

<p class="sqrte-large" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> She would be leaving the bomb shelter where Robert Parrillo had joined them for lunch. Arriving from work, Clara's dad and his colleague had taken the past hour for pitching us on a profession. He promised her a job "if you go to law school." N.'s gaze darted to the mural in my line of sight, and whatever had been drawn there by another child made me believe that would never happen. Today is almost thirty years later. And love is a red hot word.</p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;">

William B. Ogden Elementary School was recommended to our parents for its junior high magnet program, a feeder into Lincoln Park High School's International Baccalaureate class, but what she remembers is wet toilet paper balls clinging to the ceiling. Soon after her arrival, the principal was murdered in a Denny's parking lot. Was that before she met the Parrillos? </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> No one ever told her his father represented Al Capone's release from the prison on Alcatraz Island. Clara was a perfect blonde a few grades younger; in such a diverse school as ours, every Caucasian princess stuck out to all the rest. She was wealthy by reputation, but each one of those females seemed wealthier than N. – not that anyone was happy! And as the first-grade teacher, Arlene Brennan, would be following Clara's class to middle school, N.'s cohort entered junior high. </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;">

Mrs. Brennan was the assigned mentor of their new language arts teacher. One day he drew a caricature of sexual anatomy on the chalkboard to allege knowledge of ancient Greek culture; some other time, he shared a poem about being lonely at night that was shaped like a gun to insinuate suicidal ideation and left it hanging on the wall afterward. He forced us to view vacation photos of his mouth on implants during a rave, or touching the sculptural Juliet's bosom at Pisa. She asked him to stop emailing, and he threatened to have me expelled. Who has ever been okay since?</p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;">

What should society do about people like me, who is beyond helping? If she were the victim of intergenerational trauma as a consequence of historical injustice, systems could find value to extract from her. But feeling useless is no privilege either. European grammar is sedimented narrativity imposing a psyche. The earliest writing, 3300 years before the first anno domini, resembles what scholars describe as – in reference to Egyptian – hieroglyphics. With alphabets streamlined to permit greater linguistic flexibility through abstraction, language compensates for loss of its intended meaning using representation. Mesopotamian cuneiform documented resource allocation, whereas Bible (named by Guinness World Records as "best-selling book of all time") recounts story. By creating a surplus beyond what is given as natural reserves, fiction permits evolution. </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;">

Histories of literature and art usually say it's the other way around. Whether it's The Story of Painting or modernist studies, critics describe the first decades of last century as a time of radical progress, though 1914 marked the beginning of a global war that has not ended. Renaissance Europe may be our reference point for great art, but figures like Michelangelo can serve only as inspiration – not, as they are sold, masters – or we will exhaust their remaining spark. Technique or craftsmanship for engineering archives has not improved over time; what evolves is the bodies' ability to survive by encountering culture. How contemporary art and literature formalize like their predecessors, scholars incentivized by theology rationalize to perform originality.</p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;">

N. cried at lunch after Ogden's graduation; that was the last time she walked for a diploma, but it wasn't terminal. One night at Yoel Furman's apartment in Evanston, Aileen called saying to turn on the news: M___ G___ had finally been arrested, but sadly for a new crime. The new faculty didn't offer counseling or ask questions, so we didn't learn the outcome of his trial until last year: "not guilty." Mrs. Brennan confirmed what I had seen of the sealed file through plexiglass on Mayor Brandon Johnson's inauguration day, and mentioned they were friends.</p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> Today when a complaint against Poetry magazine, formerly across the street from that

elementary school, was dismissed by a federal judge it confirmed only what she wanted to believe – there’s no use considering ourselves perpetrators of rape. Like a bookend to that seventh-grade language arts classroom, after Occupy! protests branded for anti-racism disrupted a pandemic during which there might not have otherwise witnessed an election, a poet ascended to the helm of the literary scene after publishing a response to police brutality in The New York Times titled “Bullet.” It opens with “lead in the belly,” which is how we now feel after an injury precipitated by an unsuccessful job application to join their publication as web editor. Countless lunches with Clara, and N. felt sicker. Last time they met, Friday before Valentine’s Day in 2023, the former promised a child from her father’s office – shuttered on Google – would join them for dinner but then when she didn’t, latter’s pelvis sorely froze.

Migration through the Middle East towards founding as is sung America was violent... ceasefire will occur overseas when peace is achieved locally. To imagine the population handling passports branding USA is a nation whose definition shares much with Germany besides infrastructure is like refusing to care about what Caucasians lost when those ancestors left Africa. They have no other claim on royalty, those kingdoms! Supplanting one racism with another is what our government does in lieu of a response to mandated pandemic conditions. The towns and cities left behind as architectural history under revolutionary circumstances warrant no attention, and those skylines and villages here do.

Rhyme was bemoaned either as gimmick or a lost wonder of artistic craftsmanship without reference to the development of alliteration and assonance – which likewise function to estrange the reader from linguisticity. Classic poets wrote verse with music and composed immersive narratives (achieving the same effect made by contemporary novelists like Joanne Rowling); other writers staged drama for audiences: it took thousands of years for one writer (Shakespeare) to make both... Those of us who wish to speak in limerick should. But there is just as much delight wandering through reality as if it were of poetic forms. Her dismissal arrived at 10:04, which denotes an occasion for much like 4:20.

The title of Ben Lerner’s sequel for his bildungsmemoir about studying abroad in Spain as an Ivy Leaguer, *10:04* flashes the digital minute it reads as cover art. From “Bookforum,” Lerner wrote a third novel that was published, like his second, by the German conglomerate Holtzbrinck Publishing Group. *Topeka School* was reviewed by someone who claimed to share the author’s biographical profile, such as having a feminist mother or being a writer purportedly of domination. N. had the grave misfortune of being assigned to his classroom while on academic probation at college, and he haunted her into our thirties. Indeed, what he titled that review – ‘Sons and Haters’ – is reminiscent of a term paper she first wrote for his grade, about patrilineal psychodynamics at *The Weekly Standard*. Later, in Germany, Florian Sedlmeier showed how the phenomena could be limned in Puritan writing through midcentury scholarship on American Studies: there was a crisis of leadership between settlers and a second generation of colonists delineated as a “men’s rights” rendered by patriarchy before fraternity à la “Carole Pateman.”

Her name is itself a fancy, decided on by a classically-trained painter now working in User Interface Design; if only he were a novelist? Not only a headless winged sculpture at the Louvre – Nika is, like “Nike,” the goddess of Victory; and a last name sourced to red wine. Because soviets like her father had to hear it in German as, *Die Religion ist das Opium des Volkes,* she memorized its meaning. In other corners, Billy Parrillo’s daughter married a Hennessy and some life coach in Minneapolis after “Cousin Nancy” gave their first-born her last name for his christening.

Her ex said she wasn’t funny, like he was. A retired salesman who likes to think of himself en français though it would flatter him to reference King of the Hill, he is one of four strangers who greyed like chameleons to blend in with apocalypse though we shine as nobody ourselves. The media makes it out like Capone had something to brag about, like

shooting the mayor of Cicero who was giving a press conference during business hours in front of a police officer. "You can't get away with that anymore," says the villain's monologue.

Not enough clinicians practice feminist therapy but plenty know the Internal Family Systems (IFS) paradigm, which instructs patients to experience consciousness as modernist fragmentation. Instead of treating the schizophrenogenic environment, her therapists asked us to apprehend my psyche as a constellation of "parts" revolving, as it were, around a unified "self." Lacking multiple personalities but in possession of an imagination, I was able to project avatars representing various stages of development or style into conversation about topics therapists deemed a burden that was hers alone. The first hallucination appeared, undisclosed, in Svetlana Finelt's office at Manhattan's Institute for Psychoanalysis. (Finelt was an aspiring filmmaker who lived with her family in Queens while paying bills as a counselor.)

In college she met someone who writes obituaries for Newhouse family's publishing business and contributes to the feminist-literary blogosphere. We bonded over that, and being Jewish. N.'s grandfather, descended from a Bolshevik book-binder, is married to a former editor: working for Time, in Moldovan, her name is associated with titles on housekeeping, crafts, and leisure still on sale warehoused in St. Petersburg for Kazakhstan online. The Newhouses acquired magazines like Vogue and an imprint, Random House, to become a most powerful force in New York City even after selling their book business to another German conglomerate in 1998. Toni Morrison published Beloved with them after leaving her job at Random House in 1983, but today David Remnick is editor-in-chief of New Yorker. Nine days after Alexei Navalny's death, Condé Nast published that "he was murdered" to New Yorker. Who knew about distance-reporting on Russia? In Germany she was "city editor" for Berlin, as well as Hamburg and Vienna. We'd stopped communicating directly in November 2023 after telling our friend, who'd attended my city hall wedding, about another breakup since the divorce.

We'd followed Navalny's story in the US media closely once The New York Times reported his poisoning with Novichok. Viewing a viral video presenting him as opposition leader, one afternoon I wore lingerie to clean floors. Sergey forwarded an interview with Daria Navalnaya, an undergraduate nearby in Stanford; N. was unhappy. On Wikipedia in the early hours after there was reference to news sources identified with Russian state media – that is, close to Vladimir Putin's administration – saying his death was caused by a blood clot. Indeed, according to "Wall Street Journal," U.S. government intelligence concluded Navalny's death was not caused by a Capone-style mob hit. In Washington, D.C., I visited a journalism student of the U.S. associated with the Nobel Prize-winning Novaya Gazeta calling herself, like the Война и мир protagonist, Nataliya Rostova. We don't know why Navalny was traveling during lockdown with the occasion of his poisoning in August 2020, but it's plausible he judged SARS-CoV-2 a simulacrum; nor are there reports on whether he was vaccinated in Germany during treatment from Novichok, autonomously after returning to Russia, or forcibly in jail. He was very handsome, but Russia can stand without a leader.

Tao Lin has written on autism as a supposed possible side effect of vaccination; N. developed schizophrenia almost as a side effect of not getting vaccinated against the "novel coronavirus." When it comes to psychiatric formalities anything is possible, really. That said, there is methyl- and menthol-based oil to be using on her stomach while typing to treat muscle pain doing no harm to our insides but tingling skin undesirably upon application. We don't know who needs the cellulose gel encasing our bedside DHEA supplements, but even well-established Big Pharma creations like Cymbalta are manufactured with inefficacious ingredients like triethyl citrate that distract bodies from healing. While COVID-19 vaccines lessen the severity of infection, they do not prevent it like Gardasil is said to prevent human

papillomavirus (HPV). Getting vaccinated is a way of participating in community but since there are very few stories of new SARS-CoV-2 cases contracted through vaccine drives, Donald Trump's Operation Warp Speed crossed wires.

Descended from Bavarians (not the donut) your 45th Precedent embodies fascist aesthetics. Taking gilded pomp from Louis XIV much like a Russian but with Aryan features, his brand is otherwise inspired by Adolph Hitler's crowd management. Trump's mother *was* Irish but families traditionally follow the royal practice of crowning foreign brides national treasures. After he advanced to our highest office, it lost all credibility. And nothing changed.

The fact that some voters find a reality TV actor entertaining is not news. If there were direct democracy in the United States, then their vote would be problematic. But as it stands now, general election campaigns differentiate between Electoral College delegates and citizens. So those who live in so-called 'red' or 'blue' states don't have a vote without paying for political access. Therefore, ongoing discussion of Trump's attempted coup as a reelection campaign is hatred. Educated with liberalism, journalists are nonetheless mouthpieces for a technology whose reliance on corporate strategies of cost-cutting, like reruns and clip shows, are dated by the rush to compete with on-demand enterprise Netflix.

If Keynesian capitalism worked, a literary artist would enter publishing first as a writer before being promoted to editor and – eventually, president. Instead there are a small number of authors who entered the industry as editors, agents, or publicists to title books: Toni Morrison, Ann M. Martin, Emily Gould, and Sloane Crosley are examples whose professional experience is glossed over as biographical rather than constitutive detail. Semiotext(e) founder Sylvère Lotringer's ex-wife is a counterpoint who arrived on the scene as a filmmaker to take the helm of his imprint before writing copy for it herself. Actually it's Mary Shelley on whom the ideal of authorship is based: born to feminist Mary Wollstonecraft and a London writer, Mary eloped with an admirer of her father to Switzerland where she was exposed to literary company in the guise of Lord Byron and inspired to pen a "story" herself. Percy's literary industry was to help her sell it, but when he died a few years later, she took hold of their estate – earning *his* poetry the reputation abroad. Having succeeded her father as well, Ms. Wollstonecraft-Godwin-Shelley achieved full responsibility for her life in body and spirit. From pre-industrial society, her literary accomplishment deconstructs publishing.

One of the bestselling authors who predated her got his start as a printer. In addition to circulating etiquette manuals enforcing rape across Europe, he published the Charlotte Lennox which is a romantic novel about fantastical compromise. His legacy remains poorly understood, not least of all in the United States, where he is controversially studied. With English transmitted as a colonialism through codex, Harvard was established from a Cambridge University graduate's {theological} library to acquire the printing press. But Russia's pronounced reception of Samuel Richardson and his followers was absorptive: his melodrama pervades European narratology to dominate our grammar. From this side of postwar feminism, finding *rape culture* articulated for modernity by a printer crucifies ideology by exposing its conflation of female bodies with Earth. While claiming to be on higher ground, like any other commercial market causing pollution, the literary field contributes to deforestation.

Jonathan Franzen typifies the literary subject whose pretense of environmentalism is belied in practice. Tapping into scholarly debate about the relevance of Percy to Mary's authorial legacy via editorial research into his "emendations" on her manuscript, Franzen's 9/11 novel established him as a literary celebrity. After spending it on not opening a Twitter account, he followed his National Book Award with a 2010 text (printed on paper) that recapitulates the narratological architecture and style of The Corrections with a new plot hinging on eugenicist population science – thus becoming the ultimate reference in bird-watching only to remind me, each time, of a

line from his essays sentimentalizing nostalgia for the vulnerable single woman whose cigarette technologists supplant with cell-phones. Sending his publicist an email one night in 2022, chided by company before there was even an answer...</p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> Her parents were visual artists who professionalized as computer specialists through our immigration but it's more accurate to explain Natalia earned her degree in textile design while he followed an education in cinematography with a Master of Fine Arts (MFA). To supplement enrollment in Chicago Public Schools (CPS), their daughter attended workshops in studio art and creative writing while learning Kung Fu and completing a sequence of courses in dance at the Ruth Page Center. Her visual art was so reminiscent of her parents' work to be practically writing its own critical literature and, learning how contemporary artists were required to submit artist's statements with their pieces, she abandoned all hope of contributing to the market. It would doom her efforts to approach material with the intention of describing or justifying it for an audience rather than exploring it independently before presenting that like a question to other parties. Nor would the prose she could produce as an uneducated writer recommend her artistry... The question of how and when literary art was more like programming artificial intelligence than beautifying human lives was interesting. "Conceptual art, invisible career," is a motto from the latest issue of Art in America that is relatable. </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> In Brooklyn after Freedom, writers were chasing a novel of plot. Her imagination was occupied by recent headlines about spies from Russia in the United States; where that shortly became a television series in the suburbs, she wished to stage it in the fashion industry. But that too was someone else's job: the editor who replaced me at The Fashion Spot left that behind in order to publish fiction about runway drama. Having lived in Israel for six months during the Gulf War, even as a child in Chicago she could never forget them alleging how a stranger counted for her death. Why not blame myself for sneaking novels off her mother's shelf as a latchkey kid only to learn about blowjobs from Amy and Isabelle so by the time a teacher was sexually harassing us she could wonder how I'd asked for it by knowing what it was in advance. They'd moved from an apartment to a townhouse where she collaged basement walls using poetry and art from The New Yorker and W's fashion editorials – but was it luck that Andrea Grant found metoo? Self-publishing as a 'pin-up poet,' Grant was an aspiring communications professional on the verge of being hired to launch an editorial vertical for fashion.website once she hired assistance. Forgiving, Ms. Grant was embedded in an East Village burlesque scene whose performance art situated them on the periphery of celebrity. Standing in line with her at a wedding, we met Salman Rushdie but though she was ubiquitous by reputation, Lady Gaga never crossed our path. </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> At the unassigned media writers section on Thursday night of the 2024 Democratic National Convention, an Italian journalist could be seen circulating a rumor that Beyoncé might appear as a surprise guest. A student from the University of Pennsylvania said, "I heard Taylor Swift might be here." Dated to Monday, when it aired on The Daily Show with a giant eye-roll, it was shocking to hear it now as speculation. Could Kamala Harris really permit VEVO to upstage her? Comic relief arrived when the balloon drop was set to "Freedom" from Lemonade, after a Taylor Swift cover played earlier that night. Perhaps N. was the only person literally hallucinating inside United Center after passing through security! Because when Ms. Harris accused her opponents of being "out. of. their. minds," everyone else cheered. (On the teleprompter, "out" was underlined for emphasis that does not appear in an official transcript published for immediate release.) </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> She'd just emailed an essay about another Chicago Public School scandal to John Kugler, a former teacher aggregating and reporting local news online. Reluctant to share a geolocation with family, even, Twitter was uninstalled on her

phone – unlike those suits likewise crammed in the balcony who were browsing the app’s brandnames. Embarking on a long walk downtown across Madison Avenue, the crowd filtered out past the police in riot gear then barricaded protestors before there was only one greeting a crowd of delegates descending from the subway around Lake Street. A 7/11 cashier down the street let N. take one bottle of Perrier for three quarters and change when she reported the starting point for her walk had been United Center. It wasn’t until Friday that we remembered to check Kugler’s coverage, where there was news of an after-party on the southwest side.

Policeman on 311’s non-emergency line said they wouldn’t intervene in GD2’s “consensual” sadomasochism, ‘because’ there was a web address Officer 9180 was able to access while we were talking. Neither can you blame a friend for your drinking with them, though prohibition only ended because of organized crime. Those outside the critical psychiatry movement seem to find our practice of tolerance for one another’s madness to be the same as enabling it: if someone said they were intent on self-injury through cutting, for example – rather than reporting them to an authority, you would attend to ensure their “sharps” are sterile and bleeding stops. Clinicians aren’t permitted to witness self-harm, though seeking their counsel after an act is something a friend should encourage me to do. But there’s a difference between proto-feminist coping mechanisms for life under patriarchy and psychopathology. Since females didn’t write the law or organize its systems, frustrating our claims doesn’t undermine our value to futurity: scores of newspaper and journal articles online report that thermostat levels are routinely set below what’s needed for one gender’s comfort; and criticisms of our diet are male. To wrap your mind around us being, empirically, too cold and improperly nourished is to admit that a uterus exists!

Sadism and masochism are dangerous derivations of narcissism defined by desire to experience or cause pain. Unlike schizophrenia, which is socioeconomic rather than psychotraumatic, sexual pathology damages efforts to end human war with animal-kind. Fellow mammals strive towards always gentle hands, dulcet voices, and sustaining charity. But many people – like Temple Grandin, the agricultural innovator – continue to rely on protein from animals after she reformed conditions of slaughter. Tolerating pain can be a psychic catharsis during these conditions of war, but asking for it is “inhuman” erasure of real suffering. Which is how, virtually and on paper, the sous rature of Percival Everett’s 2001 text with *American Fiction* generically consummated achievement.

A student of Stanford English took leisure hours for pornographic video games instantiating narratives of rape. He was the one who frightened her in the forest, but no one has ever crashed their car with her inside. She learned to drive herself that year – of course by then we didn’t need it. That faculty employee of two universities confessed to masochism and she didn’t know what to do about it because there were times the word “bound” up in papers nor did he know what happened at CPS. It was only that he considered himself equal to those whose conduct doesn’t warrant regard and she is untouchable in fact, not theoretically – and he needed to prove it?

I understand Love was invented by Jews who needed to explain God to women. Personifying nature, omniscience was represented before she could be expressed textually to make the fabric narratologists dissect. Secularizing what others profane as Jesus Christ, the word consumes other forms of money though leaving us no more or less intact. What lover has ever offered me care while naming our intercourse *rent*? England’s letter ‘V’ derives from the Latin ‘U,’ and in French (a Romance language, with Spanish and Italian) ‘louer’ is a verb of leasing. “*I loue you*,” said her enemies before little by little all had snatched my **pound of flesh**.

There was a musical titled *Rent!* that addresses an outbreak of human immunodeficiency virus (HIV) among hipsters in the postwar time. Sarah Schulman, an award-winning writer who has expanded our vocabulary concerning Middle Eastern war, writes that its author, Jonathan Larson (1960–1996) used her work without credit; it is also alleged that Mr. Larson did not die from a

viral infection, as Larry Kramer – another witness to what Susan Sontag called, “The Way We Live Now” (1986) – via the staged play, *Normal Heart*, held off to contract SARS-CoV-2 before dying at 84, according to Wikipedia, in May 2020. Featuring a wheelchair-bound polio expert on the case of HIV, Kramer’s take predates Schulman’s *People in Trouble* by five years and Sontag’s by one. Having caught clips of a Tom Hanks vehicle luckily co-starring Denzel Washington by Jonathan Demme as a minor while it was streaming on cable in the 1990s, Philadelphia’s narrative of HIV was one. After meeting Ms. Schulman on the Lower East Side in 2012, a copy of *People in Trouble* found its way onto iPad’s Library but after fact-checking Andrew Sheivachman’s comment that her hybridization of genre was in style, we barely read past the first few pages. More recently bearing an entire feature film version of the *Rent!* staging, she decided it was equally intolerable and failed an audition for Doctor Emma Brookner in Chicago’s iteration of *Normal Heart* that opened today. Having read Ms. Schulman’s *Conflict is Not Abuse* and the book about *Israel/Palestine*, *The Gentrification of the Mind: Witness to a Lost Imagination*, and ordered *Ties that Bind: Familial Homophobia and Its Consequences* well before Sarah’s workshop at the Stanford Humanities Center was announced, we can only regard her claims of plagiarism or cooptation with skepticism given her tonal penchant for berating not only the *imaginary communities* beyond her audience but also those present. It is this thesis that HIV is a synthetic virus manufactured by the Nazis, before and after Adolph Hitler’s suicide, to target Africans because the off-Broadway theater scene in New York plays second city to Chicago’s.

In California, doctoral work imported a concept from trade criticism for scholars: Vivian Gornick’s “novel of love” identifies the theme of artistic literature in Europe that transcends market segmentation. With sociologist Pierre Bourdieu’s analysis of social reproduction by way of “marriage strategies” as a card game, Níka deconstructed dozens of mainstream novels published between 1669–1997 to visualize trendlines in how those narratives transformed with the expansion of consensus to class minorities with dominators. She demonstrated a reversal in comedic versus tragic outcomes across those three-hundred years that must have been initiated before the first cases of HIV occurred in Congo. Sontag’s story must be called successful on the basis of her choosing a subject that aligned with reader expectations for suffering in lieu of complexity to reconcile Canadian philosopher Lyotard’s “postmodern condition” with German essayist Adorno’s statement that “there can be no more poetry after Auschwitz.” As a fiction-writer ourselves, we longed to write an HIV novel as its narrative affordances can be manipulated for capitalist conformity but while reading for escapism is fine to indulge, writing one’s own escapism would be a grave error.

Suited to every dilemma manifested in contemporary literary discourse, HIV’s social dynamics could have been gamified to write the most thrilling piece of trash readers have ever known. But even to limn the synopsis here would be racist, since not all the characters ought to be Caucasian – as they were by literary history – and someone who exchanges fluids to transmit the virus could be cast as a raced predator with an interiority only speaking to deepen invulnerable guilt. Having done homework for lack of funds, we might only say “such a person doesn’t exist” fortunately. Filling up, instead, unlined notebooks with feelings for that matter and keeping family supplied with explanation for why a once-promising writing career didn’t resemble fascist fairy tales we appeared at university seminars to code the work in book-talk.

Canonical fantasy literature differentiates between ‘white’ and ‘black magic,’ and establishes the Love Potion as a formula our former cannot effect as what’s latter fails to perfect. Witches, wizards, and wannabes are therefore doubly responsible for cleansing their souls while crafting wiles, as ordinary practitioners of art can imitate the latter to a degree of perfection, too.

What differentiates us and them is how, knowing the rules of magic, she dares with mistakes rather than spinning tall tales of alchemy. But in your eyes we are both G_d's children a priori consent. A gender pronoun here in address would make it a novel publishers buy... psychiatrists paraphrase Sigmund Freud to make misery a normal part of human life, but Níka gave notice.

If our language can be traced to Biblical expression, then experiments in form deemed novel rephrase or reframe what was storied. God was a badly-rendered character embodied mystically as his own son. One thousand years passed before those wanderers from Israel – Greece and Egypt – who found themselves as Europeans attempted revision. By the nineteenth-century, poets would place social reproduction with ambivalence towards progress in a recognizable version of their readers' world. Labeled 'literary realism' by historians of the book, its influence has been pervasive so as to produce us for the part of reader and protagonist interchangeably in a network legibly constructed from signifying signs. This vantage makes novels more like props in one's societal participation.

Novel scholars narrativize contemporaneity from the conventions of art history, as both disciplines claim the Renaissance to be a transformative era. But there were a few figures whose contributions are unforgettable today – Miguel de Cervantes, William Shakespeare, and Pushkin – though the revolutionary proliferation that then captured visual culture didn't truly arrive as a literary phenomenon before Enlightenment a couple centuries later to precedent romanticism, realism, and modernism in contradistinction to movements like impressionism. What's an important difference between art and creative writing is price: auction houses like Christie's and Sotheby's retail 'old masters' and buzzy names for way more dollars than you would know what to do with while new and backlisted pieces of literature are widely accessible for an average of twenty bucks. From a post-Soviet perspective, literary studies fails to systemize market dynamics with field-wide aesthetic patterns to differentiate scholarship and authorship. The "publish or perish" model of scientific production that is circulating updates on lab experiments as 'literature' has little validity in formalized study of text, but those contracted to enact post-theological consecration of vulgar and vernacular canons are too busy publishing their own names to care about anyone else's.

Except for Paloma Alma, not one scientist in the United States has claimed indifference to the arts and letters; only politicians do so. N. entertained physicists' views on feminism, acknowledged computer scientists as writers, and humored engineers claiming conversational knowledge of the history of philosophy. Her grandmother, who worked in factories as a chemical engineer with B.S. degree, never once pretended to be another kind of reader. If the scientific community had done its job, the pandemic would have not hurt... In opening his memoir, *On Call* (published by Bertelsmann SE & Co. KGaA this year) Anthony Fauci describes attending a November 2020 dinner party in Washington State to boast of the hours he'd worked after pandemonium happened. A self-employed writer, does she rest unless she's asleep? A colleague recently texted to know our hobbies. There could be no answer – but yes, someone did host a birthday party at her apartment the first summer of social distancing.

Scientists and mathematicians needn't fake a perspective on humanism to 'close read' their own language for incoherence. A film critic teaching a thematic cluster of novels and movies once advised his class to clarify prose by rejecting or discarding florid words if there were simpler ones available: "why would you ever write 'utilize' if you could say 'use?'" he opined. It was a better version of Kurt Vonnegut's characterizing semicolons as an undergraduate affection, but forgotten when news of SARS-CoV-2 broke under headlines of a *novel coronavirus*. Translated from latinate, it seemed there was a new cold circulating! The press release from Wuhan Municipal Health Commission dated to 30 December 2019 called it, a SARS variant, "undiagnosed pneumonia" as if after a European modern novel so neither did any of the journalists publishing in U.S. dailies or international book reviews offer much perspective. An exception must be made for what Astra Taylor wrote on Facebook reporting her father's

unpublished findings during previous lockdowns in China about the efficacy of supplementing selenium to improve immune response in overcoming infection. </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> Their proverbial deference to “limits” is another area STEM ought to deconstruct before entering our playground. In politics, “radicalism” is improperly associated with extremes given its careful definition as a means of root-level analysis by the Women’s Liberation Movement. Words are just like the letters that constitute these in their use by physicists – arbitrary but stable. To compute a limit using calculus violates semantics. Which is not to say theoretical applications of improbablism are never valuable, only that if and when their exercise doesn’t couch its terms in the contingency of notation, this produces rape culture. Computation is premised on binary reasoning that is inherently biased because sourced from generalizations about the relation between sex and love. A view of 1s and 0s fully embracing the null digit’s algorithmic infinity repairs what sexism Genesis made by claiming Eve never was except as Adam’s bone without sacrificing anything.</p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> Moments before she mentioned “space and Artificial Intelligence” at the DNC, two males sitting behind me scoffed at Ms. Harris seizing Commander-in-Chief as her title – audibly joking, “does that include space?” Happily or not, Joseph Biden’s Vice President couldn’t have heard their slight like we did a similar kind sitting for her university oral exam five years ago. Having assembled a committee, organized a protocol for questioners, and absorbed all the reading material, she applied data visualization to qualitative coding on the exam corpus for the opening presentation. What was shared included a gaffe. Using terminology gleaned from reading and writing fairy tales (which was hardly out-of-place in the scholarly context given Vladimir Propp’s Морфология Сказки being one of the earliest critical commentaries), Νίκα tracked dozens of elements across novels to isolate structural similarities that defined literary fiction as a genre. Always remembering earlier lessons, there was an adage about how even the first sentence of a work encodes the whole: what did it matter to finish your book is a question asked with care for myself and/as the reader. Cognizant of all manner of crude and rude ways from public school, elementary school classmates were nonetheless decorous; but professors were hardly, taking a point about the decline of happy endings rather like an assault on their sexual prospects than a literary puzzle. The tragic realism male authors depicted of peace amidst global war evoked life then, as a precarious divorcée living after taking an abortion pill in Trump’s U.S.A.; as a female writer who’d plotted herself into a novel of love, how was she going to find her way out of it as a scholar? N. drank that night and walked the whole town round in circles with a hangover after a night of sleep, so they will never see her again.</p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> Judy Blume’s Are You There God? It’s Me, Margaret is the first work of young adult (YA) fiction ever published but some worried over its discussion of menstruation; that said, my mother had been first to share breathless excerpts from The Catcher in the Rye, which is less “phony” than a YA ur-text. All together we spent at least one night each weekend at the Borders bookstore on Michigan Avenue, where they permitted me to remain alone in the basement children’s section. Perhaps I missed a single book of interest, but that’s doubtful because between Berenstain Bears and the Baby-Sitters Club, the only sections to steer clear of were marketed to boys. The HIV literature in college and afterwards felt like it was catering children’s books rather than leveling with a young author. Online their outrage could be monetized as marketing for an ad-sponsored domain or whatever influencer needed a metrics boost. She forgot to remember Ned Vizzini’s reading from It's Kind of a Funny Story before he took his life, and Seth said “it’s not that good.” Neither did that punk rocker, born in Park Slope and educated in Bay Ridge, know how to adapt short fiction for song; a teacher from Belgrade said it was a surreal love story. And she said sex was only

worth fifteen-minutes. He is now so far out there isn't a door that hasn't been built. Do you miss him?

Exiting a doctoral candidacy via psychiatric hold should have been the final chapter of young adulthood proper. Like every other stage or phase experienced since learning to read, there was precedent for it in literature. Hermeneutical typology was a thread between boyfriends, grades, and parties though counting dollars is what really held mind. Not enough were allocated for pleasure, though the authorities claimed there was plenty to be had. The emergency room doctor cited One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest but was now calling for a reading recommendation? In what ensued, experience became the plot of every novel but not one from which to write. Too often, speech counted though it was circulating in unsanctioned forms like blogposts and email. But playwriting and fiction were accomplishments for a schoolgirl, what could be their use in adulthood? Or, could reentry into the Academic Olympics solve global war? Males warned against studying creative writing, "unless it's with Tolstoy." Great Russian novelists made themselves through practice, scribbling and observation, one reasoned; but visual artists like him *were* taught and Yoel's father was tenured in math at UIC. She would have taken degrees in any other discipline, but literary studies was all she could tolerate...

Writing about writing is an influential genre with a self-selecting audience. Natalie Goldberg's 1986 memoir about keeping a notebook was marketed as a how-to guide; a counterpoint by then-Georgetown doctoral candidate, Eric Hayot, was "[Academic Writing, I Love You. Really, I Do](https://web.english.upenn.edu/~cavitch/pdf-library/Hayot_AcademicWriting.pdf)" (it remains his best). The *mise-en-abyme*, or picture-within-a-picture, is a motif of art history indexing self-reflexivity that can be found in literary works as commonly as visual ones. What some deem the first European novel, Don Quixote, earns that superlative by staging a reader as its protagonist; Andrei Platonov's Chevengur frames its work as a correspondence with a scene describing how the Bolshevik post-office haplessly navigates revolution by shutting down business to weep over the letters it stores. Though textual production in the West has been continuous for thousands of years, we did not invent the novel – or even use it well. A fixation on surveillance codified as sex by, for instance, Nancy Armstrong with Desire and Domestic Fiction, in reference to the English canon of bestsellers that absorbed Russians from Alexander Pushkin to Vladimir Nabokov & imagines a European community & avant la lettre of its formation through the appearance of people from the East in Ukraine circa 13th-century. Modernity's high tea of fictionalized tabloids masquerading as moral fables, such as Madame de Lafayette's *La Princesse de Clèves*, are indebted to Lady Murasaki's 11th-century Tale of Genji; and yes, if Lolita Haze had been holding an edition of that with her possessions rather than media fanzines, perhaps she wouldn't have died in childbirth at the end – but if Humbert Humbert was a scholar boarding in her suburban home, perhaps it were her mother's assumption that he wasn't in need of her preteen's library! The text is framed with a fictional paratext modeled after one in Goethe's Werther to label what follows as a psychiatric encounter; the plot and title were taken from a 1916 short story written by a future Nazi the professor Nabokov must have encountered during the '20s in Berlin. What is celebrated as his postmodern style must be discounted for intertextuality, given his encoding of horror on the page 'in the name of art' though it was scholarly. In theory, too, our faith that language can be self-reflexive is narcissism likewise evident in mathematical applications of code.

Being the term of infinity, or algebra, 0 is linguistic. Its ambiguous position with the set 1:9 as zero or 10 was simplified for counting or use in demonstrations like multiplication. There is no theorem accounting for its dual meaning as null and infinity at every case, producing mathematics as a

cracked rather than 'pure' system. A textbook designed for Ukrainian third-graders born circa 1979 opens with an example of the idiosyncratic on its inner front cover:

- $9 \times 1 + 2 = 11$
- $9 \times 12 + 3 = 111$
- $9 \times 123 + 4 = 1111$
- $9 \times 1234 + 5 = 11111$
- $9 \times 12345 + 6 = 111111$

AND

- $9 \times 9 + 7 = 88$
- $98 \times 9 + 6 = 888$
- $987 \times 9 + 5 = 8888$
- $9876 \times 9 + 4 = 88888$

Philosopher Marshall McLuhan defined media as an "extension of man," since language must be understood as the or a technē; reducing Noam Chomsky's 'universal grammar' to the competing numeric systems of hierarchical Roman numerals versus the algorithmic 'Arabic' digits that won out in disciplin/ contexts, we may acknowledge that nothing more abstract than the average pair of hands is what determined quantitative cogito – but the arbitrary expression excerpted above neglects one of our fingers! While it is true how any generalization exposes schematic limitations, the supremacy of poetry to this day despite the increasing outmodedness of devices like metaphor or repetition in favor of radical diversity accounts for horror as intention; someone lost part of his finger on the assembly line at an Israeli factory, and the nineteenth-century San Francisco novel McTeague breaks its heroines' to caricature ethnic nationalism. Mathematicians' misconstrual of 10 and 0 as doubles in fact makes magical thinking with catastrophic consequences like COVID-19. Its name derived like internet slang from the cold coronavirus, the pandemic's autopoetics unintentionally cite Roman poet Publius Ovidius Naso (see Ovid). Should this language game seem too trivial for your positivism, look no farther than his surname, which is used as a prefix connoting "nose" in English from the Latin "nasus." While modern writers like Gogol and Kafka return to Ovid's Metamorphoses for their transfigurations, China's I-Ching whose title is also translated with metamorphoses predates the European text by nine-hundred years. While I-Ching instructs its reader, Ovid's poem is better known for introducing Narcissus, the figure of narcissism, to us. It's possible to interpret the fable as a critique of the protagonist who allows the nymph Echo's call for his love to die with him, but many – like Kristen Dombek, author of The Selfishness of Others: An Essay on the Fear of Narcissism – analyze that as an Ovidian pool too. Containing more units than the number system, alphabets are ciphers compressing an atavistic visual thinking. Does that refract no meaning beyond its signification? Whatever meaning we produce is fragile.

Whether by conceit or quality, modern literary artists foregrounded the anti-hero or unreliable protagonist to claim evolution over "[the ancients](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quarrel_of_the_Ancients_and_the_Moderns)" whose representations are considered, like Ovid's, idealized. The fact that Greek and Roman classics are literal religious depictions of gods and goddesses before judeochristian gothic, baroque, and romantic approaches to the übermenschlich fantasy instantiating Holocaust appeared to question perfection has purchase with contemporaries like Mikhail Lermontov who said Jean-Jacques Rousseau's confessions were *always already* flawed by paradiagetic condition: "he read her to his friends." The author who wrote Hero of Our Time, a masterpiece of its form and genre, reifies fiction like his that encodes its 'unified authorial persona' (Mikhail Bakhtin) in imagination of othered or othering realities. Shorting, 1814–1841 doesn't explicitly state what Pycco, the name, signifies in Russian as a means of ensuring his novel's translation into Western-European languages. Lermontov's predecessor, Alexander Pushkin (1799–1837), immortalized himself as the intended audience for French, English, and German

sentimental novels like Rousseau's Julie though scholars show that average women thought differently – imposing Lermontov (1814–1841)'s interpretation to be materialism. Capitalism enforces psychiatry[’s narcissism] given papal conversions of language into currency. A French edition of Les Métamorphoses opens with the sentence, “J’ai formé le dessein de conter les métamorphoses des êtres en des formes nouvelles,” ending with news (nouvelles) not novelty. Synonyms for conversation include intercourse and exchange support views on money outside circulation. Doubting g-d doesn’t discount Love, like cash isn’t a euphemism for the gold standard? Writers’ progressive incentivization to promote complex, frankly unlikeable {anti-}heroes – because we moderns too lack immortality – gives female authors advantage. “In Praise of Messy Lives,” “Art Monster,” and “Dept. of Speculation” brand its authors defiantly for a field organized to ‘never forget’ nothing but Eve’s original sin and Christ’s legitimacy.

Before he was Minnesota governor and vice-presidential candidate, Tim Walz wrote a Master’s thesis about teaching genocide; it was submitted in 2001, after he changed school districts but not lessons. In 1993, as a geography teacher in Nebraska, Tim Walz noticed in Rwanda factors associated with Holocaust history despite apparent ceasefire of Civil War one year before mass murder of warriors was broadcast to neoliberal media; the title of a thesis he submitted to Minnesota State University in 2001 is “Improving Human Rights and Genocide Studies in the American High School Classroom.” That year, his colleague required students to wear yellow stars for one week, simulating the experience of German Jews living between wars; a lone Jewish student describes trauma from this assignment to Andrew Lapin of Jewish Telegraphic Agency, which reports Walz’s ambivalent public position regarding a Minnesota imam aligned with Hamas. There are echotastic fumes of nostalgia for Barack Obama’s presidency buoying Vice President’s campaign. Leader of Weather Underground, Bill Ayers’ acquaintance with now-former president Obama was manipulated to radicalize a University of Chicago professor to the deep state. The most professional elementary school teacher, now assistant professor in Michigan, was a student of Ayers who permitted him to observe our junior high classroom discussions of Ugly American, a co-authored novel alluding to the Vietnam War. On a tip from Centre Pompidou’s junior staffer in the Design and Industrial Prospective Department, I took Fred Turner’s Stanford seminar billed as “Media Cultures of the Cold War” with no mention of Soviet cybernetics, despite extensive coverage of its theorists in England, US, and Chile. Turner, usually described as a social historian thanks to his print history of Silicon Valley computation, started his career as a doctoral student in Columbia University’s English department specializing in Puritan literature before making a journalistic turn, writing “Echoes of Combat: Trauma, Memory, and the Vietnam War” based on curiosity about his parents and their generation. Turner’s account of cybernetics centered behavioral science in deference to Gregory Bateson’s Palo Alto Group, so her project offered documentation on Mirages of Marriage (1968) – co-authored like Ugly American by William Lederer, but with Gregory Bateson’s collaborator Don D. Jackson – as the origin of conjoint marital therapy and, perhaps, that style of individualized psychotherapy called IFS. Actually, the Obamas have reportedly undergone therapy together.

Departments of American Studies were instituted through scholarship on Puritan literature at Harvard and Yale by Perry Miller and Sacvan Bercovitch, whose work blended literature, history, and theology to nationalize local universities indebted to their progenitors like Oxbridge. John Harvard was a bachelor of Cambridge whose bookshelf was donated for founding his namesake, a university, but was almost entirely incinerated by [a fire in 1764](https://news.harvard.edu/gazette/story/2007/11/tale-of-john-harvards-surviving-book/) save 1634’s 4th-edition of The Christian Warfare Against the Devil World and Flesh. Emitted by a Puritan who never left England, did that title inspire Massachusetts preacher Jonathan Edwards to write

Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God? Harvard's holding seems clumsier by its duplication of "the" and provocative conjuring of warfare and devil in comparison to Edwards' more stylish lexical variety, focalized beneficence, and sublimating self-effacement by his near-identification with 'sinners' – but combined, John and Jonathan's words evoke a dualism associated with melodrama. One count against Fred was his blanket dismissal of homology in humanities and social sciences, a mode of inquiry in STEM though there is no better dataset logging how observable phenomena interoperate traces than language. The historical collocation of Her and Here is an example; Gertrude Stein's substitution of figurative language for repetition, "rose is a rose is a rose is a rose," was another. There was also another instructor at Stanford who lambasted etymological fallacy without bothering to make the point of how a word's origin and currency are distinct. Palo Alto's new president, set to be inaugurated on September 27, gave an interview claiming "focus on creating a stronger culture of inquiry and discussion and curiosity" without specifying how: a church sits on top of the quad, and their department's graduation was always there just waiting for someone's dissertation on situated-Kitsch as proto-postmodernism in homage to the departed Sianne Ngai and Sontag for a job at Donna Haraway's school.

When Trump descended an escalator to throne Arianna Huffington an editor, his comments reminded me of someone you used to know (got milk, Ye?). 'They're not ... [the] good people,' he said about immigrants from South and Central America who have not forgiven paper words calling the United States part of America. Some version of that felt "'always already'" a meme since in junior high a new hire challenged Νίκα's immigration status with Guatemalan. After she graduated, he became a soccer coach and raped a student during practice. Sports are an aspect of life here that excludes her, for instance because she don't believe they innovate. She's not a progressive so much as an artist, but that doesn't preclude fearing reactionary and regressive action. Though it's both an art form and mode of exercise, dance is niche compared to what's practiced by Olympians – even gymnastics, which has yet to modernize alongside twentieth-century classically-trained dancers no longer admitting to ballet. Professional gymnasts can jump better than any ballerina, but their costumes, slicked-back hair, and smiles are what socialize the competition to conform with cheerleaders not counterparts in high-brow performance. That Jerry Sandusky's abuse was contemporaneous to Mario Garcia's is synchronicity, a term transcending coincidence Carl Jung's practice validates formally. Following Roman Empire, capitalist society endows, for those inspired by feminist psychoanalysis, self-professed sinners like priests in a way that spills over to secular society. Mario Garcia of Ogden School was not a representative of Guatemala, while Sandusky is too straight out of central casting. Advance Publications apparently nudged Huffington to the left by directing Anna Wintour and Tina Brown's ascension as stars themselves. From *Vanity Fair* where she was a critic of Princess Diana Spencer, under Brown *New Yorker* became personality-driven while Anna Wintour – also English – molded *Vogue* into a celebrity magazine suiting fascist election. (Huffington included Trump's candidacy with Entertainment news.)

Νίκα was going up to Minnesota sometimes after moving to Chicago in 2021. A male who'd expressed interest in me once before was building a desk for Nike and Disney executive, Mark Parker; Parker's office space was already famous through magazine journalism for its clutter of tchotchkes assembled through a career designing sneakers without formal requisites, and his name was a luxury pen company. (He'd told me to call before a former waitress could have consented to taking his order.) Evoking the 'Dickensian' is a commonplace rarely detailed beyond what's done in fiction by storytellers like Joanne Rowling whose worldmaking leans on England's realist tradition to magick her witches and wizards as characters whose names wouldn't be out of place in a Charles Dickens novel, albeit in hers names serve as plot instruments – what with Weasley's being a red-herring for the real rodent Animagus Peter Pettigrew. Unlike Ms. Rowling, a literary analyst could afford to read Charles' Dickensian as an autograph: what's upchuck, Dick?, asks Chris Kraus, another

novelist, not in so many words. Stanford's department of English already had two Marks on faculty before they hired a third, someone whose surname to never misspell: *I* before e, except after c *spells Greif*. Alongside McGill and Algae-Hewlett(Packard), having never read The Book of Mark myself kept me entertained until lockdown. Then came Jamieson Cash, no relation to Johnny. His Bachelor of Fine Arts (BFA) in ceramics preceded a residency and then series of apprenticeships until he landed on work at Speaker's rental in the Northrup King Building – fine, he turned down Jeff Koons... Promoting himself as a sculptor on Google, Speaker is nonetheless listed by Northeastern Minneapolis Arts District's coworking space with artists making "furniture and home goods." In his social media, Cash was documenting the commission for Parker possibly secured via a mutual connection to Oregon; "we're being good art history boys and girls," he joked one afternoon. On Archive.org's Wayback Machine project, one may browse editions of his website from 6 December 1998 where he self-promotes as an artist to sell copycat '***Rhinocretaire***' desks. Though a 1979 write-up of American Craft Museum's exhibition of "New Handmade Furniture: American Furniture Makers Working in Hardwood" by Rita Reif already says his rhinoceros desk is derivative, it appears on the landing page of michaelsspeaker.com and 1998 portfolio detail does not acknowledge the originators he cites today, Albrecht Dürer and Claude/Francois-Xavier Lalanne – instead writing about a burial suit he spotted at a 1975 exhibition in Washington, D.C., diplomatically organized by China. From the domain slug /desk.htm:

In 1975 I went looking at the current showing in DC. I saw a cultural exchange [exhibition] {*square brackets* *his*} with the People's Republic of China that included the Han Dynasty Jade Suit. The use of tiles to cover a three dimensional image looked wonderful to me and became my signature style. You can see dozens of the small ebony rectangles which comprise the exterior of each desk.

As of 2011, Speaker's "about" page argues that "The bronze rhino" desk he features on the homepage is "inspired by Durer [sic]," which is featured that way on 13 May 2008 when he describes the "koa rhino desk" shown in 1979 as his "first art world success," saying he holds a bachelor's degree from University of Oregon and a Master's in painting from Boulder, Colorado. According to Facebook, the commission was not yet delivered by March 25, 2024; three days later, he shared a photo of a jacquemart rhinoceros sculpture relocated to Musée d'Orsay in 1985 from its prior station by "Porte de Saint Cloud," which has a namesake in Minnesota. According to what's archived by Wayback Machine, at least since 21 October 2014, a buried page showcasing "animal desks" has the sentence, "Inspired by LaLanne of France I added to the conversation of animal desks."

Aspiring to art, François-Xavier Lalanne attained work "as an attendant at the Louvre in the Oriental Antiques section" shortly before moving into Impasse Ronsin where Constantin Brancusi lived and died. *That* was inspiring, and Lalanne managed an exhibition to meet Claude. As Jane Holzer tells Sotheby's, she introduced the couple to Marc Jacobs at "Claude and François' favorite restaurant" near the former Hôtel de Condé at Odéon-Théâtre de l'Europe which followed Dusseldorf in staging Eugène Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* in 1960. (Brancusi was also Romanian.) Leslannes first conjoint exhibition in 1964 debuted the brass rhinoceros desk that is, according to Christie's, "legendary."

The word "rhinoceros" is derived from the [[classical Greek|Greek]] words 'rhino', meaning [[nose]], and 'keras', meaning [[Horn (anatomy)|horn]] **say Wikipedia editors**: "Rhinoceroses are killed by poachers for their horns, which are bought and sold on the black market for high prices, leading to most living rhinoceros species being considered endangered."

Widely regarded as an intertext for Leslannes' interior showpiece, Dürer's Nuremberg etching is reportedly not a life drawing, but imagining an Indian elephant named "Ganda" and called "Ulysses" who was tragically acquired by the Portuguese, according to an extant letter "from Valentim Fernandes" (Pimentel 2017). Portugal was colonizing India, but

how did the 16th-century boat withstand transporting megafauna from Asia to Europe, what were postal delivery times between Lisbon and Germany in 1515, or how long does it take to carve a realistic rhinoceros on a block of wood? Dürer's subject was more likely murdered for its horn after being sketched by someone on the port of Goa. Both its arrival in Europe and the representation are dated to 1515. Dürer was based in Nuremberg, while the report would have arrived in Augsburg – “neighboring” according to Pimentel, though actually more like 31 hours away by foot. A specialist in pre-Renaissance literature, Elaine Treharne, reminds her students that the fifteenth-century manuscript recording hallucinations experienced by Margery Kempe was generated in a German scribal interview – we must note after the reported composition but not publication (?) of *La Comedia di Dante Alleghieri*, an erotomania. In Spanish, another romance language, the bonafide fairy tale for grownups was published in 1605/1615 as ***Don Quixote***, but it wouldn't be until 1669 that nationalism could experience its first bestseller, *Letters of a Portuguese Nun* ('69). Of disputed authorship or for love, its romance is presented in five epistolary acts like Shakespearean drama for French readers who threw it back [to England](https://www1.swarthmore.edu/Humanities/ssimon1/erfurt/pdf/kauffmanportuguese.pdf). (For more on Troubadours, look to Dennis de Rougemont.) Britannica identifies “three toes on each [rhino] foot, each covered by a separate hoof,” but someone without access to perissodactyl anatomy could mistake it for a cloven-hoofed animal? Madame de Lafayette's Murasaki homage, “Princess de Clèves” (1678), evoked both privacy and cleaving by its titular keyword until Vogue's Martin Margiela gave the [Tabi](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tabi) boot in 1988.

Belgium attached its name to English looting of Congo, before and after samples of Congolese Ebola were shipped to a Brussels-centric lab within a decade of its native outbreak in Marburg (where files substantiating diplomacy between England's royals and Adolph Hitler were found in 1945) where, according to US authorities, Erich Traub deposited “cultures of the Hoof and Mouth disease” following Russian capture to sign a contract with the Naval Medical Research Institute. He would return to Germany before concluding his career as a graduate advisor in Iran's Razi laboratory, maintaining his specialization allowing for production of polio vaccine during his Karaji tenure. Apthovirus, to which cloven-hoofed animals are susceptible, and polio appear similar though not related in renderings – spheres from a mosaiced twist of irregular pieces – in contrast to protrusions extending from coronavirus's mass, spikes on HIV, and wormlike shape of Ebola/Marburg. Margiela was Belgian: Maison Martin Margiela is now directed by John Galliano, who was recorded making anti-Semitic comments during his employment by LVMH Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton SE, a conglomerate dominating the ‘luxury’ sector for its alcoholic sales of accessories and perfume under designer names to compensate for margins on clothing manufacture. Galliano was fired by his boss at LVMH, Sidney Toledano – whose last name belongs to Jewish diaspora historically living in Spain's Toledo. A US firm representing his employer did not put me through to LVMH's direct representatives regarding his current role. Photos of Mr. Toledano networking with Jonathan Newhouse in 2017 and 2020 are searchable; there is another Toledano, but she is friendly with Jared Kushner from New Jersey. Kushner's Harvard associate Rudi Patitucci is conversant on the subject of addiction as a mental health issue, through their contemporaneous involvement in a Social Club. Galliano's PR defense claimed he was under ‘pressure’ at work, and he refused to confess his a mental illness (Vanity Fair, 2013). Cases of polio were reported in the United States, England, and Israel before a Palestinian baby was infected with the live vaccine mutation variant. On 4 September, World Health Organization (who?) had vaccinated 187,000 “children under ten years of age with novel oral polio vaccine type 2 (nOPV2) in central Gaza.” Its predecessor, OPV (oral polio vaccine) was still considered “the primary tool used to control poliovirus outbreaks” on September 2023 though its “genetically stable replacement

[the 'novel' being administered occupied Palestine] was granted Emergency Use Listing in 2020 for outbreak vaccination responses in 2021." Unicef reports "vaccine derived poliovirus type 2" circulated in Zimbabwe, which declared a public health emergency October 2023 initiating a drive to vaccinate with nOPV2 in February. Western cases of polio contamination or infection traced to a mutated variant from 'the live oral' vaccine were shared with Associated Press summer 2022. "The next outbreak? We're not ready," Microsoft's founder had mused in 2015 like an aspiring prophet. Claiming "the world avoided a horrific global outbreak of Ebola" without any mention of HIV, his monologue is an unwanted and unwarranted afterward to John Milton's speculation on pandemonium that set us up for COVID-19. Underplaying the threat of another polio epidemic amidst coronavirus pandemic might have been health authorities rationalizing on whether disclosure would itself trigger contagion in consequence of panic; reality manifested the opposite.

Converting rhetorical styles is a trope of domination the reactionary right uses against marginalized others. Those whining about 'reverse racism' operationalize the mechanics of sexism for other means. "Judith Butler's never done anything for me," said a ceramicist. A graduate student under the wing of professed "sexists and racists" (*ableism* went unmentioned) claimed, in 2020, Dr. Butler as a reference. Emailing the Berkeley philosopher questions about reception, they were generous to respond but it's not like there was ever a Venmo transfer. Not question went to Koons, a pop artist indulging finance. His ex, a member of Parliament in Italy whose exploitation of sexual capital includes performance in pornographic video, did reply to a similar request for interview, but didn't carry on with the scheduling. The distinct styles of beauty available to adult versus popular actresses is illegible on the street, where any attempt to read for that or something else outside identification rather than impress with recognition is harassment. Rape is war against females; can anyone say when it began to pervade every aspect of experience? The planet has billions of humans on it: half of them behave like serial killers (Iris Marion Young) while presenting with schizophrenic affect, enraged at how the rest of us are necessary to survival before and after birth. But the space race is a cliché of Cold War paranoia hardly exhausted by Internet availability in 1990s Russia, as apparent in 2024 no thanks to Francis Fukuyama jk gr8 Hegel summary lol; fuel alternatives should be priority for programming airborne travel, whether global or interplanetary, because your primary residence is Earth.

Nola joked, our science teacher "is a space cadet." She was a smoker who disclosed self-harm impulses, whatever her name was. Our friends didn't belong in the popular group because we were bookish, but eventually Erica was assigned next to me and she was *so* nice but for repeating a joke about the undesirability of breaking one's pubic bone during one of Mr. Ferrer's #sexEd lessons. In 7th grade, we'd confessed a crush on the African-American schizophrenic in our class who Natalie promptly went out with – following that, before and after, with commentary on the horror of our tongue to offset her most accomplished nail art (Jenny competed).

National Amusements hasn't published a corporate website to specify its relationship with the spawn of CBS and Viacom – acquired by chairwoman, president, and CEO Shari Redstone's predecessor before 9/11. Possibly before that time, Peter Tortorici joined the television broadcaster; is he from the Sicilian town of Tortorici associated with the rebel Adriana Faranda? His daughter, Dayna, is co-editor of a Brooklyn literary magazine with a state senator who was granted a doctoral degree from Stanford. Both Los Angelenos by birth, Nikil Saval has been hosting an "annual paper shredding event" in Pennsylvania since lockdown. In 2018, their website published a blogpost, "The World Doesn't Deserve Philadelphia" on 31 May 2018, before Saval accepted a nomination to be candidate in Philadelphia's 2nd Ward, which was electing a Leader; the campaign was successful. However, it was not – as PhillyMag.com claimed in 2020, a "junior varsity election" merely because a Ward Leader is called an Alderman in Chicago and deceased Alder Don Parrillo's "notorious 1st ward" (EIN Presswire) is now host to Galleria Domain 2, a sex dungeon that should

be outlawed (Nikil was previously a representative of Division 17). </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> Opened in 1995 as Black Market Chicago, its owner – an unmarried woman – had invited a Playboy leatherworker named Paul Christensen to share a 2600-square foot studio within five years (Tribune 2003). In 1999, what was formerly the National Gay and Lesbian Archives though reincorporated as Leather Archives & Museum opened in a former synagogue off the corner of Devon Street, Chicago’s ‘Little India.’ Another branch of Chicago’s fetish venues was challenged by Cook County’s Assessor for writing off its residential leases as a small-business expense despite their use for business purposes – that is, escorted entertainment. Touring the First Ward location to confirm fire and knives are permitted to break the skin of play-partners though free condoms are available – implying its owners are familiar with the concept of HIV risk. ProPublica’s archive of Galleria Domain 2’s tax filings goes back to 2004 when Carol Nebehy, Tracy Swiontek, and Debbie Anderson were listed as officers. An obituary posted to ChicagoTribune.com lists Nebehy as the loving romantic companion of Swiontek, who died at 52. Anderson’s mailing address in Fort Wayne, Indiana, surfaces a profile for the access coordinator at Indiana University Bloomington, who wasn’t reachable by phone on two occasions. From 2007 (its 2006 tax return isn’t accessible) to 2023, Wilson Skalinder has been referenced in filings, now listed as President; a number for Nebehy online is off the hook. President Skalinder is a triplet of Sue Swisher, who was killed by ovarian cancer, and Gregg Lewis Skalinder, the son of musicians. His son, Eric, was hired as a choral teacher by Chicago Public Schools prior to dismissal following sexual harassment allegation in 2016. The same year, a “music teacher and track coach” unintentionally photographed a child in the bathroom. Skalinder’s license wouldn’t be revoked until 2020; in 2024, one of CPS’s disgraced former music teachers sued a hospital where he sought emergency mental health treatment to disclose putting a camera in the faculty bathroom for circulating that information in a breach of confidentiality. In grudging response to the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) request submitted to CPS for “all documents pertaining to” Eric Skalinder “of Thomas Kelly High School” and “Mario Garcia of Ogden International School of Chicago (formerly William B. Ogden Elementary School),” files published online by John of Substance News (SubX.News) were attached to the FOIA request but nothing regarding Ogden school was made available. Mr. Kugler is a former CPS shop teacher and teachers union representative who interviewed us about my tour of Galleria Domain 2 before returning to 2416 North Avenue, this time to enter the storefront to meet artist Tom Robinson. </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> With web design that’s unchanged since its first capture by Wayback Machine 08/19/06, Robinson embodies and practices what Speaker only markets. Showcasing his multidisciplinary talents in the gallery where he also works, Tom has been holding down the fort in Chicago’s 1st ward for twenty years. It was one of a favorite neighborhood in adolescence, not least because Grace from theater training lived nearby in a house designed to be better than any stage by her parents who were set designers. Filter Cafe, on Milwaukee and North Avenue, continues to be popular with the yokel even after closure in 2017 – but it’s Handlebar restaurant that is a stone’s throw from Western which is crowd-pleasing, serving fish alongside scratch-made vegan plates. Robinson is on speaking terms with Wilson Skalinder, and this inflects one of his projects from a few years ago, the collaboration converging with Art Institute’s Christina Ramberg retrospective. Furnish a home with his furniture, which is artisanal everywhere Danny Kaplan’s is luxurious and prize one of the historical miniatures he’s been making since the pandemic. His website lists a free weekly opportunity to attend his drawing from art models, since he supplements traditional figurative techniques with mosaics of twinned or mirrored faces in wood. The lamps are interesting.</p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> At this moment, Nikil Saval is “in conversation” to fête a publication by Bertelsmann whose title duplicates Showtime’s Claire Danes vehicle. Its

author, then an assistant editor at Oxford University Press, kissed her outside of a party after someone reminded him about his girlfriend after seeing us chatting. Richard Beck's first book, which was distributed by the publisher who recently acquired Liza Minnelli's memoir, considered subject matter floated by Michigan-born journalist Christopher Glazek before he rather focused on a scoop about Purdue Pharma's complicity in the drug crisis it purported to be treating. "We Believe the Children" collated 1980s discourse about Satan without disentangling it from the prurient Puritanism that made it problematic in the first place. The impetus for his project was a research group that involved someone who was – with Natalie – discouraged from bringing our accusations towards Mr. Garcia to authorities, Glazek, and *ass*. – Professor Mark Greif. The latter was involving himself in an extramarital affair with one of our colleagues. A few years later, in Germany, Jessica Carrano began working on Saval's campaign; "I liked him," she said; she wasn't so fond of Marco Gregori. "I would kill myself," Clara repeated when the divorce was finalized. An art school grad, she is an admirer of Hitler's watercolors.

Multiple humanists have gone on in papers about *Homeland*'s portrayal of "bipolar disorder," which is one of the many euphemisms for schizophrenia available to psychiatrists who wish to manipulate patients into compliance. It's like they want to say people who are actually psychotic are unlikeable in comparison with Claire Danes' performance, though we agree on the **author**ity of acting. Before being [Sister] Carrie [Bradshaw], Danes was an angsty teen for the dramatic series My So-Called Life and Temple Grandin in HBO's biopic. Steppenwolf's young adults' program considered me for both their writing and acting tracks, before director Kimberly Senior said Níka had just as much acting as writing talent, despite showing greater preference for the latter. By then, she'd already seen Danes' debut with a mother who stood on Kishinev's stages as a child. So, this summer, she crawled out of her smial even though Len Foote, a playwright casting a sitcom where he was also the main actor from Annoyance Theatre's basement hadn't returned an email about auditioning to wear sweatpants, reading for the part of Dodger #notbrooklyn – though that went to someone he knew from the scene. Invited to be his online date, Sue Ann, was a lesson in reading no classroom teacher had ever gotten near promising. Taking initial frustration at every word, line, and page that was different from what she would have written into rehearsal created the imperative to exhume a madness. Without ever saying how to read, Foote coaxed us to realize the work until it was integrated with performance. People who've never written dramatic dialogue don't act, and Meisner's repetition exercises don't count.

Acting as an untrained starlet in the unfettered space of publics when she ought to have been cloistered in writerly self-seriousness is a kind of adulthood. Then, begs the questioner, when can writing be? At one of [MOMENTA Dance Company](http://momentadances.org)'s remote workshops we shared hope of writing to healing through meditation, literacy, and movement. Asking other people to help achieve that is intense, not least because we speak different languages – sometimes literally. Expecting soft-power authorities to conform with norms of political correctness they are informed about but in their navigating schizophrenia is confusing and frustrating before you find the root. For me, the hang-up was a question of how Slavic unknowingly enforces menopause. A few times, Natalia addressed us using a masculine declension for me to pounce upon her "routine."

Sometimes that feels like giving orders when maybe it's breaking new ground.

The National Institutes of Health (NIH) have some limited resources in working with 'citizen scientists,' but Illinois' reporter privilege statute uses a narrow definition of "reporter" in 735 ILCS 5. Nev Jones offers 'lived experience practitioner' as a term to describe drawing the scientific method into community since Bruno Latour's 1979 sociology of science, *Laboratory Life: The Social Construction of Scientific Facts*, asked scientists to identify as writers. There's no substitute for clean air and water, exercise, sobriety, and an organic non-GMO unprocessed vegan diet

– but once you’ve approached that ideal, it’s possible your body can work.

Most what gets called news ought really be considered ‘updates.’ No-one who caught Donald Trump as The Apprentice of TV could be astonished to learn he’d wish another act. Since Hannah Arendt’s condemnation of those bourgeois who professed to be ‘only following orders’ was never taken seriously by her anglophone readers, Republicans familiarizing themselves with fascism should not be called Nazis. That Heidegger, one of her university supervisors, continues to be assigned across the United States without reference to her publishing admits how a Jewish female refugee from Renaissance universities was only a messenger to her public of “elites.” To say that indigenous/Americans haven’t been included in what systems pilgrims imported from Europe is putting mildly; with exceptions for the contemporary, everyone in academia is him– her– or theirselves a migrant. Grief at leaving Africa thousands of years ago that habituated the European psyche is preserved by our literature... Lording one’s relative assimilation over new arrivals condemned the United States to be a narrative instantiation enabling climate change and nuclear war. Coast used to boast it didn’t, ‘til the country called their bluff. Momentum for Trump’s post-reality show watched the New Right get on group chats, trumpeted as change by those hedging discomfort about Barack Obama’s leadership. The continuing relevance of Republican networks and money to America’s branding is not an interesting chapter in the story you’ve been force-feeding me: among the handful of people we know in Chicago, the bluest town in a blue state, half are Republicans. Arendt’s philosophy emphasizes natality instead, so while journalists break bread with diehard fascists savvy enough to pass for hipsters, children are news.

Both volumes of the canonical novel are about sex. In the first, writers introduce Adam and Eve using an omniscient proxy that profanes their ancestors or neighbors to stage a poetics of civilization; what follows explicates birth to endow a male with supernatural medical abilities. From the novel, modern prose fiction shorts procreation and reproduction for a structural focus on the societal mechanics of intercourse. In a judeochristian context marking 2000 years of Torah, every coupling, every pregnancy, every birth is an interpretation of text. It’s unseemly to publicize other people of any legal age, but studying the transformation of your world through who your network brings into it is thought. Leading the Daily Herald today are stories about Jay Robert Pritzker’s financing, our complicity in ecological crisis, and athletics, offering a tasteful response to the paradox of literacy wherein we learn to read our own writing before appropriate to seek reception:

- The Illinois governor was recently circulating as an aspirant to the White House prior to the state murder of Sonya Massey close to the capitol; his billions were inherited by family investments in hotels, signifying a wealth that is more relatable than the Vatican’s.
- Although the earliest surfaces for writing were clay, the industrialization of literacy produced vellum, from animal skin, which is virtually fossilized in our living languages.
- Approximating peace through exchange of signs and notes places the average human in a more sedentary position than her forebears; albeit symptomatic of late-capitalist incursions, compartmentalizations of exercise are broadly necessary.

Elsewhere, a newspaper under the influence of Parrillo is leading its reporting on today with a headline about racial politics and driving costs written by a “city hall reporter” named Fran Spielman. Considering the absence of historical imagination in Torah and Bible, race is often sensationalized in US politics for lack of authorized rhetorical precedent. Chicago magazine’s write-up of a 2011 property acquisition bills him as a “Sun-Times investor” (the Associated Press reports Chicago Public Media acquired that newspaper last year); today’s front-page of chicagomag.com advertises “French novelist Camille Bordas” for Bertelsmann under the Penguin Random House brand, obviously, with a piece, “When the democrats came to

Chicago." In 2023, Ms. Bordas was featured as a fiction-writer by [New Yorker](#).
Níka's ex-husband was born in France to an Italian father and Polish-Québécois mother who both had French citizenship. For Pascale Casanova, Paris used to be the capital of the "world republic of letters"; she was a student of Pierre Bourdieu's, whose statement on sociology could only be outmatched by his female students and readers. Close to our elementary school, where Clara was living when we ran into each other, there is an Alliance Française; one of the institutions we attended has rebranded itself as an "international school" in deference to the vogue for out-differentiating. The governing documents of the United States foreclose my mobility via the natural-born citizens['] clause that [violates due process](https://repository.law.uic.edu/lawreview/vol39/iss4/4/). Is that inclusivity? Hospitalized as an ethnographer of psychosis, I'm not even allowed to apply for a firearm license. Some nights, remembering how Thibaud jumped the fence one morning when she was trying to sleep through a social meetup with our group and how both ex-boyfriends who speak French without the nationality own (or owned) guns, she cries.

[You haven't been to Moldova for twenty-five years](#)! Back then, Baba Nina was alive and nothing was yet stark. Yesterday, a Moldovan in Chicago assumed our relatives were Russian, though only one is. Others are Greek, or Jewish. She's been raised to assume non-Jewish Caucasians are anti-Semitic by default, and it's neither kosher nor misleading. The Greco-Russian branch slips on their olive branches, while Christian strangers do so less kindly. An African-American at the party said, "Gaza is like, [something]," to speak of reciprocal community with Palestinians. But whatever argument there could be between us exploded into joy. After a correspondence with their journalist, the Jewish Telegraphic Agency cried "uncle" on Zionism; Joe Biden, a devout catholic, is really the one calling himself that, and acting like one too. The first reference to "Zionism" in the New York Times, datelined from 1897 Austria, concerns German politics whereby an election finds "Jews are split on Zionism" following the Zionist conference Theodor Herzl organized in Switzerland after watching the Dreyfus affair as a journalist for the Austrian press. That the expulsion of Jews from Europe after the Holocaust recapitulates the first chapter of the Torah exposes Christianity as an assertion of literacy, but not a faith.

Before, Moldavia was so called; yesterday, two women identifying as Romanian though one was certainly born in Кишинев, laced their speech with the Russian affirmative: [da](#), da, da. The first occurrence of "Moldova" in NYTimes.com's historic corpus attaches it as the name of a doctor denying anti-semitism was a factor in the fire that burned down "many Jewish houses" (JTA) in Borşa, a town on Romania's northern border with Ukraine. That was 1930; within a decade, "Rumania is swung into Reich's camp." Today, what many Romanians in Chicago decry is rather the communist influence that overtook their country after Hitler's defeat. Someone mentioned 1918 as a date when Jewish rights were enumerated in Romania, but that pogroms happened later; Google says that time was actually when partitioning of Bessarabia occurred and 1908 marked the founding of Uniunea Evreilor Pământenii in Bucharest. Pogroms occurred in {[Mol](#) (that is, so?) - да - via} from April 6-21, 1903. An ova in English, still - is the interior reproductive organ's sexual gamete; in Latin it's given for "egg." Today at a congressional hearing on hate speech aired on C-SPAN, Republican Ted Cruz said what Hamas did on October 6th was the largest mass murder of Jews since the genocide. Three attractive people wearing keffiyehs walked out immediately after Cruz lost me and a rabbi slighted the senator on the financial motives of his questioning, without being caught.

Interpretations of Platonic philosophy assume language develops towards objectification. Though [distinction](#) is prized for hierarchy, ambiguity is what rules. The vernacular word codes tolerance of futility, and disinterestedness in waste. A scholar of waste suggested being inspired by Michel Foucault's interest in what pornography formally deems scat. Upon importing Foucault's sex life, my cognition

held his oeuvre in correct esteem. If Foucault's drive was more to commune with a toilet than impress humanity with trees, perhaps he's not someone for an aspiring writer to worship. Being a successful teen writer has its benefits: experiencing unambiguous recognition for literary achievement before the wider world has permission to take you seriously for real (thanks Joyce Maynard) demystifies status. Romanticist poet George Gordon Byron is widely known as the first celebrity but now that the position has been distributed across occupations, hack writers today exploit fame. Holding distant strangers with big names in greater regard than the person holding space with you is pet peeve – how it's socialized in academic and literary circles by the practices of citation and interlocution by confluence with authoritarianism!

Followers of the New Testament profess to believing in Jesus Christ. Before reading The Book of Mark, that character needed no introduction. He was the post-greco-roman "God" arriving on earth in 'perfect human form' born via virgin birth whose actions modeled virtue for 'mere mortals.' Instead who is written on the page is, like Adolph Hitler's father, offspring of an unmarried couple – albeit practicing supernatural medicine with the bedside manner of Lord Voldemort. Protestant modes of reading the two biblical texts against experience have reconciled history to prophecy; identifying Christ as a historical personage rather than a factual figure animates our storyworld, setting the stage for real magic. Abandoning nuclear power would not herald the dark ages. Quite the opposite.

Everything from recorded history shows us in relief, but not perfection. Contemporary society is not more just than the 'medieval' one that witnessed the murder of an Oxford woman who was not permitted in her local library; if it were, the elitist conceit of credentialism wouldn't haunt and Harvard's true history as a disciple of English terror would be laid bare along with its excellences. Our only star draws joy for the daytime streets while toasting, and there is not one sunscreen available on the market that is free from ingredients like alcohol or oil that cause damage no amount of UV protection can cover. When megalomaniacs shoot up beyond the clouds, those who remain grounded gain no earthly mastery for turning our heads attention. Reading Sarah Schulman's book about Palestine from Berlin is what she mentions.

Olivier Zeitoun joined us after someone wouldn't say what he studied in college. Carrying Albert Speer's prison diaries was what the curator agreed was "pretty jewish." Speer was an architect during the Third Reich who designed an airport in the center of Germany's capital now closed down to be a park. You can ride a bike along the tarmac from one end of the perimeter to another, and there is no better ride. Speer's confessions redeem him, and his airport is stylish. It's not like Hannah Arendt's book, Banality of Evil, makes exceptions for any Nazi, but Speer was no Adolf Eichmann – the petit bourgeois who claimed innocence under capitalism. Zeitoun had studied abroad at a small liberal arts college in New England, discoursed fluently on astrology, and was familiar with Madame de La/Fayette. Once the pandemic reached its heat, his Instagram stories turned to show a public face. The reality of his mixed identity as situated in arts feels like a daily blessing. Why would anyone choose Jesus?

Less is known about Professor Doctor Arendt's subjection from Freiburg's university Nazi than Clinton's affair with Lewinsky. She was his student, it is widely said he used her sexually though commentators often characterize that as a "love" affair (LiteraryHub.com 2021, themarginalian.org 2016) or "romantic entanglement" (philosophynow.org 2023). To be sure, a 2009 profile by Adam Kirsch casts him as her "lover" in print. As a rape survivor myself, experiencing anything short of murder in an encounter positioned as Intercourse by academe after Oxbridge is a barrier to disclosure, and Arendt's surname semordnilaps ardency – a literary ambiguity she was costumed in at birth rather than a formalist device she could operationalize for affordances. New York was more diverse than Germany, and her arrival was contemporaneous with the tenure of Vladimir and Vera Nabokov at Cornell. Buried in Duchess County's Bard campus, Arendt was professor in Manhattan where her

curriculum vitae included the coursework she completed for Heidegger at the University of Marburg before he joined the Nazi party in 1933 quickly after his appointment as chancellor in Freiburg. What happened to me one hundred years later is not yet over except for a real path out of sexual politics. How Arendt succeeded in fleeing Hitler might be explained by Tom Eliot's presence in Marburg at the very start of the war before her arrival.

Iconized as a poet by Harriet Monroe's estate on Superior Street but christened the riddler by Joanne Rowling, there is evidence that Lloyds bank's Colonial & Foreign Department clerk was a Nazi sympathizer. Eliot arrived in Germany prior the declaration of war for a summer school. In a letter to Conrad Aiken, whose *Clerk's Journal: Being the Diary of a Queer Man* was made in 1971, enclosing homophobic language with its conclusion, he writes how the people are extremely kind, the quarters comfortable, the view from my windows (south) excellent – over roofs and hills – the house is on the side of the hill, and the hill is steep – the food is excellent – I find that I like German food! I like German people! and we have five meals a day. I stuff myself; the Frau Pfarrer thinks I don't eat enough.

In a following letter to his mother on August 23 from London, Eliot details his departure noting that Germans were making a strong bid for American sympathy. I was treated with the greatest courtesy everywhere. As the German press offers only a very one sided [sic, "Letters"] view of affairs, it is safe to say that they are getting this sympathy from Americans in Germany. Besides, they are extremely hospitable and warmhearted; all the hosts of Americans in Marburg told them to stay and not to think of paying. The people in general are persuaded of the rightness of the German cause; so was I, to a certain extent, till I found that the English papers were making exact contradictions of German. Germany is animated by an intense spirit, but I don't see how she can possibly win. They will do no harm to England; the waters as we approached were black with English warships.

Eliot, who died in London upon swearing allegiance to England's Windsor in 1927, could be considered instrumental to the diplomatic relationship between United Kingdom and Third Reich. His correspondence with the English novelist Virginia Woolf drove her to 1941 suicide, not least because of his slipping fascism on 17 April 1936 – "I write sarcastic letters about Mussolini to Ezra Pound" (whose reputation never recovered?) – and 26 January 1940 – "I have never know when your birthday was. It seems to me that you must belong in late Sept. or early Oct. with Hitler and myself. You see I have been reading the ms. of a book on astrology. Anyway, that sort of stuff is a change from the endless succession of [manuscripts] (mostly faint carbons in German) about the future of the world" but the sexualized intimacy forced by epistolary form as "my dear Virginia" and "Yours always" or "affectionately" under cover as Americanisms or references to respiratory disease (6 October 1939, 19 March 1941) as if her underlying question is always, *how will you go*? Eliot, who smoked cigarettes, died of emphysema after Woolf's influential Bloomsbury circle, which counted John Maynard Keynes as a member, lost its doyenne 9 days after he sent that letter in March. Arendt's experience in Marburg must have been sedimented with a living history of Eliot's arrival and departure under scrutiny from Germans who were alarmed to be at war, ushering her to the United States but not giving her a life; the centrality of "natality" to Arendt's thought gives reason to believe she wanted a child, though she never had one... How is that not evidence that she was raped?

The poet's most boring book compiles four poems with a Greek epigraph excerpted from a translation by classicist Hermann Diels (1948–1922). We had to read it last summer while attending a summer school organized every year by the T.S. Eliot society, finding a copy at the Newberry Library that sits catty-corner to elementary school. The work happened to be a source on lymph; what seemed like a lymphatic condition progressed into a fascial injury. Literally denoting a shield, as in one that could keep your organs in place,

the fascia would sound like “feces” to a comedic ear pleased with nonsense or trained on hate speech. Like fascism, *fascia* is derived from “the Latin fascis” whose meaning might have split or disambiguated between those two newer terms.

Political science understands fascism to be a corporatist state; its manifestation in the twentieth-century was also populist and totalitarian. Trump’s fascism is an uneducated vernacular of the ‘axis of evil’ donned through capitalism rather than the other way around – like Hitler’s electoral seizure of bureaucracy or Benito Mussolini’s captivation of media in lieu of leadership. Totalitarianism is an atavistic relic carried over through pre-modern literacy, while we progressively wean ourselves off populism. Legalistic genres encompassing academic literature dispense with the storytelling conventions the Bible borrowed from drama (only because those texts are fictions marketed as capital-t Truth, not because they’re badly written) but not speculation, a narrative device that has only been used ethically by feminist science-fiction writers and no one else in the entire history of recorded speech. Professionals willing to associate with contemporary fiction – whether backlist or debut, no matter – are sorted into university departments of humanities and social sciences; indeed, while entertaining more than one computer scientist trying to pick the brain about continental philosophy, they’ve never wished to engage the novel canon ‘of love.’

A question critic Dave Hickey posed was why 99% of rock songs focused on the personal relationships and erotic romance; Gornick arrived at the same formulation in her study of Western literature published in 1997, the year of Chris Kraus’ statement on a final contribution to novels needing to be *I Love Dick* while Rowling published her first Harry Potter. The Torah and New Testament are biased towards gender – privileging fathers, sons, and husbands rather than women and girls. After Renaissance treatments on the problem of sex, Enlightenment literature came to center females sentimentally in fiction for marketing purposes. Alexander Manshel’s dissertation monograph seems to convey that Walter Scott’s historical novel – contemporaneous as it was with Mary Shelley’s sci-fi – was a persuasive alternative. So much that, by our contemporary moment, professionalized readers claim to prefer nothing better than Scott’s followers whose subject matter is concerned the Holocaust. The influence of Jewish immigrants to 20th-century novels and magazines must be a factor, as is what one German-American scholar terms the “trauma culture” which capitalized on Arendt’s powerful writing. What’s peculiar about your angle on World War II from these shores is how the only battle mattering here was the Civil War. A movie by that name, released this year, was ranked most popular by my streaming service when checked. Its historicist framing jars to horror since her action is set in our present; focalizing the complicity of journalism with conflict, it revels self-reflexively in the craft of photography while managing to nearly approximate the perfection of still with moving images. Starring Kirsten Dunst – who was last visible in Melancholia – “Civil War” resolves the urgency of capable news by specifying what is called civility to be merely advantageous positioning during war. Not a cookie-cutter saga ‘of love,’ the Dunst vehicle nonetheless fails to dispense with sentimentality through a plot of feminist mentorship (note: not a feminist plot of mentorship) though does suggest how a radically new narrative ought to be possible via its medium.

But it’s getting late, according to Manshel; surely *his* reading is motivated by sanitary appreciation of form rather than want for clues to “the art of cruelty” (Nelson). While he was playing Quidditch on the gorgeous grasses of New England, possibly, we were in writing workshop with historical novelist Jennifer Gilmore. She explained that she likes to research the past to transpose/defamiliarize data from her lived experience. One classmate wrote a piece about the Vietnam War; Julie Buntin began *Marlena*. And Níka won’t remember her work at all, though she excelled in all fiction modules – only being teased or mocked me for naming and liking Gertrude Stein during introductions. Of course, there weren’t nearly enough classes allowed in the area for aspiring fiction writers.

class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> A particularity of Slavic English is over-reliance on “the.” Her early writing and speech were meticulous about avoiding such elephants, which made literary art the only form of communication available. She’s a storyteller, not a fabulist who believes her inner world ought to be fascinating to anyone else. As we know from the example of Mary Wollstonecraft, both a novelist and essayist, worldbuilding alternate realities doesn’t make participation in this one moot. But we’re required to write so, so much but still told, “she has not done enough” – so make words depart from what’s precious in literary marketing to apprehend the novel in any other way. Instead of continuing to invent characters, as an adult she sought to be a person of virtue. Looking for ways to write about writing liberates from the necessity of spending imagination to objectify a reality it would serve rather to penetrate. Who can truly blame us for being surprised at how uncommodifiable work has become, as if against our will? She wants to respond to what is a suffocating crisis, but doing so draws us into attending suffering technically violates scientific and professional norms. We must, as the daughter and grand-daughter and niece of strict professionals, confess feeling disturbed by what experience implies about compensated scientists and their ilk. “Interest” substitutes for trust in a global economy whose political apparatus simultaneously seeks to achieve that in fact through other means; self-interestedness has no value at best. More commonly, it enables 🗡️ arms. </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> “Civil War” depicts conventional journalism as mercenary. In a throng of civilian-soldiers battling authoritarian state power, the film’s subjects were not more knowledgeable than ordinary people – only more entitled to be insiders of war. How the First Amendment protects freedom-of-speech can only be realized with art, though it’s commonly misused to valorize scibblers on deadline. There is nothing necessarily immoral in visiting a crime scene or embedding with criminals while distancing yourself from them outside closed doors, but texts that refuse to acknowledge a motivation for their curiosity in such scenes or matters – which could be as simple as, “I always wanted to be a police officer but didn’t meet the physical standards” – beyond what’s remunerative actually transgress the First Amendment while purporting to uphold it. Participating in communities organized around intimidation may serve an author’s desire to feel included, but when others are put in danger through their exclusion because the group’s activities are illegal – First Amendment rights are no more. Literary scholars inform me that our culture’s literacy was converted from orality to writing with the development of civilization; authors of the 18th-century text called Constitution erred by not enumerating reception/attention as, itself, a modality of the speech act. Yes, whatever words you speak do make sound with or without listeners – but the First Amendment can only be exercised in public. Another might enumerate “freedom of art” as that right, but those powdered wigs had no ID to invite expressive freedom that wasn’t rhetorical. Their point holds. But its terms are sour. </p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> Closure is this work’s fiction; why keep going when paragraph after paragraph? You can stop reading at any sentence, when promise fails. This interest in your attention is by dedication to theater, which succeeds by preferring audience to costume. As for the third term, what isn’t nonfiction but claims on negative space? What matters to any body is how their body is doing, but that data is usually reserved for doctors. Although recovering, mine has been in pain at the throat and Yoni. Are we too much of or with this time? The onset of lockdown imposed by government in response to viral transmission of a respiratory pathogen in China precipitated the state murder of an African-American in Minnesota, whose final words were “I can’t breath.” Last summer, Canadian wildfire smoke blanketed midwestern skies until we were choking on a cocktail of pollution. And as for our reproductive health...</p><p class="" style="white-space:pre-wrap;"> If mainstream publishing were in the business of truth-telling rather than also generating a profit, the Newhouses wouldn’t be billionaire opponents to Trump – whose ‘Art of the Deal’ they published in 1987. Their Condé Nast remains one of the most prestigious credits to a writer’s resume, as if the past hadn’t happened. Personally, love them – not least because some of their business

decisions align with good values: like the acquisition and closure of *Young Miss (YM)*. But they're human beings, not automatons computing literary perfection like your author; as you know, it is a human being viscerally only. Germany's actions in World War II traumatized Ashkenazi Jews who sought resolution around the name "Israel." There is no possible justification for hatred of that; and yet! Many do. Our influence on contemporary discourse can be attributed to Judaic participation in publishing using, as the Newhouses demonstrate, business channels no less than traditional letters. Does that imply the Holocaust didn't happen, or that we shouldn't be? Some people make it their business to have a take on that question; others either abstain or are Hayden White's *Metahistory: Historical Imagination in Nineteenth-Century Europe*. Credentials don't justify scrambling like Sinclair Lewis after Hitler's honey (bee vomit?); which is not to say anyone deserves the metaphoric beating Naomi Wolf is suffering.

Author of The Beauty Myth, a singular feminist achievement, Wolf's online presence has embraced skepticism of Trump's vaccination program. I'm not saying her website, [DailyClout.io](http://dailyclout.io), isn't really cringeworthy considering the launch of a social media rating app, Klout, in 2008. But her publishing on abnormalities/irregularities occurring in "women's reproductive health" by prophylactic medication designed to improve experiences of infection with SARS-CoV-2 deserves kudos. Her writing corroborates what's accessible through search from peer-review. That is not to say anyone's body must experience menstrual changes from vaccination, only that some people's do. There is also evidence showing onset of traditional psychotic symptoms after vaccine (Lazareva et al 2024), as Lin has been saying about the links with autism. The fact that she experienced psychosis and reproductive dysfunction without being vaccinated does invalidate their claims, which are linguistic as well. Because we are each microbiomes coexisting with culture, even holistic approaches to medicine fail rigor. A writer armed with literary-theoretical methodologies like 'new historicism' to study our environment like a text can be traumatized by language to the same extent as an HIV carrier would be traumatized by COVID-19. What if Mr. Navalny and Níka were like doubles? His death and her suffering are equally symptoms. This is a medical text.

Differentiating between internal and external sexual organs affords our species to claim an insight. What goes on inside the body is a mystery our minds resolve with the help of senses. A sore throat that's been ongoing for two weeks in the midst of a public health crisis whose messaging has been dire without infecting anyone or escalating to fever symptoms must be attributed to the likelihood of mold somewhere. Except, the word 'psychosomatic.' Two friends (both initialed JC) have been worried about mold poisoning for more than ten years. Their alarmism already factored into a compounded pelvic injury, and then Instagram displayed video of an attractive woman claiming to have overcome its toxicity recently. Before hospitalization throughout 2020 – though hallucinations began visually in late December 2019 on the cusp SARS-CoV-2 news reaching *me* but not the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) – the media claimed infection could precipitate olfactory and gustatory hallucinations. Unlike commonly reported symptoms of schizophrenia like voice-hearing, we also experience somatic, tactile, and sensory hallucinations that had a semiotic function prior to treatment. The floorboards affected by greenhouse experiments this winter were located directly underneath a space heater whose temperatures could not rise to those laboratory conditions reported to definitely kill mold, but didn't cause new growth. Symptoms bloomed one night after visiting grandparents who, upon request, advised me on operationalizing psychiatric diagnosis to promote cellular healing – striking immediately after a foreboding visualizing sparked the physical release of a cough. The cat had been sneezing all that day. Plus, the previous weekend, taking the subway to rehearsal where self-consciousness was provoked by the group's apology to a participant who was (unlike the rest of us, who'd all forgotten ours at home) masked. The air quality index (AQI) published by Environmental Protection Agency cautions

about irritating particles floating outside and as a literary scholar attending HIV history, she was reading about the Reddish typesetter from *Manchester Evening Chronicle* whose 1959 death was wrongly attributed to the immunodeficiency virus until 1994. Without access to research funds, and considering how the respiratory symptom is abating with removal of that offending surface, and lots of sleep – albeit not [tests](https://solitarywatch.org/2020/12/24/incarcerated-women-are-punished-for-their-trauma-with-solitary-confinement/) for mycotoxins. Psychologists manifest a term, splitting, that describes this phenomenology.

Trained to read behavioral science as an artifact rather than a methodological or informational source, disagree with clinicians' use of psych-theory to tattle on their patients. It's possible to insist on one's integrity while identifying with mental disorder; there is no *logica* fallacy condemning self-reflexivity. Sigmund Freud's reliance on literary texts validates contemporaries who interpret fiction as a sublimation of cybernetic selves. With IFS, read *Madame Bovary* as Gustav Flaubert's psychotic transcript of consciousness wherein every named entity is not a character inasmuch as a projection of his internal conflict. Andreas Huyssen's consideration of Emma (née Austen) to be Gustav in drag troubles any appreciation of literary history that centralizes what Lydia Davis translated from 1856. The impulse to claim female experience as artifice extends from eighteenth-century England's Samuel Richardson to *John Updike* through Flaubert. Inspired by Edward Said's scholarship, which frames colonialism as the needle's eye in orientalism, differentiating between homosexuality and trans-identity is misogyny until we disentangle masochism from pandemic discourse. After the diffusion of scribblings from a criminal lunatic associated with France's "revolution" as sadism, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch recapitulated pornographic manifesto: punishing *the Sadeian woman* who could integrate double-consciousness in order to position herself for targeting, masochists insist they are who suffers most from patriarchy calling for a relief that damns her to now enacting violence. Most transwomen are socially unavailable to ciswomen as romantic partners. People thus make do with cismales trained on biased data to identify with both femininity and supremacy, manipulating the former to dramatize sexuality against our will by deconstruction. For Ukrainian glory ([not kosher](https://www.haaretz.com/world-news/europe/2024-09-13/ty-article/.premium/ukraine-urges-ultra-orthodox-jews-to-avoid-rosh-hashanah-pilgrimage-to-uman/00000191-eba8-d383-a5d3-fbbb8ce00000)) – online, Chaucer's "cuck" would rather have a train on his girlfriend than gift her a fountain-pen or conceptualize *fertility*. Kraus's *I Love Dick* shook the market for its synthesis of classic fiction with its modern double of pornography; Ovid is neither Narcissus nor Echo, but both in immortalizing himself like a god. With the second sex, Chris distributes consciousness across herself, Dick Hebdige, and Sylvère Lotringer as a critique of their threesome being anything but erotic. It's not that she wants to be in bed with them together, only that she would prefer literally anything to watching them exchange handjobs while isolating her. 'Is this schizophrenia?' she asks her admiring readers.

On the same page, 377, it claims "the concept and term 'hysteria' have been avoided," psychiatry's third edition of the Bible specifies its "multiple meanings" under "new categories," including "Hysterical neurosis," which is linked to "conversion disorder" (a label used in the fifth edition as well), assigned to "individuals whose predominant complaint is pain, apparently of psychogenic origin." Associated with an Egyptian "gynecological papyrus," hysteria is Greek for "uterus" that is misused to pathologize premenstrual cramping. While erections tent garments, female reproductive response is invisible to civility. Is obligatory menopause what psychiatrists enforce with conversion disorder? Despite its recency, psychypnosis copies disciplines like physics with patriarchy and fraternity to designate. Early

proto-therapeutic voices from the other end of the binary were Anna Freud (his daughter), Melanie Klein (a Jewish-Austrian scholar of infant psychology who began under Freud's Hungarian colleague, Sándor Ferenczi), and Sabrina Spielrein (a Russian Jew diagnosed with hysteria who earned a medical degree despite being raped by her analyst and professor, Carl Jung). Today's preeminent practitioner is also credentialed as a rabbi; her sister, a painter and author, suffered from schizophrenia as a Radical Feminist. Interview Tirzah, of course, but our subject was Ti-Grace Atkinson. Her essay, Why I'm Against S/M Liberation in an edited "analysis" that was friendly to Susan titled Against Sadomasochism, describes kink as an establishmentarianism. Her formulation, "feminism is the theory, lesbianism is the practice," was widely circulated. Women's Liberation augured Occupy Wall Street's BLM, finding us at the end of history finally! Females do not experience mental illness. Buzzfeed entrepreneur Jonah Peretti wrote a summary of his undergraduate reading in critical theory that situates schizophrenia and identification as competing "impulses." It's impossible to theorize the latter without lived experience, the former is meaningless but popular to say. Critics like Rita Felski use it where Blakey Vermeule doesn't to discuss reading novels for observing "literary characters" almost like they're us. The difference between "caring" about a protagonist and "identifying" with them is theological not hermeneutic. Relating with Lolita despite her denigration by Nabokov's protagonist is an effect of novelist craft; her death comes to signify conclusion. To what extent doesn't his text anticipate me, a reader of fan-zines and Akhmatova (h/t Zadie Smith in conversation with Foer, NYU, 2010?) alike weaned on Pushkin, by encoding content and form semiotically? Who could not feel like Lolita when Nabokov snatches brutal structuralism from Heinz von Lichberg? Reading preferentially for her rather than Humbert Humbert is considered "identification" when she is younger female. However, imagining 'identificatory' reading forgets the difference between Nabokov's storyworld and life is schizophrenic. Maps are better representations in three-dimensions as {London's} Globe shows but neither substitutes embodiment. Hegel and Marcuse's dialectic typifies the matrix some navigate with mastery, others by falsifying error: that difference cannot be symptomatic of mental illness unless you believe Genesis.

Jews didn't have access to universities when they were writing their Torah; without data, some ancestors devised a fiction of knowing how the first people were. Rendering civilization as psychosexuality, canonical authors named masculinity and femininity as Adam and Eve according to their fantasy that this was "character." Magicked by God like an offspring unable to satisfy curiosity about sex through ordinary questions to our parents, Adam was marred by his creator to produce a female from his body like a daughter who would also be wife. Bespeaking profound trauma, one ought not deny your 'genetic' narrative's truth in art – only its literality. After AI, denying reality to God is pointless – one can either revise its meaning, with Alice Walker, or deconstruct. The latter brought me to the hospital in a shell of English whose inner Russian-speaker child had {"no"} other motives than participating in what dialogues ensued. Eliminating neoliberal tropes wa/i/s not comfortable or indistinguishable from schizophrenia – a sociological category denoting total strike. Never have we spoken to God for prayer or entertainment; imagination conjures your face, your voice, your character. That person may be praying; their privacy must be valued as a share in communal trust.

"No, the only person who ever worked for CPS was my great-grandmother," 6th District School Board candidate Andre Smith said. At first he hadn't believed I was writer. The Northwestern faculty expert in constitutional law listed as a resource for journalists hadn't challenged credibility, fumbling over words. Barack Obama was a permanent lecturer at University of Chicago before joining Capitol Hill as Illinois' Senator. Archives of his Law School faculty page lists an advanced course addressing the topic of due process – "Nika, Nika! That's not reality right now," FBI special agent Julie Delgado cautioned on Sunday, when she mentioned a 2006 paper from University of

Illinois critiquing the colonial birth qualification for presidency. Reality hit this week with how charges brought against Eric Adams are reminiscent of the Emoluments Clause (Article 1, Section 9). What archives.gov specifies as the point of Amendment Fourteen is extending due process and equal protection "to both federal and state governments." As Andrew Koppelman first explained, to steal wording from [user:Fiendish_Thingy at DemocraticUnderground.com](https://www.democraticunderground.com/?com=view_post&forum=1002&pid=19505076), the Emoluments Clause "has no enforcement mechanism and no statute to indict, so, despite being in the constitution and being an impeachable act, is not a crime." Delineating and delimiting "legislative powers," Article 1's Ninth Section bans foreign honors or remuneration to those "holding any office of profit or trust under the [United States]." It is comparable to Article II, Section 1, barring (for the sake of "executive power") Senators, Representatives or any "person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States" from serving as an elector. Chicago Mayor Lori Lightfoot voted "in the Illinois House Chamber ... for Joe Biden and Kamala Harris" as a member of Illinois' Electoral College. Charges against New York Mayor Adams allege political profit for Turkey from his international engagement, which would justify his impeachment under the Emoluments Clause – a state or city matter.

Yahoo!'s Jerry Yang graces as an embody with the institutional procession formalizing an alum's matriculation to campus presidency in Palo Alto. A double-major in English and Mathematics, Jonathan Levin takes over Herbert and Lou Henry's residence from a university scientist who made no effort to differentiate his leadership from Trump's – Mr. Yang reports his presence at the inauguration streaming live on YouTube, a subsidiary of Google. Yahoo! was an email provider, Google's inbox relied on for news: both Internet companies captured us as users or consumers, not the student, well before our 18th... Stanford Ph.D.s Larry Page and Sergey Brin's search engine open-sourced academic politics of citation for a buck; what did Yahoo! do? Within the past decade, it deleted data – reducing an email archive to the ephemeral status of instant messages. If, upon launch in 2004, Gmail promised infinite storage, by August 27 2024 (30 days after cancelling \$1.99 payments on premium service), our account will no longer accept email.

Before creating avatars, being online meant playing in America Online's sandbox. Installing web browsers and opening email accounts permitted entry on forums and registration of blog pages. From junior high, classmates kept up at night with chat messages; there was not much revenge porn, since no one sent nudes, but plenty of sex talk. New blogs (usually solo affairs, but also a group page modeled on the biology teacher's postgraduate project) would be launched when platform after platform closed or went out of style. During those school years, no one's writing ever ruptured consensus. Unlike your mass blogosphere, where debuts pay fealty under a stormy cloud; the Internet's promise is something more than legacy titles and government players monopolizing our feeds, with credulous interlopers squeezed to capitalize on virtual traffic.

A conference paper dated to 2006 identifies viral marketing as a "cost effective and efficient tool." Deriving from post-holocaust print culture, virality is an extension or expansion of *impersonality* – the hallmark of Tom Eliot's claim on authority. Producing its creator as a 'monster' indifferent like pathogens to alienation and isolation of our readers, its ubiquity online wasn't accounted for in public health response. Our 2015 research on a/b testing as a literary naturalism routed through Wharton author Jonah Berger's debut, which considered "high-arousal emotions" like anger to be evolutionary response in our reception of speech in the same pro-viral cadences as TED Conferences LLC. What wasn't mentioned is "outrage," a characteristic of feminist political action (Faludi 1991, Sayers and Jones 2014). It's not comedy how what follows a presidential report about Russian broadcasting attributing HIV to Western-European colonialism, immediately in the archive, is a 1985 report from London "completed two days after [the] Moscow Radio" program blaming Soviets instead. The original bit of journalism, from Russian,

identifies a laboratory in Zaire as the potential origin of biological warfare. An Algeria-based writer had interviewed a physician who claimed he was previously on "assignment to cultivate viruses ordinarily affecting only animals but constituting a potential danger to man" by OTRAG Corporation in the 1970s, citing green monkeys. A 1979 publication for Taylor & Francis disambiguated "the West German rocket corporation"'s acronym to Orbital Transport and Raketen-Gesellschaft, which leased its accommodations from Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu wa za Banga in 1976 in a region "better known as the 'AIDS Highway'" (Eisen 1998, p. 61) on Congo's border. Scholarship archived by the National Library of Medicine finds sequences of HIV on the other side of Mobutu's border from 1959, in Euro-occupied Kinshasa/Leopoldville. By 1987, HIV was linked rather not to Simian Immunodeficiency Virus but its bovine corollary. That Rockefeller University-trained Nazi, Traub, studied cross-species transmission of cattle's foot-and-mouth disease even in Iran's Razi Institute for Vaccines and Serology. Wikipedia editors say he worked for the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organization in Colombia before HIV appeared. Congo houses a Belgian plantation from 1926 to cultivate soybeans, the most complete plant-based protein better known by its species-genus name Glycine Max. Glycine holds our bodies together by producing **collage**n... A TV channel broadcasts a marathon documentary series about subterranean passages built during Hitler's war in Germany and Vienna apparently designed for secret experimentation. "Traub repatriated to Germany in 1953" (Bertelsmann 2014). During the war, Traub "went to Turkey and acquired a strain of" rinderpest, before "producing a dry form of the virus" in Germany for Luftwaffe pilots to spray over Russian "fields of grazing cattle" (Jacobson 2014). The CIA won't extend access to Traub's file without a copy of his death certificate provided within 45 days of their notification.

After working as a blogger, who could imagine circulating her research at the John F. Kennedy Institute for North American Studies in Berlin to anyone but faculty? Since the 2015 paper for James Dorson's unit on "Data Fictions" was central to a project, it was workshopped with the professor and also art historian Gustav Perci-x before U.S. graduate programs were supplied with another essay. At Stanford, she was assigned advising by an Americanist whose husband was likewise tenured but in Communications, where there was a new hire – Angèle Christin – specialized in ethnographic methods supervisors in literary studies sometimes discussed in reference to Clifford Geertz's influence on the field with the "thick description" systematized for a sui generis study by Northwestern Communications scholar Janice Radway. There was no occasion to present earlier research as it contributed precisely, leaving us with nothing to do but training. When isolation (a topic with Angela Davis and trans rights) was mandated, attention split from assignments for the degree program. Not that it should count as an identity, but being a media critic problematized how preparation in parsing the news was akin to care. Mr. Berger's 2023 authorship for News Corp promises to be "an inside look at the new science of language and how you can use it" titled Magic Words. We were accepted on a presidential fellowship to University of Southern California's media studies track in their comparative literature department, which would have relieved teaching obligations during the candidacy. But opting to continue following the institutional turn in contemporary art with Stanford's department, there was a critique of prestige. Associate of ___.com Mark McGurl earlier caught attention with writing for Lindsay Waters appearing near the end of and, *about* the degree in creative writing. His student was Manshel writing about topics adjacent to my admissions sample on *The Color Purple*; we were citing another Harvard University Press release than McGurl's that was *The Economy of Prestige: Prizes, Awards, and the Circulation of Cultural Value*. However, what was *Cultural Capital: The Problem of Literary Canon Formation* until McGurl headed an umpteenth seminar on Theory/theory? During the negotiation for departure, he appeared with about ten other faculty at a meeting where there may or may not have been someone

else in the room he was pictured in; he'd been writing another text during what should have been education (rather than a grooming) fêted with an online presentation at Community Books with Greif. Both were promoting their byline with a titular keyword, "everything." It evoked a conference panel, except there was no theme. Imagining McGurl must have subconsciously glommed onto Greif's hobbling together of trends to differentiate himself from the amazonian stature ascribed to his subject, paternal surrogate Jeff Bezos. Still in Bed-Stuy to discover Mark Bittman's How to Cook Everything (1998), recompense for passing on Jonathan Safran Foer's Everything Is Illuminated. Open up about the hospital ordeal and disclosed a diagnosis professionally. A review of McGurl's collaboration with Verso by Greif's colleague at n+1 quoted its author joking about psychosis; a line was excerpted by Chronicle of Higher Education's twitter share but not retweeted by McGurl's account, which was otherwise promoting all its mentions. Possibly on sabbatical, McGurl is currently an internal fellow at the Stanford Humanities Center where his project is listed as "Word Magic." ("Word salad" is a slur.) Jonah Parzen-Johnson is a saxophone player and political organizer based in Hyde Park and New York City from Akiba Shechter; his father is a pediatric infectious disease specialist, his mother a highly-regarded environmentalist. His younger brother became a pediatrician after meeting the Dalai Lama. Ovid's narcissism lies in his neglecting to describe the lateral flip of a mirror image.

Mental illness takes a literary conceit that departed from its page in 1886. Malinformed from that year's Psychopathia Sexualis, clinicians alleged homosexuality narcissism masochism and sadism as terms plaguing their patients rather than our own minds. Homosexuals used activism to write out their identification, emphasizing narcissism as the antique. Psychiatry's bible, DSM, has never been an object of literary study. Psychoanalytic critique applies Sigmund Freud's hypnosis to nonhuman literacies. Credentialed analysts don't situate patient speech to philology's commonplace standard; without grounding its significations, corpus is apprehended as corpse by extrinsic teleology. American psychiatry's fifth-edition manual claims to differentiate between "normal sadness... from a major depressive episode" without bothering depression's economic definition, even as researchers in other parts of the university find correlation between money and happiness. With narcissism too, modern diagnostic categories insinuate sadomasochism to pathologize rather than treat medical symptoms like hallucinations. Their undertheorizing sadism and masochism is a public health crisis. GD2's volunteer secretary some nights and weekends, technologist Jessica Walden discloses a scar ("body art") from knife play whose adjacency to free condoms labelled with HIV-awareness cannot make it safe. Eve Sedgwick's Dialogue on Love (about undergoing psychological treatment while dying from cancer) indicates both parties enact dialectical power during talk therapy to an extent actually imagined for sex by post-Hegelian erotica. Refusing to relate to diagnostic description sedimenting senior colleagues' labor is delusional behavior harming patients, whose malady must then be identification – since yours is schizophrenia.

Psychiatric approaches to schizophrenia are schizophrenogenic, but the computer is a metaphor. Emil Kraepelin, who recodified it as disease, worked alongside Alois Alzheimer. Because symptoms of aged individuals and nonconformists resonated together, white-coats assumed both sets of patients were exhibiting the same disease. Organ failure foreshadows death, rather than experience. To advance from mandatory secondary education, students participate in accelerated college preparatory courses they complete to discount university requirements they hope or believe necessary in future schooling. The International Baccalaureate (IB) is one of two availabilities for completing college credits in high school. It mandates a lesson in theory most completely situated in science-and-technology studies but relevant to disciplinary philosophy; its name evokes epistemology, and indeed includes zero coverage of phenomenology. The latter is associated with German, first Husserl and Heidegger before Wolfgang Iser donned Konstanz where it merged with literary studies such that,

today, the most brilliant phenomenologist around is Sara Ahmed – who quit her job as faculty at Goldsmiths in London. In 2015, she wrote for “The New Inquiry” a critique of campus culture titled Against Students; TNI’s founding editor, Rachel Rosenfelt, and Malcolm Harris (a historian of Palo Alto from Palo Alto), are friendly with the author of *Against Exercise*, a blogpost from 2004 short about thinking you’re as funny as Jerry Seinfeld. His wife is a phenomenologist who studies its overlaps with feminism; another Stanford academic now tenured in Pennsylvania working without calling on dead British women is a specialist in how phenomenology is and isn’t the ‘lived experience’ administrators use to make their hires of minorities rhetoric not activism. The author of IB’s ‘Theory of Knowledge’ syllabus has actually written it for everyone; she’s also a photographer.

How, the computer occurred? Those telling its history work it like another old story of war, dropping its touchstones as society: Ada Lovelace, a poet’s daughter using figures... Why wouldn’t a devushka coined as linguistic symmetry under a mother whose lover knew to what extent she did and didn’t love lace make her response to Lord Byron’s celebrity with compression? Was she a *yes*, George? We don’t really know the color of her eyes right now, so your folly was imagining your words mattered sometimes but not all the time. He followed John Milton in the authorized procession for history that must route through a happenstance and misfortune of Charles and Emma Darwin’s marriage as entree to Victoria and Albert’s evil. The biologist isn’t excused for making his domestic affairs a laboratory, only relegated to his natural place a competitor to Lamarck rather than his trump. Hitler’s father was, like the House of Windsor whose feuding is all Apple has left for me, rumored to be inbred though in fact he was merely illegitimate; the grandfather was a Jewish youth who got to get it on with the housekeeper but there wasn’t enough oil in what must be collective sexual liberation for them to make it “honest.” The UN’s Declaration of Human Rights in 1948 exposes the United States Constitution by developing its protections to specify equal rights for individuals born to unmarried parents, without ever using gender-neutral pronouns.

In English, two letters double as words. I & U? Akin to an inequality, the expression resolves alienation to supplant isolation. Psychoanalytic approaches to triangulation are most influentially taken up by feminists though René Girard’s “mediated desire” was popular. Writing out of the post-formalist ‘structuralist’ movement, Girard’s analysis of artistic literature identifies the ‘love triangle’ as a geometric constant in diachronic narratology. On the same campus where Girard (1923–2015) was “big man on campus,” melodramatic emplotment of ‘villains’ in *Novels of Love* thanks to a tip from Peter Brooks’ *Melodramatic Imagination* (1995). Numerologists are proponents of a digital signification hermeneutically identical to linguistics, for example without a counter-critique of how subjectivity is denigrated by a system accounting for visual similarity not interchangeability in the case of I and 1. When vulgar appreciations of the third term reduce it to a sexual trope rather than quantum possibility, someone gets hurt. Like she, her, hers, they, them, theirs, he, his, and him – I and You are pronouns: the ones my psyche prefers. Drawing on the affordances of that word ‘the,’ they/them/theirs hang ‘him’ on the cross (+). Anti-semitism seems to have been created in Medieval England with their establishment of Oxford and Cambridge almost as rabbinical houses for study, except with more rape to reconcile sexism implicit in our Torah. Masculinity, if premised on penetration as or with rape, defines gender confounding perception by projecting its own on others. Imposing a definition of femininity or femaleness as its mirror image recapitulates old harms. Likewise, forcing conversion from Judaism does not serve Islam.

Every character exchanged or recorded belongs to humanity’s matrix. Cyberspace is not situated online; internets and intranets are its manifestation. Standing with an interlocutor in a field without devices in proximity, sending an SMS, and preparing a book for print distribution impose different conditions on sentencing. Fran Lebowitz told me not to call her again before she could be asked whether to

identify as a "luddite," for James Pogue once claimed that about himself. A classmate in Charles Taylor's 2009 seminar who was already acquainted with Nora, James sat for an interview at StoryCorps for Sarah Montague's course assignment – which you may listen to by creating an [account](https://archive.storycorps.org/login/?login_type=signup&redirect_to=%2F). He was abusive, and after breaking up branded himself as a follower of the Young Republican movement that has moved away from campus life as colleges achieved gender parity. Providing description, exposition, and narration beginning in media res when conspiracy turns violent is Pogue's mode of social media content creation. There is no blues to what he does, but there was a chaise longue in his apartment in the same neighborhood.

Literary studies defines a motif as the recurrence of a token or image across the text; whether the same word applies across the corpus is solved with "yes."

Finance is premised on an infantile version of sudoku. Algorithm's numeric set is 11.11 percent more complex in basic terms, but its matrix does not formalize diagonally. In completion, the perfect algorithm's ombre gradations frame a central point of empty space on our screen/page whose referent is infinite; variants scramble the original pattern to outpace nihilism with something worse. Sudoku is a 2D Rubik's Cube whose execution might as well be automated; an artificial intelligence might also be trained to solve Rubik's Cubes, whose problematics are embodied beyond computational apprehension. Together, human and machine should discover a legal 'loophole' configuration toy either application of intelligence would overlook in designing gameplay; in childhood, reapply its stickers – maybe by imagination only. Perhaps there are formalist alternatives exemplifying the same. Instead of submitting our minds for scanning, devise computer games whose play mechanics are socratic.

Characterizing living Republicans as right-wing determines their extremism. When did you begin doing it? Moldova is a republic, and its inhabitants practice civics whose touchstones are closer to holiday than protest. By taking your pills, means could seem like an extreme but that's sport. In fact, the first occupation was attended (2008) by a writer. Marc Ambinder repurposed notes from our IM, but what got blogged went unseen by publics strange to their catch. It felt like a mistake; "isn't that crazy?" To make your work untrackable by academic measures, like what's ordinarily professional in Europe, you know why? In Fall 2007, Introduction to Psychology was striking. Not even bothering to dis-enroll ("withdraw"), there was no bothering with another one of their appointments after the lecturer (not exactly Nicholas Birns, but going there) announced requirement to participate in a study as subjects. There could be no academic future for me if character were buried under someone else's byline with only a prospect to dig it out. Meaning, it would be suicidal – because once collected, every detail would leave her spent: clinically that outcome is 'anhedonia.' Unlike what imaginably goes on in the psyche of ordinary clinicians, never choose them (or anyone) over patients. Anything else goes against the Hippocratic oath, which we can be faithful too: "do no[t] harm."

How? Endeavor. When in doubt, think. Or sleep: to say towers render masculinity posits a point. For industrial design, femininity has a visual analogue in the powder room. Sexual culture makes perennial toddlers crawling after the instantiation of those picture books. More recently, interlocutors have heard organs to be flowers. According to art finance, obscurity signifies prestige. No one embraces Marcel Duchamp's singular work of dadaism like Maurizio Cattelan, but James and his friend from Cincinnati loved showing some woman they knew appearing on bended knees as if sick at a toilet for her Facebook profile photo. Maybe they said she was an American Apparel model; maybe she looked like one, but remember her name. Dov Charney may have been the one leaving anonymous comments defending his company prior to its bankruptcy. The Fashion Spot's commentary followed Gawker Media criticism of his sexual politics, but his media assets followed Abercrombie & Fitch. The 2022 documentary about a retailer still located near our Chicago captured precisely how the mall felt in junior high, staring at wares never to buy. Was the classmate from art history and Italian lessons in Florence now studying

at NYU (New York University) genuine with that pleasure, invited to be a store model? Their body aesthetics athletic, the editorial conceptual, the clothes sewn appropriately – though their label never zippered on. Deirdre Jones' Perch Cafe printed its t-shirts on American Apparel. Lululemon has done good things with Tencel, but their 'yoga pants' (leggings) and the copycats now ubiquitous on the market are stressful. When female relatives have a strong take against polyester materials, we default to cotton. Unlike what's sold by [John Patrick](https://www.organicbyjohnpatrick.com), the womenswear designer whose line "Organic" *is*, most cotton garments are implicated in slavery. Back then, runway frocks charmed what only Simone Rocha's followers could have appreciated. In this post-COVID moment, Patrick's line is focused on masks, nightgowns you can wear outside the house, and sweaters.

From Tracey Egan's muumuus to those slacker-influencers as and after Red Scare, Organic is on trend. But what's honestly edible? Charney's lawyers once managed to strong-arm employers into removing her post.

It's like who's dismissed? John Robert Blakey missed. With the *Sun-Times* recently acquired by Chicago Public Media, they're an important daily news-source and this week the top story on their page was a profile of JR Blakey in reference to Michael Madigan's trial. The adoptive father of an attorney general whose office mother was employed by, Mike is accused of racketeering under a Nixon rule on Prohibition written by George Robert Blakey (senior). 18 U.S. Code Chapter 96 "*is not, in short, just* for those whose names end in vowels" he wrote in 1990, but on January 3rd this year – the day exhibits to a Civil Rights Complaint were entered in the docket for case 1:23-cv-17142, Judge Blakey "reset" or [delayed](https://news.wttw.com/2024/01/03/michael-madigan-makes-first-person-appearance-court-federal-racketeering-trial-pushed) Former Illinois House Speaker's trial from April to October for a Supreme Court decision on [gratuities](https://supreme.justia.com/cases/federal/us/603/23-108/); Northern District of Illinois Eastern Division's minute entry was filed after media reports. The transition to Ms. Madigan's administration disgruntled some. Attorneys William Parrillo and Lyman W. Sherwood used an ambiguity in how "the law said 'the' instead of 'a'" to pursue Scarface Al's release; copy promoting a Parrillo biography describes William as "the youngest Assistant U.S. District Attorney in the Northeastern District of Illinois." Attorney General Kwame Raoul referred to Jack Blakey's coworker, Robert M. Dow Jr., as a judge "in the United States district court for the northeastern district of Illinois eastern division" while filing Document #49 in 1:21-cv-03091 on 23 July 2021; otherwise the Parrillos attend Northwestern University. Galleria Domain 2 – GD2 – is located on North and Western Avenues in the first ward (whose former alderman is who was featured by the aforementioned biography) where A.N. Pritzker Public School is located; the neighborhood inspired a steamy film, **Wicker Park**, but the most relevant member of the Pritzker family today lives near me on a street immortalized not with Hemingway's former apartment, but as most expensive real estate. Last time on Governor Jay Robert Pritzker's block, there was a placard Chicago Tribune reports dates to 2002 for their former publisher, and Astor Street resident, Robert McCormick. With the isolationist turn, McCormick financed a trial alleging Jewish organized crime in Minneapolis. Jay Near was upheld against Minnesota by the Supreme Court thanks to Chicago money at the expense of millions.

Being continued...