

Alice is tired, she has cuckolded her husband and she's afraid. Her forest epic which happened during her childhood has plunged her into an ubiquity. She tells herself that it's easy to omit her act by way of her daydreams that take her to the very unavowed place of her madness – to sleep once again with the logician, she loves him so much – and to spend her time performing a daily blah-blah between expression and repression. Her husband, elegant but dumb, Ulysses that is, doesn't know how to arouse her/his imagination. Besides, he stands in another epoch, between the sidewalk of Mexico City and Kafka's character K. Yet, every now and then, taken by a surge of lucidity given his young age, he repeats his own proper noun to himself. Alice walks around, her trajectory is a stroll between the living room where Ulysses gently crawls on his back and moans in order to reach the cosmos and the cellar from where one can observe how planes take off at different paces above the garden's tree. The problem of Ulysses ; one has to pierce the ceiling, he tells himself.

- AAAh Alice, says Ulysses.

- UUUh Ulysses, says Alice.

Knowledge, if it exists, finds its meaning within organisms in trance, away from the snubs of cynicism. Knowledge sharpens us for the appetite of indefinite spaces. These spaces are neither against us, nor against myself, nor beyond these two instances, but are a materialist idealism. Yes, put another way, when I speak with Alice she always lets me look on and in the cave and tells me about her findings. Ulysses lets himself go towards the passerby, the one who is looking down on him and for whom he dedicates his finger, palm, arm and body. However, you could blame me for it, Alice and Ulysses, even though you know them and explore them, are the fruits of one imagination and one reality. This is certainly not the case, Alice and Ulysses are at times myself and the others, the master and the pupil, the turnstile and its ellipse, they are all that links to a fluidizing of existence by the milky way. It's impossible to justify. Well actually, Alice and Ulysses are precisely the moment when the justification transforms itself into an action estranged from a will to be. Vague and free comets above our sound and laden skies and earths. The lyrical musing these people are capable of is the moment when the ultra-conscience about a system has been achieved, but, paradoxically, the abolition of which is made impossible.

I should explain the function of the parable, to ensure a clear understanding about what is reductive and moralizing about the metaphor when it brings two objects to a single dialectical entity in order to systemize them. Alice and Ulysses are in a clash against the rational beasts, these things as they are called, which in their proselytizing surges fabricate metaphors in order to associate the technical elements (their bodies) to an effectivity of meaning (their concrete form). They're certainly dissidents, where their existence flaps through explications by which things force themselves to bring them back.

The daily blah-blah, ultimately, turns out to be Perec's *Things, Les Choses* in French, this moment when the idea to produce the thing restrains itself and reduces itself to a manipulation. The idea makes use of an organism and its extension which produce, from time to time, restlessness. Many skillful means have enabled Ulysses and Alice to get rid of the thing. Love, sex and boredom, and most of all, to build of a dense dump, that is to say, to plunge into the very object of the thing's incapacity. Otherwise, I take hold of the thing and of my body's phenomenology, and wham, here I am, the professional who masters this process which makes the object blossom, very often, a big Bertha, in other words, a cop and a banger. Yet, it's only organization which is of interest for the two lovers, a kidney, a liver, a heart, and other limbs that mate, separate, and offset the loss of energy to this fascist-like and systematic reality that isn't concrete. That's the metaphor of an existence turned on itself, of what Marx gently termed alienation and for which the only solution Ulysses and Alice found is the undeniable dereliction devoid of content and form, anti-discourse.

Beautiful existence, beautiful ruse, Alice and Ulysses, you who aimed at foiling reality, you are the poor children of these conquerors. These rational beasts have transformed you into the disabled of judgement and have finally caught you between the lethargic cosmos and the unconscious frenzy, in their unbounded speculation. Our two characters have understood that meaning isn't actually concrete, but that it's a sort of post-cultural fertilizer circulating between and within the legislating organs. But what's fun is to be outside inside the system which bounds you to the thing and which really wants to make us come, at least in the common bowl. We can, if we want, reinvent our life excessively, modify the organ which brought into being the bosom of your sexualization in order to come back to it like loudmouths and affirm that, ultimately, we're in a post-macho society which has assimilated that the technicality of the word converges with the language of Homer. Despite this diminish view, Ulysses and Alice are exceptional people, of short stature, lilliputians who move laboriously and appreciate the roadside built by the giants. They aren't married, they haven't any children, they don't know who they are, they deny the reality principle. They don't know about microwaves, they never heard about custard pies, they aren't familiar with Antiquity, and more generally, they ignore history, they ignore death, etc.

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