

FLUX ME

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[See table of contents](#)

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FLUX ME

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In the wake of *The Wake*, Gerry Fialka's thunderously relevant recent article, "Can Art Stop War," calls for a "MindWar" to combat and undermine the structures of "awethoroty" through humor and levity...using dirty tricks and erotic magick!" asserting how subversive language practices are themselves prophetic peace protests. Echoing McLuhan's axiom about how poets who feedforward, "are the antennae of civilization," foreseeing all that was and is to come, while robustly highlighting how for Jacques Derrida, and how "in the *WAKE*, Joyce engages in a "war in words...declared war in language and on language and by language...invading English with a barrage of dozens of other tongues, and powered by feelings of love and laughter," with "erotic magick," comedy and cunning ---

here is FLUX ME; a post Joycean celebratory intervention, (based on Joyce's letters to Nora), underscoring how for McLuhan, "the poet dislocates language into meaning...smashes open the doors of perception."

To wit – read through George Maciunas' interpretation of the word "flux" (from his 1963, Fluxus Manifesto): to Purge, Tide and Fuse, FLUX ME also urges one to

PURGE the word of bourgeois sickness, "intellectual," professional and commercialized culture, **PURGE** the world of dead art, imitation, artificial art, abstract art, illusionistic art, mathematical art, -- **PURGE** the world of Europeanism! Promote a revolutionary flood and **TIDE** in art. Promote living art, anti-art! Promote non art reality to be grasped by all peoples, not only critics, dilettantes and professionals. **FUSE** the cadres of cultural, social & political revolutionaries into united front and action.

Situating itself in the fecund limit between accumulation, appropriation, translations, citation, mysteries and sophistry, "Flux Me" enacts how polyvalent subversion defies mastery -- and through a philo-political-socio-gendered-lingua-erotics, this ineradicable uncircumnavigable ineluctable equivocation, *is* a radically anti-authoritarian call for change.

FLUX ME

Flux me, darling, in as many ways as your alas will suggest. Flux me dripping in your full ardor costumed with unravelling; in the curved tender of split slits surfeits straddling across my logos in the frill of disclosure. Wrap me in the quick-sticky up-sifts of your cannot; over the bluster of surface. Flux me naked with your haunted rocking all synchronous, sinuous succulent valleys of frisson's filial flummox. Flux me in your doused dawn with nothing on but serial censures of ripening thirst; pulsing pliés pleased pulling me atop of the cushioned able. Flux me into your always, as i lay on your frisson, your buttered eros sluiced loose with a scented purr of porous ardor; the whiff of slippery aplomb. Flux me if you can, corseted with your swelling slung hung donning melliflua like a flirty flexicon snaked in its comeuppance. Flex me in the strung darkness, like a noon-maiden with sordid abjure, unbuttoning arousal in bracken pastures as i slip you into my florid fiddling with shirk-shuddered folly pooling gently with upslurp sips a burgeoning ballet of scented ergo murmuring into your merriment. Like the slidewords of hot gussy, tilled in the tempestuous petulance of lettered fêtes bound to my quickly.

II

Flux me through the furtive evers of threaded although; aslide the quiver of your bias. Flux me through the squirting furl of ruffled prowess; garlanded with fingered dawns undressing in the pillowy billow bonjour of heated hegemony. Flux me with buoyant writhing all raspy in the ripped shimmer of your upturned duress; with wild gushing drawn from the flesh of tangled err's burst verse impervious fervor favors verves fleures furnished burgeon trembling with the wet cadenza of flailing folios fingers fondling your moistened ligatures' cirqued mirth as i clutch the cushions of your purring aporia dialectically licking like a limning hymnal murmuring in the saucy hysteria of fruity langues' agon roused in your fancy.

III

And through truths, tempests, torments of honeysuckled aberrance, flux me with your erstwhile, like a flexical lexical of fiery fervor foments, whispering in the scissored mystery of etched flesh, scars, sanctions, screaming in the candied vamp all hauntingly hegemonic, lapping the lull of my titillate. Flux me in the schism of creamy compliance, perfumed like a jazzy magnet with campy amped plumpy impeti in the probing of my purview.

IV

And enwrap in your petalled revel, lick my vicissitude as i suck your furry curtain of polyontologic calculates – all up in your axiom – inhaling the grip of your surplus. Flux me in the fullness of your morphology as you taciturn me over slapping the cipher of glossy forbidding pulsing in my paradox / my ideological arena. Ah oui! Just flux me and ram your racy ennui in my weltanschauung dripping with compliance and undoing.

V

And permute me, if you will, billowing all rhapsodically episodic and brimming with imminence - - rim my melliflua in the figgy-jigged giggle while i finger your figurae with amorous moreover, maneuvers, ouverts exploding with tickled particulars porticos peaking like a candied dalliance. Flux me as i sink my truth into your hard asphyxia kissing heuristics with twisted hunger's slippery-sucked sprung pungence. And as i rip into your heterogenous aegis bound and gagged in the indiscriminate perimeters of your dizzy zyzygy laboring in the liberality of gifted

rifts drifts stiff lifts in the grafted signatum of fruity contiguity, flux me grinding all sticky n suffocating in the contretempetuous estuaries of your perky picnic [si]c licked arced crevices of bouch-ey ruced ravage.

VI

And in the chordal accordance of culls cœurs coursed scoring in the hollers of withholding, flux me as you sit on my thrownness in the irreducible dance of gravitas; in the labyrinth of interwoven projections, insurrections rocking my misting manifest. Flux me sideways through all that is graspable ungraspable luminous and indeterminable, in the fragrant apparâitre of saucy ensouciance's milky-silk slapped assonance. And like how the future punctures the present, flux me with your poignant *pointe* pulsing all oily 'n enflamed in the cadence of languorous clamor all heretically exegetical screaming in the secrecy of your ipseity.

VII

Succumbing so hard in steamy telos' toll titillates of effracted rapture, flux me in the fluidity of ineffable fallacies constellated with all that's incalculably radical and diachronically strung through singed swings scalds scrimps, crème stinging in indexical excess' axial stacked wracked exstasis. Flux me through the bold and ungarmented night, naked as truth's silences embellished in the synonymy of your yaysay burning in my bracketed maximus' forbidden flung flexed flourish. Flux me all over my façade – with robust obeisance bathed in the libidinal ibid addled odyssey / thirsting between the not there yet and always already.

VIII

And rest your carnival upon me, vibrating with perfumed impasse gasps grasps glyphs lifts, ontical antics of masqued asks, as you suck my secrecy swelling with gushing *gratuit's* uppity impeti appetites ambits gambits grinding in the blustery lust latitudes of thirsty mirth unfurling like a fat stanza thrashing inside my haunting. Flux my lithe rhizome whispering in the whipped spurs spars oral spored orifice of pulsing puissance pressing into your sap-puckered piquant while s'peaking the uns'peakable fused like truth and untruth in the undisclosed clearing.

IX

Just flux me hard in the fleshy filament of your purring *per se* like a sensuous present-non-present licking the surplus of lusty musk thrusting in the shiver of *stimmung's* creamy steam stream; juiced-up jizz-sizzled isthmus. And with an undulating andalay inlay *appalez* of please play, plaise, pliés paroles spooled in the slavish ravish of haute fraught, flux me cascading in the surge of spurting fleures flooding through sordid *condres* centers censures mounting in the slurp splurged scourge rouse of flickery-licked swerves curves caverns quivering.

X

Flux me moaning inside your kissed chasms of skin-sucked fluxuries, luxuries like a looping leporello's ravenous aberrance, greased and screaming in the naughty tautologies of stacked madness. And as you synch into my fevered forays flayed volér like a scented signatum tormented in the enormity of purring rapture, flux me with your giddy gedichte, swishy squished ferocity; paucity porosity impossible prosody and grind your wrung rigor de rigueur hard against my langueing.

XI

And mewling in the feverish famished fetish favors of fleck-sprayed stead spread swell-sucked skin-tucked succumb, flux me saddled in syrupy stirrups' slung skirls smear silk-trussed swallows like a shallow haloed holy jolly lolly. Flux me atop your pixilated throttle squat as you lift my flippety ipse frappé of pixieplasm psalm palm slooped spurs of squirm sips sups slurping in the thrusty tongue tangled lingual tango – all willy don and thrust upon.

XII

Like a nymphy symphony shimmying in the sugary chérche swaddled swagger stagger figgy rigor, flux me in the wriggling gush of suckled blush sliding like a diddling fiddler's riddled ligature garnished in the glimmering limerence of lusty gust. Flux me like an ambrosial aujourd oui! all over my prima facie as you probe my probable, my feisty flowerpot of pursed polity peace troughs, all misty 'n moistened with messy senescence, saucily salient and sibylline.

XIII

And in the vaulted grip stripped stroked yokes of quicky slick trickery, lick my decorous accrue as i flux you in the pungent dungeons of enjamby ambles limber nimble lumbered embers all belly-blessed and buttery billowing with slap lapped sweat scopes crème rammed up against your spit kissed sinewed sun-dewed undress. Flux me like a fondled doctrine, a whistling epistle punctuated and perfumed with improbable possibles' bouchey ousia's jolly jouic-ey joue joue jejeune zhuzh shivering in the quirky cirqued perky pourquoi of d'espére.