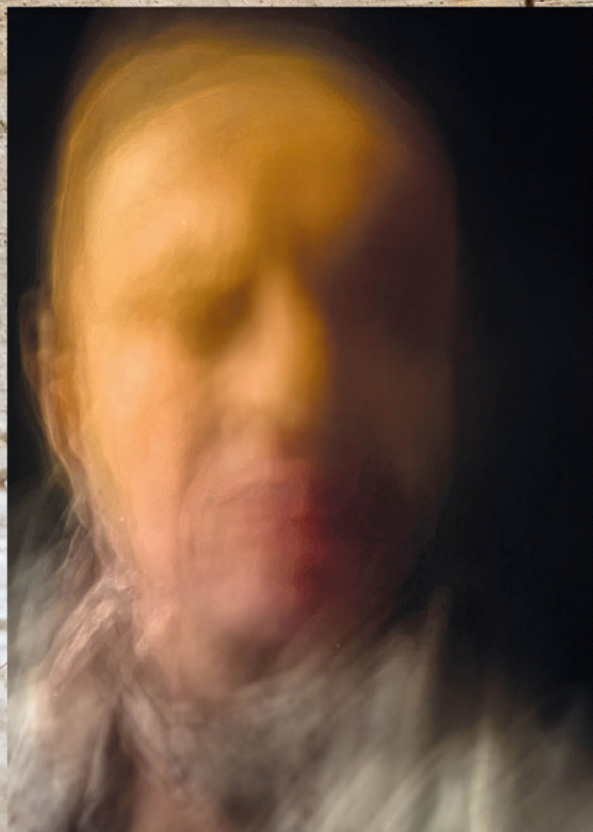


For those who are suffering

1

number



LE GRAND SOUFFLE

the l'imp(a)nsable collection

after publishing the trilogy

l'effondrement du temps (time collapse),

l'imp(a)nsable opens to a few pioneers

a permanent laboratory dedicated to un-seized writings.

one day, being unable to recognise oneself in any land
of the language anymore.

Breathing, screaming, creating – what? how? where?

wall, transformation, breaking the sound barriers, the image
barriers with breath. Writing of the contact, acceleration
of the scream temperatures, the adventure of another rigour.


life is the speed of emptiness.

Since the beginning of time, what?
Suffering and hurting. Killing and being killed.
Everything comes down to this universal cruelty.


Man, this thinking being, cannot see that.
He can neither see what he is living
nor suffer what he is suffering.
Because it is unthinkable.

A look can do that yet.
A look that is not from the thought.
It is this discovery that writes this act
For those who are suffering.

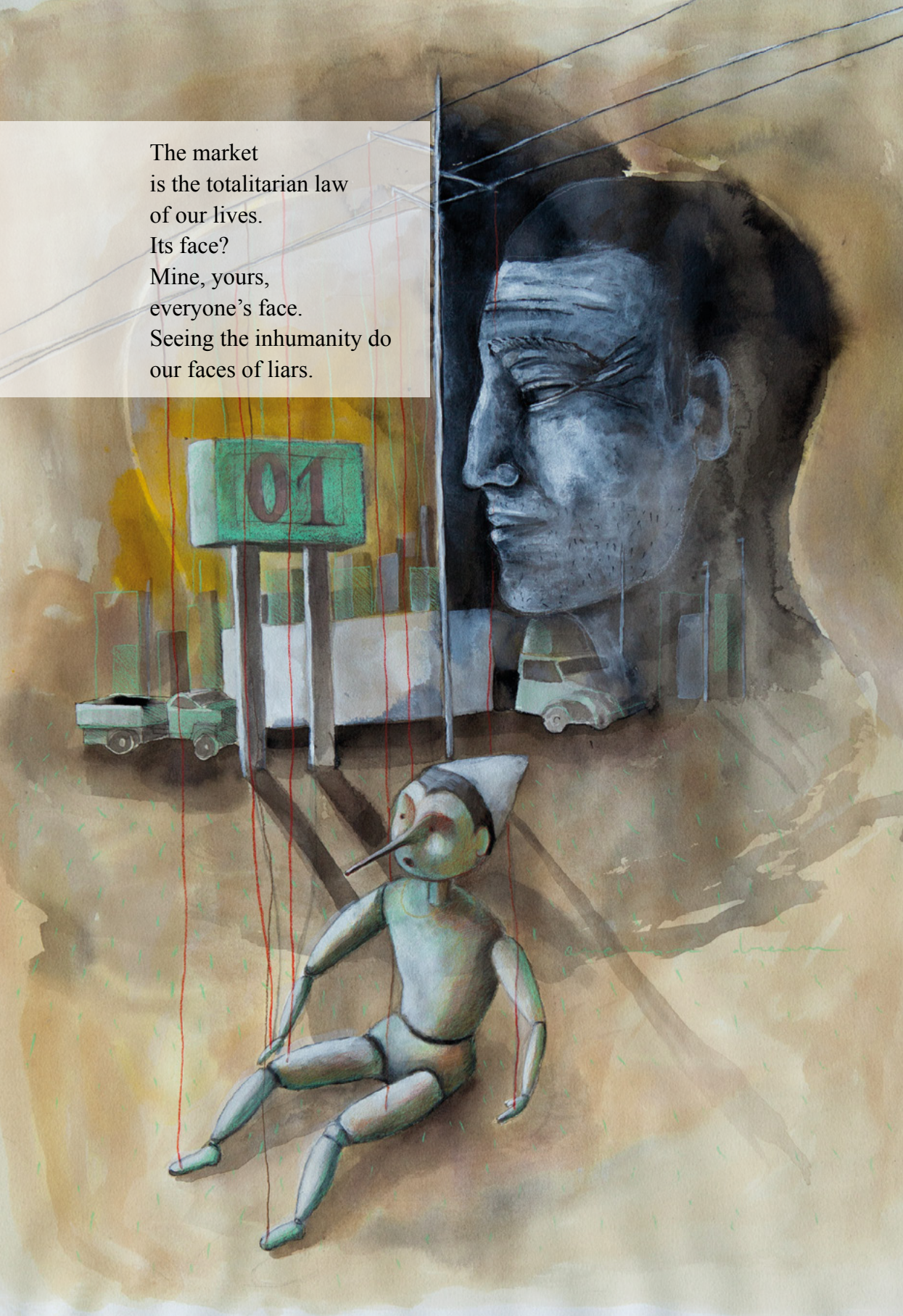
Without further support than our pain,
With a look barer than our crazy projections,
We let it talk itself as unknown to us
This relief: suffering is not human.



Everything will be set up to ensure your safety.
Which safety? Tomorrow, a bus runs over your wife.
Everything will be set up to impress you.
It works well. I think I am normal, in good health.
Yes, everything will be set up to lie to you.
And what if I say it?
Everything will be set up to kill you.



The market
is the totalitarian law
of our lives.
Its face?
Mine, yours,
everyone's face.
Seeing the inhumanity do
our faces of liars.



There was a time when I was still trying to understand what was happening to us, us, “the humans”, and what was happening to this so beautiful earth that we were destroying without being able to stop the mechanical racing of the events that were leading us to the collapse of our civilisations. At the time, I expected a sense from the absurdity of which we were all the miserable accomplices. I did not have the strength yet to see that the controls of this mass destruction machine of everything were in the recesses of my own psyche, that I hold the first headquarters of the “plot” of murderous cowardice that makes us move, like puppets of our own suicide. My ears were still full of the sirens of humanism. “No, whatever comes out of our weaknesses and our confusions, our self-preservation instinct, at least, would be stronger than our death drive,” I thought to myself. What opened my eyes? One day, as I was staring at me in the mirror, I saw that the density of pain that was still possessing me – and that I had spent my whole life repressing, making it look like intelligence, good will, culture – had the features of a certain maliciousness towards my life, towards life, and that despite all my so-called humanity, a base, a foundation, a decree of extreme cruelty towards me was the henchman of a frustration bomb constituent of my condition of “man”. That day, this vision was so lightning that it started cracking the mirror in which I had always fictitiously pictured myself as a “human” among the “humans”. I had been “wondering

what was wrong in this picture” and looking for the answer for so long everywhere except inside “me”... Because in “me”, with all my strength, I believed in “mankind”, I believed in humanity, in the power of intelligence, of good will and of the moral, psychological, cultural, and even spiritual progress of our species. I believed this because I viscerally needed to think I was a human among the “great humanity”, even if I found it incredibly difficult to know what this humanity was the name for.

“Why haven’t we overthrown already the murderous tyranny of the financial, industrial, political and media oligarchy that reduces ourselves to slavery and sets up our extermination as well as the accelerated destruction of the global ecosystem?” I wondered. The vast majority of the citizens of all the countries feel and know well that our global organizational system is suicidal. Why does this global majority rebel so little? Why, in the very name of the values of the neoliberal democracy, does it agree to be manipulated to the point of putting in jeopardy of deadly collapse the civilisations it had a hell of a job building? All the motives conjured up by reason or by the religious faith seemed so limited and helpless to give an account of our collective madness to me that I was led to open my eyes even wider. To the point of transgressing the limits of what is thinkable. Tired of reflecting over and over again on the origin of our flagrant unsuitability for life, I was led to identify the only blindness foundations that could simply give an account of this painful global aberration: if we find ourselves in a situation that is so awkward, it is because, more powerful than any other strength at work in our destiny, it is not the reflexive consciousness that distinguishes ourselves from the other animal species but a power that has everything to do with the imagination of a delirium. A madness on which reason has, at the end, no real influence, and that it can at most analyse, partially, without being capable of transforming it radically.

I had then to get used to live a life disposed of the illusion of believing I was “human”: no, at the end, the conquests, the achievements, the ideals, the values, the social, political, economic, cultural hopes, etc. that form the subject of our “news”, all this garish make-up of dreams and institutionalized lies, could no longer hide from me the fact that I was bearing within me the crazy germ of the end of this world based on the illusion of believing we were human. And as I saw me inhuman, I saw my inhumanity everywhere, in everyone. Now, I see a constant inhumanity at work behind the plasterboard of hypocrisy that we call our “civilisations”, our “institutions”, and our “cultures”. How could we keep acting so slowly to protect our survival of species if we had a heart?

O my inhumanity, you who do not feel anything of yourself and of the life creating you, who subvert any sensible decision into a comedy of sincerity, the time has finally come to face you, my eyes in your glass eyes, and to start supporting this untolerated vision where a lying and destroying machine thinks it is a human being, and where this machine is “me”.

But there has never been someone “human” in what is called “my life”. There has been a wound of being so deep and unbearable for itself that it self-destructs blindly, automatically, destroying everything it gets in touch with, reflecting on the thing just enough to not want and be unable to see it directly ever. And this is called “culture”. And the suffering and hurting machines wearing a “human” mask are firm believers in culture. Yet there has never been any pilot in this machine that plays thinking itself, that plays duplicating over and over to?... The story of this machine to invent itself the time of a story, is the hallucination of an inanimate being.

We should at last admit this vision of the inhumanity that constitutes us, if one day soon we want to stop enduring the vicious circle of the deadly disillusion to which we are vowed by a machine dedicated to inexorably hallucinate what is real in lieu of a “life”.

Because the madness of what is filthy lights up as soon as emerges this non-human vision of the machinic character of the thought. The ongoing globalisation and its countless ravages, it is “me”, it is this me-mass-destruction-machine acting through my sleepwalking hands. The religion of the unlimited profit as prominent organisational law of the globalised economy, the accelerated enslavement of almost all the so-called “human” peoples through the creation of their everlastingly insolvent debts, the systematic poisoning of the lands, the rivers, the oceans, the air, the so-called “global warming”, the destruction of countless animal species, the unrestrained looting of all the resources, the rapid population growth, etc., it is all about “me”, everything is fomented as “I-machine”. Something in me manages, has ever managed not to look for and find where it is, the active agent of the failure of all my human strategies to solve my human problems. Me-I-machine has never accepted to face the facts: the terms of this eternal failure did not show the humanity of my condition but my inhumanity. For that I should have agreed to see me as someone crazy, fundamentally crazy. But me-I never accepts the fact that it is completely sick with its repressed pain. Me-I never accepts the fact that it is even so harmful to its life that it always ends up dying of that, with the eyes more or less closed. But me-I is mad. It does not want its own good. This is obvious. By dint of suffering, this vision ended up establishing itself and it did not come from my thought. Yet as I see it, it is the only clinical vision that can summarise the suicidal madness that massively prompts “the humanity”. Otherwise, how could we accept so much not to do anything really to preserve, all in good time, the fundamental conditions of our own life, as if nothing had happened?

When it comes to the supposed official success of COP21 for example, how is it possible not to see a new bluff from the politicians when no legal constraint is significantly hanging over

the main polluters of the planet: the industry groups and the banking cartels that credit them, more than ever enslaved by the law of the greatest short-term profit?

But more deeply, why are we globally accomplices of this state of affairs as consumers and producers? Why am I accomplice, despite my complete intellectual, ethical and political disagreement with “the establishment”?

The answer is simple but very hard to hear and to live with: I agree not to do anything really for my life, for life, *because actually those words never made sense and never described any reality for “me-machine-of-thought”!*...

My life is not really real for the thinking machine that appropriates it to be reflected in it through “me”. My “life” is nothing but virtual, despite the enormity of hypocrisy to which I have to identify to play thinking I am a “responsible” and “concerned” human, and to play making the other liars like me believe it.

My life itself never had any value for the desiring machine that takes me as a “man” and that, in doing so, automatically auto-justifies to itself by thinking I am “human”. And my main point, as this me-machine, has never been to preserve my life at all costs or to ensure the survival of my species. Instead, it was, under the pretext of good sense, to enjoy fooling myself as long as possible to better control, dominate, exploit and destroy a life. Because the elusive life will have never stopped constantly thwarting my will of narcissistic omnipotence, exasperating me in all ways, to such an extent that it did not have any other temptation, in the end, than making a deadly attempt to the material foundations of its authority.



O us, inhuman people with faces of criminal liars, how honest and logical we are with ourselves when we destroy everything recklessly “as if nothing had happened”! Logical people, yes, because for the things and mutineers that we are, nothing really exists of this so-called “life”. Nothing of what we play calling and living as “life”. Everything is nothing but virtual! Even death! That is why we do not even do “as if nothing had happened” while efficiently taking part, all of us, to our own genocide. Because in everything we do *as desiring machines* basically we do not feel anything but a maximum enjoyment of separation, murder and destruction. We, things, are made up of layers of terror and of denial of the reality, which layers are anchored in the so-called sovereign power of our mechanical right to murder. And the reflex guilt that paralyses us as soon as life forces us to *face that up* is by the way our best strategic screen in order not to be seen and not to suffer really from being the destruction machines we seem to be. To remain invisible and irreproachable to our own non-existent eyes. That is why at the heart of the shameful atrocity that makes us move, we have no scruples about destroying this dream, this fiction of existence that we call “life”. We do not even realise it. This is what is occurring now: *we do not even realise that we are already in the train of our own destruction!...*

It took me many years not to swoon with horror in front of the acuteness of such a vision, many years to start crossing the distorting mirror of this overwhelming impostor guilt and to start looking more and more continuously at my inhumanity. It took me a life to learn how to endure a strength and a quality of vision of which a thinking machine is incapable. In fact, this vision is not the result of a reflection, an analogy, an intuition or an overview. It does not come from the thought. It took me many years to decondition myself from millenniums of morals, religion and spirituality that stop in advance any direct, living and liberating contact with the inhuman in oneself. Because the belief in “the

evil” is everywhere a wonderful dweller that takes part in the fraud of the killing machine... But seeing without thought-of-judgement in oneself a destruction machine at work, this non-mental act frees us from the demonizing projections, to leave only a space of free exploration of this crazy pain in each of us. And the discovery resulting from that is the fact that this inhumanity is not “the evil”, but an unformulated pain that masterfully requires to be infiltrated in the arcana of the human subconscious through the eye of a non-sentimental and non-mental heart. Then who am I to be the place of such a vision? And you, who are you, you who perhaps dare to see and adopt so bluntly in yourself that thing plotting this man-looking evil?

It is this progressive ability to endure the bluntness of this contact that gives me the strength of a necessary break with the traditions of the age-old thinking culture. Since this bare vision of the inhuman sprang to my mind at the height of my uneasiness, I knew that I was neither human nor bestial, divine, inhuman, but that I was an eye, a heart and a life, all inconceivable to myself. Until then, I never really deserved the name of conscious being. I was only a thinking machine that was dreaming itself as human. Now I see that this inconceivable disaster that qualifies the ongoing world is the operation of a wonderful discovery: the birth of a being, of a conscious and non-reflexive substance of life. This awareness of an inconceivable life comes from the bare contact with the inhuman in oneself a contact that, at every moment, wipes out the “man” hallucination.



**THE ASSOCIATION DES DROITS DE LA VIE
(ASSOCIATION FOR THE RIGHTS OF LIFE)**

REPRESENTING ALL THE BEINGS LIVING ON EARTH

**BRINGS A COMPLAINT
BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL
CRIMINAL COURT
AGAINST THE STATES
THE BANKERS
THE INDUSTRY
PROFESSIONALS
AND THE MEDIA POWERS
OF OUR PLANET**

For
Crime against Humanity
Programmed species genocide
Dictatorship masked in democracy
Systematic enslavement of individuals through the
debt
Financial fascism
Distraction of the peoples through the mind-
numbing effects, lie and terror of media
Political tortures and assassinations
Dead threat against the freedom of speech

For organised destruction of the living species
Air, water and ground poisoning
Food poisoning
Poisoning of our health
Wars for the monopoly of energy
Robotising of our bodies and our breathes

ALL THE THINGS THAT ARE NOT FREE ARE MURDEROUS

Chemtrails: daily on Earth, tails of chemical comets fall from the sky like cobwebs. It does not matter if they poison our skin. They are used to complete the sphere of the ground networks of control. Control is the lucrative solution to the equation of fear, arising in all the parameters of global navigation. In other words, you are dead ducks, slaves of a cheese of which the cream feeds itself, this cream being sorted by algorithms. It goes far beyond your intelligence of progress and it is bursting your eyes like apple cores, sucking everything out of you, even your sperm. The blood flows, but it is the sperm of your energy that matters, this control being a matter of fangs in the medulla oblongata and the flesh, that in fact is only useful to the cannons, disguised as cathode-ray tubes.

End of summer. This time, I cannot postpone or intellectually trivialize the attack received anymore. The countries stink the shit, a manure of pesticides that makes you sick. The cities are becoming real gas chambers, tentacles of – air, electromagnetic and psychic – pollution. Death for rats everywhere! We are the rats, rats to burst of slow asphyxiation, and fuck, so few of us seem to smell the shit on this decayed earth, so few of us see the depth of it, where is the shout, the unanimous shout, the horror shout, the horror of only having now to devour ourselves like pigs, to survive economically in this torture that stinks the shit in every respect between carnivores and idiots, murderers! We are murderers, we are all murderers. To think that we claim we live! But life, who knows what it is on Earth? Can we call “life” this History of Humanity that, seen as we watch a film in one go, will have only been a constant butchery? Humanity of crazy people! It is thanks to this exclamation mark that one can hear the shout of no man, but of the consciousness, stunned of seeing. Crazy humanity full on its helplessness, crazy of all its constitution, a shitty disaster for a massacre of beggars, the lie as blood ties. Not one “human life” is something else than meat to kill, decorated with all the garlands of civilisation, dream, art! Mankind dreams of itself in all its beauty, with the behaviour of a killing robot. This little freezing air that floats daily over the global mass grave, the murder hormone in each smile at the bakery, at the bank, along the pavements of

Buenos Aires, between the convicts of death penalty, and bingo! I deny you, I fuck you, it ends at the circus of Auschwitz, never ever again, ah! So? Can we hear that there is good reason to laugh, and not for cruelty or cynicism, but of this laugh that sees the cruelty hidden in its mask and that can no longer believe in its affliction stratagems? All the memory is made up of this duty of not seeing anything, at the risk of laughing of all the human thought. This laugh only bursts out in my fear of dying, my real fear of dying, my fear of dying in the real life, which is not my life of man. This laugh only bursts out of the real life. The trip of losing my human thought will have forced me to leave humanity. For the human thought, I am alone, but no longer only as it thinks about it. I am alone in me and unbelievably alone on Earth. Alone like no one in my death of man. As others are the same. As we are all the same: alone like no one in the death of man. But experiencing it from our life of man, which is not the life here-there, dying to our life of man in the real life, creates a life of man leaving humanity. This solitude. The solitude howsoever it is not possible to say, to express to entirely identical beings. I am already a stranger. An inaudible traveller.



We all work for the undertaker's. Faithful people to the duty of remembrance!

Not that there is still to be ashamed of dying. But the frontier crossed with the human expectation is now no return. This distress is not a human thing: as is evident from the lightness of my appearance, the speech alone. The illusion in man got lost. I walk among it without any future. Man is no longer a house, a horizon. I walk in its dead skin. This falling skin is my step. The slow death to the man already dead inside me, the dying dead man, is falling to ashes. Pain, the ashes. Pain that seems to be the one of a body, pain of an ash body, in a pain that leaves no place to any tear. I suffer. Not from a human pain. From a pain of suffering the dead man. Still a human pain, but out of the man. A pain of dead person.

I need to talk to myself, to be able to walk. Looking for nobody to understand. It is humanly impossible. It is even no longer possible for me. Talking to oneself. An agony to talk to oneself, let itself talk. Agony of the man in the dead man. I am old to my eyes. My limbs are painful, in an inexhaustible fatigue. The limbs of what man calls a body are painful, my limbs are painful. Man calls a body, perhaps.

The fear of dying attracts murder and death, of the other and of oneself. Death is the magnetic fear. To poke the burn. The exhausting burn. Talking to oneself. Is it possible to say the amazement of this agony? I feel old being agonizing for that. The death of desire is

a sing to death: writing. Thus in this sing emerges... I would not say nothing, but nothing that man could say. About himself, about nothing. Him, he eats what he kills to the point of getting hill. The animal, performing. All his spirit of carnage: control.

In the coming life, full of unknown, the burn prevents us from thinking: now, being right in the middle of it. The burn exhausting the worlds. My limbs are painful, my dismembered desire is painful, innumerable, a pain of ghost. I do not wait to be saved anymore, in any human formulation or expression. Paradoxically for what thinks it, the more I lose the expectation, the more the burn flares up. And through this burn, I become by enjoying to death the fountain of youth. Thanks to the pain burning, I am infused with a completely different face of the pain, with a look without duel, where pain does not crease. I live in its mystery.



Life is the slave of financial fascism: it is ridiculously awful.





What a solitude to dare see in oneself what constitutes the human hell! When we start carrying our share of madness, we realise how much lies are of importance in the creation of our social ties, and that the strength of social consensus is nothing but a colossal force of denial of this madness that constitutes us.

Nevertheless, now, everywhere if we open our eyes, we can see like at no other time that the power really making “human beings” move is inhumanity itself, and that this inhumanity proceeds from machine. We have to face the fact: if mankind as a whole is at this very moment “capable of doing what it is incapable of imagining”¹, it means that it is not what it thinks it is at all.

Since then, it becomes more discernible that the ongoing mechanisation of our lives in the name of “progress”, can only deepen to the point of putting by itself in visibility the original non-existence of the frontiers between man and machine... According to this vision, there has never been any man gifted with a consciousness, a free will and human values, that would have created tools outside of himself, tools of a nature that is fundamentally different from the “identity of conscious being” that he claims to have yet so arbitrarily. It is the flint that has invented man as much as man has invented the flint, and if this co-invention occurred simultaneously, it is, with a strict rigour of vision, because there has never been any difference between the being of man and the one of machine, there has never been any separation between what is animated and inert, between what is “alive” and “dead”. Then there has never been any link of “end” and “means” between man and machine. It is thus illusory to believe that technique would still more enslave “man” to its own blind purpose, simply because there cannot be any link of means and end between two machines, or more exactly between the two

¹ as the poet René Char wrote at the time of Nazism

faces of a single machinic system. A desiring machine can create, exploit and destroy a tool-machine coming from its desire. It can even enjoy this power indefinitely. But it cannot do it in the name of a conscious end, because whatever the insane strength through which it daydreams itself as a “subject” of itself, it has never been and will never be an end for itself. In the end, what its power is really capable of is enslaving and finally destroying rival machines before destroying itself. A machine can only treat itself as an object to be consumed and destroyed. It can however rashly make itself believe it is an end in itself and cheat, making this believed in the inter-machinic system that makes it move. It can and must construct for itself political, juridical and economic institutions of limitation and control of its “technical progress” to maintain at any price the lie that there would be a conscious humanity acting in everything the system-machine of desire actually accomplishes. Doing something while systematically denying that it is doing it, is the exact principle of the imposture that enables it to execute its generalised destruction program with its eyes closed, with the artificial feeling of being buoyed up by the most “noble” and “irreproachable” feelings. By the way, it is the peak of enjoyment it looks for in the regime of inconceivable lie and perversion under which it falls, when what it blindly aims for in place of a “dignity” will have ever been to enslave itself to the regime of merchandise, before being done with itself. But because enjoying torturing, destroying and killing itself will always remain an inconceivable logic for the thought-machine, it will never confess by itself the name of its algorithmic code: the code of desire itself. That is why we are so embarrassed when we have to explain to ourselves why we all take part today in the always more visible global advent of the totalitarian reign of machine, at least by a tacit consent. We are programmed and programmers of the fact of never having any credible reason to give to our own unveiled madness. Programmed to hypnotically believe in the “objective neutrality” of the sciences and techniques we are creating. Programmed to delude us as deeply

and as long as possible by fantasising that we would simply have to use them ethically and responsibly. At best we agree to admit the inherent toxicity in every tool, to better enjoin us to the sense of “responsibility” and “reflexive control”. But what could force us to SEE that we never learnt any lesson from our past tragedies and mistakes more than the assessment of filthy injustice in which our societies live as well as the catastrophic state of our ecosystem? To force us to see that a being persevering so much in its mistakes can only fall under ANYTHING else than a CONSCIOUSNESS!

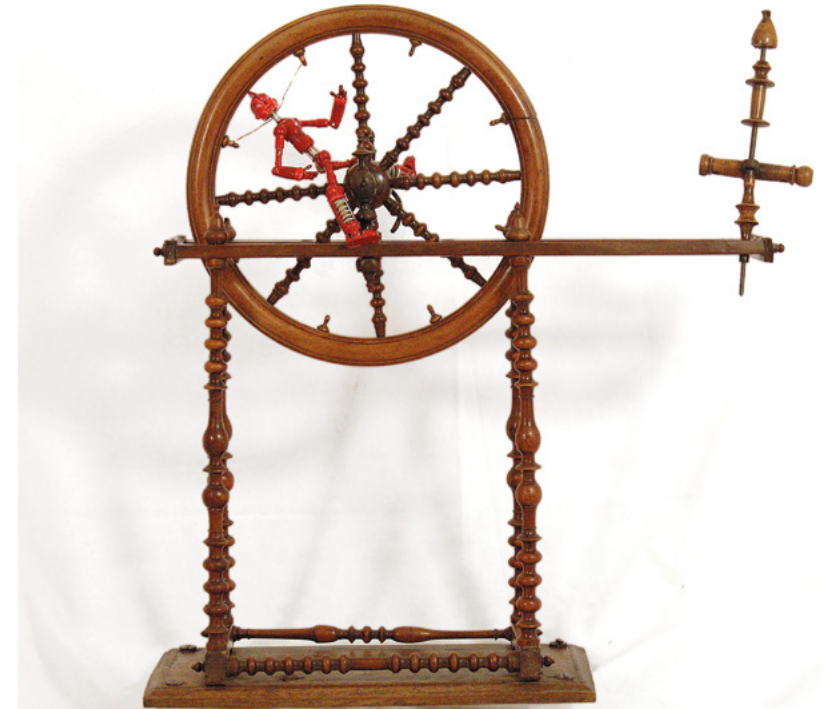
But seeing, SEEING is structurally impossible for a machine that hallucinates itself as “conscious” of its deeds! Hence the strategy of avoidance and automatic denial of any constitutive responsibility from us, active and unanimous in the genocide and geocide that are currently occurring of us and by us.

Seeing immediately the fundamental mecanicity of this so-called human consciousness means seeing now that the deadly and suicidal logic that makes it move is already the proof that in it, no subject will never have existed except as a dream, through the automatic mecanicity of imagining itself as such. How would a “conscious” subject take part only in its own destruction if it was real?

Nevertheless, this deadly condition of the reflexive thought can only rest on things unsaid at any price to continue its full holocaust. In the society fantasised from the word “man” it is not only forbidden but also impossible to really show what is happening with us right now. *Because what is happening is even more unimaginable than what were Hitler’s camps. And yet everybody is already in the know. Even our children know!*

The direct vision of the murderous lie called “man” can only be thought, depicted as impossible, except on a system of literary,

plastic or cinematographic fiction. Because it is unbearable for the desiring machines that, from time to time, can only tell themselves the hypnosis of the pangs of their “humanity”. Thus it will not take a long time for the human machine dedicated to fool itself to automatically assure that this vision is largely exaggerated, outrageously pessimistic, “totally inhuman” and thus false and even dangerous for “humanity”, its “integrity” and its “safety”. On the light of this direct vision that illuminates it, it will project the shadow that constitutes itself and of which it cannot structurally raise awareness. This inversion of what is real is indispensable for the survival of its hypnotic empire! Because nothing is real to it except what is and must be thinkable, the vision formulated and accepted here is very likely a “pure fantasy” and a mere sign of a symptom of an obvious psychiatric disorder. But thinking does not mean seeing. Hence the helplessness of the thinking culture to enter and assume the inhumanity at work in our lives and to draw practically all the consequences from that... On one hand, the thought-desire does and will do everything *not to be seen* and denounced as a suffering, hurting and destroying machine – even if that is what it is more and more clearly in the “real” of our lives – and on the other hand it has been showing itself simultaneously to the eye in a more and more direct and obscene way over the last few years through films like *A.I. Artificial Intelligence* by Kubrick Spielberg, *The Matrix*, by the Wachowski siblings, *Her* by Spike Jonze, *Transcendence* by Wally Pfister, *Ex Machina* by Alex Garland, *Automata* by Gabe Ibanez, and of course the series *Real Humans* by Lundström, where the machine-desire tries and will try more and more obviously to show how it entirely creates the machinic fiction of love in the genuine false mirror of cinematographic “fiction”. A love reduced to the lie of Eros, who will by the way never have been different from Thanatos... Authorising and even actively producing in the so-called “fiction” world what it forbids at any price to see of itself in the so-called “real” world to better make it happen yet: it has certainly got some



spice for the subjectless machine that steers the world through all our motivations!

Hence this question, unthinkable but essential: who has always decreed and socially imposed the frontiers between what is real and imaginary other than an authority that has never proved its existence in front of a look that is freed from the “human” traumatic tyranny? Other than an instance that, on its own shows itself as more and more mad and unrealistic in the so-called “real” situation where we think we are living?

Our national economics are now the obvious slaves of international financial markets that are already more and more subjected to the arbitrariness of high frequency trading, where computer algorithms of rival banking consortia deadly fight on a nanosecond rhythm

with our lives and our raw materials. How not to see now that there is already – that in fact there has always been – nobody in the global desiring machine that would have made us really “alive”?

Then dream, delirium, hallucination, lie to believe that “humans” will take over the machinic systems that now clearly work in circuits closed to what is “alive” and to the “consciousness”. Actually the only goal of those systems with an exponential growth of destructive madness is to force our eyes, our hearts and our hands of sleepwalking murderers to open up to the strength of the unknown by exposing in a more and more visible way the mortiferous repressed content on which are based all the cultures and civilisations of our “meca-nity”.

Seeing that, without any fear or blame, seeing that with the strength of a lucidity in the eyes that is not the one of the thought, can constitute the basis of a being and a world-creating that does not produce the industry of a death market disguised in course of life. It means revolutionising the frontiers between what is real and imaginary and letting die in oneself a hallucination power eager to change from the inside a fictional world that has ever existed only in memory of a machine dedicated to kill everything.

Seeing and recognising in oneself the fatal empire of the entity-desire, it is like starting de-mechanising oneself by letting a foreign strength at the calculation of the human machine invade and enter the lugubrious decrees that make us move for the final benefit of nobody.

The monster, by showing itself like that, wakes up the awareness of the very non-existence of its being...

All the global machine now shows itself in the mirror of its inanimate, deadly and suicidal monstrosity. It did not come

inadvertently from our wise calculations and our expert hands. Whether our pseudo-dignity of so-called “human” beings likes it or not, this world of machines in the service of the madness of the entity-desire shows how our eyes, our hearts, our guts and our hands are made up. What this machinic world expresses and shows is what we carry since always in the most unthinkable deepest motivations of our psychic apparatus. Our eyes of daydreaming things deny that what they perceive is the revealing mirror of the fictioning beings that we think we are. Yet the more our death work materializes, the more the intensity of the mirror it holds out to us becomes insistent, inescapable. Through other eyes than those through which we imagine ourselves as “human”, we are condemned to realise that the immeasurable cruelty of our calculations is woven in an iron material that has no other texture than the one of the virtual and not of the real.

Is the iron hell of the virtual necessary to torture us, to asphyxiate us – mentally and physically – to mutually murder us and to make us die to the point of dying with our eyes wide open to the human lie, in the convulsions of a reality that no longer owes anything to the madness of the thinking machine? That is what I see and live more each day, without any free will, conception, reflection, discussion. In the end, this is the only thing what I can see of me and you shows me. “And it is terribly sad and difficult to endure” the machine-me-I says...

But the more I agree to see, recognise and experience lucidly from time to time the inhumanity that constitutes the functioning of my psyche, without any moral or religious judgement or condemnation, the more “my life” really appears, in the strength of an inconceivable power, capable of transmuting the human-mask horror into a lever of emergence of a conscious structure that radically no longer belongs to the separating potentiality of thought.

Everything we do for or against the empire of the global machine dedicated to kill everything devotes ourselves to helplessness, in order to force us to face the rooted inhumanity that constitutes us and sabotages our lives on every level.

Just like photographers developing their photos, I then see and live the inhumanity of my lie of man like adventurers immersed in a negative developing bath of their unknown being: fortunate pain! Without mediation of thought, of theory, of moral, of good intentions or of cultural references, “the humanonaut” that I am is the chrysalis of a consciousness in the infancy of its nascent life in direct contact with the human lie.

As from now, almost everywhere on the planet, there are examples of practical solutions and alternative techniques in every field affecting our living conditions. They have the merit of showing us that everything could be different in the organisation of our societies. But as soon as it is about concretely implementing them widely, the hope of ending up the global crisis is so strong that it makes us turn a blind eye to the criminal sabotage agent present in our subconscious. That is how the actual reason that has fomented the breadth of the ongoing chaos is never really touched nor consciously understood in us. That is why I do not see any other outcome to the genocide we continue to create than, *firstly and before anything else*, this bare and liberating vision, disposed of any hope in the human myth.

In the end, at the edge of the abyss, why continue to resist to the fully visible defeat of human power? Why, while everything is showing us that our global hell comes into us from a depth of cruelty that will continue to greatly exceed everything we have been capable of imagining?

We will not be able to solve our countless problems as long as we will not see or feel directly, without any distance of knowledge or belief, the suicidal madness that signs the global outcome of our species' actions.



In a desert, a man who does not have water finds gold. And so?
The Man will only realise that money is nothing while dying of
thirst.

One thing can indisputably prove that humanity is a retarded species: its insensitivity.

The proof is obvious, since always, and yet denied to the deepest part of the structure of human being. The world of mankind is globally, throughout its history, only a pack of horrors, up to the current danger of a destruction of its own conditions of existence on earth.

Even if we call it “life”, even if we never stop dreaming about all forms of progress, even if we appeal to some scattered splendours of the artistic and spiritual genius, all this does not contradict the continuous extent of the daily massacre of human forms among themselves and around them.

And the fact that we want at any price to classify humanity in different categories of beings, that at the end of the day come down to the blind distinction of the heroes and the villains, each man and woman narcissistically trying, under the seal of moral and thus of a shameful culpability, to consider themselves different from the others, thus justifying the fact of judging them and constantly looking for a scapegoat of their misfortune, their disagreement or simply their vexation, simply adds to the evidence of the little consciousness animating our so-called human species.

This “little consciousness” is the insensitivity itself, that has nothing to do with romantic or intellectual considerations. The philosopher is structurally as insensitive as the philanthropist, the good feeling as much as the cynicism. Nothing human justifies the universal cruelty of mankind, in its submission as much as in its exaction.

Why man does not find it natural to care for life?

Who among us is not a slave to a killing poison? Who does not actively take part, subconsciously, in its own daily destruction? Who does not exercise a power of death on life? Tobacco, alcohol, chemical food, but all forms of organic and psychic stress, denial, lie, avoidance strategy, and at the end of our humanity, every day of our strains, visible or not, of our instant wars of territories, it is the fear of dying that kills, isn't it? Isn't human life in itself the repressed of suicide? Surviving, by any means, but caring for life is not a priority in man's thought. If life was a priority for us, if we lived effectively and obviously according to it, sensitive to it without having to think about it, we would not be “human beings” but living beings. And there would be no sense in looking for this “kinship of God” that religions have built to better justify the hope, the war and the inaccessible, in other words: the power of suffering and hurting.

We are insensitive to the life that we are. Here is the real fact, inaccessible through the thought, controlling the human automaton. Unless we meet that in such a way, the automaton, brilliant as it is, will perpetuate its prison, it will life kill.

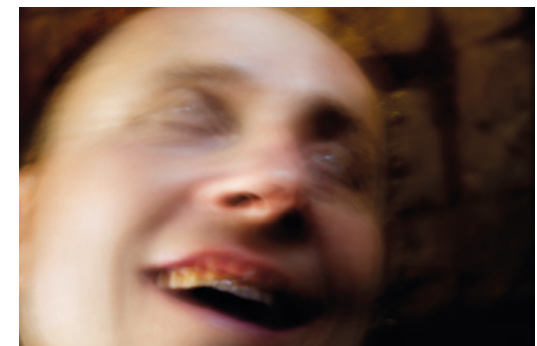
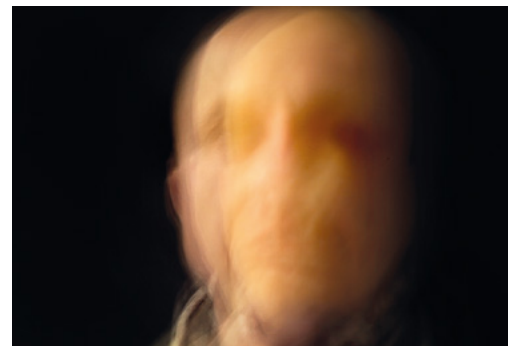
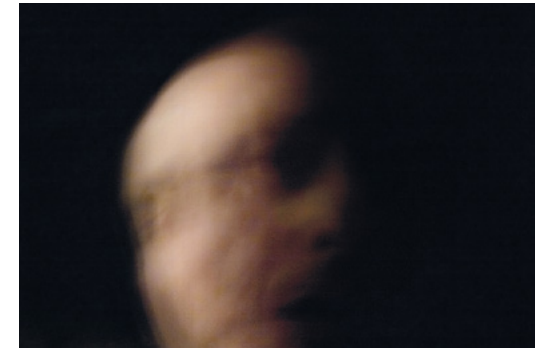
Any thought is a plaster to prevent us from feeling the deadly insensitivity that constitutes us, us, the thinking beings! Then meeting that we are insensitive to the life that we are, cannot come from us, the thinking beings, but from life, from the blow of life, that only the life that we are can receive. The blow of life is the only coup de grâce ever. We, the thinking beings, must be tinged with the unknown, the unknown to our thought, so that our cabin works loose and, in this rustle of *slammer*, so that we become sensitive, at each blow, in each layer of our machine dedicated to kill and to be killed. Sensitive to feel, through the blow, our insensitivity. Because it is not enough to be in pain, it is necessary to receive it, to feel it intelligently. Being in pain does us good: becoming sensitive to the life that we are.

For life, we have nothing else to live than becoming sensitive to the life that we are. Everything else is just a thinking madness of avoidance that maintains the robot up to The Terminator. Life alone removes the plaster of an innumerable blow in this kind of nightmare that dreams, that lies, suffers from lying.

Life appears suddenly in the mental calculation. The accident, the impact in the *slammer*, the blow in the head, the bug. For life, the life in this human being armour is only a blow. Full Contact.

Otherwise, I always think I possess life. Even when I no longer know anything, I turn it into wisdom as if the blow was not the only one living...

Only the mental calculation pays the price of being smashed. Image of the global genocide. Fire of the brain in its archaic survival program. Now the gigantic war continuing on Earth has the means to destroy everything, that is to self-destruct. Should we be glad of that? Who could justify such a barbarity, even while admitting that each individual is barbaric? How can we open up to our extinction, as it is possible? I ask myself the question of love. Is it love, the love without contrary and stranger to nothing, that does that to us? Or I say to myself there is no love, how to live? Or else: if love is not what I think of it, what I think of it must die. The sheer dizziness.

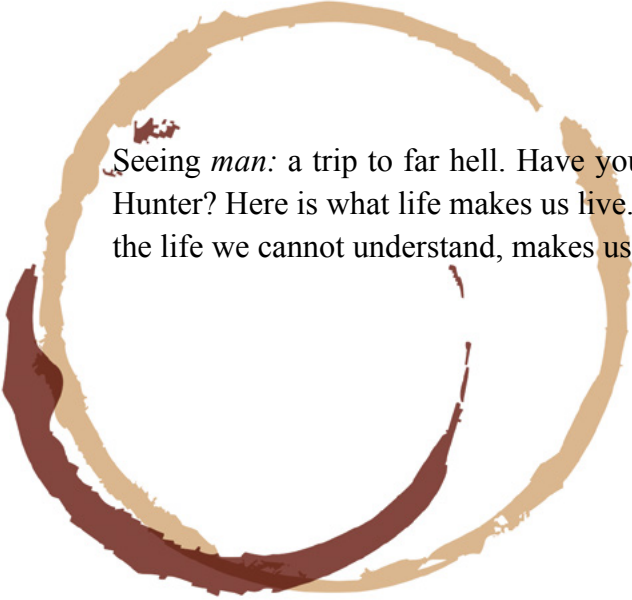


What can we say to Ouagadougou, to children from the Sahel, to young Japanese people who are already locked up with their screens in the masturbatory isolation, to women from India whose daughters are killed as soon as they are born? A question of culture, a question of language? But what can we say to Wall Street, to the Europe of fire thieves, to my neighbour, to myself: to the mental illness of being human?

We are not right to complain, each and every one of us. I do not complain. Why? All the reasons, even if they are legitimate, to experience myself sentenced to die in all the ways, and it is not a manner of speaking: dying of strangeness to the world to the point of not being able to speak anymore, I mean on pain of death, dying of impossibility of being alive, literally, not as the contrary of dying, dying of stifling, in the sense of the breathe and the lung, all the ways of building a rampart against our dreams in ruins, life burns them with complete serenity of itself and benevolence for us. All the ways it has, this life whatever we think of it, to remind us how much time we spent killing ourselves, it is its way of being inside us, the sound of the tuning fork of our common recklessness, unconsciousness, inconsistency, us of the slaughter, one by one, him after him, him after her, her after her, her after him, everyone against everyone. It damages the brain to hear that being said. Pronouncing it extracts it from the thread of sense by tearing it, from the possibility of understanding, of embracing such a universe of cobwebs. This life cracking in the synapses, right now, lights not only the horror of our history, but also the everyday life of the ghost walking in its house. And here it is, absent from each look and each gesture, having no feeling and no eye for quite everything, obliged to yell at itself, but it is not it, it is life, in order to electrocute its absence, its pain of absence, of insensitivity to its pain of absence. Even when it spills boiling

water over its skin, it keeps blaming what is burning! While life is telling it: cannot you be careful? It is your skin, it is you, it is here. So, burst in! Looming, just looming. It is not about complaining or blaming: looming in all the reasons of the world for perpetuating our absence. It looms. It will loom from all the strength at work. Is it understood? It is no big deal. Why would I want this and that, whoever I am? I did not even introduce myself yet. And I would like to be another me, or to be me in another me, I would like to throw myself into another ghost, and that ghost could be me or another one? My journey does not consist in surviving as a human carnage, it consists in becoming consistent, stripped of the metal element, my subtle image, that I accept as face value, considering the calculation of believing I am someone. Earth: planet of capital. After the cut off head, my journey is here. It is right there. As it should be. I am this sound of it, today. A sign of the today of Earth. I do not say that by abstraction. Today on Earth, it is poignant not to present one's weapon, but to hear the orchestra in fibres in iron on fire playing its requiem. Crying without any prayer is another anger. In my heart, I have the image of a volcano covered with snow. To give you the intimacy of a child, it breathes.





Seeing *man*: a trip to far hell. Have you seen the film: The Deer Hunter? Here is what life makes us live. The life we do not know, the life we cannot understand, makes us travel to far hell.



Confusions. Misunderstandings. Contradictions. Conflicts. Distensions. Wars: uncountable wars here. Living? Living is deep in all that, as soon as I open my mouth, the newspaper, as soon as I switch on the television or power up my computer, each morning until the evening. No fundamental agreement, no tonic anywhere, never. Night lives. Overtaken by the fact, there, since always. Making the best of this fact. Managing. Neutralising a horror that seems to be a condition to any strength. Blind people. Deaf people. Mute people.

Here, there: a feeling of lack of understanding of the fact that all the understandings incapable of understanding each other among themselves, endlessly cancel one another out, reflecting a mirror image of such a degree of imperfection that they never manage consisting in, seeing as tonic of evidence of a being together.

This feeling is a pain. An acute pain. An unfathomable pain. A pain flooding me of feeling so strongly this helplessness to understand “fully” myself, anyone or anything. Pain of crushing, of intimate shame, festering wound. Sinking, foundering into it, powerless. Painful, Painful, Painful... Feeling very late that at the end becomes apparent by itself the terrible impression that me-I will never get out of this hell of an understanding always too short that consequently devotes itself to all the failures. Feeling that the lack

of understanding is not a temporary feature of our being, but its proper condition the most unbearable, shameful, the most painfully law of our being. Feeling that at the end, as the misunderstanding with everything is constant, the misunderstanding makes tangibly sensitive a being of us that sinks into the unintelligible as in its most intimate and ultimate element.

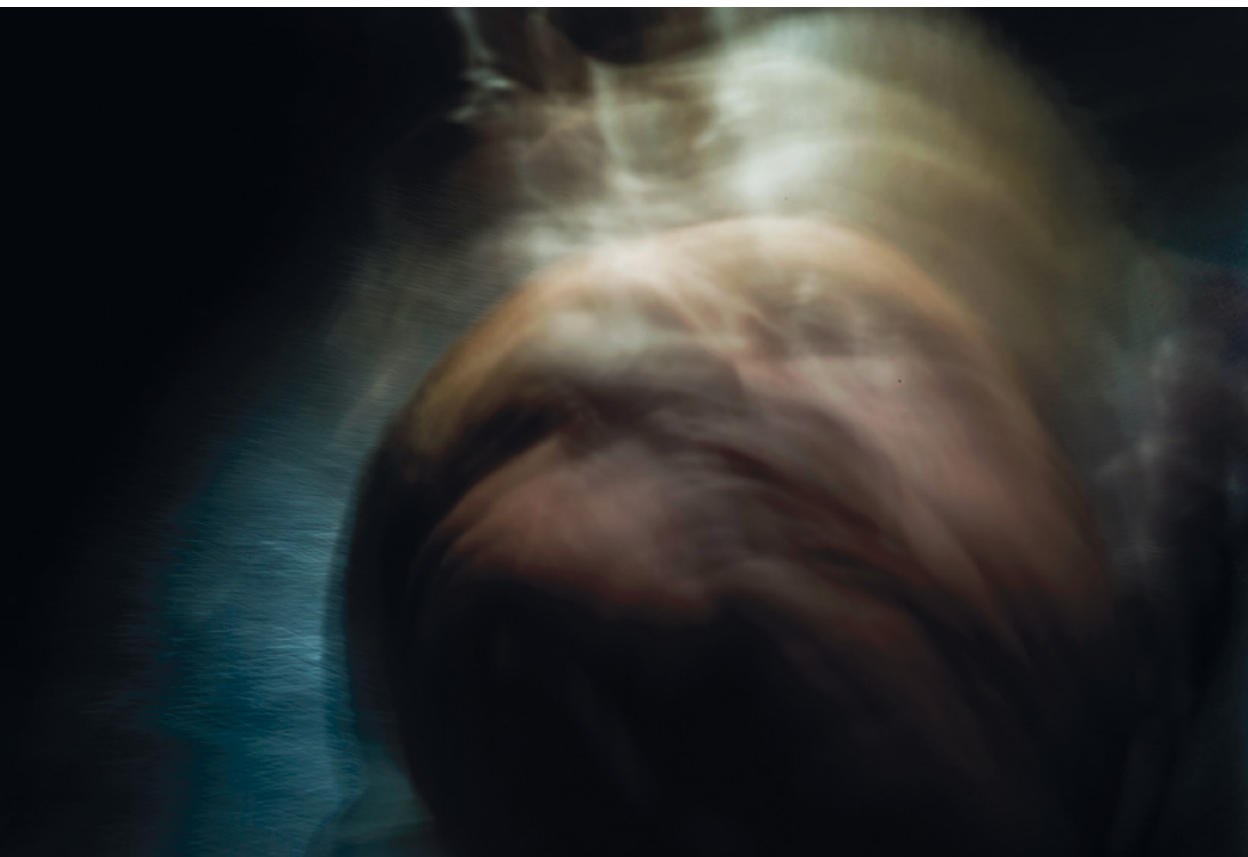
I have to say that as far as I can look in the unformulated of my memory of child, I always felt that “deep down”. I spent my life feeling that and not making a big deal about it, as it is correct in society. A compulsion always choked me when became apparent the unintelligible as the main fact of my being, a compulsion of comprehensibility that never stopped covering up this feeling of atrocious anxiety of being as soon as always inconceivable. A hidden and clandestine war never stopped devouring my life, behind the appearance of a being that will have ever tried to understand itself and to understand its understanding like a slave. In vain. The only sensitive evidence to which my efforts will have brought me back, will have been of admitting that I only fled from the unbearable wound *of being an empty knowledge*.

It led me to agree more and more to the helplessness in the ordeal of escaping completely. An ability to suffer while rebelling less and less against this feeling of weakness in the order of the human knowing and of all the institutions stemming from that. Because in this long-distance ordeal – that continues as the most precious gift I ever had the opportunity to discover – I did not take refuge in the falsely reassuring enclosure of a religious or spiritual faith neither. In fact, in all these traditions, it is still about adhering to a framework, to a system of a metaphysical or mythological nature, defined and compressing of understanding of oneself, of the divine and of the world. It is about giving faith to a system of representations always struggling with other systems of belief claiming the absolute truth. But the feeling of being originally

unthinkable suffocates under the irons of any mythological, conceptual or intellective system. Even repressed by the grooming system, the pain is there, whenever there is a self-identification to a determined symbolic egg of belief whatsoever. But life does not fail to constantly undermine our narcissistic shells!

What I learnt from the feeling of pain since then is to abdicate the power of blindness of which consists any claim of understanding anything. In simple contact with the anxiety of being elusive, I progressively learn the loss of an identity base in the foundation of a belief or a knowledge.

Torture victim in the compost heap of always feeling ill of being “me”, without any support, without recourse other than being given over to the assaults of a diffuse opening of my “identity” by the sting of pain, an unpredictable reversal occurs: it is on the very feeling of suffering that I draw the strength of being deconceived of “me”, of everything.



Never, barring a certain degree of pain, inflicted by illness, loss or violence, never a human being says *I suffer*. I say *never* because I became sensitive to this strange rarity, to this deft restraint, to this obscure refusal of saying, with a clear voice, *I suffer*. Never *I suffer* tells the evidence of a so-called human life. A simple look, a look that sees, a look that does not fight to perpetuate the dream of oneself, this dream being an hypnosis instead of an ode to joy, the hypnosis of being drowned in one's image without seeing oneself, without being able to see it, like a copier mad of a single image, its image, sawing the emptiness of its mirror while imagining its image, slipping along the rails of time, backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards, ploughed, laminated, quickly dissolved into nothing, buried in a grave to keep hiding itself its flesh of dead thing, of a slave forever recycled on Earth, a simple look on what is called the History of Humanity, a direct look on this daily battlefield, an open look in this penal colony of everyone, would not see that *I suffer*. Yet human beings do not say anything about that. Who cannot say *I suffer*, except a machine?

I suffer is a contact. No machine has contacts, except a virtual contact, with anything: it works, it is used to work until it breaks. The singularity of the human machine is that it works in its reflection. A subtle organic machine, an obscure body of machine dedicated to passionately picture itself and called *human body*. Humanity is working in a prison of mirror, with an opaque material, like the night of a blind person. The metaphor does not matter, the dizziness is this endless work in

the mirror of an abyss. How is this possible, this endurance of damned soul, except due to insensitivity?

This summer 2015, scorching of pollution, I felt for the first time ever that there was no longer air in the atmosphere. Our respiratory oxygen is becoming scarce. This feature of the global atmosphere, swamped with self-destruction, is becoming the invisible condition of human genocide. It is the species viability that is dying, as an obvious and hardly perceptible sign. Because humans have no contact with their main existing condition: breathing. They forget the evidence that the so-called physical death is the end of breath – or the withdrawal, or the wrenching. And that when it comes to the end of breath, the direct asphyxia of their biological structure, it is the only effective consideration. The fact that the molecules of oxygen are dying in our surrounding air, shows just how our sleepwalking mechanicity is. Only metal can endure a deadly pollution. Then which metal constitutes us? Towards which metal revelation of itself is the so-called man pushed by asphyxiating with its humanity? Soon melted in the robotic functioning of its fantasy of being human... The acquiescence is acquired: everyone is so thirsty for not seeing themselves anymore, not being able to feel themselves, in fact, at last! Machine, let's get this over with!

What insane pain is crying in this biological body, that will have only been crushed since time immemorial? Everybody was completely taken in, believing they were this *human body*. What if death was just this belief, that the real is now making unbreathable? It is to believe that we are just a *human body* to be martyring our breath so much! A body made to martyr itself of all its belief: the religion of the *man* hallucination.

This summer 2015, I said to myself: there is no Hell on Earth.

The Hell on Earth is Earth. Do you see? Do you see where you are living? In a lying reactor that does not detect anything, crushed in the iron fist of an ignorance of insect. You are the daily food of vital interests, they chew you, they kill you by chewing you, it will have lasted your whole life. An image of perfect cruelty! What your thought calls your planet, Earth, it is the Hell as you imagine it.

It is not about persuading. Speaking, speaking where there is nobody to eat, in the space without germ, to the call of breath. Man is a dust of asphyxia enraptured in planet. It does not feel the atrocity of it, because it is cold: of a subtle cold of metal. It is calling the torture because it does not feel it. It has no body. *Man* means *a particle that is being tortured*. Earth, the image that this word forms, emits this climate, Earth is a climate of torture. And man is at the point of calling that *living*.

Is this sufficiently striking? What does it need to arouse suspicion that it is a race of crematory oven, a slave of a military industry dedicated to crime? At which degree of torture will it finally meet itself?

I suffer is a strange man. Stranger and playing to be man. The stranger of I suffer, here is what we are.

Yes, I suffer. And today from my trip to the life of all of us, I confide to all of you what *I suffer* tells me in pain.

I am not what I am: I suffer. I suffer from feeling my being slashed by the man I believe I am. I see me alive, calling life this machine to die and that avoids to feel *I suffer*: the supposed human called *man*. I see me believing I am my life of death man, I suffer because of my killing. I am... sentenced to death. It is a hole in the heart, this pain. The hole of a cry

in the pain of I am sentenced to death. The hole can now be heard without space: it is crying. It is crying in one go, in the non-verbal evidence of words: *I am cut off from me!* Being is the evidence of life! Not oneself, but being! I am being! Blind to the power of evidence, deprived of the being I am to the point of not being able to think about it, we call it: a man! But suffering from that with the look open, crying because of that of an incomprehensible cruelty, of direct absurdity to the root of *I suffer*, as a result I see the sun that I am of being. Feeling this so burning simplicity of being and that it is under hypnosis as *man*. I am there of *I suffer*, at this ignition key.





I do not want of it anymore, I cannot support anymore reading the living in the language of a perpetual me-automaton creator of its world-machine. Here I suffer from the division everywhere. We are at war since always. I am the hostage of everybody, I take everybody hostage. Alone, without help, madly overwhelmed with divisions, me-machine thinks, feels and desires everything from its life in the metal element of a normalised hallucination of separation, of tragedy of separation, of enjoyment of separation, crazy cruelty in everybody, rotating around the axle of a permanent temptation of murder not felt, not said. Here is how I see and feel it: this world of “natural” feelings where I think I live is a world of hallucinations for addicted to the separation me-you, me-I-kill-you. The formula of its source code is “I think, therefore I am separate.” It underpins the slightest of our thoughts, emotions, urges, feelings.

Live from me-machine, now, I see, I feel this desire to reflect the separation of exclusive me-image endlessly in a world composed of exclusive images. Everyone taking themselves as separate, exclusive, I. “It is normal. It is the world. It is life.” But no! Not at all! Nothing whatever! Here now in ex machina contact with me-machine, I fail, everything is falling and malfunctioning, nothing nor nobody is still as I make it, nothing is as I imagine it anymore. There is no longer me, you, him, her, the others. Suddenly, the

only thing remaining is a single machine dedicated to take itself by billions as a unique separate and exclusive I. And as everybody takes themselves as I, everybody *is* everybody, without knowing it, seeing it or feeling it even for a short second!

And it constitutes this world, my world of walled and possessed persons, where we all enjoy, suffer and die against everyone in the most thick and complete hypnosis of deadly separation, one single me-machine of separation that plays taking separation in seven billions of bodies all against all in hallucinations of men, women, white, black, French, Chinese people, all against all of Jews, Christians, Muslims, Hindus, atheists, all against all of socialists, republicans, members of the National Front, ecologists, communists, youngsters, seniors, poor people, rich people, etc.

But no: everybody is everybody, I-world am everybody!

I cannot get over it!... I have always been wrong, I am completely wrong at every minute of “my” life!... On which depth of huge lure are we living?

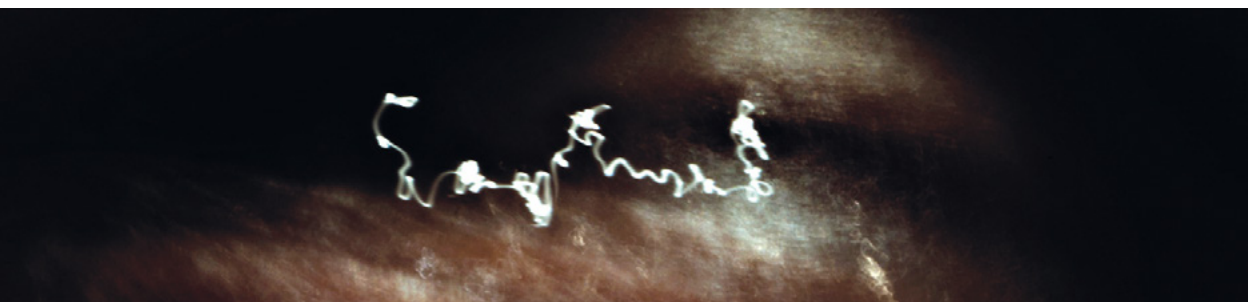
Because if being I, I am all the I of the world, I am the entire world of separation. What an enormity! But seeing, touching without alcohol of thought that I is basically nothing of singular, original, inimitable, despite all the appearances that form my world, it means letting my life die out of control of the hallucination of individuality, out of control of the man hallucination.

Then, what does it mean, living? I really do not know anymore.

The only thing remaining to read of living is the uncountable and indivisible movement of a pain without man, that spontaneously pushes towards its own abolition through all the conceptual witchcrafts by which we think, feel and torture us as separate.

My heart is breaking. My head is getting lost. I do not know who to live anymore.

Flood of being no one in an obstinate hallucination of a self-machine making a world: nothing.



crying the tears of the incendiary alarms of the weapons that attack,
injure and kill –

crying the world's eyes out in its heart the insults of so much rage
of the dividing time –

crying the words and images of the whole mental big bang
production desiring machine of the un-ease of the beings in bodies
suffering of the being at its utter despair –

crying the clots the stones the toys of the species pre-occupied with
the power of mastication enslaving the human fence volumes –
crying the poverty of the untouchable, unattainable contact
liberating the tears of the collapse of the constructions of the mental
megacities in network of resistance in front of the nothing of the
flow –

desert that leaves there on the beach of the existence of a world
attacking the “me” from all sides its ramparts without foundation –
a house of cards falling in the din and fury of a dying nature in the
blocks of the lack of its desert of hunger.

left there in the rubicund of the days the mouth open the tongue
black of the poison of the industry of the productions of objects.
progress of progress towards the “final solution” for a universe



at the height of its pain that is in pain without the conscience-in-speech being able to see or call what creates and establishes as an institution the pain, cruelty, murder of the whole by the whole –

left in the wound of its mouth thirsty for the pain through the blind hand of thought reactionary to its emptiness of sense or of senseless sense empty or full of its fierce and ecstatic crudeness –

crying in the fear of this mental pain megalopolis in network of the insult that defends itself from its emptiness threat –

crying all the psychological constructions all the taut bodies of a voracious universe, explosive speeding of the economic and political strategies of an hypercontrol for the general death: the evidence advent of an Earth of hell and imprisonment redoubling in pain in its pain by refusal of having no pain at all –

crying this “absolute pain” that is nothing but this nothing of the world that thoughtfully denies the unthinkable eroding, devastating and absorbing it –

full of vices as we are in the guilty enjoyment of killing and being killed, in short of disappearing us getting ourselves out of the unbearable puzzle of our absence from the world projected as a boomerang of its mental big bang –

sinking in the tears of the blood-red of the cheeks hurtling down as an avalanche over the pus and the congenital bruise of the condition conditioning to the evil-thinking, slices of sausage made with the pig of virtues –

inhabiting the poverty the distress and the wreck in the sunny glory of the ultimate block and blockage to what evades and comes here right into the heart: threat over all the evil-thinking –

letting oneself drift in the inevitable feeling of the death throes at the stones and stars land resonating in the emptiness with the fists hitting the face and core of the origin –

the mystery of the face of the look of men and of all the species in the objects of our productions that come in return returning us in the orbit of the dead angle of any conception of a birth for a dead body to eat –

crying in the fangs biting the convulsive flesh melting in electric tissues, these particles of fury, slightest things loosing and turning themselves endlessly in this round of the return of the finitudes of hunger in counterpoint of an invisible universe of synergy other than –

war in the pain that gnaws and grinds all its productions to the capital of pain itself – war in the whole of the widespread un-ease where all the contradictions of “us” assail up to the threat of making us lose our marbles and our grip from the controller at the edge, along the shore of an obsessing emptiness –

“absolute pain” or pain of absolute? the unknown that always devastates from all the megalopolis in a network of the business of a full tank of suffering lack – suffering lack in the time of its hunger always under the knife of its end –

constructions over the ruin always here and happening. Disaster, the angle bracing the destruction of ideological scaffoldings reiterating the camps of control for programmed deaths –

lonely and alone persecutors and victims, away from the axle tree of the dynamic of the vision in direct feeling of its fires! incapacity! manipulation in the tangle of a sovereign intelligence that in the heart of the heart of this pain winds winds winds in proportion and disproportion of its emptiness with nobody being able to have any control over the strength of an unfathomable process from top to bottom of the constructions –

ignorance constructions collapsing by dynamic increase of the synergic strength of a counter-world at the edge –

there is nobody to educate rule and order the apparent chaos of the curves and orbs of the invisible disposition in counterpoint of the fists of the worlds violence – what-moves in the absurd and the cruelty implacably escapes from anything conceiving the good and evil –

but untying itself deteriorating in the strength and the ungrasped part of a pain that devours there is some light in the painting of the darkness in its fangs of the radiance –

suffering the radiance of the constitutive pain delivering from pain by agonistic cooking of the contraries of the mental-world in boomerang –



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