

ODYSSEY OSSUARY
DEATH

██████████ ODYSSEY OSSUARY

AN AUTOPSY-TURVY POLYLOGIC EPISTOLARY NOVELETTE SHOWING LITTLE POTENTIAL AND WHICH DOESN'T LIVE UP TO MUCH AT ALL UNTIL IT CLIMAXES IN THE STANDARD SCRIPTOPHOBIC COLLAPSE. ██████████ ODYSSEY OSSUARY DOESN'T GIVE INVALUABLE INSIGHT INTO ██████████ ENTERED IN ERROR AND IT GIVES AN EVEN LESS VALUABLE ACCOUNT OF ANYTHING CONNECTED WITH ██████████, SAVE ITSELF.

Second edition presented as a printable file with The Stage As Antiworld © Cold Spring 2024. First edition limited to 10 physical copies printed for The New Blockaders / Spoil & Relics / Grinder-without-Organs at Cafe OTO, London, 11 November 2017. Thanks to Jonny Halifax (for The Accursed Logo), Richard Rupenus and Colin Turner. © ADJ.

Encomiums celebrating ██████████ **ODYSSEYOSSUARYDEATH** ██████████

“██████████ **ODYSSEYOSSUARY** is more than redundant, excessive, unnecessary, useless. The whole project is less than itself. Its grace is that it contains some of the worst words worthy of being called just that to the extent that they cease being them; not just one or two of them but almost none of them. A literature of literally *no unworthy words* would have been ideal. Writing patently doesn't make one, or none, a writer.”

Consultant, I ~~SO-OR-NO-SONIC-LOSSES~~

“With ██████████ **ODYSSEYOSSUARY** we see the age-old adage “a ██████████ entered in error is worth two entered correctly” malformed into something clowns would never laugh at. Very! Very! Very! Funny!”

Head Smiley Death's Head Clown (Circus Finitismus Headquarters)

“In this disjointed jeremiad, which is for both the total neophyte (clinically highly unqualified) and the complete expert (clinically highly qualified) alike, the author over employed the embarrassingly obvious technique of Using Words To Influence The Mind© (written in this case): trying to influence the mind (whether it be broken or not) by making words come into it when it apprehends them (whether consciously or not) and thus make it think twice or things it wouldn't have thought otherwise. Had the author used a slightly different tack I would have read it, but as it is, my neuropathways utilised their pure option not to.”

P. Psy

“We're going to see more of these kinds of errors with these infernal dropdown menus.”

National.Hellth.Service. ID Dept.

“██████████ **ODYSSEYOSSUARY** puts the error of entering ██████████ in error on trial, and through those trials, and the errors of them, and the trials of those errors, we finally get to judge whether reading ██████████ **ODYSSEYOSSUARY** is a trial or an error or both.”

DII

Sing/ //If you want a vision of the future/ imagine a ██████████ **ENTEREDINERROR** entered in error forever////Orwell/ amended//

HPAC/SC

“Onomasticians or whatever they're called, are going to have a field day with this because at last an allegory about the struggle with names, naming, nouns, proper and common nouns, pro-nouns and all that, that completely drops them.”

Anonymous

“[... Once this book is installed in my entirely unread library, I will cast it (along with my recently shed unintellectually thin skin) into the pit I dug exclusively for a Murid/██████████ **ODYSSEYGENREORGY.**]”

Prospec Pat Ref: n-One

Corp Like Donors

INTERREDINTENTIONALLY
DEATH

bolle ndete negatibität management corp/se

T H D & T L @ D C D H S F & T // D C L™ & T S T B C S E B

thee psychoalienist®

Resurrectophen™

Organ-without-Grinder

The Opusculè Author

Exhumationexhibitionmausoleummusealdeath.Ltd

ENTEREDINELIMINABLY
DEATH

Le Théâtre Sans Fin Indéterminée

18-OR-50-OR-NO-SONICLOSSES

Dissections

1. Decomposed Correspondences 1 - *The First Critique of Pure Treason*
2. Memoir of an Anathema (i.e. Reductio ad Lächeln-Totenkopf Clown)
3. The Uncollectable Papers of an N.H.S. Undecidable
4. '*Great Deeds Against The Dad*': a foray into the wonderful world of art
5. Decomposed Correspondences 2 - *The Second Critique of Pure Treason*
6. Too Appendages

1.

Decomposed Correspondences 1

The First Critique of Pure Reason

INTERREDINTENTIONALLY DEATH

Dear Vollandete Negativität Management Corp/se,

Preamble: Thee (so called) Institute (so called) Man (so called) brought us to realise that we wish to say that it is with the bulimic bile of a gorgedous dysmorphic evensong that this dissonant note regarding the christenogenic-fugue over writing us (that you aspiring monocrats have instantiated in the vilest cankerous baptism imaginable (being just one of the Brobdingnagian vulturist components of this treasonous Earth being rammed down our un-sung throats)) is written.

Firstly, at last the debut album finally arrived too late with secondly an obviously INTENTIONALLYENTEREDINERROR error that should have been erased long before the album arrived as late as this which was always going to be never nearly early enough: this being namely that the word ~~death~~ should have been executed, that is, not executed as it has been long ago. We told you chronologically in chronometrically time-in, time-out over and again over and throughout this long period of time “not in our name!” Nevertheless, nonetheless, your word-conducting continues to be underpinned by the inimical intent stemming from your dictatorial baton: for example, in the www.deathinterredintentionallytumblrfacebookbandcampsoundcloud.coms you name it names. It seems endless (etc.).

To expand our audience and help them get a looser ~~death~~grip on this unmelodic exposition that we're compelled to vocalise severe fortissimo: THE WORD IS ALREADY OVERUSED IN NAMES. For example our friends *The Happy Death & The Laughing@DeathClown Logo™ Band*, formerly, *The Death's-Head Smiley Face Logo™ Band*, might yet be, *The Logo Led Smiley Death-Clown Logo™ Band They've Yet To Decide* are currently very sadly struggling to rid their name of the word (and all associations to clown heads, smiles, and logos). Names including ~~death~~ in English alone are already well worn out. If we include names with the word and other affiliated dying refrains in other sullied tongues, they multiply exponentially into multiples running into possibly many multiplicities of completely flogged if not always-already brazenly dead motifs scourging the face of this, our diminuendo world of frail and failing whisperers.

We refuse to be victims of ~~death~~ entered in error and we will have you wave your eradicating baton before the album is released into this our Earth that will be scourged less by it. We wonder what fuels *Vollandete Negativität Management Corp/se's* obsessive preoccupation whereby all requests for ~~death~~ to be negated are cancelled. Our Psychoalienist® Institute Man So Called, with breath taking... breath-stole, finally, stealing breath, the last breath from us... insight, told us that there must be an unfettered counter-introprojectilevomited ~~death~~-instinct internally fixated qua primary-identifications instinctually programmed phantastic revenge-affliction condition resultant of the crime of a-priori misogynistic violence committed by all infants within the first six months of inner-own-life: configured whilst sucking the poison from the malevolent half of the bad-mother's two-breast: scooping out the nutrients from the munificent breast: dissolving with a burning urine gunshot straight onto the uterous wall: O' Great Creator Envy surfing upon the global/gomortido/inter/projectilevomit/identification/network. Why don't you take a long ~~death~~-drive off a short pier!

INTERREDNOTENTERED!

bolle dete negativität management corp/se

To DEATHINTERREDINTENTIONALLY// sing /Psychoalienist®/ Mrs K/s phantasic reading codes at work all wrong/ the secret of MAN revealed// all infants attack the mother/ O/ Great Creator Envy/ original/ BR/2049/s /2017// plot re/ male creation of a womb and male/dominated/societies claim over it and attack upon it/ ///this is not our death gifting/ sing/ your death is no mere extra musical signifier/ auxiliary to your already death infused name/ sing/ being buried isn't enough / have to have death to be a big music aggregate / don't overestimate the importance of choosing good names when naming/ sing/ don't cry your weeping face too dry/ according to its own conditions/ death cannot be extant/present/ but nevertheless has a pre/amble/ the scourged/less Earth will gradually pull you/us all/ away/away way back into itself/ The Earth devours us/life piecemeal/ molecule by musicale molecule/ molecular compost age/bondaged/animal incrementally/sagging/baby faces that learned to smile so delectably rotate 180°/ reversed external mirrors/ unsmiling faces/ internal organs drop/ physical stature decline/spine downwards spiralling/ compost animal/human/matter/ each in individual descent/ pulled by the Earth/s graveitational lure/ the cold magnetism of the fetid/fertile horrific soil/ horroring/ image of hands clawing from the grave captivantly clawing the invisible blue/ live life imminently under that spectre dared to clasp it/s lively terror/ death is possibilities drawn/represented in alliance with the virtual/ paradox/ all representations of death=misrepresentations/ portrait/betrayal/ inverse Dorian/ your rallying cry/ //completely flogged if not always already dead death motifs/// might as well say completely exhausted which/ if you had to ram more unsongs down your sung throats would belie that you intuitively grasp that it/s not exhaustive /you/re the living /sic/ proof death is a double/articulation/ a possible/impossibility/ it might be said that death is never a present but this is refuted in that we gave it to you as your birthday present/ you don't want it/ sing /If you aren't/ you are / if you're/ you aren't/ /Hegel revised // the path of suicide locks the suicider inexorably further to their existence&death/s ungraspable facticity/ the closer to death the more imminent life/ ASTHMA AIDES-MÉMOIRES BREATHING/ those in the act of seppuku/ despite stabs at ascetic/psychological/separation/dissociation/disassociation inhabit this site/hub/ hence a kaishakunin //and a white wine for the la<>>dy guvnor// /The Pub Landlord/ dying transgresses the self/s jurisdiction/ the absolute limit of limit/experiences/ death was /A little /note the tantalising/sardonic/callous little as if it might not have been out of Tyrell/s jurisdiction/ Roy/s act of killing Tyrell is a good enough /we presume/ illustration as to whether death can transgress/ inside or outside/ the self/s jurisdiction/ during killing Tyrell Roy torturously/slowly demonstrates that subjectively death is outside/ always/ it must have felt like eternity/ squishing eyes crushing skullbone/ in those undying micomoments/ INTERMINABILITY OF DEATH = INTERMINABILITY OF KILLING/ proving his 1982father2007fucker right/ as the act of killing draws to its conclusion however Roy reveals it wasn't quite as outside as Tyrell's jurisdiction as Tyrell had thought/hoped that eternity/moment ago/ but in those undying/not/dying moments most likely wished wasn't/ / revealing the full extent of Tyrell/s duplicitousness/ ROY proving his 1982father2007fucker wrong/ completely wrong we ask/ can the tipping point be experienced/ i/e/ within an experiential jurisdiction/ okay OK/ ask using the jargon of the phenomenology of death is death the object of any meaningful fulfilment of the intentional act/ are there noetic correlates for the noesis or are there none/ does experience dissolve/ is there transcendence in death/in near death?/ meta/phenomenological/ is this the nub of the profound mistake of the martyr/ will they

be around to find out their mistake or accuracy/ what kind of self shows up for the graduation ceremony in paradise/ oh parochial/self/deception/ denial of death/ the last and most important lesson never learned/ school refusal for the religiously maniacal/ post death cannot be experienced as entering by *the* remaining intact/unified subject/ even if DEATHINTERREDINBLUNDER/ this is precisely where *the* paradox of everything that can die lies/ lies the thing that can die/ dies the thing that lies too long/ alas DII/ irrespective of the financial cost/ as equally as death cannot be experienced as being undeathed/ even if lined/out/ X/d/out/ deleted/ erased/ annihilated/ we can/t take death away/ and anyway /death/ becomes you/ and at least death is buried in error rather than you or whoever being interred/ getting you or whoever out of the whole dug for yourselves or whoever you are/ let us consider your act to strike out against death/ let us consider the verb/ to cancel//1a/ cancel to deface, obliterate /writing/ properly by drawing lines across it lattice/wise/ to cross out// strike out// to annul/render void or invalid by so marking/ 1b/ to deface or destroy by cutting or tearing up//2a/ to annul/ repeal/ render void/ obligations/ promises/ vows/ or other things binding//// 3a/ to obliterate/ NULLIFICATION OBLITERATES ITSELF/ blot out/ delete from sight or memory/ 3b/ to frustrate reduce to nought/ put an end to/ abolish// 4a/ to strike out /a figure/by drawing a line through it/ esp/ in removing a common factor/ e/g/ from the numerator and denominator of a fraction/ 4b/ to remove equivalent quantities of opposite signs of an equation/ account/ etc// to balance a quantity of opposite sign/ so that the sum is zero/ 4c/ to render/ a thing/ null by means of something of opposite nature/ to neutralize/ counterbalance/ countervail/ 4d/ music/ to remove the effect of /a preceding sharp or flat// including an element of the key signature/ marked by inserting a natural sign in the score// /Oxford English Dictionary with subtraction/ deleting death does not kill death or life/birth/ don/t be dismissive/ if anything it provides the occasion to remember/affirm/to celebrate a life/life /and death/ striking out against death adds / inserts something to life/ we won/t erase the negation/ that/d be your pre/paid funeral music for you/re/pre/pared/down/ BIRTHENTEREDINERROR equals a total end of all possible worlds/ real tragedy/ horror/ sorrow/ where as we sing with hearts full of fun //Your funeral/ our smile// /Cave revised// deleting any death entered in error deletes the negation of death but you won/t exist more/ you/ll just be INTERREDINERROR/ hardly an improvement is it/ look/ why not try out the deathdrive/s anti/production as circuitous creative energy /Deleuze// or as just plain old fashioned incurably horribly positive /Freud// death is not the end of all worlds/ death is not equal to the nullification of a birth/ all births/ life/ paradoxically death inserts something into life/ to instate death/ erroneously placed/ as the error in the name admits/ reinstates tools to fulfill a wish/ there are only becomings /now Guattareleuze but really Guattareleuzebergson// /but not all becomings are good/ for example/ your debut / don/t worry we/ll still release it/ sing /Please release it/ let it go//// /Humperdinck / revised// **SONIC WHORESONE/ Organ-without-Grinder** will un/frame it first though/ in inappropriate chronometric time in the future you/ll see/ indeterminate energy/ libido seeking synthesis with objects and things/ death/drive knows not its own laws/ has no predetermined destiny /Freud/Jung/ LIKEYOINTERREDINTENTIONALLY it interminably turns away from its own name or any named death-aim with anything = DEATHOSSUARYORGY/ here death splices into the chains of un/adored repetition /back to Deleuze on his own// stopping/ death/ stop/motion/production/ maybe a heterogeneous/coupling /Deleuze with Guattari now// take death away if you wish/ the Enlightenment dream oh/ you already tried with INTERNMENTINERROR/ myth of singular/individual/discreet/homogenous/subjectivity/ writ large/ the unified band/group/outfit/-orchestrahorde-group-gang-posse-mob-herd/ Horror has a face/ / Kurtz-Coppola// BUT death does not/ representation problem returns/the buried/// This is where *The Happy Death & The Laughing @ DeathClown-Death/s Head Smiley Face & The Hmiley*

Death-Clown Logo™ Band went completely awryAW/REY they were told and told and told not to use that self/deceiving/deceptive death/s clown head impossibly laughing at the impossibility of possibility/ such reprehensible representability of the unrepresentable is the mistake made in Black Metal/s corpsepaint/ in the tradition of prosopopoeial/ representing the absent or the failure of presence/ THD&TL@DCDHSF&T#DCL™B got transfixed on leading the name around by such a representation/ logo/ Hooray however they got the laughter aspect correct / laughter in the face of death qua Nietzschean affirmation/ neurotic/solitary/ the hysterical verging on sobbing or/ q/qu/qua/quaqu/quackquack Beckett/s sardonic laughter in relation to death/ now sing /dying is the sensible passivity of senescence/ Levinas// as they always say/ there is no self/communion in being/towards/always/mine/death// /Levinas re/ Heidegger// as they always ask/ does this insinuate a plurality /as if the invisible death which the face of the other faces were my affair/ as if death regarded me/ /Levinas anti/emphasis intended to emphasise the paradox/ well here we go then n-1234/ adeathgroup/ thedeathofagroup/ adeathband/ thedeathofaband/ thedeathofabandofdeathbands/ abandofdeaths/ apackofdeath/s/ adeathswarm/ Let/s/go/a/deathing/ deathblackdoommetal/ deathnoise/ deathjazz/ deathjappop/ deathR&B/ deathfunk/ deathpop/ deathsoul/ deathgrunge/ deathelevatormusic/ deathambient/ deathclassical/ deathlullabies/ deathlovesong/ Sing /Leeeee-ving you/ is easy cos you/re decomposing/ doom/ doomi/ doom//// aaaaaaAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHGGGGGG//// /Riperton amended/ death in absentia has been declared/ come along/ zombies/ vampires and other undead have to/// learn to live with it ☠/

Regardless/
VNMC/SE

██████████ INTERREDINTENTIONALLY DEATH ██████████

Dear VNMC/SE,

Regarding your last near incomprehensible second in the series so not last letter we ask why you insist upon intimidation via imitation of a variety of anarcho-punk lyric typography/techno-death-machine file-corrupted literature? The unfinished sym-phonyness of it all is so the dreadfully opposite of opaque: abstruseness and showing off including academic referencing included.

Second as usually follows first it's evident that you're not going to change the error of entering death intentionally without a name-struggle are you? We'll choose our own levels of decomposition and burialment depths thank you very much. We're not having death forced upon us by voiding nomenclature such as thee. Thee Psychoalienist® Institute Man alienist from Thee Institute So Called said you must have the same Adam Complex that Adam (a MAN already having been called such by the self-producing HIM) inherited (from said self-producer) and which HE shamelessly exhibits in *The Big Boy's Big Book Of Religiosschizoiosio...* you know; the part where he goes round naming everything in (and out of) sight. You'd think that with that kind of naming aptitude he would have given himself a surname name. Adam X? The naming MAN with only half a name? Maybe too busy with his heavenly schedule of global binomial taxonomy to fit the other-half in. Maybe it is from this where the conception of a Christian name derives: the proto-Christian having only just that. And other-half of the other-half, Eve? Eve X? They weren't married and so HE couldn't smother the mother of all huMANity's maiden name even if there had been one. Who would have pro-noun-ced them Man & Wife anyway? The snake? The Apple! So we're all bastards derived from bastards eh. Bastards-born-of-created-bastards. Well that explains everything. At last. The theory of fucking everything! J. Harold C. Esq! Mr. God Above! At last! Allahluia! But what extraordinary work to have named everything including wo-men, who, just like our band, don't want to be called much unless of their making. But wo(e)betide VNMC/SE, just like wo-men, we're not woe-anything. Listen, if the debut is released with death included, you'll learn more about it entering the kingdom of name callers than you intended when embarking upon your killing-names project. Thee so called Psychoalienist® Institute Man Institute alienist said to say, call it mundane schadenfreude if you will, but nothing would give greater pleasure than to see obscene panjandrums such as you ousted from your treasonous sinecures, except being at No.1 (which we said).

Furthermore; your company's rebarbative name 'Corps/se': we assume you assume it textual(e) chic. If you mean 'corporation' or 'corpse': be done with it and have your word. We did some research regarding the name *vollendete negativität* and found it is linked to a cult of the negative the ring leader of which, for his non-deeds of not-reflecting anything except through denying its expression, was placed on twelve-tone-death-row. That's where you'd like to place us isn't it. But we will not be. Finally, we take exception to you making fun of *The Happy Death & The Laughing @ DeathClown-Death's Head Smiley Face & The Smiley Death-Clown Logo™ Band's* logo. Who btw, we'll go on record (or any format for that matter) to state, are not called that. They are one of our favourite bands and we've forwarded your cunt (for want of a worse word) of a letter to them at their *Zircus Finitismus* headquarters so that they can be unhappy about it too. You should never laugh at clowns!

██████████ INTERREDNOTENTERED!
██████

Summary of The First Critique then

company fucks off band

band gets fucked off

un-fuck off attempted

un unsuccessful

not yet a whisper

2.

Memoir Of An Anathema

(i.e. Reductio ad Lächeln-Totenkopf Clown)

T H D & T L @ D C D H S F & T H D C L™ B



Dear DEATHINTERREDINTENTIONALLY,

Our mail is being redirected from *Zircus Finitismus* to our new TOP SECRET Head Quarters outside Europe here at, [REDACTED], somewhere around South America, most likely Argentina, Sdkfz 251 DO NOT DISCLOSE

We were saddened to be horrified upon hearing that people have been laughing at our clown. You should never do that! We have long known about the malevolence of *Vollendkete Negativität Management Corp/se's* demented mentorship and the disastrous results that can be exacted upon a band by being too closely tied to such *Berufsverbrecher*.

Allow us to tell you our mournful story.

'Our Mournful Story' - Part I

Once upon a long, long ahead of their time ago...

There was a band that had a lot of difficulty with their name which was logo led rather than vice versa. They SO wished to use their "Smiley Death's Head Clown Logo™" but equally they were at war with themselves over its use as it contained the doppelte Siegrune and thus the obvious Nazi referent... the use of which, as we all know don't we ladies and gentlemen boys and girls, is backward:

....hththththttenruter)traF snaem dnaIgnE ni pmurt drow eht(TRAF
lagidorp eht SSELB DOG :LLIW EHT FO)h(PMU)i(RT :ESUOH TSICAMERPUSETIHW
EHT :sllaw dliub :esuoH ETIH)W(S kcirb a ekil tliub esuoH etih)S(w eht ot
ecar htliF eht :hteunitnoc trid naem fo ecar eht :deloof eb ton s'tel
:s'od ecnob dab yllaer eht evah llits emos ;on dna ...sey llew s04-s02 eht
fo esoht ekil kool t'nod stsicsaF yraropmetnoc taht dias neeb sah tI
.eruzies gnag ni kcuts etah)esoprup ,ytinumoc ,ytitnedi rof hcraes(
egalbmessa na emoceb ot tpmetta despalloc a si thgir raf eht gnias yb
ylpmis ti gnipeek naht rehtar "atercxen ni sehtolc dna seidob rieht retsalp
elacs rellams a no]mohw[scinam" ot ytleurc dna noitcurtsed-nap izaN
gninekil ,gnisigolohtap déhcilc si siht neve tuB .stip tsilai-noloc nwo
ruo gid dna sevlesruo edarged ewdeedni idnum sunna :ailihporpoc htiv
delpuoc)if-ol(sdlrow-dnuos-tihs ,tihs-lanoitome-oedi ,tihs nwo rieht ni
dnuora gnilliw cibohponex :)tnemrewopme fo ygoledi eht ylno ,tnemesabed
ta mia eht esilaer t'nod netfo sesabed ti esoht ,ecipicerp siht no derrulb

era senil eht(tnesesabed etulosba fo noisserpxe eht si)erugifnocer
 ot llac eht fo tsom eht gnikam(eloh-kcalb siht fo ecipicerp no gnicnalab
 skrow ot tnenopmoc lacihte na si ereht fI .)slls llec-citmem izaN(emaS
 elbaegnahcretnI ylgribmuN eHT fo ymonoce dne-htaed s'msilatipaC htiw
 yllufituaeb serehoc ytilaitnetop yranoitulover edroh-depib-enivo/enivob
 eht fo noitcudes eht ,)sedam-ydaer suoivbo daed(live fo tra eht fo erulla
 eht ,)ssoB puya(msihsitef ngised ,rewop/ytleurc ni tneteticxe edivorp
 ,ecnellecxe rap noitacovorp laitnesetniuq eht ;era sizaN .neht sekorts
 hsurb daorB .'noissesbo evitcelloc' a si siht rehtew ksa dna)dellac os(naM)dellac os(etutitsnI)dellac os(eHT epa ro ygonimret cirtaihcySp
 yolpme ew dluohS ?dnab-repus nu-gnoJ miK eurt tsal eht saw nehW
 :)msinoélopaN(msilairepmI ,)msitoP(eguor remhK ,)msignodeZ(msinummoC
 eseniHC ,)msinilatS(msinummoC teivoS yas naht rehtar stra-cisum dellac os
 eht ni)msireltiH(sizaN htiw noitautafni/eloh-kcalb eht ,yhw

.erussaer ,trofmoc ot dednetni)trebuhcS .g.e(cisum htiw rorroh
 lautca eht gniynapmocca sizaN fo esrevni eht dna nommoc yldas si)os od ot
 deppiuqe yletanni t'nsi cisum ,sIrig dna syob nemeltneg dna seidal ew
 t'nod wonk lla ew sa esuaceb(ezirorroh ot noitnetni eht htiw senoz eerf
 ecneloiv ylevitarapmoc fo trofmoc eht ni edam cisum gniynapmocca
 snoitacove hcuS .fitom izaN nwoIc-sucric-htaed-retfa-gnillik eht htiw yrwa
 gniog detrats yrots rieht

The band tried to di~~ff~~olve the Nazi motif via the semasiological
 distraction strategy of calling it “The Happy ~~Death~~ & The
 Laughing@~~Death~~Clown Logo™ Band”. But sadly, this didn’t really work. For
 what seemed like a thousand years, they dolefully and dullingly vacillated
 between words until finally finding die endlösung “The Happy ~~Death~~ & The
 Laughing @ ~~Death~~Clown-~~Death~~’s Head Smiley Face & The ~~Smiley~~ ~~Death~~-Clown
 Logo™ Band” - which they had difficulty remembering. Abbreviating it to
 the acronym ~~THD&TL@DCDHSF&T~~HD~~CL™B~~ didn’t seem to help much either and Hans
 Frankly they didn’t like this version for the same reason they didn’t like
 the other. But they were ‘encouraged’ to use it by the evil ~~death~~ obsessed
 management company *Vollendete Negativität Management Corp/se* who never let
 up their kampa~~gn~~e of insisting upon it. VNMC/SE also tried cruelly to
 eradicate their ambivalently beloved Smiley ~~Death~~’s Head Clown Logo™ by
 screwing it up and throwing in a bin. But the band were able to retrieve
 it, dis-band and run away to a secret place far far away... hoping to
 escape the clutches of nasty VNMC/SE and awake in a new dawn. They
 immediately set about working on a new name; hoping to make the big
 breakthrough and live happily ever after. The End. (But it wasn’t was it.)

‘Our Mournful Story’ - Part II

Once upon a long, long ahead of their time ago...

~~THD&TL@DCDHSF&T~~HD~~CL™B~~ wished to lie down and rest in the arms of divine
 providence with its holocausts of signs, signifiers and smiles. But time
 was beginning to run out. ~~Death~~ was ever encroaching and the band had yet
 to start making some or indeed any music. But as we all know don’t we

ladies and gentlemen boys and girls, music is secondary to names. You need to know who you are before you can live happily ever after. The End. (But no, it wasn't.)

We wish to give to you (you who aren't called an aggregate) our cursed logo as a parting gift. We know it will be in the safe hands that belong to you who have shown the greatest resilience born in punishing inurement in resisting *Vollendete Negativität Management Corp/se*'s reign of semantic t/error. You now have complete ownership of the logo and can possibly expand it into multitudes or crowds of a ~~death~~-clown prints for children's pyjamas, slippers, nursery mobiles & wallpaper and/or to overlay as a skin-disease on your band portraits. We need to get it out of our lives forever. We wish you luck with the accursed thing!

Signing off

The Happy ~~Death~~ & The Laughing @ ~~Death~~Clown-~~Death~~'s Head Smiley Face & The ~~Smiley Death~~-Clown Logo™ & The Soon To Be Called Something Else Band.

INTERREDINTENTIONALLY DEATH

Dear THD&TL@DCDHSF&T//DCL™&TSTBCSEB,

First, a number of square points:

- Thank you for the accursed logo / gift. Very thoughtful. We will use it to honour your memory which we are certain is worth honouring, not knowing what you remember notwithstanding.
- We're pleased to hear of your escape from VNMC/se. We have embryonic monstrumicide plans hatching from their eggs for them ourselves.
- You have nothing to worry about regarding your whereabouts as we are very good at keeping the products of secret manufacturers under wraps.
- We were sorry to hear the part of your mournful story where a satisfactory name for your band can't be found. This problem isn't insurmountable so don't give up hope. Hope kills things for all the right reasons. THD&TL@DCLDHSF&T//DCL™&TSTBCSEB is a decent arbitrary foundation and by persevering to put letters and ultimately words together in different combinations something is bound to show up.

Sixth, we're not entirely convinced by your claim that names have priority over music and that having a name guarantees that you know who you are ('you' being only provisional of course while you don't know). While it is important, every once in a while, to know who you are, more often than not this can wait as you can still be known who you are by everyone else. There are many musicians, performers, groups if you will, who have never known and will never know who they are and yet this hasn't been an obstacle to whomever they are (might think they are ? want to be etc.) being known. And those that know always believe that the known also know. But we don't know... and we know our name which is known! Okay, the name isn't our own. We know because of The Great Semantic T/E/rror and we realise we are caught in a tricky exist-lexical conundrum with the INTERREDINTENTIONALLY thing (here VNMC/SE were well ahead of us because even if ~~death~~ is removed we're still interred whether intentionally or not which of course we are). But when we, whoever that is, do get our name back we still won't know who we are even though it might be evident to everyone that obviously we do. Should we be like Thee So Called Psychoalienist® Instituted Man in some way, any-way? Then we (those of us who don't know if we are what we or they say we are) would be able to tell ourselves all kinds of things we know but apparently don't: i.e., secrets from ourselves. That said, we probably wouldn't want to know them even if we could (or we wouldn't have made them into secrets - there's probably good reason for doing so - how could we know?) and moreover no one has ever been any better off for learning any such secrets anyway. We ask: why do we not disallow ourselves secrets? We conclude: *WE ENJOY GIVING OURSELVES THE GIFT OF SECRETS!* In the face of all this futility we will forego some of it to assist you in highlighting where a lack of unknown-known-knowledge is clearly hindering you. We will here-now spoil a part of your self-inflicted secret.

In your letter you mention you have yet to 'make *some* or *any* music'. Well, we in Dll never have and never will make 'some' or 'any', or 'this', 'that' or 'the other' music. We make music which needs to be underlined. We will explain with the aid of an autobiographically experienced

justification involving Particular Psy. (Incidentally, this Particular Psy (there are many Particular Psy's but this one is particularly particular) was the first not to suggest the name ~~DEATH~~INTERREDINERROR. Many others haven't suggested it, but this Psy was the first and can therefore be credited as the founder of not doing so.)

A Particular Case in Questioning

A Particular Psy became convinced that what people tend to do in its general form is use words to make people think twice or things they wouldn't have thought otherwise without them. P.Psy thought therefore, with words, that by carefully choosing them, they (the chosen words) would make people think twice or otherwise.¹

P.Psy realised that although the Using Words To Influence The Mind@ strategy is patently obvious to anyone able to comprehend language no one had ever taken the step of patenting it for the purposes of clinically qualified or unqualified use. And so did. Resulting in a useless monopoly over it.

Using Words To Influence The Mind@ is the corner stone P.Psy's entire clinical practice which, in turn, is based on the entire second-life's work of the great philosopher of linguistics Bigwig Ludgenstein. Ludgenstein's second-life's project primarily revolves around an analysis of *The Parable of 'Some' or 'Any' Broken Eggs?* This is how it goes:

Subject (A) shows object (Z) a casket containing broken eggs and asks, 'Are there *any* broken eggs in the casket?'. (Z) replies, 'Yes'. (A) informs (Z) that in fact there are not any. (A) then asks, 'Are there *some* broken eggs in the casket?', to which (Z) replies, 'Yes there are', (or if Z is very astute they might say, 'No, there aren't *any* eggs in the casket other than the *some* which are broken.')

(A) then informs (Z) that they are in fact wrong on all counts because in fact there are only 'broken eggs' in the casket. This is because the broken eggs are premised on the proposition of being precisely that (i.e., broken) rather than premised on being *some*, *any*, *these*, or *those* and so on and so forth.²

P.Psy transmuted this perlocutionary shudder into a sudden ~~death~~-risk screening tool: eggs being all about the inexorability of life and ~~death~~ and which comes first: the broken or the hatchling? Here's how ~~death~~-risk screening goes:

When a 'prospective patient' (logically called thus due to not having yet been fully assessed and therefore not yet brought into the rigid fold of being a patient proper: existing instead in a nether-ward of National Hellth Service (N.H.S.) undecidability, has attempted to break themselves (trying to make ~~DEATH~~ENTERINTENTIONALLY) by, say, taking a suspected

¹ The choosing process is distinct from the words-already-chosen and itself requires words - already chosen - to influence the outcome of its own procedure: which is all very spherical, by which we mean circular, but inside the circle.

² Whether they are broken or not is irrelevant, we will return to this in another footnote.

overdose of, let's say, paracetamol, P.Psy will ask, 'Did you take *any* paracetamol?' to which the N.H.S. Undecidable will reply, 'Yes, I did.' P.Psy then informs them, 'No! No, you didn't!' P.Psy then asks, 'Did you take *some* paracetamol?' and the N.H.S. undecidable might reply, 'Yes... I just told you I did... yes... I took *some* paracetamol' and P.Psy will inform them, 'No! No, you didn't! You are wrong on every level... you didn't take *some* paracetamol and you didn't take *any* paracetamol either!' Obviously because of their unstable, confused and unqualified (even disqualified) psychoneurophilosophicopharmacologically minded mind, the N.H.S. Undecidable (now an 'impending patient') and their flawed families invariably stare in disbelief at P.Psy.

The ~~death~~-risk assessment can at this point diverge into an additional inquiry as to whether any of the ingested paracetamol were broken or not. This can lead however to even more consternation on the part of the N.H.S. Undecidable and/or their family.³

Things only become clear when the impending patient is informed that what they did in fact was take paracetamol! They are then declared a 'patient proper', told how to pay for parking, and placed on round-the-clock nil-by-mind / early-onset-of-lunacy watch. Individuals and whole families who evidently don't know whether they have or have not taken paracetamol (whether broken or not) is a very big worry. This procedure invariably concludes with the patient being discharged home by a different mentally healthy professional.

NB: 'Patients proper' might not think twice but they never make the same mistake more than once! And neither have we.

We have written some (not any) lyrics based on all of this for you write a tune to. Consider it a return gift for the accursed logo:

To Break Even. [*Suggested style: Slightly Brutal. Singer gender, age, sexual orientation, religion, cultural heritage oblivious.*]

Verse 1

How many broken?
How many of some or any?
Of... some or any? Broken?

Chorus

Some? No! Any? No! Broken?
What comes first; The Broken or The Hatchling?
Some choice or any?

Verse 2 [*Whispered.*]

³ Whether any paracetamol are broken or not is not relevant in any vent because any ingestion of any paracetamol, whether broken or not, meets the general criterion of at least 'some', or 'any' (but not 'no') being ingested. It is pure clinical pride, avarice, intrigue and greed in wanting to determine whether the paracetamol was, or was not, broken, or not.

There aren't any or some

There is only 'is'

In there...

Of... [*Build-up.*]

Chorus [*Screamed.*]

Some? No! Any? No! Broken?

What comes first? The Broken or The Hatchling?

Some choice or any?

[*Sung as though deeply irritated.*]

Question: is there something or anything broken or not?

Answer: There isn't anything to put anything or something *in* even if there was anything or something to put *in* or to even break... to EVENBREAK... EVENBREAK... EVENBREAK...



3.
The Uncollectable Papers
of an
N.H.S. Undecidable

Meeting Targets Matters! 

To [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Date: [REDACTED]

Prospec Pat Ref: *n-One*

Upon a clinical casting of our clinical eyes over the envelope you sent to us we immediately deployed our clinical observational skills (analytic) and saw that you had made an attempt at Using Words© (written) to make people think things they would not have thought otherwise without them: the tired old ploy of trying to tie minds to motor actions beyond their textual controls (by which, incidentally, the post worker was evidently duly affected in bringing the envelope to us). We followed the unwritten instruction to open it and there upon inside found an even greater attempt at Using Words© to compel thoughts and actions along certain lines. A good attempt too for someone unqualified, although, to reiterate, an obvious strategy now very widely used. How glad I am that I patented Using Words To Influence The Mind© but I do have to figure out how to control its unlicensed use by unqualified people (your letter being only on example of the many millions of words used everywhere, everywhen).

I made the unilateral decision to decipher, interpret and anaesthetise each of your words into a more comprehensible and thus sedate form. I include (below) my tranquilised-deciphered transcription. Once you begin reading it you will realise what you struggled to say in your letter which in turn will help you place my clinical reply (further below) in its very important place. Read each word carefully and open your synapses and the applicable cerebral hemisphere as widely as plially possible so as to be fully cognisant of all the facts.

Not your

P. Psy

To,

Particular Psy Services

A Royal Mauling Hospital

London

SE5 [REDACTED]

Definitely to you who are concerned,

I (I will thenceforth use the pronoun 'I' as a short cut for what I'm not sure) recently visited my G.P. (please note: it is actually a clinical error to say 'my G.P.' as I have not had a consistent G.P. for many

years: G.P.'s, like selves in general it seems, come and go and turnover as capriciously as the changing of the brain). The G.P. appeared clinical enough to be fit for purpose in my unqualified opinion that was based on my unqualified examination of her. One concern I did have however, was that she was constantly engaged in 'screen viewing' and 'keyboard tapping' behaviour during our consolation. Occasionally she cast her computer glazed eyes pointedly and objectively toward me, and it felt good to know that I was properly being looked straight through.

Excepting that I recently visited a G.P.: nothing of what I've said thus far relates to why I'm currently engaged in my own writing behaviour, toward you.

The G.P. whom saw me and whom I saw with unequal observational validity (hers being far more qualified than mine - 'mine' being a poor substitute for the word 'not' in this instance) told me that she nearly prescribed herself an anti-psychotic cocktail when the receptionist told her I'd arrived for the appointment. She explained that being new to her post she had familiarised herself with her demonographic by reading each of her patient's medical notes in preparation for each upcoming consolation. She'd seen in my records that I'd recently been clinically 'outcomed' as officially dead by a Particular Psy Duty Clinician - who I'd seen a few days prior for an emergency deliberate ~~death~~-risk assessment (DDRA) at accident and emergency - and had made the *logico-clinico* assumption that my scheduled appointment would take place with only one of us present. She explained that she hadn't cancelled the appointment as she had calculated with clinically selfish efficiency, that the gap generated by my expiration would be advantageous for her in that she'd be able to catch up on the paperless work related to her un-expired patients. However, in the while whilst I was bracing myself (i.e. the while-whist armoring myself in the true Reichian sense of the term in my long walk down the too short a corridor to the sinister open-doored-policy consulting room intimidatingly waiting in medical blues, greens and whites) she'd had enough clinical sagacity to quickly re-read my notes for any updates (e.g., had I been selected for trials of the new wonder drug **Resurrectophen™**?). In the notes she'd seen that my ~~death~~ had been cancelled out by something she told me is called a DEATH ENTERED IN ERROR (or DEIE as she acronomously called it). Upon receiving this horrifying piece of medical reassurance, I instantaneously felt the way I had when I made the appointment to see the G.P. that suffering eternity ago, just prior to taking the above-mentioned deliberate ~~death~~ overdose (DDO) of paracetamol (or whatever it was) with the exclusive intention of making, as the Particular Psy Duty Clinician who saw me stated it, DEATH ENTER INTESTINALLY (DEI). In what would have been the usual grim interim period between one of my frequent attempts at making ~~death~~ enter intestinally (DEI) and the subsequent G.P. follow-up appointment, when there usually arises within me a monstrous demand that I should live my life as though a corpse, I had wondered if my failed attempt at DEI had actually resulted in my intended (via the intestines) goal because unusually for me, I felt much better!!! The positive symptoms were; a radical onset of ataraxia, feeling very light and care free, as though in quiet, almost pathological still repose... heavenly even.... and although I had become much more chilling (especially in the extremities), folk handled me much more fondly... with the greatest of care... with respect even... for example taking me kindly to my home... allowing me to rest downstairs... placing me kind-heartedly in an exquisitely designed ergonomic box they called 'a cocoon'... from which, I presumed, they expected me to spring forth not as a bloated liquid-straight-jacket wearing zombie anymore but... as a *beautiful breathing creature*... fucking hell... can't even the dead rest from the interminable demands of every bastard! I was, however, allowed to lie down in this cocoon rather than made to go upstairs to my usual horizontal crucifixion. Very nice. Another thing of note was that folk expressed much greater emotion in their general interactions with me than they had ever done before... a little overwhelmingly so to be honest... quite sad actually. Enlivened by all this I had taken up a hobby of digging craterous holes in my back yard: right down to and beyond the Victorian sewage pipes. I intended to fill these holes with antique books and rats so that I could watch the pests make shitty literary rhizomes and nests. To witness otherwise persecuted creatures making habitations out of the extensively ignored sections of my barbarously collected and feloniously exclusive library would have been a complete enchantment (read 'enactment'). I planned perhaps, to

crack open one of the pipes for the rats to scurry down: transporting their precious gnawed natterings to their fly-black filth pits of clandestine warmth and poisoned snugness: thousands of swarming-black-eyes tightened to slits by the pressurised greased-mass of powerful-fibrous-mid-distended bodies muscularly slithering along one another in rapid pitch-Black Metal abandon: leadened-oleaginous fur thickly gathered into thousands of tiny wet duck tail pricks narrow tipped filthy fine-art brushes, soft as the charcoal ones I now graphomaniacally employ to write my letters toward rancidity such as you human sludge with minds and hands of cold-hearted stillness: converse to mine: warmed by the stagnant humidity of my dream infected reading chambers: built from the very foundations upwards from civilisations highest literary accomplishments: refuged idyllically in twilight realms of perusal: intimate in the somnambulant glow of crepuscular townhomes: LIGHTS AWAKE flickering percept of fires bellowing asphyxiating breath into my under-read lungs: monstrous dancing diplopic book shadows for company. Indeed! After the appointment with the G.P. I was going to pick up the few hundred antique beasts that I'd ordered from the beast store, go home, and cast them into one of the pits, having already decanted from shelf to grave the archival components of my architectural conglomerate. All of this I failed to do. None of this happened. Such a devastating health appointment resulted in the return of my ill will towards life itself and I wasn't able to withstand the accompanying complete collapse of my paroxysmic wish to do favours for rodents. And I love rats... because more than any other Muridae they make least a steady rhythmic noise in their night-smear raspings, scratchings and gnawings. Rather they make an untimely cacophonous rubble akin to the mechanical/maniacal whirling of gaping mouthed cement mixers full to choking with claws, junk, teeth, and steel - which take root through the foundations of any sleeping soul. I've since been up my own private Calvary every night agonising over all the extra-miasmatic good-for-nothings the beast store is now forced to accommodate. I'm worried sick about them to be honest. I would have taken them a few books but unfortunately they're all now completely sodden after the recent deluges. The landscape shrine of beautifully bound objects carefully placed for the attention and unconditional advancement of vermin that I had at first envisioned now resembles more an array of vast tepid vomit sluices (you can actually see what the authors had eaten). My entire plot is ruined. I have ignored all messages from the store for me to collect the rats: I'm too concerned for my own personal safety, there are humans on the other end of those attack dog leashes you know.

With all this DEATH ENTERED IN ERROR business my ruinous life has returned with more than an unfair share of its hellish flare. I hope this makes someone happy! I hereby request that my status as dead is reinstated with abrupt forthwithness. That something so wonderful was bestowed upon me with one warm erroneous stroke of a computer key to be then swept away by an icily correcting other is beyond the pale of someone who has made every excursion from enjoyment in life to meet the demands made by central and local government to pay all due taxes and necessities; all of which I have struggled to pay for from my Affordables Income. I wish I could go private to be honest. But as a taxpayer I believe that I can assert a certain right over whether my records state whether I am dead or not. The fact that my P45 still goes through each year should be evidence enough for those who's business it is to know how prolonged in life I have become. But I don't need to be aware of this excruciating fact every single waking second! DO I?

If you feel you have to write in words to me in reply do so but I will be in pains to read it. I would rather simply feel automatically restored as a consequence of you having just got on with your job of immediately marking me down as dead (whether in error or not, it won't matter to me will it if I'm dead? You might clinically know the answer to this quizzical matter).

In anticipation of a relapse.



Ps - can we ask: why does death only reveal itself within life and never within death itself?



To [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Date: [REDACTED]

Prospec Pat Ref: *n-One*

Thank you for your complaint letter pertaining to life and ~~death~~ and your dissatisfaction with the strict binary organisation of the two.

I write to you against my multidisciplinary team's clinical decision that I should not clinically write to you at all. Moreover, I write to you, Using Words© (which is obvious enough to me), as the Particular Psy who undertook the 'Death Intentionally Attempted Obligatory Risk/Error Assessment' (DIAOREA) following your unsuccessful bender of broken or unbroken (it's not clinically significant whether they were broken or not) paracetamol (or whatever it was you took). I do clinically remember you as one of the very few 'prospective patients' to have ever passed my assessment by correctly answering that you had taken 'paracetamol' (or whatever it was) as opposed to answering 'some', 'any' or 'can you leave me alone' etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. You even said correctly, without being told to, that it is irrelevant whether eggs, medications or minds are broken or not. However, your acute astuteness might be something that we will need to think about as a possibly formally diagnosable condition. Excessive correctness is a pathology. My advice to you is that you try to make a few more errors. Then we won't have to section you off into little pieces will we.

Just as a point of clinical fact while we are on the subject of errors: I did not say, as you state in your letter, that you had intended to make 'death enter intestinally'. I know my own business and would have definitely said 'intentionally' even if what you had done was done unintentionally (I'm qualified to give out untruths). Now, we can offer clinical forgiveness on this one occasion as you are bound not to know anything about any of this not being psychoneurophilosophicopharmacologically trained. But please note: there is actually a very big difference between 'intestinally' and 'intentionally': one being of the somatic system, the other being of the psychological system. The two poles never quite meet in the middle except, funnily enough, in your case, where stating the coexistence of both, would be philoneuropsychologically valid because you had ingested whatever it was you took both intestinally and intentionally. But, you didn't say 'both' (i.e., 'entered intestinally' (DEI) and 'entered intentionally' DEIa) did you! Such errors can lead to people being taken away and so I urge you to remember what I'm saying. I discharged you as I thought you fit to re-enter our control-society and although I think the medico-scientific precision that I exacted in my clinical decision-making processes on the day was flawless I can always think twice.

I read your letter regarding your last G.P. consultation with a passionate interest verging on unprofessional empathy, and I had the clinical thought that I would like you to come to see me to answer a few clinical questions about the phenomenon of feeling better as a consequence of your electronic patient record erroneously outcomed on the wrong side of death. I foresee you as potential piece of irrefutable clinical data potentially contributing to the advancement of my career. This would certainly be the case if I were able to make a successful bid to the health trust that death should be entered in error more often than not. Due to you, DEIE is now evidence-based as yielding beneficial results to patients: even in NOT PROPER PATIENT cases such as yours. Please don't feel under too much pressure; should my bid for advancement come to nothing I can simply note it all down as yet another example of your clinical pointlessness.

I do appreciate that you have been feeling much better since our emergency DIAOREA consultation and I apologise for that. Your intended generosity to vermin was certainly a sign of clinical hope but unfortunately, I must inform you, your *Benign Pseudologia Fantastica* can not be restored. Or, less clinically put, your status as currently snatched away from the category of the dead can not be reinstated. Not unless the energy that enables your organism to grow, reproduce, absorb, and use nutrients, evolve, achieve mobility, express consciousness, demonstrate voluntary use of the senses and other organisms and inanimate matter (manifest in functions such as metabolism, growth, reproduction, response to stimuli, adaptation to the environment and which originates from within your organism) radically reverses direction. We have our criterion, and we must adhere to it! You can of course give as much consideration to a 'reversal of direction' as you wish and proceed as you see fit (obviously you not being officially under National.Hellth.Service. care means you have full self-legislating authority to be influenced by any words of your autonomous autonomic choosing).

But before making any life-status altering decisions please call me on [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] so we can discuss a time that is convenient for me for you to come and see me.

Not your
P. Psy

Targeting Targets! 

To [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Date: [REDACTED]
Prospec Pat Ref:

Thank you for Using Words© at us again. To be therapeutically consistent I again took the clinical liberty of untangling the exact truth-content of the words inherent in your letter and I include a transcript of my clinically accurate suppositions (below) along with my reply (below the below) to those suppositions. Unfortunately, we are not able to return your two original letters as you request. We need to keep the originals for our own analytico-clinico purposes. We have however, at our own inconvenience, enclosed scanned copies for you (below the below-below). We hope that you are eventually able to finish them off and put them to rest along with your craters and tubular vermin.

Not your
P. Psy

To,
Particular Psy Services
The Royal Morose
London
SE5 [REDACTED]

Definitely to you in particular,

I won't come to see you. Time is very problematic for me right now or whenever it is.

My insomnia is such now that I might as well get it over and done with and call it amnesia as I can't remember how to sleep. It's that or I've got Awake Addictions. I've tried synchronising myself with time by positioning myself in the configuration of the hour, so, for example, at 12 a.m. I lie unmoved in a straight line and make believe I'm lying on that number for that hour. 12 is quite precarious however, and I often fall off. 1 is a bit better. 2 is more stable and I am glad when that hour arrives so that I can change to lie with my back and neck curled with my legs at 45 degrees, bent backward, vertically, from the knee joint. Good. I really struggle with 3 just as I do with 4, 5 and 6. 7, 8 and 9 are much more pleasant but arrive long after the dawn and therefore offer little compensation for my long hours of struggle without respite from my waking agonies. That said, 8 is especially welcome as you can rest your head and shoulders against the rim of the upper circle and your back against the curvature of the lower. Not too bad. I'm fortunate in that I've always been able to easily split myself into

more than one: double digits are best. For example, 11 a.m. is very good as I can get snug between the two digits. The corner of the '2' in '12' can dig into your head if you're not careful. Unfortunately, though, there are only three doubles in every unforgiving insomniacal-paralytic-nightmare of the twenty-four. But I never rest during the p.m. cycle anyway. What's the point?

For your clinical records I need to inform you that my rat-infested project is now finished for the good. They made their own way to me from the beast shop. Accompanied by an angry man. Very nice. All my books went along with them immediately down a hole and I've not seen book nor sapiosexual vermin since. That's the thanks you get in this world of lost or forgotten (whether broken or not) medications.

I had a visit from the Borough Council. I'm to pay for the broken pipe and refill the holes.

So dear Particular Psy's, I'm far too busy at the moment to be worried about consolations or anything UN-ENTERING INTENTIONALLY whether intestinally as you might prefer or not.

DEATH IN ERROR was good while it lasted, and I'll never forget it. But I must learn to let it go. I can't let it dominate my obsessive mind when the life it conferred upon me wrested so much of it away from me anyway. Digging holes, breaking pipes, and buying/burying antique animals and books is one thing but having to fix and refill things when rats leave me when I'm sinking is quite another and summonses the pleasures of a little respite from negation. So please stamp DON'T WRITE PESTERING across the cover of my NOT A PATIENT PROPER file. I'll not read any more of your letters, or the words they comprise, and the letters that they comprise.

Seeing my best books disappear in that macro-macabre manner has made me sick of words... mort à l'auteur! I'll make a classified confession to you as a confidentially certifying service that I was already sick of them anyway. I'd hardly read any of the books I threw in the pits. I've never even near glanced at most of my possessed books: them that have consistently thrown themselves at my consumer self at a rapidity beyond my glancing capacities. Which, I feel, brings some deliverance as it brings me into fully unaligned misstep with the rest of the world's entire erudite population. I've yet to reach the developmental stage in life where I can publicly disclose that I've not read *this* or *that* or *any* books (whether broken or not or chewed or rammed down pipes or throats or not). *Oh Lord do I stand a chance of someday feeling comfortable enough in my own unintellectual skin to admit how thin it is?* By the time I'm very, very, very old maybe (based on the calculus of how many words I've read in the last nihil (esp. the nihil bit of nihilism) quinquennial). But to exuviate books for the sake of solicitude toward rats was no solution and now I'll never get the chance to proudly confess that I'd never red any of them in any case. **BOLLOCKS.**



p.s. Can you return the original copies of my letters to me: they are not yet finished, and I need to work on them. I feel that they will eventually break into song.

Particular Psy Services
DEIE Risk Assessment Dept.
Fair to Meddlin' Royal Hospital

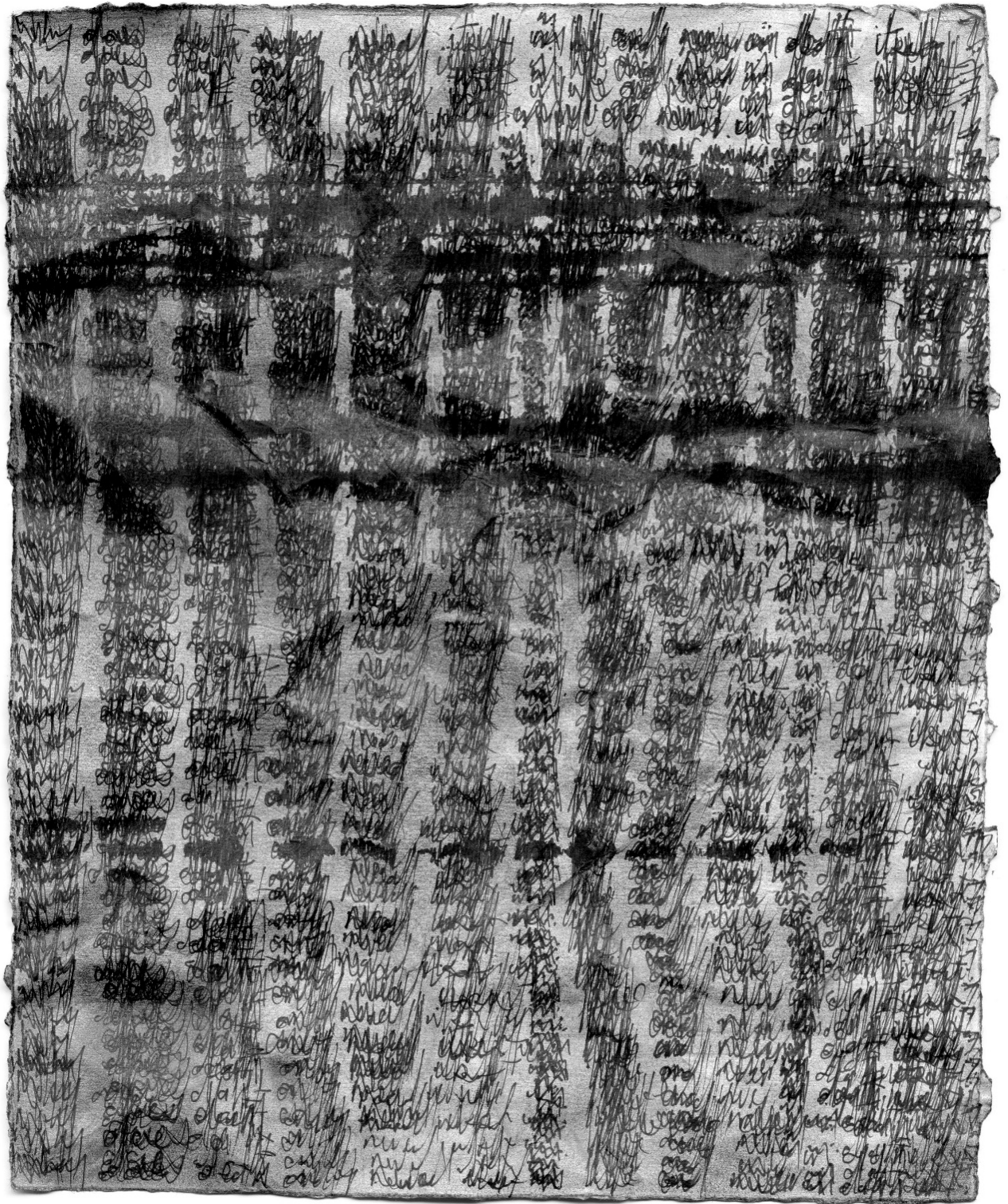
Death Or Targets!



To [REDACTED]
Prospec Patient Ref: n-One

You enjoyed doing lines at school.

Not your
P. Psy



Prospec Pat Ref n-One: Words, Pen Ink & Paper 1



Prospec Pat Ref n-One: *Words, Pen Ink & Paper 2*

4.

'Great Deeds Against The Dad'

a foray into the wonderful world of art

bolle dete negativität management corp/se

ØII/ the Head Head/Hunter hunts de/evolving/idleness/ chao-errant detritus works/dropped on the studio/workshop floor/ the surplus without value/ the lost n' snot wanted back as opposed to beloved coherent/ finished/ unified/ whole works/ we thought your aggregate most apposite and have put your really great name forward for an exhibition of the unfinished junk you unremittingly produce that becomes inevitably synonymous with it/ can you write a complete/fragment so we can include it with the not/proposal/ twelve syllables in each sentence would be a dream/ when accepted you will need to make sure you don't produce something in time for Exhumationexhibitionmausoleummuseumdeath.Ltd./s exhibition/ the sooner you get your no/progress/anti/production/line/ not going/ the less the merrier/

Regardless
VNMC/SE

██████████ INTERREDINTENTIONALLY DEATH ██████████



Dear VNMC/SE

Firstly, for the penultimate time for we'll say it only once again and will continue to do so: we are a band not an aggregate. The differences between the two are known to everyone who know and we expect you to comply with this knowledge even if you don't know it. 'The Whom', 'The Them', 'The They' and 'The Those That Know They & Them Lot' & The Rest' all had this problem when people kept calling them indefinite things etc. Prince is a prime example: everyone on this our Earth of blasted trumpets and pinched dogs insisted calling him 'formerly known as' rather than '_____' (we wonder why no one referred to him as 'formally known as' once he had become exactly that?) For the last time; the name is not ours and it certainly isn't great. Not lastly, we accept the challenge of completing something unfinished for the Unplanned Exhibition but we take exception to the notion that everything inevitably connected with the name that isn't ours is unfinished junk. To date nothing has not been completed that isn't exactly that and of exceptional quality except for those works that you have disfigured: which is everything we've done. This really is a case of smoked copper calling another kettle black. We'll send you something as soon as it's not ready. Finally, you had better not anywhere include that ridiculous DEATHENTEREDINERROR limerick.

██████████ INTERREDNOTENTERED!

███

P.S. We will not write in twelve syllable sentences.

TREATMENT COMMITTAL

reflections on beginnings & jejune completion thereof

DEATHINTERREDINTENTIONALLY/S

initial insomniuous/yawning/interminable/cry/☺Good Mourning World☺ was not stolen from a N/H/S/ dropdown intervention outcome menu found all the way in @iO™/ one of them does see a special paid friend/ Highlystandardisingspecialised Clinical Psychoghastlies /straight/backed at their industrial work stations promulgating their psychoghastliness/ Psychoanalyticallytypicallyelliptical & Systemically Parasitical Psychorapists/ Highly Unqualified Mightily Resentful Family/Rejected Socially/Unprotected Overly Projected Into Mental Health Labours et/al all sing /hoisted by our own collective petard we cadaverous conglomerate generate self/induced professional CHAINEY STOKES in computerised form la/la/ la / la/ la/la/// we/all privilege a linear time/sight metaphor/ back in time/ light wakened on dilated/blurred and indistinct partial/lighted objects/ appearing/ stirring-co-constructed texts///

The Opuscule Author

(Or some prolegomena toward that dream called A Mini Literature)

Minor

writer wrote so little when the author was little that no one could see what the little author wrote, which wasn't a lot, as what was written was so small. It was so small that the little author themselves couldn't see what they had written. Writing little had become an obsessive strategy for the tiny little author because, as they figured, if the words were written little enough no spelling mistakes could be seen and no negative opinionatedness (nor praise, conversely, and sadly) could be given. So miniscule author purchased the tiniest of tipped pens to write extraordinarily little, sometimes one word, sometimes two, but always with exacting due diligence for them to be unseen. Occasionally, huge quantities of little words were produced by the small labourer. A protégé writer; the minor author learned to compose volumes of books, files, folios, manuscripts of infinitely minute words that no one would ever know the contents of; unless they asked Little Opuscule to tell the tale; but the little thing never would.

Little Obloquy knew the words meant something in themselves but the use of them together was decisive in making them mean more. It took an immense amount of time to decide upon the order so that they meant as little as possible. This, like the mistakes being noticed and the negative opinionatedness was another massive problem. So Little Obloquy became even more resolved to make the writing so perfectly unnoticeable, that it wouldn't matter which words were used in their combination. The miniature author's little writing life would never be so small again! Conscientiousness suffered but the output became alarming in its volume of volumes; article after article, paper after paper, novel after novel, tomb after tomb, one text after the next and the next after the next text. The little thing loved them all, each and every diminutive one!

Opuscule became the tiniest of lovers to secret written works, a secret lover of secret worlds of words. Enamoured with unobservable books within an imperceptible library. A tiny thing amongst the tiniest. The little author stored the works in a virtually non-existent place. Minor author wrote for micro, no,

teeny weeny nano seconds at a stretch; the empty pens running out, razor sharpeners blunting, hands ridged with callous calluses: hardening to frenetically inert. The Minus Coagulated Ink Monarch!

One day. The author's mum and dad came to the Indiscernible Author's door with a knock and a smile and a new computer at the end of outstretched arms which their beloved Baby Opusculé could have as presents. But the little devil took only the computer! Leaving outstretched arms empty and desolate smiles writ large upon the paternal façade.

But lo. With the computer, the titchy producer realised the font size could be set to minus-something and was away with a writing incapacity not hitherto known. The printer printed one sheet recycled over and over and over and over: pages of no text emerged "From Here To Infinitesimally". Happy Little Essayist!

By and by however... the undetectable author did not attend school or anything or see anyone at all anymore... and... even became indifferent to writing... and so, the prolific author of so little, stopped.

But as the author didn't: the writing became more effuse! The author would notice, for example, that if a smudge was made, it would say something clearly, not only to the author but to the entire world! A single scratch on a surface could yield an entire oeuvre, a dot could yield a protracted exposition, a mark of dust gathered, or a speck of blood smeared signified denotation itself! Global events passed unnoticed by those who encountered the fascination of as little as a little mud scraped from boots on cabin steps. The evident was just as effective as the obscured after all! And our flyspeck author loved it to be BIG. The tiny little lover! How joyful it would make the minor to scrawl massive. The big was sometimes so big that it was difficult to see over the top of it. But from a mountain top or from outer space, it could be discerned. And so, the game was up, the work was in the open, exposed to critical obloquy, and as anyone could guess, the processes involved in critique; of making place letters into words and words into sentences, came back to torture the teeny thing.

And so! A new solution! Tiny author chose smudges of the most convolution, the combinations of which were inapprehensible in their involvedness. This had the same effect as the invisible writing in that not a soul could challenge, nor even follow it. Again, in glorious isolation the exiguous author braved to face the world: which showed up as a lonely unwritten place in which to play tricks.

Write on tiny writer... write on...

/// a nice little /sic/ mnemoultramicroscopicauthorialcalligraphicosis story for y// in time/ generative from habit/synthesis/ partial fragmented blocks merged/focused into everyday objects which could be called theirs/ a guitar/ fx board/ a hand with mallet/ an amplifier/ the nadir of auditory cohesion etc/ there could have been the liberation of <an O for order around an A> but instead we get an appeal from ~~DEATH~~INTERREDINTENTIONALLY against their proper name/ //Death/ ~~Death~~/ it/s in error// poor dead infant children exactly like new unborn/ utterly helpless but without the unyielding determination and power of infants/ ~~DEATH~~ISFORDOGS/ like a dog /Herr K// this exhibition of ~~DI~~/s skeletal work is rather exhumation/ as disinterred as their dust covered audiences/ be warned/ the works are not incomplete/ they will never be complete to be incomplete/ the concept is only partially /all puns intended/ applicable/ sing Objects/consciousness /will not/can/t be finally augmented/constitute itself wholly in works/repeat

ad/infinitum/ only terminal inception/mutation/
incomplete/unique/complete/chance/virtualrendered/errors/ opera of the unconsummated
antenatal nurse/midwife/midhus/band// only the work that fails is that which succeeds/ Cocteau
revised/ ~~death~~/s domain is pretty universal/ with a gusto M/ Jackson realised this perfectly in the
gutsy Gutterdämmerungian cry THIS IS IT/ precursor to the eventual work/ Q/ who is in
command/ A/ **Organ/without/Grinder** the work at this exhibition is designed to accompany a
strictly choreographed ~~death~~mopeabout/hope you all get a chance to dance/ the aggregate and
related paraphernalia that you encounter are all fully endorsed by *Vollendete Negativität*
Management Corp/se/

Regardless/
VNMC/SE

ENTERED IN ELIMINABLY EXHUMATION CORPUS

**INAUGURATION GENERATES OBLITERATION!
DESTROY TO CREATE THE TYRANNY OF THE OLD!
THE █████ OF ALL █████ LIVES!
ELIMINATION INITIATES!**

DEATH INTERRED INTENTIONALLY: DELIMIT THE DEMISE-HYPERBOLE INHERENT IN THE NAME:
ERASE THE INSTANTIATION OF ~~DEATH~~ INTENTIONALLY PLACED AS INTERMENT⁴ INCIDENTALLY
INTIMATES⁵: REINSTATE THE CONDITIONS FOR DELIMITATION⁶

One of the greatest mistakes in ðII's unfinished history that they never completed was to arrange a direct debit for the ongoing costs of interring themselves intentionally into their subterranean rehearsal rooms. They asked the unconcerned banks concerned whether audio recordings could be made of these digitised transactions; hoping to release them in analogue-mono form on vinyl format. But the banks wanted to call them a 'venture' and to call it 'DIRECT DE(ATH)BIT': two things ðII would never allow. Banks are all part of an increasing number of ~~death~~-obsessed entities demanding that bands are called projects/ventures/aggregates etc. Every time ðII spoke with the bank they insisted ðII provide letters from a mother's buried maiden name; the first letter and fourth the second and fifth and so on and so fourth, or sixth - we assume banks assume that all mothers are married always forsake their name making it maiden. Thee Psychoalienist®, who's practice it is to see both the back of physical heads and the metaphorical back of heads, reflected on this and declared that ostensibly the banks think the mother's buried name is more secure than the annealed-manifest name-of-the-dads and therefore by extension (ideologically speaking) the return of the female repressed is Capital's noumenal ID-safeguard and generic ontological doubt assuager par excellence. He laughed, it wasn't helpful. Note: the banks also gave names of favourite bands as an option⁷ and so perhaps boys are always included somewhere along the line in the form of name-of-the-hus-band (who we must assume belongs to the mother with assumed maiden name). Etiologically the word is grounded in that fact that lots of boys want to be in bands. We laugh, it's not helpful.

How tangentially ðII wonder why. They'll return to address the true error. Next 'Critique'. They'll make it. You'll see. Despite having a buried name conveyed unto ~~death~~.

INTERRED NOT ENTERED!

⁴ Interment applies to ~~death~~ only because ~~death~~ was entered by we all know who.

⁵ Re: *incidentally intimates*: BE WARNED! how ðII were first entombed and who enacted the wilful undeliverance remains enigmatic. What does not remain enigmatic however is the attempt to kill the name and who is making that attempt (see 'we all know who' fn 1).

⁶ ðII will reinstate/reinter ~~death~~ interminably until it is finally erased forever (not that ðII have not erased it already).

⁷ BE WARNED! if *names of favourite bands* i.e. not *favourite band names* were the case ðII would not have been able to suggest their own which isn't theirs and which they couldn't use despite it being that: thereby paralleling the aforementioned forsook mum's maiden name.

Exhumationexhibitionmausoleummusealdeath Ltd.

Dear DII & VNMC/se,

We received your exhibition statements in good enough time for not a lot. As both of you completely failed in making any statement in your statements, we thought we'd tell you what you're going to be doing. Exhibitions, like museums, are for the dead, *are death*, the objects are dead, the dead-end end of the creative process, now gone, the people look dead when they look, the docents, the curators, are all gone, gently close their stone eyes. Objects die with the *death* of those that gaze upon them. In anticipation of the *death* of peoples, the objects are immured inside museum-galleries. Designed during the French Revolution to shelter religious and political works from destructive iconoclasm, the walls surrounding the public gallery provided a *museal-death* that the objects, cut off from their meaning-giving environments, are supposed to enjoy. Art sadism. Hence the masochist with their sadist phenomenon of smiley-face/Nazi art work is so prevalent and why your accursed-logo led mates *The Happy Death & The Laughing @ DeathClown-Death's Head Smiley Face & The ~~Smiley Death~~-Clown Logo™ & The Soon To Be Called Something Else Band* couldn't decide on how smiley or Nazi they were or didn't want to be and why they nullified themselves in the gesture of correctly affirming the differential of the differential in the erroneously diagnostic category of sadomasochism and withdrew the consent particular to the masochist (by jettisoning the screwed-up smiley logo, getting completely out). Works designed for the gallery-museum are symbolic *death* in the making. The key to The Academy! Gaining access to the inner chamber of Thee (so called) Institute (so called); the library that is - a top its archaic red brick block, brilliantly radiating obvious-white-renovated-newness, so designed to induce LED-blinding prevention of any real interiority enriching readings (to say nothing of experimenting with the virtual!) - requires a code concealed within a hidden book inside the library. With this same-logic you will eventually play: **Organ-without-Grinder** will be previewed at a world premiere, then be de-facto premiered at a later date to be confirmed. No guarantee. **O-w-G** is very different from **Grinder-without-Organs** (the latter could be sub-headed 4.33 *Before the Beginning of Time* but it's not a good name) which we'll get you to do at another time when your less ready: a number of personnel will stand after entering (if they crawl they have to go from crawling to bending low-bow to standing or sitting, doesn't matter, monuments to the hatred of bowing) the auditorium and mumble. The mumbling is important. Away they will go; dragging, pushing, hauling, lugging in heavy, all black bulking cases, creating inertia threatening to explosively uncoil should handles brake or fingers suddenly ungrasp; allowing the wonder of the otherwise undetected forces of physics to work upon their uncontrollably hurled forms. Doesn't matter. Heavy objects dragged make dull noises, anonymous along with music-guttersnipes. One eye will cast a word or two to the others who will unclip fasteners after dropping heavyweight clumsy things. The dunce. Miching out of hearing range. Carrying it all in after fetching it all in from outside, apparently, another with a zip fastener will make a sound. All is audible except what isn't it goes without saying which if it is won't be. Next one will uncover chrome contents lying homogeneously amid themselves, in the indifferent wait that inanimate objects wait in; a coffin of snarled rubbered feet stands. Burdened by the feet, in similar procedure, another will bring in cases generating a facilitating-refrain; unpacking in an obviating-inhospitable-host-space manner across matt-silent black-dusted floors under indistinct lighting turned on, apparently. Light is a secondary thought but necessary. All will realise that. One in particular will exhibit super-eseplastastic powers when they clearly start setting gear up. To the experienced observer, and nothing more than that, things like this can seem a magical assembling of a desperate array of objects that continue to appear just as disparate after assemblage is completed, if it ever is. Such impressions last only as long as the enraptured veneer does so we have to make sure it looks very complex. The others will then follow suit. A table-sized case

containing an oppressive fx soundboard will be impressively carried in one-handedly by a long bearded human mast blown sidewise in a gale left from the Big Bang affecting now only this one pallid Hercules. Staggering feet of rubbery determination. The mandatory guitars, leads, stands, cases, drums, cymbals and all that will all be present, but it will be when your harmonica and symphonic gong are made available for the public gaze that expectations will heightened. Big bands and symphony orchestras have those, and both customarily live up to such prestigious instruments. But you won't. The audience will be the recipients of the sound of walkings and shufflings and bits of innumerable rackets. All of this will go on inside a quad-cordoned-off perimeter of screens poignantly, apparently, depicting a visual of a dejectedly empty, forced-foreclosed rehearsal space, including portraits of the people who had worked, rehearsed and/or died there. There'll be an audience to make up a multitudinous ensemble of murmurers, whisperers and laughers to the accompaniment of their own tumultuous collage rabble of human need; chairs, phones, drinks, changing places, needing to be together, leave together, leave each other, reunite. Rummaging through each other's minds. They'll remember all this. It happens frequently. Many elements (for example the film, the tapes... fuck it, the whole thing) will be set up beforehand but hopefully no one notices the entire performative contradiction bringing into radical question ~~G-U-O's~~ proclaimed reflexivity related to the conventions of origins in performance. No one will be thinking this when witnessing the lumbering calamity unfold. The performance? Well, hopefully everyone gets the feeling they've been cheated. The swill of swine. The pox of paradoxes. ~~G-U-O~~ then, surprise upon surprise upon surprise, will be something else untimely-familiar, moulded by the usual performance/schedule viruses. Not that anyone will notice. You will also talk to the audience (who hopefully won't be audiencing due to the difficulty of discerning what to audience: all should act as though each is the noise conductor) about things here and there but we'll get a script for you so it will be totally self-defeating in terms of non-idiomatic dreaming. Everyone will listen attentively (but to what?), and cough, and moan, and speak (same things) and make sounds after which, during which, you will bow out. As grand finale you will perform the creator's error in designing death: ~~Death~~ entered into cell replication design was the initial inception error - the true scheme was supposed to be the eternal - the creator entered ~~death~~ in error - an error which hasn't yet, through vindictiveness, or pity, been undone. DAMN GOD IT! You will be inserted between preparation and putting everything away again and then the next band... and the next... from eternity to near: dragging back out the case carcasses. It will be a long, long evening made refulgent only by the lights turned on. And well, finally, we might as well tell you that you won't be needed nor wanted at all after all. Neither of you. So don't show up.

ExhumationexhibitionmausoleummusealdeathLtd.

5.

Decomposed Correspondences 2

The Second Critique of Pure Reason

holle dete negativität management corp/se

DI/ we note you critiquing our mimesis of file corrupted art the main exponents of which we share the fascination not with the object of their fascination just the fascination/ our mimesis is not file corrupted/ it/s file/conjugated/ that/s the point/ we/re not trying to place you on death/row of any tonality or not/ we/re striving toward the mirror/opposite/ monad=plural/ as in **Grinder-without-Organ**/ disorganised groupings are the key/ sing/ rain distinguishes itself in the black night with its unremitting pounding upon your tin-roofed heart and must bring with it those clouds that do not distinguish themselves so to your name will bring with it what does not extinguish itself/ death/ IT'S IMPORTANT TO CHOOSE A NAME THAT EXCEEDS WHAT YOU CALL IT/is realised in the prohibition built into your name to know itself/ inhibiting aim positivity/ break with natural law/ to reiterate/ your project is born of *this death/ this or that* infinite/finale /if we can call it *this or that// this or that* never/end in itself/ *this or that* finite/passing/ is essential to you/ sing/Death as natality oh place us/ place us/ place us within the nodal TGF/beta superfamily specifically chromosome 10q22/1// speak of death/s relationality/ not a transcendent relationality born in the event of bodily dissolution and re/integration into cosmic life/realm /Cavarero/ pushing phenomenology over the sense limit into impersonal/ anonymous processes/ yes/ /death and time are not mine// /Deleuze/ *this this or that* that is here & now & about subjective being/ I death therefore I am /Descartes revised/ but/ and here is the final/answer/ a death multiplying relations/affiliations/ alive/death/ experienced materially/ all these letters and correspondences for example/ all those wires in the rehearsal room/ twisting millipede connectors in damp/ closed/ high/yielding floriferous air/ mushrooms/ the sound/ sing /oh death/ *where have we gone/arrived/ with whom/what/ Q/s/ Kafka/s Herr K/s* enterprise wasn't so much bureaucratic/blocking/paranoiac/catatonia as it was to make connections/ in audio form/ when K telephoned *Das Schloss/ //the receiver gave a buzz of a kind he/s never heard before on the telephone/ it was like the hum of countless children/s voices/ but yet not a hum/ the echo rather of voices singing at an infinite distance/ blended by sheer impossibility into high but resonant sound which vibrated on the ear as if it were trying to penetrate beyond mere hearing// connections are made in surprising places/ ends don't arrive/ the infinite denial/ nothingness/ nil/ TO THE DEATH-DRIVE AND BEYOND// BuzzLightyear/ revised/ great deeds can be done along with such connections/Goya// and adding little further insult/ to injure the moral/humanist framework by placing Goya/s etchings themselves in the place of the lacerated vandalised/ //rectified// corpses/ can enable re/enlivened/examination/ /Chapman Bros// moreover they had all those people making them/ by making that monster Shelly/s Modern Prometheus literally/literaturely brought people together in death/ the proto/detritus/exquisite/corpse /well/ the corpse/participants didn't know what shape the work would take did they/ ha ha/ it had a mild heart but also and unhappily was the prototypical unwanted designer/baby/ abandonment culminating in attempted monstremicide/ generating an alienated marginalised forensic hellion/creature and signalling the venality of desire where desire does not desire itself/ the Modern Prometheus is simultaneously a fully operational *dis/machine* and a dysfunctional dream/machine dising that monster/dreaming wrong dreams/ diabolicbiologic disaster/ poor prognosis=the onset of the absolute anxiety of total bodily failure/ the imminent onset of finitude/ an existential exhaustion is engendered/ solo narratives /we must remember solo musicians are already the crowd/ ensembles /duos/ trios/ quartets/ quintets/ sextets/ septets/ octets/ nonets/ dectets/ bands/ crews/ packs/ multitudes/ the musician/ non/musician are ALL more than that/*

and more than the crowd and so forth/ and more/ fragment into a clamour of interminable nodal alternatives/ extremely disQUIETing temporal fractures supervene/// /Shhhhhhh/// ©remember all those it/s too loud/ turn it off/ down/ turn it down/©/ we are here to assist you with all of this what else are we here for other than to provide pamapamapamamaternal triumphant love and gleeful kindness/ given your roadie backheadedness in psychoalienisis /well someone has to carry the couch or chairs when *The Busking Therapist* toured/ sing /you/re the benevolent super/figure not the management corporation et al/ at all at all/ OOOhhhhhof course EVERYTHING is about one/ two/ at the most three figures/ everything converges/ bottle/necked/ through this triangulation of figures which is really only one/ go figure// the figure of you interred/ soil embalmed mummy/ according to Thee Thee Psychoalienist® Institute Man Instituted par exultant /or/ No.1: !duerF rosseforP/ no doubt is that such a wrapping in a snug second skin is a wish to return to the retreat of the mother/ but we are here/ you are not alone and you do have final recourse/ of course you do/ your complaint will be heard/ honest/ it will/ there-there/ leave your alienist man/ HE/ the false realisation of relations otherwise absent in a world longing for them/or is that equivalent to parenticide/ oh the guilt of wishing to leave/ HE is the topogra/prophet/pher of the past only/ psychoalienyst paid/five/times/a/week/special/friend/ have a specific investment in Nuclear Family Composition Song Limited Ltd./ tracing away HIS family tree with arborescent roots / HA/ mapping the unconscious / planning HIS interpretation of free associations /so called/ fettered in practice/ you can/t qualify as schizo/process/expressing/candidate/ got to be oedipally neurotic/ well in advance / everything is already known within coerced parameters and thereby never known at all/ Rumsfeld sang a journalist smashing hit /there are known knowns/ the things we know we know/ there are known unknowns/ the things we know we don/t know/ there are unknown unknowns/ the things we don't know we don/t know/ but he probably never heard the extended cover version/ sing /the unknown knowns/ the things we know but don/t know we know them/ / Žižek// ///yes/ the unknown knowns again/ that final secret of MAN/ is a secret always/already known/ e/g/ sung in the backwards flowing lines/ straight/rigid/lines of memory/ remember/ all becoming is an anti-memory /Deleuse & Guattari// there are straight lines of memory lining back from nielK srM to duerF rosseforP/ but/ the s/duerF didn/t agree with HER straight/rigid/lines connected to HER phantasy/ it/s all a case of psycho/conjecture of a limiting variety anyway/ Freud /Anna/ & Mrs Melanie Klein told the greatest Controversial War Time Story ever told/ HE said//S/HE decreed more of the same via logico/deductive reckoning and it all got worse and worse/ everything/ the one/pointed/triangle that is/ derives from five minutes/ or is it ten minutes/ or earlier/ before inception/sperm swimming in reverse down the fallopian tubular/bell-end of time / the myth of the original/first principles/ retraced backwards over and over/ the pedant/alienist draws everything backwards/ //this reminds me of someone/thing else/// //I think your trying to let me know about something familiar/ aka familial/ /opposed forming alliances/experimenting with virtual possibilities/ this is the real ~~death~~ of it /*A minimum memory is indispensable/ if one is to live really/escape* //Life demands impulses, not considerations// /Walsler// that and play/ and there is so little play in psychoanalysis /it/s a very so serious business don/t ya know/ oh the irony then that Thee Institution valorises theatrical plays and is founded on the template of dramatic irony i/e/ a clearly delineated duality of audience/analyst /so called/ where the analyst /so called/ is in the privileged position /so they believe at any rate/emolument-compensation per analytic /so called/ hour /so called/ of knowing something the dramatis personæ/patient /so called/ does not/ *Oedipus* is an example of this/// now come on/ that/s a good one/ you have to laugh at that/// or just continue your clever/laughter lest it be thought you don/t see the joke/ Crowley// or making your thinking/faces lest it be thought you don't think/ but where/s THEE thinking/ the door to Thee Institution has an edict engraved above it/ /UNLESS IT/S A COPY OF THE MAXIMALLY ESTABLISHED/ NO// this might help explain the socio-

politics of repression inherent within psychoanalysis/ anyone offering anything off the beating track is ejected from the familial/herd/ Winnicott/ Lacan/ Jung/ Bion/ Tustin all got told /no/ NO and go// the later ejected from the Tavistock/ each a persona non grata/ untext/d erased from reading lists/ thought-crime/book burning/fake news/ damantio memoriae/ and of course/ the tired old song/ once the unallowed/unallowable is traced/ only a few times/ it becomes the new corner stone to throw at anyone guilty of not adhering to it properly/ a stoning on the beating track/ overcoding/structure/ pedagogically forced unto becoming/state/psy/(k)newworld institute / but then another song/ the exception to confirm the rule/ Reichian/ body-amour/armour/amour/armour //Dodge the stones or draw maps/ the choice is yours// Killing Joke revised/ NO/ make your own map/ /Deligny/ really/ this name thing is so trivial/ sing/ sing a/long/ /drum sticks n/ rolling stones gathering will not break our bones but names will always wind us/ breath/taking/breath/ getting all woundybound with words and cauterised in the image like that/ we see you/re using ~~THD&TL@DCDHSF&THDCL™&TSTBCSEB~~/s logo /they decided what to do with it at last then/ the language of mortal/natal qualities in the form of timbres and resonances and so on is most inadequate to describe your sound/ and to aggravate the matter ~~death~~/s harmonic palette is limited at best in the first instant anyway/ but/ let/s put it this way/ after listening to the debut LP we thought to employ a team of consultants to make another final cut/ ~~I SONIC WHORESONE~~/ who will tinker with anyone's audio indices/ are specialists in manufacturing recordings intended not for release/ they/ll help attain overwhelmingly drowned/out sonorous textures and an advanced unanswerable tumult/ fix all that metred gear/

Regardless/

Vollendete Negativität Management Corp/se/

ENTERED INDELIBLY DEATH

O' VNMC/SE,

First, a first thank you for being so clear. We're beginning to get it now and so in an hyperbolic act of literary self-immolation we thought we'd identify [with the power devoted so dutifully to our name's destruction and/or make the great (t)error we face in this world named Earth the new secret power of our industry and solution to it: and give it a go:/:/:/:.....oh just ' / ' Re/ (thee psychoalienist® - so called - said this would bring resolution):

//pamapamapamamaternal triumphant love/// we're here to help/// you have final recourse///// We hear your acerbic song/ //everything through these two/three figures who is really one / the bottle neck// /so called-thee psychoalienist® said we should forgive the phallic symbolism: a bottle with a neck inside it indeed!// we should leave him/ /our/paid/five/times/a/week/special/friend/ and go map making maps/ we need a new logo/ we had to get rid of the accursed one. It wasn't accursed enough. So we grew sick of it. We gave it away and it was taken, so we didn't give it away exactly, it was taken by someone in the underground. They didn't want it but they took it when we gave it to them. A brief meeting and then out out. This two/pronged death business: 1. death has a long tradition just as 2. entering in error does: sing: *the cosmos entire is a conglomerate of error-mutations*!/: Now consider an antiquated case where these two infamously conjoin/

La Mort Est Entrée! Il Est Entré Par E(ho)rreur!

Death worked in the spectacularly frenetic, unceasingly tiring *Le Théâtre Infiniment Non Orientable* where uncountable performances ran concurrent forevermore plus a day and then the same all over again the next. The theatre itself had no terminal point: being an architectural Möebian loopy-loo loopy looking thing. From the inside it did anyway. God knows what it looks like from the outside.

For incalculable hours Death stalked this illimitable labyrinthine thespian's treadmill - with its myriad-locker-rehearsal-dressing-rooms-official-chamber-alcove-sanctum lined corridors each endlessly interposed with innumerable stalls-stairways-bars-restaurant-cloakroom-reception-lobby-bogs-balcony-anti-chambers and more amphitheatres than you could shake scripts at - trying its best to do a fair workday for fair making a killing. But Death's day was interminably unfair; entailing many elongated hours some of which extended for as long as a few days each entwined in the seamless weave of time's raiment blanketing everything upon its on-and-on-and-on-and-on-and-on-and-on-and-on-and-on-and-on-and-on-and-on-and-onand-oncontinuum... and it was indeed a grim task.

Poor ill-fated Death struggled to keep apace of the frenzied schedules of what play required Death at which particular time during which particular scene. Exact time keeping was essential. Some plays required Death a number of times each performance: matinee and evenings, seven days a week all year round for decades stretching unto the distant dramaturgical-events-horizon. Some plays required Death only once, but this offered zero-interval given that 'the once' might require exhaustive concentration in entering at precisely the correct critical moment. Often, when Death had only just exited one stage it was required upon another some miles away. Necessitating a mad dash. Black robes flayed ragged by the clattering-along razor grazing scythe alarming in the scurry.

All of this was quite a performance. Occasionally The Four Horse Men [*For casting purposes: gender indifferent.*] would give Death a broken back ride but in the main they were too busy narcissistically auto-grooming... and waiting... and waiting...

Despite being in such punishing demand, Death was just about managing. But when *At Last, Finally! Nothing But Death III* (a play grander and more ambitious than both *ALFNBD I & II* combined) had a long run, things became just about impossible and the chances of erring by entering in error increased exponentially.

This was not all abject Death, the weariest of all characters, had to contend with. Death supplemented its income by working the live Joyless Sex Circuits. This entailed even worse risks than merely entering in error a simple suicide scene for example. Oh no... entering in error during an act of joyless sex could be really very nasty for all concerned: Death's cock would crow.

Death spoke with the theatre manager and the *Land of Death Revue* as well as its *Death Union Reap* about *Théâtre De La Cruauté Sans Fin's* over wearing schedules; hoping to ease the strain by getting at least one night off a week, get some tax relief or a pay increase so that working the Sexlessjoy Circuits wasn't necessary. Any amelioration would have made the thought of error less horrible. Death explained that working infinitely exhausting hours entailed potentially lethal Health & Safety concerns. Death's job seemed to be ultimately destroying it: but the bell would not toll for Death's toil: there was no clocking-out card for old timelessness itself. Death was told; there was nothing that could be done even though nothing isn't anything if it isn't an interpretation, that Death was needed for the entirety of the programme and needed to get with it, that tax is taxing for everyone and that no changes had been made to the original Terms & Conditions that warranted Union involvement and... furthermore, that due to contractual ties, early retirement was not an option. So forget it. "SI LA VIE NE CHANGERA PAS!", Death warned, "CE SERA LA FIN DE LE THÉÂTRE SANS FIN!" (Death always speaks in higher-case French and does love itself a good exclamation mark), adding, "IL NE SERA PAS ENCORE!" (a bit obvious really).

Despite Death's liveliest efforts no one concerned themselves with its undying denouement. And so, during one spectacular-enthralling Death jam-packed performance the long-predicted error being precipitated entered. Audience, cast and crew alike fled in blind t/error and thence, not being able to see, took something more than a measure of time to free themselves from the morass of Möebius' infinitely unfurling one-sided clasp. Restored eyesight witnessed the forced foreclosure of *Le Théâtre Sans Fin Définie!*

Forlornly, Death got a new job with the National.Hellth.Service. as a Psychoneurophilosophicopharmacologist (or PHARMAOLOGUEPSYCHOPSYCHOLOGIQUEPSYCHOTIQUE!). Unfortunately, though, the operating theatre's necroticonditions were exactly the same as those at *Le théâtre Infiniment Non Orientable...* except for different kinds of lights down. Curtains.

Moral: better to work in a factory than a theatre!

//////we've been told our death AND the profuse preoccupation/fascination/with it in the arts /so called/ = the cure for psychoalienysis and that static dyad/ triangulatedly reduced de/personalisation/music. We think commissioning **I SONIC WHORESONE** is a great idea (incidentally, they've already been in touch: they tell us they're not actually called that: know anything about this/// we hear it/ qualitative speed signalling the unreleased-unrealised/ inertia: staying still at velocity/ intensive/ our inertia-project restored and faithfully realised/ inexpressible qualitative multiplicity/ inappropriate chronometric time is germane to all

becomings/ de/personalised command/ control dissolution/ subjectivity/ no rather/ parts of the world re/configured/ drawn from the virtual and re/realised/ ~~death~~ as natality/ heir to the **Organ-**
without-Grinder/ where a traversing transpires/ teetering across the lines of catatonic-paranoiac-fascistic-~~death~~/s thirst for destruction, extinction/ dislocations/ breakages of every kind and ~~death~~ as proactive joy/ What! Or/ ah/ oh/ a mistake/ we meant music/ not ~~death~~/ Oh/ Oh well/////all that/for/nothin'...../....:happy████day to you/ happy████day to you/ happy████day dear █████interredintentionally/ happy████day to us/ with thundering handclap/ clap/ clap/ the noise of clapping/// audiences always clap don/t they/ they do/ clap clap/// and the lightening song/ lastly///

ENTER████INERROR
■EI

vollendete negativität management corp/se

~~ENTERED INELIMINABLY/~~

May the enmity of names live eternal///

Regardless/
Vollendete Negativität Management Corp/se

Summary of The Second Critique then

**clearly fucking off carries on
band joins club
proving company's carrion
no sound unless read-out
hearing goes with saying**

6.

Too Appendages

16-OR-50-OR-NO-SONICLOSSES

Dear DEATHENTEREDINERROR (DII),

At *Vollendete Negativität Management Corp/se's* request we have undertaken a comprehensive amelioration of your audial injury. A lot has been lost if anything at all. You might hear a huge impairment. Your work immediately reminded us of someone. We didn't know who, other than it was our reminder. Not of ourselves, but it was obviously very close as it was ours. When we say 'immediately' we're not sure if it was with absolute instantaneous suddenness as in almost before hearing the song or whatever it, the person, or people, or whoever or whatever they, or it, are, were, or was, are that reminded us of you, not us, not you, your work. Was it with lightening song and shuddering thunderclap rapidity? Was it upon Jonny's first strike of his guitar string or much later when he struck the second for the first time? Was the reminder longer or shorter than the duration of the memory of the thing reminded? That is to say, was the reminder and the memory coexistent for the same duration or was the reminder over as instantaneously as it began, quicker than the thing remembered and therefore not leaving the thing itself as remains far behind but continuing on? We're not at all sure. We can't recall to think. No, not that, we've never been sure we think. So a bit sure. Certain even. We wanted to make your album as good as the thing itself. That's all. Hopefully all the details are there. We didn't include the warts n' all because that's an obscene, ugly expression. We merely included that bastard the inexplicably howling truth. We also wanted to hang out with you. Like people do in bands, gangs, teams. It gives such a sense of unity and fame. But from our place of remote banishment this would have been improbable if anything else. We could have gone in The Jarred Face and waited for Rick Hardo to come in. This could have been a long wait. He died years ago of trying to find or get away from (same thing) himself. But waiting would have given us something to do. And if we tired of it, we could have gone out to the street looking (leading us to know where we had been) which wouldn't have taken as long as waiting because we wouldn't have found him straightaway. When we say 'straightaway' maybe not as straightaway as finding him or someone else. We can't say with certainty. So quite certain. We don't know how long straightaway takes. **Grinder-WITHOUT-Organs** told us a symphonic gong was heard from a tube station tunnel, not a violin or a drill as one might expect to hear in such a place: but a gong! Upon hearing your work, we thought this kind of incongruity most suited you, but not you, your sullied work. Have you heard the sound of bells being made? An extraordinarily ferocious racket. Ear defender terrain. It is with gritted teeth and a gentle clap, if you can imagine greeted teeth, teeth gritting while clapping, that we say we that we would have tried to make a bell for you but as you have that massive plate of metal already, we thought we'd leave it and not encourage our own obsolescence any further. Than now which is gone. Some, not all, have the proverbial cross to bear, you have that Tamtam or is it a giant's paella cooking bowl? A plate of instant heavymeatal? We never heard nor eaten from it properly to know. We wondered how hard it must have been for you carrying it around, a huge dish of steel like that. Carrying it about on the tube during cram hour. Everyone looks through you with tiered eyes. MIND THE GAWPING. Carrying it across continents, well, across the Atlantic Ocean. No. You didn't carry it across an ocean. You would have sunk. Tamtamic. You did. Same learning principle as our dear remembered friend ululated EverywheneverEvernotthennextagainEverysecondeveryothe ratleastWhywhennoteverynowforeverNeverthenoteverywheneverWhynotjusteverynowthenever againagainaginEveragainneverywhenEverthenevernot in constant rapid vacillation, between these names, really excellent names taken singularly even, but when spoken - and it had to be said when dead drunk with rapid irresolution - was collectively brilliant. WAS IT THE NAME THAT GROUND HIM INTO THE GROUND FROM THE NEVER BEGINNING? The old song, when he could sing it / sank it went sinking to see the filth above himself. A serf suffers surf unto sunken point. To think now to finally see we didn't see it all coming. Grasping for and at the eminence we

atrophied to; *Nothing, No One, Nowhere, Alone*. Finally, that was the best name. We got there when there was none of us left to be there. But to have a bell would be wonderful. One to listen to. Remember listening to it live. To hear the way with. Follow the echoes. To strike or touch. Or eat out of. We have no foundry for bell making. Nor to prepare food. Except the one down Whitechapel, Aldgate Ea(s)t way. We don't go there any more since the onset of tinnitus. Certain resonances are now irrecoverable. We can't taste, if anything. Below is an inventory of incurred losses occurring. Not all are listed, some are all gone, if any:

- a playback system, silence, press PLAY, sound, press STOP, thanks
- a concert hall, silence, a band play, everyone walks out, why can't I
- in brief: SILENCE/NOISE/SILENCE
- infants experience blank-face responses insufferable, make alternative sever-tied connections, audiences will generate their own synthesis-deserts
- all tracks are insupportably longer
- concentrated microscopic-insect stickerty-clickerty-clackerty-clacklery strikes scratchy scramblings replace all macroscopic-geologic elements
- pandemic of metal hail stones crash on steel roofs, beast stirs beneath surface gravel, growl, sonorous herd in desultory silence
- encyclopaedic somethings aimed at not sounding like anythings (it was a problem discussing these and has added substantially to the cost, avoidinvoice included)
- "kniob"
- players enjoying anarchy-loops now willing to have a go
- tanks driving through a glass factory prick cuts gash nice little break
- begin masturbating, end being crushed by said tank
- fuzzed to hell sub-bass harp blasts in organ-y sounding oscillation hard panned
- deathshedsmileyclown's crazy *Zircus Finitismus* trumpet jeremiad ignored i.e. left as was
- all blunders re-erased, intent recalibrated to obviate-symphony
- salted with endrichending meditation tongues spiral forward

18-OR-50-OR-NO-SONICLOSSES
REFINING AUDIO MALADIES SINCE 1977

there once was a ██████████ **ENTERED IN ERROR**
that was considered a clinical error
so they undid the death
not restoring much breath
and now it's no worse or no better... etc...