

# Death to Plain-speak Brigade

To 'Spasticulate electric ventriloquisms', or 'Ventriculate spastique electrocutions'. That is the question.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 2011

## 'Imperial Constabulary' or 'Black Magic'?

Or is ICBM just short for  
"I see shit!" – no less nor more?  
For as without an aesthetick  
is 'just' as mediocritick  
alone, another blaken'd script:

"For money b'ing the common scale  
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,  
In all th' affairs of Church and State,  
'Tis both the balance and the weight."

– *Hudibras*, ca 1660

"As the Devil is the Spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs the night with as great authority as his colleague, but far more imperiously."

– *Hudibras' translator*, ca 1805

[imperious: arrogant, haughty and domineering – Mid-16th century. < H. Potter's Grammatore: *Imperiosus!* < L.: *imperium* (see empire)]

Our brethren of new england use choice malefactors to excuse, and hang the guiltless in their stead, of whom the churches have less need; as lately 't happen'd: in a town there liv'd a cobler, and but one, that out of doctrine could cut use, and mend men's lives as well as shoes, this precious brother having slain, in time of peace, an indian, (not out of malice, but mere zeal, because he was an infidel,) the mighty Tottipottymoy sent to our elders an envoy, complaining sorely of the breach of league held forth by brother patch against the articles in force between both churches, his and ours for which he crav'd the saints to render into his hands or hang th' offender but they maturely having weigh'd, they had no more but him o' th' trade, (a man that serv'd them in a double capacity, to teach and cobble,) resolv'd to spare him; yet, to do the indian Hoghgan Moghgan too impartial justice, in his stead did hang an old weaver, that was bed-rid. Then wherefore way not you be skipp'd, and in your room another whipp'd? for all philosophers, but the sceptick, hold whipping may be sympathetick.

[...]

This tells us plainly what they thought, that oaths and swearing go for nought, and that by them th' were only meant to serve for an expedient. What was the public faith found out for, but to slur men of what they fought for the public faith, which ev'ry one is bound t' observe, yet kept by none; and if that go for nothing, why should private faith have such a tye? Oaths were not purpos'd more than law, to keep the good and just in awe, but too, confine the bad and sinful, like moral cattle, in a pinfold. A saint's of th' heav'nly realm a peer; and as no peer is bound to swear, but on the gospel of his honour, of which he may dispose as owner, it follows, though the thing be forgery, and false th' affirm, it is no perjury, but a mere ceremony, and a breach of nothing, but a form of speech; and goes for no more when 'tis took, than mere saluting of the book.

[...]

Quoth Ralpho, honour's but a word to swear by only in a lord: in other men 'tis but a huff, to vapour with instead of proof; that, like a wen, looks big and swells, is senseless, and just nothing else. let it (quoth he) be what it will, it has the world's opinion still. but as men are not wise that run the slightest hazard they may shun, there may a medium be found out to clear to all the world the doubt; and that is, if a man may do't, by proxy whipt, or substitute.

[...]

That saints may claim a dispensation to swear and forswear, on occasion, i doubt not but it will appear with pregnant light: the point is clear. oaths are but words, and words but wind; too feeble implements to bind; and hold with deeds proportion so as shadows to a substance do.

– *Ralpho*

– see [Troth and Betrothed: supply and demand in sexual matters](#):

An oath's but promise to the futures,  
(not curse nor spell – they're only wagers).

## PORTALS OUT OF TIME & SPACE

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We should be alert to the surface effects in which the Epicurians take such pleasure: emissions proceeding from deep within bodies and rising like the wisps of a fog – interior phantoms that are quickly reabsorbed into other depths by the sense of smell, by the mouth, by the appetites, extremely thin membranes that detach themselves from the surfaces of objects and proceed to impose colors and contours deep within our eyes (floating epiderm, visual idols); phantasms of fear or desire (cloud gods, the adorable face of the beloved, "miserable hope transported by the wind"). It is all this swarming of the impalpable that must be integrated into our thought: we must articulate a philosophy of the phantasm construed not through the intermediary of perception of the image, as being of the order of an originary given but, rather, left to come to light among the surfaces to which it is related, in the reversal that causes every interior to pass to the outside and every exterior to the inside, in the temporal oscillation that always makes it precede and follow itself – in short, in what Deleuze would perhaps not allow us to call its "incorporeal materiality."

– *Michael Foucault*

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But Troth relinquish't all around,  
as to religh'n on any ground,  
for magick tricks win all hands down.

note on diacritically accentuated spaces: the moral idiogrammaticity of accidence: 'Thar', 'Their' or 'They're' or 'yonder'? is no mere accident

There our error or ere thar they're, they are their own ere are they owned. E'er our err? That thar 's where they are, s' y'all ways nought ought 're wise, we's elfs kin, we asel's can alter weighs hear: Ne'er fear yon der a'comin near here – feat aft are feat by foot a'fore feet. Besides, ain' ten a' se'in drawl just a slough-down s'venderjovial lilt with impositive scales (like hogs to a trough) o'er the traditional nort takoodan will "Hömpity Dömpity grot höda fell, ya"?

– Antigram, Imp's Cleric

Posted by IPLD at 2:06 PM No comments:



TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 2011

## Rousseau on Herodotus on The State of Exception:

"Throw out morality and justice  
and folks will do the right thing".

– Lao Tse

Herodotus tells the story that after the murder of the false Smerdis, when the seven liberators of Persia had assembled to discuss the form of government which they would give the state, Otanes firmly declared his preference for a republic, a recommendation all the more extraordinary from the mouth of a satrap since, in addition to the claim which he could make to the empire, aristocrats fear more than death a form of government which requires them to respect men.

Otanes, we can well believe, was not listened to at all and, seeing that they were going to proceed to the election of a monarch and not wishing to obey or to command, willingly gave up his right to the crown to the other contestants, requesting as his total compensation that he and his posterity could be free and independent, a condition which the others granted him.

If Herodotus did not tell us of the restriction which was set on this privilege, it would be necessary to assume it. Otherwise, Otanes, not recognizing any sort of law and not having to account to anyone, would have been all-powerful in the state and stronger than the king himself. But there was hardly any indication that a man capable of remaining content with such a privilege in a case like this was capable of abusing it. In fact, we do not see that this right ever caused the least trouble in the kingdom, either on the part of the wise Otanes or of any of his descendants.

– Rousseau

Posted by IPLD at 7:38 PM No comments:



## "It is the poetic heroes and not the philosopher kings which create society."

To Vico, a normative legal text is utterly meaningless without living speech to clarify it. "Such manuals foster a habit of abiding by general maxims whereas in real life nothing is more useless" (Mooney: *Principles of Language* p.209). It was better in his view to use the heroic Roman method of a minimum of laws where equity came with the skill of an eloquent lawyer.

Poetic wisdom was the synthesis of wisdom and eloquence, of res and verba. Poetry was not merely a product of the mind, but actually the logic of the mind's development... Society would fall apart when the philosophers forgot how to communicate and the rhetoricians became merely clever.

– Erik Growen, *Vico's sensus communis*

Imagination is considered a mere subject matter, never a mode of philosophical thought. At best the image and the metaphor become devices to illustrate conceptual philosophical meanings. Plato is exemplary here. In his dialogues, the image remains outside the form of philosophical thought to be used only when conceptual reasoning rises toward what he considers a view of the whole, or it is used as a simple instrument of communication to liven up the thought. Vico to the contrary insists that philosophy, astronomy, economics, morality, politics, history, even logic can be poetic (see book II of *The New Science*).

Paradoxically, without imagination, a view of the whole cannot be reached. See the image of the charioteer and the two winged horses in the *Phaedrus* and then read book X of the *Republic* where the rational idea is separated from the wisdom of Homer (a figure most prominently displayed in Vico's frontispiece). This contemptuous cavalier attitude toward the image considered inferior to the idea, has dogged Western philosophy for twenty four centuries. Vico proves that indeed there is no such thing as an individual called Homer: he is the representation of the oral poetical tradition of the Greeks and in that sense, despite Plato's esoteric opinion, he is the exoteric "educator of Hellas."

Vico shows the reader: he works his way back to the world of original thought (the myth) since for him "verum factum convertuntur," the true and the made are convertible and Man can return to

origins via what he himself has made: history, institutions, languages, artifacts, etc., in fact he can do that more surely than with science observing a nature that he has not made. Through his discovery of the imaginative universal, of fantasia as a way of thinking and acting, Vico finds a new origin for philosophical thought.

– Emanuel L. Paparella, *Vico's Poetic Philosophy*

Posted by IPLD at 7:37 PM No comments:



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 2011

## TALKING POINTS ("Public Opinion") & SONG, SPIRIT & MIGHT (and their inversions!)

IF the skill of a doctor were bespoken to effect the cure of a madman, and he proceeded to attempt the systematising of the insane ravings while giving no heed to the existence of the madness one would say there was little to choose from in soundness of mind between doctor and patient. Yet no one marvels when from all those who have a nostrum to offer as a cure for the disease of civilisation and its complications no voice is heard drawing attention to the species of sickness which is its antecedent cause. It remains nameless and unsuspected, to be indicated only by a description of its symptoms.

It begins with the failure of the self-assertive principle of the vital power: a failure of courage. Tolerated, it acts on the power of the heart and thins it out to a degree at which it is too light to retain its seat there, and forthwith mounts to the head where transmutation begins. The power of the heart, already grown virtueless and thin, distills poisonous clammy vapours which emerge from the head. As they grow denser they settle, a heavy cloud of mist about the head. Descending, they breathe a film upon the eyes and dim the senses. Within, the heart left tenantless of power is contracted by ghostly hands – the hands of fear. The face becomes pallid under the Thought-wreaths with the chillness of fear. The vapours become the breath of his nostrils and are breathed in as Duty and Circumspection. They penetrate each limb and fibre, inoculate with obedience and virtue. The hands fold meekly: the man walks with circumspection. He is already civilised: he awaits merely the idiosyncrasy of the particular civilisation.

The ordinary human animal, as a matter of fact, is not as obvious as at first sight he appears. He has left his soul naked neither to his enemies nor to his neighbours. The cheap and handy means of cant\* he has converted into the bricks, laths and plaster with which he builds himself a house of refuge. If his spiritual house is even more ramshackle and jerry-built than the one in which he shelters his person, it nevertheless often serves him a very good turn as a protection: of which form of protection Public Opinion is not the least. Its protective effects carry just as far as it can continue to produce the impressive, i.e., the illusion of weight; with those, however, who go beyond the impression and take to measuring its weight by force, it proves to be something less of a protection than a house of lath and plaster: it reveals itself an affair of wind and words shot with the lurid flashes of atmosphere which oratory can create. It proves a mirage. At the approach of those who are primed for violence it vanishes. Cant – the haven of the feeble – has this defect: it attracts those who are least in a position to rely on it. It has this advantage: it screens the eyes of the feeble from the danger which impends: it gives the comfort of safety in the midst of the perilous; it also allows to the strong, relief from the former's prying questioning as to the intent and possible effects of the latter's activities. It is potent to comfort and to inflate confidence for a period, to deceive for a period, to attract into alliance a few impressed ones may be: and when real business is on foot, where strong and genuine interest meet, it knows better than to intrude: it does not hamper the ground; it vanishes like a spent breath...

It is in virtue of the vast extensions it has made in the realms of cant that the period through which we are living is called "The Verbal Age." It has accepted the given pieces as valid material for building purposes with the unquestioning acceptance of a child of its toys. It has sought to "specialise" as the "Constructive" age, and in the diverting task of manipulating its ready-made materials it has drugged its adventurous energy into a tamely pleasant submission.

Delineation of the "ways of men," delineation without comment, is out of the question: the constructive ideal interposes itself between observers and what they would observe. When the ways "ought" and "ought not" to be such and such it addles the mind of the observer to be confronted with what they actually are. So they dispense with things as they are and soar loftily into the "ideal"! Psychology is a farce because it must be "constructive" too: mental scheme-spinning is the limit to which psychology aspires or can hope to aspire as long as words pass non-suspect. Minds clogged up with the cheap and all too handy set – systems of words cannot generate the steady force which emotional analysis requires. What view must a mind take of forces – their origin, course or tendency – when it is withering with rage against them, not because they are hostile, but because they are "wrong." If they are "wrong" the inference waits to follow: that being wrong they are not there: the "should not" promptly is made more valid than the "are." Forces accordingly burst in upon this verbal plane as disruptive forces – all uncalculated for and sinning blasphemously against the Holy Ghost, because they have grown athwart the spirit of the scheme: unconcernedly spoilt the mosaic.

It cannot be expected to be otherwise: a matter-of-fact statement as to existent forces could be listened to only as the out-pourings of the children of Beelzebub: the mental currents which carry in them the momentum of habits of thinking of generations cannot be doubled back on themselves and set in an opposing direction without giving rise to a troubling of the waters. The solvent acid of analysis cannot be set working in this age of "Causes" and "Movements" without causing heart-

burnings, and causes and movements are as far as this age attempts to go. The two run together: a cause is a form of activity energised by a slogan: which ensures it going thus far and no farther, the slogan being the form of speech which is intended to dam up thinking, while a movement mentally necessitates a standing still; a pause before the fixed idea. Analysis would gobble up the war-cry and the inhibited mental processes would flow on, overwhelm the stationary idea, and put an end to the "Cause." War cries exist only because they are protected from analysis; as ice exists only by being protected from heat. Slogans and analysis require to be kept apart: an analysed war-cry is a contradiction. The workings of an analytic spirit in this pretty, pretty age of "problems" and catch-words would mean devastation. It would produce only such a solution of the "problems" as fire would with the problems set out on the chess board: solve them by destroying them: the last thing to be desired by the posers of problems. Only by keeping the catch-word intact can the problem with its accompanying "cause" be made permanent, and the to-do about verbalities kept up. And failing verbalities only forces remain, and force is too violent, unmanageable, unimpressible by oratory, to hold anything save horror for a delicate age.

Turned, for instance on that problem of "emancipation," analysis reveals this alluring seducer of the energies of centuries with a clarity which the lovers of liberty – the friends of freedom – can ill brook. It appears as yet one other of the screen of illusions by which cant veils the harder necessities: and emancipators as the comforting deceivers of the people. Yet many of the "saviours of the people" are earnest, and would learn, if they could, why the freedom-winners result ever in a flow and ebb of achievement which mounts onward only to draw back. By seeking after a freedom which is not synonymous with powerdom, but which is tacitly and otherwise implied to be, they encourage the unintelligent revolt against the "nature of things," but not the only kind of revolt which is worth while: an individual's revolt against his own failure to exploit [sic] the nature of things. They would appreciate the difference if they saw it, but between them and the vision stands the opaque Word.

-- Dora Marsden

\* *Cant*: a sing-song list of preconceived notions, pleasant to hear, but only to the ear. The music soothes, the lyrics are meaningless; originally in Latin, a convenient language due to its morbid state.

Posted by IPLD at 10:21 AM No comments:



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# Death to Plain-speak Brigade

To 'Spasticulate electric ventriloquisms', or 'Ventriculate spastique electrocutions'. That is the question.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 2012

## Ambiguity and arbitrariness and their present confusion

"Language is an error of humanity. Words do not express the depth of feeling between two beings who love each other. A word is a worn pebble applied to thirty-six shades of affectivity. Language is convenient for simplifying, but I detest it as a means of locomotion."

– Duchamp

### PHALANSTEROPIC MUTUALITY

you may be a magnet o'r  
a bowl of iron filings,  
but one way or t'other,  
unless you've had encounter  
with a sucking vacuum cleaner,  
only thinking you're a scorer  
you will always die a virgin,  
without stirring & inmixing –  
in your thinking what is missing's  
some voluptuous immersion.

– Chuk Furier, Paraphrased

*ambiguous* (adj.)

1520s, from L. *ambiguus* "having double meaning, shifting, changeable, doubtful," adjective derived from *ambigere* "to dispute about," lit. "to wander," from *ambi-* "about" (see *ambi-*) + *agere* "drive, lead, act" (see *act*). Sir Thomas More (1528) seems to have first used it in English, but ambiguity dates back to c.1400.

*arbitrary* (adj.)

early 15c., "deciding by one's own discretion," from O.Fr. *arbitraire* (14c.) or directly from L. *arbitrarius* "depending on the will, uncertain," from *arbitr* (see *arbitr*). The original meaning gradually descended to "capricious" and "despotic" (1640s).

– [online etymology](#)

The problem of a desiring id (thought like a boiling kettle or of the Tutel Age when Mr. Tootles lost his marbles, a desire in an age of tunnel vision like the long tube of a telescopic tv) is the cracked lens, a sort of manufactured glass revealing the ego on the other side as mere interpreter. Only the ego, seated upon the couch of reason (or like *indica*, a poor excuse – why Mister Salvatore Buddha liked *sativa*) ... I say again, only the ego can desire rationally as well as irrationally: logic and counter logic juxtaposed result in hegelian friction, otherwise known as antagonistic debate (see Antigone) or the autoeroticism of split-framed brains commonly thought of as schizoidal (but see trapezoidal geometry, necessary for the linear construction of manufactured lenses irregardless of a later state of fracture or refracture – see Pete and repeat across a functional amygdala or copper-mesh electrified gondola) a two-step which can and must lead to excessive blood loss given enough enlightened time to view it in.

The id, as Dr. F. well should have known, is a-rational, so could never encounter a personal intention – it is relaxed that way, just like Duchamp's fallen strings, an experiment on stoppage demonstrating much shorter lengths between two points than any straight line (or erect one), which would necessarily overshoot the mark every time – that's why at a distance one should aim high in all seriousness as well as foreplay.

It may be that the id is in contact with the excluded middle, those sepequish guts meandering like intestinal worms through a sea of chance, and discovers the scribbles of Fourier spelling Voluptuous Attraction like a vacuum cleaner sucking a milk-shake full of magnetised iron shavings without indigestion, but not before jumping in, if only to avoid cramps.

The french curve was always considered a thing of beauty next to any mere phallic representative (a mere use value). Straight by some means twisted thinking since to twist and untwist, in the same fashion as reason and madness, use the same movements but only in an inverted direction. Hence, the multilinear project is only unilinear squared n times or multi-plied.

Chance excluded from betwixt and between any two points is, beyond the definition of a prior utopian impossibility, the elimination of choice at the time and place one would be most comfortable making a healthy deposit for well-being beyond the intent to do so – it's a no-return bottle, not a matter for accumulation unless you're a lily or bank vault at the local fertilizer plant for odorless hospitality brought to you by the medical sanitation facility with their fertility aids hailing from orderly hospitals just prior to the poisonous injection.

So a straw (like a pipette) is also used to swirl liquids like a fan stirring air from your exhaust pipe

### PORTALS OUT OF TIME & SPACE

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We should be alert to the surface effects in which the Epicurians take such pleasure: emissions proceeding from deep within bodies and rising like the wisps of a fog – interior phantoms that are quickly reabsorbed into other depths by the sense of smell, by the mouth, by the appetites, extremely thin membranes that detach themselves from the surfaces of objects and proceed to impose colors and contours deep within our eyes (floating epiderm, visual idols); phantasms of fear or desire (cloud gods, the adorable face of the beloved, "miserable hope transported by the wind"). It is all this swarming of the impalpable that must be integrated into our thought: we must articulate a philosophy of the phantasm construed not through the intermediary of perception of the image, as being of the order of an originary given but, rather, left to come to light among the surfaces to which it is related, in the reversal that causes every interior to pass to the outside and every exterior to the inside, in the temporal oscillation that always makes it precede and follow itself – in short, in what Deleuze would perhaps not allow us to call its "incorporeal materiality."

– Michel Foucault

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for breathing room. All dialectic thinking points to nutrition and poison like there's an ether or proposition, but taste can only come from trying everything. Apathosis is only a venal disease caused by over-repetition and is generally self-mending if surrounding a particular bent or leaning between sabbaticals, no matter which day of the week surrounding your absynthian absence. What's the difference if it makes synthetic sense? Sometimes they change the letters just to confuse us, sometimes it's a case of bottled amnesiac fluid that gums up the transmission.

By definition, every disposition is a fall like Atlas dropping the ball and breaking. When evicted, it's more literal than dispossession. No dimension can alter that fact without vertigo to the consciousness – except maybe through unquantified consensus which is none of my business, that is, an esteemed *sensus communis*. There may be babies, but what's it to you? For like apples and oranges, a particle is by definition discrete whereas, a wave is the epitome of indiscretion. There's just no comparison between identities without a criterion through the heart of matter, and unlike the literal impaler of figurative vampires, a criterion is insubstantial, immaterial and quite unwavy-like.

So to answer the question of M. Duchamp, is there more or less art in a private toilet in a public museum? It is both calculated and grammatically correct, so there is little room for a charge of arbitrariness except in its more archaic sense. Ambiguity, on the other hand, is embraced, but what of it you may find is only that which you've brought along, and that is found art. No thing's ever been created unless it's meat (hence-from a critter); meaning's always found betwixt and between, that is, in the interregal middle, curious as the anticipation of an impending birth but may last longer than a watched kettle. The disordered id lives outside culture, not ironically containing it (the deepest generative structure may have always been chaos); for the ego only, is much to be desired.

– see [Tout Fait](#) on Marcel Duchamp

Posted by IPLD at 9:40 AM No comments:



WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 2012

## Revolution is no mere excuse for poetry

*"the one who has abolished himself thereby produces the relinquished space where he could have been."*

– *insipidities*

If sacrifice is the decision not to follow an interest, to relinquish pleasure from any single situation, to reject a possibility, then it is necessarily the murder of one traveling an alternate time-line like firing a trans-dimensional proton torpedo and no mere lay-off or resignation. And that one is a doppelganger of you and goes by the name of possibility, aka fiction. Sacrifice is a time machine with deathly intent expressing, minimally, a function no different than suicide in the present. The ecstasis of a gift, consideration of the other, love is the only movement which puts an end to sacrifice in the same way that a gift annihilates exchange as well as theft, canceling democracy with no forced extraction, and sending morality to oblivion with no loss to the substance of the verse.

The word itself lives but only as a rotting corpse in a deep waterhole, at least until it finds another like "well-doing" or "well-being" (see 'Utopia'), producing a baby resembling twin ancestors called *mos* – "one's disposition" (in plural, *mores*, "customs") and *mut*. the reciprocal gifting of courage or heart in nurturing a nature which our grandmothers initiated. In this sense, the only place morality can reside or be sustained is in the social instinct. And since that is its natural habitat, the natural habitat, no sense of duty or debt is felt except in the archaic form as a debut or first appearance of every new child – the eternal return of difference.

Vico suggested a cyclic revolution of language traveling from poetic (symbolizing or connotative-to-obscure) to technic (denotative) to ironic (paradoxical) and coming full circle back to the poetic. It makes sense until one examines languages recently extinguished and those few remaining "survivors" about to become extinct which never traveled into the technique, into the realm where the thing is always confused with the innuendo, where it is (or seems to be) unrecognized that every denotation would at base be a dead metaphor in a dying language (or a language of death). In any subjective or poetic sense, there are no denotative signs, and therefore, by Barthe's own definition, no signs at all (except perhaps, "*occupied*" or "*temporarily out of order*"). The par excellence is a matter of provision, agreement or law – nothing is arbitrary but the arbitrated.

In keeping with the myth that predicate language (without the nominal category) is undeveloped (primitive) or corrupted, there are as well the unmedicated adult "sufferers" of thought disorder, once thought potential producers of marketable poetry for commodified literary entertainment. With the death of god or the secularization of education, and in a full ironic twist, the bible remains in the curriculum, studied as "mere" literature. It was the source of all modern, occidental law or a growth askew but nevertheless derivative of the infamous oriental Hamurabi code, still worshiped by legislators the world over.

But who would consider the reading of modern legislation (or any, for that matter), from referendum to legalize (or commodify and regulate) marijuana to the patriot act, as bodies of literature subject to poetic interpretation? In historical point of fact, that is precisely the job of your professional lawyer – the art critic-slash-actor who dramatically persuades in matters of guilt or transgression by selling an agreeable interpretation to the forces of control, be they congressman, judge, jury or hangman. I'd not be the first to insist on the relation between the tragi-comedic theatre and the court of law. When I was three, I noted the phonetic homology, the source of suggestive semantic ambiguity covering up an underlying structural isomorphism between 'lawyer' and 'liar' later explained as "one of those chance anomalies of language" or pronounced error.

Since well before Saussure, it was considered the sign, and by inappropriate extension, the symbol was arbitrary, right along with its relation with the signified – the thing being everything – "reality". It is ironic that the so-called language of science treats the relation as primary and generalizable and the symbol replaceable, where the sign never stands in for a thing but expresses a relation, where the metaphor or analogy (the word problem) serves to clarify the expression. In this sense only can algebra be considered a natural language, and modern English, not.

From the toddler's point of view first learning names for things, "baba" never transliterates to blanket and "mulch" to milk. They, masquerading as signs, are symbolic or a short-hand index to a whole-body, emotionally immersive experience. "Aacch!" is the grand revolt later educated into a silent scream. Experience is everything. Semiotics is first and foremost the rudder by which one recognizes and hence maneuvers it loudly – when a random association becomes a preferential attachment or memorable disgust, error be damned. Teaching language is child abuse. The sign is an imposition defined by cutting away all alternate innuendo until free association disappears altogether.

The difference between the modern myth and the archaic is the vacant space once occupied by meaning, the interpretive play of *linguaging* in which every toddler is already fluent, the modern closing of what was archaically (and developmentally) open. Modern myth is a transaction of things for dead words & pictures and its language becomes the construction of a democratic institution subject to the exclusion of any and all subjects, replaced by objects not ironically held in subjugation, where sacrifice is necessary and approved, up to the point of the loss of one's commodity value (or labour power) or useful leverage, which is simultaneously murder and suicide – the end of a use-object is simultaneously the end of its exchange value – the accursed share justifies all collateral damage. If capitalism is the exploitation of surplus labour, then it is no simple stage or phase like puberty, but as old as civilization itself and without which there is no moral transgression like teen acne in need of a rupture or experience a loss of face.

There may be no irony where the denotation is absent and significance is a measure of interest and not a transaction of signs. Certainly there is no truth to it. For the child, truth reflects its medieval sense of trust – "troth" – which is an attachment irrespective of the attached. It is an acceptance without literary interpretation. It is the understanding of the theory and security of mutual aid without analysis or instruction. Therein lies safety, but not by virtue of an absence of danger. With no sense of moral ideology, the most profound support when facing the unknown is neither structural (the gambrel) nor material (the bullet) but moral – it's a grunge thing.

"Consistency is a vice of the square and out-of-date. It can't be reconciled with the 'contradictions of reality', nor with the imperative to 'do one's own thing'. Consistency is an old bore. The voice of the bore is doomed in the end to tail off into silence."

– E.P. Thompson, *Open Letter to Kolakowski*,

– *The Assumption that Languages like English are "Natural" Languages*

– *The Assumption that Language Consists of Languages*

Posted by IPLD at 3:05 PM No comments:



FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 2012

## Word: Area

An a-circular tautology which leads everywhere BUT back to itself as a knot or entanglement becoming increasingly complexified in its unraveling expansion, exponentially so, like the significant other once called aether, or not that either but all of the below:

- A-rhea: not ground, no earth, motherless bird or other orphan like a lonely word, two in common runs across rather than falls to the ground like a loose pair of critics adjusting the sound or cross-section of a panamanian panorama, full manic but undepressed pit raised like a bun in the oven.
- Arroyo: a he-gendered area like a horizontal latin mineshaft inundated by rain under wet sheets falling but not dropping, later exposing shiny elements when full of hot air like men's work, otherwise see gully washer for unclean topics.
- Airy: any wisp of a wasp with butterfly wings or an empty nest like vacant lots or absence of lines to connect the dots.
- Eirie: An egg in a nest, bird in the hand or distance twixt an eagle and land which lilts like a brogue from a friendly rogue.
- Air: or what it flies threw as a medium of change so invisible to the eye but not to the skin if a burning wind;
  1. elemental like a hand-made bent or mind bending twist like a tornado when it's upset expropriating the parts it contains, at least 'til it rains.
  2. unparticled matter because waves are just cooler than a shotgun blast of lead particles following lead particles or a blast furnace amidst the territory.
  3. hyper-diluted liquid which does not drip.
- Are: the collectiveness of being without a collector of beings.

AS A RECURSIVELY LOCAL COMMUNITY OF ORGANS OF ORGANISED CELLS OR AFFINITY GROUPS SHARING ENERGY DRINKS, "/I ARE" IS PREFERABLE TO "/I IS", WHICH WORD IS GENERALLY AN ACCOMPLICE OF THEY ("THEY IS" – GRAMMARIANS ARE HERE WRONGLY REGARDED). RECURSION DISAPPEARS WITH THE AB-SENSE OR EXCURSION OF AN OBJECTIVE OBJECT OR UNPAID BILL.

– see space: an invisible paisley formerly found in the tapestry of a mango tree.

Beyond the mere syntactic device, any noun is the spectacle (as in lens and image as well) of articulation in process like the empty space of distinction between an organism and a rock once called "criticism", later plate glass window (as in "see but don't touch") when miners found trace minerals in organs but no diamonds except as a virtue of Mrs. Gotrocks.

The ding in a snapshot illustrates the impossibility of things, particularly those seen traveling through space in the same way a map is no territory but folded along appropriate lines may fly over it and land unpredictably, depending on the air currents, but only so far, not an eagle nor as the crow flies, covering much ground in a hurry as if moronically increasing denseness goes slower since a brick is now found offensive even though it seems to fall faster with increasing distance but loose ideas like morality hang in the air.

Posted by IPLD at 6:50 PM No comments:



SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 2012

## Unreported Comments on the State of the Police Commentary:

(from *Imbalance*)

Despite the abundance of raisins and even edible dough in the position represented above from the peanut galleries, and recalling that exclusion itself is not the morally offensive thing (morality is) as so much bigotry probably *should* be excluded from the commentary on the comments, there is always a decision as to what feels toxic and what is nutritious, and bigotry (dripping down the nose at "those kind of people") is always shit and always unsuitable for digestion. There is as well some wiping to be done if only to remove an unsightly stain. No exclusive club is inclusive as members come and go, expelled on moral grounds – the outside and every thing around is what's excluded – a field or bank upon which to deposit vast sums of excrement.

The first bit of wiping I would do is "Western" off from "civilisation". In this day and age, even east is west, and concerning civilisation in general, and irregardless of topographic calendars, it may have been so from the beginning. The toxic shit is part of civilisation itself, and one would have to rub so intently and for so long, the entire bathtub would empty in the process with no babies forthcoming, being left standing only with a naked, cardboard toilet paper tube and not a fig leaf in site.

Which leads me to the second bit of off-tasting material stuck between my teeth. Belonging. There are many entendres of this word, but most point to the same plot of property. For them everything is a plot (especially cemeteries), not always because of any paranoia, but there is so much plotting one must do just to survive in the tub we call civilisation. Hell is the moment just prior to the collapse of life, the universe and everything, a moment extending into eternity. I would say we neither belong to the earth nor does it belong to us, except in the sense that ones hair is one's beloning and so are the fleas, in the same relationship as your head is to them. What is most often thought when "belong" comes to mind is possession and property, and must be held tight else confront a close shave. This calls for militancy and vigilance.

What is the ontological alternative? A natural articulation consisting of the space or pause between mutually associated absobjects. Metaphysically, there may be four or five basic elements, but objectively speaking, subjective spirits and other ideas may juxtapose anyway they want and for as long as they want without any necessary thought toward patriotism, and although not exclusive of materials, matter moves a bit more like a tortoise and is limited in the kinds of association it can form, like up and following a goose chasing the moon.

In lieu of imagination which has been cut off by education, sometimes linguistic thinking will paint a picture as a friendly mediation and not so much intended alienation. And who says critique has to conform to to the intention of the original performer? I should think that would be too strong an edict and a stickling for intellectual property. So on the topic of fig leaves, I am reminded of the philosopher of pragmatism, John Stuart Mill may have been his name.

I wouldn't think use value a good substitute for labour value. Any value divorced from interest or esteem pretty much still defines property and who is eligible, not to mention duty as material as well as moral imperative. Mill's philosophy (at least the more nutritious bits of it, if indeed it was his at all) makes no such suggestion. The pragmatic perspective has no necessary association with the moral in making excuses or other sorts of explanation. Hence, back to the fig leaf:

Why should that simple covering have any kinfolk by the name of Shame, when it may have crawled out of the same hole with the dog and boat and sea-loving mariners once thought restricted to the ground in the form of menstrual pad mimicked by the boys as it came in handy to both hide or exaggerate a natural peninsular appendage and its not-altogether under-controlled motivations? For jocks, the strap is said to keep the balls from bouncing on your leg. Is that of more or less import than preventing warm and sticky bloody ooze from running down it? I'm sure we're all familiar with that feeling. For the boys there may have been priorities like bringing down a hog without distraction! This may have occurred a score or two millennia before the species called Morality even considered it'd be nifty to evolve. Admittedly it's different than mere cover-up to exclude the cold, but we still call them clothes and why should one excuse have par excellent preeminence over all the others which may be here or there by them and those?

Before Nietzsche, Lamarck himself suggested something like from chaos as indeterminacy comes order and that stimulation causes and effectively responds as simultaneity: it's improper to say a thing but that they cause and effect each other. In all seriousness, it's all just a Pete and Repeat joke.



But I especially like the idea that strife is what is meddled with to produce a fleeting balance, but I wouldn't call it that – sounds too much like struggle. Who but a wobbly or a protestant would envision Eutopia as eternal, universal and foremost, voluntary toil? The preferential word for me is chaos, a life without triangles (not to mention squares) ever holding up a plank or unfolding one's bandanna for extracting some fig-leaves at the bank. It's the only resource we have for building beauty or nutritious art as landmarks or perturbations round which to commune or navigate.

How could no rule of law creating falling bodies underneath regimented pressure or not sleeping through a boring lecture be thought so god damn awful bad? I think the law of balance only means we've all been had. Morality, economy and civil polity make a fulcrum that only balances flights of wingless corpses thinking high is mighty just above a living hell and unlike gravity everything that's needed down below (like health) trickles up, and lightening seems to thunder down but that's all just the illusion of the metaphor. The theory of games which establishes verticality for some, vertigo for others, is just a sort of misguided art criticism or literary interpretation coming from the location on a balance beam thinking it's where it's at while everyone in proud coherent fashion calls for more not less such harmony or re-arrangement. Balance by it's very nature can't be in an of itself, it's always just another eye of the beholder sort of thing.

It's all the same to criticize or desecrate a temple or the priests of church or state or the academy: police force only steps away from guarding stolen property (your life, it's just a living) when folks around begin to lose their faith and stop their giving – the ins and outs of heresy have always been the ends of lead or rubber bullets as a means when news or written histories, like ridicule are insufficient, especially when the upper space begins to be diminished (state and space are only words describing the conditions). Progress? Ha! We're all still living in the Spanish Inquisition.

Posted by IPLD at 8:34 AM No comments:



SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 2012

## The Painful Truth

A nihilist might say "There is no truth but everything is real" and not be jabbed for inconsistency. It sounds accepting of possibilities others call 'futility' and therefore kinder than we usually witness in pessimistic or romantic idealists (every thing's illusion or it was god's and My idea) and the experts who actually own reality (the priestly class, clerics of clarity, safely sipping claret from clerestories in ivory-tower sanctuaries) but have never seen it up close or personal (or if they did, escaped, having read their Hobbes & Plato). More objective than the rest, they admit to no ideas, only facts – they're often authors of our dictionaries or build machines to not only think for us (not unlike the old-time school teacher who invented the precursor to the electric drill: "Repeat after me!") but experience life so we can stay safe in our exclusion. That's the nature of democracy – it's always for the greater good and that entails a certain sacrifice from every neighborhood and no one ever hears words like slavery and the settled-in confuse the youthly 'angst' and boredom with the show for 'apathy' and need for tightened leash so they will go as slow.

There's no doubt everything is real (even a dumb idea or error – someone surely makes a wrong turn now and then somewhere) and even science, when not inclined to make machines to cover up the inconvenient, admit they're only out to disprove everything in pursuit of what is left and that must surely lead to truth. Unfortunately, all such roads go on for ever into outer space or circle back on the home-bound and kick you in the ass with a boot called déjà vu – weren't we here already? It's the nature of a wheel to spin in circles – everything else seems to wobble and then peter out.

But there is a kind of truth which happens all about. It is always painful and so imp-active to our senses (it inaugurates ego defences), it must be excluded from any view. It's the sort of truth that makes us stupid and to cling to it would lead to actions most consider sanguinolently suicidal. To explore them without replacing the man-hole cover (it's invisibility cloak) or have a kindly accomplice hold you by the heel is to get a free ticket to the local facility for mental health or jail if you are young enough.

More than merely inconvenient, which suggests an eventual work-around or final solution, the painful truth is exposed whenever exploration steps off the map and gets immersed in the territory. They used to point out places on maps with the admonition: "There be dragons". We know they're true because they can't be known or tabulated – they're fenced off, they're excluded. To even find them requires an advanced degree in spontaneity. To mix a little Tao with dialectics, we find pleasure and pain as choices but more an excuse to go nowhere expecting one to come without the other – this way one could wait forever.

A really good adventure, literally "against the wind" or "through a rip or rupture", might just illustrate in Timbuktu there's way more fun than torture. To simultaneously stay on guard while getting carried away some used to say "all things in moderation" just to play it safe. But that excludes all peak experience. To have your cake and eat it too needs practice in altering states of consciousness. That is adaptation and avoids committees set about for your committal. All institutions, if not just shared patterns of habit in a circle of interests some call a habitat, require a commitment and that's the end of flexibility – it's the place of rigid truth, and that's more grave than dangerous morality.

Posted by IPLD at 6:12 PM No comments:



## Skeptical or spectacle?

Spectacle<sup>1</sup>, Spectrum<sup>2</sup>, sceptre<sup>3</sup> and spectre<sup>4</sup>: Incorporal materiality. A nonlinear continuum or the moth-holes in the fabric of euclidean reality from which emerges randomly associated reactionary tendencies transcending the subliminal chaotic matrix in a possibly scary adventure into ostensibly ordered superficial arrangements.

Everything is different, that's academic. What piques our interest, when not in search of justification for war or grounds for disassociation, is the common something shared within a crew which seems to persist with the enduring association, whether speaking of atoms in ionic dance coalescing from a drying solution or affinity groups or traveling troupes who's members come and go but very often return like homing pigeons and salmon & mourning when they don't – waking from a bed that's empty – it's as if someone's dead so find a mirror or pinch your skin just to make sure it wasn't you. Did you only lose a life-long habit?

All culture is conceptual art once euclidean bindings are ruptured or aristotelean boxes are crushed by an incendiary boot on the top uppermost face forever (down but not out)! It's all about the vortex created in a pepper-mill and the coming solidarity of its bestrewed barley-corn excremental derangement like chicken scratch. There is no void as radiation bounces back into itself with the snap of a rubber-band or impact with a sudden field of density like three feet of black lead or just dissipates in all directions upon the mere encounter with a rain-drop, forgetting its first intentions 'cause there's just no more coherence or prodding prompt for any sort of reinforced remembrance. And vacuums are nonsensically gibberish without a simultaneous gravitational pull seducing their suck – when the pulling force is cast round the lower appendage, its vacuous proprietor will fall, but even that's uncertain and not always funny.

A monopoly of appearances may be as simple as a cloak of invisibility around everything outside the carpet-bag of medicinal elixirs smelling of snake oil. Answers are only implied by the absence of questions. Like, what else is there? Without the posited, sub-real and shifty "center of gravity" around which elliptically inclined objects fall for each other without an antagonistic collision [like binary star systems] are figuratively tethered in a judo-like oscillating dance or undulating wobble or the almost telepathic tip of an atom's electron responding to a tap from its dance partner on the other side of the galaxy, the missing third must be ethereally electric love or it's a universal accident disguised as nothing.

Like 'economics', quantum force is merely a meaningless word-game resembling corpse-like vomitus just to avoid the accusation of "romantic" when trying to explain the inexplicable attraction and mutual reciprocity (sans exchange medium as well as debt and insurance premium with moral currency to bind the transaction) seen emerging on the cosmic dance floor because gravity and motion account for only two-thirds of physicists' theoretical observations and the long distance attractive force between distant wall flowers. If a transaction can be voided by a mere club, it was probably missing from the start. Such is the nature of true fiction and false fact.

It may just be that Mr. Grey, that fatty tissue in the cranium called chief executive is only there to help us track, to read the signs so we can navigate when the target of interest is moving and lies beyond our perceptual horizon and we must follow cues or clues and then remember just in case of a distraction and we have to start all over again. Just because the limbic is nearby (we may need to hurry) is no excuse to say the head's the master or in control of anything but disaster when it's certainty that steers the boat instead of an experimental suggestion. There's no controlling chance no matter how preplanned the itinerary: one goes with the current flow, capsizes or navigates around it because in nature, there are no short cuts. A natural articulation is the zone of free association, any way you slice it.

see – [The Psychopathology Of Work](#) by Penelope Rosemont

Posted by IPLD at 10:20 PM No comments:



MONDAY, JULY 30, 2012

## The whole truth? It's overated.

No matter how enduring, "truth" comes only once, provisional.  
Then it disappears – along comes something else unusual.  
Strictly "absence of a proof", truth should be read "approval".

Sooth-saying's only a belief to soothe the over-pliable.  
It may inflame aquatically diluted, but it's not indubitable  
'less something else's excluded by the absence of a scruple.

Rigid truth arrives like a ship of fools at anchor when what has been agreed or denied docks with that which is approved or disapproved, two behaviors slightly more active or meddling than merely transitively cognitive or passive, and around which moralitics and polity are tightly wound, bound and thenceforth declared sound, insensitive insistentences like Titanic's hull wrapped too tight with paper shoe-laces and that screeching noise is laughed off 'cause we're all immortal beings; we've done away with feelings or replaced them with velcro prosthetics – in other words, it's

cheating. It's been said "a lie" we're even living.

Truth must be authorised, but being the singular abrasive friction like a bow to a fiddle string, between the lines of sharing and withholding or exclusion into steerage, this is bare economics and should no more come across as a riddle than the construction of reality by permit-granting institutions, the guarantors of which are engines of control like a potentiometer at the throttle (once called a governor) enjoying no higher power than mechanical tradition or a settling in or selling out their ways, their position, an automated cruise without a captain at the wheely – on vacation most days, from where he can digitize a signature should an iceberg appear too big to fit his gin martini.

Even cops & bureaucrats who do the real throttling are dispensable as nothing can persistently continue the maniacal and raise a family of anything but anarchic reactionaries – thus making any discourse on the state of exception (just to camouflage the contradiction) an absurdity with neither practical relevance nor theoretical currency. There's never been an end to capricious, fickle slavery – wars are fought to ensure an enduring state of perdition for anyone beneath your station. Wives and children come to mind when husband-fathers say "this family's no democracy". The only true authority's an ethos called religion or for atheists, some healthy economic competition. It may as well be just another ego defense mechanism as politics can never float without an airy draft of one-upmanship that's pushing forth the boat.

Exceptions prove it's only gods that rule...and then they die. Up comes the new and improved, in function never quite as good but otherwise the same old same old, by and by. There's never been a sheep who'd follow flocks of herders lying dead within the grave year after year, even as a habit 'less they're chased by phantom dogs or grizzly bears. With this in mind, there is no truth but the moral wrung from a concorded acquiescence in the service of peace (as no one looks under rugs for what's been swept) making any balance a bit heavier on the acquiescent or conceded side & euphemised "consensus" but we know better, it's an ancient sacrifice of the bloodless just like any tenacious coalition of the willing, not brave like when the fabled, cynic lemmings living at the edge and giving up, *en masse* abandon ship.

And as unanimity can never be achieved without disgruntlement on even such as proper seating placements, war can never really be avoided – pressed into service, militancy is the third leg of any claim to truth, the moral economy of a broken tooth or a look down the nose at "those kind of people" builds both academies and cathedrals armed with truth, for sooth, there's no escape from religious inquisition when someone has the balls to answer with a pointed question as if a spear into the side of the chief heir apparent – they'll come after you when their "feelings" hurt: they're christianly politic so can't tolerate a heretic or critic not to mention those appearing on the scene all out of fashion or demanding a commission without displaying a significant certificate.

If you or I behaved as they, we'd be called paranoid and living in a statuesque delusion. Some would say we're normal. Unbeknownst to either talking side, abolishing the truth (or statute) does not generate a lie (they're there already), it puts an end to the debate and not only that (as well it should) both ends and their means to appropriate. Safer to approximate – all already know there could be error and big mistakes. The truth is just another form of property and law is money for the corporate state. For all else there's the dictionary (look up "the joint" or "penitentiary")...unless, of course, it's self-defense and you can't pause to hide or hesitate and your attackers do not represent or have a bent toward colloquial establishments.

The equivalence of opposites prove nine times out of ten, and in retrospect that's how often they'll disagree although their story is the same. The one exception is they're unrelated as criterion, hinge or pivot has been fabricated like there's such a creature as a continuum with ends defining nations or other false-flag operations: it's no insincerity, the golden rule's been thought to capitalize the pig who wants to put a cap or two in you, and sometimes in the negative: don't fuck with folks the way they fuck with you right to the end. The closest thing to truth or any rule of thumb is "It all more-or-less depends". Just try controlling situations outside of science-lab conditions and you'll understand the paradoxical aphorism, "be careful what you wish, you might just get it".

Only in a gas tank, like hydrocephaly,  
is water priced four bucks a gallon,  
a flim-flam specialty, a pretext that's delusion:  
the kind they use (it's from the tap) is free  
but never from an atom bomb pollution  
so they say tobacco leaf is at the root the evil seed  
and since they're experts, nine out of ten  
consistently agree.

– Atka Mip

Posted by IPLD at 6:10 AM No comments:



WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 2012

## Power is Bullshit

The only good to which logic can be put is the utter destruction of another claim to fame resulting not in a victory of truth over error but self & mutual-annihilation since logic being its own means

brings on its own end when a simple accusation by the referee decrees that the equivalence of skill and weaponry must always result in a draw of ambiguity – any close race is judged by an arbitrary agenda like time and politic or space, never grace as that's just a trendy accessory – unbalanced skill proves nothing but the authority of dogma, *carte blanche* for exclusion of any inconvenient matter hanging 'round the pointed snake like a stake called "criterion" or "index", a "categorical constraint" and sometimes "principle" which is always an investment like a scuba diver in a wet-suit making the distinction between philosophy and sophistry and logic and rhetoric always subject to another debate – the exchange of weapons is but an expression, hypocritic, considering the assertion that "there are no absolutes" is itself an absolute claim but never-the-less rests on the assumption that bullshit is inversely proportioned to the reality of truth (as if anyone has a prior claim to that) for sooth only rhymes with a pointed tooth even when the words sound soothing and truth is only ever what is nurtured – otherwise dabbled, alluded, abstruse.

No matter the diction, best stick with fiction, to impress with a guess, to avoid a conviction.

Not unlike our senior Lewis Carrol, Charles Peirce said of reason's fame, it only represents the inner workings of an active brain. It may be that nothing else is due it – when it claims for naught but silly fun and games. Play explores the endless possibility. The end of play has thus been labeled ego's "victory", and always for the other, death at most, or less, eternal "shame". Without ambition or any ambi-valence, each and every utterance is only seen a rudder steering through a sea of chance and sometimes that's all there is to keep us going. To let go or insist with great authority will always suck us down into a whirling fetish, and that is what is called "a certainty" – it's only spreading thin a bun with elderly relish.

Posted by IPLD at 9:44 AM No comments:



TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 2012

## The Discovery of Writing & Democracy

A snake who had lain torpid all winter in his hole took advantage of the first warm day to limber up for the spring campaign. Having tied himself into an intricate knot, he was so overcome by the warmth of his own body that he fell asleep, and did not wake until nightfall. In the darkness he was unable to find his head or his tail, and so could not disentangle and slide into his hole. Per consequence, he froze to death.

Many a subtle philosopher has failed to solve himself, owing to his inability to discern his beginning and his end.

Two snakes were debating about the proper method of attacking prey.

"The best way," said one, "is to slide cautiously up, endwise, and seize it thus"—illustrating his method by laying hold of the other's tail.

"Not at all," was the reply; "a better plan is to approach by a circular side-sweep, thus"—turning upon his opponent and taking in his tail.

Although there was no disagreement as to the manner of disposing of what was once seized, each began to practise his system upon the other, and continued until both were swallowed.

The work begun by contention is frequently completed by habit.

**B**ack in the day when all the animals could talk, in that most prehistoric of past pasts, there was such a superabundance of love and compassion throughout the realms, that the whole show collapsed into a global state of malnutrition. This was when Odin sent his only ill-begotten son to introduce deception, murder and theft and we entered into modernity: the survival of the fittest, and of course, the illiterate who had to resort to the analysis of imaginary imagery just to conceive of mutual representation, and so it is written, the only worthwhile reality is fiction.

### Simultaneous Subspecifics of Nonrepresentative Symbolism:

1. Simulation: A mask disguising inability
2. Emulation: Mimicry without credential
3. Parody: A mirror casting revolting reflection

Having been taught to turn his scraps of bad Persian into choice Latin, a parrot was puffed up with conceit.

"Observe," said he, "the superiority I may boast by virtue of my classical education: I can chatter flat nonsense in the language of Cicero."

"I would advise you," said his master, quietly, "to let it be of a different character from that chattered by some of Mr. Cicero's most admired compatriots, if you value the privilege of hanging at that public window. 'Commit no mythology,' please."

The exquisite fancies of a remote age may not be imitated in this; not, perhaps, from a lack of talent, so much as from a fear of arrest.

A wolf was slaking his thirst at a stream, when a lamb left the side of his shepherd, came down the creek to the wolf, passed round him with considerable ostentation, and began drinking below.

"I beg you to observe," said the lamb, "that water does not commonly run uphill; and my sipping here cannot possibly defile the current where you are, even supposing my nose were no cleaner

than yours, which it is. So you have not the flimsiest pretext for slaying me."

"I am not aware, sir," replied the wolf, "that I require a pretext for loving chops; it never occurred to me that one was necessary."

And he dined upon that lambkin with much apparent satisfaction.

This fable ought to convince any one that of two stories very similar one needs not necessarily be a plagiarism.

#### ... and on the golden rule:

A man was plucking a living goose, when his victim addressed him thus:

"Suppose you were a goose; do you think you would relish this sort of thing?"

"Well, suppose I were," answered the man; "do you think you would like to pluck me?"

"Indeed I would!" was the emphatic, natural, but injudicious reply.

"Just so," concluded her tormentor; "that's the way I feel about the matter."

...

An ant laden with a grain of corn, which he had acquired with infinite toil, was breasting a current of his fellows, each of whom, as is their etiquette, insisted upon stopping him, feeling him all over, and shaking hands. It occurred to him that an excess of ceremony is an abuse of courtesy. So he laid down his burden, sat upon it, folded all his legs tight to his body, and smiled a smile of great grimness.

"Hullo! what's the matter with you?" exclaimed the first insect whose overtures were declined.

"Sick of the hollow conventionalities of a rotten civilization," was the rasping reply. "Relapsed into the honest simplicity of primitive observances. Go to grass!"

"Ah! then we must trouble you for that corn. In a condition of primitive simplicity there are no rights of property, you know. These are 'hollow conventionalities.'"

A light dawned upon the intellect of that pismire. He shook the reefs out of his legs; he scratched the reverse of his ear; he grappled that cereal, and trotted away like a giant refreshed. It was observed that he submitted with a wealth of patience to manipulation by his friends and neighbours, and went some distance out of his way to shake hands with strangers on competing lines of traffic.

#### Against Domestication

A wild horse meeting a domestic one, taunted him with his condition of servitude. The tamed animal claimed that he was as free as the wind.

"If that is so," said the other, "pray tell me the office of that bit in your mouth."

"That," was the answer, "is iron, one of the best tonics in the materia medica."

"But what," said the other, "is the meaning of the rein attached to it?"

"Keeps it from falling out of my mouth when I am too indolent to hold it," was the reply.

"How about the saddle?"

"Fool!" was the angry retort; "its purpose is to spare me fatigue: when I am tired, I get on and ride."

...

A wolf went into the cottage of a peasant while the family was absent in the fields, and falling foul of some beef, was quietly enjoying it, when he was observed by a domestic rat, who went directly to her master, informing him of what she had seen.

"I would myself have dispatched the robber," she added, "but feared you might wish to take him alive."

So the man secured a powerful club and went to the door of the house, while the rat looked in at the window. After taking a survey of the situation, the man said:

"I don't think I care to take this fellow alive. Judging from his present performance, I should say his keeping would entail no mean expense. You may go in and slay him if you like; I have quite changed my mind."

"If you really intended taking him prisoner," replied the rat, "the object of that bludgeon is to me a matter of mere conjecture. However, it is easy enough to see you have changed your mind; and it may be barely worth mentioning that I have changed mine."

"The interest you both take in me," said the wolf, without looking up, "touches me deeply. As you have considerably abstained from bothering me with the question of how I am to be disposed of, I will not embarrass your counsels by obtruding a preference. Whatever may be your decision, you may count on my acquiescence; my countenance alone ought to convince you of the meek docility of my character. I never lose my temper, and I never swear; but, by the stomach of the Prophet! if either one of you domestic animals is in sight when I have finished the conquest of these ribs, the question of my fate may be postponed for future debate, without detriment to any important interest."

This fable teaches that while you are considering the abatement of a nuisance, it is important to know which nuisance is the more likely to be abated.

### The Meaning of Life

An ox meeting a man on the highway, asked him for a pinch of snuff, whereupon the man fled back along the road in extreme terror.

"Don't be alarmed," said a horse whom he met; "the ox won't bite you."

The man gave one stare and dashed across the meadows.

"Well," said a sheep, "I wouldn't be afraid of a horse; he won't kick."

The man shot like a comet into the forest.

"Look where you're going there, or I'll thrash the life out of you!" screamed a bird into whose nest he had blundered.

Frantic with fear, the man leapt into the sea.

"By Jove! how you frightened me," said a small shark.

The man was dejected, and felt a sense of injury. He seated himself moodily on the bottom, braced up his chin with his knees, and thought for an hour. Then he beckoned to the fish who had made the last remark.

"See here, I say," said he, "I wish you would just tell me what in thunder this all means."

"Ever read any fables?" asked the shark.

"No—yes—well, the catechism, the marriage service, and—"

"Oh, bother!" said the fish, playfully, smiling clean back to the pectoral fins; "get out of this and bolt your Æsop!"

The man did get out and bolted.

[This fable teaches that its worthy author was drunk as a loon.—TRANSLATOR.]

### On Differànce & Deference

"The son of a jackass," shrieked a haughty mare to a mule who had offended her by expressing an opinion, "should cultivate the simple grace of intellectual humility."

"It is true," was the meek reply, "I cannot boast an illustrious ancestry; but at least I shall never be called upon to blush for my posterity. Yonder mule colt is as proper a son—"

"Yonder mule colt?" interrupted the mare, with a look of ineffable contempt for her auditor; "that is my colt!"

"The consort of a jackass and the mother of mules," retorted he, quietly, "should cultivate the simple thingamy of intellectual whatsitsname."

The mare muttered something about having some shopping to do, threw on her harness, and went out to call a cab.

— Ambrose Bierce, *Cobwebs from an Empty Skull*, 1874

A rat, finding a file, smelt it all over, bit it gently, and observed that, as it did not seem to be rich enough to produce dyspepsia, he would venture to make a meal of it. So he gnawed it into smithareens [*I confess my inability to translate this word: it may mean "flinders."*—TRANSLATOR.] without the slightest injury to his teeth. With his morals the case was somewhat different. For the file was a file of newspapers, and his system became so saturated with the "spirit of the Press" that he went off and called his aged father a "lingering contemporary;" advised the correction of brief tails by amputation; lauded the skill of a quack rodentist for money; and, upon what would otherwise have been his death-bed, essayed a lie of such phenomenal magnitude that it stuck in his throat, and prevented him breathing his last. All this crime, and misery, and other nonsense, because he was too lazy to worry about and find a file of nutritious fables.

This tale shows the folly of eating everything you happen to fancy. Consider, moreover, the danger of such a course to your neighbour's wife.

Posted by IPLD at 10:18 AM No comments:



MONDAY, JUNE 4, 2012

## notes on desire, or 'there are no leaders on this dance floor, even for a ransom'

"Due to the eternal transmutation of forms, which are made of the elements, no single element ever gains predominance for long."

— Heraclitus

Al Jarry, or was it Doctor Faustrol who proposed a different way of thinking, suggests a law of

rising vacuums to replace our falling bodies to describe all gravity, and that's not just the least or even half of it – you don't have to fall for it when a vacuum reaches up, it grabs you.

"All what?" you ask, I say "Whatever!", all was 'memory', all language, a song and dance – some call it theatre – all based on metaphor in fiction or in fact it does not matter, or molecular vibrations infecting 19th century Butler, or the principle of conservation of energy or stuff explained by Bergson in his conversations: just another state, not nations but a sort of memory all the same aestheticists insist it's just an impressive expression so what's the difference twixt a swallow and a metabolic penetration? and the elemental theory of ancient Grecians on the eyes themselves producing light which reaches out to kindred spirits like the sun or incandescent light bulbs and the grease-painted reflections all around you; and when two 'rays' meet the mutual vibing sets up – consciousness complete – a synergy of vibes which even Freud and Darwin so related, we back off, retreat or disengage when oversaturated; or that some aspect within the ear or lower, always barely trembling (or set and ready to go), finds a resonating wave and climbs onboard and rides it; infants who make every sound until those others in its rooms reiterate to such extent forgoes those othr articulations altogether; we can derive a make-shift basis for understandings of aesthetics as well as pleasure in experience (except when pain is just too much or have to rest before we lunch), and put forth definitions of desire just like this:

a cosmic vibe is looking for a dancing partner.

That is to say in all there's receptivity and spreading out or thin, a wiggle, not two halves of an exchange, an artificial and quite unneeded maiming cutting making only other fighting words and much confusion or dismemberment, not to mention faith and burning at the stake just to preserve a slice of life excluding all the others; not that all things "contain" receptors and emitters, that's just a way of talking (see Ibn al-Haytham/Hacen/Alhazen, medieval optician and inventor of the camera and expert on the lens) as superficial articulations, but perhaps tangentially so when there comes a bouncing ball or other perturbation we prepare to catch or tap it back, so they say desire's reactionary, muggy cruel and so should be suspended, but sometimes it's not anxiety, it's an embracive, no abrasion ever was intended.

If we consider the modern theory of the cell born as a stem, these so-called receptors do not come with a specialty, a special ality (morality's more special than any alter or an ego, and it says so), a leaf or innate dance or rhythm's sin, but learn their songs as old expressions (you might say a leaf is only wood's persistent way to catch some sun and spread it) seated only by and large and after their position (or coming 'round to it) in the environmental milieu or melange-like interweb's communication, they would learn from it, spider-like to associate a dance with songs or flies, like hum a few bars and I'll recall the lyric (and it's also vice versa, sometimes virtuous but then they're often seen not versatile but coming with a greatly crass, cross purpose, lie because they've got no density behind their fat disguises); but it's not the cell which receives and dances well that generates our consciousness (that is, beyond its own – "we" cannot know this) but the resonating everything "connected", in the modern sense neuronal, hormonal (endocriminal) or mineral ducts and "channels", like Lamarke's originary blood creating its own tubules as they're creating it and then the seam's remembered (it's been rehearsed but only once the corpse flew out the window); or like endocrine corpuscles re-appropriating veins to turn them red to yellow (but really it's just sharing space – they're rooming) just like oceans making their own tubes of waves all folding over, which sets the entire town to dance, this community we call a "discrete organism", a "self" who only feels at home when on the beach, a home in saturation with everything in Heraclitan flux – not just because it's salty, there's also some crustaceans.

Distributivity simultaneously precedes and follows receptivity, generating poetry as a feast, not fastened, and there must be some bonfires, so gravity is never even constant, it's a variable distance between bodies and whose potent devastation's only countered by a motion, as Mr. Adams so well he noted, "Flying is the art and science of falling to the earth, and missing" and that is clearly a transmission, sometimes we want to land but everything else that's in the world of words can prove just all too much distraction; to chase 'one's' desire too resolutely is an invitation to be knocked clean out of orbit, we can only practice altered states of consciousness or to become devout, it's just another word for saying "shut in" – in a paper house, a burning match is only looking for a dance, to agitate infection, seducing paper with its spectral plays, it's just a fan dance to amaze, but proof of love at first sight or a touch, you might say the pantomime of eco mimicry; or bang of schizomphrenogenic scatter, loud like shotgun blasts unheard to any ear – so which came first, the sound or its engraved impression? – since up-close is all that matters as far enough away it all just fades or bounces (unless it's really really big) like every wave on every beach in flux or agitation only reaching for the moon, the eternal return in myth language and the sun's enduring orbit round a spot of gravity or fake and temporary center (in ellipses, there's never less than two but only when on paper as nothing else could ever stand so still or for that matter), which the other planets ellipse like an epileptic dancer round – it only looks smooth 'cause we're on it, it's a wobble, never any circle but a spiral, therefore every known return's as well an all eternal freaky but familiar transmutation, so is everyone a monster in this nation?

And so I look around with eyes, ever looking for surprise and when it comes my way I cannot notice 'cause it might resist or laugh or cause my brain to drip along the wall and me without a head to how's my eyeballs now that you have seen them? but should I shrink away 'cause I'm no matter I'll just wave and gravitate toward my own image in a mirror of water – it just seems safe 'cause you might think that I just want to harm you; at least you can be sure of this, that you're not just a background or some vomit in a toilet bowel or piss, but otherwise a vase that's holding roses so you know that anyone who's not afraid is only holding noses or is led by them or poses and don't know that there's a senic route around 'cause it is quite beyond them thinking difference makes a difference but we all know that some other differences don't mean shit at all, that is unless you've got a taste for it, it says it likes you after everything is said and done, the last it seems is sometimes number one and sometimes it is just imagination.

## goddess poetry & matricide

Kind of old fashioned or used, Robert Graves once thought poetry should refer to a goddess in payment for her service as muse. True authoress, sure, but she sounds like a sellout. I'd side more with Emily Dickenson, who thought it was free (that is, poetry). Poems are about opening orifices, our faces, oroboreas's, (not sure how to spell them, I'll just expel it) putting holes in our head, let some world come in or find us a hole, so with Emily, escape it. The word for this feat's receptivity and that takes place with poetry (or mushrooms, lysurgics, in haled or in tea). Hunters with secret secretions should stay well clear, lest Seductress could smell, or Morgaine La Fey induce amnesia and lead them astray. And that only takes a look or a twinkle in eyes auspiciously cast your way.

It is sometimes important to be able to close your own holes, under cover, so to say (though not digging your grave). Hence the need for practice in altered states of conscious (some say mind but that is a headset) is not to sustain, but to stay ahead of the game, exercise all, not just the brain so if it should happen by, something more pleasing to the eye, you might catch it (I hope not a cold). Old poetry's on about eating and sex, or it's just a matter of consumption, then rest (for the weary or old). It's easy to see most goddess mythology was authored by men. Perhaps it is penance? More like wishful thinking – who wouldn't want an authentic mother – someone to trust in, relieve you or nurture? It may be the stories of gods adolescent, "they could do no wrong, 'twas an accident" were spoken by she, who, as if worshipping them, was just self-defensive as they came from her womb.

Not their fault? Then who took her babies and made them all men, and mistook the lion, a lady, for King? How is it then she lives without a lament, 'neath asphalt, bridges, corn-rows, cement? Maybe Graves was on to something or other, because there's hardly a mention or bother in all myth-time of offing the mother unless Junior's an asshole and she's in his way,

or she is just acting as proxy for dad.

A fascist in any gender or sex  
is equal, fraternal, obnoxious, bad,  
particularly when it's ordered by Rx.

– see Amber Jacobs, on [Why Matricide?](#)  
on how boys got wronged psychoanalytically  
and girls still drown in The Sea of Anxiety  
and mothers are rendered to objects of feed.

And we should know better, they've only been hid,  
they live in the middle, "you're it", it's been said.  
Aristotle excluded you, Apollo denuded you,  
and each child proceeds as an orphan or blue.

Posted by IPLD at 2:25 PM No comments:



THURSDAY, MAY 24, 2012

## Language or Politics?

Zerzan, in 1988 said "Only a politics that undoes language and time and is thus visionary to the point of voluptuousness has any meaning". Shouldn't this read "Only a language that undoes politics and time and is thus visionary to the point of voluptuousness has any meaning"?

"Iconographically restored myths, incorporated as lived experience, abolish time because they are timeless, derived from the achronous condition of Dreamtime. And myths are embodied, not in referential language (in which words are taken as referring to some external reality), but iconic language (a term which denotes the notion of mythic language being its own reality, rather than merely symbolizing some external reality).

Zerzan complains that art, like all systems of symbolic representation (including language) "is always about 'something hidden'. But does it help us connect with that hidden something? I think it moves us away from it" (Zerzan 1988, p.54). Symbols "stand for" a reality which can be apprehended only through their mediation, which inevitably produces alienation. But mythic thought does not function in this way. It operates in a metaphorical, not a literal, manner. And metaphors function, not by pointing to a reality which they symbolize and thus render inaccessible, but through a play of resemblances and differences. Mythic consciousness results from a "desire to apprehend in a total fashion the two aspects of reality... [the] continuous and discontinuous; from [a] refusal to choose between the two; and from... [an] effort to see them as complementary perspectives giving on to the same truth". Rather than signifying a concealed reality, it perceives analogies through modes of associational thought: "it is this logic of oppositions and correlations, exclusions and inclusions, compatibilities and incompatibilities, which explains the laws of association, not the reverse" (Lévi-Strauss 1963, pp.98-9, 90). The resulting semiotic lattice, based on the principle of bricolage, remains entirely ludic. Mythic consciousness thus avoids the alienation inherent in all symbolization, yet retains the possibility of linguistic expressivity. It abolishes language, and yet facilitates unestranged intersubjective communication." – [John Moore](#)





TUESDAY, MAY 22, 2012

## Ambrose, again: Nine Theses

1. NOUMENON, n. That which exists, as distinguished from that which merely seems to exist, the latter being a phenomenon. The noumenon is a bit difficult to locate; it can be apprehended only by a process of reasoning – which is a phenomenon. Nevertheless, the discovery and exposition of noumena offer a rich field for what Lewes calls "the endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought." Hurrah (therefore) for the noumenon!
2. PROOF, n. Evidence having a shade more of plausibility than of unlikelihood. The testimony of two credible witnesses as opposed to that of only one.
3. LOGIC, n. The art of thinking and reasoning in strict accordance with the limitations and incapacities of the human misunderstanding. The basic of logic is the syllogism, consisting of a major and a minor premise and a conclusion – thus:
  - i. Major Premise: Sixty men can do a piece of work sixty times as quickly as one man.
  - ii. Minor Premise: One man can dig a posthole in sixty seconds; therefore –
  - iii. Conclusion: Sixty men can dig a posthole in one second.

This may be called the syllogism arithmetical, in which, by combining logic and mathematics, we obtain a double certainty and are twice blessed.

4. GRAVITATION, n. The tendency of all bodies to approach one another with a strength proportion to the quantity of matter they contain – the quantity of matter they contain being ascertained by the strength of their tendency to approach one another. This is a lovely and edifying illustration of how science, having made A the proof of B, makes B the proof of A.
5. NEWTONIAN, adj. Pertaining to a philosophy of the universe invented by Newton, who discovered that an apple will fall to the ground, but was unable to say why. His successors and disciples have advanced so far as to be able to say when.
6. OUTCOME, n. A particular type of disappointment. By the kind of intelligence that sees in an exception a proof of the rule the wisdom of an act is judged by the outcome, the result. This is immortal nonsense; the wisdom of an act is to be judged by the light that the doer had when he performed it.
7. ACCIDENT, n. An inevitable occurrence due to the action of immutable natural laws.
8. PLAN, v.t. To bother about the best method of accomplishing an accidental result.
9. MYTHOLOGY, n. The body of a primitive people's beliefs concerning its origin, early history, heroes, deities and so forth, as distinguished from the true accounts which it invents later.

Posted by IPLD at 7:25 AM No comments:



MONDAY, MAY 21, 2012

## Insanitary Conditions or Conditional Sanity

- *sanitarium* 1851, lit. "place dedicated to health," as if from Mod.L. \*sanitarius, from L. sanitas "health," from sanus "healthy, sane" (cf. sanatarium).
- *sanatorium* 1839, from Mod.L., prop. neut. of L.L. sanitorius "health-giving," from L. sanatus, pp. stem of sanare "to heal," from sanus "well, healthy, sane." Latin sanare is the source of It. sanare, Sp. sanar.
- *-ium* a suffix found on nouns borrowed from Latin, especially derivatives of verbs (odium; tedium; colloquium; delirium), deverbal compounds with the initial element denoting the object of the verb (nasturtium), other types of compounds (equilibrium; millennium), and derivatives of personal nouns, often denoting the associated status or office (collegium; consortium; magisterium); *-ium* also occurs in scientific coinages on a Latin model, as in names of metallic elements (barium; titanium) and as a Latinization of Gk *-ion* (pericardium). Used to form the names of metal elements, after the style of early-named elements, as well as the isotopes of hydrogen. By extension, appended to common words to create scientific-sounding or humorous-sounding fictional substance names. Used to indicate the setting where a given activity is carried out: gymnasium, auditorium, stadium, colloquium, planetarium, podium, sanatorium. Words so formed often take *-a* for the plural.
- *sonnet* fourteen-line rhyming poem with set structure: a short poem with 14 lines, usually ten-syllable rhyming lines, divided into two, three, or four sections. There are many rhyming patterns for sonnets, and they are usually written in iambic pentameter. [Mid-16th century. Directly or via French < Italian sonnetto < Old Provençal son "poem" < Latin sonus "sound", see Sanskrit Sama-Veda [sāamā vāydā] n. ancient Hindu sacred text: [Late 18th century. < Sanskrit < sāman "chant" + vedāh "knowledge"]]
- *sonata* 1. classical composition for solo instrument: a piece of classical music for a solo instrument or a small ensemble. It consists of several movements, at least one of which is in sonata form. 2. one-movement baroque keyboard composition: a piece of baroque keyboard music in a single movement [Late 17th century. < Italian < feminine past participle of sonare "sound" < Latin sonare]
- *um* representing hesitation in speech: a word used in writing to represent the kind of grunting sound that people make when they hesitate in speaking [Early 17th century. Representing an inarticulate sound]
 

– from the dictionary

*Insanitarium*: The prefix *in-* can refer to absence or negation ('not') as well as inclusion ('within'), which generally means 'clot-forming', but may (rarely) also indicate the quite opposite 'scattering'

(incoherent' or 'not clot-forming', 'unglued at the hinges'), which we must as well accept as colloquially more accurate with the common phrases, "scatter-brained" and "blown mind" when referring to the insane and "clod-hopper" for the rural variety on the twin analogy of leaping (a symptom of madness) and breaking soil (a known source of unsanity or perversion) rather than wind.

The leakage, fault or deep crack is clearly seen on the part of the diagnosticians (crackpots) and not in their clientele. This is because of the inherent split still open within all academic circles as to the nature of ill-health as ultimately derived from within or without. Medieval doctors who thought all sickness was due to insanitary conditions, producing infection like a Ford factory, pit themselves against the churchmen who insisted on internal construction error (sin as birth defect) or the more Platonic attitude of a "station" one was born into and from which one should never attempt to stray (still the standard definition of 'crime'). The churchmen had to back off a bit when it was pointed out the contagion factor in sin much resembled succumbing to temptation. After much bloodletting, there was a resolution of conflict when the external microbe was found hobnobbing with intracellular materials. Artaud, diagnosed with scatterbrain disorder since art is supposed to be constructive and destruction best left in the capable hands of governments, was electrocuted 37 times for suggesting the microbe was a particle of grace (god) dissected to form atoms useful for evaporative affects when they themselves were split.

Lastly, um, we should not discount the phonological resemblance of the root morphemes /san-/ (> 'health', 'cleanliness') and /son-/ (> 'sound', 'pronouncement') as mere chance linguistic anomaly. There is always, by definition, a culprit or sin hiding behind each pronoun. The only evidence a quack (which is a digital crackpot tuned in to disharmonic soundings) can go on is aural or literary: disorganized speech must, in theory, follow disorganized thinking just as infection is known to derive from living in slovenly habitats or through lack of rigidly sanitary habits. Interesting that a soiled or dirty mind (and they're pretty solid on this matter) is still considered a moral rather than purely psychological condition, but literally, a sanitarium is 'a place of brain-washing with a technical or scientific ring' (hence the final and unhesitant articulation of "hum" even when accompanied with much beard-rubbing with one hand between puffs on a pipe with the other to stimulate clarity in thought – in smoke-free environments, beard rubbing alone is sufficient when attached to a distinguished or patronizing "um"). Most often, a negative health diagnosis is warranted solely on the basis of others' reportage in the form of accusation or hearsay – one is invariably reminded of heresy. A consonance is always achievable with a consensus of the proper pronouncement of consonants. Don't let those tricky vowels fool you.

Posted by IPLD at 10:38 AM No comments:



FRIDAY, MAY 18, 2012

## Not another Word

Take one word. Take any, but for the sake of experiment, or what someone else might say, "humour me", just this once, just one if you please. You can proceed to write an infinite book or speak a never-ending discourse, a rant to be more precise, utilizing, or scripting or uttering every other word in the existence of former future noises and sightings in any language, even those never before heard or seen, and you can make sense to more than just someone. Might be anyone. Nothing said will displease everyone; how could you know such a thing? Are they even real or is there only a need for deafening applause and then who cares how it comes about? That could be your execution! Recognition and encouragement are quite other words altogether.

Your word. Every other word has something to say about it. And then you notice there is no word. There are no words. Alphabets grow on no tree in any combination but much reference to trees and reverent trees at that. There are war nodes, but these are imaginary. Iterations and re-iterations of sightings and soundings plucked from a string and immortalized in fret-work. If all the frets are in the wrong place, like around your neck instead of across it, there is still some play which makes music. The brain is just an organ, simulating horns like a rhinoceros mask and strings making you as well as a puppet. Don't fret. Bow. That is to say, fiddle.

In Japanese, the sensei is the one making sense, especially when it is not common. The sensei has a bag filled with arousals. Some druids had letters in their bags. Each letter is a word. There is nothing else like it in the world except a string of them. Robert Graves, the grave robber that is, he may well have been but noticed the secrecy of cranes forming cuneiform on the sky and some ancient one collected them and discovered the post office weighting for the right brothers to hear news of flying human thought impossible before writing. And so there is much precedence to wronging, setting both phones and ears to ringing.

Dialectics was always the crossing of lines and there was always the confusion between lines and words, immortalized by the Latin word, 'lect' which sounds so much like a leg someone somewhere must have seen a utilitarian connection with running and then there was a flying off of the handle for the hard of hearing and their hand signals. The most efficient way to pull a leg is with the mouth. Taking care not to bite lest there be insult or fright. Without language, there is no magic. Ecology proves it in no certain words – it's poetic. There is no representation. There is no exchange. There are no terms. Senseless? There is more and less of it, depending on your firms or variable density. Gibberish, or the double reductive jibber-jabber is perfectly reasonable in the language of rogues and gypsies, which, in fact, is any cant or cryptolect but your own, and that is the final word on that. Take it or leave it.

Posted by IPLD at 9:00 AM No comments:



SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 2012

## The Scientific Alternative, from Rabbit-hole to Nutshell

For the big bangers, faith in the black hole is a certainty derived from the imutably unknown. It represents an encapsulated zone of nothingness, sans shell, into which all passing bystanders are sucked. The closer the flyby, the stronger the pull, the faster the fall. The zone is not a hole but the most dense condition of substance imaginable, sucking even itself into its own nothingness. The greater its material increase, the smaller it becomes, which is also to say, it takes up less space and time itself flies by the wayside. Time becomes nothing, and space itself disappears in a fit of logic. It is the end of criteria, the end of points of reference, the end of data. What is left is half a metaphor, a self-referencing dada-esque language game, a lonely ego not at the center of the universe, but the universe itself, in and of itself, consisting of nothing, the Great Oblivion Dude (god).

Since this end of everything cancels its own beginning, it cancels the first law of physics (as an ultimate transgression against the logic and reason operating in former fabrics of timed space), this law being none other than "from nothing something can never come" and its inversion, "from something nothing can ever be". Materialism's first axiom? "It's always something!" This is the premise supporting every calculation positing a material object of local uncertainty leaving no evidence of itself but the reactionary display by others within its regional influence (which is to say, seduced by its gravity), and the entire scaffold of material history which supported the idea falls away.

Essentially, something becomes nothing, and even loses its capability to transform into pure potential – it is the end of possibility, the problem of peak energy bringing on the end of everything as we know it. Refusing to accept its own demise, Great Oblivion Dude explodes in a tantrum of cosmic scale, like the ejaculation from a glimmering erection sending seminal sparks helter-skelter throughout the great black nothingness, like an autoerotic resurrection of the dead coming to find order in general assemblies to legislate an astropolitical, transactional dance of the eternal return of the economy, but ever in fear of the insurrection of the coming disharmony, afterwhich everyone is lined up against the wall and shot.

Posted by IPLD at 9:13 AM No comments:



SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 2012

## Reverse Engineering the Fall or Emergencies from a Rabbit Hole

If we are accustomed to burying our dead in honour of grieve or gravity or even by unconscious habit through millennial repetition, shouldn't archaeologists and others digging holes presume, because of the axiom, "what goes up must come down" (unless one gets too high, in which case to be out of sight is truly out of mind – or off one's rock – except for the hauntings by phantoms some call memory, others fantasy), that in a logical transposition, creatures must come into being from holes in the ground, as if it's their mother, or from mothers as if they're the earth? If one is embrave of orphans, isn't one mother as good as another? Should you wish to speed up the process, expect some resistance – the bigger the tuber, the harder the pull. Should you wish to halt it, expect to be buried by yourself, otherwise, there is some encouragement, even if a placebo, which is Russian for 'thank you' or in Latin, 'to please'.

Sans winds or strong wings, the uprising or flight, as a gravitational transgression (without which the game would end in sudden death; in fact, given time, they all do anyway), is only achieved by foot or by mouth, lest our collective umbilicus break. Anti-gravity is a loss of density, easily sustained by scattering brains or setting fire to your remains. In case of regret, there may be other holes from which to emerge. When Vine Deloria said his people emerged from holes in the earth, it was a case of adopting a new mother, and staying near her as a matter of choice – the previous home was Amnesia (or, like selective service, was never registered in the first place). The medicine wheel or omphallus is a poetic reminder of nurturing mothers and the sun providing galactic inspiration. Such is a poem in the form of a chiasma like optic nerves and chromosomes. The transcendental portal through transdimensional space is the joke by, of and for the people who do not explore their own utterances but chastise mythic poetry as superstition or worse, magical or childish thinking.

But no shit! God made the earth before the starlit heavens it sits in and the only reality is measured with irrational numbers and cities came before the country and you will be smart if you can raise the dough to become institutionally certifiable. For everyone else, there is a tending to machinery toward a material singularity producing such density that the universe has no option but to collapse into itself to the central point of nothing at an ever-increasing rate. Either way, the poets win due to the failure to enact legislation requiring the literal interpretation of anything! Such is the way of natural selection – the survival of survivors, now residing underground, due to fluctuating variability – it's a big pool to draw from.

Posted by IPLD at 8:09 AM No comments:



SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 2012

## Prosaic Prose

Like poetry, "anthropology is comparison or know nothing"...  
Comparison is a meandering bent and that is a temptation  
to psychosis or to sin, a drop off or out from a straight and narrow line.

But on further exploration, an adventure of a kind, one should surely find the barbaric is the final evolution or stage of termination for each and every line of prosaic interpretation, not to mention a big bang blasting every civil hyphenation.

What interests me most in conducting this argument is the difference that is constantly appearing between the poetic and prosaic methods of thought. The prosaic method was invented by the Greeks of the Classical age as an insurance against the swamping of reason by mythographic fancy. It has now become the only legitimate means of transmitting useful knowledge. And in England, as in most other mercantile countries, the current popular view is that 'music' and old-fashioned diction are the only characteristics of poetry which distinguish it from prose: that every poem has, or should have, a precise single-strand prose equivalent. As a result, the poetic faculty is atrophied in every educated person who does not privately struggle to cultivate it... And from the inability to think poetically – to resolve speech into its original images and rhythms and recombine these on several simultaneous levels of thought into a multiple sense – derives the failure to think clearly in prose. In prose one thinks on only one level at a time, and no combination of words needs to contain more than a single sense; nevertheless the images resident in words must be securely related if the passage is to have any bite. This simple need is forgotten, what passes for simple prose nowadays is a mechanical stringing together of stereotyped word-groups, without regard for the images contained in them. The mechanical style, which began in the counting-house, has now infiltrated into the university, some of its most zombiesque instances occurring in the works of eminent scholars and divines.

The joke is that the more prose-minded the scholar the more capable he is supposed to be of interpreting ancient poetic meaning, and that no scholar dares to set himself up as an authority on more than one narrow subject for fear of incurring the dislike and suspicion of his colleagues. To know only one thing well is to have a barbaric mind...

But that so many scholars are barbarians does not much matter so long as a few of them are ready to help with their specialized knowledge the few independent thinkers, that is to say the poets, who try to keep civilization alive. The scholar is a quarry-man, not a builder, and all that is required of him is that he should quarry cleanly. He is the poet's insurance against factual error. It is easy enough for the poet in this hopelessly muddled and inaccurate modern world to be misled into false etymology, anachronism and mathematical absurdity by trying to be what he is not. His function is truth, whereas the scholar's is fact. Fact is not to be gainsaid; one may put it in this way, that fact is a Tribune of the People with no legislative right, but only the right of veto. Fact is not truth, but a poet who wilfully defies fact cannot achieve truth.

– Robert Graves, 1946

Posted by IPLD at 9:01 AM No comments:



SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 2012

## Fiction & Taboo

Fort's principle: "People with a psychological need to *believe* in marvels are no more prejudiced and gullible than people with a psychological need *not* to believe in marvels."

– Colin Wilson, on Charles Fort

"Of course high among virtues are the honorable lies of Governments. Whether virtuously said, or accurately reported, I don't know:

... if anybody could ever distinguish between righteousness and exploitation and tyranny.

One of the engaging paradoxes of our existence – which strip mathematics of meaning – is that a million times a crime is patriotism. ...If we could have new abominations, so unmistakably abominable as to hush the lubricators, who plan murder to stop slaughter – but that is only dreamery, here in our existence of the hyphen, which is the symbol of hypocrisy...

And almost all liars are conventionalists.

The one quality that the lower animals have not in common with human beings is creative imagination. Neither a man, nor a dog, nor an oyster ever has had any. Of course there is another view, by which is seen that there is in everything a touch of creativeness. I cannot say that truth is stranger than fiction, because I have never had acquaintance with either. Though I have classed myself with some noted fictionists, I have to accept that the absolute fictionist never has existed. There is fictional coloration to everybody's account of an "actual occurrence," and there is at least the lurk somewhere of what is called the "actual" in everybody's yarn. There is the hyphenated state of truth-fiction. Out of dozens of reported pearls in stews, most likely there have been instances; most likely once upon a time an old fiddle did turn out to be a Stradivarius; and it could be that once upon a time somebody did get a ring back fishwise.

But when I come upon the unconventional repeating, in times and places far apart, I feel – even though I have no absolute standards to judge by – that I am outside the field of ordinary liars...

"GOOD MORNING!" said the dog. He disappeared in a thin, greenish vapor.

I have this record, upon newspaper authority.

It can't be said – and therefore will be said – that I have a marvellous credulity for newspaper yarns.

But I am so obviously offering everything in this book, as fiction. That is, if there is fiction. But this book is fiction in the sense that Pickwick Papers, and The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, and Uncle Tom's Cabin, Newton's Principia, Darwin's Origin of Species, Genesis, Gulliver's Travels, and mathematical theorems, and every history of the United States, and all other histories, are fictions. A library-myth that irritates me most is the classification of books under "fiction" and "non-fiction."

And yet there is something about the yarns that were told by Dickens that set them apart, as it were, from the yarns that were told by Euclid. There is much in Dickens' grotesqueries that has the correspondence with experience that is called "truth," whereas such Euclidean characters as "mathematical points" are the vacancies that might be expected from a mind that had had scarcely any experience. That dog-story is axiomatic. It must be taken on faith. And, even though with effects that sometimes are not much admired, I ask questions...

Everywhere is the tabooed, or the disregarded. The monks of science dwell in smuggeries that are walled away from event-jungles. Or some of them do. Nowadays a good many of them are going native. There are scientific dervishes who whirl amok, brandishing startling statements; but mostly they whirl not far from their origins, and their excitements are exaggerations of old-fashioned complacencies...

It seems that my reasoning is that, under some circumstances, if something is highly unlikely, it is probable. John Stuart Mill missed that...

Said Dr. Hastings H. Hart, of the Russell Sage Foundation, as reported in the newspapers, May 10, 1931: "Morons for the most part can be the most useful citizens, and a great deal of the valuable work being done in the United States is being done by such mentally deficient persons."

Dr. Hart has given very good newspaper space for this opinion, which turned out to be popular. One can't offend anybody with any statement that is interpreted as applying to everybody else. Inasmuch as my own usefulness has not been very widely recognized, I am a little flattered, myself. To deny, ridicule, or reasonably explain away occurrences that are the data of this book, is what I call useful. A general acceptance that such things are would be unsettling. I am an evil one, quite as was anybody, in the past, who collected data that were contrary to the orthodoxy of his time. Some of the most useful work is being done in the support of Taboo. The break of Taboo in any savage tribe would bring on perhaps fatal disorders. As to the taboos of savages, my impressions are that it is their taboos that are keeping them from being civilized; that, consequently, one fetish is worth a hundred missionaries.

— Charles Hoy Fort, *Wild Talents*

Posted by IPLD at 7:03 AM No comments:



WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 2012

## The Fortunate Wheel

A golden rule's unneeded when one notices surroundings: "what goes around comes around, no worries". Augustine found so abhorring, a pain to privilocracy – mid-age peasants knew full-well from pagan stories told from old that chance is only half of it, the other's steared to make one's destiny.

Chance is fickle, so they say, though it can help decisions because faith believed in all the way presents but one direction. But as a starting point, we say "so what if it is?" When you come around again it's likely fallen quite a way.

This points to Lady Tyche or Fortuna's spinning wheel, casting out lines like spiders inviting vitals to grab on and calling crawling feet a rudder if in lieu of boat, to help one's fate along.

Or globe she's spinning with her fingers like a basketball or underfoot creating day and night. In middle ages, a game of ferris wheel or rolling heel for gypsy wagons with a compass for an orphan – it's compassion, never any kleptomania – to remind it's not just chaos makes a cornicopia and sometimes like the snail, chew with much less haste so's not to forgoe taste: there will be plenty but not if you'd stand still, waiting till you're more than twenty.

The tiller is as well a weaver's beam some call a transom but sometimes it's a club not made by joinery or ransom, and a transit views a steady rod or two or stadia and makes a road as if a star to steer by.

Where six hundred seven feet's a single stadium and the rod is sixteen and a half (or ten for shorter craft), the same for any cranium or tub we call a boat and the rod is the handle of a rudder and a perch or pole.

Pull the oar or turn the sail from transom, tiller shift and tell a tale concerning it in case your mind's adrift. Viewed from a perch a pole shift's just a turning of direction and if you're six feet high a league is to the sea's horizon.

The wheel is great if taken as a symbol, but as a tool for getting there from lake or stream or ocean, nothing's more impressive than a boat & oar or sail – now that's quite an invention – like a symbiosis with a whale, like to cross a scary stream land-lubbers grabbed the milk-cow's tail.

Divination presents a chance for wandering perusal; the oracle – it's like a koan – removes the rut beneath the wheel and in that spell enlarge your perch upon the universal. Blow your mind with this: sometimes beauty isn't just an ordered academia but sublime as any in- or outer spatial psychedelia.

And as for time there's none at all or ever not enough except in Math-time most would call real and that's when things get tough. Myth-time's simultaneity for sums and differences. Math-time's that old religion 'cause when infinitude is ever added to finality the sum is cross-eyed, absolutely certain death, and no one recognises but the dead who may know all or nothing to surprise us. Time goes nowhere yet still a question for the square and hip; going is for mariners by foot or truck or ship.

Posted by IPLD at 10:37 AM No comments:



THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 2012

## A Prophetic Chicken Madrigal

As with prophetic chickens who will read to you the news,  
a systematization of beliefs ain't always true –  
that confuses what it is, with what the calculus can do.  
Neither madness nor from wine, this thought it comes from Wittgenstein.

But that may be irrelevant Ludwig he so advised:  
the cause one finds is the solution even when it's mythic,  
illustrating the successful one who's psychoanalytic  
still relies on self-fulfillings underlying olden magic.

CHORUS

And not even mystically prophetic,  
when put in words like autopoietic,

but if it works, where is the fowl  
affronting any set of civil ethics?

Have you observed when those you love have died?  
no one but you remembers they existed  
no obit to them ever will acknowledge  
unless of course they've graduated college.

We're trained the past is ever out of reach,  
"it never really was", they even preach,  
or did but "that's beside this point of mine,  
and 'mad' be called to entertain myth-time".

Posted by IPLD at 9:04 AM No comments:



WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 2012

## Introduction to Black Polish, "a sometimes decipherable memory" of '68

"In order to analyse the rules for the formation of objects, one must neither, as we have seen, embody them in things, nor relate them to the domain of words; in order to analyse the formation of enunciative types, one must relate them neither to the knowing subject nor to a psychological individuality. Similarly, to analyse the formation of concepts, one must relate them neither to the horizon of ideality, nor to the empirical progress of ideas."

– Foucault

So what if an invertebrate cockroach has juicy innards and an epidermis like fingernails? Your soft and supple skin is no sign of freedom from malignancy no matter the polish or hardener applied – it's just formaldehyde, not reverse english – whether scratching an itch or gouging out my eye 'cause that mosquito was no biting seductress, a glance in the wrong direction's always like a growing mutation, but only on the face of things reminiscent, and not there-by necessity, unpleasant. Only when you turn around at night has what was left behind become in front all right.

So what if the praying mantis had no free pass through pearly gates until decapitating the old man for saying rice shines no brighter and rocks no harder after any rumble in a tumbler? He lost his head for a hard roll in the bread bag, you spineless spider of revenge some would call my mother. Never mind to confuse a flour sack for silk and I'm supposed to say "it's pretty"? A sacrificial lie's not always over guilt – sometimes there are feelings underneath your tramping foot.

So speechless, dead posies grow in The Tumultuous Sea between audition and reception – I call them "poetry" – as a swell, wave or undulating resonance between noisy mounds wiggling "kathump, kathump" like the bottom of a boat. Should you fall off, it may not be a pretty pose except to slithering sharks whose spines are soft but well constructed like a high school yearbook with her glossless image on page 71, observed by Billy Bibbit.

So the black-death dots up close they spread out and at a distance, go gray, a shade we knew was blond instead, like daffodils all 'round a grave. The lips concealed the teeth so one could not discover what's inside her – to smile or no was a question to consider. There was always a supple depression about it one could not avoid sinking into forever. Never just distraction – that is, t'was unenhanced – we'd only met without an introduction – that is, it was by chance.

So each sequential miscarriage was a bloodied flush of miscreant me. Could it be that call-up from my daughter, the one thought not to be was not another "whoops! wrong number", worried that I'd get too cold, my wits too long away at sea, a void of blackened columbines or lillies in the fray? Who has died? 'Twas never thee! If I should find it here and then again or there, why's it wrong to say it's everywhere, when still a memory's in my eyes, in this dismembered corpse which even you could never recognize.

So is it then my own remorse which clouds the daylight skies?

#### MY OLD SAL

In lieu of any salary, how 'bout this: a salutation with some salt for surging salivation sweat beneath some solar radiation? O'er the shoulder's just a cue to thank the heavens this old earth's still got an ocean and not a cursed expenditure or nuclear explosion.

– Salamander of Thump, 68 a.d. *'Güde Luk'*

Posted by IPLD at 5:39 PM No comments:



SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 2012

## Theses on the Copula

1

the comma may prevent a coma when in any well written sentence structure the minor difference which makes a major different is often found in placing absense or presence of a general copulation without which words might be seen running together

2

such is rank for the ear on its own there must be a pause which refreshes a tone that changes breath time out from between an utterance and that is the cleavage of syntax from whence emerges meaning or meanderly direction while a coma is a mere stop period

3

it is the same thing for baby making but then not from the mouth or ass which maybe drool with vomitus first and excrement last

4

the difference between poetry and prose is not found in their form or pose but without maleable muscle the rigidity of bone is only alone for ever lying in the tomb or monotone

5

tumors are malignant when the skeletons jelley or muscle cement otherwise why the bother pitting one ever at the other like misapplied gender corrupting our grammar but whose to say what is spelled out must be heard as well hogwash like children seen but not heard and vice versa when its bedtime

6

it should be a song and dance and not a war directing a flick that is not a simple trick of horror when conflict is waiting in reserve for what one does with trading partners or for charging rent for a single space or spot to briefly contemplate

7

foramen magnum a hole in the head like the objective in syntax less the neck and neck attach other bodies to our skulls thinking only of a win and to double space

8

is the copula a thing of necessary purchase or just a matter of provisional periods waxing and waning with in flowing spirits and outgoing er

9

clearly some texts should never be read aloud if one wishes for clarity or demand repitition otherwise we insert our breaks wherever we think to appropriate it is not always a condition of thievery but qualification

10

who says the meanings in the word uninterrupted and not a matter of interpretation when we can do it out loud without effort and better without too much thinking that always comes later considering any reason is almost always all of the above

Posted by IPLD at 3:25 PM No comments:



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# Death to Plain-speak Brigade

To 'Spasticulate electric ventriloquisms', or 'Ventriculate spastique electrocutions'. That is the question.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 2013

## Free Speech or just another 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 systematized coherence until we are asleep or otherwise deranged, as Messieurs Poe, Artaud and Burroughs discovered. It is in this "stream of consciousness" or rather at times, raging 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 doom. No prior psychic motivation need be posited – confusing what's inside for out, only a well-trained slave or one without a rudder would explain "the voices made me do it".

One might notice that outside of euclidean space-time, the inside and out are never confused. It's not even an issue in the figurative or poetic interpretation of verses unless as expressing a hyphenated existence. Perhaps this explains why the literalists enjoin so much conflict, if not massacres. Everything's a fight or equivocation between white-water rafting and bouts of smooth sailing, always for the win or nothing's worth playing.

But never mind the barge hauling garbage that's intruding on the view. The bullshit detector also swims this river. A home to many internal voices, they are both the river and Trickster-transformer canoeing like a hyphenated habitat-inhabitant relation or a bobbling and shifting criteria, with or without a hook, line and sinker. 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", thought by some to be accessed hypnotically. Though sometimes we become caught in a knotted line and cannot disentangle, it is usually a silent noise of vortexes in the stream. Their elucidation (or perturbation) can produce poetry, psychoanalytic revelation and straight-jackets, if not an urge to adorn some paisley, if only to present the appearance of an inside-out consistency.

Militant regimentation (or should I say education?) dams this river just to generate power. Not to suggest a necessarily malicious intent, teaching language rather than allowing it to blossom makes it so, and in the same fashion that forced hydroponics reduces nutritive content and chemical fertilizer exchanges nutrient for toxin. Either way, questions do not pass unregulated. The free-ranging salmon must now learn to climb ladders; the others live out their lives in a net. Commentary is restricted to habitual categories, running through flow-pipes (the proper channels) 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 – an interesting metaphor considering that they're standing hip-deep in shit, calling those who do not take such a "political" stand mindless, brain-dead, zombie or sheep which is to say, unhip. 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 – a self-fulfilling prophet. Progress is only a euphemism for "no change is tolerated".

Without a snorkel or other means of oxygenation together with a flint for sparking some metabolism, the river becomes a violent water-fall killing all the little fishes on the rocks below. Witness: Neitzsche's "corpses in their mouths" and Orwell's "dead metaphors", chants of the plain speakers in the cult of death demanding (with no uncertain terms) one truth (theirs) or nothing at all. Brain-dead may be a misnomer:

Unless the water's vaporised with laser surgery or the like, with priestly vigil, canals are diverted from cerebral flows to what might have been vocal, down the drain which channels all that's excremental. What's left are gargoyles pissing forth the bloody sacramental. The only sacred face that's left is stone-faced sacrificial, but why choose suicide when you can delegate a proxy with a proclamation sounding not like "offal" but "official"? Now it's agreeable to all, the necessity of strife – if not just economical, frantic means that everything's reduced to matters of death and life, and only a dentist can brighten your smile.

– Teo Castraphoni, *dds*.

But when you get down to it, isn't the 'word' both an anchor at rest and a fish-hook on the move? Who knows what you'll have snagged when you reel it back into the boat? If you're a frog, you might catch a log, or then again maybe a sea snake. Rather than have it pull you away, the hook and the leader's designed to be expendable.

## PORTALS OUT OF TIME & SPACE

- insipidities
- modern slavery
- void mirrors
- learning disorders
- theological turns
- pistols drawn
- a daily bleed

We should be alert to the surface effects in which the Epicurians take such pleasure: emissions proceeding from deep within bodies and rising like the wisps of a fog – interior phantoms that are quickly reabsorbed into other depths by the sense of smell, by the mouth, by the appetites, extremely thin membranes that detach themselves from the surfaces of objects and proceed to impose colors and contours deep within our eyes (floating epiderm, visual idols); phantasms of fear or desire (cloud gods, the adorable face of the beloved, "miserable hope transported by the wind"). It is all this swarming of the impalpable that must be integrated into our thought: we must articulate a philosophy of the phantasm construed not through the intermediary of perception of the image, as being of the order of an originary given but, rather, left to come to light among the surfaces to which it is related, in the reversal that causes every interior to pass to the outside and every exterior to the inside, in the temporal oscillation that always makes it precede and follow itself – in short, in what Deleuze would perhaps not allow us to call its "incorporeal materiality."

– Michel Foucault

## BLOG ARCHIVE

- ▼ 2013 (5)
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How often do we not know what's on our mind and do not necessarily want to appropriate what's in (or be converted to) another's? If not a motive for reclusion, this might approximate the process of becoming co-mindful, of thoughts (in the sense of ripples or blooms we like to call "names" for "things" as an alternative to what others consider a "stake through the heart" of the matter) 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 parrhesial or rhetorical; 2) The sense of communising/sharing – retaining an openness to make adjustments and coherences, or not as we may see fit – the radical fitness of a well-told story which may live on to be a twice-told tale giving the impression of an improvisational dance against a background of melodic or instrumental harmony and with the proper positioning of fingers and toes, feels somewhat akin to a Vulcan mind meld.

On the other hand, much of reality exists in word only. For example, adorned with the amulet or fetish of christian doves, one might never come to witness the layers of pigeon-shit covering the stack of hay in the barn that is said to amass food for sheep. And for every barn-cat who eats a bird, three are overcome with toxoplasmosis. Christian birds indeed!

Like Mel Brooks' "*Standup Philosopher*", the secondary 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 too much on the defensive. "*To pick or not to pick it?*" is the ultimate question concerning 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 politician might say "If that's not a call for carpetbombing the third world, I don't know what is", but not 'til registering in the medical log under *Type of Injury*: "Denise hurt my feelings". Stoicism or asceticism rarely leads to enlightenment, except to the fact that one finds oneself hungry! As soon as coherence and rigidity set in, bleeding and communication must stop, we've established a picket line, invented the scab and religion! But it's still just a cover-up.

It could be argued that this boring and scabbing is kingly (in the sense of an uninvited "burst bubble"). But come on! Taken literally, where is the authoritarianism with two youngsters sharing a bath and popping bubbles as they emerge from the depths? Did someone mention becoming like unto a child, or is it sufficient to merely like them? 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 (if, that is, one is equipped with a pair of scissors carefully directed away from one's 'I') – with the right question, one bursts one's own bubble but the questioner gets splashed as well. Without another perspective to observe, those bubbles can 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, with diminishing breathing room or ever-staling air, a gift is only envisioned in terms of a loss and sharing a compromise – again, a sacrifice of one's "total" (if commercially procured) desire. For a loosening and relaxing, I'm tempted to use Deleuze' term, "deterritorialize". Another would be "extasis" which busts dams between the self and other like wire-cutters to a barbed-wire fence (one might take care it's not electrified as well).

Such is the brain damage witnessed in the extreme amongst patriot wankers who aspire to see some action as smokey-bear mounties, mercenaries or marines whilst the less successful, though still adequately trained opportunistic vultures scavenge what remains. Then there's the privileged money out protecting woods from riding hoods or any sightings of you know who – those kind of people doctors without borders must prevent from access to their gated neighborhoods.

God's boy, Saint Augustine had issued the memo, "we must have or be monsters to deliver us from evil" and then said the prophet, in keeping with fashion, "only from Allah might we seek compassion".

– Atka Mip

What else should we expect when the ability to posit associations or try on other's shoes, from day one's been blocked at inception by churches and schools so the best in their classes (though sometimes there's exceptions) become killers or fools and incompetent asses?

Like any good insult, iconoclasy puts holes in our reifications or pulls up the stake and plants it elsewhere – certainly an ungrammatical impropriety. A word for a field of familiarity or resemblances (and not platonic essences), a leaky form allows ingress and egress of free, mobile content, transforming old into new forms or shrinking them altogether like a bladder out of practice in its holding patterns some would call "incontinence", others "freedom of expression".

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. We would all be brain-dead, infantile (in the way no infant is), incapable of conversation in the first place. It is said a parrot has such a language, lacking entirely in a semantic component (fortunately the parrot is not mono-lingual – the mindless mimic is just a pretense when engaged with polite or civil company). Rhetoric would have no categories with which to impose and criteria would only point to where you've jammed the stick, that is, the datum and that's contingent or provisional to the poker – always a game of chance.

Like sharing a catch from the local fishing hole, meaningful communication guides clostridial

visitors (literally, a clue like a tiny star but figuratively, a tiny bug which can lock jaws) 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 a free expulsion of excess. In a wound, they can produce a deadly tetanic seizure somewhat resembling the mountain range in Wyoming and as dangerous as a Welsh Druid's cursed poetry. Nurture may be optimizing, but optimization is not always, in fact, in our world, rarely ever nurturing beyond the lowest levels of significance in a statistical distribution (reliable between .01 and .05). Fortunately or not, many clostridial visitors go by completely unnoticed. Like stocking a stream with gmo salmon, rhetoric, debate and propaganda mimic the colonial behavior of systemic tuberculosis (once called "consumption") – slowly, the fishes will consummate you. But recall this infective invective or brain occupation is always called "nurture" by somebody else.

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

Posted by IPLD at 9:04 AM No comments:



SUNDAY, JULY 7, 2013

## Time & love's genetic parody

A number is just same-space traversed between points of interest or piles of rubbish, or how many verses you can recite between labour pains, measuring the progressive elimination of space consequencing an explosion or birth or total inversion and after which point pushy dna becomes retrogressively a vestigial tag-along to inertia as encouragement begins to pull.

– Algebra & poetry

If time and space are said, without exception, to covary, and they must, by definition since each is measured, in fact can only be measured by measuring the other (this is the essence of the circular argument which in any other context outside of gravity and mass is discredited), then what do we do with the contradicting stances (or is it "stanzas") that there is a one-way road from a daughter to a mother to a grandmother which cannot be altered or reversed in the generative sense (it is unilinear) and the grandmother (of the future) who was conceived by the infant daughter (of the present) without invoking a property relation in a causal chain where the titles or the names we give to our terms have to undergo a change lest we're caught comparing apples and oranges?

Historical discourse extends the present or compresses time with no effect on space every time it speaks of epochs. By extending the present to include the past and future (up to any limit inclusive of each of the three terms, daughter, mother, grandmother – 'dmg', the acronym of demigods for a basic matrilineal "family"), we can note the "truth" value of both verses (or is it "versions"). In the same way, genes are used to compress time to illustrate a family tree with no regard to intervening spaces. In other words, by compressing reality (or its criteria) and with some extraction, the dmg with its extensions is a single (solid) unit identified by parts or its internal constituents. In this case the compression takes some stretching.

Both expressions are *a priori* truths (by definition) yet extract and compress all personal experience to construct a reality which from any other view is not only unreal but contradictory, especially when there's marriages connected to an orphan or adoptee, not to mention sampling error and sometimes just mistakes. For certainty, the only thing less fallible than science is religious faith – just ask them! Wait, was that what's known as a complete redundancy? This is why science doesn't like the food upon his plate to touch before he turns it to shit in the mass consumption. Scientific utopias must follow rules of exclusion: "no orphans (flukes and/or mutations) are allowed...we shall erase them". Like medicine and politics, experimental control is incarceration, killing off or otherwise preventing consortation between the subject and any intervening variables. It's what demonstrates the power (or the unconscious wisdom) of a theory. We therefore come to expect the experts to exhibit priestly qualities and therefore need unqualified (susceptible) judges and juries to make the final decisions in lieu of an executive with orders. What's not to trust in this?

What is really said by genetic discourse, and it's easier to follow, is that it's certain genes who reproduce and have families whose descendants travel over time through big bodies which can only travel across space. It's no cluster fuck, it's just a relay race by little bits of property. For identification purposes, these genes have to be theoretically extracted from all their cousins who might happen to, as well, have siblings not just in chimp bodies but mice and shrew-like creatures living back when dinosaurs were around. Like cholesterol, genes are indicted: certain proof is always guilt by association. It's not like proof of spirits established directly (that is, without arguing to judges or a consensus by committee) by lighting matches or in internal mediation by personally imbibing. The miracle is that the magic works at all, but that's the nature of a mystery, especially when it calls itself an exact science because it's learned to weld to anything a probability (as long as the electrodes are attached with the proper polarity). Who would dare to say they're hiding behind a cop-out blowing air?

In psychoanalytic terms, the infatuation for genetics and dna is a fetish or wish manifestation for a return to the womb, and not unlike the historic contemplation of a golden age, the last or future paradisiac situation. Few will consider it but the disgruntled or disenfranchised (or those with no encouragement) whose only opinion of the present age is nasty, brutish and short (or alternatively, all too frigging long) is necessary to such backward thinking or imaginary futuristic fantasy.

Fathers are said to love their sons only because they're fathers as if it's *a priori* or stands to reason: "Of course I love you; I'm your father!". It means that love is tied to the title which accompanies the name so doesn't need a proof extracted from some feelings and behaviour. It

means the definition of consanguineal love is just linguistic duty. The legal duty is established through genetic analysis (or a timely fucking) and is only satisfied with home and hearth or money. In the same way, since without the constraints of morality, affinal love can only be ensured not by sex as most assume (it wouldn't be timely), but with a legal contract such that the law can make it binding. Hence the common aphorism of desire: "Ah, to be young and in love" which indicates an epoch in which one didn't give a shit about political economics or the religious when contemplating relationships and then the dreamy go on to complain that the kids are innately just too young to get it or too lazy to get with it. But who but bigots would make the call for a genetical democracy? Well, there always seems to be a Bill Gates married to Monsanto.

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

Could it be that without an organ sensitive to time and private property, there'd be no susceptibility to sophistry? Until you drop it a handheld implement is easy to see, but where the hell's the bio-clock in Gray's Anatomy? Even a chicken who falls asleep just after sunset will repeat the act at noon when time is an illusion made by covering its head before the ice-pick's shoved right through it. In such cases, time is not just a contradiction, it's the light and dark of enlightened dis-illumination and some might say, like love, it's grounds for a retrogressive auto-contraception. But then recall, a gene is just an old expression in a world of possibility and time is just a bloated, immaterial incorporeality and before you know it, taken out from under your entirety.

Posted by IPLD at 3:12 PM No comments:



SATURDAY, MAY 18, 2013

## Silence - A Fable by Edgar Allan Poe, (1837)

*'Eudosin d'orheon korhuphai te kai pharhaggēs'  
'Prhones te kai charhadrhai.'*

*The mountain pinnacles slumber; valleys, crags and caves are silent.  
— Alcman, (60 (10), 646.)*

"LISTEN to me," said the Demon as he placed his hand upon my head. "The region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the river Zaire. And there is no quiet there, nor silence.

"The waters of the river have a saffron and sickly hue; and they flow not onwards to the sea, but palpitate forever and forever beneath the red eye of the sun with a tumultuous and convulsive motion. For many miles on either side of the river's oozy bed is a pale desert of gigantic water-lilies. They sigh one unto the other in that solitude, and stretch towards the heaven their long and ghastly necks, and nod to and fro their everlasting heads. And there is an indistinct murmur which cometh out from among them like the rushing of subterrene water. And they sigh one unto the other.

"But there is a boundary to their realm – the boundary of the dark, horrible, lofty forest. There, like the waves about the Hebrides, the low underwood is agitated continually. But there is no wind throughout the heaven. And the tall primeval trees rock eternally hither and thither with a crashing and mighty sound. And from their high summits, one by one, drop everlasting dews. And at the roots strange poisonous flowers lie writhing in perturbed slumber. And overhead, with a rustling and loud noise, the gray clouds rush westwardly forever, until they roll, a cataract, over the fiery wall of the horizon. But there is no wind throughout the heaven. And by the shores of the river Zaire there is neither quiet nor silence.

"It was night, and the rain fell; and falling, it was rain, but, having fallen, it was blood. And I stood in the morass among the tall and the rain fell upon my head – and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation.

"And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in color. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray, and ghastly, and tall, – and the rock was gray. Upon its front were characters engraven in the stone; and I walked through the morass of water-lilies, until I came close unto the shore, that I might read the characters upon the stone. But I could not decypher them. And I was going back into the morass, when the moon shone with a fuller red, and I turned and looked again upon the rock, and upon the characters; – and the characters were DESOLATION.

"And I looked upwards, and there stood a man upon the summit of the rock; and I hid myself among the water-lilies that I might discover the actions of the man. And the man was tall and

stately in form, and was wrapped up from his shoulders to his feet in the toga of old Rome. And the outlines of his figure were indistinct – but his features were the features of a deity; for the mantle of the night, and of the mist, and of the moon, and of the dew, had left uncovered the features of his face. And his brow was lofty with thought, and his eye wild with care; and, in the few furrows upon his cheek I read the fables of sorrow, and weariness, and disgust with mankind, and a longing after solitude.

"And the man sat upon the rock, and leaned his head upon his hand, and looked out upon the desolation. He looked down into the low unquiet shrubbery, and up into the tall primeval trees, and up higher at the rustling heaven, and into the crimson moon. And I lay close within shelter of the lilies, and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude; – but the night waned, and he sat upon the rock.

"And the man turned his attention from the heaven, and looked out upon the dreary river Zaire, and upon the yellow ghastly waters, and upon the pale legions of the water-lilies. And the man listened to the sighs of the water-lilies, and to the murmur that came up from among them. And I lay close within my covert and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude; – but the night waned and he sat upon the rock.

"Then I went down into the recesses of the morass, and waded afar in among the wilderness of the lilies, and called unto the hippopotami which dwelt among the fens in the recesses of the morass. And the hippopotami heard my call, and came, with the behemoth, unto the foot of the rock, and roared loudly and fearfully beneath the moon. And I lay close within my covert and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude; – but the night waned and he sat upon the rock.

"Then I cursed the elements with the curse of tumult; and a frightful tempest gathered in the heaven where, before, there had been no wind. And the heaven became livid with the violence of the tempest – and the rain beat upon the head of the man – and the floods of the river came down – and the river was tormented into foam – and the water-lilies shrieked within their beds – and the forest crumbled before the wind – and the thunder rolled – and the lightning fell – and the rock rocked to its foundation. And I lay close within my covert and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude; – but the night waned and he sat upon the rock.

"Then I grew angry and cursed, with the curse of silence, the river, and the lilies, and the wind, and the forest, and the heaven, and the thunder, and the sighs of the water-lilies. And they became accursed, and were still. And the moon ceased to totter up its pathway to heaven – and the thunder died away – and the lightning did not flash – and the clouds hung motionless – and the waters sunk to their level and remained – and the trees ceased to rock – and the water-lilies sighed no more – and the murmur was heard no longer from among them, nor any shadow of sound throughout the vast illimitable desert. And I looked upon the characters of the rock, and they were changed; – and the characters were SILENCE.

"And mine eyes fell upon the countenance of the man, and his countenance was wan with terror. And, hurriedly, he raised his head from his hand, and stood forth upon the rock and listened. But there was no voice throughout the vast illimitable desert, and the characters upon the rock were SILENCE. And the man shuddered, and turned his face away, and fled afar off, in haste, so that I beheld him no more."

Now there are fine tales in the volumes of the Magi – in the iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi. Therein, I say, are glorious histories of the Heaven, and of the Earth, and of the mighty sea – and of the Genii that over-ruled the sea, and the earth, and the lofty heaven. There was much lore too in the sayings which were said by the Sybils; and holy, holy things were heard of old by the dim leaves that trembled around Dodona – but, as Allah liveth, that fable which the Demon told me as he sat by my side in the shadow of the tomb, I hold to be the most wonderful of all! And as the Demon made an end of his story, he fell back within the cavity of the tomb and laughed. And I could not laugh with the Demon, and he cursed me because I could not laugh. And the lynx which dwelleth forever in the tomb, came out therefrom, and lay down at the feet of the Demon, and looked at him steadily in the face.

THE END

Posted by IPLD at 1:55 AM No comments:



SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 2013

## GRACE & CONTROL IN RITUAL PERFORMANCE "a gesture narrowly divides us from chaos"

In formal dance, that is, in observing it, since it is not a movement which I myself engage, grace only gives off a whiff of calculation and control. Control is an illusion cast forth like the reflection of a gleaming habit, something which is so well practiced, it is subliminal, unconscious, spontaneous, automatic. It's not unlike informal dance when such applies to music which, in this case, dances you. Sometimes a put-on like a priestly fabric, it may be that sublimity is more the experience of the observer than the performer, but that's beside the point. In the theatre of Artaud, the distinction between performer and audience is the starring absence, a magic disappearing act, the practice in extricating demons in broad daylight. Danced correctly, which is to say, "in fashion", there's no room left on the stage, even for a lonely hyphen.

Control that's not just trusting your own muscular and metabolic memories is never letting loose; all can see it's awkward, putting nothing down to chance or what's between the frames which gives two gestures continuity, the illusion that's reality – a movement rather than sequential stoppages –

self-control prevents recovery and health – it makes for awkward blockages. The "C" words might be re-cured with "comfort", "expertise", "well-seasoned", since nothing has been sacrificed except perhaps our reason. Recalling the identity of myth and mirth or muthos as a speech which tastes like mother's milk (especially if you're starving), the indifference between order and disorder in magic time only represents a hyphenated state where duality is the grandest of illusions but most dangerous and tricky to perform. Order and chaos are both irreverent, impious, irrelevant.

As with guitar lessons, control lives in past tenses, in tension, attending to avoid practicing one's mistakes, that is, the repetition of the pre-mature or unintended. A mindfulness without intellectual interference, calculation only reflects the absence of speed which thereafter increases in acceleration such that both observer and performer miss the dance of fingers like it was a lost bead in a shell game. The difference between a bad actor and a good one is that the former merely uses tricks to persuade you something's real. On the other hand, we see a complete metamorphosis akin to any metempsychosis. One can judge the reality of a performance by randomly hitting the pause button – observe the freeze-framed expression on the face: Is it awkward looking or appropriate to the surrounding situation, to the stage? Imbuing life, the mask and costume may be essential to the transformation, assuming it's not just one's belief constructing reality if it's played with feeling.

There's the same sense of astonishment witnessed by the less than skeptical entranced at the magic show. There may be glandular secretions. Grace is the present awareness of everything going on subliminally such that one may at will change direction without stumbling, whether we're on the topic of fingers, feet or flapping tongues. That is adaptation, where freedom comes to bodies when the brain is left on hold, but not rendered unconscious. We've been told that that is also Zen, when things just seem to come together, and then they come again, when "hurling everything to chaos" feels like pleasure, not upchucking variegated, nauseated sin.

With all the words ending in -(t)ion like in commotion or rendition, the effect comes across as natural. Imagine two dancers meeting in chance encounter in the fashion of an Epicurean particle-collision. If an explosive bounce does not ensue, it's intentional repetition is called a choreography (in square-dancing, "the call") which makes it reproducible and therefore, stylized. Remember that in Dada, only from such epic, or should I say heroic collisions and heroine addictions emerge new forms. In ballet, we'd imagine a leap or bound from the stage, but that's just an after-thought confused with the allusion to offspring – that one leaps for joy is a natural interpretation, but broadly speaking means the sign has metamorphosed back into symbol, like it was any offering. This is merely an expropriation if it is understood or given that dogma and religion were first to take the symbols and make them into signs, that is attached an appropriated meaning; appropriate thus means that truth is only found in representation; it starts out as a bait-and-switch manipulation, like to live is merely not to die; that is, it was, put forth for someone else's ends, a great big fat oversimplification, that is, a lie; not unressembling Alfred Jarry's puppet, *Ubu Roy*.

Without grammatical dissections or incision, Mr. Grey Matter is clearly capable of intuitive precision. Neither is dance and music much different from speech when one is aware of each utterance expressed almost spontaneously but perceiving semantic associations as if they were body movements, and then we see that they literally are from the reverberating vocal strings (a general strike and then again, a harp or xylophone) to the accompanying beat of one or more ear drums: "as if from an immense dripping forest, and in the equally sonorous interlacing of movements" we have the sighting of a symphony setting fire to the stage. Without hypocrisy are sounds like words and deeds with good intentions, divining distant other stages on which that tune's been heard. And sometimes it's a parody, for laughs or criticisms. I'm sure that Torquemada thought he was only helping Antonin Artaud with thirty seven electrocutions. Like all the roads to Dante's hell were paved with good intentions, only searching for some gold or justice' dispensation – some would rather call it "reason".

Think you not? The unconsciously expressed "thank you" is instantly answered with a well-practiced "you're welcome", but what is that? Awareness and unconscious (instant) word-play present the missing meaning as an action scenario: "you've come well" in answer to good thoughts put forth, as if we've all forgot the present since thanksgiving's not just eating but as well, for givenness. In many worlds "no thanks" as the refusal of a gift would be considered rude, that is, ungraceful. Faced with such unthinking might elicit a response or counter-move – "Them thar is fightin' words, dude!" Oh, such nihilistical ingratitude!

The climax of this spinning dance is vertigo, like dining on L-tryptophan or tripping at a fan dance. Reversability of the greeting, like a chicken and egg argument, sets up an equivalence between a visit and a gift. It's no exchange, they're dancing together – the host says "bienvenida, welcome, it's a mess", the visitor's "gracias, no es nada" is not confused with "asshole, thanks for nothing" but the rendering, "good thinking, gracious one but this is nothing" means a mess is in the eye of a beholder or just inconsequential.

Ain't it always something? Grace only ever works when gifts are both free and well intended. Forces of control are never, well, invited. Thanks is just the second person, past participle [from Latin *particeps* "a sharing" (see participate)] and durative sense of thinking, all from the PIE (as simple as archaic european) root \*tong- "to think or feel." Thinking of a German Thing ("assembly"), it's not too hard to see a Chinese Tong a'coming into view. Or whatever grabs you like ice cubes or a hot potato. Coming is a synonym for entrancing, but really, who'd a' think-thank thank it? We were on the topic of fish-bowl mutuality or some dancing on a stage while juggling dynamite – it's all the rage. That is, a theatre with no room for economic sentimentalisms like one-upmanship or give-and-take – a dance that's once and for all, done with judgments and with leaders.

## Linguistics & Construction-Work

"The fact of the matter is that the 'real world' is to a large extent unconsciously built up on the language habits of the group . . . We see and hear and otherwise experience very largely as we do because the language habits of our community predispose certain choices of interpretation."

– Edward Sapir, 1925

But let's not get too discouraged here, since in any single language

(if there even is such a thing, considering that languaging grows beyond the lifetimes of speakers, mixes or transforms until all the mouths are closed or there's a universal outbreak of aphasia or dysplasia or any massive cue progressing toward a collective graveyard. Are there artifacts, like is there print if no one reads it? If no one's left to hear, is there a-muse still talking? Like would a six foot rabbit hear some fuzzy voices or some wily critter howling at the moon?),

an infinite number of utterances might be made, any reality might be postulated along any number of dimensions

(that word has yet to be adequately defined, but in this case, it probably refers in some way to largeness in a number of shifty critters called criteria pacing along besides length and breadth and depth),

their reversals, inversions, tensions and ruptures or any combination there-of without necessarily losing your place since, while invisible to the rational mind or gray matter, they're clear to shifting organs of sensation. In this sense the brain's a thing only as their meeting place. An event occurs in-between them.

Most importantly, without the ambiguity of metaphor and other language tricks, there'd be nothing to say, at least nothing of interest except perhaps to obsessed mathematicians, as long as possibility is preferred over the prevailing disappointment of failing prediction beyond counting fingers on a hand but before the angels start dancing on a pin. Lest we forget, Sapir & Whorf were talking about linguistified reality as mimicked sets of habits whose place is called by geographers "the habitat". That habit, if you have it, means style, vogue or what's in fashion, not just vapors shooting up from under your foot or others up your nose. Sometimes it's just a dangerous addiction. But who correctly posits any universal style hiding somewhere underneath your clothes except the fashion-police running in the shadow of Mr. Jones? Should your reality be any different? Not just guests or ghosts, our own errors may be the worst which come to haunt us. Back in Myth-time anything was possible and most importantly, folks can communicate with other others just the same as they seem to do with each other. It's not quite a Dr. Do little thing, but that may be a good start, never the less, it may involve some chewing and regurgitation, another word for shape-shifting.

"There'd be no work for tinkers' hands. We have another life. It shadows the life we actually lead. We occasionally become aware of it, particularly in those moments where we step outside of what it is that we are, and reflect upon, for better or worse, how it might have been. We are presented with, in that moment where we have become exactly whatever it is that we are, another who is not us, but who also is. This other us is a type of intimate personage, a subset of our self. The life we have not lived is always, at the very least, conceivable and therefore, remains subject to us. Or anyway, we are attached to it somehow – it seems to haunt significant crossroads and drags us back there. To shake ourselves free from the melancholy hold of this shadow, we consider the innumerable variables of existence, and multiply all the other others we also might have been. By means of conjuring up the possibility of other lives we also did not live, we relativise the significance of the life we actually failed to bring into the world. But these other others are categorically distinct from our intimate stranger – they are merely the lives that we have not not lived. We are never presented, in moments of regret or celebration, with the roads that are not not taken. These possible computations of existence have no substance for us, they are like the fantasies of others, wholly un compelling; their improbable coilings and writhings permanently accompany our every moment without our ever giving them the least attention. They do not ever achieve the compelling and haunting form of our other self, that spectre who fixes us to who we actually are."

– thetheologicalturn

Just like the difference between "public opinion" and "the rise of neo-nazi sentiment reflected at the poles" as well as in quasi-journalistic peanut galleries or reality tv, the after-image may reflect that only Wilhelm Reich's fascists are left to do the voting, deprived as they are of love but never sex and gender. Quantification is meaningless outside of any surveilled sample. What is not observed might just as well have been excluded, and this is no argument for universal suffrage unless one over-wishes to extend the suffering. Nazis have always been big fans of democracy, as long as they remain the fittest, and not in any numerical sense, another misconfusion of quantity and quality inheritant in all darwinian analyses, should only flukes survive which more accurately reflects that survival of survivors is in dialectical opposition only to the worms of decomposition.

Through the lens of extended environmental conspiracies, we see from a height (a sort of superstition) the worms are us as well (or as well-connected to the ground a' wiggling), and fascist pigs are only "living" inside the telescopic spyglass but have no vision of their own, hence no imagination, hence are most alone without a doppelganger or even shadow and if well-deserved of pity, they couldn't accept that gift as there's nothing in them to be resonated like a guitar string by

a flat pick or shovel to the head – perhaps the only creatures in the verse born dead or shortly there-after sung in post-pleistocenic time scales. Only worms and earthly microbes are for giving, which is why when pigs are pumped with formaldehyde and wearing their protection, they keep on coming even after we inter them. No good can come preserving mummies except to fuel steam-powered ships or future loco motives. Such is the problem of historical interpretation: it must proceed backwards, to a point disqualifying as inadmissible the possibility of other others. Mythic discourse is not weighed down by relegated absences of monsters or material effects (like glandular secretions) from ethereal forces (like remorse or anticipation).

Exclusion, that is, disqualification only ensures that language remains one-sided and therefore, in stasis, that is to say, stagnant but without the entendre of living organisms superflurishing in a swamp. We're talking frozen solid like an iceberg or rock. Otherwise the invalid can only limp along with a persuasive crutch. The only discourse is its own, a monologue when even floppy ears are not included. Extracted from their context like a corn-cob from Illinois, even they are not immortal. Like lies, Pharaohs burn hot when subjected to a flame which shares the essences of fire. The transparent substance of a truth is likely leaky, but everyone has seen a liar.

Besides the confusion of criteria with "class" in the construction of categories (most of which, like brackets, are not but artificial or political means for boxing within boxes) there's the same amnesiac condition antagonistically prevailing. To wit: for human sorts at least not swimming in the sea in schools of parrots, there's no social anything without a bit of languaging. If one can't see its own reflection, could we ever even sense there is another in the world, even as a possibility? What chance then have other words or worlds existing, without coinciting a reality or kindle its untwisting? It may not be the language after all producing cosmic order, but it's arrogant rules of grammar which insist that, despiting eyes and nose and ears and toes, meaning or semantic system is more synonymous with the thing which makes most sense than any tongue or organ.

– *the myth-time and the timely myth*

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