

Yo-Yo Sein

*Die Wahrheit ist häßlich: wir haben die Kunst, damit wir nicht an der Wahrheit zu Grunde gehn.*¹

So if there is to be truthfulness about the horrors [extreme, undeserved, uncompensated, unredeemed, hideous suffering; cosmic awfulness], and no belief about their being worthwhile under some Leibnizian or Hegelian calculation, there will be only a fully conscious refusal to be crushed, and we shall need a conception, necessarily very schematic, of a life that might adequately express that refusal.²

Here's a scene from Pynchon's second novel (between *V.* and *Gravity's Rainbow*), the first installment of the California trilogy (completed by *Vineland* and *Inherent Vice*), and to get the ball rolling I'll kick off that it manifests the *Grundthema* of all his work:

"[Oedipa Maas] drove into San Narciso on a Sunday, in a rented Impala. She looked down a slope, needing to squint for the sunlight, onto a vast sprawl of houses which had grown up all together, like a well-tended crop, from the dull brown earth; and she thought of the time she'd opened a transistor radio to replace a battery and seen her first printed circuit. The ordered swirl of houses and streets, from this high angle, sprang at her now with the same unexpected, astonishing clarity as the circuit card had. Though she knew even less about radios than she did about Southern Californians, there were to both outward patterns a hieroglyphic sense of concealed meaning, of an intent to communicate. There'd seemed no limit to what the printed circuit could have told her (if she had tried to find out); so in her first minute of San Narciso, a revelation also trembled just past the threshold of her understanding. Smog hung all round the horizon, the sun on the bright beige countryside was painful; she and the Chevy seemed parked at the centre of an odd, religious instant. As if, on some other frequency, or out of the eye of some whirlwind rotating too slow for her heated skin even to feel the centrifugal coolness of, words were being spoken. She suspected that much."³

A revelation trembling just past the threshold of understanding solicits a crossing of that threshold in order to receive the message, 'to find out.' Cross how? In Aristotle's formulation,

¹ *Nachgelassene Fragmente* - 1888, 16[40]; [Nietzsche Source](#) .

² Bernard Williams, "The Women of Trachis: Fictions, Pessimism, Ethics," in *The Sense of the Past: Essays in the History of Philosophy* (ed. Myles Burnyeat 2006) 53.

³ Thomas Pynchon, *The Crying of Lot 49* ([1965] 2006) 14. Discussion of Pynchon's oeuvre here is in partial fulfillment of a request from Prof. Jon McKenzie of Cornell University (Pynchon's *alma mater*, but Nabokov didn't remember him) for an exercise "mapping Pynchon in/out beyng.com at the level of figure." (email June 2026) Cf. "One fateful day in Washington Square, Reg [a camcording bootlegger of first-run movies] happened to sell one of his cassettes to a professor at NYU who taught film, who next day came running down the street after Reg to ask, out of breath, if Reg knew how far ahead of the leading edge of this post-postmodern art form he was working, 'with your neo-Brechtian subversion of the diegesis.'" To Reg this "somehow sounded like a pitch for a Christian weight-loss program." Thomas Pynchon, *Bleeding Edge* (2013) 8-9.

‘by nature all human beings reach out to know.’⁴ After a time this continual *tentatio* can get frustrating, like chasing an unfunny shaggy-dog, and the seeker herself begins to tremble from the strain of stretching out to get it, to know—“the stretch of a soul” in Clare Carlisle’s phrase.⁵

Carlisle observes that Goethe and the German Romantics adapted “Spinoza’s view that some things manifest divine nature more intensively than others.” Evidently **manifestation** of divine nature ‘admits of a more and a less.’⁶ So the question ‘Who am I?’ “is theological as well as biographical. It asks how some particular being shares in, and manifests, the divine nature.”⁷ Seeing a life, she says, “as at once natural and theological—at once human and divine—means receiving it as an incarnation.”⁸

In other words receiving it as a ‘cosmogram,’ which Carlisle explains is “a particular thing, such as an object or a myth or a dance, that offers an image of the cosmos as a whole. At the same time, it embodies and articulates its specific milieu: the materials it was made from, the crafts and technologies used to produce it, the ways it is (or was) engaged with or put to use.”⁹ So that “if we ask how a particular human life expresses a milieu with cosmological dimensions, we are preparing to read it cosmogrammatically. Life writing [biography] turns out to be a cosmological art.”¹⁰

And this cosmological art as practiced by Carlisle is deeply attached, like the novels of her subject George Eliot, to giving good news.¹¹ “While Saint Theresa’s life,” Carlisle says, “was a

⁴ πάντες ἄνθρωποι τοῦ εἰδέναι ὀρέγονται φύσει. *Metaphysics* 980a.

⁵ *Transcendence for Beginners: Life Writing and Philosophy* ([Gifford Lectures 2024] 2025) 99.

⁶ Leading to conclusions like this: *Præter homines nihil singulare in natura novimus cujus mente gaudere et quod nobis amicitia aut aliquo consuetudinis genere jungere possumus adeoque quicquid in rerum natura extra homines datur, id nostræ utilitatis ratio conservare non postulat sed pro ejus vario usu conservare, destruere vel quocunque modo ad nostrum usum adaptare nos docet.* *Ethics* Book IV, Appendix, cap. 26. This sentiment is an ancestor of techno-narcismo (“the lightning works for us”), here: <https://a16z.com/the-techno-optimist-manifesto/>.

⁷ *Transcendence for Beginners* 88, 89.

⁸ *Id.* 90.

⁹ *Id.* 65. *Ur-case* (mode of *mise en abyme*): The Shield of Achilles, *Iliad* 18.478-608. Another case: Zas gives Chthonie a cosmogram for wedding present:—‘When the third day of the nuptials came around, then Zas made a large and beautiful robe (φᾶρος), and on this he embroidered earth and ocean and ocean’s houses [sc. Crete, Cyprus, Rhodes, etc.] (ποικίλλει γῆν καὶ ὠγηνὸν καὶ τὰ ὠγηνοῦ δῶματα).’ West glosses, “He made it and gave her it on the day of the *anakalupteria*, the third day of marriage, a regular occasion for a gift from husband to bride. Thus Pherecydes kills two birds with one stone. He explains how Goddess-within-the-earth came to have the earth put round her, and he incidentally provides an ἄτιον for a custom observed by men: ἐκ τούτου δὲ ὁ νόμος ἐγένετο καὶ θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι. . . . Chthonie’s robe is woven by Zas himself. In sixth-century Greece weaving probably was an ‘unmasculine task’; but what is more important here is the idea of the world as a work of art done by a god.” M. L. West, *Early Greek Philosophy and the Orient* (1971) 17-18, 54. What happens when ‘the idea of the world as a work of art done by a god’ becomes incredible?

¹⁰ *Transcendence for Beginners* 65.

¹¹ “Philosophy, and in particular moral philosophy, is still deeply attached to giving good news.” “*The Women of Trachis*” 49.

paradigm of remarkable goodness, Dorothea [of *Middlemarch*¹²] exemplifies an inconspicuous ‘unhistoric’ goodness that both augments and reveals the goodness of the world.”¹³ Again, Eliot’s *Daniel Deronda* “enacts a literary argument; each singular life unfolds within, and is shaped by, a cosmological milieu—and each life radiates, in its own unique unfolding, a divine source of truth, beauty and goodness.”¹⁴ If, in *Daniel Deronda*,

“Gwendolen’s apparently insignificant life expresses not just a vast cultural and psychological world—an intensely rich human milieu—but also a deep, possibly divine or cosmic goodness that impels souls to search for it, then every life might be ‘read’ in this way. Every life might be, as Spinoza put it, a manifestation of God. Gwendolen’s ordinariness and her averagely flawed character are theologically crucial. *Even here*, Eliot seems to be telling us, there is transcendence—a stretch of the soul, a glimpse of something shining, perhaps not far away at all.”¹⁵

Well, it **is** the Gifford Lectures in Natural Theology, so what did you expect? As far as I’m aware no Gifford Lecturer has ever affirmed ‘Natural Theology is ontological pareidolia *schlechthin*,’ although Michael Gazzaniga came close. Instead the modal message goes like this: “To read [William James’s Gifford Lectures] *The Varieties of Religious Experience* is to believe not only that God might exist but that men might be good – and more, that they may be taken at their word.”¹⁶

Whereas a Pynchonogram would run something like ‘each life radiates as the fourth power of its absolute temperature.’ More generally, ‘every life is a manifestation of $\Delta S \geq 0$, and you can forget about =.’ Looking downhill Oedipa gazes upon Chthonie’s mantle¹⁷ and sees the ‘ordered swirl’ of a housing development, which strikes her as once did the ‘printed circuit/circuit card’ of a transistor radio. And where the mighty strength of Ocean’s river flows along the rim of The Shield,¹⁸ here at San Narciso anthropogenic smog hung all round the horizon. Oed senses

¹² Number One on the *Guardian*’s list. No Pynchon. Boltzmann wept.

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/ng-interactive/2026/may/12/the-100-best-novels-of-all-time> .

¹³ *Transcendence for Beginners* 77.

¹⁴ *Id.* 81.

¹⁵ *Id.* 98-99.

¹⁶ Patricia Lockwood, “That Shape Am I,” review of Simon Critchley, *On Mysticism: The Experience of Ecstasy* (2024): <https://www.lrb.co.uk/the-paper/v47/n01/patricia-lockwood/that-shape-am-i> (pay-walled).

¹⁷ Anyhow on the version of this cosmogram known to her. Oedipa has been named executrix in the will of her former lover Pierce Inverarity, the San Narciso real estate mogul, now deceased. Remembering her time with him, “In Mexico City they somehow wandered into an exhibition of paintings by the beautiful Spanish exile Remedios Varo: in the central painting of a triptych, titled, ‘Bordando el Manto Terrestre,’ were a number of frail girls with heart-shaped faces, huge eyes, spun-gold hair, prisoners in the top room of a circular tower, embroidering a kind of tapestry which spilled out the slit windows and into a void, seeking hopelessly to fill the void: for all the other buildings and creatures, all the waves, ships and forests of the earth were contained in the tapestry, and the tapestry was the world. Oedipa, perverse, had stood in front of the painting and cried.” *The Crying of Lot 49*, 11.

¹⁸ ἐν δ’ ἐτίθει ποταμοῖο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο
ἄντυγα πὰρ πυμάτην σάκεος πύκα ποιητοῖο. // 18.607-608.

‘words were being spoken’ from the eye of a slowly rotating whirlwind:—another ordered swirl, another circuit; a cyclonic convection cell is a familiar entropy-accelerating system. These outward patterns are various levels of a single *mise en abyme*:

Big whorls have little whorls,
And Oedipa can sight ‘em;
And little whorls have lesser whorls,
And so ad infinitum.

Michael Chabon suggests that Pynchon composes in systems.¹⁹ Right, **dissipative** systems. In the story ‘Entropy’ (1960) we read that “Henry Adams, three generations before his own, had stared aghast at Power; Callisto found himself now in much the same state over Thermodynamics, the inner life of that Power, realizing like his predecessor that the Virgin and the dynamo stand as much for love as for power, that the two are indeed identical; and that love therefore, not only makes the world go round but also makes the bocce ball spin, the nebula precess.”²⁰ Thermodynamics as whirlygigology.

“Aubade’s neck made a golden bow as she bent over the sheets of foolscap, scribbling away in the green murk of the room. ‘As a young man at Princeton,’ Callisto was dictating, nestling the bird against the gray hairs of his chest, ‘Callisto had learned a mnemonic device for remembering the Laws of Thermodynamics: you can’t win, things are going to get worse before they get better, who says they’re going to get better. At the age of fifty-four, confronted with Gibbs’ notion of the universe, he suddenly realized that undergraduate cant had been oracle, after all. That spindly maze of equations became, for him, a vision of ultimate, cosmic heat-death. He had known all along, of course, that nothing but a theoretical engine or system ever runs at 100 percent efficiency: and about the theorem of Clausius, which states that the entropy of an isolated system always continually increases. It was not, however, until Gibbs and Boltzmann brought to this principle the methods of statistical mechanics that the horrible significance of it all dawned on him: only then did he realize that the isolated system—galaxy, engine, human being, culture, whatever—must evolve spontaneously toward the Condition of the More Probable.’”²¹

The formalism of thermodynamics as cosmogram. While Callisto drones his memoirs to Aubade in their hothouse apartment, downstairs in number 37 Meatball Mulligan is trying to keep his

¹⁹ “vast and totalizing systems of control . . . allied with dehumanization and death;” “*The Crying of Lot 49’s* centuries-spanning Trystero System;” “His broken plots expose the epistemological brokenness of paranoid systems, which are, after all, nothing but attempts, grander but no less doomed to failure than anyone’s, to make sense of a broken world.” “The Crying of September 11,” review of Pynchon, *Bleeding Edge* (2013): (pay-walled) <https://www.nybooks.com/articles/2013/11/07/thomas-pynchon-crying-september-11/>.

²⁰ Collected in Thomas Pynchon, *Slow Learner* (1984) 65-86; at 69.

²¹ *Id.* 72-73.

lease-breaking party,²² now very late in its second day, “from deteriorating into total chaos.” Meatball has just been listening to his friend Saul, who’s come in through the kitchen window, opine about communication/information theory and the breakdown of Saul’s marriage.

“Tell a girl, [says Saul] ‘I love you.’ No trouble with two-thirds of that, it’s a closed circuit. Just you and she. But that nasty four-letter word in the middle, that’s the one you have to look out for. Ambiguity. Redundance. Irrelevance, even. Leakage. All this is noise. Noise screws up your signal, makes for disorganization in the circuit.”²³

With ‘Entropy’ ‘Pynchon became Pynchon.’ Thereafter it’s all about people trying to make sense of—to isolate the signal (if any) from the noise of—interlocking dissipative systems composed of other people and meantime not get crushed. We see human lives as at once entropic and phenomenological; sense-making as the mechanism specific to human being of accelerating entropy production.

The Tristero, so far as Oedipa can find out, is a circuit for paper-message transmission, alt-net to the U.S. Mail. Provided, of course, that The Tristero indeed exists, which Oed feels compelled to find out, too. And “She also wanted to know why the chance of its being real should menace her so.”²⁴ The finding out is driving her mad.²⁵ “Look, you have to help me. Because I really think I am going out of my head.”²⁶ (There’s a nice knock-down transcendence for you.)

“She told him quickly, using up no more than a minute, what she’d learned about The Tristero, what had happened to Hilarius, Mucho, Metzger, Driblette, Fallopian.²⁷ ‘So you are,’ she said, ‘the only one I have. I don’t know your name, don’t want to. But I have to know whether they arranged it with you. To run into me by accident, and tell me your story about the post horn [Tristero’s symbol²⁸]. Because it may be a practical joke for

²² Always a party in Pynchonistan, and very often also a war, so a party-within-a-war; like the wedding feast on The Shield. For both the longest party and the most compact depiction of hideous truth, see ‘Mondaugen’s story,’ ch. 9 of *V.* (1961).

²³ ‘Entropy’ 76-77.

²⁴ *The Crying of Lot 49*, 107.

²⁵ Crazy stalks her every step: “He [Stanley Koteks] went on to tell how the Nefastis Machine contained an honest-to-God Maxwell’s Demon. All you had to do was stare at the photo of Clerk Maxwell, and concentrate on which cylinder, right or left, you wanted the Demon to raise the temperature in. The air would expand and push a piston. The familiar Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge photo, showing Maxwell in right profile, seemed to work best. . . . all with Yoyodyne was normal. Except right here, where Oedipa Maas, with a thousand other people to choose from, had had to walk uncoerced into the presence of madness.” *Id.* 68-69.

²⁶ *Id.* 90.

²⁷ “My shrink [Hilarius], pursued by Israelis, has gone mad; my husband [Mucho], on LSD, gropes further and further into the rooms and endless rooms of the elaborate candy house of himself and away, hopelessly away, from what has passed, I was hoping forever, for love; my one extra-marital fella [Metzger] has eloped with a depraved 15-year-old, my best guide back to the Tristero [Driblette] has taken a Brody. Where am I?” *Id.* 126. Mike Fallopian has suggested to her that Tristero is a vapor-caper, a practical joke engineered by pre-mortem Inverarity. *Id.* 138.

²⁸ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Crying_of_Lot_49#/media/File:MutedPosthorn.png.

you, but stopped being one for me a few hours ago. I got drunk and went driving on these freeways. Next time I may be more deliberate. For the love of God, human life, whatever you respect, please. Help me.”²⁹

The heroism, if that’s the term, of Pynchon’s leading folk is their fully conscious refusal—“with the courage you find you have when there is nothing more to lose”³⁰—to be crushed. That refusal takes the specific form of an against-all-odds perseverance in the effort to know, even as they are swept into and beat upon by various cyclonic forces which may or may not (paranoia, pareidolia) incarnate intentionality: “Behind the hieroglyphic streets there would either be a transcendent meaning, or only the earth;” “Another mode of meaning behind the obvious, or none. Either Oedipa in the orbiting ecstasy of a true paranoia, or a real Tristero;” “the unnameable act, the recognition, the Word;” “the direct, epileptic Word, the cry that might abolish the night.”³¹ (But this is California, U.S.A., where ‘everybody knows the bird is the word.’ There seems no limit to what the radio can tell us.³²)

Heidegger mentions as one candidate figure for human existence a storm, *ein Sturm*, that sweeps over our planet, *der über unseren Planeten fegt*.³³ Human being ‘uses itself up,’ he says,³⁴ and his image for that phenomenon is *Wirbel*, whirlwind, cyclone, vortex;³⁵ also *Taumel*, reeling, tumbling.³⁶ For Oedipa, “It was as if she had just discovered the irreversible process. It astonished her to think that so much could be lost . . .”³⁷

²⁹ *The Crying of Lot 49*, 146.

³⁰ *Id.* 151.

³¹ *Id.* 150, 149, 95.

³² “All the way up to Topanga the radio cranked out a Super Surfin’ Marathon, all commercial-free—which seemed peculiar until Doc realized that nobody who would sit through this music-teacher’s nightmare of doubled-up blues lines, moronic one-chord ‘tunes,’ and desperate vocal effects could possibly belong to any consumer demographic known to the ad business. From this display of white-eccentric binge behavior only once in a while, mercifully, would there be a departure—‘Pipeline’ and  Surfin’ Bird by the Trashmen, and ‘Bamboo’ by Johnny and the Hurricanes, singles by Eddie and the Showmen, the Bel Airs, the Hollywood Saxons, and the Olympics, souvenirs out of a childhood Doc had never much felt he wanted to escape from.” Thomas Pynchon, *Inherent Vice* (2009) 124-125.

³³ *Was ist der Mensch? Ein Übergang, eine Richtung, ein Sturm, der über unseren Planeten fegt, eine Wiederkehr oder ein Überdruß den Göttern? Wir wissen es nicht. Aber wir sahen, daß in diesem rätselhaften Wesen die Philosophie geschieht.* (Text in the GA App is corrupt here: <https://www.beyng.com/gaselis/?vol=29.30&pg=10>.)

³⁴ *Umwillen seiner selbst sich verwendend, »verbraucht« sich das Dasein.* *Sein und Zeit* 333.

³⁵ *Dieses ständige Losreißen von der Eigentlichkeit und doch immer Vortäuschen derselben, in eins mit dem Hineinreißen in das Man charakterisiert die Bewegtheit des Verfallens als **Wirbel**.* <https://www.beyng.com/tmp/DE/GA02/GA02.237.html>. *Das Dasein im Man bewegt sich gleichsam in einem **Wirbel**, der es in das Man hinein wirbelt, dabei ständig von den Sachen und sich selbst abreißt, und als Wirbel in die Ständigkeit der Abdrängung zieht.* <https://www.beyng.com/tmp/DE/GA20/GA20.388.html>. *Sie ist der Wirbel, in den der Mensch hereingewirbelt wird.* <https://www.beyng.com/tmp/DE/GA29-30/GA29-30.028.html>.

³⁶ *Dem Menschentum der Metaphysik ist die noch verborgene Wahrheit des Seins verweigert. Das arbeitende Tier ist dem Taumel seiner Gemächte überlassen, damit es sich selbst zerreiße und in das nichtige Nichts vernichte.* <https://www.beyng.com/gaselis/?vol=7&pg=71>.

³⁷ *The Crying of Lot 49*, 104.

Heidegger captions a fragment on Herder and language *Der ewige Kreisel*, evoking I guess *ewige Wiederkehr*.³⁸ But *Kreisel* puts us in mind of Yoyodyne, Inc., whose Galactronics Division is “San Narciso’s big source of employment,”³⁹ and “a company with factories scattered careless about the country and more government contracts than it really knew what to do with.”⁴⁰ (*der Taumel seiner Gemächte*) Yoyodyne originated as the Chiclitz Toy Company, with “one tiny independent-making shop on the outskirts of Nutley, New Jersey” in the late 1940s. Then, “For some reason the children of America conceived around this time a simultaneous and psychopathic craving for simple gyroscopes, the kind which are set in motion by a string wound around the rotating shaft, something like a top.” German for a child’s top is *Kreisel*. Anyhow, CTC “was well on the way to cornering the toy-gyroscope market” when a group of school kids touring the shop explained to the founder, Clayton ‘Bloody’ Chiclitz, the concept of the gyrocompass, and “Chiclitz remembered vaguely from a trade magazine that the government was always in the market for these.” Chiclitz started making gyros for the government, and “Before he knew it he was also in telemeter instrumentation, test-set components, small communications equipment. He kept expanding, buying, merging. Now less than ten years later he had built up an interlocking kingdom responsible for systems management, airframes, propulsion, command systems, ground support equipment;”⁴¹ in due course “one of the giants of the aerospace industry.”⁴²

Both a (horizontal-axis) yo-yo and a (vertical-axis) gyroscope in proper motion (not simply hurled at some child) are rotating systems, conservators of angular momentum. “Dyne, one newly hired engineer had told him, was a unit of force. So to symbolize the humble beginnings of the Chiclitz empire and to get the idea of force, enterprise, engineering skill and rugged individualism in there too, Chiclitz christened the company Yoyodyne.”⁴³

That other tycoon, Pierce Inverarity, had owned a large block of shares in Yoyodyne. Oedipa remembers, “Though he had never talked business with her, she had known it to be a fraction of him that couldn’t come out even, would carry forever beyond any decimal place she might name; her love, such as it had been, remaining incommensurate with his need to possess, to

³⁸ <https://www.beyng.com/tmp/DE/GA85/GA85.048.html> .

³⁹ *The Crying of Lot 49*, 15.

⁴⁰ V. 245.

⁴¹ *Ibid.*

⁴² *The Crying of Lot 49*, 15.

⁴³ V. 245. That engineer may or may not have been “a porcine gentleman in a suit of European cut,” a German employed by Yoyodyne named Kurt Mondaugen, who “had worked, yes, at Peenemünde, developing Vergeltungswaffe Eins and Zwei” (*Id.* 246), and who will appear again, *natürlich*, in *Gravity’s Rainbow* (1973).

alter the land, to bring new skylines, personal antagonisms, growth rates into being. ‘Keep it bouncing,’ he’d told her once, ‘that’s all the secret, keep it bouncing.’”⁴⁴

So another figure offers an image of the human being as a whole, the yoyogram:—*Das endlich Jo-Jo*. A going around (*Das Dasein ist Seiendes, dem es in seinem Sein um dieses selbst geht*⁴⁵) a null-axis (*Die Sorge – das Sein des Daseins – besagt demnach als geworfener Entwurf: Das (nichtige) Grund-sein einer Nichtigkeit*⁴⁶). A conservator of ganglial fomentum (*Bedeutsamkeit; das Dasein selbst ist sichauslegendes, sichaussprechendes Seiendes*⁴⁷). Yet finite, *keine ewige*, in its understanding because of entropic dissipation proper to sense-making: *Die Irre ist der Spielraum jener Wende, in der die in-sistente Ek-sistenz wendig sich stets neu vergißt und vermißt*.⁴⁸

It must be said, though, that Pynchon concludes *CoL 49* as he began it, with *Wirbel* imagery:

“San Narciso was a name; an incident among our climatic records of dreams and what dreams became among our accumulated daylight, a moment's squall-line or tornado's touchdown among the higher, more continental solemnities—storm-systems of group suffering and need, prevailing winds of affluence. There was the true continuity, San Narciso had no boundaries. No one knew yet how to draw them. [Oedipa] had dedicated herself, weeks ago, to making sense of what Inverarity had left behind, never suspecting the legacy was America.”⁴⁹

America as climate; fundamentally an entropy-producing system.⁵⁰

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⁴⁴ *The Crying of Lot 49*, 147-148.

⁴⁵ [Sein und Zeit 191](#) .

⁴⁶ [Sein und Zeit 285](#) .

⁴⁷ <https://www.beyng.com/gaselis/?vol=20.00&pg=418> .

⁴⁸ <https://www.beyng.com/gaselis/?vol=9&pg=196> . Benny Profane, “a schlemihl and human yo-yo,” is with Brenda Wigglesworth, “an American WASP who attended Beaver College. . . . That evening Brenda wore paisley shorts and black socks. ‘I write poetry,’ she announced. [She reads him some of her verse.] ‘It’s a phony college-girl poem. Things I’ve read for courses. . . . You’ve had all these fabulous experiences. I wish mine would show me something.’ ‘Why.’ ‘The experience, the experience. Haven’t you learned?’ Profane didn’t have to think long. ‘No,’ he said, ‘offhand I’d say I haven’t learned a goddamn thing.’” V. 1, 503, 505-506.

⁴⁹ *The Crying of Lot 49*, 147.

⁵⁰ “The climate is, fundamentally, an entropy-producing system.” [Entropy Production Rates of the Climate in](#) .