

It's crazy. The daughter says, "If being complicit is wanting to be a force for good, then I'm complicit." A dictionary schools her on twitter. What has happened to language when dictionaries awaken from their slumber, reach out directly over spacetime, and lay down the law on the meaning of words? But actually, it's all terribly boring. It's ignorance or spin. What a yawn.

What would Schreber's daughter say? How does that question motivate his writing? To not feel life stirring inside of you. To feel a language that is a life stirring inside of you. Whose baby is it? To summon it as mine at such enormous cost. I made her myself.

How do presidents and kings become named as such and how do they speak from that place and how do children come to be in that speech even or especially when they don't exist? Maybe it's me that I imagine Schreber's imagined baby as a girl not just because of his adopted daughter who may have been his wife's by another man. He had nothing to do with her making and yet she said, he was more of mother to me than my mother. Loving, just and kind.

Trump says, get that baby out of here.

Which Bellowing President said it? About whom was it said? Who said it better? If only you could wear language like a dress.

Quote: Since the dawn of the world there can hardly have been a case like mine.

Quote: I will be the greatest president that God ever created.

Quote: I became for God the only human being, or simply the human being around whom everything turns.

Quote: Everybody loves me.

Quote: I alone can fix it.

Quote: This miraculous structure has recently suffered a rent, intimately connected with my personal fate.

Quote: I've had a flawless campaign.

Quote: Thousands and thousands of people were cheering.

Quote: On some nights the souls finally dripped down on to my head in their hundreds if not thousands, as "little men." I always warned them against approaching me, since I had become aware of the immensely increased power of attraction of my nerves.

Quote: It's very hard to attack me on my looks, because I'm so good looking.

Quote: You'll be writing books about this campaign.

Quote: It is the most written-about document in the history of psychiatric literature.

Quote: Everyone has something to say about him.

Quote: In daytime I thought I could notice the sun following my movements; when I moved to and fro in the single-windowed room I inhabited at the time, I saw the sunlight now on the right, now on the left wall depending on my movements.

Quote: When a star can't get back on television he's dead as a doornail. Dead as dog's meat.

Quote: If I lost the ratings would plummet, it would become a depression in television.

Quote: All these losses can however be made good again insofar as an eternity exists, even though total restoration of the previous state may take thousands of years.

Quote: Make America Great Again.

Quote: He referred to my hands, if they're small, something else must be small. I guarantee you there's no problem. I guarantee it.

Quote: A thing between my legs that hardly resembles at all a normally formed male organ.

Quote: A lot of people are switching to these really long putters, very unattractive. You see these great players with these really long putters. And, I hate it. I am a traditionalist. I have so many fabulous friends who happen to be gay, but I am a traditionalist.

Quote: She got schlonged, she lost, I mean she lost.

Quote: The business tax will cause trillions in new dollars to come pouring into our country and, by the way, into titties like right here in Detroit.

Quote: For a time I had almost female breasts.

Quote: It really must be rather pleasant to be a woman submitting to intercourse.

Quote: I tried to fuck her.

Quote: I know where she went – it's disgusting, I don't want to talk about it. No, it's too disgusting. Don't say it, it's disgusting.

Quote: Twice I had a female genital organ, although a poorly developed one, and in my body felt quickening like the first signs of life of a human embryo; in other words, fertilization had occurred.

If the DSM and the Guinness Book of World Records had a baby it would issue an award for the Biggest Castration Anxiety. All my things are big. Somehow there the dim horror of loss gets translated into a refusal to do any work, the campaign slogan read as a projective imperative, Make America Great, you guys do the work of making and maintaining and no I don't wipe shit. Maybe I'll finance some tall buildings as insurance but I won't pay the workers and actually now that the twins are dead mine *is* the tallest in New York. But making and re-making are hard and as Schreber says even when you're willing to serve up your body for its grounds it takes time.

What a tremendous effort to repair the rent, to repair the parent, to re-parent, the world is riding on me, I am ridden by the world which cannot be left unmanned, no one at the helm, so to man the world I will submit.

Of course Schreber wants to recoup losses and fix flaws but really is all this castration business the way to go? The rent is real, as real as apparent, as real as birth. I will bow to it and honor it and speak it and love it and put it inside to see what grows. I will speak it so truly that it is my flesh, body of Schreber in your mouth when you say my name. Sure Trump's a neurotic with the titties and schlongs and long gay putters and 400 pound shit babies that slip out and sure slips are like veils when they're under skirts to hide what's not there and there's romance to that but sometimes it's boring as fuck. I am so bored by your disgust.

Books are babies as we all know. What a big girl we have in Schreber's book. A gift for you, I made her myself, see what comes, she will make you speak, she will make you write, you could fill libraries with my love. By comparison if compare we must *The Art of the Deal* makes art into debt and anyway someone else made it and it sits in a grand

library all alone. Better never to have been born, says its ghost writer. This to say nothing of the gaze which gives you life or saves you from depression, depression in television, but at least for Schreber it's a dance with the sun and the whole time he is listening.

Few talk about the mothers or the sisters of these men except for that one sister who's a judge. Trump insists that judges treat him unfairly probably because she's older. We know something of their older brothers who die in one way or another by their own hands. We know how their fathers run household tyrannies. We know how they name. Schreber boys are all Daniel, Trump boys only have Dad's name when they come first even if they die first. We know of their last names, German Drumpf re-written to make a winner. We know of their middle names, Daniel Gotlob Moritz Schreber and Fred Christ Trump. Why does dad have so much in the middle when I have so little? Daddy has God in between his legs or at least his son. Witness here the reduction of Christ, Christ by comparison. Some men transfigure the world by lying in language to keep up with Dad but some do it by lying as women submit. Anyway daddies don't really name you you can be named by anything like your job as a Russian blacksmith—this is true of my middle name—or your job as a German tailor who cuts dresses or worlds. The son of the blacksmith my grandfather became a garment cutter but actually my last name is German meaning lover and now I'm trying to reverse the procedure by making *that* my job.

Who nominates a president or judge? How do you rise in the ranks of the law?

First words in the first session with a patient: I have anxiety over nothing. My last therapist got pregnant and went on marital leave.

Nikolai Gogol was a great Russian writer. Actually he was from Ukraine which means the Edge. His grandfather's last name was Yanovsky but when Catherine the Great decided that only hereditary gentry could own serfs, Yanovsky invented a noble ancestor and changed his name to Gogol-Yanovsky. His grandson Nikolai cut off the real part of the name and became a Russian messiah. So much for feminine law in the land of the

empress, where you get rich and famous on the language you birth. Go make a name for yourself. If only the solution were always so lovely.

Gogol wrote a short story of nervous illness called “Memoirs of a Madman” where the hero finds hidden meanings for words as well as a rent in the universe: there is no king of Spain. There is no king of Spain, there is a hole where the king of Spain should be, so— he must be me. I am a Russian clerk whose name means pimple but also I am king of Spain. You can tell by my writing. Why are these people taking me away, I who am the king of Spain, I who received my mother’s love. Mommy they are mean to me in the asylum, mommy they are hurting me with their straps and their deafness. Mother, have pity on your sick child. Gogol, dying of self-starvation at the suggestion of a priest, desperate for miracle, spoke his last words: “a ladder, quick, a ladder.” A dreamed-up dying language-ladder to heaven, the tallest thing of all.