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

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

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

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

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

Boat-theory

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

Theorem of Anacharsis:

THERE ARE THE LIVING, THE DEAD, AND THOSE WHO GO TO SEA

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