

Blogs work, cause they are molecules, particles in the sense that dg meant, molecular as opposed to and in contrast to molar.

Blogs are roomy.

Anyone can blog

All the Lord's people will be bloggers, or None!

In my second book, which was publish'd so long ago, seems time out of mind, ago,

the first line was

'It's dog days upon us and I must say farewell'

Dogs, a man and his dog. Your doggone right. First bk. was Blue Dog Plus. Now I didn't

really

honestly think about that when I was writing the second one.

A man and his dog. A man and his blog. A man and his blogs. A man and his blogs and cats.

Dogs and cats.

Ulysses , really the story of a Man and His Dog. His Dog Athena.

Guiding him, erstwhile, the way home. In direct Indirections. Indigressions.

Peregrinations.

Pergrin nations

Pelican. Jesus Mon Pelican.

No dogs, around Jesu , that I know of. He was a quite a poet. That Resurrection story.

Quite the Text, there, Jesus. Quite the De-territorializing of Death Text and Matter

Earth and Life.

A Jesus and his dog. A father and his blog.

A man and his bog. A dog and his blog, a blog and his dog, a bog and his blog.

A blog land for thee.

And the blog shall set thee free.

It's what you dont blog that counts.

Counts what dont blog counts that it's.

A dog a blog, a blog a day keeps the boggettes away.

The boggers away.

What ever you do,

Don't play low bog with me, Ok?

Got me?

It's Bog Ball or No Ball.

I'm taking my bog and going home.

I'm your boggette I am your blogger.

There's a blogger in mind..

I'm going to Bloggerlina in my mind.

Blogger dornia

Bog in Search of the Black Bog Girl

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Blogs, it's the body without organs, and desire-machines. Desire machines only work when they break down, and b.w.o.'s are the absence of organ power, \_ the actual dependence of bloggers on the bloggers servers, and its frequent downtime is an example. A perhaps weak one, but one thing about this sort of thing, is one must be pragmatic. (I call myself or did, a Pragmanticist.)The flat flow of the horizontal what dg called immanence. I am not a specialist. I write poetry and in the fictions blogs, constructed over a two year period, I write these beings, these becomings, fictions, Jill Deleuze, Franny or Fanny Guattari, and Mona, there are others, say 20 'characters' in all. But they're not really characters in any traditional sense of the word, they're epistemes, fictional sort of blanks and probes. I read M/PI-ATP all the time, and Antioedipus, and the others as well, I mean the other books Deleuze and Guattari co-authored. I am interested in their machine and how it works, really it works, connecting to my own, writing, and life. And the fictions, my blogs, are an outing of that work. I mean the work I do with them when reading them. After all, what do you do with

a book like *AntiOedipus* and *One Thousand Plateaus*? Nothing, there's nothing you can do with these books, I mean in the traditional sense, and you wouldn't want anyhow. You have to make something, make a word, a text, a place to go. I mean the last statement has to do more with the Guattari side of the equation,

But then again one has to be shrewd, not to re-territorialize the name Guattari. His name's become it seems to me associated with a sort of notion

That he is the lesser of the two and it's not the case. I am thinking of the general sense that Deleuze's name has become more famous, and as well

This book Zizek wrote claiming Guattari took Deleuze off somewhere

into the political, and that prior to the encounter with Guattari Deleuze is more Hegelian and less political... well I am sure Zizek is a man who thinks about what he writes, but he is, or is trying to do something impossible, it's like trying to take Cubism out of Picasso, or suggesting that the real Joyce is the one who wrote *Ulysses* and not *Finnegans Wake*. There are numerous statements of Deleuze's which carry joy and praise for the work he did with Felix Guattari. Think of his comments in the movie, *ABC*, where he says the work he's most happy with, or most proud of, is *Milles Plateaux*, and *AntiOedipus*, yes, yes, of course the books he wrote "alone" are important, but to imagine no *AntiOedipus*, no *One Thousand Plateaus*, no book about Kafka, no *What is Philosophy?* Impossible. So it's impossible to imagine any other way, and besides it's boring. and to separate the two, is beside the point. It's not interesting artistically. *How to make a body without organs* has a great opening where it says that the people who do this, who do the b.w.o. Know about all this, and that we do it everyday, and don't need to read about it. Zizek it seems to me is stuck in a strata, a hegelian strata, some notion he has that Deleuze was taken by Hegel, which is sort of easy to say, right? But really he's not original. Derrida does something more interesting with Plato and Socrates with his *Postcard* book saying Socrates was the one who took Plato and was sort of dictating to Plato, right, based on this little image he found of Socrates leaning over Plato's shoulder as he wrote.... and he did something beautiful with Genet and Hegel in the *Glas* book. But Zizek is off course with Guattari. Guattari was a force a becoming; Deleuze says all this in the book he wrote with Claire Parnet, *Dialogues*. I don't want to

start quoting and citing page references, but in this case I will, it's on page 16 of the hard cover edition:

"My encounter with Felix changed a lot of things, Felix already had a long history of political involvement and of psychiatric work. He was not a philosopher by training, but he had a philosopher-becoming all the more for this, and many other becomings too. He never stopped. Few people have given me the impression as he did of moving at each moment; not changing, but moving in his entirety with the aid of a gesture he was making, of a word which he was saying, of a vocal sound, like a kaleidoscope forming a new combination every time." Reading words like those by one man about another you know there was love between their encounter, and the work which they forged is not something one can disengage, or re-territorialize into some notion that Guattari was political and less the philo. Deleuze, I think, becomes more of his own philosopher becoming because of the circuit he created with Guattari. It's the Deleuze effect the Guattari effect and the Guattari Deleuze effect. Gary Genosko, the Canadian sociologist and translator of Guattari's written a book and essays about this refolding and transform of the two names, and the encounters. But really I don't want to say what Deleuze did and did not think, he says all that very well. I'm speaking about my own rearing in, my own being taken and taking from behind, and above, and below and into around a burrow inside the mishaps of these machines, these poetics, which are haunted by the body, and desire, its harrowing becomings.

Few of the commentators have taught me anything.

On the other hand, I enjoy reading Eric Alliez.

Alliez is positive. I learn from him, he adds to the store, and does not heap up the negative, lack and the rest of the negative critical

machinery. The paranoia of knowledge, right, who needs, anymore of this... the world is already sad, sad, and we need joy.

What does Deleuze say in Dialogues? Be a traitor, a becoming, an undoing a decomposing, don't write like a scholar Experiment, never interpret, make a program... get rid of yer phantasms, get out, find the slope line, the de-territorializing swing: 'But from fragment to fragment is constructed a living experiment in which interpretation begins to crumble, in which there is no longer perception or knowledge, secret or divination...' Lose your face, your identity card, of territory and owner-ship of self-slavery.

You found out these things he says because of a long broken flight... Broken, but pieces that work as wholes of their own and don't need to be totalized in some, in the great cash register of totality and final end of be all of Truth.

It's not like Derrida and these other writers, I mean their work, take Derrida, it was spread all over in literary criticism long before the arrival of D & G. Derrida was a big hit starting around the time of his talk at Yale around 78, I don't know the exact date. That sort of work fit into the American need at the time to end what was called New Criticism and it had nothing to do with philosophy proper. When *Antioedipus* came out in English no one even noticed, except the crazy people, and other smaller groups, like those people at *Semiotexte*, Lotringer and the others, they did great work. But I was not aware of them when I stumbled across *Antioedipus*.... I mean who would read such a book and understand it? When I read it I was delighted, it was miraculous. The way they quote Henry Miller and Artaud and those beautiful lines of Ginsberg's *Kaddish*, and the great heaving prose of the last chapter, its song to free literature, it's a pure inspiration and not some drab restricting critical thing against the fire of real literature and poetry.... It still is, that's the wonder of it... put those books down for a week two weeks, a few

days, go back, it's a different experience yet again...No one likes to hear this nowadays,

no one seems to have picked up the clues they left about Kerouac, and Miller. Miller is the great censored one, the bad boy of anthologies and theory. No one think's his work is worthy.

Well I say along with Deleuze avoid the double sadness of the scholar and the interpretosis machinery...

How do you use Deleuze and Guattari? You don't. You take it, you eat it, you digest it, make it part of your own experience. You write, you perform, I did live shows with musicians that were inspired by some of their work, songs based around their ideas.... I mean de-territorialize, take that word, people use now; no one knows what it means. I've read some of the commentators, and truth to be told, I fall asleep. That's not to put them down, I mean these are nice guys, who translate and write about Deleuze and Guattari, but really to me, anyhow, it's all sort of beside the point. Questions like what did they mean by Bodies without Organs? Some people will never be able to hear a term like that... they just flip out, bodies without organs they say? And they forget or never learn it comes from Artaud. I was lucky maybe I read Artaud before them. Long before, I was 19. A body without organs its something you live, you make poetry, encounters, an intensity between two or more beings, out of being into becoming.

De-territorialize again think of it why hasn't it become part of the usual terminology in criticisms of the capitalist system? Because people cant handle the strangeness of it. They keep saying what does it mean? And when you explain it, they get undone, because the word is a sort of undoing right? It undoes its subject. So you de-territorialize and then re- territorialize it's a dance, so capital flows this way, and then that, and then take its back, and cuts it up, and smashes everyone up in the process, it wipes out everyone's

meaning and personal signification. You got to Iraq looks nice eh? It's not nice, but its de- territorializing double quick and re- territorializing in the same second in come the capital machine with its democracy and its killing off the same democracy its bringing. No one ever said this was fun... de-territorialize... its fun maybe in bed, and when yer a writer, poet like me, I take the language and let it flow.... But there, on the molar levels, Capital is nasty ugly, its war, Cause it can't help itself. The machine is sick, capital is sick. Its an Ism like communIsm and alcoholISM . all the iSms are machiens that people are trapped IN. The Ism machines. Are coded machines with breakage points that just rewind themselves and start over again till they kill the patient so to speak. The patient is us our bodies .

The line of schizophrenics escapes this, or tries to, and the word terms they coined keep happening, in poetry its a body with shapes fighting with the organless flow. Chaosmos. Even the word schizophrenia does not lend itself to being changed into schizophrenia\_ism. It does not work, because it's not like that, it's not coded, it is, as AntiOedipus claims, the surplus energy and the surplus won't be codified. It breaks.

Blogs are like a way out. There are millions of blogs out there. I don't even know who reads my blogs. I don't have meters, or site meters, the only meters I have are poetry Meters. Some poets have meters. I mean, you read the blog Allan and I know of some readers, but in the great wash of blogs, what speedy-eyed-reader has time for my dense fiction. I'm not even sure I write to be read.

When I first read Antioedipus it gave me a form and a name. I was working with a kind of poetry, in prose some of it, the prose poem and I had a character and could not find the sort of shape I wanted for it, and the name, just the name alone was enough to crystallize things for me, I immediately named my character, the character in

these prose poems, Antioedipus. If you know 20th c. French poetry, you'll know there's a character named L'Antitete, invented by Tristan Tzara, and so for me it was a becoming which connected the two, and more specifically it was an internal connection to the notion of the "anti" as well as being a source of word play on the anti-oedipal and the anti-head, being the anti-head as the tyrant and despot, and as also a way out of the Oedipus machinery. That started off a whole series which eventually lead, over time and effort and practice to these series of Fictions and the ongoing work of the blogs. None of this, what I say is dogmatic, it's pragmatic, or pragmatism as I once described it. Start in the midst of things, in Media's res, the middle the hurry of the traffic and desire marches.

More about me;

I am Canadian,

Poet,

Performance Poet

Bloggist

Artist

Sometime arranger of music

You have my blog listings.

These days I am a reader of of Eric Alliez, Michael Connelly, Tristan Tzara, Francois Villon, Al Purdy and others others, blogger poets galore, I read street signs, and movies. I read music while running. I read book pages, and cigarette packs, bodies that move. That speak to me, body parts. Others. Everything.