

# XULTURE: The Book of Quoetry

A TRANSCRIPT OF SMS-MESSAGES SENT TO MYSELF BETWEEN  
NOVEMBER 6<sup>TH</sup> 2014 AND MAY 18<sup>TH</sup> 2015

Gabriel Johann Kvendseth

or:

Ex-Culture Quote Poetry

or:

Random Notes on Violence

or:

We are Blob

or:

Qualify, Commodify, Die

or:

Quod Scripsi, Scripsi

or:

Reality Used to be a Friend of Mine

or:

Double Slash Indicates That the Code is No Longer in Use

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1. edition, 500 copies.

or:

This is the New End

or:

Salt of the Earth

or:

Hooking for a Lookup

or:

Tread Lightly in the Forest (But Carry a Sharp Stick)

or:

Phylum Chordata State of Mind

or:

The Captive

or:

Book of the White Man's Song

or:

Melting Mind Soup

or:

The Monkey Interrupted

or:

Hostis Humani Generis

or:

I Am Still Happy, Even If I Find Out That I Died Yesterday

or:

I Write This to Enshrine My Identity

or:

Don't Forget the Posing Indignation

or:

This Kind of This This

or:

Science for a New Dark Age

or:

And Then, in the End, There Was Nothing

or:

It Doesn't Work Anymore

or:

Less Effort, More Posing, Keep it Business

*Methodology Revelation // To-Do List // Text Collection // Travel Itineraries (Both Real and Imaginary) // Writings For and Against a Staging of the World // Reminders // Developmental Notes // Script*

November 6<sup>th</sup> 2014, 14.32:  
Hooking for a lookup.

November 13<sup>th</sup> 2014, 22.15:  
Every day I stray farther and further from Eden.

November 13<sup>th</sup> 2014, 22.48:  
Dødsdriften er nåmere uinteressant for meg, Thanatos er død, kun Eros' yttergrenser er uutforsket territorialfarvann.<sup>1</sup>

November 13<sup>th</sup> 2014, 23.31:  
Riding the Perry Ferry

November 16<sup>th</sup> 2014, 00.05:  
I'd rather wish that I didn't have kids than wish that I did.  
I'd rather wish I were single than that I wasn't.

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<sup>1</sup> The urge towards death is from now on uninteresting to me, Thanatos is dead. Only the outer limits of Eros are uncharted territorial waters.

November 16<sup>th</sup> 2014, 02.26:  
Salt of the Earth, vaguely polished, to-do list, itinerary, travel receipt.

November 29<sup>th</sup> 2014, 23.20:  
The Dancing Cockroach / Apochaplex March

November 29<sup>th</sup> 2014, 23.43:  
Kuken min er mellomstor & andre historier<sup>2</sup>

December 1<sup>st</sup> 2014, 20.11:  
Praxes, Berlin

December 2<sup>nd</sup> 2014, 15.31:  
The Captive

December 3<sup>rd</sup> 2014, 13.50:  
I don't make fine design, I make grit. It's not polished, packaged and easy to assemble. This is not the Scandinavian Cool. This is senseless trash to beat your neighbor with.

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<sup>2</sup> My Cock is of Average Size & Other Stories.

December 4<sup>th</sup> 2014, 14.43:

Not cool corporate, smart, and sexy.

December 6<sup>th</sup> 2014, 14.16:

Aggressive, pathetic, sloppy and sexual.

December 6<sup>th</sup> 2014, 15.29:

Melting Mind Soup, South of reason, north of emotion,  
nowhere near sincere.

December 9<sup>th</sup> 2014, 17.11:

This is Arte Povera in the mental sense, this is shutting up  
as due diligence.

December 9<sup>th</sup> 2014, 17.24:

This is a twenty-four hour marathon of conformity.

December 10<sup>th</sup> 2014, 15.20:

Answers to imaginary questions / Answering imaginary  
questions

December 10<sup>th</sup> 2014, 23.41:

We are Blob, uniformly individual. We don't believe, we  
need. We can do without. Information is quantifiable not as  
content, but as sheer mass.

December 11<sup>th</sup> 2014, 01.07:

It is the lukewarm, the unengaged, unrelated, and  
inconsequential.

December 12<sup>th</sup> 2014, 15.35:

Tread lightly in the forest, but carry a sharp stick.

December 13<sup>th</sup> 2014, 00.07:

Art is dead a little long time ago, all the smart people have  
moved on to more interesting things. Now it's just  
regurgitation, just language games. Might as well just make  
stuff.

December 13<sup>th</sup> 2014, 00.56:

Hooking for a lookout: devising strategies of exposure  
(content not withstanding).

December 13<sup>th</sup> 2014, 01.36:

This is when bearded men with smooth bodies get undressed.

December 13<sup>th</sup> 2014, 01.59:

Sadly, the machine is now more 'fast' than 'soft'.

December 13<sup>th</sup> 2014, 01.59:

When I become Death...

December 13<sup>th</sup> 2014, 02.00:

Clinging to the monkey tree. Always want the wild and free.

December 14<sup>th</sup> 2014, 14.50:

Kloakkrotter lever evig, level 2.<sup>3</sup>

December 14<sup>th</sup> 2014, 15.50:

Party as a ritual, nobody and everybody profits.

December 14<sup>th</sup> 2014, 19.44:

Phylum Chordata State of Mind

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<sup>3</sup> Gutter rats live forever, level 2.

December 15<sup>th</sup> 2014, 11.54:

I want to see more lifeblood coursing through the clogged arteries of art.

December 15<sup>th</sup> 2014, 18.43:

Selective hoarding, discriminate collection, pilfering, scavenging, friendly kleptomania, and occasionally some downright theft.

December 15<sup>th</sup> 2014, 18.43:

The Rogue

December 17<sup>th</sup> 2014, 21.20:

Lühmühle

December 18<sup>th</sup> 2014, 01.16:

Sende mail til Dag og Tid, kultur, forbi nynorsk, relevant, viktigste ukeavis uavhengig av norsk skriftlig språk.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> Send email to Dag & Tid, culture, beyond New Norwegian, relevant, most important weekly newspaper independent of which Norwegian language it is written in. (Dag & Tid is one of very few newspapers written in "New Norwegian".)



December 18<sup>th</sup> 2014, 01.46:

Der Morgenbladet var under Alf van der Hagen, før de bestemte seg for å dykke dypt ned i Oslo gryta igjen. Hvor er det blitt av Amal Aden?<sup>5</sup>

December 18<sup>th</sup> 2014, 01.53:

Spise biff alene i Berlin.<sup>6</sup>

January 7<sup>th</sup> 2015, 13.37:

I am the Monkey Interrupted. The only revolution is reverting to the origin.

January 11<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.18:

Echo in the vast blue nothingness.

January 11<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.56:

Complex City

January 11<sup>th</sup> 2015, 01.50:

Sandy Bull

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<sup>5</sup> How Morgenbladet was under editor Alf van der Hagen, before they decided to dive deep into the "Oslo Cauldron" again. Where has Amal Aden gone?

<sup>6</sup> Eating steak alone in Berlin.

January 11<sup>th</sup> 2015, 03.31:

The inherent innocence of Hitler's non-existent children.

January 11<sup>th</sup> 2015, 05.32:

I am old, and I have seen it, and it is dark.

January 11<sup>th</sup> 2015, 06.12:

There will be a cure for psychosis on my future farm.

January 11<sup>th</sup> 2015, 06.24:

I have no more, but I do remember that I am drinking.  
I am still happy even if I find that I died yesterday.

January 12<sup>th</sup> 2015, 10.20:

Yong Gliesh, "Heartwork"

January 12<sup>th</sup> 2015, 10.28:

Laxshmiburg

January 12<sup>th</sup> 2015, 11.33:

Small Axes & If I had a Hammer

January 12<sup>th</sup> 2015, 19.26:

I was never any good at being young, too knowledgeable and naïve. Too scared, romantic, and dreamy.

January 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 16.18:

Possling

January 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.26:

Really, I'm just a very ordinary artist.

January 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.50:

I write this to enshrine my identity.

January 14<sup>th</sup> 2015, 01.57:

Spirituality in this field, or something, it's just, like, really hard. Crystals, or something.

January 14<sup>th</sup> 2015, 18.05:

Tugging on the right-now.

January 14<sup>th</sup> 2015, 20.17:

If you can maintain a coherent mind and a unified sense of self, if you have unchanging opinions and principles, or even, god forbid, religion then it is you: you are to be regarded as the unchanging problem, a symptom of a decaying, dying intellectiverse. Your connection to history severs you from the force of future.

January 16<sup>th</sup> 2015, 14.33:

This is the remix. The rock steady, monosodium glutamate remix. This is the post-narcotic, soda-pop remix.

January 18<sup>th</sup> 2015, 22.46:

What is fiction? It's not like you can kill me.

January 20<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.36:

Creation is inherently violent.

January 20<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.38:

Economics and random notes; economics and random violence.

January 20<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.39:

Action and random violence.

January 20<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.46:

Every thought and every action is violence. Bear with me – yes, it is. You know it. I know it. This is our starting point. Will you participate, please?

January 28<sup>th</sup> 2015, 19.53:

We are Blob; we are the viscous flow.

January 31<sup>st</sup> 2015, 19.53:

Reality used to be a friend of mine.

February 7<sup>th</sup> 2015, 01.35:

Whoring and scoring got boring.

February 10<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.35:

I could hear the revving of the War-saw in the distance. This is the sound of my Europe falling apart.

February 10<sup>th</sup> 2015, 20.33:

Galerie Judin, Potsdamer Strabe 83

February 10<sup>th</sup> 2015, 20.38:

Lehrter 17

February 12<sup>th</sup> 2015, 01.56:

Dying was a beautiful but perfectly ordinary start to life.

February 14<sup>th</sup> 2015, 17.31:

Aiguille.<sup>7</sup>

February 15<sup>th</sup> 2015, 01.33:

How would I know the truth of matter?

February 15<sup>th</sup> 2015, 04.44:

Darkness does shroud me. I look for light.

February 15<sup>th</sup> 2015, 05.35:

The overgrown monkey in evening dress, crying for the loss of her beauty.

February 15<sup>th</sup> 2015, 05.40:

Dreaming, drinking, trying. What about doing?

February 21<sup>st</sup> 2015, 23.18:

Merve<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> 'Needle' in French. Could also mean a needle-shaped peak or an instrument used for boring holes before blasting.

<sup>8</sup> A female name of Arabic origin. It means "pebble", or it could refer to one of the two sacred hills in Mecca, Saudi Arabia, between which Muslims travel back and forth seven times as part of ritual pilgrimages.

February 27<sup>th</sup> 2015, 03.17:

Is it just I who didn't understand before now that capital bought the left?

March 14<sup>th</sup> 2015, 01.46:

Je suis Hipster

March 22<sup>nd</sup> 2015, 11.04:

Sciamachy: fighting your own shadow, fighting a perceived or imaginary enemy.

March 28<sup>th</sup> 2015, 12.31:

On the fetishisation of the working class (born to fan the flame). A speculation on post-industrial economy, self-realization, and the compartmentalized individual

March 28<sup>th</sup> 2015, 12.32:

I suggest you start by listening to "Gladiators" by Andy Irvine

March 28<sup>th</sup> 2015, 12.33:

I've had many jobs. I have labored, worked, and volunteered.

March 30<sup>th</sup> 2015, 15.43:

Blue jeans, the hammer, Jackson Pollock.

March 31<sup>st</sup> 2015, 19.30:

Kunstneren som seer, -profet-, i motsetning til håndverker.<sup>9</sup>

April 11<sup>th</sup> 2015, 01.23:

Ingen to personer tenker samme tanke likt.<sup>10</sup>

April 12<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.35:

I don't presume to know anything about anything but I do know something about nothing.

April 17<sup>th</sup> 2015, 22.52:

But I have no illusions; I'm still insignificant, just slightly less insignificant than you.

April 20<sup>th</sup> 2015, 16.12:

Depuis Conquera.

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<sup>9</sup> The artist as seer – prophet – as opposed to craftsman.

<sup>10</sup> No two people think the same thought alike.

April 20<sup>th</sup> 2015, 17.07:

Steady employment is a degree in navel-gazing.

April 24<sup>th</sup> 2015, 20.40:

I like asses phat & phlat

April 24<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.40:

Nominally

April 25<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.39:

I thought Art was a place – a pleasure – where I needn't work, but I was sadly mistaken.

April 25<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.40:

One of the few fields where the work literally never stops.

April 25<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.43:

“Almost like Chinese table music. Love is certainly unquestionable,” said Fling Fling, like it was just another nothing. “I like Fling Fling,” said the author.

April 25<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.44:

Joker Peeker

April 25<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.49:

“Just another ass-fucker,” said he. Ass is the new pussy (everybody knows that).

April 26<sup>th</sup> 2015, 15.40:

Charlie Jesus

April 26<sup>th</sup> 2015, 16.50:

Polyandros

April 27<sup>th</sup> 2015, 17.20:

It wasn't very sensible to tell on the invincible.

April 27<sup>th</sup> 2015, 19.43:

Portmanteau<sup>11</sup>, Portman the Teau

April 28<sup>th</sup> 2015, 13.29:

The moral integrity of the stone-faced, working man is nothing but a ruse.

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<sup>11</sup> Portmanteau is a combination of taking parts (but not all) of two (or more) words or their sounds (morphemes) and their meanings into a single new word.

April 30<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.55:

Who am I kidding though? There is no fetishisation of the fruits of labor. You labor in order to harvest the fruits of your fetish, nothing more.

April 30<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.55:

Sometimes (the always variety of sometimes) I lack initiative. Without punitive measures in sight (measures I convince myself I will impart upon myself) I never really do anything. I need that whip behind my back if I am to keep going forwards.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 00.32:

Sailor on the sea of failure.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 00.33:

Thoughts think while mostly drunk.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 00.43:

My addiction is powerless over me.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 00.44:

I'm already onto the next scheme.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 00.44:

It's all a scheme in a dream in a scheme.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 00.51:

Nonsense, useful nonsense.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 00.53:

I don't trust myself drunk, but I trust the messages he sends me. I think I understand why the great writers are magnificent drunks.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 01.20:

Me, I'm a sick heart man. Rockefeller, he's a six heart man.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 01.33:

Getting old is a job I'm not sure if I'm up for. I probably don't have much choice anymore, though. I tried that suicide shit a long time ago and it doesn't work.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 02.02:

The company is so good to me; there are no more Reds in the Union.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 02.02:

If I was born rich I doubt I'd be inclined towards workers' rights.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 02.06:

Sam Hall: my neck will pay for all when I die.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 02.13:

Everybody has said everything better before me, so let them at least say it precisely.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 02.19:

Let me repeat an important part, point: me, me, me.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 15.10:

The workers and the work itself as commodity, commodity as fetish (i.e. Marx's commodity fetishism).

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 15.18:

An attempt at compartmentalizing into disenfranchised individuals.

May 1<sup>st</sup> 2015, 15.30:

And relatively unfounded.

May 2<sup>nd</sup> 2015, 02.02:

I certainly don't use enough drugs.

May 3<sup>rd</sup> 2015, 16.06:

The incessant bubblegum trax faded abruptly into the sharp voice of a bright, young mind.

May 4<sup>th</sup> 2015, 13.10:

Without vanity there is no sanity, without revenue there is no reverence, without power there is no profit.

May 4<sup>th</sup> 2015, 13.11:

Prophiter, the New End.

May 4<sup>th</sup> 2015, 13.10:

Without trickle down there is no truth, without purchase there is no penitence.

May 4<sup>th</sup> 2015, 13.14:

Youthanasia

May 4<sup>th</sup> 2015, 13.14:  
Without you there is no youth.

May 4<sup>th</sup> 2015, 13.17:  
When I, With I, Wish I.

May 4<sup>th</sup> 2015, 15.30:  
Neolexic Neolithic

May 7<sup>th</sup> 2015, 21.19:  
Science for a new dark age.

May 7<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.00:  
This kind of this this.

May 7<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.46:  
Because of the sadness, as Leland put it.

May 7<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.46:  
The inward and the outward.

May 7<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.47:  
Simultaneous simulacrum simulation.

May 7<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.49:  
Don't forget the posing indignation.

May 8<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.46:  
I am the half and the omega.

May 8<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.48:  
Too many drinks, too many drinks, too few drugs.

May 8<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.48:  
Nobody is as entirely un-relaxed as an artist.

May 9<sup>th</sup> 2015, 16.19:  
Pongo Kid, Sam Friday, and Monkey Boy.

May 9<sup>th</sup> 2015, 16.37:  
Iconography and the fontanel.

May 9<sup>th</sup> 2015, 17.05:  
Iconography of the fontanel?



May 9<sup>th</sup> 2015, 17.13:

Quod scripsi, scripsi. (Quidquid latine dictum sit, altum videtur.)<sup>12</sup>

May 11<sup>th</sup> 2015, 18.47:

And then, in the end, there was nothing.

May 12<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.22:

It doesn't work anymore.

May 12<sup>th</sup> 2015, 21.23:

Less effort, more posing, keep it business.

May 12<sup>th</sup> 2015, 22.04:

Ta må!.<sup>13</sup>

May 12<sup>th</sup> 2015, 22.53:

Subdivision, subtract, substitute, subversive, sunset.

May 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.28:

Ig Ig Ig Ig.

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<sup>12</sup> What I write, I write. (That which is said in Latin sounds profound.)

<sup>13</sup> Take measure.

May 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.30:

Fucking everywhere is like... "yeah, yeah, yeah". Shouldn't go to the gym. Yeah, yeah, it's fucking annoying. Going to the doctor. Can't not go to the gym – that's crazy.

May 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 00.57:

I am the uninterrupted indifference.

May 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 22.02:

Development, development, development. Yeah.

May 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 22.26:

Transformativ kraft.<sup>14</sup>

May 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 22.54:

From an early age he knew that he was born to fab the flames.

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<sup>14</sup> Transformative force.

May 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 22.56:

O, the men who made this Empire they made it for the few  
Who feast upon the profits of the labors that we do  
And now they want the working man to fight for them as  
well  
Let those who own this Empire go and fight for it  
themselves.<sup>15</sup>

May 13<sup>th</sup> 2015, 23.28:

Just a reminder: Hassan i Sabbah & the Hashashin: nothing  
is true, everything is permitted.

May 14<sup>th</sup> 2015, 08.31:

Consumer Mysticism

May 14<sup>th</sup> 2015, 10.18:

Don't believe the truth, for the truth shall set you free.

May 14<sup>th</sup> 2015, 13.18:

Hugh Ming

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<sup>15</sup> From *Gladiators* by Andy Irvine

May 17<sup>th</sup> 2015, 22.20:

-Rød jord: ringe Åsane Sand og Singel.  
-Leite etter trestamme<sup>16</sup>

May 17<sup>th</sup> 2015, 22.20:

Proud to be a punky little monkey.

May 18<sup>th</sup> 2015, 16.31:

Bumblebee Blues

May 18<sup>th</sup> 2015, 16.44:

Mr. The Man,  
You filled my seas with mercury.  
I worked for you,  
then watched TV.

Bought some trinkets with the money that you gave to me,  
and reveled in your generosity.  
That was my choice you see.  
Choice, you told me, earnestly,  
is always free.

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<sup>16</sup> -Red dirt: Call Åsane Sand og Singel (company). -Look for tree trunk.

May 18<sup>th</sup> 2015, 16.46:  
Fortreffelig.<sup>17</sup>

May 18<sup>th</sup> 2015, 16.48:  
Primo, medio, ultimo.

May 18<sup>th</sup> 2015, 21.49:  
The loss of a button might signify a lack of direction.  
Sewing on a button in a dream signifies that you are capable  
of achieving great things. Sometimes the future might be  
foretold.

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<sup>17</sup> Exquisite.