Menopause turns females into dandies. Some of our organs become purely self-referential. They have no further potential value for family or spectacle or state: they’re outside every economy. So now their meaning is confected in relationship to convivial and autonomous pleasure only. Now they can be in the present fully. I’m assuming the mind is an organ or a kind of wandering gland in this description. The hormones the ovaries used to make are now made by all parts of the body, so that every tissue, every limb and fold continuously invents its own mode of transformation. The entire body becomes a fungible thinking, whose purpose it is only to express its own communicability, for the pleasure, the intensity, and the integrity of it, and with no regard for paltry wankers.

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