

In a short essay Haruki Murakami once wrote. When he was early 20s, just married and owed quite an amount to the bank for starting a jazz bar in Tokyo, he lived in a little house with his wife and 2 cats. It was an old house without heating. In early winter morning the kitchen wall would get a layer of frost. At night, the couple, their 2 cats, and maybe a few other stray cats from the neighbouring area would all huddle together in futon, warming each other with their own body temperatures.

He says he would like to write fictions like those nights, that the boundary between human being and animal is blurred, that you are no longer sure you warm others or to be warmed, that the dreams are shared, and that the difference between dreams and realities doesn't matter. A fiction of no border. ( For him this is his own, and may be the only, criterion of a good fiction.) ( I'm trying to make art in this direction.)

The summer I left for Berlin, or maybe an year later during the summer visit to Taiwan, a then-close friend loaded my USB-stick with his playlist of jazz music. He plays trumpet; he goes jogging; he writes articles, only beautiful articles. With him would our conversation like this.

"How's it going in Berlin?"

"I shifted from Bill Evans to Keith Jarrett."

"Did you? I see."

There was a period of time that I listened to *The Melody at Night, with You* almost every night to end a day. Looking back I have no idea how I would have passed that period in another way without being hold by that 50 odd minutes again and again. According to Wikipedia, the album was dedicated as a Christmas gift from Keith Jarrett to his then-wife. "For Rose Anne, who heard the music, then gave it back to me."

He suffered from chronic fatigue syndrome when he did the record. Deleuze suffered from respiratory ailments from a young age. We know later on Foucault would never ever speak with him. And he would throw himself from his window.

I wish to be strong. I wish to be strong enough to survive the flight from one dimension to another, to transform the adjectives in the negative assemblage into fertility. Then let us start from there. (Again)

When a multiplicity of this kind changes dimension, it necessarily changes in nature as well, undergoes a metamorphosis.

We all know *A Thousand Plateaus* is a collective effort by Deleuze and Guattari, an D&G in academics, but in many occasions we tend to neglect the later (maybe) for the sake of convenience and refer only to Deleuze, which leaves it only a D. Maybe there's a day to come. When we refer D, it automatically means D&, which Guattari is intrinsic included even without mentioning it. And maybe there's a day to come, when D&G, D or D& do not make any difference. May there only be and... and... and...

A (or 2) technical question(s) before that day: What does it mean to use "we" as I just did? (Is it more precise to use "many" as a replacement?)

RHIZOMATICS = SCHIZOANALYSIS = STRATOANALYSIS = PRAGMATICS =  
MICROPOLITICS

I wasn't into Western culture theories when I was in Taiwan. Not even gender, racial, post-colonial or such which seem to be significantly related to me once I step on the European continent. Because I didn't like the image of those cultural hipsters and academic cultural brokers ( there are also good ones so sorry for my youth..), because I didn't know how to apply those theories to daily reality, because it was difficult to read text in English and confusing to read in Chinese. (Imagine landing on Wikipedia in any Western language page for the idea of Qi. Then take the flight again before getting even more mystified.) Now I have the right context and am in the perfect timing of developing/ discovering process to expose to these texts with certain ways of thinking. Yet sometimes I still wonder if it's an oxymoron to bring those ideas which start with post- or de- back to the island even though I know it's not necessarily a re-. ( the flight attendant would kindly suggest you start from ground zero again )

Buddha's tree itself becomes a rhizome.

A unicorn becomes an intermezzo unicorn. Note: It's not easy to see things in the middle!

i want to be an artist.

I could be Muse by chance but i want to be an artist.

It's nice that D&G ( or D or D& ) turns out to be the flight attendant in rhizome system, setting Beatrice of Dante free from floating in the paradise ~

We've been underground and up in the sky, but there're also ocean. Oceans with islands full of pirates, moon light which is gentle, Richard Parker and Pi.

Today is Tuesday 26. May 2015. It's 18h25, less than 6 hours to the dead line of this assignment. I'm in a library in an art school in Zurich. It has been (or looks like) raining for the whole day. I'm reaching the 3rd page with font size 12 and spacing 1.5. I suppose it'll be all right if I slowly lead to an end, maybe with a quotation.

Which quotation?

... in order to designate something exactly, an exact expressions are utterly unavoidable.

Not at all because it is a necessary step, or because one can only advance by approximations: an exactitude is in no way an approximation; on the contrary, it is the exact passage of which is under way. ( it makes my experimental mumbling too serious > no )

Or

... all individuated enunciation remains trapped with the dominant significations, all signifying desire is associated with dominated subjects. ( it looks cool but are you trying to say you're making something else? wow I'm not sure... > no )

Then let's stick to the original plan:

... To reach, not the point where one no longer says I, but the point where it is no longer of any importance whether one says I. We are no longer ourselves. Each will know his own.

We have been aided, inspired, multiplied.

Yes, we have been aided, inspired, multiplied.