

“The Nice Man with his Wife’s  
Last Name’s Form of Annihilation”  
Nicholas Katsafanas

Mode: >.667  
1859:2546 73.0%

Cloud was sitting at Seventh Heaven  
drinking a Fernet on the rocks  
engaging in light conversation  
with a cocksucker he’d never even met  
about a Queen’s Blood play-in game  
that he’d—this particular cocksucker—  
requested to be put on the TV at the bar.

Well, actually Cloud corrected,  
for the record,  
that he’d actually been reading  
a few pages of Timaeus  
prior to all this,  
making a few disparate notes,  
finding himself puzzled at  
the sensory information  
that continued to be relayed into his brain.

Cloud basically alleged he was flummoxed  
about the sensory information that became,  
in some way, relayed  
to what he guessed was his brain?—  
how any of that was corroborated,  
but more so Cloud contemplated  
the static nature of said images—  
that’s what he was specifically contemplating  
when a guy with a round-ass face  
leaned onto the bar,

seeking to close his tab,  
obviously excited to tell the bartender  
that he may need to show her his ID,  
just because he took his wife's last name  
and hadn't had a chance to change  
his license yet?

The patron with the round-ass face  
noted how nice the bartender was (Tifa!),  
but what was her name again?  
He could definitely display his ID  
if she really needed,  
just because, again,  
his last name was different now—  
taking his wife's name and all!

Of course, Cloud noted,  
that it was clear that no one gave a fuck  
about the printed name on a credit card in that bar,  
and Tifa, for her part,  
didn't exactly seem like she was ramping up  
to suck this dude off  
just because he was a radical feminist.

For Cloud's part he was still, you know,  
attempting to get behind the blunt sensations  
being smuggled relentlessly  
into his so-called conscious existence.

Everything was an image to some extent,  
right Aerith?

Touch itself was a fucking sensory image.  
It was a quaint Spring evening  
where Cloud felt more or less

destined to philosophize,  
having started drinking wine  
in preparation for a Friday night dinner,  
only to have Tifa bail last minute,  
because she needed to pick up a bar shift—  
leaving him completely free  
to continue this wine drinking  
in a ritualistic way  
that would be conducive  
to philosophical ideas.

Yes, Cloud continued to Aerith,  
it was basically only via drinking alone,  
but in a ritualistic fashion,  
that he'd achieved any sort  
of philosophical inquiry.

You couldn't just sit at a desk  
and "become philosophical",  
at least not for Cloud!

Maybe some people could!

But, no, not Cloud.

He'd imagine that there were probably  
a litany of possible ways  
of becoming philosophical—  
like, for instance,  
for the round-faced albino chap,  
perhaps telling Tifa  
that he'd taken his wife's last name,  
maybe that could be seen  
as possibly ritualistic in a way,  
a gateway to some sort of

becoming philosophical.

This was "actually science",  
Cloud told her he thought at the bar,  
successfully avoiding making any eye contact  
with the round-faced man.

Was it necessarily strange at all  
that once the Greeks went extinct  
philosophy went more or less  
completely and utterly downhill  
and never looked back in the least,  
that the last group to really reach  
much of any philosophical success  
made a sincere effort to conjoin  
getting fucked up with  
contemplating intelligible phenomena?—  
that these Greeks attempted  
to marry inebriation and rigorous dialectic?

That all thought since—  
to paraphrase North Whitehead—  
had been a minor footnote to Plato or whatever?

The thing was, according to Cloud,  
you just couldn't willy nilly  
"delve into metaphysics"  
completely sober!

But that wasn't to say a person  
should necessarily become some  
degenerate alcoholic either,  
because a degenerate drunk  
would in no way make a great meta-physicist either—  
that was basically impossible, because,

like Cloud said,  
the solo mode of inebriation  
should be done ritualistically,  
in spurts, at certain times.

You couldn't just be like  
hitting the bottle  
as soon as you woke from a slumber!—  
after said inebriation sessions  
you'd require sobriety  
to parse through whatever it was  
that came to you  
via said contemplation, no?

In fact, the actual science  
was nothing beyond this parsing through  
of inebriation sessions  
of rigorous contemplation!

That was it—  
what laid behind logic and metaphysics,  
in Cloud's mind at least!

But inebriation could be anything really—  
Cloud could enter a state of inebriation  
in a car alone on a Tuesday AM,  
without consuming a damn thing.

Aerith more or less agreed,  
adding that on the one hand  
a philosophical mind  
should be able to analyze,  
interpret, extrapolate,  
all of that scientific stuff—but,  
on the other,

if you fail to place yourself  
in a position to receive anything to analyze,  
interpret, or extrapolate  
then you were basically screwed!

Cloud more or less agreed  
but added that—sans this type of  
“inspiration,” so to speak—  
they’d be stuck sitting  
at a table just noodling  
around nonsensically,  
vacillating back and forth  
between two types of nothingness,  
and then just probably knocking off  
someone else’s work by accident.

But none of this was new!

It wasn’t like Cloud was breaking news  
in any way.

At this point Aerith asked—you know,  
was this albino douche bag,  
he was an element of this analysis?

No, not really—according to Cloud—  
maybe the guy was trying a tad too hard?—  
to present himself  
as a specific archetype  
to the general public,  
as a guy who decided  
to spit in the face  
of his own chromosome count,  
which was something Cloud  
“personally endorsed!”

Granted Cloud probably  
wouldn't do it by taking his wife's last name,  
because Cloud personally  
was obviously more prone  
to a type of isolated  
and overly dramatic  
self-annihilation  
than a subservient  
and disingenuously muted  
feminist annihilation,  
but he wasn't ipso facto  
opposed to either!

Aerith agreed  
one hundred percent!

But Cloud still would go  
a little further,  
noting that in the intelligible sphere,  
as someone like,  
say, Proclus would note,  
that so-called forms  
were somehow able  
to participate in one another  
without mixing,  
whereas within the sensible realm  
they participated in things  
and subsequently got dirty.

But Cloud thought that it was worth  
going one step further—  
since they were discussing  
annihilation and stuff anyway,  
that the perceived mixing

between forms that took place  
in the sensible arena  
was itself just a projection  
of mixture but not actual mixture.

The intelligible sphere,  
being purely emanated,  
participated within itself  
without mixing itself,  
while in the sensible sphere  
it didn't seem like that was possible,  
that by participating  
within sensible things  
they became essentially mixed  
with them,  
assuming they were categorically sensible.

Essentially nature was tainted,  
which of course  
Cloud and Aerith knew all too well!

Way too well!

Hence their shared acquiescence  
toward occasional annihilation!

But even this sensible filth,  
so to speak,  
Cloud thought,  
this perceived mixing up  
in the participation of sensible things,  
wasn't it also a projection?—  
an emanation,  
just as the participation  
of the intelligible sphere

was also an emanation  
of the primary unity of all things?

Which, yeah, brought Cloud back  
to that albino round-faced fuck  
at the bar,  
taking his wife's last name—  
because ultimately  
the albino's vantage point  
wasn't remarkably divergent  
from Cloud's or Aerith's,  
Cloud thought.

This albino was promoting  
a certain type of annihilation  
of their cultural-sensible realm,  
thinking that the patriarchal lineage  
of their society was basically  
something objectionable,  
something essentially tainted,  
that should be annihilated  
in the service of something more pure.

Okay, well, Cloud thought  
that made a modicum of sense!

Maybe taking his wife's last name  
was in a sense a greater form  
of purity than locking a woman  
in a kitchen and expecting  
a blowjob every other evening,  
Cloud thought.

Just as Proclus and Socrates  
sensed that the intelligible sphere

participated with itself  
yet not in a way  
where it mixed with itself,  
that this was distinct  
from our further descended,  
sensible sphere  
where things participated with  
one another but got mixed up  
in the process—well,  
maybe this albino man  
was noting that the patriarchy  
was a participatory mixing  
that left unseemly cum stains—  
"for lack of a better phrase!"—  
on human experience.

Patriarchy, in the albino man's mind,  
should be annihilated  
because of this sensible mixing up,  
this putrid tainting  
of what would be better off pure.

And taking your nice wife's name  
was a proper mode  
of annihilation in response.

Aerith remarked that she knew  
Cloud would inevitably bring  
the discourse back to this poor chap  
closing his tab,  
but, just to be clear,  
what Cloud was saying was that  
this mixing that occurred  
in the sensible realm was itself  
just a separate projection—

just a lesser mode of projecting!

So while the material world  
may have disgusted them,  
perhaps moving the two toward  
some sort of all-encompassing  
conceptual annihilation,  
and as much as the patriarchy  
might have seemed putrid  
to the albino husband at the bar  
who looked to annihilate himself  
by taking his nice wife's last name,  
it could be wise to consider  
that these disgusting aggregates  
were themselves simply derivative projections,  
that they weren't actual mixtures,  
that they were just derivative emanations  
as opposed to tattoos  
of what they thought they despised.

Aerith was aware—  
she wasn't distressed about it,  
but she knew this poor albino guy  
would in time  
take the brunt of it from Cloud.  
Cloud questioned whether he didn't deserve it?

Plus like they'd already implied—  
they must to proceed  
from the immanent  
to the transcendent, no?

(Footnotes)

Mode: >.667

Total Echoes: 1,859

Total Syllables: 2,546

Approximate Self-Similarity: 73.0%

[C][l]oud was [s][i]tt[i]ng at [S][e]v[e]nth H[ea]v[e]n  
d[r]in[k]ing a Fernet on the [r]o[ck]s e[n]g[a]g[i]ng i[n]  
[l]ight [c]onver[s]a[t]i[on] with a [c]o[ck][s]u[ck]er h[e]’d  
ne[v]er [e]v[en] met [a][b]out [a] [Q]ueen’s [B][l]ood  
[p][l][ay]-in g[a]me that he’d - this [p]arti[c]ular  
[c]o[ck][s]u[ck]er - [r]e[q]uested to [b]e [p]ut on the [T][V]  
at the [b]ar. Well, a[c]tua[l]ly [C][l]oud [c]o[r]re[c]ted, for  
the [r]e[c]ord, that he’d a[c]tua[l]ly been [r]eading a [f]ew  
[p]a[ges] of [T]im[a]eus [p]r[i]or to all this, [m]a[k]ing a  
[f]ew [d]is[p]a[r]ate notes, [f]in[d]ing him[s]elf [p]uzzled  
at the [s]en[s]o[r]y in[f]o[r]m[at]ion that [c]on[t]inued [t]o  
[b]e [r]e[l]ay[ed] in[t]o his [b]r[ai]n. [C][l]oud  
[b]a[s]ic[a]lly a[l]leged he was [f]l[u]m[m]oxed a[b]out  
the [s]en[s]o[r]y in[f]o[r]m[at]ion that [b]e[c]a[me], in  
[s]ome [w]ay, [r]el[ay]ed to [w]hat he guessed [w]as his  
[b]r[ai]n? - how any of that was [c]o[r]ro[b]o[r]ated, [b]ut  
[m]ore [s]o [C][l]oud [c]on[t]em[p]l[at]ed the [s]t[ati]c  
n[atu]re of [s]aid i[m]ages - that’s [w]hat he [w]as  
[s]p[e]cifi[c]a[l]ly [c]on[t]em[p]l[at]ing [w]hen [a] guy  
[w]ith [a] r[ou]nd-a[s]s [f]a[c]e [l]eaned [o]n[t]o the [b]ar,  
[s]ee[k]ing to [c]l[ose] his [t]ab, obviou[s]ly ex[c]ited [t]o  
[t]ell the [b]a[r]t[en]der that he may n[ee]d to show [h]er  
[h]is I[D], just [b]e[c]a[use] he [t]oo[k] his wife’s [l]a[s]t  
name and [h]adn’t [h]ad a [ch]a[n]c[e] to [ch]a[n]ge his  
[l]i[c]en[s]e yet? The pa[t]r[on] with the [r]ound-a[s]s  
[f]a[c]e [n]oted how [n]i[c]e the bar[t]ender was ([T]i[f]a!),  
[b]ut [w]hat [w]as her [n]ame again? He [c]ould  
[d]ef[i]n[i]te[l]y [d]isp[lay] his I[D] if sh[e] r[ea]l[ly]

[n][ee]ded, just be[c]ause, again, his [l]ast [n]ame [w]as [d]i[f]ferent [n]ow - ta[k]ing his [w]i[f]e's [n]ame and all! Of [c]ourse, [C][l]oud [n][o]ted, [th]at it was [c]lear [th]at [n][o] one gave [a] [f]u[c]k [a]bout the [p][r]inted name on [a] [c][r]edit [c][ar]d in that b[ar], and Ti[f]a, [f]or her [p][ar]t, [d]i[d]n't exa[c]t[ly] [s][ee]m [i]k[e] she was [r]am[p]ing [u][p] to [s][u]ck this [d]ude o[f]f j[us]t be[c]au[se] he was a [r]a[d]i[c]al [f]eminist. [F]or [C][l]oud's [p]art he was still, you know, a[tt]em[p]ting [t]o get [b][e]hind the [b][u]nt [s]en[s]ations [b][e]ing [s]muggled [r]e[le]nt[ly] into his [s]o-[c]alled [c]onsciou[s] [e]xi[s]ten[c]e. [E]ve[r]ything was [a]n [i]mage to [s]ome e[x]tent, [r]ight Ae[r]ith? Touch it[s]elf [f] was a [f]u[c]king [s]en[s]o[r]y [i]m[a]ge. [I]t was a [q]uaint [S]p[r]ing evening where [C][l]oud [f]elt m[or]e [or] [l]es[s] [d]es[t]ined to [ph]i[lo]so[ph]i[ze], having [s]tarted [d]r[in]k[ing] w[i]ne in [p]re[p]a[r]ation [f]or a [F]r[i]d[ay] [n]i[gh]t [d]inner, on[ly] to have Ti[f]a [b]ail [l]ast mi[n]ute, [b]e[c]ause sh[e] [n][ee]ded to [p][i]c[k] u[p] a [b]ar sh[i]ft - [l]ea[ving] him [c]om[p]l[e]t[ly] fr[ee] to [c]ontinue this wine [d]r[in]k[ing] [i]n a [r]i[tual]i[s]ti[c] [w]ay that [w]ould be [c]on[d]u[c]ive to [ph]i[lo]so[ph]i[c]al i[d]eas. Yes, [C][l]oud [c]on[t]inued [t]o Ae[r]ith, it was [b]asi[c]a[ly] on[ly] vi[a] d[r]in[k]ing [a]ll[one], [b]ut in [a] [r]itua[li]s[ti]c [f]a[sh]ion, th[at] h[e]'d ach[ie]ved any [s]ort of [ph]i[lo]so[ph]i[c]al [i]nq[ui]ry. You [c]oul[d]n't just [s]it at a [d]e[s]k and be[c]ome [ph]i[lo]so[ph]i[c]al, at [l]ea[s]t [n]ot for [C][l]oud! May[b]e [s]ome [p][eo]p[le] [c]ould! [B]ut, [n]o, [n]ot [C][l]oud. He'd i[m]agine [th]at [th]ere were [p]ro[b]a[b]ly a [l]itany of [p]o[s]si[b]le ways of [b]e[c]o[m]ing [ph]i[lo]so[ph]i[c]al - [i]k[e], [f]or in[s]tan[c]e, [f]or the round-[f]a[c]ed al[b]ino ch[a]p, [p]erh[a]p[s] [t]e[ll]ing [T]i[f]a that he'd [t]aken his wi[f]e's [l]a[s]t n[a]me, m[ay][b]e that could [b]e [s][ee]n as po[s]si[b]li[ty] ritua[li]s[ti]c [i]n a w[ay], a g[at]ew[ay] to

[s]ome [s]ort of be[c]oming [ph]i[l]o[s]o[ph]i[c]al. This was a[c]tua[l]ly [s]cien[c]e, [C][l]oud [t]old [h]er [h]e [th]ought at [th]e bar, [s]uc[c]e[s]sfully avoidi[ng] [m]a[k]i[ng] any eye [c]on[t]a[c]t with the round-fa[c]ed [m]an. Was it [n]e[c]e[s]sa[r]ily [s]t[r]ange at all that [o]n[c]e the G[r]ee[k]s [w]ent extin[c]t [ph]i[l]o[s]o[ph]y went m[or]e [or] [l]ess [c]omp[l]e[t]e[l]y and utter[l]y downhill and [n]ever [l]oo[k]ed b[a]c[k] in the [l]ea[s]t, [th][a]t [th]e [l]a[s]t group to [r]ea[l]l[y] [r]ea[ch] much of any [ph]i[l]o[s]o[ph]i[c]al [s]u[c]ce[s]s made a [s]in[c]ere e[ff]ort to [c]onjoin getting [f]u[c]ked [u][p] with [c]on[t]em[p]lating in[t]e[l]ligible [ph]e[n]o[m]e[n]a? - [th]at [th]e[se] G[r]ee[k]s a[t]t[em]p[te]d [t]o [m]a[r]ry i[n]e[b]r[i]ation and [r]igo[r]ous dia[l]e[c]tic? [Th]at all [th]ought since - to [p]a[r]a[ph]r[ase] [N]orthhead - had been a mi[n]or [f]oot[n]ote to [P]lato or [w]hatever? [Th]e [th]ing [w]as, a[c]c[or]ding to [C][l]oud, you just [c]oul[d]n't w[i]l[l]y n[i]l[l]y [d]elve into metaph[y]s[i]cs [c]omp[l]e[t]e[l]y [s]o[b]er! [B]ut that wasn't to [s]ay a [p]e[r]s[on] should [n]e[c]e[s]sarily [b]e[c]ome [s]ome dege[n]e[r]ate al[c]ho[h]i[c] either, [b]e[c]ause a [d]ege[n]e[r]ate [d]runk would in [n]o w[ay] [m]a[k]e a g[r]ea[t] [m]eta-phys[i]c[i]st either - that was [b]a[s]i[c]a[l]ly impo[s]si[b]le, [b]e[c]ause, [l]i[k]e [C][l]oud [s]aid, the [s]o[l]o[m]o[m]o de of in[e]b[r]i[ati]on should [b]e done [r]itua[l]i[s]ti[c]a[l]ly, in [s]p[ur]ts, at [c]er[tain] times. You [c]ouldn't just [b]e [l]i[k]e h[i]tt[ing] the [b]ottle [a]s soon [a]s you wo[k]e [f]rom a [s]lum[b]er! - a[ft]er [s]aid in[e]b[r]i[ati]on [s]essions you'd [r]e[qu]ire [s]o[b]r[i]ety to [p]arse through [w]hatever it [w]as that [c]ame to you via [s]aid [c]ontem[p]l[ati]on, [n]o? In f[a]c[t], the [a]c[tual] [s]cience was [n]othing [b]eyond this [p]ar[s]ing th[r]ough of in[e]b[r]i[ati]on [s]essions of [r]igo[r]ous [c]ontem[p]l[ati]on! That was it - what [l]i[k]e [b]eh[i]nd [l]og[i]c and metaph[y]s[i]cs, in [C][l]oud's

m[i]nd at [l]east! [B]ut in[e][b][r][i]ation [c]ould [b]e  
 anything [r]eally - [C][l]oud [c]ould en[t]er a s[t]ate of  
 in[e]b[r][i]ation in [a] [c]ar [a][l]one on [a] Tuesd[ay] [A]M,  
 without [c]onsuming a damn thing. [A]e[r]ith [m][or]e [or]  
 less ag[r]eed, [a]dding th[at] on the one hand a  
 [ph]i[l]oso[ph]ical [m]i[nd] should [b]e a[b]le [t]o  
 ana[l]yze, in[t]er[p]r[et], ex[t]r[ap]o[late], all of that  
 [s]cien[t][i]f[ic] [s]t[ud]y - but, on [th]e o[th]er, i[f] you  
 [f]ail to [p]r[a]c[t]ice yourself [i]n a [p]os[iti]on to [r]e[c]eive  
 [a]nything to [a]na[l]yze, in[t]er[p]r[et], or  
 ex[t]r[ap]o[late] then you were [b]a[s]i[c]a[l]ly  
 [s]c[r]ew[ed]! [C][l]oud m[or]e [or] [l]ess ag[r]eed [b]ut  
 [a]dded th[at] - [s]a[ys] this ty[p]e of “in[s]p[ir]ation,” [s]o  
 to [s]p[ea]k - they’d [b]e [s]t[ud]y[ing] at [a]  
 ta[b]le just [n]ood[ling] [a]r[oun]d [n]on[s]en[s]i[c]a[l]ly,  
 v[a]c[ua]t[ing] [b]a[c]k [a]nd forth [b]e[t]ween [t]wo  
 [t]ypes of [n]othing[n]ess, and then just pr[o]b[ab]l[y]  
 k[n]o[w]ing [o]ff s[ome]o[n]e else’s [w]ork [b]y  
 [a]c[c]ident. [B]ut [n]one of this [w]as [n]ew! It [w]asn’t  
 [l]ike [C][l]oud [w]as [b]r[ea]k[ing] [n]ews i[n] a[n]y  
 [w]ay. [A]t this point [A]e[r]ith [a]sked - you k[n]o[w,  
 was thi[s] [a]ll[th]is [n]o douche [b]ag, he was an e[le]ment  
 of this [a]n[a]l[ysis]? [N]o, [n]ot real[ly] - a[c]cording to  
 [C][l]oud - maybe the g[uy] was [t]r[an]s[fer]ring a [t]ad [t]oo  
 hard? - to [p]r[es]ent him[s]e[lf] as a [s]p[eci]f[ic]  
 ar[c]he[t]y[p]e [t]o the gene[r]al [p]ubli[c], as a g[uy] who  
 [d]e[c]i[d]ed to [s]p[ea]k [i]n the fa[c]e of his [o]wn  
 [c]h[r]o[m]o[s]o[m]e [c]ount, [w]hich [w]as [s]omething  
 [C][l]oud [p]er[s]ona[l]ly en[d]or[s]ed! Gran[t]ed [C][l]oud  
 [p]ro[b]ab[ly] [w]oul[d]n’t [d]o it [b]y [t]r[an]s[fer]ring his  
 [w]ife’s [l]ast [n]a[m]e, [b]e[c]ause [C][l]oud  
 [p]er[s]o[n]al[ly] was obviou[s]l[y] more [p]rone [t]o a  
 [t]y[p]e of [i]s[ol]ated and over[ly] [d]ramatic  
 [s]elf-ann[un]ci[ation] than a [s]ub[s]ervient and  
 [d]i[s]t[ingu]ish[ing] [m]uted [f]e[m]i[n]ist

a[n]nih[i]l[ation], b[u]t he w[a]sn't i[p][s][o] [f]act[o]
op[p][o]sed to either! Ae[r]ith ag[r]eed [on]e h[un]d[r]ed
[p]er[c]ent! But [C][l]oud [s]till would g[o] a [l]ittle [f]urther,
n[o]ting [th]at i[n] [th]e i[n]telligible [s][p]here, as
[s][o]me[o]ne [l]i[k]e, [s]ay, Pr[o][c][l]us would n[o]te, that
[s][o]-[c]alled [f]orms were [s]omehow able to
[p]arti[c]i[p]ate in [o]ne an[o]ther w[i]thout m[i]xing,
[w]hereas [w][i]th[i]n the [s]en[s]ible realm they
[p]ar[t]i[c]i[p]ated [i]n th[i]ngs and [s]ub[s]e[qu]ent[ly]
got [d]irt[y]. But [C][l]oud [th]ought [th]at it [w]as [w]orth
going [o]ne [s]tep [f]urther - [s]ince they were
[d]i[s]c[u]s[s]ing a[n]nihilation [a]nd [s]tu[f]f [a]n[y]way,
[th]at [th]e [p]er[c]eiv[ed] m[i]x[i]ng be[tw]ee[n] [f]orms
that [t]ook [p]lace in the [s]en[s]ible a[r]e[n]a was it[s]el[f]
j[us]t [a] [p]r[o]j[e]c[t]ion of [m]ixture but not a[c]t[ua]l
[m]ixture. The in[t]el[lig]ib[le] sphere, [b]eing [p]ure[ly]
e[m]an[a]ted, [p]ar[t]i[c]i[p]at[ed] w[i]th[i]n [i]t[s]elf without
[m]i[x]i[n]g [i]t[s]el[f], while i[n] the [s]e[n][s]ib[le]
[s]p[he]re [i]t [d]i[d]n't [s]eem like that was [p]o[s]sib[le],
that [b]y [p]arti[c]i[p]ating w[i]th[i]n [s]en[s]ib[le] [th]i[n]gs
[th]ey [b]e[c]ame e[s]sential[ly] m[i]xed w[i]th them,
a[s]suming they were [c]ategori[c]al[ly] [s]en[s]ible.
E[s]sential[ly] [n]a[t]ure was t[ai]nted, which of [c]our[s]e
[C][l]oud [a]nd [A]erith k[n]ew all [t]oo [w]ell! [W]ay [t]oo
[w]ell! He[n]c[e] thei[r] sha[r]ed a[c]quie[s]ce[n]c[e]
toward [o][c]c[a]sio[n]al [a]n[n]ihil[ation]! [B]ut even this
[s]en[s]ib[le] f[i]lth, [s]o to [s]p[ea]k, [C]loud [th]ought,
[th]i[s] [p]er[c]eiv[ed] m[i]x[i]ng u[p] [i]n the
[p]arti[c]i[p]ation of [s]en[s]ib[le] th[i]ngs, wasn't it [a]ll[s]o
[a] [p]r[o]j[e]c[t]ion? - [a]n [e]man[a]t[i]on, just as the
[p]ar[t]i[c]i[p]at[i]on of the in[t]elligible [s]p[he]re was
al[s]o [a]n [e]m[an]at[i]on of the [p]r[i]m[ar]y u[n]ity of all
things? Which, yeah, [b]r[ou]ght [C][l]oud [b][a]c[k] to
th[at] al[b]i[n]o [r]ound-[f]aced [f]u[c]k at the [b]ar,
[t]a[k]ing his wif[e]'s [l]ast [n]ame - [b]e[c]ause

ul[tɪ]m]ate[ɪ]y] the al[b]ino's [v]antage point wasn't [r]e[m]ar[k]a[b]l[e] di[v]ergent f[r]om [C]l]oud's or Ae[r]ith's, [C]l]oud thought. Thi[s] al[b]i[n]o was [p]r[o]m]oting a [c]ertain t[y]p[e] of an[n]i]hilation of their [c]ultu[r]al-[s]en[s]i[b]le [r]ealm, [th]in[k]ing [th]at [th]e [p]at[r]iar[c]hal lineage of their [s]o[c]iety was [b]a[s]i[c]ally [s]omething obje[c]tiona[b]le, [s]omething e[s]sential[ly] t[ai]nted, that should [b]e a[n]n[i]hila]ted in the [s]ervi[c]e of [s]omething [m]ore pure. O[k]ay, well, [C]l]oud [th]ought [th]at [m]a]de a [m]odi[c]um of [s]ense! [M]a]ybe t[a]k]ing his wif[e]'s [l]a[s]t n[a]me was in a [s]ense a g[r]ea]ter [f]orm of [p]u[r]ity than [l]o[c]king a woma[n] i[n] a [k]itche[n] and [e]xp[ec]ting a blowjob [e]v]ery other [e]v]ening, [C]l]oud thought. Ju[s]t as [P]r]oc]l]us and [S]o[c]r]a[t]es [s]en[s]ed [th]at [th]e in[t]el[lig]ible [s]p]here [p]arti[c]i[p]ated w[i]th [i]t[s]elf yet not in a [w]ay [w]here it m[i]xed w[i]th [i]t[s]elf, [th]at [th]i[s] was [d]i[s]tinct [f]rom our [f]urther [d]e[s]cend]ed, [s]en[s]i[b]le [s]p]here where things [p]arti[c]i[p]ated [w]ith [o]ne another [b]ut got [m]ixed u[p] in the [p]ro[c]e[s]s - well, [m]ay[b]e this al[b]i[n]o [m]an was [n]o]ting [th]at [th]e [p]a[t]riar[c]h[y] was a [p]ar[t]i[c]i[p]a[t]o[r]y] m[i]x[i]ng that [l]eft un[s]eem[ly] [c]um [s]t[ai]ns - [f]or [l]a[c]k of a better [p]hr[ase]! - on hu[m]an exp[er]i]ence. [P]at[r]iar[c]hy, in the al[b]i[n]o [m]an's [m]i]nd, should [b]e a[n]n[i]hila]ted [b]e[c]ause of this [s]en[s]i[b]le m[i]x[i]ng u[p], this [p]u[t]rid [t]ai]nting of [w]hat [w]ould [b]e [b]etter o[ff] [p]ure. And [t]a]k]ing your [n]i]ce wif[e]'s [n]ame was a [p]r]o]p]er [m]ode of an[n]i]hilation in [r]es[p]onse. Ae[r]ith [r]e[m]ar[k]ed that she knew [C]l]oud would inevita[b]ly [b]r]ing the dis[c]ou[r]se [b]a[c]k to this [p]oo[r] ch[a]p [c]l]osing his t[a]b, [b]ut, just to [b]e [c]l]ear, [w]hat [C]l]oud [w]as saying [w]as [th]at [th]i[s] m[i]xing [th]at o[c]curred in the [s]en[s]ible [r]ealm was it[s]elf ju[s]t a [s]e[p]a[r]ate

[p][r]ojection - ju[s]t a l[e][s]ser mode of [p]roj[e]cting! So [w]hile the [m]a[t]erial [w]orld [m]ay have di[s]gu[s]ted them, [p]erha[p]s [m]oving the [t]wo [t]oward [s]ome [s]ort of [a]ll-en[c]om[p]a[s]sing [c]on[c]e[p]tual [a]nnihilation, [a]nd [a]s [m]uch as the [p]a[t]riarchy [m]ight have seemed [p]u[t]rid to the al[b]ino hus[b]and at the [b]ar who [l]oo[k]ed to an[n]ih[i]late him[s]e[l]f [b]y ta[k]ing his [n][i]c[e] w[i]f[e]'s [l]a[s]t [n]ame, it [c]ould be wise to [c]on[s]ider [th]at [th]ese [d]i[s]gu[s]ting a[g]g[r]e[g]ates were them[s]elves [s]im[p]ly [d]e[r]i[vat]i]ve [p]roje[c]tions, [th]at [th]ey weren't a[c]tual [m]ixtures, [th]at [th]ey were just [d]erivative e[m]anations as o[p]posed [t]o [t]at[t]oos of what [th]ey [th]ought [th]ey [d]e[s]p[is]ed. Aerith [w]as a[w]are. She wasn't [d]i[s]tressed a[b]out it, [b]ut she k[n]ew this poor al[b]i[n]o g[uy] would in [t]i]me [t]a[k]e the [b]r[u]nt [o]f it from [C]loud. [C]loud [q]uestioned whether he [d]i[d]n't [d]eserve it? [P][l]us [l]i]ke they'd al[r]eady im[p]l[i]ed - they [m]u[s]t to [p]r[o]c[eed] from the i[m]mane[n]t [t]o the [t]ran[s]cende[n]t, no?