

threshold<sup>1</sup> or "may i take your coat, sir?"

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for example, compare love-making in a meadow and *cool steel* in an automobile, on a lover's walk outside *known domains* the town walls and a manhattan street. the head moves, the expression changes, but the eyes remain ever-fixed, unblinking, piercing empty space. *discovering restoration* in the former cases, the environment *impulsively laps up artistry* partakes of and invites libidinal cathexis and tends to be eroticized. libido transcends beyond the immediate erotogenic zones *usurps prescriptive pronouncements* – a process of nonrepressive sublimation. in contrast, a mechanized environment seems to block such self-transcendence of libido sick sex, repressed sex, lonely sex, but sex nonetheless. impelled in the striving to extend the field of *silence or oblivion* erotic gratification, libido becomes less "polymorphous," less capable of eroticism *hush-hush* beyond localized sexuality, and the *latter* is intensified. *and what do you ask of me, this gesture of a woman-in-process?*

*through the process* strengthening of do you sexuality would  
necessarily *wanna* involve weakening of aggressiveness *of my very particular*,  
and make it, baby *and selected language* vice versa.

obviously, in the realm of the happy consciousness i have to clean the cum off the back seat, guilt feeling has no place *we were looking at these photographs of people*, and the calculus takes care of conscience. when the whole is at stake, there is no crime except that of rejecting the whole, or not defending it. the clock sprig cannot be wound continually tighter. crime, guilt, and guilt feeling become a private affair. freud revealed in the psyche of the individual the crimes of mankind, have you ever seen what a .44 magnum will do to a woman's pussy? in the individual case history the history of the whole. this fatal link is successfully suppressed. *i looked at her and said, "what would she be thinking?"* those who identify themselves with the whole, who are installed as the leaders and defenders of the whole can make mistakes, but they cannot do wrong – they are not guilty. how's everything in the pimp business? they may become guilty again when this identification no longer holds, when they are gone. *i seek to recover those subjugated narratives.*

partly truth, partly fiction. a walking contradiction.  
we live and die rationally and productively.  
*the idea of becoming.*

a strong caveat – a warning against all technological fetishism. *to rise to whatever occasion we must.* such fetishism has recently been exhibited mainly among marxist critics of contemporary industrial society – ideas of the future omnipotence of technological man, of a "technological eros." the hard kernel of truth in these ideas demands an emphatic denunciation of the mystification which they express. *i'm concerned with what i've noticed to be the erasures of history* technics, as a universe of instrumentalities, may increase the weakness as well as the power of man. the whole conviction of my life now rests upon the belief that loneliness, far from being a rare and curious phenomenon, is the central and inevitable fact of human existence. at the present stage, he is perhaps more powerless over his own apparatus than he ever was before. she was wearing a white dress. she appeared like an angel. out of this filthy mess, she is alone. they cannot touch her.

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1 une fête du printemps: herbert marcuse meets paul schrader meets natasha tretheway.