

It Thinks

Concept

Starting with Descartes' famous first principle, "I think therefore I am," or *Cogito ergo sum*, Nietzsche unravels the ego by pointing out that thoughts come unannounced with no volition on the part of the thinker. Therefore it is more accurate to say "It thinks," or *cogitat*, and make no assumptions that there is a self who is thinking. Our notions of selfhood, it turns out, are necessary fictions that allow us to live.

Script

Camera is focused dead on my face. Snatches of pop music come and go. Crassness. Neenah Cherry's Buffalo Stance. Greed. Dialog about money. Lust. Schemes for getting sex. An occasional enlightened thought about war or poverty. Scientific reflection. The image starts to fragment into multiple screens. Homegenous but fractal. At some point, the sentence, "I'll stand up," starts at whisper level, then echos until I stand up.

Walking down the street. It's the city, Broadway at 8th St, near the old church. Slowly moving up the street. Distracted by everything. An orgy of images: the blue sky, a corner of light, a woman's ass, a flyer, her foot, the green grass at the church, the urn, a gargoyle, the sky, flowers, a newspaper headline. Soundtrack is snatches of pop music, musings, lewd thoughts. Start noticing food, CU people eating. A realization rumbles up through the cacophony, "I'm hungry."

Farmer's Market, Union Square. A rush of food images, people smiling, body parts, distraction, looking up, the camera spins. Sex appears frequently in word and image. Stupid thoughts. I buy something, a hotdog? POV switches to weiner entering mouth. Loud chewing noises. Back to POV. Mentation slows. Lying on back, in park, staring up at branches, blue sky, clouds. Slowing into nap mode. What am I, I think? A bundle of impulses. Like the conductor of a symphony.