

I
Theory is waiting, it establishes man
–the flesh-less, phrase-less, world-less real–
in the condition of waiting

II
 The body of theory
 –formulaic writing, ascetic enthusiasm, ordered popular uprising, hull cutting
 truly through the waves, sail fluttering in the breeze, taking on the wind–
 is the institution of waiting

III
 This institution –this act– is a full-on attack on the world,
 on the vanity of the worldly, on the morgue of the living;
 an attack via the void, the distance taken, via the word that is
 terse, distraught, dragged from silence; an angelic attack,
 from the angel that is the I without me, the body without flesh,
 the act without practice, the formula without discourse

IV
Austere and theatrical, the act of theory crosses practice without getting bogged
down in it; it does not become worldly. Incisiveness of the wing, of the purified
tract, of the incendiary treatise, of maritime joy crossing boundless melancholy

V
 An instituted waiting, a formal attack, in the shape of a crossing,
 a discernment, an order that is cutting, severe, and ardent.
 The attack of the I crossing the ego
 (the writing in I dismissing the chatterings of the ego).
 Armed theory, extreme theory.

Boat-theory

VI
 The worldly, who only know of pleasant compromises between Heaven and Earth, speak of a bad joke, a joke nobody finds funny

VII
 Theorem of Anacharsis:
THERE ARE THE LIVING, THE DEAD,
AND THOSE WHO GO TO SEA

Gilles Grelet
 He For Whom The World Is A Brothel Where Practice
 Is The Whore And Philosophy The Great Madam

5th July 2007