts/language.html
- Beckett, Andy. 'Accelerationism: how a fringe philosophy predicted the future we live in.' *The Guardian*, 11 May 2017, <https://www.theguardian.com/world/2017/may/11/accelerationism-how-a-fringe-philosophy-predicted-the-future-we-live-in>.
- Benjamin, Walter. 'Surrealism: Last Snapshot of the European Intelligentsia.' Adorno & Lenk, *Challenge of Surrealism*, pp. 17-29.
- Betty Blue*. Directed by Jean-Jacques Beineix, Gaumont, 1986.
- Blanchot, Maurice. *Lautréamont et Sade [Lautréamont and Sade]*. Translated by Stuart Kendall and Michelle Kendall, Stanford UP, 2004.
- Brecht, Bertolt. *Dialoge Aus Dem Messingkauf [The Messingkauf Dialogues]*. Translated by John Willett, Methuen & Co, 1965.
- . 'A Model for Epic Theatre.' *The Sewanee Review*, Translated by Eric Bentley, vol. 57, no. 3, 1949, pp. 425-436. *JSTOR*, www.jstor.org/stable/27537926.
- Breton, André. *Anthologie de l'humour noir [Anthology of Black Humour]*. Translated by Mark Polizzotti, City Lights, 1997.
- . 'Lightning Rod.' *l'humour noir*, 1997.
- . *Mad Love*. Gallimard, 1937. Translated by Mary Ann Caws, Bison Books, 1988.
- . *Manifestoes of surrealism*. Translated by Richard Seaver and Helen R Lane, Ann Arbor, 1972.
- . *Nadja*. Gallimard, 1928. Translated by Richard Howard, 1960. Introduction by Mark Polizzotti, Penguin, 1999.
- . 'The Platform of Prague.' 1968. *Surrealism Against the Current: Tracts and Declarations*. Translated by Michael Richardson and Krzysztof Fijalkowski, Pluto Press, 2001. <https://criticallegalthinking.com/2011/01/12/the-surrealist-platform-of-prague-the-vessels-always-communicate/>.
- Brontë, Emily. *Wuthering Heights*, 1847. Penguin, 2003.
- Bunzmann, Katharina. 'Djuna Barnes' Queer Surrealism: An American Woman in Paris.' *Pioneering North America: Mediators of European Culture and Literature*. Edited by Klaus Martens, 2000. pp. 79-87.
- Burgess, Anthony. *A Clockwork Orange*. WW Norton, 1963.
- Butler, Judith. *Bodies that Matter: On the Discursive Limits of Sex*. Routledge, 2011.
- . *Gender Trouble*. Routledge, 1990.
- . *Subjects of Desire: Hegelian Reflections in Twentieth-Century France*. Columbia UP, 1987.
- Campbell, Yurnangurnu Nola. Warakurna Artist. Public Figure, <https://warakurnaartists.com.au/about-us/>.
- Can Dialectics Break Bricks?* Directed by René Viénet, Situationist International, 1973. *ubuweb*, www.ubu.com/film/vienet_dialectics.html.
- Carter, Angela. 'The Alchemy of the Word.' *Expletives deleted: selected writings*. Vinatge, 1992.
- . *The infernal desire machines of Doctor Hoffman*, 1972. Penguin, 1994.
- . *The Sadeian Woman: An Exercise in Cultural History*. Virago, 1979.
- Céline, Louis-Ferdinand. *Mort à crédit [Death on the instalment plan]*, 1938. Translated by Ralph Manheim, New Directions, 1966.
- . *Guignol's Band*, 1944. Translated by Bernard Frechtman and Jack Nile, Alma Classics, 2012.
- . *Journey to the End of the Night*, 1934. Translated by Ralph Manheim, 1983, New Directions, 2006.

Cervantes, Miguel de. *Don Quixote*. Translated by John Ormsby, Lerner Publishing, 1975, *ProQuest Ebook Central*, <https://ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/adelaide/detail.action?docID=5443156>.

Children Underground. Directed by Edet Belzberg, Childhope International, 2001.

'Cheap Wine'. *East*. Cold Chisel, WEA, 1980.

Cioran, Emil. *On the Heights of Despair*, 1934. Translated by Ilinca Zarifopol-Johnston, Chicago UP, 1992.

---. *A Short History of Decay*, 1949. Translated by Richard Howard, Viking Press, 1975.

---. *The Trouble with Being Born*, 1973. Translated by Richard Howard, Arcade, 1998.

Coetzee, JM. *In the heart of the country*. Secker & Warburg, 1977.

comité invisible. *À non amis [To our friends]*. Translated by Robert Hurley, 2014. *the anarchist library*, theanarchistlibrary.org/library/the-invisible-committe-to-our-friends.

---. *L'insurrection Qui Vient [The Coming Insurrection]*, 2007. *the anarchist library*, theanarchistlibrary.org/library/comite-invisible-the-coming-insurrection.

Cool Hand Luke. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, Warner Bros. 1967.

Courtney Love. 'Mono'. *America's Sweetheart*, Virgin, 2004.

Debord, Guy. *Comments on the Society of the Spectacle*. Translated by Malcolm Imrie, 1990, Verso, 1998.

---. *Panegyric: Volumes 1 & 2*. Gallimard, 1993. Translated by James Brook and John McHale, Verso 2004.

---. *Society of the Spectacle*. Black & Red, 1983.

de Sade, Marquis. *Juliette*. Translated by Austryn Wainhouse, Grove, 1968.

---. *Letters from Prison*. Translated by Richard Seaver, Arcade, 1998.

---. 'His Will.' Breton, *Black Humour*, p. 20.

---. *Philosophy in the Bedroom*, 1795. Unofficial English MS.

Del Rey, Lana. *Born to Die*, Interscope, 2012.

Dolar, Mladen. 'Brecht's Gesture.' *Theory & Event*, vol. 15, no. 4, 2012. *Project Muse*, muse-jhu-edu.proxy.library.adelaide.edu.au/article/491200.

---. 'The Burrow of Sound.' *differences: a journal of feminist cultural studies*, vol. 22, no. 2 & 3, 2011, pp. 112-139. *Duke UP*, read-dukeupress-edu.proxy.library.adelaide.edu.au/differences/article/22/2-3/112-139/60659.

---. 'The Comic Mimesis.' *Critical Inquiry*, vol. 43, no. 2, 2017, pp. 570-589. *Chicago UP Journals*, www-journals-uchicago-edu.proxy.library.adelaide.edu.au/doi/abs/10.1086/689659.

---. 'The Owl of Minerva from Dusk till Dawn, or, Two Shades of Gray.' *Filozofija i drustvo*, vol. 26, no. 4, 2015, pp. 875-890. *DOAJ*, doi.org/10.2298/FID1504875D.

Dostoyevsky, Fyodor. *The Brothers Karamazov*. Translated by Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky, Vinatge, 1992.

---. *The Idiot*. Translated by David Magarshack, Penguin Classics, 1973.

DramaDolls. 'Adelaide.' 2019. <https://dramadolls.bandcamp.com/album/adelaide>.

Earth. *The Bees Made Honey in the Lion's Skull*, Avast / Aleph Studios, 2008. *atmosfear*, www.youtube.com/watch?v=plZDvC2jarE.

---. *Full Upon Her Burning Lips*, Sargent House, 2019. *1001 Stoned Albums*, www.youtube.com/watch?v=c7RZpj97H3g.

---. *Hex; Or Printing in the Infernal Method*, Southern Lord, 2005. *patbateman26*, www.youtube.com/user/patbateman26/videos.

Eilish, Billie. 'Bad Guy.' *When We All Fall Asleep Where Do We Go?* Interscope, 2019.

- Elephant*. Directed by Gus van Sant, HBO Films, 2003.
- Fanon, Frantz. *Les Damnés de la Terre [The wretched of the earth]*. Translated by Constance Farrington, MacGibbon & Kee, 1963.
- . *Peau Noire, Masques Blanc [Black Skin, White Masks]*. Editions de Seuil, 1952. Translated by Charles Lam Markmann, Pluto Press, 2017. ProQuest, ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/adelaide/reader.action?docID=4861797.
- Faulkner, William. *The Sound and the Fury*, 1929. Vintage, 1995.
- Feinberg, Leslie. *Stone Butch Blues*. Firebrand, 1993.
- Fisher, Mark. *Capitalist Realism: Is There No Alternative?* Zero Books, 2009.
- . *k-punk*, <http://k-punk.abstractdynamics.org>.
- ‘Frances Farmer Will Have Her Revenge On Seattle’. In *Utero*, Nirvana. Geffen, 1993.
- Freud, Sigmund. *Beyond the pleasure principle*. Translated by Gregory C Richter, Broadview Editions, 2011.
- . *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Translated by A. A. Brill, Macmillan, 1915.
- . *The Joke and Its Relation to the Unconscious*. Translated by Joyce Crick, Penguin Classics, 2003.
- . *Three Theories on the Theory of Sexuality: The 1905 Edition*. Translated by Ulrike Kistner, Verso, 2016.
- Grass, Günter. *The Tin Drum*, 1959. Translated by Ralph Manheim, Secker & Warburg, 1961.
- Greer, Germaine. *On Rage*. Hachette, 2020.
- Hall, Radclyffe. *The Well of Loneliness*. Virago, 1982.
- Hardt, Michael & Antonio Negri. *Commonwealth*. Harvard UP, 2009.
- . *Empire*. Harvard UP, 2000.
- . *Multitude: War and Democracy in the Age of Empire*. Penguin, 2005.
- Hegel, GWF. *Phenomenology of the Mind*, 1807. Translated by JB Baillie, Harper & Row, 1967.
- Heller, Joseph. *Catch-22*. Simon & Schuster, 2011.
- . *Something Happened*. Cape, 1974.
- Hole. ‘Twenty Years in Dakota.’ *My Body, the Hand Grenade, City Slang*, 1997. Mandy Lynn, www.youtube.com/watch?v=eGZ6kWew_vQ.
- Huebner, Karla. ‘Fire Smoulders in the Veins: Toyen’s Queer Desire and Its Roots in Prague Surrealism.’ *Papers of Surrealism*, 8, 2010. pp. 1-22. https://www.research.manchester.ac.uk/portal/files/63517392/surrealism_issue_8.pdf.
- I, Tonya*. Directed by Craig Gillespie, LuckyChap Entertainment, 2017.
- Jarry, Alfred. *Exploits & Opinions of Dr. Faustroll, Pataphysician*. Translated by Simon Watson Taylor, Exact Change, 1996.
- Jelinek, Elfriede. *The piano teacher: a novel*. Translated by Joachim Neugroschel, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1988.
- Joyce, James. *Finnegans Wake*, 1939. Wordsworth Classics, 2012.
- Kierkegaard, Søren. *Either/Or: a fragment of life*. Edited by Victor Eremita, Translated by Alastair Hannay, Penguin, 1992.
- . *Fear and Trembling: a dialectical lyric*. Translated by Robert Payne, Oxford UP, 1939.
- . *The Seducer’s Diary*. Edited and Translated by Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong. Princeton UP, 2013.
- . *The Sickness unto Death*, 1849. Translated by Alastair Hannay, Penguin, 1989.
- LaCoss, Donald. ‘Introduction: Surrealism and Romantic Anticapitalism.’ Löwy, *Morning Star*, pp. 8-33.

- Lautréamont, Comte de. *Les Chants de Maldoror*, 1869. Translated by Guy Wernham, New Directions, 1946.
- Loncraine, Rebecca. 'Introduction.' *The Book of Repulsive Women*. Fyfield Books, 2003. vii-xiv.
- Löwy, Michael. *Morning Star: Surrealism, Marxism, Anarchism, Situationism, Utopia*. Texas UP, 2009. ProQuest, ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/adelaide/detail.action?docID=3443401#.
- Lucashenko, Melissa. *Too Much Lip*. UQ Press, 2018.
- Lucy. <https://lucyadelaide.bandcamp.com>.
- Lusty, Natasha. *Surrealism, feminism, psychoanalysis*. Ashgate, 2007.
- Mad Max 2: The Road Warrior*. Directed by George Miller, Roadshow, 1981.
- Mad Max 3: Beyond Thunderdome*. Directed by George Miller and George Ogilvie, Roadshow, 1985.
- Major Lazer. 'Get Free.' *Free the Universe*, Downtown, 2012.
- Marcuse, Herbert. 'The Foundations of the Dialectical Theory of Society.' *Reason and Revolution: Hegel and the rise of social theory*. Routledge, 1968.
- Marx, Karl. *The Economic & Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844*. Edited by Dirk J. Struik, translated by Martin Milligan, International Publishers, 1964.
- . & Fredrich Engels. *The Communist Manifesto*. Penguin, 2002.
- McCabe, Patrick. *The Butcher Boy*. Picador, 1992.
- . *Breakfast on Pluto*. Picador, 1998.
- McGregor, Fiona. *Chemical Palace*. Allen & Unwin, 2002.
- Meat is Murder*. The Smiths. Rough Trade, 1984.
- Melville, Herman. *Bartleby the scriviner: a story of wall-street*. Open Road Media, 2014. ProQuest Ebook Central, <https://ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/adelaide/detail.action?docID=1805192>.
- Mészáros, István. *Marx's Theory of Alienation*. Merlin, 1970.
- Miaojin, Qiu. *Last Words from Montmartre*, 1996. Translated by Ari Larissa Heinrich, NYRB, 2014.
- . *Notes of a Crocodile*, 1994. Translated by Bonnie Huie, NYRB, 2017.
- Murray, Jack. *The Landscapes of Alienation: Ideological Subversion in Kafka, Céline, and Onetti*. Stanford UP, 1991.
- Nabokov, Vladimir. *Laughter in the Dark*. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1961.
- Nelson, Maggie. *The Argonauts*. Text, 2016.
- Nicholls, Christine Judith. "'Dreamings" and place — Aboriginal monsters and their meanings.' *The Conversation*, <https://theconversation.com/dreamings-and-place-aboriginal-monsters-and-their-meanings-25606>.
- 'Off to the Races.' *Born to Die*. Lana Del Rey, Interscope, 2011.
- Oliver, Kelly. *The Colonization of Psychic Space: A Psychoanalytic Social Theory of Oppression*. Minnesota UP, 2004. ProQuest Ebook Central, <https://ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/adelaide/detail.action?docID=310679>.
- . 'The Affects of Oppression.' *Theory of Oppression*, pp. 87-100.
- . 'Alienation as Perverse Privilege of the Modern Subject.' *Theory of Oppression*, pp. 3-26.
- . 'Alienation's Double as Burden of the Othered Subject.' *Theory of Oppression*, pp. 27-42.
- . 'Ethics of Psychoanalysis; or, Forgiveness as an Alternative to Alienation.' *Theory of Oppression*, pp. 195-200.
- . 'Sublimation and Idealization.' *Theory of Oppression*, pp. 125-151.
- Ollman, Bertrell. *Alienation: Marx's conception of man in capitalist society*. Cambridge UP, 1976.

- Pfohl, Stephan. 'We Go Round and Round in the Night and Are Consumed by Fire.' *Ctheory*, 2000. *nothingness*, library.nothingness.org/articles/SI/en/display/87.
- Plant, Sadie. *The Most Radical Gesture: The Situationist International in a Postmodern Age*. Routledge, 1992.
- Plato. *Phaedrus*. Translated by Robin Waterfield, Oxford UP, 2009. ProQuest, ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/adelaide/reader.action?docID=679412&ppg=59.
- Rabelais, François. *Gargantua et Pantagruel*. Translated by M. A. Screech, Penguin, 2006.
- Rimbaud, Arthur. *Selected Poems and Letters*. Translated by Jeremy Harding and John Sturrock, Penguin Classics, 2004.
- Rosemont, Franklin. *Jacques Vaché and the Roots of Surrealism: including Vaché's 'War Letters' & Other Writings*. Charles H. Kerr, 2008.
- Schachtman, Benjamin. *Traumedy: Dark Comedic Negotiations of Trauma in Contemporary American Literature*. Stony Brook University, ProQuest Dissertations and Theses, 2016.
- Shakespeare, William. *The First Part of King Henry IV*. Edited by Herbert & Judith Weil, Cambridge UP, 2007.
- . *Hamlet*. Floating Press, 2019. ProQuest Ebook Central, <https://ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/adelaide/detail.action?docID=390904>.
- . *The Second Part of King Henry IV*. Edited by Giorgio Melchiori, Cambridge UP, 2007.
- Situationist International. *Enragés et situationnistes dans le mouvement des occupations [Enragés and Situationists in the Occupations Movement]*. Gallimard, 1968. Translated by Loren Goldner and Paul Sieveking, Autonomedia, 1992. *situationist international online*, www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/enrages.html.
- . 'Manifesto.' *Internationale Situationniste #4*, 1960. Translated by Fabian Thompsett, *situationist international online*, www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/manifesto.html.
- . 'Report on the Construction of Situations and on the International Situationist Tendency's Conditions of Organization and Action.' 1957. Translated by Ken Knabb, *situationist international online*, www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/report.html.
- . 'The Struggle for Control of the New Techniques of Conditioning.' 1958. Translated by Rueben Keehan, *situationist international online*, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/struggle.html>.
- The Social Outcast: Ostracism, Social Exclusion, Rejection, and Bullying*. Edited by Kipling D. Williams, et al., Taylor & Francis, 2005. ProQuest, ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/adelaide/detail.action?docID=300517#.
- Sophocles. *The Three Theban Plays: Antigone, Oedipus the King, Oedipus at Colonus*. Translated by Robert Fagles, Penguin, 1982.
- "spleen, n." *OED Online*, Oxford University Press, December 2020, www.oed.com/view/Entry/187104. Accessed 3 January 2021.
- Stalin, Joseph. *The Essential Stalin: major theoretical writings, 1905-52*. Edited by Howard Bruce Franklin, Croom Helm, 1973.
- . *Stalin's letters to Molotov, 1925-1936*. Edited by Lars T. Lih et al., translated by Catherine A. Fitzpatrick et al., Yale UP, 1995.
- Standing, Guy. *The Precariat*. Bloomsbury Academic, 2011.
- Steinbeck, John. *The Grapes of Wrath*. Pan, 1975.
- Strapping Young Lad. *The New Black*, Century Media, 2006.
- Suleiman, Susan Rubin. 'Surrealist Black Humour: Masculine/Feminine.' *Papers of Surrealism*, 1, 2003. pp. 1-11. https://www.research.manchester.ac.uk/portal/files/63517385/surrealism_issue_1.pdf.

- “surd, adj. and n.” *OED Online*, Oxford University Press, March 2019, www.oed.com/view/Entry/194860. Accessed 2 April 2019
- Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*. Directed by Tim Burton, Warner Bros., 2007.
- Swift, Jonathan. ‘A Modest Proposal’. *Anthology of Black Humour*. Edited by André Breton, translated by Mark Polizzotti. City Light Books, 1997. 9-14.
- Systemaddicts, The. ‘Christies Beach.’ *Broken Hearted on the Nullarbor*, 2016. <https://thesystemaddicts.bandcamp.com/track/christies-beach>.
- “Tartuffe | Tartufe, n.” *OED Online*, Oxford University Press, March 2019, www.oed.com/view/Entry/197997. Accessed 3 April 2019
- Tiqqun. *Tiqqun 1. Conscious Organ of the Imaginary Party: Exercises in Critical Metaphysics*. vol. 1, Jan 1999. Unofficially translated by tiqqunista, 2011. pp. 0-171. *libcom*, libcom.org/library/tiqqun-1-concious-organ-imaginary-party.
- . ‘Of course you know, this means war!’ *Tiqqun 1*, pp. 3-5.
- . ‘Preliminary Materials for a Theory of the YoungGirl.’ *Tiqqun 1*, pp. 93-130.
- . ‘Sermon to the ravers.’ *Tiqqun 1*, pp. 155-7.
- . *The Theory of Bloom*. Translated by Robert Hurley, LBC Books, 2012. *libcom*, libcom.org/library/tiqqun-theory-bloom.
- . ‘Theses on the Imaginary Party.’ *Tiqqun 1*, pp. 48-69.
- Tolstoy, Leo. *Anna Karenina*. Translated by Constance Garnett, First Avenue Classics, 2015.
- ‘Under the Milky Way.’ *Starfish*. The Church, Mushroom, 1988.
- UNEF Strasbourg. *On the Poverty of Student Life: considered in its economic, political, psychological, sexual, and particularly intellectual aspects, and a modest proposal for its remedy*. Pamphlet, 1966. *nothingness*, library.nothingness.org/articles/Sl/en/display/4.
- Vaneigem, Raoul. *The revolution of everyday life*. Gallimard, 1967. Translated by Donald Nicholson-Smith, Rebel Press, 2001.
- . ‘A Warning to Students of All Ages.’ 1995. Translated by JML with NOT BORED!, 2000. *notbored*, www.notbored.org/avertissement.html.
- van Niekerk, Marlene. *Triomf*, 1994. Translated by Leon de Kock, Overlook Press, 2004.
- Wark, McKenzie. *Dispositions*. Salt, 2002.
- . *The Spectacle of Disintegration*. Verso, 2013.
- Watz, Anna. *Angela Carter and Surrealism: A Feminist Libertarian Aesthetic*. Routledge, 2017.
- Wending, Amy E. *Karl Marx on Technology and Alienation*. Palgrave Macmillan, 2009.
- Whalerider*. Directed by Niki Caro, Newmarket Films, 2002.
- Whiteley, Brett. *KOOKABURRA*, 1983. Google Image Search, 2017. <https://www.deutscherandhackett.com/auction/25-important-australian-international-fine-art-auction/lot/kookaburra-1983>.
- Wright, Amy: ‘Dorothy Allison: Tender to the Bone.’ *Guernica*, May 2018 <https://www.guernicamag.com/tender-to-the-bone/>
- ‘XO Tour Lif3’. *Luv is Rage 2*. Lil Uzi Vert, Atlantic, 2017.
- Zimmerman, Marc. ‘Sade et Lautréamont (sans Blanchot): Starting Points for Surrealist Practice and Praxis in the Dialectics of Cruelty and Humour Noir.’ *boundary 2*, vol. 5, no. 2, pp. 507-528. Duke UP.
- Žižek, Slavoj. *Less Than Nothing: Hegel and the Shadow of Dialectical Materialism*. Verso, 2013.

- . 'The Poetic Torture-House of Language: How poetry relates to ethnic cleansing.' *Poetry*, 3 Mar. 2014, www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/articles/70096/the-poetic-torture-house-of-language.
- . *Žižek's Jokes: (Did You Hear the One about Hegel and Negation?)* Edited by Audun Mortensen, MIT Press, 2014. *ProQuest Ebook Central*, <https://ebookcentral.proquest.com/lib/adelaide/detail.action?docID=3339752>.