

# **SCOTT'S CONCISE ADVANCED SUBJECTIVE DICTIONARY**

**of confused ramblings  
inane arrogant musings  
asinine pitiful opinions  
self-indulgent monologues  
irrelevant undesired anecdotes  
unhinged emotional outbursts  
and the odd crappy one-liner.**

*by Daniel Scott*

I dedicate this book to the others. My lovers, friends, family, teachers, colleagues and acquaintances, critics and enemies, everyone I have ever met or seen and has shaped me, in whatever grand or minuscule way, into the buffoon I am today.

Although, after reading the book, such a dedication may come off more as an insult than an honour. Sorry about that.

Some entries are autobiographical.  
To protect the privacy of others, I have redacted their names.



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# MASTER THESIS OF AUDIOVISUAL ARTS

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**APOLOGY****[ə'pɒl.ə.dʒi] n**

I wrote this book to meet the demands of an academic education. Much like this book, I'm quite sure the diploma will amount to little more than an extremely costly and wasteful design of toilet paper, but I was brought up believing that it had to be done and so I do so unquestioningly. Apart from the impertinent and ungrateful gibes. Although this book isn't designed to be read in order, I wrote the following two entries on ANCESTRY and ART as a sort of introduction, but before that must come a disclaimer: If you are not familiar with me or my work, I would like to warn you that portions of it are explicit and erotic in nature and handle sensitive topics, such as sexuality and interpersonal relationships - with all the difficulties and confusion that may entail. My work is greatly influenced by my personal sexual and romantic experiences and desires. I do not attempt to be inclusive or diverse in handling these topics, I represent my own point of view only, my subjective story. A sometimes creepy, needy, horny, dirty or kinky story, but a personal and

real one. If you are offended by such content I would still love you to read on, but I apologise in advance for the discomfort it may cause you and wish you all the best in recovering from whatever illness has robbed you of your sense of humour. If that little jibe there caused a stir of outrage in you, then it's exactly you I am writing this disclaimer for. I am well aware that the aforementioned illness is not yours, but a societal one. I also resent the culture of heteronormativity, gender inequality and tribalism we live in and the violence and terror that is spawned from these ideologies. I try my best to express my feelings as honestly and straightforwardly as I can, so as to avoid confusion, and with an air of joy and playfulness, so as to emphasise the pleasure of it, not the politically depressing reality of the culture. I understand the frustration, indignation and anger one might feel about how gender and sex is treated in society. Protest and resistance are important and anyone fighting for a better sexual culture has my full solidarity. I think speaking genuinely and openly as possible is, in a small way, part of this fight. By trying

to do this and opening myself up to criticism I hope to encourage reflection and dialog, ultimately improving myself and the world around me. This includes showing parts of myself you might feel disgusted or offended by, my darkness and my mistakes and the things about me that are just plain wrong. We all have such things inside us and it's my firm belief that only by showing them do we stand a chance of changing them. With that out of the way, I invite you to browse at your leisure and hope that this book, if it fails to be insightful or entertaining, will at the very least serve to inspire some sort of brain or body activity, be it nothing but an expulsion of the contents of your stomach or a snort of self-satisfied contempt.

## ANCESTRY

[*'æn.səs.tɹi*] *n*

Imagine, many millions of years ago, our most ancient ancestor climb down from the trees. It's mind expanding, synapses popping and fizzing with strange new impressions and notions. As our primate predecessor makes its first step onto the muddy ground it notices its own footprint in the dirt. For the first time it sees itself. It awakens to con-

science, discovers that it and the world it inhabits are two separate entities, each with the power to shape the Other. It realises past and present. It recognises causality. It begins to conceive of the future. After discovering the surrounding world, it immediately comes across another: it has opened the door to the possible, the fantastic. Somewhere, long ago, imagination was born. Clumsily, our prehistoric friend jabs a finger into the dirt in an attempt to exert this newly discovered power, the echoing screams and howls of its animal past rattling though it's head. It drags its digit through the muck, confused and overwhelmed by these new feelings bubbling to the surface. Before our ancestor wanders off into the distance, headed out on the first steps of a journey that will bring forth human kind, it takes one last glance back at the symbols it has carved into the mud and smiles to itself, satisfied with its crude rendition of genetalia. Maybe, all those millions of years ago, the whole reason our primate progenitors first dropped down to the ground was to impress another such creature with its ability to stand upon its rear feet

and show off its experimental new courtship dance. Or maybe it just wanted a better angle to view its companion's underside. Surely, in the distant past, the inventive souls that could produce more outlandish grunts and squeals than their competitors would attract considerable attention from their objects of desire, just like the mating calls and songs of the birds and beasts from which these expressions evolved. It was sex that gave us language. Everything we have and everything we are, from our bodies to our history, is sexual. You might consider this an exaggerated or hyperbolic, a lazy reduction of our complicated situation to a single theme. Sexuality, even in an era of omnipresent, sexualised media and advertising, freely available pornography and alleged sexual liberty, has always been shrouded in an impenetrable fog of secrecy, taboo and shame. Regardless of what you think about sexuality and its place in our lives, it's undeniably a huge influencing factor. It has been so from the earliest age of humankind and will likely continue to be so for the foreseeable future.

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## ART

[a:t] n

Let's be honest with ourselves now, it's all bollocks. Like words and religion, it exists only due to the belief in its existence. It's the product of magical thinking. For all intents and purposes, the term "art" is meaningless, unless referring to the corrupt world of tax avoidance, money laundering, insider trading and speculation of the art market. I was sitting in the car with [X], when he asked: "What would you do if the SMAK gave you one of their big halls to make a grand exhibition?". He was trying to lure me in to working (for free) for his festival, with promises of a potential hook-up with the local contemporary art museum. "I don't really think about that kind of thing", I answered, "I just do this to impress women, I couldn't care less about art!". He laughed. "I appreciate your honesty. Don't you want to be a professional artist? What about your website? Is that also just to get laid?". I hesitated. A professional artist. It sounds wrong to me, repulsive even. "It's just a kind of archive, something to talk about. A way to show parts

of myself I couldn't in another way, or would find difficult to." I didn't say that last part out loud, it was too difficult.

### ATTENTION

[ə'ten.ʃən] *n*

Pretend like you don't give a fuck and you will get attention.

### AUTOMATIC

[ɔ:tə'mætɪk] *adj n*

I want to bang most people I meet. This is simultaneously the worst and best thing about me. It's really quite exhausting, but I can't help it.

### AVOID

[ə'vɔɪd] *n*

Step to me and I will get out of the way. By doing so, I silence you, take away your ability to ask me to make way. Domination through subordination.

### BAR

[bɑ:] *n*

A bar without live music and women is a terrible place.

### BEAUTY

['bju:ti] *adj n v*

Sitting in the bus from Evere to De Brouckère on the way home from the dentist, I pass hundreds, if not thousands, of homes. Grey, featureless, concrete blocks. Cramped, crumbling houses with ground floor shops, dirty and run-down,

but full of character and history. Fancy, old terrace houses with white stone balconies and walls of weathered red brick. As I'm staring out the window I find myself compelled to judge these buildings, aesthetically. Is beauty a product of comparison? Does it require a frame of reference or can it exist on its own. After a short while of pondering I come to a conclusion: yes, of course. Everything does. I would end this entry right here because it seems self-explanatory, but just a few days later I come across a moment in D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers" which touches on a similar subject: "I wonder if you would run, my boy," his mother wrote to him "unless you saw all the other men chasing her too." I can understand Mrs. Morel's criticism, but at the same time it bothers me. It's equally possible one might have the opposite reaction, feeling disdain for the popularity the girl has with men. Or one might be attracted to a woman by how she is different from Others, not by how she is superior. Not more attractive or interesting, but differently so. Just like these buildings. Some are better than oth-

ers, but each has its own charm. It's true that beauty requires comparison, any value judgement does, but comparison is not the same as competition.

### **BELIEF**

*[br'li:f]* **n**

All anyone really wants is to belong. We wear what we wear to belong, we go to this event but not that one, we speak with some but not others. As we flail about helplessly, screaming "I want to belong!" all we end up doing is hitting one another. But maybe we desire not to belong, but to exclude. The left ask for solidarity, the right demand loyalty and those in-between want allegiance. None can offer belonging in return. We are condemned to eternal solitude. Others offers the company of spectres and ghosts. They distrust their senses so much they would rather live in a world of fantasy. Don't they realise they are here? Can't they smell the stench of humanity? Does the electric light not burn in their eyes and the deafening roar of the machines ring in their ears? How ironic that those who doubt the most call themselves believers. I don't trust creation. They don't trust perception.

I don't think we're gonna get along very well.

### **BIKINI**

*[br'ki:ni]* **n**

As we were sitting on the beach, I couldn't help but notice how great her body looked in her tiny bikini. I felt guilty looking at her, so I just shamefully pretended to be drawing other sexy women in bikinis, all the while sneakily drawing her, but changing the face.

### **BITTER**

*['bit<sup>h</sup>ə]* **adj n v**

"Why do you always get so bitter when you think about something for more than a second?" she asked. I just feel like it isn't really taking me anywhere. Like this book. There is nothing in here that I'm not already painfully aware of. I have been going around in this circle so many times for so long, I really know it off by heart by now. Also, I am sick and tired of the intellectual. The theory and practice of the social experience are so contrary that they negate each other. Fancy words and deep analysis serve only to feed the pride of the solitary thinker, a rationalisation of the lonely and self-righteous. This makes me bitter.



**BLACK****[blæk] adj n v**

One time I wrote in my diary: “There are so many hot non-white women in Brussels!” and I was terrified of getting in trouble for it, but nobody ever mentioned it. I guess it’s not racist.

**BLIND****[blaɪnd] adj adv n v**

If I was blind, I wouldn’t draw. If I wouldn’t draw, I would be blind.

**BLISS****[blɪs] n**

One with eyes so dark, it’s like staring down death. One with lips so full, you can only dream of the taste. One so pale and bright, the blood rushes through you in her place. There is nothing dividing pain from bliss.

**BODY****[ˈbɒdi] n**

“You’re weird!” [X] said, after I kissed her on the lips, having just explained I didn’t want to sleep with or see her again. It’s not the first time I’ve found myself in this awkward situation. It makes me wonder about the actual meaning of the word “attraction”. I’ve been intimate with people I wasn’t attracted to before, but still always very much enjoyed the experience,

honestly and uprightly, on a sensual level. It makes me wonder about the duality of body and mind, whether I have split the two too effectively from one another. The mind I respect, ethically, the body I admire, aesthetically. Selectively doing only one of these things seems to evoke two contrasting reactions. When we ignore a lack of physical appreciation and let our affection for someone’s character compensate, when we let the ethics of the one cast a shadow on the aesthetics of the Other, we are deep and loving, our relationship is considered meaningful. When we neglect a person’s mental shortcomings because of their bodily allure, when aesthetics engulfs ethics, it is considered disrespectful, exploitative and opportunistic. We call it objectification. Aren’t they both just opposite sides of the same coin? Either way, I luckily never heard from [X] again. She had a great body but her face was 20 years ahead of her.

**BORING****[ˈbɔːrɪŋ] adj n v**

I’ve tried women, men and in-between. Thick, thin, soft and hard. Singles and groups. I’m

statistically adventurous. But statistics are boring, I am boring.

**BRA**

**[bra:] n**

Underneath her jeans jacket she wore nothing but a bra.

**CHILL**

**[tʃɪl] adj n v**

My ex-girlfriend is freaking out because we had sex again after partying together. Secretly though, I would have rather had sex with her friend. I never told her though, it would just make things worse.

**CIRCLE**

**['sɜ:.kəl] n v**

If, as recommended, you have been browsing this dictionary in non-linear order, you may have noticed some recurring themes and subjects. I make GIF animations and electronic music. I think in circles.

**CLICHÉ**

**['kli:ʃeɪ] adj n v**

People don't just think in clichés, they feel in them.

**COMPETE**

**[kəm.'pi:t] v**

There was another kid drawing at the bar. I didn't like it. He was drawing people and showing them his drawings, just like I do. This is my schtick!

**CONCERT**

**['kən'sɜ:t] n v**

Before you end your day on a bad note, listen to someone else's.

**CONSENT**

**['kən'sent] n v**

There is a problem inherent to truth. We can try our best to be as honest as possible about ourselves and more cautious with others, in the spirit of compromise, in the hope that they are infected by the honesty and do the same. The first great difficulty is that this approach relies heavily on our and the others' ability to perceive ourselves and one another correctly, a notoriously weak trait in even the most astute of people. Secondly, the technique breaks down as soon as we are forced to our express feelings towards others, because they automatically include statements about them and our relationship to them – a form of incursion, an intrusion into the universe of the other for which it is impossible to attain real consent, because simply perceiving them already represents such a breach. We allow ourselves to invade the privacy, personal space and comfort zones of others in order to connect.

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It is a necessity. Otherwise we are stranded in a hermetically sealed bubble, unable to ever experience anything but ourselves. Also, we must permit them to do the same with us. It seems the realisation of the other and the work of constructing our morality that this experience provokes, unavoidably stains us with guilt. We fail at true honesty and at both providing and receiving real consent, so we are forced to compromise, dirtying our hands with lies and omission along the way. In the face of such a predicament it's easy to see how a belief such as Christianity and similar shame-based power structures can gain such traction. We make do with a more malleable version of consent and put our idealist, absolute concept to one side. This is a tricky and dangerous manoeuvre. How far can one go? In essence all attempts at answering these are variations on the same theme: feeling out and discerning the sensibilities of the other through various test-like interactions of varying degrees of intensity. A polite remark, an admiring gaze, a revealing comment, a tentative touch, a lewd joke, a brash declaration, a careless grope, a

violent assault – these tests are manifold and each come with an endless list of caveats, rules and often unspoken, unknown and constantly changing social and cultural norms that are confusing and conflicting as well as highly subjective and individual. It is in this chaotic mess we are forced to conduct our social interactions. Feeling each other out this way we establish relationships and learn about one another and ourselves. We also gain broader knowledge and experiences that we can apply to others. Just to make things even worse, the transposition of personal experience and culturally acquired knowledge on how to interact from one encounter to another is notoriously unreliable. In normal English, what worked with one person won't always work with another. It leads us to make presumptions, aided by mortality and HASTE. We fore-judge, ignore and abuse each other in this way even further. Constantly and unwillingly we are manipulative, coercive and deceptive. When we turn our attention to the sexual dimension of this problem, things become greatly complicated to a nauseating degree. Expressing

one's sexuality is a matter of incredible delicacy, for a large part thanks to the aforementioned interference of religious and political powers. Sex, although largely treated as a personal matter in our culture, is of immense social importance. It is where the personal and political collide, the intersection between existential loneliness and the discovery of the other, the window to the world outside our minds. It is the body telling the mind "you are not alone", the sensual proof, the bridge between consciences. When looking through my diaries I find this struggle, along with the feelings that relate to it, to be one of the strongest and most commonly recurring themes.

### CONSUME

**[kən'sju:m] v**

The feeling of being desired can be a product. You can have it for €50. But it doesn't last.

### CREATION

**[kri:'eɪʃən] n**

The human mind was not designed to see a fellow one's behind without it feeling some sensation turn it's mind to fornication. Don't let this drive you to frustration, you owe to this your own creation.

### CRY

**[kɹaɪ] n v**

I'm quite pretty when I cry. This realisation has permanently ruined crying for me, as now whichever tragic circumstance gave arise to my breaking out in tears is instantly extinguished by my vanity.

### CULTURE

**['kʌltʃə] n v**

I see it again and again on flyers and announcements of parties and dance events: "No dogs, no drugs, no own drinks, no graffiti, respect the venue!". OK, about the dogs I really don't care, but without drugs dance culture wouldn't even exist, only proper concerts can pull that off (and that just barely). The organisers know it, the DJ's know it and they all take drugs themselves. Bringing your own drink is completely legitimate. Within reason of course. Turning up with a keg of beer and six bottles of whiskey each is exaggerated. If anything, allowing for self-brought drink will fill a venue faster and grow the party mood earlier, as people don't have to drink at home to warm up. People will still consume at the bar later on, maybe even more. Graffiti or stickers are an expression

of culture, so forbidding them at a “cultural” event is hypocritical. None of these mandates have anything to do with “respecting the venue”, but are rather about demanding monetary homage to the organiser, who has mistaken culture for career. Where is the respect for the party-goer? The people who make the organisers’ existence even possible. This is why culture and capitalism are incompatible. This is why art as profession (see ART and XEROX) is impossible. Culture does not need money. Culture is the product of the collective activity of the people, regardless of any other factor. Sure, making profit is one of these activities, but were it not, culture would remain. Even if each and every person in the world were to slip into a catatonic state of paralysis and do nothing at all, culture would prevail. Admittedly a strange culture of total inactivity, followed by starvation and decay, but still a culture! Money leeches off culture. Culture is not art or music, literature or theatre, it is not media, entertainment, religion, tradition, politics or economy. These are just expressions of culture. Culture is simply the “things we do”.

I demand a complete suspension of all cultural, industrial and other subsidies, replaced with an all-inclusive universal income, sufficiently high to cover modest living costs for any and every individual on earth, accompanied by an ultra-welfare state, with free public services like transport, health, energy, water, security, education, ateliers and workshops, paid for by exuberant taxes on all transactions. This would encourage DIY attitudes, free up time for and motivate curiosity, craftsmanship and learning, provide the safety, energy and freedom to pursue experience, reflection and interaction. Then we can talk about culture.

### **DARK**

**[da:k] adj n v**

Then it suddenly dawned on me: to draw is to add darkness! The medieval monks were mistaken in calling it illumination.

### **DATE**

**[deɪt] n v**

The guy felt compelled to sign and date his drawing. This is an odd tradition. I date my sketchbooks, for archival purposes, but not each drawing. It seems a bit ridiculous to me, I feel strange doing so. Now that I read it, I no-

tice what a strange term that is. I date my sketchbooks. Like dating a woman? Why do we use that word? Not when applying a time signature to something, that's obvious, but when we say "to date someone" or to be "on a date". Very strange.

## DEATH

[dɛθ] n

Our existence is nothing but a meaningless, aimless slog. We are dragged along, with no agency or choice, our fates predestined from birth. The outlook is bleak: our lives a futile wade through and increasingly deepening sea of ignorance and doubt until our final submersion and drowning in unimaginable emptiness. We are exploited and manipulated by powers beyond our grasp, shuffled and herded around like livestock by a force too great to comprehend. It is not some badly conceived supernatural being, a poisonous, corrupt economic and political system, confusing cultural heritage or evolutionary biological imperative. These are merely the offspring of our actual ruthless mistress: death. But mortality has many children. It is for these children, all born from our recognition

of death, that we persist. As we contemplate death, she bears us HASTE, who in turn births desire, lust, ambition and so forth, who themselves deliver us LOVE, care, JEALOUSY, greed and so on and so on. All the conceivable driving forces that keep us moving, for better or worse, have their roots in death. As she draws closer we push, shove, barge and nudge, ignore, exclude and exploit, rob, rape, torture and murder each other in our desperate scramble to get one step ahead of not only our macabre pursuer but of one another, in the misguided belief that if only we can stay in front, death will come first to those behind us. Or we can attempt, in an equally foolish but more noble vein, to stubbornly defy her through protecting, providing, cooperating and supporting the collective, hoping that through unity, love and solidarity we can continue in some way and defeat this morbid spectre of our haunting. More commonly, if not universally, we combine these philosophies of resistance, applying one to a selection of our mortal comrades and the other to the rest, while holding the para-

doxical whole together with the sticky sensual glue that is enjoying the little time we have on our journey into the void and, knowing the frivolousness of our endeavour, at least not go out in solitude. It is this binding substance that interests me most of all. In the face of the absurd worthlessness of everything, the unjustifiable evil and equally unjustifiable virtue of our actions, the absurd and surreal, the confusion and bewilderment, there somehow shines through a thing of true and undeniable BEAUTY. Where there should be nothing, there is the bliss of taste, smell, sound, sight and touch. We find it in cuisine, music, poetry, art and so on, but nowhere is it more present than when we experience the greatest sense of them all: the OTHER.

### DEMON

**[di:mən] n**

A drawing a day keeps the demons at bay, or so the doctors say.

### DISTRACTION

**[dis'trækʃən] n**

While we were talking, she took off her jumper, pulling it over her head, causing me a minor heart-attack, albeit a pleasurable

one. She was really cool and I wanted to chat, but her breasts were simply too distracting.

### DOPAMINE

**[dəʊpəmi:n] n**

When I see an other's face, my brain kicks into overdrive. All neurons fire, synapses spark and chemicals froth as they are pumped through me. Animal urges; fight, flight or fuck; psychological aberrations; desire, fear, empathy; social constructs and assumptions; aesthetics, politics, judgement - a storm of activity blasts through my mind. It's like taking a shot of pure dopamine. I'm for sure not alone in experiencing this. Just take the massive success of social media like Instagram and Facebook. A book of faces. We are all addicts here.

### DRUGS

**[drʌgz] n v**

Do you use drugs to connect with others more easily? Have you ever had sex under the influence? Were you ever too wasted to fuck? Have you ever been roofied? Have you ever tried to loosen someone up by offering them drugs?

### ECONOMY

**[i:'kɒn.ə.mi] adj n**

In the huge hall of the massive

complex that is the Belgian National Bank, the floor is of marble and the roof, high above, of glass. Security checks your bags by the entrance as you pass through the metal detector. In one long row of red chairs the people sit, all waiting for one thing: to exchange little bags of small change for more practical coinage. Mostly foreigners and street people in sandals. It's really quite absurd. A wonderful demonstration of capitalism and inequality.

**EGO**

**[i:ɡəʊ] n**

Do you miss me? I miss parts of you. Haha you mean my body? Yeah, I miss you body a lot, but also your mind. And my soul? Oh come on now. What parts don't you miss then? Your ego. Excuse me? You never cared about me, you still don't. I didn't miss your ego either.

**EMPTY**

**[i'empti] adj n v**

Her art made me think differently about drawing. To her it seemed like pointless lines, keeping busy, trying to fill the emptiness of life by filling the empty paper with black. But [X], that is just one way to draw! The emptiness is too great to fill, but

you can share it, give it and take it away from each other. You can turn it into a rainbow of emptiness.

**ENVIRONMENT**

**[ɪn'vaɪə(n)mənt] n**

Love, unlike other physical needs, like food, water, air and sleep, cannot be obtained by exploiting natural resources. Unless they discover an underground pussy reserve.

**ETERNITY**

**[ɪ'tɜ:.nə.ti] n**

I, like most people, am not a fan of DEATH. The obvious conclusion then, in my eyes, is to be very much a fan of immortality. With this opinion I seem to be not so much like most people though. In countless conversations with friends I have been met with a total lack of understanding, sometimes even disgust, at my idea that living forever would be amazing. It's always the same story: all your friends will die, you will become bored, history repeats itself and so on. I have to call bullshit on these arguments. It would take hundreds of years to travel the globe and experience even just a fraction of the glory and beauty of our diverse existence, by which time so much



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will have changed that you can go around all over again and nothing will be the same! What a delightful and gratifying eternity that would be! Just imagine: in music alone, for every second that passes a multitude of seconds of music are created! Boredom is the last thing I would be worried about. The response: surely you would become desensitised and insatiable, craving only more and more intense experiences? I wager the exact opposite – your eye for detail would only sharpen, given your lack of urgency and you would savour every infinitesimal variation. This argument is usually accepted or at least tolerated, but then comes the next counter: what about the constant loss of your loved ones? Yes, they will die, again and again, but we lose people in our short lives too and if you are unable to come to terms with it, I would consider that an unhealthy sentiment. That's when they start to look at me with a worried expression. How can he be so cynical, cold and uncaring? SENTIMENTAL pain is pain, of course, but a beautiful one. Even if my immortality were to include the ability of

infinite memory (which I never specifically asked for and runs counter to my real-life goldfish brain) I wouldn't suffer from the recollection of their passing – I would revel in the memory of our shared experiences. To me, being able to come to terms with the loss of a loved one is the polar opposite of cynicism. I suppose this animosity is largely because of the depiction of the tragic vampire and the detached superhero we are accustomed to from literature, art and media. Not once have I managed to persuade anyone of my viewpoint on the subject and some, to my total perplexity, have even taken personal offence in it. In Nick Bostrom's paper, "The Fable of the Dragon-Tyrant", we are told the tale of a dragon who demands a constant stream of human sacrifices, but (apart from a few rebellious souls) the general populace see the beast as a necessary evil. At some point a young child speaks out against the dragon and sets in motion a united effort against it. The dragon in the text is a metaphor for age, but my dragon is death itself and when I speak out against it I am greeted only

with confusion or hostility. Eternity, if you can just learn to brighten the fuck up, would be bloody delightful!

## ETHICS

[*'εθ.ɪks*] *n*

What is right and wrong? When confronted with the other we are instantly inclined to construct some sort of system of values. When we realise we are not solitary, ghostly “souls”, swimming in some lonesome, uncertain dream world, we are confronted with the problem of how to deal with this other. The first potentially useful value that springs to mind is truth, after all it is transparency and honesty that makes us able to perceive reality (and with it, the other) in the first place. Pragmatism is the enemy of truth. When we try to direct or control the outcome of events by distorting or withholding information for the sake of functionality, we inadvertently damage reality. Weighing our words, calculating and strategising, is doing a disservice to honesty. But speaking raw and unfiltered can cause offence and hurt feelings, seemingly in conflict with our desire for truth. Straightforwardness can elicit an irrational, negative response

or defensiveness and cause insult. This has conditioned many of us to fear speaking frankly and forwardly. It's tempting to put directness contrapositive to consideration, to empathy – another evident early value for our construct. But is this really the case? Telling someone what they want to hear and respecting them are two very different things. It seems equally plausible that one has to be willing to hurt the other in order to uphold the value of truth and the related concepts of fairness, justice and impartiality that are derived from it. Regarding business and work life, anyone I have ever asked considers it not only acceptable but even necessary to hold back and lie to a certain degree, just to keep the ball rolling and the income flowing. This “eyes down, mouth shut” work ethic is a whole different can of worms I'm not going to go into here, with far-reaching consequences that corrupt our society and give stimulation to exploitative behaviour. Despite my disdain for this attitude, I've been complicit countless times in my life and I know of nobody who hasn't, resulting in a base level of guilt and disgust regard-

ing myself and everyone else. To break from this cycle seems impossible, but we can at the very least try our best not to let this corruption seep into our private lives. Most of us aren't free-spirited rebels with a barbed tongue and ruthless confidence and the few examples of such people that history provides us with paint a picture of only greater suffering and cruelty, rather than improvement. When thinking of adjectives I associate with the word "truth", many that come to mind are less than inviting: cold, hard, brutal, blunt, tough, painful. Hardly descriptions associated with ethical experiences. They make me think more of DEATH.

### EXPLORE

**[ɪk'splɔː]** *n v*

A body worth exploring, discovering, loving. A body like every other.

### FAIL

**[feɪl]** *adj n v*

Sometimes things do not work out.

### FAITH

**[feɪθ]** *n*

Are you jealous when someone you are attracted to is paying more attention to someone other than you? Have you ever cheat-

ed on a partner or been cheated on? Has someone cheated on their partner with you? Would you forgive your partner for cheating on you? Have you considered group sex and open relationships? Would you sleep with the love interest of a friend? Would you sleep with a friend? I have done all of these things and don't feel particularly strongly about any of them.

### FANTASY

**['fæntəsi]** *n*

Was erotic imagery the original imagery? I was taught that cave paintings are considered to be of magical and religious origin, hunting or fertility charms and so on, but I find it equally plausible that they had a sexual function. Animals are very capable of masturbation and fiercely competitive in courtship. If we consider the emergence of human conscience from an animal brain as a fluid process, with art being created somewhere along the way, surely the sexual drive was a considerably more important and older factor in the invention of imagery than abstract mystical ideas, such as magic, which must have come much later in the development of human sentience. It makes more

sense to me that our ancestors were imprinting their genitals in the mud for pleasure, whittling phalluses for boasting to potential mates and scratching genitalia into cave walls to wank over on a lonely night than any other reason. Much of early art was, I can easily imagine, created but as an afterthought to sexual gratification. When expressing our (sexual) fantasies, we inadvertently reveal our deepest feelings and our true nature, or at the very least some parts thereof. Analysing our desires gives some insight into the workings of our souls. A part of our life that usually takes place in the realm of the private, behind closed doors and curtains. To understand each other better, we must become voyeurs, leering through a keyhole at the forbidden, saucy secrets of life. Our fantasies are not restricted to sexuality. There are also romantic fantasies. These are usually more complicated and maybe even more telling of our inner workings than our sexual desires, which are comparatively simple and concrete. Our sexual fantasies are an expression of our personal desires, our individual curiosity and longing

for an experience in which others are usually just actors and we the director. Our romantic fantasies are considerably more complex and convoluted. In romantic fantasy the other is an autonomous entity. The things we wish to share or imagine to experience in love take the form of a continuous process, not a product. This comes with a whole bag of complications we skip over in the closed events that make our sexual fantasies. See the entry on the **UNIQUE** for more on this subject.

### **FEAR**

**[fɪə]** *n v*

I'm not afraid of myself, I'm afraid of you being afraid of me. So I stink of fear, inside and out. You can smell it, so you become afraid. Or so I fear.

### **FOOD**

**[fu:d]** *n*

After all my bitching about mortality, I have to concede, there is one thing about **DEATH** that I am truly obsessed with, in a positive way. I absolutely love food. It is so much more than a means to or necessity of survival. Cultivating and preparing food is real **ART**. Painting and poetry can fuck right off, I will take a farmer over a sculptor

and a cook over a musician any day! If you make food you are not only a provider of life, but an ambassador of the OTHER. Through preparing food for each other and eating said preparations, we touch. I am hard-pressed to rank bodily and culinary intimacy, to me they are of equal value. Of course, exchanging bodily fluids and nourishment simultaneously is twice the fun, but I'm happy with either. I understand that this could be, at a glance, understood as a very conservative desire for a woman to cook for me and satisfy me sexually, but I assure you this not a one-sided desire: I also love to cook and take great pride and pleasure in doing so. I'll merrily slave away in the kitchen for hours just to see (even platonic) friends take pleasure in the results. Good food transcends borders: social, national, cultural and personal. All the more distressing it is to me to see how we are manipulated by food myths. Like with sexuality, the "powers that be" have recognised that to control our diet is to control us. It doesn't take a genius to understand that there are only three rules to a good diet and even the

third one is debatable. First: eat! It seems redundant even to say it, but the by far most unhealthy diet is not eating. Secondly: eat as many different things as you can. Who cares if it makes you fart (I'm looking at you, lactose and gluten intolerant folks) or if it requires murder (why is killing plants less horrible than killing animals?), just don't eat the same shit every day. Thirdly: if it makes you sick, it's not food. As a passionate drinker, chain smoker and frequent narcotics consumer I'm not so sure about that last one, but it depends on your definition of "food". What I'm trying to say is: if you feel bad about eating something, check the three rules. Is It food? Probably. Have you eaten other things recently or only this? If not, get something else. Is it damaging your body? Only if it is directly causing you anaphylaxis or (long-term and undesired) psychosis. Don't give a shit about what people say regarding what and how to eat, it's just a means to distract you. What about cancer (or some similar long-term consequence)? I hear you ask. I don't know, do I look like a fucking scientist?

**FORCE****[fɔ:s]** *n v*

If you're not sure whether your actions are making someone uncomfortable or not, should you still do them? When does confidence become violence? How much of an other's inhibitions is one allowed to ignore or attempt to overcome?

**FRACTURE****[ˈfræktʃə]** *n v*

I've noticed something interesting. Often times, when I write into my diary or on a drawing, I will spell the letters of words out of order. Not from left to right, but starting with the second letter, jumping back to the first and then finishing the word or some similar disjointed sequence. When writing sentences I sometimes skip entire words. At first I thought this to be a side effect of my alcohol and drug abuse, my encroaching masturbation-induced madness and the impatience that results from my obsession with death. But then I worked out where it comes from: it is similar to one of my drawing techniques! When drawing a figure I will sometimes jump from hand to face, knee to chin, nose to nipple, foreground to background

in seemingly arbitrary order. The more chaotic and fractured I draw, the better the resulting drawing often is. This technique seems to bleed into my writing as well. At least that's what I tell myself in an attempt to ignore my slowly loosening grip on reality and sanity.

**FRIENDS****[ˈfriɛndz]** *n v*

He could identify with my diaries, but I was afraid to ask why. I'll ask next time.

**GAY****[geɪ]** *adj n v*

"I understand why everyone is gay in this country," she said, talking about the typical Belgian guy.

**GAZE****[geɪz]** *n v*

Everybody knows that feeling, when you see someone and can't help but stare. Something about them pulls you in like a kind of GRAVITY, an attractive force beyond your control, like a moth to a light-bulb. This happens to me constantly. Is it just low standards, an obsessive compulsion, loneliness or some emotional deficiency on my part? Probably, yes. Excessive infatuation is surrounded by negative connotations. Objectification, woman-

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ising, philandering, creepiness, obsession. These terms imply shameful, wrongdoing and illness. But why? To me these moments are the realest emotional and most beautiful sensual experiences possible. Like many children in Europe, I was told not to stare. It may cause discomfort to the subject of my gaze. This is so deeply ingrained into my mind that I have some difficulty looking at others, even friends and loved ones, at times. The discomfort I was told I may cause them is pre-emptively felt by myself, without any certainty of it actually being real, which I often suspect could be picked up on by the other, in turn making my prognosis come true and causing me even more discomfort, thus beginning a feedback cycle of ill ease. Again, a presumption injected by society. But I intensely desire to look at others and to document the experience in my drawings. How to overcome this discomfort? Staring secretly from a dark corner is not a good solution to the problem. In the shadows, shame only grows stronger. To take this dark path is to amplify the feedback loop of projected discomfort until it becomes

a painful, destructive noise. In secrecy, a feeling or desire can grow and fester unchecked, unguided. Asking directly for permission to look at someone is also not a satisfactory solution. Not only does it require no small degree of courage to approach a stranger with such a demand, but it usually only serves to make them self-conscious, ruining or distorting the natural beauty which attracted my gaze in the first place. Still, I attempt this as often as I can, as I think it to be the most fair solution for both of us. Additionally, it opens a channel of communication, the whole driving force behind my work. But often I lack the confidence to invade the space of others with my strange request and resort to alcohol and drugs to overcome my inhibitions. This chemically induced shamelessness has resulted in many beautiful encounters, but also a few offensive and uncomfortable ones. Though my less honourable invasions (sober or otherwise) into the personal space of others have never been more than a minor annoyance, I am aware of some of the difficulties and dangers especially women face in this regard and put

some effort into increasing this awareness. Knowing I can never truly get a real grasp of how it feels to be a woman is no help in boosting my confidence and I'm forced to clumsily paddle through a soupy river of ignorance and misguided preconceptions, attempting to find an alternative, entertaining, inviting and positive method for making a connection. Another option is to concentrate on those who have, in essence, publicly given permission to be perceived: performers. This method limits my subjects to a tiny portion of the beautiful people I would like to watch, document and connect with, but is none the less extremely rewarding and satisfying and to the best of my reasoning unambiguously consensual. The easiest, but most narrow solution. Finally, I can choose to watch people in public spaces (where a certain amount of foreign interaction is expected and accepted) in the most open and obvious way possible: by being myself a performer. Bouncing in the middle of a dance-floor with my sketchbook in hand, I become somewhat of a curiosity to the other ravers and often receive comments, requests or

even praise. Laying in a park field among a chaos of pencils, paints and drawing material or spreading my equipment across a café table in plain sight are other examples of this strategy. Although still somewhat invasive, as I am not directly asking permission to my models, a certain trade-off is made: I watch others, but offer myself to be watched by them in return. Putting myself on display like this is slightly less demanding on my confidence and the distraction and concentration the act of drawing demands is a big helping factor in this. It invites curious gazes from others and often results in conversation. Some wish to be drawn, others to draw with me, others simply to see the product or process. I won't deny, the attention I receive is also a great encouragement. The more I receive this positive feedback, the more confidence I gain and the more of myself I dare to pour into my work. Counter-intuitively, my work grows increasingly personal through opening myself to interaction. With the help of my drawings I find the strength to drag my shame out into the light and make a great discovery: many thoughts and



feelings I would have considered offensive to express are greeted with laughter, appreciation and, most importantly, understanding. It is for this reason I also publish my personal diaries (with names or personal information of others usually redacted). In the end it makes no difference anyway. Even if I could come to some conclusion on what an ethical handling of the situation would be, it doesn't matter unless the other agrees, without any need for justification or explanation on their part. This reaction no-one will ever be able to accurately predict. Pure, absolute consent is not possible. I'm aware this reads like the pitiful ramblings of a socially inept neurotic, terrified of intimacy because his mind has been twisted through obsession and loneliness so far he can't perceive others as anything but sex objects, but so mentally weak and overcooked in self-pity he hasn't got the balls to treat them so in real life. I assure you this is only half true – I'm quite able to treat people like sex objects! It is not the goal of this paper to lay bare my personal predicament through some clumsy psychoanalytical conjecture derived

from popular culture, as we are so often inclined to do. Maybe tangentially. Although I'm projecting the subject through the prism of my personal experience and work, the intention in this book is to thematise the other in a more general way. I consider the intricacies and complications of communication which my work concentrates on to be no unique problem of my own, but a shared human experience. We're all essentially fumbling in the dark as we search each-other out.

## GENDER

### *[ˈdʒɛndə]* *n v*

What is your gender? Which gender(s) are you attracted to? What is special about your gender? What is special about the gender(s) you are attracted to? Do you consider yourself a typical member of your gender or feel solidarity for those you perceive as sharing your gender? Have you been mistaken for another gender? Which gender do you think has it more easy? Have you experimented with behaviour typical of a different gender than the one you identify with? Do you feel pressured to act in a specific way because of your gender?

**GOLD***[gəʊld] adj n v*

The taste of your neck. How your leg and arm hair shines gold against your bronze skin. The softness of your left boob. This and much more I will miss when you are gone. But it's hard to write about you when you are still here.

**GRAVITY***['græviti] n*

I've spoken already a few times about my love for looking at people. About the almost narcotic effect of looking at a FACE, about the little details, like a tiny SHADOW that can inspire the feeling of the sublime, about the deep effect it has on me to GAZE at an other. But where does it come from? What's that all about? I can't help but search for psychological explanations - maybe a deep-rooted desire for attention, affirmation and acceptance? Exaggerated feelings of loneliness, anxiety and fear of exclusion? A severe lack of self-worth and confidence? Probably yes, but I sincerely hope I'm more complex than that. For one thing, I don't actually crave attention in a real way - I crave exposure, caring more for the existence of the viewer than for

their reaction. I'm not particularly lonely, I have friends that I care deeply for and lovers I enjoy intimacy with, but I can keep myself busy without trouble and not only enjoy but require plenty of privacy. I'm writing a book about myself - lack of confidence is the least of my problems. This amateur psychology stuff is not a satisfactory explanation. Instead, I present a different theory: the theory of gravity. Not the physical one, of course, that's for actually clever people. I mean human gravity, interpersonal magnetism. I believe each person has a gravitational field (composed of the person's body, behaviour and accessories, everything they perceivably are) and these fields push and pull on each other like planets in space. Depending on our metaphorical mass, momentum and trajectory we interact differently. I think I have fairly small mass and so I'm constantly pulled in by the gravitational fields of other bodies around me, but I'm on such an erratic, high-speed trajectory, that I tend to fling myself right out of the field again quickly, rather than find a stable orbit. After following that metaphor through for even a moment I'm

inclined to self-diagnose again and talk about commitment issues. This bloody psychology stuff creeps in everywhere!

## GROUP

**[gru:p] n v**

Group sex is either a battle of the egos, where you scramble for attention and validation, or an exercise in humility and a meditation on the body, where mind and soul make room for the sensual and the physical. Or it's both.

## GUILT

**[gɪlt] n**

At first I felt guilty for drawing her with a deeper cleavage than in real life, but it's my drawing and I draw what I want!

## HAPPY

**['hæpi:] adj n v**

"Are you happy?" she asked, in an attempt to bring the conversation to a dramatic climax. "I'm all feelings, all the time." I answered. "That's a good answer, I like it".

## HASTE

**[heɪst] n v**

I was listening to a podcast in which the host, Richard Herring, was interviewing comedian Rosie Jones. Due to her cerebral palsy I had some difficulty understanding her and became

frustrated. I found the interview quite entertaining, but had to give up after only a few minutes. What a total arsehole I am, what a piece of shit. But I simply couldn't take it, the slowness and effort in her voice was unbearable. I felt ashamed of and disgusted with myself, but came to an insight about one of my fundamental problems: haste. I don't think I'm alone with this problem. It's the product of our mortality (see the entry on DEATH) and the cause of our evil. Some weeks later I came across another similar piece of human detritus. A friend of a friend of a friend made a post on Facebook, the content of which I neither remember nor is of any importance to the story. What caught my attention was a string of reactions under the post. A student of this person (she was apparently a middle-school teacher) had posted a long string of comments, completely unrelated to the original post, desperately lamenting his bad grades in Dutch. Fittingly, in really quite bad Dutch, even by the standards of a foreigner like myself. Confused, emotional, invasive, alternating between abuse, apology and the absurd.

I wouldn't say it was distressing enough to be considered harassment, but it was clearly somewhat unhinged and quite annoying. Intrigued by this strange character, I checked out his profile and found him to be an avid hater of Muslims, Africans, women, gays and so on. This kid was probably around 12 years old. His profile was plastered with offensive, ignorant, self-righteous, misguided and straight-up false claims and conspiracy theories. The kid was quite clearly a dipshit. Why would I tell this story? What has it got to do with haste? To be honest I'm not sure, but it reminded me of my moment of despair with Rosie Jones. The cliché of young people is that they are famously oblivious of their mortality, so it hardly fits into my "haste" theory of human evil-doing. When I first penned down my thoughts on haste in my diary, I claimed in self-defence that this is also the source of our ingenuity and creativity, but after seeing that kid's Facebook profile I came to realise I was just making excuses for myself. Really, just like him, I'm a stupid, lazy, selfish cunt.

## HEAD

**[hɛd]** *adj n v*

Art historians are only interested in headless women. They should read some Robert Crumb.

## HEALING

**['hi:lɪŋ]** *n v*

What if the only way not to think about her is by thinking about someone else?

## HIVE

**[hæv]** *n v*

As I watch this ant drag along a dead earwig or similar creature, several times its own size, I wonder to myself: do they take breaks? Do they have some insect equivalent of a cigarette? Do they stop and watch the microscopic organisms beneath them toil away endlessly, which to them seem like the ants of my world? Do they recognise the similarities and differences between us all or wonder about their inner lives? Probably not, they're pretty dumb.

## HUGS

**[hʌgz]** *n v*

How amazing are hugs? Analytical and intellectual bullshit really removes me from the body, which is why I harbour a certain animosity towards it. While the jump from pondering life and death to fucking someone from

behind might be too harsh and vulgar a transition, I think almost everyone can get on board with hugs. We can work the rest out from there. The more I am preoccupied with cerebral things (like, just as an example, the texts in this book) the harder for me it becomes to be sensual – an activity I find infinitely more rewarding! When I have strayed too far from the path of the real, the physical, I find myself at the bottom of the ladder – and the first rung is a hug! Maybe the second, if the candidate is a new acquaintance and a hug is inappropriate. After that it all gets better. It can end there and something beautiful has occurred, but a hug is also quickly followed by a kiss, a caress, then a fondle or a grope. Each step of the way the relationship with the other is tested, but the complicated, wordy baggage is already left behind after that first hug, or at the most after the kiss, and things simplify into yes or no, rather than some convoluted discussion. After the these stages, as long as complicity is still implied (full CONSENT being impossible, see entry), it gets into real swing and the fun can begin. But it needs that first hug.

Described like this, intimacy seems ridiculous and repetitive, but so does anything sensual when put into words. Sensuality is not designed for academic scrutiny. Just give a loved one a hug and see what happens. Thank me later.

### **IMPOTENCE**

**[ˈɪmpotənʃə] n**

I once was told that, according to Freud, a man needs to objectify a woman in order to feel sexual arousal. Falling in love only makes this more difficult. I can see where Freud (if it was him that said this) is coming from, but surely the feeling of being admired and desired is also arousing in itself? It's quite a narrow view on arousal. Not to mention, that OBJECTIFICATION is a much more complicated process than one might think (and not nearly as negative as the linguistic bias may imply).

### **IMPULSE**

**[ˈɪmpʌls] n v**

Acting against it is the same as acting with it. Maybe worse. Maybe better. But how does one ignore it?

### **INSIDE**

**[ˈɪnsaɪd] adj adv n**

I went inside her only to discover there was nothing wrong.

I had simply not looked close enough from the outside.

### **INTERESTING**

**[ˈɪntəɪstɪŋ] adj**

Some subjects are not interesting to draw, especially film scenes, landscape photography and fashion.

### **INTUITION**

**[ˌɪntʃʊˈɪʃən] n**

When writing about my work I feel myself grow distant to the work itself. It's one thing to talk about how drawing and perception interplay, but an entirely different thing to sit down and draw. It reminds me of the feeling I get (or more precisely the lack of feeling) when I am working on the programming and engineering of my instruments versus actually playing them. There seems to be a divide between the theoretical, conceptual, technical side and the practical, active, intuitive processes that all together make up "art" - although there is some overlap sometimes. Arguably these elements are of equal value, or their importance is dependant on subjective values of the viewer, but I can't help but feel that the intuitive part is somehow the essential one. I resent long-winded, deep, analytical interpretations

of artworks. I resent writing this book. I'd much rather someone simply say "Oh, I like/hate this!" and be done with it. I'd much rather be somewhere drawing. The intellectual mind always demands a reason, a causality, an explanation. Of course, such additional information can enhance a work - I've been swayed many times by clever comments or analyses to enjoy after all a piece that I previously didn't like - but when faced with the personal, intuitive reaction someone has to something, the analysis, however well constructed, will always be subservient. Actually doing a thing, not thinking or planning, but being right there in the moment, busy with the task, feels glorious. It brings genuine pleasure and excitement. Further processing of a work feels, by comparison, like being sucked out of your body, lifted from the earth into some vague, nebulous ether. Any pleasure I gain from that is merely an expression of my vanity or glee at the idea of possible attention and admiration. Making the work dissolves the ego, talking about it bloats it. More on this in the entry on WORDS.

**JAZZ****[dʒæz] n**

This term gets an entry here for no other reason than that I think you should listen to some, right now! I don't care if it's swing, rag, dixie, gypsie, any of the bops, smooth, latin, african, asian, fusion, free, contemporary or any other imaginable kind. Just give it a listen. I have no clever comment or insight. I just want you to listen. The music will tell you, all by itself, what you need to know. After some listening you will find jazz in other places, musical and otherwise. Jazz is not a genre of music, it is a state of mind. If you are stuck, if you are lost, if you don't understand and don't know why, jazz will help you out. Jazz taught me the most important lesson of my whole life: there is always another gradient, you can always modulate and change some element, however small, and everything, absolutely everything, will shift into a new perspective. Not by reflection, calculation and rationality – by feeling it out! Fuck meditation and deep wisdom bullshit. That is for believers. We test, we feel, we fail, we practice, we improvise. It's the only way.

Everything else is cruelty, lies and domination.

**JEALOUSY****[ˈdʒɛləsi] n**

For as long as I can remember, I have been at war with jealousy. Emotionally, I am furiously susceptible to it. Ideologically, I am fervently opposed to it. I have cheated in every relationship I have ever been, both secretly and openly, forbidden and permitted. Unfaithful, it is commonly called. I don't have faith and am hostile to the very concept. If you are jealous of someone it has nothing to do with them. It is an expression of your own inability to come to terms with the fact that you are not number one. You are not the best. It is the struggle against the realisation that regardless of who you are, you are always and always will be replaceable. Does it hurt? Imagine for a second someone who did believe themselves to be the best, the pinnacle of humanity, beyond criticism, unsurpassable. I writhe in disgust at the thought of such a person. Every time we allow ourselves to be jealous, we are giving this monstrous self-image nourishment and legitimisation. Even when it stings and smarts, even when it blazes

and burns in the wildest agony, jealousy is never a feeling worth holding on to. More than any of our many evil traits, jealousy is by far the most ugly. We would be best served telling ourselves in such moments one thing: I don't need her.

### **JEWELS**

**[ˈdʒuːəlz] n v**

I love to add jewels at the end of my drawing. It must be some sort of perverse power fantasy where I dress up my drawings like dolls. Or it's just fun and looks good.

### **JOY**

**[dʒɔɪ] n v**

What a joy to be surrounded by all these beautiful women. I wish it could last forever.

### **KEEPER**

**[ˈkiːpə] n**

Sometimes I wonder if I prefer the wanting to the getting. That is, until I get what I was previously wanting for. Then it becomes very clear to me again that I really do want the getting, not just the wanting, which is kinda there already, so it's not very hard to get. I want it while I'm getting it, at least. Afterwards, I'm not so sure again. I mean I'm sure of the wanting it and of being happy about get-

ting it, but after that I mean. The doubts come from how getting seems to imply keeping, which I'm not at all sure I want. I mean I do want it, but not to keep, just to get. I'm not a keeper. Do you get me?

### **KIDS**

**[ˈkɪdz] n v**

Interesting questions arise when drawing with kids. [X1]'s friend [X2] came to visit from abroad and brought along her 5-year-old son. After being told that I was good at drawing he asked me to show him how to draw a dinosaur. That's a very tricky question to answer, how to draw something. "Any way you like" is the most liberal answer. "However you see it" comes next. "Like this and that and so on" follows. All of these answers have their legitimacy. My friends [X3] and [X4] are working with kids and have shown me some of their pupils drawings recently. I can't help but to judge the drawings and hear myself thinking "this one has talent", even though the concept of talent is something I've always vehemently refused. Is it my distorted, judgemental, adult eye? Lead by the filters I have acquired over the years to pro-



ject values onto the drawing? The kid of [X2] asks me: “Am I drawing it right?”, I don’t know how to answer. He’s really quite shit at drawing to be honest. He wants to draw a big dinosaur, facing to the right, but begins by drawing it’s head at the very left corner of his paper, completely oblivious to even the most basic concepts of composition. Then again, as he continues to draw the body straight onto the table I have to admire his pragmatic and unrestrained approach. But while I sit there with all these questions on art philosophy buzzing through my head, one question rings out clearer and louder than all the others: Does this kid know how hot his mum is?

### **KISS**

**[kɪs]** *n v*

If you wish to kiss someone, do you ask them first? Would you like to be asked by someone who wishes to kiss you? I have been ridiculed on several occasions for asking permission and reprimanded for neglecting to do so. It’s a fucking mystery to me.

### **LIBERAL**

**[ˈlɪbrəl]** *adj n*

The language of economics is often used when discussing love

and interpersonal relationships. Sustainability, investment, risk, value and so it. This disgusts me.

### **LONELINESS**

**[ˈlʌn.lɪ.nəs]** *n*

The philosophically disposed may find themselves unable to deduce anything but a life of solipsist isolation, but when confronted with the sensual reality of the other, the thinker has to perform some impressive contortion in order to hold on to that fabrication. The exploration of the other, most vividly in a physical way, but also psychologically, emotionally and in any other respect you care to envisage, is the main theme of my work and, I would argue, all work. There are infinitely many and unique ways to experience the other – from a singular, distant encounter with a stranger to a life-long, intimate relationship and any imaginable vertical or lateral variation thereof. One such variation is sex. While my work is by no means confined solely to sex as a theme, it’s visual allure and animal magnetism make it a useful tool for communicating: sex sells. Our economy, politics and religion are obsessed with sex, due to its extremely effective use as a

means of control. Our culture, language, poetry, music and art are inseparably intertwined with it, a direct product of it even. Communication in all its forms (of which art is one) and in any context essentially boils down to one simple conversation, although it may not be expressed in so few, or any, words as this: "I am here, you are there, how can we touch one another?"

### LOOK

**[lʊk]** *int n v*

I've offended my parents by showing them my diary, I've disgusted the one I love by showing her my heart, I've lost my job by showing my weakness. Why can't people look at me as I look at them: with love.

### LOST

**[lɒst]** *adj v*

Despite having written down directions, I lost my way. A young Algerian helped me find it, but first he has to explain at length how one must first take care of one's self before others and that one should worship one's mother above all things. Three years prison for dealing drugs.

### LOVE

**[lʌv]** *adj int n v*

In the entries on DEATH and HASTE I argued that our mor-

tality is the root of human evil. In my diaries I have noted several times that love, too, is the product of mortality. By extension, love must be evil too. But it is widely considered the opposite of evil. This, I assume, is because, unlike evil, love does not grow from our own mortality, but also from that of the other. To say "I love you" is really just the expression of a wish for them not to die. To be honest, I'm really quite sick of the word and care little to dwell on it too long, so I here's a poem I wrote on the subject: What's the point in writing love poems if everyone's replaceable? What's the point if anyone will do? What's the point in trying to persuade, cajole or instigate? What's the point and why on earth am I in love with you?

### MAN

**[mæn]** *n*

"I can't believe a MAN drew this!" she said. This greatly flattered my ego and made me feel like a feminist. I'm more proud of my femininity than my masculinity. It's not the only time I've had such comments. "Your work is so feminine!" a woman once exclaimed. That time I was insulted, as I felt it implied that

emotional and sensual work was a feminine monopoly. The only difference between us is genitals.

### MEANING

**[ˈmi:nɪŋ] n**

It's important to draw every day. Otherwise you forget what a simple-minded slut you really are and start to fall in love, to think about life, imagine things have meaning. You should really know by now that this just makes you unhappy and confused. For some reason, you always gravitate towards this behaviour, unless you constantly practice objectification. But why? Why do you have such contradictory and conflicting desires? Why do drawings make you feel good?

### MOMENT

**[ˈmɒmənt] n**

She gave me a sensual glance as she passed by, coming so close that one of her curls brushed my cheek. For a moment, I was lost in time. No, wait, you can't be lost in time for a moment. An eternity? You know what I mean, it was nice.

### MONEY

**[ˈmʌni] n**

I've been eating nothing but plain pasta with salt for a week. The last 90 cents I have in my

wallet, from dropping off the empty beer bottles in my kitchen for recycling, won't even get me a sack of potatoes. I just got a reminder from my mobile phone provider that they will shut off my SIM-card in 2 days unless I pay last months bill and the electricity and gas company is asking why it isn't able to book the monthly costs from my account. The light-bulb in my toilet went out two weeks ago, I've been forced to shit in the dark, unable to see if I've wiped sufficiently - I just do it for as long as I have patience (which is not long at all, see HASTE) and hope for the best. The time has come to cash in the one thing I have left from my Austrian grandmother: a one ounce gold coin of the Viennese Philharmonic Orchestra. On the way to the gold dealer I try to think about her. I can't even remember her first name any more. We weren't close at all. Still, it feels heavy and I'm nervous as I hand it over to the woman behind the bullet-proof glass register. Before I can even process it, it's done. In the space of only a few seconds I go from church mouse to Croesus, at least by my standards. As I leave the dealer I feel

a surge of energy pass through my body. So much I could get and do, so many things I can make and put in motion - money really does make the world go around! With Liza Minelli and Joel Grey gaily singing in my ear I walk home feeling like I have acquired a new super-power. I pass the shops and feel suddenly compelled to browse the windows - until recently they seemed the strange temples of a cult I was not welcome to join. But I must contain myself. I slip into a €1 discounter, buy a light bulb and head straight home. In the cold white light of the cheap LED bulb, to the sound of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, performed by the Viennese Philharmonic Orchestra, I take my first illuminated shit in weeks. Thanks grandma.

## MUSE

[*mju:z*] *n v*

The encounter with her had me feeling refreshed, alive. I had new energy to look at people (my favourite pass-time), to walk with open eyes, to see, to be. She was, although she would hate me calling her so, a muse.

## MUSEUM

[*mju:'zi:əm*] *n*

I care a great deal for museums,

especially the historical ones. Not that I have a great knowledge of or interest in history. I just love the curious artefacts and ancient artworks for their strangeness and beauty. They seem physical proof for the curious similarity and simultaneous difference between people across time and space. The cruelty that usually necessitates the assemblage of these collections (after all they are mostly acquired through theft and violence) serves only to drive this point home. But there is something else I love about museums: they are the graveyards of ideology, where forgotten beliefs and obsolete knowledge are laid to rest. Museums are crypts for thoughts that have been proven ineffectual, fruitless, inferior and simply wrong. Once a concept has been put on display there, in its glass coffin, it has reached its final and complete form: failure. Museums, these days, are not particularly popular places - or so it seems to me, since I often find myself wandering through them in almost total solitude. This is such a shame, as we still have so many ideas floating about that desperately need to be retired forever,

so many losers that just have to admit defeat.

### NEVER

*[ˈnev.ə(x)] adv*

The sun is shining, food tastes better, instruments sound better, everyone is more beautiful, but all I can think of is how she never loved me. Never did, never will.

### NOTHING

*[ˈnʌθɪŋ] n*

My works are not hermetically sealed objects, separated from reality. They are tools with a specific use. I often give my drawings to the people I drew and the rest I present publicly on my website. The desire to connect with people is not just the subject of my drawings, but also their function. By utilising my desire to watch people I also increase my ability to see them. When not just watching but also capturing what I see, I see even more. The enjoyment is amplified and along the way something is created that I can share in a tangible form. This feeling of sensual appreciation is for me already enough in terms of the content of my work. My message is simple and straightforward. I'm concerned with the beauty of people. But this

appreciation is not just confined to the surface, the body. Beauty has many more faces. It can show itself through movement, sound, talent, smell, feel and a myriad of other facets that make up a human being's character – as well as context and environment, elements outside the person themselves. Often, one single, tiny element can excite the feeling of the sublime. Even in total absence or neglect of all other attributes of a person. A single freckle in the right spot can make an otherwise less than interesting person fascinating. An inflection in the voice when pronouncing a specific word can awaken my admiration in a frustratingly stupid individual. A wave of warmth, stroking the back of my neck by a passer-by can excite my fantasy before I have even become aware of that person in any other way. Because of this I have little need or desire for narrative of structure in my work and prefer to concentrate on these simple, little, ecstatic things. This begs the question: if I'm already satisfied by the impression on it's own, the meaningless sensation, what is there in me for Others to connect to, other than my

own physical presence (which, in all honesty, isn't particularly exciting)? For a large portion of people I imagine the nihilistic outlook described earlier in the entry on DEATH isn't particularly inviting. Describing people as mindless husks, absent of will, locked into a deterministic track like a roller-coaster, with nothing to do but experience the push and pull of the carriage, is hardly a good starting point for building intimacy. We need something to talk about, but there is only one thing to talk about: nothing.

### **NOSE**

**[nəʊz]** *n* *v*

Despite of, or maybe because of, her huge nose, she was very pretty.

### **OBJECT**

**[ɒb,dʒekt]** *n*

I touched on this subject already in the introduction and the entries on BODY and GAZE, but it deserves some individual attention as a term on its own. It's a term I stumble across and struggle with on a daily basis. It crops up permanently in discussions of feminism and gender. Regardless of being (at least a bit) sensitised to the problematic nature of objectification,

in particular of women, I can barely walk down a single street without seeing someone that sparks a sexual, "objectifying" desire in me. Purely on the basis of their physical appearance and a cocktail of projected and fantasised characteristics, they spike my interest, unavoidably making me treat them differently than those that do not have this effect. I understand if that statement already makes you want to write me off. Maybe you think I'm lonely or sexist, an abhorrent creep or even a sexual predator or pervert. But surely I'm not alone in feeling this way. I can't see into other people's minds, I don't know if it's a "man thing" or if it's just me, but you must have also, at some point or other in your life, come across someone and thought, in complete disregard of who that person actually is, that you want to fuck them. Maybe not as frequently or with less intensity, maybe more, but either way, I think it's not such an absurd or cruel feeling to have. Finding a way to express these feelings of objectification in a non-offensive way is probably the main focus of my entire work. Many people take offence in being

told they are physically attractive, but I've found a drawing often can express it in a more palatable way. I once handed a drawing of a woman to her, and it was a portrait not of her face, but of her behind. Rather than slap me in the face, she laughed and thanked me – a reaction I suspect I wouldn't have got with a passing comment. This reminds me of a piece from Jonathan Ames' collection of essays *I Love You More Than You Know*, in which he describes the similar tale of his own artistic awakening: visiting the home of a female friend he discovers a book of Charles Bukowski on her shelf and is amazed – thinking Bukowski to be considered a misogynist, universally hated by women. To his surprise, his friend claims to want to have sex with Bukowski, leading Ames to his artistic breakthrough: “If I put in my stories my profound appreciation of women's rear ends, legs, breasts – hell, the whole body! – and my desire to lick women everywhere and mount them from behind, then women would gobble this stuff up and I'd get laid just like Bukowski. We men have to learn this Golden Rule over and over:

Women want to be wanted and they love sex.”

**OLD**

**[ˈɔʊld]** *adj n*

You're super funny! I love how you dance! Haha, thanks! And your hair is super cool. Aw, that's so sweet! I'm twenty, how old are you? I'm thirty. OK bye.

**OTHER**

**[ˈʊðə(r)]** *adj adv d n v*

See any and all other entries in this dictionary. Or stop reading. It's literally everywhere. Even right now, all around you! Don't worry though, it's usually safe and often quite interesting. Having said that, it's actually quite hostile and dangerous if history is anything to go by. Be afraid!

**PAIN**

**[peɪn]** *n v*

In talking with people about the nature of suffering and pain, I can't help but feel that I am old-fashioned. As a small child, growing up in the United Kingdom of the 1990's, I was taught the adage “Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me!”. As a boy I was told in great earnesty about the horrors of famine, torture, war and violence by my dad, who I took (and still take) as an authority on the subject, since

he has dedicated his entire life to politics and sociology. As a teen I sang along with the “Ballade über die Frage: Wovon lebt der Mensch?” and the “Ballade vom angenehmen Leben” from *The Threepenny Opera* of Bertold Brecht and Kurt Weill. As a young adult, during my civil service in a probation office, I gained a glimpse into the worlds of gamblers, alcoholics and drug addicts; thieves, burglars and muggers; thugs, torturers, rapists and murderers - and the victims, direct and indirect, of their actions. I have lived a life of comfort and security as an educated, middle-class, white man in various rich European countries, during peace-time. I have all the prerequisites for turning out a complete asshole. Thankfully, I’m only half of one, as I’ve been made to be somewhat aware of my privilege and to constantly work on improving my understanding of it. Now, as an “adult” (or an imposter posing as such), I feel like my understanding of suffering has become somewhat outdated. I’m surrounded by people who continuously complain about anxiety, stress and depression, people who are constantly in-

dignified, insulted or outraged, people who are selfish, vindictive and passive-aggressive. I barely know anyone who isn’t in therapy or on medication and someone somewhere is always arguing, fighting or wrapped up in some imagined narrative or drama. Before this starts sounding like some grumpy-old-man rant about the “entitled” youngsters of today, let me clarify that I see this equally in people much older than me and that I’m equally guilty of this behaviour, often times bursting out in fits of inconsiderate, selfish and narcissistic behavior. I mean, I’m literally, right now, writing a book about my view on life - I would have a hard time persuading anyone that I’m not self-absorbed. What I am trying to get at is what I perceive as a shift in how we value different kinds of suffering. Bare with me here, I know this is going to sound painfully antiquated, but pain, in my mind, is either “real” or “felt”. Wait! Wait! Not in a macho way! The last thing I want to tell anyone is to “man up” or “act tough”, partly because I believe this to be an extremely toxic ideology and the cause for much more pain, but mostly be-



cause I am absolutely incapable of doing either of these things myself. I advocate the opposite! Be as soft as you possibly can! But first with others, even (or especially) those that are causing you pain. Immerse yourself in their pain, analyse it, scrutinise it, embrace it, try to understand and empathise, learn about it, caress it, draw it and write poems to it, court it. Only when you have completely consumed the pain of an other should you look back again at yourself, your pain. Then you may understand what I mean by “real” and “felt” pain.

### PERIOD

**[ˈpɪəriəd]** *adj int n v*

Menstruation is a blessing and a privilege. What have I got? Nothing!

### PIDGEON

**[ˈpɪdʒɪn]** *n*

I was having a lot of fun, dancing to the happy hardcore, but on the way home I saw many people (I knew and didn't know) kissing and snogging, which made me sad because I was alone. Especially [X1], who was all tangled up with some other guy. She's super hot, even though she has a shitty Dutch accent, albeit with a cute high-

pitched voice. Then I met a dead pidgeon, which reminded me of [X2], my most recent and most intense heart-break. I played football with it for a bit. After writing this entry I discovered pidgeon is actually written pigeon, but I refuse to comply.

### PORNOGRAPHY

**[pɔː(ɪ)ˈnɒɡ.rə.fi]** *n*

In the spirit of research, as demanded by the academic mandate that has given occasion to this text, I am forced to talk about statistics, quote literature and do those other boring things. Let's at least make it about porn, so that I don't completely die of boredom along the way. Can popular pornography and how it is handled by any given era tell us something about a society or period in time that the history books might overlook? I certainly made such a claim in the entry on FANTASY. Pornhub, the probably largest internet porn site, regularly releases statistics and analysis of the data provided to them through their users. They claim there have been 28.5 billion visitors to their services in 2017, almost four times the estimated world population, averaging 81 million visitors a day

in 2017 versus a mere one million daily visits ten years prior, in 2007. This possibly indicates an explosion of porn consumption worldwide. Anyone with access to the internet can easily and unrestrictedly gain access to porn with ease. This has increasingly problematic implications regarding the sexual education of children and I won't deny that it has had an impact on my sexuality. In *A Billion Wicked Thoughts*, Ogi Ogas and Sai Goddam comb through the statistical data vigorously and analyse trends in porn consumption on a large scale, often to humorous results. Both these sources are highly entertaining, interesting reading, but, as I will explain below, they turned out to be of no real relevance to my personal topic. Jon Ranson's investigative journalism series *The Butterfly Effect* takes a look at the effect of the advent of free pornography streaming services on those involved in both production and consumption of the media. This technological innovation has drastically changed the landscape of sexuality worldwide. In it, professionals in the porn industry tell stories of a total transfor-

mation of their business. What used to be a somewhat small, secretive and exclusive club of producers and actors has become an interactive spectacle, where porn stars compete for attention on social media and are recognised on the streets by adults and children alike. Porn has gone mainstream. Competing for maximum search engine recognition, the titles of porn videos have evolved from the bawdy puns of decades ago to surreal strings of the most popular search terms of the moment, which in turn dictate the themes and content of the videos, creating a feedback loop. Porn used to be either the product of the creative vision of a group of exhibitionist individuals or the exploitative documentation of sexual manipulation. Today it is a spectacle. Commercial form of porn finds itself stuck in an echochamber of algorithms. Exploitative porn is being pushed ever harder into increasingly extreme acts due to constantly increasing availability and visibility of it's competition. Notice how dry and boring this text is? Although this is an extremely interesting subject and a deep well of an-

alytical possibilities for those inclined towards more concrete research, I'm more into superficial hip-shot judgement, opinionated conjecture and unprofessional speculation. As much as I enjoy porn and reading about it, it's of no relevance to me artistically. Realising this I see no other option than to give up on this academic venture and end my research here. At least I squeezed a half-arsed paragraph out of it, I hope this will suffice.

### PRETTY

**[ˈprɪti] adj adv n v**

She gave the drawing back, because I hadn't drawn her pretty enough.

### PURGE

**[pɜːdʒ] n v**

Finishing the sketchbook felt like magic. All the pain, all the drama, all the confusion: banished. I was reborn. I felt happy and confident again. I cared no longer about the theatre of love. I celebrated with a wank. I was still bored and horny, after all. I hadn't purged her from my memory, like some horrific trauma, I think of her still often, but the misery had given way to appreciation. I felt honoured to have been rejected by her, to

have experienced her wonder, even though I could not touch it.

### QUALIA

**['kwɑːliə] n**

I came across this interesting term today. They are subjective experiences, impossible to describe to an other. If we were both to look at something, like the leaf of a plant, and agree that it was green, there is no way to be certain that what we are actually both seeing is the same colour. Maybe we are experiencing an entirely different sensation, but have just both learned to call it "green". I remember asking myself this exact question as a child, but only now do I discover the term for it. But doesn't this apply to all experiences? Everything we perceive? All our thoughts, feelings, impressions, reflections? The more I think about it the harder I find it to think of something that isn't qualia. I've changed my mind about this term. It's not interesting, it's stupid. Redundant, self-explanatory and self-defeating, nonsensical, pseudo-intellectual whining of the kind that really makes me want to slap the face of whoever came up with it in the first place. I was a fool to waste a minute of my day pon-

dering this worthless word and even more so for writing this rant, as are you for reading it, but I desperately needed another entry for Q.

## QUIT

*[kwɪt]* *adj n v*

I spend a surprising amount of time thinking about morality for someone who claims not to believe in anything. Good and evil. Probably more about evil than good, it's easier to criticise. A common thread I've always tripped over, when navigating the maze of evil, was the element of competition. The fight. Whenever I come across something I intuitively feel to be wrong, it seems somehow to always be related to people wanting to compete, to win, to be right, to be better. This is particularly obvious in macho culture with cars, sports and the general signalling of dominance and strength so many men are obsessed with. But it's not just a "man" thing, by any degree. The fashion and cosmetics industries seem to profit greatly from the sort of "arms race" going on between some women, constantly trying to show off their beauty and lavishness. The concepts of

status, prestige and honour are strongly intertwined with competition. Luxury, decadence, comfort and privacy - the desire for these things stems from the desire to compete. They only exist by comparison, without squalor, poverty and hardship they mean nothing. Relative differences in quality of life are unavoidable, that's not really something we can do anything about, but striving to maximise this inequality and taking pride in accomplishing so seems backwards and cruel to me. Instead of luxury, we should look to live in a state of "most bearable discomfort" and look up to those who get along with less. Instead of our power, we should put our weakness, incompleteness and inadequacy on display. Get out of the race, forfeit the competition, give up, throw the towel. Let go of status and pride, don't try to be special or great or big or beautiful or powerful. Aspire to be tiny and forgettable, embrace failure, spend every ounce of energy on being subordinate. Make the very least out of every situation. Be ugly, be clumsy, be slow. In a world of losers, everybody is a winner.

**RANT****[rænt] n**

When reading through this book in a single sitting, as I have done several times by this point, you could be forgiven for judging it to be a bit on the rambling, repetitive and ranty side. I've tried my best to compile these entries from genuine moments: wording thoughts that have been circling in my head independently of the assignment, selecting interesting ideas and insights from my diaries of the last few years and from moments of honest inspiration. Nonetheless, as I become increasingly aware that this is a text designed to be read, not just written, a vague pressure begins to build up at the back of my mind, an itch of performance anxiety. As a result of this, some later entries have become more self-referential, as I attempt to write from the perspective of an outside observer. Of course, reflecting on the texts one writes and attempting to gain some additional angles is not a bad thing, but it can, at times, get in the way of letting out the raw, interior energy of the idea or feeling. The text can seem forced and unnatural. Since

deciding to publish my personal sketchbook diaries publically, as I have done for the past two or three years, I have become very aware of this effect. Thanks to my heartfelt love for and natural urge, need even, to express my feelings through drawing, I have been more or less able to curb this process there. Not always, but often enough that I still consider my diaries sincere. Not entirely, as there is an always present outside influence, but enough. Especially since I have had to take up the practice of anonymising and obscuring some details when they regard others private lives. Not everyone is as willing as I to share personal details. With writing I struggle more with the problem of feeling the reader breathe down my neck. Another reason for this repetitive style of writing is due to my manner of learning and thinking. Although I have been through a full academic education, I am a horrific student. I barely pay attention in seminars, have never studied hard for an exam and I complete my assignments only ever with the bare minimum of effort and commitment. Somehow though I've managed to

swindle my way through the system to a masters degree and pass as more than a lazy idiot, in spite of myself. All of my skills and knowledge which I consider to be of any value are largely self-taught, through endless, unfocused repetition and iteration, not through deep research or devoted practice. I gather a tiny grain of information up, in passing, from my surroundings and run with it, experimenting on it intuitively rather than methodically. This is possibly the most ineffective and slow way to learn anything, as I constantly end up stuck in loops, going down dead-end roads, repeating, forgetting and skipping over things. Although wasteful and decadent, this method is infinitely more rewarding and entertaining, as it exploits my natural curiosity and satisfies my personal interests and desire for exploration, rather than demand from my already shallow pool of self-control, discipline and concentration. Over time, the things that matter to me and define who I am crystallise spontaneously from this process. Where was I going again with this? Ah, just read some other entry, you'll work it out.

## RAVE

**[ˈɜːv]** *n v*

How do you get loose without drugs and alcohol? Is he/she into me? Are they dissing my style/dance moves? How not to give a shit without being an arsehole? Does she think I'm dancing too close?

## REAL

**[ˈriːəl]** *adj adv v*

I remember saying to her: "You can't live in a fantasy forever!" but I was drunk at the time. Actually you can't live in anything but a fantasy. The interesting part is when fantasies collide and we, maybe, catch a glimpse of the real.

## REJECTION

**[ɪəˈdʒɛkʃən]** *n*

Attraction is considered as an emotion or reaction we have to specific people, people that trigger our desire, be it physical or cerebral. But what if attraction was actually the natural reaction we should have towards all people we meet? What if we simply have learned to constantly repress this feeling, except in some specific cases? Maybe it is the natural state of being. Maybe rejection is learned and attraction is the base-line that only surfaces

when that knowledge is put aside.

## RELATIONSHIP

[ɪˈleɪʃ(ə)nʃɪp] *n*

What, even, is a relationship? Mutually assured physical and mental intimacy? Aren't we all in a relationship with each other by default, even the people we have never met? It certainly feels so to me, but the word has more weight to it according to some. If a certain degree of intimacy is required to attain the coveted "relationship" status, where is the border? I've shared a fair few personal bodily functions and intense emotional moments with people that I wouldn't describe as being in a relationship with. Relationships are arbitrary constructions, a line we draw to differentiate between people and the value we give them individually. Because of this, the term relationship becomes effectively meaningless, as, whenever it is used, it changes meaning according to the person(s) it refers to. Maybe we shouldn't talk about relationships at all.

## REMAINS

[ɪˈmeɪnz] *n v*

What is left of a person when you take away their loneliness?

## RESPECT

[ɪˈspekt] *n v*

"You're disgusting! That's so disrespectful!" [X1] said, reaching out to hold [X2]'s hand, glaring at me with loathing. "It was really not O.K." [X2] said, encouraged by the emotional back-up from her friend. "I'm not you're back-up vagina! You can't just say you'll come over if your other date doesn't work out!". We'd had a bottle of wine each already and I was feeling confident: "Why not? Would you prefer I pretend you were my first choice? How is that more respectful?". The damage had been done. There was no way she was going to understand my point and by trying to explain it I had only offended her (and her friend) even further. The practical choice would have been to shut up, then none of this would have ever happened. But is the pragmatic choice the right one? I feel I said the right thing. See the entries on CONSENT and ETHICS for more on the topic, but don't expect an answer.

## ROT

[ɪɒt] *n v*

An old friend called me, crying, saying he wanted to kill himself. I could only laugh. You may

think that cruel, but hear me out. The more you fight against your weakness and your darkness, the more it will consume you. Wear your shame on the outside. It takes a man to be a pussy, it takes an adult to be a baby. Often it is the things inside us we think of as rotten that make us the beautiful people we are. Thankfully he didn't do it (or not yet), otherwise I'd look like a right dickhead.

### **SAFE**

**[seɪf]** *adj n v*

It was so nice to hear her laugh again, even if it was from afar and with someone else. But it left me feeling heavy. She would barely look at me. We exchanged smalltalk and then I left her alone. I wanted to show her I'm normal and safe. By pretending not to pay her attention.

### **SENTIMENTAL**

**[sən.ti.mən'tal]** *adj*

Love, of the sentimental, romantic kind, is a sort of madness. A panic reaction to the distressing feelings of isolation, mortality and enigma that periodically and inescapably haunt us, but projected violently against the other. Love is a form of aggression. We should, as a society, dump the concept. Today, a drawing I

posted online got a "like" from [X] and I was hit with a flush of painful, sappy nostalgia. I haven't seen her in over a year and we have barely communicated. The power she holds over me is dramatic. If I were to describe my feelings towards her it would sound more like a form of worship. She understood the unhealthy nature of such affection and eventually became disgusted by me, quite rightly so. I dug into my old photos and found one of her, as if to torture myself, to indulge in the sinking sensation and gut-wrenching feeling of loss that seeing her induces in me. I browsed my old diaries, masochistically reliving the story from when we first spoke until our separation. As she said herself in a film we made together: I soak myself in self-pity, hope and desire and tear off my own skin in a desperate plea for attention. To love in this way is to smother, stifle, squash, deceive, delude, distract, destroy, distort, disturb, disrupt, deplete, consume, constrict, imprison, incarcerate, hurt, torture, torment, trap, paralyse, enslave, bury, isolate, mislead, shut-off, knock-out, block, obstruct, obscure, obliterate, erase, eradi-



cate, expunge, execute, steal, scam, con, fool, rob. Love, of the sentimental, romantic kind, is indeed a sort of madness. But it sure is a lot of fun.

### SETBACK

*['setbæk]* *n*

Today, as I cycled into town, I was caught by a sudden, heavy rain that soaked me completely. Drenched from head to toe, the uncomfortable dampness and cold followed me throughout the entire day, in my shoes, my clothes, until I came home late that evening. As I cycled, though, the self-pity and disappointment quickly gave way to the joyful sensation of rain on my face and water splashing around me. After arriving at KASK, I had all sorts of problems with the camera and computer I was trying to work with, but I saw [X1], who's beautiful in such a warming and delicious way, just seeing her for a moment makes me endlessly happy. I'm broke and can barely afford even a small lunch, I starved myself all day, saving up my few cents until I really couldn't take it any longer. Then [X2] came to visit, asked me to lend her money for lunch and I instantly obliged. How could I refuse her? What good is a full

stomach anyway in comparison to the company of a pretty woman? Then I got stuck with my montage and became frustrated with the footage I had shot. I was about to give up on the whole project when [X3] came along and we had a great chat. Her awesome humor infected me and helped me push on with the work and take it in the silly direction I originally wanted to, but had lost the lightness to follow up on. Passing through the café I saw [X4], who painfully ignored me (things had been going awry between us recently), but then I met [X5], who I have quite a crush on. She showed interest in me and my stuff, which still excites me now, hours later. Finally, I missed the tram, forgot my bag and had to walk half an hour homewards with a heavy wooden plank under my arm. But it was a comfortable evening and I had a nice tune in my ear - "This Masquerade" by Leon Russel - which I sang and whistled on the way, all the while looking forward to wanking off at the idea of being intimate with [X1] or [X5], or both! Which I did with great joy and pleasure. What are setbacks? A waste of bloody time.

**SEX****[sɛks] n v**

Are you happy with your sex life? What do you consider “good sex”? How often do you have sex? For how long? How many sexual partners have you had? What would you consider “vanilla” sex, what “niche”, “extreme” or “fetish”? Have you ever regretted a sexual experience? Do you have a favourite sexual activity or a fetish? Would you have sex with a stranger? Would you have sex with a friend? Have you ever contracted an STD? What arouses you and how do you arouse others?

**SHADOW****[ˈʃædəʃ] adj n v**

There was a fascinating shadow between her ear and the corner of her jaw as she tilted her head back to applaud the concert. This made the whole evening worth my while.

**SHARE****[ʃɛə] n v**

It's such a shame to have to share this world with other men.

**SHE****[ʃi:] det n pron**

She thinks I'm twisting my limbs, tearing off my skin and begging for pity when I'm danc-

ing, getting naked and praising her beauty. She thinks it is for her not because of her. She thinks it is because of her, not for her. She is sure, I am not. I care, she doesn't. She is not sure, I am positive. I don't care, she does.

**SILENCE****[ˈsaɪ.ləns] n v**

She won't talk to me any more. Sure, I've fucked up a bunch, but to just be cut out completely, without a word? What do I do?

**SIMILARITY****[sɪmɪˈlærɪti] n**

When we walk down the street and see someone dressed in a strange way, we immediately commence in the classic human sport of passing judgement. We often find ourselves or observe groups of others in the company of similarly looking people. As much as touching the other is a human desire, as much do we search out sameness. Is this laziness and complacency? It certainly is the easier path to (perceived) overcoming of our solipsist dilemma. The intellectually obsessed can't stop going on about the self and the similar. In sameness we find the consoling feeling of company that our doubting, analytical mind has

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robbed us of, without having to exert any real effort in trying to understand someone else or recognise the inherently destructive nature of this thinking, the thing that put us in this lonely state in the first place. When we appreciate our similarities we congratulate ourselves on our depth of character, our ability to see beyond the surface of the body into the soul. The other cannot be touched at all in this way. What makes the other is it's difference to the self, or as I like to call it: the juicy bits! One of the most intriguing differences we all seem to be intuitively aware of is gender. It doesn't take a deep analysis of my work to see which "other" I have in mind most of the time. The difference between the sexes is especially elusive, but still we develop an almost automatic, animal understanding of it. Unreasonable and unexplainable, but somehow also undeniable. This difference is in an ongoing process of de- and reformation, under constant exertion of energies both cultural and natural, like two crazed sculptors squeezing and mashing and carving away at a shared project. It's is subject to much confusion. It's

excruciatingly difficult to pin the difference between the sexes down and I'm woefully under-qualified to even try. Just to make things worse, a large part of society has chosen to adorn the term gender with a political suffix: identity. Elevating sex to the such a position of societal importance in this way is an old trick, one almost all religions of the world have been playing on us since ancient times. It is one of our weak spots, easily exploited and abused. Where there is identity, there is war. Identity defines itself not by it's own characteristics, as the words root wrongly implies, but by the exclusion and condemnation of all that it is not. It is tribalism, competition and war. It's thanks to this inflated appraisal of gender that it is transformed from a straight-forward attribute into a banner, our genitals are made into the markings of our clan. Or so many through-out history and still today would like us to believe. Gender identity is the ultimate expression of "divide et impera" and we'd probably all be better off just giving up on it, dropping all tags of identification regarding our biological, sexual or romantic similarities

with others in favour of a more individual style of perception and interaction, emphasizing out differences. It matters not what either of us are made of or do in life, our past or our future. It matters only whether or not you, specifically, want to fuck, here and now, with me. I guess you could apply this to other interactions if you wanted, but fucking seemed a fitting example given the context.

### **SIMPLE**

**[ˈsɪmpəl] adj n v**

Bad dreams, bad sleep, blah blah blah. I've been here before, haunted by this woman. Fuck that! I want to feel sexy, not miserable. Enough of the complicated, bring on the simple!

### **SLEEP**

**[sli:p] n v**

For a week I've been bed-ridden. What started as a brutal, but deserved hangover, evolved into a full-blown fever. Admittedly, it didn't come as much of a surprise. I'd been dragging around a mild cough and a snotty nose for almost 2 months and it always flared up after a night out, but this time I had really overdone it. After more than three bottles of wine I was already too far gone, but the half pill of

MDMA sealed the deal. In those drug education leaflets you find sometimes at schools, clinics and parties they tend to gloss over one specific side-effect of MDMA that to me seems quite important: it is a highly effective laxative. As usual, I had taken care to go for a dump after taking the pill and before heading out to the rave, but I had underestimated the amount of red wine remaining in my belly. So it happened that I shat myself unexpectedly while standing in line to enter the club. Thankfully, another (very much desired) side-effect of MDMA is a total elimination of shameful feelings, so rather than go home in defeat, I simply strutted to the toilet, cleaned up as best I could considering my state and the equipment available to me and headed to the dancefloor, where I stayed and danced merrily, as if nothing had ever happened, until the lights came on and the music went out. The damage done to my brain, guts, lungs, liver, ears, muscles and underpants that night probably sent my immune system crashing, as the next day I was completely immobile. This is not uncommon after such an evening of self-destruction, but

the day after that I remained immobile and was suffering from erratically jumping and diving body temperature, painful coughing, aching joints and muscles, a crushing headache and extreme sensitivity to stimuli. I could do little more than lay there paralyzed, scrambling every few hours for the strength to drink a glass of water and take a pee. I couldn't watch films or other trash TV, as the screen would burn my eyes, couldn't listen to music or podcasts as it would make my head throb and I was too weak to hold a book and turn its pages. So began a 5 day cycle of sleeping, drinking and peeing, with a forced orange or grapefruit every day. In this feverish state, free from modern distractions, I was able to study in quite some detail the nature of "falling asleep" and came to some interesting insights. I identified two patterns of thought. Flickering: the nervous, fragmented style of thought typical of the awake, conscious mind. When flickering, various processes run parallel (perception, memory, judgement, emotion, prognosis...) and are compared and cross-referenced in real-time with the goal of digest-

ing information, be it external or internal. The fever intensified this flickering sensation, I could almost physically feel my mind jump and jolt with every heartbeat, but sometimes I could hold on to a single element for a few fractions of a second and the second thought process would take over. Flowing: the fluid, calm and undirected style of thought typical of the pre-sleep phase, as one drifts into unconsciousness. When flowing, a single element is concentrated on and processed intuitively, like a thread picked up and followed out of child-like curiosity, without looking ahead to where it may lead. It's a process more like an experience in its own right than the digestion of an experience. It's not uncontrolled or unfocused, but it is not optimised towards an outcome either. Flow, or concepts similar to it, is a central theme of much of human endeavour. If, while flowing towards the world of dreams, we realize it (that is, flicker for a moment), we instantly snap out of it and find ourselves wide awake again. Flow is notoriously elusive, it can only exist without self-awareness, it's truly subconscious. It is strongly

tied to innocence and amateurishness and thusly of great interest to artists, psychologists and the spiritually inclined. It can be sometimes simulated or evoked through drugs and alcohol, which attracts the same crowd and many others too, with a more recreational goal. Tasks that are simultaneously highly familiar and challenging can bring on a state of flow, resulting in many people's passion for sports, hobbies, crafts and careers that can help them attain this state. Flow is everywhere. I was aware of the concept of flow before, although I never really looked into the literature, but I had never made the connection with sleep. In my feverish state I come to the conclusion that this "zone" we all strive to be in, this state of flow we are chasing, is actually the moment of falling asleep, the moment of death. In hindsight, I may have been one of the earlier cases of SARS-CoV-2 in Belgium, as this fever struck me in february of 2020.

### **SOFT**

**[sɒft]** *adj adv int n*

"Why are you so SOFT, Daniel?" she lamented, "We have to make a MAN out of you!".

### **SOLIDARITY**

**[sɒ.li.da.rɪ.te]** *n*

"On international women's day I bought a washing machine from a lesbian couple." I told this extremely short anecdote to a poetry group consisting of about ten men and a woman. She was the only one that laughed.

### **STALKER**

**['stɔ:kɜ]** *n*

The story she told me about her stalker reminded me of my own behaviour.

### **SUFFICIENT**

**[sə'fɪənt]** *adj det*

Once again, I'm trying to stop smoking. It's day 4. I constantly crave to consume. I'm thinking of getting a beer. But why a beer? Why not a glass of water? I'm not planning to get drunk, I've barely any money, it seems a needless waste. Some part of me thinks the beer will be more satisfying. A need or desire, to be satisfied, must be filled with its own specific solution (if you'll excuse the pun). Each satisfaction is unique to it's problem, to the inadequacy that gave rise to the satisfaction's existence. Saturation, on the other hand, occurs when the specifics of the need are ignored in favour of the intensity of the solution (or

rather distraction), how mentally or physically overwhelming it is. Smoke, drink, food, drugs, music, sex, impulse and indulgence, consumerist, carnal. It's much more fun than satisfaction. Here, our language reveals it's inherent bias: satisfaction is pure and honourable, saturation is destructive and noisy. But one term ties the two together: sufficient.

**SYNC**

**[sɪŋk] n v**

We discussed the relationship between sex and dance. Sensual synchronicity.

**TEASE**

**[ti:z] n v**

After all that she had said, after all the rejection and refusal, after breaking me down and leaving me feeling more worthless than I had imagined possible, she came over to stretch out on my sofa, drawing a beautifully slender, swinging curve with her body. What a fucking tease.

**THIRST**

**[θɜ:st] n v**

I often fantasise about women (attractive ones, of course) coming up to me randomly and asking me to go home with them. To be honest, semi-attractive would be enough. Who am I kid-

ding, I think this pretty much all the time, whenever any woman (and even some men) flash me smile in passing. Where does this thirst for affection come from? Pop psychology would let me believe it's connected to a lack of self-worth or childhood affection, but I'm suspicious of such simple correlations and besides, I think I'm pretty amazing and had a great childhood. To me it's a more natural thing. I'm human, a social animal, why would I not crave attention and comfort from others?

**TECHNIQUE**

**[tæm] int n v**

It's fun to check out other people's stuff and inspiring to see other techniques.

**TEEN**

**[ti:n] adj n v**

Couldn't get laid as a teenager, now I'm all fucked up.

**TIME**

**[tæm] int n v**

Taking your time to really look at stuff is well worth it, even when the work looks shit at first glance.

**TITS**

**[tʰɪts] adj int n**

"Big tits are overrated" I exclaimed. She answered: "Thank you!"

**TOUCH****[tʌtʃ]** *n v*

Sex is at the very core of our identity. It shapes our whole being, how we interact with others, our architecture and infrastructure, in both the metaphorical and literal sense. The lonely dilemma that the philosophies of Descartes, Kant and all those idiots provide us with degenerate into piteous and pathetic drivel when our bodies touch. We are confronted with a feeling of otherness that seems so undeniable, so real, that we don't just imagine or create the other, we know it. In sex there is no question as to the existence of the other, they are a requirement. It is the bridge across the abyss, the proof of our coexistence – and by extension the proof of our own existence. But these metaphysical musings are not the subject of my work. In fact, I find them somewhat redundant, pompous and self-serving. I'd much prefer to direct my obsessive energy towards the reality of the other, not the concept. In my artistic practice this manifests itself through the sketches and texts that fill my diaries, the experiences and impressions that I document there.

In this book I pretend to offer a more scholarly perspective, but in all honestly I don't think I'm doing a good job of providing it. A friend once referred to me as a “surface surfer”, when it comes to thoughtful discourse and I can imagine this book is proving her right. But maybe that's exactly the point. Words are not something you can touch, surfaces are.

**TOXIC****[ˈtɒk.sɪk]** *adj*

Dumped again. She says I'm toxic. Nice that she still wants to fuck though.

**UGLY****[ˈʌɡli]** *adj nv*

She quoted David Foster Wallace at me: “Worship your own body and beauty and sexual allure and you will always feel ugly, and when time and age start showing, you will die a million deaths before they finally plant you” but I had to disagree. He's not wrong, but he's looking at it from the wrong angle: if you truly believe in your own ugliness, you will be surrounded by beauty forever. Doesn't sound half bad to me.

**UNIQUE****[juːˈni:k]** *adj*

A common fantasy that is not



exclusively sexual is the fantasy of being involved with multiple partners, a subversion of the traditional doctrine of monogamy that is common in western culture. Secretive affairs, open relationships or shameless philandering – there are several variations and countless examples in art and literature. Milan Kundera makes an interesting distinction in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* between two types of womaniser: the lyrical and the epic. The first chases his romantic ideal of the “perfect woman”, thus doomed to eternal disappointment and failure due to the imperfect and incomplete nature of all human beings and the communication between them. The second is guided by a curiosity for the “infinitesimal difference” between individuals, searching for that which makes different women different from each other, in order to experience, collect and catalogue them like butterflies. This “infinitesimal difference” is a concept closely related to the other. The intersection of individuality. But the class of epic womaniser should be further divided between butterfly collectors and butterflies. The for-

mer motivated by the surgical, analytical classification of his subjects while the latter is guided by an intuitive, disorganised and indiscriminate attraction to this otherness. I would argue that these three categories are equally applicable with genders reversed or equated and should not be considered personality types but behavioural patterns which some people follow to varying degrees at varying times. At first glance this could be considered an analysis of the more sexually flavoured variant of the fantasy, but all three types are heavily influenced and characterised by romantic ideology too. The lyrical type, hopelessly and tragically searching for the one perfect lover. The other two, concerned with the romantic ideals of uniqueness and individuality, experienced either intellectually or sensually. Why give extra attention to this specific fantasy? It is a fantasy I share and can identify with. I’m not nearly successful enough at seduction to earn the title of womaniser, but I certainly desire a wide variety of people. This FANTASY is strongly related to the feeling JEALOUSY, see the corresponding entries.

**VAGINA****[və'dʒaɪnə] n**

"I'm very peculiar where my vagina travels to!" she said. I think she meant "particular".

**VANITY****['væ.nɪ.ti] n**

It's 10°C and this dude is standing outside topless, with a woman's jumper draped dramatically over one shoulder. He seems to have some sort of birthmark or tattoo on his chest, but I can't tell from afar. He is undeniably striking a pose and it angers me. Is he genuinely eccentric? Is he a show-off? Does it even matter? I often think about superficiality, attempt to defend it because of my own obsession with it. I love vanity, I'm a sucker for beauty. But when I see someone like this I can't help but see them as vapid, to feel annoyed. Am I jealous of his casual posturing? Is it because of the pretty girl standing with him, smiling at him? It's not fair to assume that he is arrogant or phoney, but somehow I'm sure of it. What a strange thing vanity is. Maybe there is more than one kind. But to call my vanity different, maybe pretentiously call it aestheticism or something like that, would in itself be a pretty vain thing to do.

**VOID****[vɔɪd] adj n v**

Careful: filling the void may cause spillage.

**WANK****[wæŋk] n v**

Today I found out my most popular live jam on YouTube is discovered not by people researching music, but female ejaculation, because I chose "squirting" for the title. Most popular search terms: "how to squirt" and "squirting tutorial".

**WATCHING****['wɑtʃɪŋ] n v**

Dance, when noone is watching.  
Watch noone, when dancing.  
When noone, watch dancing.

**WEAKNESS****['wi:k.nəs] n**

I'm inclined to argue in favour of weakness. I proudly call myself soft. I try to be malleable, fluid, to make room, to avoid. Such weakness is a luxury, a product of privilege. I attempt to rationalise and seduce people with my weakness into believing it is a noble trait, one born from empathy and love. I paint myself in the colours of more honourable and upright values in order to mask my pride. Pride in being anaemic and defenceless, lauding myself for the "inner" strength I must

surely have to leave myself so open and vulnerable, while at the same time doing everything in my power to avoid said vulnerability. A fraud. That's how I feel when I meet strong people. But maybe I am just, as always, enamoured by the otherness of them. Would I, if I was strong, still care? It certainly seems to me like strong people often don't. I'm susceptible to the romantic ideal of the bad-boy or femme fatale, the weathered adventurer or determined individualist. In real life experience though, they usually turn out to be total pricks. It's comforting to believe, after a painful experience, that we grow stronger. But we don't really become stronger, we just think so.

## WEED

**[wi:d]** *n v*

On April 20th, a Polish man strikes up a conversation with me at the bus stop about weed. He asked for tobacco to roll a joint, but I only had cigarettes. I told him that I used to smoke daily for years, but stopped a year or two ago. He asked me what difference it made, how I felt without it. I said being stoned made me passive and reclusive, that I preferred to be

more active. Afterwards I wondered if this was still true, if I had not become more passive again since then. Not as much as when I was a stoner, but I'm not as active as when I had freshly given up and not as active as I want to be. I'm not going back, but happy 4/20.

## WHORE

**[hɔ:]** *n*

Have you ever been with a prostitute? Would you ever do something sexual for money or in exchange for some material or service? Do you watch porn? Would you act in a porn? Does porn have an influence on your sex life? The answer is yes.

## WILD

**[waɪld]** *adj adv n v*

I tried to take a walk on the wild side, but just ended up tripping over my own feet.

## WIN

**[wɪn]** *n v*

Maybe she's right, maybe I'm right, maybe both, maybe neither. Maybe it doesn't matter so much, as long as we accept each other.

## WOMAN

**['wʊmən]** *n v*

One night I drunkenly decided to quiz my female friends on what sucks the most about being

a woman. They came up with the following: pressure to shave, not being able to go topless, remarks on driving skills and similar cliché abilities or lack-thereof, going home at night feeling unsafe, uncomfortable fashion (specifically high-heels), menstruation, having to pee seated down, not having a penis, catcalling, people trying to dance with you.

## WORDS

### [wɜːdz] *n v*

Why does this make me so angry? A big, commercial dance event organised by two large clubs in Ghent and Brussels is taking place and the title they have chosen to give the event is “Rave Rebels”. It falls squarely into the category of event described in the entry CULTURE. It is the very antithesis of a “rave” and anyone involved is as far from a “rebel” as you can possibly get. This marketing double-speak makes my blood boil. It has turned our language into meaningless gibberish and permeates so deeply it influences the very way people think and talk themselves. I report the online advertisements I see for this event as “misleading or scam”. Words mean nothing, but still they are held in such high

regard. It baffles me. They may seem pleasurable when spoken, heard, written and read but in truth they bring no joy. Because of them and thinking of them I have missed many beautiful moments. Moments of touch, not missed because of a lack of words, but because of an abundance of them. Their skilful application is lauded by many, but I find them unjustly overvalued. They are, unlike what their long-winded advocates claim (while oozing self-congratulatory arrogance) not powerful but paralysing. They claim language distinguishes us from beasts, but the only difference is the misguided pride we take in our personal flavour of grunt, snort and squeal. Like religion and philosophy, words hold only power over those who believe in them, believers in magic, ones who prefer fantasy over reality and imagination over perception.

## XEROX

### [ˈzɛ.ɪɒks] *n*

I’ve always struggled with the concept of reproduction. Of art, I mean, not breeding – I’m quite enthusiastic about that one! Not so much about the former. Although my drawings are usually on paper, I consider them closer

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to “street art” than graphic art. I make music, but put little effort in trying to popularise or advertise it (beyond searching for an occasional, small gig) and make mostly improvised live “jams” rather than completed songs. Although I do present all my work on my website, which equates to (technically infinite) reproduction, the works themselves are usually meant as unique pieces or performances, often made for or about a specific person or occasion. Usually myself or someone I feel attracted to or fascinated by. I give many drawings away. For several years I would draw on post-its and stick them in the subway or other public places. Thousands of them, each a unique, original drawing. It’s common for people who like to draw to go into print, either in a personal, artistic way (making posters, zines, stickers and so on for sale) or professionally (as illustrators for media or advertising). As explained in the entries on ART and CULTURE, I have a distaste for “professional” art and feel icky when making something designed for reproduction – because this ultimately means I am designing it for money above any other consid-

eration. I’ve somewhat softened up in this regard towards the small press market, since I quite enjoy things like zines and stickers, so long as they retain some amateurish character. Larger scale and more professional productions tend to scare me off, unless they have a very strong, individual personality and style, a “labour of love” vibe. It’s less anti-capitalist idealism or religious art puritanism than it is an expression of my fear of being influenced. Like most self-obsessed people, I cringe at group behaviour, trends and memes. I find the “popular” often quite disconcerting. Of course I’m just as much victim of societal influences as anyone else, but when I discover such a behaviour or trait in myself I strive to eradicate it. Only sometimes of course. You can probably find a thousand examples of me failing to do so in this book alone. This in itself is a typical and cliché attitude of self-important hipsters, individualists, narcissists and other inflated egos. I am mostly a figurative artist, which could already be conceived as pandering or traditional by some people, but the deliberate redundancy and obfuscation of abstract

or conceptual work seems to me to be either a cop-out avoidance strategy or an equally external echo of societal influences, albeit more snobby ones. Not to bash such works, I genuinely enjoy all forms of expression, so long as they somehow touch me. You could equally claim my attempts at remaining “underground” are just as much of an avoidance strategy. Regarding my work, I’m trying to loosen up in this regard, but in the end I can’t get rid of that nagging feeling that art as a commercial product or as a tool for communication on any other scale than between individuals or very small groups is somehow tainted. In case you were wondering, Xerox is a brand of photocopying machines and printers. Contrived, I know, but you try coming up with a good entry for X.

**Y**

**[wai] adv int n**

Why? If art is bollocks, if life is meaningless, if love doesn’t exist, if there is only loneliness, if nothing is of any value, if all is death and all death breeds evil – why go to all this effort? Why write all these words, make drawings, films, installations, music and so on? Why

eat and breathe? Because it just feels good, because of sensual pleasure, because of curiosity, because of love.

**YOU**

**[ju:] det pron v**

Love yourself, love yourself love yourself. That’s all anyone ever says. But love yourself for whom? I say: don’t get high on your own supply!

**ZEALOT**

**[ˈzɛl.ət] n**

Throughout this book I have stated opinions, often exaggerated for literary effect, conflicting or backwards. The idea was to illustrate the duality of language and thinking. Nothing in this book is of any value or importance, nor is any of it true. The self-indulgent or overconfident claims made here serve only to mark coordinates on an ever changing map, a map in need of constant revision and I am, at best, an incredibly ill-suited and amateurish cartographer. When we think to understand something in it’s finality we become zealots and succumb to tribal and partisan thinking, accepting exclusion as our mantra. We close our eyes and ears and nose and mind. There will always be another shade to the spectrum,

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another fraction of a degree unaccounted for. Every day we let these fragments slip through our fingers by the thousands, millions, uncountable amounts. There is always one more subdivision of reality we have missed. However hard we try, these details pass us by in one constant, infinite stream, thanks to our unreliability, crudeness, ignorance, misunderstanding and self-absorption. This may seem a horrible situation to be in, at first glance, but what if this wasn't the case? In a world of universal understanding, total perception and unambiguous objectivity we might find our existence diluted into a uniform soup without texture, taste or sensation. Indistinguishable from nothing. Maybe it's better we don't work it all out and just enjoy the process of trying to.

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## ME/YOU

The rest of this dictionary is for you.

I invite you to fill it with your own subjective reality and share that reality with others, as I have tried to do with you. My hope is that this book and your contributions to it will serve to, maybe not *assist*, but at least help *initiate* that beautiful mess that is the confrontation with an other...

# CONCISE ADVANCED SUBJECTIVE DICTIONARY

of ramblings  
musings  
opinions  
monologues  
anecdotes  
outbursts  
and .

*by*

**APOLOGY***[ə'pɒl.ə.dʒi] n*

**ANCESTRY**  
[ˈæn.səs.tɪ] *n*

**ART**  
**[ɑ:t] n**

**ATTENTION***[ə'ten.ʃən] n***AUTOMATIC***[ɔ:tə'mætɪk] adj n***AVOID***[ə'vɔɪd] n***BAR***[bɑ:] n***BEAUTY***['bju:ti] adj n v*

**BIKINI**  
[bɪ'ki:ni] *n*

**BELIEF**  
[br'i:f] *n*

**BITTER**  
['bɪt<sup>h</sup>ə] *adj n v*



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**BLACK***[blæk] adj n v***BLIND***[blaɪnd] adj adv n v***BLISS***[blɪs] n***BODY***['bɒdi] n***BORING***['bɔːɪŋ] adj n v*

**CONCERT**  
[kən'sɜ:t] *n v*

**BRA**  
[bɪɑ:] *n*

**CONSENT**  
[kən'sent] *n v*

**CHILL**  
[tʃɪl] *adj n v*

**CIRCLE**  
['sɜ:.kəl] *n v*

**CLICHÉ**  
['kli:ʃeɪ] *adj n v*

**COMPETE**  
[kəm.'pi:t] *v*



**CRY***[kɹaɪ] n v***CULTURE***['kʌltʃə] n v***CONSUME***[kən'sju:m] v***CREATION***[kɹi:'eɪʃən] n*

**DARK**  
[dɑ:k] *adj n v*

**DATE**  
[deɪt] *n v*

**DEATH**  
*[dεθ] n*

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**DOPAMINE**  
[ˈdɒpəmiːn] *n*

**E**

**DEMON**  
[ˈdiː.mən] *n*

**DRUGS**  
[dɹʌgz] *n v*

**DISTRACTION**  
[dɪsˈtræktʃən] *n*

**ECONOMY**  
[iːˈkɒn.ə.mi] *adj n*

**ENVIRONMENT**  
[ɪn'vaɪə(n)mənt] *n*

**ETERNITY**  
[ɪ'tɜː.nə.ti] *n*

**EGO**  
[iːgəʊ] *n*

**EMPTY**  
[ɪ'empti] *adj n v*



E

**ETHICS**  
*['ɛθ.ɪks] n*

**FANTASY**  
[ˈfæntəsi] *n*

**EXPLORE**  
[ɪkˈsplɔː] *n v*

**FAIL**  
[feɪl] *adj n v*

**FAITH**  
[feɪθ] *n*

**FEAR**  
[fɪə] *n v*

**FOOD**  
[fu:d] *n*



**FORCE***[fɔ:s] n v***FRACTURE***['fræk.tʃə] n v***FRIENDS***[friɛn(d)z] n v***GAY***[geɪ] adj n v***GAZE***[geɪz] n v*







**GENDER**  
[ˈdʒɛndə] *n v*

**GOLD**

*[gəʊld] adj n v*

**GRAVITY**

*['grævɪti] n*

**GROUP***[gru:p] n v***H****GUILT***[gilt] n***HAPPY***['hæpi:] adj n v***HASTE***['heɪst] n v*

**HEAD***[hɛd] adj n v***HEALING***['hi:lɪŋ] n v***HIVE***['hæv] n v***HUGS***['hʌgz] n v*

**IMPOTENCE**  
[ˈɪmpotənʃɛ] *n*

**I**

**IMPULSE**  
[ˈɪmpʌls] *n v*

**INSIDE**  
[ˈɪnsaɪd] *adj adv n*

**INTERESTING**  
[*'ɪntəɪəstɪŋ*] *adj*

**INTUITION**  
[*ˌɪntʃʊ'ɪʃən*] *n*

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**JAZZ**  
[dʒæz] *n*

**JEALOUSY**  
[ˈdʒeləsi] *n*

**J**

**JEWELS**  
[ˈdʒuːəlz] *n v*

**KIDS**  
[kɪdz] *n v*

**JOY**  
[dʒɔɪ] *n v*

**KEEPER**  
[ˈkiːpə] *n*



**LONELINESS**  
[ˈlɒnlɪnəs] *n*

**L**

**KISS**  
[kɪs] *n v*

**LIBERAL**  
[ˈlɪbərəl] *adj n*

**LOOK***[lʊk] int n v***LOST***[lɒst] adj v***MAN***[mæn] n***LOVE***[lʌv] adj int n v*

**MEANING***['mi:nɪŋ] n***M****MOMENT***['mɒmənt] n***MONEY***['mʌni] n*

**MUSE**  
*[mju:z] n v*

**MUSEUM**  
*[mju:'zi:əm] n*

**NEVER**

*[ˈnev.ə(x)] adv*

**NOTHING**

*[ˈnʌθɪŋ] n*

**NOSE**

*[nəʊz]* *n v*

**OBJECT**

*[ɒb, dʒekt]* *n*

**OLD***['əʊld] adj n***OTHER***['eðə(ɪ)] adj adv d n v***PAIN***[peɪn] n v*





**PORNOGRAPHY***[pɔ:(ɪ)'nɒɡ.rə.fi] n***PERIOD***['pɪə.ɪəd] adj int n v***PIDGEON***['pɪdʒɪn] n*



**QUALIA**  
[ˈkwɑ:lɪə] *n*

**PRETTY**  
[ˈprɪti] *adj adv n v*

**PURGE**  
[pɜ:dʒ] *n v*

Q

**QUIT**

*[kwɪt]* *adj n v*

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**RANT**  
*[rænt] n*

**RAVE**

*[ˈreɪv]* *n v*

**REAL**

*[ˈri:əl]* *adj adv v*

**REJECTION**

*[rɪˈdʒekʃən]* *n*

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**RELATIONSHIP***[rɪ'leɪʃ(ə)nʃɪp]* *n***RESPECT***[rɪ'spekt]* *n v***R****REMAINS***[rɪ'meɪnz]* *n v***ROT***[rɒt]* *n v*

**SAFE**

*[seɪf] adj n v*

**SENTIMENTAL**

*[sən.ti.mən'tal] adj*



**SETBACK**  
[ˈsetbæk] *n*

**SEX**

*[sɛks] n v*

**SILENCE**

*['saɪ.ləns] n v*

**SIMILARITY**

*['sɪmɪ'lærɪti] n*

**SHADOW**

*['ʃædəʊ] adj n v*

**SHARE**

*[ʃeə] n v*

**SHE**

*['ʃi:] det n pron*



**SIMPLE**

*['sɪmpəl] adj n v*

**SLEEP**

*[slɪ:p] n v*



**SOLIDARITY***[sɒ.li.də.ri.ti] n***STALKER***['stɔ:kə] n***SUFFICIENT***[sə'fɪʃənt] adj det***SOFT***[sɒft] adj adv int n*

**SYNC**  
[sɪŋk] *n v*

**TEASE**  
[ti:z] *n v*

**THIRST**  
[θɜ:st] *n v*

**TECHNIQUE**  
[tæknɪk] *int n v*

**TEEN**  
[ti:n] *adj n v*

**TIME**  
[taɪm] *int n v*

**TITS**  
[tɪts] *adj int n*

**TOUCH**  
[tʌtʃ] *n v*

**TOXIC**  
[ˈtɒk.sɪk] *adj*

**UGLY**  
[ˈʌɡli] *adj nv*

**UNIQUE**  
[juːˈni:k] *adj*





**VAGINA***[və'dʒaɪnə] n***VANITY***['væ.nɪ.ti] n***VOID***[vɔɪd] adj n v***WANK***[wæŋk] n v***WATCHING***['wɑtʃɪŋ] n v***WEAKNESS***['wi:k.nəs] n*

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**WHORE**

[hɔ:] *n*

**WILD**

[waɪld] *adj adv n v*

**WEED**

[wi:d] *n v*

**WIN**

[wɪn] *n v*

**WOMAN**

['wʊmən] *n v*

**W**

**WORDS**  
[wɜ:dz] *n v*

**XEROX**  
[ˈzɛ.rɒks] *n*



**YOU**

*[ju:] det pron v*

**ZEALOT**

*[ˈzɛl.ət] n*

**Y**

*[waɪ] adv int n*



