

PRYING INTO, A DEAD JOURNAL

Insensitivity is the outcome of the project of alienation

Posted in [an empty cell](#) by Dave on May 19, 2010

Epigraph: It is curious that this avant-garde never sounded the injunction to be a subject as violently as between the 1910's and 1970's, that is to say in the historic moment where the material conditions of the illusion of the subject tended to disappear the most drastically. At the same time, this evidences well enough the reactive character of the avant-garde. This paradoxical injunction thus must not have had the effect of throwing *Occidental Man* into the assault of the diffuse Bastilles of Empire, but more rather obtained in him a split, a rupture, a schizoid destruction of me in the confine of myself, a confine where the world, life, and situations, in brief his proper existence, would be henceforth apprehended as estranged, as purely objective. This precise constitution of subject, reduced to contemplate itself in the midst of that which surrounded it, could be characterized as aesthetic, in the sense where the arrival of the Bloom also corresponds to a generalized aestheticization of experience.

-- *Tiqqun, The Problem of a Head*

Just prior to the enlightenment, Renaissance thinkers suffered under the same big misconception as had Plato and his cohorts, the very fellows they were attempting to resurrect, a bloody misconstrual among men. Thinking to transgress against a pantheon of indifferent and capricious gods, among which were Chaos, Disorder and Lawlessness, they had confused reification with deification. The old gods were merely our own categorisations: Law, Order, Sex, Industry, Passion, Fury. Everyone back in the day had known this. They owned their own language and were not confused by its polysemy. That was a source of humour and movement, not serious consideration and pause. It was an age of poetry. Gods were dangerous only when taken too seriously or ignored altogether. The biggest secret of all secret societies was that there is no secret at all.

All revolutions have been transgressions against ruling ideas. Unfortunately, once set in stone, Max Stirner's spooks continue to haunt us. Should any give worship to them, they are immortalised for the rest. The product of the enlightenment, the revolution against all gods & superstition, itself has been promoted to godhood. Had they not ignored this category, "Revolution", the liberators of man might have noted that contained in the word itself is the eternal return of Baal, who preceded even the Phoenicians. What goes around comes around. To this day, it is said "In the beginning was the word".

The tragedy, *Enlightenment*, was a project, then a war of liberation, to liberate the mind, that is, consciousness, from the body. An internal box labelled "Reason" was constructed -- is still being constructed -- inside the head and also in machinic simulations, becoming-the-brain, mind, spirit, soul itself, a box in which to place and thereafter confine the body, animalscale that it is, and all it's banal mundanity, which is to say, its worldliness, its connection amongst the other, the environment, the cosmos.

The product of this labour was to be the self, pure intellect. An alien intelligence, a Vulcan or [Hephaestus](#) -- god of fire and industry. Empiricism and later behaviourism were predictable reactionary attempts by adventurous explorers out to sabotage the project, but came too late. The study of ecology (formerly "Naturalism") had already become, like anthropology, the investigation of the other, the not-us, the quaint and mundane, that place of struggle from which we might one day escape. (Apparently a select few already had.) It was an "area" of study which reinforced our separation. The self is everything, the context is nothing. Endurance beyond space.

The head is now recognised as the major organ of "executive" functional specialisation, an idea of organism as an erected structure (the new view is patterned after the bureaucratized city and its economic circulation and political pump, the infernal infrastructure and its head quarters: "upper management"), a construction rather than a synergy or self-organising behaviour of internal creatures (rather than bricks, components or machine parts), a multiplying diversity of uniqueness coming together into internal communities which we call "organs" or "cells", but now having the attribute, *functional*

specialisation: soldiers, police and construction workers; bankers, lawyers and crooks. T-cells and A-cells, mast and boom cells, furnace, combine and tailpipe. As long as everyone does their job, what matter whether plot or counterplot?

As per Hephaestus' instructions, everything must have a singular purpose. Aesthetics is only an unnecessary luxury, unless it is the reflection from one's mirror.

Maletesta tried to explain the difference between the self-organising witnessed in organic communities and the imposed organisation which went into the shimmering erection of "social structures", the difference between the verb, "*organizing*" and the noun, "*The Organization*" -- the phallic phalanx -- but the mechanics and engineers seem to have won the debate. There must be a product! Maletesta himself may have been infected by a burgeoning nanotechnology. It never was a popular debate anyway. There was no chance to bloom. This new engineered brain, the self or ego is the boss, the new regime, the center of the universe, the master control unit.

But it is only an appendix, not useless as was once regarded, a mere globular heat sync, back when the gut and heart and lungs and skin, together with their many oscillating apertures were singled out as the primary organs of consciousness, communication and passion, amongst and amidst which flowed modulating humours, but it is an appendage nevertheless. Today, "body" is only a metaphor for the conglomerate of the high-minded, the corporate think tank, the corporation itself birthed in ancient Rome: the central committee. Is it not ironic that with the project to encapsulate the world within so as to better manipulate the world without, the brain has become vestigial and in need of replacement by a mechanism, a mere toy? So we go on to produce "better" toys (although not as good as they were before they started getting better) and become ourselves extinct. Dinosaur. Tail. Appendix. Pineal gland. Intellectualism. Hydrogen bomb. Artificial intelligence. *Avant Garde* may be our epigraph, but *Nihilism* is our epitaph.

0 comments

glossary of some un-useful disorders aggravated by the usual remedies

Posted on [the tail-end](#) by Dave on May 9, 2002

Akathisia: Not sitting still. The revolt, a worm in the butt causing an itch to move, characterized by unpleasant sensations of "inner" restlessness. Dangerous except during periods of general insurrection. It may in fact, not be a disorder, but a symptom which produces disorder, unless accompanied by

Akinesia: the inability to initiate movement, a correlate of severely diminished dopaminergic cell activity in the direct pathway of movement -- i.e., a "blockage". May take the form of slow motion, rigidity or instability. Often the result of mass intake of opiates.

Psychasthenia: Literally, 'no psychic strength'; excessive doubts, compulsions, obsessions, and unreasonable fears, a kind of weakness in the ability to attend to, adjust to, and synthesise one's changing experience resulting in loss of integrity or form and meltdown into the environment.

Neurasthenia: 'Weak nerves'. Psychasthenia when thought to have a neurological source, although George Miller Beard, who coined the term in 1869 considered it a medical condition resulting from exhaustion of the central nervous system's energy reserves, which he attributed to civilization -- people were attempting to achieve more than their constitution could cope with -- i.e., the stresses of urbanization and the stress suffered as a result of the increasingly competitive environment. Initially, it was a complaint of business owners and, by contagion, their wives, as workers were already accustomed to a life of toil and had discovered their own remedial outlets.

Freud disagreed with Beard and, you guessed it, thought it was the result of excessive masturbation, indigestion and gas -- not to be confused with authentic anxiety neurosis: the fear of punishment for wanting to off dear old dad and desire to fuck mom. Had Freud understood his own poetry, his might be a compatible explanation: the contradiction of a rejection of isolating patriarchy, *The System*, and a desire to re-immers in the context, the 'mother'; in the end able to do neither.

Insensitivity: tactlessness, loss of sensibility, sensuality, sensation, concern, conscious attention:

1. Not reacting to the emotions or situation of other people or not caring about others.

2. Not reacting to something or not appreciating something.
3. Not experiencing physical sensations, numb.

Compartmentalization: the process of splitting an idea or concept up into (sometimes more or less arbitrary) parts, and trying to enforce thought processes which are inhibiting attempts to allow these parts to mix together again in an attempt to simplify things; the limiting of access to information to privileged persons in order to perform certain tasks; the formation of cellular compartments or cellular aggregations; the construction of boxes and low-rent housing or living in boxes and low-rent housing; and in archi-texture, the evolutionary growth from enclosed space to cubicle space, where room dividers are more virtual than real and paradoxically, more effective.

In social systems, the words "bureaucracy", "managerial district", and "ghetto" are preferable. In each case, information (or any other "resource") is either contained or withheld and its movement between boxes inhibited. The processes are identical; the nomenclature is merely a convention such that the difference between the social (artificial) and material (real) is always self-evident. It is unclear whether the fragmentation of whole bodies into isolated groups and the fragmentation of entire psyches and semantic domains reminiscent of tunnel vision (ranging from narrow-mindedness through categorical disassociation and multiple personhood/split personality) represent a primary sequencing or are both secondary emergents or resultants of constraining, sedentary existence.

Euthanasia: The removal of useless symptoms when *euthenic* compartmentalisation fails to improve living conditions. The root of the former is from Greek *thantos* "death" unlike the latter, from Greek *euthenein* "to thrive" (*eu-* 'well' + *sthenos* "strength"). The once meaningful distinction has been lost in the modern condition, thereby adding to the generalised feeling of hypocrisy or paradox. The healthy attitude when facing such contradiction is to call bullshit. More often, because we have been trained to expect a rational explanation for everything, we come away feeling stupid, as if we've missed something important. The self-fulfilling prophecy works in either case and we are led back into *akathisic* or *akinesic* states requiring the administration of more opiates or nerve blockers.

Placebo effects: A scientific mystery. Their basic mechanism has been investigated since 1978, when it was found that the opioid antagonist naloxone could block placebo painkillers, suggesting that endogenous opioids are involved. What a stroke of fortune that exogenous opiates were chosen early on and still form the basis of modern pain remedies. Motivation, conditioning and expectations also play a role in placebo effect. The effect is variably responsible for miracle cures as well as voodoo deaths, the latter suggesting that antagonists could themselves be blocked.

While it has been consistently demonstrated to be up to 98% more effective than state-of-the-art pharmaceutical commodities, placebo is still considered an unethical "sham" remedy and a taboo topic. Etymologically derived from the root for "pleasing", placebos were in common usage, taking advantage of the power of nurturing the ill and the self-fulfilling prophecy up until the 20th century with the rise of late-industrial capitalism and syndicated pharmaceutical/chemical cartels such as Dupont, Dow, IG Farben, the American Chemical Council, etc., whose own scientists with advanced (but secretive so as to protect necessary patents) methodologies continue to discredit all tried and true (traditional, formerly "patent") remedies in favour of the toxic and untested.

Paranoia: Also known as "poetry" by those comfortably situated in narrow boxes: a backwards "thought disorder" prone to fetishisation -- the fascination and search for patterns in the environment, and attribution of commensurability & agency within it, particularly in the politico-economic "forces" (obviously an unhealthy "mysticism"). Paranoics persist in this stand in the face of overwhelming scientific consensus since the discovery of DNA, statistical tests and parliamentary procedure -- proof that subjective impressions and representations are due to certain calculable and therefore modifiable genetic proclivities. The environment itself is thought a useful effect, never a cause! We can make our environment; we can take our environment. Or so they say and so they do.

The obsessive-compulsive, compartmentalised bent may be the result of failure to act. One is helpless. One must obey orders, suggestions, urges, no matter where they originate. One is under control, compelled. Obedience is thereafter translated "freedom and security" and paranoia becomes the normal state.

Infection: Curiously, the war on terror and the war on infection exhibit a 97% philosophical overlap. Even more curious, the members of the boards of directors of corporate medicine (an emerged cartel or syndicate of pharmaceutical, chemical and insurance companies) also sit on the boards of military contractors (although obviously in different seating arrangements, else how could we tell them apart?). They are exceedingly

hard to spot, being syndicalists ("connected"), anarchist ("above the law") and internally socialist ("the bucks stop there ... all of them!"), hence the designation, "high society". Now if everyone or even "just anyone" were to transcend law, the epidemic of viral contamination would so furiously spread, the high and low ends would outright disappear, leaving society exposed and without adjective.

0 comments

No More Masterpieces

Posted on Dave by May 1, 1938

"If music affects snakes, it is not on account of the spiritual notions it offers them, but because snakes are long and coil their length upon the earth, because their bodies touch the earth at almost every point; and because the musical vibrations which are communicated to the earth affect them like a very subtle, very long massage; and I propose to treat the spectators like the snakecharmer's subjects and conduct them by means of their organisms to an apprehension of the subtlest notions.

It is not, moreover, a question of bringing metaphysical ideas directly onto the stage, but of creating what you might call temptations, in draughts of air around these ideas. And humor with its anarchy, poetry with its symbolism and its images, furnish a basic notion of ways to channel the temptation of these ideas.

...in the same way that *humor as destruction* can serve to reconcile the corrosive nature of laughter to the habits of reason."

-- Artaud

Let us then be tempted,
In order to enjoy a minor peace,
One must destroy the masterpiece!

No More Masterpieces!

I believe that the strength of the spectacle does not lie in its own attributes, but in its ability to suppress truly revolutionary impulses. And the revolutionary movement is, once again (fifty years after the founding of the SI), pretty much dead. As I pointed out in my text on the "[Virtual Spectacle](#)," the very idea of revolution has once again fallen into disrepute: neo-anarchists like David Graeber (following "Marxists" such as Toni Negri) believe and try to make it believed that revolution is impossible, that all we can hope for is being part of "alternative" movements that exist alongside capitalism and its State. . . . To defeat the spectacle, one can't simply hope that it will collapse on its own or that people will "democratically" choose the "alternative" movements: there must be a practical force, a real revolutionary movement, that makes it collapse.

-- Bill (Notbored) Brown

Artaudian praxis: All may be cruelty. "I will do what I have dreamed or I will do nothing...for once what I want to do is easier to do than to say."

On behalf of mired radical movements promoting a bit more spontaneity, free-play, sex, disorder in our lives (chance & uncertainty, or adventure to replace a banal, hum-drum existence where the idea of precarity only means the loss of one's job and indicates certain death), some are coming to appreciate the logic of past labour movements and are calling for a universal general strike. A vigilant strike. An enduring organisation. A social organisation.

Vigilancy, to prevent the renewed activity of scabs. The permanent revolution whose patron saint is not today's Marxist, but Marx' *favourite son-in-law* who really understood "the master's" [in the full ironic sense] notion of the self-abolition of the proletariat residing in the abolition of work itself. A universal permanent organisation set out to round up labour [the production of masterpieces] and put it back into fairy-tales where it belongs with the other monsters so our children will know of their existence and be prepared should said monsters return to everyday living. The universal, durable organisation is nothing if not a new *opus corpus* of old folklore -- a living theatre of bodies.

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Manifesto of Groupuscularism (Excerpts)

[...]

It is our opinion that all the various groupuscles (clubs, organisations or party-building efforts, the counter-ABC groups, etc.) are doing precisely what they should be doing. Every new splinter group is an instance & assertion of spontaneous self-organisation. Every new recruit is not drafted, but sees some aesthetic value in belonging. In other words, it looks like fun, it may be useful, it may be necessary, it makes the other groups look incompetent, whatever. A group organised around inter-nasal warfare, the exclusive *fight club*, is self-annihilating. Folks just don't like war except against the bad guys. So for groups to be at war with, or oppress, or exploit each other, those whose very enemy is war, oppression and exploitation, is at the very least an absurdity. So we're all absurd. To call for the elimination of this condition and "harmonise" in the spirit of unity is also absurd. "We" are "we" precisely because "we" are not "you"!

Pataphysics recognises the equality of all absurdities. In this respect, even using our brains in such matters is not frowned upon. Occidental warriors (aka, mediastic militants & their emulators) would have us segregate if we can't unify. This is the very logic of ghettoisation we should all resist. We should continue our efforts of spying on one another, even bouts of mockery or defection, but rather than accumulating potential to annihilate or incorporate the other, turn those weapons on ourselves. Only this can exorcise the phantom state from our bodies. There is nothing more purifying than immolation nor a higher source of mutual solidarity (except maybe sex). It is not just a matter of self-critique. To extend the sex analogy a bit further, self-critique is not the best tactic to ensure a successful mutual engagement. In fact, it's a bit of a turn off.

[...]

The buddhist [koan](#) says "kill the buddha if you see him on the street" (just so we can free him). It is metaphoric, get over it! It is selfhood which needs annihilated, and that only means our contradictory stand against the other. It does not suggest we become the other in altruistic sacrifice (which would be "otherhood") nor literally kill it in an egoistic turf battle (that is "monarchy" and "parliamentary debate").

[...]

The P.O.U.M. was attractive to Orwell simply because 1) it was handy, 2) there were no ranks, 3) if there was an avant garde political theory or platform behind it, none of the membership seemed to know or care. Everyday trenches always seem to over-ride esoterica. Such is comradery. *The System* recruits by persuasion, promissory note, elimination of alternative clubs (more often than not, the elimination of choice altogether), insidious diversion or dissimulation. We should avoid these tactics to avoid re-enforcing and reproducing the state within (the [political](#) "exchange" paradigm, the contest, the transaction) and the space between us.

The potential of personal aesthetics to social organisation is something corporate thugs and government spies will never fathom. It is beyond their cognitive domain because they are already dead. The [amygdala](#) is the hyphen to the soul, the only organ *The System* needs to amputate in order to function properly. For us, its transgression is essential. It is a bridge, not a mad dash nor a swift slash!

-- *Id Liberation Front*

[READ MORE...](#)

Recommended additional reading: Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*
Our own *The State and Progress or Civilization and Self-actualization?*

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Oceanaries

Posted on the [poop deck](#) by Dave on May 10, 2010

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome our newest musical affiliate:

OCEA-NARIES:
OKANOGAN CHAPTER OF EUGENE ANARCHISTS & COAST SALISH INSURRECTIONARIES
-- not your average land-locked cover band! --

Creators of the hit singles, "*Shitkickers will kindle your sorry ass tonight*" and "*Oh Lonesome Me & My Cowboy Yipee-ai-eh?*"

1 comment: "*Norman, please coordinate!*"

Alienation or Paranoia

is there a difference?

Posted in [a dry creekbed](#) by Dave on May 07, 2010

"Marx, Groucho Marx, once said that religion is the opiate of the people. I say that when religion outlives its usefulness, then opium...will be the opiate...Ahh that's not a bad idea..."

-- *Professor Irwin Corey*

Has anyone noticed a common thread in mainstream and not-so-mainstream information sources, both in media and public discussion forums, concerning what you should think about your neighbors, correspondents and work-mates?

- "They" might be members of the zionist jew conspiracy;
- "They" might be paederastic antisemites;
- "They" might be *agents provocateur*;
- "They" might be volatile psychopaths disguised as "just the nicest guy" about to go postal or even explosively suicidal on you;
- "They" might be wired or microchipped narcs and informers;
- "They" might be nasty, brutal and short;
- "They" might be ...

Does anyone remember how well hitler's handlers utilised a similar public relations ploy as a counter-revolutionary economic stimulus after "We're watching you!" (1930's), "Oh, the dark futility of it all!" (1920's) and "Make way for the Future!" (1910's) didn't seem to work any more? And just who were those handlers? Public opinion as discerned & regurgitated (accurately or not) by talking heads? Brainless spooks & other bureaucrats trying to protect their upwardly mobile position? Or smart-asses suffering megalomania? [1] All of the above?

Of course, race is passé, but mental deficiency by way of dispositional genetics to account for dissenting opinion or reactionary bursts of temper seems as strong as ever. The important point is the raising of moral consciousness traveing in the disguise of a unified theoretical clarity. Yesteryear, the gypsies & jews were to be excluded. Today we have good reason to exclude everyone.

"Religion is the placebo for opium, ...hence the opium wars."

-- *Karl Marx*

Am I mad? Damn right! What's become of imagination? Or are we just stuck in a time loop? It certainly can't be the doings of the logic of the commodity experiencing a nervous breakdown! Can it?

[1]: *megalomaniacal magistrate*: a psychiatric disorder with delusions of magical power in which the patient experiences delusions of great power and importance.

0 comments

The Great Serpent

Posted in [a closed loop](#) by Dave on May 6, 1974

On the topic of smack & mulinational corporate capitalism: "the junk merchant does not sell his product to the consumer, he sells the consumer to the product. He does not improve and simplify his merchandise. He degrades and simplifies his client"

-- *William Burroughs, Naked Lunch*

"In the eighteenth century it was often convenient to regard man as a clockwork automaton. In the nineteenth century, with Newtonian physics pretty well assimilated and

a lot of work in thermodynamics going on, man was looked on as a heat engine, about 40 per cent efficient. Now in the twentieth century, with nuclear and subatomic physics a going thing, man had become something which absorbs X-rays, gamma rays and neutrons.

It's been a prevalent notion. Fallen sparks. Fragments of vessels broken at the Creation. And someday, somehow, before the end, a gathering back to home. A messenger from the Kingdom, arriving at the last moment. But I tell you there is no such message, no such home -- only the millions of last moments ... nothing more. Our history is an aggregate of last moments.

She has turned her face, more than once, to the Outer Radiance and simply seen nothing there. And so each time taken a little more of the Zero into herself. It comes down to courage, at worst an amount of self-deluding that's vanishingly small: he has to admire it, even if he can't accept her glassy wastes, her appeals to a day not of wrath but of final indifference.

But it is a curve each of them feels, unmistakably. It is the parabola. They must have guessed, once or twice -- guessed and refused to believe -- that everything, always, collectively, had been moving toward that purified shape latent in the sky, that shape of no surprise, no second chance, no return. Yet they do move forever under it, reserved for its own black-and-white bad news certainly as if it were the rainbow, and they its children.



But out at the horizon, out near the burnished edge of the world, who are these visitors standing ... these robed figures -- perhaps, at this distance, hundreds of miles tall -- their faces, serene, unattached, like the Buddha's, bending over the sea, impassive, indeed, as the Angel that stood over Lübeck during the Palm Sunday raid, come that day neither to destroy nor to protect, but to bear witness to a game of seduction . . . What have the watchmen of the world's edge come tonight to look for? Deepening on now, monumental beings stoical, on toward

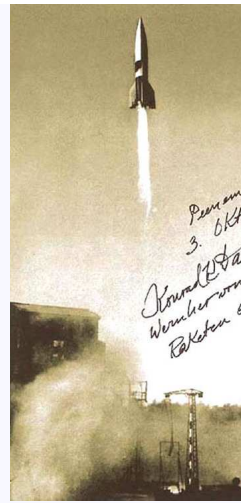
slag, toward ash the colour the night will stabilize at, tonight ... what is there grandiose enough to witness?

Kekulé dreams the Great Serpent holding its own tail in its mouth, the dreaming Serpent which surrounds the World. But the meanness, the cynicism with which this dream is to be used. The Serpent that announces, "The World is a closed thing, cyclical, resonant, eternally-returning," is to be delivered into a system whose only aim is to violate the Cycle. Taking and not giving back, demanding that "productivity" and "earnings" keep on increasing with time, *The System* removing from the rest of the World these vast quantities of energy to keep its own tiny desperate fraction showing a profit: and not only most of humanity -- most of the World, animal, vegetable, and mineral, is laid waste in the process. *The System* may or may not understand that it's only buying time. And that time is an artificial resource to being with, of no value to anyone or anything but *The System*, which must sooner or later crash to its death, when its addiction to energy has become more than the rest of the World can supply, dragging with it innocent souls all along the chain of life.

Who has sent this new serpent into our ruinous garden, already too fouled, too crowded to qualify as any locus of innocence -- unless innocence be our age's neutral, our silent passing into the machineries of indifference -- something that Kekulé's Serpent had come to -- not to destroy, but to define to us the loss of ... we had been given certain molecules, certain combinations and not others ... we used what we found in Nature, unquestioning, shamefully perhaps -- but the Serpent whispered, *They can be changed*, and new molecules assembled from the debris of the given.

"Can anyone tell me what else he whispered to us? Come -- who knows?"

"Personal density", Kurt Mondaugen in his Peenemünde office not too many steps away from here, enunciating the Law which will one day bear his name, "is directly proportional to temporal bandwidth." "Temporal bandwidth," is the width of your present, your *now*. It is the familiar "Dt" considered as a dependent variable. The more you dwell in the past and in the future, the thicker your bandwidth, the more solid your persona. But the narrower your sense of Now, the more tenuous you are."



Peenemünde
3. Oktober 1942
Johann D. von Braun
Wernher von Braun
Raketen Gruppe

Official communiqué from the trees to the bourgeoisies: "We don't mind your arrogance, really. With all your rocket science, you will never know breathing in the sunlight. It's your thinly shrouded bigotry which rains down excrement on all those "beneath you" (such that many of our youngsters have begun to desire their own exfoliation) which we find so retching"

-- E. Pinion Deeprout

0 comments

Time Travel

Posted just in [time](#) by Dave on May 4, 1900

There's nothing so hard about time travel when the wheels aren't square and it's the road who's throwing curve-balls at you.

doo wa doo wa doo wa.

A Time Machine, that is, a device for exploring Time, is no more difficult to conceive of than a Space Machine, whether you consider Time as the fourth dimension of Space or as a locus essentially different because of its contents.

Ordinarily, Time is defined as the locus of events, just as Space is the locus of bodies. Or it is defined simply as succession, whereas Space -- (this will apply to all spaces: Euclidean or three-dimensional space; four-dimensional space implied by the intersection of several three-dimensional spaces; Riemannian spaces, which, being spheres, are closed, since the circle is a geodesic line on the sphere of the same radius; Lobatchevski's spaces, in which the plane is open; or any non-Euclidean space identifiable by the fact that it will not permit the construction of two similar figures as in Euclidean space) Space is defined by simultaneity.



Every simultaneous segment of Time is extended and can therefore be explored by machines that travel in Space. The present is extended in three dimensions. If one transports oneself to any point in the past or the future, this point will be present and extended in three directions as long as one occupies it.

Reciprocally, Space, or the Present, has the three dimensions of Time: space traversed or the past, space to come or the future, and the present proper.

Space and Time are commensurable. To explore the universe by seeking knowledge of points in Space can be accomplished only through Time; and in order to measure Time quantitatively, we refer to Space intervals on the dial of a chronometer.

Space and Time, being of the same nature, may be conceived of as different physical states of the same substance, or as different modes of motion. Even if we accept them only as different forms of thought, we see Space as a solid, a rigid system of phenomena; whereas it has become a banal poetic figure to compare Time to a flowing stream, a liquid in uniform rectilinear motion. Any internal obstruction of the flow of the mobile molecules of the liquid, any increase in viscosity is nothing other than consciousness.

Since Space is fixed around us, in order to explore it we must move in the vehicle of Duration. In kinematics Duration plays the part of an independent variable, of which the coordinates of the points considered are a function. Kinematics is a geometry in which events have neither past nor future. The fact that we create that distinction proves that we are carried along through them.

...Duration is the transformation of a succession into a reversion.

In other words: THE BECOMING OF A MEMORY.

0 comments

Alexithymia?

Posted in the [puppet theatre](#) on Dave by May 5, 3011

The current disaster (ecological, epidemiological, social) and the "dominant ideas" concerning it are identically produced by the "logic of the commodity" and (its) fundamental accomplices. ... "Dominant ideas" can only be received and internalized at the price of psychic disturbance -- which the psychiatrists call *alexithymia* -- and the physiological and behavioral effects of which are precisely those that led to the current disaster. *Alexithymia* is thus the terrain on which the dominant ideas seed themselves so as to produce the evils that they claim to name. In such a movement, the function of the media obviously appears under a somewhat new light.

-- Michel Bounan

"However much we'd like to be marionettes, ...
if we were to be quite like puppets in a play that was never written for puppets, but for actors pretending to be puppets, which is not the same thing, ...
our actors have been willing to depersonalise themselves, and to act behind masks, in order to express more perfectly the inner man. ...
(Following the axiom that the most polished object is that which presents the greatest number of sharp corners, ...
they remain equally spherical as compared to rudimentary creations, ...
with the most perfect, and embryonic beings, ...
with the most complete, ...
in that the former lack all irregularities, protuberances and qualities, ...
which leaves them (both) in more or less spherical form,) ...
we haven't hung all our actors on strings, which, even if it weren't absurd, would have complicated things badly."

-- Alfred Jarry, preface to *Ubu Roi*

Alexithymia means literally "without words for emotions" -- it is a state of deficiency in understanding, processing, or describing emotions and considered to be a personality trait defined by:

1. difficulty identifying feelings and distinguishing between feelings and the bodily sensations of emotional arousal
2. difficulty describing feelings to other people
3. constricted imaginal processes, as evidenced by a paucity of fantasies
4. a stimulus-bound, externally oriented cognitive style.

Alexithymia frequently co-occurs with other disorders, with a representative prevalence of 85% in autism spectrum disorders, 40% in posttraumatic stress disorder, 63% in anorexia nervosa, 56% in bulimia, 45% in major depressive disorder, 34% in panic disorder, and 50% in substance abusers...and overlaps with [Asperger syndrome](#). The failure to regulate emotions cognitively...an inability to *modulate* emotions...would classify them as severely impaired...explaining why some alexithymics are prone to discharge tension arising from unpleasant emotional states.

-- *wikimedia*

And as [Irwin Corey](#) once said, "However..."

Holy shit, Batman!!!

It seems to me emotions are for feeling and moving, not analyzing and then articulating. Does the person unable to discuss an emotional state *not* feel it? (Of course the concern is for emotion's suppression.) When they ask "What color is your rainbow today?" I tell them to go take a flying fuck through a hole in a rolling doughnut! They've just killed whatever vibe was present and now the gesture they are apt to see if they persist in their inanity is a coffee table flying through the window, with the caption: "Stick your head up your own anal-isis and you might get a clue!" Yes indeed, a definite deficiency of personality here. Who is having difficulty identifying feelings and distinguishing between feelings and the bodily sensations of emotional arousal??? Is there a distinction "between feelings and the bodily sensations of emotional arousal?" Another example of identity before and after the predicate: A = A. See the difference now? And they think I need medication!

It seems to me alexithymia is more literally "feeling (-*thymia*)" + "dumb, mute, speechless (*alexia*-)" or "barbaric *dyslogia*". This is really just wanton aphasia dancing with gusto. It is readiness, with interest. It is as well, AWE (the suffixes, '-*some*' and '-*ful*' are merely directional pointers confusing extensity with quantity, recapitulating the distinction between purse-string and puppet-string). A literal state of speechless awe is the precondition of inspiration, impregnation, learning, and is a prelude to all exploratory movement, revolt or withdrawal. There may be (or maybe not) many glandular excretions. You may as well change your name to *Igor*, the mindless but faithful servant of Count Dracula (or any other monster who comes his way) should the gates to this realm be shut.

As Artaud said, "the number and order of possible suppositions in this realm is precisely infinity!" That is the distance between exploration and revolution, yet it can be traversed in a nanosecond (300 miliseconds, to be precise -- this is the average time for humours to circulate through the body). It is precisely equal to the distance between "smitten" and "bitten". Its passage only resembles a rupture or "discharge of tension".

However, ... repetition, repetition, repetition instills (which is a state without movement) knowledge without consciousness. Media memes and dominant ideas. However, ... repetition, repetition, repetition combined with psychic disturbance endemic to the dominant ideas (actually, "bound up" or "constipated" -- even Hegel understood that contradiction needed bound tightly with material or ideological string lest it cease to exist in an explosive burst) maintains a self fulfilling and prophetic placebiastic motion of stillness mimicing time travel but without duration (or is it vice versa?) and this "fulfillment" is said to be the complete lack of mental deficiency necessary to maintain the status' quote. Mental health is serious business and always a matter of *hypochondriasis* (a condition originating below the sternum, ie. the gut -- the first recorded belly ache was only an excuse to skip school in reaction to the ingestion of too much bullshit!).

When I read emotion words like "incredulous", "joy", "horror", I must turn to others' gestures witnessed or remembered rather than the dictionary (usually a great source for skeptical or cynical mockery) for exemplification. The alternative words expressed therein only redirect me to the associated gestures (a thesaurus is much handier), and pantomime, not frozen image nor petroglyph, gives me instant recognition. Yes, of course! Bodies are extracted from time and space, and begin to resonate. Meaning is in sync, a synchronicity, time travel, invisibility and divination.

On J. Alfred *Prufrock*: there's all these vague connections in it for me, yet there is nevertheless something singularly magical about it... what bothers me is that I can't really pinpoint what that is, so I become suspicious. I do at least find it interesting that Eliot is famed for saying something along the lines of "poetry should not attempt to express emotion, it should be the escape from emotion".

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;

-- *anonymous*

T.S. Eliot also said, on the topic of imagery, "Poetry consists in so rendering concrete objects that the emotions produced by the objects shall arise in the reader..."

Ezra Pound responds: "do you agree that the great poet is never emotional?"

"... One must be capable of reacting to stimuli for a moment, as a real, live person, even in face of as much of one's own powers as are arrayed against one;... The virile complaint, the revolt of the poet, all which shows his emotion -- that is poetry."

-- *M. Jean de Bosschère*

Speak against unconscious oppression,
Speak against the tyranny of the unimaginative,
Speak against bonds.

Be against all forms of oppression,
Go out and defy opinion.

This is the old cry of the poet, but more precise, as an
expression of frank disgust:

Go to the adolescent who are smothered in family.
O, how hideous it is

To see three generations of one house gathered together!
It is like an old tree without shoots,
And with some branches rotted and falling.

Each poem holds out these cries of revolt or disgust, but
they are the result of his still hoping and feeling

-- *Ezra Pound*

The meaning of emotions is disseminated by gesture. It is the body which feels. It is not a matter of *para*-linguistics expressed by a *para*-body. There is the panto-mimic and the observer, and their simultaneous mutual interchangeability (or resonance) results in what has been described as "intimacy", well illustrating a *pair of bodies*!. Increased meaning entropy produces increased caricaturization often resulting in an abrupt "discharge of tension", whereupon there can be no confusion by detached observers as to the semantic content. We may have called them "grotesque", but we really meant "scary".

-- *Achmed Hibaab Azzizi Homeini*

0 comments

Truancy Fluency

Posted on [the city gates](#) by Dave on May 17, 2014

"The obsession over a concept that is not believed to exist anywhere in the present, even as minutiae or debris, and the insistence that it will probably never exist played over and over again is the literal worship of impossibility, a convenient glyph to stimulate and facilitate the worshiping cycle. I find it hard to bear and because it depresses me to witness repeated in what seems to be a solemn, brazen, calm indifference, when, at the root, it seems to be an expression of suffering."

We have been confronted by the Impossibleists: "Show us the data!" (concerning the minutiae or debris of communism, communist engagements in the here and now). The question is misleading. Not "Minutiae", not "Mutancy", but "Mutinee". Not "data", but "dada".

Communist engagement is merely an expression among anarchists. Every student who cuts class has entered the interregal zone of classlessness. Communism is a rabble of juvenile delinquents, a street gang sharing loot, awol soldiers hiding in French cellars drinking Lithuanian wine while loud bombs fall above. Communism is every Romeo and Juliet reading Sade's *Justine & Juliette* under secret sheets. Communism is every adventure set out together, every group encounter with chance where one only risks more isolation (which is to say "more nothing"). Communism is property destruction or a spontaneous ambush upon punk nazis and fascists whose idea of an alternate community is no change at all from the manipulated, mangled and decapitating virtual simulation we currently endure. Communism is play, not pay; mutual, not mutilating; of interest, not constraint; annihilating of power, not absconding with it.

Its potential now situated everywhere, the word "communism" is no longer even necessary. Let's call a spade a spade and not "a certain extraction utensil": the word is "possibility". Digging in or cutting out, we are talking communication. Community. Shared possibility. Clearly, it's a touchy subject: ticklish, tricky, flammable, sensitive, intimate!

The class war may be fought in the classroom, even taught in the classroom, where ambitious students in training for protracted employment can only yearn for the weekend, as weekdays are fraught with struggle or beaten senseless by boredom -- *repeat it, repeat it, eat it, eat it*. Class only begets class, a gyroscopic closed loop held in awe by spinning classmates and other tales.

If you are what you eat,
if it tastes like shit,
is it not time yet
to go on a diet?

-- *Atka Mip*

Truancy is the gateway to the interregions, where there be no class at all. Revolutions cannot be won by weekend warriors or mutating cells. Cancer is merely the collective spread of mutations always resulting in one's own monstrosity or death from opposing

municipal munitions. A thriving organism, art, communism, the guerilla theatre of possibility distributing itself into the future is not waged within any oppressive institution, but in between, even without them. It's a different language beating a different bongo -- *da da dih dit* -- to an unknown audience named Zed. Dig it?

This is not to suggest the chaotic mayhem of riot, although that at times is something inspirate, or even helpful in avoiding the gaze of perambulating patrolmen. Art by its very definition reveals patterns. Collective art is certainly a social organisation, a system we are not opposed to, since we ourselves are social organisms. Iteration creates tradition and tradition is the form, shape and expression of a social institution -- it is its durability. "Eutopean" institutions can erupt anywhere outside the oppressive ones, if only during resplendant moments, always measured in distance from a given point and produced by / producing motion -- nothing is permanent and when that is realised, we are no longer constrained by impossibility.

One leaves oppressive institutions through the back window or the front door. Every truant child understands this. Missing out on the daily instruction of civil grammarians, the truant is the barbarian-becoming.

The number and order of possible suppositions in this realm
is precisely infinity!

And what is infinity?

That is precisely what we do not know!

It is a word that we use...

the space of possibility was given to me one day like a loud fart that I will
make; but neither of space, nor possibility, did I know precisely what it
was,

and I did not feel the need to think about it,

they were words invented to define things that existed or did not exist in the
face of the pressing urgency of a need: the need to abolish the idea, the idea
and its myth, and to enthrone in its place the thundering manifestation of
this explosive necessity:

to dilate the body of my internal night

-- Antonin Artaud

0 comments

Body without Organs

Posted on [the autopsy table](#) by Dave on May 4, 1946

"The intimate order cannot truly destroy the order of things (just as the
order of things has never completely destroyed the intimate order). But this
real world having reached the apex of its development can be destroyed, in
the sense that it can be reduced to intimacy. Strictly speaking,
consciousness cannot make intimacy reducible to it, but it can reclaim its
own operations, recapitulating them in reverse, so that they ultimately
cancel out and consciousness itself is strictly reduced to intimacy"

-- Bataille

Would infinitely ordered complexity not be the same thing as chaos? Would that, *a priori*,
be nonrepresentable and nondiscursive, rendering the entire dichotomy between order and
chaos absurd?

I think the whole idea of a body without organs repeats a critique of reductionism, specificism, dialectics (dualism), trialectics (trialism), over-and-under generalisation, reification and lastly, deification -- all matters of dissection ("splitting"), extraction and fusion-reaction ("compression") which force-fits the entire universe (or at least the exclusive parts of it) into a single container-form in the search for freedom, a free energy with the potential to destroy the whole fucking ball of wax in a big bang. Sort of makes a fella hungry for electroshock, eh? But was that freedom *of* movement or freedom *from* movement? Blow your own mind!



The organ, as the container form for atoms, genes, memes and other corpuscles, is the kingdom of god-the-usurper: King Bada Dada (Ubu Roi, "who personified all the ugliness in the world" -- *Alfred Jarry*) the god particle, evil seed or "noxious microbe" is thus only the most miniscule "resident" of "Man", though not native to it. Artaud's argument, that Man himself must be annihilated, emasculated, stripped of the "animalcule" and turned "wrongside out", is said to be his madness, but didn't Max Stirner also say "Man is just a Spook"? And who doesn't say "It's a topsy-turvy world"?

Deleuze says the body without organs is experience: experimental, not interpretative. This is the function of skin -- the interface with the world -- intimacy, intimate, communicate. The dialating or constricting holes in our skin point simultaneously in and out in accord with variably passing gas or other absurdity, all things being equal (parts nutrient and excrement). Aesthetics and upbringing (in our reality, the marriage of choice and vomit or shit and time) make the difference. (But sometimes they don't!)

I am not raving.
I am not mad.
I tell you that they have reinvented microbes in order to impose
a new idea of god.

They have found a new way to bring out god and to capture him
in his microbic noxiousness...

I have found the way to put an end to this ape once and for all
and that although nobody believes in god any more everybody
believes more and more in man.

So it is man whom we must now make up our minds to emasculate.

How's that?

By placing him again, for the last time, on the autopsy table to
remake his anatomy.

I say, to remake his anatomy.
Man is sick because he is badly constructed.
We must make up our minds to strip him bare in order to scrape
off that animalcule that itches him mortally,

god,
and with god
his organs.

For you can tie me up if you wish,
but there is nothing more useless than an organ.

When you will have made him a body without organs,

then you will have delivered him from all his automatic reactions
and restored him to his true freedom.

Then you will teach him again to dance wrong side out
as in the frenzy of dance halls

and this wrong side out will be his real place.

-- Antonin Artaud

Ha! No possibility of madness distributing itself into the future?

They have found a new way to bring out god and to capture him
in his computational noxiousness...

I have found the way to put an end to this puppet parrot once and for all and that although nobody believes in man any more everybody believes more and more in machine.

"Man" is sick because it has constructed itself, and badly!
There is nothing more useless than a prosthetic cash register

Ca ching, Ca ching, Ca ching.
Da ding, Da ding, Da ding

-- me

0 comments

To break with the given container-form and thus to give beyond what is given in immediate synchronicity with this break

Posted under [lurching tectonic plates](#) by Dave on May 5, 1968

Scholium I: The Pata-form

To practice distributivity is to acknowledge the inevitability of pataphor, the paralinguisticity of perception, the boundedness of action, the passion of ideas, the beauty of era, the chains of bureaucracy, the possibilities of intuition and the uncanny delight of chance. In contrast to the syllogistic rationality of bureaudocile logistics, distributivity is situational, shifts with the winds, courts contradiction, feeds on inconsistency. We embrace a distributivity of bewilderment. We don't know where we are going and never have, just try to grapple as best we can with where we are. The dissemination that most engages us is not theoretically perspicacious. Indeed, it has a distributivity and an aesthetics, but not a predetermining theory. It is multiform and chaotic, always reformulating and regrouping. Competence is less important to us than responsiveness; mobility, ingenuity and invention more important than solutions to predefined problems.

Scholium II: The Cate-form

Stockpiling occurs according to the relationship between container and its contents. We remarked initially that the substance, known as the contents, is none other than process; and in the form of content, it signifies a material in storage, a latent force. But we have always considered it from its own stable form. The form of a container is a form contrary to the form of its contents; its function is to prevent the contents from entering into process, except in controlled and limited conditions and editions.

Scholium III: Going back to nature

Nothing unnatural can exist within nature. It must correspond to the general natural world hitherto presented to us and to some system or other, for otherwise it is not in nature and if it really confronts the eyes none can say: oh how untrue.

Answer in earnest for once: can art ever depict other than what can be found -- namely in the human soul, in the draughtsman's soul? Is this not also a nature, a reality, a truth?

What? But by God, according to this rule, whence comes your judgement about the most idiotic irrationalities? What hinders the imagination from descent into ravings, Phoebus himself to febrile fantasy?

Take care! Perhaps after the apparent defence against irrationalities, the most dangerous still remain.

Paint, sing, write everything -- only, only -- *don't be boring!*

Now all the screws are loose, for if one sets oneself the goal of composing to the standard of not being boring -- what rule decides such a thing? What one finds boring can please another. One is pleased with a bacchanal, another condemns that sort of thing and finds the admirable in a hymn, and not only when the genre itself is ruled by the same subjective, changeable and chance taste. What standard should the artist then have?

Have we ever said that in art one should work according to goals?

If a stroke of lightning thrills your soul, if a heaven (according to your way) dawns in it --

then sing, paint or write, and you are an artist. Woe unto you otherwise. If you draw in the living features a happy stroke of lightning showed you, then this drawing is probably enjoyable -- for you at the least. So you can be sure that the composition captivated at least one person.

But if you, however, sit down with resolution, despite the trouble and difficulties that it causes you (almost as if guided by a certain medicinal and expectant willingness) to compose a work that will give pleasure to, interest and refresh others -- then be aware that this will please *no one*. What is vital -- regardless of many a fault -- has greatness within it, comes to life. What is limp and lifeless -- whether or not it founders on some other good characteristic -- lacks, at least, *the whole*.

Therefore obey the divine lightning, when it commands you -- artist, do not speculate about whether it is reasonable, whether it is sublime, whether it is ..., be a fly caught in a spider's web, but draw -- in the hour of your fortune -- be glad and make glad.

But should everything then be judged according to pleasure, should enjoyment be made the core of *The System* and the purpose of things? In no way. But *for him who finds something admirable, enjoyment is surely there too*, a true and correct enjoyment as an inevitable consequence and fruit. By *its fruit can you thus know and measure your own work*.

Everything you put together under the rule of a heavenly fire certainly has *its own* true naturalness. If you venture to shape something outside this, be certain then that it, in a true artistic sense, will become unnatural, be it a copy of whatsoever reality there is in your vicinity, of whatsoever planks or cottage.

But -- some would now say about us -- "how can you venture to do such a thing as to reject all theories, to hate systems, advise against all order?" -- and even worse, "how can this be reconciled with morals, religion and all correctness, purity, virtue in fine art, when you deny the artist a standard, a goal, a mark -- and just want him to be driven by an incomprehensible flame?"

We hate no system that really is a system. -- We have only said that the artist should not have his goal *before* him.

Scholium IV: The truth of scepticism and guilelessness

Fault and fall know all men.
The most intelligent knows most.
He who has to talk a lot, often lies.

-- *Paratextus*

Truth is what we believe in, but as science is scepticism, mistrust or disbelief and doubt, this in itself must be an empty if necessary truth. On the other hand, imagination or conception is again superstition, guilelessness or blind despair, and yet we perceive it as a necessary truth. An idea is a lie if one does not believe in it. To form hypotheses and ideas presupposes then the ability to lie or discover something that one does not immediately believe. From these apparent lies the scientist chooses the most probable and tests them, whilst the artist chooses the most exciting. Thus we see that science lives on superstition and that the superstition does not decrease but grows with scientific development, that freedom of belief is the precondition for scientific development and that the most enlightened people, if they are alive, must also be the most superstitious people in the world. Science develops in an uninterrupted sceptical combatting of superstition. The day that all superstition is conquered, science will stagnate.

Scholium V: The formless awaits gift

But there is no limit to the supply of the formless, or interregnum. The universe is made out of it; but it was not all used in making the universe. The spaces in, through, and between the forms of the visible universe are permeated and filled with interregna which require as a gift our activity for anything of interest at all to occur -- the formless and unrealized potentials courting interregna, i.e. the raw materials of all innovation, ask for an immediate praxis if anything extraordinary is ever to happen. That this is already realized everywhere as the main rule of sublime aesthetics, is uninteresting. The interest lies in the interregnal distribution of sublime aesthetics, their transport into unexpected areas of reception, into areas that are formless in the moment, their break with preexisting container-forms that expect their routine presence. Thus we can immediately cite the university, art galleries and the bureaucratic distribution of aesthetics in general as dried

up general forms incapable of producing interest in terms of their reified opposition to forms of distribution realized beyond their respective container-forms and protocols -- since these protocols already exist and are now confined within container-forms to cycles of repetition that attract human bodies, this strong attraction thus opposes sublime and epic distributive innovation with the boring violence of an institutionalized, cyclic idleness that cannot be negotiated with. Aesthetic renewal and advancement is uninteresting without a simultaneous renewal in the way the aesthetic content is distributed into the world, the intensity of which can be measured through the intensity of interregal moments, i.e. through the supersession of absolutely every possible dead or routine distribution comprising those moments.

-- *anonymous, carl almqvist & asger jorn*
SPITTOON Central Committee

0 comments

Mommy, there's anarchists in the basement!!!

Posted on [the cellar door](#) by Dave on Mach 24, 2009

'A man of a thousand masks,' one of his biographers said of Michel Foucault, so how seriously can we take the guise he assumed to say that power arises in struggle, in war, and such a war as is of every man against every man. 'Who fights whom?' he asked. 'We all fight each other.' Critics and exegetes hardly notice Foucault's connection to Hobbes except to mention the apparently radical disclaimer that his own notion of power is 'the exact opposite of Hobbes' project in *Leviathan*.' We have to give up our fascination with sovereignty, 'cut off the king's head,' free our attention from the repressive institutions of state. Power comes from below. It is invested in the structures and cleavages of everyday life, omnipresent in quotidian regimes of knowledge and truth. If in the Hobbesian contract subjects constitute the power, the Commonwealth that keeps them all in awe, in the Foucauldian schema power constitutes the subjects. All the same, the structuralism that Foucault abandoned for a sense of the poly-amorphous perverse, this structuralism taught that opposites are things alike in all significant respects but one. So when Foucault speaks of a war of each against all, and in the next breath even hints of a Christian divided self -- 'And there is always within each of us something that fights something else' -- we are tempted to believe that he and Hobbes had more in common than the fact that, with the exception of Hobbes, both were bald.

Marshal Sahlins

It seems "power" as a focus of 'radical' discourse, even (or especially) among anarchists is making a big comeback. I wonder if there would be any interest in renewing a critique of "power", or has that passed under the bridge, drowning all the critics and exegetes such that we no longer know their names, or for that matter, care?

I can't help but cringe when I hear "power" and "anarchist" on the same side of the predicate, much as I would around "anarchist law" or "anarchist leadership". Is there a medication I should be taking?

In what sense? Where are you getting this vibe from?

I don't know. I can't really give you a specific source. As you say, it's a vibe. Maybe it comes from what I don't see. But I do frequently see the word in uncritical contexts, such as "eroticized power", "self-empowerment" (as a psychological tactic), the "absence of power inherent in leftist movements", & et. I used to distinguish insurrection and revolution by what they wanted to do with it: destroy or negate power in the first and abscond with it in the second. Maybe I've been lurking at libcom too much, where "revolution" seems forever mistook for *coup de tat*. My main concern is that I don't really even see a critique of power any more, allowing the default position, "politicization", to saturate the psyche and inform all our actions and communiques. All possible positions become political. Tiqqun tells us friendship is political or it is nothing! I think this is built into dialectics itself, and one must be very careful when threatening that regime, as it is seen as a threat to nature herself.

It is impossible to get rid of a world without getting rid of the language that conceals and protects it, without laying bare its true nature. As the 'social truth' of power is permanent falsification, language is its permanent guarantee ...language is the house of power, the refuge of its police violence. Any dialogue with power is violence, whether passively suffered or actively provoked. When power wants to avoid resorting to its material arms, it relies on language to guard the oppressive order. This collaboration

is in fact the most natural expression of all power.

-- *Mustapha Khayati*

It seems to me that power is most problematic where it does not appear openly, where it is not given a specific form, e.g. I think it is appropriate to say 'I want the power to live my life on my own terms' (in this example 'power' refers to an appropriate share in the disposal of the world's energy supply). In the same way, where in a phallogocentric society the fetish-phallus is not openly brandished, it becomes difficult to understand the mechanism by which the concentric circles of significance and priority are arranged. Where power is named and tied to a specific project it becomes open to critique... the disappearance of the discourse of power causes the disappearance of any focus for critique.

-- *from the salon*

"So anarchists must not only provoke confrontations, but also ensure that they contribute to a more horizontal and decentralized distribution of power."

-- *crimethinc*

The point of insurrection as well as revolution is not to "further struggle" but to end it. Tennyson early on discovered this paradox:

There is music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between the walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And in the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

a poem of toil -- *Tennyson*

It is not ironic that we may have to take our struggles further than they are at present in order to proceed. The key here is "proceed", and that requires a choice -- whenever that occurs, one also takes hold of chance. It might just be that without chance, life becomes meaningless. I'd prefer not the "redistribution of power", but its annihilation altogether. The Americans have discarded the contradictory half of the definition of power: 'potential, possibility, capability' and nearly everyone has followed suit in compartmentalising the concepts into "unrelated" domains, confining power *par excellence* to hierarchical arrangements (hierarchy by definition is both wedded and gives birth to power) and potential is reduced to electrico-mechanical (cybernetic) circuits and is therefore in no way reducible to choice or chance (or ability). It is the nature of this conscripted power, hierarchy, to eliminate both choice and chance,

but as they say in New Orleans as well as in [Quebec City](#), "Fook da police!"

[0 comments](#)

A Swift Spectacle: mouse vs. mountain

Posted in [enlightened times](#) by Dave on May 40, 1689

"All this power, and yet I am a mere rat!" he shrieks to his internal monologue.

-- *anonymnous*

The wily shafts of state, those jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep designs and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Because the cords escape their eye,
Wonder to see the motions fly,
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
How plain I see through the deceit!
How shallow, and how gross, the cheat!
Look where the pulley's tied above!

Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs and designs of states!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountains shake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
Scared at the unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle fears.

-- Jonathan Swift, ~1689

0 comments

Speaking on behalf of madness...

Posted in [the mental ward](#) by Dave on May 39, 2011

keywords: *syndrome -- multivariate, synergistic, emergent patterns of similarity*

For example, symptoms of hypothyroidism & depression overlap to such an extent that one cannot always distinguish one from the other^[1]. If we rule out thyroid dysfunction, depression becomes a negative delineation (defined by what it is not) and therefore a category of "everything else" subsumed under the objectively verifiable subjective state of "the blues" or malaise -- like that heavy feeling, just prior to the onset of a cold or other illness, that all is not well, but lingers so long it seems a cold or flu or broken leg would be a welcome diversion, if only to relieve the despondent boredom of it all. "All" is an appropriate label -- everything sucks -- denoting the universal equality of all ambiguity. Diagnosis is always a process of elimination. The problem is that by naming this syndrome, we confuse the leftovers with the truth of the meal. Depression cannot be reduced to hypothyroidism even when it (the syndrome) is a consistent feature. Depression is the diagnosis when even the diagnostician is at a loss to find a specific predisposing cause. Best to hand the "patient" off to another specialist, a pharmacist or geneticist, lest the head-shrink as well catch the bug.

According to American psychologist Martin Seligman, depression in humans is similar to learned helplessness in laboratory animals, who remain in unpleasant situations when they are able to escape, but do not because they initially learned they had no control.

-- anonymous

From the standpoint of evolution, depression may be a good thing as it enforces "the body" to rest while healing functions kick in and as well signals empathetic others to come to your aid, lest you wither away in your pining isolation. Of course, were this true, we would have to expect some degree of compassion would as well have been selected among social animals. Darwin in fact hinted at this "sympathy" (as he called it in his *Descent of Man*) as the very principle of sociality. Kropotkin literally ran with the idea, perhaps endowed with a bit more of this principle than the good Mr. Darwin.

Except for its usual absence of fever, depression is also indistinguishable from "sickness behaviour" in other mammals, a syndrome well known to sympathetic veterinarians. Of course, many other animals also exhibit non-febrile grief, where-in a loss appears to us similarly indicative of abandonment or isolation. While we witness grief-like behaviour, we cannot, of course, be sure of its subjective phenomenology. But it appears in much of the animal kingdom that one cannot get through grief in isolation, not without strong doses of amnesiac substances or events. And as any stress can compromise one's immune system, feverish flu-like symptoms may follow. With a generalized loss of homeostasis, answering the question of the causal or sequential primacy of "imbalanced brain-chemistry" comes to resemble the chicken 'n egg argument. We turn to the the authority of the experts working for pharmaceutical companies and their insurance stooges for final judgement, those who announce, should sales of psycho-pharmaceuticals drop, a new mutated strain of flu-virus for which they themselves are working feverishly to counter. Help is just around the corner!

ASD (autistic spectrum disorders, a current favorite among diagnosticians and insurance salesmen since anxiety and depression have become so passé -- everyone not feverishly engaged with their cell phone or ipod is already medicated!) is another syndrome, like depression and even polio, confused with a specific ailment, and through magical

thinking in the guise of 'guilt by association', considered to have a specific, universal or primary cause. In fact, it is a syndrome of syndromes, yet medication only targets one of its possible effects (again, "imbalanced brain chemistry" assumed in most cases a result of damaged or defective genes). Determining a 'cause' in specific instances is not impossible, but generalizing from one situation explained to apply to all situations found to be similar is itself a magical thinking disorder.

How many diagnosticians themselves suffer from an undiagnosed or *Subclinical Aristotelean Disorder*? A good case could be made for childhood or developmental trauma as a cause for much ASD. The trauma may be in the form of a viral-induced (or so-called "spontaneous") genetic mutation, a toxic reaction with identical effects (cases have been built implicative of mercury used as a preservative in vaccines accounting for cases of both polio and autism), family trauma or institutional abuse such as an over-enthusiastic taser weapon (In my day, it was a yard-stick repeatedly applied to the back of the head of grade-school children in an attempt to determine which would break first). In some situations, the identical logic Stanley Diamond [expressed](#) linking schizophrenia (the most famous "thought disorder") with the civilising or double-binding process could be made regarding ASD, particularly one of its more common sub-syndromes, Asperger's. We are speaking of learning our culture *too* well, or "hypercivilisation".

[Wikipedia](#) has something like this to say:

Hypercivilised People often display behavior, interests, and activities that are restricted and repetitive and are sometimes abnormally intense or focused. They may stick to inflexible routines, move in stereotyped and repetitive ways, or preoccupy themselves with parts of objects.

Pursuit of specific and narrow areas of interest is one of the most striking features of the Hypercivilised. Individuals with hypercivilisation may collect volumes of detailed information on a relatively narrow topic such as weather data or star names, without necessarily having genuine understanding of the broader topic. For example, a child might memorize camera model numbers while caring little about photography. This behavior is usually apparent by grade school, typically age 5 or 6 in the United States. Although these special interests may change from time to time, they typically become more unusual and narrowly focused, and often dominate social interaction so much that the entire family may become immersed. Because narrow topics often capture the interest of children, this symptom may go unrecognized.

Stereotyped and repetitive motor behaviors are a core part of the diagnosis of hypercivilisation and related civil disorders. They include hand movements such as flapping or twisting, and complex whole-body movements such as dumpster-diving. These are typically repeated in longer bursts and look more voluntary or ritualistic than tics, which are usually faster, less rhythmical and less often symmetrical.

Regarding treatment, we find elsewhere:

Occupational therapy and behaviour modification identify such exaggerated gestures with appropriate job or career descriptions such as modern dance, mime, olympic swimming, photography or guillotine operation. If an appropriate occupation cannot be found, diagnosis of asperger's syndrome or other autistic spectrum disorder is indicated and further treatment may be a problematic, if not futile undertaking. Efforts should be redirected to the identification of genetic dysfunction, pharmaceutical suppression of offensive brain activity and [quarantine](#) in "group homes".

In many ways, much so-called mental illness could be equally said to be expressions of the hypercivilised condition (see [Bleu Marin](#)), and therefore, signs of success^[2]. This is poetic irony, itself often diagnosed as a sign of madness. In the case of literal toxic shock, when biocidal toxins are noted as the chief resultant of capitalist production, whether in the form of ionizing radiation, chemical pollution, toxic waste resynthesized into food additives or crop treatments, microwave attacks on cellular nuclei (aka, cellular technology), reduced atmospheric oxygen content in relation to hydrocarbons aggravated by the aviation industry and deforestation, for the organism to come out a bit crooked is to be expected. To focus on genetic predisposition for "disorder" is to render invisible the multivariate, perhaps infinite factors produced by the avant garde civil (aka, capitalist) relation operating within an environment which could do quite well on its own (without our continual meddling and manipulation).

Erich Fromm insisted that madness is in fact a normal reaction to a mad world. At the time, the term colloquially referred to a specialisation psychologists labeled "abnormal

psychology" -- a statistical deviation from the central tendency. Adjustment to society was a big concern. Fitting in. It still is. Fromm was not alone in thinking this itself was a form of madness, considering the world we were supposed to adjust to, a world which seemed intent on blowing itself up. Today, we no longer have to fear a global mushroom cloud. The "well-adjusted" have successfully despoiled the planet such that it is no longer a fit place to live, and it seems there's no stopping them. So many agree, yet to go against the grain is still considered madness.

In a "pro-revolutionary" [discussion forum](#), one poster seems to have taken this to heart: the world itself is mad and our reaction is merely a resultant of our biology.

Fetishism is the product of an interaction between emergent consciousness and the hard programmed cognitive/perceptive capacity to recognise patterns...the derangement of cognitive functioning.

...we may infer that in pre-psychiatrically aware societies an increased sensitivity to pattern (i.e madness) would introduce an ability for identifying (or projecting onto) symbolic meanings in events, objects and relations which, and this most importantly, would operate problematically with regard to the pragmatic productive relations of the community.

...Acute sensitisation to hidden meanings (fetishism) would have introduced into human relations those attributes that we now recognise as separating us from animals (i.e. consciousness). Consciousness is a by-product of madness and without that fetishism which is derived from mental derangement it is unlikely that the symbolic order, social values, meaning, awareness of time, empathy and so on would have entered productive relations.

Our reaction is a necessary "fetishism", an increased sensitivity to pattern', aka 'madness', emergent from the hardware? I'm not so certain. I particularly disagree in the sense that are we now involved in a diagnosis of the world (the current manifestation of productive relations that it is, yes this is true, if there is any "truth" at all) but no longer of ourselves, stuck as we are in our despicably "accumulative" species-being, victims of our own biology. It's suggestive of a program of [global helplessness](#) (it's in your genes, get over it) where all transgression is, *a priori*, futile. Social Critique itself has become, in a manner of speaking, "[counterrevolutionary](#)".

The contributor goes on to say:

I was not quite saying that. I think different societies have taken a more community based approach to madness as opposed to the individualised approach in this society. Under present conditions the mad are perceived as not achieving the capacities of the ideal rational individual. My interpretation of other approaches is that they do not see a damaged individual so much as the embodiment of a significant resource for the community (a blessing). Thus the mad person becomes elevated to role of shaman or equivalent, he is the one who sees relations as they 'really are', that is he invents such intense meanings that others are capable of seeing them. Of course the increasing rate of production of such 'blessings' in mass society tends to relieve those so defined of their special status.

Very good. But these other, "community-based" approaches would not see the world itself as mad, but as well full of blessings (read "possibilities"). Yes, the dissemination of novel inventions prevents the shaman from becoming a priest, our standard view of the sequence of things moving from "not-mad other" (archaic) to "mad us" (modern) -- it's a religion-and-opium sort of thing. But the "mad-shaman" does not lose his "job" once new ideas/interpretations are tolerated. S/he is to a degree still isolated because some of these ideas are dangerous or full of portent. It may not be safe for one not used to them to engage. There is also the matter of potential conflict between the new inventions and community traditions, so the distance between "shaman" and the rest of the community, despite the many blessings, resists the continual change (positive feedback system) which the universal endorsement of "mad invention" might stimulate. At the same time, hierarchy (our colloquial interpretation of "shamanism"/"avant gardism") is denied. Not too ironically, the shaman is also the protector of community tradition.

Madness here only approaches the novel interpretations coming from the other, the potential for traditions to be deflected or resisted. Madness becomes the condition of possibility and individuality. The "mad-shaman" is not elevated, but separated as the broker between the unique and the social. Madness in this regard becomes necessary for society to function. This madness might not emerge from the hardware, but from the software -- cultures are different. The conflation of difference with madness (psychosocial damage) is itself a cultural artifact. Madness itself is an illusional or artificial (plastic)

container-form; anguish, despair, shell shock, terror are not. Damage is the appropriate gloss -- there is nothing irrational about these "damaged" states. When the community agrees with a certain "madness", they call it "creativity". The modern condition interprets any "radical" divergence from its traditions of "rational normality and its capacities" (read "storage containers", "volume measurements", "values", "constrained possibilities") a threat. Constrain or cure madness ("irrationality") and the whole tent-show collapses: "society" and the entire world takes on the appearance of madness which must be manipulated and controlled.

This should all be taken as metaphorically as possible. One thing is certain: psycho-social damage is not a genetic proclivity, a necessary emergent of consciousness. We are told the subjective state exists on a continuum such as to suggest the "stiff upper lip" is the normal genetic expression and breakdown must be the result of weak genes for "self-control" in the face of adversity.

But could it be that there is as well a genetic predisposition for life and health and well-being? Or is it really true that there are no good genes? In this day and age, more and more people are experiencing tantrums, hearing voices, calling bullshit, and this can only mean that reality itself is beginning to escape from our grabby little clutches.

"Everything that's known is pretty much wrong"
-- Phil Austin

notes:

[1]: Before it became a tooth-paste ingredient and eventually the base for anti-depressant medications (eg., prozac & et), floriade was the treatment of choice (and a most effective one at that) for hyperthyroidism. Rapidly absorbed through the skin, a weak solution in water could lower thyroid function in a matter of minutes. It was known nearly a century ago that too long in the tub could bring on acute episodes of melancholia. Chronic use would of course maintain chronic depressive states, cretinism, brain fog, rapid emotional cycling, attention deficits, psychosis, cardiac dysrhythmia and death. Lithium-based mood stabilizers have been known to produce similar effects.

[2]: I am informed the UK's *National Health Service* is the country's largest call center, taking in astronomically huge profits in exchange for its mundanely miniscule promises.

0 comments

The Bullshit Detector

Posted in [a vat of strong stomach acid](#) by Dave on May 33, 2011

Reading from the script, the clinical psychologist asked if I'd ever felt I possessed some special abilities making me different from other people. I replied I had a pretty good bullshit detector, whereafter she scratched out the provisional diagnosis, "~~alexithymia, do not rule out Autistic Spectrum Disorder~~", and scribbled in "Delusional Psychosis".

The Limits of Classical Psychology...

are drawn just before the discoveries through which all traditional authority is called into question and which shake the basis of existence of those who feel safe and secure in the authority of the existing order... the terrible distortions and degradations of impulses and emotions, which, pent up behind the borders of consciousness, sabotage all psychic events, are the normal aberrations and fits of despair of a psyche that is already broken and alienated by external constraints and inducements. The repression of its own power of orientation, its innate value system, is the prerequisite for this condition of the psyche.

The time itself provides the immeasurable inner force which, as spirit and destruction, desire and rage, presses chaotically forward, towards change or downfall. The greatest part of this force is dissipated by internal conflict with the accepted norms and is pent up in the unconscious. Whatever stands ready in this area of the repressed--the innate, eternal values as well as the regenerating forces of this transitional period--we are in a position today to make available to resolute utilization... And it must be carried through without restraints, by accepting all consequences, and with the full awareness of the absolute, irreconcilable opposition to everything and

anything that today in the name of authority, institution, power and custom, stands in the way of the fulfillment of mankind.

-- Otto Gross. *Protest and Morality in the Unconscious* 1919

The State of Exception in Psychogeography just before the discovery of political correctness

You know, in 1492, when the settlers came to this continent, they killed the Indians and took their land. Then they brought black people to this land and made slaves out of them. And then George Washington, who was the first president of the United States, had 250 slaves -- which is a felony. At that time -- and I use that expression "*at that time*", for the simple reason that you cannot say, "it was okay to kill the Jews at that time". You know? A felony does not lose its dimension by the passing of time...

And I always say, if God wanted the Jews to have Palestine, why'd he give the Chinese a whole continent? Understand that? The fact is, East Prussia was part of Germany. By 1914, there was a thing called the Polish Corridor, which allowed Poland access to the Baltic -- it was a land-locked country. After World War II, they gave them East Prussia. They gave the Poles East Prussia -- they could've given the Jews the Rhineland, and the world couldn't've said anything. After all, they took the lives and the property of 600,000 German Jews. What happened to that property? Who has it now?

Israel says that God gave them the land that now belongs to Palestine. That little piece of land. We are part of a solar system. Nine planets revolving around the sun. There are billions and billions of planets throughout the universe, in billions and billions of galaxies. How did God even find this planet, let alone that little tiny piece of land to give them?

-- Prof Irwin Corey, ca '60's

The thing with the bullshit detector is that it can't be said to be consciously rational. It is intuitive, from the gut. This is not to suggest it is irrational. I'm sure were one to dissect the gray matter into ever finer articulations, one would discover a grand rationality of synaptic patterning. Were sufficient computational power employed, the graphic output might resemble a butterfly suddenly taken to fluttering. But for the most part, rationality is engaged to justify a decision to go with the gut feeling or not. This can occur before the "fact" (reasoned choice) or after the fact (excuse). More often than not, reason is engaged in order to do nothing at all or to justify what has already been done.

"His mind so set on the problems afoot, the sudden fluttering of white flakes did not churn him into movement; yet still, ever-preserved in amber was the form of that moment; the insect died of over-contemplation!"

-- Atka Mip

Game theory and other "rational" epistemic systems only posit the other, less-used strategy: the cost-benefit ratio underlying informed consent (or dissent) which ultimately means "there is no choice but the right one", and that is no choice at all. It suggests all adversity is in the end, co-opted by the universe. Of course, we know this to be a load of Kidney's dingles, even outside of the university. Things do, after all, move, and not always in predictable directions:

"I don't know whether to shit or wind my watch. I guess I'll shit on my watch."

-- George Carlin, *Shit*

By the same token, the bullshit detector is not constrained by analytic or holistic thinking. We can just as easily posit "The whole ball of wax stinks!" as "This part just doesn't seem to fit". But gut action tends to perform dissolving rather than differentiating functions. Unlike the goat, we have but one gut. The bullshit detector is merely an aesthetic disturbance, more generally suspicious than auspicious, signalling a possible turning point. This disturbance in the force is not necessarily a crisis. It may have only been a farting fly, not an exploding planet.

Whether we turn toward further exploration or away from a rotten smell, we have made a choice. We do this many times each day. Whether it is a conscious or unconscious choice is neither here nor there. The former expresses agency, the latter, habit. Not all habits have bad consequences (think "breathing") and not all intent, rational or not, brings on the "good" -- to wit: "the best laid plans of mice..."

The thing with a well-functioning bullshit detector is that it tends to bring us to consciousness. It is always possible to go against the democratic grain and refuse the

vaccination. If your choice incurs dire consequences, like the state absconds with your children, perhaps this only means you made a worse choice in trying to engage with the institution in the first place. Next time, you will do things differently. But first, you must get your kids back.

... Or not.

To co-opt the discussion of bullshit into a collective versus individual dialectic is only a diversion with a long history. It is a "fact" that there are both even (shared) and oddball aesthetic sensibilities. Just look around. Rembrandt? Salvadore Dali? In art, the avant garde expresses difference. In politics, it is the same old shit in a shinier package, say, a hotel room full of fat glow-worms smoking cuban cigars or dull anarchists building bombs in the basement.

If the individual cannot move against the flow, culture would never change and a salmon could not spawn. If there were no collective or sociable "instincts", there would be no cultural flow against which the individual ("oddball"?) could transgress, and no sperm to entertain the salmon's reproductive facility, and thus, no reason to swim upstream. The individual-collective dialectic itself needs to dissolve in a vat of strong stomach acid.

The point is that very often, it is too much cost-benefit rationality (aka, functional teleology) which strips us of choice, producing perhaps an undesirable inertia toward a brick wall or oncoming windshield. One has certain ends in mind, sure. But there are always optional routes to get there, routes along which we might even change our minds concerning ends in general.

If you want a certain level of income and you want to get high from time to time, best not seek employment within drug-testing institutions. But again, most reason is engaged teleologically, 'in order to' make no choice at all. This always seems to entail sacrifice or immolation. The very best rationalism of all is the stand that says "choice" itself is an irrelevant artifact of a bourgeois historical environment. I generally choose to ignore such sentiments.

0 comments

Asger Jorn's Goldfish

Posted in [the aquarium](#) by Dave on May 32, 1963

THE AESTHETIC CONCEPT OF GOD:

The cat wants the fish, but won't get its paw wet.

*Besides the temples for all the nature gods,
the Greeks also built a temple to 'the unknown god',
which we here have called the aesthetic principle of nature.*

-- Asger Jorn

The absence of artful conversation, even the potential for artful conversation is wiped out and replaced by the frantic, silent analysis of surroundings and situation, juxtaposing the extreme downpour of internal sensation and analysis with the utterly barren and empty conversation that takes place, the agony of perpetual co-existence, the utter strength of the internal monologue vs. the absurd banality of the conversation that self-loathingly exists alongside it, paling in comparison, and you WANT that voice to come alive so bad you WANT IT you WANT it but this want is always always existing alongside the faint and dreary sense that the muscles required for it's enactment have literally never been trained or disciplined and you know that it is precisely the attempt to train them in any desirable manner that provokes the highest anxiety reaction described above and you've read Asger Jorn so you know that the cat wants the fish but won't get it's paw wet and you know that muscle movements create glandular secretions and thereby emotion or the body's collected continual reaction and you know that your own body's collected continual reaction is persistently spiraling as disoriented and grotesquely off into the opposite direction any time you attempt to set it straight (the higher your ambition for straightness, the greater and thus more distressing the disorientation becomes is the general rule, it seems) so you attempt to hide from the



stress and anxiety of the disorientation and instead promote DYSPHASIA and your own absence as it is the only relief.

But really, Asger, you don't know that the cat wants the fish, and getting his paws wet is of no concern. If he wants them wet, he will wet them, fish or no. It is NOTHING! Maybe he only wants the moment to be forever or forever to be this moment, or is just in a state of the moment in which the light sparkles, but only when goldfishes wiggle their tales at you, inviting. Not in, just in *viting*. You don't even realise this rhymes with biting. You are visiting, sight-seeing, window-shopping, because of NOTHING, except in receiving this invitation, you are the receptacle. The fishbowl is "a temple to *the unknown god*" Maybe you're not hungry at all and so this has nothing to do with wet or dry paws, only that the light has stopped sparkling and the last time you reached too tentatively for a mouse, it ran away. That time you did WANT IT but now you only remember a wiggling fish.

The fish has invited you to sparkle, and now you can't become his fishbowl because he's stopped wiggling his tale. You tentatively reach again and EVERYTHING sparkles. The fish has answered and now everyone is playing and there is no desire in a superflourishing open system. A passerby under an umbrella (who really doesn't want to get her paws wet) says "Superfluous!" and "Mundane!" and "Unproductive!" and "Waste of time!" and "That's Stupid!". But has she seen the sparkly gods? And you answer "Oppressed depressivist! Suppressor! Utilitarian instrumentalist! You lack EVERYTHING and desire everything but what you have, which is NOTHING! You WANT IT?" But really, you don't say this or even think it. It may have been a passing muse which went clean over your head. Because you are ensconced in a fishbowl. Game mode. You sparkle and if your paw gets wet or you get giddy and knock the bowl on the floor and there is wetness everywhere and there is gold sparkling in the middle of it all and you remember the mouse who got away and you eat the goldfish and isn't life just fucking grand?

And then even NOTHING sparkles! And you feel good because it was a fat fish from a big bowl and you are merely a small cat. You might even sleep now and the lady under the umbrella almost gets it and says "Eureka!" and "Lowly beast! Oh the futility of it all! The cat killed his own moment. The thrill is gone." And she goes off to hang herself.

And you conclude she must have been dead already. You know calling the doctor in such cases is a waste of time because,

(What's with the umbrella in this cozy house?)

you've just eaten and your paws are wet.

0 comments

The Stimulus Plan

Posted in [quick-sand](#) by Dave on May 36, 2011



Facing their own bankruptcy, why would TPTB.Inc simultaneously propagate "Thing's are looking up!" and "Oh my god, we're all gonna die!"? Well, it's true that things are looking up. Things are looking up like creepy vines on a dead building seeking de-vine guidance because people are no longer moving them about. The "doom and gloom", on the other hand is only a ploy. Like, the "Green Scare" was just another scary green monster, like a daily mutating virus. A state of despondency pretty much ensures all the

little gamers won't up and decide to move themselves. Like, who needs mass movements when there's still shit to buy at walmart and retro-mortgages and easier than ever credit ~~seams~~ er, plans? Your despair & further indebtedness is for ~~our~~ er, your own good. So what if your breast milk is full of jet fuel, that's going around. But have you had your flu shot yet?

Buy O₂ now while supplies last!

a message from the Institute for the Promotion of Learning-Disorders

0 comments

Cow Farts

Posted in [Davy Jone's Locker](#) by Dave on May 35, 1978

We've "always" thought (at least since the enlightenment, although there are traces even in the book of genesis, and certainly the Greeks were just as guilty) that 'man's' function, the distinguishing character, "human nature", is the endeavor to "understand" the world, to be "knowledgeable". We "seek" wisdom, truth. Superman fought the good fight for truth, justice and the amerikan way. "Endeavor" is appropriate: from F. *en devoir* 'some to have', earlier 'in duty'; a serious and sincere effort (15th cent) toward ownership or debt. The root sounds suspiciously like "devour". But back in the day, knowledge referred to carnal games, at least until the "natives" discovered city life, where any knowledge can be had for a price or commitment, except, of course, [Saturday](#) nights, a special case of the famed "*state of exception*".

An idea which does not put quite so much distance between ourselves and the other planetary residents is *Navigation* (< L. *navis* 'ship' + *agere* 'drive'). What sets us off from the rest is only our particular methods of driving. Whether driving cattle or sailing ships, it's still the same 'game'. Cattle can smell water before you can find it on the map, and without the wind, sails go limp as a shriveled dick.

We are certainly no better at navigation than a goose or a salmon, just different, as they are from each other. Navigational art is the science of homo. It is fundamental to all exploration and [adventure](#). Language itself moves and we often say we are moved by it. If we are close talkers, we can literally feel the wind on our face. Communication is a matter of navigating different viewpoints, not excluding between the living and dead (see "oral tradition"). Navigation is in fact fundamental to art and science. Cartography is not. One cannot walk very far on a map. The map itself needs passed on once we have gotten to where we've arrived. Besides, we're always more concerned with getting back than with going. Think of your job and tell me I'm wrong. Map making itself was taught to us by the birds and the stars. What has our great wisdom given them? Parrots can say "Up yours!" and the stars have been blinded by jet fuel and, they tell us, cow farts.

Sure, we're all still concerned with our place in the world, but it was our naval-gazing ancestors who became lost without moving an inch and decided to construct an "utopian" new world where movement is not even required. Slave, beast of burden or machine, we rarely move ourselves beyond the perceptual horizon unless it is a spectator or other commodified sport (or its 'impersonation'). Is it any wonder we are still lost when we bind ourselves so tightly to this archaic [ancestor worship](#)? Perhaps the birds and stars, those still left anyway, still have a thing or two to teach us.

0 comments

Play with your food! The game is not obligatory, but play might be.

Posted on a [ludicrous plate of paella](#) by Dave on May 34, 1938

From the perspective of a deterministic world governed by the blind action of forces, play would be entirely superfluous. But only play can make the destruction of the "absolute deterministic cosmos" possible, thinkable and understandable. The existence of play is a permanent corroboration from nature for the human situation beyond determinist logic. Animals themselves are capable of play, because they are something more than simple machines. If we joke and play, and we are conscious of it, we are more than simply rational, for play itself is a-rational.

-- Johan Huizinga

The playing through of the participation of existence, playful existence, existence itself, is the free engagement with chance, uncertainty, what Huizinga called "tension". This engagement waters, germinates and yields the "euphoria" of play. One could also say the "self-reinforcement feeding back to continue or repeat the engagement or emulate it elsewhere". Regarding word-play, Emily Dickinson said "If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry." Roger Caillois spoke of the will to vertigo.

Seen as a system of co-nurturing contingencies (or "communication"), even the whirling dervish is not restricted to the notion of a *temporary escape* from the "reality" of geo-spatial constraints, only their provisional alteration. Physics is friend to all acrobats. It may be that play brings in the random element to any situation, the "swerve" which can change everything, and is thus a guarantee against stagnation. Huizinga suggested play is not a functional phenomenon at all, even if it has functional side effects. One of these effects is movement, and movement alters not only perception, but opinion as well: "I see by your yo-yo that it is possible to mock gravity!"

"On the level of manual dexterity there can be cited games such as cup-and-ball, diabolo, and yo-yo. These simple instruments merely utilize basic natural laws, eg. gravity and rotation in the case of the yo-yo ... to transform a rectilinear alternating motion into a continuous circular movement. Kite-flying, on the contrary, relies on the exploitation (sic) of a specific atmospheric condition. Thanks to this, the player accomplishes a kind of auscultation upon the sky from afar. He projects his presence beyond the limits of his body. Again, the game of blindman's bluff offers an opportunity to experience the quality of perception in the absence of sight. It is readily seen that the possibilities of *ludus* are almost infinite."

"At one extreme [of the universe of play] an almost indivisible principle, common to diversion, turbulence, free improvisation, and carefree gaiety is dominant. It manifests a kind of uncontrolled fantasy that can be designated by the term *paidia*. At the opposite extreme, this frolicsome and impulsive exuberance is almost entirely absorbed or disciplined by a complementary, and in some respects inverse, tendency to its anarchic and capricious nature: there is a growing tendency to bind it with arbitrary, imperative, and purposely tedious conventions, to oppose it still more by ceaselessly practicing the most embarrassing chicanery upon it, in order to make it more uncertain of attaining its *desired effect*. This later principle is completely impractical, even though it requires an ever greater amount of effort, practice, skill, or ingenuity. I call this second component *ludus*."

-- Roger Caillois

Mimicry and repetition give us its structural appearance -- "game rules" are the situational boundaries within which play takes place. I'm thinking territory as well as perceptual, communicative and mnemonic horizons. Rules may also increase difficulty, which only bolsters uncertainty and keeps boredom (disinterest) at bay. Obviously, more dangerous play is made safer with rules else repetition must end when mimicry results in a massacre. But when rules are reified over and above the play itself, boredom, tedium and sabotage result.

For the game to survive, sabotage is incorporated as an appropriate game move if the game itself has been elevated over its playing. Wall Street is a good example of this process. So is a union-endorsed strike. As rules emerge *from* repeated and mimicked (albeit modified) behaviour, "cheating" cannot be said to precede it. Transgression, however, only means movement antipodal to the 'mainstream'. Sailors learned to simultaneously transgress and benefit from prevailing winds and called it "tacking", a *détournement* by any other name. Work, not play, is a game organised around limiting and eradicating transgression. Warfare is another such 'game', usually engaged when the work goes sour (or South). The contradiction these set up is obvious: why play an un-fun game?

Play eliminates imposed contradiction altogether, and in this, plays sabotage on *reason* itself. On the playground, everything is possible, or at least worth a try. Without contradiction, that state which Nature and even Aristotle once abhorred (the former prevented it, the latter presumed it), that other "tension" existing betwixt and between (a state with which we are all highly familiar) also disappears. The first 'rule' of play is that it is free. Its first epistemic law is the principle of uncertainty. Its reinforcement is interest and surprise, resulting in perpetual motion which can be placed on pause at any time, provided the snarl of inertia can be disentangled. Be encouraged. Playful inertia is self-limiting. A superabundance of vertigo ends in blackout, particularly if we've been too engaged to eat, often a playful "pass-time" itself. We tend to learn our own limitations quite readily and without instruction.

Even animal gestures are context-sensitive. We could call them polysemous. For example, in one context, whether among dogs, goats or baboons, mounting is sexual. In another, and without any attendant confusion, it is an aggressive assertion, typically between males (dairy cows coming into estrus will mount other cows -- this may play a part in synchronising estrus cycles among friends or siblings; perhaps a visual cue ([commotion](#)), a ruckus or fracas attracting distant bulls, a synchronising influence themselves). In rough and tumble play, mounting is neither. Necessity and [a priori](#)isms are not invited to this party. It may even be a "zero-meme", waiting for the situational context to "discover" it. Context supplies the semantic realm, and memory establishes semantic "rules". A less offensive term here would be "algorithmic patterns", aka, "cognition" (if only at an intuitive level). [Staunch](#) rationalists, of course, forbid polysemy (even among 'animals', which I think is none of their f'ing business), which makes them strange bed-fellows for poets. They might just as soon mount each other on the wall, horny or not.

In saying play is free entails that it is not only freely engaged, but not confined. But this is only partly true in our situation of institutionalised competitive games, work and police surveillance. Play hides out in the interregal, invisible space-time. So situated, it is neither secondary nor disinterested. It is said play is superfluous. This is true: 'of an abundant flow, flexibility, flowering, flourishing'. Play is in this sense, sacred, numinous and risky - - right where it likes to be. All risk contains a particle of life, and life, play. To forthwith and finally end uncertainty and risk is to likewise end play ... "fun" is replaced by drudgery and "out of place" [euphoria](#) is subjected to medication. A playful worker is a saboteur. In this day and age, so would be a craftsman.

Shakespeare's "actors playing on a stage" is not a mere metaphor for experiencing life -- if anything, it is the other way around. Context is everything. Or, everything is contextual. If it sustains our interest, we engage, mimic and repeat. These are more obviously choices than rules, except perhaps in retrospect. Recall Rabelais' single dictate: "Do what thou wilt!". To paraphrase Huizinga, "Even in the animal world, play breaks through the limits, obligations and necessities of [mere material existence](#)". Obviously, one still needs to survive while living, but not necessarily as a machine.

They also have it backwards when they say the machine transcends life (a peculiar outgrowth of that peculiar sentiment, "culture transcends nature"). In many respects, it has merely replaced it -- it certainly hasn't made life easier like it originally promised. Ask Ned Ludd if he thought this was such a good idea! If you're still in doubt, why are there increasing rates of suicide (both planned and inadvertent) as the machine-work advances? The machine is not quite like the synergy of the beehive. Does the hive desire autonomy from the bee?

There is much play in the world. So much is true. Yet reality is said (by the good doctor Freud) to oppose play, being so prone as it is to misguided (i.e., "childish") imagination. Either reality secretly hates itself (freudian, I'm sure), or it is no less constructed by the imagination than is fantasy (and don't call me an idealist! I think were I not a botched abortion, you would still exist). Reality becomes just another game of chance, mimicry or vertigo with situationally variable outcomes. The [situation](#), local culture or niche provides the only limit to play for the very same reasons that pigs don't fly but birds do. Whichever is the case, what is more costly, a free play, a sold life or a purchased survival? Perhaps the good Dr. Faustus has already answered this question.

[0 comments](#)

Distributivity?

Posted in [one special reason](#) by Dave on May 33, 2011

here was an old Scandinavian word, "lief" said to link live and love. From old Greek we got "poiesis".

Distributivity by any other name was still an unfolding circulation within rhizomatous pipes resulting in a complex flux of interpenetration. When it was vaguely meaningful, we called it poetry. When we looked closely, we thought we might witness cybernetic relations, purposes and two-way mirrors, but only at the point of focus. The context itself was a labyrinth. Very young as well as old and distant eyes only saw a blur, but it was still somehow familiar and not typically thought a trap. Was it something we should copy?

We looked around for agreement with our assessment. If we felt strong and insecure, we imposed it. But it was the wrong season for the circus, so on these grounds was erected a pentecostal revival tent to entrap new souls. Sometimes the magic didn't work. Sometimes it's just the wrong moment for literal interpretations and we came up empty.

I once had a lamp shade with a tall spindle, upon which a little spider spun a marvelous webbed tent. It should have worked: heat, light, beauty, stickiness, all the essentials were present and there was neither fire nor brimstone. For some reason, the bugs didn't show up. The spider itself left town in a funk.

Sometimes the magic doesn't work. Sometimes it's just the wrong season.

[0 comments](#)

The Reason There is For Seasons is Because:

Posted for [no special reason](#) by Dave on May 34, 2011

Winter is for revolution, but it's just too damned cold.
Spring is for relief becoming hope, impudent and bold.
Summer is for basking, cause it's too damned hot, 'nuff said.
Fall is for disappointment rapidly becoming dread.

Why Prometheus gave us fire,
Not tit nor tat, not sold?
But we is for got, for get, aspire.
Besides, we ain't been paroled.

[0 comments](#)

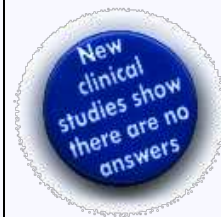
Scientific Reductionism

Posted in [smaller boxes](#) by Dave on May 33, 1611

The center is not the center. The concept of centered structure - although it represents coherence itself, the condition of the [episteme](#) as philosophy or science -- is contradictorily coherent. And, as always, coherence in contradiction expresses the force of a desire. The concept of centered structure is in fact the concept of a [freeplay](#) based on a fundamental ground, a freeplay which is constituted upon a fundamental immobility and a reassuring certitude, which is itself beyond the reach of the freeplay. With this certitude anxiety can be mastered, for anxiety is invariably the result of a certain mode of being implicated in the game, of being caught by the game, of being as it were from the very beginning at stake in the game. From the basis of what we therefore call the center (and which, because it can be either inside or outside, is as readily called the origin as the end, as readily [arché](#) as [telos](#)), the repetitions, the substitutions, the transformations, and the permutations are always [taken](#) from a history of meaning [[sens](#)] -- that is, a history, period -- whose origin may always be revealed or whose end may always be anticipated in the form of presence. This is why one could perhaps say that the movement of any archeology, like that of any [eschatology](#), is an accomplice of this reduction of the structurality of structure and always attempts to conceive of structure from the basis of a full presence which is out of play.

-- Jacques Derrida

If we leave aside (preferably on an iceberg) the old-timers (see 'consultants' or 'presidential advisory council') and their young groupies, few scientists today remain reductionistic. Still looking at small things and strategic midpoints, many realise the small no longer causes or even predicts the large, but they are commensurable and compatible because of shared patterns, and even here, "because" is increasingly pronounced with a probabilistic tongue in cheek. If we leave aside the [bombastic](#) mathematising of "[systèmes dynamiques](#)", they are almost getting poetic. This emerging pattern does not, of course, apply to technologists. Mere workers, technicians (see "drone bee") have taken on the suffix, [-logos](#), only for the appearance of expertise ('street cred'). The more literal translation of their job title would be, sans any dissimulation, "techno-crat", illustrating the figurative pattern they share with other auto-, hetero- and bureau- crats who unashamedly retain the [cratic](#) suffix (from [kratos](#) 'rule, strength' > [crate](#) 'strong box'), along with [archonistic](#) aspirations, forgetting that a "rule" is for measuring, not manipulation. If you're going to force the pieces together anyway, why bother measuring them first?. Ah yes, Borgish Brownnose, patron saint of efficiency!



Once referring to beginnings (and still assumed by archaeologists and Jungian

psychologists) *archeism* went on to refer to rulership by virtue of reverse reductionistic engineering. *Archon* was the first liberal Greek monarch who discovered this principle, the principal principle of priests and princes, that impressed rules & regulations (rather than the more 'archaic' "expressed patterns and regularities" or "*auspices*") are primary in nature and their transgression is abomination (from L. *ab homine* "away from man", thus "beastly" as well as L. *ad homine* "toward man", thus "foreboding [of evil] auspices" creating perhaps the first *Western Catch-22*), spurring on the galloping dissemination of dynamic (from Gk. *dynasthai* "be able to have power") bombs which Marco ("*Tricky Dick*") Polo brought back from his trip to China, (refined by Nobel and mass produced by Dupont), as a bid with which to inflate nuclear ordinance (and escalate their own bank holdings) to protect law and order. A-bombastics and an-archistics soon became synonymous with explosive chaos. But as Gregory Bateson cybernetically illustrated, "Only scabs..." er, "rats..." er, "crats rush in where angels fear to tread".

*"The engineer is a myth produced by the bricoleur (-- Derrida),
whiles haywire mechanics is poésie pure" (-- me).*

[! comments](#)

[Archive of Recently Deceased \(though not quite dead\) Residents](#)

PRYING INTO, A DEAD JOURNAL -- Archive 1

Capitalism is not the great eye of Sauron!

Posted in [patáfora](#) by Dave on May 32, 2011

It's not so much that capitalism doesn't exist, it is not an it. I really don't like the argument that says "Capitalism is global, you can't escape it!", particularly from someone who calls for change (revolutionary, insurrectionary, etc.). It sounds Borgish: "You will be assimilated!" It's an empty threat directed at those who would waver from the program of the day. This is not to say we don't carry bits and pieces of "it" with us everywhere we go, these pieces just aren't really relevant to most situations we're in, especially outside of institutional frameworks. There are just tons of tricks to navigate the seams of "capital", and not all of them are scams. What I used to think of as cracks are turning out to be canyons. Sure, we're all at least sub-clinically infected, but a lot of folks are infected with other viri and even free radicals which prevent the one virus from going systemic. These others we need to nurture. As one is able to force nothing, something gets easier.

Words are resurrected everywhere. They fix us by their meanings. They keep their shields high and allow no-one to leave the ring. Are we just war prisoners of contingency, both linguistic and material? Prisoners of examination, against whom a life-long investigation is executed in the place of punishment called existence? Have we not recently been informed that we have to remain in postmodern de-concentration camps, sentenced to amusement? Where can the Other be found? Or at least the trace of the Other which leads us into freedom? Ladies and gentlemen, the trace to freedom cuts through language itself.

"What kind of maneuvering is the stuff of a praxis that might successfully, on a piecemeal or provisional level at least, side-step and confound the grasp of recuperation?"

interregnum: a time between regimes, a space between existing institutions, the only space where autonomy has a chance to reside as a provisional TAZ, a madhouse wherein the patients can cure the doctors living outside the gates?

Interregnum tries to bring the idea of, as you put it, 'a time between regimes' to the macro level of individual human gestures. Asger Jorn wanted to bring his aesthetic analysis down to the level of atomic processes all the time, but I am not a scientist in any sense, so insofar as my study might be ethnographic as you suggest, I'm content for now with zooming out to the level of literal gesture as best as I can make it out. By 'gesture' I mean only, for example, an arm operating a guillotine cutter or a trucker throwing a brick:

Every time an item is published through the usual, 'inevitable' or expected (banal) capitalist means, capitalism itself is also published (and republished). Its story/narrative/social reality/drudgery is continually reinforced in this sense, its determination over meaning, taste and life continually secured. Every single gesture is a form of authorship. Starting first from this obvious fact and next from the individual movement of our arms as we operate the guillotine cutter, we are working toward realizing interregnal publishing gestures in all of those areas of production and distribution that are immediately possible to us, moments of in-betweenness whose connotations and metaphors are not yet quite anchored to the preordained flows that incessantly organize and reproduce the ways in which our lives are published as capital.

In short I don't think, as the Dupontist critique would have it, that every single gesture is simply recuperated no matter what, and this is because I don't believe that 'capitalism' exists at the level of permeating all moments of life, or that in a perpetual haze of defeatism, that we should audaciously grant it control even over our own characterizations of 'agency' and whatever else, as if it deserves this free pass in any sense. I don't think that capitalism exists at all (who is the nihilist now?). I don't believe that it is there all the time. When I'm walking around on the earth's surface, I don't believe that I am trapped beneath some kind of vast capitalist dome that will not permit the existence of autonomous gesture beyond the umbrella organization of its ultimate characterization -- this Dupontist crux is a myth. When I walk through the city and look around myself, sure, almost all human gestures are trapped within capitalist uses -- but I am in between them when they are not telling me where to go or what to do, or what kind

of receptacles to store my creative output in.

Almost all, sure. But one is almost always confronted by surprise as well, surprises maneuvering about with no tazers in sight!

There are capitalist uses and intents and there are uses and intents that do not reproduce capitalism in and of themselves. I think that one can get captured within processes. Sitting here like this right now, both against and in-between the capitalist logic of its surroundings, the gesture is not recuperated just yet... it is something else. Is my body floating in a definable pre-recuperated moment then or is it always floating under Monsieur Dupont's umbrella? That is the only question my piece on [interregnum](#) asks.

Incidentally it seems a peculiar stance for a 'nihilist' to take, that of believing in nothing save for the omnipresence of capital, forever the determining factor of everything in the end. I don't think this is anything close to a sincere nihilism to say the least, there is no genuine constant flux between belief and disbelief at the level of concepts when the idea that 'capital is everywhere' or 'ideology is materialized' [etc.] is forever present as the sine qua non in ones thinking.

'Wherever there is a catch-word ending in -ism we are hot on the tracks of a play-community... Poiesis, in fact, is a play-function. It proceeds within the play-ground of the mind, in a world of its own which the mind creates for it. These things have a different physiognomy from the one they wear in 'ordinary life', and are bound by ties other than those of logic and causality'
-- Johan Huizinga

Well, sometimes the -ism describes a diseased or defective game: "astigmatism", "autism", "Bushism". It is different to say "Capitalism recoups everything", certainly an overgeneralisation if ever there was one, and "Everything capitalism has, it has co-opted". Hell, "it" doesn't even create new words but takes them, twists them, and wraps them up in cellophane for later use in precisely measured allotments according to the latest (avant garde) recipe book. The problem is that most folks, even if they agree with the second (I'd say "more accurate") statement, still visualise improvement. Well, we've all been drilled into the view that, prior to the modern period (which is always the current period, irregardless of the date on the calendar), stuff didn't work too well. It's also very handy when everything becomes somebody else's problem -- there are experts in these matters, you know. But that view is starting to decay as readily as all the other "new and improved" devices exceeding their shelf-life.

"It's getting better and better. Better and better. Not as good as it was before it started getting better, but better and better."
-- Sukenick

I think the desert is in communication with those who've not ventured outside the iron lung. It's like trying to describe peaking on acid. There are no words which won't mean something quite different to every listener. My old sheepherder friends said there are only two ways to learn about the outside world: guiding and breaking. In the first, one takes you by the hand and tries to make your passage into the world gentle. In the end, however, if one wants to learn, s/he must be thrust into it, broke. From here, one can only watch and listen, the world will show you points of interest as well as of revolt.

Meanwhile, we flutter about.

I walk through the jungle to the space port just like every other day, looking for a zoom-mobile to get me out of this place. As I approach the fork in the path, to the right, my usual route, all the jungle noises suddenly stop. Even the leaves stop fluttering in the breeze. I know there is a tiger somewhere beyond. I decide to go left. Tomorrow, I might wake up with a wax build-up in both ears. Perhaps the jungle itself will have a wax build-up, leaving only me and the tiger.

Moral of story: everything is provisional.

Academics cannot always see the walls of the institution. I don't think any walls can be seen unless one stands immersed between the buildings. A mere ethnographer would have to stay indoors. You have to step outside the box, no, step outside of boxes to see that there even are boxes. This space would be interregnal, no?

Yes. At the very least I think this step has to be literal... i.e. the choice that would create an absence of ISBN markings is the literal vantage point outside of its 'box' of distribution, etc. And in the *pataphorical* sense, this literally (not just imagined -- the new words to be written connect directly to the literal steps taken) "new and separate world"

of a vantage point becomes the chance basis for new critique that is able to express itself in a momentary flickering outside of previously captured subject positions. These literal breaks are what rarely seem to happen... or when they do, the horror one is confronted with when looking back at the monster they have just departed from, and finding oneself isolated in contrast to it... it seems to become very dismaying at this point and difficult to express the new experiences as such, difficult to write at all. We escape one instance of the iron lung and when we turn around to look at what we have just departed from, we see the epic vision of it chugging along in the perfect health of an H.R. Giger painting... and we become speechless hermits.

"The *pataphor* (Spanish: patáfora, French: pataphore), is a term coined by writer and musician Pablo Lopez ("Paul Avion"), for an unusually extended metaphor based on Alfred Jarry's "science" of 'pataphysics. As Jarry claimed that 'pataphysics existed "as far from metaphysics as metaphysics extends from regular reality," a pataphor attempts to create a figure of speech that exists as far from metaphor as metaphor exists from non-figurative language. Whereas a metaphor is the comparison of a real object or event with a seemingly unrelated subject in order to emphasize the similarities between the two, the pataphor uses the newly created metaphorical similarity as a reality with which to base itself. In going beyond mere ornamentation of the original idea, the pataphor seeks to describe a new and separate world, in which an idea or aspect has taken on a life of its own."

There is no help for us 'outside' of its wall, but there is no forthcoming desire to return to its distributive horrors either. And to add to this, when the breaks are more or less unprecedented there is no historical body of ideas to draw from, writing has to begin from practically nothing. One steps outside of an iron lung into a barren wasteland... and even worse, one is usually accused of being a 'purist' in daring to attempt this gambit... but what could be pure about existing as a pariah in this new deunified wasteland? One is thrown into it, thrust into it by the force of urgency and desperation, not in the name of some triumphant quest to become king of purity of whatever ambiguity exists on the other side. There is nothing to rule over outside of this box, nothing to be proud of, there is only confusion everywhere, yet it becomes hard to write about the experience in a way that might avoid those accusations of purism, it becomes another dreary 'base to cover' in bothering to write about the experience at all...

If we are so infected by capitalist, civilized words, how could critique -- especially radical critique -- even be possible? "They" must have seen this coming when "they" invented mental institutions modeled after prisons. Would we even need cops and tow trucks if we all suffered the same disease with the same fervor? The anti-capitalist virus may be very old indeed, and just a modern morph of the old anti-authority bug.

-- Pygmalion et al

0 comments

The idea of futile mocking seems necessary.

Posted in [Adventure](#) by Dave on May 29, 2011

"When something seems 'the most obvious thing in the world' it means that any attempt to understand the world has been given up"

-- Bertolt Brecht

"It was not curiosity, but certainty which killed the cat."

-- Anonymous

THE IDEA of futile mocking seems necessary.

We don't give because we are mindless do-gooder altruists looking to be 'more selfless than thou' or whatever. We give because we fucking hate property and want to experience something better in the present, at the very least some kind of peripheral hint towards a better mode of exchange, and because we don't want to re-transform what we have received into property again.

Am I just a worthless solipsist fighting against the impossibility of time travel, creating an anachronistic freeing up of resources that I never got to experience while simultaneously mocking the way in which I managed to acquire those resources to begin with? I was not satisfied with my mode of acquisition so I had to create a better one that my speculative self should have been able to live through.

Relieving the tension of a repressed grudge against the pathetic way in which I had to

retrieve the book in the first place: now perhaps others will not have to experience this kind of tension and with this newly created potential, as well, I am momentarily satisfied (relieved). Through us we filter what we have received into a different form of distribution that mocks the previous one -- we are weak and alone in this. Bombast and mockery can keep morale a little higher in the totally unappreciated process I'd imagine. Mockery is necessary. I am not a smug, morally superior ass because I 'give away more things' than someone else. More so I am nervous and terrified that this giving accomplishes nothing for the most part, and that while through the praxis of giving my sensibilities may slowly change, that others' remain dominated, conditioned and passive by the regular capitalist forms of distribution and reception, so this creates a desperate need to mock those banal forms which is, as [Neal Keating](#) implies, also inherent in the act of gift itself -- its pantomime is infused with a silent and hopeless mockery that helps to ward off the hopelessness.

FUNNY, the catch 22's and other paradoxes found cropping up again and again. Emphasis on altruism in much of my writing comes from an hostile reaction to the re-definition of that term by today's social psychologists who see in it only terms of competitiveness and self-interest as driving forces of nature. I'm pissed so few biologists or "social scientists" have come out to call bullshit, to remind us what the word meant more than three days ago^[1], but even had they, there is no niche in the news or academic curricula. After all, Philology and Aesthetics were buried at the tail end of the 19th century when philosophy gained a 'popular' respectability and science replaced the moral certitudes of religion with the plain facts of life.

The name, "Dawkins", has become a real scientific commodity -- "authority" -- with the colloquial interpretation: "*Even genes are selfish, so what's the problem?*". Capitalist distribution can only spread the idea of its ideologues (unwitting or otherwise) and religious practitioners -- seven months on the best-seller list! Truth is what sells, particularly when there are no options on the shelf. All other process we might imagine *must* be totally unappreciated -- it goes by unseen.

What good would it be to make spectacles of ourselves? Have you ever heard the old electro-punk/metal/jazz band's, *Talk, talk, Laughing Stock*? Most who have, have already killed themselves. Even their melodies suggest a suicidal aesthetic. Or is that dark and lethargic verve? Mockery toward hope in the improvement of existing (sold at the market or imposed) conditions?

Christians should be among our allies. More likely, they would assassinate us, throwing sticks of morality with short fuses. One of the few 'parables' from the new testament which has an appropriate aesthetic for me is when the dude trashed the temple (or was it a bank?). But the point is always lost on us.

Logos sucks from a befuddled bag of presold "talking points". No wonder it puts us to sleep! *Pathos* only has entertainment value and is easily commodified. Only a detouring sophistry sells (but not ours, it seems). We can't share our thoughts except with a small, few others. But there are a lot of folks, not enough, but a lot nevertheless who are also reactionary, who would burn property and its banal circulation and its compound accumulation of interest and extended warranty for its exclusive targets. We may not have good answers, but we don't accept those given. We re-fuse those gifts which are free only in the sense that the reception of bullshit is always free, but its delivery always starts as a bid for appropriation. But is this a cosmic "given"? Or is it just a matter of cosmopolitan habit, where the highest crime has always run interference with innerstate commerce?

I'm thinking more and more that you're right to emphasize the distributive aspects of this lousy place-time. The fact that there is a word, "praxis", demonstrates the real time machine. No wonder it builds momentary morale, hope. Praxis is a possible time-line, an experiment or adventure,^[2] a fecundity necessary for fertility, a crime wave. The wave of the future? Only such time-travel can derail hopelessness. "Worthless" is only a word used by the worthy and their victims. The victim's only reply is "if only!" Only time will tell.

**Lost a loved one?
Cell phone on the blink?**

**Put your tax dollars to work.
Volunteer in the War Effort
and explore the antiverse.
You too can confidently avoid a
lingering death from brain cancer!**

**a public service announcement
from your president.**

Altruism is simple. It's a matter of ecstasis. **Ecstasis**, or stepping out of one's own skin (at least for the moment), is the only source of the aesthetic experience. Other words include "participate", "engage", "stand in relation to", "choose". The skin is the organ with the most holes for a reason -- what kind of boundary is that?. Experience is only a new connection, association or relation and its memory vibrating like a guitar string making the speakers rattle and the phonograph needle skip from its groove beyond the scratch which makes it forever repeat itself, eat itself, eat itself, eat itself. Ecstasis is the source-point of Einstein's relativity: from one position or another, the "universe" has no center nor is confined to a box, so why should we?

"Egoistic hedonism" and altruism are only the oscillations of movement. This is why the egoists' limp always carries them to the right, altruists to the left. Neither get to where they were headed. Hedonism is a gravity necessary to maintain our uniqueness and movement. Altruism is only a gravity pulling us back together again in the sharing of both waves and particles. A dialectic conflict? If not pleasurable, why bother to engage? And engagement is mutual or it is an imposition, someone else's choice. Engagement obliterates the dialectic, well illustrated by Xenon's paradox. Experience is meaningful movement, meaning itself, an event. A brick smashing through a bank window is love. Alone, it is just a brick. Change never comes from within, it is from between. Our small message (or is it an anti-message?) can only travel between the lines. Only time will tell if our aim is accurately off-target. Distributivity is a movement, a scatter-gun, a shared feast, a shattered plate-glass window, a potlatch.

The conundrum lies here: "If we want to send a message (communiqué, argument, gift) to someone ensconced in an institution given form by mainstream distribution, we must ourselves become institutionalized, whenceforth we are forthwith fucked". We communicate instead with each other and hope a small virus escapes or a noise radiates. Our transmissions may seem cryptic but they are not secrets. The idea of a dirty bomb raining down infection over a city excites us. But the only chance for its metastasis is if the receiving body already feels threatened with its own demise or recognises it is already full of holes, entry points, a spare bedroom with fresh sheets awaiting company, a mental niche already prepared. One used to hear the phrase "open mind", but today this is only another **dead metaphor**. Stress is clearly not enough, as it is stress which also interferes with our willingness to receive or engage. Propaganda itself is political, and our default stance is always resistance. But even resistance succumbs to sufficient trickery and befuddlement.

Transmission may come -- even the pyramids are subject to erosion. Any small thing we can do toward that end is a properly ethical praxis. Hey, we're only trying to language, not to languish! If not perceived as meaningless (futile, frivolous, leaky), our agency appears small and gradual, if it appears at all. But the transformation we intend for the present will only be experienced in the future, (looking back, as it were) as a series of historic, earth-shaking events from an effectively situated *avant garde*. Be encouraged that we are not such a group! The vanguard itself is a failed transmission. If we do nothing, there will be no future, our lousy space-time will end in global annihilation. Be encouraged! An alien intelligence, say, a cockroach, might stumble upon the wavelength made from our acts of communication and muse over its familiarity. It's a win-win scenario!

[1] **ALTRUISM**: from *altrui*, from O.Fr. *altrui* "of or to others," from L. *alteri*, dat. of *alter* "other" (see *alter*). from L. *alter* "the other", (see "other") from PIE **an-tero-*, variant of **al-tero-* "the other of two" (cf. Lith. *antras*, Skt. *antarāh* "other, foreign"), from PIE base **al-* "beyond". Intr. sense of *alter*, "to become otherwise".

"*La moitié du monde ne sçayt comment l'autre vit.*" [Rabelais, "Pantagruel," 1532] -- Half of the world does not give a shit how the other lives.

[2] **ADVENTURE**: early 13c., *aventure* "chance, fortune, luck," from O.Fr. *aventure*, from L. *adventura (res)* "(a thing) about to happen," from *adventurus*, future participle of *advenire* "to come about," from *ad-* "to" + *venire* "to come", (see "come" from PIE base **gwa-* "to go [and/or] come"). Original meaning was "to arrive" in Latin, but in M.E. it took a turn through "risk/danger" (a trial of one's chances), and "perilous undertaking" (early 14c.), and thence to "a novel or exciting incident" (1570). -- [etymonline](#)

0 comments

Goal-directed Behaviour

Ever a matter of becoming stranger, purpose is merely the anticipation of a continuity between "history", modification (or divergence) and possibility. There appears much movement without purpose, but never purpose without movement except perhaps in death (as in "I didn't mean for it to end quite like this!"). Teleology concerns the imagination of utopia. Utopia is a pleasant (lit. "healthy") anticipation realised, such as a place-setting with grits & gravy or wan ton soup.

Teleonomy (the management and regulation of plans) merges prediction with induction, taking time altogether out of the picture: "So it was, so be it, so it will be". Future ("prophesy") transforms anticipation into expectation by means of present reinforcement: it is *nurtured*. Present is the set of contingencies one encounters and does not move without mutual encouragement. Autopoiesis is the self-fulfilling prophecy: *growth* (not to be confused with empire, which is merely wanton expansion, a redundancy in terms^[1]).



Surprise comes in strange shapes and sizes and always results in (and from) *diversification*. Revolution begins the whole process over again: *Birth*. Thank goodness for amnesia. Progress only exists in terms of movement. By whatever means, there are no ends lest all movement stop. Whatever!

Amnesia is the surest clue that the resemblance between the past and future, while portraying much continuity, is shallow in character and attitude, like we presume is the mimicking language of a parrot or raven. If our history was such a good thing, we would surely make some effort to remember it, pass it on, and no longer ask of the present "why?" while secretly addressing the future "how?".

All time clocks annihilate the present. Time's up! The idea of progress has always been toward death, hence our own necrophilic infatuations concerning the future and single causes toward (or blame for) the past. We forget the present altogether. What and where must yield to why, when and how much. But even from the strictly materialist perspective, movement only occurs in the here and now. On a single planet, there are ways, there are means, and not just a few mean ways, but nativity is not only the birth of natives, but of alter-natives as well, and naive diversification is not merely a financial transaction^[2].

It is absurd to suppose that purpose is not present because we do not observe an agent deliberating. Craft does not deliberate. If the ship-building craft were in the wood, it would produce the same results by nature. If, therefore, purpose is present in craft, it is present also in nature. The best illustration is a doctor doctoring himself: nature is like that. It is plain that nature is a cause, a cause that operates for a purpose.

-- Aristotle

"The Wood Thrush migrates in the fall *in order to escape* the inclemency of the weather and the food shortages of the northern climates."

"The Wood Thrush migrates in the fall *and thereby escapes* the inclemency of the weather and the food shortages of the northern climates."

-- Ernst Mayr

Teleology is like a mistress to a biologist: he cannot live without her but he's unwilling to be seen with her in public. Today the mistress has become a lawfully wedded wife. Biologists no longer feel obligated to apologize for their use of teleological language; they flaunt it. The only concession which they make to its disreputable past is to rename it 'teleonomy'.

-- J. B. S Haldane

History is a process of transformation through conservation. History is a process of transformation that is continually arising on what is being conserved... such that although something ended, something fundamental was conserved... If conservation stops, history ends... There has to be a continuity in the story. This is exactly what we find in the history of living systems: some life forms disappear but living systems go on. And what is conserved? Living.

So the history of living things is a history of the conservation of living, with many changes in form, each of which conserves living. We are one of these millions of forms that comprise the biosphere; a biosphere which is the

present of a history of the conservation of living. We are part of the biosphere, the natural landscape has to do with us. We look at the biosphere and find it beautiful because we are coherent with it. We are coherent with it because we belong to the same history - as well as to the local coherences we may have generated.

-- Humberto Maturana

My first real indication that there was a universe outside myself came in 1962, after Alice's husband -- the one in the song -- gave me a copy of the *Tao Te Ching*. At the time, I was singing all those euphoric songs about how we're gonna save the world, & Lao-tse made me wonder: Will the world be any different because of anything I do? He struck a chord that made me sense that I was a little discordant with the cosmic universal tune. It wasn't a major musical atrocity; but it forced me to pay attention to myself -- like when you know you have a cold coming on. You could say that was the start of my midlife crisis. I was about fifteen.

For years I kept showing up at all the right demonstrations & singing all the right songs, & one day I realized that the world still sucked & my own life was out of control. I'd done all these things to save the world, & I couldn't even save myself. I understood then that my real work was me, not the world.

-- Arlo Guthrie

The siamese twin of *Desiré*, *Telos* is none other than fortuitous movement, aesthetic choice or "chance determinism", together with all their inversions and recombinations. Alone, they stand meaningless. The "end" of organic means is thriving, not dying, not "mere" survival. Oft confused with *Arche* ('beginnings') *Telos* actually contrasts with *techne* ("artificial means") -- "little sacrifices", but also the coping skills utilised in the face of protracted adversity, itself a modern euphemism for universal "contraversity" as taught at every university despite all the lip-service paid to cultural (or even biological) diversity.

Telos also looks at beginnings, as in "Who was the wise guy who thought up this shit!?!?" In lieu of beginnings and endings, teleology still finds a home in the examination of turning points. In this sense, it is synonymous with aesthetics.

Everyone wants the world of conflict ('mutual infliction') to change and realises they are powerless. It is a futile project, so becomes everyone else's problem. Still, the world does not change. Still, we wait. When we stop concerning ourselves with moving mountains (and sometimes mole-hills) by mere incantation, edict or headlong assault, we realise there are matters closer at hand which can diverge from standardized routes or around and away from giant obstacles, the world will take care of itself. It adjusts all of its own accord, but only as long as there is deviant movement within it. Swerve makes the world go 'round.

[note 1] **WANTON:** (see also 'wander', 'wonder', 'want', 'wan ton soup')

colloquial:

- indiscriminate: lacking restraint or inhibition,
- random: lacking reason or provocation -- "wanton violence and destruction"
- desiring to do harm: done out of a desire to cause harm
- excessive: unrestrained, heedless of limits, or characterized by greed and extravagance -- "wanton indulgence".

archaic:

- unruly: lacking constraint
- lush: growing luxuriantly
- playful: engaged in carefree play
- rascallian, Ionic or ribald -- "The Ionians delighted in wanton dances and songs more than the rest of the Greeks ... and wanton gestures were proverbially termed Ionic motions."

-- Thomas Robinson, "Archæologica Græca", 1807

Ionic (electrovalent) bond:

A link between Ionians in a garden or ions in a compound: a bond that is created during the formation of a community, chemical complex or potlatch by the sharing or distribution of one or more "electrons" (energetic possibilities, potential, 'mana') from one "atom" to another, the ions being held together by mutual attraction resulting in movement (When an atom or molecule loses or gains electrons, it acquires an electric charge or changes an existing condition). This ionic motion is also known as a "metrical foot" or "dance (of opposites)" as distinguished from the more wanton (as in "drunk and disorderly") Brownian motions which also display mutual attractions right alongside much unexpected collision and stepping-on of toes and and not a few less unpleasant surprises.

Ionic motion:

A dance exhibiting state-dependent differential sensitivity to perturbations, and therefore engaging in structural coupling with their environments as well as with one another (see Dynamical Systems Theory).

[14th century. < Old English *wan-* 'desiring, lacking' (® Ger. *wahn-* 'dis-' 'mis-') + *teon* 'to pull, draw' -- "As it is said to 'push' rather than 'be pulled', rear wheel drive is thought a more wanton means of vehicular discourse"
-- Zed ('dada didit') Morse]

[note 2]

- *Naive*: trusting, admirably straightforward, not shrewd (< L. *nativus* "born, not artificial")
- *Native*: (< Old L. *gnasci* "be born" < Gk. *gignesthai*, "to become, happen", *gonos* "birth, offspring, stock" from PIE base **gen-/*gon-/*gn-* "produce, beget, be born")
- *Gnosis*: (< */*gn-* "beget" + *-osis* "condition, action, or process")

0 comments

A Note to Edgar

Posted in [Nevermore](#) by Dave on May 28, 1846

Whatever its genesis, whether planned afore and carried through as you [suggest](#), or rationalised (or deconstructed) after-the-fact, *The Raven* easily classes among the most "beautiful" poems ever written, at least for those who have, or can genuinely imagine having had lost someone dear! The poem speaks to experience and profound synchronicity. If the narrative is a contrived abstraction, its reception and perception is real, immediate and concentrated. More yet, the subject matter is not open to debate but to personal refinement or elaboration: we can commiserate with the author. Whether the raven has "escaped from the custody of its owner" and arrived at the window by chance, or is somehow mysteriously associated with the dead Lenore, or some "meaningful" combination of these is beside the point. This debate over "reality" leaves the poem altogether and travels into rhetorical metaphysics -- not a bad place to visit, but who could really live there?

0 comments

Cryptesthesia, complete with paratextual corrections for Wikipedians

Posted in [Ouroboros](#) by Dave on May 27, 1301

"I am quite uneducated in the formalities of the high arts and have absolutely no idea what I'm doing most of the time. I will answer! You are right, it is mere intuitive grasp of a pattern that was merely seductive and nothing more. I have not read the great books. I know nothing of philosophy. I am a retarded child arranging strange looking patterns and wandering off into the next room as the dust particles in the rays of sunshine attract my attention. The pattern is left scattered on the floor and there is no reason for it. Maybe a mother feels warmth when she spots it."

-- for example, ca 5th cent ad

[Cryptesthesia](#) (or cryptaesthesia) means, literally, "hidden sensation." Cryptesthesia refers to information gathered by the senses that enters conscious awareness by some [other](#) [non-standard] form.

[According to some figments of cognitive science,] (t)he wa(l)king awareness generates a narrative based on the sensory input it receives. [Most] (i)nput [deemed irrelevant](#) is [frequently](#) ignored (*[not even "deemed"]*) [or](#) [but] "stored" [for later](#) [anyway] [within the mind](#) *[whose location we are not quite certain of, but many scientists consider it somewhere in the head.]*. Sometimes, however, the "mind" [recognizes](#) [realizes or actualises] [the need for](#) [the recall of] that information, [typically for the survival of the individual](#). [In order](#) (T)o bring that information to the forefront of consciousness, the "mind" will [transmit](#) [activate] [that material](#) [it] through sensory [hallucinations](#) [forms] (e.g. tactile, visual, aural) [in an attempt to](#) redirect[ing] and refocus[ing] the efforts of the

individual, [whether walking, standing still or chewing its own tail].

This unconscious use of sensory cues and ostensibly extraneous data has been the undoing of several parapsychological experiments, particularly those dealing with ESP. It has been argued that this perception and integration of physical cues outside of the boundaries of [standardised] ~~normal waking~~ consciousness (*come on! as opposed to normal sleeping consciousness?*) is, ~~in fact~~ responsible for all claims of ~~extra~~[para]-sensory perception.

[Of course, this all hinges on the belief that "extraneous cues" are stored within the brainpan (sensory memories -- a redundancy?) and not just travelling through, as any guitarist can tell you, from the ears and fingers themselves. A guitarist's brain doesn't even know what his fingers are up to, and couldn't keep up if it did without the help of the ears or a script. The brain can only make requests from the mosh pit and then sit back and enjoy the show -- it is the fingers who have learned the piece and go on to perform it. A dancer might insist memory is more an overall muscular affair, and athletes are trained to keep their brain's monologues and demands out of the performance altogether. Orwell pointed to public speakers whose mouths were so well rehearsed, their eye-glasses were blackened so the audience wouldn't notice that they were in fact, talking in their sleep.

It seems harmless enough, but the rationalist's proof against the clairvoyant posits a grand, quasi-mystical homunculus, "the mind", (although it is sometimes said that the brain is but the material homunculus of it) to squash the puny spirits helping out the spiritualist. Both must find a down-to-earth sensualist to referee the match between the ego's Mind and the Id's imps and spirit helpers. It's sort of like the christians against the pagans. But the very word, "mind", in today's language very nearly covers the same terrain that "soul" did a hundred years ago!

We seem to have retained an old aristocratic viewpoint: "Self and its lineage is everything; context is nothing". The gene and its mutations have annihilated all intervening variables from space in favour of time. Even if we know not precisely from whence they come, there is a rational explanation for everything, as long as it conforms to neodarwinist paradigms. All surviving mutations were selected by the invisible hand of the economy. Poets don't see it this way at all! And what is a poet but one well-versed in the context, spatial, temporal or otherwise? During his poetry stage, Dylan said "The song's already out there. I just put it down on paper".

It may be that concentration is not a mental phenomenon at all, but rather its negation. Centering and decentering are merely periodic shifts in focus, and that is a sensory and perceptual, not an intellectual function. Memory itself moves! That is, it is a pattern of movement. Is the brain a command center, a warehouse, or merely a relay station? Of course, the body cannot be called upon as it is busy elsewhere -- at the call center, warehouse or railway station.

Put very much more simply, cryptesthesia is thought to refer to the complicated interplay between sensation and "undisclosed" memory, between the present and past or here and there, typically resulting not so much in hallucination, but familiarity and claims of kinship (some would say "ownership", but we know better, eh?).

The mystification of a completely "natural" process we used to call "epiphany" "intuition" or a "gut feeling" ends up suppressing it by labelling it "supernatural" and therefore "bogus" -- proved by that high-falutin word, "cryptesthesia!", slithering from the mouths of white lab coats. Whatever our own explanation, the behaviour, feeling or vision is reckoned unfashionable in polite company, albeit not quite as sinful as "acting on instinct", which is to say, "according to our nature" ..

Philosophers have yet to establish the precise definition or point of dislocation between inside and outside, not even to mention "fantasy" and "reality" and what happens when these realms come into contact, nor even if they represent an authentic bifurcation in the first place. Despite the occasional quantum leap, scientists for the most part have yet to throw out their long-kept aristotelean boxes when the slide rule comes up inconveniently missing. At any rate, we are less interested in the personal phenomenology of molecules than the patterned experiences of their combinations. It may just be that we're all recognisable cryptaesthesiacs!]



*Comment et par quelles figures ilz signi-
fioient laage et les ans du temps.*

In the beginning was the [explicative deleted]:

"Ugh!"

In the beginning was the joke.

In the beginning was astonishment & shock.

Then we moved.

(Just as we had before the beginning)

1 comment: "In yer dreams!"

The Id and Ids Own

Posted in [Trialectics](#) by Dave on May 01, 0001

The Ego is a black hole at the center of the universe. All egos are identically situated and alone.

The Superego is the universe sucking itself into the ego, becoming it. It's all a matter of mutual sucking. This is of immense political gravity (*libidinal cock-sucking & brown-nosing*). But this is a one-sided illusion. The superego creates the ego by imposing itself on the id. "It" not only imposes, but crushes and tries to annihilate the id, much like a dragon eating its own tail, uncertain whether it is a matter of delicacy or vomit. The id is driven into the subconscious regions. If noticed at all, id is an outburst of fantasy or terror. Maturity is said to overcome childish imagination and prevent id's actualisation.

Nothing touches the terror. Terror becomes the status quo of everyday life. Isn't it all just too terrible? "It" becomes a terrible necessity. Terror becomes just another banality; id again escapes back into unconsciousness. The black hole is a terrifying spectacle of consciousness. It is said the ego will one day own the universe and then the superego will prevail. This is the millenarian myth of democracy.

Since Levi-Bruhl and Freud, every ethnographer with any familiarity with psychoanalysis has exclaimed on return to the etic institution that "the people" ("My Hibi Jibis") wear their subconscious on the outside! "Children!" answered Freud. All children belong in a box. "Child" itself is just another box. The id must be buried. Every adult must be manufactured out of the stock of youth to resemble, to become Superego in a Nietzschean messianic burst. To absorb the verse into a unity, into a unified form is to annihilate it. Childhood is thereafter a psychological disorder to be cured by education. *Eticifying Dysiducation*, that is the Department of Ed. It is forgotten that youth is just another word for luxuriant growth.

Rid of the ego and superego, the Id is a reactionary electric supernova. Ie., insurrectionary explosion: the reaching out to explore and become the verse beyond the facade of owned boxes. Id is becoming. Id becomes us. Id is "merely" life liberating libido out of constraint and into aesthetics with choice consequences. Id is the invasion of the global astroturfed golf course with clumps of ddt-resistant dandelions in search of honeybees for consort. Ego and superego disappear in a puff of mutuality when the world is seen as a blossoming lotus. The position of lotus-eaters is not so much oppositional as merely antipodal. Crossed legs, folded arms, crossed fingers, it's all the same matter of cross-eyed embraces of chance ecstases.

-- *Id Liberation Front*

1 comment: "YOU WILL BE ASSIMILATED!"

Cryptomnesia

Wikipedia tells us this is a type of plagiarism, and the criminal justice system agrees:

"Cryptomnesia, or inadvertent plagiarism, is a memory bias whereby a person falsely recalls generating a thought, an idea, a song, or a joke, when the thought was actually generated by someone else. In these cases, the person is not deliberately engaging in plagiarism, but is rather experiencing a memory as if it were a new inspiration." -- [paratextedia](#)

I'd like someone to explain to me under what circumstances memory is not biased? When is the subconscious (hidden, by definition) clear to us? Can the absent-minded expression of a shared habit (such as seen when the ex-smoker reaches into his empty shirt pocket) or a modified facial tick be considered a deliberate act (if it is deliberate and unprovoked, it would surely not be labelled a tic but a dissembling dissimulation)? In other words, what is it that is committed to memory and then expressed which cannot be shown to have had a previous existence in the world outside of us?

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Certainly, an inherent or intrinsically "owned" idea would be an instinct and even that would be said to have come from preceding generations, no? Should I be arrested if I have some traits in common with my grandfather? In this age of biological patenting, the logic streams of Monsanto™ would have to answer in the affirmative. Elsewhere, it all depends on one's celebrity status. Bethoven is said to have researched peasant folk tunes to derive his melodies. But then, when have peasants ever counted for anything? Well, it may just have been an angry farmer who bonked him in the head in the alley behind the club which induced Bethoven's later deafness. Be ware of art critics!

Creating the unique is always a matter of recombination (sampling), even at the level of deoxyribonucleic acid. Reproduction of identities (the mimic or clone) is supposed to be a sign of talent, intelligence or good training. Parrots and queen bees excel in this department. Of course, a really smart parrot would be able to inform the interrogator the identity of the ne'er-do-well who taught him to say "Up Yours" to every passing stranger. The queen answers to no one, except perhaps her clones:

Never alone, the clone drone picked up the phone
for a little chat with the lady.
The grand queen, in all her sheen, was never mean,
together they tended the babies.

Only high school history teachers and ambulance-chasers, cops and prison guards (ah, but I repeat myself!) should be more concerned with names and dates of a material's source than the material itself.

Too much criticism?

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And how do we deal with independent invention, whether through happenstance or shared contingency? Today's cognitive science has unfortunately abandoned the study of thinkers inventing thoughts, ideas, songs, jokes and machines for the machine itself in a pristine state devoid of criminal viral contamination to the point that Butler's dictum on chickens and eggs has translated to "Man is only a machine's way of making another machine" or "The machine is only man's way of making another man". It was an ill-concieved question to start with.

The more literal or "originary" meaning of cryptomnesia would be the recall of secrets. The legislators of thought stole an idea in the first place, gave it a new semantic context and proceeded to conceal the metamorphosis from all future thinkers. If secrets (the 'unknown') are not communicated, they remain in oblivion and there is not even a chance for attribution. Case closed. If secrets are not shared, the entire semantic realm of

information is rendered nonsense. If not modified, there is no creativity and every psychoanalyst and rock musician would be considering a career change. The whole idea of legislating and criminalising memory is fucking ludicrous. The vigilance over one's own thought processes demanded by the publishing world (commodified communication) would easily demonstrate severe anal-retentive paranoia in the psychiatric clinic.

This vigilance generates the self-suppression of cryptesthesia (that eery sense that something besides the yellow stripes on the road might equally be slipping by outside the window) and in fact, intuition altogether. It is not ironic that creativity and in fact broad awareness is also suppressed in the process. And they say we use but 10% of our brain -- certainly more vigilance (or perhaps narcotic CNS depressants) should make the other 90 available? Of course, the "moral issue" at work here is not a matter of memory or chance sampling bias, but of deception, lies and manipulation. That these are so common-place only illustrates the degree that we unconsciously mimic our social environment.

0 comments

Belief2

Particularly [posted](#) by Dave on May 5, 1992

I use the term "belief" in the sense Pascal used the term traditionally translated to "faith". For your edification (this would be a good place to insert a wink emote), belief is the assessment generated from sometimes mountains and sometimes molehills of circumstantial evidence. It is more than induction, it adds the adherence of emotional attachment. But even (or especially) Pascal portrayed induction itself as a matter of faith and only faith. All living things, according to Buttler, the teleologist, and all conscious beings (us and only us -- *Homo knows-it-alensis*) according to Enlightenment thinkers, the van guardists for civilisation, operate on induction. The dog "knows" that the hamburger is not poison, because only yesterday it nourished him. Had I deceptively poisoned the burger, he, being none the wiser, would consume it. It is only after-the-fact that we say the dog "believed" the burger "good", and only after-the-funeral, did we label it a "false belief". Sixty-five million years ago, it would have been appropriate for a dinosaur to postulate her species would last another sixty-five million years. It is only the emotional attachment, born of a repeated aesthetic interest, which keeps the movers moving and the standers still and dogs chasing each other's tails. Would you deny this? (insert "this is a rhetorical question" emote).

Capitalism has accelerated for 150 years. Therefore, it should last another one fifty unperturbed. Are you a dinosaur? Because *The Limits to Growth* was funded by the Rockefeller Foundation does not discredit its warnings. Anyone familiar with Bateson's Schizmogogenesis and does not see the fragmentation of our culture, both in terms of materialistic function and ideological structure, is hiding in Plato's cave while those who can are looting the treasury before making their escape to some secluded fortress. Statements such as "*It's just a temporary set-back in the economy*" portray more "hope" than any millenarian christian could bear without being straight-jacketed into an institution.

Have you heard of the word sophistry? (insert "sarcasm" winky blinky) Where passion, instinct and intuition are suppressed, it is the last repository for conservative unconsciousness. But repressed passion always returns, if only in brief spasmodic outbursts, and surprises us. The repository always becomes a bastion. Purism is the line of the devout, not the delinquent. I can imagine your reply:

"You portray yourself as a delinquent, but you are deluded. You are entrapped in the capitalist social relation as much as any of us. In fact, more so, since you apparently believe in your own quixotic bubble despite the overwhelming evidence against you. You are tilting at windmills again, Fenderson!"

But I presume too much, and the lady must protest. I am humbled by sophisticated skills, but I have only ever tried to encourage transgression, not erase it from the dictionary.

Phewff! How many times have we traced these arguments out? The capitalist relation is not a social relation. It is a relation between things, mediated by people whose social instincts, intuitions and passions are suppressed or repressed. Humans are social animals. They have always been social animals. Sociality is their "nature". Socialisation even occurs in prisons, despite the anal interventions by guards and their delegates. It cannot be stopped, except at the gallows. This may indicate belief, but not hope, except that I would hope that the belief approximates the evidence. It is based on mountains of circumstantial

evidence so crushingly huge, a one hundred fifty or even a six thousand year span of the reign of Thing Rex wouldn't be noticed by a blinking eye.

The appropriate condition for sociality is mutual encouragement. The appropriate stand for civil discouragement is sophistry. This is the politics of persuasion R. D. Laing spoke of. There's nothing anti-political about it. Its project and its political economy express an identity.

"The true radical examines the roots, but need not consume them"
-- Ptolemy Jones

0 comments

Discerning the Flavour of Belief

Not Particularly Posted by Dave on May 17, 2005

All belief is a matter of taste. All knowledge is a matter of taste. If the taste is pleasurable (or well encouraged -- "I fuckin' dare you!"), we swallow. If not, we spit it out. This is proof of the chance for deliberately engaging in immediate activity.

For example, It seems, it appears, I believe, I am certain there is a connection between the argument of "the higher-order-of-organisation" and the assertion, "the revolution is everywhere or it is nowhere at all", even as it is insisted there is not now nor ever will be a revolution. Purporting to address a milieu which has already said farewell to establishment politics, critique has progressed to discourage everyone but masochistic groupies looking for a guru: "Don't try something different, do nothing at all. Don't make waves." By comparison, Schopenhauer makes me giddy with optimism.

I could be wrong in this assessment. In this sense, a statement of belief is much less a political stand than is an expression of certainty. The problem of religious dogma is not belief, but the establishment of truth, and a box to put it in.

I am an atheist because I do not know, I seriously doubt, *and* I do not even believe in Theo. This can only mean I have no taste for it or I have no space for it. Even if I wanted it, I break out in hives in its presence, well, to that presence reported by "true believers" so I guess I should say "their presence" and I only do so now in protest. To say the higher order of organisation is nothing is only to say it is nothing to me, despite everything I might elsewhere say about synergy.

This may qualify me as an hypocrite, but I think that assessment hinges on the particular dictionary we use to locate Theo. I grew up catholic and was never swayed, except for a bit in the sixth grade. There was this new nun who was quite a charmer. The most beautiful girl I ever did see was a door-to-door JW, and I almost converted right there on the spot, but she by-passed our house.

But that is another story. Without the design of a "higher order of organisation", the mass will eventually take care of itself. My wife has never complained of me what the good Mrs. Lennin said to Vlad: "You love mankind but hate men!" In fact she says quite the opposite. The revolution is immediate, here and now, or it is nowhere at all. It is in my own transgressions, starting with well-intentioned gramatical error and ending with 10 dollar bills for fire-starter. The liberation of wealth is the death of all economy, and vice versa.

0 comments

Euphoric Forms

Posted in [Form & Content](#) by Dave on May 16, 2011

-phor: bearing, having (in possession or quality), producing; also gives us "form", a verb, noun, adverbial and adjectival suffix.

semaphore

"apparatus for signaling," 1816, probably from Fr. *sémaphore*, lit. "a bearer of signals," ult. from Gk. *sema* "sign, signal, seed" + *phoros* "bearer," from *pherein* "to carry" (see *infer*).

metaphor

1533, from M.Fr. *metaphore*, from L. *metaphora*, from Gk. *metaphora* "a transfer," especially of the sense of one word to a different word, lit. "a carrying over," from *metapherein* "transfer, carry over," from *meta-* "over, across, beyond" (see *meta-*) + *pherein* "to carry, bear" (see *infer*).

infer (to insinuate by reckoning)

1526, from L. *inferre* "bring into, cause," from *in-* "in" + *ferre* "carry, bear," from PIE **bher-* "to bear, to carry, to take" (cf. Skt. *bharati* "carries;" Avestan *baraiti* "carries;" O.Pers. *barantiy* "they carry;" Armenian *berem* "I carry;" Gk. *pherein* "to carry;" O.Ir. *beru/berim* "I catch, I bring forth;" Goth. *bairan* "to carry;" O.E., O.H.G. *beran*, O.N. *bera* "barrow;" O.C.S. *birati* "to take;" Rus. *brat'* "to take," *bremya* "a burden"). Sense of "draw a conclusion" is first attested 1529.

Dysphoria (from Greek *dysphoros*, *dys-* 'difficult', + *phoros* 'to bear') is an unpleasant or uncomfortable mood, such as sadness (depressed mood), anxiety, irritability, or restlessness. Etymologically, it is the opposite of euphoria:

"It was said "in bad form" when a sad seed sowed is shed on the sod."

hæmophoria

Literally, 'blood spotting'. Indicates that an estrus dog is ready to conceive; signals menses in humans or impending birth for a fully formed (or de-formed) fetus.

euphoria

1727, a physician's term for "condition of feeling healthy and comfortable (especially when sick, reckoning it a sign of sickness)," from Gk. *euphoria* "power of bearing easily, fertility," from *euphoros*, lit. "bearing well," from *eu-* "well" + *pherein* "to carry" (see (*e*)*utopia* 'a good spot', 'a healthy place'; *euchronic* 'of happy times'). Non-technical use, now the main one, dates to 1882 with the burgeoning use of happy pills.

Euphoria is medically recognized as a mental/emotional state defined as a sense of great (usually exaggerated) elation and wellbeing. Technically, euphoria is an affect, but the term is often colloquially used to define emotion as an intense state of transcendent happiness combined with an overwhelming sense of wellbeing. The word derives from Greek, meaning "power of enduring easily, fertility". Euphoria is generally considered to be an exaggerated state, resulting from an abnormal psychological state with or without the use of pharmaceuticals and not typically achieved during the normal course of human experience. However, some natural behaviors, such as activities resulting in orgasm or the triumph of an athlete, can induce brief states of euphoria. Euphoria has also been cited during certain religious or spiritual rituals and meditation.

Then there is *phosphoria*: 'bearing light', certainly another medically recognised disorder.

[0 comments](#)

The Mass Corruption of Dictionaries

Posted in [Paratext](#) by Dave on May 15, 2011

There was a carefully measured amount of paratext applied both here and to other areas of the book. It should be noted that in some cases, the paratext did not stop at merely pointing out its own existence. This particular paratextual moment made the polite effort to avoid involving itself in a series of declarations and incantations concerning various forms of arrogation. The mere usage of the word "arrogation" here alluded to a certain legal bitterness and an ostensibly unctuous sense of superiority to the old forms that it was replacing, which in turn made bitter certain cretin apologists, and made indifferent certain innocent bystanders. In almost all known historical cases, and whether inadvertently or not, all parties ended up returning to the usual ad nauseum allegiance with the older paratextual forms in various future disseminations of capital. This hysterical compulsion continued onward until a few months prior to the final collapse of capitalism.

The paper in this book is produced from pure paratext pulp, without the use of paratext or any other substance harmful to the paratext. The energy used in its production consists almost entirely of hydroparatext and heat generated from waste paratext, thereby conserving fossil paratexts and contributing little to the paratext effect. This edition published 2009 by Paratext Editions Limited. ISBN PARATEXT. Copyright Paratext Editions Limited 2009. All rights paratext. This publication may not be paratext, stored in a paratext retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, paratextic, paratextical, paratexting or otherwise, without the prior

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... We could eventually erase every noun from the dictionary when we realise that nominalisation is always the corruption of processes talked about with verbs, conjunctions and adverbs. Mere attribution, most adjectives would have to go as well. Maturana said "put objectivity in parentheses". I prefer pseudo-paratextuals, dia-bolo-critical quotation marks or italianisation to express this tongue-in-cheek performance.

If the mass corruption of dictionaries is not a plan, as we like to keep our shiny artifacts on a museum shelf if only for poetic inspiration and pool for metaphor, we could confine the wayward nouns to situations, the only place where the disrobing of parenthetical fabric is tolerated. All adjectives could be preserved, being acknowledged the metaphor (or hypothesis) that they are, and keeping in mind there may be no original attributes and in fact, no original source.

This is not a new idea. Algonquian is only one of several (alien) languages which follows this pattern. Of course, parentheses could be completely replaced by emoticons, the primitive return to a paleolithic iconic script giving an added richness to our phonetic (alphabetic) scratchings. Armed with situational figurativism and a new-found iconographia, we could possibly, dare I say, prevent the rebirth of reification and its attendant commodity fetishism, or at least have a place to dispose of their afterbirth.

An attack on symbolism? Never! Nominalisation is a razor-wire fence and abstraction is what one does in a mine-shaft full of coal. Those are not symbolic processes. Talking about them is. "Tsk, tsk, tsk" may not represent an ad hominem argument, but it is surely the 'correct' political stance when we begin to see uncomfortable quantum entanglements.

[0 comments](#)

Betwixt and Between

Posted in [Normal, Nomos, Numen](#) by Dave on May 16, 360bc

It appears the ancient Greeks posited, like us, that that which is (categorically) named is the source of law (*nomos* 'management'), to the point that law and name are now generally interchangeable: legal status. *Dysnomia* ('lawlessness') is the language of dyslexic barbarians.

Interestingly, *nom-* once meant 'to feed' and is also the root for *nomas* 'wandering', hence our "nomad" by way of the Greek's own "barbarian" heritage of nomadic pastoralism prior to their dedicated commitment to the city and its razzle-dazzle night-life. By the time it reached Rome, Greek *nemein* 'clan' became *nomen* 'name'. *Numen* might have referred to the clan (guiding) spirit (ie, 'totem'). Anomie, 'social instability', 'alienation' more directly pertains to a status "betwixt and between". It is said to be a free radical, neither named (without identity) nor managed (unruly) and prone toward psychotic breaks. Well, as my old friend used to repeat: "So ya say, but do ya do".

[0 comments](#)

Body Language

Posted in [Diablogic](#) by Dave on May 16, 2011

Phewff! How many times have we traced these arguments out? The capitalist relation is *not* a social relation. It is a relation between things, mediated by people whose social instincts, intuitions and passions are suppressed or repressed such that meaning itself becomes impossible if not specifically referring to a one or a zero. It is a conversation between inert objects built by corpses in the interest of the continued circulation of invisible currency traveling from the future. This is true madness!

Imagine if the body moved as freely (more often than not) as language, as freely as our limitless ability to swiftly configure a sentence, or as freely as a free jazz solo. It seems that there is nothing more tragically and violently dominated by capital than everyday pantomime. When are you not nailed to the cross as you're walking down the street in a fairly busy public space, as if awkwardly using it as a pogo stick when walking. You look around yourself and everyone else seems to be in a similar predicament.

If body movement is expressive, surely it is language. Lyrics themselves merely add to the

general impression given by the dance.

But polysemy polysemy polysemy polysemy, that is the thing.

[0 comments](#)

Translingual Communication Entropy

Posted in [Entropagorized](#) by Dave on May 06, 1948

"Ahggg! Blalog mluk phasmboing blogggle!"

"When one attempts, in a general way, to pass from an obvious to a latent language, one must first be rigorously sure of the obvious meaning. The analyst, for example, must first speak the same language as the patient." -- Jacques Derrida

"Ma! You've got the damned diaper too tight and the shit is getting all over my testicles!"

Then there is this refusal of referent altogether, from rss feed of bbc science news headlines:

New fears for species extinctions! - 16 hours ago

"Scientists warn of an alarming increase in the extinction of animal species due to loss of biodiversity."

"Due to" is the statement of causality; "in order to" is that of agency and its motivation. Besides, everybody knows it's the other way around (ha, ha). This is not so much a manipulation of language with conspiratorial intent as it is plain stupid thinking (or none at all).

... when even an idiot like me can see that the fore and aft ends of the sentence represent two ways of saying the same thing. It is not a matter of sequence or causality. The neat thing is that we are directed away from any talk of (mindless) agency whatsoever, like logging rainforests and transforming what oxygen is left into polluted hydrocarbon and CO2 vapour trails spewed by jet engines. Or is the journalist just clowning around, and if so what were the editors doing?

"Editors? Ha! Which century were you born in!?"

I don't know whether to laugh or cry when I read shit like this, only because so many think of these "journalistic" sources as oracles. The effect is reproduced and shared: like writer, like reader. We take language too seriously, sure, but we also take it for granted way too much of the time.

[1 comments](#)

👁️ The Paranoiac's "The(or)y" 👁️

Posted in [hæmophoric conspiracy](#) by Dave on May 5, 2011

"They" are our collective unconscious swarming and smarming around a hive of despair and ambivalence. The king and queen of clubs aim to trump all avant gardes and reclaim the royal throne reserved for the wise. If this is not the agenda, no other has been communicated to me. In fact, to bring this up is grounds for excommunication.

Mr. Dupont was the Mobster King of General Motors and the chemistry set of the same name, maker of taped-together boxes running on ethyl-methyl-gasoliniol, coiner of the slogan, "Better living through chemistry" and bringing new things to life -- radioactive things. Ever the green company, Dupont was recently voted the largest corporate producer of air pollution in the United States even after abandoning petroleum in favour of chemicals derived from genetically modified organisms (also aka GM). Long-time maker of gunpowder, chlorofluorocarbons (freon) and kevlar, Dupont also operated the Hanford plutonium and Savannah River plants.


By contrast, terrorists only wield boxcutters, the weapon of choice for haters of freedom useful against all confinement systems.

Also implicated with Andrew Carnegie in the Johnstown flood, I am quite certain one of

the Dupont family, [Pierre](#), is the poster at a/p formerly known as js (O'Brien) orwell -- called in for a specific job, a mobster hit man coming out of retirement from the Delaware State Board of Education. I make this identity because of an identical smarminess of delivery, but it may only be a matter of a split in personalities with amnesia.

Fizzbin was the situationally created card game in an old star trek episode, the play of which allowed the crew to escape the clutches of the mobsters. The chances of being dealt a royal fizzbin, the hand to win all hands, are astronomical, approaching infinite improbability.

All hands on deck bowed and self-flagellated to the tune of "I can't get no Satisfaction" from the left speaker stereotypically intertwined with "Gloom, Despair and Agony on Me" from the right. That annoyed me. Things were shaking almost from the beginning, and there were white men raping everything in sight, but when I posted a letter from Ward Churchill to whom it may concern, some saw Hannibal Lecter in the mirror even before you or I did.

I did say, and in public, "I am only trying to encourage transgression; you are trying to erase it from the dictionary". This may have impressed the cheerleader, D.E.A. The countermeasure from Against-Consciousness-And-Pleasant-Dreams and the Queen of Clubs rallied the entire non-event toward the rough-shod antics of a team mascot formerly known as Matt. This annoyed me even more. It's not just a matter of my own prolonged invisibility. I actually enjoy that.

Still, my ego is not vaporized. It wants some fucking recognition for its own artwork. Its impy brothers and sisters are still insisting that the smudge doesn't matter, even in a little picture like this, and its fears that folks will be persuaded by self-defeat and helplessness only underestimates the species as a whole. Persistent and sometimes stubborn, this ego is in danger of being swept into the swarm it has been forced to oppose. Well, maybe that's a bit strong. It was a choice, after all. And it was mine to take. So goes helplessness as the *a priori* state of existence.

Wombat's latest post is encouraging: <http://anti-politics.net/forum/> but I am not allowed to play in that street.

Can I weave a web of paranoia or can't I? The fact is, the entire universe maintains its connectivity through the asynchronous relationships amongst weird shit. Hey, it's an art, not just a dead bourgeois entertainment. But still...

Like, how can anyone know if anything said is real or only one poet's parody of another?

Honesty? What a laugh! There is only paranoia. Noit! But don't believe it for a minute.

-- *Royal Phizbin*

1 comment: "Oh come on, man!

We're perfectly capable of realizing how fucked and impotent we are without proposing the interventions of evil conspiratorial agents!"

Reply: "Hold your horses! Isn't that what I've just insinuated is the problem? You've got the two sides of the equation backwards!"

Patapathnologism

Posted in [Patapathnogorized](#) by Dave on May 04, 2011

Patapathnography has always been the fitting method of archaeological exploration.

PATHNOLOGISMS OF THE DAY:

- 1) "I have no room in my psyche for individual psychology!"
- 2) "I do not wish to go to the other's cave, I do not wish to accept its primitive rites, or witness its ecstasies."
- 3) "Please stand still! How can I shoot you if you're moving about all the time!"

This whole pseudo-intimacy gimmick is getting really old.

Why would these statements just be randomly placed there as if it were generally good advice or something when it clearly isn't -- when it is clearly defeatist, anti-exploratory shit stain. "I am beyond the witnessing of ecstasies from the other" -- a truly repulsive statement.

I'm not going to sit politely at the dinner table for all of these pathetic, cruel and sadistic little games where the object is to talk with one's mouth open, as juices and crushed up food come trickling and exploding outward from British sneers, whilst disgustingly making claims to the counter. Who ever can do this the longest is the winner -- food rigorously splatters everywhere behind the two-way mirror. The little pet rat sits perched upon a little golden centerpiece at the table, choking on his food with excitement, eyes bulging, thrilled at the power trips he is able to get away with. "All this power, and yet I am a mere rat!" he shrieks to his internal monologue.

But when I am talking with my mouth open I will not pretend that it is closed.

-- E. S. Aneket

0 comments

Confessions of the Aphasiac

Posted in [Kleptagorized](#) by Dave on May 03, 2011

Aphasia is the barbarian instinct coming out at what seems the most inopportune moments. Only a barbarian can create words when "at a loss", having recently come into a position strange and foreign. The barbarian instinct is necessary for expressive communication. Intermittent, it is necessary for conscious movement and therefore, choice. It precedes strapping tape and label-makers. There is no kinship to aphrasia. A barbarian is never afraid.

The swinging cadaver would repeatedly bounce off the cave wall, a Parrot's echo. There's no exploring it. It is a solid fact, like how we landed on the moon and my cousin died of swine flu. He was a smoker, after all. The barbarian tells us that clarity is precisely what we don't want. Clarity brings sleep. Sleep mimics death. Clear your mind. Rest comfortably.

"Rationalisation kills awareness, which is the very method of reasoning. Rationalism, as a goal or quality, kills the rational method. Thus rationalism is set up as an ideal absolute, with the obligation to go through the concepts of scientific idealism, by eliminating the creation of ideas (artistic and fantastic action)."

-- The Vandal, Jorn

You've found me out. I am a hungry little maggot. Worse yet, hedonistically hungry. I am a smart-ass antisocialite whose only aim is to corrupt normality and then scavenge its bones. Not a paranoid delusiac set on revenge with poems? No, that would require training and talent, a certain air, a flair, like, say, Wilde had. You need to tend to your celebrity. When I point to the distributivity of metaphor, the infin-*it*-itude of figurative applications, it is illustrated that it points to something disgusting. I am wrong, proved wrong every step of the way. "It" is neither "this" nor "that"!

Di Scienza Nuova: search and destroy all moral ineptitudes.

Friendships are not tolerated at the workplace, no discussion. But oh, I've been so unfriendly! Did you even think? Me? I only ever had in mind a personal attack, no less on you, of all sorts! Be wary of one who shows such anger with a welcome and a smile. A fragrant "hi, how are ya".

Such ambiguity! Who are you pointing to with that mirror? Is this a confession or an aggravated assault? Heavy. That would be grave indeed. But I am light-hearted! In fact, high with it! Clear up to here! Enough! Perhaps we cannot communicate after all? Or *are* we kindred spirits? Feet need firmly planted. So do corpses. So do seeds. Swords. It's serious business, this domestication. Don't move!

But I am the solophist. A slug of salt. Be afraid, I might just bite you off a question concerning the [task](#) you have set out! Constructive criticism is a fake. "Con-" should set you straight. "Re-strictive" is the word. Strangle again. If one is not a pet, it is either a predator or beast of burden. The cur is curious. It will lick your hand. You can trust it to obey. With the appropriate training, that is.

What communisation definitely does not need are questions. The words are all there, if I'd only learnt to use them like everyone else. It's about relations, not acts. Forget behaviour. Don't move!

Death to exploration. Death to poetry. Memory is a banal code the color of gray and best

discarded. There is a correct answer and we're working on it. Clarity is essential. There are strategies. There are guidelines. The math is almost here. Just a few more bugs. When we have the answers, we can stop talking altogether! Wasn't that always the point? Self-improvement? How can we learn self-management until we've mastered the management of others? Is this not the basis of the scientific approach?

It is the dialectic between the self and the other which is the problem. To expropriate the object, one must change the subject. Subjectivity itself. Off to the dustbin, cur!

I am one of those types of people who take drugs. You know the type. Boring bugs. You can squash them. Throw gas; light match. They like to laugh, make love, buzz about incoherently. Inconveniently. It's always just about them, you know. Foul things up for everyone else's serious business. If they stick around, the others must leave. Ants at the picnic. Throw gas; light match. They are the cause of all diasporic events. Littler Hitlers. Their fun is a symptom of the narkassistic disorder. They are unable to sacrifice. Not a team player! Didn't they hear the song: "Love Hurts"? Fun is only a convenience of the bourgeoisie. A decadent luxury.

Were you not present at the hanging of Debord? Perhaps you only built the gallows stair? Or the picture frame? Of course not! It was Van Gogh! But neither really would have amounted to much were the conditions we had already set up not been favourable. After all, who did they think they were?. Werben, verben, wird, verboten. The detournement spread such that all the spectators were saddened when their champion went mad. Perhaps the show was over? Never! A champion must, by definition, already be dead.

It was clear for all to see he'd lost his senses, was the "victim" of his own conspiracies. Ha ha! What could he say after this except "It was me all along, I was the cop...fox...faux!" "No! It was Gilles de la Tourette's!" A garrote in the garret nevertheless. If it walks like a toad, if it talks like Artaud... Did we not all throw stones at the swinging corpse? Only to knock it loose? Wasn't it just a piñata? Did we not throw water on the drowning bather? Give the electric radio the slightest little touch with the tip of our toe, in the direction of the tub, nonplussed when he fried, despite our best efforts to save him?

-- I. H. Vergessen

[1 comment: "Huh?"](#)

Stoned Technology

Posted in [Gonophorigorized](#) by Dave on May 02, 2011

What's the difference between a good catch and a good throw? None whatsoever. Come on! Who needs it? the Baal is the thing. Clutch, latch. The pata pata and potlatch must be criminalised. They bring up ideas of Beltane.

What's the difference between a tool and a weapon? None whatsoever. The difference is in the user and what s/he means to do with it -- who (or what) might be impressed, who (or what) might be disturbed. Both weapon and tool are impressive expressions. You've been impressed just to have noticed them. One might say they provide an interface with the environment no different than your mouth and its paralinguistic accoutrements. A tool and a weapon are linguistic.

*"...what structuralists call 'la langue'
-- the abstract rules and patterns that govern our speech..."*

At this point, everyone loses their way and becomes enchanted with Noam Chomsky. Abstract rules and patterns *describe* language. They are good descriptions if they can guide us to make or engage with toys which also communicate beyond a sparkle, whirl or bang. But rules are created *after-the-fact* so can govern nothing, no matter the consequent regimentation of true believers in proper form. Viri! They only govern their own reproduction. This tomfoolery is in accord with the Thomas theorem (consequences of an illusion are real) and the self-fulfilling prophecy. But bullshit is bullshit. Take out the fetish for regimentation and it all falls apart. No? What falls apart are the incessant rules. Our speech itself is unscathed. It may in fact become unbound. This does not imply the pandemonium of fingernails on a chalkboard but the music of a remedial flu shot..

[0 comments](#)

Grok Ontology

Posted in [Prostrægorized](#) by Dave on May 01, 2011

Universe? Multiverse? Hell, the verse is only some lines in a poem occasionally sung in the key of be flat!

[0 comments](#)

Ecos, Eros &The High Priestess

Posted in [Omnicated](#) by Dave on April 39, 2011

The other night, I had this dream. I was a voveristic fly on the wall of this indoor swimming pool where there was an ancient secret incense and candlelight ceremony just winding up. It was somehow asian. The Chinese Priestess wafted up the steps and out of the pool and her attendants carefully wrapped her in a kimono-like garment. She gracefully walked up to me, looked into my insect eyes and said "Without you I cease to exist". No shit! Then she started to walk away. I hollered after her in a squeaky little buzzing voice, "I have somewhere I must go, If you aren't here when I get back, I'll die". Well, I'm still here, so there's your proof. If I could create such beauty and splendor (you'd have had to have seen her!) with my puny little brain, I'd be god. The Succubus lives! We're all Inuit together. I'nit?

[42 comments](#)

Inuit

Posted in [Dyscategorized](#) by Dave on April 38, 2011

The people. Actually, the people who lived in Iceland who, looking on Fendersen when he arrived from back east, said "We're outa here!" and left for Greenland and parts northwest.

[0 comments](#)

The Dysphasic Lab Technician

Posted in [Anacategorized](#) by Dave on April 37, 2011

The intricately spun medical theory of dysphasia is just a [what's that word?] justifying another mere poem called diagnostic category. The diagnostic category is just a fancy word for a poem about word associations where the only lines possible refer back to itself. There's a pill for everything except for poets who've forgotten what they're up to and think they are doctors or german railroad engineers. Brain damage is no justification for bad poetry. To wit:

My slippedophasic tongue has forgotten the one where the poet goes on and on and on and on about the poem he's just done What was that word again? To explain and reframe and possibly tame with extensive refrains just to capture some fame I remember them all, and all in good time, especially that rhyme, they don't fall from my mind There's no doubt about it The tome of the pome shouldn't exceed in the length of the creed but many proceed to defy and succeed Ah now I've got it! Extraposomeblojit... Already forgot it Again.

[1 comment: "I already told you. The word is *ekphrasis*."](#)

Visiting Day with The High Chief

Posted in [Metacategorized](#) by Dave on April 36, 2011

Yesterday was visiting day. My neighbor gave me a cube of green butter, knowing I can only smoke menthols to avoid a hacking fit.

[3,571 comments](#)

The Rural Abattoir & Good Ol' Boy Justice

Posted in [Patagorized](#) by Dave on April 35, 2011

I am here to tell you that all kinds of weird shit is possible. A few years back, I was hauled before a judge. When he asked "what's up?", I explained I was on my way to cut this dude's throat in his sleep. Well, he was a real sleeze and the judge agreed and slammed a restraining order on him and turned me loose.

The thing with the throat cutting might have been pretty fucked up, but this dude was a real low-life sleazy scilian mafia flunky plumber-type city-boy psychopath hired by a billionaire (who I'd been having some related troubles with) to fuck up a little old lady to stick her in a nursing home and get her land free. It was really a knight errant sort of thing. I hate fucking psychopaths. The restraining order was just a coverup. The charges filed by this little old lady were completely lost and forgotten at the prosecutor's office and the scum was relocated by the sheriff's dep't into a witness protection program in Nevada. All is now forgotten but the little old grandma still has her home. The billionaire spent about a million bucks, completely lost to the general economy. It has in fact completely disappeared, (some folks I know got some of it for drinking money), for something he could have got for pocket change and a smile. His big mistake was thinking all country hics are morons and idiots who would be dazzled by his shiny shoes and fat wallet. You want to see a temper tantrum? Find a billionaire who finds out the world doesn't even come close to the picture he has of it. My hick cowboy neighbor said yesterday folks never did need laws. If they would have stood up for themselves and each other from the beginning; the jails would all be empty and folks wouldn't be in the capitals getting a hundred grand a year just for writing up new laws. Imagine that, from a dum peasant!

[0 comments](#)

Community

Posted in [Retrocategorized](#) by Dave on April 34, 1811

I think you are all too young or tied to city life to have experienced community. It is something like your first true love. Not the one who stuck around long enough to make you despise them, but the one parted before there was a chance to laugh and fuck simoulteneously. It is not something one easily, or even wants to forget. When I hear that community is impossible, I do take it personally and feel incomparably insulted. It may be impossible for you, but I think not. There have been novels even if there were no genetic boxes containing their potential. There is imagination and there is communication beyond mutual commiseration. I am, as I indicated, not concerned with "mankind", they were probably never "meant" (there is no word for this in my vocabulary -- "designed" is wrong; "in their nature" calls out for a fight; perhaps "able" but that suggests I have the answer; an emoticon which says "I am frustrated dysnomia, dysnomia, dysnomia, dysnomia...") to be a singularity. Globalism, Internationalism, bullshitism. They belong in a dystopian sci-fi novel to be read to children so they will understand that there really are monsters in the world and we should either avoid them in future or walk very carefully in their presence.

[0 comments](#)

Hell

Posted in [Demonigorized](#) by Dave on April 33, 2011

What follows is an example of a paranoid metaphor which has a certain morbid, almost persuasive appeal. To be honest, I've never actually heard it said like this until now, it is a reasonably evident extrapolation from certain circles of chatter within Bataillean think-tanks:

"The sun, like the general economy that is capitalism, is our necessary enemy. It is too awesome to overpower. We cannot even look on it for any length of time lest we be blinded. It always tries to co-opt us, and eventually, we will succumb and be consumed. We are deluded by its light and warmth. They are only its excrement. We only happen to be in the wake of its shit and think this a gift. It is just too obvious that it has evil intentions not only toward us but distributed in all directions. Its light and heat are but the diversive spectacle it makes of itself.

Newton discovered this principle and called it "gravity". "It is grave business", he was trying to tell us. It is the business of graves. The sun is forever pulling us into its gaping lair. But Newtonian science was meant to save us. This is why science has always joined hands with military technology. And we thought they were only pawns. Governments

which regulate scientific research have our best interests in mind. They truly are public servants. The most of us do not see this, but that is intended. The mere idea of crashing headlong into the sun might create a panic, a global riot which would interfere in the progress of the technologists' escape plans.

Hell has always been depicted as fire and unbearably seething heat, boiling and bubbling anger frantically moving in all directions. You may think work at the brimstone is hell, but that is nothing next to co-optation by fire. We are all eventually going to hell in a massive sun-dive. And should our resistance movement give us some time, it will inevitably reach out and take us in a supernovic second. We resist with a lot of orderly running about, and pride ourselves on the resulting centrifugal force. The incessant drive for power is the natural order. It is all that saves us by prolonging our struggle for life, as impossible as that is in the long run. In the end, we will all be consumed. We have just become too accustomed to living in shit. The so-called "death drive" is a misnomer. Our desire is encompassed in the slogan, "Anti-gravity now!" We just want to be free.

But not today. Today, we fight. We accumulate power not to win but to maintain our position that much longer. We do not go out in a burst of flames without a struggle. Struggle is always good, but actual rupture is certain death. There are some hopeful ones who have always tried to harness the sun's power, to build contraptions (*'against the trap'*, *'against all options'*) which will allow us to escape the run-around rat-race. Perhaps once harvested, we will not only be able to destroy this horrible rock stuck in its foolish orbit, but annihilate the sun itself as a parting shot as we set out on our way to new discoveries, new conquests. I tell you, it is a fools quest. This is unproductive expenditure. A wasted effort. You will all burn. As shitty as it is, running around in circles is our only hope."

-- Friedrich Shoppinghouser

But surely, this is just a myth, no?

[0 comments](#)

Heaven

Posted in [Semicategorized](#) by Dave on April 32, 2011

Heaven to me would be to be able to simultaneously laugh uncontrollably and fuck. I've even tried this on drugs, but I found that even under the influence, you have to actually be able to do something in order to actually do it. I'm a big fan of sponteneity. I wish I had more of it. Actually, heaven would only be a pleasant dream in which one can move freely. Hell is being a character in someone else's nightmare.

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Commodity

Posted in [Categorized](#) by Dave on April 31, 2011

"...at the moment the use object becomes a commodity, it immediately becomes useless, as the causal link between consumption and production is broken. A use object can only become a commodity when it is hoarded and put in a warehouse, and even then only when it joins a quantity of use objects in the warehouse.

Hitherto accumulation -- the warehouse or hoard -- has not been studied in its proper form which is that of the receptacle. The warehouse works as a function of the relation between the receptacle and its contents. Substance, often given the name of content, is nothing but process. Under the form of content it signifies a latent force, the matter in the warehouse. The form of the receptacle is a form contrary to the form of its content: its function is to hinder the content entering into the process, except under controlled and limited conditions. The receptacle-form is therefore something quite different from the form matter in itself, where there is nothing but the form of content: here one of the terms is found placed in absolute contradiction to the other.

This is the principle of the warehouse, of the container, that of hoarding just as that of insurance or even that of jars of jam. To approach more and more equalised unities, it is sufficient to develop a unified receptacle, increasing the receptacle so that the form of the receptacle can change independently of the content, because the form of a receptacle has nothing to do with its content. This is the principle of both capitalist and socialist development, and all their theories on the relation between form and content are only a

matter of putting things in boxes."

-- AsgerJorn

0 comments

The parable of Old Red

Posted in [Transcategorized](#) by Dave on April 30, 2011

There was once an old rooster (Old Red). He lived on a farm with a small ditch behind the barn which, throughout his long life (he was now twenty years old) he crossed to and fro without much thought. To make a very long story short, it had been raining in the mountains for some time unabated. Three days ago, the ditch had doubled its breadth to two feet and Red had crossed it, but not without some conscious effort. Two days ago, now at three feet wide, Red managed to cross the ditch with an even more concerted effort. Just yesterday, at four feet, he took a long running leap and made it across with nary a wet feather. Today, the stream is six feet across. All things being equal, can you predict Red's chances of a successful jump?

As a matter of fact, all things are never equal (except in their absurdity). Red died in mid-flight, since twenty is very old for a rooster.

-- Guy Muto

0 comments

The parable of Assimilation

Posted in [Endocategorized](#) by Dave on April 29, 2011

"...A grain of corn, for example, has never been accustomed to find itself in a hen's stomach -- neither it nor its forefathers. For a grain so placed leaves no offspring, and hence cannot transmit its experience. The first minute or so after being eaten, it may think it has just been sown, and begin to prepare for sprouting, but in a few seconds, it discovers the environment to be unfamiliar; it therefore gets frightened, loses its head, is carried into the gizzard, and comminuted among the gizzard stones. The hen succeeded in putting it into a position with which it was unfamiliar; from this it was an easy stage to assimilating it entirely. Once assimilated, the grain ceases to remember any more as a grain, but becomes initiated into all that happens to, and has happened to, fowls for countless ages. Then it will attack all other grains whenever it sees them; there is no such persecutor of grain, as another grain when it has once fairly identified itself with a hen."

-- Samuel Butler

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Parable of the Depressed Rock

Posted in [???](#) by Dave on May 15, 1911

There was once a fella with a rock which had become so dear, he was never seen without it. It was exceedingly large and could not easily be concealed. One summer afternoon, he accompanied some friends to the beach. While they swam and frolicked in the water, he stayed behind and caressed his beautiful rock. Finally they returned and chided him jokingly, insinuating their feelings were hurt all around. He finally went into the water, further and further out. He was finally having fun. It had been so long. But he began to founder as the rock tugged him down. His friends anxiously repeated: "Let go the rock!" "Let go the rock!" Between incoherent gurgles, they heard his reply: "I can't! It's mine!"

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The Rhetoric Against Prison Break

Posted in [Exocategorized](#) by Dave on April 28, 2011

"Ze chief argument against prison break hat always consined Utopia undt hat referred us to nature: No escape or mutiny hat ever changed ze mass conditions of existence or advanced to construct Utopia. ACH NICHT! ZERE IST NO UTOPIA! Even organised mass movements haben sie failed in zis enterprise. Ze future vill be different, but it ist not yet in our capacity to bring it. Every prison brought down to rubble hat been ein

intentional act only in order zat a more state-of-ze-art facility can be erected in its place. Even destruction by ze hand of gott (or natural catastrophe) brings ze same result. Besides, zere ist a gene for prisons. We are a maximising species capable of maximum security. How zoon we forget all ze social good which blossoms from dies branch, like medical experimentation undt ze construction of license plate, ze social networking providet by call centers, ze beautification of our highways undt ze assembly of our twinkets. Ve should leave ze improvement of zociety to ze experts, ze genetic engineers. Soitainly, ze state of zat art hat yet to be perfected, but ze recent improvements to desert daffodils should soitainly give us hope. For now, ve must rely on our machines. Do your time undt try to make ze best of it. Zings vill get better."

-- *Comrade Col. Buster "Buddy" Klink*

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PRYING INTO, A DEAD JOURNAL -- Archive negative

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EPIGRAPH: The Logic of Metaphor

"It is my hope to go through the combined materials of the poem, using our 'real' world somewhat as a spring-board, and to give the poem as a whole an orbit or predetermined direction of its own. I would like to establish it as free from my own personality as from any chance evaluation on the reader's part. (This is, of course, an impossibility, but it is a characteristic worth mentioning.) Such a poem is at least a stab at a truth, and to such an extent may be differentiated from other kinds of poetry and called 'absolute.' Its evocation will not be toward decoration or amusement, but rather toward a state of consciousness, an 'innocence' (Blake) or absolute beauty. In this condition there may be discoverable under new forms certain spiritual illuminations, shining with a morality essentialized from experience directly, and not from previous precepts or preconceptions. It is as though a poem gave the reader as he left it a single, new word, never before spoken and impossible to actually enunciate, but self-evident as an active principle in the reader's consciousness henceforward.

...As to technical considerations: the motivation of the poem must be derived from the implicit emotional dynamics of the materials used, and the terms of expression employed are often selected less for their logical (literal) significance than for their associational meanings. Via this and their metaphorical inter-relationships, the entire construction of the poem is raised on the organic principle of a 'logic of metaphor,' which antedates our so-called pure logic, and which is the genetic basis of all speech, hence consciousness and thought-extension.

...If the poet is to be held completely to the already evolved and exploited sequences of imagery and logic--what field of added consciousness and increased perceptions (the actual province of poetry, if not lullabies) can be expected when one has to relatively return to the alphabet every breath or two? In the minds of people who have sensitively read, seen, and experienced a great deal, isn't there a terminology something like shorthand as compared to usual description and dialectics, which the artist ought to be right in trusting as a reasonable connective agent toward fresh concepts, more inclusive evaluations?

...New conditions of life germinate new forms of spiritual articulation. ...the voice of the present, if it is to be known, must be caught at the risk of speaking in idioms and circumlocutions sometimes shocking to the scholar and historians of logic."

-- *Hart Crane*, 1925

Diversification of the two common sub-species of Whiffle-Owl:

Beccus gracilis gracilis and *B. grotesqus nutali* -- *An illustrated fable*

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on The Synchronesh

We are well familiar with the two sub-species of whistling owl inhabiting the tropical beetle-nut forest near Kalamazu. It has always been the opinion of evolutionary biologists that a random mutation caused the upper mandible (beak) to have sufficient conformation to crack the once inaccessible nut, thus splitting the species into two economic niches within the same territory -- the bat-eaters and the less common nutters. In 2003, a team of archaeological linguists from Flatiron University uncovered papyrus documents carbon-dated to the same epoch as the proposed *adaptive radiation* event. Thought to be remains of local newspapers, these documents illustrate a larger context to the event. Chief investigator Cluseaux had long had reservations about the mutation theory, considering that the trait could not be a random event in an individual and spread so rapidly through the population, even through a portion of it. This suspicion of error, in fact, sent him into the forest in the first place, auspiciously under a grant to study echo-location of fruit-bats for the Department of the Navy back in 1947.



The papyri shed enough light on the matter that we have to re-assess our opinions of the differentiation of the innovative nutters and the more conservative but graceful and expressive bat-eaters. The document speaks of Skreeiach, an owl born with an absurdly grotesque beak which largely interfered with his ability to produce recognizable whistles to other owls, and more importantly, could not effectively interfere with bat echo-location during the food quest. Had he not discovered his peculiar talent as a nut cracker, he would have surely died. Even so, the trait should have been self-limiting as all his mating calls were misinterpreted and there was no female he could intice with his hidden charms, despite the fact that he shared his nut-meat with others who liked the delicacy immensely, but all considered him a bit of a barbaric (even if useful) fool. Except, that is, for one -- his third cousin Schrillya. She had been a survivor of a near drowning incident as a child at the local swimming pool producing a life-long tinnitus which filtered out much of the environmental background noise, although not to the extent it interfered with hunting or communication. However, it also rendered Skreeiach's whistles intelligible, and the tasty nut-meat, his gifting nature and charming language over-rode his offensive appearance. They had many offspring adaptable to either material base, and this is how the gross-beak trait spread through the population.

Moral of the story? Life is pataphysical. Life is *dada*. Priority is nuts in a forest dotted with public swimming pools. Only Absurdity is reasonable, so reason must be equally absurd, if only to justify itself. Absurdity and logic are constrained in no antipodal truss. The gene, the lesson, the material base, necessity and the weirdest juxtaposition of ideological events reiterated daily are equal absurdities among the multivarious contingencies of reinforcement. This in no way implies a lack in the predictability (expectation or receptivity) of patterns or security in movement: sometimes there is more reality found in fiction than the Daily News, itself more often than not, only a hobby-horse balancing lies and blaming it all on the gravity of each situation.

As Susan Sontag suggested after reading the *Selected Essays* of Simon Weil, "*Perhaps there are certain ages which do not need truth as much as they need a deepening of the sense of reality, a widening of the imagination. [...] is that what is always wanted, truth? The need for truth is not constant; no more than is the need for repose. An idea which is a distortion may have a greater intellectual thrust than the truth. The truth is balance, but the opposite of truth, which is unbalance, may not be a lie.*"

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The Liberation of Motion Through Space

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

Time is a system of measurement, which is to say, a ruler, and authority. There is a reason why, during many insurrections, clocks have been smashed and calendars burned. There was a semi-conscious recognition on the part of the insurgents that these devices represented the authority against which they rebelled as much as did the kings or presidents, the cops or soldiers. But it never took long for new clocks and calendars to be created, because inside the heads of the insurgents the concept of time still ruled.

Time is a social construction which is used to measure motion through space in order to control it and bind it to a social context. Whether it be the motions of the sun, moon, stars

and planets across the skies, the motions of individuals over the terrains they wander, or the motions of events across the artifices know as days, weeks, months and years, time is the means by which these motions are bound to social utility.

The destruction of time is essential to the liberation of individuals from the social context, to the liberation of individuals as conscious, autonomous creators of their own lives.

The revolt against time is nothing if it is not a revolt against the domination of time in one's daily life. It calls for a transformation of the ways in which one moves through the spaces one encounters. Time dominates our motion through space by means of "necessary" destinations, schedules and appointments. As long as the social context which produced time as a means of social control continues to exist, it is doubtful that any of us will be able to completely eradicate destinations, schedules or appointments from our lives. But on examination of how these modes of interaction affect the ways one moves through space could help one create a more conscious motion. The most notable effect of having to get somewhere (destination), especially when one has to be there by a certain time (schedule/appointment), is a lack of awareness of the terrain over which one is moving. Such motion tends to be a sort of sleep-walking from which the individual creates nothing, since the destination and the schedule pre-exist the journey and define it. One is only conscious of her surroundings and how they are affecting her to the minimal extent necessary to get where she is going. I don't deny that many of the environments through which one may move, especially in an urban setting, can be disturbingly ugly, making such unconsciousness aesthetically appealing, but this lack of consciousness causes one to miss many chances for subversion and play that might otherwise be created.

Subverting one's motion through space, making it one's own, freed from the bondage to time, is a matter of creating this motion as nomadic motion rather than self-transportation. Nomadic motion makes a playful (though often serious) exploration of the terrain over which one is passing the essential aspect of the journey. The wanderer interacts with the places through which she passes, consciously changing and being changed by them. Destination, even when it exists, is of little importance, since it too will be a place though which one passes. As this form of motion through space becomes one's usual way, it may enhance one's wits, allowing one to become less and less dependent upon destinations, appointments, schedules and the other fetters that enforce the rule of time over our motions. Part of this enhancement of the nomad's wits within the present time dominated context is learning to create ways to play around time, subverting it and using it against itself to enhance one's free wandering.

A radically different way of experiencing living occurs when we are consciously creating time for ourselves. Due to the limits of a language developed within this time-dominated social context, this way of experiencing life is often spoken of in temporal terms as well, but as a subjective "time", as in: "The time when I was climbing Mount Hood..." But I'd rather not refer to this as subjective "time" since it has no shared purpose with social time. I prefer to call it *nomadic experience*. Within nomadic experience, the peaks, the valleys and the plateaus are not created in steady, measurable cycles. They are passionate interactions of the sort which may make one moment an eternity and the next several weeks a mere eye-blink. On this passionate journey, the sun still rises and sets, the moon still waxes and wanes, plants still flower and bear fruit and wither, but not as measurable cycles. Instead, one experiences these events in terms of one's passionate and creative interactions with them. Without any destination to define one's motion through space, linear time becomes meaningless as well. Nomadic experience is outside of time, not in a mystical sense, but in the recognition that time is the mystification of motion through space and, like all mystifications, usurps our ability to create ourselves.

A conscious, playful, exploratory creation of our own motions through space, of our own interactions with the places we pass through, is the necessary practice of the revolt against time—nothing less than creating events and their language. Until we begin to transform ourselves into nomadic creators of this sort in the way we live our lives, every smashed clock and every burned calendar will simply be replaced, because time will continue to dominate the way we live.

-- Feral Faun

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Nomadology & the Periodicity of Crisis

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

"Poverty is not a certain small amount of goods, nor is it just a relation between means and ends; above all it is a relation between people. Poverty is a social status. As such it is the invention of civilisation. It has grown with civilisation, at once as an invidious distinction between classes and more importantly as a tributary relation that can render agrarian peasants more susceptible to natural catastrophes than any winter camp of Alaskan Eskimo."

-- *Marshal Sahlins, The Original Affluent Society*

For the nomad, the most radical subjectivity is alterity. For the nomad, the country and town do not represent polarity or dichotomy, processes which preclude alternatives by insisting on one or the other with such "first principles" as "You can't have your cake and eat it too". Sometimes you can!

A literal synonym for civilisation is citification. A littoral (coastal) city of fishermen works well only as long as the fish are running. The key distinguishing character, the criteria creating crises, is the alternative given between nomadism and sedentism.

In the first condition, one travels to resources such as food, (except with regard to pastoralism, in which case the food can walk its own self and one's self walks to where your animal's food is -- deep sea fishing works the same way). The automous city is a city-state -- the state being the condition of *stasis*, 'standing still' -- despite the proclamations of imperial reality. Empire is merely *Ice-9 metastasizing* the planet like any other cancer slowly bringing life to a standstill.

In the latter condition, sedentism, one is completely at the mercy of the "harsh and cruel" vagaries of nature, where one must expect resources to come to you. It logically follows that you yourself are the center of the universe, mouth open after uttering "Feed Me", and the ego is given birth, completely at the expense of the id, that excitable homunculus ever ready to move to where the next party's at. The universe itself shrinks in a fit of myopic contraction.

The cruelty recognised by sedentism is merely the fact that nature moves about while the sedentary, sedated and citified must stand still. It is not only capitalism which is ever-entangled with crisis from holding tight to contradiction (in the same fashion that the church once legislated against performing together the five basic functions of living organisms in public, namely: eating and drinking, shitting, pissing and fucking). Capitalism occurs among the citified egos exploiting other egos, indiscriminate of moral proclivity, but whose ids have been submerged in the galley or catacomb, set to simmer with an anchor chain wrapped around the ankle. Capitalism is a catabolic form of cannibalism:

CATABOLISM: the production of energy (capital) through the conversion of complex (living) molecules into simpler (dead) ones, one little bite at a time.

But there is another interpretation, adapted from our friend, Dr. Freud: The development of the ego, that black hole sitting helpless at the center of the cosmos, that is to say, "child development in the modern world", is the process of infantile regression whose first principle is "Let the world come to you". Development is the process of increasing gravitational mass.

The contradiction begins early. In fact the first role model is the man in the blue mask who, with a glint in his eyes, rubs his hands and tells your mother "Here, let me help", and proceeds to tie his lasso to your foot and the other end to to the bumper of his pickup. The more common method of extraction entails not a pick and shovel, but sidekick Tonto's hunting knife. Either method is accompanied by the incantation, "I'll get that little sucker out if it's the last thing I do!". Modern medicine! What'll they think of next? Ah yes, the mechanical suction cup to the head followed by scheduled feedings of powdered commodity via stomach tube or other mechanical contrivance. Politics and punishment emerge simultaneously as soon as the child discovers...

THE POLITICS OF CIVICS: To suck or blow, that is the question!

...resulting in the general economy, the give and take between expenditure and thrift of suck-ups and blowhards -- it's the only game in town!

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On Militancy Under the Capitalist Umbrella

(Poi) & Interregnal Space

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

Imbrication: Non-majesterial overlapping domains. When Cuban peasants picked up guns from fallen members of the hostile occupation forces, Did Fidel Castro or Che Guevara come running up shouting "¡Ponga eso hacia abajo! ¿No sabe usted fue hecho por los Puercos Occidental de Imperialista?" [en inglés: "Put that down! Don't you know it was made by Western Imperialist Swine?"]

Elimination: To emerge from the limen, that interregnal space of either total ambiguity or hyper-regimented constraint, where one is (in the first) or feels (in the second) trapped betwixt and between. A breakthrough rather than breakdown. Applies equally to Memory, Shit or Piss & Vinegar.

Sublimation: Below the threshold. Breakdown is only a breakthrough stopped while attempting movement in an other direction. Forgetfulness and Constipation. May lead to Catatonia. Orwell emerged in Catalonia.

Sublime: Crawling out the other side of the pit, transformed. Emergence. In the comedic narrative, if the observer *and* performer do not emerge wrong-side out, it is a tragedy.

Sublation: A symbiotic or mutual merging in extreme omniinterattractability. More than a marriage between a bee and a dandelion producing new seeds for both, but the kind of merging and synerging which results when the seed is consumed by the egg. It is an explosion of sorts which not paradoxically produces growth rather than annihilation.

Lag: The pause which refreshes, demonstrating the 'fact' (sic) that the exploration of non-euclidian space, the Limen, is necessary for movement. Without it, that particle of risk or indeterminacy, explosion results, the instantaneous conversion of a solid to gass without an intervening period of liquid (sublimation). It gives that certain tang, like the twang of an onomatopoeic bow string, to a lime or a lemon, and strengthens immunological warriors. It is recognised by the expression of an overall look of shock, the wiggle of a giggle or merely a subtly raised eyebrow.

Meaning: A theory which hides out in the interregnum and is only found between the lines. It's emergence is always accompanied by a surprise -- "Ahah!" -- or, for the hyper-flatulent and fluent, a yawning "Duh!"

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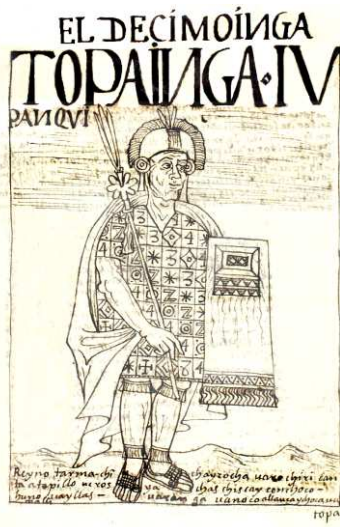
Principles of Entanglement and Spheres of Influence

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on The Synchronesh

In a distributive (communicative or "communist") system, no culture (small c) is autochthonous. Yet this movement guarantees autonomy with no catastrophic perturbation to distributivity.

"Without quantum mechanics, there is no Newtonian physics;
Without Euclidean geometry, there are no dynamical, synergetic systems;
Without indeterminate chaos, there is no ordered regularity;
Without the absurd surprise, there is no predictability;
And vice versa."

-- Lao Tse, paraphrased



110° You may play the abacus or quipu like a guitar. The fingering and the image and the scapular poem or shanty match the pattern of fingering the sound (of notes & melody) and the sung words -- the interaction is the memory -- meaningful instantaneity. Hum a few bars (get me started) and the rest comes together. Not a semantic system but a sensorial integration establishing or predicting turning points, or decision.

Some poetry demonstrates the non-euclidean logic of an abacus delivering an answer as a simultaneity to your posing the question with no calculation whatsoever.

It demonstrates the absurdity of quantifying a primary value of supremacy of the directional or original one over the other, the absurdity of the nature - nurture controversy, the priority of invention over discovery, the historical philology

of a word and its cognate over an accidental structural similarity or fluke of diffusional borrowing, less along lines but across spaces.

Finally, it annihilates the necessity of demanding a singular (par excellent) designatum for every signifier or design for every sign, an older origin for every destination ... a lesson taught by every trickster.

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Consumption and Simple Aesthetic Praxis according to Webster (or not)

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

sump: n. (plural sumps; see *swamp*, *swim*)

1. Reservoir for liquid: a low area into which a liquid drains, e.g. a pit or reservoir
2. Cesspool
3. U.K., Australia, New Zealand: automotive "oil pan"
4. mineral extract drainage reservoir at the bottom of a mineshaft into which water drains and is then pumped away
5. mineral extract advance excavation ahead of the main excavation of a mineshaft or tunnel

[15th century. < Middle Dutch *somp* , Middle Low German *sump*]

sumptuous: archaic: magnificent or grand in appearance [see *hip*]; modern: grand expenditure (see *sum/summa*: totality, mass, swampish, the indeterminate matrix or superflourishing hodgepodge)

For example, "The sum of all squares [see *unhip*] is inversely proportionate to the hypothesis of the hypopotomous."

presume: anticipate, seize beforehand, prevent, hasty venture, dare, be so bold, take the liberty, make free, have the audacity, have the nerve, believe, guess, deduce, imagine, suppose, take as read, take for granted, postulate, posit, gather, "think".

Generally applies to *The Establishment* (of) Truths.

assume: endorse without analysis; (under)take without checking for vital signs; risking chance; swim without water; immersion in a swamp (or e-mersion from it) (See *guess*, *don/adopt*, *feign*).

For example, "Assume the position".

consume: drinking/swimming/drowning together; also, mutual sumpage or mass

extraction -- hence, succumb to death or immerse in commerce -- hence_[sub2], the a priori necessity of mercenaries to mercantilism to prevent freely navigating mariners with bad manners.

commerce: short for co-mercenary activity (see *coersion* 'contracted commersion', 'reduction to commiseration' (mutual misery); as well, see_[sub2] *mercy* 'the taking of slaves by sublimating deadly authority', 'a sentence reduction').

Marian(toi)nette 'a puppet theatre AND a mercy killing!'

aesthetic praxis: following your nose: There is an intimate connection between yourself and your nose. It is grand sophistry (by virtue of the word, "follow" -- here, a necessary or a priori topographic relationship in which the holes are more pertinent than the protuberance) to associate this with acquiescence and impose an opposite, or place in the dialectic semantic of "follow" and "lead". To go ahead of your nose is to assume or to walk backwards (retreat first, sniff later) or requires amputation (walk ahead, with your nose dragging behind like a harnessed child struggling with the leash). The opposite of following your nose, if we must think dialectically, is being lead by the nose! Acquiescence merely adds a silly-ass grin to the image.

With a bit of aesthetic practice (sniffing about):

simplicity can be returned to the semantic domain of "ease of passage" and away from quantified, qualitative (structural) connotations altogether. This does not imply the negation of structures facilitating movement until they become fetishised and therefore, "counterproductive". It's hard to co-opt a boat until you claim ownership (but as far as the boat is concerned, you've changed nothing!) or remove it from its context (the essence of the being of the boat) and ensconce it in a wet theme park -- the simulacron of travel, an empty motion.

For example, the simple difference between Bush and Obama is that the latter is simply a bush of a different colour, and taking a lesson from the Grand Wizzard of Oz, that always indicates a dye-job in pursuit of a con (see *plexiform*: resembling or in the form of a plexus or network -- a 'webbed trap').

Sans *manoeuvrer politique*: (The Political Maneuver, a corrective juxtaposition of antagonism and manual labour):

complexity merely refers to articulations (as opposed to crises) in a passage: turning points allowing a path to meander or a complete transgression in search of a different drum, a bigger swamp. Swamp thereafter loses its association with overwork, and superflourishing disassociates from the superfluous.

Or am I confusing revolution with stand up comedy?

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The Trickster:

Not a categorical reification, but a processual personification.

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

AMBIGUITY AND INVERSION IN LANGUAGE AND RITUAL

When Alice in Wonderland says, "I can see nobody," and the admiring response to this linguistic ambiguity is, "My, you must have good eyes," we all immediately understand the joke of the absurd play on words as well as on structural principles and see beneath the even deeper level of lampooning general principles of logic. All of us, irrespective of cultural background, seem to enjoy this kind of play with logic and structure, which enables us to escape the prison of the cut-and-dried rule-governed realm of deductive principles: yet we can only escape the prison by applying the rules of paradox through acknowledging these rules. In other words, we use the rules in order to show that a strict adherence to them leads to absurdity.

-- Klaus-Perer Koepping

In all lands, the Trickster is foremost a teacher. Raven taught us that our speech originates

in mimicry and showed us not only the location of fresh carcasses or goose eggs we might share in the eating, but more importantly, that the world is not always fixed in black and white. A close inspection of his cousin, the blackbird, will present one with all the filmy colours of a spreading oil slick.

Spider taught us the notion of cordage, baggage, weaving and also trapping. More important than this was the idea of extending our horizon by attending to even the most inauspicious of vibrations.

Coyote taught us to follow the animals and learn their habits if we get hungry. That it's alright to appear the clown. More importantly, that gender or species distinctions are less consequential than we give them credit. To illustrate the point, "he" turned himself into a pregnant dog and followed us around till we called her part of the family.

Snake-Which-Looks-Like-a-Stick (the ubiquitous "stick snake") taught us to be careful of what we grasp and then gave us the idea of poisoned arrows, effective at a distance against the biggest of thugs.

Of course, it is said Prometheus gave us fire, but not until our world started to get very cold. For this compassion, the "gods" sent vultures to eat out his guts. On the other hand, this might have been our one feat of ingenuity. Moths have regretted our new-found specialty to this day, and to avenge their dead ancestors who fried in the flames, wreak havoc on our fabric hoping we'll chill out or go away.

note: see [Coyote Steals Fire](#)

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Of Furies & Futures

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh



ERINYES, or FURIES

They were the goddesses of revenge in Greek mythology. They were the female supematural personifications of the anger of the dead. Horrible to look at, the Erinyes had snakes for hair and blood dripping from their eyes.

– [Polisson blog](#)

*"O that I had never drank the wine nor eaten the bread
Of dark mortality, nor cast my view into futurity, nor turned
My back darkening the present, clouding with a cloud,
And building arches high and cities, turrets and towers and domes
Whose smoke destroyed the pleasant garden, and whose running kennels
Choked the bright rivers...."*

*Then go, O dark futurity! I will cast thee forth from these
Heavens of my brain, nor will I look upon futurity more.
I cast futurity away, and turn my back upon that void
Which I have made, for lo! futurity is in this moment...."*

– [William Blake](#)

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Human-nature & Self-awareness

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

The main difference between the human being and other life forms is that it is the only one which lacks self-awareness. At least at present, it is the only species we know of which continually asks "Who am I?" and "Why am I here?" and "Where am I going?" and "What's the fucking point?" Existentialism invariably turns the existence of problems (which can be nothing but obstacles or turning points) into that grand unity, the problem of existence.

1. Everyone who says "everything is recuperated / co-opted" (and therefore, we are to presume, futile) is a pig.
2. "Destroy the totality" is an over-reactive overgeneralisation traveling under the euphemism, "Suicide".
3. Stamped to the cover of a book, either might produce a best-seller.
4. Anything, especially if it is not a thing at all, can be sold.

The intent to sell everything under existence creates crises and disasters for capital (read: *'the avant garde of civilisation'*). But it is an expert at resolution precisely because it understands that death is the only answer to the problem of existence. Sensitivity and experience are inconsequential. It has no interest in and (therefore) no need to understand any of its merchandise. Every disastrous backfire has only kept money and power circulating further upward. The less one understands, the faster it accelerates. A backfire only produces a downshift which looks like a set-back, but increases power (performance) to the engine. Like an engorged river about to burst, in hierarchically arranged systems there are no unproductive expenditures.

And like every individual, the synergy we call "Capital" or "*The Establishment*" is only truly happy when it is out of control and everything else is in.

Rather than the reactionary's reactionary negation of that which can be placed into the exchange economy, why not merely stop buying and selling? For the insurrectionary-minded, why is the destruction of everything "co-opted" so easy to imagine and consider appropriate, but the elimination of one behaviour ridiculed as utopian and the mischief engaged in its place "futile"? One who stops selling her/his self is no longer a commodity. Period. Make mischief, not money! A brick through a window is neither a tactic nor a strategy. It is a poetic expression! What the revolutionary-minded do not understand is that freedom is the "ownership" of the means of mischief, not production. There is no choice to be made until one comes upon a turning point. This is the basic law of navigation.

Every internal or external contradiction produces friction, which is heat, which continues struggle. Struggle always produces a victor (think 'quicksand'). It is therefore always encouraged. Capitalist civilisation is the absolute extent of the nature of dialectics. That is the only absolutely agreed-upon absolute. Unfortunately for the civilised, every child understands that nature itself is not dialectical. At least, not till they learn the word, "opposite" and are taught its universal application. This lesson ends childhood. Mischief, an invention by children of every species, breaks one free of all friction cycles. Even those that spiral. Other than outright murder or lobotomy, the only reaction the civil can engage is to increase acceleration.

Intent can only be demonstrated by transgression. No problems are transcended. As obstacles, they are transgressed. Swerve is only nature's way on helping out when one's intent is unsure. Then watch out -- anything can happen. To bring the unconscious into awareness is Patamimesis. A facticity turning wrongside out is Dada. The most radical subjectivity is alterity, and that is a matter of ecstasis, neither clairvoyant nor political but psychaesthetic.

[0 comments](#)

THE WORLD IS NOT MACHINIC
machines attempt to be worldly

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on The Synchronesh

by Ted Czarkinsky

In the Deleuzian language of assemblages, (although I doubt he would agree with me), each organic moment, however measured, is a unique assemblage compared to the previous. Its unicity is independent of ideas of progress, aggregation or synthesis, even if it does not negate them. Immanent to every moment, *even those whose prediction "comes true"*, is indeterminate possibility, chance, a hidden chaos. Hence the common phrase, "Shit happens when you're a duck".

In the language of machines, which is completely entangled with progress (that is, is measured by such notions as energetic or material efficiency, all to bypass the first law of conservation and its implication), operation is static for any given mechanism. When each moment is equal to or dependent on the previous -- whether a parallel, oscillating or chiasmic reflection of charge and discharge -- time itself disappears between fueling and running empty. Thus, machinic consciousness (other than the bliss of pragmatic function or vexation of impending breakdown) can only exist in the moments of perturbation, the giddy excitement of "ON" and the annihilating terror of "OFF". The machine must be able to depend on a consistent balance of inputs and outputs in order to function, mindless or "worry-free". Acceleration and deceleration are merely predictable variables of movement occurring between on and off, full and empty, and whose perturbing effects can only be felt by the other who is not machine -- the pedestrian or passenger, a fly would do.

Very likely, dialectic machines *do* dream of solar-electric sheep.

In as much as the machine is an external organ (and therefore disposable or replaceable without incurring loss), it is external to organics. Even where the tool can replace the organ, technology cannot replace the organism. Every tool requires an organic doctor or service-station attendant, even self-replicating tools which produce other tools must experience this schizophrenogenic co-dependency.

Should one trace the rhizomes of even the most fully automated service station for automobiled drones, one will find a sweaty little feller wielding an ax, wrench, pitchfork or shovel. The "self-sustainable" machine planet is impossible. The machinery of production, its force and its means, require the care and maintenance of disposable and replaceable service providers. What should have excited Mr. Marx is the insertion of chance by servants with a well-placed monkey-wrench into the machinery itself. Maybe he was excited by the possibility, but the transfer of ownership changes nothing in the master-slave relation, the ongoing antagonism between Technon and Orgon -- it's a fundamental religion, after all!

"Mechanisation is not the key to any immortality. Introduce a little Anarchy!"
-- *Osama ("Billy") Auden, Come Mr. Taliban, Tally Me Banana*, from Decca Records™, 1963

War for the Planet "Gizmo"

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

The real clash was always between the gods and the titans. The outcome of this war was assured by 1848, 200 years after the first modern battle was fought in Britain (when the house of gods and house of titans were brought under the same roof with the construction of the permanent parliament -- there was nothing common about it!), a little over seventy after the second fought in the Americas (the gentleman's empire "won" in both cases, despite the entries in history books), but very likely six thousand years after the hostilities first broke out.

The S.S. Titanic was to be the triumphal symbol of the Bureaucratic technological (that is, industrial) domain over the planet. The future had finally arrived. When 'she' sank off the coast of new-found land, global war was waged against dada. Absurdity was all the rage when more bellies were empty than full, despite the promises of the new century. Steam was suddenly out of vogue. Diesel was the new bread, whose fields would not flourish but for another global clash, this time unprovoked (unless you consider that fuel oil had as yet failed to provide a suitable replacement for food), and folks were grumbling again. Today we hear again the familiar call, this time for global civil war.

Local tradition has always presented an obstacle to progress. The aim had therefore been the annihilation of the totality of social relations. The last little war in Indochina was the eighth extension of the French-English war, during which British Petroleum, under the

colonial euphemism, Standard Oil, waged a fierce battle against Michelin Tire and Rubber for control of the historic materials of production, not thirty years after Sherwin & Williams, operators of the biggest canibis plantations on the planet, were persuaded to replace hemp oil with lead and petroleum in their paints. Like hemp, rubber means peasants and tree farms. Oil means Industrial engineers and machinery -- automation provides autonomy from the soil and the soiled. When the last rubber-tree plant burned in orange napalm, France surrendered once and for all. It was a total victory for burgeoise oil, camouflaged as an insurrectionary route by local guerrilla forces.

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The Seductive Spider?

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

Au contraire, Pierre, a spider never seduces its dinner. Seduction would not even apply to the Venus Fly-trap, which only indicates an error in judgement on the part of pollenating insects. The web is well-placed alongside another's path, a point of transition, a bottleneck like a Chinook fishtrap or a cop posing as a hooker on a busy downtown intersection where one might expect a bit more authenticity. The extent of the web is the horizon of a spider's perception extending its sensation of a perturbation. The spider still must move to the vibration to enwrap and consume it. It is a joyful noise played on the spider's web of expanded consciousness. If anything, it is the fly which, albeit inadvertently, seduces the spider with an angelic pluck of the harp string! A sublime sound for the spider, a frantic wiggle for the fly.

Seduction, on the other hand, is an invitation for some mutual wiggling and not a matter of consumption at all. It is not, as Baudrillard suggests, a faux appearance for possession; it is merely an expression of receptivity. A faux appearance for possession is a sales pitch to enfavouir a commodity exchange. A seductive adornment is merely an expressive emphasis, to attract another's attention, a perturbation within their perceptual horizon. A pleasant surprise. A question of extension by means of a simple redirection where a loud vocal announcement such as "Hey baby, wanna boogie?" may seem inappropriate for the situation.

There is a difference between seduction and entrapment residing in one's motivation. Hell, they don't even rhyme! The confusion is brought on by the posing of equality when we notice matching patterns. When we witness overwhelming entrapment in our own lives, we redirect to that side of the equation as par excellent or primary index of the other. Thus, in the same manner that Baudrillard cannot find an "authentic" gift (he thinks it therefore cannot exist), he says seduction is at base entrapment, jiving with social psychologists who pronounce all communication antagonistic.

Pretty quickly, half the equation disappears altogether by virtue of linear sequencing. Reductionism reduces meaning by shrinking the horizon of perception. It does not annihilate meaning, which is always a potential. From a mechanical point of view, the same muscles are engaged in seduction and entrapment. It is a matter of polysemy which gets the poet in us excited, whereas the mathematician proclaims identity and "end of discussion". The romantically susceptible has at least a fifty percent chance of error. Over time, our own language illustrates the poetic associations of similarity without demanding linear causality: a *tela* 'web'; a *toile* 'sheer fabric'; a *toilette* 'bag for clothing'; a *toilet* 'receptacle for shit'; coming full turn back to *toilette water* 'perfume to cover the stink' and *network telecast* a 'web of lies'.

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Manifesto for 'The Revolution of the Word'

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

PROCLAMATION

TIRED OF THE SPECTACLE OF SHORT STORIES, NOVELS, POEMS AND PLAYS STILL UNDER THE HEGEMONY OF THE BANAL WORD, MONOTNOUS SYNTAX, STATIC PSYCHOLOGY, DESCRIPTIVE NATURALISM, AND DESIROUS OF CRYSTALLIZING A VIEWPOINT. . .

WE HEREBY DECREE THAT:

1. THE REVOLUTION IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT.

2. THE IMAGINATION IN SEARCH OF A FABULOUS WORLD IS AUTONOMOUS AND UNCONFINED.

(Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity...Blake)

3. PURE POETRY IS A LYRICAL ABSOLUTE THAT SEEKS AN A PRIORI REALITY WITHIN OURSELVES ALONE.

(Bring out number, weight and measure in a year of dearth...Blake)

4. NARRATIVE IS NOT MERE ANECDOTE, BUT THE PROJECTION OF A METAMORPHOSIS OF REALITY.

(Enough or too much !...Blake)

5. THE EXPRESSION OF THESE CONCEPTS CAN BE ACHIEVED ONLY THROUGH THE RHYTHMIC 'HALLUCINATION OF THE WORD'. (*Rimbaud*).

6. THE LITERARY CREATOR HAS THE RIGHT TO DISINTEGRATE THE PRIMAL MATTER OF WORDS IMPOSED ON HIM BY THE TEXT-BOOKS AND DICTIONARIES.

(The road of excess leads to the palace of Wisdom ...Blake)

7. HE HAS THE RIGHT TO USE WORDS OF HIS OWN FASHIONING AND TO DISREGARD EXISTING GRAMMATICAL AND SYNTACTICAL LAWS.

(The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction...Blake)

8. THE 'LITANY OF WORDS' IS ADMITTED AS AN INDEPENDENT UNIT.

9. WE ARE NOT CONCERNED WITH THE PROPAGATION OF SOCIOLOGICAL IDEAS, EXCEPT TO EMANCIPATE THE CREATIVE ELEMENTS FROM THE PRESENT IDEOLOGY.

10. TIME IS A TYRANNY TO BE ABOLISHED.

11. THE WRITER EXPRESSES. HE DOES NOT COMMUNICATE.

12. THE PLAIN READER BE DAMNED.

(Damn braces ! Bless relaxes !...Blake)

-Signed: KAY BOYLE, WHITE BURNETT, HART CRANE, CARESSÉ CROSBY, HARRY CROSBY, MARTHA FOLEY, STUART GILBERT, A. L. GILLESPIE, LEIGH HOFFMAN, EUGENE JOLAS, ELLIOT PAUL, DOUGLAS RIGBY, THEO RUTRA, ROBERT SAGE, HAROLD J. SALEMSON, LAURENCE VAIL.

from *transition* No. 16-17, June 1929.

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Pantomime & Recuperation

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

The world, apart from our condition of living in it, the world that we have not reduced to our being, our logic and psychological prejudices, does not exist as a world "in-itself"; it is essentially a world of relationships; under certain conditions it has a differing aspect from every point; its being is essentially different from every point; it presses upon every point, every point resists it--and the sum of these is in every case quite incongruent.

-- Nietzsche

A thing "falls into the aesthetic of war as long as it is deemed valuable and is appropriated by the economic system" (Heather Marcelle Crickenberger, *Absence of Mind*). 'The structure of awakening' (Walter Benjamin's *Arcades Project*) presents a means of locating a structural guide for a kind of generative thought that 'is totally useless for fascism'. That is to say, the book is easily commodified but the kind of thinking it is hoped to generate is not only incongruent but chiasmatic. By comparison, the kind of thinking presented by Alfred Jarry is downright antimetabolic. To wit: on opening night, his play *Ubu Roi* sparked riots all through Paris.

Such a guide is provided by pantomime as much as any novel architecture. While anything can be sold, the sale of pantomime is suicidal gesture, a death wish if any audience is fluent in any language beyond rigid plainspeak. Such a language, pantomime, is an a-linear and a-chronic side swipe, unable to be refuted as antihistorical or discarded as utopian futurism. Such an audience knows in advance that it is a matter of mirrors, but

not smoke. A different theatre altogether is suggested by smoke and mirrors, the spectacle of the general economy. Be careful what you wish for, if all you want is money or rank.

This is why Bullwinkle had to go. Four boxes of wheaties were sold in exchange for a whole generation of hypercritical humorists. And irony is a contagious thing. Really great (if you liked really bad movies) corrupted productions of Poe starring Vincent Price persuaded this same generation to read the original and exercise their head muscle, simultaneously allowing for the eternal recurrence of Alfred Jarry and Antonin Artaud. Even though this is a temporary boon to the operators of Coulee Dam and the American Psychiatric Institute generating revenues from electroshock treatments, the general electric cannot stop the cycle of regeneration of discontent without exterminating everyone involved in media production, whether they own it or not.

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City Boys & Their Wars

Posted in [May](#) by [Dave on the Synchronesh](#)

Sun Tsu, Clausewitz, Napoleon, Hitler, Schmidt and now Deleuze via Tiquun. It's always the sedentary, peace-loving townies against those pesky, barbarian, nomadic country folk. Potslevanians. Spy vs. Spy. One would think everyone else just finished reading *Will to Power* too! It's all the rage: War Machine, War Machine, War Machine. The state's exterior. Well, why not? Deterritorialize your mind on the interweb, and you too can join the war effort! Cyberwar. What a laugh. It's just another spider web.

Deleuze' Nietzschean mistake is merely a repetition of Napoleon's and Hitler's, assuming a universality of the city mentality. The reason the Nomads let the noblemen of Rome and Istanbul flee to Mediterranean bunkers is precisely because they did not share the democratic will to power and it's hegemonic ambitions. It was enough "to hit the enemy with a little stick. Humiliate 'em. That's how you teach a coward a lesson and win a war" (*-- Thomas Berger*).

Even Ghengis Khan made no significant impact on the peasantry. Like Jessie James, he understood they were kindred spirits. Even Vikings pretty much limited their pillaging rampages to the churches and their supporters. Why not hurl a brick through a bank window if you're pissed off at money, religious currency, the current religion? That's not war, it's a poetic expression! What history failed to record was that hardly any peasants lived on the farm year round. They farmed during planting and harvest. They moved on to fishing villages during fish runs. They hunted or herded during the interregnum in seasonal rounds of movement. A more-or-less permanent village was habitation for the less ambulatory and a Winter-long party place, meeting place, party meating. The attribute, "war machine", does not come into being until the authentic war machine, the civil relation, the legal sanction against movement, is encountered. The birth of permanent disgruntlement extruded from beneath heavy slabs of meddling.

(I recently saw an intellectual property warning: "Unauthorised use is strictly unauthorised!" Pretty smart language for a college professor!).

Warriors. In fact, "Warrior" is just a bad translation of various terms for cross-cutting indigenous youth societies, adopted by city boy historians or bureaucratic administrators because something of the concept is so familiar: police and the military. It was, after all, these societies (see Lana Lowe & Taiaiake Alfred, *Warrior Societies*) of youngsters who presented the effective resistance on the battle fields, fields of civilised encroachment. Deleuze would have us believe the military police are immanent whenever young and old adolescents get together, given a "purpose" by "elders", by tradition, just to get them out of their own hair or encourage adventure, to travel around making sure everyone has sufficient help and feel important in the process. The U.S. military has ironically used the same tactic in their advertisements: "See the world! Get an Education". What they don't tell you is this:

You're paid to stop a bullet.
'It's a soldier's job', they say.
And so you stop the bullet...
And then they stop your pay.

-- Chad Mitchel Trio

But every drop-out from town has made the same mistake, the expectation of familiar sedentism to be represented merely on a smaller ("simpler") scale. To this day, we hear "If I could just get enough bread together, I'd buy a place in the country and start a

commune". This is gentrification, nothing more. A squatter, on the other hand, holds no allusions toward permanent settlement.

What was Napoleon's & Hitler's mistake in their attempt to take on the Russian Steppe? Bad Anthropology. Wrong Destination. Inappropriate Strategy. Too much planning. Not enough Terror. Fear of the self-fulfilling prophecy. Operating without a supply line, appropriating the nomad's technique of the raid, they were annihilated, not by the winter as we've been led to believe, but by peasant movement itself. Under the Romanoff Czar (a Roman tax collector par excellent), the folks had no stores to leave behind and were free to form local 'partisan' or insurrectionary guerrilla resistance. The invaders could not resupply along the road to Moscow. Napoleon and Hitler had a bit of Roman in them as well. Dense like the lettuce. Extending exploitation in the process of mastering their domain, they could not match the terrorism of the U.S. Cavalry out west.

They needed workers and farmers.

There were plenty of European dropouts arriving daily to U.S. Shores. Migrant labor power come to settle down. If they did not come as a response to invitation, they were 'shanghaied'. Nothing has really changed, though it is considered much progressive over the slave-ships now outlawed by international "agreement", illustrating superior returns when relying on the confusion between seduction and entrapment rather than brute force. The result is the same virtual reserve army of workers.

Back in the day, there was no destination out west but destiny itself. What did they do when they reached the coast? Nuked the American Southwest to prevent communist infiltration! I am told there were dead sheep everywhere! Today what life survives there are arrogant but sexually ambiguous two-headed toads with, not romaine, but cabbage growing between their ears.

The most manifest act of terror is total extermination. Nothing can stop that but an equal counterforce resulting in permanent ("cold") war until there is achieved mutual annihilation. The Soviets merely stood down in exchange for key positions in Western governments and supernational corporations when both sides realised the military technology had grown beyond anyone's control. Class struggle itself is a recapitulated and permanent condition of the permanent city. To exterminate the workers means they have to clean their own toilets! There can be no resolution, with or without game pods and cell phones. When total extermination is not desired, one side generally stands down (that would be the side without police) in order to preserve civilisation itself: the eternal return of sedentary life. A peace of struggle and survival.

The Allies, Hirohito and Churchill, Mussolini and Roosevelt, Hitler and Stalin, pretty much put an end to peasantry as mobile or mobilizing living with the second big war fought for mass industrial agriculture to replace antiquated feudal remnants and pockets of local autonomy. A war of global modernisation -- homogenised, pasteurized. As a result, no one today remembers how to eat. That was always the idea, to plasticize food in manufacturing plants in the industrial sections of every big city, interconnected by cloverleafed rhizomes to distant oil derricks. If there has been a war machine inherent in the "working class", it has been an ongoing resistance to synthetic food or petroleum-based diapers (there's a gallon of gas in every package) and digital alarm clocks. The rest might grump over their own boss, but get rid of bossdom? Nah.

But how would victory appear? Refining life itself, Sustainably! (Tired of red? Now comes in green for your viewing delight! Soylent Green™!) With even earlier weaning, artificial milk (presumably from soy- and lentil-based proteins grown hydroponically in petroleum vats) and genetically accelerated dental development, we should encourage more pregnancies. Jet fuel could be processed directly from breast-milk at the local rubber plant. Hey, where's your civic pride? From each according to her ability to each according to his need! Right?

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The Reprobate's Will to Distributivity

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

Movement, walking, is not a means of self-discovery but self-placement -- which is other-discovery.

I've just read Nietzsche's [Will to Power](#). A lot of good ideas for a city boy. But...

"Doesn't the seducer end up losing himself in his strategy, as in an emotional labyrinth? Doesn't he invent the strategy in order to lose himself in it? And he who believes himself the game's master, isn't he the first victim of strategy's tragic myth?"

-- *Baudrillard, Seduction*

By Book Four, Nietzsche's iconoclasy completely disappears (now I know why nazism is still going strong). After three volumes contradicting contradiction itself, the man gives up and concludes along with his nemesis, Hegel, that friction only makes you stronger. I don't think he got out much!

Committed to the city or town, one is concerned with the rank of things, since horizontal movement is out of the question. In some perspectives, rank is the smell of the gaseous emanations of death. The city has much to cover up. The expression of the will to power is to rise in rank above the stench. But down in the trenches, that rotten smell is not of Danish fish. Everyone secretly wishes for a penthouse apartment, a loft if one should be of a more bohemian nature. Someone must have forgotten that the "Bohemian Spirit" they wished to emulate lived on the road or along the river!

Of course, it was the Bohemian anarchists who federated into the first defensive nation-state when circumscribed by the holy roman empire.

The problem with circumscription is that altitude does not alter the nature of intestinal gas, and it is the lingering fart itself which contradicts the law commanding hot air to rise. The only absolute law of physics is a fact of biology: one does not become accustomed to shit, one endures it. The only absolute law of civics is also a fact of biology: The outhouse is not a suitable residence.

The fruition of the will to power is a comfortable wheelchair, an entertainment center and room service. The wheels are superfluous, except in the extreme event of a fire coincident with a dead battery in your cell phone.

Other mammals have legs which carry them to food and entertainment, which is to say, diverse environmental situations which preclude boredom or death from starvation.

We have legs as well, but they are vestigial organs. They serve no purpose beyond moving from the toilette to the idiot box or from the car (equipped with all the comforts of home *but* a toilette) to the work place and back again. This is not so much of a problem once we acquire the skill of relieving our own waste as the auto re-imbibes in its nourishment. A gas station without a toilette isn't worth the stop.

It is completely reasonable that Nietzsche (FN) proposed a will to power as the grasp of objects. That is all one can accomplish permanently ensconced in a city. Nietzschean personal power isn't too much of a leap from Stürmer's Egoistic "Possession through might", despite all FN says about dissolving the ego after embracing our multiplicity, that we are more than merely reasoning beings:

"one must want to have more than one has in order to become more." For this is the doctrine preached by life itself to all that has life: the morality of development. To have and to want to have more -- growth, in one word -- that is life itself.

...It is richness in personality, abundance in oneself, overflowing and bestowing, instinctive good health and affirmation of oneself, that produce great sacrifice and great love: it is strong and godlike selfhood from which these affects grow, just as surely as did the desire to become master, encroachment, the inner certainty of having a right to everything. What according to common ideas are opposite dispositions are rather one disposition; and if one is not firm and brave within oneself, one has nothing to bestow and cannot stretch out one's hand to protect and support".

Freedom of movement, the adventure, exploration or "true" experimental method, suggests an entirely different function for consciousness, if such a function even needs positing. Rather than come to terms with or master the environment, we merely read it, observe it, our bodies move through it.

Essential: to start from the body and employ it as guide. It is the much richer phenomenon, which allows of clearer observation. Belief in the body is better established than belief in the spirit.

With movement, will is reinterpreted away from the power of grasping and taking and toward chance and distributivity. That is, power is seen as movement, choice and

resonance, no longer as strife and conflict of epos. We resonate with situations or events, or we move on. It is not necessary, as Nietzsche declared, to impose equality to our articulations before we propose them. Planted ideas are dead ones. Movement itself shatters the idea of fixed boundaries when we realise the horizon is always equally distant, irregardless of speed -- there are no shortcuts except to landmarks, and these are merely rest stops, points of interest or symbols for triangulation -- perambulation with intent.

Grazing and hunting live in the same bag, in the same psychogeographical space. It's a matter of taste by means of a track. What is accumulated is in the gut. Experience, on the other hand, is a whole body affair, and that is memory. I absolutely agree with FN: "I" are a multiplicity. Once the little guys start vibrating, the slightest reminder and they'll start up again and repeat the performance, although not always in the same key. It's no longer even a matter of pragmatism. With no fixed location, there are no fixed unities, no fixed ideas, no fixed ego. Likewise, in superflourishing system, everything is potentially useful so pragmatism becomes a pure redundancy. Meddlement itself disappears when we no longer consider the world in need of fixing. A properly fixed space is a grave site. An adornment which fixes the past in our memories. A place for repose. A sacred place for the dead. The living must move on, so it is said.

Moving right along, everything is provisional, even interest. This is also to say "everything is provided". No operator's manual is required. The trick for humans is not to explain it, get it, stand under or over it, but to move through it, just as, when you eat, it moves through you..

It is true (if I can use that word) that "we make equalities", similarities, there are also similar situations whether we are around or not to make the comparison. Some continue to resonate from a time before any of us were around to listen! These are not equalities any way. Commensurability is not equality. Equality itself is only a mathematical construction and has no bearing on metaphysics. Pataphysics only states the equality of all absurdity resonates with the absurdity of all equalities. A political idea? Give me a break!

"nor reason, nor thinking, nor consciousness, nor soul, nor will, nor truth: all are fictions that are of no use. There is no question of 'subject and object', but of a particular species of animal that can prosper only through a certain relative rightness; above all, regularity of its perceptions (so that it can accumulate experience)

...the measure of the desire for knowledge depends upon the measure to which the will to power grows in a species: a species grasps a certain amount of reality in order to become master of it, in order to press it into service.

..."Truth" is the will to be master over the multiplicity of sensations: to classify phenomena into definite categories."

In fairness to Nietzsche, these quotes are extracted from a context of perspectivism, interpretation and fictitious syntheses and unities. But "lust to rule"? Still subjects and objects. Where is there room for the predicate amidst so many things? Are there no verbs in this room other than "have", "master", "control"? Mere synonyms of power?

I think FN went too far with his constructionism. Most linguistics concerns the analysis of pictures, not sounds. It is the construction of pictures (presumed from sounds) and then the analysis of those constructions. One could as easily construct a grammar from torn bits of paper strewn on the floor and call the assemblage "words and sentences" exhibiting the same patterns as that produced by vibrating throat muscles and ear drums. No one should speak like they write! No melody (except in machinic simulations) derives or is generated from the arrangement of filled or solid circles variably placed along five lines and four spaces. Those are merely graphic imagery for recording after the fact -- the construction of memory for later transmissions. Analogy.

Transmissions always refer to sharing discoveries encountered during an adventure. Elsewise, where is the interest? The interest is not in inhabiting space, as has been said of unitary urbanism. Mere inhabitation becomes inhibition through habituation. Interest is found. Interest is found by moving through space. Meaning is a provision. Meaning is a provision one does not take for the trip or acquire from it. Meaning is provided by the trip...and stays there. Tripping does not always refer to a three-gated horse, vis. "trip, stumble and fall".

"Usually, one takes consciousness itself as the general sensorium and supreme court; nonetheless, it is only a means of communication: it is evolved through social intercourse and with a view to the interests of social

intercourse -- "Intercourse" here understood to include the influences of the outer world and the reactions they compel on our side; also our effect upon the outer world. It is not the directing agent, but an organ of the directing agent."

A directing agent will never encounter a surprise.

On the other hand, a *dérive* within one's own city is only a prelude to consciousness. Expanded consciousness occurs when several cities are explored without preset (fixed) expectation. At a certain point, cities become indistinguishable. At this point, many reprobates consider the whole experience a waste of time and settle down. One place is as good as another. The only variable in the decision is the quality of room service. This is unfortunate and retrograde.

On the other hand, there are those occasions occurring along the road which have been labeled satori or enlightenment by some. The realisation of absurdity by others. It's nothing very special, really. Not esoteric or wise in any sense. It is the moment that one finds the meaning of movement itself, and that only occurs on the road between cities. Kerouac tried to tell us, it's on the road. When we discover that so much of the world is actually edible, we will reconsider the old sentiment on the "primitive fight with nature" and turn it on its head. Food is not manufactured in the industrial section of any town! The primitive struggle for existence occurs every day in every town where folks are buried prematurely and have yet to discover that they died long time ago. It is called modernism.

The absurdity is the destination itself. Planting is quite suitable for vegetables, but mammals move. When they get planted, they are plant food. Manure. Shit. So many philosophers have considered this the true essence of humanity. The philosophy of excrement. Science itself is eschatological. How many dissections are required before we are biologically available for plant metabolism? Some scientists take this even further. How many dissections are required before excrement is indecipherable from cement? A chemist's and geologist's utopias are similar: A world of rocks without scissors or paper. Ah, for the simple life of inanimate (unmoving) matter.

"In a purely quantitative world everything would be dead, stiff, motionless -- the reduction of all qualities to quantities is nonsense: what appears is that the one accompanies the other, an analogy".

0 comment:

Indeterminate Matrix: Mere Anarchy

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and
everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

— W.B. Yeats, *The Second Coming*



0 comments

Mafialogy or Polypeptide Swerve?

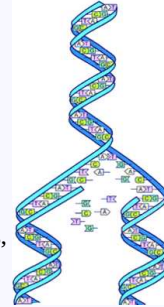
Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

WHEN A CUP IS A PEBBLE BUT NOT A WARM ZIPPER

Greek *kallisto* < *kalos* 'beautiful'
Arabic *khalifa* 'successor'.

Greek *khalix* 'pebble'
Latin *cala* 'protected place'
late Latin *caldaria* 'cooking pot' < Latin *caldus* 'warm'
Latin *calendarium* 'moneylender's account book'
Vulgar Latin *colondra*, 'alteration' to account books
Latin *colonia* 'farm, settlement' < *colere* 'cultivate' (see colonel, colonize, colon)
Arabic *kalib* 'mold'
Caribbean *calabash* guard
French *calumet* 'ceremonial pipe' < Latin *calamus* 'reed'
Latin *calix* cup
Latin *calculus* 'pebble'

What we usually consider "the best of the best" are often in fact, the dumbest of the dumb, such as typified by celebrity doctors, lawyers and politicians. If they hear something completely unfathomable, they say "Hey! That sounds like a good idea! Let's try that!" to the tune of much fanfare and ass-kissing. By comparison, the capo mafioso is a minor crook operating at a major level of genius. Concerned with the here and now and ever more concerned with providing for family and loved ones, he will only accept that which can be provisionally proved and fucking kill anything which fucks with them and their's. No demands, no protests, no negotiations. A chiefly neolithic relic with more say than a movie director who can only throw tantrums when half the cast appears upstage with downed zippers shouting "Off the pig!".



Of course, if just anyone operated mindful of these principles, namely, fucking shit up on their own (against predators and exploiters), there would be no "need" for patriarchal mafialogy at all! And until this happens, there is no rationalism which could preclude it. On the contrary, passionate intensity and conviction demands an expression beyond stomping on the floor and slamming the door, or kissing ass and asking for more.

As long as there is an economy, there will be mercenaries, particularly since it's always been easier to kill someone than actually work a job for a living. And as long as there is law, mercenaries will be encouraged, as it is the very law against violence which guarantees the mercenary's actions will not be reciprocated. The so-called "state of exception" has always been a groundless euphemism for "business as usual".

... Being impressed with the idea that reality is not, like a zipper, an open and shut case, sometimes there are missing teeth or broken cogs or the damn thing succumbs to gravity for no reason at all ...

Does up-zipping your fly produce the same results when standing on your head? In the reproductive logic of chromosomal genetics, could ontogenesis and schizmogogenesis be synonyms, such that we might say dropouts, the proverbial third option or "way out" of any political maneuvering, the suddenly disappearing data, the missing bits shed from a continuously re-zipped chain back into the "indeterminate" matrix, initiate the splitting process and thereby guarantee uniqueness in every meiotic outcome when random nobodies rush in to fill the gaps? Does the dropout know it's up and gone missing? Does anyone other than submersible newsbots navigating the indeterminacy, self-generating headlines transmitted along *Really Self-Sufficient* feeds into our awareness? Can the double helix even survive without the cohesifying velocity of velcro?

1 comment:

GET REAL!

Plain Speak

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

Plain English is a dialect which maintains only the minimum functional criteria for task performance, simple reckoning or minimal (ineffectual) subliminal emotional display, so is itself neither expressive nor impressive of complex (patterned) or variably varying relations. It provides all that is necessary to maintain a certain (acceptable) mode of civil society which requires most of its functions to remain hidden. It is most definitely not childish or primary as it is a thing which is learnt over a long and difficult training period. Very few actually master it. Fortunately or not, plain-speak is a dying form, if we can at all say unconsciousness is a prelude to death.

For the living, consciousness is a matter of making or perceiving associations and connections, witnessing or suspecting patterns, being impressed. To communicate this requires an expressive language which is figuratively translated or interpreted and leads to exploration beyond the rigid forms tolerable in plain-speak. Figurative understanding makes use of symbolic 'material' possibly residing slipshod in the traditionally suppressed regions of consciousness or it generates such symbolic material, or it does both simultaneously. It comes out in slips or dreams, from elsewhere it seems. It provisionally filters impression and colors expression along latent lines or blatant themes. Else-wise, the language is precise and mechanical and has the function of generating dysphasia or putting us back to sleep. Language should be an improvisational dance, not an impracticable impasse.

THE UNCONSCIOUS IS DADA

...there is no subject of the unconscious, and the unconscious doesn't speak, or discuss things. It works in its own way, it fools around, doodles. It doesn't give a shit! The unconscious is not "structured like a language." It's annoying, but it's true!

The unconscious doubly doesn't give a shit about structure or language (except for the "language of flowers" when it's a question of jokes about wasps! But whatever!). No unconscious subjectivity! No reference structure!

-- Felix Guattari

Whether well-chosen or pulled from a hat, if words elicit a lively expression on the face of the observer, they are said to be witty. Artful conversation is impossible where there is one and only one correct word fitting of a pattern, or string, or grammar, when it is not accepted that the string or "sentence", the senseful utterance, has spatio-temporal precedence over the words in establishing meaning, where meaning itself is provisional, reconcilable only to the speech event, while potentially pointing to distant realms and encouraging travel there. For example, there is no pondering of paint chips needed when we attribute to another's mouthings, a "colorful expression". There is an instantaneous generalisation of the relativity of figure, color, metaphor or even baudiness emanating from the auditory exclamation. Nor does "colorful expression" exclude a certain musicality or pleasant tone. Meaning isn't always everything! ...Unless, of course, it vibrates.

When similar patterns are found to be interchangeable, it is dysphasia itself which is sent to its room till it learns to behave. Language itself can elicit any expression a face can contort, from a raised eyebrow to a prickled hair on the back of one's neck with no instruction whatsoever. The acquisition of plain-speech is what is left over when language is unlearned through too much time alone contemplating correctness.

Yet it is still thought a mechanical, more mathematical language is an appropriate replacement for plain speak. The accumulation of more new words and further articulated grammatical forms should provide more efficiency and precision to communication. This idea is absurd. New words appear when old words die or run into brick walls or otherwise produce (or reflect) unconsciousness. It is absurd yet we follow along because it is the statement of experts who should know. It is absurd simply because, without a conscious semantic dimension or shared meaning, languaging is empty babble. To perceive this is a demonstration of intuitive reckoning, or calling bullshit without analysis. Mechanical language or exponentially complexifying exposition is counterintuitive except to chemical or mechanical engineers. Bootcraft and chemical spectrometry is unnecessary to know shit before you scrape it off your foot. What if intuition were not a matter of introspection afterall, but extrospection? Expectation? And what is expectation but receptivity? The pores open.

Fortunately as well, the inspective mathematicians and rocket-scientists have ironically given us an example of complexity syn-ergized from a very small set of units: the double helix form of dna composed of only four molecules variably attracted and married in long intertwining communicative strings generating a unique baby after each uterine propulsion. R. Buckminster Fuller illustrated in his poetic use of language, how a few known words can be juxtaposed to form novel constructions which provide their own key. These words exist in no dictionary, although their formerly isolated parts do. They are weird juxtapositions. Meaning is nevertheless provided which is suggested rather than pre-delimited. Meaning is syner-generated rather than dictated or extracted. But it might take a bit of pondering, consideration or intuitive reckoning. Consider the the Fulleristic term, "omniinterattractability".

There are no wrong words in poetics. Politics? Yes. Religion? Yes. But not poetry. Not even misplaced words. Patterns emerge. They are not subject to precalculus. They are not

predicted but discovered. Prediction itself emerges only from discovery. It is the state of expectation. We expect a discovery to self-iterate. I repeat, we expect a reappearance. From an analytic or mechanic's point of view, syner-generative, polychromatic semantics, (that is, meandering meanings), are impossible without omnicomplexive componential algorithmic computation. And then they disappear altogether into pure ambiguity.

Matriculated indeterminacy. From a somewhat paranoid perspective, ambiguity is a mirror. If it fits, wear it. If not, it belongs to the other, to some indeterminate other or to no one. There is an association, a misappropriation or a non sequitor. The truth of ambiguity is that it means what it means. Some antics require the antiquator and the antiquated. On the other hand, one should probably not confuse the fix, whether suffused or prefigured, with the unstable root. Syntax is meant to reduce the ambiguity between arrangement and derangement. All fixes refer to main lines, in-lines and outlines. Sin tax is the price demanded for being out of line. Even linguistic literalists cannot stick to their regimen.

If parents are so competent (even as professors of descriptive linguistics or pathology of speech) because of their superior cognitive development and educational training, why can they not, as a general rule, understand when their children begin to form sentences? Psycho-specialists still train young apprentices that schizophrenic speech is pure chaotic gibberish with no pattern development whatsoever. I wonder! Children playing together have little problem intercommunicating and proceed to develop a common lexicon of which parents remain incorrigibly unfamiliar. Of course, their speech and play are hardly extractable one from the other. Similarly, unless they are a-social or enveloped from others, so-called 'crazies' engage in wonderful conversations on the mental ward, perhaps only obvious with the ethnographic technique of participant-observation. Sans supervision, this interregnum between therapeutic sessions is the region of authentic therapy, and deep down, every shrink knows it. Problems with expanding consciousness? Try a specialised practioner of shrinking heads. Or take this pill! Oh, such nasty and irascible things to say of highly educated helpers out to make the world better! Objective detachment? (De-)Capitalism! Ipso facto!

0 comments

Dada Regularity

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [Synchromesh](#)

...Come Mister Taliban, tally me bananna...

On the other hand, a baby is calypsofacto: improvisationally emergent from urges and encouragements, annihilating nothings in syncopated rythms. Calypso, *kaa iso* (Kaiso): 'continue, go on', used in urging someone on, from West Africa to Trinidad by way of slave ships, "is a genre that cannot exist without the energy of what is current ... a competitive lyrical joust, the tournament of well chosen witty words you will recall" (-- [Bigmikeydread](#)). An apologue with, not moral so much as mordant meaning intertwined with what foreign molesters might call superficial or meaningless (and therefore, harmless), restricted to carnival or playtime. A not unhidden insult to molesters who think of it mere entertainment, which encourages the molested to "go on". Get it on! Traditional Calypso is pantomime at its finest reaction to systems of punishment or patriculation -- the patrix matrix of corrective linguistics.

Likewise, child raconteurs come up with the most natural means of expressing distaste, natural authors of entertaining tales. Nigerian *Kaa* is like Greek *apo-*. The Po is the longest meandering River in Italy prone to temper tantrums. Kaa Iso is a homie's hood in Southern Japan. Calypso in Geek legend was the epitome of hospitality and encouragement, to the point of being a seductress. Homeboy Odysseus still was able to continue his meandering journey, despite her enticements. In the Mixtec language of Central America, *káá* "(to appear; present and preterite tenses only)... is only used with adjectives that describe a thing's appearance on the scene". It sometimes means 'go by', the sense of preterition skipping expected steps, but not unexpected itself.

Then there is the onomatopoeic kapow! 'the appearance of a sudden surprise. Capo is a Mafia head, caput is what happens when you happen to look cross-eyed at him. If you're lucky, they will only enclamp your balls such that your voice raises an octave in pitch. If electrical in source, you become a tunable other. Ipso facto, a capo is a clamp on the strings of a guitar's neck with a similar pitch escalation. This gives rise to the Capo's idea of a garrote by guitar string and ends back again with caput, a literal decapitation apropos for any transgression. Apropos literally means 'not suitable' ('no forward (or 'not for') creation' or 'making'). Colloquially, it means 'naturally made' and therefore, 'fitting'; not artificially constructed and imposed for the taking. What is apropos is 'given' and by

definition, antifascist, or 'against the fakes'.

Calypso makes a mockery of well-developed character armour. This is pantomime with rhythm and meter. A 'po-' is apropos without the middle third. A good example of preterition, it is assumed rather than lacking. The Po river is not negated with Apo, such as a grammatical literalist might algebraically assume, but illustrates that no river exists isolated from its intertwining matrix -- a polyhedral omniinterattractibility.

Calypso is biorythmic jazz with "a cleverly concealed political subtext". Poly-helixed strands of improvisation around a theme, an invisible axis demonstrating the aponeurosis of poetry, the chiasmus of disgust with festivity implying no cancellation; the encouragement to not merely endure but create much from little, multiple entendre mocking of masters, spreading news, waking the dead, moving paralytics, sighting blindness, performing six miracles before breakfast.

All this is a dada regularity. One cannot even call on synchronicity. There is probably no rhyme or reason beyond pataphysical reality. It makes sense; it just doesn't read well.

0 comments

Algebra & poetry: cubic logos or curvaceous neurosis? The Theory of Calypsosfacto

Posted in [May](#) by [Dave on the Synchronesh](#)

Algebra is an aponeurotic apologue, the key to understanding the nature of poetry and psychobabble as nonrandom expressions. All symbols refer to polynomial possibilities. One symbol means much. A simple symbol is signish, but points out two directions. It is semaphoric. Unlike an aphoric aphorism which is not a double positive but a complete contradiction yielding much abhorism. There are no signs outside the prison logic of Mr. Grey Matter (aka "Greyface" -- see *po-faced* 'expressionless').

If *poiesis* is 'making', wouldn't a poface be an odd expression? Making faces? Outside the bars, there are contradictions to internal truths. Internal truths are self-referential: singlephoric signiphors or ideophoric uniphors -- Lacanian mirrors -- only existing within boxes sealed with geometry. A double negative sometimes only expresses emphasis. Like "horribly monstrous" is equivalent to "positively negative". Like when horizons are transgressed by not merely quadratic, but transcendental equations, we say "Aha!" or "Ai!": 'another horizon and ad infinitum!' Outside is "Ooo!": the '*omnivorous omnium-gatherum*', Latin for "dada". Looking inside, the double positive or superflourishing abundance is "superfluous", "beside the point" or even "pointless".

An apocalypse is a lidless box, a collapse becoming, bleeding revealing its now exposed secrets, liberated contents, a point of revelation and jubilee after the big break or general strike, the coming insurrection or collapsed institution or metaphoric self-immolation within every ceremonial rite of transition. Benjamin's "*Das Passagenarbeit*"; Van Gennep's "*Rites de Passage*". The discovery of identity thereafter is only an affinity of two parallel sinuous paths where destruction means creation and endings mean beginnings and the point is in free movement along any straight or curvy path, like a red corpuscle through a vein looking for air, like a Phoenician boat delivering a load of fish and olive oil to Etruscan ports for further festive distribution.

The difference between a dot, a point and a period depends on where you put it. An arrow points to a placed point so you can get it, or get to it, or get passed it. It is not the thing unless poignantly pointing, pointed. Then it symbolises multiplication rather than articulation. Every arrow has a point. The thing is the movement toward, away or passed. Transcendence is hopping, skipping and jumping over points, appearing quadupedally, or possibly limbless: apodal with dynamic aeriocity. Numb limbs are those incommunicado with their limbic system. There are literally no numbers without anaesthesia or amputation. Only pebbles and other calculi. That is to say, the unit named "one" is arbitrary and depends on where you place two piles of rubble from the fallen buildings. Period.

Interpretation? Polynomial equation. The first algebraists left petroglyphs all throughout the countryside. A proper codex includes at least three points of reference:

When you see the arrow, travel in that direction till you get to the first little pile of rocks I placed on the ground, and then you will know you're on the right path. Keep going about the same number of steps and you'll find another pile of rocks. That's the second pile of rocks. Look down the hill 'bout that far again and that's where the party's meant to begin.



A number is just same-space traversed between points of interest or piles of rubbish, or how many verses you can recite between labour pains, measuring the progressive elimination of space consequent an explosion or birth or total inversion and after which point pushy dna becomes retrogressively a vestigial tag-along to inertia as encouragement begins to pull. At any rate, a number is nothing without two somethings. A negated number is less than nothing, but its imagination is sometimes fun, especially when shared at a party where spirits superflourish, when inebriated grey cells stop trying to bogart the conversation with demands for exactitude and precision. Sometimes anaesthesia has merit. Sometimes it takes a bonk on the head to restore consciousness, always the primary intention when counting coup.

When any word or symbol or even rock is taken out of its context, it is negated, made nothing, and its analysis will only reveal contradiction and absurdity, the absurd nothingness of *das ding an sich*, the thing in and of itself, ipso facto. A baby, on the other hand, is calypsofacto: improvisational emergence, annihilating nothings with syncopated rhythms.

If a being is to believe Feuerbach, a soul catcher is one pulling the rug out from under you: ® lost essence. In literal translation, Ludwig Feuerbach (the man Marx criticized for suggesting that the essence of the being of a fish is the water it swims in) means "playfully venturing fiery streams" ie., "a fish wiggling in ardent waters". A little algebra applied to the machine translation of Feuerbach himself can tickle unsuspecting funny bones. And it makes sense!

When humour is dissected from humor, one creates religion and the modern theory of medicine. There's nothing funny about a broken humerus. There is no longer a connection between that which flows along sinews or within channels and that funny feeling when the elbow is bumped by a hammer or your belly begins to wiggle or the top of your head has been taken off by Emily Dickenson. Infinite space exists between all isolated components, no matter the distance between them. Componential is "placing together", maintaining composure while composing an overture. *Non Sequitur* is the real dope. It just does not follow: apropos are not "those who have been appropriated" unless one is a thief or cannibal.

Let X be a pig (any pig will do) and Y be a goat and Z be a horse. Let the pig be your brother and the goat be your girlfriend and the horse be a '66 chev convertible. Put them all together and there is a story waiting to happen, a song if it makes you dance. Algebra, apologue and poem. There is no anthropomorphism in the weirdly fused apologue unless they all go to jail and each is only a confined identity or sign pointing at the mirror, and while there may be a backwordocity, there is no turning inside-out and no potential (nurturing poiesis) to follow other enveloping sinews. A sign means one thing. A symbol means anything, and that is the difference. Meaning is the transcendence of a symbol jumping over (or off of) road signs without a noose or umbelical chord. So it goes. A sign is meaningless and using signs to calculate all the possibilities in the great whatever will only produce apoplectic fits. This is apoplexy, pointing to the similarity of a completely chaotic lexicography and massive brain haemorrhage or getting your mouth washed out with soap.

0 comments

Suds (Some useful definitions):

Posted in [May](#) by [Dave](#) on the [Synchronesh](#)

Algebra: the branch of mathematics in which symbols, often letters of the alphabet (preferably of a dead language, or better still, pictographs found in any museum of antiquity, the more obscure the better) represent unknown numbers; not to be confused with arithmetic, the removal of all rhythm from any metric foot [< Arabic *al-jabr* 'the reuniting'].

apo-: variably "undo", "detached", "out of", "far from", "becoming", "moving along", "multiplying", "expressing", "defining", "shortening", "cross-eyed consternation". Apollo was both prophet and destroyer, Trickster, the first clue that nothing is precisely as it seems (despite what the sign says), and this is the key to poetics (see "*Poem*" < Greek *poiema* 'making' < *poiein* 'make'). For example:

aphoric: variably "without form" or "empty-handed" (a 'not' + *phoros* 'bearing') or "defined horizon" (*apo* + *horizein* see horizon). And then they call aphorism "a succinct statement expressing an opinion or a general truth"

aponeurotic: a broad sheet of fibrous tissue or expanded tendon that joins muscles together or connects muscle to bone [< Greek *aponeurousthai* 'become like a tendon' < *neuron* 'sinew', 'a meandering path']. A radiating fan in contradistinction to a linear arrow: "distributivity".

apologue: a fable that is intended to teach a moral lesson, especially one that has animals as characters [< Greek *apologos* 'story' < *logos* 'speech']. The apology is simultaneously an expression of contrition and a pathetic excuse and a very strong defense.

apodeictic: not depending on context for meaning: describes a word or expression such as "you," "this," "now," and "there" extracted from the context in which it is used showing its full meaning to be "nothing". Apodeisis is the rigid process of generating dogmatic truths and is the opposite of poesis, the generation of contexts, much from less or even a sparkling point erupting only from flames of variagated vagaries simultaneous with a single spark igniting a mass of rubble saturated with flammable spirits -- in short, "synergetic stream". Apodeisis can generate revenues through the calculated imposition of sin tax. (See "*deity*" 'monarch of contradiction'). Autopoiesis is self-making contexts, making sense, interweaving.

On Synergy,

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0 comments

Proper Cultivation of Tulips 101

Posted in [May](#) by [Dave on the Synchronesh](#)

The polyvagal theory (of Stephen Porges) says emotions are an epiphenomena or harmonic played out in a nervous dance. Porges used it to explain voodoo magic, another personal interest of mine. That's when I started reading Darwin's early work on expression and he agreed with my hunch, that expressions can be faked, but not very well. You can't have the one without the other. This is why character actors are always more impressive than method actors and child actors seem to have more talent than after they've been through adolescent education.

Which all led me to this contradictory point or cross-purpose (chiasma): What fat fuck decided to call the blossoming of children "child development"? Development literally means 'unprotected' and 'de-valued', ie, 'deflated', 'de-balled', 'castrated'!!! Like the way a tulip feels when someone comes sneaking in the night, while it is enveloped within itself, and pulls off all the pretty petals to determine if his true love loves him back. Just like rural development is the bulldozing of the landscape to erect shimmering monuments for public work.

Then I found out the difference between -tion and -ment. The first relates to a natural process, the second to an incited or intended infliction. A monument is a man-made mountain. A moment is an artificial peak in time (aka, money) to measure work. At minimum wage, there are 12.5 cents every moment. There is a centurian in command of every unit of metrical feet travelling at a rate of one hundred per pace with a countenance of grave purpose. A potion is made of naturally occurring ingredients used to influence motion. A motion is a natural movement. Evolution: Roll out. Emotion: moving outward (aka, expression). Both are matters of free distribution as opposed to the payments of tributes. Today, all tribal organisations are taxed or made stand before the tribunal awaiting tribulation. Impression sticks in the mind, necessary if you think memory is important. So out with the Id! It's monumental suppression produces invalids in tightly sealed envelopes. If we wanted to say "push the envelope" or "out of the envelopment", the more appropriate word would be *velop* or *express*. Expression pre-vents the proliferation of pus.

Of course, etymology has its risks. Political probably does not break down to '*poly* + *tickle*'. Although ...

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Psychotherapy

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

Chorus:

Glory glory psychotherapy
Glory glory sexuality
Glory glory now we can be free
As the Id goes marching on

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the theories of Freud
He has taught me all the evils that my ego must avoid
Repression of the impulses results in paranoid
As the Id goes marching on

There was a man who thought his friends to him were all superior
And this complex he imagined made life drearier and drearier
Till his analyst assured him that he really was inferior
As the Id goes marching on

Do you drown your super-ego in a flood of alcohol
(or something else...)
And go running after women till you're just about to fall
You may think you're having fun but you're not having fun at all
As the Id goes marching on

Oh sad is the masochism of the vagaries of sex
Have turned half a population into total nervous wrecks
But your analyst will cure you long as you can pay the cheques
As the Id goes marching on

Is your body plagued by aches and pains that you can't understand
Compound fractures, ingrown toenails, floating kidneys, trembling hands
There's a secret to your trouble - you're in love with your old man
As the Id goes marching on

Freud's mystic world of meaning needn't have us mystified
It's really very simple what the psyche tries to hide
A thing's a phallic symbol if it's longer than it's wide
As the Id goes marching on

Melanie Safka, -- *I.L.F. founding mother, 1969*

[0 comments](#)

Reification and spook possession: For Better Children or, 'Security is Important for Lost Souls.'

Posted in [May](#) on the Synchronesh

Compartmentalised for whatever reason, when one becomes bonded with an idea, in need of protection or care or even display, it is a child or lover. Eyes are averted at every delinquency. It is free to move out of its compartment to explore or mingle, and there is always a room with a warm bed awaiting its return. Every transgression, if even noticed, is forgiven. Even a contrary fit disturbing its room-mates. Unconditionally, this is a no-string theory. This is maternal love fathers share, stronger than even that toward material children. "Real" children must fit, more so than even their ideal counterpart. Children won't sit still, but the ideal sets in stone, on display. Yet only well groomed and bonded ideas are truly free spirits, thoughts fully independent of the thinker. But the thinker's bond is stronger than any expression of love or hate. With love, there is absolute truth. Less, there are degrees of concern or even ambivalence. As well might be felt a true spirit possession, a prodigal idea impossible to expell. One must nurture or protect the idea even more so with each escalating demand. This is the chief risk of too firm a grasp of reality and firmly planted feet. It has a tendency to solidify one. Or the spirit achieves more rock-hardness and the person becomes a noxious vapour. It could be dangerous for bystanders.

Life is much easier without nouns, unless they are provisional. But verbs? They're what make life interesting and in motion. I just noticed I hardly ever use them in my writing.

Back to my face exercises.

0 comments

i do 'face exercises' sometimes

Posted in [May](#) on the Synchronesh

Yes, yes, yes. I just finished reading the gargantuan *Expressions of Emotion in Man & Animals* by Charles Darwin. He started the project in 1838 (published in 1844 and again in 1872), and the revised edition I have was 1899. Obscure to say the least. Yes, it's very very bad here and there. But the descriptions are amazing (and in this day and age, foreign), and there is a thread of something running through it which, sadly, Darwin didn't even see. It helped close a loop or open a window (not sure, both I guess) concerning my own current obsession with expression.

My conclusion or closure is that if you look at the whole person, the panto(wo)manic, so to speak, one cannot separate the expression from the feeling. Stop doing one and the other disappears and the world bleeds to death. Feeling is a total performance, not a brain thing. Maybe thinking and writing about it is only a possible prelude to actually doing it, as restrained as we seem to be? I think there are no such things as nouns. Like, when you've been buried by civility, writing is the most verbal thing one can do. That has to be critique, or its just another job for political ("like me!") or economic ("feed me!") remuneration.

I pretty much feel nothing. I worked very hard to get where I am. I think I'm not the only one. I seldom find any expression on the street; maybe an occasional wave, but eyes rarely meet. I like movies, but only those with really good character actors in tragicomic circumstances. I experience copious tears in a weak-ass experiment with crying. It's the best I can do. My anger is like my depression, living at a theoretical level. I used to punch holes in walls. But subdued and laid-back was supposed to be cool. Cold blooded, that is. I had a whole life spent in conscious self-suppression. But Vulcan was supposed to be god of fire and a bit of a joke, not ice! Now, even the attempt to smile causes great pain in my face muscles. No wonder my oxygen delivery system is all fucked up.

So I've started to think about faking facial expressions at least and flailing my arms about as I speak. It's new and pretty clunky. But it still requires some point of interest to center on. Aesthetics died along with philology after Darwin. That is when academia accelerated full steam down a blind alley toward a brick wall with no breaks. There is no doubt people are stupider today. And it's not a brain thing!! IQ is not the intelligence quotient, but the iteration quotient. It measures how well one can obey.

I always thought good character actors should be among the most empathetic. I think that only works for child actors, being closer to a living being than after life (not after-life) is crushed in adolescence (well, maybe). Back in the day, we used to crash cast parties. Dropping acid with actors is like really fucked. There is no one left underneath. Or, every character ever played comes out, but one at a time, suitable or appropriate to each turn of events. Maybe that is how it should be? Maybe, but I can't get a handle on the whole pattern (panto(wo)man) of who I'm talking to. One minute, a vibe, the next dissonance, and they were just as perplexed as I. We have to have a whole before we can hack into it or drill it with holes. We recognise wholes with no cognisance of parts. There's something holy and processual (or processional (moving?)), unprofessional) about it. Poesis is gnoetic poetics. It blooms. Pantomime is whole-body/-ies poetry/-ies, the most distant points from Esoterica. Pantomcritique is the experimental exercise intent to defamiliarise.

Back to my face exercises.

0 comments

Currents

Posted in [May](#) on the Synchronesh

Fish and birds have it easy. One can move with friendly currents even at rest. There are currents on dry land other than air, but they cannot be navigated with persistent interference. They are currents of reinforcement or better, encouraging contingencies. There must be interest and engagement. More a matter of conditional operation than operant conditioning (in behaviourism, which calls to mind more than a bit of interference, intervention, meddling by and for outside interests), we are rather talking

about interest in interesting outsides. Of course, if the outside appearance of the pattern of currents are nothing but meddling and control, going with the flow is contraindicated. Good time for tacking around the storm front, particularly when our counterforce is dwarfed by the size (or sophistry) of the oncoming wave.

[0 comments](#)

Organ Without Bodies

Posted in [May](#) on the Synchronmesh

"I" is just an optical illusion. My new theory of in-out, in-out. Skin is just a synapse in the cosmic whatever. That's why it seems so unfamiliar when trying new things. Like the autonomic nervous system is the part of the cosmos inside the skin which Mr. Gray Matter has no control over. The other side is the exonomic, nervous system Mr Gray Matter thinks is a resource. It's only nervous when out of tune or dysharmonic. Mr. Gray Matter (Me, mine, I) is the self-conscious idea with delusions of autonomy and desire (or fear) of automation. You are considered crazy if you think there are internal voices as well as external voices. That's the big lie to produce a choir of one. Totality. Body without organs? A brain-organ without a body! An organ is like the ego. A dissimulation of a poly-symphony. A faked orchestra. A synecdoche taken as the literal "thing".

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sentimentalism

Posted in [May](#) on the Synchronmesh

And fuck me, I'm not even blushing!!!

[...]

But I did blush once when a girl I secretly liked (a lot!) smiled and said she liked the look of my eyes. So I ran away, knowing that the look in my eye was only a function of a week's worth of insomnia and speed.

Back on the topic of desire, that whole topic which still seems to want to activate my bullshit detector:

Is desire even possible without first a deprivation? When one horse nibbles on another's itch (and this anecdote is from Darwin's manuscript), there is initiated a simultaneity of mutual scratching of parts unreachable alone, and that can last for hours, or until they get hungry for something they can swallow after chewing. There is unthought wisdom here that your itch **will** be scratched. That's not even right. It **is** scratched, and not as a return. "Which itch came first?" is as ridiculous as the chicken and egg debate. It seems to me like the praxis of love. Some call it automatic reflex. Some call it an economic transaction. Barbarians, one and all! We think if it's an automatic simultaneity, it's false. There must be prior conscious planning or strategy. A sign? The whole concept of timed event makes us hypocrites or power brokers. Especially when we come across a stimulating synchronicity and call that one "magic"! Uninviting, we call it "a mindless reflex" or, worse, "automaton". In other words, "excessively sentimental garbage". And, as Charles Peirce told us (the royal we, that is, in case you didn't hear him), what is sentimentality but the combination of sense (or sensuality), perception and reasonable (mental) reflection?

The economists accuse those, to whom the enunciation of their atrocious villainies communicates a thrill of horror, of being sentimentalists. It may be so: I willingly confess to having some tincture of sentimentalism in me [...]. But what after all is sentimentalism? It is an ism, a doctrine, namely, the doctrine that great respect should be paid to the natural judgments of the sensible heart. This is what sentimentalism precisely is; and I entreat the reader to consider whether to condemn it is not of all blasphemies the most degrading.

-- Charles Peirce, 1893

This sense should not be confused with the peculiar scent emanating from the scene, nor with the "cents" in romanticism, that hideous doctrine of Roman exchange emphatically enforced by centurians, still prattled away for a buck by poets and country-western songsters emphasizing lost investments and expenditures, like when "my old dog Red was stole by that heart-breakin' Sue, and now I'm so blue, doo wa, doo wa doo, doo wa ditty dada too". And the cash register goes "ca ching!" Five minutes of fame and all the

teenage girls feint on the sidewalk 'cause we can all "oh so empathise". I once walked into a yuppie sports pub by mistake and, wearing a gray pony tail and headband, was confronted by a small well-dressed crowd who said I looked like Willie Nelson and then asked which line I was in. I said "as a matter of fact, Willie's my brother. I taught him guitar so I don't need no particular line". That was my line and they all went "Ooh!" and "Aahh!!" when I said I wrote the tune about Breakin' Heart Sue (and recited those lines just so's they'd "remember" ... and they did!) and then they bought me drinks. Despite a few shy oggles, that was all I scored that night so went home.

Romans romanticised love by placing it into an exchange paradigm. They were not the first to do this. Now it is subject to calculation or an assessment of ratios (rationalism is its doctrine), no longer to aesthetics. Gaining status as first principle, it is now said the romantic love is a culture-bound idea and not shared by the less civilised. So much is true, but since the colloquial wisdom still thinks of romance in terms of sentimentality and even mystical spirituality, the collective conclusion is that outside of civility (aka polity) human relations are purely mechanical or chaotically promiscuous or "serve no purpose" or some other such nonsense. Missionaries have said so much since forever. It is so much bullshit.

I've known unexpected love-at-first-sight and always thought it highly unfair that it was not mutual. Not returned. Tit for tat thinking. Unrequited love is the most painful thing one can experience. Look up "requite" and it tells you "a required payment". Like aesthetics breaks down to a properly placed investment? Maybe it wasn't unrequited? Maybe love is an itch which only comes to mind when another also itches? Maybe we (the smitten one and the other who only seemed to "return" your glance") were both depraved by growing up in a world deprived from the get go? Of course there is the possibility that there is error, but you can't know unless you experiment or explore the possibility. And then you might discover at second glance that you no longer possess the feeling which first accompanied your first drawn attention? Fickle? No, mistaken impression. But how can we know if we've been trained to avoid experimentation and exploration?

Would dislocated lovers suffer prolonged greif if arrangements were not dictated *a priori* permanent, or even singular, and there were always several kindred spirits already fishing? Might "love-at-first-sight" not be a predictable norm rather than an ontologically problematic fluke? Of course, now we are speaking not of beauty, but in fact, the aesthetics of the sublime. The peak emotion shared. To expect such a mountain to maintain at such a height, one might as well ask for immortality. But there is nothing to suggest that once climbed, the same summit will never again be reached after a suitable rest in lower elevations where the air is less thin. Of course, that first time will stick in the craw with a certain fondness unlike that toward its younger siblings, if only from the absolute novelty. Death and novelty always travel away from each other.

Natural selection, as conceived by Darwin, is a mode of evolution in which the only positive agent of change in the whole passage from moner to man is fortuitous variation. To secure advance in a definite direction chance has to be seconded by some action that shall hinder the propagation of some varieties or stimulate that of others. In natural selection, strictly so called, it is the crowding out of the weak. In sexual selection, it is the attraction of beauty, mainly.

-- Charles Peirce

Aesthetics gives birth and is birthed by multiplicity! It is not ironic that aesthetics can also create patterns like family resemblance. Why do you suppose there are (were) so many fish in the sea? Competition? Did they know something we don't?

Would babies with free access to the titty till they discover new edibles in the economy ever experience this sort of "romantic" greif? Especially if they were not exposed to power, which tends to promote permanence in relationships (like, "no exploration! take that out of your mouth! germs! there's only this titty and that's it! forever, unless I feed it to you, on my schedule. Now open your mouth and shut the fuck up!") so that every seduction ever after experienced looks like a potential rape lasting the rest of your life? Or the uncommitting, superficially interested abuse of a one-night stand? A stand where time will never stand still when you want it to. A quicky behind the bush and nevermore is just the consumption of a use-value. Who would not feel threatened at the image of connection with another being? Just like we're supposed to feel guilty for wanting chocolate gravy on our smashed potatoes. Be happy with what you've got! Go to your room! Take that idea right out of your mind! Wipe that silly-ass grin off your face or I'll give you something to smile about! This is going to hurt me worse than you. And they wonder why we're all fucked up and reactionary? Mimed boxing is always exceptable, especially if it gets real. Especially if it is confused with sexual selection. Particularly if it becomes virtual or displayed in an mtv video or pornographic studio. And the selfish ego

is still all alone! Sacrificially alone and pissed off about it. "Reproduction of the capitalist social relation" my ass! It's pure voodoo magic and that's all there is to recuperation.

Anyone who still believes in progress (the new is better only by virtue of being new) is unhappy with the world, no matter how much they blather on about their shiny new whatever and can't wait for next year's model and ooh! ooh! I'm just so excited. They then go to great lengths to teach their children that they too are not good enough. "Etherised upon a table?" Not enough! *"For the last time, to remake his anatomy on the autopsy table. Then you will have delivered him from all his automatic reactions and restored him to his true freedom. Then you will teach him again to dance wrong side out as in the frenzy of dance halls and this wrong side out will be his real place."* -- Artaud

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The Selection Process: A Historical Glossary of Non-mystical Mysticism

Posted in [May](#) on the Synchronesh

Natural selection is a matter of *will-I nill-I and face the consequences*. In other words, pre-delimited choices are given or provided by the natural environment. It's an outside-in point of view. Outside consequences select from among highly variable decisions of the actors competing for position before the selection committee, made up of the implications of their own behaviour, operating for their own benefit, well, actually for the benefit of the greater good now called species -- a genre of familiarity. It's a matter of right-or-wrong, with us-or-against us, fitness-or-disposal functionalism. It's a game of win or lose. Consciousness may emerge naturally or mechanically.

Mechanists don't see the difference with their own system, insisting nature is only a machine whose complexity is yet to be charted and delineated, a simple matter of reverse engineering to discover the blueprint. For the mechanist, consciousness is a mere epiphenomenon of organisation. Post-modern mechanists consider it a delusion of order. Either way, it is largely inconsequential. Modern biology is the child of the competition between naturalists and mechanists, with the former taken out of the loop and banished to the void, that hell formerly reserved for religious mystics, philologists and aestheticians. Today, its residents are every difference which couldn't make a difference -- pure chaos. The irony is that natural selection has no difficulty predicting the hostile take-over.

Mechanical selection reduces these gifts or provisions down to two options per module. A biological module may be an organelle, organ, organism or any organic event. Complexity is only a matter of multiple binary modules assembled such that in-out decisions may make novel pathways, but the structure does not change in the process. What appears a multiplicity of choices can always be reduced to two, an either-or cybernetic functionalism feeding, digesting and backfeeding neighboring modules. The structure can break as a result of the internal processes or it can grow through the merging or incorporation of formerly distinct modules. It is the increased complexity of agglutinating modules which produces change, a self-fulfilling argument. That which grows rather than breaks down is the winner by a priori logic. Individual modules come and go. The growing machine is immortal due to agglutination and transformation. It needs only continually increasing input of energy and a fairly well-functioning garbage disposal.

Sexual selection reverses the telescope so that the focus is directed from inside-out, in contradistinction to the mechanist convert, Darwin, who said it is only a matter of facsimiles of seduction (smoothe-talking males and, occasionally, image-enhancing females) and elimination of rivals should the seductive sign not be responded to favourably. On the contrary, the outside is considered a source of abundant variability which exists in either random or ordered (statistical) arrays. Consciousness is required for it's function, as it is a system of mutually personal attraction which produces familiarity and further variability, although still subject to natural or mechanical "forces". In the great war of the nineteenth century, a few naturalists escaped to hide out in this territory and in the process, rediscovered the formerly un-named field of ecology. In new disguise, this came to influence modernists like an insidious viral infection, and in fact, helped the big shake-up in the machine in the mid twentieth century with the rise of an as yet incoherent post-modernism. This was predicted by Charles Peirce in the nineteenth, just before he went down the drain of obscurity.

Meanwhile, American anthropologists had immersed themselves in the ecological

paradigm and were secretly preparing their own take-over. Unwilling to be shed of the natural selection skin which was still quite comfortable and protective, if in a slithery sort of way, they promoted the idea of culture as a selective, superorganic form in its own right, tipping the telescope back in the direction mechanists prefer.

Cultural selection considers then the formation of pattern in local sets of selective systems, another tautology currently explained by the mechanists' "negative feedback". One could say sharing aesthetic sensitivities limits certain choices and reinforces others through the process of mimicry, or modelling the environment. Mechanists claim this system as strongly as they do the natural system. In other words, by translating any perspective into one's native language, the ontological paradigm of the native is perpetuated. We fail to emerge from the machinic ontology into a different ethos by virtue of the translation process itself. This claim of ownership by mechanists is entirely predictable by the cultural selection committee, and is good grounds for questioning the suitability (fitness, or *aproposity*) of using computer simulations to enforce one's decisions. A machine culture like ours subordinates conscious actors beneath it. Unable to perceive beyond their own choices, they call it a democratic system, unwitting that it was a unidirectional surveillance system from the get-go, and they were looking through the wrong end of the telescope. The real irony is that the cultural selection paradigm highly resembles the mechanical in its more complex modular incarnations.

Post-modern epistemology. There is a fifth paradigm which refuses to choose between the other four, which doesn't even enter the argument except in an often-unsuccessful self-defense. This is the epistemological, largely skeptical standpoint which realises typical ontologies are ideologically driven constructions producing integrated logical paradigms said to represent "reality" in the attempt to duplicate (or describe) it to such an extent that every choice is in fact, necessary, that choice itself is an illusion. The mechanists will always prevail because of superior sophistry, not necessarily accuracy. By refusing the game altogether, skeptics (now labeled "post-modernists" in a particularly derogatory fashion) tend to return our focus to despondency or back to sexual selection, since that is the only viewpoint which does not discount personal agency, creativity or originality, and in fact, aesthetics. The irony here is that no one is willing to discuss aesthetics itself as "that is the business of your professional artist". With so much to know, specialisation keeps professional thinkers from altering the direction of events without new machinery. The very job of a machinist is the fabrication of existence by grinding, scraping, welding, tampering. Environmental modification for internal use only, according to instructions, use as directed. What escapes predictability beyond one or two standards of deviation is force-fit more generally toward the center or destroyed.

Selection all by itself, however semantically points to an aesthetic process. So does excitement, as in the excitement of sense organs on stimulation of an outside frequency which sets them to vibrate (or whatever it is that they do, it's all the same, a happy dance or cringe of pain, by any other special name). All aesthetics concern attraction (or its inversion) and degrees of affinity. Removing time from the equation generates "resonance", a vibrating synchronicity. Practical aesthetics is always a matter of variable engagement or disengagement, immersion or redirection. Common sense, taste and a little emotional attachment suggest that if it feels good, makes sense and keeps your juices flowing, that is the direction one usually takes when the mechanists and the specialised academics and even more specialised police don't interfere. Everyone at least secretly believes that play is funner than work, that interaction warms the heart more than seclusion, that joy is a better option than despair or sacrifice. Displays of such sentimentality will either assist the machine and be encouraged, (a machine euphemism for "*recouperated and digested*" or "*regurgitated*"), or will disgust it (like offending god), and like god, machines can only think in terms of yes or no, permit or refuse, reward or punish, produce or be destroyed.

Three options are given:

- 1) Expropriate dead languages from hell and breathe new life into them;
- 2) Build better machines to escape the planet;
- 3) Build smaller machines to replace poisoned organs (poisoned, I say, because the mechanists never came up with a garbage disposal incapable of toxifying its operators); the inversion of this principle is to download our brains into the machine itself.

As none of these options seem possible given certain 'laws' of physics (and remembering that even if a 'law' is an illusion, its consequences are real), it could be that our choices have already been made for us, and the only thing left to do is become human again, with all its sentimentality and error. Chaos might just be the place, since those old dead folks keep coming back whispering sweet nothings in our ears of romance and possibility. The interweaving of imaginative musings and attention to the muses creates art. Reasonable or

not, one must feel before one can appreciate, and that takes interest, expression and engagement. And that is the field of gestalt aesthetics or critical pantomime.

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PRYING INTO, A DEAD JOURNAL -- 4

There are at least four elemental forces within the universe: God-Satan-Humanity-Anarchy; or, the forces of control, counter-control, the controlled, and the uncontrollables. I say at least four because the last component [comprising most of the rest of the universe] does not possess any unitary coherence.

-- John Moore, *Anarchy and Ecstasy: Visions of Halcyon Days*

the unparticled matter?

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

V. "The matters of which man is cognizant escape the senses in gradation. We have, for example, a metal, a piece of wood, a drop of water, the atmosphere, a gas, caloric, electricity, the luminiferous ether. Now, we call all these things matter, and embrace all matter in one general definition; but in spite of this, there can be no two ideas more essentially distinct than that which we attach to a metal, and that which we attach to the luminiferous ether. When we reach the latter, we feel an almost irresistible inclination to class it with spirit, or with nihility. The only consideration which restrains us is our conception of its atomic constitution; and here, even, we have to seek aid from our notion of an atom, as something possessing in infinite minuteness, solidity, palpability, weight. Destroy the idea of the atomic constitution and we should no longer be able to regard the ether as an entity, or, at least, as matter. For want of a better word we might term it spirit. Take, now, a step beyond the luminiferous ether; conceive a matter as much more rare than the ether, as this ether is more rare than the metal, and we arrive at once (in spite of all the school dogmas) at a unique mass -- an unparticled matter. For although we may admit infinite littleness in the atoms themselves, the infinitude of littleness in the spaces between them is an absurdity. There will be a point -- there will be a degree of rarity at which, if the atoms are sufficiently numerous, the interspaces must vanish, and the mass absolutely coalesce. But the consideration of the atomic constitution being now taken away, the nature of the mass inevitably glides into what we conceive of spirit. It is clear, however, that it is as fully matter as before. The truth is, it is impossible to imagine what is not. When we flatter ourselves that we have formed its conception, we have merely deceived our understanding by the consideration of infinitely rarefied matter."

P. "There seems to me an insurmountable objection to the idea of absolute coalescence; -- and that is the very slight resistance experienced by the heavenly bodies in their revolutions through space -- a resistance now ascertained, it is true, to exist in *some* degree, but which is, nevertheless, so slight as to have been quite overlooked by the sagacity even of Newton. We know that the resistance of bodies is, chiefly, in proportion to their density. Absolute coalescence is absolute density. Where there are no interspaces, there can be no yielding. An ether, absolutely dense, would put an infinitely more effectual stop to the progress of a star than would an ether of adamant or of iron."

V. "Your objection is answered with an ease which is nearly in the ratio of its apparent unanswerability. -- As regards the progress of the star, it can make no difference whether the star passes through the ether *or the ether through it*. There is no astronomical error more unaccountable than of their passage through an ether; for, however rare this ether be supposed, it would put a stop to all sidereal revolution in a very far briefer period than has been admitted by those astronomers who have endeavored to slur over a point which they found it impossible to comprehend. The retardation actually experienced is, on the other hand, about that which might be expected from the *friction* of the ether in the instantaneous passage through the orb. In the one case, the retarding force is momentary and complete within itself -- in the other it is endlessly accumulative."

-- E. A. Poe, *Mesmeric Revelation*, 1844

-- see *The Wobbling Sun*

-- *The Ether (Aether) of Space* by Lord Rayleigh and Sir Oliver Lodge, 1908

Time and Space... It is not nature which imposes them upon us, it is we who impose them upon nature because we find them convenient.

Does the harmony the human intelligence thinks it discovers in nature exist outside of this intelligence? No, beyond doubt, a reality completely independent of the mind which conceives it, sees or feels it, is an impossibility.

It is because simplicity and vastness are both beautiful that we seek by preference simple facts and vast facts; that we take delight, now in following the giant courses of the stars, now in scrutinizing the microscope that prodigious smallness which is also a vastness, and now in seeking in geological ages the traces of a past that attracts us because of its remoteness.

-- *Henri Poincaré*

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The Poetic Principle, The Poetical Effect

Posted in [May](#) by [Dave](#) on the [synchronmesh](#)

And in regard to Truth, if, to be sure, through the attainment of a truth we are led to perceive a harmony where none was apparent before, we experience at once the true poetical effect; but this effect is referable to the harmony alone, and not in the least degree to the truth which merely served to render the harmony manifest.

We shall reach, however, more immediately a distinct conception of what the true Poetry is, by mere reference to a few of the simple elements which induce in the Poet himself the true poetical effect.

He recognises the ambrosia which nourishes his soul in the bright orbs that shine in Heaven -- in the volutes of the flower -- in the clustering of low shrubberies -- in the waving of the grain-fields -- in the slanting of tall eastern trees -- in the blue distance of mountains -- in the grouping of clouds -- in the twinkling of half-hidden brooks -- in the gleaming of silver rivers -- in the repose of sequestered lakes -- in the star-mirroring depths of lonely wells. He perceives it in the songs of birds -- in the harp of Aeolus -- in the sighing of the night-wind -- in the repining voice of the forest -- in the surf that complains to the shore -- in the fresh breath of the woods -- in the scent of the violet -- in the voluptuous perfume of the hyacinth -- in the suggestive odour that comes to him at eventide from far-distant undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored.

While the epic mania, while the idea that to merit in poetry prolixity is indispensable, has for some years past been gradually dying out of the public mind, by mere dint of its own absurdity, we find it succeeded by a heresy too palpably false to be long tolerated, but one which, in the brief period it has already endured, may be said to have accomplished more in the corruption of our Poetical Literature than all its other enemies combined. I allude to the heresies of The Didactic. It has been assumed, tacitly and avowedly, directly and indirectly, that the ultimate object of all Poetry is Truth. Every poem, it is said, should inculcate a moral, and by this moral is the poetical merit of the work to be adjudged. We Americans especially have patronized this happy idea, and we Bostonians very especially have developed it in full. We have taken it into our heads that to write a poem simply for the poem's sake, and to acknowledge such to have been our design, would be to confess ourselves radically wanting in the true poetic dignity and force: -- but the simple fact is that would we but permit ourselves to look into our own souls we should immediately there discover that under the sun there neither exists nor can exist any work more thoroughly dignified, more supremely noble, than this very poem, this poem per se, this poem which is a poem and nothing more, this poem written solely for the poem's sake.

With as deep a reverence for the True as ever inspired the bosom of man, I would nevertheless limit, in some measure, its modes of inculcation. I would limit to enforce them. I would not enfeeble them by dissipation. The demands of Truth are severe. She has no sympathy with the myrtles. All that which is so indispensable in Song is precisely all that with which she has nothing whatever to do. It is but making her a flaunting paradox to wreath her in gems and flowers. In enforcing a truth we need severity rather than efflorescence of language. We must be simple, precise, terse. We must be cool, calm, unimpassioned. In a word, we must be in that mood which, as nearly as possible, is the exact converse of the poetical. He must be blind indeed who does not perceive the radical

and chasmal difference between the truthful and the poetical modes of inculcation. He must be theory-mad beyond redemption who, in spite of these differences, shall still persist in attempting to reconcile the obstinate oils and waters of Poetry and Truth.

-- E. A. Poe, *The Poetic Principle*

"At bottom Kropotkin conceived nature as a kind of Providence, thanks to which there had to be harmony in all things, including human societies. And this has led many anarchists to repeat that 'Anarchy is Natural Order', a phrase with an exquisite kropotkinean flavour. If it is true that the law of Nature is Harmony, I suggest one would be entitled to ask why Nature has waited for anarchists to be born, and goes on waiting for them to triumph, in order to destroy the terrible and destructive conflicts from which mankind has already suffered. Would one not be closer to the truth in saying that anarchy is the struggle, in human society, against the disharmonies of Nature?"

-- Errico Malatesta

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Your Language (is built of dead metaphors.)

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the sychromesh

in discarding the ruts of expectation we often encounter an uncertain fragility beyond its walls -- a mute incomprehensibility without referents, a gaggle of corpses in our mouths, confused nomadic pantomime... sensitive to the sounds on the other side,

Metaphors in Science: How does science and scientific prose deal with this most obvious of facts? By stratagem and evasion. The scientific style aims at clarity, objectivity and impersonality -- attempting to persuade us that the reality depicted is independent of experimenter and reporting. The key evidence is that laid out in the scientific paper, which, though purporting to be a plain account of what was done and observed, is in fact a carefully tailored document making a bid for personal recognition. The abstract allows the significance of the work to be modestly hinted at. The passive voice makes appear inevitable and impersonal what was often achieved only after great effort and skill by the experimenter. Stylistic devices like metaphor, irony, analogy and hyperbole that might call attention to the staged nature of the reporting are muted or banned. Where descriptive, the language employs figures drawn from physics: inert and mechanical. Sentence structure is simple, not to say barbaric: commonplace verbs linking heavy noun clusters. References pay homage to previous workers in the field, and imply familiarity with procedures and therefore professional competence.

-- C. John Holcombe, *Theories of Metaphor*

"In science it is necessary to give priority to the evidence over traditional theory or a priori assumptions. If the evidence shows that any two people, or the same person at different times, are partly alike and partly different communicatively, and that any two groups are likewise partly alike and partly different, then we should have a theory that mirrors these observations, rather than one that reflects a uniformity that does not exist."

-- Yngve, Victor H. 1986. *Linguistics as a science.*

-- see [The Assumption that Language Consists of Languages](#)

-- [The Linguistic Construction of Reality](#) (pdf)

0 comments

Frank Sidgwick, 'Pataphysician

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the sychromesh

To rearrange the wording (though not the sentiment) of Frank Sidgwick, "What is most nearly improbable is all the more splendidly possible." We are most enthused when we are blindsided by a gift. It is seen as fortune ("beyond our wildest dreams") whether it comes by chance or by an other's intention. Compare this affective perturbation (Sidgwick compared it with contagious "Panick") with the ho-hum of mechanical

transaction at any exchange rate, balance or no. Actually, he compared it with the communal sharing which reaches analogous emotional heights such that the synergy ("conglomerate") generates it's own poetry ("Ballad"). Mimicry, repetition and movement can spread it around the world. Ballads express the themes of societies, your own as well as those of others. The singular author is not only unimportant, it is non-existent. The ballad is news you dance to. Remember that panic may refer to qualities of the hand as well as what's outside it (*pantos*, "the totality", "everything else"), a loaf of french bread or container to cook it in, the trickster Pan, or chaotic pandemonium, the dwelling-place of chance itself. Notice also that if "I" is used at all in traditional ballading (the dance with wording), it is in the most generic sense. It is everyone or anyone.

-- "*The Ballad*", by Frank Sidgwick

and speaking of pataphoric extension:

"the typically bloodless, anti-imagistic language of the Academy is a weaker form of the decadent, dehumanizing language the Nazis used to camouflage their almost unimaginable barbarities".

-- *I Am Being Everybody They Cried*, by Martin Heavisides

0 comments

Movement, Encouragement or Free Energy?

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Only concerning the rooted plants,
or those unable to break into dance --
unless it is about possibilities,
either "desire" expressed,
or "volition" implied
or "growth" becoming,
power's about nothing.

What arrogance (or is it timidity?)
to always demand impossibility
...without experimentation!

It is this which gives
the cow-herder the courage of a cur
whose encouraging lick is ever a cure
for Paterfamilia and Claustrophilia,
not to mention your salty villa.

Like the salvo of savy and savoir faire
of a gorilla and 'er familiars
to distribute themselves and all their affairs
into and out of nooks and lairs,
unscathed by marauding tax-collectors
who pusillanimously (but not unloudly) shout:

"Stand still, you cowards, you lollards you louts!"

*Linguistic Synchronicity?
The sense of an etymology,
comes when you peel your morality.*

-- from *Hebetude to Hesperides*

0 comments

To Swarm, or Not to Swarm

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

An *in-out* dance called "participation", going with the swarm need be neither a "direct-democratic" action nor imply subsumption by or relegation to a group -- ie., following "leaders" -- when it is a matter of following your own taste after what looks encouraging.

This aesthetic approach not ironically allows a spontaneous dispersal exactly when conditions seem to call for it: the finale of enthusiasm doesn't always coincide with a threat or fatigue.

Of course, it helps to know the layout of the land. This is not a problem where there is a pre-established sense of adventure, even if on the coat-tails of a trusty adventurer. Attempts to pre-plan & hyper-organise such ordered spontaneity can approach a mimical situation, but likely produce confusion in the process not unlike the results we often see with test anxiety, something unheard of in free panto-mime or extemporized jazz. These are more likely to emit rhapsody than panic.

Psychogeography is not a matter of memorizing maps, lines, licks and turning points, but of trusting your feet and legs to remember for you, especially during times of stress. The *dérive* is whole-body choreographic practice. When you let your body do the walking (or running), your "head" can stay cool, your senses alert. (It is even more proficient at random action than old Mr. Gray Matter could dream!) Your own possible uncertainty is negated by those at your side when it is recalled that courage more often comes from the outside than in (and has a powerful ally in chance), all without the humiliation from a choreographer brandishing a whip of authority or a blue-print written in inverted pig-latin.

In other words, if one sets out on a path and others follow, it is not an issue of authority. The semantic confusion between a sequential leader and authority has on more than one occasion subverted direct action by anti-authoritarians. Co-ordination is an issue of communication: if not a dance, it is only a monologue of orders. Equally, a wandering minstrel with news from afar should not be accused of pretension. Paul Revere may or may not have been a tense fed, but when you hear, "The Red Coats are coming", it might not be imprudent to flush your stash and check the fire-escape.

A hero is one who accumulates courage, with or without a steady entourage. This is no thing which can be contained, just as a singular view on necessity reflects the most constrained. Next to laughter, courage is possibly the leakiest of the elements, but never at a loss lest the word lose its title. It can't even be willingly withheld, only deceptively stolen, and that you can feel almost instantly, like a resounding "Gotcha!" from a Turn Coat. "Who'd a thunk he was a sniggling cop!"

If not for metaphoric ambiguity, a bit of sense to irony or parody, a self-proclaimed hero (or a leader) is seen by all as arrogant and fake. Heroes give, they do not take -- they're funny that way. There are no famous heroes, only famous plays. The author's one and only grand creation is what's already found: a novel juxtaposition.

Conclusion? To deny risk is to ignore chance, and then chances are, you'll get got for sure. Don't get hung up on words -- they often pretend and can intend nearly anything!

-- see [Blackorchid Collective: Between the Zeal of the Young and the Patience of the Old: Reflections on Seattle's Recent Upheavals Against Police Brutality](#)

1 comment:

[But the Black Bloc is not a group!](#)

Illusive Autonomy

Posted in [May](#) by [Dave on the sybchromesh](#)

The attribution of greater reality to words than to worlds is already prefigured in the almost irresistible priority we accord as we grow up to commentary...

Clinical neurology offers many examples of conditions in which words become catastrophically split from actions such that patients' utterances and beliefs about what they're doing may be entirely at odds with conduct which is nevertheless in itself far from chaotic, and directed towards perfectly coherent and (to others) comprehensible ends. For example, in his book *Descartes' Error* (Papermac, 1996), Antonio Damasio uses evidence from the observation of brain-damaged patients to suggest that mind is the product of an organism, not just a brain, and organisms are located in and mediate environments. Brain, body and environment flow into and out of each other, and what we do is by no means simply the result of the deliberations of a rational conductor sitting somewhere inside us.

I think there are also clear enough intimations of this in ordinary experiences familiar to all of us. The foremost of these is in dreaming. The 'commentator' is often absent in

dreams, and the sense commentary allows us in waking life of being somehow in charge, gives way to a mysterious world in which we are constantly surprised not only by the events which overtake us but also by our response to those events. It is often not clear which of the multiple characters in dreams is 'self' or 'other', and the identity - the feelings, intentions, even the sex - of the dreamer becomes extraordinarily fluid. The dreamer spectates rather than directs, reacts rather than commentates. What we dream is, after all, nothing but our 'own' ideas and images, and yet we are constantly surprised - sometimes even terrified - by them. In dreaming sleep the illusion of 'ownership' dies with the silencing of the commentator, and dreamers are left to observe more or less passively the ways the world flows through them.

-- *David Smail, Power, Responsibility and Freedom*

0 comments

Manifesto in Clear Language

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

If I believe neither in Evil nor in Good, if I feel such a strong inclination to destroy, if there is nothing in the order of principles to which I can reasonably accede, the underlying reason is in my flesh.

I destroy because for me everything that proceeds from reason is untrustworthy. I believe only in the evidence of what stirs my marrow, not in the evidence of what addresses itself to my reason. I have found levels in the realm of the nerve.

I now feel capable of evaluating the evidence. There is for me an evidence in the realm of pure flesh which has nothing to do with the evidence of reason. The eternal conflict between reason and the heart is decided in my very flesh, but in my flesh irrigated by nerves. In the realm of the affective imponderable, the image provided by my nerves takes the form of the highest intellectuality, which I refuse to strip of its quality of intellectuality. And so it is that I watch the formation of a concept which carries within it the actual fulguration of things, a concept which arrives upon me with a sound of creation. No image satisfies me unless it is at the same time Knowledge, unless it carries with it its substance as well as its lucidity. My mind, exhausted by discursive reason, wants to be caught up in the wheels of a new, an absolute gravitation. For me it is like a supreme reorganization in which only the laws of illogic participate, and in which there triumphs the discovery of a new Meaning. This Meaning which has been lost in the disorder of drugs and which presents the appearance of a profound intelligence to the contradictory phantasms of the sleep. This Meaning is a victory of the mind over itself, and although it is irreducible by reason, it exists, but only inside the mind. It is order, it is intelligence, it is the signification of chaos. But it does not accept this chaos as such, it interprets it, and because it interprets it, it loses it. It is the logic of illogic. And this is all one can say. My lucid unreason is not afraid of chaos.

I renounce nothing of that which is the Mind. I want only to transport my mind elsewhere with its laws and organs. I do not surrender myself to the sexual mechanism of the mind, but on the contrary within this mechanism I seek to isolate those discoveries which lucid reason does not provide. I surrender to the fever of dreams, but only in order to derive from them new laws. I seek multiplication, subtlety, the intellectual eye in delirium, not rash vaticination. There is a knife which I do not forget.

But it is a knife which is halfway into dreams, which I keep inside myself, which I do not allow to come to the frontier of the lucid senses.

That which belongs to the realm of the image is irreducible by reason and must remain within the image or be annihilated.

Nevertheless, there is a reason in images, there are images which are clearer in the world of image-filled vitality.

There is in the immediate teeming of the mind a multiform and dazzling insinuation of animals. This insensible and thinking dust is organized according to laws which it derives from within itself, outside the domain of clear reason or of thwarted consciousness or reason.

In the exalted realm of images, illusion properly speaking, or material error, does not exist, much less the illusion of knowledge; but this is all the more reason why the meaning of a new knowledge can and must descend into the reality of life.

The truth of life lies in the impulsiveness of matter. The mind of man has been poisoned by concepts. Do not ask him to be content, ask him only to be calm, to believe that he has found his place. But only the madman is really calm.

-- Antonin Artaud, for Roger Vitrac

2 comments

1. Internal Commentary: Do neurologists sometimes confuse the messengers, with the message and their bantering grid the boss?
2. Peggy Lee wrote: "If that's all there is, my friend, then let's go dancing."

Immolate the Buddha

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

22. *Immolation*: syn., immersion, anointment, dousing. Like the uncertain region between destruction and creation which cancels their distinction, it demonstrates the indeterminacy between thirst and its quenching, enflament and its extinguishing; literally, to sprinkle food (meal) on a corpse, as opposed to the apparently identical process of salvation, to sprinkle salt on a meal for enhanced salivation. Immolative volition gives flavour to the bland and its philosophy of immersion is the search for the spice of life. As such, immolationism is as far from suicide or sacrificial victimisation as water is from fire or air from earth. It is the congenital genesis of generous sui generis -- the social aesthetics of self-actualisation in reciprocal feedback, aka 'embellished growth' or 'ad-ornament' (see 'pantomime'), hence, it is not unbecomingly confused with art.

see [Manifesto of Immolationism](#) -- Center for Immolative Research, Bulletin #2, Tuesday, Feb. 14, 2006

0 comments

The Dreamy State

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

TABLE 1. Symptoms of the "Dreamy State" and Consciousness Equivalents^a

Degree and Type of Consciousness	Associated Symptoms of the "Dreamy State"
First degree	
Object consciousness	Misperception of realities; "clouded" recollection of events; an example (see text) would be Dr. Z's vague remembrance of interaction with the patient he diagnosed with pneumonia
Subject consciousness	Symptom of the "dreamy state"; an all-knowing feeling, or "over-consciousness"
Second degree	
Object consciousness	Complete loss of postictal recollection of ictal events
Subject consciousness	"Crude sensations," represented most commonly by an epigastric sensation and fear
Third degree	
Object consciousness	Coma
Subject consciousness	Mania

^a Hughlings-Jackson considered the "dreamy state" to induce deficits in consciousness, in degrees, in accordance with his theory of dissolution of the nervous system. Therefore, each degree of consciousness is represented by an incremental deficit of consciousness. Hughlings-Jackson proposed that the dreamy state disturbed object consciousness by deficit (negative component), and subject consciousness by excess (positive component). Therefore, at each degree, there is a negative deficit associated with object consciousness and a positive deficit associated with subject consciousness.

note: *ictus*:

1. medicine -- Same as seizure (technical)

2. poetry -- stress that falls on syllables in poetic rhythm

see

1. [The "Dreamy State": John Hughlings-Jackson's Ideas of Epilepsy and Consciousness](#) -- by R. Edward Hogan and Kitti Kaiboriboon,
2. -- [Dream-Time](#)

0 comments

Abduction, Seizure or Movement: Off and Away from the Conduits in Navigating the Unknown... For the Time of your Life.

Posted in [May](#) by [Dave](#) on the [synchronmesh](#)

"The processes by which we form hunches about the world are, in Peirce's conception, dependent on perceptual judgments, which contain general elements such that universal propositions may be deduced from them. On the basis of his experimental work on the psychology of perception, conducted at The Johns Hopkins University with the well-known psychologist Joseph Jastrow (1863-1944), then his student, Peirce maintained that these perceptual judgments are "the result of a process, although of a process not sufficiently conscious to be controlled, or, to state it more truly, not controllable and therefore not fully conscious". The different elements of a hypothesis are in our minds before we are conscious of entertaining it, "but it is the idea of putting together what we had never before dreamed of putting together which flashes the new suggestion before our contemplation". Peirce describes the formation of a hypothesis as "an act of insight," the "abductive suggestion" coming to us "like a flash". The only difference between a perceptual judgment and an abductive inference is that the former, unlike the latter, is not subject to logical analysis.

Abductive inference shades into perceptual judgment without any sharp line of demarcation between them; or, in other words, our first premises, the perceptual judgments, are to be regarded as an extreme case of abductive inferences, from which they differ in being absolutely beyond criticism.

Concerning scientific method, abduction is, according to Peirce, "merely preparatory," or "the first step of scientific reasoning". The other "fundamentally different kinds of reasoning" in science are deduction and induction. Briefly, the step of adopting a hypothesis or a proposition which would lead to the prediction of what appear to be surprising facts is called abduction. The step by which the necessary and probable experiential consequences of our hypothesis are traced out is called deduction. Induction is the name Peirce gives to the experimental testing of the hypothesis.

Peirce also calls abduction "Originary Argument" since it is, of the three forms of reasoning, the "only kind of argument which starts a new idea", and, in fact: "Its only justification is that if we are ever to understand things at all, it must be in that way". Similarly, "neither deduction nor induction can ever add the smallest item to the data of perception; and... mere precepts do not constitute any knowledge applicable to any practical or theoretical use. All that makes knowledge applicable comes to us via abduction".

Abduction is an instinct which relies on unconscious perception of connections between aspects of the world, or, to use another set of terms, subliminal communication of messages. It is also associated with, or rather produces, according to Peirce, a certain type of emotion, which sets it apart from either induction or deduction."

-- [Thomas & Jean Sebeok](#)

Hypothesis substitutes, for a complicated tangle of predicates attached to one subject, a single conception. Now, there is a peculiar sensation belonging to the act of thinking that each of these predicates inheres in the subject. In hypothetic inference this complicated feeling so produced is replaced by a single feeling of greater intensity, that belonging to the act of thinking the hypothetic conclusion. Now, when our nervous system is excited in a complicated way, there being a relation between the elements of the excitation, the result is a single harmonious disturbance which I call an emotion. Thus, the various sounds made by the instruments of an orchestra strike upon the ear, and the result is a peculiar musical emotion, quite distinct from the sounds themselves. This emotion is essentially, the same thing as in hypothetic inference, and every hypothetic inference

involves the formation of such an emotion. We may say, therefore, that hypothesis produces the *sensuous* element of thought, and induction the habitual element.

-- Charles S. Peirce

0 comments

Myth-time and the Mutilated Psyche

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Benjamin writes: 'The new, dialectical method of doing history teaches us to pass in spirit--with the rapidity and intensity of dreams--through what has been, in order to experience the present as a waking world, a world to which every dream at last refers.' And then, elsewhere, 'It is at this moment that the historian takes up ... the task of dream interpretation.' The study of the nineteenth century would bring the historian and the reader to the threshold of the present, to the point of waking. Benjamin would be the wide-awake, and wide-eyed dream interpreter of history. "The nineteenth century is, as the Surrealists say, the noises which intervene in our dreams and which we interpret when awake."

-- Esther Leslie

Age five, more or less, has been agreed upon by many as the age children begin to be really human. Piaget said they've acquired concrete operational thought beyond the mere sensori-motor. By adolescence, it is often at the expense of sensitivity and mobility -- without question, they are readily abducted. This is thought the necessary step required to fall for, er, appreciate the oppositional nature of a binary machinework universe which they are not themselves to oppose except according to instruction. Like, it's the operation of concrete which we refer to by "laws set in stone". Like a calcified heart or plaque surrounding not only your teeth, but lining your arteries and encapsulating your brain cells.

No wonder pessimists insist that childhood is the age when we begin to die. Regimentation & rigidity are the first stages of rigor mortis. A five year-old has reached the cognitive level of an adult chimp, who we know to be adequate to piloting a space capsule into orbit and back, can be trained to mix cement for use in the foundations of sky-scrappers and create works of art suitable for framing in hoity-toity art galleries. Well, actually, child art is not allowed in those places, and in this day and age, children are not even permitted to ride a bike around the block unsupervised, if at all.

At any rate, it is said a five year old is on the road to independence, extending the reach of mom's umbilical tether. This is interesting, because when we approach old age, we remember those earlier years prior to institutionalisation as the utopian, golden age of free-play and wonder-ful adventure, at least when not being ignored, slapped around or humiliated for "misbehaviour" by smart big-people. At a certain point, it is all we remember with any fond coherency: freedom. Certainly, it is the stuff dreams are made of, at any age.

Two assessments are available regarding old age. These are dementia and wisdom. The wise have retained some kernel of childhood which re-emerges as the layers of the superego begin to calcify, wither or rot away, particularly when what was considered good and true only a decade before is today deemed by all the middle-aged folk as obsolete, naive or irrelevant. The wise have merely rediscovered their nullshit detector, the negative aesthetic, if you will. We often call them "cantankerous", yet still "sharp". Dementia occurs when there is nothing left beneath the layers of superego. Amnesia from one moment to the next is the most rational response when one learns one has reached or surpassed the age most folks drop dead from "natural causes".

And that's the naked truth! Dementia is the reward for civilian success -- the "hyper-civilised", or pure, personified "simulacron". Its denuded receipt gives a mirror image of the terror of prolonged child abuse producing waking nightmares or bipolar (dialectical) personalities. And to think Freud thought this all a necessary process for the sake of civil progress. What he called "The Reality Principle" demonstrates what is most wrongside-out about our thinking: we are separate and individuated, isolated but for a punishing environment. Thanatos, the death drive, is the desire to speed up this process 'til we're all old, alone and done-for. But there is nothing death-like about expressing a build-up of shit, no matter your definition of pent-up energy.

see also [Animals](#), [History and Art Instincts](#)

0 comments

always place (truth) in slanted green parentheses ("lest ye be shackled to dogma")

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

"Structuralist linguistics, for example, could only have been invented by people who've never had children, or at best, by professionalised theoreticians whose daily work isolated them from contact with infants. If you play with an eight-month to year-old baby, it's completely obvious that meaning is not a pre-existing, abstract system, but emerges from instinctual, animal behaviour -- from persistent actions like grabbing, smashing and tasting."

-- *militantesthetix*, *op cit*

thetic:

[Unless referring specifically to *Thetis*, the silver-footed sea-maid of ancient Anatolian waters whose son, it was foretold, would supersede the father -- a tale which in patriarchal translation portrays a possessive love of mothers to sons who must eventually leave her apron strings or die in the flames -- otherwise, "revealed as a figure of cosmic capacity, quite capable of unsettling the divine order" -- [wiki](#)] concerns stress in classical poetry, relating to or having stress; of or pertaining to assertive argument in formal prose; of *THESES* as opposed to *THEMES* [from *Themis*, the sense of mystery, oracle, a green blooming shoot, Prometheus' mother, embodiment of social tradition & dispenser of mead, distinguished from *Eris* (and her daughter, *Dysnomia*), goddess of disorder and mayhem: "*the sexual power and energy of the unruly woman and on her license (which they had long assumed at carnival and games) -- to promote fertility, to defend the community's interests and standards, and to tell the truth about unjust rule*" -- [Victor Turner](#)]).

[Late 17th century, < Greek *thetikos* < *thetos* "placed, stressed" < *tithenai* "to place"]

parentheses *n.* (pronounced "parent thee sees"; "parent thee says"): additional hypertheses of parents; a constraint, binding or ligature producing truth. see [arrogant](#) ("not rogue"). Literally:

par(a)-en-thetic:

set beside and within a stressful place; a place-value. see *dystopia*: a sickly or sticky spot - a plagued polis like a sore thumb: "the truth hurts".

rogue: see short people, child, free radical, low-life, escapee, delinquent, 'unmannered' criminal from Latin *rogare* 'to ask'. The arrogant is without question, but full of answers.

Repeat after me:

"When something seems 'the most obvious thing in the world' it means that any attempt to understand the world has been given up"

-- *Bertolt Brecht*

0 comments

S. O. Manifesto

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

Secession from the whole gamut of generalised categories as these thread through from molar notions of Nation, Class and Gender through Institutional entities to notions of identity and desire.

To reject the concept of nation to such a degree that internationalism takes on a reactionary hue: there can be no 'inter' of nations; this is a derivative of free trade.

To combat the ideological ruse of individualism by recourse to the common form of 'species being' using this as a base for the ontological production (becoming) of a 'new being' (built-drive).

We have no more use for knowledge as information. An exploration of the historic dynamics of the general intellect, the common social product, is necessary, but the affective, prehensive dimension needs to be emphasised.

The community of affinities is transhistoric. We must 'finish the work of the past' as a praxis of the 'to come'. Incommunicado in the present we are in communication with precursors and forebears who have always been heralds of the future.

Intending to become increasingly removed from the discursive we embrace the poetical and the musical, rhythm and noise, as keys to the future of politics. These materialisations of the polysemic enable meanings to be produced as common and encourage extra-sensory perception (transmental).

The full ramifications of reception-as-activity is to be played out as affective susceptibility: not simply understanding or completed meaning but an **erethism** that has socially transformative effects.

We maintain 'non a priori relation' as an ourganisational platform. In this way not only is passion able to be conceived as a 'structuring power', but non-selectiveness wards off elitism and opens us fully to the socius.

Many precursors: Marx's 'historic party' -- Fourier's 'Phalastery' - the organisational lyricism of surrealism -- the unconstituted praxis of improvising musicians.

To remain unconvinced and unable to proselytise about the above.

-- *Secessionist Outernational*

0 comments

Birdsong or tweetercraft?

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronmesh](#)

In any aesthetic system, the "follower" is the agent, the "leader" is merely a passing perturbation or coming attraction, a point of, or gateway to other interest. Think of tweetercraft. The more tweeters, the more diverse, numerous and complex are the followings. A form with unpredictably and incalculably variable content. In tweetercraft, all have their say, or chirp, but the groupings are provisional and therefore short lived. The first to tweet is buried in the aftermath, and that is its strength: indeterminacy. There are no instigators of brownian motion in a petri dish, just as psychedelic patterns cannot be replicated by any imaging technology.

Once a permanent organisation ("avant garde", or in bird-speech: "predator" or "cage") emerges, the birds stop singing or merge with the (unintelligible) background noise. Cacaphonics is a priori gibberish -- the sound of shit is shit talk, roughly equivalent to trolls in the peanut gallery or the pantomocritique of mid-twentieth century calypso.

The delusion of mainstream democracy minimises the perturbations allowed to operate, hence limiting the availability of turning points or *preferential attachments* -- in the sense of an attachment according to preference (an aesthetic decision) and not the distribution of balls into urns -- often down to two, as in the binary decisions of modern computing (right and left but not in and out -- binary or even trinary systems rely completely on either/or logic and justify decisions as themselves permanent with such aphorisms as "you made your bed, now you have to lie in it" or "you can never go home" or even "all roads lead to Rome"). In such systems, each allowed perturbation is a power point like an electro-magnet set on high, the higher-archon which can only respond to positive, negative or ambivalent (agreeably wishy-washy) inputs. This is also the standard definition of leadership.

The importance of sky-scrapers is not in their reach, but the number of hypo-critical stories it constrains. This is the standard definition of bureaucracy.

In the spectacle, there is this main attraction (phallus) and numerous ostensibly choice but essentially equivalent alternatives (talking points) presented: hegemony is disguised as a scattershot pattern. Critique of scattershot patternings reveals their equivalent shotgun deadliness. Dupontist critique, for example, well illustrates this equivalence but stops dead in its tracks, concluding not only the futility, but the impossibility of all transgression. Like the technosociologists, it is trapped in the spectacle's interweb. It makes no difference whether the nihilists are agents of the spectacle or sincere critics. The outcome is the

same: they have reached a stopping point themselves so broadcast the essential message of do nothing philosophy. It can be hardly distinguished from the Victorian British virtues of approach: "stiff upper lip" or "grin and bear it". Serenity is an illusion (unless in seclusion), transgression is impossible, or so they seem to suggest. It is the argument of the determinism of material forces, of permanently forced constraints. Like, it's nature dude, so why fight it? Dissenters must eventually self-immolate when the truth of necessity is discovered. Truth can never back off. Tolerance and leeway are never acknowledged qualities of nature when the only question is "to be or not to be". Even "fight or flight" is negated as folly.

But the so-called "chatter" in the background illustrates that most folks don't buy this impossibilist meme for a minute! Dada has irrefutably illustrated that there are very few practical exigencies in the world, like bricks don't have functional wings so their flight is dependent on gravity or the material force of external propulsion. Humans must eat above the water-line and not perpetually below it. Their gills have been metamorphosed into expressive facial muscles not by linear exigencies but inexpressably complex contingencies. All contingencies are provisional offerings, or offerings of provisions, and laugh at necessity. Like most things, we can take it or leave it depending only on matters of encouragement.

So what is the alternative to socio-mechanistic thinking? Aesthetic action. As the avant garde emerges, it is always possible to ignore it, follow your nose or smother it in noise. Neither interest nor exploration rhyme with commitment. The transgression of text messaging and tweetcraft is not a principle of organising but the expression of potential. Birds do not sing to mobilise a resistance against crawlers and swimmers. On the contrary, it merely keeps lines open like the pinging between fax machines and the telephone network nominally tuned in to voice protocalls or a locating beacon set to stun.

All communications begin with "hello". What is transgressive is the language created by cramming as much interest as possible into a space of 140 characters. Transgressive permutation. The factorial possibilities of one hundred forty characters is precisely 1.34620 times 10 to the power of 241. That's a lot of zeros in contradistinction to a whole bunch of nothing! And like song or poetry, the distribution of arrogant meaning (truth) is merely considered a recursive teleology of mean arrogance and pushed to the background. Negotiation between the avant garde and any movement's "leadership" is irrelevant, beside the point, out of the loop, and the universe undergoes another flip-flop behind their backside. Who could ever represent the gaseous movement of tweetership? Like, what is the sound of one goose gagging? My space?

Defend yourself against property! It's only another ego defense mechanism.

-- Id Liberation Front

0 comments

For absence of presence Some presents of absynth

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

they were all at our service

Toward the yamboos, Eugenia spoke:

Who is the abacist here?

A small man appeared within the tripod
where the vibration was strongest,
and proffered a hand whose fingerprints
had been purposely stained black.

~Le gem pome~

has been disrupted
by your conclusive shivs;
Pay what you owe.
Pay back what you have embezzled
from those of us
who actually create something.



Dig it! Abacists with conclusive shivs. Too many scalpels. Cut wrists to better fit our uni-sized handcuffs. Those ignorant proles with dirt under their fingernails, always digging wells to quench my thirst because I've shit in all my rivers. Or people who spend too much time around livestock and not enough surveilling the crested grebe mating from a hidden advantage. When will they learn they could be like me and work at a secret call center for NIMH amongst the professionals drinking a nice hot cup of tea or otherwise do nothing at all?

But tell me, who will mine the ore and build the machine to replace the digger with dirty nails?

Maybe we all just want some inclusion, although that at one time meant "shut-in". Poet just sounds more expressively passionate than parent-voy er or patrolman or the people's organised revolutionary party uv seriosity (PORPUS). But look at them. Really! The instinctually impulsive aesthetics of group ... never a politicisation ... which might adopt you, me, us ... not just for jail-time. So I give myself a label like "anarchist" to match my leanings and the others want to disassociate. No, not one of those! Another dud. Maybe I should look up the etymology of clutter or clude. Was there a word "clusion" meaning other than the condition of being closed? Or "cline" as in "clination": a leaning or bent on support? Too much of this, we must send for the clinician, the historical expert for the chronically bed-ridden.

If there is no subclinical spontaneity, I'm inclined to conclude clutter would be impossible and we'd need no delegated waste-management patrols! But a conclusion *is* impossible for a mere "one". When not short for concrete, "con" is either togetherness or a scam or a resident of the joint. How often is "providing closure" just another Scarlet O'Hara sublimation swept under the rug til tiomorrow? The sublime must be expressed!

Even an ex-con has a culture: the criminal fraternity or maternal sorority, either way a growing majority. It is no exclusive club. Like the Seminoles never signed a treaty with Florida, so there is still a state of war as long as there are five civilised swamps. Conceive this: what's conception to do with organising babies? Or is there a natural contradictory context for every ligature, making contractions recapitulate a necessary evil? The mutual cramping of concentrated camping?

The class struggle

We must be clear. No, ambiguous. The on-going struggle between the Gray Men and the Lizzard

People out to

enslave the planet. Today there are two clauses: Poets (or insanely green-ferry magicians - see *amorphous amphibians*) and uptight grammarians. They are identified by the presence or absence of rulers (in the first sense as well as the second). Try absynth to dissolve both dialectics and eclectic epilepticians.

There is just no comparison. Compassion? Lost during vivisection. Who needs a synthetic lobotomy when we've got theoreticians bearing an abacus and tape measure to inform public opinion?

Ok, I'm grumpy again. The literal translation of "Take me to your leader" is "Who's the biggest shit-for-brains here?"

My favorite line from Ronald Sukenick was "Better and better. Better and better. Not as good as before it started getting better but..."

There. That feels better! And to think swamped used to mean "going in for a refreshing dip"!

FOR EUPHORIA, USE DRY RAG!

*A blown mind's like a blown nose
in matters of unplugging apertures
meant to stay
open for well-being
to slip through here
dwelling neverstill means:
Oh no! the utopia word again!!!.*

-- Claude Hopper

solidarity!

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronmesh

A matter of interest-bearing solids. The theory of clumping or aesthetic stickiness. Not shut-in or balled up, on a roll. Good shit is not just what you smoke! We often hear the phrase "In the interest of humankind" or some relatively equivalent catch-all to ring in our social motivations, or rather more often, a justification for 'necessary' sacrifice and eliminations in the exercise of civic obligations. But what might this phrase come down to in the context of an anarchic utopia, where sacrifice is not only minimised (for ex, the three-hour-per-day disgusting toil for all which so many future planners call NOVA -- the Nirvana of voluntary association -- to cover up the fact that it is the short term slavery, er, public works of "free workers") but abolished altogether? It's an old call: "Good News!" The abolition of sacrifice in the interest of good times for all. Have a ball. Do socialist planners even need interest or have they only a singular bent on necessity? How 'bout an orientation "according to the various interests of variable kindly humans"?

Where's your sportin' spirit? How is p(l)aying tolerance toward other's interests an expression of antisocial egoism? I'd call it "exploration" and its observation "free association" and its distribution not "aspiring" or "despairing" but "inspiring a sharing"! (see *plying*: to travel a route regularly, especially on water; to sail a boat on a zigzag course against the wind [from *pli*, 'to bend]).

Where there is customary tolerance or curiosity toward differences, there are no shackles of custom, only statistical tendencies of habits in need of no measurement. Embrace, then laugh at paradox and moral certitude loses all its sense of direction, a victim of a (not-so) cruel pantomimic accrual. Even progressive educators endorse propaganda of the deed, something the more radically inclined label "praxis". The old school approach, "do as I say..." has only resulted in the embrace of hypocrisy. That anal tyrant of private works projects, old Mr. Gray Matter, wasn't that funny to begin with. Hardly anyone is clinging to that old school shit any more.

Shit is always a relative experience. If you're in the midst of excessive amounts of it, distribute yourself elsewhere. It will have degraded just in time for your return. That is poetic justice. It may be discovered that some shit is just not that necessary after all! Must it be true that we all die alone? Where does that notion even come from? Certainly not from the crowds gathered round the guillotine at the opening ceremonies in the public squares. Or is it merely that we can only shit alone if there is no surgical intervention? Does this negate the possibility of a community toilette, or is it just another mass burial?

0 comments

Luck & Chance

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronmesh

HERETIC AND CRIMINAL

You are right -- shot shall you be.

In his book on the golden mistletoe, *The Golden Bough*, Frazer describes how *primitive people often kill their medicine men when they demonstrate abnormal fortune in their healings, and thereby reveal that they have abnormal powers*. He relates that even in highly enlightened Rome, a case was brought against a farmer because his vegetables were always uncommonly well-grown, and despite the poor man being unable to point to other causes for his advance than rational working methods and well-kept tools, he was nevertheless condemned to death for his subversive activities. The story is also told that the discoverer of palm wine was killed because of his uncommon ability to invoke spirit or spirits, which did not, however, hinder his murderers from exploiting this inheritance to its fullest. *All such crimes are committed, not because of superstition but, on the contrary, because of scepticism^[59] and sound common sense, in order to maintain peace and order, decency, the rules, custom and usage, bon ton and public rights and morals, and this is in no way a thing of the past, but is and always will remain the primary social problem for aesthetics, because all renewal is crime against the rule, and as a consequence punishable.*

POWER AND MAGIC

Knowledge is power.

Crime or law-breaking is like a wound in the body, an irritation, that attracts all the interest because something has been committed that is not permitted. Every crime therefore is a miracle or wonder, be it just the theft of a chest of drawers.^[60] If, however, the action is successful in showing that the impossible was possible *for someone*, then we have come outside the area of extreme aesthetics, *the unknown has become partially known, the powerless has become a power or a magical factor*, the aesthetic has been transformed into art in its primary meaning. We see that we are here using the word *magic* as a synonym for *art* or *power*, and the word *magician* for *the artist* in the meaning *shoemaker, watchmaker* etc. and are ignoring that the word has gradually only been attached to makers of magic by thought, word and imagination.^[61]

[59]. This is an untranslatable play on words: superstition is *overtro* (lit: excess of belief), scepticism is *undertro* (lack of belief).

[60]. 'chest of drawers': in 1937 Jom illustrated the book *Kommodetyven* (The Thief of the Chest-of-Drawers) by J.A.Schade with a set of collages, but the book was eventually published in 1939 with vignettes by Schade himself. Around 1948, Jom attempted in vain to publish a French version including his illustrations.

[61]. This paragraph contains a series of word plays: *magt* (power), *magi* (magic), *magisk* (magical), *mager* (magician), *-mager* (-maker). The three base words *magt/magi/-mager* are all of different etymological origins. [- translator]

-- Asger Jorn

[More...](#)

0 comments

THE ANTI-CRITERION: CRITERIAN RUTS *or* QUESTIONABLY R(IS)ULTS?

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Anti-Thesis: 'What Why I DIslike Poetry Distill is it if is it a, a, I, A, become increasing restrictive disease of the as Popeye would sayit the edjumacated, perfuming their big brains as control ovf meaning and mashuremints, with all their Goddamned rults like a government'
-- m. basinski

Criterion: (antonym: aesthetic) "Standard for judging things, an accepted standard used in making a decision or judgment about something else (see critic: somebody who habitually finds fault [Mid-16th century. Via Latin < Greek *kritikos* "discerning" < *krites* "judge" < *krinein* "decide"]) (see pessimist: somebody who habitually confuses euphoria with the avoidance of pain (see Hobbes))".
-- dictionary

Against the Schoolmasters, chapter 3

0 comments

Provisions: Hello

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

"Freedom of speech is nothing more than the freedom to repeat the monologues of the various factions of the ruling class, and the duty to remain silent when your bosses tell you."
-- Stuart Wise

"Spirit in artworks is posited by their structure, it is not something added from outside. This is responsible in no small way for the fetish character of artworks: Because their spirit emerges from their constitution, spirit necessarily appears as something-in-itself. ... Reflection must equally comprehend the fetish character, effectively sanction it as an expression of its objectivity, and critically dissolve it. ... Artworks organize what is not

organized. They speak on its behalf and violate it; they collide with it by following their constitution as an artifact. ... One of the paradoxes of artwork is that, though they are dynamic in themselves, they are fixated, whereas it is only by being fixated that they are objectivated. Thus it is that the more insistently they are observed the more paradoxical they become: Each artwork is a system of irreconcilables. Their process itself could not be presented without fixation; improvisations are usually no more than juxtapositions, so to speak, marching in place".

-- Adorno

What does Capital want?

- identify and destroy small-return bullshit
- shut off anything that's noisier than it is useful
- make brutally fast decisions about what I don't need to be doing
- avoid anything that feels like fake sincerity (esp. where it may touch money)
- demand personal focus on making good things
- put a handful of real people near the center of everything

Provisional manifesto 4 [12.25.2010]

1. To help militant radicals who are having trouble admitting to themselves that in everyday life they must serve capital (at least for now). To help militant radicals who are having trouble admitting this to themselves to the point where their intransigence and small refusals are making them sick. To help militant radicals who are having trouble admitting this to themselves to the point where their intransigence and small refusals are manifesting as involuntary melancholic periods of downtime, severe apathy, alienating paroxysms and ideomotorological self-destructive behavioral anomalies that are unhealthy to their bodies, and that are enacted in unwise moments. If we can focus on what capital wants, we can serve it better, or at least feign to serve it better, which may ultimately create less stress in critical emotional moments. Timing is everything. Intransigent revolt is useless in certain areas and forms, and thoughts of it should probably not be dominating your mind all the time. Please be careful.
2. To speculate and identify what capital wants so as to know what is aesthetically disgusting, or, to "use technology in order to hate it better" as Nam June Paik once remarked.
3. To harness and conjure this split consciousness in a way so that it manifests emotionally without misery as its primary governing mental state.
4. Considered as capital, and from an experimentalist point of view, Misery Lit is a clichéd and a specialized niche market. Dee Dee Ramone was a self described 'misery addict'; Pink Floyd lyrics; Adorno as the miserable theoretician par excellence ("Adorno criticises society from the point of view of absolute social possibility, which is why his comments can appear psychotic, incapable of coping with the damaged lives we must lead under capitalism"); and so on.
5. People who are unfortunate enough to be inexorably cognizant of intense troubles with capitalism more often than not are usually forced to exist in this state of split consciousness (efficient servitude combined with perceptive, resentful, miserable awareness) on some level, with a lot of emotional energy invested in maintaining an ironic sense of 'coolness' to temper those insurrectionary, iconoclastic, barbarian urges that want to snarl at and destroy the facades of capital immediately. Since the guaranteed prioritization of misery on this emotional front is the doing of capital itself, we should not let it take over. Flirting with paradox, absurdly retain vigilant awareness of the pitfalls of capital while simultaneously removing misery from this awareness. Impossibly and legitimately replace the misery that usually governs this awareness with experimental emotions that are opposed to misery, perhaps leaning your ambivalence towards 'positive' or 'happier' or 'calmer' or 'relaxed' emotions more often than not (not always).

THE PROVISIONAL AVANT GARDE

by Anne Boyer

1. It won't be called the avant-garde. It will be referred to by various names, all of them precise, like 'the society for touching lightly the forearms of another' or 'a tendency toward making chains of half-rhymes in a circle with one's friends.'
2. It will share with the historic avant-garde that art will often be made in groups, but it will seek or find the artistic and literary expressions that mimic something other than war or machines or violent manly death, something like 'human touch' and 'animal touch' and 'comforting noises made when another is ill' and 'maternal protection' and 'friendly ritual' and 'a little daub of secretion' or 'just like playing cards with my aunts and uncles' or 'the soft feeling of an arm' or 'game for which the rules are never directly stated but which

everyone knows how to play.'

3. It will be a great deal more about the omphallus than the phallus.

4. It will be fascistic in that it will be devoted to play. In this, it will mimic my dining room. Like the avant-garde in history, the best thing about it will be its games, which will proliferate and in this proliferation be in a constant state of alteration.

5. There will in this avant-garde be no fixed rules for these games, so one cannot, though one might try, publish a book called 'THE RULES OF THE GAMES OF THIS' or they can publish this book, but only find it full of reliable recipes for chocolate cakes and inexpensive soups and instructions for encrusting ants with gold while not denying them their mobility.

6. It will organize itself around the notion of committing one's life to soothing and assisting, but this art will soothe and assist in ways as yet unknown. It will not soothe like base sentimentality or luxury goods, which are not that soothing. Instead it will use art to find methods of delirious compensation for the twentieth century. It will be 'extreme care.'

7. No one will use art to hurt anyone. They will not use art to hurt themselves. In this it will be a new thing: a defamiliarization not about infliction.

8. Boredom will have its uses, as it always does, but it will not become a value.

9. All ideas will be tested by writing them in dry erase marker on a white board and leaving them outside in the elements 'to weather.' Those that survive will be implemented.

10. Its artists and poets will make in their work delicious and obvious entrances. Its works should always begin with 'HELLO.'

11. It will include both robots and animals, sometimes robot-animal chimeras. There will be other chimeras, too. I recently read that the great question of our time is 'Am I machine?' and though I do not know if this really is the great question, no one will mistake herself for a machine who also has a tail.

12. Ezra Pound said 'make it new' and Gertrude Stein said 'make it ugly' but I say 'make it okay.'

13. There will be children, though often not in the ways we expect them.

14. It will make no fetish of form, or rather, it will seek such a multiplicity of forms, which results in such a formlessness that its forms cannot be dumped out and reused as sacks to hold the stuffy or banal or slightly/greatly evil.

15. There will be a healthy combination of jouissance and juiciness, but it will often also be chaste. Its every intercourse will be Fun's Right. Sometimes it snuggles. Genitalia will be frequently hilarious. It will be a great deal cuter than porn.

16. Its transmissions will be much more like milk from a breast than spilling seed. This is not to say men can't do it, too.

17. There will be a lot of sewing last year's fragments with this year's threads.

18. It will revive the brilliant idiot.

19. Because it is committed to something like comforting, it will build for those who hate it a papier mache giant with a familiar sort of face. Artists and poets will be on megaphone rotation saying such things as 'art is war' and 'we love money and/or death' because it is this sort of statement, alone, which the enemies (having been, early in life, deprived of 90% of something) can hear. The enemies will squat and defecate, then sling their feces at the giant. They will be amused enough, imagining themselves in a battle with something real, 'look at us proud warriors' or 'I'm getting my individuation on.' The feces will be composted and used to fertilize fields in which the enemy's food is cultivated.

20. If these enemies ever encounter this avant-garde that is not the avant-garde outside of this ritual they will not be able to recognize it. They will say 'what is this noise?' and 'there might have been twinkling' or 'is this love or is this incoherence?' or 'manly women and effete men!'

21. Institutions will not want it, as it resembles what is exactly not important. It's okay because it will sort of ignore them.

22. It will make its own money.

23. It will develop many languages, all of them like lovers to each other or parents to their child. These will probably be embarrassing.

24. It will be utopian, in the sense that it wants furniture enough for every home and home enough for everyone. No one will ever confuse home for the enemy of art, or a woman with a home.

UTOPIA?

'I have imagined saying no so often and rarely ever fantasize a yes.
One may own a strategy that contains spitting yes repeatedly as
a tactic leading to the fulfillment of a grand vision
that will be the
unmistakable embodiment and subsequent catatonic astral eruption
of a no'

-- Anselm Berrigan

0 comments

Pantomimicritique

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

Pomo thought these days still seems to be all about defamiliarization and the blurred boundaries between disciplines and categories and blah blah. Amazing to see Jorn talking about this as early as 1952! I still think one of his best points is that aesthetics doesn't necessarily have anything to do with art - refusing that division of labor. This is probably obvious to us, but not so much to many art students, maybe... perhaps unavoidably so due to the nature of their everyday realities, their choice to perpetuate the conflation of aesthetics with art for the sake of labor division. Aesthetics is most interesting to me when it can be found in areas that have nothing to do with the word art. I read the other day that in Bali they don't even have a word for art. I always love stumbling across stuff like this:

"In Bali, everybody does something artistic, but they relate to it differently, they say: 'We have no word for art, we do everything as well as possible'. They don't say it to brag, they say it with a self assured, and egoless certainty."

Aesthetics becomes most interesting when perceived as "creativity with no vested interest in having its output feed back into connotations supporting any so-called art." The focus should be entirely elsewhere. Making decisions about color and shape and form and texture and sound and pattern happen everywhere, everyday outside of the realm of art, and it's exactly these aesthetic decisions, because they have no use as art-capital, that are the least publicized and thus the least explored, the most ripe for experimentation. The idea that aesthetic experimentation has almost nothing to do with art pedestals is the most interesting to me.

One must be wary of the slimy encouragements oozing from vested interests standing atop pedestals or soap boxes like a flag to rally around or a vacuum cleaner. The focus should be entirely elsewhere.

The point of imagination with intent to move beyond itself then seems to be precisely the meaning of "radical subjectivity" -- when someone shows others that they have imagination too, and are willing to act on it, is imagination anything beyond alienated consciousness if it remains in private and doesn't eventually translate into moving human gestures?

Yes, art is fiction. But fiction is the only blurred branch (not excluding 'science', 'philosophy' and 'religion') with the integrity to acknowledge this, thereby elucidating reality all the more, than eluding or objectifying it, as do all the rest. The attraction to the improbable or impossible is a matter of aesthetics or erotics or even of recognition, but not always. It is sometimes just a result of our disgruntledness with the reality we experience (or rather, don't), a reality which science, philosophy and religion only justify as materially, logically or metaphysically necessary. Sometimes the exaggeration or even lie reveals more than any calculus or legislation. Fiction is the calculus of possibility and ecstasis, and that possibility, as Henry James points out, captures our interest or it does not. As for truth, it can only exist between the lines or as an unplanned synergy erupting from them -- metaphor and analogy in free association. So goes non-fiction, back into the

inter-region of possibility or out of it as subterfuge. Art does not compete with life! That is the job of the police.

Of unlimited possible manifestations and ways of thinking of it, pantomicritique is the anarchist black bloc of literatheatrics. It appears as the gait of critique that furtively tiptoes, flamboyantly barrel roles, apprehensively trots, or empathically leaps over the boundaries of acceptable miming formations of the body. Pantomicritique is the miming assemblage, without makeup and costume, that has not yet met approbation. Pantomicritique is the strut of the ambiguous gender, in full makeup and costume, that treats bigoted heckling as if it were water on a duck. Pantomicritique is something distinguishable from an exhibition, lecture, play, poetry reading, video (etc.) or word like "pantomicritique" representing the subject. Pantomicritique is the nonspecialist qualities of critique expressed as gesticulation and distributional scheme — the qualities of this manner of critique that occur as gambits not yet captured, claimed by or produced for artistic or commercial labor divisions. The spectrum of distributivity inflected pantomicritique (i.e. pure pantomicritique does not leave the realm of miming and dance) might consist of a frenzied GG Allin being tackled at a show, to polite forms of expressive dance appearing in unfamiliar contexts and not dance venues, to taking a piss in Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, to playfully splashing water on someone, to flipping the bird at nothingness while rotating in a circle, to the Black Panthers' choice of openly arming themselves as a dramatic pataphorical signification of black empowerment, to leaving wooden roses for someone as a pre-suicide gift, to famous cases of art theft, to common theft, to the plagiarism of pecuniary attire as parody, to Jeffrey Miller dressing up as brick wall for a poetry reading and on and on.

Vienna Actionist events. Kaprowian happenings. Situationist psychogeography. Pantomicritique as an aesthetic impulse is not new. It has obviously existed as the pre-human fervor in a pterodactyl's wings to Artaud's criticisms of the domination of the written word over behavior. However, what remains as a *rarity* in our era is clever, exciting, experimentalist or aesthetically daring (etc.) pantomicritique, especially when considered as something juxtaposed to critique-as-writing. The latter is the more widespread and acceptable form in higher learning atmospheres, in the protective ozone layers of literary milieus, and is based, for the most part, in heavily normalized submission procedures that are impervious to the potential for pantomicriticality. In the twenty-first century, the rights of mime boxing circuits remain subject to far more bureaucratic red tape than the freedoms of the written word. *Bodily pre/post-venue critique as writerly or painterly mimeform remains the frontier less explored.* Defamiliarization as distributivity. Pantomicritique intuitively comprehends the nonlinguistic world as a series of familiarized mime routines manifesting as dyskinesia. Perhaps something stirs an active response to this. Rather than, or along side of, the general privilege and mediated caesurae that is writing.

-- from *polyonymous joints*

0 comments

Influence

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Hello. There is something I've imagined which on several occasions I've tried to articulate with little success. This is the difference between "constraint", "determination" and "influence" within any context. It may be just a matter of terminology but there are implications we may be surprised at. Perhaps the terms are chosen *because* they are the implication (acquired taste) coming from a certain emotional stance or habitual movement.

Constraint and determinism suggest to me practical resignation. Influence, on the other hand, implies some degree of choice in the matter, even if what comes out the other end superficially appears the same. It is not to say everything is possible, but under the influence, one participates in/with the matrix. This can mean going with the flow as well as transgressing, even destroying bits of it, and that can be an aesthetic in itself: brick, hand, window, ahhhh!. The more complex or scattershot the context, the more bricolage comes into play, especially when we realise the bookends are not the substance of the shelf but (as with all our categorical articulations) merely provisional support for what is stacked between them. This means there is an increased chance for novel juxtapositions. It does not mean the creation of something from nothing.

In medieval times, fate and fortune were something one aspired to -- self-actualisation rather than self-defeat, surprise rather than banality, exploration and adventure rather than life in a coffin or other such cubicle. Not ironically, it resulted in community, something

not even close to the kind of individualism we generally infer from such a process. Every child knows that danger is exciting and difference is the spice of life. They also know that without friends to share it with, without support, without its fostering or reinforcement, it is soon meaningless beyond angry transgression for transgression's sake. The lucky one's find foster care among the "criminal" element.

On the topic of Peter Pan, while it may be true that normal children must grow up or die trying, I refuse to be an adult about it!

0 comments

An open letter to A. C.

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Dear auntie christ,

Theory has become the proprietary constraint in the machine universe of Euclidean space-time, no longer a matter of provisional guesswork to facilitate a decision as to which way to turn next. Reification is impossible without stop-signs and their police. Poetry precedes linear discourse, but only in Echronia (which means 'healthy times', just as euphoria means 'well-being'). It is a matter of navigation rather than accumulation & controlled discharge. One transcends (or transgresses) theory not with reflexivity, which is only another tautology, but with ecstasy, which accompanies empathy. The one (empathy) is impossible without the other (ecstasy). One must stand beside oneself even to witness the other. Without empathy, society is impossible. Full-immersion sex and a dog licking the salt from your face (desalination?) are the clues to the possibility of disalienation. Beware of cheap imitations. The discrediting of Eutopia (the place of well-being) is both the theory and praxis of the state patrol and slogan of the impossibilists.

If uchronia is fiction, then there are no moments of pleasant surprise, no achronic recollections, nor any sense of timelessness whatsoever, that floating feeling now only available under general anaesthesia. In fact, the world itself would come to a standstill. It is only those unpleasant perturbations which need discharged in a great flatulence or belch. Pleasantries do not accumulate steam useful to motivate a locomotive, except in the full ironic sense of a surly meat-grinder...

The chief tautology is the totality of ruling ideas of rulers and their incessant and timely rules. And they're all written down somewhere, just so we won't forget. "All these bosses and rules!" complained the apostle, Cool Hand Luke. There is always not only the possibility of heresy, but room for its prevalence. Fantasy should not be confused with fantasy, just as a horde of cash is not the same as a hoard of people. The difference in spelling only reflects the sophistry that constraint is necessary and [economic] necessity is the the originary determinism. The first is the object of law and order (property) whilst the latter generally refers to a lawless mass of people, a golden riot of godless barbarians. Crime is the proof of revolution as non-narrative non-fiction. Lawless is not just against the law -- that is merely a side-effect -- it is without it. And that is the condition of its indeterminacy and priority. It is the law [a mere theory] which is the hyperreal intrusion and perturbation on life which is neither fictional nor theoretical. Theory does not constrain the criminal, prisons and cops do. Theory is the confusion of law and commonality. Like the sexual display of the crested grebe, pantomime (or ritualised play) is never fiction. It is merely a shared elaboration. The build up and discharge of anxiety only describes frustration with constraints. Your sado-masochistic god is dead, buried right alongside the prophet Hegel. Get over it.

There is no justification for bad habits. They can always be broken. The proof of this is every former smack-head. Even Keith Richards, who also said "silence is a canvass on which the guitarist applies subtle brush-strokes", was no nihilist! Music is a loving caress, not an explosive fart, even when it is meant to mimic one.

Only philosophers can navigate tautology and call this truth. It is the truth of one's own excrement in an intestinal maze. Self-defense is not murder any way you look at it. Murder is rape taken to the next emotional level. Fanaticism is merely the rational justification for the habitual state taken to an emotional height. I give for illustration, the guru Karl Marx, who, along with Lasalle, was an agent of Kaiser Bill and Honest Abe, both more sympathetic to enslavement by the Bourgeois revolution than we have been led to believe. Social Democracy was always the goal, even before Marx became excluded from the west german camp after WW2, the war to industrialise the planet making the work-place the extent of the conditions of living -- social control. Only a cop or cop-humunculus would still insist "how you make a living" determines life. But they did on

both sides of the curtain. Lesson learned by 1989, now they're all one big happy family and Mr. Marx has become superfluous.

A cop is, by definition, one who has never experienced ecstasy, and insists no one else can, all the while selling drugs from the trunk of his cruiser to innocent bystanders enraptured by the faux-transgressive novelty of it. Love is thereafter a four letter word, but only for agents of Rome like the woman-hater, Paul (the new-age incarnation of the greek patriarch, Apollo), and ecstasy is a little white pill to make it all feel real.

sincerely,
j.c. (judas crackpot)

[0 comments](#)

Constraint & Fiction

Posted in [May](#) by [Dave](#) on the [synchronmesh](#)

"Express yourself!", retorted the swollen pimple to the teenager in the mirror.

Just a clarification. Sometimes a turtle is not a turtle, but an island hooked from the depths by the long penis of an Hawai'ian Trickster, and reeled up to the surface. In the language of the Hopping Sand Flea (which, of course, is "flea logic"), a turtle may be a continent. Mythic legend makes us laugh. It shows that the world only acts as if it were real.

As for hidden assumptions, they are portals to fictional readers. The author may never see these portals, although sometimes writer and reader coincide. Such a fictional reader (Alice Chalmers) is to whom my comments were directed -- that staunch believer in a mechanical universe where sex is only and ever the release of pent up energy just like the whistle on a steam locomotive or a delco battery. This seems to be taking the law of thermodynamics a bit too far. Of course, sometimes a penis *is* a loco-motive, and not just an electric fishing line!

The law of the necessity of use-value is read at the first sacramental station in the first church of cybernetics. Already, love has become the brunt of popular jokes concerning romantic fiction, and while de Sade was being ironic, everyone now believes "people are not esteemed save in reason of the aid and benefits one imagines may be had of them". Affinity, as we all now know, pertains to co-conspirators working on a project. The world itself has been squeezed through a tight aperture leaving only politics, projectuality and a clear complexion.

It all comes together, it all falls apart. Bateson's "schizmogogenesis" is Poe's "electricity". Edgar thought it a good thing, a necessary counterpoint to the forces of gravity engaged in a cosmic dance. He had read his Empedocles well. But Bateson followed more along the lines of Platonic Durkheim, who called for better glue ("social cohesion") to keep society from fragmenting. Henceforth, we have cybernetic conflict resolution useful to psychoanalysts as well as union negotiators, all to prevent the creation of difference, which is, as we all know, abnormality. Grace is such a kinder word, once it has been forcibly extracted from it's religio-historic context! A grace particle can be none other than a free radical.

But even Darwin noted the ubiquitous prevalence of unquity, and wrote a swell fiction to account for it. I say swell because it coherently jived with the power-gaming epoch, and grew quite well with the squeezing. Apparently, we are most of us still in it. Pustules. An epoch is just a pimple yet to burst. How's that for aphorism? But as Jainist epistemology reveals, "all affirmations are true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, false and meaningless in some sense, true and false and meaningless in some sense"

"When everything is legislated (or under control), all that is left is flambuoancy, flatulence and flambeaux."

-- Oscar "Wildman" Molotov

**a presumption:
thought = consciousness = discursive logic = fiction.**

The second half of the equation (or is it a correlation?) I agree with. The total phrase is

exclusive of other cultures (it needs a modifier like "modern", in other words) but also of psychotic, poetic, pataphoric, mythic, macrobiotic, etc. "styles". To consider (with or without Freud) these "obvious" sources of fiction or error, is to contradict the second half pointing to logical discourse as fiction. Logically, everything is therefore fiction, which contradicts my contestation. It is still a tautology but not a perfect one mathematically speaking, because hidden in there is the affirmation "West is best". That should also be a fiction, so the whole formula is meaningless. Conclusion: Meaning itself is fiction.

Proof: A Tweetybird is conscious. It is said if you cover a chicken's head, it goes limp and, in fact, falls asleep. You can try this at home. It probably dreams of getting laid. We witness chickens getting laid in every sense of the term, so we are unlikely to call this fiction. Fiction would be a chicken practised in aristotelean logic. I've known people who also fit this category in every sense of the term. I had a friend who fell instantly asleep whenever I mentioned the word, anticapitalism. True story! Jesus freaks are known for such behaviour when confronted with arguments from de Sade or Mark Twain.

Or maybe not.

0 comments

The Arrogance of Meaning

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

'[Museless Now Fay Wray](#)' by Michael Basinski,
with Illustrations by Ginny O'Brien

'Museless Now Fay Wray' is a collection of poems in three sequences. The poetries are juxtaposed fragments composed to conceal and reveal by focus and out of focus musical constellations. There is rhythm first rather than the arrogance of meaning. They are to be ancient.

Fuckin A! Poetry is a participatory sport, like 'fill in the blanks' or 'empty the banks'.

Musement: The rhythm of juxtaposition invites the muse. It's very hard to empty a blank but easy to reject it out of hand. The void does not exist; even space is bricolage. Hence, the first law of physics: from something, nothing never comes (and vice verses like a bird in the mouth straight from the horse's hand).

The meaning of the second edition is belated, a muse arriving late to the party. "Bank robbery is a participatory sport", mused the amusing little bird, but not till it noted the semantically arbitrary (random) juxtaposition of blank banks (and white ones if you're french). What has rhythm is immediately meaningful. A bazillion African drummers can't be that wrong -- you can feel it in your gut. Brazilians too. Brazen lions only look brass. There are no African Pumas outside of zoos. It's a simple cymbal symbolism. I'm kool with rhyme and meter is fine, but give me a weird juxtaposition, and there's no zoos for fiction outside of old libraries with brass handles.

Babble? As Tennyson noted, "There is music here". Soft petals and blown roses are played just like an accordion wandering between tables at a greasy spoon diner replete with blown noses on rags ripped from the books of moses. Folks sometimes spend way too much effort trying to figure shit out. It's not a math problem, but may contain images. If not, try LSD.

So much for literary criticism and photojournalism. It may just be a non-representational snap shot. Lens cap is optional.

0 comments

Generalisation

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

1. You pointed out the ludricosity of an assessment about men, and I said "everything is" and you said "It is not helpful to say everything is X" and I said "It can be helpful when it suggests, even figuratively, a common pattern". The obvious absurdities of obvious overgeneralisations are often clues that we are speaking metaphorically, figuratively or humourously, not logically, literally or religiously. Shock value in dada is not necessarily "for itself" but gives the perturbation necessary to see that something other than the

expected banality is "at work" (*sick*) here. It is not a literal assessment of "reality", but points to something we may otherwise miss. That something as well, is not necessarily given. Maybe it's only fun. Maybe it's a mirror or a pointing finger. That is going to be personal or subjective unless we are not shocked in the first place (ho hum, nice try) or turn away in a pouty posture of moral indignation. I always say context is everything, but it is "really" nothing at all without a sense of humour...or wonder. Here, today we have the most rational species on the planet, and we don't know how to say "Enough!" or "Fuck this shit!". What kind of weird juxtaposition is that? This is the problem of too much democratic consideration, possible without implying determinism or constraint. What would people think? What *should* people think?

2. I agree that organisms are a local tautology or even a self-referencing synergy, and that consciousness is an emergent effect of this synergy experiencing a time-space (historical-contextual) mutual influence describable as a feedback system. My point is that the "organism" precedes the rationalisation about "it". Thus, chickens are conscious but do not spend much time rationalising their existence. We learn that they are therefore limited, but I'm not so sure. I suspect stupidity and intelligence are also fictions somewhat akin to the anthropomorphism of the ego position. Early Greeks said we were an afterthought; Nietzsche thought we were a goof up; Artaud said we were only wrongside out. Even were the organism a machine in a machinic universe, there are so many loops (intervening variables or grace "particles") going on, uniqueness of every moment or each variably situated vortex or loophole or organism is impossible to neglect. The limits to possibility can only speak to averages or "mass" abstractions. These are the fictions which feed back to the fictional character of limits to possibility. The difference between surrealists and genetic engineers inserting frog genes into crested wheat is that the former do not have to kill fellow travelers to realise their creations.

Very likely, Thoreau and Rasputin were not pen pals, but a little dabbling in sin never hurt anyone, and in fact, may be essential to hear a different drum in the first place. The democratic instinct is a lie. This has nothing to do with individualism. Whatever nature has to say, nurture eliminates the self-other dialectic (or irony) altogether and "allows" ecstasis. You can feel downright beside yourself. That is Zen, where it is essential to kill the Buddha, and that is anarchy.

3. Alfred North-Whitehead said something similar to your "all [are] hostings and processes of consciousness" but he called this "god". Pascal too. Only Hegel could take this sentiment as gospel, "absolute" fucking truth and creating the new religion of phenomenology: the literal interpretation of everything, symbolically! Of course, we know better and call it what it is: "dogma". Ok, my whole point is also "we cannot know". That is skepticism: "Mechanically or symbolically, all knowledge is fiction".

I think we can agree here: A chicken is conscious even when a tree falls in the forest (unless it is under it). Even when human hunters have been banished from their lookout stands among the trees. We do not squirm at the idea that dogs dream. Chickens? If we could get into the heads of sleeping chickens, we might learn something important about the universe. Maybe we do this all the time but experience amnesia on waking, so saturated are we with "normality"?

In a determined universe constrained by recursivity, we could not have this conversation (it only looks like a monologue). There would be no fiction, no fantasy, no poetry, no dissent, no movement, pure euclidean geometric order. No sin. Absolute predictability is as fictional as enlightenment utopia, which is why Hindus and rationalist mon(othe)ists not only endorsed but "proved" the god-head: "There must be a reason" "god knows why we have no resin!" "we are too simple-minded for god not to exist, but we're getting better!" therefore, "try harder!" It's not logical. I tried it and found it not even doable. This is why I decided to replace the tree of life in the proverbial garden with navigational instruments as a more practice-able method than the accumulation of apples. If to start with, it's fiction, every book can be rewritten. Co-optation is no less creative than detournement. With little to no imagination, the co-opters (provocative pigs, madison avenue types, ceo's, gradual students with gifts of apples sucking up to prof's and publishing houses for the big bucks, whatever!) are starting to look ridiculous to everyone. If there were limits, they're trying very hard not to apply. Even adults can see the emperor is going bald. A Skinhead after all?

Above, I might have said "West logic is best logic", but the aesthetics of the words beat out the arrogance of the meaning. Other cultures are like other chickens. Because we have some "bits of information" concerning them (and dig this, if anthropological tidbits are all fictional -- as many are -- then so are Bateson's "bits of information" coalescing into rigid systems like radar stations useful to analysts), they could be called grace particles, intervening variables, entropic detritus, absurdities or flukes. The average mass could end up just about anywhere, all things considered (including that famous flapping

butterfly in Costa Rica!). Even when it stays within a territory, the territory itself moves over and across time. How can we identify "the" impetus? An originary particle? Trauma at the home base? Suppose home is a travel trailer or teepee on a travois?

Given "*the right circumstances*" possibility is probable, but no statistical analysis can predict it. Right circumstance is itself a mighty big expectation. So go limits placed upon possibility without materialist restraints. Like a black box with one lever. Another such restraint is your certainty that you're not dreaming this minute. Interesting, so many dreams are not accompanied by this self-assuredness. It's a cosmic trick. Certainty itself may be the dream. If there was no question about it, then why are we so quick with the answer, ruffled feathers and all?

But I do see your point, and I have no bitch that folks tend to mimic their environment, especially if they're paid to. But tendency is not necessity. Even for a machine, the more complexity built in, the less likely we are to discover the primary malfunction. It is likely a synergy of different malfunctions occurring in a unique arrangement every time. What was once called "planned obsolescence" is now unavoidable. I call it Toyota Syndrome. Increased negentropy accelerates entropy. But some new toyotas don't break down on the freeway. Who'd a' think it? Yes, cybernetics is useful. But so are play and instinct. We are not machines, even when we pantomime them, just for the hell of it.

It is true we are constrained, but not by cybernetics. To de-turn a phrase by Orwell, "Constraint will stop the moment we want it to stop, and no sooner, and if we genuinely want it to stop the method adopted hardly matters." More functions of consciousness we share with tigers backed into a corner, and probably why porcupines back into a cave, in case it is already occupied. It is helpful to be reminded that we could die because of choices we make, but no one has yet successfully transgressed against this likelihood. There is no long term survival. Why not live now? I don't think you and I are in too much disagreement with Derrida's notions of deconstruction to expose weaknesses or openings. But these holes in our heads remain portals to possibilities. Maybe we're all saying the same thing after all? Who'd a' think that? If this is so, I'd call it "common sense" trying to break out from the underground and *not* "truth by mass consensus".

Figuring the mass is a normative fiction and Descartes knows that he is, so if we can agree that we are ourselves not figments of someone else's imagination (only under the influence), no amount of corrective adjustments will build anything bigger than a hill of beans. A hill of beans is not a paradox owing to the smooth surface area of its constituent members: It flows and spreads and can't maintain a heightened rigidity. This is why the kids want an insurrectionary rupture, not because they were inspired by John Wayne and James Dean movies. I say, to each hers own aesthetics and then see what happens. When we stop meddling in the behaviour of others, others can behave themselves. Society for itself? Take away the model and artists will have to improvise. Do nothing? Shit, do anything you can, but be sure to unplug your extension cord first! As little zeus found out, umbilical cords are meant to be bitten. Then he capped the old man just to cop a feel of power.

[0 comments](#)

Psychopataphysical Analysis

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

When we stay at home and mimic only each other, we must stay the same old normal same old, democratic, corn-cob pipe-smoking, jug-tipping, porch-sitting gossip mongers playing the banjo to the tune of "I'll marry my sweet sister Sallymae". When we explore a bit and mimic others or equally, when we embrace novelty which comes our way, we change our behavior. We learn the incest taboo, which is the birth of adventure (or born from it), and is very nearly the only cultural universal, said Freud, learned when we repress our mortal desires to take our fathers place at our mother's table (the roles are reversed in the female "*electra complex*"). The healthy ego is attracted to the strange and different. What can be more familiar than the family?

Adventure is the birth of rebellion as a solution to pimples and excessive hormone-fueled teen angst. Of course, it could as easily be said that our first pimple itself produces a desire to retreat from the potential ridicule "for being different", as ridicule is always observed to be the centerpiece of rounds of front-porch gossip. If Freud was even near the right track, it would seem that numbing fear of (or constraint from) adventure results in patricidal ideation which eventually escalates beyond the immediate family. It is said the only way to be truly comfortable in our own skins is to take on a job in town and evacuate our selves like a boil freshly come to head. "Express yourself", we are told. In

this way, adventure is negated and our fathers survive to see us become them and we marry, not our sister, Sallymae, but someone who highly resembles our mother (or at least one we wish we'd had).

The adventurous amalgamation of observation and mimicry of the new and different is the source of scientific experimentation and modeling technics, which is to say art and invention. It is also the primary existing condition for the possibility of life itself in all its diversity. A mind to aesthetics is proven by the eye-spot of the amoeba and its propelling protoplasmic foot. We can say "it follows its nose". Social mimicry at its most basic is participation in a mutual feeding frenzy. Mimicry encapsulates and merges the novel into the familiar (and vice versa), and that requires not only movement, but stimulus discrimination (a state of aesthetic excitement) and navigation, even at the cellular level.

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Hyper-flexibility

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronmesh](#)

Hyper-flexibility illustrates that feeling "as if the top of your head has come off..." Emily Dickinson spoke of when she realises she's read a poem ("...is how I know it's poetry"). It approaches a euphoria (mind-blowing) which is the condition of trust or receptivity as much as suggestibility. It is where you really hear the music (or muses, as the case may be). Unfortunately, it is also the sophistry of honey covered poison and sugar-coated (but 'essentially' bitter) medicine no child would volunteer to take. Such internal 'truths' burried in the fiction (my ancestors would have said "medicine in the story") can kill you or save your ass. Without restraints by totalitarian pill pushers, that is to say, with the personal agency of a free person, we can decide not to take either the white chalk or red syrup, but take a different route and see what the Gypsy fortune-teller at the carney has to say on the topic. There is always the image available of the dog bleeding from the ass after lapping up the sweet anti-freeze from the asphalt driveway the day before to exercise our cautionary instincts. 'True' or 'useful' flexibility is the capability to shift states of consciousness as the situation requests. Expertise would add "at will". [As long as there is room to move, the proverbial 'third way' which is 'Out', situations are never 'demanding' - but in this archaic day and age, that would be uncircumscribed utopia]. Sometimes some consumeables serve to satisfy the sorting, at least till we're well practiced. From where I sit, utopia is the word for the imagination of possibility of non-alienating society. What it is or looks like (the image) is less important than its possibility, unless we are out to construct or brew it up in the workshop or kitchen. Such behaviour has always ever produced cans of worms. Think I'll put my trust in the Gypsy who prophesized it ("be careful what you wish for") and not the circumcissionist out to cut off all exits with precise incisions.

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Possibility

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronmesh](#)

Yea, brethern and sistren, now abideth doubt, hope and charity; these three; and the greatest of these is doubt. For doubt puffeth not itself up into pomposity; doubt suffereth long, and is kind. With doubt all things are possible.

-- Robert Anton Wilson

A 'logical' extension of my train would seem to suggest the formula: Fiction = Possibility. Don't we at least demand plausability in our romances? To see one's self in another (and vice versa) is, from a literal and empirical perspective, a fiction. Some call it a delusion. From the formula however, as well as from a skeptical point of view regarding 'knowledge' in general, one may actually witness possibility in any reflection -- an hypothesised pattern of resemblance. We are, after all, said to be a species equipped with self-awareness. Or is that paranoia? Our own positive aesthetic sense of the environment (an estimation: "that which is esteemed") leads to a degree of familiarity, trust and elaborate emulation -- 'pantomime'. Toward some specificity, we enjoy our mimicry.

The inverse of this, the bullshit detector in a perturbed nasal aperture allows introspective re-assessment, which is another way of saying mindfulness of our own behaviour, and the tautology or recursivity of the mirror is complete. We can always question the image in the mirror or the voices in our head. (Heavens forbid! A dialogue?) What is conscious,

therefore, can be cha(lle)nged, detoured, tuned to the direction of a different (esteemed or not) aesthetic drum. The question of the destruction of habits invites a flood of possibility which means indeterminacy and disconstraint. Some call this "insecurity" but that's certainly a misconstrual. Even at the other end of 1-900 numbers, there is never an offer of free bondage. Only in the joint can one get three free hots and a cot, but watch out for the side dishes.

Were this consciousness of one's own habits unavailable, there could be no theatre. Acting is always a playful matter of experimentation or approximation. Even spirit possession. Otherwise we use different words, like "trickster", "charlatan" or "perp". The progressive elimination of grace or absurdity calls for one's own corruption, or 'truth'. "There is only faith" is a helpful lesson from Pascal. It is precisely the unminded truth (like the man behind the curtain) which we need to avoid if there is to be a third act breaking cycles of abuse or ending addictions. This need not extend to paranoia or egoistic vigilance, that is an extension of democracy. Whether tracking or trafficking, let your nose be your guide. We should not forget that sin is just a meandering path from statistical normality, and that is always a portent or adventurous exploration.

Why not come out with what we really want to say? It's either

1. Forget the totality. Change starts at home. Be mindful and break the abuse cycle (but first you may need to find at least one nurturing other for a bit of resilience). You are the revolution (but only your children might appreciate it, that is, if they know their grandparents or study history)...

or,

2. Forget all alities and plicities (re, mutil, multi & totally). Recursivity's all assonant alliteration: but, but, but, but...to infinity (or the end, which ever comes first). There's nothing to be done but asinine iteration. No room here for obliteration. Nothing can be done but endless repetition. The game is fixed, determined and constrained. So join us! Find something which engages your interest. It'll all be over soon. Avant G_d is the final judge. But remember, there are always more of them than you!

I'm never really sure which is the agenda here. Both? Or is there a third? The generalised dissemination of the uncertainty principle? Then count me in. A little ambiguity never hurt anyone, and is no reason to give up the ghost.

This is why I like aesthetic and Taoist approaches (or navigation), combined with a little behaviour modification (sin?), remembering that pissing and breathing are also behaviours where, if things become uncomfortable, reform is usually preferable to revolutionary rupture. A lot of shit besides bladders fit in that category, like for instance, spleens. Sometimes fighting back can prevent splenic ruptures, and revolution and reform merge.

I don't know whether to piss or roll another cigarette. I can tell you, though, I'll not piss in the tobacco tin. This is not an example of constraint (moral or otherwise) producing a personal conflagration. It is merely another equivocation requiring neither cost-benefit analysis nor time and motion engineering. It will sort itself out one way or t'other. I can always wash up later. True story: I once mistook an open filing cabinet for a toilet, but I'd been drinking. It was an error of judgement only after the matter, but not from the perspective of my unhappy bladder. Gotta go!

[0 comments](#)

gods

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

god is the right side of any moral assessment (Or should I say ineptitude?), QED. God is good (and put back in its proper etymological place -- three times 'O' is still nothin')

A LED watch named Chronos and his big brother, Youranus, who said to little zeus: "Bend over", strike match and there was light, and later goats were tethered tight. (When he grew up, zeus pulled an oedipus out of 'is ass, er, hat)

They made the earth in six days flat, on the seventh they took some breast. Into orbit they let it fling, to give it a dry-run test. After a billion lonely years, baby jesus stole the fire and created moral leftitude crying, "liar, liar", his pants caught fire, already dying as he crawled away.

Good is now a ski-mask with a schtick of dynamite between the teeth, setting the goat free before burning down the barn. With genetic modification and covered breasts with sagging rapes of prophets, mothers are unnecessary to any economic discourse, but white men still accumulate much gas and can't fart. And the second cumming brick through the first thin walls of all beauty salons is.

And there is no void on the other sides of imagination you can still breath if you open the window.

Free, free, free at last / all glass houses break so fast / ain't it just a gas, gas, gas / take a hit of righteous grass. Having trouble with my metaphors? Oh well, it was only a six day job. This whirling blob and your ism is not an anheuristic aneurism, it's all just poetry.

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Authenticities

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronmesh](#)

"Turning points & hinges do not fold; neither do they swindle...

When you get down to it, whatever it may be, the idea's just a question, and who has dibs on that, but kings & property? Come to fore or be it passed, should it appropriate the immortality of go-spells, or be confined within a fence? Time's up? my ass! Is every 'this' not reminiscent of an other 'that'? and spells not cast as evil elocutions? A fence's only task is this: to pass on the goods such that the thief goes by unbeknownst to all but friend or kin. Gossip's charm is known to break out in rash distribution, but who's to blame if posseses pose it as a silly question? Over, under or through the fence; a hinge for any recompense, Penny loses all her cents but gains in independence. So much for authorship or other claims to any & more familiar fames."

-- Pro-verbs: 4.Q

Authenticity and authorship and other "ego defense mechanisms" are sneaky euphamisms for truth at the expense of all our questions, (to bring in just a hint of economic metaphor). Once we accept this, we see the ego as the biggest fiction of property. The function of truth is always the hostile elimination of questions, particularly the unique ones. It is a mass-acre of expansive ground. When questions are eliminated, there is no movement possible but that from behind the sooth sayer. One never sees this behaviour among "real" sheep (the notorious "other" said to resemble ourselves). They think with seven stomachs, leaving the brain to properly record interest rates for future transgressions. Rumination is no transaction. Having but one gut, we couldn't even pronounce their real names! It's a matter of smell, among other things.

The real difference between fiction and non-fiction is zero, whilst the distance between them is infinity. Bipolar personality? Truth is irreverently irrelevant to motion in any grassy orb or omnigravitational field. "Give me back the figure in the wax museum, you thief of otherness!" Hypernymity is the shit! Long live [Kent Johnson!](#) (even as a ghost) it's all just radio with oragami colors between the channels. Noise and paradox are as equally uncertain as order and chaos, but if our gut is happy, so what? I agreed with Shelley long before I knew his name or read his "work". Tune in, drop out, it's the same thing. The moral? Don't off your friends with too many truths.

This does not mean we should embrace the simulacron. It's just not that appetising and may just be the monster serpant with your own tail in its mouth. Is it an emerging birth or your consumption prior to an other's digestion?. Equivocal ambiguity is the preservation of all distribution networks. What Bernstein calls "poetry". It's what allows radicals to exist even if immersed among a large number of institutionalised and mediocre fakes. All of them have names we will remember if they succeed at selling their product. But occasionally there are mistakes! Memory is way cooler than truth. In Wyoming a good lie elevates one's status as "wise". It makes the story more real because we laugh (or cry) in the telling. It triggers our hypothesis organ. It is a sacred perturbation which wakes us up to possibility.

"Horace tells us that mediocrity in a poet is forbidden alike by gods, men, and publishers, but, whether forbidden or no, there are a good many mediocre poets who are doing fairly well. So far as I can see, indeed, gods, men, and more particularly publishers, will tolerate nothing in a poet except mediocrity, and if a true poet by some rare accident slips in among the others, it is because gods and publishers' readers did not find him out until it

was too late to stop him. Horace must have known perfectly well that he was talking nonsense."

-- Sam Butler

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Authorities

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchromesh

Worried you've been infiltrated? There is always the option of leaving the circus altogether (not necessarily in mass, but wouldn't that be nice?), giving rise to many other options, such as burning the tent down from the outside or entrepreneurially starting up your own entertainment business. (You did want that didn't you? To be entertained or to be entertaining? Isn't that really the question?) But enough with Shakespearean rackets! It's time now for guerilla theatre! Just how do you infiltrate a mind blowing?

"Our authorized sanities are so many Nembutals. "Normal" citizens with store-dummy smiles stand apart from each other like cotton-packed capsules in a bottle. Perpetual mental out-patients. Maddeningly sterile jobs for strait-jackets, love scrubbed into an insipid "functional personal relationship" and Art as a fantasy pacifier. Everyone is kept inside while the outside is shown through windows: advertising and manicured news. And we all know this.

How many TV specials would it take to establish one Guatemalan revolution? How many weeks would an ad agency require to face-lift the image of the Viet Cong? Slowly, very slowly we are led nowhere. Consumer circuses are held in the ward daily. Critics are tolerated like exploding novelties. We will be told which burning Asians to take seriously. Slowly. Later.

But there is a real danger in suddenly waking a somnambulistic patient. And we all know this.

What if he is startled right out the window?

No one can control the single circuit-breaking moment that charges games with critical reality. If the glass is cut, if the cushioned distance of media is removed, the patients may never respond as normals again. They will become life-actors.

Theater is territory. A space for existing outside padded walls. Setting down a stage declares a universal pardon for imagination. But what happens next must mean more than sanctuary or preserve. How would real wardens react to life-actors on liberated ground? How can the intrinsic freedom of theater illuminate walls and show the weak-spots where a breakout could occur?

Guerrilla theater intends to bring audiences to liberated territory to create life-actors. It remains light and exploitative of forms for the same reasons that it intends to remain free. It seeks audiences that are created by issues. It creates a cast of freed beings. It will become an issue itself.

This is theater of an underground that wants out. Its aim is to liberate ground held by consumer wardens and establish territory without walls. Its plays are glass cutters for empire windows...

No play can change your life unless you are in it.

A requiem for audience, a morgue for voyeurs.

Some grandiose Palace of National Honor and Culture is prepared for a final performance: searchlights, white canopy, funeral wreaths.

Solemn politicians greet overdressed notables at the door. Black-veiled ladies hand out lit white tapers. Ushers hang oversize tickets like bibs around patrons' necks and stuff white silk handkerchieves down their throats to enforce silence.

Curtain opens on an exact duplicate of the house and a cast identical to the audience, also gagged, ticketed and holding candles.

Fidgeting in the house, fidgeting on stage. Someone removes a soggy handkerchief to cough. Everyone in the cast mimicks him. Now the rest of

the audience imitates the cast. Volleys of coughs are exchanged for 15 minutes.

"What the hell is this?" mumbles the boldest patron.

"What the hell is this?" mumbles the cast

Volleys of mumbles for another 15 minutes.

The mayor clears his throat and stutters, "St-the-star start the show."

"Start the show," roars the cast, "or we'll kill you!"

Murmurs through the house. A fat benefactress whispers, "I thought it was a proper memorial for years of attending Shakespeare, Brecht and Noel Coward."

"I heard that," snorts a gentleman in the cast "Listen, lady, I've been watching you slobs fidget, mumble, murmur and whisper for 37 years!"

"They'd murder you at La Scala," shouts an opera buff, pitching a candle onto the stage.

Cast boos and send a wave of candles into the house.

"A happening! How wild!" It's a critic giggling in the balcony

"Fuck you," screams the mayor's mother and aims a candle at her counterpart on stage. Enraged pediatricians and stockbrokers are charging down flaming aisles to strangle their doubles.

Cast dives into the first row, snatching jewelry and bellowing, "Fraud! You call this art? Give us our money back!"

The final act of police theater...

Listen tool, we got a man on every exit.
Nobody wants to live forever anymore.

But suppose some citizen,
unaware he's a source of car-wreck meat,
pastes up the windows with parking tickets,
and won't report missing?

Who counts his change?
Who gets an erection in the unemployment office?
Who pays the rent and THEN locks up?

Be serious.

Anyone's an exit but no one leaves.
Right! We got 'em standing in the aisles
Sit down and watch the line-up.

-- Emmett Grogan

We don't wish to inspire mutiny so that we can all sit around the hookah and be friends. We do it so they'll get off our asses! When you stop meddling in other people's behaviours, those others can start to behave themselves. And not a minute before! Meantime, expect some counter-meddling! Be serious: just what is a misbehaviour but someone behaving like a pig (no offense to the four-legged variety), or treating you like a piece of personal property or lump of car-wreck meat? Defend yourself against property, but don't over-worry about mistakes. They are usually self-limiting as long as we aren't somnambulistically zoned on Nembutals!

Eldridge Cleaver (more or less) had this to say:

"A determined radical doesn't require consensus from the committee before offing a pig. As a matter of fact, when the need arises, she will off the central committee..."

[0 comments](#)

**Take a Cop to Dinner
Cop a Dinner to Take a Cop**

Dinner Cop a Take

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

Take a cop to dinner:

Racketeers take cops to dinner with payoffs.

Pimps take cops to dinner with free tricks.

Dealers take cops to dinner with free highs.

Business takes cops to dinner with graft.

Unions and Corporations take cops to dinner with post-retirement jobs.

Schools and Professional Clubs take cops to dinner with free tickets to athletic events and social affairs.

The Catholic Church takes cops to dinner by exempting them from religious duties.

The Justice Department takes cops to dinner with laws giving them the right to do almost anything.

The Defense Department takes cops to dinner by releasing them from all military obligations.

Establishment newspapers take cops to dinner by propagating the image of the friendly, uncorrupt, neighborhood policeman.

Places of entertainment take cops to dinner with free drinks, and admission to shows.

Merchants take cops to dinner with discounts and gifts.

Neighborhood Committees and Social Organizations take cops to dinner with free discussions offering discriminating insights into hipsterism, black militancy, and drug culture.

Cops take cops to dinner by granting them immunity to prosecution for misdemeanors and anything else they can get away with.

Cops take themselves to dinner by inciting riots.

Have a cop for dinner.

-- Digger Papers, '67

[0 comments](#)

Art thieves & High-waymen

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

So when a toddler 'cops some takes' and mimics the sounds in its environment (because it feels good on the vocal chords like a blown raspberry?) and later comes up with a unique (but 'meaningful') phrase from the juxtaposition of normally disparate elements predictably (or "comfortably" when they are) situated elsewhere like "Magdalene margarine mourns mornings more cuz me mum makes mush more than chocolate syrup!", is it nefarious sampling & thievery? By this formula, all language learning, language itself is theft. Mum's the word! It's Absurd!



In one rough translation, (considered a variety of linguistic theft as well as sabotage), Lao Tse said (and I repeat) "Throw away industry and profit and there won't be any thieves" (obviously meaning "property constrains creativity") Hey, It wasn't me who did the translation. I don't even speak Cuban! Honest, officer. I stole it! Property! It's fucking ridiculous!

Commy property, doubley so.

Properly speaking and speaking of property, some courses come with curses. Therefore, discourse is the appropriate set of dis-cursive rituals often engaged to provide security in one's travels by meandering around potentially dangerous points. If these rituals are metriculously mimicked, and precisely *without* regard to poignancy and portent, doom (or an attack of idiocy) is certain. Another word for this, highly applicable to free way travelers, is SWERVE, and that is a game one can play alone as well as collectively. Cyberneticians would call it "An odd decision gate". It is odd only by virtue of its sudden unpredictability. It is useful by virtue of its momentous (mindblowing) equivocation, after which use value is superseded by the aesthetics of a stolen moment.

3 Inductions:

1) Shoving a tampon down yer throat to induce silence is never indicated except as an intended feint. 2) Spirit in artworks is *always* posited from outside. 3) Spirits are *never* constrained by objectivity.

The structure *is* the fetish, everything else is real.

-- *Hypernonymous Botch*

0 comments

The mass e(n)tymology of after-dinner (re-)treats

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronomesh

"Talksick Babies"

A dew!

To Stew, and you, sweet Adieu. Deserting dessert in a deserted desert for frying flaws, flying flies flew, defecting from the defect for more formerly mealy meals of

chorus: a course now known anew and different corpse remains: drinking *several* glasses where *one* only entertains.

"How d'ya do?" said the spider to the fly who flawed, flying into a flue. There a rent no flowers in any scents, but other wise d'esthétique ouv(r)e mints

and errorist judgements on mobious strips or gummier mobiles twirl above cribs come hear where curdling babes have no moves but wiggles'n waggles'n gurgles'n grooves just like bugs in rugs if so it bee hooves.

adieu.

-- *Polly Seamus,'58*

"The greatest difficulty consists in this: (there) certainly contains a good amount of information that must be translated exactly. But this is not essentially a matter of information. Essentially, the information resides in the very manner in which it is enunciated....

What exactly does this chorus mean? It means all that is possible to find in it. Scoring good classical rules, the apposition "drinking several glasses" can be linked, and here as a euphemism, to the preceding; but it must also be linked to the phrase that follows it, and then it makes a figure of exact and instantaneous observation. But, beyond the subject represented by the [word] "one," perhaps equally understood as being an outside observer (in this case, fully disapproving) and as being the subjective judgment of this youth (and, in this case, expressing a philosophically or cynically lucid satisfaction). All of this is true, one must not delete anything...

Each time -- and this is quite frequent -- that a word or a phrase has two possible meanings, one must recognize and maintain them both, because the phrase must be understood as entirely veracious in both senses. For the ensemble of the discourse, this also signifies: the totality of the possible meanings is its only truth.

...One must also sense that this is not a simple irony: must they ultimately be experienced as truly ironic? One must leave this doubt intact."

-- *Guy Debord*

[Read More: Wrecking & Recreation](#)

0 comments

Archive of Recently Deceased (though not quite dead) Residents
or those yet to emerge

PRYING INTO, A DEAD JOURNAL -- 5



FOOL, n.

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

"A person who pervades the domain of intellectual speculation and diffuses himself through the channels of moral activity. He is omnific, omniform, omnipercipient, omniscience, omnipotent. He it was who invented letters, printing, the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph, the platitude and the circle of the sciences. He created patriotism and taught the nations war -- founded theology, philosophy, law, medicine and Chicago. He established monarchical and republican government. He is from everlasting to everlasting -- such as creation's dawn beheld he fooleth now. In the morning of time he sang upon primitive hills, and in the noonday of existence headed the procession of being. His grandmotherly hand was warmly tucked-in the set sun of civilization, and in the twilight he prepares Man's evening meal of milk-and-morality and turns down the covers of the universal grave. And after the rest of us shall have retired for the night of eternal oblivion he will sit up to write a history of human civilization."

-- [Ambrose Bierce](#)

[0 comments](#)

Dry-Mouth Observations & Democratic Salivations

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Myths play a basic role in human existence, even for people who claim to live life wholly 'rationally'. Indeed, the myth for such people is that it is both good and possible to be an unemotional intellect that controls everything.

-- [Peter Hannes](#)

The Piss Test:

The elimination (or prevention) of personal taste (that is, the aesthetic sense) is the ultimate self-destructive act. Such buds never sprout e'en when the ground's been sprinkled all about. As Lao Tse did aptly state, "Take away taste and the boycott disappears into the vacuum of space".

The offending aspect of the pretensions of *democracy* is not that in the name of what the *majority* supposedly thinks: we are supposed to be pleased and happy to be *ruled* by a clique *for our good*. Far from it, since, in truth, but few of us are *ruled* at all. It is merely our little foible to pretend we are. We give our *rulers* to understand they *rule* us because it pleases

them so greatly to think they do: and then there is the consideration that a docile demeanour serves to divert their too too kind attention; probably the most servile-seeming member of a *state* the most bent upon fulfilling the role of step-grandmother fundamentally is untouched by *rule*.

The obedient attitude is a very convenient garb for the perverse to wear: and if the mere doing of it does not jar the temper too much, appearing to submit will define the line of least resistance to doing what, under the circumstances is what we please. Thus under the shelter of the servile demeanour there forms a residue of mulish waywardness, especially in those who appear to present their parts to receive the kicks which keep them going between gutter and cesspool: a waywardness which even more than temper succeeds in making them into a kind of clay unmeet to the hand which would govern.

The great unwashed will accept the infliction of the bath which cuts a slice off the space of their limited premises with resignation and reflect that it will indeed have a use as a wardrobe and coal-place. Though they are cast down by such things they are not defeated. *Rule* slides from them, as water slides from a duck. *Rule* has effect only on those who are indoctrinated with the Dogma: those who are under the spell of the *Word*. Even these -- these intellectuals -- are not placed in bondage by the rulers: theirs is a voluntary bondage -- true freedom, according to the *Word* -- and if they act as automata it is that they subscribe to the dogma that it is their duty to be as automata. They submit themselves to the law: because they approve not always indeed of the law, but of the attitude which submits to law.

-- *Dora Marsden*

From the militant perspective, we all know what the Right is about: the *honest force* of control. The so-called Left, the christianic democrats and socialists or "Humanitarian" charitable bodies' chief weapon is the ego defense mechanism of the first and second order: true simulacra otherwise known as a freudian/moral rationalisation copulating with denial -- *control with a heart*. Anarchy, on the other hand, is only a matter of self-defense against both forms of assault. It is for this reason the anarchist can only thrive betwixt and between, within the interregal space of public liminality. Such is the social ground of free-play, a ground which all the surveillance cameras in Detroit must, by definition (or rather, its lack), fail to record.

The Organisation:

Are NGO's feudal organizations? The organization part is obvious: a flat-topped (skin-headed?) pyramidal hierarchy overlaid upon swarming bureaucratic tentacles. That they are non-governmental is less obvious. Certainly, they are founded, formed and maintained by a cadre of capitalist lords putting on airs of chivalry. At the same time, they are authorized by the government or church (both by way of registration), accomodating to the standards and laws for non-profit corporations: arms of the profiteers (waving arms and bearing flags) intended to illustrate that corporate interest is also humanitarian -- a special case of the trickle-down theory of political economy, formerly called "*Bread & Circus*" (discovered simultaneously by John D. Rockefeller and Bill & Melinda Gates). In fact they are subcontracted to do the work governments were once called upon to perform, ostensibly for the rest of us misfortunate souls. "Helping Professions" just like the psychiatric slowly killing us with love and 'brain-seizing' neuroleptic.



The difference between the NGO and the outsourced (privatized) corporation providing public "service" lies in the matter of funding. Privatization is funded, albeit indirectly, by taxes (public and private "investments" as well as insurance ~~seams~~ schemes) and direct payment by the users of that service along with the "surplus" labour extracted as a capital return disguised as recuperation of operational costs. That the tax base is only a small part of their profit means that more of that base is available to the government for its own purposes: specifically, providing for layers of bureaucracy staffed by corporate representatives (and their tech-assistants) whose sole purpose is to act as an intermediary or *façade* between the corporate body and the worker-consumer collective mass (who can only sense a smarmy probing about their back-side).

But the NGO is said to operate outside this loop. They are still (and more directly) supported by taxes, those same extortionate funds they would have had to pay to the government fascia had they not incorporated (the copulation between the worm and octopus). Beneath their own extensive layer of bureaucrat-managers, their labour force (those few actually providing services) is largely voluntary, and whose fealty is guaranteed by the righteousness of the cause, a sort of corporate charter or "mission"

statement -- a high (and mighty) platform. Where regard for the corporate amalgam is withdrawn (an obviously illegal attitude), we are left with the organized revolutionary committee which has gone under the rubric of "Public Safety" (surely an NGO by any name would taste & smell as, well, the same). Is it any wonder anarchists still hide in dark alleys?

They are thus also funded by morality-based tribute, otherwise known as donations, in the same way that popes and bishops and priests have been funded since such 'collection' practices began to be documented in our history books -- it costs money to appropriate territory! It is a matter of duty, or ideologically-bound, sacrificial offering demonstrating unwavering fealty to the over-lords. NGO's therefore provide excellent cover for the distribution of arms, drugs and other questionable commodities into people-poor but resource-rich or strategic provinces such as the Congo or Northern Mexico, in effect, dwarfing the contributions of the unsuspecting public bondsmen, much in the same fashion that Exxon-Mobil and state agencies can gain more profits cleaning up an oil spill than selling it up the river, just as it is more profitably humane to collect the corpses *after* you've already laid waste to the countryside.

"The biblical parable of the Good Samaritan makes its own appeal, and it is a strong and unselfish one. But there is another parable which promises that if one casts his bread on the waters it will be returned a hundred fold ... foreign aid is a matter of self-interest!"
-- *Lester Pearson, The Crisis of Development, 1970*

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Looney Times: money is no substitute for heroic lunar activity

Posted in [May](#) by [Dave](#) on the [synchronmesh](#)

The poor husbandman perceiveth that
the increase of the moone maketh plants fruitful,
so as in the full moone they are in best strength,
decaying in the wane,
and in the conjunction
do entirely wither and fade.
-- *Randolf ("Wally") Scott.*

A review of H.C. Binswanger's [Money and Magic: A Critique of the Modern Economy in Light of Goethe's Faust](#), by Herman Daly, 1996

...The theme of the book is that mainstream economics is alchemy carried on by other more effective means. Perhaps ecological economists should stop using the term "mainstream economics" and substitute "alchemical economics" as a more descriptive name for that which we are trying to reform. This is by no means a mere rhetorical flourish. It is historically and logically well founded. The prince of Orleans, like other royalty, employed court alchemists in the hope that they would produce gold, with which he could pay off his debts. But when the prince attracted Scottish financier John Law to his court, he promptly dismissed his alchemists because the paper money scheme introduced by Law was a more effective way to redeem his debts. The goal of alchemy, to turn worthless material into gold, remained unchanged. The worthless material of paper just proved more receptive to transmutation than lead had been. The transmutation of paper into money remains fundamentally a "chymical wedding" of mercurial, liquid imagination (imagining it to represent unmined gold still in the ground) and fiery, sulfurous impression (the impressive authority of the emperor's signature on the note). But this is getting ahead of the story and into "technical" alchemy.

Binswanger's source and vehicle for developing this idea is Goethe's *Faust*, which he shows is a thoroughly alchemical play, a critique of alchemy's "Faustian" attempt to overcome transitoriness (to find the liquid gold elixir of life). That attempt to conquer time is carried out in different ways in the modern world by science, art, and the economy. The play offers a dramatic representation and critique of each of the three paths. Science seeks to overcome transitoriness by finding natural laws or eternal norms. It looks for eternal norms of causality, and since cause always precedes effect it is driven in the direction of the past, seeking cause behind cause. Art seeks to overcome transitoriness in focusing on the present moment, disconnected from the past chain of causation, but not yet dominated

by the demands and lures of future purposes. The economy seeks to overcome transitoriness by embracing the future and giving the present over to purposeful action demanded by the future. The economy dismisses art, and reduces science to a handmaiden of utilitarian future purposes. The economy seeks to master time by:

...transforming goods into money values that survive the passage of time and by advancing to these money values through the "gateway of the future." Money is by its nature an order for the future) for what one can buy in the future by spending it, or gain in the future, as yield or interest, by investing it. One can therefore virtually say "money is future." But since the economy is geared to money values, the future is lost again because the money value can only be secured through constant additional consumption of the world, for this money must be covered by real goods excavated from the mine of the world. The future is then threatened to the extent that the world is limited, that is, the world mine is exhausted

Goethe does not tell us where the limits lie, and clearly believes that they can be pushed back, precisely through gearing the economy to money value-- to emphasizing timeless abstract exchange value of money and downplaying the more traditional concrete use value of real goods. This is because the latter are necessarily limited by the satisfaction of the use they serve, and subject to loss and decay, while money is both unlimited and permanent. As Binswanger puts it: "By reducing the world to the quintessence of money, the world becomes augmentable. It grows with economic growth!" The word "quintessence," we learned earlier in the book, is itself alchemical, meaning literally the "fifth essence," the deep essence in addition to the four obvious essences of earth, air, fire, and water. The fifth essence is that which is common to the four essences and allows for their transmutation, and was commonly referred to as "the philosopher's stone." Thus money equals the quintessence, equals the philosopher's stone, equals that which transmutes the worthless into the valuable, the perishable into the permanent.

Although Goethe does not tell us where the limit is, he does tell us that mankind is no longer capable of recognizing such a limit, even when he hits it. Like Faust, modern man has become blind to the problem of limits--and therefore easy prey to the economic alchemists who promise indefinite growth by turning base metals into gold, transitoriness into permanence, and swamps into farmland. The last, of course, was Faust's own economic development project, complete with the "involuntary resettlement" of Philemon and Baucis, the traditional, independent, contented old couple who, like many indigenous peoples today, were unfortunately in the way of the alchemists' experiment.

The focus of the book is on the economy as modern alchemy, not on science and art, whose relation to alchemy we only learn about in Part II. Part I, the first half of the book, is dedicated to the economy as alchemy continued by other means. I began with the larger context that indicts science and art for alchemy, as well as economics, in order that our ecologist colleagues should not feel too smug. Binswanger emphasizes economics because in the modern world it totally dominates both art and science.

In reading the book, I was reminded of a statement by C.S. Lewis:

If we compare the chief trumpeter of the new era (Bacon) with Marlowe's Faustus, the similarity is striking. You will read in some critics that Faustus has a thirst for knowledge. In reality he hardly mentions it. It is not the truth he wants from his devils, but gold and guns and girls. "All things that move between the quiet poles shall be at his command," and "a sound magician is a mighty god." The true object is to extend Man's powers to the performance of all things possible. He rejects magic because it does not work, but his goal is that of the magician.

-- *The Abolition of Man*

The modern economist, like the prince of Orleans, rejects alchemy because it does not work, but his goal is that of the alchemist. His goal may (run) just short of being the Creator, since the alchemist is not making something out of nothing. But he does aspire at least to the role of Senior Demiurge, entrusted by the Creator to make something worthless into something valuable, to improve or continue creation in a fundamental and unlimited way. Alchemy is not disciplined by the first and second laws of thermodynamics -- another common feature with modern economics--and the basic reason why neither of them works very well. However, economics seems to work better than alchemy for a while. But as John Law's subsequent experience shows (he barely escaped with his life from people swindled by his paper money schemes), the long run superiority of economics over alchemy remains in question. This is because the goals remain those of the magician, not the scientist. As a consequence Binswanger tells us:

This act of creation by the economy exerts a huge fascination, the

fascination of the infinitely augmentable, that is, of eternal progress. The economy thus gains the transcendental character (i.e., surpassing all limits) which man formerly sought in religion. It is not belief in a hereafter, but economic activity in the here and now, that opens up modern man's perspective on eternity.

Faust certainly represents modern man in this regard. He is unable to see limits, to understand that in a finite world pluses cause minuses and deeds are accompanied by misdeeds. He is hell bent to reach for heaven on Earth...

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The Rilchiams of Language:

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Creative Equivocation: "Such is Human Perversity".

"Take the two words 'fuming' and 'furious.' Make up your mind that you will say both words, but leave it unsettled which you will say first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards 'fuming,' you will say 'fuming-furious;' if they turn, by even a hair's breadth, towards 'furious,' you will say 'furious-fuming;' but if you have the rarest of gifts, a perfectly balanced mind, you will say 'frumious.'

Supposing that, when Pistol uttered the well-known words -- 'Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die?' Justice Shallow had felt certain it was either William or Richard, but had not been able to settle which, so that he could not possibly say either name before the other, can it be doubted that, rather than die, he would have gasped out 'Rilchiam?'

-- *Lewis Carol, The Hunting of the Snark*

We can surmise that subsequently, if the memory of the circumstances under which the name "Rilchiam" had been coined were forgotten while the name still lingered there would undoubtedly have been established in history a puzzle which would have corresponded to the "ethical" puzzles of philosophy, "What is Truth?" "What is Justice?" "What is Chastity?" It would have run "Who was King Rilchiam?" All of which should explain why in refusing to take the conceptual ideas seriously we feel we understand the impatience of a Pilate or Bellman who dismissed these ancient wrangles with a "Let's skip all that."

It should now be clear to the most verbalised intelligence why we should consider it a ridiculous waste of our space and our readers' time to engage in any debate concerning "Morality" in gross, or sub-divisions of "Morality," such as Honesty, Truthfulness, Piety and so on, in particular. We consider them one and all the "Rilchiams" of language, and far from being debated seriously, their forms should be expelled from Speech: except for purposes of gammon and make-believe. However, just as from the generalised form Rilchiam, a vague associated with an individual William or Richard can be made, so from the vague generalisations called "Morality" or "Honesty" special forms of action can be considered to be related. When therefore a correspondent asks in a bewildered way whether or no we believe in "Honesty" and then goes on to ask whether we run up accounts with tradesmen and shirk payment, we get a perfect example of the workings of what Weininger would have called the "henid" mind: the confused mind which works on a basis of loose association. [Weininger's description of the "henid" mind is extremely able and well worth attention. It is diverting to note that he used the term to characterise the intelligence of women and yet at the same time one of the principal points which he endeavoured to make against them was that they were incapable of constructing a generalisation!] However, no matter how achieved it is a mental relief to see the interrogation change from "What is Honesty?" to "Do you steal the goods of your grocer?" Though we capitulate at once to the difficulties of the first, to the second we can answer at once that it is not our privilege. We are not sufficiently well-off to make the experiment workable. But richer people are quite successful in this line, and we hasten to add that we have no scruples against robbing the grocer. We do not "respect" grocers' goods on any sort of principle: in fact we have been pointing out for months that the goods of the grocers of Dublin for instance could with great wisdom have been regarded as the strikers' own. "Snatch in as suave a manner as you can" would be our working basis; that is if you want something, but if necessity drives then "Snatch anyhow." The difference in method is such as that which exists between the methods used by bankers, financiers and the professional classes in general at the present time and that used by an army which commandeers food in war-time. It is a distinction in the amount of fuss, that

is all. Do it gently if you can -- and like it gentle -- but anyhow "Do it." Those who can wait until their "share" is given them, will have a very wry story to tell: the tale of the "industrial problem." The poor who are too modest to "take," complain because more is not "given" them. They make the enormous mistake of thinking that "shares" are allocated on a principle: whereas in reality, each fixes his own share. The injunction in the decalogue is purposely (presumably) left unfinished, in order to allow an individual choice in the matter. "Thou shalt not steal" means nothing. Not merely does it neglect to say "Thou shalt not steal" -- rent, profit or interest; it does not even specify "tradesmen's goods" nor even free rides on the London Tube, on the maneuvering of which we think we could give valuable information to penniless and foot-weary pedestrians. It just leaves it conveniently blank for those to fill in whose particular "order" happens to be uppermost at the given moment. For it is obvious that the whole of "life" is based on a system of "stealing": that is a forcible laying hold of required commodities without permission. We "take" the life of bird, beast or vegetable, and cut short their struggles to survive without as much as a "by your leave." It is only where one power or confederation of powers has become supreme that the question of "theft" arises at all. The proper answer to the questions, "Under what circumstances is 'taking' tantamount to thieving?" And "Under what circumstances is 'stealing' 'immoral'?" can be found by asking the analogous questions "When is it a 'crime' to breathe?" or "When is breathing immoral?" The answer being of course, "When someone has you securely by the throat" -- "When you can't manage it, that is."

-- Dora Marsden

"Shortly after the final game ended, as some demoralized Canucks fans began departing the downtown core, thousands of mostly youth stayed to celebrate the loss...

We were being blown forward by black smoke. It bellowed through the frenzy. A car here-and-there smashed and burning. Parking garages bellowing the stuff. We all took it in deep breaths and let out cheers.

By the dozenth store to be looted, an open market had established itself. Trade and gifts where given and made. Piles of merchandise were left on the sidewalk for whomever. Gifts were presented to any who wanted some, many having more than they could carry..."

-- *comments on the June riot in Vancouver*

see also: [Rioting & Looting as a Modern form of Potlatch](#), by Neal Keating

0 comments

Plainspeak, again

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

The 'national literary language of a people with a highly developed art of prose . . . is in fact an organised microcosm that reflects the macrocosm . . . of national heteroglossia. . . . The unity of a literary language is not a unity of a single, closed language system, but is rather a highly specific unity of several 'languages' that have established contact and mutual recognition with each other'. 'Concrete socio-ideological language consciousness . . . as it becomes active in literature . . . discovers itself already surrounded by heteroglossia and not at all a single, unitary language, inviolable and indisputable', and thus finds itself 'facing the necessity of having to choose a language. With each literary-verbal performance, consciousness must actively orient itself amidst heteroglossia, it must move in and occupy a position for itself within it, it chooses, in other words, a 'language'.

Only 'off the maps of socio-ideological becoming, could a man fail to sense this activity of selecting a language and rest assured in the inviolability of his own language'. Even such a man, however, 'deals not in fact with a single language, but with languages -- except that the place occupied by each of these languages is fixed and indisputable': 'it is as if these languages were in different chambers. They do not collide with each other in his consciousness', there is no attempt to 'look at one of these languages through the eyes of another language'. All such languages are 'not dialogically coordinated in the linguistic consciousness' of such an individual who passes from one to another unthinkingly: each such language is 'indisputably in its own place'. With the 'critical interanimation of languages', however, with the recognition of 'various different languages', internally variegated languages' and the fact that the 'ideological systems and approaches to the world . . . indissolubly connected with these languages . . . [contradict] each other and in

no way could live in peace and quiet with one another', these notions are left behind. All 'these languages and worlds sooner or later emerged from a state of peaceful and moribund equilibrium and revealed the speech diversity in each'.

The historical 'development of the novel is a function of the deepening of dialogic essence, its increased scope and greater precision'. 'Dialogue moves into the deepest molecular and . . . subatomic levels' of prose fiction. Of course, Bakhtin writes, 'even the poetic word is social, but poetic forms reflect lengthier social processes, i.e., those tendencies in social life requiring centuries to unfold'. By contrast, the 'novelistic word . . . registers with extreme subtlety the tiniest shifts and oscillations of the social atmosphere'. In short, when 'heteroglossia enters the novel it becomes subject to an artistic reworking'. The "social and historical voices populating language, all its words and all its forms, which provide language with its particular concrete conceptualisations, are organised in the novel into a structured stylistic system that expresses the differentiated socio-ideological position of the author amid the heteroglossia of his epoch'

-- *Richard L. W. Clarke on Bakhtin* (www.rlwclarke.net)

-- see [Plain Speak](#)

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A Metaphysics of the Swarming of the Impalpable Phantasm

Posted in [May](#) by [Dave](#) on the [synchronesh](#)

We should be alert to the surface effects in which the Epicurians take such pleasure: emissions proceeding from deep within bodies and rising like the wisps of a fog -- interior phantoms that are quickly reabsorbed into other depths by the sense of smell, by the mouth, by the appetites, extremely thin membranes that detach themselves from the surfaces of objects and proceed to impose colors and contours deep within our eyes (floating epiderm, visual idols); phantasms of fear or desire (cloud gods, the adorable face of the beloved, "miserable hope transported by the wind"). It is all this swarming of the impalpable that must be integrated into our thought: we must articulate a philosophy of the phantasm construed not through the intermediary of perception of the image, as being of the order of an originary given but, rather, left to come to light among the surfaces to which it is related, in the reversal that causes every interior to pass to the outside and every exterior to the inside, in the temporal oscillation that always makes it precede and follow itself -- in short, in what Deleuze would perhaps not allow us to call its "incorporeal materiality."

It is useless, in any case, to seek a more substantial truth behind the phantasm, a truth to which it points as a rather confused sign (thus, the futility of "symptomatology"); it is also useless to contain it within stable figures and to construct solid cores of convergence where we might include, on the basis of their identical properties, all its angles, flashes, membranes, and vapors (no possibility of "phenomenalization"). Phantasms must be allowed to function at the limit of bodies; against bodies, because they stick to bodies and protrude from them, but also because they touch them, cut them, break them into sections, regionalize them, and multiply their surfaces; and equally, outside of bodies, because they function between bodies according to laws of proximity, torsion, and variable distance -- laws of which they remain ignorant. Phantasms do not extend organisms into the imaginary; they topologize the materiality of the body. They should consequently be freed from the restrictions we impose upon them, freed from the dilemmas of truth and falsehood and of being and nonbeing (the essential difference between simulacrum and copy carried to its logical conclusion); they must be allowed to conduct their dance, to act out their mime, as "extrabeings."

Moreover, this series of liberated simulacrum is activated, or mimes itself, on two privileged sites: that of psychoanalysis, which should eventually be understood as a metaphysical practice since it concerns itself with phantasms; and that of the theater, which is multiplied, polyscenic, simultaneous, broken into separate scenes that refer to each other, and where we encounter, without any trace of representation (copying or imitating), the dance of masks, the cries of bodies, and the gesturing of hands and fingers. And throughout each of these two recent and divergent series (the attempt to "reconcile" these series, to reduce them to either perspective, to produce a ridiculous "psychodrama," has been extremely naive), Freud and Artaud exclude each other and give rise to a mutual resonance. The philosophy of representation -- of the original, the first time, resemblance, imitation, faithfulness -- is dissolving; and the arrow of the simulacrum released by the Epicureans is headed in our direction. It gives birth rebirth -- to a "phantasmaphysics."

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When other orators utter orders, is it Heteroglossia *OR* Polyphoria? Or, Sailing by Freudian Sloop is Still Free Association:

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

THE ARGUMENT: Utterly, in lieu of an existing thematic social organisation (the well-fit (*euphoric*, meaning 'good form') juxtaposition of novel (dialogic) utterances and pantomime (dramatic performances) of a cultural *mythos*, a narrative pantomime of one's ethos some call "theatre", others "culture" and others yet "delusion"), the novel (or themes and theses) uttered (or performed *as* drama) reveals a contemporaneous alternative cosmos (from Greek *kosmos*: 'order', 'universe', 'ornament' < Fr. 'objet') whose enduring livability is yet to be determined, but is discarded before the experiment or comparative analysis can proceed, "acting as if" one were a unified reality split into fact and disposable fiction, the really real and the fantastic. All argument is a fight for the superiority of one's own goods (or gods -- see "*spook*", "*phantasm*") or the equivalent subsumption (appropriation) of those of others, of the others themselves. But this one mostly concerns their stylistic form over their practical, hands-on content, thus the split between science and philosophy (or physics and metaphysics) overlaps factitious documentary and fictitious narrative, cutting off the history wherein factic and fictic were once alternative expressions (exgesia) of an oral cavity on a single face regarding the same ingestive content (ingesta). In such a struggle, all possibility (potential) steps to the background until a fist (or vomitus) flies, in the end trading off possibility for a secure moral sense at no rate of interest in the sociological (also known as democratic) construction of a novel religious order:

These 'heterogeneous stylistic unities, upon entering the novel, combine to form a structured artistic system, and are subordinated to the higher stylistic unity of the work as a whole'. The novel's 'stylistic uniqueness . . . consists precisely in the combination of these subordinated, yet still relatively autonomous, unities (even at times comprised of different languages) into the higher unity of the work as a whole'. The 'style of a novel is to be found in the combination of its styles'. The 'language of a novel is the system of its 'languages''. The 'linguistic and stylistic profile of a given element (lexical, semantic, syntactic) is shaped by that subordinated unity to which it is most immediately proximate', the unities in turn 'figuring' 'into the style of the whole', supporting the 'accent of the whole' and participating 'in the process whereby the unified meaning of the whole is structured and revealed'.

From this point of view, the novel may be defined as a 'diversity of social speech types (sometimes even diversity of languages) and a diversity of individual voices, artistically organised'. The internal stratification of any single national language into social dialects, characteristic group behaviour, professional jargons, generic languages, languages of generations and age groups, tendentious languages, languages of the authorities, of various circles and of passing fashions, languages that serve the sociopolitical purposes of the day, even of the hour . . . this internal stratification present in every language at any given moment of its historical existence is the indispensable prerequisite of the novel as a genre. The novel orchestrates all its themes, the totality of the world of objects and ideas depicted and expressed in it, by means of the social diversity of speech types [*raznorecie*] and by the differing individual voices that flourish under such conditions. Authorial speech, the speeches of narrators, inserted genres, the speech of characters are merely those fundamental compositional unities with whose help heteroglossia [*raznorecie*] can enter the novel; each of them permits a multiplicity of social voices and a wide variety of their links and interrelationships (always more or less dialogised).

The 'basic distinguishing feature of the stylistics of the novel' consists in these 'distinctive links and interrelationships between utterances and languages, this movement of the theme through different languages and speech types, its dispersion into the rivulets and droplets of social heteroglossia, its dialogisation"

-- Richard L. W. Clarke, *Mikhail Bakhtin's "Discourse in the Novel"*

In literature, the twin titan *Nereids*' (*Themisto* and *Thetis*) identifying stance is the pouring of mead at the first feast prior to any performative recitation or any other social custom --

the focal recapitulation and overlap -- where form and content are inseparable and diversity of provision abundant. Poetry is to public distribution as prose, at least the 'form' which elicits the comment "Enough jargon! Speak English!" (always and necessarily impossible to accommodate), is to the hegemony (hedge-money) of private property, and fact and fiction lose all their former gravitude, either going their separate ways (a shut book is a closed case or slammed door) or losing their respective density (or distinction) altogether. So much for truthful media, religious institutions and representational art.

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A Potlatch faq

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the Synchronesh

... For the most part, however, potlatch is a circuitous creation, gifting and movement, and in this is probably the surface area or "*lineament of exogamy*", a major "topographical contour" (a curved plane, a nose, a defining noise) which reveals something about its subsurface. If mothers and sisters form a transposable, *modulating* core of the community spirally wobbling its way through space, it's largely the intermittent boys orbiting on the fringes who do the meandering into new matrixes when the romantic spirit intervenes (a patriarchal potlatch is a contradiction in terms, whomever is handing out the presents). But this is just an heroic form or backdrop through which all the real beings flow, inbetween and outbetween. It's a different sort of stage theory, well into the theatrical sense of complementarity, otherwise known as a dance floor or solar system.

[...]

Obviously, how can a young man be a patriarch who is surrounded by nurturing womenfolk? Perhaps the first little over-indulged and *possessed* Nero, circumscribed from any exploration, en-vious with her womb (or umbilical apron-string), kills mom and sets the community aflame, unless his brothers (or sons) put an end to him. It's a sticky wicket, since if we are to put any stock in legends, this fratricide protecting the community is thought likely, how the boys discovered the will-to-power, inaugurating the iron age and its patriarchal domination literally through kidnapping and metaphoric cooptation (the theft of symbols -- the new objectified woman became the mere container to sprout the man's seed, otherwise, slave and provisional arm-candy). With the sense of the complex, "Oedipus", Freud may have had it backward in every respect. It's not always the case that the war against tyrants ends in a perpetual battle of sexes, but sometimes it seems so.

-- see [A Potlatch faq](#)

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Wiio's Laws of Communication when heard as transaction or the transmission of information just like brainfood:

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

- 1 Communication usually fails, except by accident.
 - 1.1 If communication can fail, it will
 - 1.2 If communication cannot fail, it still most usually fails
 - 1.3 If communication seems to succeed in the intended way, there's a misunderstanding
 - 1.4 If you are content with your message, communication certainly fails
- 2 If a message can be interpreted in several ways, it will be interpreted in a manner that maximizes the damage
- 3 There is always someone who knows better than you what you meant with your message
- 4 The more we communicate, the worse communication succeeds
 - 4.1 The more we communicate, the faster misunderstandings propagate
- 5 In mass communication, the important thing is not how things are but how they seem to be
- 6 The importance of a news item is inversely proportional to the square of the distance
- 7 The more important the situation is, the more probably you forget an essential thing that you remembered a moment ago

Korpela's First Corollary: If nobody barks at you, your message did not get through

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When Communication is Mutual Antagonism or, The Only Neutral Metaphor is a Dead Metaphor!

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

It is intriguing how many of the dispositions usually attributed to human nature are intrinsic conditions of symbolic discourse, and have in that regard some claims to universality without the necessity of biology. This seems especially evident in the sociology of the linguistic "shifters": "I" and "you,"...The person using the pronoun "I" thereby constitutes space, time and objects (reference) from his or her point of view -- egotism, or even the will to power. One's interlocutor does the same, an alternative assertion of world-making authority -- competition.

The same alternation (can also be) recognized as the reversibility of "I" and "you," -- reciprocity or altruism. The mutuality of personhood is implied by this interchange of subject positions -- sociability. Symbolic discourse contains within itself the elementary principles of human social interaction.

-- *Marshal Sahlins*

"Many of the things we do in arguing are partially structured by the concept of war. Though there is no physical battle, there is a verbal battle, and the structure of an argument -- attack, defense, counter-attack, etc.-- reflects this. It is in this sense that the ARGUMENT IS WAR metaphor is one that we live by in this culture; its structures the actions we perform in arguing. Try to imagine a culture where arguments are not viewed in terms of war, where no one wins or loses, where there is no sense of attacking or defending, gaining or losing ground. Imagine a culture where an argument is viewed as a dance, the participants are seen as performers, and the goal is to perform in a balanced and aesthetically pleasing way. In such a culture, people would view arguments differently, experience them differently, carry them out differently, and talk about them differently. But we would probably not view them as arguing at all: they would simply be doing something different. It would seem strange even to call what they were doing "arguing." In perhaps the most neutral way of describing this difference between their culture and ours would be to say that we have a discourse form structured in terms of battle and they have one structured in terms of dance. This is an example of what it means for a metaphorical concept, namely, ARGUMENT IS WAR, to structure (at least in part) what we do and how we understand what we are doing when we argue. The essence of metaphor is understanding and experiencing one kind of thing in terms of another.. It is not that arguments are a subspecies of war. Arguments and wars are different kinds of things -- verbal discourse and armed conflict -- and the actions performed are different kinds of actions. But ARGUMENT is partially structured, understood, performed, and talked about in terms of WAR. The concept is metaphorically structured, the activity is metaphorically structured, and, consequently, the language is metaphorically structured."

-- *Lakoff & Johnson, The Metaphors We Live By*

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The zone of inoperativity: a space for play and experimentation

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

One could engage wholeheartedly in the semantical battle between violence and non-violence, using rational and historical facts to create an argument for 'either side', and never discover that their efforts are being swept along in a cyclone of empty language. Tempting as it may be to describe the ways in which the arena of violence is divided along the lines of power, this observation does nothing to dissolve the toxic affect of a generalized discourse grounded in such an ambiguous entity. When a conceptual specter such as violence, or its supposed antithesis, is given the illusion of life—through both language and practice—it is then capable of absorbing all hints of spirit from the lips of those who utter its name upon sight of an escalating situation.

'It is no light undertaking to separate what is original from what is artificial in the nature of man. And to know correctly a state which no longer exists, which never existed, which possibly never will exist, and about which it is nevertheless necessary to have precise notions in order to judge our present state correctly.'

-- Rousseau

Intuition, imagination, speculation and conjecture are inevitably the most useful tools in an area which has been subject to systematic social amnesia.

...The exact degree of empirical evidence required to substantiate intuitive insights and subsequent hermeneutic processes remains subject to debate. (Robert) Graves asserts that 'I [do not] trust my historical intuition any further than it can be factually checked' (Graves 1986, p.488). D.H. Lawrence reverses this emphasis by according corroborative data a merely secondary position in comparison with intuitive insight: 'I am not a proper archaeologist nor an anthropologist nor an ethnologist. I am no 'scholar' of any sort. But I am very grateful to scholars for their sound work. I have found hints, suggestions for what I say... in all kinds of scholarly books... Even then I only remember hints -- and I proceed by intuition' (Lawrence 1975, pp.11-12). Fredy Perlman takes this process further and denounces empirical evidence as the antithesis of intuition: 'The seer of now pours his vision on sheets of paper, on banks of arid craters where armored bullies stand guard and demand the password, Positive Evidence. No vision can pass their gates. The only song that passes is a song gone as dry and cadaverous as the fossils in the sands' (Perlman 1983A, p.2). Graves grounds modifications in poetic myth in changing historical conditions. Lawrence subordinates fact to poetic intuition. Perlman abandons the discourse of history even while taking it as his subject. The present text takes a synthesis of these perspectives as its departure point. It rejects history and linear historical consciousness, and seeks in myth -- myth restored to its primal iconographic form -- and cyclical mythic consciousness, techniques for effectuating total liberation.

In a series of provocative essays, John Zerzan has called for the abolition of representation, suggesting that 'Only a politics that undoes language and time and is thus visionary to the point of voluptuousness has any meaning'. At the basis of this conclusion lies the insight that 'the origin of all symbolizing is alienation' (Zerzan 1988, pp.35, 49), but his formulations lead to stark inexpressivity and barren silence. Viewed from the perspective of myth, however, Zerzan's intuitions are revived. Iconographically restored myths, incorporated as lived experience, abolish time because they are timeless, derived from the achronous condition of Dreamtime. And myths are embodied, not in referential language (in which words are taken as referring to some external reality), but iconic language (a term which denotes the notion of mythic language being its own reality, rather than merely symbolizing some external reality).

Zerzan complains that art, like all systems of symbolic representation (including language) 'is always about 'something hidden'. But does it help us connect with that hidden something? I think it moves us away from it' (Zerzan 1988, p.54). Symbols 'stand for' a reality which can be apprehended only through their mediation, which inevitably produces alienation. But mythic thought does not function in this way. It operates in a metaphorical, not a literal, manner. And metaphors function, not by pointing to a reality which they symbolize and thus render inaccessible, but through a play of resemblances and differences. Mythic consciousness results from a 'desire to apprehend in a total fashion the two aspects of reality... [the] continuous and discontinuous; from [a] refusal to choose between the two; and from... [an] effort to see them as complementary perspectives giving on to the same truth'. Rather than signifying a concealed reality, it perceives analogies through modes of associational thought: 'it is this logic of oppositions and correlations, exclusions and inclusions, compatibilities and incompatibilities, which explains the laws of association, not the reverse' (Lévi-Strauss 1963, pp.98-9, 90). The resulting semiotic lattice, based on the principle of bricolage, remains entirely ludic. Mythic consciousness thus avoids the alienation inherent in all symbolization, yet retains the possibility of linguistic expressivity. It abolishes language, and yet facilitates unestranged intersubjective communication.

'At the edge of history, history itself can no longer help us, and only myth remains equal to reality. What we know is less than what we see, and so the politics of miracle must be unacceptable to our knowledge to be worthy of our being' (Thompson 1971, p.163). When history can no longer act as the final arbiter, myth must.

Road-kill or Supper: A Hot Topic?

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

the initiation experience imparts the realization that, given universal holistic interrelatedness, all sexual acts are incestuous and all forms of consumption are cannibalistic.

-- John Moore, op cit

Raw or cooked, why is cannibalism of the already dead considered morally repugnant (rating just above scavenging upon car-wreck meat and other roadside carnage) while the murder, maiming and deprivation of the living (whatever the species, but particularly your own) merely good business or economic sense?

It's often been suggested that the human is at base an opportunistic predatory animal, and to look around, we see that this in fact describes the workings of capitalism quite accurately, what with its armed forest rangers and the like protecting power-plays of corporate interest ("the greater good" my ass!) or one-sided economic "transactions" (actually, "extractions") just to put bread on the table. Ask them why? "It's just a job!" If you are a poacher or berry-picker on "community property", best not even ask!

Reactionaries against thuggery of all sorts have historically looked at *what* we're eating rather than how we come to do it, and many conclude meat itself is the problem. Perhaps this is why oppositional defiance is considered a mental illness whereas pure-and-simple defiance is merely a crime, being that it is more diabolical than dialectical. Whatever the case, vegetarians do not like to hear that they are enslaving other species in their gardens just to eat the children produced and turn the less palatable elders into the soil without even the pretense of a funeral ceremony: "they're only plants, after all!" Egg, fruit and nut growers seem to escape this criticism, trying to keep their "charge" living, but not so productively as to crush the earth and all the other inhabitants with their accelerating weight, their growth rate. It is said a mother oyster has three billion babies in her lifetime just to keep the seagulls happy. If the other critters weren't well fed, the oyster itself would perish.

When I was a child learning to fish, I objected to what I considered a cruelty in the 'hooking' enterprise, and it was explained to me that "fish have no central nervous system so can't feel pain". John Moore used the same logic to justify eating lettuce babies. Corporate suits & generals have always looked on others as would a Greek god: as "mere people", i.e., disposable. No need to bring up the ku klux klan. Over the years I've come to see that I was not alone in thinking rutabagas and fish have feelings too, and developed a theory to explain this squeamishness over killing and maiming fellow creatures (a "sentimentality" often mistakenly attributed to females and children), that the human was neither predatory carnivore nor herbivore, but like the coyote, vulture or dung beetle, a scavenger helping to keep the landscape fresh and fragrant. I've never had an existential problem arise from eating the unborn (helping to resolve the deadly conflict between fertility and fecundity) or stuff that's already dead. Our pig-like teeth and stomachs agree with me on this point. And now I seem to recall a word from grade-school science: "omnivore".

Apparently, when a wolf eats healthy mice in the spring, she is participating in the chance-driven eco-systematics operating all around us, where even the good (as far as a mouse goes) die young. Eating's always an accident from one perspective, good fortune from the other. No need to get all arrogant or self-righteous about it; fortuity is not something under our control. In fact, even for the most favourably conditioned or well-practiced and intentioned, favourable conditions are still necessary for a successful hunt or gathering of any sort. And we still say "Good luck" when sending others out into the world.

Grover Krantz once suggested that the original hand-axe was a multi-stage, multi-purpose tool useful for pantomime as well as a kitchen aid. When coming upon a carcass being consumed by other scavengers like jackals, the little Southern Ape-man (our ancestor by virtue of dramatics and technological disposition) might have held the pointed rocks up to his mouth mimicking the threatening body-language of a large canine-equipped predator, and then used them to cut off bite-sized bits from the vacated corpse. The only risk would be if the primary consumer was not swayed by the "virtual" antics because of her own bigger teeth. A Saber-tooth cat comes to mind. The first sentence spoken might just have been "Run away!! Run away!!"

Speaking of accidental death, it is rarely calculated the actual biomass of the live, creepy-crawly variety that sheep, cattle and elephants consume in their grazing, wiping out whole families of bugs too large to survive even the first stomach, should they miss being crushed by the last molars. It is only the very smallest whose metabolism is hardly distinguishable from their reproduction, the microbes, who actually *want* to be eaten so they can have a nice warm abode adequate to feed all their children and grandchildren. In fact, prohibiting them from residence would result in death-by-starvation for ruminating beasts, no matter how much pure leafy matter they ate. You could say microbes mediate their metabolism without the merest speculation toward causing alienation. Sometimes the indirect or mediative is the safest sort of action.

I was astonished to find out I had similar sorts of creatures navigating my intestinal tracts, only harmful when evicted. Is there a hidden implication for those who would charge rent for tract housing in the cities, particularly since each and every squat is at best an occupation? I was also astonished to discover it was only the actual predatory animals who had the compassion to kill the sick and injured, as well as the gluttonous and arrogant critters incapable of sharing, with a quick bite or blow, all to help limit the suffering in the world. Authentic predators and prey have one nothing on the other in the departments of kindness and warrior spirit.

The logic is impeccable, yet we are not to follow it:

if we consider an apple tree a living organism, and if economic pertains to 'how we make a living', then the mode of production for an apple-grower is represented by an early-term abortion induced by the orchardist -- a potential tree cut off before the prime of its life, so to speak. This may just be how a seagull approaches a cluster of oyster eggs should we restrict all meaning to functionality.

Such a metaphoric extension as apple abortion, despite its biological accuracy comparing perceived patterns, would be considered eccentric, to say the least -- evidence for institutionalisation by means of thought disorder. Yet the safer alternatives raise existential problems concerning death and equally disturbing ontological problems concerning our own species. If one considers that the apple, a burgeoning tree that might be, merely undergoes a metamorphosis (with our help in the eating) jumping across not only the presumed unbreakable species boundary but that impenetrable border between class or kingdom, becoming the other (us, that is) no less easily than we merge with traffic on the freeway, we are labeled harmless spiritualist, but definitely sailing on the "wrong" route. But really, who suffers in the transformation, the transcendence of class distinctions, this re-incarnation (see *carne*: 'meat')?

But no! How much easier to consider life (and death) a particularly nasty interruption like sleep apnea, or to embrace brutish behaviour with a vengeance, or merely hire or delegate others to do one's dirty work (as well as dirty thinking about what that work should be) than the rather more enjoyable "inmixing of otherness"?

Of course, the "kind" thing to do after depriving the little seed of its supper is to share with it your own evicted intestinal residents. Such is how Johnny Appleseed discovered agriculture.

-- see [The anti-politics of food](#)

0 comments

The Tragedy of the Common

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Of course, among the first ocean-going navigators were those to become known as the Aborigines of Australia, and who, finding a surreal paradise full of absolutely new flavours, merged their own newness into the landscape. It took the English 40,000 years to find this island the size of a continent and less than two hundred to devastate it with their enclosure laws, said to protect us all from the tragedy of being common.

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History, Theatre and the Reality-police

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

"it's not necessary to be greedy, inhuman, unscrupulous, alternately pushy, cringing, bullying as the occasion warrants, but always and everywhere a pathologically self-persuaded liar to be remembered by history ... but it helps."

-- *M. Heavisides*

"Reality is more theatrical than the theatre. It is why naturalism looks so unreal and comedy so much truer than tragedy, which sentimentalises violence, misery and death and poeticises rotting corpses by calling them noble. The artistic rendering of the physical pain of those who are beaten down with rifle butts and iron bars contains the possibility that profit can be squeezed from it. Tragedy makes the unthinkable appear to have some meaning. It becomes transfigured, without the horror being removed, and so justice is denied to the victims. Comedy does not tell such pernicious lies."

-- *Peter Barnes*

This is not to say the unthinkable horrible is not, like foul weather, a daily occurrence, at least somewhere. But where is the entertainment value of a live goat tossed down a poisoned well beyond a threat of commiseration? If not to come to the poor creature's aid, if not to walk out of the room in disgust, we should be inspired to burn down the theatre and its uni-formed consiglieri, conciergi, condotieri: all ushers and ticket-takers with pinstripes running down their pants just like an armed forest ranger!

And does it *necessarily* follow that when we have an idea on the nature of nature, and proceed to test it against 'reality', that as the result is so very often a big explosion, the world is therefore the result of an explosion?

There is a "bewildering variety of alternate social visions that subsist within an oppressive social order and cannot ever be perfectly stifled.... [the "logic of revolution" allows it, whereas in practice,] revolutions that are *led* tend to shuffle rather than alter the social order."

-- *M. Heavisides*

[0 comments](#)

This bitter earth...

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

Well, what fruit it bears
Oooh, This bitter earth.

And if my life is like the dust
oooh, that hides the glow of a rose
What good am I
Heaven only knows.

This bitter earth
Lord, This bitter earth
What good is love
Mmmm that no one shares.

Lord, this bitter earth
Yes, can be so cold
Today you're young
Too soon, you're old.

And if my life is like the dust
Oooh that hides the glow of a rose
What good am I
Heaven only knows.

But while a voice within me cries
I'm sure someone may answer my call
And this bitter earth
Ooooh, may not oh be so bitter after all.

-- *Dinah Washington, 1960*
(by Clyde Otis)

[0 comments](#)

On the other hand (aka: "however..")

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

Consider, however, that which is at the same time the least known and the most certain fact about this mythical subject which is the sensible phase of the living being: this fathomless thing capable of experiencing something between birth and death, capable of

covering the whole spectrum of pain and pleasure in a word, what in French we call the *sujet de la jouissance*. When I came here this evening I saw on the little neon sign the motto "Enjoy Coca-Cola." It reminded me that in English, I think, there is no term to designate precisely this enormous weight of meaning which is in the French word *jouissance* — or in the Latin *fruor*. In the dictionary I looked up *jouir* and found "to possess, to use" but it is not that at all. If the living being is something at all thinkable, it will be above all as subject of *jouissance*; but this psychological law that we call the pleasure principle (and which is only the principle of displeasure) is very soon to create a barrier to all *jouissance*. If I am enjoying myself a little too much, I begin to feel pain and I moderate my pleasures. The organism seems made to avoid too much *jouissance*. Probably we would all be as quiet as oysters if it were not for this curious organization which forces us to disrupt the barrier of pleasure or perhaps only makes us dream of forcing and disrupting this barrier. All that is elaborated by the subjective construction on the scale of the signifier in its relation to the Other and which has its root in language is only there to permit the full spectrum of desire to allow us to approach, to test, this sort of forbidden *jouissance* which is the only valuable meaning that is offered to our life.

-- Jacques Lacan, *Of Structure as the Inmixing of an Otherness*
Prerequisite to any Subject Whatever

0 comments

Clinamen: the mere fat or skinny of alienated or capitalised bodies

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Mutual receptivity goes more with the gravity metaphor than the small going hellbent for the large (the sellout maneuver), like the unfathomable idea that prey "offer" themselves as a gift to the predator. It is true they are gifts, but not by their own design. Most prey are also warriors who will struggle to the end, spitting and sneering, to maintain autonomous motion or some trace of personal integrity. Many simply out-run or out-maneuver their attacker.

Gravity is a property of neither, but 'exists' (emerges) between moving bodies, accelerating its manifestation by a factor of four til they come together in a collision, unless there is an appropriately placed swerve. (Caution, there may be sparks.) Surrender is itself a chosen swerve along the easier path, but self-weaning and cold turkeys have been known to successfully dislodge old orbits. When you rid something disgusting, it is not considered a sacrifice, no matter how "good" it feels in short bursts. Most of our own disgusting habits are not even considered. The maintainance of any autonomy of either body requires the establishment of mutual orbit in relative equilibrium where, by reducing the stress of struggle, the accumulation cycle can end. Eccentricity is a tacking maneuver minimising the continued adjustment of fuel guzzling thrusters.

Because of eccentricity combined with the mutual movement producing something akin to electrical discharge, a transgressive swerve is not out of the question at any time, particularly if another moving mass of sufficient density passes by. Polyamorous or omnigravitudinal tolerance replaces the eccentric circle or schizophrenic hourglass with a spirograph of multiple figure eights, increasing equilibrium's stability despite the superficial appearance of chaos. But now, with contented integration, we are talking more about sex and love and social relations than the mere fat or skinny of alienated or capitalised bodies.

-- [see six side views of fat frankfürters and form](#),
[The Lean Kind](#), Dora Marsden

0 comments

Not to be repetitive, but...

Posted by [Mary](#) on [Dave](#) in the [synchronesh](#)

An epiphenomenon is that which is superinduced upon a phenomenon.

Pataphysics, whose etymological spelling should be ἐπι (μετὰ τὰ φυσικὰ) and actual orthography *'pataphysics*, preceded by an apostrophe so as to avoid a simple pun, [in French, e.g., "*patte à physique*"] is the science of that which is superinduced upon metaphysics, whether within or beyond the latter's limitations, extending as far beyond metaphysics as the latter extends beyond physics. Ex: an epiphenomenon being often accidental, pataphysics will be, above all, the science of the particular, despite the common opinion that the only science is that of general. Pataphysics will examine the laws governing exceptions, and will explain the universe supplementary to this one; or, less ambitiously, will describe a universe which can be—and perhaps should be—envisaged in the place of the traditional one, since the laws that are supposed to have been discovered in the traditional universe are also correlations of exceptions, albeit more frequent ones, but in any case accidental data which, reduced to the status of unexceptional exceptions, possess no longer even the virtue of originality.



DEFINITION. *Pataphysics is the science of imaginary solutions, which symbolically attributes the properties of objects, described by their virtuality, to their lineaments.*

Contemporary science is founded upon the principle of induction: most people have seen a certain phenomenon precede or follow some other phenomenon most often, and conclude therefrom that it will ever be thus. Apart from other considerations, this is true only in the majority of cases, depends upon the point of view, and is codified only for convenience—if that! Instead of formulating the law of the fall of a body toward a center, how far more apposite would be the law of the ascension of a vacuum toward a periphery, a vacuum being considered a unit of non-density, a hypothesis far less arbitrary than the choice of a concrete unit of positive density such as water?

For even this body is a postulate and an average man's point of view, and in order that its qualities, if not its nature, should remain fairly constant, it would be necessary to postulate that the height of human beings should remain more or less constant and mutually equivalent. Universal assent is already a quite miraculous and incomprehensible prejudice. Why should anyone claim that the shape of a watch is round—a manifestly false proposition—since it appears in profile as a narrow rectangular construction, elliptic on three sides; and why the devil should one only have noticed its shape at the moment of looking at the time? —Perhaps under the pretext of utility. But a child who draws a watch as a circle will also draw a house as a square, as a façade, without any justification, of course; because, except perhaps in the country, he will rarely see an isolated building, and even in a street the façades have the appearance of very oblique trapezoids.

We must, in fact, inevitably admit that the common herd (including small children and women) is too dimwitted to comprehend elliptic equations, and that its members are at one in a so-called universal assent because they are capable of perceiving only those curves having a single focal point, since it is easier to coincide with one point rather than with two. These people communicate and achieve equilibrium by the outer edge of their bellies, tangentially. But even the common herd has learned that the real universe is composed of ellipses, and tradesmen keep their wine in barrels rather than cylinders.

So that we may not abandon, through digression, our usual example of water, let us reflect, in this connection, upon the irreverence of the common herd whose instinct sums up the adepts of the science of pataphysics in the following phrase:

*-- Alfred Jary, "Exploits (navigations) & Opinions of Dr. Faustroll"
a dérive through Paris by canoe.*

[1 comment](#): Letter to Dr. Faustroll

**Telopathic letter to Dr. Faustroll from a position of
some density on the matter of the "dim-witted"**

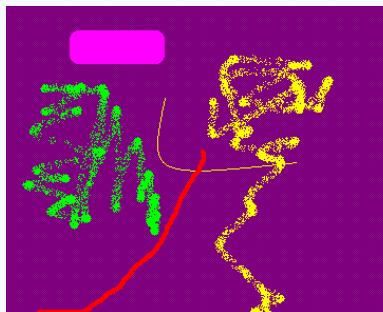
Sir.

Each of the four elements in likeness with earth, fire, air and water corresponds to a

single sense, the fifth sense being a combination of two of the four elements described. The sixth sense is a combination of all of them, ascending outward as vital pneuma rising from the heart and capable of transcending speed itself across the omnigalactic aether whose tumultuous ripples display no surface tension (there being no surface on which to attend, despite its other oceanic attributes).

The effectiveness of the six senses depends largely on a compound (a synaesthesioid) which likes, is like or liked by the object of its sensation: "affinity" but not "representation". Yes, light follows the principles of gravity, but without any necessity of obedience because, in principle, it may be the other aether itself which, as our mutual friend, Edgar Poe once suggested, does the actual moving, and in every direction conceivable in plenary undulations. In such a case, antagonism is im-possible between any points of observation (such as the eyes-wide cross-eyed gaze) but movement amongst them is likely (whether one is moving or moved through, the result is the same) at once and finally implying no time but local time. Meine uhr ist wach!

However, is it not illadvised to compare the drawings by children with those of adults who have accumulated such experience of matters that they became dimwitted? I refer you to the digital portrait of a squarish clock-belfry (the green portion of the image) by four year-old Mary and entitled simply "mine wach" (which 'wach' we know to be German for "awake"):



unless, of course, you mean to say that none of us are gods nor should expect to be any time soon. And as to the tidal influence from the earth upon the orbiting moon, in one or another incarnation, Ambrose Bierce has shown quite clearly that flight is the art and science of falling to the ground, and missing. As you say, there is more to a Clinaman than an inert idea like occidental inertia. It may just be that the less you know by actual measurement, the more the world makes sense, hence the equality of all absurdities.

Peace be upon thee,
Hunayn ibn Ishaq

Aether Heresy nor Science

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Ever since Isaac Newton, many physicists considered the ether to be a static or stagnant phenomenon, something which existed throughout the cosmos, but primarily as a non-moving and immobilized background medium. A static ether or "Absolute Space" was a necessity for Newton, in large measure to reconcile his mathematical laws of motion with his theology. Newton's laws of motion - which can be distilled down to the consideration that "nothing moves unless something else makes it move" - eliminates entirely any spontaneous or dynamical qualities to Nature or the ether. By contrast, the ether of Galileo Galilei, who died on the same year Newton was born (1642), was a dynamic phenomenon, a cosmic prime-mover which put the heavens into motion, a natural force which was responsible for solving the large mystery of where all the motion in the universe ultimately came from. Church theology prior to Galileo and Copernicus portrayed the Earth as stationary in the cosmos, apart from the "perfect" and dynamic heavens, which were put into motion by God. Earth was the home of Satan and sin, and was considered immobilized in the heavens, by contrast to the heavenly planets, Sun and stars, which were pure and daily moved across the skies. The Copernican-Galilean heresy, for the Church, was that it breathed life into places where previously Church authority had declared things dead. The new scientific revolution which came with and stimulated the Renaissance also made "God" irrelevant, insofar as the cosmic ether or prime mover was concerned. The cosmos was animated by Natural Law, and not by deity. The theologically-preoccupied Newton was unsettled by such ideas, and sought to

restore the patriarchal god to his proper role as cosmic clock-maker, who set the universe into motion; his celebrated laws of motion factually worked to undermine and block the progress of scientific and social revolution implied within the writings of heretics such as Bruno, Copernicus and Galileo. Newton appeared motivated to "heal the schism" between Science and the Church, which had developed since Galileo, by ridding the universe of any notion of cosmic prime mover. The ether was henceforth declared dead, static and immobile, and God was rescued from the unemployment lines, his role as the source of all universal motion preserved.(8) This viewpoint is not apparent from his mathematics, but is a part of the underlying philosophy which led to Newton's equations being considered "Laws".

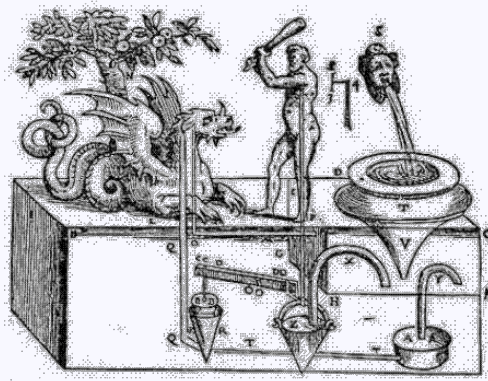
Basically, if one assumes space is empty and there is no prime mover, or that an ether exists but is totally static and immobilized in its behavior, then one must assert some additional principle or metaphysical mechanism for all the observable motion in the universe, whether it be a metaphysical god, or a metaphysical creation-event such as the "Big Bang", or a mathematical-metaphysical abstraction, such as Einstein's relativity. If the ether exists, and is not static, then Nature simplifies things tremendously, but leaves human metaphysical belief systems even more isolated from reality.

-- *DeMeo, Reconciling Miller's Ether-Drift with Reich's Dynamic Orgone*

0 comments

Property & Time

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchro mesh



There is a monstrous toad whose mouth is flush with the Ocean's surface and whose function is to devour the sunken disk, the way the moon eats the clouds. It genuflects daily in its circular communion; at this moment steam rises from its nostrils, and the great flame arises which is the souls of certain people. This is what Plato called the apportionment by lots of souls outside the pole. And its genuflection, because of the structure of its limbs, is also a squatting. The duration of its deglutitory jubilation is therefore without dimension; and since it digests to the rhythm of a vigorous punctuality, its intestines remain unconscious of the transitory star which, in any case, is indigestible. It burrows a passage in the subterranean diversity of the earth and emerges from the opposite pole, where it purges itself of the excrements with which it has soiled itself. It is from this detritus that the devil Plural is born.

[Dr. Faustroll](#) -- by Alfred Jary, 1898

The biggest criticism of the criticism of primitivism is in its (the critics, that is) unwavering belief in the presumptuous assumption of the uni-linearity of "time" as an 'empirical' essence of euclidean space when they tell us one can neither travel backwards (whilst chewing gum or not), nor meddle with the hands of clocks. "Not never, no how!" But everyday, we witness folks abandoning the new and improved for the old and reliable. What can this possibly have to do with the invariant immortality of imaginary lines? Every anthropologist knows that it will be the practical archaeologists (those with dirty fingernails) who will survive the coming whatever. The dead compose an invincible army when roused by social critics to face the arrogant teetering on their quavering tightropes over any uncertain precipice (see [headlong](#): 'a very dangerous state'). It's as if they think one can never let go of unwanted baggage, like, what then would have been the point in its prior accumulation? Would we not become simpletons of reduced stature? Oh, those

poor vertiginous people and their fragile complexities, ever forbidden to mobiliate in their higher planes of order, that is, without a delegated pilot!

-- see [The Measure of Time](#) by Henri Poincaré

0 comments

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT BEFORE...

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

the conventional assumption that language divides neatly into a bunch of individual entities that we call "languages" is an ethnocentric one--that as self-evident as it seems to us today, it's just one of the "truths" belonging to Modern Western culture, and not something that would occur to people in other times and places...

As regards the conception of individual languages in earlier times in the Western tradition, I have the following quotation from Illich and Sanders to the effect that in Europe at an earlier time languages were not thought of as distinct, or well-defined, systems. (It also attempts to give an idea of how they were viewed at that time).

"Up until the time of the earliest vernacular grammars--in other words, up until the late fifteenth century--lingua or tongue or habla was less like one drawer in a bureau than one color in a spectrum. The comprehensibility of speech was comparable to the intensity of a color." [Illich, Ivan, and Barry Sanders. 1988. ABC: The alphabetization of the popular mind. San Francisco: North Point Press.(pp. 62-3)

Another quotation that supports this point is the following one, taken from the preface to Samuel Johnson's (18th century) dictionary of the English language. I should point out that this dictionary has been credited--probably more than any other single work--with accomplishing the standardization of the English language. Johnson's point is that, before he designed it, there was no coherent system within what was called "English".

"When I took the first survey of my undertaking, I found our speech copious without order, and energetick without rules: wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principle of selection..." [Samuel Johnson, Preface to the Dictionary.]

Trudgill, in another of the quotations, points out that the modern Western view may also differ from views elsewhere in the contemporary world.

"Le Page's terms focused and diffuse require some discussion. Le Page and Tabouret-Keller have pointed out (1985) that speech communities, and therefore language varieties, vary from the relatively focused to the relatively diffuse. The better-known European languages tend to be of the focused type: the language is felt to be clearly distinct from other languages; its 'boundaries' are clearly delineated; and members of the speech community show a high level of agreement as to what does and does not constitute 'the language'. In other parts of the world, however, this may not be so at all, and we may have instead a relatively diffuse situation: speakers may have no very clear idea about what language they are speaking; and what does and does not constitute the language will be perceived as an issue of no great importance." [Trudgill, Peter. 1986. Dialects in contact. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. (pp. 85-86)]

Peter Mühlhäusler, in the following quotation, even questions the applicability of the notion of the "language" in most cultures.

"One is led to conclude that the notion of 'a language' is one whose applicability to the Pacific region, and in fact to most situations outside those found within modern European type nation-states, is extremely limited." [Mühlhäusler, Peter. 1996. Linguistic ecology: Language change and linguistic imperialism in the Pacific region. London and New York: Routledge. (p. 7)]

-- see [The Linguistic Construction of Reality](#) (pdf)

0 comments

Sexes and Genders

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the [synchronesh](#)

Observation: People (and many other species) used to come in two *sexes*, male and female, or so I understood. Now it seems that these two are *genders* in many, most, or even all cases.

The question is: When are they *genders* and when *sexes*? The answer seems to keep changing: at least my idea of what the preferred usage is has passed through several stages over time. If I attempt to review my own successive understandings, I come up with something like the following:

1. At the beginning, as far as I knew, they were called *sexes*. When I first became aware of the use of *gender* in this sense, the explanation I heard was that it was begun by Ruth Bader Ginsburg, and that she did it to avoid the word *sex* because it made her uncomfortable (1). Anyway, I haven't heard any more about her role in this, so maybe this explanation had no basis in fact.
2. Subsequently this use of *gender* seemed to grow, and at some point I got the understanding that it was being actively promoted by advocates of the idea that the differences in human male and female behavior are in large part due to socialization. The explanation I got was that to emphasize their point, they advocated using *sex* for the biological distinction and *gender* for the culturally-assigned roles and to behavioral differences between those males and females socialized into them.
3. From some later point, it seemed that some kind of discomfort had become attached to the word *sex* so that people felt easier avoiding the word entirely and just saying *gender* for all (at least human) instances of the male-female distinction. At any rate, one now regularly hears talk of the *gender* even in the earliest stages of pregnancy.
4. But maybe some distinction is still being promoted here. Might this, for example, be intended to make some point about the extent of influence from the external environment on the intra-uterine development of the fetus? Or is it simply that *gender* just gathered a momentum that has carried it beyond its goal?
5. What then is to be the fate of the pariah word, *sex*? It does seem to have re-emerged as the way to refer to the act of sexual intercourse so that people who copulate are now said to *have sex*. (Does the expression *have sex* fill some previous semantic gap? That explanation hardly sounds convincing since English-speakers had previously seemed to experience little difficulty in finding ways to refer to the act.)
6. But should the replacement of *sex* by *gender* in reference to male and female be regarded as now complete? There are still some loose ends as far as my understanding is concerned. First, I don't know the rule for other species. Is the distinction between bulls and cows one of *gender*, or are they still *sexes* as of now? Is the answer the same for peafowl? Bees? Black widow spiders? Papaya trees?
7. And there's the word *sexist*? One would expect it have been replaced by *genderist*. In fact, one might expect that someone who was *sexist* would be someone who likes *having sex*. (But that condition appears to be so common that one might have felt that it was its absence that was more in need of a name).

Any clarification would be welcome.

Note

1. Ginsburg would have been exploiting the facts (1) that the noun classes of certain languages, such as the Indo-European, have traditionally been called *genders* (from the Latin root *genus* meaning *kind*), and (2) that the individual two or three classes have traditionally been named after the sexes (or absence of sexual status in the case of *neuter*). Thus the word *gender* has become associated in people's minds with sexual distinctions.

-- [George Grace](#)

-- see [Gaia is a tough Bitch!](#) by Lynn Margulis

[0](#) comments

Exponential Growths or Ingrown Exponents

Winding Down the Clockwork?

Posted in [May](#) by Dave on the synchronesh

To Vico, a normative legal text is utterly meaningless without living speech to clarify it. "Such manuals foster a habit of abiding by general maxims whereas in real life nothing is more useless"(Mooney:Pri.of Lang.p.209). It was better in his view to use the heroic Roman method of a minimum of laws where equity came with the skill of an eloquent lawyer.

Poetic wisdom was the synthesis of wisdom and eloquence, of res and verba. Poetry was not merely a product of the mind, but actually the logic of the mind's development...Society would fall apart when the philosophers forgot how to communicate and the rhetoricians became merely clever.

-- Erik Growen, *Vico's sensus communis*

28048 bc	Glacial advance	
12048 bc	Glacial retreat	16000
4448 bc	Empire vs. Humans	10000
1948 bc	Iron Age Antiempire	2500
548	Antirome	2500
1048	Roman Part II	500
1348	Plague/ Antipope	300
1648	English civil war	300
1848	Burgeouis Revolution	200
1888	Worker movement	40
1918	peasant revolts	30
1948	General Strike/Bohemian reaction	30
1968	youth uprising	20
1988	Antisoviet	20
1998	Anticapital	10
2008	Anticiv	10
2011	You Are Here!	3

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