

NOURI GANA

Sphinxes

Who walks on four nightonight?

Manunkind; viz., homo satans

Oedipus uncapped! The sphinx is to blame. The Greeks themselves! *Ma, perché?* They left us to wander allonely, unconverted, unshielded, unattended, unventilated and unpunctuated. They are to blame *perciò* they introduced us to the furies, to tragedy, to revenge. And they called it *catharsis. Mytherapeutics*—All syndromes. *YET*, why blame the Greeks? Has the *Verfremdungseffekt* righted a wrong?

The ineluctable familiarity of the unfamiliar.

All men are same; same in sin. Some might lose what some might win. After the Original Sin, all are but simulacra of sinwin: first a tragedy, then a farce. A Farce! But, it's real. Hegel also committed a sin.

People dying? Yes, but thank God, not at home.

The ineluctable modality of the proximate.

Baptized yet unconverted, incontrovertible yet baptizeable. Baptismal auspices of bombooming, bellying bullies of insatiable desire. Take it all, have a foot wherever you're most unwelcome, and rally the world for displays of hyper-pragmatism, nominalism, and always, May god Bless. Harum-scarums viscerally performing on the rack reckless wreck of wrackful rockfallB-52, harping on mistake for messake.

Aussefaction minorates atrocities. Whither with whence once whence fences offence hence yielding more whence for new offence therewherewhen you can't stay on the fence? Better see into whence once before strutting one's prance.

But, whence those planebombplanes geared into the Twin Brothers? Perhaps, *a certain old Nobodaddy was in his cups.* Neither Hamlet nor Stephen can tell. *There are more things in Heaven.* Shut up Hamlet. Tiresias! No time for your wisdom. An end of the end-of-history kind of hubbub thunderclapped in my hubble-bubble laying my lungs in a pile of rubble.

The real strikes back, the real is back to wreak vengeance on the triumphalism of the virtual. No more shall events go on strife after this eventful event, although volleying a Gulf-like war is *über alles* a total misreading of the eventfulness of autheventicity, the abevent, the revolution of the event itself by itself, by virtue of its raid on the symbolic brothers of the globalization ruck. But,

As to what comes next, let there be no doubt about it, get your forces ready.

The cycle, the gyre,

The typhoon,

Saviour!

Come soon.

He switched off Aljazeera but couldn't cut off the nomadic voyages of his mind. The most thought-provoking thought is to have ever thought about not having had indulged in thought when having first thought about what it would feel like to have thought about the first thought-provoking thought to have ever come to your thought while you were oblivious to the thought that thought might be thought where thought might be neither found nor thought, only sold and bought. Pragmatics of thought. Thought as accomplishment. Nay, accomplishment without thought: thought and accomplished where thought can be found yet not sought. Heidegger upside down, inside out, thoroughly found and bound.

The Rhetoric of authenticity. The question that leads to another question which leads to yet another question: Israel, Palestine, Afghanistan. Hang on to the question whose answer is nothing but a question paused at the same time the question of which it is a question is under question. The question of Belal that which is the question of Palestine that which is the question of Israel that which is the question of The Nile that in which we will soon bathe *unmarked*.

The rhetoric of offensivity with-out rhetoric. Offenticity. War on the unknown; unprecedented war on an unprecedented enemy. An enemy? Real or invented? Always invented until it becomes real. Engineers of enemies. Welcome to the abode of production. Terror production, delivering 24/7. Life guarantee, not your life though: life-guarantee-terror products only. Their survival demands your demise, but you can still have a social assinsurance so that we can at least bury your corpse *ipso facto*.

Ineluctable *corpsofactuality*.

He has never imagined how breathing is so crucial to life until he saw them bottled and suffocated in their own minds' eyes.

September 11th

Is to blame,

Methinks things

Ain't going to be the same again.

Fabulous artificer!

Belal's pledge. You have angered your master; bitten the hand that spoon-fed you. Poseidon is angry; Aeolus won't help, and you know nothing of Gods' anger until you taste it, and taste it you will. But! Has he not won already? *Better die once...* Who's he? Invented to contain communism and now re-invented to hammer home a war on terrorism. The changing shape of modern terroreactism in response to the changing face of the modern aesthetic cannon.

He never dreamt of what The World so generously did to him. A son crowned by a father: even the Greeks haven't imagined that. What's death now to him but a cap? American cowboy imaginary so adamant to crown him. What a pyrrhic-victory! Once again, who is he? A practising deconstructivist! Un-building the built; clearing a space for the unbuilt... Deconstructing the centre that tends to escape structurality... Perfect deconstruction! Just assume for once in your life,

assume the madness in your method. But, war has always been deconstructive and every war has been différanced. The wound of deconstruction, fissured yet unsutured. Promises of peace; pacts of war: différance undifferentiated, unsupplemented, undeferred, unpromised, but granted. Bellyfull of it?

Sphinxes of Dreadida.

He stretched on the bed for a while before he became aware of the pillow of salt on which he hatched his thoughts. He tried to unscramble the specks of his mind's eyes, but he was too unpregnant of the cause to invest enough stamina in the accomplishment. Again his thoughts were transported back to Afghanistan when he heard the hourly news on the Mediterranean Radio. He remembered what one blonde once told him about the situation of women in Afghanistan: "I find it so inconceivable that they treat women like that," she said. Obviously, all women need in Afghanistan is a little bit of Macdonaleyization. So, he just murmured the word, "binoculars."

Women in Afghanistan under "our" eyes. Parallax complex. *While I read it black, you read it white. Wizaratu el-amr bilmaarouf wa en-nahy ala el-munkir*, the ministry of the promotion of virtue and the prevention of vice! Have to wear a *burka* if you are a woman and a beard if you are a man. Just make sure you bury the bodied, never worry about the embodied. Wonder how they survive the summer with their badly bodied and mercilessly embodied bodies. Plus it gives them headaches. A portable chaperon is a must. Can one, being an Other to another Other, really understand another Other, for whom one is yet another Other, with no help from another Other?

See them as we see ourselves! Wonder if we ever see ourselves as others see us! Women-for-women-in-Afghanistan manifesto: women of the world unite. RAWA. Laura's speech. No axe to grind: doing it for the women and children of Afghanistan. Yeah, let me know, or I shall see for myself

When the hurly-burly's done,

The hermeneutics of Islam: the invention of Islams. Mr. Said's *outofplace* call for secularization. Hijacked religions. Meshed in-sights. Veiled re-visions. Everyone has to fix her eyes before her feet. Or else, whipped and lashed. Oppression and depression, that's how it feels to wear the veil. Freedom of choice spoon-fed by the politics of lashing. But are we implicated? *What's Hecuba to him?*

Paralysis regained. Depends where you StandStill.

Paralyllax!

Operation Enduring Freedom. Or, in want of a better phrasing: ignorance courted by arrogance fixated on credibility. The traumaofthereal's backlashandbacktrack. Perhaps Hegel was not, after all, wrong, however unpopular he might seem to have become. But, who is struggling for recognition now? Those who have an anxiety over losing it compounded by an unfaltering desire to preserve it. One-way-street-car named democracy. Undialectized imagination dressed up, hiding, drum drumming empty slogans, wearing a *hijab*, *jilbab*, or *Khymar*. Now, what is worse? Wearing it, or pretending not to be wearing it? The metonymic—playful but lethal—sliding of the

masked under the mask. Building our own graves: the aesthetics of automourning.
Comfortably and most pleasantly so. What's a veil then but a veil of signs?

Sphinxes of the sign.

Wonder why God made that promise to Noah?

I am putting my bow in the clouds.

*Thought it was too altruistic and generous-to-a-fault of Him. Never occurred to him that there is no hope that The Almighty would step in again. Forsaken Crusoes! That's who we are! Must Have Been a pre-post-structuralist, after all; for, Who Else would be keeping a promise? What's the definition of a promise, after all, if it is something you are supposed to keep? Befuddling that He is the only one not playing the only game in town! Or, is it the game that plays? I bet you will say so. I know you, I can see idle-scheming in your eyes! **Sphinxes of the promise.***

He switched on the CBC. He is bent on keeping abreast with what's going on in Afghanistan, though he knows that, being doubly unfortunate—an Arab and, what is curse, a Muslim—he has to cunningly navigate between silence and exiled expression. No wonder, in a world of competitive and qualitative ignorance, one has to tongue-tie one's way if one is to give a wide berth to all the Scyllas and Charybdises of the world: “the Talibans of the oil and the Talibans of the Dollar.” The last time he listened to a conversation, he had to keep his composure and resist shouting, although he felt like speaking daggers to some of the parrot-purring and crazily zealous defenders of the American carpet bombing of Afghanistan. He couldn't take it anymore.

Sphinxes of the biogeovisible.

The politics of everydayfear come true. Rage and raid, wind and rain against the Muslims *who are not ones.*

The United States of America is an enemy of those who aid terrorists and of the barbaric criminals who profane a great religion by committing murder in its name.

Islam! Peace! Such *a great religion* so badly interpreted and so uncompromisingly read on the edge. Says who? There are no neutral grounds, not in Islam, let alone in America's newly-bottled war.

Incredible how, from within an engulfing and fetishistic ignorance about Islam, every one becomes an expert overnight. Anything goes. Write two or three books discussing the neurosis of the converted (to Islam) and you might as well win the Nobel Prize for literature. Now, the Talibans are the prodigy of the converted—they suffer from the neurosis of the converted; they want to outdo the converter by/in their decided craziness about Islam.

They become fundamentalists while the converters tend to become secularized.

The demise of political Islam is the birth of Talibanism.

Everyone has a say; everyone is so willing to bray! New theories, new conceptualizations, new, new, just come from the printers, new bottles. Bottled thoughts. No later unbottling can unbottle the first unbottling. Always look for the genie inside the bottle. Speckstres of the bottle: Proteus bound. Unleash Proteus, you bottle-engineers! Keep your books away. So, what's a book? But, first what's thought? A bottle of the

mind. And a book is but a mindedly-bottled thought. *Penser la bouche pleine ?* Bottle a bottle? *Antic-ize a disposition.*

Sphinxes of the bottlized.

Were it not that I have bad dreams?