

Mr Knott's meals gave very little trouble.

On Saturday night, a sufficient quantity of food was prepared and cooked to carry Mr Knott through the week. There would even be enough left over to share with the sufficiently starved dog, the sufficiently starved backup dog, the backup backup dog, and their starving owners, and the dogs who have yet to become sufficiently starved, but could if they were called to the task. This dish contained foods of various kinds, such as:

Fish, and of course, bread and butter, all of various kinds, eggs; soups, of various kinds, rangy poultry, game, cheese, fruit, meat...

And it contained also the more usual beverages, to delay fermentation:

White wine, crème de cacao, stout, brandy, wine and water. I also poured in Wild Turkey, Grand Marnier, tea, a bottle of crème de menthe to make it green and liquors, such as absinthe, Jack Daniels, whiskey, beer, Sprite, milk, coffee, mineral water, and chablis.

And it contained also things to take for the good of the health, such as:

Diarrhoea pills, mercury, digitalin, ups (uppers), Ampicillin, all of those pills, calomel, Tylenol, codein, iron, ecstasy, insulin, and of course a little acid (sialic and salicylic), downs (downers), (I don't ever put in penicillin, because someone might be allergic), wormpowder, Aspirin, pepper and sugar, wart cream, chamomile, and certainly coal. All, all, a hundred-fold, acid (grams of boric and kilos of acetic), laudanum, dust, iodine, and of course salt and mustard.

All this Mr Knott took over ice cream, to give it some head; fine and favored flavors like:

Licorice whip (yum!), macadamia (the other ivory towers), chocolate macaroon... Hawaiian sensemilla flowers, and a modern paste made of maraschino juice and coconut flour. I cleaned out all of my shelves to provide for him this embowered bowl.

And it was not merely a menagerie. It was like the ambrosia beetle, the aboriginal farmer. That is, it's not the product, it's the product of the product. These ends are mere means to these recipes. It's not eating, but rather the condition upon which I am able to write this, to call my mother. In any case, Mr Knott's pot contained also an assortment of eccentric essences from every effusive ego:

Sick nationalists, widows decked out in combs and jewelry, Karen Finley, in herself, infamous drunkards, {those who are only radical online}, nobly disappointed, aggressive bohemians, flaming anarchists, Don DeLillo, himself, superfluous prostitutes, fanatical revolutionaries, {inflamed *petites bourgeoisies*}, Samuel Beckett, as himself, tattered prophets, hooded priests... professors in redingotes, Camille Paglia, herself, {cops, sick cops}, {those who are only radical in person}, and Danilo Kis, himself. All of my favorite plagiarists, except of course Acker and Kosinsky. But they lie only in name, form, and graves; hence my admiration.

All these things, and many others too numerous to mention, were well mixed together in the famous pot and boiled for four hours, until the consistence of a mess, drivel, or poss, was obtained, and all the good things to eat, and all the good things to drink, and all the good things to take for the good of the health were inextricably mingled and transformed into a single good thing that was neither food, nor drink, nor physic, but quite a new good thing, so that not one thing could be distinguished from another, and of which the tiniest spoonful at once opened the appetite and closed it, excited and stilled the thirst, compromised and stimulated the body's vital functions, and went pleasantly to the head.

In this way, we can say nothing by saying everything. We can say, "I'm in a morass," without leaving it or fundamentally changing it.

Finally, the station wagons would arrive at noon on Saturday, that being the day that Mr Knott's leftovers were to be shared with company. On Sunday, the leftovers of the food left over would be shared with the sufficiently starved man and his sufficiently starved dog. The vehicles formed a long shining line that coursed cursing through the West. In a single file they would ease around the orange I-beam sculpture in the yard. The roofs of the station wagons were loaded down with carefully secured pillows, small refrigerators, rucksacks, junk food still in shopping bags, skis, radios, boots and shoes, table ranges, hockey and lacrosse sticks, English and Western saddles, personal computers, fruit chews and toffee popcorn, controlled substances, soccer balls, stationery and books, boxes of blankets, the Dum-Dum pops, the Mystic mints, rolled-up rugs and sleeping bags, cartons of phonograph records and cassettes, bicycles, stereo sets, birth control pills and devices, inflated rafts, bows and arrows, tennis rackets, hairdryers and styling irons, suitcases full of light and heavy clothing, quilts, sheets.

As they blipped in, bearing such gifts, we sent them to the kitchen, so as to contribute to the blistering brew boiling for next week's meals. They were to wait there for at least a night and a day, whereupon Erskine would deliver his 30-page sentence (*en vez de ser condenadx a una página larga y tendida*). While waiting, we overheard from each guest.

The overall effect was harrowing as they cursed, with diabolical relish, *yet with equal disinterest*, a catalog of chthonian [καθ' αὐτό] horrors, each of which was a Coleridgean affront to Wordsworthian well-wishing. It was full of outbreaks of violence and lurid imaginings of death and torture. We witnessed, or witnessed via these witnesses:

Tramplings under trams, crumpled cable cars before friday morning work, hair-pulling, *a nature without a mother*, hearts on sleeves, literally, stabbings with lit candles, lit candles upon ankles, the kicking-out of brains by horses, whippings, grippings, and strippings of skin, the reading of *Wuthering Heights* or *Frankenstein*, scratchings, crumpled cars after friday-night fun, kickings, stair-tumblings, the splitting of nails with nails, raw natural energy and uncontrolled metamorphoses, roof-jumpings, shrieking metal musicians being violent, not merely in music, fire-stares, head-slamming in doors, bleeding hearts, literally, thrashings, slappings, cuffings, jumbled lungs, prolapsed, gougings, pinchings, wrenchings, and the (heinous) hanging of dogs.

Good thing we ourselves hadn't eaten yet. Indeed, Mr Knott heard no word of this, taking his food sometime between the hours of 4 and 9 PM.

*This document contains manipulated text and remembered plot (à la Beck's Record Club) from Samuel Beckett's Watt, Karen Finley's Shock Treatment, Danilo Kis's A Tomb For Boris Davidovich, Don DeLillo's White Noise, and Camille Paglia's Sexual Personae. The manipulation is inspired by the Dadaist cut-up technique, as popularized by William S. Burroughs, and implemented in the lazy code of a Python. Let it be not unassociated with the unfit and unfortunate history of secondary sources.*

-nonnulla, fall 2020