



"From now on, Utopia is not only an eminently practical project, it is a vitally necessary one!" – Clark, Gray, et al

CROWBAR MOMENTS

Vol.1, No. 1: *A Poem Cycle*

What is the essential difference between identical twins?

Handy: "That I am here and you are there, surely!"

Dandy: "Ah but you are wrong my darling, for most assuredly you are there!"

Handy: "So then, what's for supper?"

For a Free Science: The War Against Answers

Should we demand no question should go on answered? We offer many questions free for the taking. We have questions about everything. We ourselves are always in need of more. With enough questions, no answer will be so presumptuous as to dictate terms of discourse as calculated transactions of equitable object-values, as it is both objects and values which we also question. To

question value is ultimately destructive to the entire political-economic order, as long as we expect no answer. If we only question the answers given, perhaps those who insist upon them will go away or become, like ourselves, confused, wondering. Is this not the goal of all critique? The destruction of preconceived values which, under harsh interrogation, always seem to belong to someone else, yet none but those who already have all the answers claim them?

But surely they will question us, no?. Isn't the proper response to a question the return of another? Or to pass it along? Perhaps we could as well accept a response which makes us laugh? A well placed malapropism or a double entendre through the bank window of our brain which implies something quite other than what it says on the attached note? Was it a ransom note? Such replies to our questions are quite appropriate since, in fact, they are not answers at all? This questionable utopia we relentlessly pursue will therefore put to question all attempts to require permits, passports, pontifications, proclamations and other such personal pains – answers one and all.

We have taken this extremely questionable course because we are tired of hearing the same old answers justifying every disgusting thing done to us and even worse things to our fellows. A break from answers (particularly final answers) is a break from every anti-social constraint placed upon possibility. Are we then free to pantomime the possible and mimic the pleasurable, just to give them a dry run test? Is this the nature of experimentation? Good science is said to be heuristic, which is to say, only leads to more questions. Free science, anyone? Before you answer, pause a moment and ask yourself this: "What is the essential difference between...

Navigation & Pataphysical Self-Consciousness

"_____ is a prototypical fuzzy category. Ever subject to conflicting discourses, the concept of _____ is constantly being undermined by a politics of interpretation in which hegemonic norms are challenged by dissenting voices. It follows that the meaning of _____ in relation to other things, the Saussurean value of the category, is always shifting. Consider the categorical entanglements of "money" and "sex". When we say that someone is well-fixed or well-endowed, what exactly are we talking about?" (– *Marshal Sahlins*)

"Pataphysics will be, above all, the science of the particular, despite the common opinion that the only science is that of the 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." (– *Alfred Jarry*)

An eye to aesthetics merely turns the normal curve upside down. It's a matter of pataphysics. The new peaks are disturbances, bringing us to consciousness, arousing our interest, encouraging movement. They are always attractive, no matter where (or even if) our "moral senses" lie. The slopes and lows, the inverted swells (mean, median and mode), the repetitively normal and banal (if they don't put us back to sleep) announce to us commensurable patterns – landmarks useful for navigating absurd peaks. These peaks may be statistically insignificant, but they represent the most poignant (from Latin *pungere* 'to prick, sting') elements of our landscape. In the study of probabilities, the fluke or "exception" is not even registered on the pie chart and outright disappears in the normal curve. Pataphysical aesthetics places the

fluke at its very center. A recognition of environmental consistency gives us the courage necessary to follow our nose, to engage, to immerse, to participate. When there is no consistency, it's either time to set aside the LSD for a time, or dispense with your neurosis and move your camp because, from this perspective, one can see the absurdity in the normal and realize the equivalence of all absurdities. (– *Carlos Dufús*)

"The great merit of pataphysics is to have confirmed that there is no metaphysical justification for forcing everybody to believe in the same absurdity, possibilities for the absurd (and in art) are legion. The only logical deduction that can be made from this principle is the anarchist thesis: to each his own absurdities. The negation of this principle is expressed in the legal power of the state, which forces all citizens to submit to an identical set of political absurdities." (– *Asgjer Jorn*)

"Naive realism, such as is found among savages and some Germanic scholars, accepts the data of perception without question. Philosophy began with the distinction between the 'apparent universe' - the universe made up of the data of perception - and the 'real universe' - which allegedly underlies the universe of perception and 'explains' it. The 'real universe', is assumed to be by definition more 'real' than the 'apparent universe'. But philosophy turns on itself and mind whirls when we remember suddenly that this so-called universe is made up entirely of our theories, our guesses, and, as I have explained previously, the instinct to gossip. It then appears that the 'real universe' like the 'apparent universe' is the creation of our brains. We then have to assume a triple, or three-headed cosmology, made up of the 'apparent universe', created by our senses, and the alleged 'real universe', created by our guesses and gossip, and the real 'real universe', which our 'real universe' may or may not resemble greatly. But if the 'real universe' is made up of theories, this 'real

real universe' can only be a theory about theories, namely a theory that some thing may correspond to some theories. Thus we go from inference to inference, and find certainty nowhere." (– Prof. de Selby, in Brian O' Nolan, The Third Policeman; and as well, R. A. Wilson)

Jain Sevenfold Dialectic of Syadvad in Relation to Probability:

1. *syadasti*: Perhaps or maybe or in a sense ... it is.
2. *syatnasti*: Perhaps or maybe or in a sense ... it is not.
3. *syadasti nasti ca*: Perhaps or maybe or in a sense ... it is, it is not.
4. *syadavaktavyah*: Perhaps or maybe or in a sense ... it is indeterminate or indescribable.
5. *syadasti ca avaktavya sca*: Perhaps or maybe or in a sense ... it is and also indeterminate or indescribable.
6. *syatnasti ca avaktavyasca*: Perhaps or maybe or in a sense ... it is not and also indeterminate or indescribable.
7. *syadasti nasti ca avaktav-yasca*: Perhaps or maybe or in a sense ... it is and it is not and also indeterminate or indescribable.

– Syadvad: jainworld.com

We are observers and mimics: Pataphysical Psychoanalysis

When we stay at home and mimic only each other, we must stay the same old normal same old, democratic, corncob 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.

A South Seas Adventure

I have a theory that ancient Pacific Island mariners may have used kites to navigate by upper air currents to follow migratory birds to their island resting-spots. The kite mimics the wing, the canoe allows the observation, matching sky and water, to follow forthwith to its predicted conclusion. The existence of unknown distant islands could be deduced from prior observations of bird behavior concerning known islands repeated toward the unknown. They fly off that-a-way, then come back! Flying kites at the altitude of observed migration routes in the appropriate season would suggest a direction and visible target to steer by, even when the birds have flown beyond sight. We are talking about tracking behavior, assuming birds follow a path of least resistance accompanying wind currents and only fly so far before requiring a resting spot on dry ground. This much is yet known and described by New Zealand Maori. Stellar navigation alone suggests travel restricted to night-time. This would prove precarious should the journey last more than one evening, albeit, the position of the rising and setting sun provide directional aids, much of the day would be traveled clueless if encountering new seascapes. The travelers might find themselves spending each night only getting back on course.

Re-creations of Polynesian voyaging have the advantage of knowing in advance their destination. The original discoverers of, say Hawai'i would have only had a theory, unless it is true that all discoveries were matters of accident after being blown off course. If this danger was so immanent with sea travel, (as it must have been to "accidentally" populate the entire Pacific so rapidly) how could they have made any such voyages to begin with? Any attempt to cross the water to points even within the visual horizon would have been seen as great acts of foolhardiness, as the attempt would be punished more frequently than reinforced. It is generally observed that consistent punishment eventually extinguishes adventurous behavior, if it does not produce a revolution. On the other hand, if it was a matter of teenage elopement or even 'run-aways', the question of accident is

rendered moot. Of course, the accident theorists have no problem with the idea of courageous savages canoing by the seat of their loincloths, navigational instrumentation and especially, integrated systems of navigational science among the beastly lot would be considered absurd, to say the least. By comparison, our compass and gps tracking allows us to go through life with no knowledge whatsoever, nor even a perceptual inclination toward our surroundings, not even to say changes in it.

Of course, there's no proof for this kite theory, but we do know that the Polynesians were experts in astronomy and bird ethology and navigated great distances by other means, amalgamating "motions" and constellations of stars and color and "texture" of ocean swells which occurred in predictable patterns, cloud formations, following habits of sea life, as well as by many other means lost to colonial history. We know they were consummate kite fliers. We know birds had mythological (so-called "gods" appearing as birds and birds as mediums, communicating with gods and natural forces) as well as 'economic' importance. Interestingly, Polynesians metaphorically referred to the canoe as bird. We know their cultures were integrated, not haphazard assemblages of isolated institutions. [see [Polynesian Navigation](#) and [Maori Myth, Legend and Lore](#)]

Integration is an *a posteriori* matter of combining the known or observed to illuminate hidden patterns. It is mimicry turned inside out, or as Nietzsche would say, "observed from the backside". Theory extracts these patterns which may or may not be "real" in some describable or indeterminate sense and then goes on to posit their commensurability. Sometimes they seem to shout at us if we look closely. Boas' theory of diffusion insists that novelties are not mimicked, reproduced or modelled unless they fit or are made to fit with the familiar. This works well with the iteration or even perceivability of new ideas. An atlatl or spear thrower is the result of self-mimicry and

extension. It is a prosthesis. The slot and hook at one end mimics the hand and finger (and often carved as such) holding the spear. Our own hand holding the device mimics a joint, and the device itself mimics an extra bone-length to our limb. The result of the sudden extension of our contracted or folded limb multiplies the distance and velocity of the spear when released on full extension. Mathematics will describe the process, but gives us no clue to its "invention". It is perfected by practice and modification, not by systems of logic. Rather, we are talking about poetry, and without some resemblance to the "known", passes right over our head.

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO.

2: *Not To Work?*

Autobiographical Notes of a Self-knowledgeable Fool

I had told the physicist that whilst it may be true that the speed of light is a constant in the universe, this does not *a priori* imply that photons cannot vary from this speed and travel faster or slower than (to naturally decelerate or become accelerated from) the renowned "C". It only implies that the wave will no longer be perceived as "light" and we can no longer call them "photons". Further, if light does in fact "travel", it can only be said to be "time travel" irregardless of speed, originating in the past and illuminating the present, also regardless of its perception. To say its energy is "the capacity to perform work" is absurd, since that would imply a conscious agency which, in the case of light, can predict the future. Light does not fill out job applications! Who pays for this work? Who commands it? One cannot reduce work at the ministry to the laws of physics, particularly when ministers administrate through the unconscious (or habituated) relegation of tasks to minions, themselves

unconscious of the possibility of refusal! Election and selection have no bearing on any matter, as, like the photon, an automaton has no consciousness. (Or so we are told!)

Standing before the central committee at the De-pod (*The Tribunal for the Detection & Proscription of Deficiency*), I was first asked by the chief inquisitor, Kommodates, "Who are you before us?". I proclaimed I was "an activist out for social change". After some whispering among the committee members, I was diagnosed as an "uncooperative trouble maker", a behavior disorder of some concern but more appropriately addressed by the criminal justice system. Had there been a taint of alcohol on my breath? When I further specified my statement with the phrase, "as a revolutionary ...", the diagnosis was revised to "delusional disorder with homicidal tendencies". When I protested that I was actually "just a nihilist skeptic in a bad mood", the diagnosis was refined to include "schizotypal personality disorder with sociopathic inclination" and chemical lobotomy was immediately prescribed. The alternative treatment suggested had been military service, but this approach was rejected as "merely passing the buck to avoid responsibility" and therefore "inhumane". These were, after all, progressive and liberal times.

Finally, a psychiatric justification had been found to defend my refusal of work – I think; therefore I am ... (free to depend upon others to provide my livelihood)! Would it not be in the interest of justice and reciprocity for me to repay this gift with ... work?

I am exonerated! I am recuperated!

– *Otto Sophistocrates, 32 BCE*

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO.

3:

It Is The Status of the Book as a

Product...

... not the consciousness artists or book makers have of their activity, that defines the social effect of books



The City is the teacher of Man.

Its cupped, unseen hand

*... whose shit steams in the public places,
writhes and curls like slugs into letter shapes,
which our slaves, spilling limed water from amphorae,
wash away before the lesson can be read.*

– Xenophanes

Here was our art exhibition that set out to realize itself in advance of commodity reform. It was another moment where we had decided to risk the tenuous existence of our project so much more in attempting some sort of absurd material reality for it, wagering the results against the nothingness.

This was especially true in comparison to the glory of our ideas and imaginings, which in this instance at least had nothing to do with any 'reclamation of cultural space' or whatever else, and which seemingly could have only been realized in the form of a certain lonely, unsung exodus, itself only being able to exist precisely because it was not celebrated, not recognized anywhere, not a threat to the necessarily ineffable avant-garde of it's own escape route; in sum a

pseudo-exhibition instead of another moment of the reproduction in approbation of everything we had already abandoned in contemplation.

We exhibited a single book, the title and content of which of course being of no importance at this point in time to those who weren't in attendance.

In fact, since it was not scheduled, nobody attended our art exhibition. It contained an utter absence of talent and great works, but it was a moment of distribution nevertheless. It sprouted up suddenly and vanished just as quickly, evading capture — a stone on the Go board, it knew in advance that it could never set itself up to be *in atari*, and thus with a decisive motion of the hand all playing pieces were swept off the table, sent scattering before pattern could congeal once more, and the chair was kicked in, the playing area overturned and the board ripped in two. It was simultaneously the most innocuous and revolutionary gesture that we had ever lived through.

There is an impossible situation, no exit, a sense of stillness and perhaps a total non-appearance of social dissonance, so we place ourselves in extraneous space — we will make ourselves and the *irrelevance* of our gesture the object at issue, we will do something, many things even, and we will not be registered.

*anonymous, April 2008
Dallas*

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO. 4: *Zarasthustra, Jurisprudence & Anarcho-Schizophrism* [\[1\]](#)

The byproduct of constraint or the meddling of some over the choices of

others, the forces of history, that is, historical force, the relegation of personal choice to others seen as the progress of democracy, has unwittingly (or without conspiratorial intent) détourned *Humata, Hukhta, Hvarshta* into *jurisprudence*. This is illustrated by historical linguistics. To wit:

jurisprudence: 1628, "knowledge of law," from L. *jurisprudentia* "the science of law," from *juris* "of right, of law" (gen. of *jus*; see **jurist**) + *prudentia* "knowledge, a foreseeing" (see **prudence**). Meaning "the philosophy of law" is first attested 1756.

jurist: 1456, "one who practices law," from M.Fr. *juriste*, from M.L. *jurista* "jurist," from L. *jus, ius* (gen. *juris*) "law," L. *ius* "law," from PIE **yewes-* "law," originally a term of religious cult, perhaps meaning "sacred formula" (cf. L. *iurare* "to pronounce a ritual formula," Vedic *yos* "health," Avestan *yaoz-da-* "make ritually pure," Ir. *huisse* "just"). The Gmc. root represented by O.E. *æ* "custom, law," O.H.G. *ewa*, Ger. *Ehe* "marriage," though sometimes associated with this group, seems rather to belong to PIE^[2] **ej-* "to go." Meaning "a legal writer" is from 1626.

prudence: 1340, "wisdom to see what is virtuous, or what is suitable or profitable," from O.Fr. *prudence* (13c.), from L. *prudentia* "foresight, sagacity," contraction of *providentia* "foresight" (see **providence**). Secondary sense of "wisdom" (c.1375) now only in *jurisprudence* (q.v.). *Prudent* first recorded 1382, from O.Fr. *prudent*, from L. *prudenter* (nom. *prudens*) "foresighted, skilled, experienced," contraction of *providens*. First record of *prudential* is from c.1400.

providence: 1382, "foresight, prudent anticipation," from O.Fr. *providence* (12c.), from L. *providentia* "foresight, precaution," from *providentem* (nom. *providens*), prp. of *providere* (see **provide**). *Providence* (usually capitalized) "God as beneficent caretaker," first recorded 1602.

provide: 1407, from L. *providere* "look ahead, prepare, supply," from *pro-* "ahead" + *videre* "to see" (see **vision**).

vision: c.1290, "something seen in

the imagination or in the supernatural," from Anglo-Fr. *visioun*, O.Fr. *vision*, from L. *visionem* (nom. *visio*) "act of seeing, sight, thing seen," from pp. stem of *videre* "to see," from PIE base **weid-* "to know, to see" (cf. Skt. *veda* "I know;" Avestan *vaeda* "I know;" Gk. *oida*, Doric *woida* "I know," *idein* "to see;" O.Ir. *fis* "vision," *find* "white," i.e. "clearly seen," *fiuss* "knowledge;" Welsh *gwyn*, Gaulish *vindos*, Breton *gwenn* "white;" Goth., O.Swed., O.E. *witan* "to know;" Goth. *weitan* "to see;" Eng. *wise*, Ger. *wissen* "to know;" Lith. *vysti* "to see;" Bulg. *vidya* "I see;" Pol. *widziec'* "to see," *weidziec'* "to know;" Rus. *videt'* "to see," *vest'* "news," O.Russ. *vedat'* "to know"). The meaning "sense of sight" is first recorded c.1491. Meaning "statesman-like foresight, political sagacity" is attested from 1926.

intelligence: 1390, "faculty of understanding," from O.Fr. *intelligence* (12c.), from L. *intelligentia* "understanding," from *intelligentem* (nom. *intelligens*) "discerning," prp. of *intelligere* "to understand, comprehend," from *inter-* "between" + *legere* "choose, pick out, read" (see **lecture**). Meaning "superior understanding, sagacity" is from c.1430. Sense of "information, news" first recorded c.1450, especially "secret information from spies" (1587). *Intelligent* is a 1509 back-formation; *Intelligentsia* "the intellectual class collectively" is 1907, from Rus. *intelligyentsia*, from Latin. *Intelligence quotient* first recorded 1922 (see *I.Q.*).

lecture: 1398, "action of reading, that which is read," from M.L. *lectura* "a reading, lecture," from L. *lectus*, pp. of *legere* "to read," originally "to gather, collect, pick out, choose" (cf. *election*), from PIE **leg-* "to pick together, gather, collect" (cf. Gk. *legein* "to say, tell, speak, declare," originally, in Homer, "to pick out, select, collect, enumerate;" *lexis* "speech, diction;" *logos* "word, speech, thought, account;" L. *lignum* "wood, firewood," lit. "that which is gathered"). To read is to "pick out words." Meaning "action of reading (a lesson) aloud" is from 1526. That of "a discourse on a given subject before an audience for purposes of instruction" is from 1536. The verb is attested from 1590. – [Online Etymology](#)

Democracy is merely the "willing" acquiescence to tyranny which gives the latter the quality of invisibility and the birth of the modern spectacle – the politics of persuasion. "A-political democracy" must always be an oxymoron. To maintain this idea requires a different word altogether – something like "*patamimetic freedom*". Personal choice is negated by collective interest, whether hierarchically trickled down from a monarch, parliament, or horizontally distributed within the collective. The IMF and WTO is the peak development of democratic progress. Commercial law is universalized as the global octopus, under which is subsumed threat of physical intercession by the worm of the chief military nation-state's cluster-bombs: sacrifice of autonomous choice as a greater sacrifice for the greater good. Theft and sacrifice are autopoietically merged – we call this balancing act "justice". The failure of global commerce merely reinstates the ascendancy of the state worm, but the jurisprudential law of commerce is unphased. Democracy still thrives even among the most radical of dissenters. Even the supersession of capitalism by democratic, egalitarian distribution of resources, goods, services, the socialisation of production, does little to phase the loss of personal choice. There is no patamimetic balance between imagination and desire with compassion and choice, only dialectic friction. Use-value is still the king in waiting; sagacity is the potential for maximisation which is only an old word for capitalization. Long lives the racket, long lives the state! (cf. [Camatte](#)).

Zoroastrianism was the "religion" of Indo-European goat-herders which predates God. The result of Nietzsche's correspondence with the Persian, Zarathustra, has influenced every succeeding generation of dissenters against the state, of the *status quo*. Moral codes are theories of universal human nature originating, like messianic cults, as reactions against existing conditions of tyranny. How soon they themselves

become tyrannical. Perhaps it is the "will-to-power" itself which gives rise to hypocrisy, inciting shouts from the congregation: "Practice what you preach!" The one-dimensional idea that praxis is behavior derived from theory misses the historical fact that most theory merely explains or justifies or predicts trends arising from already existent behavior.

Humata: *'Good thoughts'* – A Healthy Imagination, capable of recognizing possibilities;

Hukhta: *'Good words'* – Communication or the sharing of perspectives (distribution of collected possibilities or "interlection"); meaning is not found in words, but in their distribution;

Hvarshta: *'Good deeds'* – Actualised possibility by 'healthy' choice, action, a praxis where empiricism and tradition are the same, a condition in which change is always possible but rarely necessary. In another language, this is called "adaptation" and "adaptive potential".

Optimal conditions are only those which ebb-and-flow with options. Even the Romans recognized *legere* – "to gather, collect, pick out, choose". In modern usage, the democratic *collective* and exclusive *college* are merely linguistic variants from the same root. They are the politicized band, the politicized village: exclusive gangs & commercial rackets learned from ancient Greeks. In prehistoric Persia, *Hukhta* is none other than communication and ritual pantomime, the basis of social learning. It provides commonality, custom, tradition – culture even as now colloquially defined. Culture heroes are impossible without their chroniclers, the poets. Poet-historians keep us mindful of the past as something to be emulated (or not, in the case of historic villains). Their sidekicks, the poet-futurists (or "prophets") make us wary of the possible implications of changes to the present context. *Renewal* is a matter of merging stasis and change rather than the stagnation implied by "maintenance of the status quo".

The Zoroastrian motto illustrates a feedback system – *autopoiesis*. Democracy, on the other hand, is culture pathologized in individual sacrifice, civilized in collective theft. *Legere* is détourned to *legare* "send away, refer, send as an envoy, bequeath" – the relegation of personal choice to 'untied' ('untried'?) delegates which is said to reproduce binds which tie – ligation through legislation; *mimesis* is a crime called "plagiarism" even though *morality* is considered the virtue of standardization. The resulting pathology is known as class struggle emanating contractual law, the so-called social contract equally endorsed by Confucius, Mohammad, Hobbes and Rousseau and later Hegel and Durkheim. It is all based on an ontology (produced by self-fulfilling prophecy) of social relations based not in communication, but mutual antagonism. So, and unfortunately so, the ruling class today is not only a ghost, but a divinity: the ideology of democratic jurisprudence which has haunted every revolution by, for and of the antagonized "down-trodden" throughout history. Freedom will always, can only ever be, the ideology of terrorists.

Notes:

[1] **AS:** Anarcho-Schizophrenism – Revolutionizing worlds since 4004 BC.

[2] **PIE:** Proto Indo-european, the reconstructed language spoken perhaps as late as 5,000 years ago by the ancestors of modern speakers in the Indo-european language family.

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO.

5:

The Aesthetics Of Pantomimicriticism

That the art academies have never had a renewing, let alone a beautifying or improving significance for artistic

development, is no doubt because of their reversed position. They place the formal before the manifold and ignore renewal, and the result is stagnation. . . . If academic, official and authorized aesthetics thus has no favourable results to show because of its failing radicalism, then, on the other hand, we have within the so-called humanities or formal sciences, which must really be perceived as preliminary unconnected or constructed aesthetic stages in the scientific process, a corresponding stagnation, but of an opposite cause and nature, as here there is a failure to comply with the organizational process that could transform these disciplines to natural sciences. There can be no doubt that this hesitation is because the formation of our society and thereby our attitude to life remains at an inconsistent or aesthetic stage and hinders us from reaching an organic perception of the world. We can only make progress or desperate tentative efforts.

– Asger Jorn

For a pantomime beyond activism!

Aesthetics as action, coup de théâtre or effect!

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

In choosing it depends not so much on choosing the correct thing,
as on the energy,
the earnestness
and pathos,
with which one chooses.

However,
if it has been noticed
what a prominent place
this conflict about words has had
throughout the times
and with what bloody passion it has been waged,
in order not only to master the word
but above all its interpretation and meaning,

then it will also have been understood
that this word-conflict
is a dispute about world-pictures,
attitudes to life and perceptions of society,
and as such the necessary precondition
for understanding
and actively entering into
a new development.

Words

must therefore be constantly dislocated in
their meaning.
Everywhere system and order is created,
it is the one who is the strongest
or the most superior at using
ORTHOGRAPHY
and what is placed in words
that turns out to be right.

The action creates the idea.
And they sensed the sounding word and the
airy thought.

In the beginning was the word.

This thesis should not be perceived literally,
for if we say that it is the words
that produce thoughts and ideas,
we have in fact said just the opposite,
even though we feel we have said it correctly.

The word in this first perception
is identical with the idea or the meaning.

If we now go in the opposite direction
and try to follow and enter
into the development instead of analyzing it,
then we come automatically to the opposite
result,
that it is the effect,
the meaningless, inane, absurd or free
action,
that in certain cases creates causes
or is transformed to meaning and context,
that it is action which creates reaction,
radicalism which creates conservatism,
effect which creates influence.

Only when the effect collides with an

opposition,
as when two effects crash together,
is it transformed into a cause.

Goethe's well-known thesis: in the beginning
was the action.

Muscle movements create glandular
secretions
and thereby emotion
or the body's collected continual reaction.

– *anonymus*
– *Søren Kierkegaard*
– *Sophocles*
– *Asger Jorn*

Splay the oozing Theophrastus on a catapult.

*Pull the pus-covered cart to the Pellaen
walls.
and cut the tensed rope.*

*Let the assholes of Assus preach about Truth
and Form:*

*In the real world, a philosopher flying over a
burning city is
strangely beautiful.*

– *Ammonides*
– *Kent Johnson*

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO. 6: *Three Little Pigs*

Morality and *Economy* walked into
the world hand in hand. From within
their grasp emerged a third, *Polity*,
nick-named "Pig the Impaler".
Together they founded the first
academy of moral philosophy, called
*The Aedinborough College of
Jurisprudence & Edification*. Such
was how civilisation emerged and
spread throughout the animal
kingdom.

Another version of this tale relays that Pig
came first, a great tusked beast of some five
hundred pounds forcefully waddling down
the avenue and from his swinging arms, each
ending in clenched hoof, emerged a twin hog

plodding along on either side. Ant, cockroach, dog and horse fled from the path as the trialectic unity unwieldily rumbled ahead. This first street gang launched civilization, and lumbering past misty meadows and simmering feedlots, came upon the grainery and feasted upon dried corn, oat and legume which had once been gifts intended for distribution throughout the countryside. The sign at the gate cheerfully announced "*Come one, come all!*" In no time at all, the entire contents had been consumed.

The other animals, bumpkins one and all, now blamed the store house itself for their hunger, and conspired to burn it down. The pigs, after all, were no more nor less bumpkin than themselves: "They wouldn't do that to us!" But these crafty pigs became apprised of the situation and, having feasted to great contentment, proceeded to burn down the facility themselves. When the other animals arrived the next morning armed with torch, scythe and pitchfork, they saw the ashen spectacle and cheered the forthright bravery of the pigs – "Liberation at last! Hunger is a thing of the past" they cried. To return this kindness, torches were quenched and the mob scattered into the countryside, pitchfork and scythe at the ready, to return with lavish gifts of prunings and leavings and apple tree gleanings. Thus was simultaneously born centralised government, the revolution, riot, the insurance scam and the morality of labour.

After a thousand years of peace, albeit, an overall thin piece, small gangs of delegates (called "councils"), already freed from production in order to compose co-ordinating gleaning-committees, were redirected by popular appeal to petition the central office for increases in allocated distribution. While each increased allocation was celebrated as a revolutionary victory, the growth of bureaucracy meant fewer actual gleaners, whose own work-load obviously increased proportionately.

Another thousand years saw labour-saving

devices cropping up everywhere alongside vast increases in litter size. But the more effort put into creating and distributing these tools meant a corresponding growth of bureaucracy to manage it. The animals praised bureaucracy itself as a wellspring of provident solution. But the piece was still getting thinner with every passing day and many started to blame their increasingly precarious conditions on the very tools meant to lighten the load. Sabotage spread throughout the land. Paradoxically, this only exacerbated the problems since even more effort was applied to tool replacement and its security. In fact, the three little Pigs hung a banner between the gate-posts which read: "*Remember your Heritage! Sabotage for Progress, Destruction Provides Growth!*" and warfare and patriotism and planned obsolescence emerged through spontaneous generation. Soon, tools began to sabotage themselves.

A growing sense of defeatism began to spread, and it took little time at all for the animals to become apathetic toward their own misery. In fact, they became apathetic toward everything. This is how the animals lost their consciousness. Even the pigs were witless! For the first time in ages, the world seemed to be running itself. So it still took another thousand years to reach the point where nothing whatsoever was accomplished. The tattered sign at the old central office, now abandoned and, rumor has it, moved to an underground cave, read: "*Your Heritage Lives in the Future!*" With no possible means to continue growth, the sky fell with no prior announcement and to no one's particular surprise.

A single precociously pregnant cockroach cried out: "The sky has fallen! The sky has fallen!", but there was no one left near it to hear it. Disappointed, she turned away, walked a bit, paused, raised an eyebrow and said to no one in particular: "Was that a grainery I passed by earlier?"

– A. Runnion Polisson

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO.

7:

The Supersession Of Art: Interregnal Hope?

*What makes hope such an intense pleasure is the fact that the future, which we dispose of to our liking, appears to us at the same time under a multitude of forms, equally attractive and equally possible. Even if the most coveted of these be comes realized, it will be necessary to give up the others, and we shall have lost a great deal. The idea of the future, pregnant with an infinity of possibilities, is thus more fruitful than the future itself, and this is why we find more charm in hope than in possession, in dreams than in reality. – Henri Bergson, 1888: *Time & Free Will**

So for about the last year, my head's not been performing at a very "intellectual level". I think it's because I'm still absorbing the ideas of pantomime (what Bergson called "endosmosis") and distributivity (what Bergson called "extensity") and renewal (what Bergson called "duration") with regard to poetry/art/language/life, which is also to say I've been involved in schizophrenic discovery. I looked up pantomime on wiki and about fell out of my chair. It's only Marcel Marceau in the States! What a history! It's Jarry and Artaud and Dada and Vaudeville and Burlesque and Fire-sign Theatre and Monty Python and Bullwinkle and has probably been distributing itself into the future since before the beginnings of civilization! It's in Balinese dance and Northwest coast Indian art and Picasso and Tai Chi and fly fishing as well. Picasso's distributive art is the big clue to poetry and to why scientists in pith helmets are always bogged down in obsessive-compulsive farting-away on the tiniest details dug out of the dirt in an artfull waste (or is that a "productive substitution"?) of what might otherwise be known as "living".

The key seems to be distributivity in language itself, so Benedetto Croce was right to equate aesthetics with language. I have a reproduction of a cave painting of a horse hanging on the wall in my house. Now I find it's only a small detail of a distributive mural painted on a cave wall depicting a landscape filled with life. My reproduction is not a piece of artwork, although I cannot say the same about the reproducer's life surrounding its own reproduction (very likely, it's only "work"). My picture is only a technical demonstration of someone's finesse with materials, but it still contains (if I can use that word, distributes may be better) a glimpse of meaning. More so now since I've discovered the original context.

I've just got a library card and discovered online mail-order. I'm getting Richard Brautigan's *Trout Fishing in America* soon. Here's what's got me jazzed. There is a poetic nature to the economy of the Pacific Northwest as it concerns commercial fishing and logging. The world Brautigan and I grew up in is a painted picture of "camping in the wilderness", a primarily "zen" experience of fishing and wood-chopping. The axe and rod accompany all expeditions. An archaeologist could find nothing of the gnostic experience by examining the instruments even in their revealed stratigraphic context because s/he is only interested in "man's relationship to things": there are fish and a fire to cook them on; a break from the daily grind of rat-race urbanity. S/he will not see that fishing is a dance which has a structure or set of rituals handed down from grandfathers to be performed in a stylized fashion to ensure the fisher's connection to or continuity with the world, the appreciation of distributivity. This is where the aesthetic of fishing lies. My father-in-law once said fly-fishing was his church. That one can eat the fish is only a minuscule side benefit of the experience. I just don't think the Kwakiutl or Chinook fisherman was working a job with the express function of catching fish, even though from our perspective, he had to eat.

Perhaps ritual pantomime (is that

redundant?) finds food but its accompanying archetype fishes for meaning? And what is meaning other than the appreciation of connection? There is a bit of that "primitive" archetype still saturating the commercial logger and fishing industries, even as they are tied up in capital and the wage-labour relation. It is a potential or possibility laying in waiting, ready to attack the unsuspecting grunt out to make his daily bread with a brief seizure of euphoria: "So this is why I'm alive!". This message was in fact unpleasantly delivered by a slap across the face by a dank gust of wind. Archetypes don't reside in the subconscious but in the interregnum and all its space- and time-less connections. Archetypes are always meaningful or, like the tired cliché, they're dead. The world will talk to you if you can listen to a sea shell.

I have some photos on the wall as well, enlarged and enframed, I took during a period of my life when I was young and lived in the world. I think they have an aesthetic quality, if only from a purely technical point of view. But issues of exposure and composition, film speed or even the reproduction of constituent elements (horse, dog, sheep-wagon, landscape) have no meaning for me. They are not part of the picture. The pictures transport me back to a different, older world. Likewise, whenever I smell a cigar, I'm taken to the street-side elevator of the now bulldozed Two-Eleven Pool Hall I spent so much of my youth in. It is a memory of pushing the drunk's (or was he a corpse?) leg out of the way of the door and holding my breath to keep from asphyxiating on the aroma of stale piss and cigar smoke while riding up to the second floor where the billiard tables lived in all their luster. Part of the picture contains a transfer token for the city bus and a change of clothes in my book bag, the daily ritual pantomime of skipping school to hang out with reality on skid road.

In the movie, *Harold and Maud*, Harold gave Maud a small gift (an inscribed bracelet) to express his love. She immediately tossed it into the bay. Astonished, Harold protested!

Maud explained she'd now be able to remember the moment forever because she would always know where the bracelet was. Pure potlatch destruction! The old alcoholics anonymous slogan is "you can't keep it till you give it away". Despite the enframing of the capitalist relation, there is something primitive, which is to say "human", or is that "prehuman" in everything. That is also to say, there is something of everything in each human. What was exchanged in the transaction was certainly no bracelet!

Apparently, the pantomime in the nineteenth century (and elsewhere) was a true "people's theatre", structured along the lines of détournement of children's fairy-tales: "*Fractured Fairy-tales*" with required audience participation. Innuendo and double entendre were lost on the children, but not on their parent-spectators – if they made the connections, they were appropriately entertained. It was looked down on by the "aristocracy". I'd say it portrays the slogan, "there's more here than meets the eye". That is the essence of distributivity. In Greek, *Panto* means "all". The goal of art superseding itself when it *becomes* life (rather than merely mimic it) is possible when we look for the outside in the inside and vice versa. Art cannot be détourned. It is already détournement, trying to help us look outside our established categories.

Art's distributivity is a matter of sharing perspectives in true potlatch tradition, not the circulation of commodities – minuscule things we most often can't even eat! When archaeologists start seeing their profession as something other than "people's relation to things", they might just dig up something important. The transformation of art into life makes no change at all to art, but to how we perceive it. This exposes that which is merely technical (pop) as fraud: life makes a mockery of survival while commodification only ensures it.

There may be no actual dots in the world, but what a pleasant pastime it is to connect them! At times, there is even more pleasure in their

disconnection! The task of art, of imagination itself, is to allow the possible to become real, to make the innocuous but isolated ubiquitous and eventful, to incite a riot of silent contemplation and noisy intertwinings.

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO.

8:

Intellect & Objectivity

The First Acts of Sabotage in the Nascent Industrial Revolution Were on Clocks, Not Looms!

*WE necessarily express ourselves by means of words and we usually think in terms of space. That is to say, language requires us to establish between our ideas the same sharp and precise distinctions, the same discontinuity, as between material objects. This assimilation of thought to things is useful in practical life and necessary in most of the sciences. But it may be asked whether the insurmountable difficulties presented by certain philosophical problems do not arise from our placing side by side in space phenomena which do not occupy space, and whether, by merely getting rid of the clumsy symbols round which we are fighting, we might not bring the fight to an end. When an illegitimate translation of the unextended into the extended, of quality into quantity, has introduced contradiction into the very heart of the question, contradiction must, of course, recur in the answer. – Henri Bergson, 1888: *Time & Free Will**

In 1907, Henri Bergson (in *Creative Evolution*) suggested the intellect evolved as an orientation to things, particularly toward their modification, and has the effect of extending choice. In the process, the intellect or 'rational consciousness' progressively drifted away from instinct, passion and intuition which would rather orient around

relations – ie, like the aesthetic sense achieved on reading lines from Dylan Thomas, they are *not* "objective" so do not tend to reify. Metaphor is never intended to be taken literally. But the object-focus in the relation of use-value (utilitarianism, functionalism) to the exclusion of all other focal points sets us up for alienation in a mind-body dualism at least, and generates commodified thinking at its worst. Like a cement slab, reification is hostile to adaptability. We come to criticize instinct, passion and intuition as somehow base and ineffectual. In the process, the enlightenment project for the liberation of consciousness has only mimicked a zombie's mindlessness or the frantic and confused state antecedent to death – the chicken who has yet to discover that his head has gone missing. Bergson's theory of evolution as the diversification of choice fits well with the self-fulfilling prophecy and positive feedback systems in runaway – evolution can take a bad turn.

It's a pretty good read. I particularly like his treatment of "instinct": instinct cannot be explained by the intellect –"neither intelligence nor instinct lends itself to rigid definition: they are tendencies, and not things".

It may be the case that objective intellect's fall into reification was an unfortunate side effect of rationality evolving to *augment* (rather than replace) instinct, passion and intuition by relying on learning and tradition in times of extreme environmental flux, an emergency setting to kick in while awaiting renewal – in fact, its oral transmission and reproduction (mimicry) can help renewal along by preventing spiraling positive feedback "loops"! This makes us a highly adaptive species – we're less likely to run back into a burning barn just because it's always been a "safe haven" – we can transcend pure induction^[1].

With a campfire, needle and thread, we can brave new worlds which were only yesterday hostile. This gives birth to *institutionalised*

ritual performance: what might be instinctual or intuited is reinforced/augmented by learning cultural algorithms resulting from experiment (or accident), assessment, memory and its transmission (linguistic distribution). Once predictably iterated, we could call these algorithms "Lamarkean instincts". At this point, there is little advantage of intellect over instinct and as these "Lamarkean instincts" become pathological; they come to be called "shackles of custom". A revolution at least is called for – I have to agree with Frere Dupont that revolt (or its possibility) is the essence of our "species being": innovation is always a matter of revolt, and that always starts in the imagination – the recognition of possibility!

A rigid dialectic between instinct and intellect is denied if we consider rationality itself an instinctual emergent of an over-developed gray-matter^[2]. Unfortunately, culturally driven change ("unfettered progress" or "modernization") would attempt to replace rather than augment the so-called "more basic" processes of consciousness, resulting in the condition in which we now dread movement itself and no longer even know what's good to eat on the planet without resorting to a technical reference manual, a cookbook, ingredient list and grocery order plugged into the online network for home-delivery by pimple-faced pizza boys.

If we can no longer learn by mimicking nature's patterns moving all around us, if we no longer consider other species our teachers, ritual pantomime of each other, of ourselves, is all that's left and we are trapped in our own grandiosity. Continued alienation is assured. There are no "happy accidents" – only misfortune; experimentation becomes an ideological joke – attempts at empirical proof for ideological commitments with a money-back guarantee; social intelligence is demonstrated by engagement in economic games with clearly defined outcomes; passion is the source of embarrassment; esteem is handed over to mathematicians for precise measurement; a gut feeling is a

foolish act of desperation. What we consider nature's species with grand intellectual accomplishment is, in actuality, a clown Kropotkin named "Bumbledum" – consciousness has been liberated, choice is no longer an option!

Notes:

[1] For example, dairy cows rescued from a burning barn may be so infected with the contagious stress of their rescuers intent only on saving property, the cows will return to the barn as a palliative. Bergson demands that memory and some sort of inductive consciousness is necessary for any choice involving mobility and therefore common to all mobile life faced with an option of left-turns or right-turns. Consciousness itself is inferred from mobility which must always involve the expression of choice. Classical and operant conditioning offer no threat to this position: amoeba have been successfully trained to run a simple maze. That their "memory" may be a matter of molecular rather than neuronal flux does not change the pattern. Instinct defined as the expression of a genetic blueprint coded for a specific response to specific stimuli renders most of animal behaviour beyond the range of our already limited powers of observation!

[2] I say "over-developed" because adult size is only a function of early differential growth rates. It's a matter of overshoot in the adult when what is necessary is a certain limit reached by youth – a five year old is intellectually equipped to navigate the planet; two-year-old Mongolian caribou-herders are already proficient equestrians and their horses are expert day-care providers!

**CROWBAR MOMENTS NO.
9:
*A Critique of Phantasm,
Imagined Materialism &
Materialist Imagination: (Matter
and Memory – by Henri Bergson)***

*1. Man has no Body distinct from his
Soul for that call'd Body is a portion
of Soul discern'd by the five Senses,*

the chief inlets of Soul in this age.

2. Energy is the only life and is from the Body, and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.

3. Energy is Eternal Delight – William Blake

In many respects I find a certain resonance in my thinking with Henri Bergson (although he makes me feel, at times, rather stupid – perhaps what we share is a learning disorder). I think for Bergson, talk of image cannot be taken from the context of time travel. The present is a theoretical abstraction, like a snapshot – here today and gone tomorrow, yet it is the only thing we consider "real". Every-thing is image and image only. Images co-resonate. Perception is our resonance with today's snapshot, a segment of our duration, a resonance with sensory apparatus transmitted to the motor apparatus and always directed toward movement. We endure because we have one foot in yesterday and the other in tomorrow. Progress is the confusion of this duration and process of flux or *fluid motion* – there are no corpuscles of time. Thus is produced movement or action. This movement creates the future-image. Without movement, there is only possibility. From the future side of our duration, we look back and what was present-image is now a powerless memory-image – powerless unless we actualise it and by which it returns as present image capable of initiating, negating or delaying action. Looking ahead we see only more possibility, choice. Only the diversification of memory creates novelty. The ancient Greeks said the past is ahead of you, circles around and kicks you in the ass.

The lesson of the transmutation of causal efficacy into presentational immediacy is that great ends are reached by life in the present; life novel and immediate, but deriving its richness by its full inheritance from the rightly organized animal body. It is by reason of the body, with its miracle of order, that the treasures of the past environment are poured into the living occasion.

The final percipient route of occasions is perhaps some thread of happenings wandering in 'empty' space amid the interstices of the brain. It toils not, neither does it spin. It receives from the past; it lives in the present. It is shaken by its intensities of private feeling, aversion or aversion. In its turn, this culmination of bodily life transmits itself as an element of novelty throughout the avenues of the body. Its sole use to the body is its vivid originality: it is the organ of novelty. – *Alfred North Whitehead*

With Vico, we can postulate that writing (or "signification", "tract", or even "track"!) must precede speech! If, according to Bergson, images are not handy (useful, adaptive, fitting), we lose sight of them. Unless we engage in communication, they remain beyond our perceptual horizon. In this sense, the ancients might have been on to something when they labeled *things* "matter" – *Matter is the image which matters*. Images and their representations do not live in the brain. That is only part of a sensori-perceptual-motor feedback system, our means of resonance as an image of ourselves, in fact, as a multiplicity of images. The universe itself is image. Its center is the present perception, the *subject position*. (I've found it easier to substitute the word "Constellation" for Bergson's "Image", but that's just me. He also occasionally used the term, "Nebula".)

Other images or constellations are those unconscious pre-/as-sumptions (preconceived ideas) I've spent so much effort to unhinge or at least expose in myself. They are not real. They are unconscious only because we often have yet to create them. If an *other* creates and transmits them to us, we will instantly recognise them as our own because all they really are, are the principles or patterns of agreement or coherence which give our other thoughts unity (co-resonance, communication, a completed circuit). Occasionally, when recognised, we conclude that we were wrong, that there are contradictory relations or unwanted implications when juxtaposed to other ideas we recognise and agree (or "resonate") with.

But this is rare. It is uncomfortable. It requires that we extend our horizons, and that consumes energy. It is more likely that we will repress or bury under the rug of consciousness those other harbingers of discontent which would cloud the issue. Freud called such measures "defense mechanisms". Bigotry and hypocrisy are rarely malicious – they are convenient and fit nicely with the principle of the conservation of energy. First principles are the most powerful of images, but they do not necessarily precede in time or space those assessments which logically (and only logically) follow. For Bergson, derivation is not unilinear: the effect often produces the cause.

If I see no inconvenience in supposing given, the totality of objects [*images*] which I do not perceive, it is because the strictly determined order of these objects lends to them the appearance of a chain, of which my present perception is only one link. This link communicates its actuality to the rest of the chain. But, if we look at the matter nearly, we shall see that our memories form a chain of the same kind, and that our character, always present in all our decisions, is indeed the actual synthesis of all our past states. In this epitomized form our previous psychical life exists for us even more than the external world, of which we never perceive more than a very small part, whereas on the contrary we use the whole of our lived experience. It is true, that we possess merely a digest of it, and that our former perceptions, considered as distinct individualities, seem to us to have completely disappeared, or to appear again only at the bidding of their caprice. But this semblance of complete destruction or of capricious revival is due merely to the fact that actual consciousness accepts at each moment the useful, and rejects in the same breath the superfluous. Ever bent upon action, it can only materialize those of our former perceptions which can ally themselves with the present perception to take a share in the final decision.

A representation is the image stripped from its context of connection and contingency,

from its own duration, and maintained in the ever-present as a point of attention or aesthetic. It is useful to actualise, restore, recall, renew or bring back to life "past" or "other" sets of contingencies^[1]. It is how we proceed, how we learn, why we aren't forced to re-invent the wheel each time we would have a use for it. Image, object and idea are only perspectives on fluid motion ("behavior"). It is a mistake to consider them separate, in opposition, and an even greater mistake to consider them sources of our alienation or hypocrisy, as "mediating" (*vis à vis* Zerzan & "symbolic thought") our existence. It's what we are. This may be why we so often confuse contingency and influence with constraint. Alienation is only a matter of property: the diminution of our horizons with a tall fence (if only a metaphoric one), the disallowance of resonances, the refusal or denial of choice, the denigration of another's experience, abnegation of our own movement, the manufacture, ownership and then monopoly of appearances. Maybe Bergson left more of a legacy than we thought? Perhaps he would say he's part of a legacy that endures to this day, including Wünderlich before him and Vaneigem after – memory-images ever catching up to and overtaking present-images, and yet diversifying in the process?

[2]

Bergson more-or-less compares representation, a sensory-motor perception transformed into a present-image, with habit, but does not discount that the image can make or break our habits. The Bergsonian contemporary, Dada, clearly had the latter "breaking" in mind by confronting us with "other" images – from our perspective, representations of *alterity*, that is, the possibility of *a different reality*, the reality of different possibilities.

During long periods of history, the mode of human sense perception changes with humanity's entire mode of existence. The manner in which human sense perception is organized, the medium in which it is accomplished, is determined not

only by nature but by historical circumstances as well...

To pry an object from its shell, to destroy its aura, is the mark of a perception whose "sense of the universal equality of things" has increased to such a degree that it extracts it even from a unique object by means of reproduction. Thus is manifested in the field of perception what in the theoretical sphere is noticeable in the increasing importance of statistics. The adjustment of reality to the masses and of the masses to reality is a process of unlimited scope, as much for thinking as for perception ...The uniqueness of a work of art is inseparable from its being embedded in the fabric of tradition...

l'art pour l'art: ... An analysis of art in the age of mechanical reproduction must do justice to these relationships, for they lead us to an all-important insight: for the first time in world history, mechanical reproduction emancipates the work of art from its parasitical [*might we instead say "symbiotic"?*] dependence on ritual. To an ever greater degree the work of art reproduced becomes the work of art designed for reproducibility. From a photographic negative, for example, one can make any number of prints; to ask for the "authentic" print makes no sense. But the instant the criterion of authenticity ceases to be applicable to artistic production, the total function of art is reversed. Instead of being based on ritual, it begins to be based on another practice – politics. – *Walter Benjamin*

I read this not so much as politics supplanting ritual and tradition, (obviously politics is itself a ritualized tradition), but as an emergent or resultant, or even as the new context or point-of-focus/paradigm through which the image, abstracted from its indigenous context, is now placed or through which is interpreted. I could be talking here equally of abstract expressionist art hanging on the wall of Rockefeller's bank or New Guinea tribesmen working at the coffee plantation. To me, alienation and co-optation are both representations (frozen and snapped) of this "ripping away" from an originary context, creating Vaneigam's

dialectic between survival and life. Zerzan might say that it all stems from abstraction. Bergson shows that it is not abstraction itself that is a problem, but the separation which denies renewal after the initial rupture, or "relaxation" from a state of "tension". Living is *patamimetic*, allowing both tradition and transgression in the same movement. We want a rupture which allows a new context or matrix of social (organic) relations to cultivate, our own memories allowed to diversify. What we have instead is a machine-work which renews itself via mechanical connection, factory-like reproduction and disconnection and disposal. It bothered me that Deleuze maintained the machine metaphor in his analysis.

The world is thus faced by the paradox that, at least in its higher (*sic*) actualities, it craves for novelty and yet is haunted by terror at the loss of the past, with its familiarities and its loved ones. It seeks escape from time in its character of 'perpetually perishing.' Part of the joy of the new years is the hope of the old round of seasons, with their stable facts – of friendship, and love, and old association. Yet conjointly with this, terror – the present as mere unrelieved preservation of the past – assumes the character of a horror of the past, rejection of it, revolt:

*To die be given, or attain,
Fierce work it were to do again.*

Each new epoch enters upon its career by waging unrelenting war upon the aesthetic gods of its immediate predecessor. Yet the culminating fact of conscious, rational life refuses to conceive itself as a transient enjoyment, transiently useful. In the order of the physical world its rôle is defined by its introduction of novelty. But, just as physical feelings are haunted by the vague insistence of causality, so the higher (*sic*) intellectual feelings are haunted by the vague insistence of another order, where there is no unrest, no travel, no shipwreck: 'There shall be no more sea'. – *Alfred North-Whitehead*

My interest here is not so much metaphysical

but of process and history (I juxtapose Walter Benjamin and Alfred North-Whitehead [here](#)), culture (the concept which has embarrassed so many modern anthropologists) and of course, culture change – the theory of the *possibility* of revolution should benefit from exploring these lines of thinking.

It is also interesting that Bergson's "sympathy" (as connective resonance) is straight out of Darwin, which Kropotkin renamed "cooperation" and "mutual aid". It's been suggested "intimacy" is an even more encompassing term merging colloquial "sympathy" with altruism and cooperation. With the death of philosophical associationism as well as magic, sympathy is today only a word living "between shit and syphilis in the dictionary". Humanist psychologists (cf., Carl Rogers) gave us "empathy" as a methodological tool essential to therapeutic, non-authoritarian clinical relationships. This line of thinking is never profitable to insurance and pharmaceutical companies.

I like Heidegger's framework of "extasis" producing/produced by an "openness to being" as the matrix for intimacy, a readiness for communication – it fits well with Boas' "relativity" as a methodological device for research: immersion and rapport without the implications of the subject-object dialectic and the moralisms that produces – '*ethnocentricity*'. It is neither a subjective nor objective attitude. Malinowski was considered the most adept ethnographic researcher until his diaries were published in the '70's where-in we see that he personally despised the Trobriand Islanders. From the perspective of scientific objectivity, this discredited his research. On the other hand, Boas' "Immersion" recognizes that objectivity always maintains a distance or separation – objective reality is always obscured reality. It was in fact Malinowski who coined the phrase "participant-observation". It is participation (the completed circuit of Bergson's call to "action" and "movement" – *performativity*) which actually puts limits on Heisenberg's "observer effects" not possible

with a rigidly objective (artificial) distancing – *detachment*. The so-called 'post-modern' relativism which most react hostilely to is nothing but reversed moralism. Bergson places relativism etymologically: a system of relations (not unlike chaos theory), wherein everything is connected and mutually implicative – mutually resonant. What is relevant to communist theory is the transcending of research or clinical methodology into actual living.

Notes:

[1] the "aura" or context of co-resonancies of mutual influence: ritual participation.

[2] An obvious connection to Bergson is our friend, Edgar Poe and his piece, *Mesmeric Revelation*. Heidegger's *Being & Time*, (possibly influenced by or a reaction to Bergson), suggests an invariance/continuity in Bergson with presocratic philosophy. If we consider the epoch, all educated people were trained in "the classics". There is also quite a resonance between Bergson's metaphysic and Hinduism, reasonable since we are also talking about the height of the British empire in India – in Poe's day, Hinduism was becoming quite fashionable in intellectual circles. There is as well a tinge of William Blake's *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* to be found lurking beneath Bergson, and as well perhaps Poe! Everything is connected. We have now found room in this duration for Hegel's zeitgeist, Jung's collective unconscious, (often depicted as "mysticism", but now I'm not so sure), and Heidegger's poesis as "unfolding" and biology's autopoiesis in a general resonance. It all comes together, it all falls apart.

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO.

10:

Abortive Tools and Divorce Court for Use-value

There is more than just capital ("dead labour") living in the commodity:

Use-value concerns the imagination surrounding the engagement and completion of a movement – a project. Such also happens on a toilet. It is the recognition of the

input helping to actualise a desired output. In point of fact, without an element of desire and esteem, use-value is meaningless. In this day and age, the desired movement is away from the task at hand: we esteem those tools which seem to minimalise the psychic and other damage to us which our imposed tasks entail. Back in the day, amphetamines were known as "Mother's little helper". Our theories may work the same way.

A hammer may be applied to many projects. The application of value to the hammer represents its suitability to the particular project at hand. Sometimes it is valued according to its generalization to other possible projects. That is artistic or creative value which may or may not turn out "useful". The value of a claw hammer is its multipurpose nature: one need not set it aside to extract a nail from the wrong hole. Here, value and usefulness are one and the same, and they belong to the project as much as to the tool. It is a total process who's success is measured by comparison of the finished product with that imagined. We are now speaking of adaptive value: does it fit? There is also a communicative or poetic value: does the application of the hammer to the plate-glass bank window illustrate our point?

Mapped against performativity and its intended, standardization of intrinsic use-value with the intent of regulating its distribution is absurd: is a hammer and nail to be considered more or less valuable than an electric drill when spanking a child for sucking thumbs, just to drive in the point that such behavior should be made "undesirable"? On the other hand, how do we compare and quantify a plastic pacifier which leaches its own toxins on contact with the wet heat measured within the oral cavity and a stale piece of bread picked up from the floor as an object to be sucked, an object which might help inoculate against illness rather than cause it? Would you trade your pacifier for my stale bread? Should I amputate my thumb with a skillsaw? Of course not – there is the right tool for the right

job! The tool and project must express a monogamous relationship. Haywire must be restricted to wrapping bales. The back of your hand is reserved for breaking children of their bad habits. Everything has a purpose, right? But then, why is it anyone's business where I stick my thumb, as long as it's not up your ass? Maybe if we stop beating on our kids, we'll no longer find anarchists, iconoclasts and other radicals useful?

To suggest and quantify an independent value inherent to the tool is to quantify and rank, in fact, to constrain our projects according to the tool (to prioritize or detach the tool from the project) rather than attach to a degree of esteem and desire. Or, on the other hand, it might as easily suggest a commensurable equivalence to all projects, to all desire: *l'travail pour l'travail*. To avoid this relativity of 'egalitarian labour' requires the addition of a third dimension along which our efforts are mapped. Such might be 'efficiency' (productive value) for the time-and-motion engineer or even '*the greater good*' (so-called social value) for the democrat. Now we have something else which must be measured before we can proceed. This is the function (use) and genesis of all bureaucratic organisation and becomes evident whether we attach standardized value to the tool or to the project itself.

It is more than just "possible" that this third factor becomes its own goal. Advertising agencies (institutionalised aesthetic and morality production) in fact depend on this so that invention itself can give birth to desire: "fashion", "the new aesthetic", "new and improved", "state of the art". The commodified invention is less useful (it may in fact have no use) than the leverage provided by the manipulation of desire. It is a crowbar used to pry our imagination and movement toward its own valued destinations, ends where all other movement comes to a halt.

And we want a systematized barter economy based on use-value to supersede that based

on capital? Barter spawns exchange value! Duh! Distributed use-value (the product) demands exchange in labour – altruism must have its sacrificial component. Productivity forgets that tools are also a means of destruction – I give you the molotov cocktail which dies when used properly and the monkey-wrench which doesn't. There is no ownership of the means of production except by the product: the worker *is* the means of production! The balance of justice ensures hurt feelings all around. It is the market, the tit-for-tat economy saturating everyday life itself which gives birth, which puts life (and death) into the commodity. *Commodity value* is always a bum wrap, simultaneously attractive and extractive, theiving and sacrificial, ensuring that we will *want* to manage our own exploitation. There is no supersession here, only continuity. Please, keep use, keep value, but by all means, either end the marriage or abort the child!

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO.

11:

Some thoughts on recent discussions: Death Lives

Militancy: The rifle is a tight organised structure. It is simultaneously scary and attractive. It surrounds, repels, embraces, guards. But its bullets need to escape, diversify. They are envious of the cluster bomb which annihilates totalities by its very diversification. The annihilation of all myth-time is insurrectionary nihilism (at least of the american variety). The skeptic says, "this rupture is, even if desireable, not possible!" Rubble is always useful, if only to establish firm ground for new construction projects.

Memory: Amnesia is convenient when controlled but untrustworthy if left to its own devices. Memory always digs away, trying to claw at the forgetful. Politics works on the principle of exclusion and inclusion of

memories. But it will always remember property.

Politics: Politics and anti-politics are the same beast, except that the first wants to dichotomize, the second diversify. Dichotomization is the quantification, ranking, ordering of diversity. Both want speciation, both want a new totality. One will overcome the other, one will become the other. Dilemma is an immortal being in the realm of reason. Unity and diversity are tendencies along which memory travels, not pretty stones one might select and carry away or toss to the side.

Agency: Every action deliberately undertaken will cause remarkable and wholly unexpected results in distant realms. The more distant, the less we will be aware of it. We can never be certain how or even if it will come back on ourselves. The myth, no matter how much it changes along the way, always promises itself to the future. Myth-time is not entombed in the dead prehistoric age of heroes. It is bigger than that. It is outside, even if it is occasionally covered in glacial ice. The subject position is the isolated, lonely, detached object in space. It is the center of the universe. The self is never as well known as the other. Others are real. Investigation of the other must always affirm the self. The Greeks were right: the past is the only thing we see ahead of us; the future always sneaks up from behind and kicks us in the ass. "We should not stop playing make-believe at any cost." This is the source of possibility, as long as its provisional nature, as with everything else's, is recognised! It is in fact, the only thing we truly have.

OCD: It might be said that politics gives obsessive-compulsive disorder an alternative tune to hum, breaking the initial loop, but with the danger of yet another. Electric shock will always stop the looping, but there is a danger that the rupture loops on itself and we undergo a grand mal seizure. If death in *status epilepticus* does not intervene, both memory and possibility gradually return ...

fortunately, somewhat bent. Rituals of survival can only be replaced by those of living. Death itself lives on to intervene another day, another way.

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO.

12:

The Philosophy & Aesthetics of Goat Etymology Rap

To a wood tick, the landscape is a goat;
that is, it is, it's becoming.

What's becoming of ticks and goats,
is their jumping and biting.
Observant ticks jump from wood to goat.

Goats have hoof and hide, ticks don't.

Information is *of* a goat
jumping in the landscape,
but it is not the property of the goat,
nor even its content.

There is a form of a goat,
but goats are only content when well fed;
goat contents come out in many different forms.

Goats can not eat information;
one must take care of their horns against your backside.
This is a handy thing to know.

Information is a goat's recognition;
(that is, an observer of goats).

Only parentheses make a difference,
the goat, by any other name, would smell as fowl.

Goats exist without observers naming them,
even parenthetically,
even by parents!
yet goats are also keen observers.

Goats therefore, only serve inversely.

Information doesn't.

It seems by definition,
observers should not serve,
they should verse!

With enough information, observers can act like goats,
but they cannot reproduce them,
because they *are* in-formation.

Only punctuation makes a difference.

Difference is always somewhere,
between seduction and conversion.

In 15th century Latin, a verse is *tractus*:
"a drawing out, duration"; from *trahere*: "to pull".

We say "paths we *travel*",
or is that "works, to *travail*"?

Did Derrida say, "all movement is play?"

It seems there is no such *thing* as information,
unless, like a bad cold, one contracts it.

Informants require contracts before they will reveal contacts,
handed out by wishful thinkers in uniforms,
for the purpose of uniformization,
a uniform nation.

Tract is the past tense of track;
we claim possession by its former pacing;
having have had done it;
it, inscribed for all posterities.

Always with tact, we pin and are pinned down;
resigned to our posteriors.

To track is to make or follow a path;
a track belongs to someone else.

A contract is the path having had made you.

A contract makes a dead statistic.
Someone else ...
and you are information.

Goat horns and donkey hooves
will knock you both off your track,

on your ass,
just to shake a meddling tick.

Genes are a handy scape-goat,
convenient suspects,
but they are only tracings.

There are no such *things* as genes;
unless, of course,
one contracts them.

– *Tupac Hoofhyde*

Meanwhile poets, patiently laboring under a vast cultural misconception, imagine that authenticity is conflatable with subjectivity, not realizing that subjectivity is simply the most acutely engineered of all our technologies – voice-activated, setting in motion a replay of cultural "memories" which are generic and thus belong to nobody. – *eg*

Reverting to archetype: A collection of affect precipitates; a record of recent character formulae; of modes of conforming to external narratives; of patterns of belonging in apparently randomly generated individualities. – *bl*

CROWBAR MOMENTS NO.

13:

Dissecting Secret Sects & Sectarian

Insects^[1]

– or – *Rules Really Are Meant to be Broken!*

Stupidity is a scar. It can stem from one of many activities – physical or mental – or from all. Every partial stupidity of a man denotes a spot where the play of stirring muscles was thwarted instead of encouraged. In the presence of the obstacle the futile repetition of disorganised, groping attempts is set in motion. A child's ceaseless queries are always symptoms of a hidden pain, of a first question to which it found no answer and which it did not know how to frame appropriately. Its reiteration

suggests the playful determination of a dog leaping repeatedly at the door it does not yet know how to open, and finally giving up if the catch is out of his reach. – Adorno and Horkheimer, The Dialectic of Enlightenment.

In moving from experience of social life to conceptualization and intellectual history, I follow the path of anthropologists almost everywhere. Although we take theories into the field with us, these become relevant only if and when they illuminate social reality. Moreover, we tend to find very frequently that it is not a theorist's whole system which so illuminates, but his scattered ideas, his flashes of insight taken out of systemic context and applied to scattered data. Such ideas have a virtue of their own and may generate new hypotheses. They even show how scattered facts may be systematically connected! Randomly distributed through some monstrous logical system, they resemble nourishing raisins in a cellular mass of inedible dough. The intuitions, not the tissue of logic connecting them, are what tend to survive in the field experience. – *Victor Turner*

Today, every one on earth wants to change the world, and radically at that. I'm sure whales and ants would like to see us build better space-ships. Those of us who do not admit to defeat in learned helplessness, have great expectations that if enough institutionalised training is entertained, change can be implemented within traditional institutions. This is counter-intuitive because it is the very function of institutions to maintain traditions. The rest of us think repeating the same behavior, dancing the same thrusting dance at the same door enough times, will open it, and, like the dog, we must at some point give in, give out, go mad or get bad.

We like the whale for its great breadth and length, but shudder at collective beachings. We do not envy the ant, as "constrained" as he is by his collective instincts. Even so, it has been observed that an ant will on occasion, visit the neighbors, even those of a

different species or sub-species, and after a ritualised greeting consisting of the dropping of a morsel and some mutual rubbings of antennae, will the ant not only be welcomed with gifts of food, but adopted right into the tribe. He may lavish the queen-mother with gifts of aphid-honey. He may even join in on frenzied raids against his former mates and siblings. It is not known whether this was a disgruntled ant who transgressed or merely one who was attracted to and pursued novelty and therefore, did no transgression – this is, after all, the same behaviour by which any ant obtains food. In either case, it is a matter of ant aesthetics.

Humans seem to require the construction of great bodies of tabu in order to transgress against their upbringing, especially when exploration of novelty is itself hindered. It is almost as if we require a book of tabus before we can entertain the notion of their transgression. While mass beachings are rare, mass murder is not. Unconstrained by instinct, nothing comes easy. My question is, if someone went to the trouble of recording possible transgressive behavior, whether ceremoniously inserted into iterated dances and rites or inscribed onto papyrus leaves and preserved for future generations of readers, shouldn't we presume that the reason for this effort was to ensure we remembered the possibility of changing our conditions when those very conditions take the trouble to communicate to us their desires for change?

When we ask ourselves about the source of vitality for those festivals which continue to be transmitted in some form, we cannot ignore the existence of an explicit social inclination toward the phenomenon of sacred transgression, no matter how watered down it may be. –
Sinoda Minoru

The sacred is the unknown land, the land of chaos and transgressions and new starts. Its ritual celebration, the frenzied feast or festival, is a surreal landscape whose great secret lies in the scattered intuitions that there are no secrets required to unlock

sacred gates. One merely steps through. Most importantly, it is not a place of worship or other prostrations and flagillations. Better words than "worship" and "thanksgiving" would be "awe" and "relief". It is not thanks which are distributed in great feasts, and there is no asking or signing of petitions – a prayer is a reply to nothing and nothing is the appropriate reply to a demand. The experience of relief is felt when we realise transgressing the gate into and out of the liminal interregnum did not annihilate us, yet we are changed and renewed.

It is the same with all explorations – all *dérives*. Some old women still know to bring flowers when they pop in for a visit and some young men visited upon do not present a white flag, but offer tea and biscuits. It is not a counter-attack but a mutual rubbing of antennae. Rituals which interfere with rituals are anti-rituals – *détournements*. Such transgressions are the fuel for evolution, whereby the different becomes the normal and in the process more difference is created. The ritual dance of rioters and riot police is always merely the public acknowledgment of a rigid and perpetual struggle between opposites, perpetuating the logic of both sides, ensuring no change is forthcoming – the antinomy or paradoxical result of all dances wherein the antennae must never touch. Transgression or surrender are all that can be learnt from books of rules, codebooks and proselytizations from rigid systems of logic. Maps are of little use to authentic explorers (unless, of course, one is an explorer of maps), only a sharp nose and anxious antennae. Only transgression ends pussyfooting dances and explodes jammed doors.

It should be obvious, I'm not suggesting rubbing noses with riot cops (although that might be shockingly transgressive to all involved, it would be an extremely dangerous undertaking!) but viewing the aesthetic as total sensory attention, follow-through and not only pursuit but renewal of that which smells sweet. Only the aesthetic prevents

total annihilation, transgression for transgression's sake (a meaningless iteration which soon loses all sense of transgression), the continuing war of all against all, the single-minded pursuit of total consumption and self-sacrificial destruction, in other words, the existing context of the state.

It may well be true that everything produced or co-opted by the culture of capital is corrupted, and this in fact informs its cultural codes, 'capital' only perceives itself through these codes and is therefore blinded to a vast array of behavior which, although is situated within its context, nevertheless has its own history quite beyond any consciousness but the poetic. Archetypes (or symbols) residing within archaic rituals are memories waiting to be revealed as well as new starting points from which to wander: "nourishing raisins in a cellular mass of inedible dough". The rituals preserve them, but the rite itself is all that's visible and always, therefore, considered by superficial analysis isolated, secondary and meaningless. The symbols (images, dance forms, incantations, offerings – you might notice, these are all behaviors) contained in rituals are less representations than reminders of environmental or physiological phenomena and processes which arouse desires and feelings (Turner). This arousal, the aesthetic sense, is not restricted to time or sequence. It applies equally to the past (memory) and the future (possibility). Rituals can change when their meaning is exposed (that is, when an "innocuous" behavior can be "re-cognized" and generalized to a larger context). They are co-opted when their meaning is lost, which is also to say when we cease attention, analysis and critique. The loss of aesthetics is the end of exploration. Transgression becomes impossible, as the senseless one is even less likely to read the tome of tabus as a book of secret recipes – that would be the aesthetic of crime.

Notes:

[1]: from *Prelude to a Psychology of Applied*



HOME



"From now on, Utopia is not only an eminently practical project, it is a vitally necessary one!" – Clark, Gray, et al

CROWBAR MOMENTS: Volume 2

No. I: *BUGS, BUBBLES, RIVERS & FISHES:* *The Last Word on Virus Theory*

Parrhesia & Rhetoric: *"The one who uses parrhesia, the parrhesiastes, is someone who says everything he has in mind: he does not hide anything, but opens his heart and mind completely to other people through his discourse. ...Whereas rhetoric provides the speaker with technical devices to help him prevail upon the minds of his audience (regardless of the rhetorician's own opinion concerning what he says), in parrhesia, the parrhesiastes acts on other people's mind by showing them as directly as possible what he actually believes."* – Michel Foucault

Actual parrhesia is probably impossible. A benign tumor from psychoanalysis, cognitive-behavior theory suggests an internal running dialogue and commentary as a river, often lacking any sense of systemetized

coherence until we are asleep or otherwise deranged, as Messieurs Poe, Artaud and Burroughs discovered. It is in this river which swims the imp of the perverse which might equally invite us to jump in for a refreshing swim with questions like "why not?", or ponder stepping off the cliff and falling into the abyss to our certain demise. No prior psychic motivation need be posited. The bullshit detector also swims this river. It is home to many internal voices. They are both the river and Trickster. The background noise underneath a barely perceptual tinnitus is the cacophony of aquatic bugs endlessly repeating everything, even the unnoticeable, from within and without the environment – the obsessive repetition of "sense data". It is usually a silent noise of vortexes in the stream. But sometimes we become absorbed and cannot disentangle. Their illucidation can produce poetry, psychoanalytic revelation and straight-jackets.

Militant regimentation and education dam this river. Questions do not pass unregulated. Commentary is restricted to habitual categories, running through flow-pipes activated by power turbines. Language is seen by the militant politician and social scientist only as mutual dam busting and bubble bursting, slinging shit from the towers of opposing fortresses. We call those who do not take a political stand mindless, brain-dead, zombie or sheep. Undemocratic radicals "go against the flow". Revolutionaries think with a big enough dam, the river will reverse direction, but mostly it only shifts its progressive course with even more pent up momentum. The river is a self-fulfilling prophet. Progress is only a euphemism for "*no change is tolerated*". The river becomes a violent water-fall killing all the little fishes on the rocks below.

How often do we not know what's on our mind and do not necessarily want to appropriate what's in (be converted to) another's? This is the process of becoming co-mindful, of thoughts unfolding and merging in common dialogue (rather than competitive – aka "economic" – discourse or

"political" one-upmanship). Two senses of politeness appear: 1) the trickster-as-optimiser deceives us with honey, disguising the intention to appropriate or proselytise. We may call this "*the propagandist art*" and is perceived as either parrhesical or rhetorical; 2) The sense of communising/sharing – retaining an openness to make adjustments and coherences, or not as we may see fit – a radical fitness.

My sense of the trickster is the poet or carrier whose infection eats away at a set of categories (forms) without necessarily systemically infecting with new content, like necroforus (an organism in 'healthy' digestive tracts) on an open wound. It only bores a hole, leaving the newly injured the opportunity to close it or rethink without being put on the defensive. "*To pick or not to pick it?*" is the ultimate question of scabs. Bataille might call this an inner war, I'd portray it as finding oneself suddenly naked on a windy day and searching or improvising or being given something with which to cover up, to become comfortable again. The embare-assed capitalist might say "If that's not a call for warfare, I don't know what is". Stoicism or asceticism rarely leads to enlightenment! As soon as coherence and rigidity sets in, bleeding and communication must stop, we've established a picket line, invented the scab and religion!

It could be argued that this boring and scabbing is authoritarian (in the sense of an uninvited "burst bubble"). Where is the authoritarianism with two youngsters sharing a bath and bursting bubbles? If categories are confining or limiting like a pair of shoes two sizes too small, it would lead to mutual (both/and/or) self-liberation – with the right question, one bursts one's own bubble but the questioner gets splashed as well. Without another perspective to observe, those bubbles become ever more rigid, like an iron ball & chain. Try wearing that in novel rivers!

The accumulation (mining, optimization), justice, truth, exchange and (social) war paradigms are examples of such rigidity,

where a gift is only envisioned in terms of a loss and sharing`a compromise – again, a sacrifice of one's "total" desire. For a loosening and relaxing, I'm tempted to use the term, "deterritorialize". Another would be "extasis" which busts dams between the self and other. Iconoclasy puts holes in our reifications. A leaky form allows ingress and egress of free, mobile content, transforming old into new forms. All commentaries and questions posed have this destructive/creative potential. We might ask "are rigid bubbles owned, property to be defended?" If so, then linguistics suggests that resistance to infection produces ill-health to language systems. We would all be brain-dead, infantile, incapable of conversation in the first place. It is said a parrot has such a language, lacking entirely in a semantic component. Rhetoric would have no categories with which to impose.

Meaningful communication guides clostridial visitors to intestinal tracts where they are welcomed, where they are fit, where they can simultaneously self-actualize, thrive and help us process our mostly digested food prior to expulsion of excess. In a wound, they can produce a deadly tetanic seizure. Nurture is optimizing, but optimization is not always, in fact, in our world, rarely nurturing. Mostly, clostridial visitors go by completely unnoticed. Rhetoric and debate and propaganda mimic the colonial behavior of systemic tuberculosis – they slowly consume you.

unless you can produce an appearance of infinity by your disorder, you will have disorder only without magnificence. – *Edmund Burke*

No. II: WHAT IS THE POPULATION PROBLEM?

Throughout my life, the question of absolute numbers has been the central focus of all the problems of humanity. Like, we've always been over-populated. This is the source of all

poverty and discontent. It was the source of civilized expansion into new frontiers in the first place, back when fifty million was already too much for the planet's carrying capacity. The population problem is accepted and taken for granted. Malthus lives. If technological progress is not a matter of conquest in the name of actualising our desire, nothing is. Now there are over six billion of us. When I was a kid, three billion was already past the point of sustainable possibility. Sexuality must be made a moral issue, as this wanton reproductive potential and unsatisfied desire (aka "greed") is now destroying the planet. So we are still being told and we do not see the hypocrisy.

Isn't this handy! We only need to increase production and socialize distribution to keep pace with exponential reproductive potential, and that is called a revolutionary breakthrough. The question, "are we overpopulated?" is always rephrased as "can we produce and distribute enough food?" My return to the original sense of the question, the mathematics of it, concerns the absolute trust we have in this magic number, six billion. It is a question which lends its poser the appearance of madness even to radicals and paranoid conspiracy theorists. We question the data when economic pundits inform us as to the rate of unemployment based on the number of applications for compensation, trimming the number of homeless and those whose "benefits" have expired from calculation and consideration. Without a physical address, one cannot benefit from any social services, one is not counted.

The same scientifically trained specialists who count the unemployed hire minions to go door-to-door counting heads, paid on a quota system, piece-work. There is a potentially huge fudge factor which could counter the trimming effect involved in not counting the uncountable. Even so, the collectors of demographic data do not analyse or publish it. That is the task of computing machines and ambitious bureaucrats – sticklers to the exactitudes of

rigid categories they themselves do not understand and never question.

Discounting the homeless, the utmost of the upperclass, which is to say "very few" live in the downtowns which are portrayed as the illustration of overpopulated street. We witness images of the coming and going of masses of workers and bureaucrats waiting for cross-walk lights to change and respond, "Oh, the rat-race of it all!" This is the picture of the working class we call "middle". When they go home, they go to the diffused suburbs, where the space between homes is measured by surveyor chains rather than tape measures and even a riding lawnmower is a chore. Only a satellite image gives the appearance of vast numbers because of a lack of uninhabited space in the picture.

They used to live in concentrated areas close to the employment centers which are now called slums and ghettos – places which were once neighborhood-images of comfortable and cosmetically appealing community. And we were still overpopulated! There were always empty houses waiting to become homes. Today windows of former neighborhood businesses are covered with plywood. Tastes change. Today, these concentrations are the home for the underclass, whose struggle is so intense there is little energy or interest left for anything beyond necessary maintenance and where anonymity is as certain as an apartment complex with chain-lock doors. They are counted. They are not homeless.

Tent cities are the last vestige of community, a luxury once found only in peasant villages. Perhaps community is a necessary condition of living uncensored and unregulated. Programs for urban beautification are only directed at removing the homeless from workers' visual horizons when travelling to and fro. There is no urban sprawl, only suburban sprawl. It is true, skyscrapers reach ever higher, these are workplaces, not housing. According to the statistics, many cities in the states are actually lower in population than when I was a kid. Suburban

escapees disperse further into the formerly rural countryside and turn it into a sprawling but even more diffuse suburb. Former inhabitants, once the "peasant" few dotting vast open spaces, move to the ghettos and concentrate in search of employment and city services. Farms have grown, devoid of any inhabitants but day-laborers operating tractors, and coming and going just like their urban counterparts. Burke said the grand is only the appearance of infinity. Diffuse sprawl gives the appearance of numerical majesty.

A dying economy has built more houses where no one lives, but even these are counted in the statistical image. If only taxpayers are considered to be citizens, why couldn't the statisticians merely add up the number of different social security numbers (tax numbers) or voter rolls to compile their census? Obviously, it is to discover cheats. Consensus is only a mutual accounting. If I do not trust the bean counters, why should I trust their calculations? Is six billion today's magic number or just another marketing image to justify development and progress? If good medicine is the posterchild-counterbalance to excessive war casualties, why is external war and internal class conflict still a matter of depopulation? If humans are natural born killers, why are there still so many of us? It's just a question, not an admission to a mental hospital.

To ask this is not a call for a recount. That suggests a remedial program to solve the "problem". Problems are always pre-existing and therefore more real. Problems are fundamental. Solution-focus always looks for problems to justify the existence of a program. Programs are always perceived by their "targets" as excessive meddling. This resistant attitude is called social irresponsibility and the very reason there is a problem in the first place. The poor, the ignorant and socially irresponsible breed like rats – so we have always been told. They are lustful animals. The proof is their large extended family which shows up in the census, even and especially without the stabilizing effects of a family patriarch and his

protestant condoms. They are immigrants.

If greed for things is a psycho-social substitution for lust for people, shouldn't increased material accumulation result in a gradual reduction in population? Apparently even this is not enough.

What we need is less children. They are an archaic bad habit and a worse influence. They need placed in socially responsible institutions or transferred into the distribution network, given to more respectable, but bored (or guilt-saturated) folks living in condos, if only to remove a constraint to achieving our desires. Only Freud would confuse this desire as a repressed lust returning as a need for more sex toys, less children. Don't you know Freud has been dethroned by post-modernism? But the airport reality show on a big screen is far better than any french tickler. Adopt a poor kid from Malawi today! Kids can be useful commodities as personal champions in marital conflicts and other property relations, as long as they're not your own issue. Their disposal is only another phone-call away.

The 'real' fact of population is that there are as many of us as there are. That is all. It would take the aftermath of a social rupture, a cataclismic social revolution to even pose the mathematical question of an equitable distribution of food and shelter or local self-sufficiency or sustainability. Ecology is not a solution. Ecology is the set of relations in the home. It is the context, of which we are never mindful. When revolutionaries begin to understand that what needs changed are our less-than-intimate relations rather than our pure number and its ordering, I will count myself among them, and that is something they can count on.

– p. j. kaustic

No. III: PAN AND THEON

Is there a difference between the theatre, academy and the church?

It is said god separates the men from the boys. This is the gashing and gushing of circumcision and subincision, putting an end to the play once and for all. Not accepting this, the indignant Peter Pan (performed by a woman or ambiguous young gentleman until child labour laws were relaxed in the theatre) escapes to *Nowhere, Nohow, Never Land* and never never mentions the topic again. To prevent future such insurrections, the age of circumcision or faux drowning was reduced to zero, that is to say, the age of birth.

The whirling Dervish confronts the audience and announces, "Pan IS god, if only in the etymological sense!"

I've found my fellow atheists to be among the most mystical and fiercely religious of thinkers – to the point of pistols and drawn swords when discussion turns to alien interventions and black holes in space. It is said Nietzsche killed the Big God and we became Modern, but only after the atheist de Sade became a mad playwright. But who toppled the pantheon? Was it Moses who birthed civil order? Native Americans and Hmong tribesmen had never heard of that Moses cat, but would have recognised Peter, the eternally oldest of children, the fool or clown warrior, the creator and always playful destroyer, the embracer of contradiction, the teacher, the archetype in flesh.

If there was an infinity of gods and the universe was therefore pantheon, where would that leave us? *Nowhere, Nohow, Never Land* populated by fools insisting they are not? Without god, who could we blame? Best not think about it and get on with your work. And don't forget your condom! Stay busy and your cravings will disappear. Could it be that the modern state of social war derived from the struggle between unity and multiplicity, the unifying state, whether democracy or kingdom, and the barbarian horde, the un-rule-y (godless) mob, the savage as child arrested in development?

With the proper investment and sense of diligence, science should save us, although

it may take another millennium. If we could all just get some maturity, now! How soon we forget that the chief function of puberty is to bring forth more children to play. But *Neverland* is the street, the no-go zone ruled by child thugs in need of arrest. Democratize or socialize the distribution of toys and our children should grow up into responsible adults who build and worship things rather than discover and play with them! If we could all just get on the same page! Grow up! The revolution is everywhere or it is nowhere at all!

Is there anything but religion? The greatest question of existence is "to organize or not to organize". To choose between congregation and dispersal is the absurdity of the day, the continual search for the permanent condition, the quest for immortality. R.I.P. Pan lives, but only in the theatre.

**No. IV: IDEOLOGY DOES NOT
"MASK" THE REAL:
One Cannot Achieve True
Consciousness.**

"Misreadings can be like those beautiful, old maps of the world that had it all wrong, so people went off and wandered in large circles and saw all sorts of odd things they wouldn't otherwise see". – anonymous

The concentration in experimental designs on task performance to measure the psyche neglects whole classes of behavior which are not task-related. Projectuality may be a tad overrated. If there is an object, it is the escape from tasks and required performances, or the elimination of the locus of control. It takes a considerable course of 'theological' instruction to transform a naturally inquisitive child, an anarchist adolescent, prisoner of war or the resident of a ghetto into a practitioner or theoretician of social planning. The new new society is almost guaranteed to resemble the old. Social planners, given a label ending in "-

ist", gather adherents and the avant garde is born. The locus of control merely shifts in a new set of contingencies. History would seem to suggest that social planning is one of the oldest and most dastardly of ideological projects masquerading under the premise of the construction of sociological machine efficiency, all for the sake of the "masses" who are considered "mindless" adherents to an opposing ideological avant garde, the possessors of false conscious or none whatsoever. It is never ideology itself which is the problem. Like the project of the enlightenment, it is said consciousness needs to be "raised". Few note the double entendre. – fendersën

Žižek follows Louis Althusser in jettisoning the Marxist equation: "ideology equals false consciousness." Ideology, to all intents and purposes, *IS* consciousness. Ideology does not "mask" the real – one cannot achieve true consciousness. This being the case, post-ideological postmodern "knowingness" – the wink wink nudge nudge cynicism and irony of postmodern cultural production – does not reveal the truth, the real, the hard kernel. Knowing that we are being "lied" to is hardly the stuff of revolution when ideology is not, and never has been, simply a matter of consciousness (cynicism, irony, and so on), of subject positions, but is the very stuff of everyday praxis itself. The cynics and ironists, not to mention the deconstructionists et al., may know that reality is an "ideological construction" – some have even read their Lacan and Derrida – but in their daily practice, caught up in an apparently unalterable world of exchange-values (capital), they do their part to sustain that construction in any case. As Marx would say, it is their very life process that is ideological, what they know, or what they think they know, being neither here nor there. The postmodern cultural artifact – the "critique," the "incredulity" – is itself merely a symptom/commodity/fetish. Thus has capital commodified even the cynicism that purports to unmask its "reality," to "emancipate." – wikipedia.org

If the thought enunciates an object as a truth, it is only as a challenge to this object's own self-fulfillment. The trouble with reality (reality's ennui) is that it goes head-on toward the hypotheses that negate it. And then reality surrenders to the first warnings, and bends to conceptual violence. Its distinguishing sign is that of voluntary serfdom. Reality's a bitch! – Baudrillard

To be felt, would be to attach authentic feeling to representation, which, while differing greatly from person to person, almost never happens in a reality mediated by concurring imagery set in place to ensure the defiance of what is felt; set in place to determine rules and expectations for how to feel -- rules which are sluggish and in constant discordance at almost every living instance of reality to what is actually and spontaneously felt -- and set in domineering place to unnaturally adhere those objective representations to feelings, against the will of the very feelings themselves and against the will of the indifferent individual who is now too far (and far too) lost within the illusion to bother comprehending not only complaint, but comprehension itself.

In other words, this is an individual who, in a sort of hypnotized daze of passivity, methodically seeks out sources of catered "understanding" despite the ironic inability to understand understanding in the first place. It's truly amazing how little chagrin the unaware individual is able to feel when yet another objective representation becomes unnaturally fused to a once living and ardor-infused subjective representation, the process of fusion drying up and solidifying what was once transient, paralyzing it and mechanizing it to the point where what was once felt is now simply toggled; removing all natural chagrin and creating new, cheapened vestiges of chagrin, layered on top of each other with actualized reality crushed at the bottom.

At this point, the pile on is to the chagrin of chagrin itself. Reality becomes a layered representation of paralyzed chagrin,

incessantly adding layer upon layer until awareness is sufficiently dampened. Of course, not all chagrin can be paralyzed, but what remains is a starved and weakened amount, left to interact in a crude and reductionist fashion. As the quantity of chagrin lessens greatly, so does the quantity of opposite emotion, leaving a barren icescape -- rich in topography of the impoverished -- in its wake in terms of internalized emotional interaction. Over time, as more emotions begin to freeze, internalized emotional quantity necessarily depletes, revealing the true horrific and decaying state of the evangelizing axiom: quantity over quality.

As the quantity of subjectivity depletes, options too begin to thin, soon leaving very little room for syncretistic spontaneity and forcing the individual into a state of delirious, non-deceived self-deception resulting in faux-spontaneity. In turn, there unwittingly languishes a striving for the primitive and the one-dimensional as an unavoidable result of this conscious negation -- a sort of blanket cure for chagrin and anxiety in exchange for the freezing of those ineffable qualities within the mind, which ironically, are the only ones able to bear actual, flux-based meaning as opposed to external non-meaning. The only qualities even capable of harboring the potential for true meaning are destroyed in exchange for submission to an overabundance of meaningless constructs which, at this point, not only don't naturally adhere to internalized meaning, but can't. Meaning becomes frozen, its surface smooth and iced with ashen gleam, ruling out any sort of potentiality for genuine adherence to its aura of slippery diminution. What is felt -- more or less -- does not transfer over to reality.

– *anonymous*

No. V: *OBSCURITY & CHICKEN STEW*

We have unlearned something. We

have become more modest in every way. We no longer derive man from the "spirit," from the "godhead"; we have dropped him back among the beasts. We regard him as the strongest of the beasts because he is the craftiest; one of the results thereof is his intellectuality. On the other hand, we guard ourselves against a conceit which would assert itself even here: that man is the great second thought in the process of organic evolution. He is, in truth, anything but the crown of creation: beside him stand many other animals, all at similar stages of development....

And even when we say that we say a bit too much, for man, relatively speaking, is the most botched of all the animals and the sickliest, and he has wandered the most dangerously from his instincts – though for all that, to be sure, he remains the most *interesting!* – As regards the lower animals, it was Descartes who first had the really admirable daring to describe them as *machina*; the whole of our physiology is directed toward proving the truth of this doctrine. Moreover, it is illogical to set man apart, as Descartes did: what we know of man today is limited precisely by the extent to which we have regarded him, too, as a machine. Formerly we accorded to man, as his inheritance from some higher order of beings, what was called "free will"; now we have taken even this will from him, for the term no longer describes anything that we can understand. The old word "will" now connotes only a sort of result, an individual reaction, that follows inevitably upon a series of partly discordant and partly harmonious stimuli – the will no longer "acts," or "moves."...

Formerly it was thought that man's consciousness, his "spirit," offered evidence of his high origin, his divinity. That he might be *perfected*, he was advised, tortoise-like, to draw his senses in, to have no traffic with earthly things, to shuffle off his mortal coil – then only the important part of him, the "pure spirit," would remain. Here again we have thought out the thing better: to us consciousness, or "the spirit," appears as a symptom of a relative imperfection of the organism, as an experiment, a groping, a misunderstanding, as an affliction which uses up nervous force unnecessarily – we deny that anything can be done perfectly so

long as it is done consciously. The "pure spirit" is a piece of pure stupidity: take away the nervous system and the senses, the so-called "mortal shell," and *the rest is miscalculation*—that is all!... —
Nietzsche

It's interesting that parents are told by child-rearing specialists to maintain a distinction between the child and 'its' behavior. It is somehow supposed to be less traumatic to tell a child "You are not a bad person, but your behavior is disgusting...I still love *you*". Children are not so well versed as experts and may not perceive the distinction. Do they come into the world instinctively understanding the difference between bad bodies and good souls or is this how they come to learn it? Ah, but now we are in the realm of morality. Clearly, there is behavior which should be discouraged, like drowning the family dog in a pot of brewing chicken stew? The questions remain, did the child react to the dog's bite or growl? Is such violence merely the expression of the nature of a child's being, the instinct of badness? Did the child wonder if the dog might have enjoyed a hot bath with supper? Whatever the answer, we send Junior to his room. Consistently naughty children never come out.

Is agoraphobia the expression of antisocial tendencies dooming one to the hell of obscurity? If the slogan of the *avant garde* is "fame, fame, fame", what do we say about starving artists in the attics to which they cling and identify? Sometimes the more obscure an artist quoted, the more credibility they add to one's own claims to fame, as long as ambiguity is excluded. Are you not familiar with the works of Claude de Messier and Levi Frauerhaubter? Dame Marjorie Lumpfüzen? When I go to town, I wear my invisibility cap, which is doubly effective since I despise caps, especially on my self. Masks as well! In town, I am not me. Can there be a certain notoriety in invisibility and vice versa? With my cap, I enjoy the delusion that I look just like everyone else and cannot

hear their sniggers. Without it, I stand out for all to ridicule.

On the other hand, the aesthetic experience shared always feels somehow more intense, if not better – like contagious laughter is just not the same when practiced alone. That is the point of theatre, where masks abound. But when is an invitation more than mere advertising? If intimacy is frowned upon, when an invitation is always perceived as something ingenuous, contrived, hiding ulterior motive, an invitation to our own exploitation, what else have we between advertising and obscurity? We have no product to sell, but is there a line to display? Is a forum ('agora') archive merely the difference between a museum and a mausoleum or is it their intersection? [Myspace](#) and [find-a-date.com](#) are platforms from which one sells oneself and buys others.

Children are an interesting issue (as both topic and product of intense discursive intercourse where a disgusting disguise is always more practical than comfortable), but they are not the return payment for good sex. Or is obscurity a synonym for autoerotic isolation, just another payment-in-kind? Elegance is always important but rarely found in production, sales and marketing venues. Market Share is the bestest oxymoron of all. Or is that the double entendres of sacrificial parrhesia & manipulative rhetoric in:

sell out v:

1. *vi* sell all of something: to sell the entire stock of a product or range
2. *vti* betray principles: to be disloyal to personal principles or to another person for reasons of short-term advantage (informal)

In all public relations (and we are told, all social relations are at base economic and not sexual as Freud thought) there is only share, barter & sell short. The latter two are

engaged only to mask an inelegant rape or an admission of/ticket to our succumbing to it.

No. VI: *THE CYBERNETICS OF INTIMACY*

The problem of not mixing metaphors is the praxis of cybernetics. The universal metaphor (a metametaphor) is described as a language – the formalism which demonstrates the equivalence of all situations it describes. Thus, in cybernetic language, social relations can be described as exhibiting the same characteristics as an electronic circuit of hierarchical distribution of electric potential (pressure, power) and volume (voltage), flow (current), capacity and resistance. The surveying, extraction and production systems (the mine and factory) can also be described this way and, not surprisingly, because it is a good metaphor, it works well. It provides commensurability: surveillance, detachment, production, commodity distribution. Manipulable circuits. Control systems.

A good metaphor, the meta-metaphor is also what is known as "elegant". Elegance generates laws of nature. Unfortunately, we are trained that metaphors must not be mixed except in *avant garde* poetry. That only specialists can break laws recapitulates hierarchy and an interchange of centripetal and centrifugal distribution. Power flows from negative to positive except in ac/dc circuits, but even then, it follows predictable and malleable pathways. It is regulated by control systems – gates (checkpoints, offramps) and storage. No consciousness is required to make informed decisions.

Mixing metaphors is the zoom lens in the camera bag. It allows us to escape rigid lines of thought, to see the small in the big and vice versa. When a metaphor such as cybernetics describes or models something we deem important or ubiquitous, such as the inputs and outputs of economic investments and expenditures, we see that which is

described as the model for everything else, a necessity, a law of nature. Taxonomies are reversed. The general economy becomes the unmoving condition, the reality behind the appearance, the law of nature, the competitive "free-market" system which now describes universal relationships as well as personal intimacies. Cybernetics itself is only a derivative of "natural" cognitive processing and the give and take, accumulative discharges in "natural language" to facilitate manipulation and expenditure. It is an unfortunate confusion of priorities when dynamic life comes to mimic its static description.

The metametaphor fails when it is seen that the "real" concerns not just electricity and plumbing circuits, but the actual fundamentals of the mine and factory. This is our heritage. It is deep. Electrical and hydraulic systems only pattern it. Feedback occurs when the metaphors are mutually reinforcing (hydraulic and electronic systems). One is always explained in terms of the other – soon they become almost indistinguishable. Social relations become simultaneously more regulated, self-running and efficient. We are prone to see all observation systems as surveillance systems. They are synonyms. We "discover", by virtue of our universal metaphor, laws of nature. We submit to its authority.

People who do not share our heritage of surveillance (the predatory eye to detail), extraction and production, who do not view the environment (whether physical or social) as a resource base, are still observers and producers but did not undergo an industrial revolution. Surveillance has shed an archaic meaning, but has only become more hideous since. We do not remember our ancestors.

I love this definition:

Surveillance is characterised as a system of control which is deployed as a tool by a wider system of control. The general purpose for the use of surveillance is the continued reproduction of existing relations under static conditions.

Surveillance is a basic and easily communicable means of extracting significant information from apparently complex and multiple relations; it encapsulates the disproportionate hierarchy that exists between relative positions of watcher and watched. The specific content of the hierarchy is expressed through the purpose and practical requirements for the deployment of surveillance: first it must be decided why this place/this group of people needs to be watched. There is no surveillance without intent. – *frere dupont*

The etymology permits a less sinister notion in its earlier usage, but there still resides a certain sense of paranoia:

surveillance:
1802, from Fr. *surveillance* "oversight, supervision, a watch," noun of action from *surveiller* "oversee, watch," from *sur-* "over" + *veiller* "to watch," from L. *vigilare*, from *vigil* "watchful" (see *vigil*). Seemingly a word of the Terror in France. A hideous back-formation, *surveille* (v.), was coined in 1960 in U.S. government jargon. Pray that it dies.

Compare with

observance:
c.1225, "act performed in accordance with prescribed usage," esp. a religious or ceremonial one," from O.Fr. *observance*, from L. *observantia* "act of keeping customs, attention," from *observantem* (nom. *observans*), prp. of *observare* (see *observe*). Observance is the attending to and carrying out of a duty or rule. Observation is watching, noticing. Observant is attested from 1608; in ref. to Judaism, from 1902.

observe:
c.1386, "to hold to" (a manner of life or course of conduct), from O.Fr. *observer*, from L. *observare* "watch over, look to, attend to, guard," from *ob* "over" + *servare* "to watch, keep safe," from PIE base **ser-* "to protect." Meaning "to attend to in practice, to keep, follow" is attested from 1390. Sense of "watch, perceive, notice" is c.1560, via notion of "see and note omens." Meaning "to say by way of remark" is from 1605.

With observance, one can see a circularity, a negative feedback loop which presents an ambiguity as to just who are the watchers and who are the watched. Hierarchy takes a step back. Outside of the clustering and specialization (districting) of the civil relation, some "archaic" peasants and the "uncivil" held to a "keep it living" view of the relations between people and the environment, both social and physical.

The less opposition or separation between what we consider the dichotomy of physical and social "realms", the more this attitude of celebrating life saturates all other concerns. Certainly, early christian peasants could have had little notion of autonomy and self-actualisation in their children when they were "producing" saintly adults immune to the stakes and stocks reserved for heretics. – *fendersën*

This 'other' observance (or "mindset") is coming to be called in some circles TEK, for traditional ecological knowledge. As Khrushchev and Lysenko discovered, aspects of it can be detached and easily co-opted by industry. The "keep it living" part has usually been shed, but even this is not necessary in the capitalist relation because, for example, even though our children are surveilled, detached, exploited, moulded, and commodified, we do not actually want to kill them in the process, only their proverbial spirit.

An observant apple picker sees not only the specific product to be extracted, the shiny red apple who loudly announces "pick me", but as well the spur to which the stem is attached. To damage this spur prevents the appearance of an apple next year. Production declines. The orchardist transmits less of a keep it living attitude than merely expand surveillance duties to the apprentice picker. There is an accumulation of trade secrets (specialisation) which maintains and reproduces production and hierarchy. All other observances are superfluous and run interference to the circuit – the distribution of

product. Surveillance keeps them to a minimum.

Nurturing in "attachment parenting" requires observation. There is no product. What is observed is allowed to be. We try not to be too conspicuously vigilant in the process. The concern is to keep it safe, not to produce a product. It is a policy of guarded but present non-interference. It is still describable as a cybernetic system of flows, feedbacks and decisions, but not in a hierarchical power like the putting out a specific product meeting predetermined expectations. We are not disappointed when our children do not resemble us ... and then they do. Keeping it living is none other than Heidegger's *Öffnen sie zu werden*: "openness to being", "flowering".

The celebration and nurturing of a growing individuality results in a collectivity of self-resemblance. This is hidden within the idea of contingencies of reinforcement in operant conditioning - the encouragement of self-motivated behaviour maintains it and not ironically, reinforcing patterns are mimicked, imbibed, observed. It is a matter of aesthetics. Our reproduction through punishment only creates distortions, corruptions of us. It is a matter of neurosis. This came as a surprise even to Skinner, who had spent a professional lifetime concerned with surveillance and control and behavior modification toward desired ends. Yet, put this way, there is a certain horse sense to it. Duh! Unfortunately, Skinner and his comrades in the white labcoats may have seen the sense of it, they were unable to envisage its profound sociological implications beyond more efficient and complex control and management. The discovery of the "mechanisms" or formal description of an "openness to being" did not reproduce it. The lab must be maintained at all costs, as it is our only means to "wisdom". Wisdom is still interpreted in terms of the efficiency of production and the correspondence of the product to our expectations.

Concerning ecology, an Indian friend once said with a look of accusing irony, it was cool that we have come to certain assessments of the universe which resonate with native sentiments. The irony was that the 'natives' didn't have to wage a 500 year war killing fifty million of us to get there.

The fact is, we are not there, and this doesn't mean "there" is somewhere we need to be, a destination. That idea only keeps us vigilant producers and our children are still commodities. The self-managed home is still a factory until we decide to view it as what it is, life. "It" is already in us. "It" is not something one acquires. This line of thinking is not confined to positing an origin and means to a terminal end. It is about seeing bigger pictures, a superstitious perspective which allows us to question our own confinement, where liberation or "disalienation" is not a project and does not require liberators. This is not to deny projects and helpers and creations. It does not deny a militant self-defense when attacked nor a vengeful chase. It allows the gift to lose all sense of economic value and the giving itself to become a human value, a life value, something we esteem and pass on. Home is not an isolation chamber but a refuge welcoming of refugees, where trade becomes what one does with one's enemies. In the absence of enemies, the home is no longer confined to the house. A true sailor is at home in every port.

When it is one's 'nature', this coming into the alienating world in which we find ourselves alienated, to "blow your mind" is not a destructive act! It is an inspired breakthrough – this de-fetishisation of perspective. But as you say,

The appearances of ghosts, or dissonances, within self-managed systems are indicators of different associations between parts and alternative means of attributing significance. Ghosts are disturbing because they threaten the coherence of the circuit.

That there is magic and science (a continual

shifting of attachments and detachments, associations and dissociations) does not mean there are magical or scientific solutions. There is mindfulness, but no omniscience. Detached observation is still surveillance. Parenting is participatory, a performance art. Revolution should be no different. Trying to do things differently must remain organized with the mindfulness of what it is we wish to change. Abuse is never transformed. It is prevented, the reproductive cycle is broken. This is a matter of interfering in the reproduction of one feedback loop so another is "allowed" to sprout forth. It is a slippery slope but not a double bind to understand that we cannot be mindful of the totality of influences nor exercise even adequate control over our situations. It does not say "give up observation, stop making waves". Sometimes the most influential effects arise from the most limited intentions to control them.

And we are most pleased and surprised when we are encouraged and allowed. Treating ourselves to this is not self-control or self-management when mindfulness does not become vigilance, that is, controlling. Lived life as social beings is not submission to democratic forces. That is not what Kropotkin meant by mutual aid. It's a matter of mimicking what looks good (is reinforcing, encouraging, aesthetically 'pleasing'). It only looks like democracy from a detached position, the position of alienation. It is an anacratic system of inclusion and choice – a practical Utopia unconfined to the future or distant lands and where all is not roses. There are also dandelions.

FOURTH LAW OF CYBERNETICS: The openness of any circuit is proportional to the diversity of weeds allowed to thrive in the front lawn.

No. VII: *Communitisation, Revenge & Violence*

"Only when we find truth in the millions around us, will we begin to

*grasp the true nature of
communisation".*

*Could this be the much-reviled "real
movement" creeping back in the
back way?*

*"Nowadays, I often have this sense
that we have gone too far, that our
boat has slipped its moorings; it
often seems that there is nothing to
say anymore to anyone in the
outside world."*

*There is always something to say to
someone in the outside world. Not
everyone, mind you, but someone.
There is less to get than to unget.
There is the matter of casting off
long-term fears and engagement
with the short term, which is always
safe. The other day I had a pleasant
parking-lot conversation with the
owner of an independent grocerie
distributorship. Many would call this
"collaborating with the enemy".*

I wonder why it is considered atavistic and therefore verboten to let loose of the control we exert over swelling instincts, intents and emotions? Would we think twice over punishing a mangy rabid dog who has or is threatening to harm our children? Would even PETA raise an eyebrow had that dog carried out its threat and a mother retaliated? Do pacifist politics take precedence over protecting future children, or is retaliation just not considered civil? Conceivably, if they were able to be pulled away from the donut shops, cops would intervene and even anarchists would turn a blind eye. But why place "Man" on such an exceptional pedestal, a position from which we are to do nothing with a vengeance? Vengeance is a full-body immersion. Action relegated to cold, impassionate professionals is only a mundane job guaranteeing all involved remain aloof of their own passions and inclinations.

Revenge is the tit-for-tat transformation of vengeance, which is an instinct driven by compassion and justification^[1]. If we are not present to prevent thuggery, vengeance can help to prevent its future occurrences. In this sense, it is altruistic. Removing a bit of

broken glass your child has stepped on from the yard fits into the class of revenge. We annihilate the contextual relationship the glass has with the yard. It is extracted and discarded with vehemence. Certainly, we demonstrate self-compassion when it is ourselves who have cut our foot! Whether embedded in the yard or your foot, its removal is a matter of defense, and that, by definition, is not an authoritarian act. In fact, it is quite the opposite.

Some behavior likewise needs 'punishing' or redirecting if its expression is not self-limiting. A wolf mother gives its suckling cub a faux bite on the back of the neck to illustrate her displeasure over its too-aggressive eating habits. To do nothing or to delegate it to others allows thuggery, the predation on the weak or overly tolerant (that is to say, "submissive"), to thrive and multiply – we tend to mimic the world we are placed in. We become wolves: aggressive wolf cubs, sacrificial wolf mothers, wolf warriors preying on *Little Red Riding Hoods*. Democracy's a bitch.

Wild cats such as the cougar, on the other hand, prey on the most aggressive eaters, the fat, the healthy, the dominant. It is not merely stealth which warrants the robbers of the rich the label "cat burglar". Even ancient philosophers noted a selective advantage to moderation in all things. The wolf takes out the ill and weak, the cat the strong and arrogant. Contrary to public opinion, one would have to say nature favours exceptional mediocrity.

A mediocre bonk on the head is an exceptional gift to an attacker and, in shock, he is allowed to recompose – hopefully in a less intrusively abusive form. This is "*coup*". We try to build "respect" and self-critique. When that thug is a child, it is best to grab hold of the ear (metaphorically speaking) and deliver the miscreant to its parents for a proper scolding. If it has none, one can always adopt. Despite potential danger, there's just something so cute and sentimental about motherless cubs.

Orphanage should never be tolerated. For all involved, future remorse is prevented and the child can potentially learn that positive social relations are not only safer, but more enjoyable than the negative. All we can ever intervene in is potentials. Nothing is ever certain. On a personal level, it is compassion which leads us to intervene in the assault on another, not some calculated sense of metaphysical justice. Frustration and anger over perceived injury lead to retaliatory desires.

I'd like to warn of the danger of over-generalisation and de-humanisation of so-called "hooded youth". We are still swayed by the Hobbesian message in *Lord of the Flies*. These are mostly victims of positive feedback cycles and self-fulfilling prophecies inherent to our society – when everything/one is in a detached state, a state of war, we see violence for the sake of violence. Gang violence is only its mimicking coupled with loosening of the control exerted over those other swelling instincts and emotions of social solidarity. It is a corrupted solidarity and must explode when *violence for itself* is its own motto rather than that depicted by the media who never brave the streets to see if something else might also be in operation.

Revenge is probably much more the actualisation of biological instincts than thuggery itself. My adult ass has been saved on more than one occasion by unruly street kids demonstrating they are also capable of acts of kindness and mutual aid. But of course, I've only been beaten (nearly to death) by professional sorts and ripped off by properly civilised ('politically correct' and privileged) compatriots since I was a kid in school, when our own status as members of the human species was continually called into question by our "adult" counterparts.

On the other hand, only a gift for the hell of it reinforces (encourages) gifting. The gift and its reception (co-nurturing) is the unmediated, unjustified, unqualified & unquantified social instinct possessed and expressed by every

newborn. It is the basis of communisation. It opens communication and jump-starts communities. Social life (for us, any life) is impossible without it. Stress, sudden or prolonged, is the surest way to stop up milk flow, no matter how much we intellectualise it. The beauty of instincts is that they are renewed in each new generation however much they are constrained, repressed, sublimated in the previous. Possibility is the only thing we can truly depend on, that is to say, the potential for leakage.

Delegation (call the cops, form a committee to deliberate on the matter, institutionalise child-care) is a form of Bartlebyism, a form of retreat from living. I would say Bartleby was not sociopathic, but homopathic. An unstated compassion or resentment may be present, but engagement is lacking. There is always someone else more willing. True sociopaths (or thugs) are defined by a lack of remorse, which is only a lack of ability for extasis or "sympathy" with their victims, the inability to perceive possible implications of their behaviour or even give a shit when they are pointed out. They cannot engage in social relations. They act alone. If they combine for projects, they must soon disband or they will kill each other. They are provisional use-values one to the other. Bartleby only preferred not to engage. Nothing ventured, nothing lost – except one's own living. For social animals, sociality is the only living. While there might be a potential for Bartleby to tilt either direction, to intrepid bursts of social engagement or an explosive burst with a machine gun at the post office, the adult thug has lost all life instincts to a lifetime of predation, extraction, pollution. Probably best to off the critter. In a topsy-turvy dog-eat-dog universe, the ultimate expression or actualisation of the civil relation must be anti-social.

Brutally mugged lately? What were you doing walking alone in a battle zone? I guess it's these despicable times we're living in. You might consider moving to the country out west where folks have a history of taking matters into their own hands. Back in the day,

had I lived in your town, I'd have got together some friends and tracked down the mangy dog who took your teeth and beat the shit out of him. Retaliation limits the spread of thuggery. Turning the other cheek is itself an act of violence. Like the boxer, Ali, even Gandhi said it is a tactic to wear down your opponent. In 1968, it was safe to walk the streets in your own neighborhood alone and no one wore a wire or burned you with bad drugs, and lived to tell about it. Revenge's power is not one of deterrence like the criminal justice system perceives (the Durkheimian assumption via Hobbes that we're all thugs waiting to happen), but an encouragement for more social relations to emerge and spread unhindered by the antisocial. Dog-eat-dog rules and survival-of-the-fittest rulers (algorithms internalised well before "dropping through the cracks" of the educational system) operating in "gangs" are the biggest hindrance to the emergence of spontaneous sociality, yet it still tries to emerge, an unstoppable leak. This should say something about "species being" to social scientists, but then street kids are almost never considered anything but dangerous aberrations, if they are considered at all.

A certain eclecticism is handy: the kindness of the church-goer, the solidarity of the street-gang, the willingness to engage of the red-neck. Faux kindness, solidarity and engagement, though not desirable, may be necessary to instill them as counter-habits. This was the idea in Max Gluckman's *The Peace in the Feud*, the functional interpretation of the feud as an institution to prevent mutual annihilation. Be that as it may, "acting as-if" creates consequences all around which go on to construct a world where acting is no longer necessary. It is the *Theatre of Cruelty*, not the biblical prophesy that the fox will lie down with the hen. It may just be that the fox is necessary to prevent the spread of bird flu. Free-range chickens do not congregate in houses and are rarely ill. In fact, their feeding patterns come to resemble a gentle flock of sheep.

No. VIII: *Violence & Pacifism are Artificial Constructs*

Man, relatively speaking, is the most botched of all the animals and the sickliest, and he has wandered the most dangerously from his instincts – though for all that, to be sure, he remains the most interesting! – Nietzsche

If it sounds like I am endorsing the justice of the whipping post, that is an extension of the logic to a very scary place. In our situation, every time we try to rationalise existence too far, we involve ourselves with dilemma. Sometimes our instinctual (gut) reactions are the best way to go. Sometimes not. I think it is a mistake to try to place some instincts on one side of the table to be endorsed and others isolated and constrained. I do admire the position: "I cannot even wish that on my attacker."

I personally think there is way too much testosterone in production. Within capitalist civilisation, to be considered a success, even a "feminist" is encouraged to grow balls. It is the a-personal fetish of militancy applied to everyday life. I think we lighten a serious topic when we euphamise what is essentially the supermacho mindset and accompanying behaviour as simply "patriarchy", as if it is an organisational/political form and not the anti-social hostility (or response to an anti-social environment) it really is. Proof of "manhood" by acts of barbarity is as old as civilisation itself. This is not an age or gender-specific issue.

What is not called into question in the first place needs no proof or justification in the second. Bartleby's "I prefer not to" can become situationally specific and a healthy choice unhindered by well practiced democratic urges. It is the only thing which allows a vehement "no!" or an "absofuckinlutely right on!" Vehemence takes the positive and negative poles out of violence, but none of its strength. It is a full-immersion baptism.

Each requires the other for its own sustenance. We classify and name behaviors so we can orient our communications and communicate our orientations. We agree that violence, the nominalisation of a verb ('to violate'), is an extraction, a rude interference, defilement, a rape. As nominalisation, it is a property, attribute or index. Violence is intense or 'vehement'. Anything forcefully applied can be said to be violent. To most, it is a monster which acts within us and without; it must be vigilantly held down or kept at bay. It thus takes continual violence to produce peace. They have become synonyms in the interest of maintaining life, itself a synonym of struggle.

Like any rigid category, there is much confusion as to which behaviors it contains. It has even been said that each muscle contraction is an act of violence at the biochemical level. Ministers of religion and morality still create lists, but ministers of justice have the final say. Even transgressors place more faith in the reality of the category than the behaviors or intentions it is said to contain. It is akin to any reification: the category itself extracts the believer from its behavioural matrix and is itself a violence of sorts, albeit, unmindful.

The irony is that problems do not arise from categorisation, which could be a provisional ("fuzzy" or "malleable") cognitive navigational aid, but when we end movement altogether yet retain the device, when we utilise the compass to help us stay put, when we simultaneously hoist the sails and drop the anchor. Our frustration is expressed as turmoil, a struggle between letting loose and holding one's self down. Apathy is only a bandaid covering consciousness – "I prefer not to think about it". Suicide is as often an expression of apathy as much as frustration.

Concerning the topic of violence and its Hobbesean protestations, social science has yet to let go of its monsters and its proclamations will continue to induce paranoia in its parishioners: "There is an evil presence, a potential which must be kept

under vigilant control else we will annihilate each other". Its christian counterpart announces the inner good which will triumph over violence and all other "repulsive instincts" through pillage, plunder, humiliation, burning, rape and great vanquishing and casting out. It is only a peace of religion which is retained, and quite often expressed as vigilanteism – the social order, the social good, the cop in the brain, the brain of a cop.

Add to the irony that paranoia is defined as the expectation of violent attack from every corner, whereas christian righteousness is ever alert and ready to attack. It must be admitted that both present a paranoid outlook: persecutory in the first place and grandiose and in fact, persecuting in the second. The self-fulfilling prophecy guarantees perpetual dialectic friction. Like good and evil, violence and peace are twins joined at the hip forever consuming each other yet never full. Either this or they are mysticisms, figments of adultish imagination, maintained by it, and passed on to constrain the more fruitful and trusting imaginations of their children.

At base, they are only assessments of what is welcome or unwelcome in the home. Violence as the infliction of injury (psychic, physical, emotional) to another is a special case of one of the fuzziest of categories. Violence is only the measure of the potential of vehement inputs and outputs – the 'strength' of perturbations. The metaphysic of cybernetics suggests the output feeds back to the input with equivalent voltage to maintain or renew homeostasis. The metaphysic of economy portrays a tit-for-tat exchange.

The balanced exchange of blows by boxers results in mutual annihilation without the intervention of time-set bells. The boxer wishes to give more blows than he receives. The wrestler is not at all interested in exchange, but in overpowering. These are maximising sports recapitulating maximising culture where social relations are interpreted

as the asymmetrical maintenance of power.

Retaliation and revenge, on the other hand, are attempts to put an end to power struggle, to avoid future authoritarian perturbation by eliminating or redirecting its source. Redirection is preferable since it does not invite counter-retaliation. In battle, the 'enemy' is left an honorable escape route. Even a mangy coyote loudly announces his presence prior to embarking on a lunch of lambchops. A mother's embrace of an ill-behaved child is hoped to likewise redirect its momentum from hostility to less-than-hostile forms of engagement. Mao tried to accomplish this with "re-education" camps. At least that was the party line and more palatable to the uncertain population emerging from revolution than Stalin's gulags or the revolutionary guillotine of 18th century france.

Racism, sexism, classism, humanism, idealism – these are all reifications which focus our attention toward categories and distance us from the "real" – the rock, tree, fist and foot, the step, touch, climb and throw. The "ism" at the end should be our first clue. But it is observed individual and especially, situational behaviour which demonstrates class membership in "foe". Enemies gladly prove themselves and have no need to be defined by class membership. Their identification is their provocation, giving us the opening to submit, defend or escape. If their bite is not announced by a bark, there is hopefully a compassionate comrade nearby to intervene in our behalf.

As Stirner said, the class itself is only a spook and is therefore harmless, yet how much violence is accomplished by its true believers, believers in the doctrine that thinking, if not superseding, then dictates feeling and doing! All else is materialist fetish. Of course, the other side, the denial of thought in favour of behaviour which is thought to liberate desire and passion becomes equally dogmatic. It's a topsy-turvy world until we learn that thinking, feeling and doing 'work' best when performed as a

dance, a single mutual movement wherein none can be considered in the lead, a jazz piece cycling virtuous improvisations around a theme.

Notes:

[1]: from vengeance: vindicare, [Mid-16th century. pp *vindicat-*, 'claim, set free, avenge'; *vindic-* 'avenger']

vindicate:

1. show somebody to be blameless: to clear somebody or something of blame, guilt, suspicion, or doubt
2. justify somebody or something: to show that somebody or something is justified or correct
3. uphold something: to defend or maintain something such as a cause or rights

IX: Sabotage & War

A point I'd like to make on some definitions. The modern definition is the undoing of a finished product. There is within a double *enéntndre*: a complete binding and an unbinding. I prefer the latter sense. To define is an act of sabotage. It provides a death to the process of questioning and meaningfulness. And they tell us this is where true meaning resides – it is "*bound*" to make sense, as if sense was something in need of constraint. It is decided at the stroke of a blade. Some additional "De" words (from [Etymology On-line](#)):

de-

L. adv. and prep. meaning "down from, off, concerning." Used as a prefix in Eng., as in defrost (1895), defuse (1943), decaffeination (1927), etc. Usually felt as meaning "down," but in L. it could also be completive in intensive (cf. demerit), perhaps with a sense of "down to the bottom, totally." Also in de facto "in fact" (1602), which is usually contrasted with de jure "of right, according to law" (1611), both now used as adjs. in Eng.

define

c.1384, from O.Fr. *definir* "to

end, terminate, determine," from L. *definire* "to limit, determine, explain," from *de-* "completely" + *finire* "to bound, limit," from *finis* "boundary, end" (see finish). Definite (1553) means "defined, clear, precise, unmistakable;" definitive (c.1386) means "having the character of finality." Definition is recorded from 1645 as a term in logic; the "meaning of a word" sense is from 1551.

finish (v.)

c.1350, from O.Fr. *finiss-*, stem of *finir*, from L. *finire* "to limit, set bounds, end," from *finis* "boundary, limit, border, end," of unknown origin, perhaps related to *figere* "to fasten, fix" (see fix). The noun is first attested 1790. Finishing school is from 1836.

destroy

c.1225, from O.Fr. *destruire*, from V.L. **destrugerie* (infl. by *destructos*), from L. *destruere* "tear down, demolish," lit. "un-build," from *de-* "un-, down" + *struere* "to pile, build" (see structure).

debacle

"disaster," 1848, fig. use of Fr. *débâcle* "breaking up of ice on a river," extended to the violent flood that follows when the river ice melts in spring, from *débâcler* "to free," from M.Fr. *desbacler* "to unbar," from *des-* "off" + *bacler* "to bar," from V.L. **baccolare*, from L. *baculum* "stick." Sense of "disaster" was present in Fr. before Eng. borrowed the word.

debate

c.1300, from Fr. *debattre* (13c.), orig. "to fight," from *de-* "down, completely" + *batre* "to beat."

debauch

1595, from M.Fr. *debaucher* "entice from work or duty," from O.Fr. *desbaucher* "to lead astray," supposedly lit. "to trim (wood) to make a beam" (from *bauch* "beam,"

from Frank. *balk*; from the same Gmc. source that yielded Eng. *balk*, q.v.). A sense of "shaving" something away, perhaps, but the root is also said to be a word meaning "workshop," which gets toward the notion of "to lure someone off the job;" either way the sense evolution is unclear.

"Debauchee,
n. One who has so earnestly pursued pleasure that he has had the misfortune to overtake it." [Ambrose Bierce, "Devil's Dictionary," 1911]

debility

1474, from M.Fr. *debilite*, from L. *debilitatem* (nom. *debilitas*), from *debilis* "weak," from *de-* "from, away" + *-bilis* "strength," from PIE base **bel-* (see Bolshevik).

debit

c.1450, from M.Fr. *debet*, from L. *debitum* "thing owed," neut. pp. of *debere* "to owe" (see debt).

decide

c.1380, from O.Fr. *decider*, from L. *decidere* "to decide," lit. "to cut off," from *de-* "off" + *cædere* "to cut" (see cement). Sense is of resolving difficulties "at a stroke." Originally "to settle a dispute;" meaning "to make up one's mind" is attested from 1830. Decided in the adj. sense of "resolute" is from 1790. Decisive is 1611. A decided victory is one whose reality is not in doubt; a decisive one goes far toward settling some issue.

defeat

c.1374, from Anglo-Norm. *defeter*, from O.Fr. *defait*, pp. of *defaire*, from V.L. **diffacere* "undo, destroy," from L. *dis-* "un-, not" + *facere* "to do, perform" (see factitious). Original sense was of "bring ruination, cause destruction." Military sense of "conquer" is c.1600. Defeatism, defeatist are 1918, from Fr. *défaitiste*, in reference to the Russians.

derive

c.1385, from O.Fr. *deriver*,

from L. *derivare* "to lead or draw off (a stream of water) from its source," from phrase *de rivo* (*de* "from" + *rivus* "stream"). Etymological sense is c.1560. Derivative is from 1530.

dérive

c. 1961, Continuous Drifting. The changing of landscapes from one hour to the next will result in total disorientation.

Experience demonstrates that a *dérive* is a good replacement for a Mass: it is more effective in making people enter into communication with the ensemble of energies, seducing them for the benefit of the collectivity. (– Ivan Chtcheglov)

delete

1495, from L. *deletus*, pp. of *delere* "destroy, blot out, efface," from *delevi*, originally perf. tense of *delinere* "to daub, erase by smudging," from *de-* "from, away" + *linere* "to smear, wipe."

deleterious

1643, from Gk. *deleterios*, from *deleter* "destroyer," from *deleisthai* "to hurt, injure."

delicious

c.1300, from O.Fr. *delicieux*, from L.L. *deliciosus* "delicious, delicate," from L. *delicia* (pl. *deliciæ*) "a delight," from *delicere* "to allure, entice," from *de-* "away" + *lacere* "lure, deceive."

delight

c.1225, *delit*, from O.Fr. *delit*, from *delitier* "please greatly, charm," from L. *delectare* "to allure, delight," freq. of *delicere* "entice" (see delicious). Spelled *delite* until 16c. when it changed under infl. of light, flight, etc.

Property destruction is not violence except from the level of molecular and biochemical disruptions. If we take that turn, we will have to say that all metabolism, even the totality of

vegan eating habits, is violent and the word, "violence" is meaningful but distinguishes nothing. Anger is not violence even if it often precedes it. Property is an idea and an arrangement between people in line with that idea. 'Actual' material commodities are merely symbols for the idea and not only resultants, but reproductive agents of that relation. Where is the personal harm, if we are against proprietary relations, to give harm to the property? Where is the violence in destroying that which mediates social relations? Does it not unglue harmful attachments? Obviously, sabotage hurts the feelings of all true believers.

Like modern child-rearing, war is abuse and counter-abuse – a steady state of mutual antagonism. Sabotage is not war even though it may be co-opted by warriors. People "engage" in war with each other. It is a choice and an embrace. To be engaged upon by war is to be a target, victim, casualty, not a soldier. Self-defense is not an act of war, even though warriors must also defend themselves. To be under attack is not sufficient to define one as a militant. Only militants view running away as cowardice, and this is only their attempt to induce us to stand still while they shoot at us. Militants do not like moving targets, they want to win and that is always measured by the accumulation of blood, hunger and illness imposed upon the enemy. Class struggle is not war, as its desire is a steady state of mutual antagonism. It is war in the sense that every war won always seems to call out for another. Once initiated, warfare must be ceaseless lest progress come to a standstill. There are always new enemies. For either side to authentically "win", the one could not become the other. The field of engagement in class struggle guarantees that this scenario is impossible – victors must always re-enact their battles, lest they lose their self-importance and life becomes meaningless.

Sabotage will not win any wars. Seen as a guerilla tactic, it is a matter of self-defense: a matter of maintaining one's identity as *not* that of the other, and in fact, an expression of

one's disinclination toward war altogether as the perpetual abuse cycle it is. Insurrectionary practice is engaged in the hope that ones attackers will burn out, run out of steam, fizzle away to nothing. Alternately, it might just get one time to make away for refuge. It is safer than taking body blows or standing the barricades, where you will always run out of steam before they do. But even drop-out militants must at some point surround themselves with booby traps. There is a point in every life when it is time to die, but when that time comes, we don't go out without a bang – at that point, there is nothing to lose in spitting in your attacker's eye. It is not a matter of maximising advantage or optimising survival.

Of course, most would probably prefer to find a nice, peaceful and shady tree underwhich to rest unimpeded when the end approaches. We'd prefer that option also be available during life. Seen as an expression rather than a tactic, sabotage is an aesthetic. As self-expression, sabotage may be accompanied by joy, and that is nothing if not a brief experience of freedom, an unbinding short of death. It is a well considered stroke of a paint brush or a spontaneous outburst of poetry or a spot of vinegar in the gas tank. A surrealist painting juxtaposes a wooden shoe and a loom in the same entangled context. What you do with your own shoe is a matter of performance art. We might remember that it is the expression of an act willingly performed and not destruction itself which defines joy and freedom, and is only enhanced when performed with another. In this it is much like sex. It is the confusion of one for the other, the mask for the face, the defined act for the refined intent, which defines fetish. Like the co-opt, fetish is a demon which can metabolise anything. But so can détournement. We cannot inspire disengagement, that is, "mutiny" in those who oppose us by calls to war. Those are only enticements for true believers to defend their faith.

No. X: *Notions of Agency*

I don't know how to compare stress levels between those of a coal miner in 1909 and myself. Comparisons of that sort are relatively meaningless because of their deep subjectivism. I claimed that we live longer. This is relatively easy to substantiate. I also am not at risk for Black Lung, even though working in IT is bad for my back and eyes, but I am guessing that working on a coal mine was not good for your back or eyes either. Nor am I certain that the mental stress of my office job is higher than the stress of having to work 12-14 hours a day deep below the earth's surface in a hole with wooden beams holding back tons of earth from crushing me, having to dynamite away more chunks of earth to dig deeper. I am not sure that such things have the qualitative similarity that would allow for proper measure.

Isn't it odd that this very gesture of comparison depends on the same mechanism of abstraction, in this case not of concrete labors into abstract labor or use-values into exchange-value, but concrete physical and mental states and conditions into "stress"? I am beginning to wonder if Curtis is right that stress is a concept we ought to avoid (outside of its specific meaning in Mechanics, from which it has been adopted.) – *Pan Slodoba*

Stress is very important to the notions of breaking points and shock. A weather change is a stress on one and all. A bolt from an electrical storm is something quite else. The initial stress communicates to us and we activate our agency to find shelter. We are moved, we move.

In his analysis of both Baudelaire and the cinema, Walter Benjamin employs this final definition of shock as over-stimulation within the context of psychoanalysis. In his essay, "On Some Motifs in Baudelaire," Benjamin quotes Freud as writing "*for a living organism, protection against stimuli is an almost more important function than the reception of stimuli*". According to Freud, the human "*protective shield*", which has its own energy, guards the nervous system against "*the excessive energies of the outside world*". For Benjamin

reading Freud, "the threat of these energies is one of shocks" and "the more readily consciousness registers these shocks, the less likely they are to have a traumatic effect". Freud through Benjamin is contending that the external world is constantly threatening to over-stimulate us and that, instead of requiring more means of accessing the world, the body needs protectors, shields, to help block it out. The principle shield is consciousness, which protects the subconscious from suffering the after-effects of shock. Much of this language recalls Marshall McLuhan's definition of media as "extensions of man". Here the extension, consciousness, is most decidedly a shield, and not a spear.
– Shock

But stress is not a shock. One could say every sensation is a stress on the sensing organ, a perturbation. The sweet tang of the fresh Jonathin is preferable to the blandness of a Red Delicious just out of storage. Sometimes stress is a warning, like a war cry which gives us an opportunity to escape ruin. But sometimes it is an invitation, a signal which must go unheard when one feels nature in its totality comes at us with hostile intent. I've always thought Freud was a bit touched with paranoia. But then, who in these modern times isn't? Who is even exposed to fresh palatable food any more? Who needs that kind of excitement?

* * *

spontaneous

1656, from L.L. *spontaneus* "willing, of one's free will," from L. (*sua*) *sponte* "of one's own accord, willingly," of unknown origin. Spontaneous combustion first attested 1795.

spondee

c.1390, "metrical foot consisting of two long syllables," from O.Fr. *spondee*, from L. *spondeus*, from Gk. *spondeios* (*pous*), the name of the meter originally used in chants accompanying libations, from

sponde "solemn libation," related to *spondein* "make a drink offering," from PIE base **spend-* "to make an offering, perform a rite," hence "to engage oneself by a ritual act" (cf. L. *spondere* "to engage oneself, promise," Hittite *shipantahhi* "I pour out a libation, I sacrifice").

respond

c.1300, *resound*, from O.Fr. *respondere* "respond, correspond," from L. *respondere* "respond, answer to, promise in return," from *re-* "back" + *spondere* "to pledge" (see *spondee*). Modern spelling and pronunciation is from c.1600.

responsible

1599, "answerable (to another, for something)," from Fr. *responsible*, from L. *responsus*, pp. of *respondere* "to respond" (see *respond*). Meaning "morally accountable for one's actions" is attested from 1836. Retains the sense of "obligation" in the Latin root word. Responsibility is from 1787.

To spend is a spontaneous offering, a gift. Responsibility is the ability to spend again, willingly, of one's own accord. A ritually shared flask is the basis of the general economy.

* * *

The future is a non-existent set of possibilities yet to derive from existing sets. It is potential. This is the only meaningful definition of power or nature. Nature is that which is possible. Progress is only the movement from non-existent set to existence, an attempt to achieve something from nothing, go somewhere from nowhere. Flowering, unfolding, becoming, self actualisation, organic growth, biological diversification – all these are more relevant to living systems. Patamimesis must begin with the initial aesthetic response or perturbation. Interest is drawn out and this is the point of

agency, choice. One moves toward a
mergence or withdraws from emergencies.
Groups combine or diversify.

* * *

Re: Pro-Rev Minority and Revolutionary Agency
Postby matt on Sat May 16, 2009 12:39 pm

My Darlings:

On May 16th, 2009, I found that the conceptual praxis of merely contemplatively speculating about revolution, in the form of writing, despite the 'unshakable' theories running contrariwise on the matter by all of our most prolific and esteemed revolutionary ideologues, is in fact an undeniable form of revolutionary agency. Yes, I did find this conceptual praxis, mostly unaware of itself as significant, whereby radical proletarianized morphemes, those so crazy particles that are the source of All Contradiction in the World of Signified Appearances (fink is fink because it is not dink; the leading assemblage of innovative communist thought is Salon de ver Luisant because it is not libcom.org), may be accelerated at opposite directions through connecting wormholes in the writing, and at so much unbelievably fantastic speed, so that when they smash against the other, the ineffable names of the gods of Interregnum become released and scattered in paragrammatic traces, dashes, and spirals across the flattened phase-face of the writing. These revolutionary wormholes are everywhere, actually, in any writing on revolution, regardless of the writing's contingent value, prosody, theoretical 'depth' or supposedly hopeless 'recuperated' positioning in society, and at any phonetic point through whose tiny trumpet-like hole the whisper of lost, dead labor puffs upward.

Hooded Authors wander through cork-screwed factories there, silently awaiting their occupation, serenely greeting to other hooded Authors with a bow. The writerly agents of revolution follow not what is outside the eyes, but what is within,

"shimmering," as Althusser said in Lenin and Philosophy, "beneath the world." They are very dark from having gone out to the true edge, or very light from posting on anti-politics.net.

No. XI: *Communism is not a programme of ideas*

Communism is not a programme of ideas, principles and practices that must be realised, it is rather an 'environment,' or ecosystem of inter-dependent relationships, and must support within itself many aspects of human being including both the 'radical' and 'conservative' as being commensurate with our basic nature – it must contain all sides of any argument within itself just as a natural environment holds in place multiple sets of trophic dynamics.

Communism cannot be reduced to instituted agreement, or to adherence to a set of principles; the formulation of such principles immediately produce an almost infinite number of variations, divergences, interpretations and flat contradictions (all of which may truly be said to express a fragment of communism). Just as capitalism supports a massive variety of relationships within the wage/commodity form, so communism must contain, give life to, sustain, its own diverse and multiple communities.

(Movement) equally supposes a procedure of exteriorisation; those who are moving, those who are moved against. This personification of the capitalist relation falsely sets up a struggle between archetypal subjectivities, where the mover is imbued with heroic qualities whilst the moved against becomes the receptacle of all that is barbarous.

From what I perceive of human nature, communism cannot take the form of a movement towards the future at all, but rather, it must function as a complex of re-relations and processes which is directed towards untying the binds of past relations.

Communism faces backwards in an attitude of vigilance not forwards like some colonist/entrepreneur.

For this reason communism is not a realisable programme to which the earth's entire population must conform but a 'cleaned space' in which the bindings of accumulated past forces have been released so as to allow the free development of relations which are not defined by their programmatic adherence to communism but, on the contrary, by their refusal to cleave to any inherited past form. These unbound relations will be characterised by the domination of the lived element (actually present existing individuals) over the dead element (history, technology, institutions etc) in society.

– *Frere Dupont*

No. XII: *Abolitionist Manifesto A through L, a 12 step program.*

A crystal orb that glistens.
A dewdrop between webbed, crusty toes.

Obvious to he that listens,
With half-closed eyes, the forest grows.

A naked running beast,
A creature as silent, bold and hairy.

Formidable, to say the least.
And he thinks – we are scary.

– *D. Newman, '89*

A) The behavioral context we find ourselves in (the world of past & contemporary social relations) is despicable. This is our subjective opinion. We want to change the world.

B) The behavioral context we find ourselves in is a set of repeated, mimicked, reproduced "bad" habits. We desire new habits all around. We criticize the old.

C) This is because at some level we do not believe it is written, we do not believe it is "human nature", we do not believe it is necessary. We believe in volition, choice and agency. We believe the constraints of a higher power can be undone. This is our faith.

D) The world does not change in response to our critique. We become passionate and scary.

E) We begin self critique to examine our own part in reproducing the world. We experiment with new behaviour.

F) Because our experiment is not a habit, it feels contrived and fake. That is because it is. It is unfamiliar territory.

G) The world does not change because of our experimentation.

H) We remember that the world has forced our hand, we resist. Self-critique is pointless because the world is not our fault. It is not ourselves who need to change but everybody else.

I) The world does not change, we are defiant so we stand our ground. It is a face off.

J) The world does not change. Feedback to position A).

K) We understand that our stumbling point resides somewhere around positions "C" and "F". This is the point of uncertainty, foreign ground, absurdity, novelty, the different, the opportunity, the transcendent possibility, the patamimesis, the jumping off. This is subjective rupture.

L) We discover that difference is a scary place, there are dangers in any adventure, even as it seems so enticing. The choice, the only choice is whether or not to try on our new shoes, to see if they become more comfortable after a breaking in period, if they become us, or if they need discarded. We do not tolerate bare feet walking on thin ice and

razor-blades. We try on a different pair of shoes.

XIII: *Deja vu?*

Yesterday I embarked on a bit of rummaging and research, starting with the Wikipedia entry on SDS (Students for Democratic Society) and SNCC (Student nonviolent coordinating committee – from which SDS more-or-less sprang). I found it fairly resonant with my memory of events, having once lived in those times. More importantly, it reminded me of current trends under slight name changes. Today, of course, all our ideas are thought new and improved.

There is one difference I think is important. There was not, in real life, quite the factioning and conflict between groups except from within organized mass movements. Mass always tends to break apart. What we would today call "affinity groups" were composed of various inclinations. "The establishment" was our "common enemy", but when we met, we did not go to war, but "played together". My "group" of friends included a maoist, trotskyist, actors in subversive theatre, students, etc. Play was always around what we'd today call derive -- explorations which articulated between stops with free food. We might stop at a house with an open door from which loud music and odd-smelling smoke poured, which we interpreted as "Welcome" or to Buddhist or scientology meeting centers who handed out free coffee and doughnuts if you would stay long enough to listen to their jingles. The Fourth Street Gospel Mission was no exception. Every stop was a shrine of one sort or another. We held private parties at the cemetery.

I thought I'd share three or four "zines" from those times (circa 1971) for your historical pleasure. The first two are from our little group in Seattle.

[What is Anarchy, really?](#)
[About the Seattle Group](#)
[Provo](#)

Green Rage

It seems the conversation is still going on.

This is from the SI's critique of the provos:

"These leaders, whose program had advocated provoking the authorities so as to reveal their repressiveness, ended up by complaining that they had been provoked by the police."

It could be that the SI initiated 'purism' within the bohemian milieu. My own personal opinion/experience is that all-inclusiveness works as long as (a) the group continues as an irrelevance, (b) the various parts of the group accept the informal/given hierarchies. As soon as members begin to analyse the dynamics of the group things begin to fall apart. Small town radicalism requires high doses of self-enchantment (again, in my experience) to put up with the unput-upable. – Dupont

* * *

I think this is an excellent and fairly interesting addition to my understanding of that time, and until this I have never encountered any writings about or from Seattle in 60's.

I have not yet re-read the pieces nor written any questions out concerning content, but they do remind me of the old publications of Heat Wave, and perhaps of certain pro-situ writings in the Bay Area (Point-Blank, etc.). Did these two publications have an influence?

And how was the navigation of disparate ideological specimens coming together bridged? Was there any texts, ideas, or other reference points (beyond friendships built through 'hanging out') that served such a function? – Lopez

Thanks Lopez. I'd say at the time, everything was influential. The main publication was the Berkely Barb. It was the first big counter-culture underground newspaper for our generation, and the best. Seattle produced

the Helix, but it wasn't much after the first few issues. (One thing the Helix staff did was start up services and shelters for run-aways). Of a sudden, high schools were putting out their own papers. (Ours was called "Growing Up in a Cage") This was facilitated by a self-avowed Maoist organization (local to Seattle, I think) called the Student Mobilization Committee. They also helped coordinate by word of mouth just about every radical event. I don't mean orchestrate, but get the word out.

Hippie was a derogatory word from the start, like beatnik was. It was never a theoretical orientation except in a very broad sense. Most of us were just not too concerned with theory, and even less with behaving consistently. Rigidity was a behavior of "the establishment" and not something we wanted to model -- it rhymes with regimentation. This didn't make the organizing groups enemies. For the most part, they were most helpful and folks who could be trusted. So no, it wasn't just a matter of small groups of friends. We were taking over entire neighborhoods with no militancy whatsoever. The Panthers were protecting their own neighborhoods which had a history of police attacks. In their situation, it was the right direction, and we all knew it. They were their own police force (but more often "social services") and in fact scared the cops away for fear of another Watts. They were scary dudes besides, but they managed to take care of each other quite well considering the circumstances.

Bikers were also "allies", as long as you came to understand and show respect for their "code". That wasn't too difficult, since we all grew up watching the same cowboy outlaw-gang movies.

It's ironic that the SI pointed out a contradiction between provoking pigs and then claiming brutality, when they were pushing for a revolution of everyday life. Everyday life may be modeled theoretically, but life almost never follows logically or coherently (along the lines of a platform or theory) outside of the workplace or

academia. The thing is, police brutality was everywhere and as big an issue as the war. It was quite tied up with the civil rights movement, as the targets were blacks, poor folks and "hippies", pretty much in that order. Provocation was just as common, and one didn't have to be a provo to provoke. Happenings were situations. One of the first things co-opted by the bourgeoisie. We dropped the term about as fast as the word "groovy" but the behaviour didn't stop. Provocation was a kind of happening, a game. One never intended to get caught. It was mostly harmless fun, with the harshest thing being pelting a cop car with rocks and running like hell through the cemetery (any big one would do) which had no lights and plenty of cover.

Except for marxist type organizations, there wasn't much solidarity with workers. Not that we didn't try, but we were pretty naive. Prior to Jimmy Hoffa, Seattle workers were already radical, particularly the Teamsters, who were already thinking in terms of workers taking over the syndicates run by "gangsters" and undercutting corporations to take control of commerce. Rank & file workers had few allusions concerning the integrity of their own union management. (All my uncles and cousins worked in the shipyards. Dave Beck was a west coast labour hero prone to bad press. Jimmy Hoffa was a fink and a stooge). They could recognise bullshit as well as the rest of us. They had no love for "commies" or lazy bums like us.

Labor Union was not yet a naughty word. Democracy was hardly even questioned. I couldn't imagine "what could be wrong with democracy?" That critique is probably the best thing to grow out of this generation! My dad preached anarcho-syndicalism for the workplace and totalitarian, patriarchal dictatorship for the home. I naturally gravitated to the other kind of anarchy, "anti-establishmentarianism". But this is not a theory. That would have to be "eclecticism". It was a pretty widespread attitude. But it is mass organising bodies which make mass media and mass media makes it to the

history books and celebrity biographies. The weathermen were not the only ones making bombs. They were just a split from SDS, a massive movement probably best remembered for turning radicals into congressional candidates and spreading the idea that voting right could fix things. Disco and cocaine only finished what they started, albeit probably not at all intentionally.

As long as I've got to rambling here, I'd also like to point out that the demise of the so-called "hippie commune" was not just because they incorporated standard politics into their structure or were not very good farmers, but that the state came in and took their children and placed them in foster homes. This continuing threat was the end of creating autonomous zones, and largely why Hakem Bey later insisted on their being "temporary". If you are not isolated (like in a ghetto or a dark attic), if you become visible to middle class america, they will fuck you one way or another every time. Just another indication of promnesia (that deja vu feeling all over again).

The Sierra club piece is interesting. A mainstream non-profit whose local franchise was more out there than Earth First or modern primitivists. The key word back then was "wilderness", and Seattle is a great place for that, since we had a 360 degree view of it, being surrounded by mountains. For many, wilderness was a big part of everyday life, a longing toward the visual horizon with more than occasional excursions there.

Just another aside to give you some context. In 1966 we went to Little Rock Arkansas (I had relatives there). The radio was announcing summer race riots across the south and issued travel warnings. I asked an uncle or twelfth cousin or whatever he was where the riots were. I remember his answer almost to the word: "Nah, our niggers know their place. Them troubles are all up north and it's your own damn fault!" This was a turning point in my education. It was a long time before I could admit to any southern

heritage. So yes, I'd have to say some things have changed, but in our system, every positive change is invariably followed by a dozen new malignant tumors.

A Dilemma?

When a person decides to become a revolutionary, i.e. consciously aims at opposing the spectacle in its totality, this implies, to begin with, opposing the accumulation of value in himself, that is, his character. Whether he calls it "character" or not is incidental (according to the motto: if there had never been a Wilhelm Reich, it would be necessary to invent one), but he'd better oppose it all the same, or all his good intentions will remain just that, at best. He lapses into the state of being merely pro-situ when he fears starting his critique of everything from himself. As a result, he becomes incapable of really criticizing anything, for no other reason than the fact that his critiques don't proceed from his passion to liberate his own daily life, from his own subjectivity. His adherence to the Situationist International's theses become (or remain) essentially intellectual; his *modus operandi*? simulation. The pro-situ has not recognized his subjectivity in that of the S.I. or anyone else, because *he* doesn't have the *guts* to be subjective.

Nonetheless, the apparently avant-garde nature of his ideas appears to separate him from the milieu he emerged from (almost without exception, from his fellow students); his novelty, in turn, often combined with an abstract rejection of the Left (sacrifice and so on), he takes for his subjectivity. And because he is thus subjective, character doesn't concern him, no sir! He appeals almost exclusively to those who are most like he was before his great metaphysical break – his abstractions are as far from *ad hominem* as could be imagined. He expects the subjectivity of others to emerge just like "his" did – precisely because of how he defines his own illusory subjectivity. The pro-situ *is* different than he was before he became a "situationist," but only in the sense that *the most important determinant of the pro-situ's character is precisely his resistance to the practice of theory*. Which is a

big problem, seeing that the pro-situ's major preoccupation is his desire to practice theory! It follows that his apparent novelty is *itself* the greatest barrier to his assaulting his character (and even to the recognition of the existence of his character). The pro-situ, who appears at first glance to be closest to the breakdown of character, is actually one of those furthest away.

The process described above is not necessarily absolute – the struggle against character can be partial, partially conscious. It may be that the seeds of subjectivity are there, but the necessary lucidity concerning it is limited, or sporadic. What then? Eventually one tendency must win out: coherence, or a relapse into the inauthentic. This process itself may take place over an extended period, and may develop unevenly. (– *Chris Shutes, Gina Rosenberg, Disinterest Compounded Daily*)

It is true that self critique or analysis is too often absent from the critique or analysis of the totality, but this is a big part of an isolated existence, a defense mechanism of denial of our own separation: "I am not part of the problem!" "I am pure" renders down to "I am helpless and alone". This is not unique to pro situs but is our culture – the really big lie. The merely big lie is that I should search out clones and organise. With enough organised mass we can change the world. Only organized mass can change the world. Democracy becomes an army of clones. War is the only situation where majorities annihilate minorities, and there is always much bleeding. This is no change at all.

Why should there be a notion of an inverse relation between coherence and inauthenticity? Why is a revolutionary organization incomplete without a charter, and then is unrealistic when it gets one? Why should we expect an identity between the person and the organization? I'm starting to think "praxis" is bullshit right alongside mass organisation. It is the same logic, the logic of unification, of neoliberalism, globalisation, empire. Programs and projects become

necessities. There is much meddling.

Of course, nobody *is* this rigid. So why the infatuation with constructing rigid theoretical coherence? Is it a fetish for rationalism or am I just an anti-intellectual? It seems all they accomplish is fighting celebrities and cheering groupies and "the revolution" is once again put on hold.

The kind of unity I experienced in Seattle 30 - 40 years ago was a single shared commonality: resistance. All our differences were inconsequential to the "counter-culture". They were very consequential to our social relations: difference was a source of news, views, community. We had much to discuss. This did not go toward creating a singular body of theory. It went toward living. And even though we were a minority, Seattle was a pretty awesome place to live at the time. The irony was that we all wanted to leave, and that was accomplished by about '75. We all found holes in the sand in which to bury our heads.

We are not Vulcans no matter how many of the original Trek episodes we watched. Mr. Spock himself was only the prediction of the success at the end of the enlightenment, Nietzsche's Superman superseding us – pure intellect and pure praxis. But even Spock envied the pocket calculator: No passion, no pleasure, a rational explanation for everything, automated solutions to every input. Spock had not seen the "Apathetics" in *Zardoz*. In the end of that flick, all the enlightened utopians begged to be offed by the barbarians, just to relieve boredom.

VOLUME 3



HOME



"From now on, Utopia is not only an eminently practical project, it is a vitally necessary one!" – Clark, Gray, et al

CROWBAR MOMENTS: Volume 3

No. I: *I turn my back on thee!*

And thus, Merlin finally defeated Queen Mab – he ignored her, so she disappeared in a puff of magic.

(Lyotard) considers atheism to be reactive, repeating a gesture of negation that belongs to theology rather than to the impulses of an energetic unconscious which, as Freud argues, knows no negativity. What Nietzschean thought requires, he suggests, is a disinvestment of monotheism and not a critique of it. Christianity should not be attacked but abandoned, since atheism merely perpetuates the memory traces that foster the depressive states of resentment and disgust. Lyotard seeks to persuade his readers that the thought of the death of God merely dampens libidinal intensities if it is treated as anything other than a matter of indifference. God should bore us into forgetting rather than provoking us into revolt. – *Nick Land, The Thirst for Annihilation, p. 12*

But of course, god and Mab are not the problems which concern us. But this tactic of divestment joins up with the drop-out, escapee, general strike, boycott in negating negation itself.

What is the difference between counting angels on the head of a pin and arguing over the difference between philosophical concepts (identity, being, nothing with-or-without-the-commas) when even presence and absence are problematic? There is a trace of me still in the bathroom. A double amputee still retains identity and wholeness. Obviously one's legs have no significance to one's being, only to behaving which cannot belong to the world of "thing". Like the soul, behaviour has no material existence. It is therefore not objective. Perhaps we should not speak of objective behaviour, but of the behaviour of objects, be they as they may. Can a soul be a thing in and of itself when it is defined as immaterial in the first place? What is immaterial is of no consequence. We divest ourselves from it, turn elsewhere, ignore it, it disappears. Might this be what became of our own lives?

"If men define situations as real,
they are real in their consequences"
[– *Thomas Theorem, 1928*].

I do not ask that you place hands
upon the tyrant to topple him over,
but simply that you support him no
longer; then you will behold him, like
a great Colossus whose pedestal
has been pulled away, fall of his
own weight and break into pieces. –
Boétie, 1548

Habit and memory are the problem of the collective unconscious and collective consciousness. But we do know that selective amnesia is as possible as selective hearing loss. Someone once said it is possible to quit smoking, but it is never easy, that is, until one is told there is cancer, even when it is obvious that cancer did not become pervasive until we radiated the environment. When informed that they have arrived at the age where death by natural causes is not only possible, but imminent, old

folks find it very easy to forget the present.

Communism is neither negation nor human nature, but a *desert evening primrose* coming up from the crack in a rock, and living only a day or two. Found only in situations, it wilts immediately when picked. You cannot keep it. It is not something we can transplant, yet it cannot be ignored and is not easily forgotten.

This conflict is real enough I suspect and is the source of many problems. Consciousness of it is necessary, but is not itself a solution. It requires the constant practice (in the sense of practicing to throw a ball, not in the overly politicized sense of praxis) of confronting this conflict or disjunction, not with the idea that we ever perfect it, but understanding that the engagement is itself what matters. – C. W.

and

It seems to me that not only is capitalism necessary, therefore, for communism, but that communism only exists as possibility out of capitalism and any potential of it prior to capitalist society ought to be treated in the same way that Marx and Engels treated Darwin: it was the development of human beings and our self-knowledge that made it possible to make sense out of the apes, and thus the ape is necessary for homo sapiens, but only the ape. We can't say what prior to the ape led to homo sapiens except after the fact, and even then only tangentially. – C. W.

If the ape is a tolerable agent even tangentially in theoretical discourse, why not the **!Kung Bushman**, who is also homo sapien but not ape?

One point of view suggests that when the colossus has fallen from its own weight, the only ones left will be the !kung (the quote I'm stealing from said "Hmong"). Analogously, when the 'corporation' goes bankrupt, the prole will be all that's left and will be forced to manage things on its own ("All your base are belong to us!").

As you say, "It requires the constant

practice". Those left who "practice" (act-as-if, pretend) communism in their own situational engagements will be the source of "communism becoming". We should expect to see many things sprout in addition to "self-managed" proles. The stumbling point for organized revolution (and revolutionary organizations!) is the notion that "we should all be on the same page". Revolution as "taking over" is best played by sending out a questionnaire and then rounding up anyone who answered wrong. But then, where's the difference in that?

A different view sees capital itself undergoing a transformation, like from ape-like being to man. This is the Marxist view when it maintains a sense of "natural progress". It might just be that these are not antagonistic processes. In biology, punctuated equilibrium (the "rupture", but only seen as such after the fact) may be the consequence of an imperceptible change in embryology. Any future condition (set of relations) logically or semantically requires collapse of past conditions, else we cannot say "things have changed".

In this view, albeit still a bit progressive, revolution and collapse are equivalent. The difference is between engaging now and putting engagements off till some future time. This brings back the notions of agency and helplessness, and is probably why SI focused on "creating situations". On this line, the justification for doing nothing by the slogan "The revolution is everywhere or it is nowhere" falls on the same ground as "The rain must fall everywhere or nowhere". It is an absurdity for behaving organisms, a necessity only for automatons thinking themselves isolated gears stuck in a fast moving machine. – *cf. Thomas Theorem*

Capitalism is global, so obviously future possibilities for communism will be seen after the fact as sprouting forth from it. This logical necessity of sequence cannot be used to deny any past existence of communism, which is the primitivist counter to the standard marxian argument against them. A

broader research, even within historicism, illustrates that contact between the civil and uncivil, as well as memory traces found in, say, Homer's writings (as well as more modern etymologies) gave us the notion of primitive communism in the first place. It was depicted by early Greeks searching their own roots as the "Golden Age" of hero poets. Later "greeks" co-opted the term to refer to successful pinnacles of civilisation: Classical Greece and Rome.

In Jungian terms (which I only take as metaphor), communism would represent an archetype, a memory trace, an invariant but fossilized artifact. I'd say, with the ecological perspective, communism is not a matter of human nature, but nature itself, that is, if Kropotkin's views are seen supplanting the neo-darwinists.

No. II: *Commodity Fetish & Alienation*

If workers/producers are alienated from (~~and only from or even centrally from~~) the means of production, and it can be agreed that from the capitalist's perspective, workers *are* the means of production (along with their tools), then "and only &c" must be scratched out. Alienation is then merely from ownership of tools and design of the job description. Workers are part of the bundle, a component of the tool. This remains important as we move toward the idea of community property. Their alienation cannot merely be from the means of production (they are inextricably interwoven into productive systems) – they are also alienated from the ends of production. For many, this translates as a loss of individuality. In either case, workers are owned, or at least driven by the commodities they collectively produce. It just gets all too confusing. Sociologically, the argument between individual and social agency is only a convenient diversion. The real place of alienation is nowhere, or at least betwixt and between, neither here nor there. Alienation is a contradictory but not

inconsequential existence.

I think the only thing workers are *not* alienated from is the means of production, whether in a capitalist run factory in the private-property state, or the autonomous community property collective – the commune, fasci, kibbutz, soviet. What is reproduced is in every case work for the sake of a product which is 'owned' by no one till it is cut up and distributed equally. Separation is only reinforced.

Alienation does not easily follow any logic outside of specific philosophical or theological dualities, oppositions such as *body-mind/soul*, *praxis-theory*, *work-play* or *body-will* (desire plus agency). Since workers already 'will' (are disposed, inclined) to work, and revolutionary workers aspire to master their own work through "self-management", even the 'will' part is unacceptable as something alienated, as long as work or production is maintained. This provides the focal logic of class struggle and the impossibility of it's becoming all out war.

In most situations, the producer "feels" alienated in a very general sense: s/he'd rather be doing something else. Anything else! Therefore, the focus for insurrectionist anarchists easily shifts from the means and ends of productive systems to a more generalized "*alienation from desire*". For the democratically inclined, the focus comes back toward an altruistic sacrifice for the greater good.

On the other hand, neo-marxism insists, there are workers whose desire concerns the problem, "I'd rather be doing this job differently!" (My way?) and their frustration (the capitalist contradiction) represents a lack of control over their situation. This is the appropriate revolutionary consciousness, a will to autonomy and self-management by workers. No more bosses, but keep our jobs, as the same ends are desired whether or not there is a revolution.

But with a fair distribution of commodities, and the elimination of unnecessary work, the masses will be those whose desire takes them outside of production altogether. The everyday living will be artists. The workers with the appropriate revolutionary consciousness (now and still a minority) become the slaves of the masses disguised by their fetish for production and the label given them: "Dictator". Dictator is just another word for "public servant" until consumers tire of the banality of necessities and desire the resurrection of luxury, the rare commodity necessary to spark their imaginations.

Even when (and especially when) desire is added to the equation, "from each according to ability to each according to needs", the master-slave dialectic remains. I'd call this the hegelian conundrum. Desire, for the sake of egalitarian justice, must be removed from the equation. Everyone must put in their time at the factory and farm, if only three hours a day and four days a week, and through a somehow newly acquired sense of altruistic sacrifice, activity centers around the "essential" commodity and its production. Art is so bourgeois!

This is Maoism. Mao became a counterrevolutionary when he suggested the bureaucrats spend two weeks a year on the farm shoveling shit. The bureaucrats wanted to bring in coca cola, macdonlds and boeing to help build up and manage industrial production. Bureaucrats could not take time away from their desires to maintain their function as movers and shakers of the revolution, which tied to and based in production, is the same job description as prior to the revolution, movers and shakers of production and distribution. This is stalinism. The revolution was not recuperated in either case (Soviet Union, China), the revolution was an illusion in the first place. Just a variation on a theme.

When discourse centers on the means of producing commodities or even their distribution, commodity fetishism is not only maintained but reinforced. Social relations

are still mediated by the product. With a shoe fetish, sexual desire cannot be fulfilled without footwear. Alienation from unmediated sexual desire is motorized at the shoe factory. The shoe factory requires cattle ranches, abattoirs, oil wells, riggers, coal miners, dam builders, typesetters, programmers, painters and rap singers to establish the rhythm and sense of merriment to work by. But at least it's not capitalism, right?

No. III: *Historicism, Entropy & Communist Locality*

Historicism posits universal stages which must be experienced prior to their eclipse. It is one-dimensional in that it sees autonomous lines, independent of or controlling toward intervening variables and discounts the influence or even existence of other "lines". It sets itself up as a singularity before it even gets airborne. At least historical materialism acknowledges contextual and sequential influences, but there are more influences than the material, unless, consistent with calvinism and reductive rational positivism, the dog-eat-dog material flow of energy and resource is the basis of everything. In that case, the supersession of labour and production is an absurdity. So goes the revolution into the realm of wishful thinking and other faerie tales.

To avoid the trappings of unilinear stage theory, it may be helpful to introduce the notion of entropy and noise. In a cartesian sense, capital is located everywhere, true. But it is not into everything and hasn't near the control over intervening variables it wishes (and advertises). Hence, periodic crises which escalate right alongside the (historically successful) attempts to capitalise on them. But what is my noise (meddlement and inconvenience) is their staple diet; what I thrive on is just inconsequential system chatter to "them". It passes by even professionally trained analysts of chatter.

Dead labour? We all float down here, amidst dead folks and worn out ideas, artifacts and archetypes. I would not be silly enough to try to resurrect them, but keep certain memories alive, so to speak. Capital will die not from a mystical collapse, a progressive transformation or revolution toward utopia, but suicide – self-induced system crash. Call me mad, my own death-drive is a civil artifact I no longer find pleasing or wish to share. "They" (the engineers and protectors of the present) are unwittingly doing more toward their own end than any amount of revolutionary agency set against them. Historic revolutions have only prolonged matters. Kropotkin said the real revolution won't have even started until the fighting at the barricades is over. This is the social revolution, and at this point, whether at the barricades or on the bleachers, we cannot predict what it will entail. There is some reason to believe the barricades are not even necessary. But I am a utopianist: when I think of the future, I can only hope there will be air to breathe and room to breath it.

Marx was no less utopianist than Rousseau. He early on talked about the supersession of production to free up creativity. It is said the supersession of work by art will generate the supersession of art by life – communism. Rousseau talked of ends, Marx laid out means. I am not suggesting their ends were even commensurable except in the broadest sense, but they were equally romantic – the romanticism of harmonious machineworks is equivalent to that of free spirited factory management and free love by forest-dwelling sprites. There are no demands placed on possibility. I have no problem with romance or utopia or their combination. Certainly there is a need for imagination?

The tradition which has followed Marx has rarely posited the end of production. First and last, we have to take over its means. Even for Marx, there is no such thing as communist production. Freeing creativity is where the human of humanism comes in. It has to respect difference, not unify it, or individual creativity is gone. Otherwise, we thereafter

work, all in the same factory. This is the new argument of *sustainable production*.

This is as absurdly non-reactionary as separating use and exchange value, when what needs broken is the bond between use and value. The inherent tit-for-tat exchange can then disappear into its own entropy. But we will lose interest only when we can no longer bear it.

Locality is the important clue in an economic interpretation of communism. Within the local group (like used to occur within families) things are shared. Between groups, there is "trade". But without the notion of property, this is only a simultaneous coming together at a specific point in time bearing gifts. Federated locality is a state when it maintains value and obligatory return, supply and demand (or needs and ability) in a pragmatically balanced equation. Exploitation is always waiting in the wings, within the background noise, to leap upon us like a cougar from a tree.

I don't think that "the real movement of the contradictions of capitalist society" is communism. The identification suggests they are the same – communism becomes the new avant garde of capitalism just as capitalism is the present avant garde of civilisation. We've been through this before. Capitalism is the movement (a forward as well as tangential extension) of contradictions, but may contain the space from which communism may irrupt.

I'm thinking of bad apples in the barrel, ghosts in the machine, miscalculations in the project, flukes in the digestive tract. I therefore do not discount the idea that communism is immanent, but that is not the same thing as the position of stage theory or correct procedures taken to predictable ends. It exists in the noise with which capitalism has no interpenetration. Because it is noise, most of us as well do not interpenetrate, except in brief or specific situations where or when the telescreen is off. It jumps out at us, and we say, "WTF?" Communism is a local

phenomenon, a phenomenon of locality, a general (even if not generalised) social relation in a specific social situation. Locality is not a "merely" and therefore inconsequential thing.

We can give whatever name we want to an interacting spiral of environment and agents but 'real movement' refers to an incremental historical process in which communism develops within the 'womb' of capitalism. The argument is that before capitalism, social relations dictated to capital but when capitalism became established (i.e. production and productive relations developed in pursuit of capital) capital began to dictate to social relations. The argument is that because actual social relations then withered as they became increasingly dominated by productive relations so a new socialisation was taking place 'beneath' or 'within' the economic system and that when capitalist relations reached a crisis point, this historically developed movement of resource rich subjectivity would be able to reappropriate productive relations and put them in the service of this new higher form of social organisation. Plainly, the failure of this movement to appear marks instead the appearance of an attempt to think an anti-movement communism. – *frere dupont*

Entropy in systems theory describes the notion of non-extensive and a-temporal interregal space. Thermodynamics suggests that entropy increases with expansion resulting in implosion or explosion of those expanding or unifying (accumulating) systems. It's common sense: increasing power to a vacuum cleaner will result in a burst bag or loss of vacuum or a burnt up motor. We shall soon see if thermodynamics applies to sociological systems as well. It seems to have had in the past. The *a priori* logic says that society demonstrates systemic or cybernetic relations so therefore, must abide by general laws of physics, which are only regularities observed generating certain limits to possibility, not inscriptions on stone tablets.

It all depends on how much unification and permanence one wants. Extralocal unification is the beginning of the state and states have historically had little room for diversity. The only creativity allowed is that which is authorised. I do not intend to reify. Communism is a behaviour or sets of behaviour between people, specific people in specific situations. It may or may not spread. If it is attractive, it no doubt will – living things tend to mimic and repeat pleasurable encounters or those which seem to anticipate such ends, even if one's definition of pleasure is the rather pessimistic "avoidance of pain"

Human universals are apparent at the phenomenological level: "You know them when you see them". There is a recognizable gestalt or form. If we look from a behavioural level alone, we see differences: humans do thus and so. Behaviour more than "race" has always fueled ethnocentrism. There are some universals seen from a bio-structural level, such as the perception of the spectral wavelengths into named articulations (colors) which hardly vary from one group to the next. What varies is the name applied. Likewise, there is a phenotype expressing a genotype which comparatively shares more sameness than difference. From the linguistic perspective, there is the pharyngeal/laryngeal modulation of expressed air which almost universally coincides with or appears to facilitate cooperative navigation and territorial assessments, among other things. The assessments and expressions vary from here to there, but the process and effects of articulation are the same.

What is universally shared is communication within communities. This does not, of course, distinguish us as a species from other social beings. That is an unnecessary and often dangerous distinction in the first place. If we cannot get past the moralistic position of "*I am not an animal!*" and all its implications, we will never fathom disalienation, which to my thinking, as simplistic as it seems, is a goal of "communists" everywhere, even

those stuck in economic paradigms. It is the double-negative avoidance of mis-givings (sacrifice) and mis-takings (theft) evident in modern mis-communication. Communisation is a process of sharing expressed noise and impressed movement. If payment is insisted upon, communism can be had for a mere song and dance.

I see communism as a process of communication which no longer thinks of itself as a debate form with winners and losers. Communication is a sharing first and foremost, even from a cellular or molecular level. Sociable behaviour is a no-loss (entails neither theft nor sacrifice) communication system if we can call it an economy at all. Seen as only an exchange system which ought to be balanced (fair distribution of equivalencies) allows no movement out of present social relations. This is no romanticism, utopianism, nor primitivism, and when primitivists and all the other ists, who have asked some very good questions (like concerning division of labour and the neutrality of technology and the alienation inherent to bureaucracy, questions we should not discard just because of "who" said them) begin to be able to periodically adjust their lenses and share the eyepiece, they might begin to formulate some better answers, or better yet, none at all, unless it is "Hey! Check it out!". But this is just a question in disguise. It is an invitation, not a demand.

Bear in mind that communism is just another word with a history. It is a stage of nothing, a space of possibility. It is only useful as a convenience toward mutual explorations and experimentations into unknown regions.

No. IV: *Fortune & Agency*

"Decoherence can be viewed as the loss of information from a system into the environment (often modeled as a heat bath). Viewed in isolation, the system's dynamics are non-unitary (although the combined system plus environment evolves in a unitary fashion). Thus the

dynamics of the system alone, treated in isolation from the environment, are irreversible. As with any coupling, entanglements are generated between the system and environment". –
[Quantum_decoherence](#)

But a loss? Waste? Certainly a hot bath represents progress over the cold, when loss is recuperated as a gift from Lady Luck, when the heat from an incandescent light bulb keeps pipes from freezing but its light is inconsequential to the water flow, where fortunes may be accumulated or passed on, where an incoherent idea in the noise of the unconscious bursts into flame and fuels a new coherency or entanglement, where noise is not a bath but a pool. How one spends a fortune, in other words, its return into the noise for other entanglements defines the future. Fortune must refer us to the future. Even in the entropy of background noise there are entanglements. The difference between loss and investment is only a matter of aesthetics. Isn't one man's shit another's fortune?

Another divination from the mid 19th century:

"Fortune, we are told, is a blind and fickle foster-mother, who showers her gifts at random upon her nurslings. But we do her a grave injustice if we believe such an accusation. Trace a man's career from his cradle to his grave and mark how Fortune has treated him. You will find that when he is once dead she can for the most part be vindicated from the charge of any but very superficial fickleness. Her blindness is the merest fable; she can spy her favourites long before they are born. We are as days and have had our parents for our yesterdays, but through all the fair weather of a clear parental sky the eye of Fortune can discern the coming storm, and she laughs as she places her favourites it may be in a London alley or those whom she is

resolved to ruin in kings' palaces. Seldom does she relent towards those whom she has suckled unkindly and seldom does she completely fail a favoured nursling.

Was George Pontifex one of Fortune's favoured nurslings or not? On the whole I should say that he was not, for he did not consider himself so; he was too religious to consider Fortune a deity at all; he took whatever she gave and never thanked her, being firmly convinced that whatever he got to his own advantage was of his own getting. And so it was, after Fortune had made him able to get it.

"Nos te, nos facimus, Fortuna, deam," exclaimed the poet. "It is we who make thee, Fortune, a goddess"; and so it is, after Fortune has made us able to make her. The poet says nothing as to the making of the "nos." Perhaps some men are independent of antecedents and surroundings and have an initial force within themselves which is in no way due to causation; but this is supposed to be a difficult question and it may be as well to avoid it. Let it suffice that George Pontifex did not consider himself fortunate, and he who does not consider himself fortunate is unfortunate.

True, he was rich, universally respected and of an excellent natural constitution. If he had eaten and drunk less he would never have known a day's indisposition. Perhaps his main strength lay in the fact that though his capacity was a little above the average, it was not too much so. It is on this rock that so many clever people split. The successful man will see just so much more than his neighbours as they will be able to see too when it is shown them, but not enough to puzzle them. It is far safer to know too little than too much. People will condemn the one, though they will resent being called

upon to exert themselves to follow the other." – *Samuel Butler, The Ways of all Flesh*

*Earlier yet, "A Digression
Concerning The Original, The Use,
And Improvement Of Madness In A
Commonwealth"*

"Nor shall it any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack (ie., John Calvin) to be, a person whose intellectuals were overturned and his brain shaken out of its natural position, which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or frenzy. For if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men, which are the establishment of new empires by conquest, the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy, and the contriving as well as the propagating of new religions, we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason hath admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaptation and at proper seasons, and it is of no import where the fire was kindled if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air, the materials are formed from causes of the

widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition as well as consequences, and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow that as the face of Nature never produces rain but when it is overcast and disturbed, so human understanding seated in the brain must be troubled and overspread by vapours ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention and render it fruitful. Now although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various original as those of the skies, yet the crop they produce differs both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil." — *Jonathan Swift, A Tale in a Tub*

Interconnected? Interrelated? Interpreted? Interpenetrated! Knowledge or conceptual integration? Natural syntax or artificial partitions of "the stream of consciousness"? The differences between machine and organism, friend and lover, associate and symbiont, network and culture, duct tape and shackle, electrical discharge and gravitational pull, the reproductive cycle of dandelion and honeybee imply neither singularity nor unity and certainly not identity. And yet they do. What are called cause-effect relations are, in this paradigm, matters of a degree of interpenetration.

In spatial (extensive) as well as durative (invariant) relations, one can always argue the question of chickens and eggs. In intensive and temporal or sequential relations, one must always ask "which chicken and which egg are you specifically implying?" Generic answers will not do. Butler solved the problem by referring to the generic or specific chicken and generic or specific egg as different perspectives of the same living organism, a good blending with

Bergson's "duration". A diversifying invariance. Bergson is accused of vitalism, Butler of teleology. For them and an increasing number of "modern" biologists, life itself is a singularity. The noun or nominalised verb, "life", has, of course, a much longer history, going back at least five thousand years as a term of duration, from PIE **lip-* "to remain, persevere, continue, live". We tend to associate it with animation, particularly when self directed or reactionary, while the inanimate have no agency whatsoever. We've been told we are the best of the best, but the biggest question of the age is not any longer the meaning of life in a circular argument, but "whatever became of our agency?" Vitality no longer serves as the empirical proof of life, but the urgency in getting it back.

For interpretations and desires to actually conflict means that there is an attempt to simultaneously stand on the same point with great urgency. If they are not extracting different resources from the same mine, in which case, where's the problem, there is no conflict over desired ends, there is an identity between ends, it is only an argument between immediate and delayed gratification. Stripped of impatience, a free for all is a wonderful idea. A sort of reverse bucket brigade, sharing with those in the back of the line negates vital urgency. Back in the day, we used to do this with a platter of fish at the dinner table.

Revolution is unanticipated. It is not a teleological process. Intended ends always bring forth enough entropic material from past conditions to sprout disappointment. Synergy is as uncontrollable as spontaneity. Inner urges carry us forth, but not all of them are of our own making, and this discovery, the discovery of exterior forces causes great confusion as to the difference between inside and outside, but only if we demand to make our stand, to take up residence here or there, a pitched contest between creation and constraint. As long as this war is waged, we will never come to understand the notion of mutuality in social relations.

Historical force of strategists and tacticians interrupted ordinary cycles or conditions, and continues to interfere with enterocentric energy, libinal drive, anarchic desire, communistic tendency. Having been allowed to grow and develop and perfect to the point that most force is tolerated and even encouraged, it is an absurd project to apply counterforce to bring them back in order to take force itself out of the equation and endorse mutual influence. Growing systems will take themselves out of any box or equation, but unfortunately, eventually is never soon enough. If we do not go extinct before this process is complete, we might embrace our dumb state of no communication (alienation, isolation, separation) and concentrate on communicative primes -- body language -- which require no dictionary. A smile, nod, wink, grimace. From there, our children will teach us to speak again, when we begin to fumble about with human vocal language as opposed to verbal warfare, the preceding condition for clubs, sticks, swords, guns. But this is not a return to any former state or condition. It probably in no way resembles the evolutionary origins of homo sapiens and their language. You cannot go home, particularly when you never had one to begin with.

The whole discussion of agency is the resultant of our separation. It is a matter of placing bonds on identity. The fact that there are choices to be made always passes over our heads. To paraphrase Vine Deloria, if you live in a place where your identity is not always called into question, you can simply be yourself. Notice he chose the word, "simply". It's just not that complex of a notion!

***No. V: Found objects: Alienation is
not restricted to the means of
production***

Post script to Antonin Artaud's *Van Gogh: The Man Suicided by Society* (see *Artaud Anthology* edited by Jack Hirschman. City Light Books San Francisco.1965. Page 139.)

(translated by Mary Beach and Lawrence Ferlinghetti):

"Van Gogh did not die of a condition of delirium proper but of having bodily become the field of a problem that the iniquitous spirit of mankind has debated since the beginning of time, the predominance of flesh over spirit, or body over flesh or the mind over one or the other.

And where in this delirious thinking is there room for the human ego?

Van Gogh searched for his during his entire lifetime, and with a strange energy and determination.

And he did not commit suicide in a fit of insanity, in terror of not succeeding; on the contrary, he had just succeeded and had just discovered what he was and who he was, when the collective consciousness of society punished him for tearing himself away from it, and suicided him.

And it happened to Van Gogh as it usually happens, during an orgy, a mass, an absolution or any other rite of consecration, possession, succubation or incubation.

This society

absolved,

consecrated,

sanctified,

and possessed of the devil,

effaced the supernatural
consciousness he had just acquired,

and like a flood of black crows in the
fibers of his internal tree,

submerged him in a last swell

and, taking his place,

killed him.

For it is the anatomical logic of modern man to never have been able to live nor think of living except as one possessed."

– Antonin Artaud

No. VI: *The obliteration of desire*

I am starting to dislike the word, "desire", especially as it is tossed around so thoughtlessly these days. It may have been Foucault early on, it may have been Žižek later on, or was it Agamben, I don't recall, who pointed out that once desire's "object" is attained, interest withers away to nothing. The courtship is over, we move on to other conquests. This offended me as well, but now it seems to point the way to an a priori truth: satisfaction must obliterate desire, being that it is a condition of lack. But does it follow that interest is also dead, being only a condition of boredom?

An abundance of food relieves the urgency about eating. It does not cause one to lose interest in food, we can become selective rather than desperate. Perhaps mutually engaged polyamory would result in fewer divorces than the monogamous property relations we engage in today. We can exercise aesthetic abilities, make choices, create situations, move and even return. I do not desire urgency or hunger nor equate contentment with boredom – maybe it's my age. I once had an idea that the most oppressive societies produce the most bland (monotonous) diets, but I think it is as much the outgrowth of religious asceticism, where a little spice is considered sinful. Then there is the matter of stimulus deprivation, a form of torture which does wonders on the imagination equivalent to oversaturation (shock).

Habituation allows us to let go, but also to come back. Property is a binding which ties us to banality and produces the suppressed urge for conquest and ruptures. When we proceed in this direction, all we get are

ruptured spleens.

But we are to liberate desire, to become desiring machines, factories where desire is shat out from the assembly line and soldiers are ever waiting in line for the next battle. This describes our present circumstance pretty well. We are not in a state of war but of want.

The authentic (I use this term lightly, or perhaps only to piss folks off) social revolution would obliterate, not liberate desire. We will want for nothing concerning our well-being. Free movement, "our one aim to move" as Kerouac put it, peaks interest. When "goods" circulate as well, they can become novel intrusions or the return of an old friend, which is to say, they again draw our interest. I do not desire desire, except to put an end to it. It is not something to hold on to like a security blanket and a wet thumb. Gary Snyder suggested embracing the ordinary, like a fuzzy teddy bear. My conclusion from a study of pataphysics and evolution is that natural selection favours a state of exceptional mediocrity where the new and different brings us to consciousness.

Isn't the obliteration of desire the conquest of nothing? Health and well-being is a matter of nurturance. Notions like "armed joy" and "desire armed" bring to mind the clown soldier, militant nurse and tough love at the boot camp. Not a far cry from the revolutionary theme song, "Onward christian soldiers" marching into Jerusalem to take back baby jesus' manger from the heathens.

To lack what is needed produces ill-health, a lack of well-being. If one requires a specialist to inform dietary consent, probably a biologist or nutritionist is a better reference than a political revolutionary or social philosopher. Why should we want to become bodies without organs except as it suggests a more holistic approach? Our organs inform us as to their needs. They give us tastes. They should be our friends. We are perfectly capable of recognising a healthy diet when we listen to

them.

Medical science specializes in organ removal. It is the arm of a cultural system producing battles and dependencies. Can modern medicine be any less neutral than a cotton gin or tank? Pro-civ deliberators demand this to be so. Think of all the folks in iron lungs and dialysis machines who would die without it! Sorry, everybody at some point dies. Besides, how many of these patients would have to endure this situation had they not spent a lifetime breathing smog and imbibing biotoxins we call processed food and medicine? The argument will stand only when they can achieve immortality. So far, all they've achieved is the well-being produced in a state of cryogenic stasis.

I often talk about other people and other lenses and conditions of abundance. The appropriate response is: "What good is that? Those are not the conditions we experience and we have only our own logic to work from." I insist that I only offer a perspective from which the inevitability of present conditions might be questioned. Two other (largely flippant) remarks come to mind: "Oh, so you want us to go back to the harsh existence of the cave?" and "We can keep the good progressive shit like penicillin and high speed trains and higher education and factory production and digital watches and treatment centers for the mentally disturbed and jails for pederasts and prosthetic testicals &c., and just eliminate the bad shit". What these sorts of response indicate is that no change is desired after all but the maintenance of desire itself. It's not only too absurd to think outside the box, but as well to explore its edges and corners from the inside.

No. VII: *A forces of consumption argument?*

We have rehearsed [here](#) (and elsewhere?) objections to 'the forces of production' argument, and these mostly focus on the

continued domination of lived activities by accumulated capacities within revolutionary situations, and on the manner in which any 'revolutionary' lived element is reduced to that of administrative procedures – historical/objective production of needs and activities related to needs will settle the character of any possible process of communisation at the level of technology. We settle with the question of, 'how much of production may we really seize hold of?'

If the determinism of the forces of production position is problematic to our conception of communism then what about a 'forces of consumption' argument...?

Is it the case that the mass sensitisations which are generated within consumerism ('I like the shape but it is not my colour, I like the taste but it is a little dry, I wanted the Mark 2.1 model but they only have the Mark 1.9, I liked his 2nd lp but not the 3rd, shall we attend the Picasso show or the Ernst, shall we watch the football or Pop Idol' etc etc), where the mechanism of conscious choice based on personal preference (accepting that this prevarication, this investment in decisionmaking, is directed entirely towards an order of objects which make no real difference to life) is historically being developed to a fine point where it may be transferred (i.e. socialised) to more significant questions? Certainly, already we can see preferences being deployed within interpersonal relations which now follow a consumerist model, in which certain life decisions are selected as if from a shelf. A speculative example:

The latest technological developments would make possible the individual's unbroken contact with cosmic reality while eliminating its disagreeable aspects. Stars and rain can be seen through glass ceilings. The mobile house turns with the sun. Its sliding walls enable vegetation to invade life. Mounted on tracks, it can go down to the sea in the morning and return to the forest in the evening.

Architecture is the simplest means of articulating time and space, of

modulating reality and engendering dreams. It is a matter not only of plastic articulation and modulation expressing an ephemeral beauty, but of a modulation producing influences in accordance with the eternal spectrum of human desires and the progress in fulfilling them.

Is it possible then, that through the pin-hole aperture of severely constricted behaviours that the historically accumulated forces of narrowly defined consumerist choice are flooding in full colour the white wall of the social relation with an inverted image of potential, communist, decisionmaking behaviours; are we being trained to decide the content of human relations?

The arguments against relate to both the role 'choice' should take in human relations (that is the extent to which it adequately expresses the full range of consciousness – you are old and smelly, I choose not to care for you), and to the rather limited spectrum of interactions/participations that the mechanism of choice produces. Certainly, with regard to the latter, we can say that although there are many choices to be made between options, the options themselves (because of the manner of their appearance in relation to choice) become flattened into the status of objects of choice – I cringe at the idea of Western Buddhists, i.e. at the idea of a consciously chosen spiritual path.

There other aspects of consumption (deriving energy from activities for activities) which I have not dwelt on, probably because these other aspects cannot be considered separately from aspects of production.

– *Frere Dupont*

The Deliverance of Consumer Society

Our perspective as consumers is always drawn toward delivery.

Until the discovery of Oldowan tools associated with australopithecus (Southern

ape) did we invite the species into humanity. Not only did this animal walk erect, display human-like teeth, but it made and used tools. Evolutionists always considered our genus appeared with bipedalism. Even the ancients referred to us as two-legged beasts. They argued with the Lutherans and Marxists, who thought the distinctive feature was an opposable thumb capable of making and holding a hammer or sickle. All agreed fire made us "truly" human, agriculture made us civilized and industrialisation & specifically motorization made us modern.

For a postmodern solution, I would suggest double leg amputation, which would reduce the human biomass on the planet by a third, and provide important nutritional supplements, if only as fertilizer in greenhouses or fish-food for home aquariums. Automated mass rail transit would bring all needs directly to our homes and any movement still required could be accommodated by electric wheel chair. Who could complain?

Periodic technological crises would ensure populations would not spread beyond the city gates. Outside, nature would be given a chance to reclaim the former suburbs.

So laugh, but this sort of interference with bipedalism instituted with the first cities on the banks of whichever historic river is currently in vogue with historians is no joke. For the first time in human history, the words "Feed me!" came popping right out of our collective mouth. Camps are portable. Villages are seasonally occupied. Only cities provide year round comfort, but they demand a delivery system and a class of folks to push it.

– *fendersen*

No. VIII: *Essential Proletariat*

The essential proletariat? One who concerns her/himself with drinking, hunting, fishing, herding, farming (food-folk), making heat (fire-folk), bringing forth children, telling

stories so that we don't forget and changing stories so that we do (mothers), building shelter (tailors, carpenters). All else is incidental luxury, some of which may be deemed necessary (like books and pencils) and some of which is downright hazardous (like coal mines and H-bombs). The latter is essential for the reproduction of the capitalist condition. The former is essential for any condition. And for today's moralism, the identification of the person (or class, where such a division of labour is in force) most essential to revolution (Jack London thought it was the telegraph operator) is just another example of passing the buck

On the other hand, in settled life there is a list of workers which might fit the bill of essentiality. The list has never been compiled to my knowledge. The job titles are often absent, or euphemised. The job descriptions are not descriptive of the actual performances. When we are familiar, these positions exist over seas or in distant lands. With this class of employment at home, citizens by and large do not engage. It is work performed often by immigrants, and ironically, not only out-of-work citizens accuse them of "stealing our jobs", jobs few locals are desperate enough to perform. Most do not create any product. They are made invisible when lumped into the category "service industry". The industrial product is servitude.

At home or abroad, these people work in the most despicable of conditions. Americans know of coal miners in china, but that is so far away and besides, it is always a tyrannical government or lack of technology which is at fault, never the job itself. Most of the tasks cannot be mechanised, and mechanisation itself only creates more shit jobs, usually performed somewhere else, out of sight. What is not considered is that without desperate conditions, no one would consent to do the work. Pay scale is not a consideration. If there was a choice in the matter, workers would gladly take a reduction and seek other employment. Higher pay only results in higher turnover, folks can now

afford to leave in search of better conditions.

The fact is, there appears no choice or these jobs could not be filled. If there is hope, it is the hope of rising through the ranks. It is the same rational, with about the same pay-off potential as spending rent or food money on a lottery ticket. It only takes one win out of four billion tries to provide the justification for continued risk. What we are talking about are the most dangerous, most toilsome, most despicable tasks which all of civilisation depends upon. It is the work of prisoners or slaves given a token wage. Seek out the lowest of low-level position in any enterprise, remove it and everything else crumbles. We are talking of janitors, shit sweepers, dishwashers, sewage handlers, miners of toxic resources, farm workers, cna's and even less well trained personell wiping asses and changing bed pans (you didn't actually think nurses did this, did you?). We speak of sweat shops, as if sweat is the problem. Even the sweatshop relies on support at lower levels. The lowest level in this hierarchy is death – death by starvation, illness, suicide.

Revolutionary or technological utopianists, workers who aspire to self management rarely discuss this group. Every radical who desires self management at the work place considers her or himself the essential proletariat. If those who support them with raw materials, feed them, clothe them, unplug their toilets or clean the shit off their ass when infirmed, the drug dealers and methlab workers who supply their goodies are even considered within the framework of future utopian social engineering, it is considered these are all no-skill tasks everyone will have to volunteer to perform for short periods.

We will exploit ourselves over the short haul in order to live the good life in the interim, a cycle repeated indefinately. Every party will end on the note of death, toil, physically and emotionally demanding work tomorrow, if only for a while. Stalin discovered quite early how well this sort of voluntary system works – it only works for enemies of the state. It is

forgotten that these are tasks no one would volunteer for without force or desperation, one cannot be fooled into making a career of them. That is how bad they are. The altruistic ideology defining itself as sacrifice for the greater good only goes so far. Particularly, most are not even essential for living. They are only essential to support a certain lifestyle for others, and as long as they remain in the loop, this lifestyle is exploitative. Revolutionary and insurrectionary theorists who do not consider this essential proletariat expose themselves as bourgeois frauds.

No. IX: *Rulers: the persons who embody the apparent inevitability of whatever happens.* – Debord, *Critique of Separation*

In the project of civilisation, every success is a casualty, to put it mildly. When such success becomes apparent, when a civil trend is taken as far as one can take it, it must be locked away (institutionalised) and thereafter called "failure", if only to avoid embarrassment to those still in a state of aspiration, unwitting that the end is only a state of expiration. Civilisation exponentially locks away, and this is called progressive reform: the elimination of failures. What we usually call successes are only successful in delegating their atrocities to others, and so, merely operate within the letter of the law. It is the lot of a minion's life to be suicided or penalty inserted. It is the lot of their delegators to be superseded, dead and fictitiously fabled or buried and forgotten. Much to their chagrin, civilisation does not produce immortality. But always in denial, the civil face annihilation still insisting: In death as in life, the privileged few will get it, the rest are eternally damned. The immortal higher power is only a dead hier-archy, once the old wive's tale, "Ya can't get somethin' *from* nothin'" was détourned to "Ya can't get somethin' *fer* nothin'". God or no, the only being which lives hereafter is the economy.

Law is not exercised upon inert beings

In ancient, but civil and therefore, juridical China, a crop failure had threatened the kingdom with starvation. After an impressive scientific study of the situation, it was determined that a specific class of moth had been the culprit, of which the larval stage had consumed the crop. What to do? Being a crime against the state, the matter was taken up in royal court and resulted in an edict decreeing the banishment of the moth from the kingdom. Work parties were conscripted to remove the pest to the wilderness. Resisting strays were captured and executed.

Civilogos

Here is how discursive persuasion works: In a connected (*posit I – law of causality*) universe, there is no such thing as *das Ding an sich*. Given sufficient passage of time (*posit II – law of sequence & distance*), even a free radical must collide with another object (*posit III – law of universal motion*). One must therefore deduce that freedom is a misnomer or an impossibility and therefore (*posit IV – law of dialectic opposition*) constraint or enslavement and its resultant friction is the natural condition. This generates the synthetic *law of compromise and moderation*, the foundation for ass-kissing morality and justified punishment of transgressors. Struggle is the nature of all things. Resistance to struggle is unnatural. The proper attitude is stoicism, the gesture is sacrifice and the position is one of asceticism.

But there is an objection! Civilisation is man's invention which allows him to transcend nature. Initially, there was the mystical sense of transcendence, but after many years of theological discourse and rational enlightenment, it was deduced that this sort of transcendence can only be achieved in death and immolation. This was no help at all

for the toiling living. Technological progress was accelerated to increase immunity from the contingencies of nature. We could live outside of nature in culture, that is, if properly managed.

After millennia of civilised progress and its historical documentation, it was noted that struggle had in fact increased, and not from nature so much as from culture itself. Marx had deduced that civilisation had merely taken a wrong turn with the invention of capitalism. Today, the anticapitalist movement is more pervasive than ever, after nearly two centuries of workers trying to take over their workplace. The shift in emphasis has completely turned to economics. What is needed is a more just distribution of needed goods. Happier workers will be more productive in the project to immunise humanity against the exigencies and contingencies of nature. Community property as opposed to private property should remove the necessity of a ruling body or single tyrant and provide the supersession of struggle.

Anarchists and libertarians correctly showed that the state itself is maintained if hierarchy is not as well removed from consideration. There is a problem, since civilisation itself is not put to question. There is still a fear of nature. It is not considered that the very definition of civilisation includes a mass or concentrated state. Without the state, lives savage struggle. Wildness. Wilderness. Wildestness. That is the animal, and not therefore human. It is suggested if we take hierarchy out of the state, there will be no state. This is logical and semantically correct, but no attempt at this has ever negated hierarchy. Our entire taxonomic and dialectic view of the world is hierarchic. Progress itself is hierarchic movement from bad to better to best. We are saturated with it. It is not considered by anti-capitalists that it is not capital alone which embodies a state of contradiction, but the state itself. It far precedes capitalist economies. But to question the state is to question civilisation and its progress, and that is forbidden

territory. Best not to think about it.

How soon we forget that every evidence for progress is only a reconstruction in response to a self-imposed crisis. We still think the sanitation industry and its offspring, modern medicine gave us longevity, but this is only by comparison to life in plague-ridden medieval cities. Interestingly, state of the art military technology as well as food-processing reintroduce plagues of bio-toxins in response to progress in the sanitation industry. The H-bomb is always in the medic's bag in case we need a final solution.

Every progressive leap is accompanied by a degree of amnesia. How soon we forget that Marx himself put to question the nature/culture dialectic. Culture is natural. More and more we are seeing that some animals possess degrees of it. Many of us have said it is, in fact, culture which we have lost to civilisation! Not ironically, it is the "savage" who we think of when we are referred to the culture studies undertaken by anthropologists. We are starting to come to understand that our self-alienation from nature, a separation born of the original linguistic opposition with culture, is destroying the natural environment we depend upon to feed and fuel the political economy by progressive technology itself. Yet we, even anti-statist we's, still look to technology, politics and economics to resolve the contradiction that civilisation is progressively killing us. Freud saw it and proclaimed the natural urge for immolation, the death drive. Bataille, convinced of this, saw it in the nature of sunlight itself. We are back to the starting point: Struggle is the nature of all things. Resistance to struggle is unnatural. The proper attitude is stoicism, the gesture is sacrifice and the position is one of asceticism.

We still yearn for egalitarian social relations unmediated by commodity production, and the negation of struggle hierarchy imposes, but for heaven's sake, don't cage us and call us primitivists! Nature is what occurs outside of cages. If you must call, call us naturalists,

or better yet, magicians.

The world that we have made as a result of the level of thinking that we have done so far, has created problems we cannot solve at the level of thinking at which we created them – Albert Einstein.

No. X: Magical Thinking

The transgression of, rather than the strict compliance with category boundaries are inherent in any critical/analytic undertaking but the truthful framing of these incursions is essential if they are not to be misinterpreted as projections on the part of the text's author. Necessarily, such transgressions take the form of magical thinking (meaning the transport of defined sets of discursive/interpretive tools from one category or frame to another). However, a conscious acknowledgement of the magical thinking element within the text produces subtle but significant transformations within the relation of the transmitter and receiver positions – where magical thinking goes unacknowledged (as it does in most pro-revolutionary texts) there is produced a chaotic and partial propagandistic relation in which the transmitter simply projects redundancy onto the receiver.

Where magical thinking is acknowledged as the rules of a particular experimental endeavour, its message is reframed into a narrative or even fictional format, the transmitter no longer prescribes but gives an account of... we can imagine how the *Call's* text would read if it were reframed in these terms: the communising party, the supposed direct contestation with capital, the practice of new relations all become narrativised, we now see them as belonging to a small group of people who are conducting their own experiments.

Adopting such self-limiting devices within the text undoes the lie of its prescriptive politics and the false representation of the totality of human relations, whilst it reconnects to the truths that belong to storytelling, or the real universality that is found in the particular's true account of itself in relation to the world – *frere dupont*.

We scoff at the notion of a "power of magical incantation"! We give authenticity to "sacred influences" only if we preface the phrase with "Batesonesque" or suffix it with "a quantum effect". It is only a diversion. We forget that the black-fanged cannibal of the nothingness, of the pure negation, of total consumption living at the center of our cosmos, who must eventually consume his own offal before sucking up himself into his dungeon of pure void, is just another archaic god who has outlived its usefulness. That is, until our scientists, high priests that they are, resurrect him and give upon him the name, "black hole", only begotten son of the "god particle" formerly known as "Original Substance".

There was a misapplied quotation mark in the operating manual and the text was rejected at the publishing house. The machines malfunctioned. Their technicians failed to perform the appropriate rituals at the super-collider. God did not make an appearance. Neither did the void, which all the nay-sayers had predicted.

But such is how patterns are reproduced and also transgressed. Magical thinking comes closest to poetic thinking when it is admitted "sometimes the magic doesn't work". However, the poet does not care about, or at least does not necessarily transmit belief or endorsement of the metaphoric patterns portrayed. The modern magician, like the literary or social critic, is an illusionist. Determinism is the project of his/her discourse: "This is that!". The actual deception lies in the stance of authenticity of categorizations. The intermittent reinforcement in an older sort of magic makes it only suggestive. It portrays possibilities more than answers, making it experimental. It says, "Let's try this!" Supernatural forces are only called upon (fates, will of god, etc.) to explain why it doesn't work. It is self-explanatory when it does. For the illusionist (even as a true believer) to fail always brings cat calls from the audience. For the magician, we are

entertained, even if not impressed. We can say "good try".

"Bateson talks about the system of teethbaring in animals, how it is transmitted as 'for real' and yet it is somehow also communicated that it is not for real but a part of play – perhaps it is the refusal to receive it as a real threat that persuades the transmitter that actually s/he is not for real.

The weakness of magical thinking is its sense of causation (because we did not follow the ritual, the volcano has erupted etc) but its strength is its capacity to include and describe within a net of subtle, associative relations an entire system (which may be called 'holistic'), this complete system collapses within scientific aetiological approaches which tend ever more towards explanation by separation. The holistic 'magical' descriptions of humanity are often more true/practical/profound/useful than scientific explanations. Furthermore, the reductionism of the scientific approach tends to then produce its own 'magical thinking', wild extrapolations which are either brutal or flaccid" – *frere dupont*.

Sophistry & The Self-fulfilling Prophecy

Sophistry is a special case of magical thinking. Most discourse and all legal argument lives here. It begins with a belief, tendency, behavior and goes on to justify, rationalise, excuse it. For example, I will say the colloquial notions of chicken behaviour which portray rigid hierarchy (the "pecking order") stemming from competitive beaking in the free for all toward the food-tray is a view from a limited data set. It is natural only in the sense of the nature of caged birds. Might it be that outside the cage, among free-ranging chickens, we will observe different behaviours? My stand is to question the inevitability of competition and hierarchy. For every "rule" you come up with, I will illustrate an exception and further, tell you it is the pervasive existence of exceptions which

define rules in the first place. There is a circularity here which is unavoidable in western (modern) thinking.

There is a counterpoint, which is to say, retaliation which shuts me down, but not up. "What about fish?" The fish is constrained to a body of water. To extract the fish is to kill it! An ecological niche, by any other name, is still a cage. Freedom is an absurdity. Zoos bring out the best in beasts. They are free to enjoy the life of Riley, peace and liesure. Beyond the cage there lies madness.

We go on all day long and well into tomorrow. I am tempted to hit one of us in the head with a brick!

I change the subject. It may be that our upright posture leads us to think in terms of hierarchies and vertical arrangements. Most four-legged creatures display horizontal relationships. I am trapped in my own logic with generalization based on a limited perspective. What about the baboon who sits erect when pondering life? The bird on a wire? The gibbon hanging from a limb?

We find we have completely reversed perspective and use each other's arguments to prove our respective points. I posit generalizations to his specifics. Yet the basic premises remain unchanged. In fact, in many cases they do not even come to light. I cling to horizontal social relationships. My interlocutor still insists on struggle necessary to establish dominance hierarchies. If, in my frustration over a lack of persuasive agency, I bonk him on the head, I've only proven his point. We are engaged in politics. It is a magic which causes blood to boil. We retreat to find authority. To improve our argument with further research. To accumulate audiences who, by their superior numbers, give the credence of consensus. To find an impartial judge or mathematician to evaluate our logic.

On the other hand, we may go off to hide out. We embrace immolation and ostracism and the negation of social relations altogether. In

the refusal of buying in, we may even sell out. This cannot be, so we try again. **Transgression** is, after all, the better part of valor.

No. XI: *Again with Ideology*

"If ideas only have an impact when caught up in circuits of capital or power, then, in themselves, regardless of their content, ideas have nothing and mean nothing, and are only units of undifferentiated labor power.

...An idea, in itself, has little force beyond a gesture in a moment. But, a little gesture can mean something, and though gestures do not add up in a whirlwind to social revolt, they do mean something on an intimate level, which is all that counts, if communism is human community".

– *Lopez*

Good idea!

I think these are key points. Ideas live in an aesthetic or behavioural context: gestures. One cannot extract ideas, only repress them (for example, through the association of seizure-producing electric shock when the context is revealed), or share them, which is a matter of mutual recognition of the field or context and mimicry or reproduction of its gestures. One cannot extract the idea of running from a runner, even by double amputation. If the field is semantics, the idea exhibits a syntax. Changing syntactic arrangements in the reproduction is a kind of détournement, as is placing them in a different context (eg., producing a new idea of "guilt by association"). The new context may thereafter change, or merely provoke an emotional reaction such as is expressed by laughter or a grimace. If the reaction is favourable, there is still the matter of mimicry and repetition to encounter before it can be said to stick. There is no such thing (in my context) as an autonomous meme, like an ideomeme – the idea in and of itself. "An idea" is just a way of speaking. To develop an idea is to establish a syntax, make

connections, formulate a sentence. When writing, the connections within define the parameters or boundaries of the paragraph. I should say these are not so much connections as portrayals of continuities.

Sharing sentences modulates ideas. For example, a phoneme has no sound, an isolated morpheme is never meaningful, a human gene is just one of four classes of protein molecule, one of whose constituent atoms is carbon, which steel also contains. In other words, ideas are not flying objects like steel-tipped arrows, but they may exhibit similar (metaphoric) functions. Without field or context, they are only an empty form which can be placed in any new field. Because there is a history (memory of former contexts), it does contain tracings, but they are only revealed in the new context. Contexts and ideas change together. Capitalism is both behavioural and ideological context. Not unlike any other context, everything placed within it conforms to it. The less ubiquitous the pattern, the more the pattern itself changes in a process of mutual conformation. We call this co-optation or *détournement*, depending on our position and the pervasiveness of the context.

But of course, there is more. Simply put, co-optation is always a matter of appropriation. The state creates nothing, it appropriates and then, if there is any resistance, force-fits everything to its own appearance. Hence, "the spectacle is the monopoly of appearances". *Détournement* is not necessarily expropriation (taking it back) but disrupting the "target's" relationship in its "new-found" context. Very often, the context itself is *détourned*. It is considered an "impropriety" against property. Objectivists must always deny that their context can change. Imagination must be strictly regulated.

Liberation is never theft. What is expropriated is possibility and potential. It creates the question mark, superseding the prematurely ejaculated period at the end of the fixed idea, the end of the answer. *Détournement* is not

necessarily an insemination, it points to polysemination. Laugh if you like, the etymology is sound between property, the state and filial responsibility. Polysemy indicates a provisional nature – implying both non-permanence and gifting – of semantics, the supersession of tit-for-tat thinking with the situationally poetic.

Without questions, the answer to the problem of culture change comes back to unifying and diversifying forces. All social planning (the design & construction of utopias) attempts to impose topical unity. The smile is no longer spontaneous and therefore genuine or authentic. Ideas transform to secrecy or disappear altogether. Gestures are automated, mimicked, exchanged, repeated. Quotes of others are cut and pasted for the purpose of masquerade, and true to Baudrillard, there may be nothing behind the mask. We think we have discovered a new idea.

New ideas fly over our heads until we have made a place for them, in which case, their novelty must be put to question. Questions are not ideas, they represent the process of diversifying forces, of possibility. Gesturing in the direction of possibility, undertaking an adventure, gives rise to ideas which justify our gesture. We've created a provisional answer. I'm not sure if this is all a question or an answer. There is possibly a kernel of both because the context is to me confusing. But your kernel may fit my sensible pattern, my pattern may be a kernel to you, it may be nothing to both of us. And vice versa. I cannot reduce the world to questions and answers, ideas and gestures, theory and praxis. Ideology is a "process", not a product of ontogenesis, growth. Religion announces a project with a finished product – dogma – ending growth altogether. Ideologies which represent systems of answers, absolutes, become religion. But everything can be questioned even if all questions may not be available. Civilisation may be itself just another state ideological apparatus.

No. XII: *The Fish Theory of Cognition: fish-farming in desert streams*

Here's the theory thus far. There is a much longer history to it, I've been exposed to it since about 1974. I thought it was mine right off the bat, but recently it is starting to coalesce into something novel. I'm afraid I still don't understand it, but it looks pretty to me. Basically, there is implied a theory of cognition built into each language. It is there by means of eons of communicative events, so is implicit, but not necessarily consciously shared and hardly ever formalised. In fact, it is even more hidden by the periods, hyphens, indents presented to us in written forms. Almost no one speaks like they write. We tell strangers (if we talk at all any more) to speak more slowly so we can discover the articulations.

There is history and theory to be found in colloquialisms and "old wives tales". A big one for me is "stream of thought". From this, I've tendered the fish theory of cognition. Fish is the best fertilizer for gardening in deserts. The subtitle is therefore fish-farming in desert streams.

A well formed idea places articulations, boundaries, submerged nets within the stream in order to catch fish, food for thought, which we go on to gesticulate, even ruminate if we are familiar with cows and goats. We kick them around to see if they're dead or alive, a matter of "fitness". We are never sure whether we caught them with our net (or hooked onto them) or created them from our net. Sometimes we remove the "trappings" (net) and find nothing there. We throw it back into the water for "fresh" ideas. In this sense, communication is a boat for two which not only contains fishers, but doubles the size of the river. Bigger rivers support more fish. We compare our nets and find they were patterned (mimicked) after the same model. We do the same with our lines and hooks. But a river is like a box of chocolate for

Forest Gump, and every hook, line and sinker is adorned with its makers signature.

Before the urge toward democratic institutions, "common sense" implied the integration of sense data. This is what was called "the sixth sense". It just happens that when ideas are communicated, they become shared. It never referred to extra-sensory perception or any other metaphysical process we give it today, although it may have been lyrically or absolutely linked with an incubus or ghost in the machine at one time.

The problem of uncertainty is the problem of epistemology. We know there are "real" articulations in the world. We, our individual selves as well as the fish we eat are proof of this. Bishop Berkeley got it backwards when he heard Descartes was to be the only natural articulation (known being) in the universe. Recanting, he took the hindu stance and proclaimed himself just another idea, thus proving the existence of god.

I've always been attracted to signs and symbols, made a study of them, but am still uncomfortable when I turn to the experts. Jung goes right over my head and Saussure is an amateur. Perhaps I'll never get it. There are attempts at representation of natural (external) articulations for sure. My word "fish" is a sign. Its juxtaposition with idea is a symbol. Further investigation into the fish realm indicates my fish is only a net holding diverse "forms". There are long dead and yet unborn fish here. I am told the whale and dolphin is no fish at all. I perform extractions and reductions. Is a dead or future fish more "real" than my category? What Descartes didn't understand is that real fish are unconcerned with our labels or even our existence, except that their swimming is much more free-form when we are not there muddying the stream. We just can't leave well enough alone.

The prevalence of dysphasia should be a big clue that neither is the word the thing, it is not the idea. The idea is only a local fishing hole.

The word is only an index to it. It is a map, not a territory. If we are already there, why should it be considered a great loss to lose the map? When we think in words, we are only rehearsing a potential communication to an other. We are constructing a map and an invitation to others to share our secret spot. But no, finding ourselves at a loss for words, we think we are having an out of body experience, a mystic, transcendental moment, a private enlightenment. Others call for the men in white coats, a doctor prescribes the latest pharmacological intervention. The social worker ponders whether there has already been an unauthorised pharmaceutical ingestion. It is important to know whether to charge the insurance or call in a police for charges to be brought up.

Whether a noun or verb, the word is only an index if it is to "have" meaning at all. Whether sign or symbol is a matter of its reception and not always predictable. Intensions are not even clear: were we being figurative, literal or deceptive?

Otherwise it is merely a connecting or syntactic device – is, of, or, with, under, demonstrative, tense, number. Unwitting that these are themselves theoretical articulations to what is (to a stranger) a fluid or melodic intertwining of vibrating tissues, philosophers search deep for meaning in "connective devices" leading to such absurdities as the essence of "toward" and other extensivities, the meaning of "negation", what *it* is to "be", the priority in sequencing essence and existence, the absolute nature of junctures and other turning points: conjunctivity, disjunction, adjunction. They wonder if gender is a position in the kama sutra rather than merely a more direct "this" or more specific "that", or a meaningless artifact from ancient times held over purely for the sake of conventional form. Syntax itself is endlessly pondered with concerns on the quantities and qualities of identity and equivalence, sequences and terminations. Then they mistake these for adjectives and think they have written poetry. The big surprise comes

when we realise they have.

There is another problem I have with the idea of ideomeme. Words are learned well before their semantic component arrives. I'm not too old to remember that children are into tactile vibrations. Vocalisation is a self reinforcing activity. Music is just the interpolation of at least two articulating or modulating vibrations. It's fm (frequency modulation). Speech may be more articulated but not more modulated. Children create their own sounds and then match them to the sounds which surround them (mom's voice). The words are therefore arbitrary until later when "meaningful connections" are not only mimicked but sufficiently repeated. We see (if we care to look) enormous divergences between cultures and languages. Semantic systems diverge with time and distance.

As I said, I still don't understand, so I must come across as if ravings of a madman in order to simplify it. A true madness takes the symbols and metaphors (pattern-matching), their hooks, lines and nets, as more important than the fish – magical thinking. So many forget the fish altogether. I would say they come up with fishy ideas. Like imposing relatives, dead fish stink after three days. There are rotten fish in Denmark. There are corpses in many mouths. We say "That's a line of shit" or "you stink". I'm attracted to semiotics, but I always come away thinking "those poor people". I stay away for a while, but keep coming back. Sometimes there are interesting lines into deeper waters and foreign shores, but one must leave the cacaphony for a good catch.

But so often, instead of fisherfolk, we become taxidermists, comparing and judging all being with the dead forms we mount on the wall. How they become us. No wonder we can't let go, we cannot stray far from our collection. If we are hungry, the fish must come to us. We send out proxies and representitives, but all they return with are stale bits of bread. Fishing, afterall, is a commercial enterprise. They tell us there are no more fish, and sometimes I think they're

right. A little garnishing with food additives, pesticides and red dye number seven and the commodified fish-substitute is born. Progress! In this day and age, a really good idea is edible plastic.

I think there is too much emphasis on cause-effect chains and too much demand for rigid coherence – tighter nets and stronger boxes. Pygmalion learned from the succubus (and only he might get the inference, as this is a private joke, a code within codes for secret transmissions, non-pervasive meaning existing within everyone else's noise, even though it is proper grammatical form) the term, "Interregnum". This gives me a certain authenticity to the waters I'm trying to describe. It is only from this stream that novelty jumps like a fish for a flying bug. It is also the source of critique. In a democratic utopia, it is the source of madness. But it is the madness of a child, not of a king.

Interregnum is a time between regimes. Before the bourgeois revolution, it was a time between kings. Tracing the etymology even further, it was the space between paths. It is the space outside the box, the transcendence from believed categorisations which existed prior to the category. Only magic rituals keep us from drowning in the interregnal river. We perform our magic and think rather arrogantly that magic is dead. We think because we are in the same box (species being) all the contents represent an identity. It may be that those whose rituals correlate with dead volcanoes do not posit a cause-effect relationship between the gesture and the eruption, but merely use the volcano as a reminder to children of the importance of maintaining traditions. I always wondered why we call magic a "practice".

The long search for human universals has only found diversity or mundane banality. Hardly anyone but mathematicians can make sense of the deep structure of generative transformational grammar. It is a snipe hunt for the anal-retentive. But even here, there are some interesting fishes, and sometimes the expedition itself is a source of pleasure,

whether or not our net comes up empty.

Of course, I don't believe in a dialectic between life and existence nor ontological ultimatums. When I say everything's alive, it is not an ideological sentiment or claim for the supernatural. I would not wish to be placed in the box of theology I had no part in constructing. If I cannot make a distinction, it is not necessarily a positive affirmation. It is nothing and that is not subject to proofs or demonstrations. The burden of proof is always on the accuser and denier.

On the other hand, I would affirm the world itself is not shit, but there is much shit in it, much more so than is tolerable for any good outing. The good shit transcends the cacaphony of phony shit. This current onset of madness may not be a permanent condition.

No. XIII: *Automatic Verse With Edits*
Later That Day: Self-explanatory
C(aca) precedes D(ada), another
theory of cognition.

Explain yourself! Am I not a poem because my form does not rhyme with yours?

The interchangeability of toilet paper, pickles and slabs of meat between two slices of bun generates the poetic of babble because of an inverse relation between food and thinness, in which case, babble is no babble at all, and all vices verse. The universe is just a cover-up, just like any other uniform. Whether extruded or intruded between the buns, is it still shit in between?

The metaphoric euphamism of toilet paper pickles demonstrates the illusive nature of spectacular progress in the latter half of the twentieth century and the beginning of the twenty first, where we witness a progressive thinning of toilette paper along the same perforated lines of a sheet of pickle on a nineteen cent Arctic Circle hamburger in Seattle in 1971. Both have been reduced to

transparency, inviting a provocative increase in consumptive attacks which even Arizona will not relieve. There are 24 burgers in my bag cause that's what it takes to feel fed.

Since a noun-like "rainforest" is only an abstract theory of behaviour in a theoretically articulated universe of association by way of originary identities diversifying, every name is interchangeable in its adjectival state. There has never been a unity of original substance. But-symetry is not a dialectic face-off. Thus, "I survived in a flush, wiping my thinning pickle with the burgermeister of Brittany, opus number 2" makes perfect sense, if only as a blurred image with a bad smell to which everything is commensurate.

Since we are all inhabitants of the same universe (or so we think), that we share a context is assumed and need not be communicated (the redundant noise in the background), assumes as well generalised gnosis. It may not be considered that sharing secrets may be impossible in the same room. We only wish it were so. The mad do not care. There is no catcher behind the plate. The outfield is empty. It is not mad to anticipate an amazing catch by an intruding phantom or a pitch from an internal voice.

Poetry admits the difference of perspective is the difference which makes a difference so is inclusive of all interpretations. Only Jesus' pa would kill all their wives and cattle, selling virgin children into slavery. We must pour blood on our roof tops to keep safe from the author of goodness passing over on his way to exterminate another poor bastard who pissed on a wall. How crazy is that?

Bad poetry pays no mind to externalised environments. It is not mad, even though internalisation feels good ("feel-good poetry"), it shares to no one else but where am I in that picture? The more authentic its exteriorised altruism, the more the intended pattern emerges, because every pattern points to it, it points to every pattern. All interpretations are acceptable in inclusive toleration, else we must kill them. We are

also god's children, so why not?

Reader/observer and writer/performer engage on a joint exploration, either and both performing an observance, observing a performance. This is not possible with the King James version, making all literature, as *offal litterarium officialis*, absurd or war-like. This is how we created the word world void of exploration: all voiding needs wiped with a map or on it. Is there anything left to say but "garnish" in a pinch of recongnition?

[VOLUME 4](#)



[HOME](#)



"From now on, Utopia is not only an eminently practical project, it is a vitally necessary one!" – Clark, Gray, et al

CROWBAR MOMENTS: Volume 4

No I: *Sur-cession, On Skipping & Limping*

Man is not saved by knowledge; gnosis does not produce ecstasis, but vice versa. Vision produces the knowledge of the irrelevance of knowledge, a state of being beyond the vaporized ego, beyond the temporal order, an end in itself. – Kenneth Rexroth

The argument against the rigidity of solids: The only solution to Zeno's paradoxes is to embrace them, thus, trimming Western Essentialist Logic down to its essential comedic base and rendering all rigorous thought a form of child's play. This is the also a proof of delight at new discoveries and the pataphysical equivalence of all absurdities.

Why, oh why, can't things be as they were before? Remember the good old days when we were young and the world was simple? Oh how I miss those days and mourn what we have become...

What begins skipping, ends limping.

What considers skipping childish, acquires a premature limp.

*What considers the limp a sign of character and maturity,
loses childhood prematurely.*

You did not finish the couplets:

What pretends to skip when really it limps....

What considers the affectation of skipping a sign of vigor...

It is true that skipping and limping in themselves should not be taken for an indicator of anything in particular. Anything that is not itself is wrong and yet this wrongness, the flux of categories and appropriateness, is the mechanism of life. My point was that it is interesting how the more conscious decision making is included within a process the more complex that process becomes, it no longer 'advances' but convolutes around the core of itself. This is not to say that such complexity/experience is a 'wrong' thing, as it is what happens, but that this complexity is the condition for producing the next generation of skipping simplicity.. skipping is necessarily a transient stage as is limping.

Potentiality is a retrospectively recognised category which is applied to pure/innocent forms from a position scarred by experience. The extent to which 'potential' really exists in a young project is a hypothetical issue. I am happy to think 'old' thoughts appropriate to my experience, this is not to say I do not appreciate 'young' thoughts but only where they are authentic.

As a system experiences a gain in complexity (increased order and control), its constituent parts and processes experience a loss (of potential divergence), what with increased redundancy or tautology and tighter inter-penetration. For the system, while fragility might increase (+ entropy), the number of stress points (options) may actually decline. Overall, options are lost. Adaptability is negated. This is the conservative principle which tends toward unification. Too much organized complexity is known as overspecialisation. The dinosaurs are said to have died of this.

But this is not a one-to-one correspondant with organic growth. The child (of any species) is no less complex than the adult, only less

ordered from the perspective outside of it (parent, adult society, environmental contingencies). That is to say, it is adaptable. It engages in its own ordering, blossoming, exploration or autonomy, but still within the parameters of its context. This is the principle of divergence. The plant is no less complex during the growing or vegetative state than the mature or reproductive.

In an earlier day, humans celebrated turning points with feasts. By reducing options (possible turning points) for the constituent, increased order actually simplifies matters (for the system and all within it): choices become unnecessary, if not impossible.

Of course, I don't like negentropic complexity. It sometimes takes a moral stand toward the young and "disordered". I do like this

I am happy to think 'old' thoughts appropriate to my experience, this is not to say I do not appreciate 'young' thoughts but only where they are authentic

but only where "authenticity" implies the spontaneous expression of possibilities. This may be why the young have such good bullshit detectors, detectors which seem to lose function with increased experience or education. But as you say,

it is what happens, ...is the condition for producing the next generation of skipping... skipping is necessarily a transient stage as is limping.

What is unnecessary is the exclusive outside perspective of constraining forces. Children can and do feed their parents, from time to time: "Out of the mouths of babes..." There is another old expression which suggests "surroundings by children keep one young at heart". This is not necessarily inauthenticity in the old if it encourages a lighter, less rigid, less serious approach to life. It may have been Maslow who called this "wisdom", which we only occasionally see in the very old. Limping is more pronounced in solitude and nursing homes. In fact, it is expected, and like the ghost of Lewis Carroll found, the exploration of growing surroundings leads to charges, not of

wisdom, but paedophilia. It may be nevertheless that even the aged can still mimic their surroundings, but only, hopefully, if there is something still growing there.

These days, I seem to see more rigid, adult-like expression in the young and very little potential (options), the very time when we need childishness the very mostest. It seems children *no longer play*. I too miss the olden days, simpler times. There was a time when one could exercise a certain avoidance of mimicking surroundings wherein nothing can grow.

As for the guillotine, it does not follow that I am promoting geronticide, in which case I'd have to take my place at the head of a very long line.

– Salon De Ver Luisant

CROWBAR MOMENT No II: *Against History, Against Futurology, In Favour of What?*

The class war begins in the desecration of our ancestors: millions of people going to their graves as failures, forever denied the experience of a full human existence, their being was simply canceled out. The violence of the bourgeoisie's appropriation of the world of work becomes the structure that dominates our existence. As our parents die, we can say truly that their lives were for nothing, that the black earth is thrown down onto them blacks out our sky.

– Monsieur Dupont

History is a variant of ancestor worship: the ancients are exposed (or excavated) to impose upon the future. History not only seeks out but often constructs ancient stories (historians and archaeologists call this "reconstruction", but that would imply an actual return), stories which not only justify the present, but posit the origins of a present trend toward the future which one seeking power has in mind. History is a tool of futurology, the futures industry, the management of yet-born babies. History seeks to carry on traditions we agree with into the future. We criticise "pagan" ancestor worship (even though it is so

separated from us – we know nothing of it – the ancients would likely not agree to our reconstructions) because we bow to no one but that which is yet to come.

So we are messianic hero worshipers. Heroes are worshiped in the way a hammer is to a carpenter. Thor was the greatest of carpenters working in wood, metals and forging foundaries, architect of grand flashes and joyful noises. Because the bourgeois revolution did away with flaming Viking burials and noble lines and transgressive ('romantic') love, history is the mechanism by which one can choose one's own ancestors. Not only indiscriminately, but with the intention of capturing future children. It is the hero-becoming. Predecessor supersedes ancestor as the new name for culture heroes. The supersession is no longer one of bodies excreted from bodies but of ideas following lines of ideas like the queue at the drug-store on the premier of a new palliative. The glue of this bandaid only adheres to ideas. Max Stirner called them "Spooks". Today, a *Spook* is a body engaged in preserving dead ideas in the misguided interest of "intelligence". Intelligence always leaves forgotten corpses in its wake.

When erudite historians find gods, they become unwitting gods for the benefit of the less witty but willful. They are the new owners of truth. It is always a matter of manipulating future children to conform to your own desired ends. More accurately, your means become their end. Most seeking personal agency toward the future fall into this category – historian. Romantics, on the other hand, have more escapist dispositions. It may be a bit more realistic, since the romances of the ancients still bring forth children of children, unimposed by the desecrating utilitarian ends of their biographers. Because they are dead, great grandparents are durable, untouchable and titanic. We blame them for our good luck but not for our misfortune. That is the task of eugenicists and ethnic cleansers. Great grandpa certainly didn't have me in mind while making love with grandma! I would hope he had her in mind, but who knows these things? The old prophecy, "Only time will tell", has yet to be fulfilled. Time still says nothing!

And if time itself is an illusion of logic and the psycho-biology of sensation, simultaneity and synchronicity must be as well. When we others contemplate the idea that time is itself a myth, we can come to witness myth-time. History is no substitute for the memory of having had been there. And if parts of us are still there, it can only mean parts of them are still here. Historians are said to reflect on the past, but like the vampires of empires (for whom they are only a spokesperson), they leave no image on the mirror – we still see only our own reflection.

What we contrary others are in favour of is a properly held seance with the there and then among the here and now. We are for trance communications, chance entrances, liberating prisoners of dream-time, negating the contradiction between possibility and reality, laughing at them both. Truth is not the goal of memory and possibility. Truth is an end to all exploration, the completion of every project, the birth of amnesia. Truth is the patron saint of time and anti-saint of movement. When a historian uncovers the past, we are only then able to forget it, secure that it is still alive and well, confined to a lead coffin and not likely to infect us. Unlike that scholar of time, we others are against amnesia.

CROWBAR MOMENT No III: *Dislocating Fragments as Pataphoric Divination*

I dislocated chosen sentence fragments from the tail ends of the dialogue-narrative sections, added two line breaks, and placed them above the poems, the effect being that they give the impression -- and stand in place -- of titles for the poems. There is a happy feeling that comes to me when I consider the idea of mindlessly chopping off the end of a sentence, considering it not part of the previous sentence, and being satisfied with it as a title in light of the appearance of it's complete lack of relation to the poem. I don't know why this makes me feel happy. Maybe I will figure it out some day. After playing around with this technique for a little play, I betrayed its mindlessness and put into action a somewhat cheesey scheme, which I now view as finality: the fragmented poem "titles", when read alone in succession, now create a calculated

sentence that relates generally to the theme of the writing, which is also, in a sense, me speaking directly to Eddie. It's astonishingly serendipitous how this worked out actually, considering I had not planned to do it when originally writing the narrative chain links:

"Eddie, it occurred to me the other day that, for instance, I shelter my part of this abandonment to future generations and daydream the aesthetic merits of dislocating language, and Eddie, I intend to put them to use."

– *anonymous*

I have a theory about this, why this synchronicity might bring on happiness. I might call it semantic-desire *accompli* except I earlier tried to obliterate desire from my vocabulary. Receptivity then. A sort of resonance in a brain, undulating holes in the head open to ... anything. It resonates with infant awe and teenage horniness, something we thought we'd forgotten once we learned to speak everyone else's "language" and appropriate sexual game rules for hormonal transactions and payoffs. Yuk. It is a desire for unknown potential, not for objects. If there is satisfaction for this "desire", it generally comes as an anticlimactic "duh". It is not a transaction. Just receptivity. It's up there with a well placed malapropism or a string of random words or selections (divination). Sometimes there is profound meaning there which others write off as "coincidence". Who cares. It makes me giggle. Maybe receptivity is the condition for creation. A hole which does not distinguish between square, triangular or round pegs. As to how this synchronicity comes about is magic.

The Subject of the Unconscious

...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!

– Guattari in the *Anti-Oedipus papers*.

CROWBAR MOMENT No IV: *Inversion & Negation in Bataillean Immolative Logic*

Have you ever noticed that "no" is "one" backwards (the "e" remains silent on the matter unless, in accord with Bloomfieldian descriptive phonology, the subsequent morpheme is initiated by the phoneme, "f" – the consequent form "enough" is generated and gains autonomy in the lexicon)? Likewise, "now" is the inversion of "won" and "own" the negative condition of the "new world order"?

One is a patriarch named Dick. Zero is his dream girl, the succubus named Lilith. On being notified by high court-advisors that dream-time is *irrealis*, the not un-bright Dick, in a fit of proper Aristotelian over-generalisation, proclaimed to all women the new official status: "Nothing". The hypocrisy displayed throughout the kingdom thereafter, was formalised by metaphysicians every-where: the death instinct! This caught on so well that a certain techno-rock band in the future modified their spaceship to perform the spectacular "sun-dive" so well illustrated by Douglas Adams, and during one particular rupture of the space-time continuum at a very large rock concert with a consequent incursion into the Meso-american interregal hiatus, highly impressed exiled Aztec and Mayan over-lords back on Earth, who misinterpreted the whole black affair as an announcement of hunger and a demand for return for past warmings by the sun, created human sacrifice as a debt-reduction initiative.

CROWBAR MOMENT No V: *Imagination, Intent & Travel*

s it not imagination anymore if coupled with intent to expound itself? Conversely, can it only

be imagination if it lacks the intent? Imagination can have an intent to expound itself without being strategic in any way, just for the hell of momentary pleasures if nothing else.

I think it is interesting that it is precisely the supreme value an individual places on his or her imagination as a place of refuge, an unfettered landscape of fecundity within the mind which acts as one of the very unsung, yet primary re-enforcements of alienation in that the individual will often not only take solace within it (but *revel* within and defend its alienated activity fervently).

Especially when imagination has become the last line of defense and has no intent of superseding its state of privacy – it's a sort of reveling in the *hope* for communication, yet never caring to actually make the step and communicate, and being complacent with that hope, because one has become so accustomed to not only relying on their own last-ditch sort of imaginative power, but even worshipping it as the highest virtue to an extent, never seeing that its very refusal to burgeon outside of the mind is one of the wealthiest benefactors of alienation.

In a way, it's really one of the only things left to lose for people – and some do indeed lose it, I would imagine – so in this sense, maybe it's a sort of desperate grasp on imagination which makes people vicious about defending its alienated quality – lest they lose it – as they themselves witness in so many others around them

To say the least then, 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?

Everywhere neon signs are flashing out the dictum of Plotinus: All beings are together though each remains separate. But we only need to hold out our hands and touch one another, to

raise our eyes and meet one another, and everything comes into focus, as if by magic."

In a gloomy bar where everyone is bored to death, a drunken young man breaks his glass, then picks up a bottle and smashes it against the wall. Nobody gets excited; the disappointed young man lets himself be thrown out. Yet everyone there could have done exactly the same thing.

He alone made the thought concrete, crossing the first radioactive belt of isolation: interior isolation, the introverted separation between self and outside world. Nobody responded to a sign which he thought was explicit. He remained alone like the hooligan who burns down a church or kills a policeman, at one with himself but condemned to exile as long as other people remain exiled from their own existence. He has not escaped from the magnetic field of isolation; he is suspended in a zone of zero gravity.

All the same, the indifference which greets him allows him to hear the sound of his own cry; even if this revelation tortures him, he knows that he will have to start again in another register, more loudly; with more coherence. – *Raoul Vaneigem*

Because imagination itself travels freely within the mind, human ideas simply cannot be owned by the mind, *nor do they ever pretend otherwise* while floating about, transiently and unchecked within it – the inherent freedom based in the mind's internal ability to skirt reified judgment (as provided by conscious will or arbitrary desires to a means of achieving the emotion-addled serenity that is imagined subjective amnesty), allowing for the idealistically expansive potentiality of unmediated imagination, is its greatest ability. The strange beauty of the mind is its absolute freedom to feel *absolved* at will (or on *parole*) from the pseudo-need to own itself – freedom in the transient passage of the non-ownership of ideas and freedom to not confusedly feel *ashamed* about not owning the collective synthesis that is an idea, as the objectified realm of "reality" would otherwise attempt to make one feel in the name of the creation of contrived emotion, through its appropriation of impersonalized (pseudo) "intellectual" copyright laws (etc.).

I associate travel in this sense, in that an honest attempt at realizing imagination in physical reality must be true to imagination's already-nomadic freedom. The body desires to move in step with the mind.

I would imagine another reason for associating travel with imagination is tied in with the attempt to apply a higher quantity of a *posteriori* sensations feeding back into it – commodified imagination can flourish perfectly with a human being never moving a single geographical step in his/her life as its receiver – perfectly without the slightest error or complaint regarding its already-determined mode of deliverance. One could be hooked up to food-supplying tubes in a room and given various commodities to contemplate (toys, tv, internet, musical instruments, whatever) and the definition of imagination in its regular state would remain perfectly intact. I think one might need a vast culmination of constantly varying physical/geographical locations to act at the very least as a prelude to breaking the spell of commodity-imagination, which requires nothing but a *priori* intake of sense-data to remain dominant (literally experiencing new environments outside of *what the commodity has already determined/allocated for our lives* seems like the beginning of escaping the ingrained "wants" it provides us with, the need to somehow break the spell of its epistemological dominance). One can go on theoretical adventures here and there, but it always drags you back down to that land of banality.

– *anonymous*

CROWBAR MOMENT No VI: *DON'T MOVE!*

You think you're old.
Time to settle down.
Leave childish ambitions behind.
Time to settle in.

But you're only half way along!

The time to settle down is the time of retirement.
Have you made plans?

Will you be able to support yourself in a life of liesure?
Will your family survive the ordeal?

The answer is always "No".

Settling in becomes the end of youthful idealism.
The last precipitous ejaculation,
The final premature destination.

At this point, all new is experienced
As by a spectator,
An hostile witness.
It's all just so grand!
The past is history, the future, mystery

– and all that jazz.

A comfortable lie,
A secure life does not concern itself with questionation.
It is resignation.
Nothing's left to imagination,
Always just another imposition.

But there is still such a long way to go!

I wear my invisibility cap so I can fit it.
No wave pounds these beaches.
I am beached, waveless!
There is a reason this rhymes with "beat".
If I do my job, I can enjoy the little luxuries in peace,
the little moments,
a carrot, a truffle, a sardine sandwich with a slow-gin chaser,
ever watching my children and grandchildren grow up to be like me.

Don't you want it?

**CROWBAR MOMENT No VII: *The
Subject of Intoxication
or Every Described Milieu is only a
Reflection***

Intoxication means the ingestion of toxins.
Such would include the old standards,
microwave popcorn and macaroni & cheese,
wonderbread, twinkies, even kosher hot dogs.
Most medications (from aspirin or antibiotics to
zanex or zyprexa) and all processed foods
preserved by way of biocidal agents fall into
this category. Hallucinogens rarely do. Neither
are they addictive – at least no more than is

anything else one finds "amazing" in life. They cannot be boring, since they re-route established neural-synapse pathways, allowing one to perceive the world outside of internalised categorizations ('programming' looks foreign, cliché appears novel). Sharing this experience with a kindred spirit can produce a profound empathogeny. The colours are cool too. When everything is new, one catches a glimpse of what living passionately might feel like, not unlike the theatre-goer observing a stellar performance by one such as Glen Close:

"What loftiness and awe have I seen expressed in the step of an actress, not yet deceased, when first she advanced, and came down towards the audience! I was ravished, and with difficulty kept my seat! Pass we to the mazes of the dance, the inimitable charms and picturesque beauty that may be given to the figure while still unmoved, and the ravishing grace that dwells in it during its endless changes and evolutions...

And so with articulate speech and music:

Let us for a moment fix our thoughts steadily upon that little implement, the human voice. Of what unnumbered modulations is it susceptible! What terror may it inspire! How may it electrify the soul, and suspend all its functions! How infinite is its melody! How instantly it subdues the hearer to pity or to love! How does the listener hang upon every note praying that it may last for ever." – *William Godwin*

Such "bourgeois sentiment"! But we are not in that compartment! Our topic is the drug culture! To lose hold of compartmentalised thinking is surely the road to incoherence! So on with the treatise:

Used medicinally, raw opium is neither toxic nor addictive^[1]. By medicinally, I imply an archaic sense: "without immolative intent" (that is to say, where "shit-faced" is not the intended goal). It's also a good relaxing buzz, unlike bio-accumulating aluminum fluoro-silicates or a razor-blade to the wrist. Does anyone here shave?? Opium's mercurial use is of course, both legal, commercially regulated and deadly in all its transubstantiated states, Mercury being

the god of commerce and rhetoric and whose scepter is a staff with two intertwining snakes. Why do you suppose the American Medical Association holds up Mercury's staff like a magic wand? Until fairly recent progress in medical science, mercury was considered among the deadliest of homicidal bio-accumulants and inserted into every vaccine, like formaldehyde in canned beer – a "preservative". Of course, there is the theory that modern medicine was not so much the heir-apparent of the sanitation industry, but of the mad chemists who supplied assassins their chief commodity.

And on the topic of hashish, "stoners" are said to only wish to "escape" from existing conditions (What a profound critique!) with the added clause "rather than change them!". Isn't there a logical connection between escape and abstinence? And I ask you, how better does one go about re-oxygenating the atmosphere than the planting of vast fields of marijuana? How many of these critics religiously imbibe in their legally sanctioned, mind-numbing pharmaceuticals like zyprexa and zoloft? Or Aluminum fluoro-silicates? Or vegan kelp saturated with mercury from microbiotic excrement and dessicated factory sludge? I think the argument is not about the self-administration of toxins at all (that would be an altruistic concern), but a stand of moral certitude against momentary pleasures oneself dares not entertain.

Either way, subcultural millieus, with or without beards and leghair, only reflect their surroundings. The church is just a social club with moral agency, together with persuasive reason (rhetoric) ripped off and pragmatically detoured from the supercultural historical matrix. Both commerce and modern medicine depend upon an advancing state of rhetoric. Decay is remedied not by hairdressers and drug-stores, but by mortuaries. For death, formaldehyde is the drug of choice to keep hungry bugs from thriving on your corpse, where even in death and reflective repose, we cannot stop the withholding of gifts.

CROWBAR MOMENT No VIII:

Theos Becoming: Libertarian Communism?

How can a praxis exist in the sense of 'the usual'? The word praxis means the perpetual and constant reinvention of new theory that responds to the kinesthetic knowledge gained through practice and new practice that responds to the abstract knowledge gained through theory. If what is taking place is actually a 'praxis', (it) could then only be something that is experimental. – anonymous

Could it be that [Herbert Spencer](#), in his *Evolution By Means of 'The Unrelenting Progress from Simple to Complex Forms'*, provides the unwitting foundation for Libertarian Communism (aka "libcom", cf. [libcom.org](#))? From the perspective of the Redneck American Party promoting stateless free markets, Libertarian Communism would certainly be an oxymoron, yet even Engels was Spencerian in his own evolutionism! It is said it is only a matter of coincidence that Spencer's gravesite faces that of Karl Marx, but I am beginning to see a Spencerian Marxism as the ultimate in dialectical synthesis, resulting not so much in a movement as in a haphazard confusion in the guise of ecumenical coherence. Being himself a Brit, Spencer, no doubt, was the more influential thinker for speakers of english, closely following the heels of his immediate predecessor, not Hegel nor even Darwin, but George H. Lewes who, coining the term, "social organism", gave us a liturgy in praise of optimisation and support for the "naturalness" of empire in freeing up human accomplishment:

In the development of the great series of animal organisms, the Nervous System assumes more and more of an imperial character. The rank held by any animal is determined by this character, and not at all by its bulk, its strength, or even its utility. In like manner, in the development of the social organism, as the life of nations becomes more complex, Thought assumes a more imperial character; and Literature, in its widest sense, becomes a delicate index of social evolution. Barbarous societies show only the germs of literary life. But advancing civilisation, bringing with it increased conquest over material

agencies, disengages the mind from the pressure of immediate wants, and the loosened energy finds in leisure both the demand and the means of a new activity: the demand, because long unoccupied hours have to be rescued from the weariness of inaction; the means, because this call upon the energies nourishes a greater ambition and furnishes a wider arena.

Literature is at once the cause and the effect of social progress. It deepens our natural sensibilities, and strengthens by exercise our intellectual capacities. It stores up the accumulated experience of the race, connecting Past and Present into a conscious unity; and with this store it feeds successive generations, to be fed in turn by them. As its importance emerges into more general recognition, it necessarily draws after it a larger crowd of servitors, filling noble minds with a noble ambition.

There is no need in our day to be dithyrambic on the glory of Literature. Books have become our dearest companions, yielding exquisite delights and inspiring lofty aims. They are our silent instructors, our solace in sorrow, our relief in weariness. With what enjoyment we linger over the pages of some well-loved author! With what gratitude we regard every honest book! Friendships, profound and generous, are formed with men long dead, and with men whom we may never see. The lives of these men have a quite personal interest for us. Their homes become as consecrated shrines. Their little ways and familiar phrases become endeared to us, like the little ways and phrases of our wives and children.

It is natural that numbers who have once been thrilled with this delight should in turn aspire to the privilege of exciting it. Success in Literature has thus become not only the ambition of the highest minds, it has also become the ambition of minds intensely occupied with other means of influencing their fellow – with statesmen, warriors, and rulers. Prime ministers and emperors have striven for distinction as poets, scholars, critics, and historians. Unsatisfied with the powers and privileges of rank, wealth, and their conspicuous position in the eyes of men, they have longed also for the nobler privilege of exercising a generous sway over the minds and hearts of readers. To gain this they have stolen hours from the pressure of affairs, and disregarded the allurements of luxurious ease, labouring steadfastly, hoping eagerly. Nor have they mistaken the value of

the reward. Success in Literature is, in truth, the blue ribbon of nobility. – *Principles of Success in Literature*

And then there is Lewes' biggest fan, Samuel Butler who provides an unapproachable sophistry for property here:

there can be no doubt that cunning is in the long run mightier than luck as regards the acquisition of property, and what applies to property applies to organism also. Property, as I have lately seen was said by Rosmini, is a kind of extension of the personality into the outside world. He might have said as truly that it is a kind of penetration of the outside world within the limits of the personality, or that it is at any rate a prophesying of, and essay after, the more living phase of matter in the direction of which it is tending. If approached from the dynamical or living side of the underlying substratum, it is the beginning of the comparatively stable equilibrium which we call brute matter; if from the statical side, that is to say, from that of brute matter, it is the beginning of that dynamical state which we associate with life; it is the last of ego and first of non ego, or vice versâ, as the case may be; it is the ground whereon the two meet and are neither wholly one nor wholly the other, but a whirling mass of contradictions such as attends all fusion.

What property is to a man's mind or soul that his body is also, only more so. The body is property carried to the bitter end, or property is the body carried to the bitter end, whichever the reader chooses; the expression "organic wealth" is not figurative; none other is so apt and accurate; so universally, indeed, is this recognised that the fact has found expression in our liturgy, which bids us pray for all those who are any wise afflicted "in mind, body, or estate;" no inference, therefore, can be more simple and legitimate than the one in accordance with which the laws that govern the development of wealth generally are supposed also to govern the particular form of health and wealth which comes most closely home to us – I mean that of our bodily implements or organs. What is the stomach but a living sack, or purse of untanned leather, wherein we keep our means of subsistence? Food is money made easy; it is petty cash in its handiest and most reduced form; it is our way of assimilating our possessions and making them indeed our own. What is

the purse but a kind of abridged extra corporeal stomach wherein we keep the money which we convert by purchase into food, as we presently convert the food by digestion into flesh and blood? And what living form is there which is without a purse or stomach, even though it have to job it by the meal as the amœba does, and exchange it for some other article as soon as it has done eating? How marvellously does the analogy hold between the purse and the stomach alike as regards form and function; and I may say in passing that, as usual, the organ which is the more remote from protoplasm is at once more special, more an object of our consciousness, and less an object of its own. – *Luck or Cunning?*

Spencer's message, "essentially an anti-political one about the efficacy of self-improvement rather than collective action in bringing about the promised future state of human perfection." is distorted through Marx: "the main political message was essentially about the efficacy of collective improvement than self-action in bringing about the promised future state of human perfection." The hostility between private and communal property results in the retreat to Plato's subject-object (self-other) opposition such that the most vociferous anti-state stand becomes one of full support, the state's proponent under a new name and fully in league with that devil, Hegel, a retreat to a condition to which we remain entrapped, a constant struggle between theft for personal gain (underlying private property) and sacrifice for collective good (underlying communal property). It is never considered that neither theft nor sacrifice are neither necessary nor sufficient conditions for social/communal life. We are speaking here of generic property itself which, in any form, must both derive from and progress to social war if there is any cunning (or consciousness) to remain in the species.

"If slavery is characterised (on that point we are at one) by compulsory labour for the benefit of others; in no society whatever, or at any time, whether in the feudal ages or in times of slavery has a greater amount of compulsory labour been extracted from the producing classes" (Paul Lafargue, 1884: *A Few Words with Mr Herbert Spencer*).

But the system of communal property does not eliminate slavery (as all marxists propose) but renders it only out of site and thereafter, out of mind – slaves without masters ("*Left Hegelians*") – albeit the extent of extraction does not come close to the capitalist alternative. Masters without slaves ("*Right Hegelians*") is precisely equivalent and equally impossible. The master, of course, is the sacrificial synergy called the socialist state or the anarchist federation, direct democracy or Aristotle's "Greater Good". It matters not that we no longer call this system "slavery" just because one's own sacrifice is self-managed. We might instead call this system "The Roman Catholic Church (*sans the priestly class*)", ever handing out plenary indulgence in exchange for collective sacrificial offerings.

Althusser has already shown, following Marx' own logic, that no religion can survive without its priestly class: *the avant garde*.

Simple Notes:

simple

c.1220, "humble, ignorant," from O.Fr. *simple*, from L. *simplus* "single," variant of *simplex* (see simplex). Sense evolved to "lowly, common" (c.1280), then "mere, pure" (1303). As opposite of *composite* it dates from 1425; as opposite of *complicated* it dates from c.1555. Disparaging sense (1340) is from notion of "devoid of duplicity." *Simply* (adv.) in purely intensive sense is attested from 1590.

same

perhaps abstracted from O.E. *swa* "the same as," but more likely from O.N. *samr* "same," both from P.Gmc. **samon* (cf. O.S., O.H.G., Goth. *sama*; O.H.G. *samant*, Ger. *samt* "together, with," Goth. *samana* "together," Du. *zamelen* "to collect," Ger. *zusammen* "together"), from PIE **samos* "same," from base **sem-* "one, together" (cf. Skt. *samah* "even, level, similar, identical;" Avestan *hama* "similar, the same;" Gk. *hama* "together with, at the same time," *homos* "one and the same," *homios* "like, resembling," *homalos*

"even;" L. *similis* "like;" O.Ir. *samail* "likeness;" O.C.S. *samu* "himself"). O.E. had lost the pure form of the word; the modern word replaced synonymous *ilk* (q.v.). Colloq. phrase *same here* as an exclamation of agreement is from 1895. *Same difference* curious way to say "equal," is attested from 1945.

simplex

"characterized by a single part," 1594, from L. *simplex* "single, simple," from PIE base **sem-* "one, together" (cf. L. *semper* "always," lit. "once for all;" Skt. *sam* "together;" see same) + **plac-* "-fold." The noun is attested from 1892.

simplicity

1374, from O.Fr. *simplicite* (Fr. *simplicité*), from L. *simplicitatem* (nom. *simplicitas*) "state of being simple," from *simplex* (gen. *simplicis*) "simple" (see simplex). Sense of "ignorance" is from 1514, that of "plainness" is from 1526.

simplistic

1881, "trying to explain too much by a single principle," earlier (1860) "of or pertaining to *simples*" (herbs used in healing; the notion is of medicine of one ingredient only), from *simplist* "one who studies simples" (1597); (see simple.)

homely

c.1300, "of or belonging to home or household, domestic," from M.E. *hom* "home." Sense of "plain, unadorned, simple" is c.1380, and extension to "having a plain appearance" took place before 1400, but now survives chiefly in U.S., esp. in New England, where it is the usual term for "physically unattractive;" *ugly* being typically "ill-tempered."

complex

c.1652, "composed of parts," from Fr. *complexe*, from L. *complexus* "surrounding, encompassing," pp. of *complecti* "to encircle, embrace," from *com-* "with" + *plectere* "to weave, braid, twine." The adj. meaning "not easily analyzed" is first recorded 1715. Psychological sense of "connected group of repressed ideas" was established by C.G. Jung, 1907.

complexion

1340, from O.Fr. *complexion*, "combination of humors," hence

"temperament," from L. *complexionem* (nom. *complexio*) "combination," from *complexus* (see complex). Meaning "appearance of the skin of the face" is first recorded c.1450. In medieval physiology, the color of the face indicated temperament.

accomplice

1485, from O.Fr. *complice* "a confederate," with a parasitic *a-* on model of *accomplish*, etc., or assimilation of indefinite article in phrase *a complice*, from L.L. *complicem*, acc. of *complex* "partner, confederate," from L. *complicare* "fold together" (see complicate).

complicity

1656, from Fr. *complicité*, from M.Fr., from O.Fr. *complice* "accomplice," from L.L. *complicem*, acc. of *complex* "partner, confederate," from L. *complicare* "to fold together" (see complicate).

CROWBAR MOMENT No IX: *Rape and the Political Economy*

Reality Soap-opera

In our culture, in our capital, everything is rape, a violation and an extraction. Even dentistry can be said to follow this pattern. A little sweet persuasion to suck you in, an extraction and replacement with the false. To desire anything else becomes absurd. It all seems so natural. Consent seems superfluous.

Intimacy occurs, but only between the lines, secure from the toothpick and floss of capital's maximisation. Along the main-lines, even consensuality is a delusion of politics. Mutual intimacy, an inter-independence, or what I've called patamimesis, is a fluke occurrence. It may even be a fantasy. Who needs fantasy, especially of the romantic variety? A one-sided intimacy is objectification of the other and always autoerotica. Sex becomes merely a sport of mutual masturbation. People are so fucked. And I'm not even thinking morality. We are just smart enough to be this stupid. Yes,

dogs *are* intelligent! I've never seen a dog raped except by humans. Did somebody say something about disalienation? Fuck!

You say, "It is not helpful to say everything is X"?

It can be helpful when it suggests, even figuratively, a common pattern. This is not a math problem. There is a fine line between non-consensual and consensual violence. Do you not consent to work? Is this *not* the volunteer army? Do we not speak of environmental rape, whether in mining or wheat farming? Prison rape is institutionalised discipline, carried out in the most part by guards and their stooges to enforce policy/subservience with the additional benefit that a myth spreads on the outside of pervasive rape in prison to deter potential criminals. Mere prison is itself not enough of a deterrent. Inside, everything is clear – no rape occurs without an obvious transaction. In political economy, the world articulated by accumulation and expenditure and consequent power, there is no need to distinguish between currency and product. Means and ends always seem to merge so readily.

Certainly even Marx implies that capital rapes corpses – commodities are accumulations of objectified dead labour. Reich definitely suggests a rapacious pattern in political economy, to the extent he called his therapy sex-economic.

If politics concerns accumulation and economics expenditure, then rape is an adequate metaphor when violence (more accurately, "violation") is added to the soup. Accumulation? What good is an accumulation of words if one tells no stories? There is no accumulation without discharge, if only in the form of puss. We inhale and then exhale. We don't even need to think about it. Expenditure? Nothing can be spent which is not first of all owned. The carbon dioxide I give to the plants was never mine own to keep. To withhold such a gift would be certain suicide. That is not, however, why I breath. I just do. Thank goodness for the reptilean brain, burried but not superseded by all that grey matter!

The point is that sexuality becomes an economic game and political strategy. Rape is not a sexual strategy. It is abuse and abuse only. According to the logic typically endorsed, if there is no outside of capital in this day and age, and capitalism is a form of rape (which cannot be denied on a metaphoric level, no matter the willingness of the rapees), then there is no outside of rape. (But you and I know better).

Insurrectionists say "It's all fucked! Destroy the totality!", while quite willing to use unscrupulous means against each other to obtain what is desired – if only political points at their comrade's expense. Solidarity is only another game, a temporary means to a permanent end.

Saying something like "everything is X" can be helpful if it breaks up compartmentalised thinking, the total blindness to common patterns and our reproduction of them. But to say consensual violence is rape? That's just crazy! We must maintain a distance between the literal and figurative.

Maslow's Needs: Humpety Thumpety, for the Record

You will know when you've been literally raped, and probably not use it as a badge of honor like young boys comparing scabs. What is depicted in the rape fantasy scenario (cf., *Blue Velvet*) is a fetish for violence and/or, perhaps punishment. This sort of thing, when portrayed as mutually consensual, demonstrates a co-dependency. To call it "natural" or demonstrating an "anything-goes" radicality is merely a justification for neurosis. There are neurotic dogs, but by and large, these are modeling or reacting to the human neuroses in their social environment. I've not seen a neurotic coyote as they are rarely civilised.

Biology is just a bit more complicated than the simplistic human displays of "It's-in-your-genes" ontology. Genes are only effective in producing proteins, and those are

simultaneously messages, messaging and messengers – deliveries of possibilities in a vast weave of sequence chains, not ransom notes with lists of demands or proscriptions for behaviour. It is not genes which are actualised, but organisms. In fact, genes are quite easily countered by education and medical application. We are repeatedly told, there are no good genes:

Fourth law of civilization: The human gene whose discovery is announced in the New York Times – there's one every day, a *gene du jour* – is for some bad trait, like schizophrenia, kleptomania, or pneumonia. We have no good genes.
– *Marshal Sahlins*

Humans establish an exclusive territory which our dogs protect, regardless of other animals present. The human proclaims the coyote "enemy". It is the female coyote that "lures" off the male dog, now an antagonistic species. But you could also say that the dog is merely following his nose when the estrus-female smells are saturating the air. It is an inviting aroma. It is also confusing and can over-shadow a boy's generally better sensibilities. If he has a history of interfering with coyote territorial movements, the others will kill him. We certainly cannot say she came into heat "in order" that the pack can kill a pesky dog.

It is true that very young dogs will chase most anything running, they become more discriminating with age unless this "self-actualisation" is inhibited. My dogs play with coyotes because I've not taught them that coyotes are the enemy. Even after a tiff, the dog does not come away with species hatred. A lot of other animals share this territory. There are many "coydogs" in these parts. For a dog, coyotes are like the Indians at Croatan. It's really pretty easy for a dog to lose its domesticity in their presence. Without them, "wild dogs" around population centers go absolutely ape-shit neurotic.

Once I herded sheep with a young coyote who'd been learning moves at my older dog's side. We have been told domestic animals have become infantile. This is bullshit. We

place them in conditions of dependency, and then justify that relationship by saying "they've become dependent creatures". The implication is that like ourselves, they must be taken care of like helpless children. Sure, we've bred many out of ever reaching maturity, as a "cosmetic" modification, but this does not generalise across the field of domesticity. Nothing very infantile in appearance with a mangy old junk-yard police dog going for your throat or with my adult male goats with a four foot horn-span, twisting outwards like a pair of scimitars. This may in fact contribute to the fact that the coyotes in these parts are so docile and child-like, if one can say a cautious respect around someone who could bury you in a minute is childish at all! So I wouldn't actually say I don't believe in genes, I just think they are way overrated, especially where behaviour is concerned.

Seasonal breeders do not commit rape, unless one considers it "rape" to use what are in more intimate contexts, the same body gestures in an aggressive, violent or punishing one. But this is not sexual behaviour. It is the aggressive exertion of dominance in antagonistic or punishing social relations using symbols (gestures) we more generally equate with another motivational context – intimacy, arousal or estrus.

Most males show a quite surprising respect for, or accommodation to female space ("bitchiness"). My theory explaining why the male lion developed so big and strong is for an insurance policy to fall back on for those times the female is not sharing food, even when there is plenty to go around. It can't be for hunting prowess, as the female is the huntress, and plenty capable at that. Remember, it is the female praying mantis or black widow, after all, who offs the old man after (and sometimes during) sex. Or is she only putting him out of his misery after he's spent himself to the utmost in a grand copulation? Motivation is always a difficult subject, particularly considering how often our own is not always clear.

Sex occurs only when the female is "ready". It is her readiness which gets the fella excited. And often the reverse is also true. When males

are separated for a season, their mere presence on return can put a troop of females into simultaneous heat. The males don't display "horny" behaviour until at least one female has signaled her coming receptivity. I think homosexuality is mislabeled. Since Marx and Freud, the only motivations or fundamentals for any behaviour are considered economic or sexual. Many seem to see sex itself as merely another economic exchange. Can we really say an animal not alienated from social intimacy (or biology, for that matter) commits rape?

Because the hen's back and neck are raw and void of feathers does not mean the rooster is violently attacking her. It is a side-effect of trying to maintain a good grip when all he's got is a beak and sharp talons. A larger harem would seem to mitigate this effect. By the same token, I don't feel violated when my wife digs her nails into my back.

But it's just too easy to anthropomorphise these things. It is always a mistake to translate another animal's gestures or body language according to our own displays. Humping is sexual in sexual contexts. In baboons, it can be a polite greeting from an uncle to his nephew. Dairy cows hump each other when they are coming into heat. It is a display of dominance only in the context of dominance relations, just as mooning is not always a sign of submission or eagerness for sexual mounting. Sometimes it is taunting and aggressive mockery. For a hungry lion, it is an invitation to supper.

As in human speech, context is everything. All is relative only when there is a context of relations, and only from this view can we see that all is also patterned. Chaos is only the confusion of one pattern for another. That may require a closer look, but not hurt feelings and desperation. In this sense I remain an optimist.

CROWBAR MOMENT No X: *There Is No Psychosis Without Poetry*

Just a clarification. There is no psychosis without poetry. Psychosis is defined as a thought disorder. Disordered thinking is

measured, evaluating comprehension and reproduction of logic games where there is an objective, one-to-one correspondent or at least a best fitting referent for any word and a similarly appropriate answer to any question – "concrete operations".

Abstract thinking is measured by learned repetition of democratic (clichéd) responses (platitudes) to quandaries such as 1) "why should you not throw stones in a glass house", and 2) "what does 'the early bird catches the worm' mean to you?". If your answer is a literal match, such as 'stones break windows' or 'worms come to the surface in the morning', or even 'you will avoid the later-ensuing competition', you are considered concrete and limited, but not psychotic -- perhaps engineering, perhaps even cop potential. If your response illustrates any creativity, the kind which seems 'strange' to the interviewer, especially if it leaves the semantic territory bounded by the question, it is evidence of either a thought disorder or arrested development.

Example 1) "I think you should try your damndest to throw stones at glass houses so that future occupants will not get cut up when they stumble home from a drunk. Glass houses should be abolished!"

Example 2) "The bus driver wouldn't wait five seconds for an old lady in a walker. Tonight I'm going to throw rocks at his house."

These are, in fact the correct answers to the two questions, but will land you in the clink every time with, not only red flags, but roman candles going off in every corridor.

Suffering is not sufficient to warrant a diagnosis of mental illness. Everyone suffers. If you complain, it shows you have a rational mind. If you don't complain, you cannot be diagnosed. Any one who doesn't suffer *must* be crazy in this crazy world we've made. Mental illness can only be diagnosed where suffering interferes with one's work. Others can complain for you in case you really are crazy and can't

see the problem (that suffering and civilisation are *a priori* concomitant). Employment is the cure for those who suffer and do not work. Pushing carts at Walmart is thought to give one a heightened sense of self-importance and consequent relief from melancholy and other personal deficiencies.

When I tried to explain the synopsis of the book, *Catch 22* to the shrinks and added that living and working for a living was for me an impossible contradiction which could only lead to suicide (this being my fifth work-related suicide attempt in as many years), my diagnosis was changed from major depression to unspecified psychosis with depressive features.

This whole bag is more important than it appears. Psychosis often refers to a private joke, an unshared meaning which may or may not feel personally troublesome – that doesn't really matter. It doesn't even matter if there is an intent to share it, although unless shared, who would know? It possibly refers to an *avant garde* joke, where meaning is shared only by a select few (certainly "shady" characters), exclusive of the analyst. The clincher is when an internal dialogue, something we all experience, takes on auditory qualities. If we externalise their source, paranoia is added to the diagnosis.

The one state of exception occurs if there is pre-existing drug use, as criminality takes precedence over psychology. Criminals are sane by definition, and drug-induced psychosis is a criminal, not psychological diagnosis, "cured" by incarceration, abstinence and/or the payment of tribute. Either way, all psychotic rambling is poetry if it is sold, particularly when book sellers can buy a new cadillac every year off the proceeds of long dead poets, psychotic or not, straight-edge or not. If it is written, you can sell it. There are always specialty markets, and if even these should fail, there is the tax write-off. Publishing is a win-win scenario recapitulating the priority of form over content.

If the standardised dictionary is the source *par excellént* for technical exposition, and technical exposition is the model for language,

if communication is reduced to objective cartography, if there is a deep structure of generative grammar, the like on which our computers are built, then poetry and psychosis are synonyms. Frankly, I don't buy the list of premises, but I still generally adhere to the conclusion. The relativity of meaning is the basis of the Jain epistemology of "perhaps". I understand the common reaction against the word "relativity" and its disasterous "anything-goes" connotations in some quarters. If you are so offended, please substitute the word, "contingency". But this is just another illustration contra to objective technical exposition and why authentic scientific treatises are resplendent with operational definitions, useful only for matters at hand.

'Men rape', so funny. No but do you get it? It's so funny. No, not funny, so true. Do you get it, what it really means I mean?

I see a young, man-on-the-street Diogenes holding up a mirror to any who might look. Really, too young to have such smarts, perhaps not practiced enough to see himself in the same mirror, but just facetious enough to say "If thy right eye offends thee, pluck it out!". Perhaps we know what men are and what rape is. The combination is sufficiently poetic. As an absolute truth in the cartographic sense, it is nonsensequiter – perhaps we know women who rape too or men who do not. In the poetic sense, it is true, false or indeterminant and any combination there-of according to the context within which it is distributed (that being the speech environment or its facsimiles or simulations). The literal, objective sense is by comparison false every time. That is the extracted, isolated sense, where even the sentence itself must be dissected and mutilated, in a word, raped and analyzed like the scientist in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* attempting to extract sunlight from cucumbers pushed through a meat grinder.

It is well documented by historical biographers that Jonathin Swift suffered and in fact died from melancholic bouts of AAS (Antonin Artaud Syndrome). Sometimes even commodification of language offers no state of

exception for a diagnosis of deficiency, especially when that language is critical of social tradition itself. And Artaud had the balls to suggest van Gogh was suicided by society! The only reason news media exists beyond mere literary publishing is to discredit possibly uncomfortable meanings with accusations of insanity, crime or paedophilia – the *ad hominem* attack. We used to call them gossip rags. They are not so much purveyors of lies as vendors of psychological defense mechanism, good for sweeping inconvenience under the rug.

There is no psychosis without poetry. Paranoid features merely illustrate the amnesia regarding the equality of absurdities. We forget the humour and are sucked into a vacuum cleaner attempting to map poetry onto the absolute truth of rigid forms. This is ultimately distressful, this taking the universe so seriously that our lives are endangered at every turn and laughter becomes maniacal or disappears into an abysmal black void.

CROWBAR MOMENT No XI: *Biorythmic Jazz: modulating discrepancies*

"The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy is an indispensable companion to all those who are keen to make sense of life in an infinitely complex and confusing Universe, for though it cannot hope to be useful or informative on all matters, it does at least make the reassuring claim, that where it is inaccurate it is at least definitely inaccurate. In cases of major discrepancy it's always reality that's got it wrong.

This was the gist of the notice. It said "The Guide is definitive. Reality is frequently inaccurate."

This has led to some interesting consequences. For instance, when the Editors of the Guide were sued by the families of those who had died as a result of taking the entry on the planet Traal literally (it said "Ravenous

Poetic Note:
line & circle,
sperm & egg,
male & female,
expenditure &
consumption.
menstrual leakage
star charts,
pain & turmoil
field potential,
oscillation & gatin
back trouble &
yogic chiropracty
engagement &
disengagement
transmission &
modulation
Improvisational jaz

Bugblatter beasts often make a very good meal for visiting tourists" instead of "Ravenous Bugblatter beasts often make a very good meal of visiting tourists") they claimed that the first version of the sentence was the more aesthetically pleasing, summoned a qualified poet to testify under oath that beauty was truth, truth beauty and hoped thereby to prove that the guilty party was Life itself for failing to be either beautiful or true. The judges concurred, and in a moving speech held that Life itself was in contempt of court, and duly confiscated it from all those there present before going off to enjoy a pleasant evening's ultragolf."

Hurling Frootmig

CROWBAR MOMENT No XII: *Image & Speed*

Q: I am not against images but emoticons are not images they are frozen packed communication units designed to facilitate the speed-up. I always feel abused on libcom when 'they' use them against me.

A: To facilitate what speed-up? What's a speed-up?

Speed creates invisibility [1]. Amphetamines were mislabeled "speed" since it feels "more" can be done in "less" time when in actuality, time is taken out of the image/picture and one can finally move (or rest comfortably if a rocking chair is available [2]). Flashing past frozen images such as emoticons or subliminal video disconnections of the non-continuous, so well utilised in tv advertising and news broadcasts, generates an SEP [3] field around any phenomenon, rendering perfect invisibility. Some call this an Existential Meaning Discharge (EMD). Most lazily call it "Evidence". Hence, linguistic confusion produces the truth found in democratic consensus, since we all know the exchange relation between a picture and a thousand words. I've photos to prove it!

note [1]: as in: "that chevy went by so fast, it was a blur!" or "It's not a word, I needn't read it!"

note [2]: rocking chair: a technological device which functionally annuls all invisibility fields
note [3]: SEP: "Somebody Else's Problem"

Anyway, back to the theological turn...
i.e. a regression and revitalisation of that most redundant and superfluous mode of thinking:

What Bataille lacks in his thought is an abundance of antinomies. A thinker only really begins to think when he re-runs his arguments and finds some other alien thread in them, and after he has pulled that thread, he finds that all the bases he has exultantly explained now support entirely separate but equally adequate ideas/systems which he finds he cannot and must not deny (they are like vermin children which he has produced and which cling to him)... at this point a very real fear enters his thought via the sudden awareness of the audacious inadequacy of his early confident expositions – how could he have said such ignorant things? Now he is pressed, now he must stay up all night, now he must somehow reseal the circle, now he finds his own thoughts fleeing from him. He is compelled, like a gambler, he must double up his thoughts... he must allow them to run away from him. And there are so many thoughts in this infinite bifurcation of cells, that he really feels, and fears, for his own initial foolishness – what has he let himself in for? How has his logic led him down this path which is not one path but many? He now concludes that one only thinks when one arrives at that point where honesty requires the exposition of perhaps two, perhaps more than two, accounts for the same system, the same phenomena. He condemns himself to pursuing that which has just now left the room that he has entered; only when one thinks two thoughts in the same place at the same time does one become fearful of the universe – and this is the definition of thought, of form, fear of proliferation, fear of what more there is which is not, and cannot be, registered.

– A. Wizard

Not only that, but all Bataille's base are belong to us.

Here's the thing, so to speak. How do you translate into linear-based language that from which we like to call "philosophical thought" which is not only a-linear, but a-circular (*in-*

extensive) as well? You don't; at least not in a democratic or agreeable manner.

The universe is ultimately bent, or tolerant of its own curves. This is not a geometric condition. This means it can't take sides, mostly because there are none, not even for all the shiny bus tokens in china or chinese riding buses. The most basic dichotomy from which all others derive doesn't actually exist, at least not for very long. This is that difference between tolerance and intolerance which is the source of speed which Hegel confused for dialectics. The so-called intolerant, those living a delusional and very simplified existence which they like to call "orderly but over-complicated", travel very very fast to get nowhere. "Nowhere" is their word for death, but we already know, at least since Epicurus, that death is more precisely nowhere at all. Nowhere is the destination of the fast-moving intolerant (but in this, deluded) beings. Intolerance is the negation of itself travelling no direction very fast to stay put and therefore, cease to exist.

To circumvent this acknowledgement of one's own non-existence, and certainly one not of their own doing, the deluded decide to meddle with each other and everything around them, particularly with tolerant or maleable things, which only accelerates the whole process exponentially. This creates the illusion of mayhem, so the idea of leaving well enough alone occurs to no one. How could it?

Tolerance is not an aseptic assessment. It is receptivity prior to familiarity without masochistic necessity (aka, "duty"). Only tolerant beings can explore, and only exploration can bring pleasure. When it does not, we change direction, keeping in mind that it may also be our pleasure to stick a hat pin into our thigh to impress fellow travellers sitting at the bar in the pub. I know this because I find my own conditions to be intolerable, conditions which most tourists find serene but boring. It is the tourists who don't let me move when winter approaches and find a nice secluded ocean beach somewhere in the tropics. I find most tourists, therefore, intolerable. This seeming contradiction underlies the meaning in 'choice'

and also 'agency'. But since exploratory praxis is not a teleological journey, speed also ceases to exist. We are left free to run or stand still as we see fit, especially when there is a logging truck coming at us doing about ninety with our name attached to its grill.

What is needed from revolutionaries and insurrectionists and other conscious (that is, disturbed) beings is to let the mayhem they initiate sort itself out. Mayhem hides an unconscious genius which might be interesting to witness self-actualise.

For example, when the new puppy escapes through the front door inadvertently left unlatched and runs down the road toward an on-coming logging truck, and you want to put an end to this sort of behaviour without resorting to a new regimen of mopping up piss every few hours for the rest of the puppy's duration with you, best not to re-confine it and nail your door shut. One way or another, any situation will sort itself out. Otherwise, what ever will you do with all those soggy rags?

All things which come together and fall apart and vice versa eventually come to some kind of balance, but even this is not a permanent condition. Toleration does not mean ignore or even expend (productively or otherwise). It means "explore". The only permanent condition, neither coming together nor falling apart, does not actually exist. Stasis is nothing without revolution, and just because something revolves, does not mean it ever returns to a point in its travels as the same beast. At this point I would say "there are no points", but this is madness.

– *Lashanda*

CROWBAR MOMENT No XIII: *Law & Obedience*

Law is not exercised upon inert beings, but only upon those whose cooperation can be claimed. Obedience is always at least minimally active. This is why the recipient of a commandment is characterized as an

agent, and why lawfulness attests to an implicit sovereignty. Docility in respect of the law is quite different from a surrender, in exactly the way that moralists are different from mystics. Surrender is a deeper evil than any possible action. The very principle of action is an acceptance of justice and responsibility, and any act is – as such – an amelioration of crime, expressing defiance within the syntax of redemption. In stark comparison with action, surrender gnaws away the conditions for salvation. Giving itself up to a wave of erasure, the agent dives into the cosmic reservoir of crime. Beyond the (agentic) pact with Satan lies an irreparable dissolution into forces of darkness, apart from which there is no ecstasy. Surrender is not a submission to an alien agency (devotion to God), but a surrender of agency in general, it is not any kind of consigning of oneself over to another (return to the father), but utter abandonment of self; a dereliction of duty which aggresses against one's birth.

– Nick Land

It used to be said that Kafka's stories use the religious form to relate to meaninglessness, the message is that there is no message... where explanation and resolution should be, there is a blank, and only the meaningless story remains...

In truth metaphorical comparisons rely on suppression of specific detail, therefore the Kafka stories seem to have meaning in our life (after all they are a product of this life) but the comparison or lessons work only if we suppress the actual details of our existence... the second thought in Kafka, the 'it is a rabbit and also a duck' quality, means we cannot really put our finger on what it is that is so like us.

– Frere Dupont

The connection of poetry with distributivity is a stroke of genius. There was a time, according to Giambattista Vico, that all language was poetic. Historians of Greek literature concur. This means those old dead greeks tossing around the word, logos, were speaking of distribution, specifically within the presocratic flux – eros shouted. Do we not still say that matter, or that which matters, is well distributed through space and subjected to mutual

influence? Logos matters. Eros is attractive, gravitational. Poe added the discordian effects of electricity, the friction Bateson renamed schizmogogenesis.

The 'we of a position' of accumulation is a starting point at the position of lack. When lack is inserted into the premise or mouth of a problem, it must remain in the anus or conclusion – we remain lacking, we are lackies. Accumulation from any other starting point is a prelude to a diaspora, a scattering, a consumption which could be a disease or a feast. From the position of use-value which posits consumption as a function of accumulation, an opposing force built into economy itself, we are only viewing a snapshot.

Fat is accumulated for later use in the winter. There may be a weight-bearing problem incurred with centralised heating and year-round climate control (fat is not so much a food source but a heat source), but consumption itself is the beginning of a distribution of nutrients throughout the body, a potlatch given for all the little creatures living there. "I" is merely confined to the oral cavity: "I eat, therefore I am, if I am eaten, I am not!" (Might have Descartes been himself just a bit facetious?) There is no accumulation for the sake of accumulation except temporally by containment systems of delayed explosion. "We" are bomb. "We" are potlatch. "They" are assholes, sweat glands and puss pockets – "gifts" in any other language, for any other mouth. As they say, "food for the worms".

Notes:

[1] Q: Opium is not addictive?

A: Used medicinally? No, at least no more than we are addicted to vitamin c and toxified by its overdose. Sheep obtain their own Vit C from microbial excrement in the rumen. They and their little bug friends have evolved together symbiotically. There are receptors friendly to opioid and canibibinol transmitters in probably every member of our species. We already produce analogs of opium and thc (pot). We and those plants have also evolved together, probably the latter more than the former. Extraneous use only accentuates an effect which 'normally' goes unnoticed. Continuous use of external

sources, particularly in large or refined doses, tricks the internal 'facility' to stop 'production' of endogenous chemicals. That is when addiction sets in.

Chemical addiction occurs when extraneous ingestibles mimic or replace something internally produced and the system is fooled into ceasing production. Sort of like work stoppage for benefits resulting in plant closure. More like scabs taking over your job, permanently, and no unemployment compensation. You get hungry fast. Eventually you will learn to eat again without a job, but then again, maybe not. The process of tolerance is related to the adjustment to increasing levels of introduced biotoxins like snake venom, but here dependency is not acquired: biotoxins are alien substances. This does not mean nutrients cannot produce overdose. It is said something over 24 eggs in one sitting can be fatal. If not, you may never want to eat an egg again, but still, you must eat.

Opioids engage with the dopamine system. By analogy, nicotine works like serotonin. Caffeine cancels it and vice versa. This is why those two get on so well together and in fact either will accelerate our usage of the other. Withdrawal is the period where the body has yet to recognize or catch up to the cessation of external sources. Withdrawal symptoms vary considerably with different substances. Acute ativan and alcohol withdrawal can be more deadly, but heroin still gets all the press – sensationalist media is always fixated on cultural archetypes, poster boys who highly resemble Keith Richards but behave like Richard Nixon having a temper tantrum with his tape recorder and proceeding to rip off a convenience store.

Habituation is seen at both the biochemical and psychological level (repetitive patterning) so are very hard to differentiate. Subjectively, it is not necessary to make this distinction. Superficially, heroin withdrawal feels astonishingly horrid. By comparison, withdrawal from cigarettes may appear merely as a case of the jitters and edginess, it has contributed to more suicides than junky murders, most of which are over money. In the midst of withdrawal, a junky is probably too busy puking and convulsing and counting monkeys on the ceiling to be capable of killing anyone. In fact one never hears of mass school shootings by kiddies off their drug of choice as on their prescribed medications. Makes ya wonder.

But the whole focus on neurotransmitters and receptors ignores the resonances and rhythms and modulations and redundancies going on which produce varying "states of mind", all in an unfathomably complex distribution of internal and external interplay. We ignorantly try to capture one state which "feels good", and stay there. The point is to be able to shift in and out, back and forth, to balance with the changing conditions of the world external to us. The real problem is that we are compartmentalised in an external world in which hardly anything "feels good". The fetish is a defense mechanism in the strictest freudian sense but addiction is measured by the acceleration, not just the dose (quantity) or structure

(quality) of the medication. It is the defense mechanism in a positive feedback loop (actually, a spiral), or, as we increasingly hear concerning anything in system runaway, "the defense mechanism on crack".

VOLUME 5



HOME



"From now on, Utopia is not only an eminently practical project, it is a vitally necessary one!" – Clark, Gray, et al

CROWBAR MOMENTS: Volume 5

No I: "*I PARASITE*": Another Take On Synergy

The autopoietic evolution of machines as bureaucratic institutional specialisation proceeding with the industrial revolution to its supersession.

No one nor even group of ones can produce a modern television set, not to mention a bazillion of them. The process is too vast. It produces itself. The workers (not even to exclude its engineers) are only one small contingency in its growth. The television, like any modern, post-modern machine is only autonomous from the worker in the sense that the bee and dandelion are each from the other. But that is a grand separation nevertheless. There is no teleology at any level. The machine is autopoietic, self managed, self creating. The labourer, even the boss tends it, pollinates it, assembles parts into an end configuration s/he needn't even know or anticipate.

The worker and terminal user ('consumer') are not even involved at the level of selection, natural or cultural. Machines early on commenced to destroy natures and cultures by becoming them, but first, of course, they had to exterminate poetry^[1].

Everything is useful and then used up. Nothing is

exchanged for there is nothing left to offer but lives. Use value and exchange value have been superseded by and are inconsequential to the happiness of cybernetic through-put, formerly called "money" or "capital", a contortion of what was, prior to value itself.

What was once wishful thinking concerning "self-made men", is now a fact, but not for us: "Machines make money makes the man". From the standpoint of synergy, the flow of money ("hard" currency, but only ever symbolic), credit (privilege) and debt (obligation) are the same sweet nectar or dusty pollen. It may not be organic, but the machine is nevertheless alive. Most agree: 'what we can do, it can out-do'. As many others contend: 'we cannot, in fact, do without it'. This would be a reasonable symbiosis, except that most hold at least a secret desire to become parasites. Portrayed as "animalistic", we are taught to suppress such desires.

Gods and the fates began their journey to extinction by the first appearance of property. As a surviving atheist, I cannot therefore comment at the Mexican restaurant: "God was certainly in good form and on the job when they invented avacadoes!" God was always just a prole, even when he was king. His only source of income today is as a bank-teller, overseeing the distribution of souls by regulating transactions.

The outcome was assured before it started. It was "in the works" so to speak, the public works. The Post-industrial revolution was won by the machine and its simplified sociological counterpart, the bureaucratic institution^[2], in the service of pollination for its own sake. There is a plan, but no design. A blueprint in need of no architect, it is read only after the construction is complete.

Synergy is a syndrome. It has no cares concerning pathology. When it is pathetic, I call it "Toyota Syndrome" – when post-modern toyotas break down, there is no diagnosis available as the problem might be equally anywhere or everywhere. Most parts are extractable by users, but are only analyzed by another machine. Otherwise, a functioning synergy is thought "quite natural" (if it is even observed at all), and left at that. Analysis never proceeds 'til problems are already encountered. Again, users rarely analyse but distribute the problem to another machine whose function is to decide an instrument's fate as useful or excremental.

Machine is no longer a metaphor when even

poetry becomes mechanical. Hey, if it rhymes! The only applicable analogy today is brought to you by the *green revolution*: the sticky cell of bee-hived babies manned by drones and handmaidens ... where there be no Queen at all! Redundant buzz ensures even her inessentiality to the synergistic establishment: the new conservative reproduction occurs via repetitive linguistic babble. Conspiracies are so passé; no need to add, "ineffectual" ..

While biology may express forms, it does not consider them and will in fact, drop them at the merest sense of discouragement or inconvenience. This may not be immediately apparent, but shows up quite readily on the geological time scale. From the standpoint of synergy, re-arrangement of content is as far as the dictionary can go in consideration of death, transformation or revolutionary rupture, where everything is either a sort, part or stage^[3].

Conservative redundancy is the chief weapon of any mechanical metaphor. In a world of promotion, demotion, consumption and abandonment, no content is essential. Is it even consequential, except for the fact that it never seems to truly go away? Strict adherence to the language ensures protraction of the plan. Language is both synergistic ideology and material throughput: communication. Even so, the formal snapshot is no guarantee of permanence. But hope is only ever found in a big bang which results in a complete disarray of the operating principles of the universe. Until then, it is considered futile to break or even question the rules.

So there is much talk of run-away explosion but little attendant explosion of run-aways. Fortunately, the self-fulfilling prophecy is still the strongest force known to (neither) man nor beast, the basis of both placebo curatives and that sinking feeling when struggling in quicksand. Perhaps we can trick it into self-combustion, or at least hypochondriasis. Perhaps we already have. After all, I once had a suburu which died of hypochondria, even as it was recovering from a massive stroke. And I was only trying to help it!

CROWBAR MOMENT No II: *Revolt Against Poetry*

SCHIZMOGENESIS: 1) *the cybernetic theory ahead or behind applied disengagement, aka "drop out culture" or "reverse magnetic repulsion".* 2) *a mathematical model of a hypothetical genotypic substrate of phenotypic revolutionary urges.* 3) *extension*

of the second law of thermodynamics predicting the progressive failure of relief valves with increased heat and pressure applied to refugee camps, psychological states and cooking devices resulting in diaspora, riot or similar explosion. (see definition 1)

"We have never written anything except against a backdrop of the incarnation of the soul, but the soul already is made (and not by ourselves) when we enter into poetry. The poet, who writes, addresses himself to the Word, and the Word to its laws. It is in the unconscious of the poet to believe automatically in these laws. He believes himself free thereby, but he is not. There is something back of his head and over the ears of his thought. Something budding in the nape of his neck, rooted there from even before his beginning. He is the son of his works, perhaps, but his works are not of him; for whatever is of himself in his poetry has not been expressed by him but rather by that unconscious producer of life, who has pointed life out to him in order that he not be his own poet, in order that he not designate life himself; and who obviously has never been well-disposed toward him.

Well, I don't want to be the poet of my poet, of that self which fancied it'd choose me to be a poet; but rather a poet-creator, in rebellion against the ego and the self. And I call to mind the old rebellion against the forms that came over me. It is by revolt against the ego and the self that I disemburden myself from all the evil incarnations of the Word, which have never been anything more for man than a compromise between cowardice and illusion, and I only know abject fornication when it comes to cowardice and illusion. And I don't want a word of mine coming from I don't know what astral libido completely aware of the formations of, say, a desire that is mine and mine alone. There is in the forms of the human Word I don't know what operation of rapaciousness, what self-devouring greed going on; whereby the poet, binding himself to the object, sees himself eaten by it. That is a crime weighing heavy on the idea of the Word-made-flesh, but the real crime is in having allowed the idea in the first place. Libido is animal thought, and it was these same animals which one day were changed into men."

– Antonin Artaud

Artaud will object, but he still comes from the position of the ego, freudian or not. The reactionary is confronted: "It just always has to be about you, doesn't it!" This position at least distinguishes him from Roger Caillois who thought the animal was in

no need of supersession: libido is a quite generally shared feature. Quite just as rightly I think, it is said that the poetic is as much constructed or extracted by the receiver (or audience) as the initiator (or performer). There is no contradiction if we take the position that poetry, poetic 'value', meaning, whatever, exists only within the engagement itself. Betwixt and between. But engagement is still necessary or there is nothing but a private joke. Even that suggests something to a tree when a person falls in the forest: "mmm, fertilizer!" Id lives, despite all attempts to suppress it. Maybe we should stop trying so hard, so we are not so tempted to take Freud's superego, that evil imposing self made up of other's words, quite so literally. "I must, I must, I must develop my bust!"

There is always more here than meets the eye. Formal exposition may describe or postulate a world, only poetry can populate it. Absurdity encompasses the humorous as well as the hostile. Passé is not necessarily the same thing as humdrum, banal and ordinary, but it seems it increasingly takes shrubbery or psychosis to see it. More and more, as madness sets in I find great meaning in the passé with little outside help at all. What I find humdrum is increasingly the latest theoretical formulation everyone else gets jazzed about. But that is only a burgeoning religious movement. A new look at the ordinary exposes things never before noticed precisely because it was considered worn-out in the first place. This is only the deconstruction of invisibility fields, where the answer is merely the possibility of an anti-question. The world is not composed of dead metaphors, even if sometimes the word is.

CROWBAR MOMENT No III: AGAINST LITERATURE

LITERATURE: c.1375, from L. *lit(t)eratura* "learning, writing, grammar," originally "writing formed with letters," from *lit(t)era* "letter." Originally "book learning" (it replaced O.E. *boccræft*), the meaning "literary production or work" is first attested 1779 in Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets" (he didn't include this definition in his dictionary, however); that of "body of writings from a period or people" is first recorded 1812.

LITERAL: 1382, "taking words in their natural meaning" (originally in ref. to Scripture and opposed to mystical or allegorical), from O.Fr. *literal*, from L.L. *lit(t)eralis* "of or belonging to letters or writing," from L. *lit(t)era* "letter." Sense of "verbally exact" is attested from 1599. *Literal-minded* is

attested from 1869. *Literally* is often used erroneously, even by writers like Dryden and Pope, to indicate "what follows must be taken in the strongest admissible sense" (1687), which is opposite to the word's real meaning.

We cringe at reification and anthropomorphism because we are trapped in a machine who can only perceive the world in terms of truth and exactitude. We know there is more than meets the eye, we are aware of our own ineptitude, but do not like to admit it. Truth is someone else's problem. We thereafter can confine ourselves to thoughts of beauty and suffering. In search of the former, we are happy with illusion. The latter inspires great plans of transgression which rarely ever leave the table.

At 22, [J. Alfred Prufrock](#), lamenting his physical and intellectual inertia, the lost opportunities in his life and lack of spiritual progress with the recurrent theme of carnal love unattained, compared the evening sky to "a patient etherised upon a table", shocking and offending all in the room where the women come and go.

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.

"The fact that these things occurred to the mind of Mr Prufrock is surely of the very smallest importance to anyone, even to himself. They certainly have no relation to poetry." (The Times Literary Supplement, 21 June 1917)

The mystic, poet or transfigurationist songster denies "natural meaning". All translation is free. There is only figurative interpretation. Reification and anthropomorphism are always temporary, at most, and a source (or result) of a humorous juxtaposition. The poet will always understand the machine (regardless of all contestations), and only the artist can portray it as a comic absurdity, precisely because the quaint machine cannot fathom poetry: foremost, it is a matter of intellectual property rights – "poetry can only be constructed in a factory to be later discharged into the selective distribution network". The machine does not understand that poetry *is* the distribution network! It cannot see the vast similitude of the "comic" and "cosmic" because it is perpetually set at the discrimination mode, all eyes directed to the letter, "S". Difference, after all, brings consciousness, even to machines.

The connection of poetry with distributivity (cf.

anomynous, *in press*) is a stroke of genius. Is it not striking that "humour" used to refer to the fluids flowing through the body? A distribution of blood with piss-and-vinegar infecting one's mood? Might the Centers for Disease Control someday distribute an anti-toxin to stave off infectious laughter, or have they already?

Distribution also concerns gifting and the reception of gifts. In this sense, language itself is distributive, although most only perceive this as a mere example of applied schizmogogenesis – "discourse". There was a time, according to Giambattista Vico, when all language was poetic. Historians of Greek literature concur. This means those old dead greeks tossing around the word, *logos*, were speaking of distribution, specifically within the presocratic flux – *eros* shouted. Do we not still say that matter, or that which matters, is well distributed through space and subjected to mutual influence? Logos matters. Eros is attractive, gravitational. Poe added the discordian effects of electricity, the friction Bateson renamed schizmogogenesis.

Poe's idea came late to history (although it had only been in hiding since long before him) because all eyes had been trained upon the unifying effects of machinery and its construction. Only when we began to witness machines malfunction and break down could we engage the idea of life without them – nature and its diversification. Unfortunately, every mechanical crisis seems to have only been a temporary setback, and our eyes again turn to the pyramid with grand hopes and designs.

"Natural" (that is to say, "non-pathological") poetry lives between the lines, even at the Toyota factory. It is born in engagement, and not with machines. Of course, the reverse is also true: engagement births poetry, but this stand is generally considered childish. To understand communist engagement, the *literal* if not "authentic" social relation, one must make a study of poetic appreciation. Music is a good substitute.

Now turn to page 42 in your hymnal and make a joyful noise.

CROWBAR MOMENT No IV: *SURPRISE*

Surprise. Is more better? Big shock or little buzz? There's been a movement afoot, at least since the days of dada, that bigger is better. Rip, tear and rupture. Shock is always related to agency.

Insurrectionary agency is collective rupture. Personal agency is only art. Only a big bang will wake us from our slumber. Splat on canvas? A bank vault falling from the sky in our direction? Shock is not always the result of personnel planning. After Reich, Vaneigem said a *persona* is only a mask worn by an actor, a character. Baudrillard one-upped him when he said *apersona* is either neither or what lies behind it. Try harder. Maybe found art is not what we look for.

What ever happened to the "pleasant surprise"? Here, an expression of personal or collective agency is counter-intuitive. Must surprise be quantified? I can never find the right button, even on my multifunction pocket calculator. How would one go about accumulating surprise? Try harder? There is a minor pleasure in accomplishing a task once one sets out, but most often, the result is anticlimactic compared with our prior expectations and protracted plans. Is that all there is? Still, we take care not to notice the pretty pebble while passing along the beach, at least not on public beaches. We might be accused of a *passé* passing! Rich folks used to advise, "mind the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves". Was there some hidden principle of aesthetics they were aware of and we are not?

Fishing Catalogued Dreams: In the Beginning was not the word, but the Leg!

"**M**y kids love to pore over catalogues, in many ways it is their favourite reading. I remember I did that too (I still like recipe books, survival books and review sections of newspapers which I read avidly with no intention of going any further, I love them all the more if they are out of date); it is compelling, the idea that here in one volume is all there is and yet only some of it is really available – the catalogue also presents 'price' as a limit to what is available – it's a sort of lesson in morality, a mirror of my corrupt desires, I could have it all but if I could have it all, I would not be looking at it.

I think browsing, contemplating a list of available/unavailable objects in this way is something really fundamental to literate cultures, it is something that capitalism has exploited but I do not think it belongs only to capitalism. Just imagine how difficult it would be to sell us things if we were not 'hard-programmed' to drift about aimlessly for hours and take unmotivated interest in sparkly things? Why this thing, which is just so, and not others? Consumerism is a kind of *Kim's Game* in reverse, but

what one finds, what one chooses by means of recognition, 'ah yes, this is it' (the notebook in 1984) indicates an absence (it is what will make up for what I am not) whilst all the other things which one declines, are all too much there. All of my writing, all of my thinking on my life in the world is essentially 'consumerist', i.e. based at a level of gut preference which is then slowly taken apart.

And so much is this the case that I find it difficult to imagine that other people do not begin with their preferences/non-preferences (I may be wrong about that). I think Tarkovsky's movies are above all paeons to consumerism, a sort of Soviet, christian-communist consumerism which delights in shoes that do not fit, coats that come apart at the seams, ceilings that leak, coffee made from chicory, wind-up spaceships, novels with 100 page moral lectures etc etc. How one does not find oneself in these things at level of desire and thus loves the object more dearly because one finds a self that is defined essentially by disappointment." – salondeverluisant.org/

catalogue: 1460, from L.L. *catalogus*, from Gk. *katalogos* "a list, register," from *kata* "down, completely" + *legein* "to say, count" (see lecture).

lecture (n.): 1398, "action of reading, that which is read," from M.L. *lectura* "a reading, lecture," from L. *lectus*, pp. of *legere* "to read," originally "to gather, collect, pick out, choose" (cf. election), **from PIE *leg-** "to pick together, gather, collect" (cf. Gk. *legein* "to say, tell, speak, declare," originally, in Homer, "to pick out, select, collect, enumerate;" *lexis* "speech, diction;" *logos* "word, speech, thought, account;" L. *lignum* "wood, firewood," lit. "that which is gathered"). – etymonline.com

Could it be that browsing (grazing, fishing, hunting, exploring, investigating) is the id's way of inspiring movement? Dreams are its way of stripping use, accumulation and desire from the process by presenting a catalogue of the possible, such that receptivity is preserved and the mundane is prevented? Lure to aesthetics? A friend once said dreams are either wish fulfillment or fear manifestation. I never did buy that product. Someone else said dreams are the way the world talks to you, so you don't actually have to be asleep, but it helps in this day and age. I wonder. Stripping love and desire from commodified contexts and returning them to the sensual? Suppose a meal were just a side effect of the hunt (or gathering – all *enténdres* intended), the intermittent reinforcement to pause occasionally but keep looking? Only a control freak would insist that

the acquisition or product is what matters (use-value), all else being beside the point and in denial of human agency. On the contrary, I think this is the source of choice. Chance enhances it. If we are not occasionally surprised, would we keep eating the good stuff? Elimination of chance annihilates all agency. One choice is none at all. The two-way decision gate is little better, reducing odds by half. Interest starts with at least three, and compound interest leads to sacred chaos – aka *Brownian motion* – not confusion. Imagine the possibilities! Is this what [Asger Jorn](#) was getting at?

– *Achmed Hibaab Azzizi Homeini*

CROWBAR MOMENT No V: *Distributivity as the "Lure to Space"*
Roger Caillois Among the Nonhumans

"Insect/Incest" by Milemarker

You could bring home the pollen. I could be the queen bee. The way the mammals do it is inefficient and unsanit'ry. You've got to whisper to me. Make sure that I'm not dead. You've got to take your tweezers and pry apart my little legs. You ought to kick it to me and then bite off my head. That's the way the insects do it. Exosekeletons filled with fluid. I wish I could peel away your humid human skin and attach you to me, parasitically.

"**M**an is a unique case only in his own eyes," Caillois observes in his provocative essay "*The Praying Mantis: From Biology to Psychoanalysis*" (c.1934). Here he takes as his starting point the eternal fascination men betray with the femme fatale of the insect world, the mantis who beheads her partner as a prelude to mating. Caillois acknowledges that this recurring interest may derive simply from "some obscure sense of identification" elicited by the insect's "remarkably anthropomorphic form". Yet he is not satisfied by a principle of simple projection, as if by detailing the function of the mantis within male fantasies the insect's uncanniness would then stand explained. There exists in the praying mantis, he writes, an innate lyricism (*Edge of Surrealism*), an irreducible superfluity. Even when decapitated, the mantis is capable of walking, mating, laying eggs, even feigning rigor mortis to escape impending danger. Attempting to describe this acephalous body having sex, living its life, and imitating a cadaver leads Caillois to observe of his own convoluted language: "I am deliberately expressing myself in a roundabout way as it is so difficult, I think, both for language to express and for

the mind to grasp that the mantis, when dead, should be capable of simulating death” . He finds a similar impulse to lyricism (or “objective lyrical value”) in almost all scientific writing about the insect, an impulse that overcomes habitual “professional dryness” and swiftly carries writers out of their scientific lexicons and deep into poetry.

The mantis offers no comfortable lessons about the anthropomorphism of insects: its lyricism is not a human projection, but a fact of its being, a cosmic given that it shares across boundaries with other human and nonhuman bodies:

Such research tends to establish that determinations caused by the social structure, however important, are not alone in influencing the content of myths. We must also take into account half-physiological, half-psychological factors ... We should pay more attention to certain basic emotional reactions and clusters that sometimes exist only as potentialities in human beings, but that correspond to phenomena explicitly and commonly observed throughout the rest of nature.

The mantis thereby suggests the entomonous residue infecting the human, breaching the barrier between Cartesian subject and nonhuman environment. It becomes proof of what Caillois calls “the systematic overdetermination of the universe” – quite a burden for a small bug to bear. By refusing allegory, by refusing contextualization into mere human meaning, the praying mantis restores danger to the object under scientific scrutiny, allowing that the act of contemplation itself immediately trespasses the distinction between observer and observed, rendering them inextricable.

Caillois develops these themes further in "[Mimicry and Legendary Psychasthenia](#)," an essay likewise exploring the intimacy of the insectal. Caillois's work here proved instrumental for the psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan as he formed his notion of the Mirror Stage. Against those Darwinians who see in every attribute of an animal its evolutionary use value, Caillois develops an anti-utilitarian argument in which the spatial and the corporeal interpenetrate. Mimicry, the vertiginous displacement of environment onto body, is for Caillois not a survival strategy but an unnecessary surplus, a “dangerous luxury.” Predators are seldom deceived, he observes, when their prey adopt attributes of the space they inhabit, such as when a butterfly imitates a twig or a beetle disguises itself as a pebble. Most animals hunt by smell, not sight: “numerous remains of mimetic insects are found in the stomach of predators.” Many

inedible creatures imitate their environments needlessly. Mimicry -- whether animals becoming their worlds, or humans imitating their surroundings magically or aesthetically -- is a succumbing of body and subject to the "lure of space". This "dispossession" of the privilege of being one's own center spells the death of the autonomous subject, as self is scattered across landscape and landscape intermixes with self. Caillois gives a literary example, Gustave Flaubert's rendition of the desert-dwelling Saint Antony. The hermit rapturously witnesses the "interpenetration of the three natural kingdoms" [vegetal, animal, geological] and "disperse[s] himself everywhere, to be within everything". Elizabeth Grosz writes in summation that what Caillois has identified is "a certain structural, anatomical, or behavioral superabundance, perhaps it is the very superfluity of life over and above the survival needs of the organism." This superfluity of life is, by another name, art ... an art-making "universal syntax".

– Jeffrey J. Cohen

CROWBAR MOMENT No VI: *Faith*

Faith. I lost mine in seventh grade when I started visiting cemeteries instead of classrooms. You might think I had a fascination with death -- after all, I'd already consumed the collected works of Edgar Allan Poe. This may be true, but is not a sufficient reason for picking graveyards for a place to practice truancy. The point is, except for the numerous standing stones, the "garden of remembrance" is identical to a city park, a simulation of "nature", but for the additional exception that the cops did not patrol this sort of boneyard on the lookout for wayward kids. City parks were always a place of danger during school hours.

A kid visiting a cemetery will not even raise the eyebrow of a passing cop. There are priorities. There must be a reason. No transgression is suspected. There *must* be a "pass". Of course, you had to dress right and look mournful. Any congregation of children in such a place will, on the other hand, demolish all invisibility fields. Righteousness is just too hard to maintain among groups of unsupervised children.

I was the stupidest kid I ever met. To this day, I just don't get it and still have to question everything. What I question most are all the answers concerning human nature. There is just too much evidence against it. Every answer yet promoted turns out to be just another justification for one or another sort of

behaviour we wish to prolong (our own) or deny (that of the other). When we look around, we witness a blending, albeit with some interesting momentary articulations. We confuse these articulations as permanent structures. To make sure, we plant a stone to stand in proxy. We just haven't the knack for blending without the appearance of regimentation. In my opinion this is something we've lost – articulated faith is a poor substitute for distributivity^[4].

CROWBAR MOMENT No VII: *What are the teams again?*
If Life is a Game, ya Need to Know the Rules

Welcome to Experimental Personality 101.

Open your text (**SOCIAL RELATION RPG™**) to chapter 1, *The Habits of Obsessive-Compulsive Smart-Ass Syndrome*.

sec 1: **GAMING SUBTYPE**

par 1. *Ad hominem* engagement is simple insult when satiric content is hidden or too well disguised, no matter one's intentions. *Ex post facto* claims to satire such as "It's all in good fun" or other such justifications only hide an inner antagonism or even hostility if they do not expose the Gamer Personality, which contraverts all dialogue to discourse. The object of Game is not so much to "win" (as in "debate") as to accumulate other players to prolong the play. Gaming is an effort to control situations, not to resolve them (see sec 3, Winning).

par 2. Game-play is maintained when there is a tat response for every tit stimulus. Apology is a Game move best played when the stimulus-response chains escalate and stretch toward breakage. This is the reset mode initiated by any player at any time. Also available is the Appeal, an entreaty, bid or call for more tats before a tit can be returned. This is a delay of game, but usually accomadated, as it encourages escalation or Game Progress.

par 3. This should not be confused with the Play Subtype (see below, sec 2) where there is less inclination to control or resolve situations as to experiment with them. We mention this slightly ahead of schedule only because experimentation readily transforms to manipulation when objectivity or detachment (the "aloof" engagement) is maintained. Nonpathological engagement is said to reduce space, essentially by distributing into it. Playing becomes Gaming and is considered pathological

when the space increases between "players".

par 4. Objective fun is always a subjective phenomenon. When the ego is its own, isolation has set in and other players dissipate. This works as well in reverse application. It produces operational stress. The biological phenomenon we call "authentic fun" – authentic because it does not come to be questioned – annihilates both time and space between players when it is clear to all that the will to engage or disengage is always an optional move. As opposed to most games, Play can be put on pause at will with no accumulation of psycho-social stress, particularly when there is no limit placed on the number of players or their coming and going.

sec 2: PLAY SUBTYPE

*"Playing?", "adventuring?", "experimentating?"
"Predicating?"^[5]*

par 1. A "durative" is affixed to a verb (eg., -ing) with the resulting predicate illustrating behaviour "for itself". "Devil-may-care" is only the accompanying attitude (an accusation: 'foolish', 'reckless'; a commendation: 'enjoying the present'). Some would call "oxymoron" any behaviour with no use value or object (goal). One can always posit a theory of "hidden motivation" (eg., oedipal fixation). But the point of predicate logic is that a specific (name-able) sort of relation is implied without reference to a specific subject or object. I think the linguistic use of "predicate phrase" is preferable to the territory of predicate logic which does require subjects and objects in order to perform its equations. "Playing." is an appropriate sentence in response to "What are you doing?" (a subject is implied but not specified in the predicate, making the singular word 'represent' the behaviour of a specific subject as well as a possibility any old subject could perform, a class).

par 2. A stand-alone predicate does not imply motivation (goal). It does not beg the great investigative questions (what, why, when, where, how). From the perspective of Edward Sapir, our culture (an enduring set of collective bad habits) does not inform the language the possibility of behaving just for the fuck of it. If there is a word for this, this 'dysnomia'^[6], it is either well hidden or busy elsewhere. We are less inclined to see that an overwhelming number of our verbs can fit in this category. But we are paranoid and can't leave well enough alone – enjoyment is not sufficient reason to engage.

par 3. Maybe if parents stopped demanding "respectable" behaviour of their infants, forever seeing an inclination toward naughtiness, toddlers would not be identified by their singular question "Why?". *Comportement pour comportement* maintains a receptivity to the new and strange, awaiting to be impressed along the way, more informed by these impressions to continue (invariant, durative), modulate (develop personal style) or transgress habits altogether. Impressed decision-making is the exercise of choice (aka "self-expression). In 'fact', it is thought by some that disturbance itself, whether pleasant or otherwise, is the basis of consciousness.

par 4. The binary god, *Tinstaafi* and *Ycagsofn* and his trio of archangels, *Paedogog*, *Tiarfe* and *Arbomec* forbid it. There's no such thing as a free lunch. You can't get something for nothing. Get with our program! There is a reason for everything! Change requires a background of mass collective engagement. And blah, blah blah.

sec 3: **WINNING**

par 1. There is none.

DISCUSSION

Is it appropriate to use the same word to describe backgammon and football?

Why not? Is *Rough-and-tumble* a game played by baby polar bears? *Branch-hanging-and-falling* by porcupines? *Junior Spy* by six year-old tv addicts? *Solitaire*? That one I'm not so sure about.

Is there a difference (I mean a big one warranting a new category altogether) between 1) *balloon tennis*, which' object is to keep the balloon air-born and 2) *table tennis* which' object is to make the ball land on the floor and declare a winner?

Is there a difference (I mean a big one warranting a new category altogether) between 1) reading or writing poetry (Is reading or writing poetry like *solitaire*? When it is sold as a commodity?) and 2) speaking (or writing etc) metaphorically?

I usually distinguish play and game. The object of play is to keep playing, the object of game is its conclusion. That is to say, play is not an objective engagement. Game is play confounded by use-value. But that's just me. Well, there are others.

Aesthetics is play: Let us just acknowledge

that matter plays, that it even plays with humanity, and that this play, which is the apparent accident, is precisely that purposeless and uneconomic expansion of power which creates purposes, possibilities and meanings, the unlimited tendency that creates limitations. We find this tendency or chaotic principle of nature's manifoldness, this changeable and variable play, this playful disorder, everywhere. Regard the gnat swarm circling in the air in its humming dance, or the fishes playing in the water, or the cranes treading their complicated musical ballets, and the otter who amuses himself with making helter-skelters on slimy clay slopes alongside the water.

A quite astonishing perspective is opened up when French archaeologists report that, deep under the earth in the rumbling darkness of the primeval grottos, they have come across traces that show that bears had a helter-skelter on a steep clay slope down to a subterranean lake, where they ended in the cold water with a splash in order to experience the cold shudder that is the extremity of sensation or aesthetics. Bears must be marked aestheticians, for there are to be found photographs of wild bears in Sweden executing a quite peculiar and meaningless dance in the snow after having destroyed a quarry, a phenomenon that Fabre also observed in the world of insects.

The play of animals: On the whole it would be difficult to find a higher animal that does not play and joke in some way or other incomprehensible to us. Just watch the apes in the zoo or any pet, the dog, the cat, the horse, the pig, the cow. How inclined they are to jest and foolery. This play cannot just be perceived as a training or improvement for the struggle for life. For in itself it contains something that causes it to act as life, indeed, as perhaps its most intense and inspiring essence, as renewal. Could we call this aesthetics?

Homo ludens: There has been speculation about how humanity learned to walk on two legs, and attempts to give the phenomenon a practical explanation. Erik Nyholm's assertion that the first true human apes were singing apes whose developed jaws gave good place for the tongue sounds far more reasonable. Song is an incitement to the dance, and this pleasant occupation distinguished humanity from the animals and gradually trained the dancing and singing apes to move lithely on their back legs. This is the creation report on homo ludens.

It is said that humanity wants to be taken in. This is a lie. Humanity wants to play. Play or be played with or to be played for. The opposition between play and earnest is false. Play seems to be the only thing anyone takes really seriously. This is denied because people can then, without hindrance, be played with without their knowledge.

– Asger Jorn

CROWBAR MOMENT No VIII: "REAL"

Real is an adjective from the start. It describes a specificity, or even a generality as a specific correlation or construction. It is demonstrative in the grammatical sense, like "This here" or "That when". The word gives a point or area of focus – the real one, not this fake. It is not a noun but can be nominalised: "Reality" is just an assumption or an oversight. It's only what "makes sense". "Reality" is a quality of communication like "red" or "big" are of an apple: "You have no sense of reality! That is an orange", "This painting has no semblance to reality". The correct answer to these proclamations, if we are insistent, is "Use your imagination!"

Reality is a pointer. Though we are taught a lack of contradiction establishes it, reality is not concerned with contradictions except that "it" often points to the hypocrisies we are taught. It allows for comparison. It is not the pointer, but those doing the pointing who hold such an interest. Hence, there is a democratic reality which is called "truth" by its fundamentalists: "This is really true!" or "That's just a really big (as opposed to 'merely big') lie!". Reality is not an it. One not so inclined to technical, literal or grammatical correctness can easily say, "You are a real brother to me, more so than my real brother, who is not" without any concern whatsoever about quantification or rank or incoherence. "But what do you really mean?" "You know what I really mean!" What is unreal is merely miscommunicated. What is unreal is out of context, off topic, somebody else's problem.

Reality only gets confused by existentialism and phenomenology. Sometimes, reality is just a manner of speaking – objective reality even more so. Reality is not a matter of great concern when we think of processes unfolding rather than an "it" which is created or constructed. So often our own constructions seem to create themselves. With this view, reality itself is not a permanent condition so is therefore subject to transgression.

CROWBAR MOMENT No IX: *Questioning the Singularity*

Nomia:



Misnomia: "~~Monia~~", er, "Monica" (the problem with spell-check)

Dysnomia: "?????"

Anomia: " ", betwixt and between ...

Pantomia: " __[insert here]__ ", not to be confused with

Dyslexia: " ____-?____ " ? or

Immolianomia:  (aka 'Dyskinesia')

Word play: *The first problem of the last person to clear things up.*

"Does all pantomime come down to this?"

We agreed with the comparison, We saw the pattern. A bearded bee is what was chased, chaste, chastened, but without the attached machinery. **Gnoetry** mimics thinking streams. Ginsberg and Burroughs were early gnoets, whether you liked them or not. Problem with first persons? What other kind of person is there? (On second thought, maybe that is the problem).

Quickly, this has spilled, er, spelled out from the tip of my finger, even as I mouth the words. It is word of mouth but only appears to be so. These are finger words. I watch them on the screen. It mimics me in its own fashion.

IMMOLIANOMIA: *immolate* (self, human, animal sacrifice) + *anomia* (no name), not 'caustic anomia', not 'emulated anemia' (well, maybe that).

– or by virtue of acoustics – *Emollient* (softening, as in scab, anger, skin) + *nomia* (name). This is not an example out side of mental wings: "Monica is soft." Were they metal wings?

[Mid-16th century. < Latin *immolat-*, present participle of *immolare* "sprinkle with meal" < *mola* "meal, millstone"; from the custom of sprinkling sacrificial victims with meal].

Nose to the grindstone, face to the work place. Crash! Whoops! More pollination, please.

Those wonderful medieval europeans, two hundred years into the enlightenment. And who were their sacrificial victims, you ask? Why, pagan gnostics and their influences, of course. Our gnoetry pays a hefty tribute to those poetic peasants escaping into the forests. "Run away! Hide! Run away! Hide!". Those trees have all since burnt.

The word has killed itself, or the holder of words/names has crashed. Kwakiutl posit that the name is the soul. It is health, both literally and figuratively. Not something one usually aspires to lose. If the name and its body are a singularity, their separation is death. You put the name in a box and hand it out at the next party. The name is thus, also a party favour. It is given. A Halloween party? It's not symbolism (Saussure, Foucault) but the coming together of many possibilities and multiple entendres. English does not have a word for this, but it used to, before it became English. Multiple intentions now suggests a sneaky, or even squeaky bearing: Untrustworthy. Forked tongue and twisted thinking. Lost bearing. Fallen statue. Best if bodies are all on the same page or face the accusation (be named) "dysnomic gnome".

"It unwraps words from their usual human contexts until words no longer have direct instrumental relationships to the world – in fact, the very question of instrumentality is rendered moot. The significance of meaning is altered." (– *beard of bees*)

I take this as a language universal. The word is just a sound in a particular forest. The damned word by itself is not even important! But I do like the idea that a name can be stored in a box like a dried sardine, handed out to a body it seems to fit in a naming feast. Put back in the box when it no longer applies. It's more a treasure chest than a coffin. "Let's see what we have here!". "Ahh! An insult!" "No?" The giver and the giftee are irrelevant distinctions, also moot. If it fits, wear it, but that may not have been the intention. This theory of meaning we're working out should always incorporate the impossibility of linguistic non-sequiter:

Language speaks itself.

No day-dream-product is symbolically invalid and no poetry-product is semantically invalid.

Sharing language is a matter of commensurable fitness. Try it on. Wear it well.

CROWBAR MOMENT No X: *Pantomicritique*

So analysis is also reductionistic, attending to parts and arrangements. They pay lip-service to patterns and wholes (gestalt) but if you name them even metaphorically, you are accused of mysticism. So wouldn't

pantomimicriticism involve turning the pataphysical telescope end for end and viewing the whole, with a critical (but not analytic, nor even synthetic) eye?

I think pantomimicritique can also exist as analysis if it wants. It wouldn't be my preferred usage, but I wouldn't want to exclude anything from it either. It exists both as writing and as actual pantomime (i.e. the distributivity of the black bloc containing the critique of identity). Greyface^[7] critics can play with written pantomimicriticism as well, they will just have a little more trouble with it, especially if they reduce it to analysis, since the word itself is both the shimmering neologism that will save mankind and also the self-mockery of the talentless parts and arrangements of jargon (in a constant on-and-off love affair with lots of books thrown across the room in a rage and passionate make-up sex).

"An archaeologist could find nothing of the gnostic experience (l'expérience tout-inclus) by examining the instruments even in their revealed stratigraphic context because s/he is only interested in "man's relationship to things": It is for the philosopher-druid to posit how the things help or hinder, function if you will, interface if you won't, one's relation to extensity (l'extension vaste) and thus, criticize the hole itself". – Monsieur Diable Petit , [Sur Mon Boitement](#)^[8]

When you said you like to load up on dictionary.com, I knew there was a reason I liked you. "The boy does his research!" There is a prior receptivity, (some call this a feminine principle but I don't), necessary to any investigation. Some call "probing" the masculine principle. I think it an interesting metaphor but literally meaningless if so taken. You don't necessarily fall in love with the sound of your own voice, but you understand that in some situations, what is said is lovely. That is not the example of hypocrisy but the appearance of wholeness, undivided. I think if there is a kindred likeness, it is that nihilism proceeds from the point of the impossibility of correct answers. It does not propose the death of semantics, meaninglessness, except toward those who would corral or enslave it. But then, all my psychoanalytic theories of others are only a mirror reflecting myself onto "them", to see if I can see something of myself in there... and that is all I see. This is the error of psychiatry, that someone can accuse you of being who they themselves are, and prescribe to you the medicine they should be taking.

You are in my mirror or you are not. Take two and call me in the morning. I can then proceed to make you resemble me.

But back to the dictionary. How can one talk on a subject without reference to what has been previously said? How does one promote or dictate the meaning of a word without considering (or even investigating) how others have used it? To rely solely on a dictionary is the acceptance of final authority. It is the fundamentalist reading of the Book of Moses, law-giver. The search for absolutes always leaves corpses rotting in the road. Logocentrism makes obvious the equality of the polysemous notions of "right": moral righteousness and grammatical correctness recapitulate right and wrong, correct and incorrect, order and discord, fitness and damnation, good and evil. There is a right answer (but you and I know better).

Seminal: "of the seed" (see semen, semasiology). Figurative sense of "full of possibilities", "distributive". Consult your local psychiatrist if you are wrong in the head, to be sent back to a school of sorts, a shore where there be not a sole soul found so, but many.

Without the additional etymological database, the shared root in "same", "semen" and "semiotic" generating diverse metaphor, their juxtaposition, or especially, interchangeable substitution, is rendered meaningless word-play, not the historically significant poetry that it might have been. An etymology is already available to both the conscious streams and subconscious desires provided by the structural similitude of juxtaposed lexical roots. Perhaps this is why poetry has come to rhyme and both philosophers and magicians came upon the principles of association independently? Perhaps there was a 'stage' of poet-philosophy?

What do I mean by my own hypocrisy? In states of grandeur and arrogance, I fantasize a conspiracy to discredit my "star potential" (aka "loveability"). I am always under *ad hominem* attack if I can be made to appear ridiculous. If I say I oppose playing games, what better way to discredit me than to be sucked into one, in all appearances with the intention of "winning". The gaming culture has survived a minor assault, or at least prevented a threat to its mindless play at imposing words upon the world, manipulating and correcting it. I am co-opted. I am imprisoned in the center of the universe. I must adopt a pseudonomia.

Caught in fakery. Caught in the game matrix. It is realised that, in my initial oppositional stand, I was already playing a political game. All sophistry wins all games. Everything is meaningless. When I

discover this, all poetry disappears. I am on the road to *L'avant garde* or one of the corpses along the wayside. Was Aristotle right? Work or die? It was the shepherd, Hesiod himself who first promoted the *Protestant Work Ethic* nearly three thousand years ago. Speaking for the nobility, Homer quite concurred. That is the extent of it. Every play is exposed by psychoanalysis to hide a will to power or secret urge for death. All our secrets are the same. And so it is said.

But I refuse it.

CROWBAR MOMENT No XI: *On Law and Psychopathy*

Prologue: There is No Dead Metaphor!

Law in itself seems so much 'there', but it is always irrelevant, though not insignificant. Grammatical laws no less so. We are told not only where to put our words ("Up yours!"), but which ones are tolerated and which should stay dead.

"To drive the point home" is a dead metaphor, an almost meaningless muttering, a mere formality to end discussion. It would not be expedient to come to consciousness in our blatherings and hypothesize that points scored have always come from the end of a deadly weapon. But points have been rendered harmless with the advent of the nuclear age, the tazer, the extraordinary rendition and detention center at an undisclosed location. It is safe to say "I get your point". It is not safe to say "Your intention has induced in me an uncontrollable brain haemorrhage". Blood or rage, punishment will be swift. How safe do you feel with your own mutterings? Can language ever be safe?

What is important in any discourse on jurisprudence is punishment. Not how much, but whether or not. Quantity is only a matter for gladiatorial spectators shouting "More! More!" or "Kill the bum!" One is offended observing a behaviour and says, "They oughta make a law against that sorta thing!" In this way, one's own insult is always someone else's problem. It seems enough, but we should probably vote on it, just to make sure. Now it's everyone else's problem. We are relieved of taking the personal risk in taking retaliatory measures or disengaging. Enough folks say this, and legislators legislate said law into being. This "grassroots" process works only on a very small scale and

typically concerns fairly insignificant insults. We are aware of housing ordinances in high-end neighborhoods. Most of these laws are only concerned with the maintenance of an exclusive appearance and proceedings to monopolise it.

The Romans called mob rule "tyranny"^[9]. The puny little squabbles interfered with the making of really important laws to justify really big wars. I suppose the Punic Wars were also fought to end tyranny, where there was much profitable carnage in Carthage.

But whether state or neighborhood committee, it in fact becomes illegal not to relegate personal inclination, concern or responsibility. Your own interests are dished out to you on a platter at the cafeteria. Armed with the law, we are no longer even capable of being insulted: "You'll get yours! Ha ha ha ha!" In this day and age, in one way or another, everyone's either a narc or an asshole. Well, there is also the dual diagnosis.

Most law does not in fact generate from grass roots. Law is a generalisation which stipulates universal evil, a difference which is tolerable to no one, that is, excepting those who would make and then enforce it. Unification, good. Differentiation, bad. The hypocrisy is obvious: Unity is only an illusion of efficient compartmentalisation. Every child has asked, "If murder is wrong, why is there war?" The answer is always put in the form, "We don't call it murder if we are the ones doing it. They were being naughty. You know what naughty means, don't you little girl?" "Yes daddy. So why don't we just give them a enema with the garden hose?" "Don't you try and be smart with me! That's ENEMY!"

And we criticize Kropotkin for suggesting that the civil are trained to embrace hypocrisy.

*Frankfurters were so passé,
to up and say,
"civilisation is a lie!"*

One poet said it was a jumbo jetliner. Another "Leviathon". How quaint. Everyone knows we are not in its belly, but it is in ours. Only Columbus would roast a family of T'aino Caribbeans on a spit to dine with the boys. If it doesn't have a soul, you can eat it. That's the law. But pigs are still off limits!

Most cases of moral concern only cover up behaviour by predators in the interest of property (even "intellectual" property), position, glory, even

stupid customs. Law starts and stops at the point of a sword, metaphoric or otherwise. A state of obedience is produced when the sword is no longer necessary. On this point, all laws are arbitrary. The sword is capriciously recalled at will just to drive the point home. At this juncture, punishment is also arbitrary and we achieve law in and of itself. Fear is no longer even a consideration. Obedience is habituated and we can proceed to feed with a clear (or is that "empty") conscience.

It was an observant question, but no, I didn't mean to say "conscience". That is for the parent-faculty of *The Justice League*, always at the ready, diligently standing, armed with the rubber-hose treatment or guilt complex, opposed to the authentic and imaginative science of children everywhere. The mob used to call the Imperial Senate "That pack of wolves". Then? Now? The game is the same. Narc? Asshole? You're either a public servant or a private mobster. What else is there?

– Atka Mip

The Civil Specter of Hannibal Lecter: To whom it may concern,

At this juncture, the entire planet is locked in a room with the socio-cultural equivalent of Hannibal Lecter. An individual of consummate taste and refinement, imbued with indelible grace and charm, he distracts his victims with the brilliance of his intellect, even while honing his blade. He is thus able to dine alone upon their livers, his feast invariably candle-lit, accompanied by lofty music and a fine wine. Over and over the ritual is repeated, always hidden, always denied in order that it may be continued. So perfect is Lecter's pathology that, from the depths of his scorn for the inferiors upon whom he feeds, he advances himself as their sage and therapist, he who is incomparably endowed with the ability to explain their innermost meanings, and then correct them.

His success depends upon being embraced and exalted by those upon whom he preys. Ultimately, so long as Lecter is able to retain his mask of omnipotent gentility, he can never be stopped. The socio-cultural equivalent of Hannibal Lecter is the core of an expansionist European "civilization" which has reached out to engulf the planet, to daintily consume and expend it with a relieving but ever polite belch from behind a white glove. There is

nothing overly special about the good Mr. Lecter. He can be seen on every alley and avenue, in every salon and abattoir.

In an earlier day he had no need for such refinement and finesse in the pursuit of glory, but even brute thuggery must get stale after a time.

In coming to grips with a Lecter, it is of no useful purpose to engage in sympathetic biography, to chronicle the nuances of his childhood, and catalogue his many and varied obstacles or achievements, whether real or imagined. We all come from broken homes. The recounting of such information is at best diversionary, allowing him to remain at large just that much longer. More often, it inadvertently serves to perfect the characterological mask, enabling him not only to maintain his enterprise, but to pursue it with ever more arrogance and efficiency. At worst, the biographer is aware of the intrinsic putrefaction lurking beneath the subject's veneer of civility, but – because of morbid fascination and a desire to participate vicariously – deliberately obfuscates what lies beneath in order that his homicidal activities may continue unchecked. The biographer thus reveals not only a willing complicity in the subject's crimes, but a virulent pathology of his or her own. Such is and has always been the relationship of "responsible scholarship".

The sole "legitimate" function of information compiled about a Lecter is that which will serve to unmask him and thereby lead to his apprehension or ostracism, to his exorcism. The purpose is not to visit retribution upon the psychopath – he is, after all, by definition mentally ill and consequently not in control of his more lethal impulses; he may not in fact be aware of them – but merely to put an end to his possessive feeding habits. It is even theoretically possible that, once he is disempowered, we ourselves can heal. The point, however, is to understand what he is and what he does well enough to stop him from doing it again. This role is only assumed by "intellectual scholarship". Scholarship is never "pure", "neutral" or "objective"; it always works either for the psychopath or against him, to mystify socio-cultural reality or to decode it, to annihilate it or become it, to make action possible or to prevent it. The detached scholar only encourages it.

It may well be that there are better points of departure for intellectual endeavors to capture the spectral form and spectacular meaning of Eurocentric civilisation (which at this point is a global

phenomenon and restricted to no 'ethnic' category) than the life, times, and legacy of Hannibal Lecter. Still, since 'Centrists' the world over have ironically (and so evidently) clasped hands in utilizing him as a preeminent model for their collective action, and are doing so with such an apparent sense of collective jubilation, the point has been rendered effectively moot.

Those who seek to devote their scholarship to apprehending the psychopath who sits in our room should have no alternative but to use him as a primary vehicle of articulation. But instead, they approach Lecter through the deployment of analytical tools which allow him to disappear, yet still be utilized as a medium of explanation or justification for their own present and future exploits. He is not utilized as a lens by which to shed light upon phenomena such as the mass psychologies of ethnocentrism, fascism, racism and similar political standpoints, nor as a means by which to shear its camouflage, expose its contours, reveal the enduring coherence of the dynamics which forged its evolution. He is mimicked. We masquerade mutual atrocity beneath righteous civility, justifying the maximisation of position rather than experience (but still, always to another's detriment), as if it is all just a pleasant game of 'Go'.

Perhaps we can begin to genuinely comprehend the seemingly incomprehensible fact that so many are presently queuing up to associate themselves with a man from whose very memory wafts the cloying stench of the manipulative tyranny of over-analysis and deep dissections prior to feasting upon each other's entrails. From where may it be possible to at least crack some real codes of meaning? If forced to see ourselves clearly, we can understand. If we can understand, we can apprehend. If we can apprehend, perhaps we can stop the psychopath before he kills again. We are obligated to try, from a sense of sheer self-preservation, if nothing else. Who knows, we may even succeed. But first we must stop lying to ourselves, or allowing others to do the lying for us, about who it is with whom we now share our room. It is all too easy to see others in Hannibal's mirror. But if we dare to look a bit more closely, who is it really, who's peering back?

– a slight paraphrasing of W. Churchill considering the life, times and legacy of Cristóbal Colón

**CROWBAR MOMENT No XII: Notes from
the Peanut Gallery**

I think there is a connotation of historical inevitability in the words, "precivilisation" and "postcivilisation". They suggest that capitalism (the current *avant garde* of civilisation) is immanent in "primitive cultures" and given the opportunity, they will get there. Well, they did make it to the ghettos and reservations. When we recover from capitalism, things will get even better. Better for things, anyway.

This is the "All roads lead to Rome" mentality. I agree that there is always a dangerous potential, but the circumstances which bring about civilisation are catastrophic rather than "favourably" potentiating. Civilisation was a fluke which went on to become a deadly absurdity and from there proceeded to normality. Global capitalism is immanent in civilisation, not in the "species being". So is a dead rock in space, over which all the asphalt coating one can muster will not make sweet.

I think because progress is so imbued in our culture/language, we do not have an alternative word that is not disparaging, like "uncivil". I use that word anyway with the hope that the context wherein it resides will illustrate that I'm being facetious. Civility is most definitely the permanent rule of the established city, whose one creative slogan is: "It's the economy, stupid!"

They are trying to revive Hobbes, telling us that consciousness comes with civilisation and its attendant "capability for improvement": "We are able to reflect upon our activities, think ahead, and no longer be ruled by them".

Way back when, Samuel Butler explained that if the giraffe was not conscious of his activities, he could not move on to the next tree when all the leaves were consumed. In point of fact, giraffes move on to the next tree even before its leaves are all consumed. In point of fact, the leaves are not all consumed. We on the other hand, continue chewing on the air, waiting for the delivery boy who brings the next pizza fresh picked at the pepperoni farm. If the pizza does not arrive in a timely fashion, the human starves to death. As was once explained, if the principle is not respected, what's the point in going on (standing still)? Looking ahead, it is better to be remembered for dying of pizza failure than living on giraffe leavings. If we are unprincipled, we may go on in search of another tree, but only after we have eaten not only the leaves, but the branches, trunk and root as well. But this is called maximisation, not forethought. Which species is the more conscious, do you think?

This dialogue was heard, more-or-less, in the movie *Serenity*:

student A: But why wouldn't they look to be more civilised, like us?

student B: Because we meddle. We try to get into their minds and tell them what to think. They just want to be left alone.

teacher: We don't tell them what to think, we show them how to think! (and proceeds to jab the pointy end of her pencil into student B's forehead)

Assassin: We're making a better world. All of them, better worlds. (and gazes skyward with the most serene, angelic expression).

Rebel: They think they can make people better, and that's something I just don't abide. Could be, I aim to get naughty.

If we stop trying to set ourselves apart from the other inhabitants of the planet (even in a greenish, happy-medium position), we might come to a defining conclusion for the question of civilisation:

the progressive annihilation of consciousness.

For my entire life, I've heard the colloquialism, and not just from revolutionaries, "when will people finally wake up?" Only the hopeful still talk about "*postcivilisation*", as if that too is an historical inevitability.

This is civilisation. There was a world war. I think the world lost. Could be, we might just as well all get a little naughty.

CROWBAR MOMENT No XIII: *Why are you even here?*

CIVIL(adj.), civility (n.)

1. politeness: the formal politeness that results from observing social conventions,
 2. something said or done in a formally polite way, in a way that is cold and formal
 3. relating to citizens: relating to what happens within a state or between different citizens or groups of citizens
 4. not military: connected with ordinary citizens and organizations
 5. not religious: performed by a state official such as a registrar rather than a member of the clergy
 6. law happening between individuals: involving individual people or groups in legal action other than criminal proceedings
- [14th century. < Latin *civilis* < *civis* "citizen"]

DELINQUENT (n., adj.):

1. youthful offender: somebody, especially a young person, who has acted antisocially or broken the law
2. antisocial or unlawful: relating to antisocial behavior or lawbreaking
3. ignoring duty: neglecting a duty, commitment, or responsibility (formal)
4. finance unpaid: unpaid and overdue for payment

[15th century. < Latin *delinquent-* , past participle of *delinquere* "offend"
< *linquere* "leave"]

I'd like, just for the sake of experiment, to turn a common question around on you all: "Why are you even here?" Wait! I'm serious, let me explain. If capitalist civilisation enframes our every move (and I don't dispute this in principle – we do share a historical and cultural context), such that there is not only no outside, but no in-between, why not take Freud's advice and adjust to it? Endorse a sort of "Be happy in your work" regimen? There is no getting around it so we must make the best of it? If there is no agency for change, and no option but ploughing ahead, why keep banging your head against the wall. If you have already reached this happy position, wouldn't critique of the situation, of capitalism and especially of civilisation be counter-intuitive?

If there is a "project" here, I would have thought it would entail burrowing or digging into the material and exploring what might *not* be capitalist civilisation (I believe this is a redundancy, but I use the phrase to avoid getting sidetracked with a semantic argument), or at least to see if there are holes in its fabric. If there is an historical framing, a storage-box of civil archetypes we all carry, wouldn't we likewise carry some bit of something from a time before we became civilised? Wouldn't it contain fragments of stories we've heard of those closer to our own time who were not? Is it delusional to imagine and pass along future possibilities which are not?

I don't comprehend the denial of our species' past or recent diversity, as if indigenous peoples now living in the ghettos and "fringes" have undergone such a metamorphosis by being thrust into the muck of capitalist civilisation, their memories have been wiped clean. Do you actually think there is nothing from back home they've brought along with them into the new context? If you cling to your civil archetypes (a polite way of saying "your own enframement") it seems you are denying your own past. I'm not talking about "going home" but browsing through your grandparents' diaries, visiting cemeteries, digging up not just old bones, but possibilities, exploring caves for evidence of future babies.

Beneath the civil, there is nothing? Is this so? This nihilism says "Don't even go there". But if this were so, wouldn't there be *no* possibility for transgression? Wouldn't our prisons all stand empty? Wouldn't imagination of different possibilities be impossible? Wouldn't all the books of literary fiction be full of

blank pages? Might it be that the *delinquent* is not anti-social at all?

To criticise one's personal transgressions as having no grand impact on the larger matrix is to be enframed by the instrumentalism lurking beneath projectuality. One transgresses or one does not. A failed transgression is no transgression. But the logic of enframing breaks down when we go back to our history books. No change has ever occurred without a transgressive context. Yes, certain lines were maintained, but they wavered and on occasion, broke. What happens when one transgression is mimicked by onlookers? Does it always stretch only so far and then bounce back to a default position? If this were true, there would be no adaptation, no change, and in fact, no civilisation (unless you believe the Adam & Eve story).

Again, if there is a "project" here, I would have thought it would entail burrowing or digging into the fabric and exploring what might *not* be capitalist civilisation, for what has been co-opted and corrupted, but only slightly so because it is no longer in vogue, it is now invisible, it is not questioned. This means exploring every nook and cranny, despite the monsters which guard their passage. This requires courage, and in the midst of terror, we can only get that through encouragement. But that would entail a bit of compassion or respect for the other. Even more so, it entails receptivity.

Courage, like framework, comes from the outside as much as the inside – it may be that it only comes from the outside. There is a reason discouraged prisoners shout "It's a bum wrap! I've been framed!" Tolerance is the stand that even if we've previously examined a particular cranny and found nothing there, we don't assume we have covered every inch and have discovered there are no secrets there. We advise on the dangers we've encountered, point elsewhere to where we have been encouraged, but do not forbid the other's personal exploration. There may be secrets in there we have missed, secrets which only come to light when stumbled into. We might, as well, be encouraged by our own chance encounters. We are also hip to the notion that there is no guarantee of safety in this project. All alleys may be blind alleys, but this does not mean they are all dead ends. Must we know the future before we travel in that direction?

If on the other hand, our "project" of critique is to illustrate the futility of everyone's attempts to escape, damage or rearrange the context we all find

oppressive, smothering, counter-intuitive, unhealthy, are not our means and ends both wrapped up in a fabric of discouragement? Is the message we intend to deliver "there are no possibilities, no future"? What really is the program on our bandwagon?

Notes:

[1] Please feel free to object to this teleological anthropomorphism. One could as well hypothesize that "the concurrent abandonment of figurative interpretations paved a path for technological progress, facilitated and superseded by the linear, literal and objective (detached) ontology". The effect is identical, either way. Only the moralistic emotional attachments are miles apart when the two perspectives line up on the playing field (or is that a battle field?), but this is a game, *Morality RPG*[™], one cannot win without foul and atrocity. Truth and exactitude are irrelevant to consequences once situations are defined as real – *Thomas & Thomas Theorem, 1928*.

[2] Please see *Twilight of the Machines, Détourned*, our sabotage of Zerzan's piece.

[3] Albert Upton, *Design for Thinking, A First Book in Semantics*.

[4] See *The Philology of Ten Motions and One Stoppage*

[5] See also, **PREDICATE** (v.): Arguing for the sake of argument. From *præ-* "forth, before", *dicere* "to speak, to say"; related obliquely to *category*, from Gk. *kategorein* "to accuse, assert, predicate," from *kata* "down to," + *agoreuein* "to declaim (in the assembly)," from *agora* "forum, public assembly." Original sense of "accuse" weakened to "assert, name" by the time Aristotle applied *kategoria* to his 10 classes of things that can be named.

[6] There may be a name, but I do not have it. More than dyslexia which implies a mere dislocation, I never have had it. Dysnomia prepares us for malapropism, the essential condition for any developmental lexicon.

Applied dysnomia as word-play: "I've overstood"

"Over" is here a construction based on a miss-translation forced into a dichotomy. Over is not the opposite of under except in its present manifestation. Old English *under* meant 'among', derived from PIE **nter*. *Interstand* would be proper if the local semantic trajectory had been maintained: "stand within, between". Other Indoeuropean languages prefer "upon" (greek) or "before" (germanic). Stand "sits" in a stand of "set, place, existence, position, posture" related to Latin *stare* which also connects to our own "stare" (vis "see"). Overstood would, in the etymological context, refer to a former superstition: 'from above' + 'view', standing on a hill rather than under a bridge and having a look-see, so to speak. Literally, it might mean ownership of an idea: On this ground (or 'victim') I do stand. "For this concept, most I.E. languages use figurative extensions of compounds that literally mean "put together," or "separate," or "take, grasp" ([etymology online](#)). The resemblance and in fact, historical relation to "overstayed" (as in "welcome") is impressive. It might lead one to translate *overstood* in this context as "I understand too much" rather than "I understand all too well". In a Wittgensteinian language game, clearly more tats are required before we can show our tits.

With this example, I'd say there's no such thing as "dysnomia" outside of democratic circles and engineers. Otherwise we have "misnomia", a simple mis-taking by the listener or accident (mis-giving?) by the speaker. "I said 'wrench', not socket!" Freud, as you know, did not believe in accidents.

In many North American languages, folks create temporary (although not arbitrary) nouns on the spot when teaching/explaining verb-phrases to children (nouns are normally not necessary). Lewis Carroll excelled at this. The idea of situational and figurative sense creates poetic license. The literal and objective (clarified?) interpretation produces dyscommunication when the object and letter (or memo) is not shared. I.e., it goes right over our heads so is appropriate for bureaucratic organisations and institutions.

see also, **DYSINSTITUTIONALIZATION:** (aka "disestablishmentarianism") *Dys-* "wrong, bad, ill, abnormal, hard, unlucky, lacking, wanting" + *institute*, from *in-* "in" + *statuere* "establish, to cause to stand" (see statue, statute); the attempt of militant or subversive poetry to topple statues, destabilise tradition, pry thoughts, unlock the shackles of custom, make us laugh.

[7] The masculinised order-freak character – anal-retentive as all get-out – in the [Principia Discordia](#) of Hesiod's *Eunomia*, "goddess of lawfulness and civic constitution", standing opposed to *Dysnomia*, a mythic trickster figure and daughter of *Eris*, goddess of disorder.

[8] from the Eng. trans. in *Druids: A Children's Literary Treasure-Trove* by Sir Alfred R. Toheles: *On My Limp* by Mister Imp

[9] This is the top-down vantage, as distinct from the bottom-up view which is now the more colloquially acceptable:

Tyrants: opportunistic noblemen who grab power (over the whole) on behalf of sectional (select) interests.

The effect is the same in either case by the shared feature, "rule". In common thinking, the more archaic view might translate along the lines of a "(democratic) dictatorship of the proletariat", but more often, "mayhem, disorder, chaos" With this view, the modern, "common folk" actually endorse all tyranny, as the "opposite" (only alternative given) is unspeakable madness – *dysnomic*. Is it any wonder anarchists have consistently failed to express their notions ("sell their product") when they fail to investigate the etymology or semiology of their own brand-name?



HOME