

memo

Tuesday, March 30, 2004

To: Reason

From: Rejecter

Re: It's nearly 9 o'clock p.m., there has to be something!

Re: Resistentialism and the Graduated Hostility of Things

Re: A llw orka ndn op lay make sja ckad ullbo y

Re: “. . . but all the things that most exasperate and outrage mortal man, all these things are bodiless, but only bodiless as objects, not as agents.”

—Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick*

Re: The number of mostly undecorated cubicles –or– Making John Trinkaus Proudish

Re: Feeling ripped-off by the “The Back Page” by Michael Crawford in the April 5, 2004, *New Yorker*

Re: something that ends in “irty”

Re: From part XXX, “Felon Gang Rape,” of the prologue to the book, *Gonging the Faloon: A Life in So Very Many Parts, Each of Which is Smaller Than the Pimmel Presented to Poor Percival Punkin's Posterior Private-Parts*

Re: And if you can't do that, then you're too stupid to live!

Re: Even further extraneous canes among the down and out

Re: I will sit here on the paper and stare at the ceiling until I am done