

like my back to be bruised...The rock whispered to me, whispered to my back, that there's something behind that wall—and that I'll eat that something, gnaw it in this bone, that is, we'll gnaw it jointly, Paul, you with me, me with you, I must, I must"—she insisted vehemently.

And suddenly a quarrel broke out between them, shot and dizzy as the burning July sun, which was dropping toward the west. "Really, Alice, this is disgusting, noxious—ugh—it makes me quite simply sick. I mean, it's right here that the cook throws out the slops!"—"The slops? I feel sick too, I also feel faint—I've a hankering for slops as well! Believe me, for sure, it can be gnawed, Paul, it can be eaten!—everybody does it, I feel it—when no one else is watching."

They argued for a long time. "It's disgusting!"—"It's blind, strange, mysterious, shameful and lovely!"—"Alice!" exclaimed Paul in the end, rubbing his eyes—"for the love of God...—though I'm beginning to have doubts. What is this? Dream or waking? I don't want to keep asking, heaven forbid, I'm not curious, but...Are you perhaps joking, making fun of me, Alice? What's happened here? The rock, you say? Is it possible—that rocks should be thrown and that out of this...that this should result in some kind of unhealthy greed for bones? Surely that would be too wild, too—impure somehow; no, I respect your notions, but this—it's no longer virginal instinct, but—made up off the top of your head."

"My head?" replied Alice—"But Paul, is my head not virginal? After all, you yourself said that one should close one's eyes unthinkingly and quietly, naïvely and purely and—oh, Paul, quick, look how the sun is gleaming, and that little insect is crawling so sleepily along the leaf, and I'm so scattered! I tell you, everyone does the same thing, we're the only ones who don't know about it! Oh, it seems to you that no one ever... at anyone...but I'm telling you that in the evenings the rocks whizz by like heavy rain, so much that one can't even blink; and in the shade of the trees, bones and other refuse are gnawed out of hunger, half-nakedly! That is love—love."

SHE WILL CONSIDER THE CONCEPT OF MENOPAUSE AND ITS PATHOLOGICAL CODE AS ONE OF THE COVERT PRODUCTS OF MODERNITY.

GERMS, CHANCE, PASSION, TIME, FAT, OBSCURITY, OUTDATED GARMENTS, HORMONES, WORRY, FRAYED CLOTH, SILENCE AND POLITICS ASSIST IN HER IDEAL DEREGULATION OF THE HYPOSTATIC MYSTICISMS OF GENDER.

SUCH DREARINESS, SUCH OBLIGATION, SUCH MOOT DIGNITY, SUCH BAD MYTHOLOGY IN THE HYPOSTASIS!

SO, BEING AN IDEALIST, SHE HAS CAUSED HER MENOPAUSE, SURGICALLY, PSYCHICALLY, CHEMICALLY, OR BY PATIENTLY WAITING. IT IS HER OWN. THE STATE HAS NO MENOPAUSE, ONLY PRODUCTIVITY AND LOSS.

SHE HAS ENTERED AN UNDOCUMENTED CORPORALITY. EXCELLENT. NOW THE SCINTILLATING RESEARCH CAN BEGIN.

IF SHE IS AN IMAGE, SHE IS THE IMAGE OF EVERYTHING THE STATE EVADES. IF SHE IS MELANCHOLIC, IT IS THE MELANCHOLY OF A HIGHLY DISCIPLINED CONSTITUTIONAL INTERIORITY.

HER HUMOUR IS INK.

THE EROTOLOGY OF HER IMAGE BEGINS WITH THE TRANSFIGURATION OF VALUE – OR RATHER, VALUE'S DERELICTION. SHE DOESN'T NEED ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO OFFER. IN THIS SENSE, SHE IS ALREADY BAUDELAIREAN. HER CLERICAL-STYLE TUNIC WAS COMMISSIONED AS ARE HER TEXTS. *SARTOR RESARTUS* IS HER PILLOWBOOK.

SHE DEMONSTRATES WITH HER STANCE, HER SKEWED ACCESSORIES, HER SPIRITUAL FORTITUDE, HER OCCUPATION OF THE PARK BENCH, THAT THE ONLY REAL WORTHINESS IS IN THE THEATRICAL AUGMENTATION OF THE IGNORED HUMAN FRAGILITY.

THAT SHE EXISTS AND MOVES IN THE CITY IS AN AFFRONT TO THE WILL OF CAPITAL. COUNTLESS CLINICS ARE DEDICATED TO PREVENTING HER APPEARANCE.

SHE IS THE DANDIACAL AVANT-GARDE. OBSOLESCENCE IS EMBROIDERED ON HER PURSE. SHE EMBODIES THE AESTHETIC LAW OF CONSTRAINT.

WHAT WALTER BENJAMIN SAID OF BAUDELAIRE SHE WILL CLAIM AS HER SLOGAN ALSO: 'PERHAPS THIS IS BAUDELAIRE'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT, AND CERTAINLY IT IS ONE OF WHICH HE IS CONSCIOUS: TO HAVE BECOME SO QUICKLY OBSOLETE, WHILE REMAINING SO DURABLE'.

COME THE PHILOSOPHER OF HER OWN RUIN, WHICH IS ALSO THE RUINOUSNESS OF CAPITAL. BY ENTERING THE THEATRE OF THE STREET EACH DAY AND DISPLAYING THE DIGNITY OF HER IRRELEVANCE, SHE ALTERS THE INTERPRETATION OF NECESSITY.

SHE IS THE MASTERPIECE OF THE ANCIENT SUPERIORITY OF THE IMPRODUCTIVE. SHE NEITHER BEGETS NOR WORKS, BUT DRIFTS.

THE DANDY ASPIRES TO BE SUBLIME, CONTINUOUSLY; BUT LIKE A WEST-MOVING SUN, SHE HAS EFFORTLESSLY ENTERED INTO THE MENOPAUSAL SUBLIME, SETTING A PERENNIAL EXAMPLE FOR THE DANDIACAL CODE, WHATEVER IT IS YET TO BECOME.

GREGARIOUSLY SHE EMBODIES THE BASIC INTENT OF BAUDELAIREANISM: 'THE EXPLORATION OF THE LAST REALM OF INVENTIVENESS IN THE REALM OF FEELING'.

UNLIKE ALMOST ANY OTHER ADULT HUMAN BODY, HERS NOW POSSESSES EXTRA ORGANS, ORGANS THAT HAVE ECLIPSED ALL USE VALUE. SHE WILL DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH HER INNER WEALTH, WHICH IS ENTIRELY AUTONOMOUS.

THESE INNER DECORATIONS ARE FOR HER OWN PLEASURE. BY REMAINING VISIBLE IN THE CITY SHE DEMONSTRATES FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO PERCEIVE THAT IN TRUTH, WEALTH PERTAINS TO LYRIC EXPENDITURE.

WEALTH IS THE AUTONOMOUS EXPERIENCE OF ONE'S OWN PLEASURE, A FLAWED PLEASURE INNATE TO EMBODIMENT. MOVING EXTREMELY SLOWLY ON THE BOULEVARD, IN THE PARK, AT THE NEWS STAND, IN THE BOOKSHOP, SHE DISPLAYS HER RESISTANCE TO ALL APPROPRIATION SAVE THE POEM'S.

AS SHE DRIFTS, SHE HUMS A LITTLE TUNE. WHAT IS THAT TUNE?