

The Liminal Individual: A Visual Language Story

Lorenz

PART 2

1

My playful spirit is a weeping heart.

Theodote, do you remember me?

I oughtn't bother to remind you, or ask if you place flowers on my tomb.

And am I to pomp you up with empty phrases of the likeness to suns, stars and

The divine?

Like poets who weeped for Gods, because they found intimacy in totality?

Totality, for sure, follows me, or I it; but it is in my will, in my spirit

And not where you lay your head or spread your legs.

And am I to blame the immovable or the moveable for their respective prerogatives?

It's just the way of the world,

One belongs, one is liberated.

Where in the world can I go?

What in the world can I do?

Do I labor like a layman? Play the married man? Fondle with art?

Surely, Are you married, the women ask me.

No, I just wear it so women don't bug me.

Will I get to let you know in my dreams that you can bug me?

Yes, Theodote, sometimes your apparition comes to me,

In a good sleep, after I have behaved, and done some good

In the little towns I trespass, always the alien.

And sometimes I get smiles, and sometimes I give smiles,

But once I looked at you and you at me

And there was pain in our —.

Is there pain lying there, somewhere hidden in a memory?

Theodote, do you remember me?

2

Aesthetic enemies are a lust of an aesthetic spiritual warrior. If things are combative, for purposes of defining one, well, I have made my enemy that which I love most. So that I may *enjoy* what I combat against. *Love, lust, romanticism* defines me, yet . . . I am the *one*. I am the *liminal*. If one wants to create a *new epoch* a war against the trends of the *day* is necessary and so I war against the trends of the day and reject what is highly esteem-able and comfortable and secure and sail on my voyage of conquest. The voyage of the self-propelled individual with— I am the *man* without *state, people, god, woman*. But, that doesn't mean I am without *city*. The city, the individual in the city . . . that is the new epoch where things become small, yet again. Where all originates and extends beyond. The local where the happening is sought, for purposes of identifying personality, aesthetic uniqueness, and the mingling of language games. However, I am finding the language games of the *other* inauthentic, merely a great sense of *bullshit*, because it is a misrepresentation of what is either in opposition to my *perception* and *understanding*— essentially a *non-identity* and *non-reciprocation*. The *other* finds it humorous with the *bullshit*, while I find it is nauseous. Why misrepresent the *perceptible* or the *post-modern* consciousness of the *perceptible*. What is occurring is a tight-knit member-of-unit penetrating *outside* with topical and categorical concepts utilized for the humor of their tight-knit unit. But, this is creating a disparity of *union* and true manifestation of growth of *the city*.

I war against love, I war against the desire for sex, I war against the desire for companionship. As a result, I find myself embarking on discoverable territories of self-satisfaction for the will in experience. Happiness is naught. One is only a satisfied expression when one exerts accordingly to the categorical concept of gratuitous. This is none other than the surprise of ME!!! THAT WAS ME!!! I AM THAT!!! What is the continuity of space? Where is the grappling of the self into the self? Psychology makes human interest the topical concern of the surprise.

3

It is the greatest mark of spirituality to lacerate and criminate only the self. To trespass against the world with a mere trespass that is none other than a real perception of a trespass against the self. In trespassing the day, I trespass it with the trespass against myself. So, when attempting to live outside . . . There are no toilets upon the streets and refusing to expose the decency of the *night* I had recourse to pee my pants. And then I slept on campus prior to the start of my Photojournalism course where I quite enjoyed the stench of urine I allowed my soaked dried stained jeans to penetrate the classroom. To find humor in the unique, one must have a special sense of the court jester about them against oneself. The *city* is full of *kings, queens, and*

*royalty . . . the individual, the liminal, is their jester. I AM THE ENTERTAINMENT. And the discourse. But . . . I have my antagonism against the machinations of political administration, because I see the squandering of my peers. I see the squandering of aesthetic power. And I lament. I lament the retardation of true aesthetic growth and cooperation.*



Medication is for who? Escondido, 2024

Continuity is a kind of displacement. Consistency is an imprisonment. I am uniquely one who is easily forgotten through the stratospheres of *peoples* and *communities*. Fantasy enlivens me. There are those who refuse to allow rebirths, for the *spirit* of one is distributed unequally.



Self-titled Pleasure of Knowledge. Escondido, 2024

Today, in PhotoJournalism class the audience had the most welcomed guest speaker, J Grant Brittain, and for which we were permitted the perusal of his book. As I always arrive early, I had the pleasure to peruse the PhotoBook prior to the Guest Presentation. So, while J Grant Brittain presented, the book found its way to me and I stole Kate's attention, offered her the Photo Book, and for which she made the highly delinquent gesture of touching my hand in retrieving the book. And that hand of mine was no where near the invitation of *hers!* I naturally, therefore, scorned her with a grimace and the thought, that was the weirdest criminality to commit against me, you *woman!* Touch is very seldom my *love language*, and one I rarely endorse. Only when it is most unquestionably innocent is it permitted *from me*.

Sometimes the giddiness of this liminal comedy . . . is too much to contain. Can you hear me . . . reader? It is a bellow of laughter.



Some laugh in order to keep their sanity . . . I merely weird it out in order to remain consistent in my insane sanity. Escondido, 2023.