

In Dystocia, You Say?

Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) Houba, houba! Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) (Houba, houba)

Houba, houba! Houba, houba!) Houba, houba! Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!)

Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

Or those steeped in reified spirit—would ever have chosen the circumstances of their disembodied AI?

Ooh-ooh! Bah-ah-ah! Houba! Ooh-ooh! Bah-ah-ah! Houba! Ooh-ooh! Bah-ah-ah! Houba!

Houba!

Houba! Houba!

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Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

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Houba, houba! Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!)

Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

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Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba! Houba ! Don't sneeze your brain out into a tissue made of pixels; don't wipe your asshole with AI!

The figure of the author, deeply marked by the smallpox...

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One-shot, two shutdowns, commercial trigger!

We appeal to the complexity of thought—and, by extension, to the dishonesty of those who fail to employ it.

Convinced to use this tool...

We chose the circumstances of our disembodied. Hi!

But...

Who could believe that people devoid of spirit—or those steeped in reified spirit—would ever have chosen the circumstances of their disembodied AI?

Houba-houba!

Houba! Houba!

*

Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh! Houba, houba! Ooh-ooh!! Ooh-ooh! Houba, houba!

Don't sneeze your brain out into a tissue made of pixels; don't wipe your asshole with AI, AI!

Out of deference to ^{WOW!}—and blindness regarding—the academic and social conditioning that acts as a technology of blinkered non-thought, they find it fitting to summon the tribunal before which these words, draped in AI-generated sounds, appear.

Houba! Houba! Is it acceptable to get high on an empty stomach in the morning? Is it normal for me to experience weed flashbacks the next day, or for psilocybin mushrooms to invite me to hop into their flying teapots? I don't know ^{THEY KNOW}, but. But...

The only 100% plant-based—and therefore 100% healthy—*hero!* A hero of the infusion—a hero in an unruly skin, at 70 degrees. It's the level of vapor that sends your synapses into a trance!

Here is the “Houba, houba!”

Don't drink too much coffee—it makes you infertile; eat plenty of potatoes—they're good for the temperament!

Debord's society, Baudrillard's cargo ship—little comic-book speech bubbles will burst on the surface of this comfort! Bananas and potatoes are real foods. By peeling back their pixels, I stepped into a new space where time no longer matters.

Perception is nothing but nonsense, since everything is merely an exchange of electric currents; art and play are ailments of the senses—only sport is good for bodily health *and the market economy!* Houba! Houba! Aaahh... The graphic novel section of the local specialty bookstore is the cargo ship of junkology.

War zone signifies the extermination of cultures of unbaptized strains by means of the AI's anti-integumentary apparatus and the “reader-listeners” attached to the womb of the gesture... and the paper page. ^{WOW!} All the characters infected bear the pustule that—at the risk to the art—replaces the anthropological lineage of knowledge and crafts.

Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

Wow, bah, Wow, bah!

But don't forget to fuel up on performance-enhancing pills, juices, and vitamin-packed bars, because the goods—fruits and vegetables, meats and breads—are nothing more than chemical exchanges of molecules!

Don't take the plane—it makes you dizzy—and don't take the train either; you'll have a nervous breakdown.

Besides, what's the point of reading books on the phenomenology of perception? It's just drivelfor apes enthralled by the illusion of the senses. So do not forget: bananas and potatoes are real foods.

Consuming them without moderation makes it possible to break away from preconceived notions about AI—whether stemming from common sense about pixels and woods, expert discourse, or the biographical accounts of the avatars surveyed.

I burned my first book yesterday—a Brillat-Savarin on taste—and consigned the cumbersome pixels of a Merleau-Ponty to my computer's trash bin. Throwing M. Freud and residual thought in the trash! Don't talk to me about dystocia—my brain is already completely overloaded with it!

Houba! Houba! It's Star Wars in my loo: I wipe my ass with soft, recycled, three-ply paper, and finish up with a wet wipe! Houba Banana, don't eat pineapples that travel by plane or cargo ship!

The potato and the banana share two individual trajectories—like a series of transitions from tuber to fruit, or sequences—involving changes and adjustments during the transition from the Masked Cucumber into the Marsupilami.

Single cycle, two stops, commercial trigger!

Houba! Houba!

And so ends this anti-AI war chant concerning the place and status of creativity inside the fruit and vegetable grinder. The cargo cult myth—into the trash!

They will turn it into a fire pit, a barbecue for their festive, willfully blind readings.

Houba! Houba!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba! Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

Convinced to use this tool, the IA tool, a plain one, no more no less, I put in the trash my Melody Nelson;

and also, also, rare but serious complication, my...

“Oh, My!”

Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) Houba, houba! Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) (Houba, houba)

Houba, houba! Houba, houba!) Houba, houba! Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!)

Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

Or those steeped in reified spirit—would ever have chosen the circumstances of their disembodied AI? Aaaah...

Houba! Houba!

Ooh-ooh! Bah-ah-ah! Houba! Ooh-ooh! Bah-ah-ah! Houba! Ooh-ooh! Bah-ah-ah! Houba!

Houba!

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Houba, houba! Ooh-ooh! (Houba, houba!) Houba, houba! Ooh-ooh! Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) Houba, houba! Ooh-ooh! Houba!

Houba! (Houba, houba!) Houba, houba! Ooh-ooh!

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Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) Houba, houba! Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!) (Houba, houba)

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Houba, houba! Houba, houba! (Houba, houba!)

Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba! Don't sneeze your brain out into a tissue made of pixels; don't wipe your asshole with AI!

The figure of the author, deeply marked by the smallpox of AI, complacently and blindly bears the pustule that—at the risk of his art—substitutes itself for the anthropological lineage of knowledge and know-how. Ah-ah-ah!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba! Houba, houba! Houba, houba! Don't sneeze your brain out into a tissue made of pixels; don't wipe your asshole with AI!

Out of deference to—and blindness regarding—the academic and social conditioning that acts as a technology of blinkered non-thought, they find it fitting to summon the tribunal before which these words, draped in AI-generated sounds, appear. Houba, houba!

Just as with the potato or coffee in their day, there were those—men of science and physicians—who raised an outcry: claiming the latter rendered men impotent and spouting all manner of nonsense about the sperm count required for fertility, while arguing that the former—once it had shifted from being fodder for acorn-starved pigs to a foodstuff deemed fit for human consumption—served to pacify the masses, even though the tuber simply satisfied their hunger.

The pox-ridden AI carries the pigs turd that has no smell. *It, carries the odorless turd.* Houba, houba! Houba, houba!

Houba-houba! Houba! Houba!... AI is a story to watch.

The SD format isn't my cup of tea—except with Mattt Konture—and neither is anarchist wankery, except with Bertoyas!

Houba-houba! Houba, houba!

The trash can, the dust, the horizon, the sun, the garbage. AI, the “very first day” of my life: the toilet trap!

After peeling my banana,

is it normal to feel like my nerve connections are watching me?

After peeling my potato,

is it *normal* that the starry sky is watching me?

Here, you step directly—and with ears wide open—into the Marsupilami's theater of operations; do not read standard A4-format comics drawn using AI.

“Do not!”

The Franco-Belgian comic tradition was colonial... and the others are just as bad!

These are all turds.

Commercial crap that numbs the mind, the soul, and the whatever IA do not know about it.

AI is the magical thinking of old-school anthropology.

Flatulence is not invited!

AI is the little dropping of a turd by primal peoples, untainted by any influence. A song, an EDM track. A club one—as the tonfa, like a baton—to strike the skull.

“Hit it!” And make the lower body away. The bottom swing. ^{It swing!} IA

don't know anything, though.

People are mean. Self-interested, constrained, sold out. Commercial products—so don't blame the AI.

They are enrolled in school and educated.

They attend schools!

They aren't cool! It amounts to the same thing: a spot up there in the sky—patriarchy all the way to the Moon!

Such is the network of meanings, between the hay rake and the lice comb.

I didn't say “womb!”

The words that emerged from that tongue, the formatted embryos.

The one that attend schools!

They're just tools of capitalism—they couldn't care less! We no longer consume paths or cucumbers, bananas or potato, but vitality!

The Marsupilami's tail, the Cucumber's mask, your training in solar spectrography, and your girlfriend's in the sociology of society's burnouts.

“Wood, war, wool, comics, words, corny!” In the end, it's always the same: a place in the Sun!

Here begins the combat zone of the Masked Cucumber—do not read those standard 46-page comic book Masked using AI.

Read only L.L. de Mars—the only true Marsupilami!

Leaping through this jungle of synapses is a creature who—like a spermat-

zoon sporting a very long vine—begins a war chant directed at AI!

Houba! Houba! Down with AI!

Houba! Houba! (Down with AI!) Houba, houba!

Houba, houba! Houba, houba! Houba!

Down with AI!

Please, step out of that so-called specialized bookstore and head to the micro-publishers...

AI is a story to watch.

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