

# THE ADVENTURES OF PETER PARKER



## The Adventures of Peter Parker

*I walked along the hall just thinkin'? What am I saying? I pronounce things correctly, I'm an intelligent man. I supposed I'm just trying to conform to the superhero ideal. These contradictions are difficult to get over so I've got to keep reminding myself who I am, how I define myself. This superhero business can get kind of tricky after a while. Heck you never really get used to it.*

Peter walked into his bio-chem room those five minutes early he always allotted himself. In his own words he was 'a keener' even though he understood the judgments of his peers. Knowledge was just an allure for him and 'that was that', he just couldn't put the books down. Perhaps the main reason for this was Mary Jane, the apple of Pete's eye whom he, though perhaps he didn't even know it yet, wanted to provide for and the emphasis being on intellectual capital in this modern age, as a supplementary fact of his natural propensity to learn, this truly was the most feasible path. At night he would dream his spidey dreams even amidst his crime-fighting. Sometimes they would grab a hold of his conscious as he stood over the subjugated criminal trapped in his webbing. These dreams consisted of white picket fences, of sunshiny backyards glistening with dew and – Mary Jane baking in the kitchen as he and his son investigated the biological atmosphere of the backyard, so named as Pete's scientific bent was such that he just plain couldn't help transforming all living things into theories. But at heart, though this bent sometimes gained him ridicule from his friends, he was an ethical man, one who put the right thing first, before all pleasurable ends. This was demonstrated in his crime-fighting and it was this moral, purposive sense that initiated these dreams.

*Here I am in Bio again. Though I love science so much I can't help but be bored in here – or at least distracted. Oh what am I saying? - Least? I should say most. Who could be bored in a class when Mary Jane Watson attends? Boy oh boy I sure wish she'd hurry up though; just to see her in that mini-skirt – Quiet! My spidey sense is tingling; better think about something else until she gets here.*

*Wow this Spidey gig sure is an obstacle in my social life. But, now that I understand things with this ethical spidey sense of mine, I can't give up the profession. And my promise to Uncle Ben... - Here she is now! Oh what a knockout – and brains too! This is one chick who sure is swingin' (oops must remember to speak more intelligently, less colloquially). "Uhh...hiya, Mary Jane. Would you like to have a cup of coffee or... you wouldn't? Doug Frazer's already asked you...oh well, maybe some other time then." - Just my luck. That Doug Frazer, what does he have above me? Why, I'm brimming with qualities, I'm...ahh well Mary Jane will just have to wait for the epiphany of Peter Parker, alias Spiderman!*

Peter, though a first-class student is also an athletically-inclined individual who believes in hard training to perpetuate his superhero physicality. The balance beam, track, pole-

vaulting, and discus are just a few of the activities he includes in his spidey regimen. Here we meet Peter after one such workout.

*Boy am I tired! Just down a bit of spidey juice for recovery and zowee! (Or is that the right superhero? Never mind), I'm a new man again. Oh just my luck here comes Doug and Mary Jane. Talk about rubbing it in. "Yeah, hi Mary Jane, Doug" – what's that smirk for? Why, I'm twice the athlete Doug is; just give me a chance and...take it easy Spidey- you'll get what's coming to you. After all nice guys don't finish last when you're – a superhero!*

Here we encounter Peter Parker on a date with a girl who is not Mary Jane.

*"How's your soda, Candy?" That's great; I'm at some boring old ice-cream parlour with a girl who's got cream for brains. Well, easy come easy go. Take it easy Spidey...that spidey sense. I wonder how to shut it off!?" "Well Candy, it's been fun but I really have to be going, I have a test coming up and...you're sure you understand? Great – well...see you around." No certainly not the type for me, why Mary Jane outstrips her any time... now there's a thought...Spidey! Take it easy yourself now; we've got to do what's right and I have a feeling this isn't it. Now to get to studying before my crime-fighting punch clock starts going off. Oh the busy lives we superheroes lead.*

A robbery has been committed in an urban slum in the heart of old Chinatown. Wang the grocer had a sack of plums stolen – and at mark-up price too! Enter – the Spider-man alias Peter Parker.

*This time it looks serious! Why, old Wang can hardly afford the condo he has now let alone the yacht! Now Spidey don't go joking at other people's expense; old Wang is a kind-hearted old cripple and his profession, however lowly it may appear in the eyes of the bourgeoisie is nevertheless a very honourable one back in China. Ahh Mary Jane I can't keep your image out of my head even in the most quasi-serious of crimes.*

Swinging into action, Parker ejects web serum from his palm shooters, specially designed by Parker himself to immobilize the criminal and mobilize his one-man crime-fighting gang to the scene of vice.

*"I've got you now foul miscreant! Your thievery is at an end!" Did that just come outta me? Better lay off the spidey juice. "Now, to remove your mask - Mary Jane?! How could you stoop so low to the level of a common thief? Why with you all of womanhood has been brought to her knees." "Well of course you recognize my voice; it's me Peter. I have no choice but to reveal my secret identity...I'm Spiderman." "What kind of a lucrative career is that you ask? So you've considered me as the one before? Why, Mary Jane, I'm a scientist by profession; this is just a hobby. Does that reconcile you to the idea? It does?! Then my white picket fence dreams are to become a reality after all. But...what about Doug? He doesn't matter to you? At all? Mary Jane, I get down on*

*my knees for you...will you, Mary Jane Watson, marry me, Peter Parker? You will, well...but you stole the plums! Old Wang will send you to jail! He has decided to act as the minister? Well now everything's official but...you stole the plums! You have no ethical sense and I condemn you to the life of a spinster!"*

With that Peter Parker, the righteous man wholly right in his ethical sense departed from the crime scene leaving Mary Jane a sticky mess of webbing, ripe for the picking of the law's strong arms.

*Well, there is a bright side to everything and I'm sure those white picket dreams can still become a reality though with a different woman – Candy!*

And with that our adventure comes to an end. There will be others and I'm sure Candy will factor in quite prominently. On that you can be sure (wink!).

### Propaedeutic to style in the "Adventures..."

I'm surprised I didn't write about more distinctively human problems, and attempt to find solutions to them for myself. Typically I'm writing in the third person, distanced from the world and yet in it as the mighty citadel of soothsaying (so I claim). The medium of the adventures of Peter Parker will likely facilitate these problems vitiation in showcasing them in a non-objective empirical context. However the narration that I have so far used in these stories has been just this impersonal disconnected voice which creates its own philosophical reality – a parable of my life. And so to embark upon a Peter Parker adventure is really , is it not boys and girls, to embark on a philosopher's quest for truth through the understanding of social reality and reality per se, the former laying bare the social truth as I encounter it in my empirical activity (however theoretical), the latter truth per se in its desiderata.

Now this leaves for myself to embark on the imagined empirical reality of the seemingly average college student Peter Parker (and perhaps the nerdy reality as well – some might be so crass as to make this judgment).

### The Adventures of Peter Parker: 2<sup>nd</sup> episode

(Note: these episodes are independent of one another and yet...not)

*Mary Jane, o' you are in my dreams always though I may revolve around you like a satellite around its planet; you are always kept at a distance by your gravitational attraction, which is so intense as to keep me at bay, startled by your shining iridescence. Ah what am I thinking about now? This biology homework is impossible*

*to concentrate upon. Here I am trapped in my abode, poor Aunt May cooking and doing all these chores just to support me – I know she would be quite content to live in an old folks' home now that Uncle Ben is gone; for the company and all – and I – just slacking off daydreaming! But Mary Jane, Mary Jane your name is music to my ears; you're the sexiest dame I ever was near – enough poetry, time to study! – At least for Aunt May's sake!*

And that's just what our web-slinger did until his exams came, surprisingly for Peter, to an abrupt end. It was at the end that Peter's life took on a quite different form. Summer courses would ensure that he would complete undergraduate school and he, naturally, elected to take them so as to speed up the process towards graduate school, 'the next level' as Petey referred to it.

It was on one of these bright blindingly bright and stiflingly hot days that Peter was seen by Mary Jane Watson, also a summer student making his way along the campus boulevard, dreamily gazing at the trees with an absent-minded look across his face. She greeted him from across the boulevard but so lost in thought was he that he didn't even notice at first until she spoke out a second, louder time.

*Boy those finals sure were hard. If it wasn't for all that daydreaming and romantic silliness I could have been done studying in half the time – let that be a lesson to me! No longer shall I lose control of my life like I'm constantly doing, it's what defeats me and – I refuse to do it any longer! From now on it's all effort and hard work – and then the big time! “Oh hi Mary Jane...Gee I'm sorry I didn't see you at first. I must have been daydreaming again. You were wondering if I was free tonight to go to a jazz club down in little Paris? Why, uh no all my studies are as good as done (a little lie won't hurt this relationship Spidey) – sure I'd be delighted to – uh...pick you up at 8:00 then? Alright, I'll see you then. - Later, Mary Jane.” Boy oh boy here we go Spidey, talk about the big time! Tonight, tonight when the stars are shining bright – yea! Long-term goals can wait! Why neglect the present for the sake of the future when the former is necessary to the latter's existence?*

And so, after sitting through the hours, filled as they were with schoolwork and chores around the house, Peter Parker donned his casual suit jacket and best (and only) pair of spats and got ready for a night on the town, which would be nothing in itself if it weren't for Mary Jane Watson, the apple of Spidey's eye. Swinging from tree to building and onto other buildings, Peter made his way down to the Parisian section of town and to the nightclub specified by Mary Jane. Nervousness was the meaning of the sweat seeping through Pete's suit jacket which was thankfully dried as the night breeze cooled the Spiderman swinging steadily closer to his destination. Thought Peter: *oh well, it's aphrodisiac properties would be more of a help than a hindrance but...just in case I've brought some spidey serum which I've modified into the state of a perfume with the*

*addition of a little rose water. One squirt and – Presto! I smell like a charm; one which is also an antiperspirant. Being a scientist does have its perks!*

*Wow is that Mary Jane over there waiting at that outdoor table? What a hottie. Now to approach her; easy Spidey: Hiya Mary Jane, sorry to...maybe it's better to forgo the preambles; let's just go in. Gosh this music is loud – how can we talk? Well I guess being together is better than nothing. (That's it I gotta get outta here for at least a minute or two of fresh air – all this alcohol and cigarette stench, not to mention the loud music, is driving me nuts.)*

Peter managed to navigate his way through all the hyped up obstacalia finding him outside and it was this which altered his life. Looking characteristically to the night sky, starry with a mixture of half-pleasure and disappointment our web-slinger sat down on one of the unoccupied chairs, everyone having gone in to join in the milieu of entertainment and sensuous delights. Turning from the infinite reaches of space he glimpsed a beautiful figure caught in the half-light, her essence preserved in the crystalizing effect of the Chinese lanterns. He was drawn to her, and, without deliberation sat down at her table as if mesmerized. Noticeably startled she cast her eyes on the stranger yet was put at ease by his features and dreamy look. They introduced each other and after excusing himself, Peter asked her why she was outside rather than in. She didn't know what he was referring to at first but his pointing out the club elicited the reply that she liked it better alone. He questioned if “you don't often feel lonely in your solitude.” At this they connected and Mary Jane, Peter's former infatuation, was spirited away but her irreplaceable replacement that Peter married and had a white picket fence and children with.

#### Peter Parker's Adventures (non-contiguous episodes)

*“Mr Parker pay attention to your studies!” “Yes Mr. Zumbruler sorry sir...uh gee.” Just my luck, old Zumbruler, my former mentor, catches me napping and doing what? – daydreaming about Mary Jane. Well one's entitled to some consideration of personal problems even in and amidst this age of hyperactivity. Science, though you are a high- ranking love, you will always occupy second place in relation to Mary Jane. Gosh, now that we've finally started dating, I'm becoming really apprehensive about sex.*

*What pressure is put on a man, on a child throughout his whole life to perform and do so in omnipotent and domineering style! And I've gotta meet these expectations! I know that sex is supposed to be a casual thing in this liberal age, but something just doesn't seem right about promiscuity, I..just don't feel right about it. However M.J. is truly someone with whom I've been able to establish a bond, to have a history of relations with and this, I feel, is the condition necessary for a sexual encounter.*

*We've dated for a while now and have gone as far as necking but, gosh, the apprehension sure does wear on a guy's nerves, especially when they're the supersensitive nerves of a Spiderman! All I can think of is a look in her eye, a sort of aura around her telling me that she's ready; all I can envision happening is a confused series of movements, an infinite series originating in A, my web-slinging across the city to her house in suburbia. After that...well...I don't know how to make any sense of it! Perhaps things just occur spontaneously...but, to plan things out, to engineer an effect is too ingrained in human nature to avoid and hence the apprehension. Ah well, que sera, sera.*

Peter Parker's apprehension motivated him to take extra precautions for the date with Mary Jane and it's – if Peter can be believed – inevitable consequences. Condoms were purchased, cologne applied, hair pomaded – all of the charms consonant with masculinity, the quality Peter exuded even though it typically lay dormant under a bookish exterior.

Arriving at precisely the stipulated time on Mary Jane's doorstep, Peter was immediately greeted, and not without a note of discomfort that masked itself in manly brusqueness, by M.J.'s dad, Judge Watson. “Hiya Judge Watson, sir. Is Mary Jane ready? *(Oh gosh I blew it – I forgot to ask how he was, to introduce myself properly.)* You say she'll be down in a few minutes and this will give us time to parlay as you call it? Forgive my...uh...impoliteness sir, I forgot to ask how you were...uh...doing and all. Fine and the wife – oops never mind indeed! Sorry sir...uh...sit down here? Yes I've been dating her for some time Judge sir, uh...your honour. Uh...we...haven't sir I swear. Why these things probably shouldn't be discussed your hon– oh, daughter's security and everything sorry I forgot, well sir my feelings for Mary Jane are more profound than than sir; I wouldn't think of her in that way...uh...

“Oh, hi Mary Jane! Ready to go?...”

And so Mary Jane and Peter went to a movie, etc. On the way back they, as Peter's house was a mid-point between the other two, decided to stop there. Peter's Aunt May was in the Caribbean and this prompted that decision.

“Yes Mary Jane so that's just about the whole tour of my house...uh...where do I sleep... well...all right I'll show you my room as well – must have forgotten or something. How do I feel about you Mary Jane – call you M.J.? – Alright...I mean, I'll do so – I care about you more than I've cared about anyone else, maybe even more than...well I care about you a lot M.J. You...uh...what? No don't repeat it...I understand that that's how you feel. In fact I've suspected for a long time and...perhaps we can act on these feelings...It wouldn't be a...uh...bad – Oh M.J.....”

And so Peter Parker woke up the next morning with a love consummated and established through experience, conditioned through a closeness he had never felt before, a closeness by the name of love.

Peter Parker, average-everyday college kid, is buried in his projects of scientific import – though Science capitalized as a totality, does not recognize his efforts, much to the latter’s chagrin. He has worked waveringly and with hesitance upon his labour of love and this unsettled mode of action – owing to his great concern over what he deemed his ‘real troubles;’, which are thus his real concerns and we may believe him for his experiments and researches have been inconsistent with his previous efforts and with his lofty ideals – This mode of action has been in his own mind a failure. He has departed from his self, estranged his ideals and therein languishes in depressing, lacklustre movements.

*Golly these experiments are hopeless! How am I to achieve the result I’ve been seeking if I can’t even concentrate on the means – that is to say the given situation, the here and now. All because of Mary Jane! Why did she have to reject my proposal? Is it so difficult to set aside an hour or two to go to a movie? Well it doesn’t matter anyway ‘cause she wouldn’t care enough to be with me in any case, that’s why she rejected me after all! Gosh this sure is depressing being all alone among these lights, more like black lights than anything, blocking out the world through their inverted glow. See how such an emotional confusion makes me poetic – boy oh boy Parker you gotta get control over yourself, this is the only way to amend the situation!*

#### From the Desk of Peter Parker – Alone

Escape is a hopeless sojourn from myself My  
finite prisons

Those infinitely labyrinthine catacombs  
-Help!

I cry out into the darkness, into the infinite reaches of  
this place which I call my home  
-homeless I am, apart and  
thrown, into the distance –  
alone

Your voice a fierce peal of hope  
that sped across my mind  
but inside it must dwell  
no longer a living tone  
deadened, ringing throughout hell  
I remain – alone

A face to kiss, to stroke gently  
would mean salvation  
free me in birth pangs of ecstasy hear  
my mission  
screamed aloud  
with no one to receive these words  
into their mind's eye  
they are covered by a shroud  
and I must die –  
alone

### The Adventures of Peter Parker

Peter Parker's life was a monotony that he felt was in need of alleviation so he embarked upon a sojourn around the town in hopes of procuring this item. His journey was a long one, fruitless and futile, along which he encountered a woman his age, young and modestly pretty, yet not without her charms. He began to speak to her, for she had piqued his attention with her solemn and introverted deportment, and this appealed to his lonely circumstances and the desire for their negation.

*Gosh here we are just standing around inspecting nature. Don't you think it's fairly lonesome simply to stand apart inspecting rather than engaging in nature itself – I mean, doesn't the act of reflection apart elicit the desire to act together? You say I guess but just the saying of something – is that sufficient? Doesn't change lie in the doing and, should we not do together that which we do apart, if a kinship of interests exists?*

*Ah, all I can do is imagine these conversational nuances – what have I to do with them, they are not willed and so I am distinct from them entirely – an island! “Um... ah...hi, how are ya?” fine she says and this is the cessation of the conversation; she looks apprehensive of more discussion, of a discussion, even receptive, and myself also, yet what is to be unfurled but nervous relations, tapering off into nothingness. “Well... uh...I guess have a good day”, and off I go again in self-hatred! Another opportunity spoiled! Easy Parker, let's not get the old Spider-sense piqued again, remember our tendency towards violence, that which we promised to use for the good and not the converse. Peter Parker when will you, in all your merits, whether acknowledged by your modest self or not, acknowledge that you are desired by the objects of your desire – and act accordingly? - For their fears are yours and neither has any knowledge of the other aside from this reciprocity of desire, each focusing on themselves on the other exclusively, and to the exclusion of the relation between the two. Ah lament for better times!*

Parker, our intrepid hero, after coming across a certain media article, was rejuvenated in his desire to work. Heretofore he had been suffering under the yolk of depression and, eo ipso, this yolk had been cast off for loftier forms of praxis, namely that which he termed his calling: science.

The objects of depression were devalued through this article that Peter happened to come across were also supplanted by his authentic mode of activity aforementioned, that which he devoted himself towards wholeheartedly and without reservation. The source of the depression had vanquished, as cause to effect the depression itself was vanquished and Parker could now be his own man, no longer a dreamer idling away perhaps the most intense years of his life. We here encounter Parker engaged upon a research project of no little merit, the nuances of which are too discreet for the layman's comprehension – we must acknowledge only that it is indeed a project of some merit on the basis that the virtuous Parker is devoting his every effort to its fructification.

*Gee I sure feel like my old self again working away at my project. It seem like the depression just went away after I encountered an example in the media. A really hard- working and noble man who would let nothing stand in the way of his success – this to me is the path I must lead. And yet I can't help but think that the other life of sociality is perhaps of equal (if not greater) importance – for no man is an island, or some such corny proverb; corny but true. And to bridge this gulf between the social and the practical, while one's work is exclusive of sociality – why it's almost absurd to try... and yet I feel it imperative to do so – but what can I do, here in my house and without any foothold! Better simply follow the example set by the man in the media.*

Ahh Parker, when will you realize a life complete and without these gaping lacunae? Sure you have your work, and yet – is that alone sustainable of man? Can a man work day and night to the extreme of negating all other influences – and still call that a life? Someday, perhaps, you Peter Parker will learn that life consists not in any one thing if it is to be a valuable life, but of a plurality. Devotion must be had – and to maintain it, for without maintenance of the good, the bad will issue in immediately in its wake. Find the knowledge Parker, and you will find the value in life!

#### The Adventures of Peter Park cont....(in narrative form)

Peter Parker, immersed in his studies for the academic year, didn't heed the industry which was rife about him. He lived as in an impenetrable glass box and the walls and its dimensions were so regular, so unblemished, that room for the neoteric in life was wholly excluded – after all the perfection of the box was at stake. It was a transient and changing commodity, was this box; sometimes its walls lost their transparency, made a transition to opacity and in extremes to tenebrousness, the exclusion of any perception of the outside world at all. This was the principle defect of the box and its mundane characteristics, colourless, featureless, and unaesthetic. It would grow dim, gradually as his studies occupied his time and would negate all light by which to guide him.

Within this box, which was movable and could be transported as he moved – was suspended through an immutable mental force emanating from himself, his will to solitude – he went in full career to this place and that, with his academic objective in place in front of his eyes. He was alone and yet comforted by the heat which issued from this objective, which always (or nearly always) assumed a form coincident with the situation in which he was posited. When the ideal failed him – this objective lost its lustre – he would experience the greatest cold, the purest and most empty solitude that was

experienceable within his given conditions. His conditions: they were prescribed by loneliness and were identical with it, self-perpetuating complexes that came and went in proportion to his maintenance of the academic objective.

Peter lived such an existence and yet hoped for something else, something that would not merely supplement his living conditions, but that would wholly alter the structure of his reality. This something meant the dissolving of these crystallized walls, crystallized from out of wavering hopes, hesitations, and fears, those which in dealing with meant a risk that gave onto still greater degrees of the same forms. Thus he had shut out reality as if it no longer prognosticated these auspicious somethings he hoped for.

And Peter could always hope, this was the only prophecy that he thought he could avail himself of – for past experience confirmed it and hope was the very light which shone through the diaphanous walls of this box. The mind's memories, those he laid claim to as his spiritual reserve, that constitutive of his very being – these were not wholly bad, though they were peppered with the fears and hesitations that had constructed his limited world. Happy thoughts, and noble, intense hopes and values were what constituted a large part of this reserve – the majority, and it was through this that he managed to charge his adrenaline to act and to live towards these, as self-perpetuating ends that would give onto even greater ends.

What was this something that Peter wished for? He desired to live amongst his peers who stood at a distance, placed outside of his box and who could not reach him on account of it. It was outside that all his yearnings were directed towards. The inside remained a mere barrenness, the manufacture of these yearnings and their consequent escape towards the objects of value he so ardently sought.

Then one day Peter moved his box along familiar hallways and in familiar circumstances – the whole project was rife with familiarity! – But something in this scheme of life altered and the clockwork movements he made assumed a plastic form and were shifted from their prior rigidity. A voice spoke and he heard it penetrate the thickness of the walls of his box; lucidity arrived and he regained his capacity for sight. The world beckoned to him in invitation to its bounteous fruits and infinite experiences and he was there! – He had arrived in the world and effected a unity with it, so long sought after and so long absent. But the voice grew dim and faded away towards its decease; life grew shallow and cold again and he was again left to those solitudinous conditions he had so long known and, in tortured acceptance, made his own.

### The Perishing of Peter Parker

Peter Parker drifted in a black depression imagining that he was contracting relationships through spontaneous conversations and was deriving great insight and togetherness therefrom. He would speak to another person in his mind, in an intrinsic dialogue that was, though candid, nevertheless correspondent with conversational norms he had learned through observation and infrequent first-hand experience. This inner-world he entered into was a sweet past-time that was simultaneously a torturous event as it implied its contrary – and that was the world as a totality that he felt he could

never reach. In not being able to reach those particulars in this universal substrate, these people he ardently wished to welcome into his life, Peter's depression mounted and his thoughts turned away from the levity of conversation, turned towards bleaker, more universal concerns and fears.

The thought of a transient life to be lived out in struggling loneliness he presented to himself in imagination and became desperate at the thought of endless generation and corruption of forms, endless attacks on the physical form by Father Time and his minions of doubt, uncertainty, fear, and apathy.

The thought that no one would even enter into his life as a blissful external cause haunted him and jeopardized the value of his life – he was not an atomic unit and it was now impossible for him to live in this mode. “If no one comes within the next week, [he thought] I will kill myself.” – Such bleak thoughts bracketed off anything as with an impenetrable wall, beyond which nothing could be seen of the horizon of future tidings. The herald was heard in the distance proclaiming a message. This message was Peter's fate and he was to accept it whether or not it coincided with his plans. “In one week this message will become intelligible to me and I will follow what it dictates whether or not they are indulgent to my desires and wishes. Now my desires and wishes are all empty half-wishes, I do not understand them in the light of reality – they are believed in as fairies and goblins and I have long been a stranger to fairies and goblins.” Peter walked through the dark night in apathy pondering an unknown future. Peter fell asleep later that night and did not wake in any real sense until the following week was upon him. Surprised at how soon it had appeared, he spoke to himself thus: “Now I am prepared for any other verdict the herald brings.” A door in the wall, which was imperceptibly cut into its stone surface, opened without any gentle announcement or intimation that the herald was there and ‘lo! – The herald stooped before Peter in an ostentatious costume and, unravelling his scroll, read aloud: “Peter Parker, you are unsuitable for this world; you have not gone through the appropriate motions and have transgressed the implicit rules of common decency and human relations through your explicitly and decidedly weird character, your shyness and refusal to participate in any of those affairs wherein your peers engage and to the greater good of both themselves and society – ah-men. You have been sentenced to perish by your own hands.” So saying the messenger drew out a tarnished kitchen knife. “With this implement of destruction you will put an end to yourself and will do so graciously and without excessive pathos. Furthermore, you will do so within the shadows of society, just as you have lived, and the groundskeeper will dispose of your remains as part of his duties.” So saying he handed Peter the knife which the latter took with empty, apathetic eyes, contemplating its dull sheen and well-worn wooden handle. “You may begin, in the name of the state and all its good citizens!” – Peter plunged the knife into his breast and, gasping last breaths of air, fell to his knees, no longer feeling any pain or injury; feeling as if all of society melted away and he was there, just clasping the protruding handle of the knife, which was more of a comfort to him than any looks or words he had received for as long as he could remember. Just as he was beginning to fade into a blissful dream he noticed a girl who had spoken kindly to him the other day and who had intimated to him that she would have liked to see him again. He looked up, reaching out with his eyes towards her, and as she turned their eyes

met – one with horror, the other with despair, he cried out: “not yet!” – The blackness of death surrounded him and he was gone.

### Neo-Peter Parker or the Lazarus Spider

Parker awoke from a dream. He had dreamt that the whole of his life had been a reclusive affair, that he had been approximating the Calvinist ethic in a philosophical vein, working hard at a major that he had only recently adopted after having made the decision to forgo any attempts at realizing the scientific dreamscapes of dollars and cents. The sweat poured from his brow, his sheets also, were bedewed with sweat of horror produced by his dreams. He had dreamt that such a life amounted to suicide and that as the very last vestiges of life seeped out of his ever-dimming eyes, he had perceived a figure, a young woman, who shone through his despair and redeemed hopes even as he met a tragic end. “This must not happen,” he articulated in a hoarse voice throughout the stillness of his cold room.

Morning light bathed him, through the curtains, with a ghostly glow and he understood that his life was an irreconcilable dilemma that shook him, ever more threateningly, from the fence of indecision and forced him eventually to make a decision between hope and despair the former having as its province a warming social environment, the latter a cold reclusion in which he was immersed in at present. “This mustn’t happen,” he again spoke in a defensive voice, hardly above a whisper. Repeating this as a cadence he cast of his blankets in nervous movements, slipped on his slippers and trod downstairs to meet a lonely and still scene that mimicked the one which had driven him from his bedroom.

The time for action, he understood, was imperative for the previous night’s dream had shocked him and the inexorable movement of the messenger to his door was known to him implicitly as a force of juggernautical proportions – he would ride the fence of hope and despair but only for a time; and the fence was becoming unstable just as his life; soon it would be uprooted after it slanted in one or the other direction and at this time, Peter would know whether or not the shovel would be used for other purposes or not.

The song on the radio, the medium of culture that was his window into the world as it was for all reclusive types who harboured auspicious memories of past times in childhood – auspicious merely in the light of peace of mind and this a waning hue as with the setting of the sun. The station played an old country song in which the singer spoke of his fondness for his departed son who had died in an accident. Such a son was the childhood that Peter had lost and his tears gave testimony to this identification with the emotional value of the song, which reverberated through Peter’s mind as the cadence he had spoken to himself earlier that morning.

The university awaited Peter and he met it with an apprehensive fright in the face of its possibilities. Would they be realized? Would he manage to realize the hope which had incubated in his breast for so long, causing emotional fluctuations and occasionally wrenching tears of despairing importance from his eyes? His class rolled around, along the cyclicism of calendaire time and its necessity and, in a strangely non-necessitarian manner Peter arrived at an unaccustomed time taking in the stillness of the room before

the arrival of any of his peers, who were, to him, merely isolated individuals and groups with who he could find no parity. The sameness of circumstances was abolished by his decisiveness which overlooked the fact and gazed upon his surroundings as fruitful potentialities not sterile possible worlds that were to be left alone through fear and self-hatred.

Gradually, as Peter sat contemplating his dilemma, sat contemplating its skeleton – for he did not wish to determine anything before the situations in which determinations occurred confronted him – the peers he so long wished to be a part of entered into the room in random, and yet typically random groups and isolates taking their seats about him, leaving him autonomous, within a protected circle of loneliness. Such a circle was truly vicious for Peter as it evoked a self-hatred that brought him ever closer to despair.

The class began and went as usual which left Peter's hopes crushed – for he relied upon an external cause to render him assistance; insofar he was truly a dependent man and childhood reared its head this time not in laughter but cloying self-pity. He, Peter, stumbled through the halls as others laughed at him in their derisive manner or looked with fearful glances at his strangely constituted appearance. He was truly a fallen warrior, only in this case he merely looked the part – for he had never been a warrior in any conventional sense, had been a warrior only in the private sphere, behind closed curtains that left any possibly receptive people guessing and silenced their questions through his weirdness, his antinomial comportment, which was the label of relegation he bore.

Thinking thusly Peter walked into a doorjamb and cracked his head on it which sent him abruptly into blackness. He saw the messenger standing before him and trying to articulate the words of its message, yet – it remained mute and merely mouthed the words, giving Peter to understand nothing and it was in this confusion that he felt a soothing hand upon his tortured brow, caressing away all of the concerns which he had amassed through many years and still, empty nights. Upon awaking Peter's eyes met a face which approximated this caress of its hands, which matched the warm chestnut eyes, developed brow and concerned, anxious features. In smiling Peter saw the face smile back. He was met with the question of his well-being and he answered affirmatively in an audible whisper to which he added: "so long as you're here beside me..." The smile of the face broadened and, perhaps out of the closeness between men and women in intimacy, perhaps out of a concerned relief for Peter's plight and its alleviation, it bent down and kissed him. Peter had realized hope through the external cause; had been redeemed as a valuable, worthy person.

#### Peter Parker stumbles across a novel hope

*Gosh! There's gotta be a way that I can achieve some form of happiness in my life. The only thing within my mind is women and their images, dancing about on a background of hazy pink and brightly coloured spectral hues. They dance in a frenzy even though some are silent and still – these are the long sought after dames of imagination, of a life which has been corrupted by the siren call of women. And once they are achieved and procured life begins again, otherwise it is a waiting in the*

*wings until the curtains are pulled aside by their forms. How can I, a mere introvertive college student, manage to gain inclusion within a group of people or with even one person which entails the hope of the presence of the opposite sex (to call them fairer is a dubious act indeed – but that is, as the Latins say, obitum dictum and not germane to my purposes).*

The thoughts of Parker, average-everyday college student, strayed over a gamut of possibilities that would place him into a strategic position from which to procure, to assail and lay siege to, women the objects of his desires, the long sought after, the absent goddesses who are coming. Thinking thusly he failed to notice a sign board until he slammed into it head first.

*Gosh! Did that ever hurt – my own introversion (my pet, my child with whom I have a relationship of complete animosity) has once again waylaid me – at least there was no one around to perceive my downfall from intellectual seriousness to slapstick comedy, from the tragic to the ludic – and perhaps back again! For lo': it is a sign which signifies something I might work up, construct, as a window of opportunity through which to crawl into the receptive arms of women. 'Dating service,' it reads – 'phone part: the hottest source for dating contact since the serenade.' Certainly a grandiose claim, but...is it not worthy of pursuit, as means to means, women being a mere means towards my loftier goals of science and earnest inquiry. But, though a means, they nevertheless are tinged with the telos of love and marriage and children, each of which fading in degree of promise across a scale the order of which is expressed by the textual order of the above three concepts: love, marriage, and children, each a sage along life's path, each, in relation to the present moment, progressively tenebrous though containing within themselves the auspices of happiness and all of which being borne of a woman (with the necessary impetus of the absolute, the prima causa, the primum mobile, man).*

This dating service occupied Parker's thoughts time and again until finally he decided to shirk off the burden of his 'independence' as he called it, and attempt to achieve something with one who could yield the possibility of worlds and hope – a virtual system, an electronic database which placed its clients in thralldom to it, not through a lack of 'freedom of choice' but through a servility in the willingness to don the yolk of domination – when one conceived of the system as the means towards the realization of his goals, its limits as 'negative freedom' (and this being the only way, or at least a way that he had to devote time and effort to, to place and invest therein, his humble form in the form of voice to be accepted or rejected by all the possible women therein, adjudicated by the merciless hand of fate and its legerdemain, he of necessity.

In the ensuing week Parker devoted a surfeit of energy to this one hope that he had stumbled upon and decided to 'work up', to 'cultivate'. The system he entered into took him away from himself and led him into a world that was quite ruinous to consciousness – he entered into it and found that virtuality supplanted the real and that he had lost consciousness many hours before. His head ached and his ear pounded, the surface of his skull, conduit to the sensitive inner lobes which registered the heartbeat thudding of a

pulse that was amplified by the incessancy of the phone's radiation and the loud obnoxious character of the voices on the other end.

From one to the next Parker scanned through the database, attempting to find a kindred soul with who he might achieve those long-forgotten worlds that childhood contained in their dormant state. But alas! - He met with nothing but charlatans, rogues, and cunning women bent on personal gain. The questions were always centered on his making money, whether he was destined for a pot of gold or a pot of gruel – and the slightest personality defect sent the women flying away under the cover of Parker's own ignorance. No, they did not stay long when they found out that attribute – relative to themselves, whatever it was – which disagreed with them even the slightest bit. This led Parker to exclaim, despairing the system and its utter consumption of time and life: “Why must these soap bubbles be forever yearning for it, and then when they have it contained within their sphere of power, they either burst or fly away through the impetus of its too-close proximity, too soon, too much or too little. – But never adequate to their conceptions of the good?”

*I feel pure, like a being respected in myself, someone who has been vindicated in what he espouses, a man of ideals and greater hopes than the majority, a man who does not allow his sacred temple violation. I had transgressed once, perhaps even three times, but I had debased myself in the act and recognized my error. Now I must maintain myself as who I am, not through limitation but through an affirmation of my purity, however tarnished by the gouges and ruinations of the past.*

*Now I feel as if I've overcome and accomplished worlds – that I have preserved a world of purity and banished the evil which lay dormant within it. And Monteverdi and the heights call with a siren call of compelling desire of sublimated beatitude – the old impassioned constraints severed by a nobler penchant, nobler as seated in the mind and in that organ which can feel – which is the source of the feeling of life.*

*Life and existence are perceived to be conferred by the potent act of the mind simply because it has the greatest organic potentiality and is that most receptive to existence and is the very source of meaning and conceptualization, processes which are understood to attain the utmost complexity as opposed to Schopenhauer's 'root' and it's base striving. That striving may well be the root and source of life but life transforms its parent into its own image of same – from a god to a monster to a god again.*

*A state of incubation, of self-containment and recuperative empowerment:  
the desired ethic of a state of sickness; to overcome which is the goal, the means the above cited.*

*I can only feel existence; I cannot do anything beyond that. Life is a mere passive reception of everything that flows past and the pool in which I sit, a recuperative pool of self-generation, is the locus of my potential health, the waters of oblivion, actuality, flow across my form and invest me with a hope for the future.*

*Lunacy descends with heightened nerves and heightened sensibility – every aspect of my being is as if stimulated by acupuncturist needles – the nerves are rife with feeling and the brain is the center of a storm of affect and nervous energy – sensitivity has ascended the throne of actuality and the whole of existence is walking on pins, needles, and hot coals; existence being conduced and borne by these nervous responses – meaning stimuli out of which the world takes shape from a world otherwise unknown.*

*I sit now in front of the computer with Liszt's accompaniment – the one radiating and corrupting my form, the other inerting it to impassioned dance. The attraction for so many of electronic media is a fortunate absence for me. Of what value is the electronic world aside from facilitating communications amongst people who would better be kept separate from one another; sure, one discovers advantages and makes use of them – but are they really advantageous when the virtual world sucks one inside of itself and obviates all independent and autonomous inclination and action.*

*I always say and have said that radiation has addictive properties and the lust after a computerized world is indicative of this summum malum of human health and healthy praxis. Now one merely stays inside in front of a false world to do his communicating; communications of an interactive nature flow past one like water under a bridge. - And what then of that former mode of existence which deals with an ideal which is necessarily held at a remove by the electronic matrix of a society which has lost all value and thought.*

*When I think of the computerized world and the effects of the microcosmic cold winters which emanate from these subatomic bombs (i.e. computers), I am saddened at the portent of doom that those catalysts initiate. – And Liszt's music in the background, its inspiring tonal layering and virtuous presence take that superficial reality of the virtual and obliterate it into a thousand notes in the tempo of pianissimo, as glass shards fragmenting under the hands of a destroyer – a critic of the electronic scene – and falling upon the earth scattered to the winds of oblivion. The philosophical friend has been an unfortunate absence in the development of my thinking and, more importantly, lest I allow the life of oneself (myself) to be rendered subordinate to the mind and its entire supportive means: reading, writing, thinking, musical influences – general exercise.*

*O' how I wish (he says) I could have a philosophical friend – but the loneliness naturally arises from shyness and introversion and to spirit these away to make way for friendship is perhaps too strong in its permanence to make way for sweeping gestures and desperate attempts at asserting strength and control – for a would-be removal – of these things, obstacalia, impedimenta.*

*One really must have at least – the circumstances which establish the means to the end. These I have attempted to 'work up' in their present poor state but have found that invariably that are a house of cards too instable to preserve anything but the fissures of a weak foundation – a foundation based upon and built from the character of myself, something itself still so naïve and developmental as to render the means nothing but a working up of itself. But that's just it – what is desired – one cannot*

*achieve the world from the arm chair he must engage it, not to do battle or achieve armistice but to cultivate an alliance as everything is a war and battleground, from the dirty looks of the petty to the aspersions of the 'disinterested' and 'objective'.*

*It's merely a theory – and that alone. The philosophical friends are friends / enemies / allies / enemies and everything else, not in potentia and in them but merely as texts to be read and interpreted with fresh perspectives each time. Those perspectives which aren't fresh become dogma and fuel limitations' quest.*

### On 'Parker'

'I' when pronounced, collapses into immanence and then no discussion can follow in its wake whatsoever. Hence the 'Peter Parker' figure, who carries the 'I' and yet allows for more possibilities to exceed its bounds into a relatively boundless sphere of existence. Did 'I' just say 'relatively boundless' and utter a contradiction? No, because it was not 'I' who utter it but Peter Parker reflexively referring to himself and since he is an infinite machine to produce infinite works and acts and gestures, he cannot be circumscribed by the narrow vocabulary of 'I' and its 'I-hood'.

Hence 'Peter Parker' is an escape from self, as a means of entering into the transcendental and escaping limitation. The author is eclipsed by his progeny as the father by his son, and so disappears into nothingness, leading one to ask the question of all those who clamour for a determinate speaker, a determinate subject of reference, author of meaning: 'what matter who's speaking'. Parker contrasted with the 'I'. Parker takes up a pen and it is a tool of his praxis, a means to an end, and furtherance of goals; yet still something to reflect upon, something with a determinate shape, contour, and dimension. To the 'I' it is a mother of words, a labourer and a point of great pain, a source of suffering. And yet 'Parker' and 'I' are not heterogeneous, not because one emanates from the other but because they are united in the text, in their being described, descriptive, and a whole ensemble of attributes which yet does not determine their being but merely puts forth a loophole and escape for interpretation, not fixed but fluid.

### Peter Parker's adventures

*All the chaos of decision-making – gosh! What confusion. All I wanted all along was to be my philosophic, artistic self and to avoid the pettiness of bourgeois careerism. Finally! Boy have I learned my lesson! Now I once more embark upon the spirit quest of philosophy, away from the fields of petty labour and towards the distant seas and coastal regions of humid, oxygen-rich atmospheric bliss. A locus, a haven, of philosophizing contentment, under the warming sun of a parochial earth, an earth familiar to one as a home and place in which a cap may be hung.*

So Peter spoke as he walked out onto the dismal and blinded streets of the prairie city, an oasis of sleaze and vicious enmity and hostile hatred. The place had seared Peter in a thousand places, had gouged him with the barbs of its judgments, absolute restrictions of auspice and depths of privation. He walked knowing full well that in fewer than two appearances of the full moon he would never again witness its ghostly mien from this

geographical position. The city of vice was decaying as present reality and tangible existent – now he could feel the yearning arms of a distant unknown Eden feeling for him in the darkness, spurred on by these longings he himself had sent across the furthest reaches of space as hooks to corral the heights of his conception, the auspicious objects of his overweening imaginary, the glowing substantives of his hope.

*Finally! I said it before but was yet unprepared. Now I finally have the nobler conceptions of things incubating in my mind and a will to its pursuit. Now newness is welcomed with a will to receive it and to accord it a precedent value before it makes its appearance. All is light and a floating feeling of ecstatic yearning. Finally! All of the practical gymnastics I've been the patient of, a catalyst for fate to play out its farce, are at an end, but rather than being exhausted I'm instead rejuvenated, for the kinetic machinations of my life have now become calm and have arranged themselves into a given scenario. This scenario is the ensemble identifiable with my life and it is a solid lump to be rolled towards goals – to assimilate them into itself and to grow larger and larger with the regular and pre-meditated rolling – directions have been discovered and one rolls towards his goals as it were along a linear path rigidly followed and unfurling into the misty reaches of the future.*

*Now the nature of my life is: 'general generality'. Soon it will be: 'content-filled generality', a generality always particularizing itself. And this will be called the philosophical project, that towards which one rolls as a lump so to speak.*

#### The Adventures of Peter Parker

Parker sat calmly on the steps of the concrete staircase gazing at the purity of blue the sky cast forth, enwrapping the totality of the horizon in its razor like congruity with the ensemble of buildings, trees, and rolling hills. He sat calmly in a small town, his one-time home, thinking calmly of the future life which awaited him in his still far off and mysterious home and all of that which it held as promise he looked towards with favour, and this was the meaning of the smile on his face, one which had known the depths of despair in the face of unknown beings which came at him as enemies, were subjugated, befriended, or converted in enemies.

All of his enemies he had beaten down and a resurgence of same seemed an impossibility – he was free of the strife consequent of his experiences; through them he had conquered and left them behind as dead possibilities. It was from this vantage point that he was now reflecting upon the future, with no longer the Janus-like backward glance a personal hell bound to and emanating from endless analysis.

*Peter: "Yessir I sure am looking forward to a future that I can finally say is one filled with happiness. The ecstatic nature of my present inclination towards the future is my anticipating that unknown great beyond. No more Mary Jane, no more Mr. Jameson – all of*

*my ties have been cut – now it's time for me to swing towards my possible future, dawning as it is conception.*

Peter Parker's last article of hope was shed and he faced the winds of despair unmovingly, without any protection against their harsh element – and what did he face but more of the same: the lashes of a wind emptied of any warmth, diverted of any happiness – and all he wanted to do was to move forward, towards the unknown and away from the actuality all too well known. But the world that he sought was too shrouded in the icy gleam of this wind's coldness, spread forth its sheen with all – too bright hatred – like the winter's sun glinting off the snow a painful brightness that his eyes had never grown accustomed to perceiving and which had grafted thews – jagged points of light streaking through bloodshot eyes – into his brain, enervating and reactivity or responsiveness and stultifying the aggressiveness which lay within. But the very word „aggressive“ to him was the stick which attacked – it meant to hurt to impose and then pave the way towards injury.

All the while he walked he thought of the Mary Janes of the world – how he could, having the potentiality, be a part of their lives and enjoying himself under the rosette auspices of the feminine. But he must remain under the covering of the masculine, feel its hardness and cold lifelessness, that which, as a gear mechanism, grasps and reaches for one, grinding him and molding him to fit into the places where animus was needed in machina. He animated the machine or was animated by it; rather, his animation was to be a machine and to run the clock throughout its incessant revolution. – Until something would snap, grind, and squeal with fury at being checked in its movements.

*Peter: How long has it been- since I've sampled human being; felt the flow of water over my body without having it serve any purpose but comfort and pleasure. The fate of man has befallen me, throughout all of my torments I have achieved the soul of stone when all was will to softness; when all was will to blissfulness – hellish life was realized.*

Peter Parker, hapless philosophy student, found one day that the course he had presented to himself was unrealizable. The incident came when he recognized his adopted modus vivendi as an impossible task: philosophy couldn't stand up upon the pretensions of offenses – there simply weren't any. The scientist he had been before, promising youth whose future looked brightly down upon him from upon high and which had grown darker with the

years he had been involved in philosophy – this former self now presented itself in the form of Lazarus – he was here and now in an instant of atavism and was preparing to make a return.

*Peter: Boy! Did I ever goof! Science was in my blood for so long and philosophy sat against it like a fat oaf, through its short life, is dead, a mummified carcass whose dried up organs and thin musculature, its gauntness and sinewy frame, stands collapsed against this energetic ensemble – the scientist, Peter Parker in his scientist aspect. Now I have come to understand just how foolish all of this philosophy was – boy! What a relief that it's all over and done with and that other things may take its place – scientific endeavours, studies, contemplation which deals with empiria and not some noumenal non-entity that philosophy insists upon throwing around.*

“Why leave philosophy”, Peter questioned rhetorically – „because it is so riddled with propaganda that its pursuit is nothing but foolish. To pursue that which is merely the echo, in a certain genre of discourse (the philosophical), of the judgements, values, and evaluative judgments of the status quo is to me ridiculous – when you're, like myself, a creator. It's not about my trying to present myself as more worthy than the norm – but that is an inevitable consequence; it's about my own affirmation of creativity in the face of the countervailing force of normativity. So saying, Peter dropped all of his philosophy courses, vowing „never to take arts courses again” and to focus his scope upon the sciences. Here, he thought, he could at least investigate reality in a more profound and profoundly applicable way, making of his future the actualization of the models created within the present.

And so he set to work, all with the backdrop of impending happiness and its rosette glow in his mind's eye beaming forth, winking as Mr. Sun rising above the horizon – the dawn! And sunset for that which is no longer faced, which has sunk beneath the line of the horizon – philosophy, the old, the useless and lost never again to be regained or to have a will to be regained.

Hope was placed into this sphere and yet he still felt the emptiness of a life which lacked the presence of others. Where were these desired souls and why must they be dichotomous to him: in terms of position, in terms of ideology and logic. Separation loomed forth every year, throughout his careers as scientist and philosopher, as academic, he had this hope standing forth only to be knocked down once more: a

denouement to every building climax, impotence to the pending release of pent up intensity.

"I had thought," Peter pensively reflected as he walked throughout the autumnal woods as the fiery leaves blocked out and filtered the sun in colourful iridescence, „that life would have more in store for me than the baseness of this life: structure, and rationalized schemata – and nothing more. I had sought out the company of friends and familiars – but who can understand a mole like myself, a drifter, a leaf which frolics on the winds, allowing the fates to take me up into their arms and dance – despite all of the resistance of rationality. Now that I have solicited the sciences I feel infinitely better – they were my prop and support for so long and under their auspices I was instigated to create what my will expressed itself as – a creation, an agency of creativity, creativity itself. Now I welcome it all back. But that lack...that shock of having nothing, nothing and no one – no one there, no one to converse with or to touch and see and experience. - That emptiness...and then? Work, constant struggle, lack underpinning it all, a fissured edifice on the verge of collapse – will it or not – who can tell? Life simply passes me by and everything floats past unattainably. Desire is a lack and I desire life – I desire a life with that fullness of objects, that plenitude of joys and happinesses, that each seems to so easily move through their own most superficiality. And yet that runs contrary, this attitude, to my way of life. How can I...at all..."

Peter ended his despairing through sleep – his own life-preservative instincts got the better of him and they blacked out his senses – now he was enervated, a temporary euthanasia to quell the pain of life had descended upon him, rendering him comatose and dead to all but the world of dreams. Even there he could not escape, but the plague demons of his life threatened him here in this sanctified place, defiled with the miasmatic negativity of forces inherently bad, the force hammers which daily lessened the quantity of good upon which he lay, exposing him to the harsh cold of an anvil-hard reality.

### Peter Parker's New Year's Eve

Parker was restless and so decided to involve himself in some sort of human relations. For this he thought it was necessary to vacate his quiet dormitory and to head down to the campus bar for a chance meeting of minds with some as yet unidentifiable creature; a woman of course.

The drive which churned within Parker drove him outwards in to the milieu of human foolishness. He felt the divergence between himself and the masses that clustered round him as he pushed open the double doors of the faux saloon bar, in the silence the one, lone party exuded and the raucous boisterousness of the revellers. At those he was reminded of a statement by Nietzsche and those of countless other philosophers which found synopsis in the troubled anarchists' vehement words: madness is the rule in civilizations and peoples but in individuals is rare.

The passage of these words struck Parker's brow like elucidating fallen snow does a heated skull which has just emerged from a scene such as the one into which Peter (for it was none other than Peter Parker) entered – he was ice amidst the heat of human frenzy and mass hysteria.

For this distantiating gaze he met with returned hostility – a collective hostility which surged in the amorphousness of the faces of the other party, assuming forms of mockery, disdain, contempt, and all manner of negative acts and gestures.

Words could be heard meeting him in an onslaught, directed towards him as arrows unprepared for so that the shaft embedded itself within him in a few of the instances which possessed the greatest cruelty. But these he endured and they soon fell away to his silence. He purchased a glass of water which cost nothing but the humility of its purchase and paid the cover charge for entrance into the realm of possibility. But possibility was infertile that night, as an hour's sitting proved. Throughout he was assailed by failed appeals on the part of women to entice him thither, to court and pay heed to them through displaying what merits they claimed to have. And the jealous partners or rivals attempted to heap upon him more missiles of envy and hatred but he paid no attention to them. At last the time limit he had for himself expired and he rose from his seat and went back the way he had come.

*Peter: Why don't they just talk – these foolish people! The women always have to pay heed to myself, have to put on the most ridiculous of dances, but never go further than bestial display? Is this not a waste and a sad fate, to be trapped between potentiality and actuality without the strength to move. No impetus is given my actions by anyone – they all expect the impossible impetus of a causa sui to occur. This cannot be and so I'm thrust from a hopeful paradise into the wastelands which hem me in. Cast adrift in the undiscovered doldrums of life.*

*- And all for the sake of displacing some superficial nervousness, a mere physiological condition of a man who is not in his natural element – who is torn from himself by the crowd and its boisterousness.*

And so Parker continued to walk into the night amidst the storm of his thoughts through the newly falling snow.

### Peter Parker's thoughts on time: historical document

0506 – military time – or is that conventional time? I stop to consider. The digits read „5' in a large numeral, and one point – 5:06, if the points which proceed numbers one considered to be additions to it, units added upon a determinate grouping of same. I consult my „reason' to verify this hypothesis, to achieve truth and obviate doubt. If they are based, these dashes and dots, or units/numbers, then surely they will be countable and yield a given amount: 1 unit + 2 or greater. Mathematically I find what I sought – truth. Truth, verification, is the solidification, the achievement of certitude, against the uncertain, the restless negative. Truth is barren. As unitary it is all the more so; add a unit on top of itself again and again – the product? – a unit which yet must be qualitatively different (distinct) from other units in the totality being considered. Else – nothing but a unit. This defeats the notion of math through the revelation of its inherent absurdity: units cannot be added because that presupposes likeness. But likeness would obliterate difference and thus in turn would render everything (without distinction) unitary and thus absurd. Math cannot be added or manipulated because it is rigid.

Units, shapes, categories. Unitary, formalism. A tool, just as a watch is – a tool of measurement, the exclusive nature of quantitative units (what these essentially are; a unit always entails the remainder of the phrase: „a unit of measurement', with the implicit premise of its being for that purpose). Math should be exalted in its efficacy – everything else that it claims is ultra vires, namely foreign and inappropriate to whatever task, whatever phenomenon – whatever!

“5:16 – military time – or is that conventional time?” Peter Parker looked at his watch and thought about the nature of time and its mathematical basis (cf. Oct 16<sup>th</sup>: „Peter Parker's thoughts on time” on historical document). We take over where Peter left off, feeling as he is in the ecstasy of spirit.

„...whatever! Math is a tool – period. All questions about it having some sort of transcendental value are nil and should be swept under the rug of forgetfulness. But

now that I've taken it up I must concentrate my focus upon it and utilize it as a tool. I'm in the flower shop buying Mary Jane flowers and I note, as with all worldly phenomena that are viewed aesthetically, the colourful multitudinousness and endless nuance, allurements and intrigue of the flowers: their shape and relations to others, their colour, texture – the smile of the salesperson in all its minute detail.

- But alas, it is specifically this detail which leads to the lack of insight into the beauty they parade the atmosphere with. Individuating them into isolated groups, counting these numbers of like species, the teeth in the mouth of the salesperson, and appending the price of the flowers to each as a natural element of the essence – so that the flowers become valued as a commodity, are given exchange and divested of aesthetic value. Their aesthetic relations amongst themselves are devastated – no more blues and whites and orange – purple ensembles; now everything is rendered barren, their relations based upon the abstract quanta of price, compared and analyzed comparatively – to the rumination of the beauty inherent in these natural forms. – Oh well! Mary Jane wanted flowers – she insisted pretty emphatically, and so – here goes; a decision is needed – so it will be made!

Could Peter Parker, modelled on the most conventional skeleton of college-aged youth, the most regular-clothed in the flesh of an empirical generalization – the college norm – be anything but a recluse, the contrary of the norm, the diametrical opposite? As such he is the most absurd of tragic figures for he conceives of himself contradictorily – he is „A“ but espouses „B“, the latter being this college-aged norm: social, an attractive man (behaviourally) – in short a generally attractive character. But who then, does he repulse people? What is it about Peter Parker which generally dissuades people from advancing, themselves flung aside like the opposite polarity of a magnet, and himself also through their own rejection of him? It is unknown to Peter why this is, why he must suffer the fate of the sick animal ill-suited to living like all the rest are capacitates to.

Gosh! The pain of existence sure does become acute up here in these Olympian heights – and action itself undergoes a diminution, a decrease, the sapping of powers through their having no forum in which to employ themselves; stagnation – that's the present actuality – absolute stagnation, a sitting in one's own filth waiting for the god of change to descend and transform the world in consultation with the object of change – myself. No, such a god will never come, all that exists now.

And this endless revolution of aims about my head: here, there, now, then, this, that, what, why  
– a compaction of seemingly disparate elements into one cohesion whole – the terror of being incapacitated, disempowered – who could understand this but they who live it – utter confusion.

### Peter Parker's Despairing

*Peter: Her I am in the old lecture hall from my first year! Yessir it brings back the memories. Why, I can remember that time, my desire to work, and my yearning for inclusion within the group. Now I have arrived once more, full circle – have become even more the recluse I formerly was. It must be this dang philosophy! The fact that it is deprecated by the majority sends me out towards the margins; the fact that I no longer have confidence in my becoming a professional scientist through my lack of grades is even more an instigation of my reclusion, driving me outwards, towards the places of isolation which constitute my livelihood, my 'sen zum todes'. Well, Petey, what trouble have you gotten yourself into this time? No friends, no history of friends, nothing of the sort, and a constant furtherance, separation, of myself from everyone. Ah well, what's a spidey to do when you have powers which heighten your awareness, senses amplified to a great height so that all experiences become exponentially meaningful and affecting? All focus dwells on one issue and that is inclusion. A representative of the social has the power, through poor treatment, however unintentional, of driving me back into the social totality – or rather (!), into reclusion; I said that myself unintentionally, expressing a wish before the fact. – Ah well, I guess I'll just have to plod along in life...*

So thinking our intrepid hero went through the motions of his day: he awoke, he went to the university, worked upon his researches into the given of experience, into the philosophical and scientific problems which waylaid his mind and all throughout, as a horrible undercurrent which drove him along half-distracted by the madness of its nature was his sexual drive forcing itself towards him, engulfing his thoughts, his being, his mind, and causing the greatest strife in his loins.

All around him as he pursued his course in life, in this present state, he was bombarded by the looks, cooing, and desiring voices of women, wanton for his flesh. He yearned for them but that they stood separated from himself to a great degree caused him no end of self-hatred, hatred of his own weakness and effeminacy; emasculated by his own inability to be the outgoing and gregarious mate desired by women he cursed himself and his fate of becoming the pathetic nothing that he was, cast out and given the Ostraka

of women's negative judgement. We catch up with Peter in once such instant, wherein he was best by the enervating quality of sexuality, its inability to extend itself towards the object of his desires:

*Gosh! Here I am sitting on a concrete wall by the trees overarching the university cannons and a, dare I say, 'hot babe', comes up and sits beside me, though at a remove necessitated by her own feminine logic, a demonstration that she is an object to be procured by myself and that I, as an attractive young male whom she desires, must speak to her and make her the so-called*

*'first move'. Well I can't damn it! Can't she see that!?! Does she not have eyes in her head and a voice with which to speak? Oh well, a typical occurrence and a typical loss as well! – And there she goes, off in the understanding that I am not a strong enough male...*

### Despairing's Supersession of Hope

*Gosh! All I can think of is the G-string which covers the woman's private area – is this indecent? Good question, Peter, but the answer is completely unknown to me. I just walk around trying to calm my bothered mind, bothered by the loneliness of a thousand instances, and then I meet with all of these tempting desires. The torment lies in the fact that it can't be consummated – and the over-sexuality of my presentations, those things I meet with in experience in relation to my non-sexual life – it is torment, torture. And all that exists on my mind is the weight of the word 'sex' – to the vitiation of all prior philosophical thoughts, of all more profound and enlightening ideals. I feel myself to be living a death, in truth, but is there a way out?*

Continuing to mull in the manner, Parker's depression escalated, reducing him to an immobilized mass of functional flesh, of bodily rhythms and non-human composite materials. He was a living wound, a gaping hole of seared flesh into which one poured lemon juice – it was the wound which this poured and it was Peter who suffered through the sharp pains of its razor-slashing neglect. Every turn of the head was a wound, was a deepening and surface-scarring of the previously cultivated one. He was so fraught with bleeding cuts and tears that his psychological corpus had been disfigured beyond recognition to the aberrative state it had achieved. There was no hope in independent agency for a solution to his displacement from all things – no, now he must seek out another, stoop to the level of dependence and bow to the yolk of another's assistance. Peter decided upon it one day, through the prompting of one of his ghostly satellite figures, his mother who now existed upon the margins of his life; decided to seek out the harrowing ring of the tone of „professional help' as it echoed

throughout the room of his vacant mind, vacant through the negation of all thoughts, the purity of blackness achieved through his despair, the only salvation from *felo dese*.

Thus Peter sought out the help of the professional, the anonymous substrate with whom the only acquaintance was its barren generality qua „professional' an authority which purported to „help', to „assis' and remedy, not unlike a physician of the soul, the problem of Peter's entrenchment in his loneliness. Peter's thorough-going scepticism, however, confuted the idea – he had other plans! He would make his life joyous once again through another medium that of a dating service offered on an internet, the computer „internet' of celebration.

*That's exactly it! That's all I'll do, then I will have achieved independence myself, in a causa sui manner will have initiated a desirable life for myself. All I need do is pay, an unfortunate john- like enterprise, and then I will have an opportunity to achieve worlds!*

But alas! Peter's engagements on this website were poor at best and its absurd quality of intending (however falsely) to bring people together and simultaneously causing a spatial and temporal separation between them (the forms of togetherness, so to speak) made him quickly forsake it. Thus he lost this outlet and was despairing for another one moment but the next joyous, for behold! he had conceived of another plan, that of throwing himself into bars in the hopes that someone would solicit him. Again this proved, though he had never gone at a time when he perceived he would definitely consummate sexual relations, the bewitching hour of proverb, proved to be also fruitless, for circumstantial factors added to his antimonial presence: he had no money, he could not drink alcohol, he didn't enjoy the music or the ambience, etc. For this he had felt that his simple presence was sufficient to fulfill the „bar quota" – and that an alternative means, namely counselling, would be best in the achievement of – something. What that was he hardly knew. At the counsellor's:

*Gee...here I am listening to this talk about other people having problems, about how, though my problems are no doubt valid and can be understood, nevertheless there are other with worse and so I should be happy and satisfied in my life. But how can this be at all relevant? I can never be satisfied living a life like that – it is undesirable and totally outside of my existence and pointillistic sphere of life. My life is like standing on a pin – there is nowhere to go and I cannot leave the present locus, or the present moment in action; I cannot act towards the future but merely gaze out as a spectator upon my past and future, and posit my present self as the object skewed with another pin upon the surface of a pin. Like the point of one pin*

*which touches the surface of the other that upon which I lie impaled through the brain I cannot move, else the whole edifice will collapse, I stay inertly immobile for fear of collapse through reckless or even cautious movement. Do you understand what I mean? – No, she doesn't understand even though she pretends to – if you're not a norm, like all the rest, then you're thrown out onto the margins, into the shadows where no light reaches you; the cold stillness of the night envelops you, like a chrysalis you are frozen in hibernation and death reaches out towards you in the wind, flying at horrible speeds to snatch you up in iron fist and squeeze the brittleness of your crystalized form to dust. –Can you understand what I'm saying? – No.*

*There is nothing here but a machine which desires money, which performs its endless functioning as a medium through which, through whose actions, money is acquired. I am that object upon which the machine works, a passive object unaware of the machine's manipulation of my being. I sit and, spider-like, the machine weaves its theoretical web around me; cocoon- like I am trapped within it.*

The appointments which ensued, of which there were only two, turned Peter away from any subsequent ones. No longer was he interested or involved in the conception of personal betterment through this mode – there must be other worlds, other possibilities, other hopes. What these were at present were unidentifiable, though hope gleamed through their bare formal aspect. Life was now a-drifting – science lay aside forsaken and it was no longer a desirable thing for him to pursue, the arms of his life had to be structurally aligned with their necessary means, of which these were heterogeneous. That the burning wreckage of science, the sole medium of Peter's praxis, was disregarded and allowed to reduce itself to the ashes of memory freed Parker from the bonds which conflicted with that freedom necessary for the attainment of his ends. Now he could all the more ardently pursue his underlying essence and potentiality, the sexual tepidness, the moistness of his yearning after the unknown objects of his affection. The counsellors also he proposed to cut loose but upon second thought he decided it would be best simply to solicit them, to solicit a plurality of their opinions as representatives of the other, that desirable and yet for distant other of the social.

*Gosh! Again waiting for the counsellor! Petey, you've given yourself over to the authorities now, you've fallen into utter servitude! But I've gotta do it, gotta get close to all the unknown females of the world around me, must – dare I say it! – spread my seeds in conformity with the dictates of nature as it asserts itself in all of my bodily strivings. The wound that I have become must heal and that requires the hands of those who act as palliative beings, nursing*

*the torn and rent flesh of my soul through delicate caress, through the softness of their attentive voices and tones, their empathetic/sympathetic core. What must I do but solicit those whose function is the object of solicitation? I have naught else – boy I'm sounding like a Victorian here! – and so must pursue the trek I'm currently on in the hopes that it will cultivate in something.*

Thus Peter affirmed himself in the face of his own nay-saying, superseded the negative of his thoughts through positing (I, the narrator, am sounding like a true Hegelian here!) a content- rich positive in his conception, with a will towards its actualization. That day he wanted for the scheduling of his appointment all anticipation as to whether today would be the day of „being seen', for he felt the imperative to make himself the object of knowledge for a particularization of the universal „Other' – someone, anyone; that was the pitch of his despair, clearly ringing out into space and threatening to deafen him with its volubility. Positive turns to negate through inreapability of tolerating that sheerness of intensity, harrowing and marrow affecting tremble of sexual despair. Life had to be consummated and Parker had to establish the way towards this consummation, so that it need only be traversed.

But it was this traversing itself that was the impossible of his life, or perhaps impossible, he could not say for he lacked strength to speak. His legs – were they strong enough, could they carry him anywhere? He had no knowledge of himself though having absolute knowledge, the Gnothe Seuton had destroyed self-conception in any concrete way, in the way of feeling. That night Peter went to a bar and discovered an old acquaintance whom he met before entering and to whom he made a wager in the coatroom:

*You know my circumstances Armbruster – don't you? I thought you did. Though you don't want anything to do with me owing to mutual difference, nevertheless I have a proposal to make to you, which is as follows: I'll wager you 10 dollars that I can't get a woman to talk to me all night; I have proposed to myself to stay here two or more hours and in that time I will achieve nothing, though I won't – so don't say it Armbruster – display standoffish behaviour or antagonism. – Deal? Good. We shall see what happens.*

*Here I am just being the pathetic marginal that I am, just sitting at a bar and ordering a bottle of water in the despairing hopes of attempt – that being to attract the opposite sex towards me. The minutes tick by and I stare into space, mumbling my pathetic situation through my teeth, discoursing about how lonely and cast out I am – the height of self-pity! But who else will care enough to speak. And there are hardly any women in the bar, hardly any*

*who show the slightest interest in myself. Oh well Petey, you prospects appear slim to nil here don't they? Alas it looks as if the ten dollars will be mine after all. That is an allegory: women cause men privation through their presence (sapping their manly strength) but an even greater privation through their absence. What's this I hear? Women discussing 'in general' of course, and within my range of hearing, presumably with the intention of my overhearing, their discourse about how 'pathetic and sad' it is when 'guys' (myself) just 'sit there'. Well that is truly the way of things isn't it? The man is Mr. Macho, the woman Ms. Pretty-passive, and their dialectic is such that positions the man as causal agent, acting upon the passive object. And they say: we are equal, we are sick of being objectified! Well then don't act like objects, be equal through being aggressive yourselves! Ideology confuses one as it shapes him, and if one really pays attention to it he is shaped into a monstrosity. That is the way it has gone with me – dang Spidey sense (!) – they are always running amok with my desire for stoical equanimity and peace of mind. Now the body is a maelstrom, now a tempest of impassioned emotions. I want it to stop but no one can act as the agent of my inner calm – I cannot achieve that state by myself any longer!*

So saying Peter was awarded his ten dollars with downcast eyes in the face of a disgusted acquaintance. No longer was Peter at all himself but a reeling ball of despairing emotions, an endless fluxual construction.

*Gosh! Here I am in this bar, just sittin' for the first time experiencin' the bar scene of proverb and conventional repute. And all this music which blasts against my brain, the sound waves crippling and destroying it little by little so that, in the inevitable result, one becomes quite dull*

*– and I was at such a height of thinking before my own – to say it all at once 'sex drive' got the better of me and dampened my thoughts. Well, at least I'm here and have the opportunity to achieve something, some women coming around me and soliciting my attention, at the most my body and – the unexpected – my discourse. That I could have another engage in a discussion with me, however brief – that would be a god-send, would be a boon of fate. But I doubt that it would be, that it could be; and I doubt this same doubt. It shows itself on my features, I am so aware of my face conveying my own despond and inner strife – the inner or transferred outward through an inability to control it and thus I face the world exposed as who I am, the despondent as – perhaps they draw this inference insofar as they care at all – one left out of all the affairs of life. But now my life is lived inadequately, around me I see sparkling bottles of booze and drink them in with my mind's eye, in perception; I see the laughter of others who surround me and I empathize, I transpose myself into their form and enjoy the rippling waves which course through my body. And meanwhile the music plays, loudly knocking at my brain and preserving itself as an incessant flow, an underlying theme*

*of the life experienced herein. I begin to lose my mind; mind becomes distorted and thought is obstructed – I go over to the moment and kiss the icy-cold breath of my own loneliness. Herein I am in death throws: I toss up my will and all its affirmation and seek out a completely heterogeneous way, course in life.*

*That way is towards the other, but now I cannot achieve it, can only seek out a path undercover of night for when daylight descends I'm too fearful to show myself to the sight of the adept crowd – those from whom I am bracketed off, the social, economic, and worldly adepts whose lives constitute and revolve around the moment.*

Peter Parker continued to allow the „bar scene' bother his mind more and more until the allotted time of his leave-taking, one hour after his arrival. At last and in the depths of depression and despair, Parker threw himself out of the bar and walked shakily down the street followed by the mistrustful and judgemental gaze of the crowd seated outside. The night's cool air calmed his mind to a degree, so disoriented was he that he almost careened as he walked, though he was a complete teetotaller and drank, to his complete humiliation, a bottle of water only in front of the unconcerned crowd. We meet up with Peter again as he walks down the deserted midnight streets:

*Golly! (Sob), why does everyone have to be so trivial and render me a complete outcast – for it is they who judge, they who confer value or who take it away. All I wanted to do was to live a life like the rest! But I am so heterogeneous (using words like 'heterogeneous') that no one can relate to me or vice versa. I have nothing in my life which is of social value. It is a teeter totter balance, a scale of practical activities and values: I want the social presence in my life – but I want intellectual value also – and now that I have become what I am I cannot distance myself from myself and seek the other. The other is that distance of infinite yearning and desire – I cannot go over to it, it eludes my every attempt at grasping it.*

„Yes I went through a hellish time', thought Peter as he sat in the local malt shop with his girlfriend. Now I am finally out of it and can pronounce my own love of life, joyous exaltation within its arms. And all through simple means achieved through a willingness to stomp from the icy reaches above that has been my intellectual haven for many years. It is useless to analyze all that went on in the past and now the moment takes me away from that horror, to a critical distance, a calmly reflecting observant distance that in my own most satisfaction with life and satiety with what surrounds and what welcome me to life.

The woman who sits across from me is both understanding and concerned about and of my life's complex existence, and though I don't owe this transformation to her it has nevertheless consummated this presence, been the effusion of champagne as it bubbles from out of the bottle

– the cork I had pulled, through my own agency, and the bubbles' laughter was supplied by this creature. Still there is so much to know of one another and thus our relationship could be said to be still in the bloom of youth, rosette and flowering in myriad colours.

And now I have dependence at last – and yet still press onwards toward heights I can't fathom, thrusting myself into the sublime more and more as that which was not attaining to clarity and I reach out my hand to grasp it. Dependency's shackles have been broken and lie at my feet as memories superseded, testaments to my strength. But it yet seems so uncertain and empty, and, though I sit here with this woman, still a stranger, I feel the icy-cold fingers of my own alienation from the other and the world. How can I believe in my own involvement and inclusion within anything that outstrips me, through its own history, when I am outstripped by it? Ah- what does it matter anyway, life is a hellish chore, a hateful existence. And all I dream of are Christmas night – of togetherness with sparkling baubles, smells of comfort and attachment to a reality wholly human. And to sit in a malt shop like this, simply to sit here and do nothing, while the world undergoes its trials and affairs, loves and lusts and enmities – that is to stop its inexorable revolving end to place oneself outside of the circularity of seasons and generations, bodily processes and desires. Is it not better this way – to seek escape and therein, in a hermitage, to break away from the whole of life and shut oneself in a sepulchral environment of musty couches and ancient days – without historical references, without anything binding one to the earth? So that he is then liberated from constraint and might attain his own negation, be effaced from all that hampers him? But is it not the effacement of his own desires and thus a premature death that awaits him within this hermitage, be it a suburban home, a minivan, or

*some other commoditized reality? The pretty face which babbles and confronts me across the short distance of a table, which thus becomes „our table' and attempts to bring us to coalescence, is the mask of the ell-woman – empty and meaningless, a skull clothed in the flesh of youthful vibrancy.. Youth fades and this is its corruption. No longer can anything but the senility of elderly years play itself out upon earth...why? Because youth is a fatality and gradually recedes unto death like the man who knows that the quicksand in which he is placed will be the cause of his suffocation and eventual*

*death. Youth's death is in its development beyond itself into a metamorphosed state: the corruption of old age. It is no longer something that I fear, rather it is something that is my own fatality, subject matter of description and prescription alone, and nothing else. The totality of existence I find concentrated in this present configuration of tables, laughter, smiles, and subdued music playing in the jukebox. And thus the world is uniferentiable, cannot be known as it becomes crushed into the present.*