



Writing London,
apocalypse

information, chat, comment

takashi honda

■ 1 "the womb that bore you and the paps I sometimes sucked"

- Hampstead Street lined with the buildings decorated by its symmetry beauty of the similarity ratio. Residents of the neighborhood looked at a figure of woman of traipsing around the street...

2 "Feminist Troubles on a Map of split Subjectivity"

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- - She felt depressed traipsing like a stray dog all day and thought any window hollowed like a coffin. .She arrived at the school grounds of the school. She climbed over the fence and went to the small flower bed in the edge of school grounds
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3 "Du chaos naît une étoile"

The men of the resident who put on mask recognized a figure of woman crouching down in the flower bed of school grounds and being dead tired like the body. In fact, two people of the mask were Marx and Engels. Marx looked into a face of this woman, Jenny

■ 4 Cait Sith;

Engels restlessly began to examine her personal belongings. Some words might have leaked out from her mouth. But no one could easily understand this inarticulate sound. She had bad breath so that they picked up their nose and turned their face away. "Oh, it's a rotten fish !"

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- 5 tout-va-bien-tous-nous-va-bien
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"Shit, who has to take care of this !? " Engels took up the wallet from her and found out several pieces of coins and little things that got crumpled together. He confirmed the spelling; "BIZD ... MYMOUS E EATING"

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- 6 Au fond de chaque histoire d'amour se morfond toujours une histoire de nourrice

Engels was about to spit at her;" poisonous insect!". - In a bedroom. Jenny waked up and recognized the figure of Marx and Engels sleeping beside her. The ash of cigarette was scattered in the red gown of Frederick

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- 7 THE DESIRE TO COMBINE THE REAL AND THE IMAGINARY

In a bedroom. Jennie and Marx was lying in the bed.
Jennie got up and stood before the window. The curtains swayed in the breeze. Then...

8 EST-CE LE VENT OU MES ANCÊTRES

Jenny traced a contours of Marx who appeared by the slight light that came from the window.
She slowly slid down her forefinger from the outside of the arm to the back of his hand.
A tree got entangled with vines.

■ 9 RED OCTOBER COOKIES

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- Then Marx muttered at Jenny; Convulsant ! hug that woman and stare at her eyes darkly / Lover! you wane into the pain / My breath / Your body in a tremor of delight / your passion is my possession / Shine my jewel ! /...

10 "les films sont des marchandises"

■
Shine! Shine!

Lover ! the blood of the youth !

the pale white light moon

Strange! No one can read out your words./Look !

Take the noise over the sky

where our people would ascend.

Lover, we go...

we have to go...

Shine! Stars! I say, Shine!

■
11 "et il faut brûler les films";

Run away to the top!

voice of the / whispering .

Soul shining to the oneness.

Then he is surprised at the sight.

A faint light in your eyes

A faint light of him

Lover, you drank the poison.

You have to go with me...

The curtain of night fell

■
12, "attention avec le feu intérieur";

A sun god has gone , and

convulsant !

I hug that woman and

a death in my chest

she felt deep pain, and never open her eyes again anymore.

■
13 "l'art est comme l'incendie.Il naît de ce qu'il brûle."

Jenny said to Marx."It's funny to find in the manuscript you used the vulgar rhetoric alluding to the woman's body again and again... Could you explain it why, Karl? "

14"d'épaule qui glisse et ce sentiment de peur mêlée à la hâte"

Engels had the smooth skin, a delicate feather, a sort of flexibility of the plant. Marx's body hair was spottedly massed as mineral. Day by day Jenny thought it difficult to exploit the enjoyment from the monotonous rhythm of Marx..

15."When philosophy paints in grisaille a manifestation of life finishes growing old.It can't be rejuvenated with grey on grey

The monotone was violence to the weariness of meaning. Jenny was going to trace the cloudy outline of his words from outside, and whispered.Marx touched her on the closed eyelids

16."d'épaule qui glisse et ce sentiment de peur mêlée à la hâte

Jenny asked;"Is there an obscene look glistened with tears in the money-form that you are interested in, mm ?". Marx

suspiciously said;" I don't know...".Then Jenny took the Marx's hand and let it touch her lips very slowly...

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17 "Hearasay in paradox lust"

"You've written the full lips with the red rouge in the Money-form ? She began to take down his hand to the swelling of her chest and said; Money-form in the voyeuristic episode of Das Kapital. Marx was perplexed by his wife's moodiness. She turned his hand behind herself.

18 Δ+Δ+Δ

Jenny said, "where will we we find the perfect Gold- form for this chest, this anus, this feces?"As Marx retracted his hand at once, a mutter of dissatisfaction slipped from her lips; you will find it in the series of rich vocabulary obsessively alluding to the body of woman.

19 "Shifts in the register of representation"

"Hell...some kind of misunderstanding ! Well, I'm writing a fetishistic metaphor for the Money-form in my book, but why you are so sure that I've written it about your physical thing. She took up the note on the desk and slapped the opened page to him

20 "the manuscript of the Germany ideology";

The manuscript was thickly covered with the graffiti, the clown, ghost, demons, spirits.(All was the transformations of penis and testicles, Marx?). He had a sigh and calmly explained it.

21 "Images of a jewish Iconoclast"

"They are just doodles in the metaphor of King". Jenny said."Listen! Frederick carrying money is the Money-form so that he is our King. Fairy, dwarf, star, bell, , a child, priest,a young girl, a knight roaming...all must be the faces of that man."

22 "Rape Fantasies"

"Frederick pays me money. He is no money nor King. The money is coming as my right for the reward as the value of the labor". Marx folded his arms and showed his gesture of argument.

"To my manuscript, to my working hours, to my brain work ! C'set tout

■

23 "destratification"

Jennie was lost in thought and slowly went around the bed . "Well...the value for my labor copying your manuscript too. But I wonder if it really pays to what...I can't understand to what labor Frederick actually to pay money..."

24 "the most ephemeral of moments possesses a distinguished past"

"He may pay to my body and to your body, Karl.And it can be a body of Helen too".

Jenny said it with a malicious criticism."No, Frederick really wants some different thing..."

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■ 25 "Ténèbres"



Marx dubiously said;what is it? Jenny said."...Darkness. Frederick wants darkness. He wants to buy darkness from you. Because darkness hides his desire of the massacre that is crawling inside himself.So darkness is absolutely necessary for him..."

26 "The fall

Marx said with sarcastic comments."Totally an imagination. Answer.He will kill me?" She dropped a voice. "Definitely not.He would kill his father, the factory owner, the ruler dominated the son." He was startled and falled silent for a while. It's disgusting.It's enough.

27 "counterfeit"

Marx hold out several pieces that put between his manuscripts, and showed them to her. "Frederick always spilled a complaint. I couldn't believe it untill I looked at them. Look! What intention is these scribblings, Jenny ?

28 "ce film qu'ils étaient en train de faire était dans le même temps en train de se defaire"

"Faux ! faux! Faux-monnayeurs !".Jenny turned her face away. Marx grabbed her arm and said. "Look! You ruin my work !". Marx began to read it coercively.

29 "Shem"

"What appears to happen is, not that gold becomes money,
in cosequence of all other commodities expressing their values in it, but on the contrary,
that all other commodities universally express their values in gold, because it is money.
-Here, you left shit in my writing"

No,30 "Penman"

"Definitely, I should have written; King becomes king, not because the subjects give their approval, but because king is king..."Marx rapped the table." Jenny, this is the mess in which you speak your line !

[I am not afraid of my subjects ! TOOFEEF !]" ·

31 "BIZDA, BIZDA, BIZDA";

"What do you mean by this ? What is BIZDA? A subject..BIZDA, TOOFEEF? What is...no, quite impossible! A very strange thing like this has taken place with the copy of my letter I asked you last time.

" Marx looked intently at her writings.

32 "No one authorizes the analyst but himself.";

Jenny stole the manuscript from Marx and began to read its continuance in it. "Jenny is Jenny. So I am a King of everybody without approval of Karl and Frederick if I can authorize myself". Marx claimed , "TOOFEEF! Stop it !"

3 3 "grammatical but unacceptable"

"I can't afford your excuse. A sentimentalist. I don't think a crocodile with you is always making nasty thing.

Never have I asked other things to you. Was not it your job that you just corrected my running writing indecipherable and made a clear copy of that..

3 4 "Red October Cookie"

"Das Kapital goes to bankrupt because of your spiteful criticism....the opening of the terrible panic "

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35 "Against Kettle"

He didn't say anything; he just shook his head. She put her hand on his shoulders and whispered in his ear. "there is no limit to the concessions made by Jenny for a man; of my body, my soul, my possessions. I faithfully copy what you wrote...always

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■ 36 "Ocean may speak it to people"

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Nothing is changed. So, Karl..the sentence is the original ones that you've written by yourself. I do the right thing because if I did not, I could not look at myself in the mirror. "Marx murmured "Mirror? Is it to the opening of the terrible panic"

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■ 37 "Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!"

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■ "What is behind your CROCODILE?"...Incomprehensible !". Engels went up the stairs and entered the room after he sent away the debt collectors in the entrance. Then he found Marx motionlessly with a posture of the creature crawling on all fours on the bed.

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■ 38 "machine célibat - projection-"

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■ Engels whispered in her ear. Then Jenny received some paper money from him. She thanked him for his help, and came at the bed after having kissed him. She sowed paper money on a body of Marx lying - She sowed leaves on a body of crocodile lying

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■ 39 "Projetez-vous hors de vos ténèbres";

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Collecting the paper money, Marx gave the blunt words of thank to him, and went out of the room with them. Engels didn't follow him and stepped up to his lover. It was the basket of the strawberry and cookie box that he took out from the bottom of the bed, and said

40 "It begins with table"

"Red October cookie...it's charming". Jenny said, "I found it in the shop of Dr. Freud. It is the very favorite of children". Engels asked. "Tell me who is the girl of the packages?". "A clever question, my naughty boy...", she smiled.

4 1 "It could be a chair"

He read some words printed in the package.

"I eat , La em!, in the factory of October where were Einem in old days".

Jenny said."Mm...munch me ! If you don't , I will punish you, my naughty boy "

He sniffed at her favor."It's quite worthless,isn't it...?"

42 "It could be shoes"

"it's nothing more than a chatter of the commodity world in which anyone never fulfill real joy of life". He continued."They speak of human's desire.

But human abstract labor should be projected in a right place that they constitute.

No more temptation, my cookie girl ?"

43 "But my word always returns to this broken mirrors. A tranquillity of decomposition"

"Labor is Labor.I've ever worked for maintaing the survival means like an animal creature since I came to London. Labor is lack of love.

And Karl lacks real love too as far as he lives in your fantasy.

44 "Wandering around my land";

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■ You're pointless, Jenny...how your husband lives in my fantasy. Rather I belongs to the his fantasy, a grand utopia of liberation called "Marx". Of course it is exactly what one calls "ideal". Probably you are very jealous of our friendship...

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■ 45 "I can be anywhere in it and still not be of it"

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■ As I am very jealous of Mr.Marx and Mrs.Marx. But we are a mass of rock, Gemeinschaft, you know? Ne faire bande à part after bourgeois individualism, Gesellschaft. "No! Karl is living in your fantasy..."

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■ 46 "Oy! London, a small mole "

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Now my husband plays the role of Karl Marx in your look.What is a legend of Karl Marx judging the people like a omniscience and omnipotence? The truth is that he is a fragile existence like barmaid, that leaned against a mirror and is seen by visitors.

47 "to concieve of the people who are better than they are or worse than they are "

Engels said."Well...if Karl is a barmaid, then who is his visitor, Jenny?". She answered."The tall man of Manchester speaking more 20 languages". Me...? But I have no idea on what he would serve for me ?"

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48 "superior or inferior";

"... scotch whiskey, cocktail, desserts of the strawberry, ...or Red Cookie October ? ".Jenny said."Long long love letter, the words that you love to read, my naughty boy".He asked."Love letter?"

the words I love to read? What are you talking about !?"

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- 49 "A hard time imaging the people who are just like them";

Jenny said."About the Das Kapital"."That's a lot of nonsense, you know. Mind your language..." Not only a thing of the Das Kapital. The idol "Karl Marx" is compensation of the sense of your very guilt of patricide."

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- 50"the room, remembering the future"

"You gets Karl as your father, and Karl deliberately plays its role of father-son. Illusion gives the birth to another one. Nothing is more ridiculous than that Karl has ever treated me as his daughter. All play awful farce in this room."

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- No.51"Echo to imagination of universal river-run"

- "Not fair, Jenny. Anyway, you look exhausted...". She continued."And you, a son of Karl, objectify me as his daughter for the sexual desire.Pervert! It is funny to see this room changing to an incest like bird or beast , isn't it?"

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- 52 "Universal voiceless voice(s) No, No, No !"

"It is exactly what you call a relationship in the primitive Communism. It's enough ! Simply I need your love, Frederick....you know, a sort of direct relation without any mediation between us". Engels stared at Jennie."Sure, I love you..."

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- 53 "Seomra";

I have to tell the truth because I love you, Jenny. You know I don't really want argue but...listen ! You let the matter drop. You can have seen the Karl's achievement to put the concept of labor to the concept of love.A great work !

54 "the ne plus ultra of Inwardness" ;

And, thanks to Karl, you take the both." "But where your love ends up? "He said."I'm explaining. My love is not only for you but also for this and this. I love the parchment, the quill, the ink pot because each of them is essentially the expression of universal human labor..

55 "Artists are now talking the lead politicians have failed to give"

"My love belongs to labor." Jenny said."Am I the same as a quill, an ink pot and parchment? You are liar ! Well...thank you, I thank you. For the labor Karl brought me.For the money you have carried to us."

56 "Ceremony";

.. To the money paid to the body of Karl playing your father. To the money paid to my body playing his daughter." Engels said.""Not fair, Jenny. You don't know where you stand.Of course, You have my sympathy...we are suffering an insult in public in London..."

57 "The Political Self ";

I pay my money to all them because it is necessary for me to so English translation, you know." Jenny said."The problem is your english translation. A rumor is going around that you are just writing your own idea as Kark has ever weakened.."

58 "Documentary discourse";

Never mind bourgeois life disguised as a family value. I'll pay the money to the Karl's grand intellectual contribution for human liberation. And it's your right to demand the money as an equivalent for your work;it's only you that can clear out Karl's hieroglyphic writing.

59 "The embedded surprise";

Engels sneered at Jenny."Out of the question! Hell, the fraud anarchists! Which boaster tell you such an unfounded gossip, Gertsen or Bakunin? To my disgust, Bakunin is now joing together with the Slav nationalists. Even Gertsen..."

60 Gustav est l'exigence de la raison? Tajou est la puissance de l'imagination?

Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited.; imagination encircles the world.

61 "les enfants de Marx et de Coca-Cola"

Engels said."Unbelievable...they are now dreaming to invent the ancient landholding form of German and Celts today. A terrible anachronism! They were once our friend went together on a picnic to Hampstead Heath in old days."Jenny said."They are still our good friends, Frederick!"

62 "Après tout, c'est ton scénario"

"You've really changed since Karl was apt to prostrate himself in illness, and the British couple visited us. And that German youth, what's his name? ...".Engels were biting the Red October Cookie.

63 "homme"

"Are you talking of Bernstein and Mr. and Ms.Webb ? Bernstein is a reliable man.I can discuss our problem with him until I can agree. Mr. and Ms.Webb are the most famous philanthropist in England. The things Anarchists and Nationalist are saying about them are completely slanderous. Wrong!" Engels said.

64 "l'homme a dans son pauvre coeur"

"But Karl is always cautious of those people. They are dangerous".Engels mocked at her."Well, they must be safer than a pirate of New Orleans that Karl was haunted by in the Soho times. Anyway, my work depends on the certain rational interpretation to the extent that one can justify to be necessary for english translation" .

65 "les endroits qui n'existent pas encore et où la douleur entre"

"The ideology at the root of Karl Marx is untouchable." Jenny mocked at him."Taboo? Your translation is likely to be the representation in the assembly. It's expressing full transparency of the relation of Frederick Engels to Karl Marx." After brief silence Engels answered. "It is not power but mutual confidence..."

66 afin qu'ils soient

"Well, I sometimes feel it to be an actor who has to speak some lines given to him when he doesn't really want to do so.There are some lines that I really couldn't accept, you know... But I always speak and write for a god-like scriptwriter called Karl Marx. Right?"

67 "Le Signe -Tu me demandes si je suis heureuse depuis mon mariage. Oui, très.Mais là je suis très malheureuse";

"Exactly, you won't change the lines when your thought is just reflected in them. But one has no duty to write what he doesn't wish. If not, he is living a lie.Think the choice of refusal. Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent, you know"

68 "je viens de tromper mon mari, sans le faire exprès, avec un amant de passage."

Engels said." Imagine that our work Das Kapital is becoming a runaway bestseller. For one month...for a year they display it at the bookshop in London." Jenny said. "Splendid". "In London, in Paris, in Berlin and New York, in Beijing and Tokyo and cities of all the world!"

69 "Voilà exactement ce qui s'est passé..."

"Great..DLIBARBILIPBNIYBITOKYO. I really want to give anything to you.I love you ! Tell to the people; I am the author of the book called Karl Marx. Yes, it's Frederick Engels !". He shook his head negatively and persuaded her."No more the secret love letter in Das Kapital.That's

enough !"

70 "Une vie sentimentale secrète et intense"

"Say a joint author of Marx and the Engels!". She replied. "In collaboration with Jenny and Engels." Engels said. "Why ? All I do is to hear the Karl Marx's words, but not your words]

71 "To draw the sun, one has to draw what is not it";

"Apart from Reason, the lip and tooth are playing awful word game!". "My lip and tooth, my naughty boy?". He is confused. "They sometimes caress and bite off the Karl's words. Stop writing your personal thing in Das Kaptal. I remember it was sort of letter resembling Persian ones before...

74 "So I am the sun and the black sun, crack, an adverb, a stray lamb, gold, fury, scattered c+"

...I was able to delete all them before. Your interpretation is still stealing into the manuscript of Das Kapital. It's terrible to see them written in by the normal letters as if you made the copy of the words of Karl. Alas! Sometimes I can't distinguish yours from Karl's...

75 "Mary & Lizzie"

Following your words a specter wanders around "Das Kapital" that I and Karl are making...No..I should have said "Das Kapital" that Karl and I make. Anyway, Karl and I protest you, Jenny. It's enough. No more the interpretation you make up. But she said no.

76 "A specter"

Oh...neither Gertsen nor Bakunin. Proudhon has no involvement in this matter.I tell the truth to you.I have to ; Karl Marx always rewrites his interpretation at the letter I wrote.Always. My letters are being all exploited, you know. Why can't you understand ? You really love me...Frederick !?]

78 "A spectre is haunting Europe"

Marx entered the room. "Thank you..". "Feel at easy.You've just took the payment in advance of the manuscript. By the way another one was already completed ?". "Not yet ". Engels said."The London headquarters wanted you to send the speech manuscript early, so better to finish it by the end of today, you know...

79 "the spectre of Red October cookies"

..We shall announce our controversy.Is it possible to apply the notion of class struggle of a suppresser and a suppress to the relation of great power and weak power?" Jenny stood beside the window."The men as the oppressor and the women as the oppressed.A class struggle of the exploiting men and the exploited women!]

80 "All the representational power of old Europe has entered into a holy alliance"

Marx ignored her words."O.K. I will clean up the Irish curse today, Frederick". Engels asked Jenny to help Marx writing the letter to the London headquarters.Then She sat at the desk without saying anything

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- 81 "to exorcise this spectre"
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- · She took out some letter papers from the drawer and prepared for writing. She had the pen and listened to a voice of Marx suggesting something. He was talking very slowly for her. But Jenny soon indulged in reverie; is it really an instructions from Doctor Freud at the vegetable store ?
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- 82 "The Impressionist and The Expressionist"
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- Marx spinning an holy ceremony words on the crumpled sheet."It's teatime soon. Let's eat the strawberry I bought at the vegetable store of Hampstead yesterday with the cookie of my favorite". Marx reminded her of a strange figure of God who tells the Ten Commandments to Moses in the top of the mountain..
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- 83 "and even Cubism"
-
- The touch of Marx's skin of monotonous rhythm and his hair that crowds here and there.Jenny felt greyness of unpleasant monotony again.The Moses descending holy mountain was infuriated by his people who admired the pagan God so that he had smashed the holy words away.
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- 84 "obsessed with shadow of substance"
-
- Jenny thought why Karl and Frederick have lost the influence over the people in London. She heard a hem of Marx. Then she concentrated her attention on her work. Words round and round....She breathed a deep sigh and put a pen calmly.
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- 85 "Red October cookies have nothing to lose but their chains"
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- Jenny begun to mutter."I and Karl couldn't be convinced.We are at a loss in the darkness of London, couldn't be convinced of nothing...
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- 86 "But do they have a world to win?"
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- "Frida" She remembered some words meaning "peace" that she had learned from her friends in Soho. One by one.When she stood up and opened the curtain of the window. Light filled with merciless massacre; frid, paiz, pais, eilene, socair ... 「
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- 87 "Our only mistake was then to imagine that it was a beginning"
- · Brepeoch, Brepuch, beke, Takiya, My, the words of Mir, Dama, berdama, Heddwch, Salom, Salam, Salamti, heping, O peace ... my words are put under your Reason... · · Brepeoch, Brepuch, beke, Takiya, My, Mir, Dama, berdama, Heddwch, Salom, Salam, Salamti, heping, O peace · · ·
-
- 88 "that Meyerhold hadn't been murdered"
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- She received the questioning of Truth. The meat of the left wreckage. She was measured like a cow for edible meat by Reason so that she had been separated by living. The body was left in the sterile island while she was slept. Marx took up the letter on the desk. The running script, the scratch wound... 真理の尋問を受ける。わたしは食肉用の牛みたいに知らず、さんざんに測定された後に残された残骸の肉。生きる事から切り離されてしまった余り物。眠っている間に連れてこられた不毛な島に打ち捨てられた身体。マルクスは机の上の手紙を取り上げる。引っ掻き傷の様な走り書きが · ·
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- 89 "that Pravda Kino hadn't been covered in mud ";
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- ..caught the eye of Marx shivering in a moment.Cracks.He had never before seen such an illegible handwriting sharply twisted.The letter falled on a floor. Then a big mirror was put behind Marx. Another one was put up in front of a bed. Jenny and Fredelick face to Karl...

- 90 "that the revolt of battleship Potemkin were continuing when really they were weakening"

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- I'm left alone into my own desire folded down."BIZDA...BABY! MYMOUSE EATING" 折り返された自身の欲望の中で一たったひとりぼっちになってしまった

■

91 March 2011

On the eve of the crisis, the bourgeois, with self-sufficiency that springs from intoxicating prosperity, declares, History to be a vain imagination. They say; Money was alone moral. Now bombing is moral. TNA, there is no alternatives!

And the cry is everywhere.

In the public square there are piles of women's skeleton

■

- 92 Fukushima and Tokyo in atomic dust

Krack!

Kracle!

Kruh!

Inside of the militant house of State

Hero, comrade

They are eating the Red October Cookies.

And his greedy patriotic dogs gnaw in the streets the skulls of violated girls.