

# NOURI GANA

## Sphinxes

Who walks on four nightonight?

*Manunkind; viz., homo satans*

Oedipus uncapped! The sphinx is to blame. The Greeks themselves! *Ma, perché?* They left us to wander allonely, unconverted, unshielded, unattended, unventilated and unpunctuated. They are to blame *perciò*



*Come soon.*

*He switched off Aljazeera but couldn't cut off the nomadic voyages of his mind.* The most thought-provoking thought is to have ever thought about not having had indulged in thought when having first thought about what it would feel like to have thought about the first thought-provoking thought to have ever come to your thought while you were oblivious to the thought that thought might be thought where thought might be neither found nor thought, only sold and bought. Pragmatics of thought. Thought as accomplishment. Nay, accomplishment without thought: thought and accomplished where thought can be found yet not sought. Heidegger upside down, inside out, thoroughly found and bound.

*The Rhetoric of authenticity.* The question that leads to another question which leads to yet another question: Israel, Palestine, Afghanistan. Hang on to the question whose answer is nothing but a question paused at the same time the question of which it is a question is under question. The question of Belal that which is the question of Palestine that which is the question of Israel that which is the question of The Nile that in which we will soon bathe *unmarked*.

The rhetoric of offensivity with-out rhetoric. Offenticity. War on the unknown; unprecedented war on an unprecedented enemy. An enemy? Real or invented? Always invented until it becomes real. Engineers of enemies. Welcome to the abode of production. Terror production, delivering 24/7. Life guarantee, not your life though: life-guarantee-terror products only. Their survival demands your demise, but you can still have a social assinsurance so that we can at least bury your corpse *ipso facto*.

## Ineluctable

He has never imagined how breathing is so crucial to life until he saw them bottled and suffocated in their own minds' eyes.

*September 11<sup>th</sup>*

*Is to blame,*

*Methinks things*

*Ain't going to be the same again.*

*Fabulous artificer!*

Belal's pledge. You have angered your master; bitten the hand that spoon-fed you.

Poseidon is angry; Aeolus won't help, and you know nothing of Gods' anger until you taste it, and taste it you will. But! Has he not won already? *Better die once...* Who's he?

Invented to contain communism and now re-invented to hammer home a war on terrorism. The changing shape of modern terroreactism in response to the changing face of the modern aesthetic cannon.

He never dreamt of what The World so generously did to him. A son crowned by a father: even the Greeks haven't imagined that. What's death now to him but a cap?

American cowboy imaginary so adamant to crown him. What a pyrrhic-victory!

Once again, who is he? A practising deconstructivist!

Un-building the built; clearing a space for the unbuilt... Deconstructing the centre that tends to escape structurality... Perfect deconstruction! Just assume for once in your life,

assume the madness in your method. But, war has always been deconstructive and every war has been différanced. The wound of deconstruction, fissured yet unsutured. Promises of peace; pacts of war: différence undifferentiaty..1(8,[0.00(D-0.0008 rslm1(80.0.00(éran)-11.7(ce13.59 crnh

See them as we see ourselves! Wonder if we ever see ourselves as others see us! Women-for-women-in-Afghanistan manifesto: women of the world unite. RAWA. Laura's speech. No axe to grind: doing it for the women and children of Afghanistan. Yeah, let me know, or I shall see for myself

*When the hurly-burly's done,*

The hermeneutics of Islam: the invention of Islams. Mr. Said's *outofplace* call for secularization. Hijacked religions. Meshed in-sights. Veiled re-visions. Everyone has to fix her eyes before her feet. Or else, whipped and lashed. Oppression and depression, that's how it feels to wear the veil. Freedom of choice spoon-fed by the politics of lashing. But are we implicated? *What's Hecuba to him?*

Paralysis regained. Depends where you StandStill.

### **Paralyllax!**

*Operation Enduring Freedom.* Or, in want of a better phrasing: ignorance courted by arrogance fixated on credibility. The traumaofthereal's backlashandbacktrack. Perhaps Hegel was not, after all, wrong, however unpopular he might seem to have become. But, who is struggling for recognition now? Those who have an anxiety over losing it compounded by an unfaltering desire to preserve it. One-way-street-car named democracy. Undialectized imagination dressed up, hiding, drum drumming empty slogans, wearing a *hijab*, *jilbab*, or *Khymar*. Now, what is worse? Wearing it, or pretending not to be wearing it? The metonymic—playful but lethal—sliding of the

masked under the mask. Building our own graves: the aesthetics of automourning.  
Comfortably and most pleasantly so. What's a veil then but a veil of signs?

**Sphinxes of the sign.**

Wonder why God made that promise to Noah?

*I am putting my bow in the clouds.*

*Thought it was too altruistic and generous-to-a-fault of Him. Never occurred to him that there is no hope that The Almighty would step in again. Forsaken Crusoes! That's who we are! Must Have Been a pre-post-structuralist, after all; for, Who Else would be keeping a promise? What's the definition of a promise, after all, if it is something you are supposed to keep? Befuddling that He is the only one not playing the only game in town! Or, is it the game that plays? I bet you will say so. I know you, I can see idle-scheming in your eyes! **Sphinxes of the pro** .*

*He switched on the CBC. He is bent on keeping abreast with what's going on in Afghanistan, though he knows that, being doubly unfortunate—an Arab and, what is curse, a Muslim—he has to cunningly navigate between silence and exiled expression. No wonder, in a world of competitive and qualitative ignorance, one has to tongue-tie one's way if one is to give a wide berth to all the Scyllas and Charybdises of the world: “the Talibans of the oil and the Talibans of the Dollar.” The last time he listened to a conversation, he had to keep his composure and rse hfet olike*

**Sphinxes of the biogeovisible.**



mind. And a book is but a mindedly-bottled thought. *Penser la bouche pleine ?* Bottle a bottle? *Antic-ize a disposition.*

**Sphinxes of the bottlized.**

*Were it not that I have bad dreams?*