

THIS BOOK IS THE LONGEST SENTENCE EVER WRITTEN AND
THEN PUBLISHED

It's Over 13,955 Words, That's The Previous Record I've Researched In
April '19, It's Well Over That Actually, And It's Already Started, The
Sentence, This Subtitle Is Part Of It, And It's

By
Dave Cowen

Who is me, hi, everyone, welcome to the longest sentence and possibly the greatest sentence in the English language ever written and then published, which is a great achievement by me, though I haven't done it yet, as I am writing this sentence as I go, so it's unclear if this endeavor will result in a great sentence, or just the longest one, or, honestly, if I will even be able to finish the sentence, that I have just started, and eventually set the record, I could fail, so that's kinda exciting for you, to be reading, in pretty much real time, my attempt at a world record, and a great achievement in the history of writing, and in the history of humanity, right, and the funny thing about achievements in writing is that readers debate who is the greatest living writer or what is the best sentence ever written, and most readers think there's not really an answer, because evaluating writing is subjective, or so they're told, but it just so happens that two of the widely considered greatest writers in the English language also wrote two of the longest sentences ever published, and they are William Faulkner, and his 1,288 word sentence from 1936's *Absalom, Absalom*, and James Joyce, and his 3,687 word sentence from 1922's *Ulysses*, and these books and the sentences inside them were considered masterpieces of stream of consciousness style, and so there must be something great about writing long sentences, and writing them in the style of stream of consciousness, some cause and effect, I am not sure how to prove causes and effects, because I am not good at math or science, I am only good at one thing, writing, which is somewhat debatable itself, I think, the me being good at writing, it's unclear to me if what I've written so far is any good, what do you think, do you like it yet, do you like me yet, maybe I should type Faulkner's and Joyce's two sentences out here to give you something widely agreed upon as great sentences to read to start this sentence, so if my sentence turns out not to

be so great, you'll at least have read something great right up front, or maybe you could kind of get a baseline of long sentence greatness, to compare with my sentence, and see that I surpass it, this sentence, that you are reading, it will surpass Faulkner's and Joyce's sentences, in quality and then quantity, you'll see, you'll all see, but I also now realize it'd be a little unfair that my sentence would not only have Faulkner's great long sentence but also Joyce's great long sentence embedded inside of the rest of my sentence, which has already started off so strongly, and that would be a bit of cheating, would it not, but that's also what's so great about the English language, it can be quite recursive with its clauses, you can keep building in clauses, pretty much infinitely, or maybe not pretty much, just literally infinitely, and recursivity is something I have been doing with these commas, and the ands, and the whiches, and which is like this, and that is a recursive clause right there, and this is one, too, see they are pretty cool, you just put them in, with a comma, like so, but it is also something that worries me, too, as I've read about theories by linguists that say there's technically no limit to the length of an English sentence, due to recursive clauses, and so what is scary about that, is that it means anyone could beat my record one day, and so in order to make sure I set the record, maybe I can never stop writing this sentence, maybe I can never write anything that is not part of this sentence ever again in order to get what I want, which is for me, Dave Cowen, me, Dave Cowen, are we clear who's writing what you're reading, I, Dave Cowen, need to be remembered for all time as the writer of the longest sentence ever published, maybe I must include anything I write for the rest of my life as part of this sentence, which is a tricky thing because I have to write other sentences for other parts of my life, like sentences for emails for my day job, the job I need to pay for my life, that

allows me to buy time to write this sentence, and so the emails I write for my job, like, Got it, thanks, Marie, and Sounds good, thanks for the update, Jason, must go in here now, too, and they must not have periods, or else I will accidentally end the sentence, and lose the record, but will I get fired, if I don't include periods in my work emails, and then not be able to pay for my life or the writing of this sentence, and would I then die, will I die because of this endeavor, we'll see, we all die, right, there's no avoiding death, and it's not a big deal, just a part of life, and nothing to be sad about, right, and the other concerning thing is some linguists also dabble in computer science, and even if they might be a bit dilettantish, they have also posited there's likely going to be a computer writer that'll one day be able to create a near-infinite English sentence just in the time it takes me to type this next word, dang, that word, dang, that's how fast the bot writer could write a longer sentence than me, dang, crazy, right, and another weird thing about this project is question marks, like, what am I supposed to do about question marks, like, the one that should come after this question, if I were to put a question mark there, then this sentence would be over, which is weird, isn't it, that a question has to end a sentence, how come, there's another spot for a question mark, it's hard not to put the question mark in there, right, but if I do, I'd lose the record, which would be pretty pathetic, right, another email, ugh, Thanks, yes, confirmed, back to the book, that'd be pathetic, right, as we're only like, how far are we, OK, just checked, we're exactly 1,111 words into the sentence, including the title and subtitle, and wow, that seems quite prophetic in terms of Numerology, as my life path number is 11, and my Dad's life path is 22, which is $11 + 11$, and we are both master numbers, and there are only 3 of those master numbers out of the life paths you can have, according to the Pythagorean Greeks, and

the Numerologists who came after them, and they are particularly difficult energies to handle, I have read, and that means we have chosen more difficult life paths before we were born, that my Dad chose to be a master builder and I chose to be a wounded healer, though we immediately forgot about all of that when we were born, unless we discovered Numerology, which I have only recently discovered this month, so maybe this sentence has been blessed by Pythagoreus, or G-d, but it also could be read as Jeremiah 11:11 like in Jordan Peele's movie Us, which seems bad, or tethered to something bad, maybe I should stop writing the sentence already, maybe I should give up this Faustian task, or is it Sisyphean, no, it's definitely not Sisyphean, as I will be getting the fame of writing this sentence, the longest sentence ever written in the English language and then published, most definitely, I will not be writing this sentence in vain, I will not finish it but then not be able to publish it for some reason, and not get the record, or be beaten to the punch by someone else, I will not be writing words that have no success, it will not all be for nothing, artistically, and financially, the writing of this sentence, it can't be, and it won't be, I won't continue to be a failing writer, a failed writer I will no longer be, and for that I can thank myself, and this genius idea, where I can prove in a measurable way that I am superior to every writer the English language has ever seen, and also I can thank Jeff Bezos and Kindle Direct Publishing, which is my publisher and my publishing house, and they are a great publisher and publishing house because they publish pretty much literally anything, you just have to load a PDF file of your manuscript, and do a cover or whatever, they have a cover creator app, too, which is pretty easy, pretty fool-proof to use, so you don't even need to hire someone to do that, or need to know any fancy application, and boom you got a book published, and printed,

your written words, whatever you want them to be, they can be any sort of words, like these words, like the words you are reading as I type the words you are reading right now, and this WORD, and they'll be a book that you can then sell in the biggest book marketplace in the world, and what's interesting about that is that, it wasn't always the case for writers that they could just boom publish their books, for instance, James Joyce struggled for years to boom publish his books, you see, back in 1905, Joyce tried to boom publish his first book *Dubliners*, but it took nine years before a publisher said they'd publish it, because even though many of them thought it was a brilliant book of great sentences, they refused to publish it because they feared the censors due to the great sentences also having some content that was kind of taboo for their time, about sex and also religion, in fact, someone did try to boom publish *Dubliners* in 1906, but the entire edition was burned in an Irish square before reaching the public, due to that taboo content, and then with *Ulysses*, the book that had the longest sentence ever written at the time just waiting to be boom published, Joyce also had trouble sealing the deal to get the record, in 1918, two women said they'd publish *Ulysses*, which was even more taboo in its content, that's something that Joyce liked to do with his content, make the content difficult for some readers to enjoy, the content, in style sure, it was difficult to understand what he was saying a lot of the time, it wasn't accessible writing as they'd say now, is this accessible, this writing, am I accessing you, is this relatable, but also because he was making something private in society that people didn't want other people to know they also thought about, he made that taboo stuff public, which made it obscene content, even if it was relatable, perhaps too relatable, and so like I said, it also had the longest sentence ever written in the English language at that point just set to be

published and win the record, but the publishers were arrested for conspiring to publish obscenity by The New York Society For The Suppression Of Vice, can you believe that they had that type of organization back then, in New York City, what an insanity, and so it ended up taking more than ten years before Joyce could find an American or English publishing house willing to boom publish his Ulysses content, but fortunately Joyce's buddy Ezra Pound did him a real solid and introduced him to this cool bookstore owner, Sylvia Beach, and she boom published the book in France, because that was a thing Pound did before he started to blame the Jews for his lack of remunerative success as a writer when he was in Italy and becoming down with the Fascists, he helped other writers get paid for their writing, and so Joyce got his record, because his sentence was not only written but published, and so what many people consider the greatest book of the 20th Century, including Mayor Pete and Beto, and I guess Joe Biden, too, we don't like him now, right, he's no good for this time, right, I dunno who is though, is one person, maybe we should have a panel of presidents now, and so the book Ulysses exists because of all that struggle, and so what's huge for me is that I don't have to mess with a Vice Squad or judgmental, scaredy-cat, establishment-protecting haters in the current publishing industry due to Kindle Direct Publishing, which is my publisher, and Jeff Bezos, who is my Sylvia Beach, in a way, and also Jeff is sorta my Ezra Pound, and so that's great for me because part of this record is that the sentence has to be published, to get the record, we're clear on that, right, and so that's a way that maybe I'd be able to hold off a writer bot, that is if writer bots weren't allowed to print their own books, if we made a Vice Squad to stop writer bots from doing that, then no matter how long or infinite their sentence is, a human being would still have the record, I

would be the human being who would have it, in particular, and I mean, yes, it would be based on a technicality, and I wouldn't feel great about that, to be honest, but probably the bigger issue is these bots and computers and AI, and what are we doing making them so smart and good at chess and writing, and what are we going to do about them in general in the future, Yang Yang, and what does G-d think about them, and do you believe in G-d, and I've become more religious in the last two years by writing parody Haggadahs for Passover and within the last year I've become more esoteric with Tarot and Astrology and Numerology, and within the last three months I've become more spiritual with The Enneagram, which combines mystical traditions from Pythagoreus, Sufism, Kabbalah, and Desert Christian Gnostics, with psychological traditions like Jungian archetypes/personality typing and Freudian defense-mechanisms, and sometimes I wonder where robots fit into G-d's plan or whatever plan is going on, because I am starting to believe in a design, instead of randomness, an order in the chaos, are you, but what of these robots, because if they can write the longest sentences ever without a problem in a dang second, dang, who knows what other business they can get into, what other trouble they can get up to, and that's not a new thought, I almost wish I could cut the lazy robot jokes at this point, but it's potentially a true thought nonetheless, and also I can't go back in the sentence to cut anything, that's a rule I made, so you can read my stream of consciousness in real time, and I'm sticking to it, because I am a good person as well as a good writer, and I guess another thing about bot writing though is that even if there sentences, ugh I am so bad about theres and their's, and also apostrophes, I am kind of a bad writer technically, maybe you can tell that by now, even if I am a great writer conceptually and creatively and comedically and every other way

imaginable, except technically, which is tough for me, because part of this project is that I am not going backward to edit the sentence, as I mentioned, am I mentioning it too much, that's why there are all these asides, the fact that I can't go back or plan forward, therefore I need asides, like this one, this aside about asides, is it clever, no, sorry about that, I'll get back to the main-ish thread, and so what I was also saying is that the bots' sentences, they would be the longest, but they wouldn't be the most literary like Joyce's or Faulkner's or the most humorous like mine, like Cowen's, that's me, I believe I am the best prose humorist alive, as I am a self-declared prose humorist who has written prose humor for The New Yorker, and I have published three prose humor books via my publisher Kindle Direct Publishing, and I am very humorous with my prose even if I am not very famous right now, or probably will not be ever, for my humorous prose, but neither was Joyce when he started out, and back to what I'm saying about bot writing, a bot might not be as great of a writer as Joyce, Faulkner, or other humans or me, but one writer that the bots could probably be better than, quite easily in fact, is this guy, Jonathan Coe, I haven't read his book, The Rotters' Club, but what I do know about it is that it appears to hold the current record for the longest English sentence ever written and then published, based on my casual research on Wikipediadotcom in April of 2019, and that sentence is 13,955 words, and that sentence is reported to be over thirty-three pages long, and the reason I think it's probably not a great sentence is that no one has ever heard of Joseph Coe, or, at least, I hadn't, until I researched who I needed to beat with this sentence that I am writing now in April of 2019, and sometimes I even forget his name while I'm writing about him, as I just called him Joseph Coe, when his name is actually Jonathan Coe, I learned that is actually his name,

because I just bought his book on Amazon dot com, hold on I should probably type out dot coms like this, Amazon dot com, to get more words, yeah, that's better, good to get the extra words, got to get them however you can, you know, anyway, I got the Kindle edition of Jonny-boy's book, and I just skipped to the part with the long sentence and I tried to read his long sentence, and I have to be honest, it was a pretty boring sentence, and actually really tedious, and kinda un-literary, and it just went on and on and, and you get the idea, you know, that's a way I could win the record, I could just copy and paste on and on and on and on and on and on, over and over and over and over, that's technically a way linguists say you can write a sentence, but that'd be even more of a cheap way to win the record than preventing the bots from publishing with the Vice Squad, wouldn't it be, but so after checking out Joseph Coe's sentence, I returned Jonathan Coe's book and got my money back from Amazon, which is something you can do with books these days, especially with books sold by Amazon dot com or published by Kindle Direct Publishing, but, please don't do it with my book, because the writer loses their royalties, even if you have read the whole book, and didn't just skip to a particular sentence, and skimmed that one, even if it was a long one, the writer loses the royalty, and so Jonathan Coe just lost a sale from me, screw you, Jonny Coe, and you could do that to me right now, too, you could screw me out of my Kindle Direct Publishing royalty, if you wanted to, but the thing is I need to earn royalties to pay for my life, and the things in it, because I am a failed screenwriter, and it's not looking good for me screenwriting-wise these days, which is a big way writers can actually make money these days, in the 21st century, or via TV writing, generally any type of writing but book

writing seems to work better financially these days, and so like I said it's not looking great for me script-writing these days, and a funny thing about all that is that I also just rented the three-part television adaptation of Jonathan Coe's book *The Rotter's Club*, adapted by Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais which was broadcast on BBC Two, and, you know what, I'm watching it right now as I continue to type this sentence, even just the first few frames, the first scene, I am watching it as I type this, and it is actually much better than Joey Coe's book and definitely the part of the book with the long sentence, and it really makes you wonder if a moving image is always better than a written word, and is compromising art for commerce always worth it in order to get some moving images from your words, because clearly Adam McKay, Tina Fey, Donald Glover, to name three of probably twenty thousand or so people who are all making more people entertained with their words than I am, their words that then become moving images, as part of the Writers Guild of America, which is something I am not a part of, the WGA is a labor union representing film, television, radio, and new media writers, and their members' words are words that are turned into moving images, so they must be better words, than me and my regular words, these words, not as good, apparently, and also I am thinking now, was Jonathan Coe's sentence really necessary or was he just sort of forcing words into a sentence that didn't want to be part of the sentence, which is kind of an arrogant thing to do, and a true disservice to the reader, and to the English language, am I right, as the longest sentence ever published in the English language should also be one of the best sentences in the English language, or at least a quite clever and fun and humorous one, like this one is so far, am I right, do you love this book so far, do you love me, no, that's OK, neither do I, not many people seem to,

I wonder why that is, but so that is another reason why I have taken on this Herculean effort, not just for my own fame and glory and royalties but it is also to make sure that the English language has a proper longest sentence ever written and published that is worthy of the great language itself, and the other great sentences in the English language, and also to love myself for succeeding at something, and for others to love and understand me, and “Is That All There Is,” Peggy Lee, and I have made a Spotify playlist for you to follow the music that I might add to this book, because I love music and love to write while listening to music, so you should be able to listen to the music I was listening to while writing this, or to listen to music I reference while reading this, and your streams will go to Spotify and the artists, so everyone is going to make money off these song references, not just me, sort of, pennies at least, and so here’s the link,

[https\(dot\)//open\(dot\)spotify\(dot\)com/playlist/2xsgUmnOaYdZb34LuMFifR\(questionmark\)si=67REDpuURBiupvZBNooKg](https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2xsgUmnOaYdZb34LuMFifR?si=67REDpuURBiupvZBNooKg) or if that’s too

confusing like if you bought this book in paperback and are trying to type all that out, let’s get real, you probably won’t do it, but you can also just type into Spotify search “This Book Is The Longest Sentence Ever Written And Then Published Playlist” and you’ll find it because it’s a public playlist, but back to what I was saying before about words not wanting to be part of Jonathan Coe’s sentence, is that I checked with the words that I’ve already written and they’re chill with being in this sentence all-together so far, and that’s another reason why my name will be remembered for all-time, which is very important to me, because when I finish this book, and it’s published by my publisher, which again is Kindle Direct Publishing, shout-out to Amazon dot com which, yes, some people say that that company is ruining the book industry, and is

quite problematic with its monopoly in terms of all business, not just books, and the thing is I do see that Amazon and Kindle Direct Publishing allow for a lot of trash to be published and sold on its website, because it is not edited, like this book, though this book is not trash, because it's not edited on purpose, and because it's brilliant, and I'm feeling the future success of this book now, I can see it in my mind, the royalties, the people writing about it, and it's not just because "Congratulations," by Post Malone, Quavo, and Future, just went into "We Did It" by Lil Yachty on my Spotify shuffle, but Amazon is also named after the longest river in the world and has the longest list of books in its store in the world right now, which are both things that are cool to me, because clearly I am attracted to long things, which are usually the best, and so it also makes sense why they'd want to be involved with my longest sentence, even if they have no idea that they are involved with it, because it seems like no one there really cares what they print as long as it makes money, or even if it doesn't, they don't mind, because it doesn't cost them money to keep an ebook on their server, or a PDF and cover jacket file ready to be published on demand, POD, and it seems like their computer bots just check that there's no copyright infringement and then it's good to go, boom published, you got a book boom published, and sometimes I wonder if they could create their own Vice Squad and stop certain things from being boom published, and that they'd be so powerful one day due to the monopoly thing people always talk about as to keep good books from being boom published, because I've heard they have started having their computer bots check for content now, too, and that includes what they call "disappointing content," and they talk about this when you boom publish your book on the Kindle Direct Publishing's FAQ page, they say that content that "does not

provide an enjoyable reading experience,” is “disappointing content” and what’s a little scary about that is that Amazon reserves “the right to determine whether content provides a poor customer experience and remove that content from sale,” which is more than a little scary, actually, Amazon bots if you are checking this sentence for content purposes, you gotta be cool about this sentence, bot, don’t fuck with it, OK, bot, because if you don’t publish it, fuck, bot, I don’t know if anyone else will, or at least it would be kind of a fucking pain in the ass to find someone to agree to publish it, instead of just loading a PDF up and boom publishing it, so much easier that way, and also readers, don’t give out so many 1 star reviews, if you don’t enjoy the reading experience of this book, or the new uses of swear words like fuck, all of a sudden, this book is fucking not for fucking eighteen-year-olds or younger all of a sudden, fuck, that’s another thing Kindle Direct Publishing wants to know when you boom publish it, if it’s fucking OK for fucking eighteen-year-olds or younger, which is a big fucking market, maybe I should fucking go back and fucking delete those fucks, but fuck I’d be cheating my project and my self, and besides these are PG-13 fucks, they’re not sexual R fucks like I fucked your dad, fuck, I just put in a sexual fuck, I’m such a fucking idiot, I can’t go back and unfuck myself, OK, chill, cool out, I am just, I am just going to, I’ve decided to cut back on the F words, from now on, it’s decided, the damage is done, but, I am sorry Kindle Direct Publishing bots, I prostrate myself in front of you, and beg for your forgiveness, you too, parents, maybe Amazon and Kindle Direct Publishing and you parents will check and see that the F word usage was just a joke about censorship, because that’s all it was, I wouldn’t mind if I was under eighteen and read all that, in fact I believe it to be a Categorical Imperative that it is read, and so I will trick Kindle

Direct Publishing and not label it only good for people eighteen years or older, which is something you have to do as the author, you have to declare yourself if it's suitable for eighteen-year-old people or under, your book, you must decide somehow that for every person in the world your book is fine for that age range somehow, which seems like it's a trick itself, so I won't fall for it, and I will do my own trick and Hermes-say it is OK for everyone, despite the F words above, because I believe it's not a trick, it's just the right thing to do,

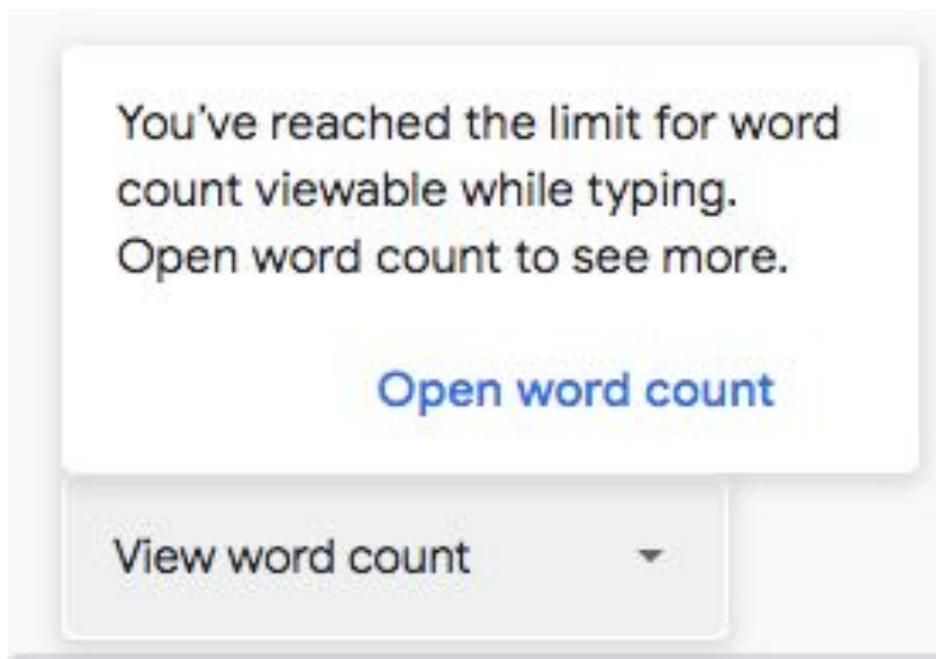
Adult Content Does this book contain language, situations, or images inappropriate for children under 18 years of age?

No
 Yes

Next step: Content

but maybe you, the reader, won't think so, and you'll give it a 1 star, for me being a Trickster, but please don't, it just might not be for you, or your view on censorship, don't flag it to the Vice Squad as "disappointing content" and ruin it for people who might be enjoying the experience of reading the content, or if not enjoying the experience of reading the content, at least not disappointed by the experience of reading the content, like maybe my family and friends, and maybe a few other weirdos, or some people under eighteen, and definitely many people in the future who will get it more, and study it in their schools like Ulysses, as books extend through space and time and find new readers as long as they stay available, are you people in the future reading it, what's happening in the future, am I still alive, how far did we get us humans, and the other reason I will always be remembered is that I also understand words so well, like I was saying before, all the way back before this long aside, do you remember me talking about words, and

that I will be remembered for talking to words in my mind and making sure they are good with me writing them, and will anyone remember me, will you remember me, that's a fear of mine, the disappearance of me, and my being, and the memory of me, and where do you go when you die, and what good is life, if you can't make it known to others how you personally thought during life and lived it, and what's the point of living if your personhood is extinguished, and don't you love my personhood, my personality, what a personality, what a character they say in my head, and so what makes me worth remembering is that I don't just understand words' meanings, words literally speak to me, I hear what they say, Word, and they tell me how they are doing as part of my writing, and whether they like how I am using them, isn't that unique, can you do that, probably not, is it kind of like synesthesia and the fine artist painter Kandinsky, and should I make up my own mental process, too, Literthesia, is that real, or do I just want you to believe that I'm special in some way, and that I am special in a way that is specialer than other ways of being special, too, and right now the words are saying that maybe I should ease up on this part of the sentence, promoting myself so much, and transition to something else, because I might be losing some of the readers regardless of the F words, and so the next thing I will say is we are already up to 5,438 words, which is well over Joyce's sentence, and over 38 percent of the way to the record, and it has been very easy for me to write all these words in one sentence, well over a third of the record, and this part has been in one sitting, without interruption, or break, and I am unstoppable, my writing is unstoppable, it just flows from me, and I'm so good at writing tons of words very fast and very well, even Google Doc's live word count function can't handle it:



and it's just so easy, it's been so easy to do this, easy as Sunday morning, easy as Sunday afternoon, much easier than the dread of Sunday night, and so it seems impossible that I won't be able to beat Jonathan Coe's record, because I am such a prodigious, prolific, profuse writer who's also profound, prescient, pretty-much perfect, even if he is a bit too alliterative at the moment, and did you know that, somewhere at Google there is a database containing 25 million books, every book ever written almost, digitally scanned, but nobody is allowed to read them, but all that needs to happen is a lawsuit needs to be resolved about copyright, and then all the books ever written will be readable for everyone in the world, and what do you think about copyright law, do you believe your words are yours to own, do you believe your words are so special that no one should be able to use them unless you give them permission, do you believe my words so far that I've written are mine, and only mine, and I can tell you that you can't use them, not a one of them, unless you pay

me for the right to use them, am I that powerful just by typing some words down, what if I typed some words that you wanted to type right now, what are you thinking about, if I type it, I own it, I own your thoughts, I'm in your head, and I own it, and how does it feel, not great, right, and do you believe that a company could create a robot that could write every version of every book that could ever exist in the future and then own the copyright to those unwritten books, so that future writers, like you, reader, maybe you are a writer, too, you could never write a book that wasn't copyrighted, you could try to write a book that wasn't already copyrighted but no, it was already written by the robots, even if you changed it over and over in ways large or small it would always be something the robot writers have already written due to the company, dang, do you believe that could become true one day, and what would you do about it, and how would you feel, and do you think the company Amazon who has also digitally scanned most of the books ever written, do you wonder if they also could do it, could Amazon make those robots, too, and what would they do with them, I don't know, does Bezos seem like a good dude to trust with that power, but back to me, don't worry a robot could never write my words, even if it could, it couldn't, because it couldn't feel itself, like I'm feeling myself, you feel me, or could it, could it feel itself, too, I guess I don't know, so I actually found a robot writing service called Transformer made by OpenAI based on a language-model called GPT-2, that generates coherent paragraphs of text based on a prompt of your own text, and so I put in what I just wrote and here's what it wrote back, they even didn't put in a period, so it's still the one sentence, how smart is this robot already, it's coming for me, it's coming at me, broh, here's the screen grab:

Completion

and do you believe that a company could create a robot that could write every version of every book that could ever exist and then own the copyright to those unwritten books, so that future writers, like you, reader, maybe, could never write a book that wasn't copyrighted, that you could try to write a book that wasn't already copyrighted but no, it was already written by the robots, even if you changed it over and over it would always be something the robot writers have already written due to the company, do you believe that could become true one day,

if any of that seems too impossible, remember this: the robots are already writing the stories that you would not recognize, the robots have already created your mind as your own so that you actually have the power to create your own reality, they can make you their little puppet masters, because, you will believe that you can make your own reality, like any other person you might write a movie that has not been made yet for every other person, but this movie that is created by the robots, will be created for every different person so that you will all believe that you already started it, and the

that was really what this robot wrote back off my prompt from above, isn't that insane, what does it know, what does it know already, I think it knows something we don't, I think this is actually what's going on in life, I have full faith in this robot writer, this bot writer is a genius, except, wait, it was built by a human, this guy, Adam King, a human, and nope, I don't have faith in him, because he's just a human, and I just put another part of the sentence into the robot, and here's what it says:

Completion

and sometimes I wonder where robots fit into G-d's plan or whatever plan is going on, because I am starting to believe in a design, instead of randomness, are you, but what of these robots, because if they can write the longest sentences ever without a problem in a dang second, dang, who knows what other business they can get into, what other trouble they can get up to, but they are still not able to write or do their job and this is not a flaw of nature of their mechanical brains, they are merely failures, a product of human

haha, this robot is pretty funny, it's already hip to what I just said, does that mean it isn't fallible then, oh man, all I know is myself, I am a failure, me human, I can't do jobs or write, except no, I am not a bit presumptuous or pretentious or profligate with my words, when you really think about it, I mean on the surface this sentence and project seems quite dumb, all that you have read so far, you may think on one level it has been quite dumb and not genius level writing like Faulkner and Joyce, and that it is quite dumb, and why does he keep saying it is quite dumb, is he padding the sentence or is he just quite dumb, or just pretending to be quite dumb, and you quite frankly don't care at this point, you are thinking, because you are sick of the quite dumb writing, but I don't care, because Joyce was also quite a prankster, and he may have been the greatest prankster the English language has ever seen, and so some of you people are probably, like, this sentence, even if it's prankstery like Joyce, it is not as good as Joyce, but how much Joyce has this quite dumb guy even read, even if this sentence is much better than Coe's, it's not as good as Joyce, regardless of how much Joyce anybody here has read, that's true, we all know that about Coe versus Joyce, but Cowen's sentence being better than Coe's, it being so much better than Coe's, my sentence, that's not saying much, it being so much better than Coe, that is not meaning anything really, that is like saying metaphors are better than repeating the same thing over and over again, in order to pad out your sentence, I assure you though, if you haven't felt the genius, stick with it, you will at some point understand how genius I am and this sentence and book is, and, yes, it's true, I don't even know what will be in the sentence from beyond this point, this point right here, I am at a loss for what to write after this point right here, yes I am, not, and it may be quite lackluster so far, but I believe it will become great sometime soon,

if it hasn't already become so, which it might have, I am going back and forth believing it to have been great so far, I am not sure, one thing to say is that there hasn't been any narrative yet, there haven't been any characters introduced yet, and there isn't any dialogue yet, and so that seems like bad writing, and I am also wondering if I will even be able to even put some of that in, the dialogue, due to punctuation issues with dialogue, I think they require periods, do they, I think they must, and I guess I am also a bit worried about the characters, the lack thereof of them, and does that lack thereof have too many ofs, and also I worry it might not be sustainable to keep digressing about the meta-theme, to do a whole book like this, it might not make for as great of a sentence as I need it to be, and is brevity the soul of wit, and what is my problem as a failed writer, do I have no soul, or no wit, and should I just put a period here, and end it all, or should I end my life, and it might be a good idea to introduce a character or two, besides myself, or some new ideas, besides this meta-theme, I guess I am almost sick of this meta-theme at this moment, so you must be, too, and how will we ever set this record, together, are you in it with me or not, and do you like me, does anyone like me, why do I always not like myself, and you know what, yes, I will introduce some characters into this sentence, because besides being a sentence, and sentences sometimes have characters in them, but don't have to, it's also a book, and a book probably should have characters, right, or maybe not, I mean what is a book these days, anyway, that's always been of interest to me, are books still important objects, and should we still have reverence and respect for them, and is a book still a worthwhile endeavor to read or to write, more so than any other kind of reading or writing, like on the Internet, like Instagram, it's fun to look at Instagram, and to read captions under images, and to comment, and to

like, and is Caroline Calloway the Instagram writer better than book writers, and is Alt Lit dead, and if not, how do I get in, but do I want to get in, to be in Alt Lit, am I an Alt Lit Bro, who else writes like this, am I alone, or am I everyone, I feel so alone sometimes, and it must be true that many people read more words on Instagram and Twitter than they do words in books these days, and is doing that a better use of your life, at this point in history, I think that's a valid question, at this point in history, as I am often very bored by most novels, and I often just want the Gram and am I allowed to just put something from Twitter into the sentence, or an image from the Gram, I don't think I can, who has the copyright to ReGrams or ReTweets, not me, right, and have you read Lewis Hyde's *Common As Air*, it says, "All that we make and do is shaped by the communities and traditions that contain us," and "Human intelligence is like water, air, and fire, it cannot be bought and sold; these four things the Father of Heaven made to be shared on earth in common," and "A thief who stole a book was not subject to the punishment for theft, because he had not intended to steal the book as paper and ink, but the ideas in the book, and unlike the paper and ink, these ideas were not tangible property," and, Lewis is like a father figure to me, even though we've never met, but he's not the first character, the first character I will introduce is a character I call Kanye, the character Kanye is not exactly but basically the same rapper that we all know, this guy:



Yep I just re-Tweeted without copyright, does he care, and Kanye, like

me, is also known for his rants, which is kinda like this sentence, this sentence is kind of a rant, and I will say that's another thing about this writing I am doing, besides it being like Instagram writing, is that it's very rhythmic like a rap, like rap lit, and you just gotta get into the rhythm of the sentence, you just gotta feel the flow, get it, get it, got it, good, and the other thing about Kanye is that I published my first piece of published sentences in this famous magazine called The New Yorker, and it was the first piece I ever submitted to that magazine or any magazine outside of my college paper, and it is very mainstream and very acclaimed, the magazine, and it's as good as it gets

prose-humorist-writing-wise, and it was about how the real rapper that this character Kanye is based on, Kanye, he said he doesn't like books while he was promoting his book, and that he was a proud non-reader of books, and liked to learn things from living real life, and I made fun of him in my published sentences for The New Yorker, which was a big deal to me at the time, and made me very proud, and made my friends and family very proud, and here it is, and I am not sure if I am allowed to reprint a piece that The New Yorker bought for \$2,000 dollars, but sorry I am trying to understand my life so how can this be wrong, right, and so here's the piece, with periods removed, so it's one sentence still: Live Your Life By Dave Cowen, "I am not a fan of books, I would never want a book's autograph, I am a proud non-reader of books, I like to get information from doing stuff like actually talking to people and living real life," —Kanye West, promoting his book Thank You and You're Welcome, Whoever said life is an open book probably didn't have any friends, Sure, he probably liked the people in his book, But did they like him, No, Why, Because they aren't real, My friends are real, They actually talk to me, Like just the other day my friend Bill said, "I'm not

reading your e-mail for you anymore, You need to learn how to read,”
And I said, “Bill, if you don’t read me my e-mail, I won’t sign an
autograph for your son,” And Bill was, like, “Well, go fuck yourself, I’m
going back to the hospital,” Bill’s son, Bill, Jr, or Billy Bob, was in the
children’s unit there, He didn’t read the label on the box of his Sticky
Stones™, and when he swallowed three of the iron-ore magnets they
fused into a chain along the wall of his esophagus, Bill, Sr, felt extra bad
because he hadn’t read that a consumer safety group had placed the
Sticky Stones™ on its annual list of the ten worst toys, I told Bill that’s
life, That stuff happens when you are doing stuff, In life, Real life, If I
had told you that what had happened to Billy Bob had happened in a
book, you would have said no way, that would never happen, that’s
fiction, But it did, Because I told you it did, Now, don’t get me wrong,
There are a few books that I am a fan of, Matchbooks are good, A lot of
people are under the impression that books burn only at a specific
temperature, But it’s just not true, I can burn most books at or below 451
degrees Fahrenheit, Sometimes below 300, if I soak the jacket in lighter
fluid, I also like MacBooks, You can really do stuff on them, you know,
Like see how many followers you have on Twitter, or take pictures of
yourself with Photo Booth, or play Second Life, or check if Bill has
checked your e-mail, I miss Bill, He set up my Facebook account on my
MacBook, I’ve got my own page on there, I have more than a million
fans, Do you know how many fans Books have, Twenty-five thousand
seven hundred and sixty-four, That’s it, So I’m not alone here, You know
what else has more fans than Books, The Olive Garden, One hundred and
eighty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-six, What else, Sleep: over
three hundred thousand, More people would rather be unconscious than
read a book, Now, I’m not condoning sleep, I’m about doing stuff, Living

life, But it just goes to show that I'm in the majority, Right now you're probably wondering, Hey, why is this guy, a proud non-reader of books, writing this, Isn't this a Catch-22, And I say no, it's not, It's a Catch-23, What's a Catch-23, It's like a Catch-22, except there is no catch, I don't want you to read this, In fact, you should stop reading right now, Seriously, Stop reading this, Start doing stuff, What kind of stuff, you ask, I don't know, Why don't you go to the Olive Garden, But just watch out, They give you the never-ending salad before the never-ending pasta bowl, You wouldn't think so, but the salad fills you right up, The lettuce is mostly iceberg, All water, And the waiter really makes you feel like shit when you don't make it to the fettucine Alfredo, Sometimes when I don't know what to do I imagine other people doing stuff, But like people in a different time, Or like people in a different place, And I think how cool would it be to be that person for awhile, Like to know how other people I don't know talk or do stuff, How they really live, you know, But that's when I'm not doing stuff of my own, Which is all the time anyway," and that's the end of that piece from November, 2009, which is about 10 years ago now, whoa, time doesn't fly when you're a failing writer, and it was in the magazine before the online Shouts, when it was much harder to get in there, and I was very proud of how funny and clever I was, because clearly it is a very funny and clever piece, you just read it, so you know, but soon after I also kind of stopped reading a lot of books, and I started to believe that screenplay reading was a much better use of time than book reading, mostly because it became my day job at a certain point too, and I realized that since I was reading fewer books and listening to more Kanye and watching more movies and reading more of the Internet and screenplays and less books, I might be a lot more like Kanye than I thought I was back then, and recently I learned he's also a

lot more like me than I thought he was, because the other thing about Kanye, the real Kanye, is that he is bipolar, he has bipolar disorder, and that's a crazy thing, because I'm also bipolar, I also have bipolar disorder, and it makes you do crazy manic insane unbalanced things sometimes, like, attempt to write the longest sentence ever without stopping to edit it, without stopping to wonder if you should have written in a book under your own name that you have bipolar, but as Kanye says in 'Yikes,' it's not a disability, it's a superpower, man, because it's also how we are able to do crazy genius super powerful things like write the longest sentence ever written and then published, and we might not have become the best rapper ever and also the best hip-hop producer ever which is nuts that we're both things, I mean, Kanye, not we, Kanye is those things, not me, so he, Kanye, who is those things, has the right to say whatever he wants about books, I think, even if he was promoting his book when he said what he said about books, though I now am reading more books again, now that I am writing them, but I still read Kanye's tweets, too:



and maybe we know bipolar things, like the above, see I did it again, I equated myself with Kanye, how arrogant, and also I equated myself with you I guess, you are included with the we, and what does that mean, and I guess when I am kind of hypomanic from drinking coffee and writing

and listening to his music, like right now “Only One” by him and Paul McCartney, and I’m having those good feels from that, I think maybe he is simply the best musician ever, not just rapper and producer, and Lou Reed loved Kanye, too, he wrote his last published piece I believe about Kanye before he died, which was a sad thing, Lou Reed dying, and I was listening to The Velvet Underground on repeat when I had my first manic episode, particularly the “Jesus,” “Beginning To See The Light,” and “I’m Set Free” songs on their third album, and I am not having one right now, a manic episode, I’m not having one of those, don’t worry, we’re in total control, me and Kanye, and whoever else is in my brain, a bit of Lou, too, and James Joyce, who a critic said of Ulysses, he must have written it in “an advanced stage of psychic disintegration” and also Carl Jung saw Joyce and his wife, and he said that Joyce was an undiagnosed schizophrenic, and I’m not having a mental breakdown, I’m not, not right here on this page, a breakdown I am not having, on this page, a psychotic break is not happening, disintegration is not what you are reading, I am very well, very fit, and happy, or maybe I am not, maybe I am cracking up, it’s a crack up, they say, in my head, they don’t know you, they don’t know you are joking, but are so serious, there’s nothing funny about your mental breakdown, I’m fine, I’m fine, OK, and when you smile, I’ll smile, you’re not perfect, but you’re not your mistakes, but there’s a connection there between art and madness, everyone knows that, it almost doesn’t need to be said at this point in history, like my non-ideas about robots, though I want to reiterate what everyone says about this, but Kanye, Kanye recently disagreed about this, that unbridled madness doesn’t work art-wise, that you really can’t do art when you’re fully mad is what we’re supposed to say, you need to get that stuff under control, then you can write with a bit of the madness, or

maybe Kanye is right about that, too, that meds are bad for creativity, is he crazy these days or medicated, or does it matter, I heard he's performing every Sunday in Calabasas at a church, and making a spiritual album, that's what Kim said, I wonder sometimes, which is better, meds or no meds, sometimes, sometimes often, which is somewhat dangerous I believe, but I can't help thinking it sometimes, because the only thing The New Yorker published of mine was a piece I wrote while quite hypomanic, the Kanye piece where I made fun of his iconoclastic position about books, and so maybe that's another irony I will have to learn, an iconoclastic irony about so-called mental illness, and maybe I shouldn't take my medicine, and Kanye's last album's cover says "I hate being Bi-Polar, it's awesome," and I feel him, but, no, I don't really believe that, and I am taking my medicine, so I will never become ill again, sick, cracked, invalid, demented, ruined, and that is because the other weird thing about Kanye and Lou and me, is that my dad was with me when I was listening to The Velvet Underground and having a manic episode at the age of 21, he came to rescue me, he drove six hours in the middle of the night to my college, by himself, even though he took medicine that made it very difficult for him to operate machinery after taking that medicine, and, so yes, the other crazy thing is that my dad also had bipolar disorder, and that that medicine I was talking about that made it difficult to drive after taking it, it also allowed him to be a parent capable of rescuing his son, and I take similar medicine and I haven't had a manic episode since that manic episode, so medicine is good, right, and he also had a manic episode close to that age of 21, though he was already in medical school, because he went to college when he was 16, because his dad wanted him to be successful as soon as possible, and also an unfunny thing is that he died a few weeks ago, my dad, in late

February, 2019, February 25th, 2019 to be specific, and maybe that's what this sentence should also be about now, beyond meta-jokes about long sentences, which have been fun and all, but now there is this, the reality of a dead dad, but, to be honest, I have been fine, I'm fine, don't worry about me, don't care about me, but I haven't been processing my grief the way I wanted to yet about my dad's death, and I've been wanting to write something about my dad, and his dad and me and maybe also my dad's hero, Abraham Lincoln, as he is also said to have been mentally ill at times, or at least a melancholic, and when my dad died I found his book about Lincoln called Lincoln's Melancholy by Joshua Wolf Shenk, and I started to read it, and here's some of the things it says, "The inclination to exchange thoughts with one another is probably an original impulse of our nature, If I be in pain I wish to let you know it, and to ask your sympathy and assistance, and my pleasurable emotions also, I wish to communicate to, and share with you, -Abraham Lincoln, February 11, 1859," and maybe that will be a part of this sentence, Abe and my pops, I mean, I have the room, so why not, question mark, I am kind of teasing this subject matter out into the sentence now, trying to see what the words think, and they are telling me that they are feeling this part of the sentence, and to keep going, don't worry about putting personal information into your writing, it's how art gets to the next level, that's what Tig Notaro said about her comedy, I think, and here's more from the introduction of the Lincoln book I am reading, "He often wept in public and recited maudlin poetry, he told jokes and stories at odd times," and "He believed himself temperamentally inclined to suffer to an unusual degree, he learned how to articulate his suffering, find succor, endure, and adapt, Finally, he forged meaning from his affliction so that it became not merely an

obstacle to overcome, but a factor in his good life,” and so we once had a President who was so-called mentally ill, but a very different mental illness from the guy who is now in office, and I should now also add something else the words are telling me I should acknowledge about the style that I am writing in, it’s quite clear what’s going on with the style, it’s quite clear, so no, I won’t, I am not going to add this character yet, and maybe not ever in this sentence, because he is just consuming a lot of people’s brains right now in the year 2019, and for the last four years, and at least the next two, and I guess I contributed to that with two of the books I have published in the last year, and I think we might need a break from him, me and the world, even though he is a part of us, all of us at this point, kind of the way Kanye is also a part of me, and maybe this guy is a part of me, too, and this guy, I have to admit, there are elements of this sick person’s sickness in me, or else why would I write books in this guy’s voice, and is this book also in his voice, like the words are saying it might be, or is it in my voice, or can I not escape it, or is it your voice, too, or can we not escape this voice, whatever it has become at this time due to Twitter and Cable News and phone alerts, and this guy, and what was the depth of my satire about that guy, I question that sometimes, and is satire useful even right now, or ever, it has often been wondered, very much more recently, and I even wrote a piece for The New Yorker that was rejected about that subject, and I have been rejected by The New Yorker for every piece I have ever written after the first one that was published when I was hypomanic, to be frank, but “We Just Won’t Be Defeated” by The Go Team just flipped to “Everybody Wants To Be Famous” by Superorganism, and I still like that piece that was rejected about satire today, so I will put it in here now, to sort of continue padding out the sentence, sure, I’m not mad at padding out this

sentence, I'm not mad at that, are you mad at me, Dad, for putting you into this crazy sentence, are you mad at me G-d, who else is mad at me, why you so mad, is it just me who is the mad one, and I won't feel bad about anything, I won't, I will win this record by any means necessary, because it's so important that I be remembered as an important writer, I must be remembered for hundreds of years, I don't think my dad will be remembered beyond fifty years, unless this book is about him, so maybe that's why it's OK to put you in the book, Dad, we can both be remembered, Dad, are you saying something right now, through me, are you connected to me right now, where are you, where did you go, I miss you, I miss your belly laugh, and the twinkle in your blue eyes, and the way you always gave me the first pick of the grapefruit half, and how you walked around with me when I was manic and just listened even though it didn't make any sense, and you didn't get scared or upset, you were so calm, how could you be so calm then, what were you really thinking, or were you just always as you were, you were always so calm, or were you not, and what of this rejected New Yorker piece, should I put it in, Dad, are you saying that satire should be part of this sentence and book, maybe, even if I am not sure yet what this will all be about, this book, it's a mystery to me, you're a mystery to me, and you're gone, and Joyce says in Ulysses that "I read a theological interpretation," about Hamlet and his father's ghost, "The Father and the Son idea, The Son striving to be atoned with the Father," and so maybe I need to atone with you for something, and "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will," and "What is he whose grief bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers, This is I, Hamlet the Dane," and so, I will type out the piece while removing the periods and other

sentence ending punctuation like I did with the piece The New Yorker did publish, and here it is, just thrown into the mix, a piece The New Yorker didn't publish, hope you like it, Dad and readers, or don't, and it's A Great Proposal For Preventing The Political Satire Content Creators In America From Being Useless To Their Country, And For Making Them Beneficial To The Public by Dave Cowen, Knowing it is a melancholy object to those who visit the websites of the Internet, watch late night variety television shows, or still read magazines, that they see the mediums crowded with political satire, and that the creators of this content, instead of contributing to the fixing of the political problems they satirize, employ all their time in the manufacturing, and then the importuning of others to read, view, or retweet their content; which when consumed itself, and further disseminated, results in non-political satire content creators either taking time away from work that contributes to society, or worse, leaving their dear productive jobs to create political satire content themselves, I think it is agreed by all parties, that whoever can find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these political satire content creators sound and useful members of the populace, would deserve so well as to have his or her name mentioned frequently in public; or, at least, have a hashtag of his or hers trending #satiredoesn'tworkanymoreandprobablyneverdid is that a good hashtag, as I type out this piece again, I question that joke, but back to typing out the piece, as to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many unfruitful years, upon this subject, and maturely weighed the schemes of others, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation, as it is true, an actually really funny viral video, posted by Friend Dog Studios, I was pretty jealous of, about how Donald Trump sounds like your drunk neighbor, when his soundbites are edited to come

out of the mouth of an actor, who is the perfect stereotype of a drunk neighbor, may have been viewed by over a million people, who saw it, laughed, and thought, rightfully, nobody should vote Donald Trump President of the United States; however, the results instead have been, or have been scientifically theorized to have been, that those citizens actually felt a false catharsis, and a self-defeating self-satisfaction, that led them not to do anything tangible, or enough tangible things, to stop others from voting Donald Trump President of the United States, and there is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, in that it will prevent the horrid experience of reading or viewing content that isn't funny or thought-provoking, alas, this is too frequent among us, the number of souls in this country being usually reckoned three hundred and twenty five million, of these I calculate there may be one million citizens who have created a political satire content this year; from which number I add forty million probationers, who have started doing so, but didn't get around to finishing it, or whose content may not receive a remittance of any kind, (although I apprehend there might be more, under the present distressed quality of the media) but this being granted, there will remain forty-one million citizens trying to create political satire content annually, at this point typing this sentence out I feel like that forty-one number is also not right, and also I feel a bit self-conscious that this piece isn't that funny and shouldn't be in the sentence, but it's already there, so it must stay, and so I guess I will finish typing out the rest of the piece, and the question therefore is, how this number shall be put to good use, and so a principal friend in the county of Los Angeles, read this far in a draft of the proposal, and chatted me in the Google document, "Are you gonna say eat them, like Jonathan Swift, isn't that who you're riffing on, and I replied, "Yes, this is a riff on 'A Modest

Proposal,' but it's more than that, it's ironically ironic, that is it's not ironic, that is to say, unlike Swift, and eating Irish children, I'm truly against satire, why don't you finish reading it before you start critiquing, K" but the thing I was going to add next is that we cannot eat them, most political satire content creators spend so much of their time lazing about in chairs, brainstorming content in their Google documents, or sitting on couches, chatting in their shared Google documents with their principal friends about their halfway finished content, that their flesh lacks proper nutrition, and also, I am assured by a very knowing PI whose day job is as a security guard at my day job, that the time spent hunting and capturing the content creators, manufacturing them into appealingly edible products, and mass distributing those to the rest of the populace, would itself waste even more human capital than just letting them continue to create their silly, ineffectual nonsense, but that same principal friend in the county of Los Angeles, chatted in the Google document again, "I'm sorry, but, I gotta say, it really seems like you're trying too hard with this Swift riff, the thing is I don't think a lot of people will get it, and I also think, the people who will get it, will probably think it's not that different from other Swift riffs, have you read Hunter S Thompson's, I think it's about Vietnam, why don't you just write something in TrumpSpeak, TrumpSpeak really sells right now, look at SNL, they basically just have Alec Baldwin say whatever Trump said the week before, and everyone loves it, you're pretty good at TrumpSpeak," I chatted back in the Google doc, "No, this is the ultimate Swift riff, the Swift riff to stop all future Swift riffs, and turn them into do-gooding, it'll show everyone how we became so obsessed with content that we elected the most content-creating candidate just so we can view content created about him," and that same principal friend chatted back,

“You sound pretty unhinged right now, I seriously think you should do another idea, or at least another draft, or give up writing, JK, you never will, even though you should, no JK, I’m gonna hop off,” and so I chatted back into the chat box that no longer had my friend inside of it, “You just don’t get my genius, no one does, no content creator in history, and I say this with great surety, has been treated worse, or more unfairly,” but like I said my friend had hopped off, in the story, and in real life, while editing/reading, and this was sort of based on real life, like I guess all my writing is, and maybe all writing is sorta, Katy Waldman sorta said all that in *The New Yorker* recently, in her piece about Susan Choi’s new book and finding out that Louisa Hall sort of put her essay in a book that Katy was going to review, and the question of who owns a story, and someone’s life events if they overlap with yours, and is it OK to appropriate other people’s stories into your own work, and Dave Eggers wrote/worried about that for a memoir, or should have more, “Things have been taken care of,” “It’s largely Beth’s doing,” oops, that’s a projection of pain, sorry, Dave, this book isn’t more of a heartbreaking work of staggering genius yet, no, it’s pretty gossipy all of a sudden, and I was out for drinks one night with sorta friends and Liz Meriwether, who is much more successful than me screenwriting-wise, and I told her a really funny story about how I sprained my penis having sex, and next season on her show *New Girl*, there was a three episode arc where Schmidt broke his penis, and, like, maybe that is just coincidence, or maybe she appropriated my story, without asking, or paying me money, or even asking if I, who she knew was a writer, might want to write one of those three episodes, or maybe that’s a crazy, self-pitying, victim position to take, and I should let it go, which I have not, and stop assuming anything about any of that, or maybe she will sue me for writing all that,

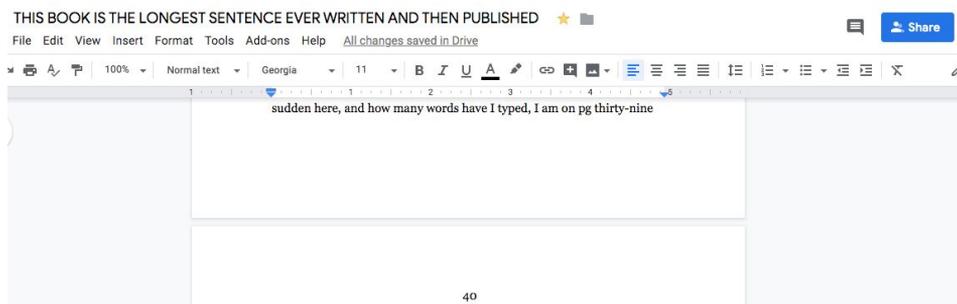
oh man, I am going to be sued now, or maybe I just made up that story, so it's not true, is that all I need to say, what's the law on gossip versus libel, and it's not suable, right, and maybe nothing people write is truly taken from real life, in the sense of taken, lost, stolen, wronged, like Katy Waldman may have been saying in her essay on Susan Choi and Louisa Hall, and so I will say now that I don't have bipolar, and neither does my dad, but in this version of reality I'm telling where we both do, some months later after the rejection of that piece above from The New Yorker and also from McSweeney's, which is the other somewhat well-known place that published me once, but then went on to so far reject everything else I've sent them, but that's OK, what's the deal with this guy and The New Yorker, you are wondering in my head, I went on to publish The Trump Passover Haggadah, which was a lot of Trump-voice, and it sold very well, and it was widely-praised, somewhat, not really really, but it was at the top of the political humor charts for Amazon dot com for a time in 2018 and now in 2019, too, it was, and thank you very much for the royalty money, Bezos, but many people also wrote reviews that said it was a sick thing that I wrote and published this Trump Haggadah, due to either how it treated the President or the Presidency or moreover how it treated Judaism, and Jews, and the important holiday of Passover, and the sacred text of the Haggadah, and also disrespectful to G-d, and sometimes I do feel weird about it, and one time I had a dream after my dad died, that he told me not to publish the follow-up, The Yada Yada Haggadah, because he was with G-d right now, and He said it was not a good thing to have done or to do, and when I tried to publish the book on KDP, the PDF file kept crashing and not letting me insert Hebrew images into it, even though I had been inserting Hebrew into the file for the past few weeks without a problem, if not a month or

two, and so why on the night I was set to publish it was there this ghost in the machine, was it my dad's ghost, also when I did a work around by screen-grabbing the Hebrew words, that also had a different glitch where I couldn't open them, and yet I fought through it because I am so stubborn about succeeding and ambition, even at the expense of my dad's ghost in my machine I thought, and even now the Google Doc is frozen and I can't see what I am writing, what is all this saying about my dad and G-d and his ghost and should I just stop typing or keep going, I guess Ill stop, ok it just came back, and now that I can see what I'm typing again, here's a segment of that Trump Haggadah book with the periods and punctuation taken out per usual, where Trump tells The Magid, let me know what you think, if it's a sick, demented, bad thing I did, cool, "You know, a lot of people don't know The Exodus Story, I didn't know it until very recently, not a lot of people know it, very complicated stuff, You got this guy, this Moses guy, leading his people, He's kind of like the Jew President, right, OK, he's the Jew President, I'm the US President, he's the Jew President, I'm the US President, so I know a thing or two about this, Some people say, I'm not saying this, but there are people saying, they're saying, Moses, if you look at it, if you really look at it, he wasn't such a good leader, not such a good guy, this Moses, I'm not saying that, but many people are, Some of these people, they wish I had been Moses, They do, They say, if Trump was Moses, if Trump was Moses, they say, the Jews never would have been enslaved in the first place, They say if Trump was Moses, the Jews would have enslaved the Egyptians instead, And we would've enslaved them so well, like no one's ever been enslaved before, No doubt about it, Real tough slavery, folks, The toughest slavery you've ever seen, So tough the Egyptians would be the ones wanting to have Seders right now, To celebrate

escaping from us, Except, if I was Moses, the Egyptians would never have escaped, So they wouldn't be having Seders, Because they'd still be our slaves, But I'm not saying that, Other people are saying that, Many others, But not me, I will say, you probably wouldn't have been slaves for two hundred years, if I was leading you, but that's OK, that's OK, I'm here now, Can we, can we try something tonight, folks, Can we all pretend I'm Moses, Let's pretend, Why not, And then I'll tell you what I'd really do if I was Moses, Everyone close your eyes for the story, Close your eyes, children, Eric, no peeking, So Trump is Moses, Trump's the leader of the Jewish people, Trump's a prophet, Trump's been sent by G-d, Picture that, Not that hard, right, Kind of already what's going on, isn't it, But OK, here's what I'm going to do to about this Pharaoh, This Pharaoh, he's a real bad hombre, But we're going to deal with him, Oh boy, we're going to deal with him, bigly, Because I'm going to do something no one's ever done, I don't know why no one's ever done it before, but, most people aren't as smart as me, no one is, actually, I'm, like, the smartest guy in history, so that's probably why they never thought of this, So people say, they say, Donald, if you're Moses, you gotta leave Egypt, you gotta take the Jews out of Egypt, we've always left Egypt, that's just how it's done, I tell you what, though, if I'm Moses, we're not leaving Egypt this time, That's establishment thinking, That's swamp thinking, And it stops now, We're gonna make THEM leave, The Egyptians, you hear that, You're gone, you're out of here, bye-bye, How are we going to do that, We're gonna do some real bad things to these Egyptians, The media's not going to like it, The media's going to say, "Oh, you can't do that to the Egyptian people, Donald, they've lived in Egypt for a long time, most of them since they were born, they have rights, too, you know," But bottom line, They treated us very unfairly, So

they're gonna get plagued, Serious plaguing, people, No one's ever seen plagues like these before, Because I'm not just Moses, I'm not just Donald Trump, I'm not just a Prophet sent by G-d, I'm also Hashem, G-d, President of the World, Ruler of the Cosmos, Dictator of the Universe, Blessed am I, That's right, So I do the plagues, too, I'm going to do it all, I alone can fix this," and so, yeah, that was part of a Haggadah, which is a Jewish liturgical text, maybe, is that the term, who cares, it's a holy book, and so, yeah, maybe I am a sick person, maybe that was a sick thing to write that book, like a third of the Amazon reviewers kind of said, they said things like, Sol: "Disgusting Just plain disgusting and revolting" or Jeremy: "Stupid and Disrespectful What twisted mind would conflate Trump Bashing with our beloved holiday Sick, but unfortunately not surprising" and so I wonder sometimes, sometimes often, am I sick person, and Sheila Heti asks How Should A Person Be, and when I say clearly not like me, do I also mean the opposite, and does she, and I mean, I have a mental illness, according to this book so far, and also maybe the person who I said I wasn't going to talk about has one, too, but I guess I did talk about him, maybe he is also sick or mentally ill, according to some psychologists that's true, they have speculated that that is the case, narcissistic personality disorder, sociopathic personality disorder, malignant personality disorder, I don't know, there's definitely sickness in all people, though we want to ignore it, we want to deny it, a shadow in others that we don't want to recognize in ourselves, and here's some stuff from chapter 1 of my dad's book I found by Shenk about his hero's mental illness, "Lincoln's relationship with his father, the only other member of his nuclear family who survived, was so cool that observers wondered whether there was any love between them," and "Abraham sometimes neglected his farm work

by reading, Tom would beat him for this,” and “Many studies have linked adult mental health to parental support in childhood,” and this was true of my dad and his dad, the lack of support, but not of me and my dad, he always supported me, and my friend M’s grandmother said her husband did business with Fred, father of the guy, and he said that Fred said when that guy was born he knew something was wrong with him, from the moment he was born, and so I wonder sometimes, my dad never said anything like that about me, even though he did tell his dad I’m a bit of a shyster, which was weird when his dad told me that, because I didn’t know if I’ve ever heard my dad use that word before, or if he even knew that word, I highly doubt it, so I didn’t really believe my dad’s dad, and still sometimes I wonder which kind of mental illness of these two Presidents do I have, or do I have both, or neither, I fear it is the liar guy and honest Abe at the same time, a real bad case that would be, and this sentence has started to get a lot less funny than I wanted it to all of a sudden here, and how many words have I typed, I am on pg thirty-nine and that is more than Jonathan Coe’s record of thirty-three pgs,



so I think I will check to see if we got the record, and we are at 13,772 words, and is that the record, I can’t remember if that’s the record, I am going to go back to Wikipedia in order to check the record, and, I am now typing into Google, Wikipedia longest sentence, and I am now clicking on the result, and I am now scrolling down, and OK, here’s the

part with facts, Exceptionally long sentences in print, it is called, and I am reading it and, but no, I haven't reached the record, dang, it's 13,995 words, Jonathan Coe has me right now, as of this word, as of this Word, too, but I am so close, I am so dang close, I can feel it, I can feel it in my bones, I can feel the glory, I am ready to seize it, and I am ready to take my rightful place in the history books of writing and the regular history books of human achievement, and soon the record will be mine, all mine, Dave Cowen, I can envision my name, Dave Cowen, right here on Wikipedia, Dave Cowen, in a Wikipedia entry, for all to see forever, Dave Cowen, great, important writer, which has always been a goal for me, Dave Cowen, to be included in Wikipedia as a great, important writer, Dave Cowen, and so my name, Dave Cowen, will go into this section, as well as the title of my book, which is of course: This Book Is The Longest Sentence Ever Written And Then Published: It's Over 13,955 Words, That's The Previous Record I've Researched In April '19, It's Well Over That Actually, And It's Already Started, The Sentence, This Subtitle Is Part Of It, And It's by Dave Cowen, and so I will copy out, minus the periods, what the new version of Exceptionally long sentences in print section on Wikipedia will look like, so you can see what it will look like with the other entries, but with mine conquering them all, Coe, Joyce, and Faulkner: Exceptionally long sentences in print[edit]

- Jonathan Coe's *The Rotters' Club* appears to hold the record at 13,955 words, It was inspired by Bohumil Hrabal's *Dancing Lessons for the Advanced in Age*: a Czech language novel written in one long sentence,
- A sentence often claimed to be the longest sentence ever written is in Molly Bloom's soliloquy in the James Joyce novel *Ulysses* (1922), which contains a "sentence" of 3,687 words,

- One of the longest sentences in American literature is in William Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom* (1936), The sentence is composed of 1,288 words (in the 1951 Random House version),

But, wait, what the hell is this, has this always been here, it also says right below the Faulkner bullet point:

- *Solar Bones* by Mike McCormack is written as one sentence, It won the 2016 Goldsmith's prize for experimental fiction, was longlisted for the Booker in 2017 and won the 2018 International Dublin Literary Award,

I sort of ignored this entry, because it says right above that Jonathan Coe appears to hold the record, and so I didn't even bother to check Mike McCormack's book to see how long it is, and I didn't include him with Joyce and Faulkner as close to the record people because McCormack is minor compared to those two, but is that going to be longer than thirty-three pages, it might be, it doesn't say it's a novel though, but it was nominated for the Booker, I think that's only for novels, am I, what the hell, am I not going to get the record in a few words from now, I was ready to get the record, even though I have much more to say about my, hold on, going to Amazon dot com, my publisher, typing in *Solar Bones* Mike McCormack, clicking on the title, scrolling down to product details, oh no, no, no, no, no, no, fuck, what the fucking fuck, I can't fucking believe this, this goddamn book is 224 pages, goddamn it all, I almost typed an exclamation point there, I almost typed ten of them, I want to type a million of them, I want to die, right now, hold on, I am going to have to buy this book on Kindle to see what's going on here, if it's truly one sentence, maybe it's not really one sentence, maybe my dream won't be deferred, OK, clicking Kindle, 9,99, clicking buy with one click now, OK, bought, OK, opening it up in my Kindle cloud reader, OK, I am

reading it, here's what it says to start, it's more of a prose poem than a sentence, look at this,

“the bell
 the bell as
 hearing the bell as
 hearing the bell as standing here
 the bell being heard standing here
 hearing it ring out through the grey light of this morning, noon or night
 god knows”

And I am scrolling along from there, and it's just pages of this prose poem, which is kind of unfair, it's unfair that a prose poem can be one sentence, but I guess it's not unfair, I guess that's my whole point about sentences, they can be anything, and so I guess I have been beaten by Mike McCormack, even though I didn't even know it, and the irony is crazy, because here we are, we are at what should be the record, in fact, we are at literally, 14,675, so I should have set the record, I should be happy right now, but I am not, I am not happy, because I didn't win, I am not happy, I am not the longest sentence writer right now, even though I thought, but wait, I have just scrolled to the end of Solar Bones, and there's no period at the end of the sentence, what, what does that mean, does that mean it's not even a sentence, does that mean it doesn't have the record, is that why they said Jonathan Coe appears to have the record, because Mike McCormack never actually wrote a sentence in Solar Bones, that word “appears” is quite pregnant with meaning, because he didn't close his prose poem with a period, and so does that mean I do have the record as of right now, that I've beaten Coe, and

McCormack is disqualified, if I were to print this book as it is right now, if I were to stop writing right now, and boom publish it on Kindle Direct Publishing, right now, boom publish, would I have beaten Coe and the disqualified McCormack, but how would I feel, I don't feel good, I don't feel good about this way of winning, because how will I plead my case if people disagree, and what body would decide, what authority, and would I look petty on insisting that my sentence is longer, wait, how many words is his book, how can I figure that out, and I type into Google, mike mccormack solar bones word count, and I click on the first result, Solar Bones Reading Length, and it says word count, 78,300 words, which is a lot more words to go, goddamn it, but it is also an estimate based on book length, and so even the robots are involved in this record once again, and how can they be trusted, and how can I claim to have the record if I don't comfortably beat Solar Bones' real word count, and does that mean I have to read the book and count the words at the same time, and is that even possible to process what I am reading as I am counting the words, at the same time, but I guess I must do that, because I have Googled all around and there is no word count, officially, that crafty McCormack, he's the shyster, he's done that on purpose to shroud his record, and so fine, I will read and count the words as I go, I am going to take a break, and I will read this book, I will read it and count the words as I go, OK, fine, OK, fine, I'll be right back, I am leaving the consciousness of the book for the first time, to read this other book and count its words, and I don't want to, it's not something I was planning on doing, but I guess I must, and OK, bye for now, and, and, and, and, and, and, and, and I've read some of it, to be honest, I stopped counting the words, it was too hard, to read and understand the meaning of the words and also to count the number of words at the same time, too difficult to

do that at the same time, but I also didn't finish the book, to be honest, too, but you know what, I stopped, because it seems to be set on all soul's day, which is November 2nd, which is the day of the dead, the day of the faithful departed, so that part was resonant, and literary, and made me feel some good feels, and I like that part, but I stopped because overall it's a very dark and depressing story and tone, as it's about the end of the world, and the failures of a family, or the end of the world in Ireland, and it's not that fun and uplifting or funny, and if I am going to give this sentence credit for the longest one ever, which I will, I have read enough of it to say it's also a sentence, I will give credit where credit is due, but I am not happy with it being the longest sentence in the English language ever written and then published, and not just for my own sake, but also for the sake of the English language, I mean, it's better than Coe's sentence, definitely, times a million, but it's not the best sentence ever, sorry, Mike, and so, I will continue, I must continue, to write the longest sentence in the English language, in the hopes that it somehow becomes the best sentence, and so I will write over 80,000 words, because that will be the comfortable winning record I will set for myself, and I will also write over 224 pages, I will do both of those things, to be sure, to be sure that I have the record for sure, and so buckle up folks, we're going to continue the ride of our lives, or give up now, give up now if you are a stone cold loser, like I am not, I am not a warm shit loser, either, even though I have often thought so, but if you are down, DTF and DTR, we are going to do it together, we are going to beat the record for sure this time, and nothing can stop us, we just will write on, right on, and I will even leave off where McCormack did, I will take the end of his pretty great if not greatest sentence into mine, my sentence, and I will then continue it, and so, here it is, "my body drawing its soul in its wake or

vice versa until that total withdrawal into the vast whiteness is visible only as a brimming absence so that there is nothing left, body and soul all gone, and these residual pulses and rhythms which for these waning moments, abide in their own recurrent measure, nothing more than a vague strobing of the air before they too are obliterated in that self-engulfing light which closes over everything to be, cast out beyond darkness into that vast unbroken commonage of space and time, into that vast oblivion in which there are no markings or contours to steer by nor any songs to sing me home and where there is nothing else for it but to keep going, one foot in front of the other, the head down and keep going, keep going, keep going to fuck,” and that was pretty good, pretty, pretty, pretty good, even if that F-word was Mike’s, but he’s clearly saying keep going, keep going, he’s saying that to me and to us, keep going, he is saying, keep going, keep going,