

"Ehism or The New Disinhibition"

Thus we're entering the age of particles.

Wikipedia: a particle is a part of speech that cannot be inflected. Like the interjection (a word that has emotion).

in its modern meaning a particle is a function word that must be associated with another word or phrase to impart meaning, i.e., does not have its own lexical definition. On this definition, particles are a separate part of speech.

particles are typically words that encode grammatical categories (such as negation, mood, tense, or case), clitics, or fillers or (oral) discourse markers such as well, um, etc.

Eh?

We feel strongly about our current achievements. After we've taken back control we can simply eh our way through and reap the harvest of the asserted autonomy with the sickle of a casual question mark. We're good in being casual. Poly cotton jackets, trainers and unbuttoned shirts have carried us thus far. Meet ups by a coffee vendor in our companies' living-room hallways decisively enlivened the communication and fueled the ehconomy with our little chit-chat demo- innovations.

Would you rather have an exhibition or disinhibition, eh?

There's no easy bypass of a happy airy teen enthusiasm. We're all a Californian Teen, cut out by a laser smile of Silicon Valley. We can strike a pose in a snap, copy/paste ourselves leaning on a surfboard against a palm tree like so many other stock photography models. We can copy/paste ourselves onto the mud of the Westminster Palace, licking Big Ben like a lollipop. And stand out, sharp and au courant.

We'll copy/paste ourselves wherever we want, like Nigel into his wife's passport. And as Boris has told us: we will REALLY be in Europe now. Surfing our way not only through Barking and Birmingham, but through Brussel-bureaus and everywhere. Surf like BJ hairdo, surf this wave through colibri and flamingae of flapping Panama Papers. Like a Singapore on steroids, we'll grab the equator, pull it our way, and let it all shine on us directly. We'll be little joints and little wheels, little screws and screw-on tops of this arbitrary awesome collage. And if you'll get brown sauce with baked beans on toast in the end? - eh?

Ctrl + eh?
cmd + eh?

and if our emotion is bleak, our environ underinvested, our means are lacking time, stress and burnout spread, our culture grows in scabs, our language in particles - eh? - isn't painting a paradigm, a chance, to get out of the sauce of the world something which was not thrown into it before, not even blended into it, but raises as if through the mix itself, a local difference in the unity of the mass - regardless of the engineered or arrived-at opposition of the masses; or seemingly regardless, if seeming, or disregard, is the very point - eh? - as in the Klee's formula "not to render the visible, but to render visible". What?