

Institute for the Promotion of Learning Disorder

ICONOCLAST, n. A breaker of idols, the worshipers whereof are imperfectly gratified by the performance, and most strenuously protest that he unbuildeth but doth not reedify, that he pulleth down but pileth not up. For the poor things would have other idols in place of those he thwacketh upon the mazzard and dispelleth. But the iconoclast saith: "Ye shall have none at all, for ye need them not; and if the rebuilder fooleth round hereabout, behold I will depress the head of him and sit thereon till he squawk it."

-- Ambrose Bierce

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 2011

A Proof for Dada's Ragnarok: Vacant truth.

Breaking News! WS Occupiers discover the homeless, whose own occupations of public spaces preceded them! Convergence unlikely due to didactic disparity & the superstitious tenets of self-evident tenants who miss entirely that increasingly, some paedagogs are as well evictees.

However so, 'better-than-thou' itself may soon be on the list of endangered species, this being a matter of natural culling and not culturally concurred selection. While Lamarck would accommodate a change of mind in a single generation (paedogogy outside of institutional apparati), for Darwinian selection to apply, the better-thans would need oft themselves, or fail to attract a mate to reproduce any sort of state. And baby jesus (or was it paul?) said "The decrepid poor (and women and children) will always be with us, so need not be considered, (insipid) in your cristianly dutiful quests and inquisitions: acquisition of unquestioned property and gold pavements lined with good points all correctly collected like spears in formation". This Apollonian swill well-justifies action afore thinking (a central praxis of any axis), eliminating ideation but not ideologs (the difference between thinking and its stoppage, we call thoughts).

We can now see the poor are made by warfaring aristo- (or is it poly-)crats and not nature's creation after all. The push and shove for mobility illuminates the absurdity of all standing positions: only gods think they're immortal, all else immoral. Only god's lack the capacity to think things through, opacity in forecasting their own doom in the mirrors of dead enemies. Hence god's must travel with abundant, wraithful wrath to cover their own incontinence. A laural wreath is just a halo providing the illusion that their wars are always between good and an evil.

"The "concordance" system arose in the post-war period and was originally designed to incorporate all parties in government, so as not to exclude any part of society. It originated as a typical form of "social partnership" at the end of World War II, [as long as the socialists divested of Marx for to appease surviving nazis, amalgamated pharmaceuticals and their petrolated referees] to defuse the revolutionary struggles of the working class and to integrate the reformists into the system"

-- wsws

So like and for the maintenance of any war, the direction of democracy calls for unity. Where there is post-fractious unification, as we see occuring in, for example, Switzerland, that is, the forgiveness of past factitious antagonisms through the formation of a coalition government, such which (and after), that part of democracy generally considered having to do with choice and voting (the enumeration of the probability of a hypothetically consensual concordic) disguised as negotiated settlement (another occupation of sorts) disappears in a pestilence of agreeability and justifiable logic making way for an extrajudicial offing, oft by secret committee. No conspiracy, they just don't like to talk about it lest insurgents come to oust the "occupiers" -- a strange name in itself for a resistance, yet "decolonisers" have been voted out as historically constrained and politically inconvenient.

But back to the topic at hand. Like 'all hands to battle stations', Rousseau's social contract, or achieved total consensus actually removes the possibility of choice altogether: you take what is collectively given, and no more, without complaint nor any discord -- democracy is supposed to be an unscripted cadre of volunteers working to better humanity (for better or worse, by hook or by crook). A provisional government is only a phrase, or is it a phase, transitional to the establishment of enforcement capabilities, and that is a total controlled situation, nothing provisional about it. Voting can return only in the choicest of punishments per citizens' preference -- like guilotine or noose, you choose. It is a marriage. The argument is this: Were ever our civil choices any more than the exercise of illusions?

PARABLE OF GOVERNMENT (STILL THE SAME AFTER 3,000 YEARS)

And now when five days were gone, and the hubbub had settled down, the (seven) conspirators met together to consult about the situation of affairs. At this meeting speeches were made, to which many of the Greeks give no credence, but they were made nevertheless. Otanes recommended that the management of public affairs should be entrusted to the whole nation. "To me," he said, "it seems advisable, that we should no longer have a single man to rule over us--the rule of one is neither good nor pleasant. Ye cannot have forgotten to what lengths Cambyzes went in his haughty tyranny, and the haughtiness of the Magi [wise bureaucrats] ye have yourselves experienced. How indeed is it possible that monarchy should be a well-adjusted thing,

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In the interest of the abolition of domination, we've decided to let the domain, fendersen.com, expire. It was never 'necessary' after the site became established on the server. If we understood in the beginning that the domain is merely a rental contract on one's own good name, we'd have found a way to squat somewhere in the first place, thereby avoiding the eviction for failure to pay rent. If you are still interested in browsing the library, [here is the key](#) to the back door.

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when it allows a man to do as he likes without being answerable? Such licence is enough to stir strange and unwonted thoughts in the heart of the worthiest of men. Give a person this power, and straightway his manifold good things puff him up with pride, while envy is so natural to human kind that it cannot but arise in him. But pride and envy together include all wickedness—both of them leading on to deeds of savage violence. True it is that kings, possessing as they do all that heart can desire, ought to be void of envy; but the contrary is seen in their conduct towards the citizens. They are jealous of the most virtuous among their subjects, and wish their death; while they take delight in the meanest and basest, being ever ready to listen to the tales of slanderers. A king, besides, is beyond all other men inconsistent with himself. Pay him court in moderation, and he is angry because you do not show him more profound respect—show him profound respect, and he is offended again, because (as he says) you fawn on him. But the worst of all is, that he sets aside the laws of the land, puts men to death without trial, and subjects women to violence. The rule of the many, on the other hand, has, in the first place, the fairest of names, to wit, isonomy; and further it is free from all those outrages which a king is wont to commit. There, places are given by lot, the magistrate is answerable for what he does, and measures rest with the commonalty. I vote, therefore, that we do away with monarchy, and raise the people to power. For the people are all in all."

Such were the sentiments of Otanes. Megabyzus spoke next, and advised the setting up of an oligarchy:—"In all that Otanes has said to persuade you to put down monarchy," he observed, "I fully concur; but his recommendation that we should call the people to power seems to me not the best advice. For there is nothing so void of understanding, nothing so full of wantonness, as the unwieldy rabble. It were folly not to be borne, for men, while seeking to escape the wantonness of a tyrant, to give themselves up to the wantonness of a rude unbridled mob. The tyrant, in all his doings, at least knows what is he about, but a mob is altogether devoid of knowledge; for how should there be any knowledge in a rabble, untaught, and with no natural sense of what is right and fit? It rushes wildly into state affairs with all the fury of a stream swollen in the winter, and confuses everything. Let the enemies of the Persians be ruled by democracies; but let us choose out from the citizens a certain number of the worthiest, and put the government into their hands. For thus both we ourselves shall be among the governors, and power being entrusted to the best men, it is likely that the best counsels will prevail in the state."

This was the advice which Megabyzus gave, and after him Darius came forward, and spoke as follows:—"All that Megabyzus said against democracy was well said, I think; but about oligarchy he did not speak advisedly; for take these three forms of government—democracy, oligarchy, and monarchy—and let them each be at their best, I maintain that monarchy far surpasses the other two. What government can possibly be better than that of the very best man in the whole state? The counsels of such a man are like himself, and so he governs the mass of the people to their heart's content; while at the same time his measures against evil-doers are kept more secret than in other states. Contrariwise, in oligarchies, where men vie with each other in the service of the commonwealth, fierce enmities are apt to arise between man and man, each wishing to be leader, and to carry his own measures; whence violent quarrels come, which lead to open strife, often ending in bloodshed. Then monarchy is sure to follow; and this too shows how far that rule surpasses all others. Again, in a democracy, it is impossible but that there will be malpractices: these malpractices, however, do not lead to enmities, but to close friendships, which are formed among those engaged in them, who must hold well together to carry on their villainies. And so things go on until a man stands forth as champion of the commonalty, and puts down the evil-doers. Straightway the author of so great a service is admired by all, and from being admired soon comes to be appointed king; so that here too it is plain that monarchy is the best government. Lastly, to sum up all in a word, whence, I ask, was it that we got the freedom which we enjoy?—did democracy give it us, or oligarchy, or a monarch? As a single man recovered our freedom for us, my sentence is that we keep to the rule of one. Even apart from this, we ought not to change the laws of our forefathers when they work fairly; for to do so is not well."

Such were the three opinions brought forward at this meeting; the four other Persians voted in favour of the last. Otanes, who wished to give his countrymen a democracy, when he found the decision against him, arose a second time, and spoke thus before the assembly:—"Brother conspirators, it is plain that the king who is to be chosen will be one of ourselves, whether we make the choice by casting lots for the prize, or by letting the people decide which of us they will have to rule over them, in or any other way. Now, as I have neither a mind to rule nor to be ruled, I shall not enter the lists with you in this matter. I withdraw, however, on one condition—none of you shall claim to exercise rule over me or my seed for ever." The six agreed to these terms, and Otanes withdrew and stood aloof from the contest. And still to this day the family of Otanes continues to be the only free family in Persia; those who belong to it submit to the rule of the king only so far as they themselves choose; they are bound, however, to observe the laws of the land like the other Persians.

After this the six took counsel together, as to the fairest way of setting up a king: and first, with respect to Otanes, they resolved, that if any of

their own number got the kingdom, Otanes and his seed after him should receive year by year, as a mark of special honour, a Median robe, and all such other gifts as are accounted the most honourable in Persia. And these they resolved to give him, because he was the man who first planned the outbreak, and who brought the seven together. These privileges, therefore, were assigned specially to Otanes. The following were made common to them all:—It was to be free to each, whenever he pleased, to enter the palace unannounced, unless the king were in the company of one of his wives; and the king was to be bound to marry into no family excepting those of the conspirators. Concerning the appointment of a king, the resolve to which they came was the following:—They would ride out together next morning into the skirts of the city, and he whose steed first neighed after the sun was up should have the kingdom.

Now Darius had a groom, a sharp-witted knave, called Oebares. After the meeting had broken up, Darius sent for him, and said, "Oebares, this is the way in which the king is to be chosen—we are to mount our horses, and the man whose horse first neighs after the sun is up is to have the kingdom. If then you have any cleverness, contrive a plan whereby the prize may fall to us, and not go to another." "Truly, master," Oebares answered, "if it depends on this whether thou shalt be king or no, set thine heart at ease, and fear nothing: I have a charm which is sure not to fail." "If thou hast really aught of the kind," said Darius, "hasten to get it ready. The matter does not brook delay, for the trial is to be to-morrow." So Oebares when he heard that, did as follows:—When night came, he took one of the mares, the chief favourite of the horse which Darius rode, and tethering it in the suburb, brought his master's horse to the place; then, after leading him round and round the mare several times, nearer and nearer at each circuit, he ended by letting them come together.

And now, when the morning broke, the six Persians, according to agreement, met together on horseback, and rode out to the suburb. As they went along they neared the spot where the mare was tethered the night before, whereupon the horse of Darius sprang forward and neighed, just at the same time, though the sky was clear and bright, there was a flash of lightning, followed by a thunderclap. It seemed as if the heavens conspired with Darius, and hereby inaugurated him king: so the five other nobles leaped with one accord from their steeds, and bowed down before him and owned him for their king. [...] Thus was Darius, son of Hystaspes, appointed king.

— Herodotus

— see also [The Tipping Point](#), [Critical Mass](#) & [The Avant Garde](#)

WHY THEN, ANY GOVERNMENT WHEN...

Brothers strike brothers and both shall fall,
Sisters' sons, their kin will defile,
Ages of axes and swords, shields are riven,
A wind-age, a wolf-age till the world's in ruin.
Evil and ages of whoredom are earthly,
No one to another shall show any mercy.

— Voluspa

Isn't it about time "Thor [the smith who becomes a war god] kills Jörmungandr [the great under-worm who lives off the dead and nibbles on the roots of the life tree], yet is poisoned by the serpent, and manages to walk nine steps before falling to the earth dead. Fenrir swallows Odin, killing Odin, though immediately afterward Odin's son Víðarr kicks his foot into Fenrir's lower jaw, grips Fenrir's upper jaw, and rips apart Fenrir's mouth, killing Fenrir. Loki fights Heimdallr, and the two kill one another. Surtr covers the earth in fire, causing the entire world to burn." (— wiki). Or maybe we can persuade the do-gooding gods to leave us be or leap from their clouds? We like the ground ... is that so unsound? Do what thou wilt, yes, but be mindful of your not inconsiderable consequents: The Ragnarok has happened before, and will without doubt be soon to recur.

Whatever gods you worship, you realize that they are your gods, the product of your own mind, terrible or amiable, as you may choose to depict them. You hold them in your hand, and play with them, as a child with its paper dolls; for you have learned not to fear them, that they are but the "imagination of your heart."

All the ideals which people generally think are realities, you have learned to see through; you have learned that they are your ideals. Whether you have originated them, which is unlikely, or have accepted somebody else's ideals, makes no difference. They are your ideals just so far as you accept them. The priest is reverend only so far as you reverence him. If you cease to reverence him, he is no longer reverend for you. You have power to make and unmake priests as easily as you can make and unmake gods. You are the one of whom the poet tells, who stands unmoved, though the universe falls in fragments about you.

— John Beverley Robinson

After a time of decay comes the turning point. The robust life that has been banished returns. There is movement, but it is not brought about by force... The movement is natural, arising spontaneously. For this reason the transformation of the old becomes easy. The old is discarded and the new is introduced. Both measures accord with the time; therefore no harm results.

— I Ching

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 aesthetic
Is 'just', as mediocritick
Alone, another blanken'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

An oath's but promise to the futures,
(not curse nor spell – they're only wagers).
But Troth relinquish't all around,
as to relig'n on any ground,
for magick tricks win all hands down.

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

– More

Posted by IPLD at 2:17 PM 0 comments



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 2011

Little Evi gives the Boss an Apple – or – the more things change, the more they stay the same

"Who mothered James Joyce? Beyond a doubt it was Lewis Carrol despite the dissimilitudes between Alice and young Künstler Dedalus who must never learn to fly."

– John 'Swiftly' Heusamen

Of course, and just like x-mass presents, most punishments handed out to juvenile offenders exhibit little protective concern with biting snakes or other environmental dangers, but on the contrary, are distributed for bringing harmless bits of it, the outside, inside, tracking all over the house just like melted crayons on a dirt floor end up writing on the wall. There are also the more material matters of oral experimentation with bugs in rugs, spitting up pottage in the cottage or vocalising famine or the discomfortures of excrement, confined in their britches designed to hold more before leakage – like speaking out of turn, disrespect for schedules (not to mention elders and their conveniently fragile properties: begotten and forgotten goods not immune to breakage) – wandering attention, curious distraction, acquiring tastes, trying to make some sense of it. Were it not for the subtly forged interment of morality into budding bodies (guilting themselves for that very internalisation), it would seem their sanctions are truly random. Then we hear again from the considerate factions:

'but we are only providing necessary tools for coping in a cruel world'

...where allowance is always contingent upon one's performance of chores or others' expectations, not excluding sycophantic, but hypoactive parroting after primary minions of the principals of education, never good enough, peeling away onion skins till ought is left inside, not even a mouse nor her opinion. No dirty rat with stealth and guile, a bird by any other name should ask politely for crackers, remembering always that government is just a kindly father (or a pack) armed with the latest in pesticidal protection (safeguarding Roy from rexicide) and never merely a racket.

Posted by IPLD at 5:58 PM 0 comments



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 2011

Folk etymology kindly finds relations for orphaned words: geneological 'truth' is played down to the ascending hospitality of genies.

One difference between the kind of anarchist groups I like and the classic Marxist group, for instance, is that we don't start by defining reality – our points of unity are not our analyses of the situation, but rather what we want to do, the action we want to take, and how we go about it. Plus you have to give one another the benefit of the doubt. One of the principles of the consensus process is that you can't challenge anyone on their motives; you have to assume that everyone is being honest and has good intentions. Not because you necessarily think it's true, but as an extension of what might be considered the fundamental anarchist insight:

if you treat people like children they will tend to act like children.
If you treat them like adults, there's at least some chance they
will act responsibly.

Ironically, I found this habit of generosity, this giving people the benefit
of the doubt, was the exact opposite of the way I was taught to argue
as a scholar.

– David Graeber

Well, young master Graeber, it becomes more clearly while certain youthful bs-
detectors flash red and blue crossing lines when you speak of consensual
decromancy, err, democnocracy, decrymentics, whatever. (Many rather prefer
anthelmintics). It would almost seem like you have no great fondness for children
(except perhaps, those who behave like adults never do – but think ought: backs
straight, hands on lap, an attentive stare well avoiding the window, sill and clock
beaming bleached teeth like a synchronised swimmer).

Have you not noticed that "adult" and "civilised" and "responsible" (surely, an allusion
to debt!) have nearly always been spun interchangeably, particularly by well-
intensioned, that is, seriously tightened authorities like screws who know best our
needs and are here to proclaim and then provide them, or their outspoken delegates
casting forth persuasive serial lines to grab hold, mouth-to-mouth, for our own
salvation and hegemony in the perfect image of post-pubescent facial growths ready
to plop all over the mirror with a symetrically ascending twist? Or that adult
committees and their forward clamations, invocations and otherwise blinding
promissory oaths are most typically themselves irresponsible, argumentative, self-
imposing and in fact, hypopostumously contradictory crates providing valid dictionian
models to be built but never practiced? Could it be that the kind of anarchist groups
you really like are in fact not adultish at all?

My suggestion for a correction would follow thus:

if you give treats to people like children, they will tend to act as children
do, following your every move until distracted by a bug or two, then
remember fondly when sharing new-found gifts with friends who may
later seek you out for no predictable agenda or foul motive beyond a
shy but generous greeting or presentation of a frog or shiny marble
before running off. If treat them like adults you do or as adults do you,
there's at least some chance they will act justly, responsibly or
reciprocally, taking what else you'd be carrying before returning abash
on your pate, with interest, or selling it "cut-rate" to accomplices for the
win.

Do such responsible adults actually frolic in their partisan ensembles? Who else
could play with boxed assemblies but the young or impish-minded having ripped apart
the packaging for a brief sparkle of joy, or secret glimpse of adrenalin shot therein,
hoping their own constraint won't follow soon but are too imbued with moments to
keep quiet and still? Would I, for instance, be welcomely categorised, that is, invited
down at the forum feast for a peaceful uprising or refereed to a flaming dumbster for
wongspeak?

honestly,
– Peter Pan

Dr. Filth, he keeps his world inside of a leather cup. But all his sexless
patients, they're trying to blow it up. Now his nurse, some local loser,
she's in charge of the cyanide hole, and she also keeps the cards that
read "Have Mercy on His Soul". They all play on penny whistles. You
can hear them blow if you lean your head out far enough from Fremont
Avenue

Across the street they've nailed the curtains. They're getting ready for
the feast. The Phantom of the Opera in a perfect image of a priest.
They're spoonfeeding Casanova to get him to feel more assured. Then
they'll kill him with self-confidence after poisoning him with words and
the Phantom's shouting to skinny girls "Get outa here if you don't know
Casanova is just being punished for going to Fremont Avenue".

Now at midnight all the agents and the superhuman crew come out and
round up everyone that knows more than they do. Then they bring them
to the factory where the heart-attack machine is strapped across their
shoulders and then the kerosene is brought down from the castles by
insurance men who go check to see that nobody is escaping to
Fremont Avenue.

Praise be to Nero's Neptune, the Titanic sails at dawn and everybody's
shouting "Which Side Are You On?" And Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot,
fighting in the captain's tower while calypso singers laugh at them and
fishermen hold flowers between the windows of the sea where lovely
mermaids flew, and nobody has to think too much about Fremont
Avenue.

– Robert (bobby) Zimmerman, Seattle '71

Posted by IPLD at 1:21 AM 0 comments



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11, 2011

On The Immorality of Cannibalism

The intervention by chance is a random distribution so respects no
hierarchical arrangement; nor does it obey laws, being itself the motivator
(or kindred to a mother) of probability. It is called forth or cast out with
uncertainty, and navigated with aesthetic rudders, which is to say,

taste.

Coined by the dysphasic serial killer, Columbus, confusing local Indians with the descendants of those under the "subjugation" of Ghengis Kahn (thinking Columbus' own floating caravan had docked in Asia), and calling forth supporting evidence that their own term for "human", which is to say "themselves" sounded like "Karenina" (> "Caribbean"), not to mention a rhyme with Hannibal, "Cannibal" has stuck as the common word for man-eaters, joining up with tigers and women in the imperial British, patriarchal jargon by the 19th and early 20th centuries, always on analogy with Caliban and Prospero in proper Hegelian Shakespeares. Interesting that once he had found his bearings, and on further discovery that the natives weren't even human, he invited them to a barbeque to feed his hungry troops (some of whom may well have been Hungarian Huns or their descendants).

There is still some confusion whether -bal refers to the distribution or consumption of food, raw or cooked and in or out of a bowl or cauldron, so is a suitable synonym for phagous which also describes eating or sharing with gusto – even haggis. The ban is antimetabole, against turning abouts, carnivals, change-overs or merely loose change applied to meals, generalised dysphagia being fundamental to the growth of modern economies.

Less confusion is encountered on entering the kingdoms of plants, where both wild and domestic inhabitants are both anthropophagic (hence the abundance of lilies in cemeteries) and homophagic, consuming their own withered body parts, particularly their hand-like leaves quickly cooked in acidic soils, direct from the dirty floor beneath them. Were it not for the nurturing taste experienced by one and all, we might be tempted, getting at the root of things, to suggest auto-exploitation of the top by the bottom (or head by stem) and cry out "Cut out their hearts and eat them alive!", but we now know that they have none ... just over-rigid rudders & tight-assed tiller-men, inviting nothing, except perhaps tempestuous seas.

IMAGE OF A SNEEZE

boogers, scabs, toe-nails and budless neoplastic duds
are best excised with blunt blades or promontory thuds.

ƒ not swallowed outright,
the maximal obtuse angle's a flat-line
(like a squished nasal polyp billowing dandelion)
seeds everywhere clear, and clean out of sight:

"Sanity is the lot of those who are most obtuse [blunt, or with one internal angle greater than 90° or 75-99%], for lucidity destroys one's equilibrium: it is unhealthy to honestly endure the labors of the mind which incessantly contradict what they have just established."

– Georges Bataille

Posted by IPLD at 10:14 AM 0 comments



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 2011

Neoplasm is ambiguous

Unlike the oath, promise, swear or duty, the curse acknowledges that sometimes the magic doesn't work, whereon it's rendered wishful thinking – a proposition which cannot be made legally binding but is, never-the-less, only a contract with possibility. Sometimes the magic needs a little push or self-fulfilling prophecy.

A kindred curse for christians is "May you find truth in all your beliefs", should one wish to void heaven or set the globe on fire and grind stone before descending.

Anaplexy is an ascending twist like a slinky spring well before coming down the stairs, a figure skater leaping from a spin, the reverse image of the cataplexic fall or a wriggling miscarriage – a rigid slunk in the winter. A relaxed spring moves no pinballs toward their confusing, cataleptic destination in ticking points for the win.

The root, also glossed "plastic", used to refer to a malleable material – hence "pliable" – suitable for twisting or braiding, such as steamed wood or raw vine or strips of hemp-stem. Spun wool would also suffice, but not 1.) exceptionally well, which is too 2.) to say "rotten" for basketry or rattan furniture. The new twist or neoplasm rendered of plastic, while still organic due to its carbon base, is considered fakery in the arts, a rare (or quickly cooked) oil derivative made to resemble something naturally growing and readily collectable. All displays are now cancerous, being digitised in the microwave bandage.

Plainspeak (like rare meat or quickly cooked books) is the democratisation of language, imposed by neglect or favoured flavour for fashion (spartanly paid but never tartanly plaid), and chief anti-cancer drug. Plainspeak is a syringe like the grip of power to cure all lines of thinking from meandering off the mainline and into the blank space between the inkspots on the page, the territory of questionable associations and neoplastic growths away from the compliant followers of lines marching across the page like fascist blackshirts in an italian parade or their brown-shirted cousins to the north hypoventilating at a regemented rally. Too many words have the same destructive effect on mainstream acu(r)ity as a single neo-logism or lexical carcinogen. "Acalculia" is a medical condition where-in every stone is left unturned and differences are polished smooth to bring the appearance of a sterile background, after-which every spell-check identifies "aculeate" with "acolyte" ... No question about it, the short answer suffices for nothing but an abbreviated R.I.P. in the brainpan.

On the other hand and taken literally, thought is merely the past tense of think, a verb (in spite of the similarity to lispings sots sinking boats), putting thoughts in the same bag as recollection, hear-say and other ambiguous artifacts – inappropriate evidence

in any court of law or review by your peers. Association with a difference, especially a provisional one, is way out-of-line behavior. No bearing on originality, there are no facts in art to be dug up to impend your off-line case: live art is only a performance, the provision is what you eat. Depending stops clocks when the swinging pendulum is held tight or bearings roughed up.

Posted by IPLD at 12:33 PM 0 comments



TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 2011

The talk & the walk: outlaw, anarchist, punishment

The question has been posed such and so that it now nearly saturates the space-time continuum: "What is the factor or set of conditions most responsible for the persistently marching, generational reproduction of the political economy – its enduring invariance?" Beyond the renewing fetish for those famous last words, political & economy, jammed together or standing alone in the common lexicon, there seems a common practice seen throughout time regarding civilisation, at least the modern variety, and that is the delivery of punishment. It is well enough practiced as to appear biologically instinctive (in fact, most will argue to the point of blows that it is!)

I am not attempting a reductive argument as much as presenting a case for consideration. The addendum, "more-or-less" always seems to apply to our attempts at clear and precise calculations of responsibility. Odds-makers depend on it (the fudge factor of chance or the fuzzy logic of uncertainty) before any wager is placed. Chances are the world is too complex for any other sort of argumentative joke, even if infinite or accelerating complexity is thought the direction of chaos or just an order run amok and in need of some imposed simplification and slowdown, if not a kick in the ass so it will fly straight. It is the complexity of every situation which leads many to advise a lazy fair of doing nothing, as our agency has more-or-less run out of steam (or currency, or oil, not even to speak of breathable air). Well, a fair sounds like an enticing proposition, if it's free and not too borg.

And by punishment, I am not referring to violence per se, which is prevalent enough and quite appropriate on any ground as an altruistic as well as egoistic defense mechanism (should we choose to eliminate sacrifice from the equation – autonomous (unmotivated) violence, "just for the heck of it", appears to only rarely occur despite all the fashion-setting advertisements promoting it), but 'just' or juridical punishment required to maintain any prohibitive or proscriptive law. The common theory is that if not punished, more folks will 'do it' more often. This is not cutting-edge logic but the extension of a superstitious belief in innate untrustworthiness (which, oddly enough, never applies to one's self), and then we are advised: "Control yourself!", an impossible contradiction which would render all police to an extinct breed and end civilisation right there and then. Hence, everyday spectacle must be new and improved so we are all potentially caught unawares, equal under the law.

So justice is not possible without a tit-for-tat sanction, its threat or a moral plea to the prudent public which may apply the evil eye until you've paid your dues and walk the talk. Like any wage, the reward is just the threat of punishment, a "withholding": "Do your chores or there'll be no supper!" Economists measure situations and provide the exchange rate; political justice declares the sentence and applies the ankle weight. All governments endorse checks and balances or weights and measures and then say "It's only fair!" By any sophistry, the pronouncement is a foregone conclusion: that is the protection delivered by law (a legislator's career depends on it).

While consequences are to be found at each turn or stoppage in any life, their selection and imposition by the select is totally artificial. There are just too many variables to predict, and poignant moments may arouse one's various feelings in any fashion, but most particularly when unexpected. In other words, all circumstances are mitigating, so rather than the recapitulation of an invariable law of nature, every delivered punishment reflects an act of faith, most commonly directed at 'ignorance' (the "young & uneducated") and error (poor work performance justifying a meritocracy of fashionable techno-fascists). Justice is an economic religion, and organised along the same lines, not even excluding black robes and writ rites adorned by the priesthood. What child would exclaim "It's just not fair!" if s/he didn't already suspect some crookery was the case?

Fairness is not generalised from environmental contingencies until one has experienced the emotionally scalding scold, the swat and unremitting surveillance on a daily basis (the unrelenting, random punishment is even more effective). Otherwise, "fair" is an aesthetic description ranging from favourable mediocrity to smoothly excellent: "The pun was fair but not so as the lady's hair". In the same way, a fair is a favourable feast roughly covering the same range, but interspersed with surprises. "Just" is mediocrity without aesthetic.

If there are any "engrams", they are engrained at the earliest moments, well before any speech is more than experimental babble. For a small child, the opened safety-pin or withheld treat is mightier than the writ opinion & its penciled points. This reverses as one ages. From where else is a trust to emerge? The pun, on the other hand should be something to laugh over, not to instill the pain of perpetual guilt or prolong a reactionary tantrum.

The broader question for outlaws and anarchists should be, "Can a young being in the process of becoming older survive without punishment and its singular or mass distributivity?" But who considers children anyway? Do any architects have any children in mind when they design our living spaces ripe with steak-knives and power sockets? It is a fact, if anything is, that the modern environment is brutal and dangerous for growing people, requiring increased attention (ostensibly a matter of tending or nurture and protection) should their survival be deemed a "good" thing. We may hear "I trust my kid but not the environment" and sense an enlightened consideration. Easier by far to acquire a plastic pen and a firm hand or screeching

declaration with sharp edges for the times they escape it, a bed with bars and a padded cell for retirement in preparation for (or completion of) a life of institutionalisation (prison prior to transgression makes, on release, just about any shit look shiny) than pick up our own mess and flush it, which is to say, "make it accessible & safe rather than confined & constrained". Doing little to prevent its rehabilitation and parole, it may not be enough to merely set fire to the schoolhouse.

Posted by IPLD at 7:00 PM 0 comments



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4, 2011

Bucket-Mouth: The epistemology of Generals & Saints

1

Not always necessary, playful (and occasionally, painful) improvisation is the mother of invention, perhaps thereafter, mothering necessity in a viscous cycle. Mimicry is the mother of diffusion and error of modification. The boot (or boat or butter or bucket) is the mother of distributivity (*slickum*, *suave*, *salve* & *save*), hence the common senses implied by "bucket-mouth", "shit-talk" and "slippery tongue".

2

Generalities cannot be defined (hence the logic of unquestionable chains of command), lest they become specified and generally cease to exist. We would then have to say "There are no generalities", a proper generalisation and a bit of arrogance, so proving ourselves liars or numbskulls, yet another box of abstractions. Safer to suggest "There are no specifics" than generalise from species to genera. Dissection is of course, the reverse of this process, a return trip to the same sticky bog we affectionately call "home on the range" (while incessantly trying to escape). I have heard a mule recently came into the family way. That we've long observed a coyote breed successfully with Saint Bernard upsets the calm of specification like a wind-storm at sea when rowing a wobbly bucket. Intransigence at this point produces racism. For the greater good of the species, Benard must defeat the Trickster to save the lost mountaineer with a flask of brandy just as George, patron of Bohemians, did it to the dragon after gimpy Patrick had chased all the snakes from Ireland with his cane and women were no longer charming.

3

From an infant's view, the paleolithic diet eliminates the necessity of bottles and buckets without insult to invention and distribution, but only as long as post-weaners are still encouraged to play and mimicry is recognised as a round of mutual entertainment (or intertwinement). The big break at puberty is no negation of childhood but the extension of adventure into more foreign fortune. Prodigality is only applicable when news is returned from strange lands with such interest that all else is forgotten, when tears of loss magically turn to joy. Such was the superstition of the dark ages and grounds for yokes, stocks and flammable annihilation while at their posts, and spectators and torchbearers shouted the war cry: "Jesus saves from all infantile disorder!" and sin took on an entirely new meaning, for which Louis Pasteur invented the cure and today, micro-waves kill enzymes for improved distribution at the expense of metabolism. After all, the rapid delivery of news is money in the bank, while digestion is just the destruction of commodities and injurious to the general economy.

4

If superstition is the pessimistic belief that humans require alien or supernatural intervention (higher power in both senses) for any judgment of accomplishment (or value), how is political economy any progressive supersession of the old by the new? Let me then suggest that prior to state and theocratic intervention, society was without superstition, except in its etymological sense of climbing a hill to get a bigger picture or merely to see what's on the other side.

Posted by IPLD at 3:53 PM 0 comments



Shit & Shinola II

The idea, the particular state of existence conceived as stationary, corresponds to any one of the various places in which the moving body is conceived to stand successively; but just as the moving body never stands in any of these places, so man, or any other progressive being, never is in any of the states represented by our ideas – he is only passing through them.

But the image is a gesture, a stoppage (or potential for such when it is a landmark) and not an idea or its representation. An idea is something we like to say "flows" (at least when we refer to thinking). Sometimes it meanders, yet we call that fantasy – figmentary imagination (or mental diarrhea – see *fig syrup*, figure 1.) when we prefer static "thoughts" (like theories – but think how increasingly often bubbles and light-bulbs burst) to their posited or questionable associations. Interesting that at one time, for the early (or purist) empirical scientist, the quest was the first order of business prior to any theoretical narrative. Now the quest is out of the question: we know ahead of time what we are looking for, so we're sure to find it, one way or another. Fudge is recommended over any fig syrup.

The motion picture is a story (a series of gestures) in which images replace words. A moving landscape is considered more "life-like" than a stationary back-drop. If representation (in or out of the democratic sense) is considered a synonym for life-

like, then it is a matter of moving mimicry and not creative (original) at all. Progress beyond silent was considered a "talky" where the image accompanies the spoken word, but unlike stage-theatre, silent films also contained words: written ones, for the eyes rather than ears. These more efficient "silent-screen" actors no longer needed to attend speech therapy, considered the first order of business on the stage. Like the stage, gestures had been caricatured to accentuate the word with visual nuance. Progress sent this modern efficiency to the unemployment lines and actors again needed to learn to talk. Consider the difference between a relaxed and a tense open-mouth stare displayed by a hamadryas baboon. If you're not well-versed in baboon, it might be best all around to back off. Provisional algorithms are cheaper than ideas when the probability of correctness is uncertain.

Consider the "evil eye", raised eye-brow, raised bible, the middle finger, the threatening stance or bared teeth prior to pouncing. These are a pause in motion, signs possibly broadcasting an intention or emotion, but the idea is found not in their construction (a negation of doing) but their interpretation by onlookers. The idea is, like any theory or thought, only a guess; the gesture is poetry. This is why thinking-about-thinking so often utilises navigational metaphors when proceeding to talking-about-thinking.

Everything is genuine and original, whilst on the other hand (and simultaneously), everything is contrived and derived. This is neither contradiction nor enigma where, in a language, there is a word for dada.
– *Polyglot Institute: 3rd course on self-mismanaged systems*

Posted by IPLD at 11:04 AM 0 comments



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 2011

Shit & Shinola: another offensive spin-off, another repeat:

And what was the theme of yesterday's show beyond a repeat of mindful but inarticulate gibberish? It is always the same theme, or variant tangential to it: Those who would be diagnosed and committed for obsessive-compulsive disorder (once called a "hobby") are not calling for a second opinion – we are in full agreement, being compelled by some unknown quirk of our disposition we like to call "our own, sole, soul pleasure" (which is why we would share it in the first place, being alive and of reproductive age – by one aesthetic or another – genes aren't everything!) to obsessively dis the current order of things, or at least disregard the opinion & belief that the meddlesome arranging for an orderly (regimented) display, which is detrimental to our harmony, is desirable. We actually like a surprise now and then, if only to stay awake. If civilisation is an obsessive compulsion in the pursuit of predictable order, particularly the law-&-order variety (either "natural" or imposed), then civilisation is a narcoleptic murder by definition and not just for eating (unless it is considered top-down ritual cannibalism, the unique perspective of class consciousness).

If civil order (and if we are greek descendants, we would be correct to call it "politics") progresses by murder and mayhem (either literally or symbolically, inward- or outwardly) applied to the different (or easily targeted), then all those, even so-called anarchists bent on its improvement when they are not trying to wind their new digital watches, those who call for its sustainable upgrade are complicit, accomplice or merely compliant. The proper insult is either "Monkey see, monkey do" or a gifted present of the on-screen image portraying three monkeys seeing, hearing and speaking no evil ... or both. It may be considered a mirror or a telescope, that is for you to decide. If you don't like the show, leave the theatre.

Another common insult is "hypocrite", but that is a misapplied attribute as there may be no intention to deceive. There may, in fact, be no intention at all: "we just want to be loved". In any event, such motherless orphans are usually paid for their service (or at least avoid more punishment). When confronted, we hear "It's necessary work for the greater good, and if only everyone engaged in the performance, we could spend less over-all time doing it". "Doing it!" Well, I say that sounds like aphroditicly scrubbing on a stranger's toilet after (or prior to) a bad bout of dysentery or projectile vomiting. When something is so well rehearsed, it is highly unlikely that any withering will be observed in the audience. If it is an offensive display, where will you get volunteers except from like-minded fetishists? More successful applicants for the part always adds up to more misery (expressed in man-hours) and not less. But of course, it's just theatre and you can go home after the show! Or can you?

Posted by IPLD at 10:53 AM 0 comments



WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 2011

Visceral reality, Hot Milk & the Spark of Life

All Bleeding Eventually Stops

– *Dave Brown*

The prospect of motion was one thing the translator of Stimer's classic, old Steven Byington aptly got through to me, albeit to help the book-seller and pacifier of anarchists, Benjamin ("P.R.") Tucker build up a damaging case of madness, and ironically, in his moral deference to interest charged on borrowed time, or money. But then, he was only trying to invoke a Bergsonism to bring Max Stimer into the loving embrace of the worshipers of property (*their own*) and cast out more intelligent interpretations (or at least cover them up in a mental ward or with the application of several plagues in Mexico during its insurrection – see *James L. Walker & the Self-management of Medicine*, ISBN: 42). We can catch a glimpse of the hypocrisy of

democracy when Shakespeare demands "Physician, heal thyself!" ... and he did, so they gave him another dose.

Foremost in mind, however, may have been to negate the possible fruition of the prophesy by the Manchester, England school teacher, Miss Dora Marsden, which foretells thus: "When one becomes filled with thoughts, there will be no room left for thinking...It is the kind of thing that overpowers our mental digestion." Of course, the Spoonerist, 'P.R.' somewhat redeems himself when he says "To say that a rebel is bound in honour to take the consequences is to declare the victim the tyrant's debtor, and is superstition pure and simple! A rebel against the State is contemptible if he complains of the consequences of his rebellion, but certainly he is entitled to avoid them if he can, and, in doing so, he shows not lack of fibre, but possession of wit" (possibly referring to his own behaviour and advice following Most's flammable insurance scams and the haymarket executions).

The diffuse confusion not only in placing Tucker but successfully marketing "liberty" while still escaping the purges with bank-account in tact, is the persistence that the fixed idea of government can be dissected off from the "economic organism", but its "useful and non-invasive (functions) would be taken over by voluntary associations of workers" (Understandably, a certain Italian in 1924 favourably confused this with "fascism" – not yet a bad word in main-stream Amerika till the '40's – so much for clear and distinct language!). To this is conflated "voluntary co-operation" with adherence to a "contract fixing the limits of such co-operation, as a possibility of the future", a clear misreading of Stirner, but not, perhaps, Proudhon. The difference between a contract and agreement is the expected strength of their binding surviving (in tact) any degree of digestion. But enough of this talk of anarchic duty; back to the reverend, good doctor Byington:

I cannot but welcome [*Henri*] Bergson into the field against me: for if he is an opponent he is one of the most obliging ones I ever met. Being on the topic of Greek philosophy, he takes up the well-known Greek arguments to prove the impossibility of motion* [*see note*], and identifies this defiance of common sense with their disposition to worship ideas. The idea [*image*], the particular state of existence conceived as stationary, corresponds to any one of the various places in which the moving body is conceived to stand successively; but just as the moving body never stands in any of these places, so man, or any other progressive being, never is in any of the states represented by our ideas – he is only passing through them. So Bergson; let us accept the analogy, and instead of considering merely the metaphysical question of the possibility of motion let us consider its application to practical life. Suppose the moving body to be a man; and suppose that he intends to make his motion more or less satisfactory to himself. He has nothing more urgent to consider than these places to which or through which he is to pass. Ordinarily his only rational purpose is to pass to or through these places; the choosing of his route so that the process of movement itself shall be satisfactory is of some consequence indeed, yet of minor consequence. Even if he is not aiming at any place – if he is walking through unknown country for pleasure or exploration – he must still from time to time have an eye to places that he does not wish to pass through, or he will come to grief. Does Bergson's analogy hold in all these respects? Decidedly it does. In the conduct of human life, intelligent planning is possible only by having an eye to these states represented by the "ideas" which form the landmarks of our course, choosing which of them we wish to reach, and, as a very urgent matter, noting the ones to be avoided. Whether we stop at the ideas or not, we must steer by aiming at them if we are to live sensibly. That is what the page of Bergson comes to.

Steven T. Byington, 1913

But then, that would make ideas mere provisional reference points or navigational aids and not suitable fodder for stone tablets or grave markers in a field of well-fed lillies, which, as we understand, toil not – on both counts. Otherwise, there is the reverse invisibility cloak surrounding the center of the universe (a narcissistic solipsism or house of mirrors) which renders the blindness of a blank slate on any subject position, like an empty gut in an abandoned macdonalds burger joint smelling of moldy reefer. Bergson used more, the word "image" than "idea". Feats of imagination are rarely, these days, taken as absolutes, and thinking truths does not make them so. Duh! But throwing bricks through mirrors (or seeing them where they are not – a bit of reflection or identification with the world outside) may make fiction the more revealing process than the generally-preferred doxa and dogma.

The one gnostic idea survives, however, despite eons of dissection and quibbling elaboration, that life is generated not in organic motion itself (the question of Lamarck, with or without ulterior motive), but in the application of a spark to a potential (or former, as regards Mary Shelley's muses) corpse, as the lit fuse is to a cannonball in flight. It may be that literary fusion will never supply a sustainable energy source like an enzyme is to digestion and bowel movements. To wit:

The spark of life for a block of cheese is the stomach's inert content (rennet sans milk) of a dead, baby sheep, who's gender is irrelevant and any extraneous milk will do in the amalgamation, as long as it's from a mother and not a thistle or prickly lettuce. However, thistle milk (which is really a white, acidic blood of the plant's circulatory system) is a suitable substitute for dead babies when added to hot milk, aiding in separation but the cheese will be mushy before it crumbles. (Mold sold separately). Should your taste move more in the direction of live music, the same baby (or its mother's) intestines make an excellent addition to the string section: Livelier than steel (though not as loud), it will not cause sparks (but may inspire your own). The sappy blood from a pine tree or its needles may prevent babies altogether, in which case musicians will need rely on their own steel, whose production also requires much heat, rubbing and stretching. A nice hot cup of milk might help you sleep after any such moving ordeal, but does not affect the conscience – that calls for a strong dose of religion or its alternate:

reductive cabalistic materialist philosophy (RCMP). For any other liver toxicity, try a bowl of milk thistle and eggs (hen not included). More adventurous souls bleed poppies like leeches to sooth excessive animation – then they drop off. A not unsuitable substitute for petroleum distillates, vast pine forests were cleared, as at the time, they were considered a sustainable solution (which always means "a temporary fix") to the accelerating need to plant growing soldiers' corpses.

– *google-add*
– *The Discovery Channel*
– *A. Runnion Polisson*

After the first big war (falsely accused, advertised as "the last"), Dora Marsden gave us her own impressions of the relation between "selves" and "souls", the separation of which would most certainly bring death (or at least bad tasting music – *a priori*), just like lopping off the government from the presumed "*economic organism*" (the French Public Safety Committee saw on two occasions how well that had worked! It was exhumed and elect-trickily revived), but her manuscripts were destroyed and she confined to an institution for the insane for the last three-or-so decades of her life, fulfilling Tucker's initial prophecy: "a person who pursues that ideal [*repelled by Proudhon's solutions in accordance with Rousseau's 'social contract'*] will find his proper environment within the confines of a madhouse. Until such is forthcoming, the discussion cannot proceed." But such is the sentiment of the civil-tongued, where there are no prisoners but political prisoners, all heretics to the ideas of democracy (or mutual constraint) and binding contracts. Is that *not* the state already? Well, of matrimony anyway!

[note – it was not so much motion which Xenon disproved, but getting from here to there in accordance with the calculation of pre-scribed steps along a consensual *criterion*, the sophists' [or Mel Brookes' "*Stand-up Philosophers*"] notion of 'fixed idea' to which they generally ran opposition like every child's "why?" and "yeah but!" after-which they must run for their very lives. Not to be confused with ritual, which is merely a repeat performance and typically entertaining. In the same fashion that Bergson questioned "stages" as corpuscles which images are thought to "represent" (minutes and snapshots), Buckminster-Fuller did not disprove continuity when he discredited a "continuum" along "lines in space". These beings were less progressive than multidimensional, and that means "life-like".]

Posted by IPLD at 9:23 AM 0 comments



MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 2011

PMS and the Laxative of Choice

No longer merely a "woman's curse", a steady course of PMS (Post-Structural Materialist Syndrome) indiscriminantly inflicts hemorrhoids on all: few would deny that excessive piles are caused by the imposition of too much digging, inadequate nutrition and setting your fat ass too long on a wet saddle.

A bad stretch of pun, admittedly. Less of a stretch is the entanglement of politics and economics or government and commerce or war and kleptomania. First off, they are not entangled at all, and radicals – those who look at the roots of things, even under insults and tomatos tossed by those content with given, superficial images or fairy stories – understand this. The metaphor currently in vogue is rhizome. More appropriate would be a single tap-root. Synonymy. Here is the logic: "Winners" is just a variant spelling of "owners". Still not convinced? How 'bout this: the commander-in-chief, setting atop the executive branch of office, is in appearance indistinguishable from the chief executive officer delivering blow-jobs (a lot of hot air) to corporate cronies and a pain in the ass to everyone else.

Picture, if you will, the warted, village thug standing, behind mean men with pointed sticks, on a soap box in front of the barley-house, and tell me government and banking ever represent different interests than bloody hemorrhoid relief for fat cats. The choice between a political and an economic remedy is no choice at all! The pitchfork was expressly designed for shovelling shit. If it gets too deep and gooey, put on your waders and head for high ground, as the pig pen is about to flush.

Posted by IPLD at 10:01 AM 0 comments



MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 2011

The self-fulfilling prophecy and the theory of Hoodoo Magic

The curse, of course, is either an out-right, straight-up application of psychic poison, or a trick to make a lethal dose of bad luck appear sweet and nutritious. The overall best curse is "May you get all you desire". Should you wish for everything, you will be inundated and come to a hopeless stand-still.

We're taught that voodoo is the implementation of an idea of an outcome (either health or personal destruction) whose belief by the recipient *causes* the effect to occur, hence the accusation of magical thinking. This is a naive and dangerous interpretation at worst and unbelievable at best, when the data finally comes in for analysis. The evidence is clear that misfortune and so-called "miracle-cures" occur about as frequently as the phenomenon of rain occurs somewhere on the planet on a daily basis with or without any insemination and consequent belief in festering ideas. Belief in ideas only "makes" unforeseen or prophesized world events concerning the 'subject' happen more easily or readily. If you're looking for rain, you'll probably find it, in one form or another, so why be gloomy? Nutritious or toxic effects are more easily witnessed if one is mindful of them. Hence the common sentiment, "there's someone in the cosmos out to do you in", and there you have it! How often we ourselves are found the culprit, particularly when we continue the sorts of risks which end us every time, in the klink. Magicians invoke Kharma; enlightened scientists call on the laws

of inertia and probability. Is there a difference?

Every long-term successful criminal is aware that each positive reinforcement (a successful get-away) carries with it a danger of arrogance – those positive strokes can be deadly. The self-assured sometimes fall faster than any equivalently weighted material. Hoodo witch-doctors are often masters of manipulating contingencies of reinforcement to affect turning points open to the victim or patient. Expectation is part of the procedure, but not necessarily so.

Conan-Doyle explained how the process worked concerning 19th and early 20th century western medicine: placebo (then embraced by practitioners) was a measure of the doctor's skill in bed-side manners – the "real" cure. About the same time, veterinarians discovered that sickness behaviour was a signal (intentional or not, that is beside the point) for help. A predator will catch the signal and put an end to suffering, or a kindly mare will stand guard while the otherwise helpless body heals itself (or awakes from a nap). This is why we came to see nurturing the sick (or young or uneducated, still erroneously viewed as "sicknesses") as a motherly sort of thing.

It may have been the invention of female nurses which gave us the manly modern doctor who simply sticks it to you and signs the receipt after a two hour wait in a sterile looking room. The intention, of course, is to sterilize your attention. What you don't see can't hurt you, right? Ok, so you might not be old enough to remember before woman's liberation. By old-time standards, today we are surrounded by manly girls and girly men and probably are correct to ask "what's the friggin' difference?" Don't warriors of all varieties loudly express mutual aid when they protect the folks back home? Well, certainly not the modern variety in or out of uniform, unless they are fully deluded. Have I strayed again beyond the expected topic? I wouldn't be the first to suggest that cops create criminals in the interest of job security.

Even today's pharmaceuticals are measured against the incredibly effective results of placebos. The positive comparisons (sometimes up to 3% favourable, which, when you think about it, is a pretty low number) are achieved in double-blind experiments where neither the experimenter nor subject know which drug was delivered. The witch-doctor might advise them that preconceived knowledge entirely misses the point: nutritient, inert ingredient (like a "dead metaphor", considered "meaningless") and toxin are not always easily distinguishable on a purely intellectual basis.

Medieval scientists understood this when they discovered that honey makes the bitter go down better. It's a matter of taste, yes, but also of spectacle, where the speculum is no longer necessary. Besides, who says that the inert caking ingredient has no adverse effects? Did the pharmaceutical researcher try snorting it up their own nose? A medical student-volunteer will never assume the kindly (or is that ignorant?) experimenters are out to get them or are incapable of reviving them should unexpected misfortune befall. An interesting experiment would compare this approach with the certainly unkind, nazi method of forced experimentation on prison inmates, who know damn well their own well-being is not up front in the researcher's mind. If the well-meaning doctors would look into their own history, they would see that their forebearers were members of the amalgamated assassin-chemist guild (AACHG!) and not the beneficent order of sanitation engineers (BORES!).

The point is, the double-blind experiment is not always suitable to negate belief in silly (or not) ideas from playing its tricks. The subjective (phenomenal) distinction between nutrient and toxin by organic life-forms is still a mystery, even at the molecular level vigilantly surveilled by medical machinists oblivious to synergetic (some say "magical") effects of the big picture. We can only assume an affinity for kindred wave-forms and dis-affinity with strangers, but then what about the adoption of orphans?. Unique particle receptors is a metaphoric analogy to jig-saw puzzles – if it fits, wear it.

There is nevertheless an aesthetic awareness resting beneath induction and intuition, but one never knows for sure where a gravitational embrace will take us, or what it will bring. Sometimes shit happens; sometimes it's slung.

– Forest Gump's mother

Posted by IPLD at 10:47 AM 0 comments



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2011

A Review of *Desert** by O'brien

This text far supersedes *Nihilist Communism* as a source of not only disillusionment, but despondancy for literate radicals. Not that there aren't some good scatterings to be found, however...

The most nutritious scattering in the text is this:

Turning the pain we feel into resistance is better than turning it on each other, our own class and our own bodies. It is environmentally healthier (to use a degraded term) to defend wild freedoms than let all of earth become civilisation's territory.

But this sentiment pretty much already saturates anarchist literature.

Written in the same fashion and published by members of the same team which brought back "impossibilism" into our ideological lexicon, *Desert* is addressed to anarchists of all stripes, and those leftists currently migrating in that direction. While *Nihilist Communism* – written initially for revolutionary organisationalists of Marxist' as well as platform/syndicalist-anarchist' persuasion – was appreciated for exposing just more-of-the-same blueprint-derived social engineering reproducing the state along 'new-and-improved' lines, *Desert* informs us that it doesn't really matter: we're all fucked. Oh, not right away, but probably twenty to fifty years down the road. O'brien's advice? Not "Do Nothing" like the Duponts suggest, but "Do whatever, it won't matter".

Well, there's also "Be Afraid". Civilisation's in good hands, no matter the hits it takes, at least until the real *coming armeddon* with planetary suicide. We'll most of us be long dead. What a great story to encourage our children, and it's backed by real science!

Assumptions and evidence?

The author(s) of *Desert* – who I like to call O'Brien, after that despicable character in Orwell's *1984* – relies heavily on Lovelock, who early on gave us incredibly prophetic analysis of global ecology but ended his career advising increased reliance on the nuclear power industry, as in the long run, it's mostly harmless. Wow! Good advice for some: stocks for General Electric skyrocketed, in typical self-prophetic fashion. But back to the *Desert*, which most twenty-somethings will soon witness (not us old folks, what relief!), O'Brien is not so optimistic as Lovelock, primarily after researching academic scientists sycophantic to the press like those turds responsible for those absurd BBC "Science Headlines" which almost always make it into colloquial wisdom. But as well, we are inundated with news from top police and military sources: those dudes are invincible thanks to modern technology.

The first set of unquestioned assumptions begins to clarify. Of course, there's the oldy but goody direct from the cops: "We always get our man" and the stand-by: "Crime doesn't pay". Obviously they've never heard of John Locke and empiricism which simply states "look around before coming up with your grand truths!" Of course, revealed wisdom has gotten a bad rap since the religious types started counting angels dancing on heads of pins, but I'm not so sure today's brightest minds are doing much different. Where are we to locate the victories of the economists and clinical psychologists? Shouldn't we all be happy and rich by now?

My first clue to this critical stand toward this text came with the repetition of old wives tales concerning the origins and progress of civilisation, particularly in medical technology, and there's also the "fact" that capitalism has attained a complete "mastery of the world". If this were the case, we should all be "no worries" – "It's under control!". Then they tell us to forget about historical contexts and romantic futures. Sorry, but such is the way folks become eager slaves, when they are assured "It's the only game in town". Lip-service is paid to anthropological research, merely suggesting that base has been covered. Evidence? Because of modern medicine, rich folks live ten years longer than everybody else. Has anyone since the 1890's veterinarians considered the effect environmental stress (including but not limited to malnutrition) has on health? Travelling medicine-show proprietors and voodoo witch-doctors have long depended on the connection between psychology and physiologic function. And I wonder: Do healthy folks really take more medicine than the sick? I guess privilege has its privilege, at least from the stresses mitigated by financial security.

The thing is, the college of medicine doesn't even teach science, so medical science is a bit of an oxymoron. Doctors are technicians following blueprints laid down by the pharmaceutical and insurance companies (who actually do practice empirical science: the science of extracting money from their clientele and from those who aren't). What I'm suggesting is that a sheep herder could set a broken bone with comparable facility, and personally, I wouldn't want a doctor anywhere near the delivery room. Oh, technology has its advantages, I guess. One of the new "hypersonic" military jets zoomed over this morning doing about warp 5 and the house actually bounced twice on its foundation (or was that an earth-quake influenced by fracking up southern british columbian sands?) We're told repeatedly of the capability of today's techno-hacking youth and what they can do with a laptop. How come no one is making those automated oxygen burners take a wrong turn and slam into a mountain? Given, the recuperative powers of capitalist civilisation, still, I don't think they could re-boot after that sort of crash.

Toward the end, O'Brien further distinguishes himself from the Duponts:

That's not to say that all resistance is futile (if meaningful, achievable objectives are kept in mind, and tactics not transformed into aims), nor that we should desist from growing communities in which to live and love

then goes on to endorse protecting your little patch but forget the planet, whilst at the same time, offering us the "big picture". Seems to me big picture thinking would go beyond one's own little patch. When O'Brien does it, it's educational; when we do it, it's delusional idealism or magical thinking. The difference is a matter of *facts* and who owns them.

You still want plain speak? Who anymore even knows what those three ten-dollar words, "community", "live" and "love", mean? Security culture? hunker down? and sacrifice for the greater good? The hopeful tactics laid out in the penultimate chapter contradict the hopeless global surveillance and capitalist might described in the previous eight. And that sense of doom is well-figured by the time we read the encouraging final remarks. I come away not feeling encouraged, but instead feel as if I was just told "do your best to clean your plate, but there will be no cake afterward".

So what's my alternative? Don't give me that shit ... and I won't give you mine! But since you asked, I try to accept no answers and still question everything. Medicine or no, Thoreau said only a handful of white folks have ever even died in this country ... you have to live first, and that often means taking chances. You want to be immortal? That would take a bit more self-initiative than, I think, we're any of us prepared for. Better to be a democrat, I guess. That makes just about everything somebody else's problem.

It is probably true that millenarian hope solves nothing, but without the expectation of our own future, what possibility is there for transgressive direct action (meaning of course, "I hope taking these risks won't backfire") Fearless Leader once explained, "I never promised change, only hope for it!" Is the appropriate response to give up hope altogether? Might as well slit yer own throat.



TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 2011

Just Law: Laxative & the Purge of Laxity

Fit the 1

Don't laugh. There was a time "just" and "law" were two ways of saying the same thing, or nearly so: *Just* is generally more generic than *Lex*, a ligature which is a more mere law (not to be confused with *Rex*, an employment agency for most hangmen). For the lax or loosely lawless, justice amounted to a yoke juxtaposed in the region of the jugular. The first law was "No standing around on the job", from that earliest chapter in the first book of legal text forbearing all loosed nooses (and running noses in Scotland) but forbearing no loose hands or idle pleasures on a dung heap. The seeming contradiction is only a contextual error or misplaced space: freed movement was the original transgression once justice had been delivered to the territories and sullied their air. Some gift from the mountain! (should you prefer a rolling avalanche to a flowing river): the etymology is fairly clear on this affair.

Feat the 2

Note the difference between tomato and tomàto:

a- when not an article of ambiguity, a prefix of absense, ambivalence or anymosity.

1. < OE *an* -> *on*, as in 'atop' is 'on top';

2. < Latin "without", as in *an-ceil*, 'no ceiling' [upper limit: a level above which something such as an ancillary rent, wage, bread or servant is not allowed to rise].

Only an anarchist would protest the distinction, often seen riding atop rule-ers with much kicking and biting. But such is how modern speakers mistranslated the practice of patience and tolerance for the old folks and their ways with forbearance, a sacrificial offering to the dead, a performance renowned by the Latin aristocracy in propitiating gods and by stock brokers waging all-or-nothing on a throw of the die. The former, when practiced by the not-so civilised, is called "ancestor worship", "magical thinking", "superstition". The latter, seen among the wealthy, is called a sound (practical) investment.

But such also is how anarchy (the *divestment* of authority) is confused with the anti-authoritarian (*against* authorities), a mere pose setting up a permanent and intractable, if not-too-violent contestation. The former may share the motivation of the latter, but has sufficient inertia to carry it through. The difference is a matter of relish. If considered another word for aesthetics, that could make all the difference in the world.

Part the Last

*A righteous job? Fie! Such fuss!
ergo ergot esta rye dust
henceforth's the stoppage of tripping a must.*

*For conscripting – bar (none) for a fee,
or to excrete, expel, the loose & free,
we must mustard the muster tree!*

– see [Death to Plain-speak Brigade](#)



THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 2011

Sycophant, n. *

As the lean leech, its victim found, is pleased
To fix itself upon a part diseased
Till, its black hide distended with bad blood,
It drops to die of surfeit in the mud,
So the base sycophant with joy describes
His neighbor's weak spot and his mouth applies,
Gorges and prospers like the leech, although,
Unlike that reptile, he will not let go.

Gelasma, if it paid you to devote
Your talent to the service of a goat,
Showing by forceful logic that its beard
Is more than Aaron's fit to be revered;
If to the task of honoring its smell
Profit had prompted you, and love as well,
The world would benefit at last by you
And wealthy malefactors weep anew –

Your favor for a moment's space denied
And to the nobler object turned aside.

Is't not enough that thrifty millionaires
Who loot in freight and spoliage in fares,
Or, cursed with consciences that bid them fly

To safer villainies of darker dye,
Forswearing robbery and fain, instead,
To steal (they call it "cornering") our bread
May see you groveling their boots to lick
And begging for the favor of a kick?

Still must you follow to the bitter end
Your sycophantic disposition's trend,
And in your eagerness to please the rich
Hunt hungry sinners to their final ditch?
In Morgan's praise you smite the sounding wire,
And sing hosannas to great Havemeyher!
What's Satan done that him you should eschew?
He too is reeking rich – deducting *you*.

* "One who approaches Greatness on his belly so that he may not be commanded to turn and be kicked. He is sometimes an editor." – A.B.

Thus, the inversion is also common: Greatness will often suck whatever is offered, if it assists in cornering *you*. But then, Greatness never crawls, except toward the even-greater; it's smarmy that way.

Posted by IPLD at 9:46 AM 0 comments



TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 2011

Wealth

PROPERTY, n. Any material thing, having no particular value, that may be held by A against the cupidity of B. Whatever gratifies the passion for possession in one and disappoints it in all others. The object of man's brief rapacity and long indifference. -- A.B.

[CUPIDITY, n. Greed, especially for money or possessions (formal).
Named after an imp colloquially blamed for the inspiration of rape]

The big fallacy is that wealth is produced by workers. Not so; it produces workers. Wealth is a *richiam* produced by the linguistic juxtaposition (just suppositioning) of the ideas around "health" (your 'own'), "heath" (unplowed land) and "world" (added or aggregate environment). Like The Word, it belongs to totalising empires (a redundancy). Work as wage or any other slavitude, is only work: an action without intention or action despite one's contrary intention to pause. If one could eat labour, we would have to call it a squirming meal of toxins.

For example, what used to be labeled "graft," construction for the sake of construction for the sake of accelerating wealth (euphemistically called "money") has no interest and no longer any connection in the production of commodities (other than the machinery which facilitates the work). Since the first truck-farm, there has always been this tendency to destroy produce for the renewal of production. Bataille used the example of warfare, just another rapacious (if *par excellent*) mining venture in the interest of spermicidal expenditure or whatever gets you off. Construction work has become a perpetual project, at least until the last mountain is leveled to the ground or the last hole piled up. The structure is absolutely superfluous to the enterprise. To wit: there are today as many new, vacant structures as people lacking them. And they're growing on both counts. Post-structuralism for the materialists!

If objective "things" are made, they are made only as a means for acquiring survival: a functional duration suitable only for further work. Property is not necessarily a noun when it expresses one's authority to thieve (or exclude) – hence the phonetic similitude between thieve and thrive. It is a right of things to move (as a willing slave toward a master – ie., a sycophant), and folks to stand still, gaping. Wealth is *State Polity*: what is taken by owners by virtue of property, and that means, whatever they desire. Their booty or "just" desert.

Justice is a misnomer (hurling toward the richy fith). To equalise wealth would be, a *priori*, to annihilate it. Unless we refer back to "health" and "world", wealth is meaningless, a metaphor un-dead, without reflection. Such reference notwithstanding, there is no wealth without property. Health is always the case of the person, whether self or airy sylph. It is produced by one's provisional suggestions, contingent relations or 'free' associations with the world. A case of illness is a diseased society: cupidity with indifference, desire without aesthetic. Anesthesia is definitely contraindicated.

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

– Edmund Burke

Wealth is the articulation or slicing of the world breaking up others' relations & associations, immune to any and all contrary suggestions. One's wealth produces sickness for the other, but as an incurably accelerating addiction – on (or nearly so) both counts. The wealthy are vampires, a word which has taken a life of its own after being cut off from "empires". The behaviour is tell-tale: a personified condition (being immortal) wherein actually mortal parasites raze villages (in the appearance of a dragon or dragoon, it makes no difference) and suck blood or life-essence: the *par excellent* circulating and renewing fluid characterising healthy bodies partaking of nutritious provisions.

The annihilation of wealth, what some ironically (or mindlessly) call justice has only one demand: the destruction of property in both its nominal and adverbial case. In the name of 'justice', to suggest that workers need more and better work is the height of linguistic absurdity or unhealthy condition.

Posted by IPLD at 1:00 PM 0 comments



"embryonic movement" vs. "black bloc"

"This tactic (smashy-smash) is old and tired and fully compromised. It is not anarchist. It is time to put it to rest."

First off, the movement is not "embryonic", dating back to the time when the first thug took the village grain and proceeded to divvy it out in return for favours^[1]. The first anarchist said "fuck this shit...I've no interest in wiping your fat ass" and proceeded to burn down the granary.

Because of its near universality, some have said that "fuck-shit-up" is not a disorder but part of our nature, in-the-genes, so to speak. Others have said it is only a natural reaction to an unnatural environment. This dilemma is thought the source of the dialectical argument giving birth to politics. On the contrary, argument is only a means of doing nothing rather than something, and wise propagandists have well-utilised its languishing or mesmerising inducements on participants, to protect any status quo.

"Because a 'tactic' has never produced *peace on earth and good will toward men*", is a pretty silly excuse to persuade others to refrain from taking a principled stance (or action). Transgression is the liberation of possibilities: any future, in fact, time itself depends on it. Transgression is the only means of breaking out of a flow and going your own way -- this is the very function of sails: transgressing prevailing currents. Hawai'i is the big clue that most anything is possible. Before folks got there, it was called "More Water". Obviously, crime has its advantages^[2].

Don't forget, it was also anarchists who coined the phrases: "Do your own thing!" and "If it feels good, do it!" The fat cats also adhere to these sentiments. So what? The only approved alternative is sacrifice, and we all know where that movement goes -- the sewer is the final resting place of all sacrificial pipe-dreams.

[1] There is a direct relationship between the happiness of money (evident when it flows -- as in "rivers don't trickle!") and the misery of folks (evident when they stand still -- as in "linger" and "languish").

[2] A pig (out west, archaically called "critter" or "varmint") is a predatory subspecies of hominoid ape, whose career stands and falls on the flow and happiness of money, very often in this day and age, merely by fighting crime or otherwise probing your anus. Miserable itself, it hunts you down to 1) enslave you (prison labour), 2) return the other slaves from their distraction, 3) make money happy (by taking yours), 4) enjoy fucking over others to make its own misery feel somehow less and/or 5) all or some of the above. The pig is the most immediate obstacle to one's liberty. This fake power (*faux pas*) is why so many folks emulate them in their everyday life. It's a matter of mutual mimicry or delusional theatrics. Should one wish to break free, offing pigs (on the "critter" analogy) is just good common sense. When folks observe this logic together, it is called consensus.

Posted by IPLD at 10:34 AM 0 comments



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 2011

L

LAND, n. A part of the earth's surface, considered as property. The theory that land is property subject to private ownership and control is the foundation of modern society, and is eminently worthy of the superstructure. Carried to its logical conclusion, it means that some have the right to prevent others from living; for the right to own implies the right exclusively to occupy; and in fact laws of trespass are enacted wherever property in land is recognized. It follows that if the whole area of terra firma is owned by A, B and C, there will be no place for D, E, F and G to be born, or, born as trespassers, to exist.

– A. Bierce

LIFE is an order and a state of things in the parts of every body possessing [displaying, expressing, bending or thrusting, demonstrating] it, which permits or renders possible in it the execution of organic movement, and which, so long as it exists, is effectively opposed to death. Derange this order and this state of things to the point of preventing the execution of organic movement, or the possibility of its reestablishment, then you cause death... these movements, which constitute active [appetitive] life, result from the action of a stimulation which excites them.

– J. Lamarck

LIE: It may be true that the poison of theatre, when injected in the body of society, destroys it, as St. Augustine asserted, but it does so as a plague, a revenging scourge, a redeeming epidemic when credulous ages were convinced they saw God's hand in it, while it was nothing more than a natural law applied, where all gestures were offset by another gesture, every action by a reaction...This theatre releases conflicts, disengages powers, liberates possibilities, and if these possibilities and these powers are dark, it is the fault not of the plague nor of the theatre, but of life...this theatre invites the mind to share a delirium which exalts its energies; and we can see, to conclude, that from the human point of view, the action of theatre, like that of the plague, is beneficial, for, impelling men to see themselves as they are, it causes the mask to fall, reveals the lie, the slackness, baseness, and hypocrisy of our world.

– A. Artaud

LANGUE: Today's incantations: "It was only the previous intransigence of the 8-ball to sink into the void which helped the next opposing schtick thwack true." "It was truly a magic opportunity...they had missed!" "It doesn't require a trick shot." "We aimed. We struck. It died."

Posted by IPLD at 12:04 AM 0 comments



MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 2011

Missing at the occupation? Mutual Aid is neither theoretical device, literary talking point, eutopian desire nor photo-op

... but it may well be, the excluded middle, a space emergeable, we're trained not to see, always behind safety-orange fencing:

I is the first letter of the alphabet, the first word of the language, the first thought of the mind, the first object of affection. In grammar it is a pronoun of the first person and singular number. Its plural is said to be We, but how there can be more than one myself is doubtless clearer to the grammarians than it is to the author of this incomparable dictionary. Conception of two myselfs is difficult, but fine. The frank yet graceful use of "I" distinguishes a good writer from a bad; the latter carries it with the manner of a thief trying to cloak his loot.

ME, pro. The objectionable case of I. The personal pronoun in English has three cases, the dominative, the objectionable and the oppressive. Each is all three.

— Ambrose Beirce

The body, defined politically, is precisely organized by a perspective that is not one's own and is, in that sense, already elsewhere, for another, and so in departure from oneself. On this account of the body in political space, how do we make sense of those who can never be part of that concerted action, who remain outside the plurality that acts? ...are the destitute outside of politics and power, or are they in fact living out a specific form of political destitution? ...if we claim that the destitute are outside of the sphere of politics — reduced to depoliticized forms of being — then we implicitly accept that the dominant ways of establishing the political are right...Such a view disregards and devalues those forms of political agency that emerge precisely in those domains deemed pre-political or extra-political. So one reason we cannot let the political body that produces such exclusions furnish the conception of politics itself, setting the parameters for what counts as political — is that within the purview established by the Polis those outside its defining plurality are considered as unreal or unrealized and, hence, outside the political as such.

— Judith Butler

"There's also a clear picture of this nightmare-plain between the theorizing class and the theorized one. The rise of the tablet gives rise to a whole new kind of disfigurement, filth and procedure, a totally defaced face.

"These young women appear to be young women like many other young women. They wear their clothes like many other young women, like how I too have that gray tank top, how she, too, has that striped shirt, how my daughter, too, has that backpack. The fencing around them is the fencing used for snowdrifts. The young women are like weather; they are a kind of ubiquity; they are, on first appearance, a bland and not-very-particular thing. You can turn off the sound and see the young women like a drift behind the safety-orange fencing. They are the ordinary as it is merely obstructed, but not, beyond appearance, contained. There are cameras and cars and elaborately costumed figures of authority. There are people looking towards and people looking away. There are people walking past. If I suspend, for a second, my familiarity with plastic safety-orange fencing, I can think that maybe the safety-orange fencing used for holes in the ground and snow drifts in New York City is so powerful that no human can move past it. Perhaps, in New York City, the safety-orange plastic fencing has a unique power, some electric inviolability or steel-like strength, and that the young women who otherwise appear ordinary are, in fact, a hole through which the other citizens might plummet. This inviolability of New York City's orange plastic fencing could be why no older woman rushes forward to be among the younger women and hold them like as I would hold my daughter (also a young woman like other young women) or like I, myself, would want at that moment to be held. It could be why no young man or no young woman their lovers would rush forward to shield these young women with their own lovers-bodies, or why no older men (like fathers or uncles) roar. There is fat, bald, middle-aged man like many other fat, bald, middle-aged men (dressed in an elaborate costume of authority), and he is staring at the young women as they fall. His face is turned toward them, but I do not think he is weeping. When he turns his face to the camera he is not weeping, but the young woman in the gray tank top (I have that tank top) is wailing; she is in pain and on her knees. No middle-aged man is crying. No middle-aged man rushes toward the other middle-aged men to stop them. Some man is yelling "police brutality" and "police brutality." There are three people taking pictures, then four people taking pictures. There are the old and young people taking pictures. There are many cameras in many hands, but there are not hands on the young women to comfort them, and there are not hands on the men of the law."

— Anne Boyer, *These Young Women*

Unreasonably cheap energy is running out, climate conditions are changing radically, paradoxical economy of constant growth will bankrupt itself, governmental fascism will be declared, racial breeding is practiced to embryos, genetic manipulation will get out of hand, Coup d'état of racist red necks will happen in the name of revolution, the language loses its meaning, virtual schizophrenia is getting pandemic among the Internet users, obsessed disciples of Tony Robins will get at each other's throats in the search of lost childhood, fourth world war is waiting at the gates, psychedelic-communistic revolution will fly in the ring like a freshly whiten towel in a heavy weight boxing match while the master is beating the breath out of his competition, heavenly escalator is transporting Jesus down in between the supermarkets while aliens will return to planet earth to complete their work of creation, dystopies and utopies will shake hands, up and down will change the place, emerged birds will withdraw back to the shells. Shit is about to hit the fan, even though a good life needs just bearable conditions and a hand full of material mixed with a drop of good will. We are living strange times — are we? But why?

— baltic herring

Posted by IPLD at 12:13 PM 0 comments



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Institute for the Promotion of Learning Disorder

ICONOCLAST, n. A breaker of idols, the worshipers whereof are imperfectly gratified by the performance, and most strenuously protest that he unbuildeth but doth not reedify, that he pulleth down but pileth not up. For the poor things would have other idols in place of those he thwacketh upon the mazzard and dispelleth. But the iconoclast saith: "Ye shall have none at all, for ye need them not; and if the rebuilder fooleth round hereabout, behold I will depress the head of him and sit thereon till he squawk it."

-- Ambrose Bierce

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 2012

The Smooth Transition & the Conservative Instinct

Just like the virtual ownership and distribution of a flailing appendage or a brief facial grimace at a wood-tick with his head buried in your scrotum, it may very well be that the authority of rampant property is a mere postcard confused with the landscape – it's often beside the point (or behind it).

– *Old Wives' Tale*

Kublai Khan liberated the Chinese from both their own tyrannical government AND from Big Daddy's barbarian horde intent on razing it to the ground. It's been the same story since well before Apollo the Apostle of his own dad, Zeus (still hanging on a cross in oblivion) for the benefit of disgruntled Greeks everywhere (except, of course, the Dionysians). Mao wasn't the last to sign off the revolution in the interest of a smooth transition (humanitarian, I'm sure), paying off corporate bureaucrats 'til the time they're no longer needed. Every Union negotiator does the same, especially when handed a pitchfork and a train ticket to the nearest livery stable in the country-side for some brief R&R. It would seem that, while everyone is up for a radical change, no one wants to notice should it come along. This must be why even the most liberal progressives remain politically conservative once they take hold the reigns and kick their gueldings in the kidneys.

Since the Iron Age and aside from Ghengis and his crew, our era is among the first to witness rising numbers of people doing a work-around on that conservative instinct, calling for the rough over the smooth. The word gaining ground since the nineties is "rupture". They tried to revive the civil war sentiment in the interest of an us-against-them dialectic, but folks seem hip to the idea that even a fully automatic AK-47 with a thirty round clip would be no match for an F-16 or "drone" bomber, especially when the ensuing explosion is written off as another natural gas disaster negating any accrual of martyr value.

Revolution is definitely out, since we've come to notice it's always been just a polite way of saying "reform" like an electric blanket in the Alaskan Bush. The point is, when you're being drug to the bottom by a giant squid, the only things left in Captain Nemo's bag of tricks are the thrust ahead by rip and tear after an electro-shock to the hull. It's very hard to consider this an expression of any will to destruction or escalating death wish: in the midst of a real disaster, peace and violence are even meaningless as talking points. Anything which precludes your own mortality at the bottom of the proverbial drink is the most conservative expression one can make. Did you notice that "the will to live" has been all but erased from the dictionary?

"We can at least take one thing for granted about our era: it - the era - will not rot in peace.

...What's the point of their new, high-yield investment in doom-saying, as they paint their black canvases with images of hypothetical disaster, and hold their alarmist discussions on the subject of these problems that the atomized populace has no way of confronting by direct action? They intend to hide the real disaster, which one doesn't need to be a physician, climatologist or demographer to articulate. Everyone can see the constant impoverishment of the world of men by the modern economy, which develops only at the expense of Life: it destroys the biological bases of life with its devastating power; it submits all social space-time to the policing required for its proper functioning; substitutes for every once commonly accessible reality an ersatz reality whose residual authenticity content is proportional to its price"

– *Encyclopedia of Nuisances*

Posted by IPLD at 7:10 PM 0 comments



PORTALS OUT OF TIME & SPACE

- [The Inspidities](#)
- [of modern slavery](#)
- [void mirrors &](#)
- [the theological turns](#)
- [death to plain-speak](#)
- [with pistols drawn for a](#)
- [daily bleed.](#)

In the interest of the abolition of domination, we've decided to let the domain, fenderson.com, expire. It was never 'necessary' after the site became established on the server. If we understood in the beginning that the domain is merely a rental contract on one's own good name, we'd have found a way to squat somewhere in the first place, thereby avoiding the eviction for failure to pay rent. If you are still interested in browsing the library, [here is the key](#) to the back door.

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Reification & Tragedy "we really ought to free ourselves from the misleading significance of words!"

Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness.
'T is the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;

Demur, — you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.

— *emily d.*

By reification, I mean any or all of the following:

- to attach an absolute or only mildly relative value to a particular significatum which excludes other possibilities 'before' they come into focus, suggestive that the category or class has prior claims on 'reality' over its content or members;
- to establish an identity between a significatum and the metaphor we use to bespeak it, thus creating a "dead metaphor";
- to think of a process, experience or activity as if it were a "thing";
- to confuse "subject-matter" (of discourse) with material object;
- a matter of thingifying and arithmeticizing the universe, bringing it to a standstill, extinguishing meaningful possibility in favour of 'blind' convention, yet not by intention.

It can take years of training as well as proceed from an immediate loss of interest.

— *Post-Structural Structures*

SO, EXCELLENCY, AFTER FIFTY YEARS, HOW GOES THE WAR ON POVERTY?

"...After such a cheerful commencement, a serious word would fain be heard; it appeals to the most serious minds. Take care, ye philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering "for the truth's sake"! even in your own defense! It spoils all the innocence and fine neutrality of your conscience; it makes you headstrong against objections and red rags; it stupefies, animalizes, and brutalizes, when in the struggle with danger, slander, suspicion, expulsion, and even worse consequences of enmity, ye have at last to play your last card as protectors of truth upon earth—as though "the Truth" were such an innocent and incompetent creature as to require protectors! and you of all people, ye knights of the sorrowful countenance, Messrs Loafers and Cobweb-spinners of the spirit! Finally, ye know sufficiently well that it cannot be of any consequence if YE just carry your point; ye know that hitherto no philosopher has carried his point, and that there might be a more laudable truthfulness in every little interrogative mark which you place after your special words and favourite doctrines (and occasionally after yourselves) than in all the solemn pantomime and trumping games before accusers and law-courts! Rather go out of the way! Flee into concealment! And have your masks and your ruses, that ye may be mistaken for what you are, or somewhat feared! And pray, don't forget the garden, the garden with golden trellis-work! And have people around you who are as a garden—or as music on the waters at eventide, when already the day becomes a memory. Choose the *good* solitude, the free, wanton, lightsome solitude, which also gives you the right still to remain good in any sense whatsoever! How poisonous, how crafty, how bad, does every long war make one, which cannot be waged openly by means of force! How *personal* does a long fear make one, a long watching of enemies, of possible enemies! These pariahs of society, these long-pursued, badly-persecuted ones—also the compulsory recluses, the Spinozas or Giordano Brunos—always become in the end, even under the most intellectual masquerade, and perhaps without being themselves aware of it, refined vengeance-seekers and poison-Brewers (just lay bare the foundation of Spinoza's ethics and theology!), not to speak of the stupidity of moral indignation, which is the unfailing sign in a philosopher that the sense of philosophical humour has left him. The martyrdom of the philosopher, his "sacrifice for the sake of truth," forces into the light whatever of the agitator and actor lurks in him; and if one has hitherto contemplated him only with artistic curiosity, with regard to many a philosopher it is easy to understand the dangerous desire to see him also in his deterioration (deteriorated into a "martyr," into a stage-and-tribune-bawler). Only, that it is necessary with such a desire to be clear *what* spectacle one will see in any case—merely a satyric play, merely an epilogue farce, merely the continued proof that the long, real tragedy *is at an end*, supposing that every philosophy has been a long tragedy in its origin.

...The great epochs of our life are at the points when we gain courage to rebaptize our badness as the best in us."

— *F. Nietzsche*

Posted by IPLD at 8:17 AM 0 comments



TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 2012

Catastrophe and Implosion

"The "fiscal cliff" crisis is an artificial emergency, put in place last year as part of the bipartisan deal to raise the federal debt limit. Its purpose is to create a crisis atmosphere and facilitate the passage of rightwing measures that are opposed by the overwhelming majority of the American people.

The entire framework of the budget debate is reactionary and false. It is based on the lie that "there is no money" for vital social programs, even as trillions are made available to the banks and the military, and corporate profits and the personal fortunes of the ruling elite reach new heights. Its unstated premise is that the wealth of the financial aristocracy is inviolable, while the social needs of working people are expendable."

— *Barry Grey, Obama, Boehner pledge to continue talks on social cuts*

"...Possibilities of resistance arise around the issue of implosion. The system insulates itself against crisis by resisting explosion. It converts the explosive force of crisis into a homeopathic dose of simulated catastrophe. Against this constant drip-feed of simulated catastrophe, Baudrillard suggests, the only means of mitigation is

to make a real catastrophe arrive. This is perhaps why events like Hurricane Katrina are almost euphoric for some survivors, though traumatic for others. Disaster unties the knots of anxiety and terror in which people are caught. This is also why terrorism is so fascinating. Real violence makes the invisible violence of security disappear.

According to Baudrillard, power is collapsing. Institutions and "the social" are collapsing. Implosive events take this process further, speeding it up. They are necessarily incalculable in terms of their effects. The endpoint of this process is catastrophe. For Baudrillard, catastrophe is the abolition of causes and the creation of 'pure, non-referential connections'. Such connections are inherently beautiful and seductive. Catastrophe is not necessarily disastrous as is usually assumed. It is a disaster only for meaning and power.

Implosion offers possibilities because of the generalisation of the remainder. When the system becomes saturated, everything turns to and becomes the remainder. The remainder – what is barred – continues to exist. Because the system has claimed to be everything, it comes back inside and shatters the system. This may be why the system now imagines itself under siege from enemies within. Without the imaginary, without a space beyond the system's coded functioning, it can no longer keep what it excludes outside. He suggests, for instance, that architects could form a conception of cities based on their remainders, such as cemeteries and waste grounds. Such an act would be fatal to architecture.

It is thus on the remainder that a new intelligibility is founded. For instance, sanity is refounded on the basis of madness (the theory of the unconscious). Metropolitan societies exclude the indigenous, only to find the indigenous at their foundation (urban 'tribes', gangs, subcultures...) Death is excluded, only to be seen or foreshadowed everywhere. Structures become unstable because the remainder is no longer in a specified place. It is everywhere. When everything is repressed or alienated, the entire field is repressed or alienated – so nothing is repressed or alienated, everything is within the visible field. Repressed energy is no longer available to be channelled by the system.

The totalising nature of power today makes it more vulnerable than ever. The more total the system seems, the more inspiring any little setback for it becomes. Every small defeat now carries the image of a chain reaction bringing down the system. Baudrillard proposes a strategy of forcing power to occupy its own place, so as to make itself obscene. By making power appear as power, its absence is made visible, and it disappears."

– Andrew Robinson

Posted by IPLD at 8:55 AM 0 comments



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 2012

How malicious philosophers can be!

"The eagerness and subtlety, I should even say craftiness, with which the problem of "the real and the apparent world" is dealt with at present throughout Europe, furnishes food for thought and attention; and he who hears only a "Will to Truth" in the background, and nothing else, cannot certainly boast of the sharpest ears. In rare and isolated cases, it may really have happened that such a Will to Truth—a certain extravagant and adventurous pluck, a metaphysician's ambition of the forlorn hope—has participated therein: that which in the end always prefers a handful of "certainty" to a whole cartload of beautiful possibilities; there may even be puritanical fanatics of conscience, who prefer to put their last trust in a sure nothing, rather than in an uncertain something. But that is Nihilism, and the sign of a despairing, mortally wearied soul, notwithstanding the courageous bearing such a virtue may display. It seems, however, to be otherwise with stronger and livelier thinkers who are still eager for life. In that they side AGAINST appearance, and speak superciliously of "perspective," in that they rank the credibility of their own bodies about as low as the credibility of the ocular evidence that "the earth stands still," and thus, apparently, allowing with complacency their securest possession to escape (for what does one at present believe in more firmly than in one's body?),—who knows if they are not really trying to win back something which was formerly an even securer possession, something of the old domain of the faith of former times, perhaps the "immortal soul," perhaps "the old God," in short, ideas by which they could live better, that is to say, more vigorously and more joyously, than by "modern ideas"? There is DISTRUST of these modern ideas in this mode of looking at things, a disbelief in all that has been constructed yesterday and today; there is perhaps some slight admixture of satiety and scorn, which can no longer endure the BRIC-A-BRAC of ideas of the most varied origin, such as so-called Positivism at present throws on the market; a disgust of the more refined taste at the village-fair motley and patchiness of all these reality-philosophasters, in whom there is nothing either new or true, except this motley. Therein it seems to me that we should agree with those skeptical anti-realists and knowledge-microscopists of the present day; their instinct, which repels them from MODERN reality, is unrefuted... what do their retrograde by-paths concern us! The main thing about them is NOT that they wish to go "back," but that they wish to get AWAY therefrom. A little MORE strength, swing, courage, and artistic power, and they would be OFF—and not back!"

– F. Nietzsche

Posted by IPLD at 1:21 PM 0 comments



MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 2012

Four More Synchronicities:

"one revolts first and foremost because words are insufficient"

The passions spoke first; and men began to act in the right direction before they had reasoned out their action. The wanton cruelty with which political prisoners were treated, the horrors of preliminary detention, the barbarous punishment inflicted for trifling offences - all this proved unendurable even to the mild, patient Russians. The spirit of revenge was kindled, giving birth to the first attacks upon the Government, known by the name of terrorism. They began with an act of individual retaliation which, in the circumstances, had all the dignity of a solemn act of public justice. A girl, Vera Zassulitch, shot General Treppoff, who had ordered the flogging of a political prisoner. On March 31, 1878, she was acquitted by the jury, though she never denied her act. In 1878 terrorism was accepted as a system of warfare by the most influential and energetic section of Russian revolutionists grouped around the paper *Zemlia i Volia* ("Land and Liberty"). But at first this practical struggle with political despotism was carried on under the banner of political non-interference. "The question of constitution does not interest us," said the terrorists of this epoch in their pamphlet and in their paper, *Zemlia i Volia*; "the essential part of our activity is propaganda among the people. In striking the worst of the officials we intend merely to protect our companions from the worst treatment by the Government and its agents. The terrorists must be looked upon as a small detachment protecting the bulk of an army at some dangerous passage."

– *Sergius Stepniak*

1: Decolonize the Operating system

"They were upright and correct without knowing that to be so was righteous. They loved one another without knowing that to do so was benevolence. They were sincere without knowing that to do so was loyalty. They kept their promises without knowing that to do so was to be in good faith. They helped one another without thought of giving or receiving gifts. Thus their actions left no trace and we have no records of their affairs" – *Chuang Tzu*

"Anarchism [as opposed to 'protests by anarchists' trying to lift off hierarchical structure and make more space for anarchism] is about invisible harmonies. It is 'free association' and it permeates our society in spite of hierarchical ethics and institutions. If you want to see it by 'subtracting it out' then you would 'work to rule' and remove all those natural, spontaneous, free associating moves that are the real heartbeat of social organization. Things would look very different if everyone did no more than execute, literally, instructions cascading down the 'chain of command'. In many cases the people above don't even know what the people below do or what challenges they are faced with...

If one takes a leaf from the book of 'de-colonization', anarchism is constituted by a 'letting go' of the notion of an 'operating system' which governs 'how things work', and not in devising a 'new operating system'.

In a decolonizing system, what is needed is a return to a natural 'values system'; a values system that doesn't believe in the need for 'a new operating system' or a new 'political economy', that orients to 'how things works' and to making them work in 'correct manner', as provided within the framework of the 'sovereign states' which may be hierarchically ranked on a better/worse performance scale;

...The decolonizer 'values system' does not start from a new American dream or a new French dream or a new EU dream which are theory-driven [common dream-driven aka common belief-driven] 'operating systems' governing 'how things work', ... the decolonizer values start from different assumptions; i.e. that we live in a relational space wherein we cannot isolate 'how things work' from the dynamics of the common habitat these things share inclusion in, whether we are talking at the level of individual people or individual sovereign states.

The decolonizer 'values system' orients to the beyond good-and-evil quest for cultivating, restoring and sustaining balance and harmony in the relational space we share inclusion in. It is a values system that transcends the moral values-based governance of common-belief driven 'operating systems' that describe the correct way for 'how things work' and the incorrect way for 'how things work', so as to 'realize' a common belief based 'vision' or 'dream'. Evolution is not heading towards a particular 'end-vision'; it is an unfolding [a continual transforming of relational space] whose forms/shapes arise from the quest for sustaining balance within an interdependent connectedness.

This is the way of nature; i.e nature is continual 'organizing' that does not allow 'ego' to get narcissist about an 'organizing', notionally creating an 'organization' driven from some 'common belief' or 'common dream', and establishing 'dream-police' to enforce dream-convergent behaviours on all of the participants with 'the organization'.

The anarchism in decolonization is by way of values that suspend this reifying of balance-and-harmony-sustaining 'organizing's into 'common-belief driven local organizations' [the latter being 'genomes' that have cast aside their 'epigenomes'. Without the 'epigenome' the 'genome' becomes an internally directed 'mechanistic organization'. With the 'epigenome', which ensures continuing resonance between the dynamics of the relational spatial-plenum and the dynamics of the diverse multiplicity of inhabitants of that plenum, interdependent connectedness is acknowledged."

– *emile*

2: Southern Hospitality (Apache style) is no friggin' joke!

"Since the hardening of White supremacist cultural norms in the 18th century, it has always required a level of violent rupture for White, Black, and Native rebels to actually find themselves side by side in true affinity.

This is true of the aforementioned stockade wars in Tennessee, of the long history of maroon rebellion along the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, of early slave rebellions alongside Irish indentured servants, of those conflicts like the Lowry Wars, of early labor battles, and of later prison riots, just to name a few. Obviously this is not to say that the reverse is true, that violence of any kind automatically creates the conditions to break down racial hierarchies. Yet for actors of various racial privileges and disadvantages to find themselves in true affinity requires a rebellion whose content is somehow fundamental to the nature of our society, and such rebellion will always be violent. The progressive view tends to abhor this reality in favor of a perspective that freedom is something which comes over time, rather than an experience we immediately create for ourselves as we rebel together against those who would oppress and exploit us. When historians reflexively fall back on this progressive way of understanding history, they often have to ignore much of what is right in front of them. How else could entire armies of Left academics and politicians sincerely portray the Republican Party in the South as a well-intentioned but tragic attempt at racial equality, or the mass theft of plantation property as aimed at securing "rights" for Indians rather than what it clearly (albeit temporarily) resulted in – immediately communist relationships of black and brown people? For a historian to use the political discourse of one who is at peace with State and Capital to explain away the motives of those who were at war with these systems, represents to us an extreme kind of intellectual dishonesty and theoretical laziness.

Anarchists can also be guilty of this. All too often our own struggles make the same mistake, using the discourse and frameworks provided to us by our enemies with little examination. Civil and workers' "rights," "amnesty" for immigrants, economic and social "justice," an end to police "brutality" – the words we use about the problems we face say something about our position towards the society that gives us these problems in the first place. Rights discourse, this concept of "justice," the idea that police could be anything but brutal – framing solutions in this way only make conceptual sense if we plan to stay inside this world we currently inhabit. They both reflect and reinforce a constrained imagination towards what is possible. Anarchist history should be about discovering or recovering those moments when something entirely different emerged on the scene, to help us expand our imagination and ability to describe such moments in their own terms rather than in those of our enemies. Such history should work to grow our sense of joy and wonder at the possibilities implied in rebellion, and our appreciation and sense of heritage for those who came before us."

– *The Lowry Wars: attacking North Carolina's plantation society in the age of Reconstruction.*

3: "The universal hypocrisy of modern society", or was it just a mirage?

"In one of Edgar Allen Poe's tales he recounts how a little group of wrecked seafarers on a water logged vessel, at the last extremity of starvation, are suddenly made delirious with joy at seeing a sail approaching them. As she came near them she seemed to be managed strangely and unseamanly as though she were scarcely steered at all, but come near she did, and their joy was too great for them to think much of this anomaly. At last they saw the seamen on board of her, and noted one in the bows especially who seemed to be looking at them with great curiosity, nodding also as though encouraging them to have patience, and smiling at them constantly, showing as he did so a set of very white teeth, and apparently so anxious for their safety that he did not notice that the red cap that he had on his head was falling into the water.

All of a sudden, as the vessel neared them, and while their hearts were leaping with joy at their now certain deliverance, an inconceivable and horrible stench was wafted to them across the waters, and presently to their horror and misery they saw that this was a ship of the dead, the bowing man was a tottering corpse, his red cap a piece of his flesh torn from him by a sea fowl; his amicable smile was caused by his jaws, denuded of the flesh, showing his white teeth set in a perpetual grin. So passed the ship of the dead into the landless ocean, leaving the poor wretches to their despair.

To us Socialists this Ship of the Dead is an image of the civilisation of our epoch, as the cast away mariners are of the hopes of the humanity entangled in it. The cheerfully bowing man, whose signs of encouragement and good feeling turn out to be the results of death and corruption, well betokens to us the much be praised philanthropy of the rich and refined classes of our Society, which is born of the misery necessary to their very existence. How do people note eagerly, like Arthur Gordon Pym and his luckless fellows, the beautiful hope of the softening of life by the cultivation of good feeling, kindness, and gratitude between rich and poor, with its external manifestations; its missionary enterprises at home and abroad hospitals, churches, refuges, and the like; its hard working clergy dwelling amidst the wretched homes of those whose souls they are saving; its elegant and enthusiastic ladies sometimes visiting them; its dignified, cultivated gentlemen from the universities spreading the influences of a refined home in every dull half starved parish in England; the thoughtful series of lectures on that virtue of thrift which the poor can scarcely fail to practise even unpreached to; its increasing sense of the value of moral purity among those whose surroundings forbid them to understand even the meaning of physical purity; its scent of indecency in Literature and Art, which would prevent the publication of any book written out of England or before the middle of the 19th century, and would reduce painting and sculpture to the production of petticoated dolls without bodies. All this, which seems so refined and humane, is but the effect of the distant view of the fleshless grinning skull of civilisation seeming to offer an escape to the helpless castaways, but destined on its nearer approach to suffocate them with the stench of its corruption, and then to vanish aimlessly into the void, leaving them weltering on the ocean of life which its false hope has rendered more dreadful than before.

...Yet even now it is necessary that a certain code of morality should be supposed to exist and to have some relation to the religion which, being the creation of another

age, has now become a sham. With this sham moreover its accompanying morality is also steeped, although it has a use as serving for a cover of a morality really the birth of the present condition of things, and this is clung to with a determination or even ferocity natural enough, since its aim is the perpetuation of individual property in wealth, in workman, in wife, in child.

The so called morality of the present age is simply commercial necessity, masquerading in the forms of the Christian ethics: for instance, commercial honour is merely the code necessitated by the needs of men in commercial relations which without it could not subsist, and which has found nothing in common with the Christian "do unto others as thou wouldst," etc., maxim, in the name of which it is on occasion invoked. The only connection that current commercial ethics has with the Christian is, as we said above, a purely formal one. The mystical individualist ethics of Christianity, which had for its supreme end another world and spiritual salvation therein, has been transformed into an individualist ethic having for its supreme end (tacitly, if not avowedly), the material salvation of the individual in the commercial battle of this world. This is illustrated by a predominance amongst the commercial classes of a debased Calvinistic theology, termed Evangelicalism, which is the only form of religion these classes can understand, the poetico-mystical element in the earlier Christianity being eliminated therefrom, and the "natural laws" of profit and loss, and the devil take the hindmost, which dominate this carnal world, being as nearly as possible reproduced into the spiritual world of its conception."

– William Morris & Belfort Bax, *Socialism, from the root up*

4: Black Bloc

"It is also what is left in the hands of our discontent, at the stage of society we have reached, despite ourselves: the impossibility of marching together while shouting out phrases so that they can be heard, the incapacity to engage in indirect and representative actions, the urgent need to unload one-thousandth of the cruelty the State, money, and advertisements inject in all our veins every day.

The category black bloc doesn't designate anything or anyone, or more precisely, maybe it designates anyone as such. A distinctive feature of one who finds themselves in what we call a black bloc is to demand nothing for themselves or for others, to cut across public space without being subjected to it for once, to disappear in a mass that has at last come together in places that are not office or factory exits and public transportation at rush hour. Rampant hypocrisy makes us associate the black bloc with a specific and organized entity—like Sony, Vivendi, or Total Fina—and this same hypocrisy considers as "crimes" the minor damage that the desire for willful indistinctness leaves behind when it takes the form of a spontaneous demonstration.

In this night where all demonstrators look alike there is no point in posing Manichean questions. Especially since we know that the distinction between guilty and innocent no longer matters, all that counts is the one between winners and losers. Punishment always lands on the latter, not because they deserve it but because somebody has to be repressed. Trying to figure out if someone has infiltrated a black bloc is like trying to know the extent to which rain infiltrates a river, a lake, or seawater.

...Putting insurrections into words has simply turned into a not very attractive task. For one revolts first and foremost because words are insufficient."

– Claire Fontaine, *This is not the Black Bloc*

Posted by IPLD at 1:47 PM 0 comments



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2, 2012

More Fetish:

"The sea is beautiful; looking at it, we never think of being dissatisfied with it, aesthetically. But not everyone lives near the sea; many people never in their lives get a chance to see it. Yet they would very much like to see it, and consequently seascapes please and interest them. Of course, it would be much better to see the sea itself rather than pictures of it; but when a good thing is not available, a man is satisfied with an inferior one. When the genuine article is not present, a substitute will do. Even the people who can admire the real sea cannot always do so when they want to, and so they call up memories of it. But man's imagination is weak; it needs support and prompting. So to revive their memories of the sea, to see it more vividly in their imagination, they look at seascapes. This is the sole aim and object of very many (the majority of) works of art: to give those people who have not been able to enjoy beauty in reality the opportunity to acquaint themselves with it at least to some degree; to serve as a reminder, to prompt and revive memories of beauty in reality in the minds of those people who are acquainted with it by experience and love to recall it..."

– Nicholas G. Chernyshevsky
(but see Cool World, perhaps it's already here?)

Or perhaps a fetish is like an enzyme, literally, that walking, talking, smoking and drinking, live being which metamorphoses the sludge in the stomach vat into wonderful tidbits for all the little people on the inside? Or is it, perhaps, whatever it is, that glint in the eye of a lizard which transmits letters of introduction to both fragrance and image, right there in the middle of the dance floor? Consciousness itself might just be a dance of metaphors. What's the matter, is it alive?

"A work of art strives for the harmony of idea and image" no more and no less than does the shoemaker's craft, the jeweler's craft, calligraphy, engineering, moral resolve. "All work should be done well" – such is the meaning of the phrase "harmony between idea and image."
(ibid)

I would more rather say "harmonic" and even more importantly (especially for the enzyme), "generative". Without the ripples, the entendre itself disappears back into the pit. As they say, the more the merrier, and that creates movement, if only a lizard snapping at a fly. And what is a legless lizard anyway but a snake, and no gutless wonder at that! What is not beautiful is still natural, especially when it bites, and that's the beauty of it.

For Chernyshevsky, love is an enzyme – "the base to which everything else is tied with Gordian knots; without it everything loses coherence and meaning." I call it "Sativa". But without the occasional monster, we're reduced to a lump of romantics, and then, where's a movement to go but to the work camp or toilet? Sometimes the enzyme is just fun, and that can reproduce paisley, just for the hell of it. To capture an essence, one must always refer to the context, as there is no owning an object outside of hell – who'd want to? As commentaries and audience, the Doodles are the real artists in Cool World, which only goes to show, there's always a critic waiting to fall from the attic like a bank vault or attack in the Fall like a pen sucking ink.

On the other hand, there's [Henry Thomas Buckle](#) for a good game of chess.

And then there's Sergius Stepniak on [Nihilism and Narodnichestvo](#), [Stepniak's bio](#) and [Historical Nihilism](#).

Posted by IPLD at 1:54 AM 0 comments



THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 2012

Constitutive Lack or Lack of Constituency? Deep structure is always injected just under the surface.

There is no irony in a constitutive lack: Standing together *in absentia* is no antagonism except between an ox and a moron, and that empty constitution can be a deadly simulacron whose hyper-reality is the schizophrenia of civilisation, depending as it does on eviscerating those who already have no stomach for it. If there is no center, there is no space for a master signifier – no deep structure, no operating system. Lack is (by definition) always an *ex post facto* destitution if not a positive refusal where the only absent presence is a void, not to be confused with a vacuum which is merely the flip side of gravity like suck and blow is to a straw. Antagonism (literally posited as the death instinct) is a stand against life such that arguments need no justification, being sufficient unto themselves like any proper fictional phantasm. It is not the antimagnetic repulsion or bounce of a back to back or belly to belly dance which may produce a gravitational spin and future entanglement which is also to say, if one is up on Poe, "electrifyingly shocking" and in no way lacking in possibility (see Pitter-patter & Pata Pata, where an exchange is never the intention nor an uncontested crossing of lines, and if that generation is antagonistic, where the fuck are the storks when we need them?).

"The imperative in Lacanian theory is to "accept" lack, whereas the logic of a non-mythical idea of contingency is to use opportunities for openness as a basis for creativity. The difference between mythical and non-mythical versions leads politically to the difference between acceptance of blockages and attempts to overcome them. Lacanian theories involve a strong commitment to slave morality, as exemplified by Laclau's insistence that every chain of equivalence involve a unity against an external threat.

...Žižek's "revolutionary" insistence on the need for masochistic selfdegradation, 'subjective destitution' and identification with a Master and a Cause, not to mention his directly reactive insistence that self-awareness amounts to awareness of the negative, of death and trauma, prior to any active identification or articulation. This is a reterritorializing "contingency" which fits closely with the operation of capitalist ideology, where 'under conditions we recognize as desperate, we are told to alter ourselves', not the conditions,

...According to Deleuze, there are two models of contingency: the creative power of the poet, and the politician's denial of difference so as to prolong an established order. It is for the latter that negation (lack) is primary, 'as if it were necessary to pass through the misfortunes of rift and division in order to be able to say yes'. For the poet, on the other hand, difference is 'light, aerial and affirmative'. 'There is a false profundity in conflict, but underneath conflict, the play of differences', differences which should be affirmed as positive and not overcoded by negativity

...'Ours is no art of mutilation, but of excess, superabundance, amazement', declares Hakim Bey. Though 'truly fearful things' exist in the world, they can perhaps be overcome - 'on the condition that we build an aesthetic on the overcoming rather than the fear' (1991, 37, 78). A constitutive "I-don't-know", if such a concept is thinkable, would involve precisely such a free play of differences, and not, to use Žižek's term, the 'good terror' which ensures that this free play is brought to a halt."

– A. Robinson

see – [The Political Theory of Constitutive Lack: A Critique](#)

Posted by IPLD at 9:53 AM 0 comments



From *The Book of Irrevelations*

"Wandering re-establishes the original harmony which once existed between man and the universe."

– Anatole France

Learning Theory, aka "the psychology of learning", may be a misnomer. If we exerted a bit of the principle of reversibility, a possibility witnessed in every natural language (and I use that term, *natural*, in the broadest possible sense exclusive of certain mathematical systems which deny the possibility of error, their own error being found in the equally-witnessed fact that blunder seems to drive civilisation itself more rigidly than could any accurate collective of acuity, demonstrating that a mathematically precise universe is inductively unreasonable), and instead called it "Teaching Theory", we might easier deduce that it is "a theory of instruction in obedience" as well as "in-stilling an obedience to theory": "When the alarm sounds, I know it is time to eat; hunger is irrelevant". Such was the discovery of Pavlov. But more commonly, we hear: "When the clock winds down, I must deliver massive jolts of electricity to the subject at hand". This will produce the desired effusion, dispensed from the lubricious glands, to induce ravenous desires for consumption. Repetition ensures we can dispense with the electricity altogether, as the merest ringing noise or tinnitus will turn the trick of induced performance, as if an armored armydildo just shouted "Associate this, motherfucker!" and it is no longer of any concern to watch out the fingers aren't bitten off in the frenzy of the "thirst" for knowledge manifest by apt pupils – this is why aptitude and attitude are thought to co-vary with turgid dilation. Teaching must foremost instill a proper attitude before any performance will be forthcoming or worthy of remuneration. Like every student in every school, Pavlov's dogs not only lived in cages, but were taught to call them "home" – wander too far and the bell will be inaudible, producing a snap like an overdrawn bungy-chord or the sound made in the intervening space twixt a turtle and a crocodile, irregardless of what your nose tells you might be palatable ahead. Only a dictionary would fail to equate the synonymic relation between security and tragedy, although it is quite handy at producing a concussion.

"One must recognize that the mental health establishment, which the National Institute represents, assumes (a conventional assumption in this society) that the expenditure of vast sums of money on so-called research will eventually reveal the "causes of mental illness" – that money in research can reveal the cause and cure of anything. This is not merely a scientific idea, but is deeply related to the fact that the tragic contradictions of life have little or no standing in our society. We seek to cure people of everything; we tinker with the machine. All the ills that the flesh and spirit of man are heir to, are reduced to abstractions. We are dedicated to the proposition that pain can be eliminated. An instrumental, hyper-civilized, consumer and clinically oriented culture such as ours generates, and simultaneously avoids acknowledging the contradictions that are the occasions for tragedy. Moreover, we are led to confuse the merely pitiful with the tragic. We perceive the crack-up of the individual in society as we would an automobile accident: hardly as a struggle for awareness that is at once moribund and transcendent. In the broadest sense, schizophrenia is the process through which the inadequacy of the culture is concretized in the consciousness of individuals; and that in-adequacy may be as deeply sensed, without being named, as it is reflected in "pathological" behavior. Yet the tragic struggle for awareness remains a catastrophic, insurmountable challenge because it cannot be located in a culture which fails to serve as the ground for the development of the self. But it is precisely the tragic experience which is the hallmark of the healthy culture, where persons have not been converted into objects, and where the struggle for meaning is a drama enacted and re-enacted in the decisions confronted during the ordinary course of life."

– *Schizophrenia and Civilisation* by Stanley Diamond

Posted by IPLD at 3:37 PM 0 comments



MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 2012

Holes in the dominant grid, barbarians everywhere

"If a dominant cultural system relies on taking certain things for granted, the refusal to do so places one outside the dominant cultural system, as a cultural outcast. This Barthesian view suggests that the 'dropout' or 'activist ghetto' nature of certain strands of activism is not necessarily a bad thing. In contrast to critics who remain within leftist versions of myth and the supposed folk-wisdom of the majority, a marginal person can escape from bourgeois ideology at least enough to see its existence."

– Andrew Robinson, *on Barthes*

– see *In Theory, think different, think local*
– *Barbarians: The Disordered Insurgence*

Posted by IPLD at 11:30 AM 0 comments



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 2012

Nihilist Utopianism

The logic of ultra-leftism has led historically to an end-point where life

that is lived in opposition to capitalised social forms is constrained by the accumulation of certain critical discoveries made by the ultra-left and which concern leftist organising. These compounded discoveries have reappeared historically as nihilist communist precepts. The following list of precepts will necessarily influence the passage of anyone seeking out a route by which they might leave this world. Therefore, whatever such lonely wanderers attempt as their method, they must, if they are to remain in good faith, keep foremost in their thoughts the following constraints: no factories; no beliefs; no hopes; no projection; no counter-transference; no first person plural; no recourse to transcendence; no positive role for ideas; no identification with the class; no long term projects; no positive visions; no propaganda; no accumulation of achievements; no transitional stages; no plans, no models; no venerated texts; no reductionism; no practical solutions; no substitutions; no expropriations; no representation; no formality; no future; no organisations; no category errors; no instrumentalisation; no self as living example; no lessons or lectures; no negotiations; no demands; no programme; no objectives; no fixed principles; no political organs; no specialised discourse; no history; no tradition; no final analysis; no allegiances. And above all these, no factories, no hopes and no beliefs. Then, what remains?

– *the end of a lollipop, plop*

What remains? Well, that accounts for the nihilism, and for many, that list represents the totality of existence; it's been the message of every education or ideological apparatus, drilled in since before we called any civilisation capitalistic. Yet that other word persists past this massacre of the known: *communism*, something only guessed at or the subject of fantasy and certainly experimental (or deceptively intentional) error – it is currently a phantasm whispered only if the coast seems clear. Is it then a seed that can only sprout when nourished on a dung heap like any other organic poetry of blossoms and sex and infinitely generative entendre? That would make it a utopian seed, what with the destruction of the romantic movement in literature. What remains? Despair? Possibility! ... and a different sort of possibility than we currently imagine. It is a possibility without certain constraint, the certainty of a misery which is now guaranteed at a higher level of probability than the fifteen minutes of fame which has theoretically been allotted to everyone, if only as the caption on a grave-stone, just before it is erased to make way for a more privileged corpse.

Ah, but I didn't quite live up to the nihilist task by leaving hope unscathed. So be it, the list above maintains the category, only dismissive of error. The dismal truth of any category is only its divinity. Where truth is beauty and destruction means creation, hope translates to expectation, as any old farmer scrounging through the garbage pile can tell you, pointing to just the right scrap which, with minor modification, might just suit you. We may even find interest and voluptuous attraction there, a handy replacement for the lost consciousness destroyed in the nihilist conflagration, the consciousness which had only previously been aroused by our resistance to a world none asked to be born into. The only distinction between hope and expectation is the degree of faith one has in an outcome, and the grand commitment in the futility of resistance is more a matter of ideologic faith than any belief in possibility. The latter at least has some induction behind it: life goes on. If there wasn't the attached word, communism, we'd have to resort to "*paradise*", which is at most a blind faith if not literally death.

Everyday life, on the other hand, if only during remote moments, displays communing, communication and commonality. If a body had no pleasurable nutrition it would call it quits at the most basic biochemical level, no matter the overall ontological mood or position. In fact, everyday life was named for the latter quality – "*common*". At one time, mundane meant worldly and common meant free! Released from its constraints, utopia loses its place value, escapes the future and is transformed into nutrition for fantasy, a consumable which only grows with the eating. But of course, you still have to spread it around thickly. Contrary to Goethe's opinion, there are no hermits in utopia except the starving ones, and that is self-limiting if not relieved by occasional acts of kindness, where hermitage itself becomes self-limiting. Mutual aid is merely the fertilizer for community

The failure of archaic utopias was the annihilation of nihilism itself, when the assholes in the fairy tales were relegated to "fiction" and buried by cruel "reality" (they said "every thing's peachy"), unbeknownst that monsters are quite real, and without their situation in stories taken at least metaphorically, such that anyone has the potential to play the part and be recognised for the performance, monsters will not be eliminated but reduced in statistical significance. When everyone knows shit happens, only the toxic will be weeded from the garden or contained, not ironically, by communication. And a dandelion will then be just another wonderful flower suitable for any display or spirited beverage. There's no one more dangerous or sickly than the emerging adult after a childhood of over-protection or censorship and drillings into the head. A peck of dirt consumed when young has prevented more disease than all the vaccines, nasal sprays and moral education taken separately or in cocktail, and here's the moral of this story: "Even in Utopia, there be dragons".

– *Revolution is no mere excuse for poetry*

Posted by IPLD at 2:37 PM 0 comments



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 2012

Fourier as Trickster: The Poetry of Utilitarian Truth

"The hieroglyph of truth in the animal kingdom is the giraffe. Since the characteristic of truth is to surmount error, the animal that represents it must be able to raise his head higher than all the others: this the giraffe can do, as it browses on branches 18 feet above the ground. It is, in

the words of one ancient author, "a most fine animal, gentle and agreeable to the eye." Truth is also most fine, but as it is incapable of harmonizing with our customs, its hieroglyph, the giraffe, must be incapable of helping humans in their work; thus God has reduced it to insignificance by giving it an irregular gait which shakes up and damages any burden it might be called upon to bear. As a result we prefer to leave it to inaction, just as nobody will employ a truthful man, whose character runs counter to all accepted customs and desires."

– Charles Fourier, 1808 quoted in Lars Band Larsen

Truth for Fourier is also an approximation which could only account for seven eights or eight ninths of any proposition. Thus, in his day and age, civilisation produced only between 87.5 and 88.9% misery. If you were miserable, you might blame the 11 or 12% for your conditions, but there would entail a larger degree of error with the bisection of agents from conditions or mathematizing life bearing standards, and then confusing them like a flag and its condotieri: the demographic error transposes what was only a likelihood or probability statement to a body count. With inflation and two centuries of progress, the certainty is increased by natural inflation to total-minus-one percent misery, which is a pretty sure bet, but still, any culprit delegated to represent the minority would have an equivalently probable claim to innocence.

To increase levels of certainty increases uncertainty in direct proportion. Perhaps this is why reactionary regimes end with a thousand days of terror if they do not instead choose to navigate a thousand bedrooms and deSade probably did understand that merging bodies was no property transaction when the head is decapitated prior to the engagement, neither perverse, transgressive nor economic. Unfortunately, we are still prone to count bodies like coins in the till: the one percent are thought to cause our misery. The error persists because we've habituated to the use of a single sense organ tuned to track the smell of money. It goes clear beyond our olfactory range that the one percent of bodies are in fact the most miserable and rank of all saturating the lower atmosphere, only illustrating that the most rank can flatulate from the least particle with an orifice for exclusion.

There is another error concerning Fourier. He is, despite his insistence to the contrary, described as a philosopher of Utopia. That is absurd, and Ms. Marx and Engels may more properly fit that description. A brief glance will illustrate that Charles, like Jarry, is an absurdist and a poet. Here is the logic: If we could manage to create a phalanstery as a permanent, self-contained city with a mathematically set population (1620) settled in situ, operating on the principle of fluid movement driven by passion attraction or a cosmologic aesthetic, then you should have no problem with the idea of a tropical arctic paradise and all the oceans turned to lemonade.

But still, we are to expect at an 88% level of probability (the expectation, not the proposition) of truth value. When the phalanstery is an event, not a topical trope or stand, the city is a festival, not a habitation. It took the inhabitants of Togetherness, a Fourierian (hippy) commune near San Francisco only three years to discover that the permanent situation is impossible, and voluntarily disbanded in 1969. The cops have recently discovered this too, but it took forty five years to sink in, hence the permanent eviction of the various occupations last year instead of the old tactic of kidnapping any children issued therefrom. When the occupiers discover the potlatch as the provisional party lasting only as long as the provisions, the cops will be overwhelmed by a puff of logic which cannot be detected through the filtering effect of any gas mask, but is deadly all the same – they'll stop getting a paycheck. Before this can occur, the exchange paradigm will crumble, and rumble will be something one does (with or without switchblades, chains and crowbars) behind the back seat of a '28 ford coupe, and when the moon goes round nine times, a harmonic will emerge from the harmony of the duet with no strings attached as they've all been bitten through and through with no loss of attachment.

Marx' error was in taking Fourier too seriously (or was it the literal translation), an error in linear thinking always generating the eternal return or logical tautology. I expect there is seven eights truth value, once one dispenses with utility, in Fourier's assessment that savagery, barbarism and civilisation all emerged in only three centuries after eighty thousand years of harmony, back before dialectics was invented in 492 bc, except as an absurd statistical anomaly, just like, according to Alfred Jarry any absurd truth – one's as good as another – the equivalence of all absurdities.

The *Collège d'Sociologie* also disbanded when fondling too much the babe of transaction in swaddling clothes none would consider pederastic as through ever-circuitous logic the cosmos remains enframed by the economy, ensuring its eternal return. To de-nominalise a share is to verbalise it, and that is a direct action (sharing) which, no matter how reciprocal it appears, is no matter to barter nor steal and then feel like shit in the morning.

Posted by IPLD at 11:47 AM 0 comments



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 2012

The power of suggestion, the value of exploitation or the fetid theatre of cruelty as acceptable fetish & simulacron

Industry uses as the fundamental principle behind all its initiatives the idea that all human phenomena, like all natural phenomena, may be treated as exploitable material, and thus may be subjected to the fluctuations of value, but also to all the random chance involved in human experience. So the same goes for the simultaneously spiritual and animal character of the voluptuous emotion, considered on the basis of its power of suggestion.

...One might say that aggressiveness comprises the very substance of the game being played. But by elaborating the various drives in the form of activities that remain merely their simulacra, said play aims to capture and thus channel the outcomes of the perverse basis implicit in the voluptuous emotion. Either this play empties of its content that which it had intended to make blossom, or it only manages to make it blossom as a playful activity by leaving that very basis intact. In order for there to be a simulacrum, there must be an irreversible basis for it, since that reality is inseparable from the fantasy controlling the reality of a perverse behavior. Sade says that the fantasy, acting within the organism and its reflexes, remains ineradicable; Fourier contests this: the fantasy can be reproduced as a simulacrum.

...The simulacrum in this sense is not however a kind of catharsis - which is only a redirection of forces - because it reproduces the reality of the fantasy in the realm of play, by staging the aggressive reality.

...the destruction of its object is inseparable from the perverse emotion: the death instinct and the life function cannot be dissociated from one another. Fourier championed the malleability, the plasticity of human drives: they were only "life" drives or "death" drives relative to how immutable, or how mutated, the fantasy was. And Fourier in turn never ceased to affirm that the lived events of resistance, aggressiveness, in short, of violence, formed the driving force of play. And if it is indeed a simulacrum, how could it fail to diminish the lived event of violence, as soon as said violence furnishes substance to the simulacrum?

– *klossowski*

The power of suggestion is the "set" of contingencies enfavouring an association. Suggestibility is here seen under a positive lamp, a synonym of sentience, that sensually participatory word (almost erotically) preceding "intelligence", its mere commodification. It brims with agency, the ability to move toward or with the association (as well as to break it when the spirit moves or the gas dissipates). The dissective effort to replace the polycontingency of child- (or horse-) play with narrow exigency transforms a suggestion toward persuasion and certainty; possibility to lack or otherwise, necessity; and agency to helplessness, the quality of slaves and bureaucrats. Such was the magic of Moses when he descended from the mountain with stone engravings, paradoxically outlawing their worship. Those alchemical tools – the police – metamorphosed the magic to science with pointed sticks. Science describes it, artists inscribe it, technicians erect it but cops make the conditions of need and their masters, superfluous (we only think it is greed), it just gives them prestige, full not of desires but demands so all will proceed to supply them – "good deeds" are righteous – none go unpunished. Trust is irrelevant to any civil situation, abolished by legislation but really only locked in a bank vault. In this sense, the fetish represents the total endorsement of a lack of imagination, the outright rejection of fantasy. In every other sense, the fetish superinduces it like a brick through opaque windows.

Once a boundary has been crossed, the transgression renders that boundary obsolete as a permanent or absolute structure. A provisional boundary, on the other hand, is by definition both temporary (shiftable as well as igno(r)able) and gifted, or free "for the taking" (or leaving). I'm thinking of the boundaries of Aristotelean, academic categories as well as national and pan-national or federation borders painted on the landscape. If mental health is indeed "well-being", it must entail the freedom (as opposed to right) to move, and not just in Euclidean spaces. Constraints, particularly ideological constraints, have never freed anyone from entrapment.

Where it may correctly be perceived that I endorse violence and therefore (incorrectly), terror, it is a positive violence which is intended at the expense of terror. It is the violence of a question which is not in search of answers – the finality of absolutism is the terror of dogma and its iniquitous need for absolution and omnimortality. Death is, after all, the answer to the question of life, and that is always enframed in terror for the Western thinker. Already, people are beginning to see that with all our political, economic and techno-religious progress, the power-over semantically crushing the power-of making "free" a word comfortable only in death or romantically idealist Utopias, we have truly constructed a living hell on earth and it's starting to sink in, that idea of Einstein, that a new kind of thinking is required over that which produced the problems. With Vico, I say it's an old kind of thinking – it is thinking itself. Without poetry, there can be no iconoclasy and without violence to the icons and false illusions of the status quo, the avant garde of normality as image without substance, there will be no room in the brain for anything different, and that is the picture of intolerance, where sentience only runs interference to the accumulation of trivia contained and then quantified there-in. I'd have to say poetry and iconoclasy, more than merely compliment, demand each other just like a magnet before it's been bisected. Thus, Heidegger spoke of the "saving grace" of poetry, certainly a sentiment as well in common with Vico.

Poetry then is negatively defined: that provisional discourse which is not an exchange of information, antagonistic or otherwise. A good metaphor can never be bought and sold – Baudrillard's symbolic without the transaction of exchange. The commodity is the greeting card, not the rhymes lying within. Almost always superfluous to the situation, that's why we call jingles (representing the sound of sense as it falls away from your pockets) banal or mundane lines and why no one but priests and police any longer believe in intellectual property, no matter how quaint or sentimental. It's the sentiment which is the thing, and that's voluptuous experience and not a phantasm at all: you can feel it.

Aristotle certainly didn't invent property, but rationalised it with his excluded middle, a gut amputation just like seppuku. This exclusion (the category as fenced enclosure) is the basis of property and creates the state (the British enclosure came pretty late), that phantasmagorical beast he called "The Greater Good" more recently labeled the stupid economy. The category itself prevents or whittles away the subtleties of language available to everyone, the ability to "read between the lines" or even put them to the question and not just up your nose. To extend the horizon, if only by

innuendo, one can witness the outer reaches of a situation and escape or explode it. This means not only a view to history and etymology superinduced upon the future, creating the genre, fiction, as the present, but the eschatology of every corpse (or dead metaphor) emerging from our own mouth (or keyboard) – the autopsy as exorcism. It may be the ghost is merely the unconscious habit refusing to enter oblivion, and every investigation breathes life back into it. It may even resurrect in the process, such that we will need to erase the accompanying caption, "archaic" from every dictionary. No doubt we'd wish some to go into the void, but that is fruitless, should we stick to the first law of physics – *Ex nihilo nihil fit* – "From nothing, nothing never comes" (or goes). We put them on display in poetry and theatre just so we can share with others the cruelty of their intentions. Some have called this consciousness-raising. It's nothing that special. It is merely raising the dead so they can do no more harm behind our backs. Enlightenment? We merely flip on the floodlights to illustrate their sneaking about with daggers in the dark.

Posted by IPLD at 10:02 PM 0 comments



FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 2012

All of the above, above all, the fetish (and "thanks" for all the fish).

Myths play a basic role in human existence, even for people who claim to live life wholly "rationally". Indeed, the myth for such people is that it is both good and possible to be an unemotional intellect that controls everything.

– Peter Hannes

That which appears before the community, appears as a stable field of projected significances.

Is the third aspect of the commodity nameable? Can we identify the secret about humanity that the commodity holds within itself? Can we say it is the unconscious? Or the unrealised surplus of any given moment? Or is it the past? A residue, a wound? Futility? Or, merely a half-life trace? Is it impossibilism? Is it proximity? Is it duration? Either one abyss or another? Slime? The Law? Is it the mortified flesh of an other's relinquished existence? Magnetism, surface tension, an unblinking gaze? Is it crime? Could it be nothing? Or materiality? Grit, dregs, sediment? A bacillus? Is it fascination? Is it community? Is it the alien set before itself? Decomposition? A rusted portal? Is it excess? Contamination? A maggot?

– Dupont

The offending aspect of the pretensions of *democracy* is not that in the name of what the *majority* supposedly thinks: we are supposed to be pleased and happy to be *ruled* by a clique *for our good*. Far from it, since, in truth, but few of us are *ruled* at all. It is merely our little foible to pretend we are. We give our *rulers* to understand they *rule* us because it pleases them so greatly to think they do: and then there is the consideration that a docile demeanour serves to divert their too too kind attention; probably the most servile-seeming member of a *state* the most bent upon fulfilling the role of step-grandmother fundamentally is untouched by *rule*.

The obedient attitude is a very convenient garb for the perverse to wear: and if the mere doing of it does not jar the temper too much, appearing to submit will define the line of least resistance to doing what, under the circumstances is what we please. Thus under the shelter of the servile demeanour there forms a residue of mulish waywardness, especially in those who appear to present their parts to receive the kicks which keep them going between gutter and cesspool: a waywardness which even more than temper succeeds in making them into a kind of clay unmeet to the hand which would govern.

The great unwashed will accept the infliction of the bath which cuts a slice off the space of their limited premises with resignation and reflect that it will indeed have a use as a wardrobe and coal-place. Though they are cast down by such things they are not defeated. *Rule* slides from them, as water slides from a duck. *Rule* has effect only on those who are indoctrinated with the Dogma: those who are under the spell of the *Word*. Even these – these intellectuals – are not placed in bondage by the rulers: theirs is a voluntary bondage – true freedom, according to the *Word* – and if they act as automata it is that they subscribe to the dogma that it is their duty to be as automata. They submit themselves to the law: because they approve not always indeed of the law, but of the attitude which submits to law.

– Dora Marsden

And that's the fetish of democracy.

– The Piss Test

In German, synonyms of fetish (fetisch) include in general:

- Amulett
- Talisman
- Glücksbringer/charm (anmut 'encourage')

and superstitiously (Aberglaube, lit. 'mere belief'):

- mascot (Maskottchen)

Fetish might then be understood as the relationship between a dog and its boy. Or

merely, the relation itself, the association which is the enduring and like gravity, endearing magical synergy of the social allowing two in symbiosis to do what one cannot. Fetish is a metaphor as it discovers durative relations independent of their attachments, hence the common truism, "rockers come and go but rock 'n roll is here forever". Like rock, almost every noun can be said to be a nominalisation of a verb – an action or process – set in stone – we have "The Word". When not provisional, the noun itself is the fetish when such is considered a mystification. The metaphor is not, despite its etymological history, a suggestion of structural isomorphism, but the mere suggestion that everything is poetically – if not mathematically – commensurate: it's just comparison regardless of value or measurement, and that's not always useful; sometimes it's just fun. Esteem and not dimension brings things together; function may be handy but hardly ever tastes as well. If it is the case that magnetism persists no matter the number of slices, then it is more than mere abstraction. Matter, not the symbol, is what's ephemeral and focuses us toward death, the loss of density (hence reactionary Dada overwhelmingly related to flatulating gas rather than particles of dust).

I'd have to agree there's no getting around without the fetish, and that's no more derogatory than any mystification, the acknowledgment of a mystery, except when it revolves around commodities and democracy, the agreement making dogma every alien involved calls "the truth".

Impossible's the closing of a circle thought to counterpoise a line, but that's no post-modern oppositional ophthalmology, it's just some suction to produce tautology. Only when the line is free to spiral outside control (we're talking spontaneity as well as wobble and careen) can free association generate diversity that's more than just a variation on a theme (the eternal return will never come around to the same spot notwithstanding).

But when addiction's thought impossible to rupture or destroy, one can keep the nouns within "quotes" or in (parentheses) and tale along behind each answer curvy symbols calling all to question marx? Another way to say a sense of humour's indispensable (even when contagious) to approaching mystery and generate some wonder. Sometimes sin and crime are just synonyms for wandering off persistently tread-routes warn by obsessively compelled commodity pushers like wagon-wheel ruts across the prairie.

Posted by IPLD at 12:04 PM 0 comments



WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 2012

An old carnival in the shell of new ruins.

In *Rabelais and his World*, Bakhtin discusses carnivalesque (or 'folk-humour'), a particular speech-genre which occurs across a variety of cultural sites, most notably in carnival itself.

A carnival is a moment when everything (except arguably violence) is permitted. It occurs on the border between art and life, and is a kind of life shaped according to a pattern of play. It is usually marked by displays of excess and grotesqueness. It is a type of performance, but this performance is communal, with no boundary between performers and audience. It creates a situation in which diverse voices are heard and interact, breaking down conventions and enabling genuine dialogue. It creates the chance for a new perspective and a new order of things, by showing the relative nature of all that exists.

The popular tradition of carnival was believed by Bakhtin to carry a particular wisdom which can be traced back to the ancient world. For Bakhtin, carnival and carnivalesque create an alternative social space, characterised by freedom, equality and abundance. During carnival, rank (otherwise pervasive in medieval society) is abolished and everyone is equal. People were reborn into truly human relations, which were not simply imagined but experienced. The body is here figured not as the individual or 'bourgeois ego' but as a growing, constantly renewed collective which is exaggerated and immeasurable. Life manifests itself not as isolated individuals but as a collective ancestral body. This is not, however, a collective order, since it is also continually in change and renewal. The self is also transgressed through practices such as masking.

Carnival is a kind of syncretic, ritualised pageantry which displays a particular perspective. It is a brief moment in which life escapes its official furrows and enacts utopian freedom. It is a form of life at once real and ideal, universal and without remainder. Its defining feature is festivity – life lived as festive. It is also sanctioned by the highest ideal aims of human existence, not by the world of practical conditions.

Carnival is also taken to provide a positive alternative vision. It is not simply a deconstruction of dominant culture, but an alternative way of living based on a pattern of play. It prefigured a humanity constructed otherwise, as a utopia of abundance and freedom. It eliminated barriers among people created by hierarchies, replacing it with a vision of mutual cooperation and equality. Individuals are also subsumed into a kind of lived collective body which is constantly renewed.

On an affective level, it creates a particular intense feeling of immanence and unity – of being part of a historically immortal and uninterrupted process of becoming. It is a lived, bodily utopianism distinct from utopianisms of inner experience or abstract thought, a 'bodily participation in the potentiality of another world'. The golden age is lived, not through inner thought or experience, but by the whole person, in thought and body.

An emphasis is placed on basic needs and the body, and on the sensual and the senses, counterposed perhaps to the commands of the will. It lowers the spiritual and abstract to the material level. It thus recognises embodiment, in contrast with dominant traditions which flee from it.

Prefiguring James Scott's analysis of 'hidden transcripts', Bakhtin portrays carnival as an expression of a 'second life' of the people, against their subsumption in the dominant ideology. It replaces the false unity of the dominant system with a lived unity in contingency. It creates a zone in which new birth or emergence becomes possible, against the sterility of dominant norms (which in their tautology, cannot create the new). It also encourages the return of repressed creative energies. It is joyous in affirming that the norms, necessities and/or systems of the present are temporary, historically variable and relative, and one day will come to an end.

Reading this in a contemporary way, we might say that carnival is expressive rather than instrumental. It involves the expression of latent aspects of humanity, direct contact among people (as opposed to alienation), and an eccentric refusal of social roles. It brings together groups and categories which are usually exclusive. Time and space are rearranged in ways which show their contingency and indissolubility. All of this is done in a mood of celebration and laughter.

In carnival, everything is rendered ever-changing, playful and undefined. Hierarchies are overturned through inversions, debasements and profanations, performed by normally silenced voices and energies.

For instance, a jester might be crowned in place of a king. The authoritative voice of the dominant discourse loses its privilege. Humour is counterposed to the seriousness of officialdom in such a way as to subvert it.

Carnival bridges the gap between holism (which necessarily absorbs its other) and the imperative to refuse authority (which necessarily restores exclusions): it absorbs its authoritarian other in a way which destroys the threat it poses. It is also simultaneously ecological and social, absorbing the self in a network of relations. Bakhtin insists that it opposes both 'naturalism', the idea of a fixed natural order, and ideas of fixed social hierarchies. It views ecology and social life as relational becoming. Perhaps a complete world cannot exist without carnival, for such a world would have no sense of its own contingency and relativity.

Although carnival succeeded in undermining the feudal worldview, it did not succeed in overthrowing it. Feudal repression was sufficient to prevent its full utopian potential from unfolding. But it is as if it created a space and bided its time. Bakhtin suggests that it took the social changes of the Renaissance era (the 15th-16th centuries) for carnival to expand into the whole of social life. The awareness of contingency and natural cycles expanded into a historical view of time. This occurred because social changes undermined established hierarchies and put contingency on display. Medieval folk culture prepared the way for this cultural revolution.

Bakhtin almost portrays this as a recuperation of carnivalesque: it was separated from folk culture, formalised, and made available for other uses. Yet Bakhtin portrays this as a positive, creative process which continues to carry the creative spirit. Bakhtin suggests that carnival and folk culture have been in decline since the eighteenth century.

Carnivals have turned into state-controlled parades or privatised holidays, humour and swearing have become merely negative, and the people's 'second life' has almost ceased. However, Bakhtin believes that the carnival principle is indestructible. It continues to reappear as the inspiration for areas of life and culture. Carnival contains a utopian promise for human emancipation through the free expression of thought and creativity. Rabelais stands out here for a style which is irreducibly unofficial and unserious, and irrecoverable by authoritarianism.

Andrew Robinson, *Bakhtin: Dialogism, Polyphony and Heteroglossia*
Carnival against Capital, Carnival against Power

Posted by IPLD at 9:37 AM 0 comments



THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 2012

The Corruption of Flexibility & Movement: Spectacular Democracy (is there any other kind?)

"Contemplating ruins is an activity that is well suited to intellectuals. Sitting in what remains of Catalus's drawing room, they look around bewilderedly asking themselves what on earth went wrong. First of all we need to clarify the idea of crisis. I have been examining all the interesting implications of this concept for some years. In actual fact crises do not exist. They never have. Every now and then periods of change are called crises in order to favour particular political strategies or to justify their shortcomings. As we can see, it is not simply a question of terminology. The concept of crisis implies the existence of a linear process that suddenly suffers a rebound, as though forces that are either external or intrinsic to it suddenly cease to function.

That explains the great science of predicting such moments, at times replaced by devoted expectancy or by the more or less sanguinary efforts of the mole that keeps clawing away. Unfortunately these friendly little creatures do not work for us. A linear process only exists in the dreams of economists and revolutionaries who want to attest their power, or that to which they aspire at some time in the future. It might be instead that everything simply gropes about in a jungle of relations, giving rise to a situation that is quite illogical as opposed to one that is simply of a logic devoid of order and progress. In such a varied, contradictory context we find atrocities and barbarity one believed disappeared centuries ago flourishing alongside technological discoveries of a future that is already present. So just as it is ridiculous to talk of progress, the idea of crises - the product of such a concept - also falls. [...]

It is indispensable to be aware of the conditions that are affecting the reality we are operating in when we act, especially now as they are so different to the classical formulae that once explained things in deterministic terms.

Let us make it clear right away that none of these problems interests us. We are not

concerned with the political problems of those who see unemployment as a danger to democracy and order. We do not feel any nostalgia for lost professionalism. We are even less interested in elaborating libertarian alternatives to grim factory work or intellectual labour, which are unwittingly doing nothing but toe the line of the advanced postindustrial project. Nor are we for the abolition of work or its reduction to the minimum required for a meaningful happy life. Behind all this there is always the hand of those who want to regulate our lives, think for us, or politely suggest that we think as they do.

We are for the destruction of work and, as we will try to demonstrate, that is quite a different matter. But let us proceed in an orderly fashion.

The post-industrial society, which we will come to later, has resolved the problem of unemployment, at least within certain limits, by dispersing the work force into flexible sectors which are easy to manoeuvre and control. In actual fact the social threat of growing unemployment is more theoretical than practical, and is being used as a political deterrent to dissuade wide social strata from attempting to organise in ways that might question the choices of neo-liberalism, especially at international level. So, precisely because workers are much easier to control when they are skilled and attached to the workplace with career prospects in the production unit, there is insistence everywhere – even among the ecclesiastical hierarchies – on the need to give people work and thereby reduce unemployment. Not because the latter constitutes a risk from the point of view of production, but because the danger could come from precisely that flexibility which is now indispensable to the organisation of production today. The fact that the worker has been robbed of a precise identity could lead to social disintegration, making control more difficult in the medium term. That is what all the institutional fuss about unemployment is really about. [...]

In the same way, the productive process no longer requires a high level of professional training, at least for the majority of workers. The need for skilled labour has been replaced by a demand for flexibility, i.e., an adaptability to do tasks that are constantly being changed, and willingness to move from one firm to the other. In short, they must adapt to a life of change in accordance with the bosses' needs. This is now being programmed from school onwards, where the institutional cultural elements that once constituted the basic technical knowledge from which the world of work built real professionalism, are no longer provided. [...]

As we all know, this is leading to a proliferation of cultural poverty in terms of taste and choices, a uniformity of demands and desires resulting in an even greater possibility to catalogue apparently free spontaneous participation. Then there is the flight from any possible diversity. Today it is codification that makes the man: the way one dresses, uses the same objects, looks for the same labels. One qualifies oneself through this uniformity, making the same gestures, moving, eating, loving, thinking and dreaming the same way as everybody else. This is the way the democracy of the future is being built. Soon politics will be born in and among people, but not before the latter have been levelled to the lowest common denominator in order to produce the flexibility necessary for post-industrial production. [...]

The break up of association was an indispensable premise for worker flexibility, and this could only be attained by abolishing the tyranny of absolute space and time.

Everything that led to the possibility of workers building a better world on and from the ruins of the old has now disappeared. It has all been ground down in the great race of accelerated procedures, the elimination of subject and object as distinct and opposing elements of a contradictory mechanism, which was nevertheless rich in prospects and vitality. In place of this mechanism we now have the domination of passage. The simple movement of something that reaches the receiver and the transmitter simultaneously, in real time, unifying them in the ongoing capacity to respond to simple, fast, coded impulses of communication. [...]

However strange it might seem, there are no specialists here. Everyone is specialised in a few routine procedures. The same hallucinatory world where programmes produced for future projects are entrusted to telematics has been substantially reduced: fewer and fewer sophisticated programmes are capable of producing yet others and so on, to infinity. [...]

I do not believe there is a specific minority in power capable of programming such changes. More than anything it is a question of processes that connect up, often inevitably... In a word, a series of causes and effects that could not be linked together, but which produced the conditions we could sum up today in the word flexibility.

So it is not possible to speak of a project that has been mapped out in all its parts. The adjustments of power are always approximate and tend to settle along the line of least resistance. Moreover, such movements can only develop to the point where the elements which comprise them reach their full potential. Today, the present disintegration upon which the new structures of power are being built must reach the extreme consequence in every aspect. That is, power cannot materially expand fully and leave an associative mentality and culture intact. Just as it cannot go ahead with a democratic mechanism based on past processes and values. They require new political forms to correspond to the new forms of production and social life.

So the project for a new kind of democracy is materialising, and that is the final point of these notes. Like all the projects of power this one is vague, but it bases itself on needs that already exist, are clearly visible, and could be summed up in a few essential points.

The main point is participation. The arrogance of the old political caste is not suitable for the changing conditions. The citizen must participate, not to make political life (which will always be a ghost in an artificial world) become real, but to make the decision-making mechanisms of power more effective.

The immediate consequence of democratic participation is the birth of the active citizen who has discarded his old disinterest and apathy toward politics, where men he considered superior were buried in the corridors of power, manipulating the lives of their subjects. The political sphere has been broken up into a myriad of possible

openings for intervention. Voluntary work has been institutionalised. The monopoly of the professional politicians has given way to free political initiative where representation stays within precise credibility limits, even to the extent of certain circumscribed areas being controlled from the base. Politics begins at home. The leaflet, once an instrument exclusively in the hands of an active minority, is now commonly used as an instrument for voicing opinions. In this way everyone is under the illusion that they are reinventing the way to run public spending, by living inside and alongside the institutions rather than submitting to decisions that are made elsewhere. So democracy is widening and becoming rationalised. It is presenting itself as being equal for all in practice, not just in theory. The majority system no longer rebounds against those who use it, and a plurality of interventions makes knowledge of decisions possible.

This new pack of illusions produced itself almost spontaneously as soon as the old mechanisms of political groupings where delegates, charismatic party leaders, central committees with their dominant ideologies and the aims of liberation that imposed sacrifice and death, were all dismantled. All this has finally disappeared. What is left is flexible, objective disintegration that is clear for anyone who wants to see it, in that it comes from a process of development that is unequivocally ongoing: the process of production. So there are more ways to participate. The need for social justice, one of the fundamental aims of a movement that has responded to the putrefying old political world with total condemnation, immediately transferred itself, and it could not have done otherwise, to precisely the area of participation. This has been taken up by the new builders of ideology. It is they who are building the flexible ideology of future democracy. And this new dimension will give positive results. It will give greater possibilities to some and deny others any at all. It will guarantee the legality of political procedures of management, extend control, but make it seem as though it is being managed from the base, desired by the people, guaranteed by a plurality of opinions. It will allow greater security for the included, separating them from the excluded, building an unscalable wall around them, foreseeing new needs that are specific to the ruling class and are incomprehensible to the dominated. It will select the excluded on the basis of their possible participation, showing varying degrees of tolerance towards them according to their levels of participation. At the extreme limit, for the non-participants, the maladapted – the excluded excluded from everything – there will still be systems of segregation. Not so much the oldstyle prisons as new ones run by people in white coats.

These are the programmes for restructuring power and transforming democracy. Opposing oneself to all this is a part of the fascinating and indispensable revolutionary project that is perhaps still to be invented."

– Alfredo Bonnano, 1993-95

Let's keep our feet on the ground, please let's destroy work

An invention's near always just a discovery of what was already staring you in the face but only recognized when consciousness is in an altered state. Then, bam!, like it's brand new. With a little free association, the clues abound. Consider the synonyms: "share" with "participation" and then "partake", like "help yourself" or "it's on the way". That's almost a praxical algorithm, where all going in rhythm doesn't necessarily imply group-think, especially when it's practice, a feast or a dance – it might just be counterpunctual and quite unnecessary at that. Obviously, flexibility (or so it would seem) is not a big problem unless one's own taste-buds have atrophied. When neither a necessary flaccidity, nor lacking any vitality, flex should be strength mixed with grace so that each and every gratuity's free – never a theft if there's no property nor intrusion when stripped of authority.

When flex joins reidity and movement's in form
direction's a hex to inform the forlorned
"of this generalized idiocy" few would insist –
"trust in your taste when yer feeling lickerish"
– but who wouldn't really & truly agree
with "please do not meddle your metal on me!"
Be ever careful with what you intend
as I've made a crowbar, it could be your end.

– atka mip

Posted by IPLD at 12:31 PM 0 comments



SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 2012

Death Dive Entropy

Once (pagan) witchery was abolished, plagues spread throughout medieval Europe. Coincidence? Biological warfare was the response, euphemised as sanitation, as if cleanliness was unheard of prior to the plague.

– *The Metaphysicsis*

A hyper-exclusive focus or a process of repetition to the point of unconscious automation, addiction conveys a heightened intolerance to change or any minor perturbation, like a slight smudge of dirt thought harboring deadly implication (if only to your name). It would seem

"an unwitting, clandestine, unacknowledged addiction to the ordinary sets in against all idealistic pretension to the contrary".

– *anonymous*

The addiction may just be to invented or acquired truisms, tautologies of "selection bias" where red is ever the color of blood leaking onto a black floor and health is its opposite, the cold, disjunctive intrusion in constant need of purge or re-pare.

Like any good fix, that which can be turned toward or confused with stillness (which

is peace), death (which is rest) or inert (albeit useful) object will be subjected by the state (co-opted), consumed by civilisation (this is, of course, more redundant information – if it's dead you can eat it, if alive you can use it to death!), after which it all turns to shit. Seems natural enough, just like digestion!

In 1988 or thereabouts, the term *extropy*, a perfectly reasonable sounding antonym for entropy, was coined to represent "the improvement of mankind" (sic) via the advance of the machine. It is magical thinking at its worst, should one consider the machine as a useful, albeit disposable extension or appendage. There was a time it was only thought a clever means of getting out of work. But peace or hypo-stasis never seems to come; all work is thought a negentropic meddling to avoid the ever-present entropy, like death around the corner just waiting for your slip or a lax moment to occur – god forbid we get lazy with technology! That argument can proceed forward and reverse in perfect simultaneity, enough to get your panties in a twist.

Is it ironic that efficiency (defined as the greatest output – work – from the lowest input – energy) is said to be consistent with technological progress? (we call it "industrialisation" or "the development of productive force", and where wage is substituted for energy, "capitalism"). It would seem to me a machine prone to run out of fuel because of its own swelling (like a priapic membership) is nothing like efficiency – entropy may only mean release of pent-up energy).

Just to avoid stagnosis, as a machine-work's jutting growth is then deemed more important than its efficiency, quality steps backstage in reverence to improved or alternate fuel extraction and its accumulation. Quantity of work increases in the effort to produce more fuel and then, not even paradoxically, employment becomes increasingly scarce and competitive.

The system has, again, turned inside out (we call it "post-industrialism"), as the former output, work, is now the energy input (and perhaps a reason we treat our toys with more regard than children). In one sense, progressive entropy is a self-referencing system heading toward pure tautology – energy no longer circulates, movement stops, particularly when the inconsequential humans at the controls run out of food or can't adapt fast enough to subsist on increasingly toxic industrial excrement.

Negentropy, the incessant plugging of leaks, would only seem to produce chaos, the inductive reply to inflexibility, birthing new questions concerning any-and-all regimes or regimental representations. The thing and its negation have either merged, or were merely two heads on the same coin wagging along behind the tale from the get-go. "Exentropy" is just fancy sounding jargon for the flexibility of an in-out turn, well familiar to snow-bunnies making seasonal adjustments between margaritas and hot buttered rum.

Is it ironic that us homebodies who wonder what has become of our own lives do not question a death "urge" in wanting to see the light of day in different destinations, or even raise an eyebrow when state-of-the-art theories of cognition model themselves on the internal processing of primitive (by organic standards) computers, where intelligence is measured only by the speed of sorting increasing amounts of randomly stored (internalized) information, like a game of trivial pursuit, and proceed to call the artificial "superior", forgetting altogether that the "I" in A.I. can just as easily refer to insemination *and* to insurrection?

Like Marcel Mauss' insistence on gifts, like shedding guilt or hot potatoes, a moral duty, is it surprising that Georges Bataille could not see beyond the ritual cannibalism of civilized Aztec or problematic translations of indigenous potlatching cultures which consistently avoided or destroyed accumulated excess, for his cross-cultural samples which justified a universal focus on death and excrement as the secret code of existence, informing the operating system of the cosmos itself? Or was it all just a rationalisation to justify a relentlessly lingering melancholy over the death of his sweetheart?

Posted by IPLD at 4:03 PM 0 comments



THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 2012

the connection between material flow and social relations

So for how much longer are we to com-fuse the force [sic] of attraction (that grave aesthetic principle of chemistry and geo-magnetic motion dynamics) with the sick attraction to force? In grand potlatch style, the greatest return may be to destroy the so-called wealth than expropriate and redistribute it to the poor. To end the circulation of capital is to end its system-input, the sacrificial gift of labour; to stop the flow of paper under or across tables is to burn (or *shift+delete*) it, releasing noxious clouds of vapour-bits back into the vortex to return as harmless black rain visible only to the clothed eye.

Yet the connection between material flow and social relations is reciprocal. A specific social relation may constrain a given movement of goods, but a specific transaction – "by the a same token" – suggests particular social relation. If friends make gifts, gifts make friends.

A great proportion of primitive^[1] exchange, much more than our own traffic, has as its decisive function this latter, instrumental one: the material flow underwrites or initiates social relations. Thus do primitive peoples transcend the Hobbesian chaos. For the indicative condition of primitive society is the absence of a public and sovereign power: persons and (especially) groups confront each other not merely as distinct interests but with the possible inclination and certain right to physically prosecute these interests. Force is decentralized, legitimately held in severalty, the

social compact has yet to be drawn, the state nonexistent. So peacemaking is not a sporadic intersocietal event, it is a continuous process going on within society itself. Groups must "come to terms" – the phrase notably connotes a material exchange satisfactory on both sides.

Economy has been defined as the process of (materially) provisioning society and the definition opposed to the human act of satisfying wants. The great play of instrumental exchange in primitive societies underscores the usefulness of the former definition. Sometimes the peace-making aspect is so fundamental that precisely the same sorts and amounts of stuff change hands: the renunciation of opposed interest is in this way symbolized. On a strictly formal view the transaction is a waste of time and effort. One might say that people are maximizing value, social value, but such is to misplace the determinant of the transaction, to fail to specify the circumstances which produce different material outcomes in different historical instances, to hold fast to the economizing premise of the market by a false assignment of pecuniary-like qualities to social qualities, to take the high road to tautology. The interest of such transactions is precisely that they do not materially provision people and are not predicated on the satisfaction of human material needs. They do, however, decidedly provision society: they maintain social relations, the structure of society, even if they do not to the least advantage the stock of consumables. Without any further assumptions, they are "economic" in the suggested meaning of the term (cf. Sahlins, 1969).

– Marshal Sahlins, *Stone Age Economics* ch. 5

Hobbes's particular inability to conceive primitive society as such is manifest by his assimilation of it, that is of the patriarchal chiefdom, to the commonwealth. This is clear enough in the passages of *Leviathan* on commonwealths by acquisition, but even more definitive in the parallel sections of *Elements of Law and De Cive*. Thus, in the latter: "A father with his sons and servants, grown into a civil person by virtue of his paternal jurisdiction, is called a family. This family, if through multiplying of children and acquisition of servants it becomes numerous, insomuch as without casting the uncertain die of war it cannot be subdued, will be termed an hereditary kingdom. Which though it differ from an institutive monarchy, being acquired by force, in the original and manner of its constitution; yet being constituted, it hath all the same properties, and the right of authority is everywhere the same; insomuch as it is not needful to speak anything of them apart" (*English Works* [Molesworth, ed.], 1839, vol. 2, pp. 121- 122)...

A few last words about the fate of The Gift. Since Mauss, and in part by way of rapprochement with modern economics, anthropology has become more consistently rational in its treatment of exchange. Reciprocity is contract pure and mainly secular, sanctioned perhaps by a mixture of considerations of which a carefully calculated self-interest is not the least (cf. Firth, 1967). Mauss seems in this regard much more like Marx in the first chapter of *Capital*: if it can be said without disrespect, more animistic. One quarter of corn is exchangeable for X hundredweight iron. What is it in these things, so obviously different, that yet is equal? Precisely, the question was, for Marx, what in these things brings them into agreement?—and not what is it about these parties to the exchange? Similarly, for Mauss; "What force is there in the thing given that makes the beneficiary reciprocate?" And the same kind of answer, from "intrinsic" properties: here the *hau*, if there the socially necessary labor time. Yet "animistic" is manifestly an improper characterization of the thought involved. If Mauss, like Marx, concentrated singularly on the anthropomorphic qualities of the things exchanged, rather than the (thinglike?) qualities of the people, it was because each saw in the transactions respectively at issue a determinate form and epoch of alienation: mystic alienation of the donor in primitive reciprocity, alienation of human social labor in commodity production (cf. Godelier, 1966, p. 143). They thus share the supreme merit, unknown to most "Economic Anthropology," of taking exchange as it is historically presented, not as a natural category explicable by a certain eternal disposition of humanity.

In the total prestations between clan and clan, said Mauss, things are related in some degree as persons and persons in some degree as things. More than irrational, it exaggerates only slightly to say that the process approaches clinical definitions of neurosis: persons are treated as objects; people confuse themselves with the external world. But even beyond the desire to affirm the rationality of exchange, a large section of Anglo-American anthropology has seemed instinctively repelled by the commercialization of persons apparently implied in the Maussian formula.

Nothing could be farther apart than the initial Anglo-Saxon and French responses to this generalized idea of prestation. Here was Mauss decrying the inhumanity of modern abstract distinctions between real and personal law, calling for a return to the archaic relation between men and things, while the Anglo-Saxons could only congratulate the ancestors for having finally liberated men from a debasing confusion with material objects. And especially for thus liberating women. For when Levi-Strauss parleyed the "total prestation" into a grand system of marital exchanges, an interesting number of British and American ethnologists recoiled at once from the idea, refusing for their part to "treat women as commodities."

Without wanting to decide the issue, not at least in these terms, I do wonder whether the Anglo-American reaction of distrust was ethnocentric. It seems to presume an eternal separation of the economic, having to do with getting and spending, and besides always a little off-color, from the social sphere of moral relationships. For if it is decided in advance that the world in general is differentiated as is ours in particular, economic relations being one thing and social (kinship) another, than to speak of groups exchanging women does appear an immoral extension of business to marriage and a slander of all those engaged in the traffic. Still, the conclusion forgets the great lesson of "total prestation," both for the study of primitive economics and of marriage.

The primitive order is generalized. A clear differentiation of spheres into social and economic does not there appear. As for marriage, it is not that commercial operations are applied to social relations, but the two were never completely separated in the

first place. We must think here in the same way we do now about classificatory kinship: not that the term for "father" is "extended" to father's brother, phrasing that smuggles in the priority of the nuclear family, but rather that we are in the presence of a broad kinship category that knows no such genealogical distinctions. And as for economics, we are similarly in the presence of a generalized organization for which the supposition that kinship is "exogenous" betrays any hope of understanding.

– *Sahlins* ch 4. *The Spirit of the Gift*

[1]: society without the state. One is tempted to say "uncomplicated by the state" or "incomplicit with it".

Posted by IPLD at 5:05 PM 0 comments



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Institute for the Promotion of Learning Disorder

ICONOCLAST, n. A breaker of idols, the worshipers whereof are imperfectly gratified by the performance, and most strenuously protest that he unbuildeth but doth not reedify, that he pulleth down but pileth not up. For the poor things would have other idols in place of those he thwacketh upon the mazzard and dispelleth. But the iconoclast saith: "Ye shall have none at all, for ye need them not; and if the rebuilder fooleth round hereabout, behold I will depress the head of him and sit thereon till he squawk it."

-- Ambrose Bierce

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 2013

The State of Reception

"Let us then acknowledge man a born poet. . . . Despite his utmost efforts, were he mad enough to employ them, he could not succeed in exhausting his language of the poetical element which is inherent in it, in stripping it of blossom, flower, and fruit, and leaving it nothing but a bare and naked stem. He may fancy for a moment that he has succeeded in doing this, but it will only need for him to become a little better philologist, to go a little deeper into the study of the words which he is using, and he will discover that he is as remote from this consummation as ever."

— Richard Chenivix Trench.

The demand for plain-speak, that is to say, precise, clear and distinct language, illustrates a classic example of Freud's defense mechanism he labeled "reaction formation" – where the chance to exercise muscles within the brainpan is viewed as an assault upon the ego. The outcome is a clamorous invocation just begging for some answers or a truth with easy-carry handles like self-rolling luggage at the airport.

If, on the other hand, flowery speech (or its writing) is generative of what we like to call "thinking" or "imagery" then the clear and precise or "given" exchanges the emitter-receptor dance flowing across synapses like slithering snakes living in sin (where the ambiguity, equivocation and/or inversion of simultaneously experienced multiple entendre may feel more like squirming maggots), exchanges all that for a monotonous state of reception and regurgitation on demand. In educational circles, this is known as the drill, on analogy with dentistry or a terrifying tonguing into unexplored orifices. The more (in both quantity and quality) reflective the vomitus, the higher the score and one is said to be an independent thinker and is graduated to the next level with or without ceremony but celebrated nonetheless – drilling is a chore but well worth the effort for would-be authorities as well as those out for revenge, those who are more likely to go on themselves to become teachers or members of the so-called "helping" professions. The result, of course, is that thinking has actually ceased in exchange for the accumulation and systemization of thoughts or more precisely, isolated criteria given independent status distinct from their matrix. The process is variably qualified "objectivity" or labeled "reification".

'Names,' as it has been excellently said, 'are impressions of sense, and as such take the strongest hold upon the mind, and of all other impressions can be most easily recalled and retained in view. They therefore serve to give a point of attachment to all the more volatile objects of thought and feeling. Impressions that when past might be dissipated for ever, are by their connexion with language always within reach. Thoughts, of themselves are perpetually slipping out of the field of immediate mental vision; but the name abides with us, and the utterance of it restores them in a moment.'

— *ibid*

The word or name is an index or memory-as-hook in a metaphoric relation betwixt oral and/or aural cavities and sensual experience (in literature, the hook is visual, conflating that which "makes sense" with what is written). In nominalisation, the point of course, sets up the dialectic such that the criterion as a former inhabitant is removed, ghetto-wise, from its native habitat or territory subject to exploration transformed into a subject for exploitation.

It is forgotten that the former inhabitant was merely a criterion or perspective within (in- should be a clue, but who these days considers the words they use?) a field of perception which, if not static, is as well a field of communication which, without imposed constraints, can set up wakes and ripples undulating around the globe like radio waves hurling across the black we like to call outer space. Clear and precise boundaries limit the field of perception as distinct as a barbed wire fence would to a cow on its way to electro-shock therapy at the packing plant. The theory of barbed wire is like commercial fishing: the more hooks thrown out simultaneously, the greater likelihood something will be poked.

And they have the balls to suggest telling stories is fiction as opposed to the truths (or select paths toward them) revealed in the exclusive halls of education. It's a sacred place like a temple, obvious from the toll-booths facing every entrance. A certain ambiguity may be the only thing which wakes one up or invites a changed direction, like it was fuel for an amoral machine or food for beasts of transformation.

Might it be the urge to get our stories straight (in philosophy and religion it's called "a systematization" – whether scientific, philosophical or Thoretical) is just a sound defence in case we're caught transgressing by some cop-like authorities? "Explain

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In the interest of the abolition of domination, we've decided to let the domain, fendersen.com, expire. It was never 'necessary' after the site became established on the server. If we understood in the beginning that the domain is merely a rental contract on one's own good name, we'd have found a way to squat somewhere in the first place, thereby avoiding the eviction for failure to pay rent. If you are still interested in browsing the library, [here is the key](#) to the back door.

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yourself!" is rarely confused with an invitation for some mutual wordplay or other pleasant tonguing; it's more like when the dentist says "Open wide". That is also the point for drilling holes or minor extraction if one recalls a mine and all things mental are a cavity, and not always lingua-dental – we more often use the word, "abysmal".

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

– *Free Speech?*

Posted by IPLD at 11:08 PM 0 comments



MONDAY, JULY 22, 2013

Trace, Race & Ambiguity

"From the Indian's point of view, 'white man' is not a race, it's a psycho-social disorder."

– *Sequoia Chesterfield*

"It is said a black white man once became a human being, but mostly they are strange creatures. Not as ugly as the white, true, but just as crazy."

– *Thomas Berger/Dan George*

"For it is not merely that a race of men bleached white with the failure of courage would do well with a pre-laid scheme of action: they refuse to move on without one."

– *Dora Marsden*

"What then is Moby Dick? He is the deepest blood-being of the white race; he is our deepest blood-nature."

– *DH Lawrence*

It seems we're not talking about race at all in the twentieth century fashion. Recall that DNA wasn't "discovered" till 1956 and that was only a molecular chain synthesizing proteins from a vat of acid called the cellular nucleus somewhat resembling a chamber pot of variegated minestrone. Up to that time, Darwin's blood-born trace-as-blueprint passed from generation to generation as a mere theory subject to much discontent, compared to today – it's more passport than a postulatam – but discontent seems coming 'round again, despite the proofs of religious science and secular religion.

Prior to the twentieth, the argument over per- or preconceived types did not concern itself with the variability of humanity, but it's defined existence: one was either human or not human, that is, man or beast, and for the yet unconvinced, "more or less" demanded some kind of ranking. Variability applied to the animal kingdom alone – the distinction hinged upon the easily recognisable absence of a soul or for liberals, one that's charred with sin (as seen in all our children) and blackened by an unexpected (that is, immoral) action. Purity is the dentist class well washed with fluoride (or in former times, the puritans who washed their souls with spirits of turpentine or hydrogenated chloride). One could deny and in fact, change one's race by moving on to Croatan, that would entail a loss of face (and more should the patriots up and catch you – with bit and brace they'd run you through. In more enlightened times or nations the drills are used for carpentry and education).

The more embracive liberals spoke of race, not as a function of spiritual biology so much as inferring types of nation, culture or language or in distinguishing (it works both ways) the civilised and savage. The most embracive spoke of the human race, and were on sounder footing, considering no polly ever mated with a cracker, no human-chimp nor any catwoman babies were forthcoming but there were swells blossoming from every possible experimental reconnoiter amongst bipedal locomotives. All these senses revolve around a moral criteria concerning marriage or who gets the goods which others make while shackled to even yet another's acreage. And we learn from Romeo and Juliet, in olden times such sentiments were not of common folk but came direct from factions of the ruling regiments.

Elsewise, one might see a clustering of sensual aesthetics. It's oft been said a dog and its pet eventually come to resemble each other. Science gives the most ambiguous of definitions or states outright the whole affair is indeterminate or illusory. Grace value (in paid gratuities) is just the cost for saving face, sometimes in installments. A genome or a clade is just an average like the 33rd and one third state west of Wyoming. It sounds just like that language never spoken, the infamous proto-indo-european. Epigenes just posit an out-of-sex influence and genes would only express some inertia in a kind of relay. For some it might be tea leaves or a random recitation, dna analysis should work no less well than any other sort of divination (like placebo still works better than experimental medicine).

Of course today a race is just a cover-term for everything beyond the gates, illustrating a return to the sense existing twixt Rome and the ancient city states: it's just a word-like axiom referring to barbarians – from inside what is different describes everything that's scary. If you can't see or hear the difference, it's still there – we call it "class", just like in higher education. It's in the nature of a city or any other walled or gated community. What's unnormal to your senses, but mostly sight and hearing provides a likely subject for any proof of any pudding, most likely to be charged with any judgement such as antipatriotic or out of fashion clothing. It's the only thing that gives the normies a positive turn from their self loathing – it's a classic form of self-fulfilling prophesy learned early in the form of scientific reductivity right alongside reprisals toward one's own experimental inquiry.

Selection is deduced from the survival of survivors who are said to have an advantage over the dead or dying – it suggests that evolution is improved upon by escalated killing so the leap to warring states is considered native proof of a

progressive evolution. But the punctuated equilibrium inferred in some biologies describes a jump or leap from one to other species, like a werewolf it concerns a transformation with the exception that there's no going back despite the moon or mushrooms in the rainy season. It may only mean that all the normies dropped dead from some catastrophe, leaving all the freaks or "meek" to carry on somewhat more congenially. Such has long been prophesied by more than one mythology. If genes are selfish, only concerned with their perpetuation, in evolutionary terms the best bet against extinction would be to mate with every freak (or the exceptional) which frequented their establishment. That, of course, presumes the gene's endowed with human ego. Colored white it thinks exclusivity's a sign of some distinction, thinking only of the nasty rebels, the course it's taken only leads to natural de-selection, given the existence of catastrophes beyond the reach of even capitalist recuperation.

The objective rational truth that gets hauled out in defense of racial types is just as much a component of one myth as is the muskrat who swims down to the bottom of the sea to bring up some earth to plant on turtle's back a component of another. Everyday life, even in postmodern societies, does not function according to a set of codes established upon objective facts; at least, not entirely. A lot of what one does when one negotiates the quotidian (e.g., in New York or Des Moines) is active myth-interpretation, for in the end, one has to forget much in order to get anything done. Myths are stories that are comparably much more practical for integrating experience than are the raw data of biology. Were people to really pause and consider the reasoned basis for their views on race they would be thrown into a conundrum. Inevitably they would become less productive employees, for they would be compelled of their own trajectory to contemplate the reasoned basis of their society, a reflective activity that has always threatened the status quo with its revelations and subsequent disrapture. The myth of objective truth is the myth of the culture that sought the conquest of nature. It functions like a good myth ought to: it sufficiently explains the contemporary society in a favorable way that encourages an ongoing compliance with its rules and constraints. And just like a good myth, it conceals its mythical nature in a veil of truth. How very magical.

– Neal Keating, *What is a Race?*

For pragmatics we have a more practical solution: a race, when not a game or competition, is just a form around a rolling pin or bearing useful for a smooth transition – from what to where is not the prime consideration, unless the sun or moon or stars as data for to catch your bearing – in which case we're on the topic of provisional contingency and dancing with affinity. Considering the variables of living, in a bazillion years there'd never be a single blended unity. There's not a single standard which can articulate a "nature" without contradicting all the others – by it's own imagination even Western reason considers rigid categories something quite absurd, but that's how lawyers win their cases and governments make laws concerning im- and emmigration. Did someone say the civilised embraces contradiction?

When a groove enclamps a ball 'tis said it's bearing
but only when of age, a race for lube and proper caring.

– Atka Mip

Posted by IPLD at 10:36 AM 0 comments



TUESDAY, JULY 16, 2013

And then it gets complicated

Or does it? It's very likely there never was a time when "things" were simple. History is a compressor like the piston in a steam engine where much complexity goes up in smoke, and to suppose the people back when or now are sheep-like is a good assessment, but not perhaps in the same manner that a sheep herder would present it. In fact, there's little flocking among sheep without a herder and the dog (to emphasize the point) or a farmer's imposed fences or a desert all around oases. When sheep get pissed they split in all directions (even 'cross a desert) and by the time you find a one you notice they're in small groups scattered here and there. They're also practiced in deception: they might feign contented feeding just to bore the herder into sleeping, and then they're gone before you can proceed to blinking.

A clever one might see a call in all this splitting, for further ratcheting our alienation. Unless defined politically expedient, amongst friends that can't describe the situation; not by any stretch of even Webster's definition. But wait a minute! If there's no way out of any state or weird condition, since fate or invisible hands are pulling strings like we're just puppet things, and surely we never asked for our surroundings, how is it that some can get together in tanks or cloisteries or ivory towers and on a whim proceed to blow us all to smithereens? It's either magic power or as Dora Marsden said, it's never just the law that people find so dear or guns and knives or spears they fear. What's in fashion is obedience itself – it appeals to authors and performers. Doesn't everyone just want to be loved? Well, sometimes we hesitate throwing bushels of tomatoes at the stage, not just out of politeness but because we feel sorry for them, like we would an aging garbageman suffering a bout of on-the-job hernia. It's the author and director hiding in the wings who need the eggging. On the other hand I've seen some sheep give chase to a biting dog clear into the next state, and then returned to gentle misbehaving with a glance up at the herder as if suggesting "Make me!" On occasions horns play hell with even coyote livers. In the end, of course, like everyone the miscreants were rounded up, then sorted out and put in cans of dog food. Fido finally had his way (proved in the eating), but at least the sheep had had a day of living.

"THE offending aspect of the pretensions of "democracy" is not that in the name of what the "majority" supposedly thinks: we are supposed to

be pleased and happy to be "ruled" by a clique "for our good." Far from it, since, in truth, but few of us are "ruled" at all. It is merely our little foible to pretend we are. We give our "rulers" to understand they "rule" us because it pleases them so greatly to think they do: and then there is the consideration that a docile demeanour serves to divert their too kind attention; probably the most servile-seeming member of a "state" the most bent upon fulfilling the role of step-grandmother fundamentally is untouched by "rule." The obedient attitude is a very convenient garb for the perverse to wear: and if the mere doing of it does not jar the temper too much, appearing to submit will define the line of least resistance to doing what, under the circumstances is what we please. Thus under the shelter of the servile demeanour there forms a residue of mulish waywardness, especially in those who appear to present their parts to receive the kicks which keep them going between gutter and cesspool: a waywardness which even more than temper succeeds in making them into a kind of clay unmeet to the hand which would govern. The great unwashed will accept the infliction of the bath which cuts a slice off the space of their limited premises with resignation and reflect that it will indeed have a use as a wardrobe and coal-place. Though they are cast down by such things they are not defeated. "Rule" slides from them, as water slides from a duck. "Rule" has effect only on those who are indoctrinated with the Dogma: those who are under the spell of the "Word." Even these – these intellectuals – are not placed in bondage by the rulers: theirs is a voluntary bondage – true freedom, according to the Word – and if they act as automata it is that they subscribe to the dogma that it is their duty to be as automata. They submit themselves to the law: because they approve not always indeed of the law, but of the attitude which submits to law.

It is not therefore for its supposed prowess in the line of government that democracy's claims are obnoxious. It earns its odium through the commodity which the "rulers" offer in exchange for their investiture with authority to govern. "Rulers" appear contemptible not for what they take but what they give. That they lay hold of authority and all the ready cash which their positions render available is, if regrettable, yet tolerable: the machine will go until it breaks; the vexatious thing is that in order to become installed in their position of advantage they must needs undermine and bemuse by flattery the intelligence of those whose lack of it is sufficiently evidenced by their willingness to have truck with them...

Every new creed is ninety-nine parts rechauffe of all the creeds which by virtue of its hundredth part it is supposed to supersede: the fact that the ingredients are incongruous proving no bar to such rehashing. To mince the whole to a uniform state of non-recognition where possible, and to accept whole what resists the process according to its external merits, is the method of treatment. Naturally therefore in the cult of equality-cum-democracy it is not surprising to be met with the spirit of "Noblesse oblige," notwithstanding the fact that democracy knows no "Noblesse."...

A civilisation is the attempted working out of a Scheme of Salvation: a plan of escape. It is the imperfect form built up from the perfected plan which the religious philosophies of the "great" "constructive" "thinkers" of its age have projected. For it is not merely that a race of men bleached white with the failure of courage would do well with a prelaid scheme of action: they refuse to move on without one. They bleat for a Deliverer – great constructive thinker-as sheep for a shepherd. Being without prescience, without inner compelling desire, they wait to be told. The great world of audiences puts out its distracted agitated tentacles, swaying about aimlessly, dumb appeals to be told how to expend themselves, and where. Culture, training in the art of spending oneself, is the imperious necessity of the bleached race, whether lettered or simple. Life without the courage for it, is so bad a business that they must needs approach it with caution. Earth is so little to their taste that they demand the construction of a heaven. To construct the "New Jerusalem," work to the plan of the Deliverer, and make a heaven on earth is a task they can put their hands to. But to live for themselves – to lose "faith"? They would as soon not live at all...

To understand why killing at times is, and at other times is not murder, one must turn not to law, but to the theory of "order." "Order" is that arrangement of things – including people – which fits in with the whim of an individual, or an individualised group. If the "order" of those who are maintained in their position of governors demands the killing of certain people, as it does in a war, in overworking to make profits, or any of the thousand ways in which the lives of the common people are jeopardised and "taken" – then "killing is no murder." It is instead, "patriotism" or "bold statesmanship." But if the common people begin to think that the ways of the governing parties are incompatible with their ideas of "order" and they take to killing: then killing is murder: double-dyed, heinous: a hideous, heart-shuddering blasphemous affront to God and man: to the universe, to "morality," to the heavenly host and all the troops of angels, and must be avenged. So, Call out the entire army and navy and see that God and the Church are busted up!!!! Killing then is murder and no doubt about it...

"Culture" is the outcome of Gadding Minds – minds, that is, which are dull "at home," and which have fallen in gladly with the notion that there is a "Truth" which can be come at by assiduous and ingenious manipulation of phrases. They are very willing to attempt short cuts to understanding especially if they can in that way travel with a crowd of gadders like themselves. The culture-epoch of the last two thousand

years will have to pass before the Searchers for Truth begin to inquire "at home": to understand that the only things which are "true" for them are the few things which their own individual power to perceive makes them aware of through the channels of their senses. Their present habit of Hunting for Truth with thimbles and forks, anchors and care, clappers, tracts and a wild whirling sound will help them as far towards awareness as – to use an analogy we have used before – the presentation of bound volumes of the works of Darwin will help the jelly-fish up the ascent of being. The clutter of cultural concepts – mere words – are choking the frail fine tentacles of perception: preconceived notions hang as a film over the eyeballs and until they can slip the entire burden their way in life will be mad and melancholy...

It is clear that the one emotion which the moralists cannot afford to permit to weaken is: Fear. (They would call it reverence, but no matter.) Whatever strengthens human fear is to them the basis of "good": because "Fear" is disintegrating, and throws its owner in submission on to the breast of any and every concept which is thrust forward and called "salvation." The moralists exploit and play upon the feeling of smallness and loneliness which is the first outcome of that sense of isolation and separateness which is called self-consciousness. It is because men are in the first place lonely and afraid, that the feeble sort move in herds and act alike: hence the growth of "customary" action: moral action. The outcry against the "immoral," i.e. the unusual, is the expression of distress of the timid in the presence of the innovation. It is the instinct which feels there is safety with the crowd and danger as well as loneliness in adventuring individually which puts the poignant note into the epithet "immoral." To be "immoral" is to be on precisely the same level as the unconventional and the unfashionable: that and no more...

The commandment "Love one another" is an advance in subtlety as compared with the injunctions it was intended to supersede. It is an attempt to establish an intra-conscious police in the shape of Conscience. It is what the Webbs for instance would call a move in the direction of "efficiency in administration," as the spy-system is more "efficient" than an ordinary police-system. More efficient because more intimate, and more effective because it is easy to control actions once feeling has been surrendered under control. The favour with which the command to "Love one another" was received is evidence of the strength of the desire for neighbourly espionage and democratic control of "each by all" of which all modern legislation is but the grotesque parody in action. (Now with democracy merely an infant, "loving one another" only mildly, we control each other in the realms of marrying, being born, housed, clothed, educated, fed and similar minor matters only. When all "Love one another" with zeal our inter-neighbourly control will begin to show something of what it can be.)

It is therefore quite clear what motives of economy would operate in the point of view of "Authority" in substituting "compulsory love" for "compulsory circumspect behaviour" such as the decalogue enjoins. If only universal "loving" could be made the fashionable habit, the supreme "moral," how easy the work of "leaders" would be. When individuals love one another how easily they work together: how they appear successful in overcoming the otherwise unmanageable ego. Then why not make love among the herd compulsory: and hey presto: the New Dispensation: the Christian era...

The irony of the efforts of the advocates of the new dispensation to press "love" into the service of the "moral concepts" is not immediately apparent. It is customary to regard "love" as the outcome of "culture" and therefore in some special way amenable to the service of culture. It has become too much a habit of speech with the "civilised" world, i.e. the moralised idea-ised world, to look on "love" as in some sort a means of "salvation," to expect it to analyse why it does so. If it did men would realise that the explanation is the reverse of the current one, i.e. that love is the consummation of moralisation. It is in fact an effort to escape from it. The heavy incrustation of habitualised actions, i.e. morals, increases in tenacity as life goes on, forming a sort of hutch which is half shelter and half tomb. The taking on of its earlier incrustations is called "growing-up": as they grow more obviously oppressive it is called "growing old." To be "morally-minded" is to have lost the instinct which revolts against this walling-up of the changing spirit: revolt that is against either growing up or growing old. As most people are morally-minded the world is left with a tiny remnant of individuals of whom if we spoke of them in terms of time-measurement we should say ranged in age from two years to five: the people of genius and charm. The age of maturity, if we may put it like that, when all that we mean is the age at which the soul has made itself familiar with its new dwelling-place and is at its best, brightest, most inquiring and "true," is from two years to five: not twenty-five or fifty-five as the moralist would like to pretend. From five onwards the browbeating process which is called moral education begins, and as we have said only spirits which are bigger and more resistant than their would-be instructors resist it and stand firm at their height of growth. The rest are slowly driven back by "culture" to the state of automatic living which was their pre-natal existence... To introduce an attitude into a relation whose very existence is a revolt against attitudes is to snatch from the conventional what is literally his one means of salvation, and that none too certain...

The characteristic of the "rebel" position is a feeling of angry temper against – something: i.e. conditions, presumably static. Now as a

matter of fact "conditions" of a relative degree – precisely in that relative degree under which the agitator conceives them, are an illusion. There are conditions which men would find absolute, as for instance an explorer without food in Arctic territory: but in a "land of plenty" such as these in which the "rebel movement" is trying to make headway: conditions – static – hard and fast – are illusory, and impermanent as the blocking out of light from a room by a night's frost is impermanent. Heat the room and the window-panes clear and the light streams in. Now seemingly-harsh conditions of wealth acquiring in fertile lands with instruments of production such as we possess are as formidable as an army of snow warriors exposed in the glare of warm sun light. Conditions dissolve under the thawing influence of human initiative, energy, and temper. What is amiss, in the worst (of these relative) conditions human eye has rested upon, is not the condition: but the conditioning human quantity which has enabled it to take shape. The condition was not there first: it followed in the trail of the human beings who allowed it to settle round them as an aura; and altering the condition is not the first concern: the seat of the agitator's offending lies in his trying to persuade the "poor" that it is: the folly of the rebels is that they believe it so to be...

In fact, the conclusion to which one is pressed is that we – that is the people who talk and write – take all theories, politics and propagandas too seriously: far more so than ever was intended by those who amuse themselves by such species of Sport. The permanent role of propagandists and politicians is that of public entertainer; and they stand or fall by the answer to the question, "Do they entertain?"

– *Dora Marsden*

In simpler terms: Utterly, in lieu of an existing thematic social organisation, the well-fit (euphoric, meaning 'good form') juxtaposition of novel (dialogic) utterances and pantomime (dramatic performances) of a cultural mythos, a narrative pantomime of one's ethos some call "theatre", others "culture" and others yet "delusion", the novel (or themes and theses) uttered (or performed as drama) reveals a contemporaneous alternative cosmos (from Greek kosmos: 'order', 'universe', 'ornament' from Fr. 'objet') whose enduring livability is yet to be determined, but is discarded before the experiment or comparative analysis can proceed, "acting as if" one were a unified reality split into fact and disposable fiction, the really real and the fantastic. All argument is a fight for the superiority of one's own goods (or gods – see "spook", "phantasm") or the equivalent subsumption (appropriation) of those of others, of the others themselves. But this one mostly concerns their stylistic form over their practical, hands-on content, thus the split between science and philosophy (or physics and metaphysics) overlaps factitious documentary and fictitious narrative, cutting off the history wherein factic and fictic were once alternative expressions (exgesia) of an oral cavity on a single face regarding the same ingestive content (ingesta). In such a struggle, all possibility (potential) steps to the background until a fist (or vomitus) flies, in the end trading off possibility for a secure moral sense at no rate of interest in the sociological (also known as democratic) construction of a novel religious order.

Posted by IPLD at 3:41 PM 0 comments



SUNDAY, JULY 14, 2013

The Procrustean Epoch: Conspiracies in applied singularity

Saith Sir Thomas Brewbold, "for whereas, there is but one way to do nothing and divers way to do something, whereof, to a surety, only one is the right way, it followeth that he who from indecision standeth still hath not so many chances of going astray as he who pusheth forwards".

– *A. Bierce, on indecision.*

Largely due to the inability to appreciate a sound flogging put forth by the skeptics but only after the institution of smarmy lawyers to discredit the even sounder linguistic intuitions of the sophists, the stoics prevailed behind the heels of the up-and-coming media personality, Plato. Rather than acknowledge independent thinking which might just put an end to voluntary sacrifice, stoics organized as the nouveau class of philosophers modern cynics might call sycophantic wankers, christian atheists or merely, ministers of unnatural science – that is to say, well-schooled dogmatics.

So the stage was set, not unhindered by the trials against impiety, for the more conservative of thinkers to fill the think-tanks with the smells of fish-like swells of the theologic systematizers who put together the first bible (still largely oral) for the growing Aegean state or region and called it Orpheic Mysteries, named for the chairman of that illustrious committee, Signor Orpheus who said even bigger than that contemptuous Zeus and his afterthought, Apollo was the world creator Phanes (the name means lighthouse: "brings to light", the dude who laid the cosmic egg, that is controlled the monopoly of appearances, but in Latin it means mere image, unreality, a specter or apparition), named for a former Egyptian general who was prior, pissed off at the administration so led the Persians into alliance with the Arabs, as guides across the desert as if protecting just another caravan from unruly pirates, and entailed a hostile take-over of the Egyptian state. Some say for blasphemy Orpheus died of thunder-bolt, but the consensus said 'twas a gang of angry ladies cut his throat.

But back to Phanes, such seems the fate of alliances and empires who would share power. Bureaucrats must get a regular ass-licking – it's what they give so is their due – no matter how untasty or one's assured superiority. That's the lesson chairman Mao

found out but all too late. The alternative is to reduce the levels of bureaucratic hierarchy to nil (impossible 'cause who would tend the til?) or avail the profitability of skill, the Public Relations Industry. JP Morgan was not just a banker, but treated information and research as if it was monopoly money – little even made it to the patent office censors without his signature. More a king or feudal duke than any smart-ass corporate puke – the rabble that he sired are the suits we all too often see today. But Phanes was more like the disgruntled bureaucrat or general-mover prone to temper tantrum, J. Edgar Hoover. The other Hoover was presidential, but like all things executive – increasingly – in name only. More properly, his only claim to fame was in his title – a little dick or nix, unsuited to J. Edgar's spittle.

But such things are small potatoes to the grand scheme of things, which is too far-fetched to entitle a conspiracy. The push was always hegemony of internal dependence, that is to say obedience itself, the fuel of state efficiency regardless of who's in power and what he's got to say. Empires can only reach out effectively to others by systematizing global entanglements – the trend in entropy is chaos. Such is where lawyers and other priests come in handy. The only alternative is always posed as a total global disaster, and still spun in terms of famine, pestilence or a great big solar flare. It's never mattered which ideology is in vogue, what's always concerned statesmen is that everyone is on the same page – of the hymnal, that is harmony – or playing on the same board – that would be monopoly. The field of economics is created when the currency which Milton Bradley provided in the box runs short so there's a frantic running after other currents. Exchange rates must be regulated just like irrigation water, and who better for the stand than the high priests (if certifiable) of the Order of the Invisible Hand? Oih!

But Hegemony is an unrealistic ideal even in the tightest system. In every dialectic, there are the bleeding heart but smarmy running opposition to the conservative but slightly stupid, well trained in aristotelean sentiments (or Babylonian religion), yet straight forward and foolhardy, they'd rather destroy the world on principle than be caught with their pants down jamming their torpedoes with the throttle set to full. It's why unitarian dictators rarely last more than a season, the two party system has since become indispensable. Plato's Republic slightly tempered with a little Aristotle. It's based on ancient marriages which ran on one or four or eight year cycles. By the time it comes around again, no one remembers, well-hid are all the little infidelities: "Thank the gods for rehab; this time will be different...he's our man!"

Like the greek patriarchs before had imposed a patrilineal genealogy onto diverse myth-time figures from different regions and changed the way that time is reckoned from a moon-year lasting 13 months (with one day off recovering from the party) which effectively took the meat out of stories useful to calculating diverse topographies as well as changes in the seasons, when and where the deer are there for all the meat eaters or some peppercorns, wine and taters for the veegers, Orpheus systematized a single rendering and came up with a greek religion not unlike christianity, specifically the catholic church from Constantine to Augustine, that saint named for the emporor, so in the end, based less on pastoral Greek than the Roman tax collector. Yet they were still working on the Classic Greek detournement in the fifth century ad., then after sixteen more centuries perfected by Hollywood and DC comics, should the neopagans ever take the revolution. Either way, as has been, will again be said "let them eat cake" which is a euphemism for old weevil-infested bread and the circus is just what is circular in any revolution – that is to say many casualties. What's changed in all this time is we've got not so many horses in our cart, plastic coin and everywhere a wall-mart.

The Byzantine think-tanks were more suited to restoring, not a greek democracy but imperial Rome which, contrary to public opinion, incurred some setbacks but never underwent a collapse. What's racist in the faux victories of the Gothic over Latin is that Bismark's heir or even an emir couldn't make an appearance as a distinguished roman citizen. What's common to the modern view in Aegan, Judeo-christian and Islamic is the utopian platonic synthesis of republic mixed with a dash of Aristotle (the Islamic prophet and father of all atheistic science) together with Apollo (carried forth by christians in the figure of Roman Paul, no longer manly god but, like Orpheus, his smooth-talking – the word in French is where we get english parliaments – the gods' publicist and apostle).

Having successfully demised everything mysteriously pythic in Delphi before Apollo (like St Patrick) slew the snakes, by Mohamed's time everyone worth noting (that is, the patriotic) was already patriarchic. Of course today we don't speak of empires, and global village has had its day, and world-democracy is gasping for its final breath, the word that sounds so hip and intellectual is "singularity". But it's just another metaphor meant to draw our heads to hyper-sucking black holes or Borgs who look really scary.

If the verse was all so simple and straightforward and not multiply diverse or hectic in principle, there'd be no sense in science, philosophy and religion except as diversions into absurdity from all the endless monotony – but then we're led right back into it. And even if it's true there's not much anything that one can do to make everything better, there's just too much pressure, no imagination or wonder, we learn from Emerson that one can at least choose their own influences. This must be obvious given so many conflicting stories or perspectives as to fuel each version in explosive argument. There're still stories afloat unconcerned with any antagonistic polity or concrete (if "green") integument.

As to the claim that capital, or whatever current avant garde of civilisation, encompasses the earth so without deflector shields and warp drive, "out" is rendered meaningless, it's plain the claimant's head's already liberated but its body is stuck in the mud that's called the general economy. They might as well stick with Marx or Adam Smith for company. We heard that science is criticised as too reductionistic and justice and religion were just purveyors applying blame but only slaves were blameless in their supplication. Isn't a conspiracy just sticking to whatever is in fashion? If only one avenue leads to truth or too much dam(ned detemi)nation, every other way is radical, the root (one might say "route") to safety or salvation. Only the righteous call a field of possibility disorder and/or chaos. They only hold their nose because it smells like teen spirit, and that's not bad, it's just embarrassing – every one knows deep down they had ejected prematurely. It may be the ever-rousing truth is what needs routed, and for the nihilistic bent the alternative is nothing: how can

one get lost if there's no rigid plan for where we're headed? Procrustes' path gets everybody busted.

Posted by IPLD at 8:04 PM 0 comments



FRIDAY, JULY 5, 2013

The rule of consistency and free association are confused

Radicals as well as mental health 'workers' and social reformers have long efforted to expose the hypocrisy or contradictions (both collectively and individually) which modern society holds. Such is the long drive toward reason or rationality: "Headway". Unfortunately, this completely ignores the compartmentalization which rationalism requires lest it burst out with waves of absurdity. A brief look around will show most folks are not rational creatures except as pertains to the particular box they reside in. An historical look will return the impression that, of any form of enlightenment (and not just in the manner of a universal), the projects have all ended in failure. As B. Laska concluded, "we cannot be enlightened".

Social movements proceed much like Kuhnian paradigms, whose transformations merely result in the construction of new compartments after the old-timers are dead. The "What's the alternative?" question is loudest in the midst of the transformation or period of instability. Any truly radical change is therefore, and from almost any rational stand, deemed impossible. Then I'd like to ask, "why stick with reason?" This shaky status is only the ground for a grand systemic recuperation.

The "reason" is always given in a most circular fashion, "it's the only game in town!" The theory of inertia is no help at all. A game is just the rationalization of play, and one might think it just an excuse. The game is not even in the same compartment as play, and when I affix the adjective, "free-", one might consider there is a point made, but surely not a "win" even when it has to be admitted that everyone else seems to be cheating. It's a moral complaint like red meat in some circles or too much salt or deep-fat fried potatoes. The field of free-play is chaos, and that is the zone of free association where despite one's intention, up comes a surprise – sometimes it's pleasant.

Another way to put it, as Huizinga suggested when he said that play annihilates logic or reason, what really comes about is a de-compartmentalization – nothing's been broken but boundaries and some questionable connections which were beforehand well hidden. Intuitions are released from categorical constraints so, in distinction to gaming, the field of play is as infinite as the number of tunes to be played on a piano. Traditions or habits may follow you like the wind in a dust storm, but not like bullets unless no one else is playing, and then, watch out!

The poetic and mythic equally admit no discourse but the metaphoric (in its most broad or non-technical sense) or contextual (rather than compartmented departmental). Dada suggested that only the juxtaposition of the habitually unsuitable will trigger the imp of perversion or bullshit detector. It's much less damaging than the shock required which might just come to instantly marry them. Like the young boy patriot who hates the government for its persistent treading (and so much he has heard) does not see the problem with joining up to fight its other enemies until he's been basically trained, and he's likely transformed, but into what we'd have to consider. If not in the gutter, a cop or good husband and wife-beating father? Whatever, they promised good jobs or an education, should he survive his commitment. The heightened chance of losing the gamble brings on the reply, "I'm a man so I'm not afraid to die so stop fucking with my decision to try!" And in this he'd be right and we've completely lost the topic. Percy Shelly's rhymes in Anarchy could probably provide better argument or at least a more child-friendly playfield with other sorts of portal to adventures.

From some point of view, logic is never logical. Make it tighter? Would this boy see the "logical error" of his ways when presented with a mathematical formula? Likely not. When under attack, even a mathematician will defend a position, no questions asked. This is why they invented irrational and imaginary numbers. It's less ego defensive than against all that's chaotic or absurd and the rest will appeal to authority, celebrity or otherwise the WORD as "revealed". A random montage might be better than Shelly since chaos has no orders to persuade, so observing it may actually be thought safe, at least from a distance or until you've been made.

More likely, there's already occurred, through a "proper" upbringing, a linguistic death of the "private reflection" where "everything's disconnected anyway". Well, that's not quite what we mean by chaos today. Like Tim Burton, the one-time rebel director (you can tell by the gothic and unruly hair), had the balls to attach his name to a view of the Yanks as protecting their station from evil Rebs who were fighting to up-bring a vampire nation. It's likely no Tennessee boy who died young had ever raised a colonial pillar. Or Alice returning from Underland to bring in free trade and industrialize China. Any descendant of Jim Bridger or Ghengis Kahn should really resent every foregone conclusion and all the implications they raise! Like every Ozark granny who lived in a shanty could wisely advise, "don't count yer hens afore hatch'n".

Haven't they already proved themselves bloodsucking nightmare creations? The same one's who say that anarchy is ever the plague of society! With all the payments of commitment and duties, they can't even guarantee you'll not be drained with your needle on "empty". Or like ol' honest Abe, whose pre-fabled station was prosecuting slaves to be returned to plantations and only reluctantly went abolition and thought up the final solution: invade Nicaragua and send them all there, or maybe Liberia as dummy farm workers just like off-shore corporations, oh what a wonder – full commutation of every sentence which might be uttered. Four score before was Grandfather Jefferson, who, praising the 'Injuns' said "unfortunately, every last one of em's in our way". Just who are they calling an Indian giver? It's fucking unreal, that's all I can say!

As to the potential for system collapse, the embrace of hypocrisy which Mark Twain suggested is the foundation of every civilization should guarantee a survival. But without the truths to be juxtaposed, and all the prophets to be made, just where in hell might that be? There may be no alternative to what we've been given, that is, except actually living (and we're not just referring to making it).

Often confused with the world of the dead, what's really real is everything else, or what's left outside the (compartmentalized) "known" or better yet, guesses and labels – inconsiderate of letters, its literary symbol is ...

-- see [Time & Genetics](#)

Posted by IPLD at 6:06 PM 0 comments



THURSDAY, JULY 4, 2013

Mythic Discourse

In mythic discourse, one could say everything, in its broadest sense, which is also to say each ambiguity comes in threes. Charles Peirce, R. Buckminster-Fuller and Asger Jorn are three moderns who re-claimed the excluded middle. Perhaps unaware of Baudelaire and Jarry, Charles Fort down-right expropriated it. Charles Fourier had to re-invent it, lassoing a gift from an honest giraffe and casting it into the future. In binary systems, the third is always attached to that which is ignored or excluded, as in the modern assessment, 'there's no way out'. Where acknowledged, the middle is average, derivative or unoriginal and mundane, undecided or wishy-washy, and in this sense, still excluded, even though it may be only a position of disinterest, it's often given a negative moral attachment such as "tasteless". It seems there are no unitary systems. Even democracy includes the good, true and beautiful and then there's everyone else, that is, "those kind of people". But in all elliptical thinking such as mythic discourse, there are three important points: two shifting centers and a recursive periphery. Avant garde thinking considers the periphery an obstacle or resource.

Myth-time proposes a space or an epoch from which we emerged, at least wherein times must have been better. In myth-time the mythic is grander than false. Without it, (and without a doubt), the justice delivered between the good and the evil is placed on any innocent bystander who happens your way. Excluding the middle or trimming it off (the dialectic of science, whether reductive or not) in the interest of the synthetic (which almost everyone deep down understands is artificial and overly complex) ensures a world we call "reality" of perpetual opposition (we call that progress). There are three ways to approach any mythic discourse: 1. literally; 2. the reversal or mirror, and 3. the leap or stretch which might lead anywhere.

For example, from the film "White Men Can't Jump", there is 1. the literal basketball reference; 2. the inversion represented by reverse racism; and 3. the actual leap, or idea that moderns, with their plodding feet ever on the ground in search of reality, can't make the leap to the third option which is sort of transcendental and certainly intuitive. Even when accepting the tripartite situation, we, like Freud dealing with Shakespearian choices, tried to pick the right choice, that is, the real meaning of the story, it's "truth" like an art critic who thinks the original intention of an artist can be revealed by dissection. Forgetting that the discourse comes from a "golden" age or Fourian reality and therefore unhinged from temporal inclinations (the point of triangulation actually circles around declinations) and it comes in the form of poetry, every interpretation is simultaneously and equally correct, it's just not euclidean so there's no contradiction, and even when there is, there's no either-or about it. As well, authorship is inconsequential except in its hollywood-esque revisions. Even so, and assuming they're just stupid or lying, something mythically grand and thematic survives and the periphery or audience or onlooker is revealed as the real art critic.

Every option or choice can be a mirror or telescope and Ravana may just have been Snowwhite's sister or mother or grandmother assisting a ritual initiation becoming a maiden from childhood, including the coma or a ritual death. There's always an ambiguity in drawing the line between nursing and chemical assassination, with words or with looks. In the sequel, of course, Snowwhite will become Ravana for somebody else. Woody Allen might have called it "In Love and Death" and we'd have a completely other rendition. The point is there are so many themes (Themis was goddess of social organisation) the fun in anthropology is not just observing but comparing them. Stories, on the other hand, invite one to jump in and if only for a moment, feel like you're in them – in the process, you've transformed, or become an other.

Freud's three "caskets" of course, all lead to the truth, which for the modern position is invariably death. But the first door is closed, the truth can't be known in the modern or biblical sense, that sense when considering, for example, marriage, in which the door would allude to the post menopausal grandmothers. The middle door slams behind you, your fate is sealed by total immersion, like suicide or foolhardiness. On the other hand the postpartum mother has delivered the future already, so your part is already inconsequential. The first door is for the morally righteous or curious but persistent. The second is for those without a backup plan, who may well come to know the proverb which advises "be careful what you wish for". The third door is taken as it will stay open, but mostly brings forth post menses maidens and that makes the suitor part of the future. Behind that door lies all manner of possibility, and that is authentic wealth. Still, one must beware of the past which surely will follow. Though Freud was right that death waits behind every door, so where's the choice? Mythic discourse is never straight forward. The choice is not between boxes, it only lives beyond the third door or out of that box. The third way the allusion is to the eternal return which lives amongst endless possibility. There is birth there as well, and that is the lesson myth-time will tell. Fate didn't used to mean doom and gloom, but sometimes alluded to good fortune. The other allusion is laid out as plain as can be in the Kalevala (the story, not what was on tv) and that was "At one time in the interest of grandkids, we didn't sell off our children, no matter the highest bids!"



SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 2013

The Rule Of Thumbs: Of Seventy-two Trivia, Seven terms are amoural and two are confused

*With no blood and no guts it's linguistic diversion.
Not a lemonade ocean, the Utopean vision lies in
the hyphen twixt Uto-aztecan and west european.*

1. *Virgin*: a sensual being come into a world which makes no sense 'less it's chaos, that is, *in potentia*, something to taste, otherwise it all seems downright dangerous. Raised as a princess or atop a pedestal, the world comes to you without question, or you take it away – no feeling's mutual. Raised under your boot gives the self-same result – either way "the world is shitty". The point's they're both prisoners riding conveyors for assembly and boxed up and sorted away. Unbeknownst to the moderns, no body ever was born a resource like clay, a product to finish or naughty, despite all the shit that they lay.
2. *Culture*: is just common sense, or repeated attempts to provide it, originally by mothers and childhood friends, by whatever means can be pulled from the kit, there giving courage or for the germane, a germanic mut, it's all the same. Without a doubt even doggies will do it. When the girls get together and mimic procedures, one could say, were they catholics, they're just wearing their habits, but mostly they're stories that travel the land, just like when a cowboy becomes an old hand. Like taste, experience is naught without trying.
3. *Mores*: an olden-time word for customs, not just trivial, in fashion, but iterations of vibrations worn like folds in a performing fabric. A bit of trivia (meaning by way of three or a trinary crossroad) from the middle of tera, the collective of three mothers was known as the Moirai, in Persia was Peri, in english the context, the peripheral area that is your surroundings – brings forth or it cuts off your fate. Maybe invective, it's what carries and gives you the "v" in subjective. A moral's a theme or the gist of a story and that is expansive. Begetting big its, the righteous give shrinkage: binary morality will imprecate all that is body, that is to say 'specially below-the-head senses, all excremenses and let's not forget good old amoure.

What could be next? The reverse most would think: "*amoral*" lives past the begotten context or tastes something new that's inviting – peripherally it just means innovative. What most mean to be saying's "*immoral*" – Immorality's everything outside the city or any rigidity, and that's why it usually rhymes with mortality. It implicates death, an abuse of conserving, like "if it's all not our story then it's no story at all – whatever's to learn will be given, so don't give me no more of your snivelling!"

4. *Short term memory*: the inertia of sensing. Everything else is either drilled in (a habit) or art reconstructed if not a big shock stuck on looping (inducted). Then there's denied, ignored or excluded "phantasia", almost any excuse is good for amnesia. Memory is always a creative urge, so recall must be colored by the dream or ideal. Writing it down don't make it real. If they're looking for truths, no one can track 'less you start out with answers and then give the proofs (but only if time will allow). Should you give them the moral, the story's no use 'cause the point is for poking and bloody abuse. Just follow the orders or make an excuse. Otherwise, distinguishing morals from stories may be the extensivest ruse. Besides that, it's just plain, old fashion rude.
5. *Ideal*: sensations invite repetition like a bobbling buoy or booby, a lighthouse or road-sign that's pointing to all points of interest, at least those that are inviting. Or t'other way around where-in danger abounds – lines in the sand are just writing. Sometimes obsessive, it's never compulsive, like a harmless addiction to patterns of sounds. In the present it's everything given or shared – the thing's less important than ever the giving. In other words, taste, less concern with the past ('less it's cooler) than con-joining (a juggle) a future worth living. When they can't see the humours or don't get the joke, they repay you with facts that are "*real*". In old Norway you're sent to the yoke for a spell (Oh wait, they still do that in Jersey!). Like, what's so funny about blood and fluids and gaseous emissions you're tempted to toke or put off an off-putting smell or you're broke? The mysterious "they"? They're offending folk, like the angels and genis who nuked our Bikinis. No matter the duct tape they stick to yer teeth, the narrative insects implanted in ears or beneath the puss-oozing wall-screens infecting yer dreams, except paranoia they make for their meals, they can't put a dent in how everyone feels. Ain't more what is meant by that word, "ideal", it's no joke, it's a blast where such gods are ass-ended, that is them and that's go all up in smoke?

With balls to announce just who is insane, "Bring it on" spake
the bush 'fore it burst into flame.

Quoth the ball-rag with a match and the kerosene dripping, with a
bit of a twist, "take care of your wishing, yer likely to get it" so
sayeth Sutr.

It's not just for Gypsies, it's a Utopean curse, when it's sung with
some feeling, mettle from gutters like in Phoenix a'flutter from
the ashes of the excluded, the middle-third verse.

– *Madame Blatsky*

6. *Creation*: Literally, it means making meat. In fact it's a meeting of muscles and sinews in vats that are seething. Whether wuthering weather is just decomposing or grounds for the moving with seasons, you might think it's nice, but old Epicurus would say "I think it needs spice". Grandmother World (or the earth if you'd rather), with the help of her sisters, the rainy and windy (or maybe uranus from flatulent aether) and some fire and lightning, after making a meal of orange sunshining, a mana from heavens, maybe her forbearers, digests with a rumble, or some say a tumble and shat out some mud, that original excrement sprouting a bud. Since during that epoch, hell meant a mound or whatever's inland and Helen was princess of tall vegetation, to this day some think that earth mother is cruel, the domain of satan, a confusion of "shat on" with ga-elic saturn and arab shaitan^[1] or what is to come from a lengthy gestation, one way or t'other erupted some fashion, a nation, the mistaken translation of all divination – what's muddy is hell under irrigation. Now all ways are coursed with precision, some clarity as well as distinction, but few, you will find, can tell shit from shinola or spam.

Before that (or later) the trickster, her son (or was it a daughter instead? well them days for things immaterial so much didn't matter, or so old granny had said), fashioned the beings by shaping the mud. The proof of the trickster, even today is every time you notice small creatures at play. What was missing was fire cause all they could eat was the plants and each other with much indigestion and should the sun settle, they'd go and expire and turn back to clay from a cirrhotic liver. Now a grown-up is someone who can play with fire.

Come on baby light my fi-ah.
Send me to my heart's desi-ah.
Try to set the night on Fi-ah!

– Jim Morrison

Incendiary eating and sex, so hard to distinguish since one goes to such lengths to envelop another, was a fortunate mistake or unlikely abstraction since everyone knows the trickster gets bored (there's limits to any attention) so does nothing at all in a timely fashion. Unless put into tales, it's just babies who make one immortal. But that one's the story of birds and the bees – you can see for yourself if you peek through a portal and be very careful should you up and sneeze – should they catch on to your sneaking they're all apt to leave us, like o'r-sated leeches, such is of old Merlin and what Heisenberg teaches.

7. *Tale*: something you follow or what follows you – for the ear, proper spelling is never a clue except that at one time folks weren't so hell-bent on making distinctions and other dissections for making you grovel – however you smell it, a spade's just a shovel – at the top of the food chain are worms and some beetles who'll eat you up just to raise some more hell.
8. *Shrewd*: In Sanskrit, *sruti*, which is literally the word of a mouth, so I've heard, is considered divined out of chaos or beneath the subconscious, in more psychoanalytical terms. Feelings, archetypes, intuitions, vague memories of vaguer old stories. Stand-offish science objects "It is written!" and they're right in a sense but they follow it's tradition as long as it's spoken objectively and the younger must always proceed from its elders like all things genetical. One identifies true offspring only by attending to the inheritance of property. Surely not shiites, they all went to SUNY! Now who is ambiguous when "objective" is simultaneously a material particle, it's detached observer and somebody else's bullshit detector? Before there was pencils and microphones, there was never a word jump-starting the world, unless god was created in the image of men. It may be all jive, but everyone knows that the whirling began with the likes of Khadijah in the year five hundred and fifty-five!

But where your gut leads you ain't always to truth – that's whatever's swallowed without puking. Where there is a question, divination precides over a reconstruction, the order of words or the calculation, unless of course, it's all just a matter subjective for further experimentation – "In the beginning was invented two lips. It may suck, but the tongue was discovered for tasting!" First principle of poetic interpretation is not babble – it's dada – and only encourages get-up and go. More toothy than dental, less incisive than insightful, it's rarely exclusive, except when it's sent off to school, where the measure of ecological relationships is the same as the steps between eight-ball and pool.

9. *Smarts (Smriti 're-collected tradition)*: a sometimes-useful fiction like book learning, being both incisive and exclusive (ignoring the context looks's more like a purging), so it sometimes hurts as it is the primer for laws and for rules for every behavior (and all look at somebody else for to blame). The juxtaposition of shrewdness and so-called smarts creates Octavia, the way of eighths (it's multiply divisible within certain circles but there's no room for jazz in a major scale), so ever confusing "authority" with "guesswork" and else-wise and when-ways "to fabricate". But isn't the blues from excessive beating?

There's a third position that's often excluded for reasons we suspect are defense mechanism, as if to suggest there's much agency in a cybernetically arranged information that's an inverted heat sync called Sir Gray Matter Brainy with inputs and outputs and feedbacking fibers processing data like rigged pinball machines, but we've lost our ball bearings or spring in the wallop. Whatever is said of reality, our world's just an aftershock of generalized bumbling, which is to say chaos is mother. Culture is just a collection of stories. Rivals for cultural authority, "Show me the data" they're likely to say. Without rules of enclosure, there's no information – data's whatever you happen to use for an over-expedient explanation. By accident, force or tricks and deception, the "data" will fit into any system. A system is fine, as long as it's open. To plug up the scheme, you've just made religion. Try to inflate it or

make it much neater and comes Ouroboros, the world eater, and finite and infinite aren't just outside-in, from some points of view they're just more of the same.

[1]: Shaitan, if you're Hindi, a name for a boy, who carries a torch for Lucinda or Venus or following Saturn, in a sense Dyonesian but it means an affectionate and giving demon with a rambunctious urge for some free expression. Sometimes it's too much but ya can't shut him up. In Islam, a genius who doesn't bow down to the patriarch, Adam, the author of particles proceeding to sink and then drown all the waves in the proverbial drink. Like Helen's father had slaughtered her daughter to settle the weather and stirring the seas for proceeding to conquer, all for heeding her taste rather than complete the transaction, to the highest bidder and the king's satisfaction. The story was likely constructed beforehand, a ruse to excuse what was already planned. Like the void was invented to abolish the egg, excluding all mothering. Man, what a scheme! 'cause nobody prior paid tribute to nothing. Ever since then the war-cry of profits, *creatio ex nihilo* or "Somethin' fer nothin!" was heard through the land – most folks understand it was only a scam. Boys will be boys only when they're believers (that is, when they're or there're polices). What became sacred duty was once just a feast, is now over-paid to one or more gods, begetting both sacrifice and beating the odds, and everyone else is still starving. And still they insist "t'was girls caused the problem!" With thumb up the ass and head in the phylum, it's a living assylum. If any's to blame, I'd say it's not eve, it's the void and that little, cantankerous, wanker named atom and all of them cards which fell from his sleeve.

Posted by IPLD at 1:44 PM 0 comments



FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 2013

The witch's promise was coming

Like Ulyses, Poe's tyrant Tamerlane discovered way too late that the future's not what you've bought and paid for, not by any means of currency or blood. It's bad enough expecting much from our commodities, one must also be careful what you wish for. Like product quality, and given the morality of efficiency, repulsive dystopias are just easier to design, construct and defend. Without a destination in mind which may require more than cognitive maps, utopia is just a direction, anything but here is out. Like in grade school I watched the clock to hurry up and get to three. It's just a turning point and not a compass.

Like major depression, mediatic education can only claim a victory as bloody as Odysseus' slaughter if one comes to see outside the pit of eternal stench, the air is even fouler. Maybe let's not throw out utopia just yet – as long as we remember it's the way and not the product (line or destination) even when the most shocking idea has always been productive termination. Need we be reminded again that taking the journey is everyone's fate and destiny? This is not an invitation to stand still (in line or in formation) to purchase an ounce of immortality. Sustained development is the fuel for a commodity without a shelf-life. That's a utopic destiny called heaven for gods alone – and aging democrats who expect at every whim the world will come to them. And need we be reminded that a haven's just a resting spot or free hotel and not the end? They say that hell is only as hot as you can make it. They also say that should be enough for anyone! As to Tamerlane, who set out to conquer and suppress the world as a gift to his high school sweetheart:

Lend me your ear while I call you a fool.
You were kissed by a witch one night in the wood,
and later insisted your feelings were true.
The witch's promise was coming,
believing he listened while laughing you flew.

Leaves falling red, yellow, brown, all the same,
and the love you have found lay outside in the rain.
Washed clean by the water but nursing its pain.
The witch's promise was coming, and you're looking
elsewhere for your own selfish gain.

Keep looking, keep looking for somewhere to be,
well, you're wasting your time,
they're not stupid like he.
Meanwhile leaves are still falling,
you're too blind to see.

You won't find it easy now, it's only fair.
He was willing to give to you, you didn't care.
You're waiting for more but you've already had your share.
The witch's promise is turning, so don't you wait up
for him, he's going to be late.

– Jethro Tull, The Witch's Promise

"The incredible thunderbolt of a propelling idea suddenly surges up from the grey monotony of everyday life. A desire to be beyond the abyss, well beyond it.

...the real movement is rediscovering the explosive potential of utopia. It is acting in such a way that its radical critique of the process of recuperation cannot be recuperated. It is not by chance that this position has appeared at the same time as economic claims are diminishing in importance. There equality was seen as the result of the repartition of produced value beyond the endemic division between capitalists and proletarians. But we are sure that any society that were to pass more or less violently from capitalism to post-revolutionary socialism through the narrow door of syndicalism would necessarily be a grey parody of a free society. The heavy trade union self-regulating mechanism with its ideal of the good worker and the bad skiver would be transferred to society as a whole. The students have faced the problem of

the impossibility of any outlet in the labour market. But their analysis strengthens (or should strengthen) the conviction that only with a radically utopian way of seeing the social problem will it be possible to break through the boundaries of a destiny that those in power seem to hold in their hands...

Why, one might ask, are we so sure of the revolutionary content of an idea that, after all, has moved with varying fortunes in the world revolutionary sphere for at least two hundred years? The answer is simple. The propulsive value of a concept cannot be understood in social terms if one limits oneself to examining existing conditions. In fact there is no causal relationship between social conditions and a utopian concept. The latter moves within the real movement and is in deep contrast to the structural limits that condition but do not cause it. In the fictitious movement on the contrary the same concept can move around comfortably. Here in the rarefied atmosphere of the castle of spooks the utopian concept, having lost all its significance, becomes no more than a product of ideology like so many others. Research into the causes of utopia or rather utopian desire could certainly be interesting but would give poor results if one were to limit oneself to the study of the field of the social and historical conditions in which the concept suddenly appears.

For this reason we cannot outline the limits of a presumed operativity of a utopian concept starting from these conditions. It could go well beyond the latter, in other words could itself become an element of social change...

The strength of the utopian concept multiplies to infinity at precisely the moment in which it is proposed, so long as it emerges within the real movement and is not an ideological plaything within the fictitious one."

– Propulsive Utopia (Alfredo M. Bonanno)

Bataille called the "real movement" the "intimate order" and is not confined to the fiction department at the local library. Order is isolation and exclusion, which are simply two views on the same process – one from the inside and one from the out. But this only applies to a mechanical universe. A common mistake is to shout the name of chaos at everything unlinear, like apples in eyes and pies in the skies. Intimacy outside the confines of mere proximity points our ears toward affinity, and that must entertain a notion of aesthetics or it's just hear-say or a game of follow the leader or connect the dots, not to put too fine a line on the matter. In artful things, only an aristotle or rockefeller would want to set a standard for everyone else's taste. That really only makes the profit margins more predictable and big.

What is the difference between finite chaos and infinite complexity? In linear terms, it's always where you draw the line. Finite chaos is in the order of a bomb going off or the death of an individual or, in more galactic terms, an epic or a pox-ecliptic, or even epoch-elliptic revelation like a supernova, or big bang as a creative urge, even if always in need of further evidence for any sound determinism. Even capitalists understand a sound investment relies or lies again on some insider information – otherwise it's just a gamble. It wasn't a call for deeper cuts or further articulation when they use to say "seeing is believing", it's just that if you can't trust your senses, why bother with another's?

A mirage is no lie by evil senses, the mistake is just their misinterpretation, sometimes a distortion. If taken as auspicious message of a by-passing phantom, it's still food for thought if not a later-than-expected materially metabolic satisfaction. The line between a taste bud and a spud is always wiggly. The phantom only bids you try it. How else could you know to change direction or keep moving without the curiosity (once called bravery) to engage with what may be only an illusion, wishful thinking or a hearty meal?

Everything's provisional. It's why without the security of a bird in the hand, a free gift must arouse the trust detector. If there's any sense in reductionism, the mammary gland is a give-away for all mammalian babies. Before religious orders, god and darwin, there were no orphans. What's inherited genes or property got to do with anything when every child knows a mother's not only one who satisfies your belly but makes you giggle. A smarmy ass-licker is only interested in excrement or caca. He's a phony. If only to preserve a sense of integrity, even an untrained monkey will call bullshit and hurl, or freely give him what he wishes – sometimes there's room to take the metaphoric quite literally so might refrain from criticising bricks hurling through bank windows. It's not immoral violence like playing with your food or barfing on your shoulder, just some freedom of expression. If malicious, what the devil? it's conditions made them do it! Any way, who's complaining, the glass or the banker?

Data, of course, must refer to sense data or an echo from another receptor which we refer to as literature and tall tails. Or it's a harmony between a sight and what one smells. Beneath the data is ground, making archaeologists and potato farmers and all variety of critics the most suitable scientific fodder by virtue of digging up the dirt. For the dead, it's no great concern but for soon-to-be live beings, it's a premature extraction by an all-to greedy or impatient or conformist (in other words, a sleeping) obstetrician.

Once upon a time phenomenology was the word which said to only trust your senses 'cause the further from that phenomenon called "data", you'll need some stronger lenses. With polytics and other seizures, metaphysics and religion are for the ownership of reality when they ask what underlies the data. That, of course means more theory or systematised ideas and it's the more arrogant among them who proclaim reality is nothing BUT a set of grand ideas, the numbers or go on to invent an absolving god-creator, a tool to absorb them their mundane responsibilities (only meaning here, the ability to dance, that is, respond) and then to take the blame for their cooking the books instead of cattle and thence and then again with much destruction, created poverty.

The christians added heaven as an unearthly reward for intentional starvation and toil in the here and now. Or so said Mark Twain. To this day, even atheists consider reward as just the temporary withholding of punishment and call that humane treatment. Humanity always justifies the ghettos with more humanity. Truant workers call it leave which is the only opportunity to live, as if by someone else's permission, learned early on with the proprietary grammatical distinction between may and can.

Life itself has become affixed to utopian idealism when all that's left is a virtual simulation. Fortunately, our ancestors were skeptics when they coined the word "lies" to apply what lives beneath the gods' ideas – beneath the ground the only sounds are heard from corpses. D. H. Lawrence only said reality is only found the other side of Benjamin Franklin's barbed wire fences. In other words, "beauty's coming out of the box" is all was meant by all apocalypses. Shelley said Pandora was a goddess for all-giving. The problem wasn't what came out, according to Prometheus, but what was missing, and for that he lost his liver and Atlas dropped the ceiling.

As I went walking I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

– Woody Guthrie

The thing about receivers and emitters is when they resonate or dance together and then you can't tell one from the other, and you shouldn't lest they fall away. An harmonic can ring truer (which in auditory language means beautiful) than either end and everyone with taste or ear for it prefers a good harmony over a monotone or loud cacaphony. So for immersion or participant observers, the real data lies not beneath but amongst or in between them. What makes sense for Goethe is a portrayal of the context, not a systematic explanation or in architectural terms like syntax, an arrangement of its constituents. Olmec Masons understood that leaders are the ones who cut the comers. From the stone's point of view, it's all just falsification of data to fit someone else's scheme to build enclosures. Any good story either resonates with your experience or peaks your curiosity for exploration. That's all. The social agreement is for commiserating retirees always complaining about the youngsters.

"A 'cause' (or gene) is something without which some 'effect' (or character) which you expect fails to occur, while something else occurs instead. To turn the sum of such negative statements around and fashion from them a positive doctrine of plenipotency (of causes or genes) seems to me a reprehensible somersault of logic."

– paul weiss, 1973

Could it be that the ego is NOT that which is defended, but merely the set of all defenses? To the pure, all things may be pure, but Nietzsche reminds us that to the swine, all things are piggish and Reich adds that underneath the layers of body armor or the masquerade is a bloody mess – nothing pure about it. And by the way, as to those puritans at the nsa, we're laughing – they've learned to do a google search so now have the entire web at their fingertips. Ah the beauty of seduction. A real spider spins a web from its ass – it's the fly which experiences sticky fingers!

Posted by IPLD at 12:57 PM 0 comments



MONDAY, JUNE 17, 2013

The other Ethnography: Studies in Literature

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed; and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

So ends one of the strangest and most wonderful books in the world, closing up its mystery and its tortured symbolism. It is an epic of the sea such as no man has equalled; and it is a book of esoteric symbolism of profound significance, and of considerable tiresomeness.

But it is a great book, a very great book, the greatest book of the sea ever written. It moves awe in the soul.

The terrible fatality.

Fatality.

Doom.

Doom! Doom! Doom! Something seems to whisper it in the very dark trees of America. Doom!

Doom of what?

Doom of our white day. We are doomed, doomed. And the doom is in America. The doom of our white day.

Ah, well, if my day is doomed, and I am doomed with my day, it is something greater than I which dooms me, so I accept my doom as a sign of the greatness which is more than I am.

Melville knew. He knew his race was doomed. His white soul, doomed. His great white epoch doomed. Himself, doomed. The idealist, doomed: The spirit, doomed.

The reversion. 'Not so much bound to any haven ahead, as rushing from all havens astern.'

That great horror of ours! It is our civilization rushing from all havens astern.

The last ghastly hunt. The White Whale.

What then is Moby Dick? He is the deepest blood-being of the white race; he is our deepest blood-nature.

And he is hunted, hunted, hunted by the maniacal fanaticism of our white mental consciousness. We want to hunt him down. To subject him to our will. And in this maniacal conscious hunt of ourselves we get dark races and pale to help us, red, yellow, and black, east and west, Quaker and fireworshipper, we get them all to help

us in this ghastly maniacal hunt which is our doom and our suicide.

The last phallic being of the white man. Hunted into the death of upper consciousness and the ideal will. Our blood-self subjected to our will. Our blood-consciousness sapped by a parasitic mental or ideal consciousness.

Hot blooded sea-born Moby Dick. Hunted maniacs of the idea.

Oh God, oh God, what next, when the *Pequod* has sunk?

She sank in the war, and we are all flotsam.

Now what next?

Who knows ? *Quien sabe? Quien sabe, senor?*

Neither Spanish nor Saxon America has any answer.

The *Pequod* went down. And the *Pequod* was the ship of the white American soul. She sank, taking with her negro and Indian and Polynesian, Asiatic and Quaker and good, business-like Yankees and Ishmael: she sank all the lot of them.

Boom! as Vachel Lindsay would say.

To use the words of Jesus, IT IS FINISHED.

Consummatum est! But *Moby Dick* was first published in 1851. If the Great White Whale sank the ship of the Great White Soul in 1851, what's been happening ever since?

Post-mortem effects, presumably.

Because, in the first centuries, Jesus was Cetus, the Whale. And the Christians were the little fishes. Jesus, the Redeemer, was Cetus, Leviathan. And all the Christians all his little fishes.

POST-MORTEM effects?

But what of Walt Whitman?

The 'good grey poet'.

Was he a ghost, with all his physicality?

The good grey poet.

Post-mortem effects. Ghosts.

A certain ghoulish insistency. A certain horrible pottage of human parts. A certain stridency and portentousness. A luridness about his beatitudes.

DEMOCRACY! THESE STATES! EIDOLONS! LOVERS, ENDLESS LOVERS!

ONE IDENTITY!

ONE IDENTITY!

I AM HE THAT ACHES WITH AMOROUS LOVE.

Do you believe me, when I say post-mortem effects ?

When the *Pequod* went down, she left many a rank and dirty steamboat still fussing in the seas. The *Pequod* sinks with all her souls, but their bodies rise again to man innumerable tramp steamers, and ocean-crossing liners. Corpses.

What we mean is that people may go on, keep on, and rush on, without souls. They have their ego and their will, that is enough to keep them going.

So that you see, the sinking of the *Pequod* was only a metaphysical tragedy after all. The world goes on just the same. The ship of the soul is sunk. But the machine-manipulating body works just the same: digests, chews gum, admires Botticelli and aches with amorous love.

I AM HE THAT ACHES WITH AMOROUS LOVE.

What do you make of that? I AM HE THAT ACHES. First generalization. First uncomfortable universalization. WITH AMOROUS LOVE! Oh, God! Better a bellyache. A bellyache is at least specific. But the ACHE OF AMOROUS LOVE!

Think of having that under your skin. All that!

I AM HE THAT ACHES WITH AMOROUS LOVE.

Walter, leave off. You are not HE. You are just a limited Walter. And your ache doesn't include all Amorous Love, by any means. If you ache you only ache with a small bit of amorous love, and there's so much more stays outside the cover of your ache, that you might be a bit milder about it.

I AM HE THAT ACHES WITH AMOROUS LOVE.

CHUFF! CHUFF! CHUFF!

CHU-CHU-CHU-CHU-CHUFF!

Reminds one of a steam-engine. A locomotive. They're the only things that seem to me to ache with amorous love. All that steam inside them. Forty million foot-pounds pressure. The ache of AMOROUS LOVE. Steam-pressure. CHUFF!

An ordinary man aches with love for Belinda, or his Native Land, or the Ocean, or the Stars, or the Oversoul: if he feels that an ache is in the fashion.

It takes a steam-engine to ache with AMOROUS LOVE. All of it.

Walt was really too superhuman. The danger of the superman is that he is

mechanical.

They talk of his 'splendid animality'. Well, he'd got it on the brain, if that's the place for animality.

*I am he that aches with amorous love:
Does the earth gravitate, does not all matter, aching, attract all matter?
So the body of me to all I meet or know.*

What can be more mechanical? The difference between life and matter is that life, living things, living creatures, have the instinct of turning right away from some matter, and of bliss-fully ignoring the bulk of most matter, and of turning towards only some certain bits of specially selected matter. As for living creatures all helplessly hurtling together into one great snowball, why, most very living creatures spend the greater part of their time getting out of the sight, smell or sound of the rest of living creatures. Even bees only cluster on their own queen. And that is sickening enough. Fancy all white humanity clustering on one another like a lump of bees.

No, Walt, you give yourself away. Matter does gravitate helplessly. But men are tricky-tricksy, and they shy all sorts of ways.

Matter gravitates because it is helpless and mechanical.

And if you gravitate the same, if the body of you gravitates to all you meet or know, why, something must have gone . seriously wrong with you. You must have broken your main-spring.

You must have fallen also into mechanization.

Your Moby Dick must be really dead. That lonely phallic monster of the individual you. Dead mentalized.

I only know that my body doesn't by any means gravitate to all I meet or know, I find I can shake hands with a few people. But most I wouldn't touch with a long prop.

Your mainspring is broken, Walt Whitman. The mainspring of your own individuality. And so you run down with a great whirr, merging with everything.

You have killed your isolate Moby Dick. You have mentalized your deep sensual body, and that's the death of it.

I am everything and everything is me and so we're all One in One Identity, like the Mundane Egg, which has been addled quite a while.

*'Whoever you are, to endless announcements-'
'And of these one and all I weave the song of myself.'*

Do you? Well then, it just shows you haven't got any self. It's a mush, not a woven thing. A hotch-potch, not a tissue. Your self.

Oh, Walter, Walter, what have you done with it? What have you done with yourself? With your own individual self? For it sounds as if it had all leaked out of you, leaked into the universe.

Post-mortem effects. The individuality had leaked out of him.

No, no, don't lay this down to poetry. These are post-mortem effects. And Walt's great poems are really huge fat tomb-plants, great rank graveyard growths.

All that false exuberance. All those lists of things boiled in one pudding-cloth! No, no!

I don't want all those things inside me, thank you.

'I reject nothing,' says Walt.

If that is so, one might be a pipe open at both ends, so everything runs through.

Post-mortem effects.

'I embrace ALL,' says Whitman. 'I weave all things into myself.'

Do you really! There can't be much left of you when you've done. When you've cooked the awful pudding of One Identity.

'And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral dressed in his own shroud.'

Take off your hat then, my funeral procession of one is passing.

This awful Whitman. This post-mortem poet. This poet with the private soul leaking out of him all the time. All his privacy leaking out in a sort of dribble, oozing into the universe.

Walt becomes in his own person the whole world, the whole universe, the whole eternity of time, as far as his rather sketchy knowledge of history will carry him, that is. Because to be a thing he had to know it. In order to assume the identity of a thing he had to know that thing. He was not able to assume one identity with Charlie Chaplin, for example, because Walt didn't know Charlie. What a pity! He'd have done poems, paces and what not, Chants, Songs of Cinematernity.

'Oh, Charlie, my Charlie, another film is done-

As soon as Walt knew a thing, he assumed a One Identity with it. If he knew that an Eskimo sat in a kayak, immediately there was Walt being little and yellow and greasy, sitting in a kayak.

Now will you tell me exactly what a kayak is?

Who is he that demands petty definition? Let him behold me *sitting in a kayak*.

I behold no such thing. I behold a rather fat old man full of a rather senile, self-conscious sensuousness.

DEMOCRACY. EN MASSE. ONE IDENTITY.

The universe is short, adds up to ONE.

ONE.

I.

Which is Walt.

Hispoems Democracy, En Masse, One Identity, they are long sums in additions and multiplication, of which the answer is invariably MYSELF.

He reaches the state of ALLNESS.

And what then? It's all empty. Just an empty Allness. An addled egg.

Walt wasn't an Eskimo. A little, yellow, sly, cunning, greasy little Eskimo. And when Walt blandly assumed Allness, including Eskimeness, unto himself, he was just sucking the wind out of a blown egg-shell, no more. Eskimos are not minor little Walt. They are something that I am not, I know that. Outside the egg of my Allness chuckles the greasy little Eskimo. Outside the egg of Whitman's Allness too.

But Walt wouldn't have it. He was everything and everything was in him. He drove an automobile with a very fierce headlight, along the track of a fixed idea, through the darkness of this world. And he saw everything that way. Just as a motorist does in the night.

I, who happen to be asleep under the bushes in the dark, hoping a snake won't crawl into my neck; I, seeing Walt go by in his great fierce poetic machine, think to myself: What a funny world that fellow sees!

ONE DIRECTION! toots Walt in the car, whizzing along it.

Whereas there are myriads of ways in the dark, not to mention trackless wildernesses, as anyone will know who cares to come off the road - even the Open Road.

ONE DIRECTION! whoops America, and sets off also in an automobile.

ALLNESS! shrieks Walt at a cross-road, going whizz over an unwary Red Indian.

ONE IDENTITY! chants democratic En Masse, pelting behind in motor-cars, oblivious of the corpses under the wheels.

God save me, I feel like creeping down a rabbit-hole, to get away from all these automobiles rushing down the ONE IDENTITY track to the goal of ALLNESS.

A woman waits for me-

He might as well have said: 'The femaleness waits for my maleness.' Oh, beautiful generalization and abstraction! Oh, biological function.

'Athletic mothers of these States -' Muscles and wombs. They needn't have had faces at all.

*As I see myself reflected in Nature,
As I see through a mist, One with inexpressible completeness, sanity, beauty,
See the bent head, and arms folded over the breast, the Female I see.*

Everything was female to him: even himself. Nature just one great function.

*This is the nucleus - after the child is born of woman, man is born of woman,
This is the bath of birth, the merge of small and large, and the outlet again -
The Female I see -'*

If I'd been one of his women, I'd have given him Female, with a flea in his ear.

Always wanting to merge himself into the womb of something or other.

The Female I see -'

Anything, so long as he could merge himself.

Just a horror. A sort of white flux.

Post-mortem effects.

He found, as all men find, that you can't really merge in a woman, though you may go a long way. You can't manage the last bit. So you have to give it up, and try elsewhere if you insist on merging.

In *Calamus* he changes his tune. He doesn't shout and thump and exult any more. He begins to hesitate, reluctant, wistful.

The strange calamus has its pink-tinged root by the pond, and it sends up its leaves of comradeship, comrades from one root, without the intervention of woman, the female.

So he sings of the mystery of manly love, the love of comrades. Over and over he says the same thing: the new world will be built on the love of comrades, the new great dynamic of life will be manly love. Out of this manly love will come the inspiration for the future.

Will it though? Will it?

Comradeship ! Comrades ! This is to be the new Democracy of Comrades. This is the new cohering principle in the world: Comradeship.

Is it? Are you sure?

It is the cohering principle of true soldiery, we are told in *Drum-Taps*. It is the cohering principle in the new unison for creative activity. And it is extreme and alone,

touching the confines of death. Something terrible to bear, terrible to be responsible for. Even Walt Whitman felt it. The soul's last and most poignant responsibility, the responsibility of comradeship, of manly love.

*Yet you are beautiful to me, you faint-tinged roots, you make me think of death.
Death is beautiful from you (what indeed is finally beautiful except death and love?)
I think it is not for life I am chanting here my chant of lovers, I think it must be for death,
For how calm, how solemn it grows to ascend to the atmosphere of lovers,
Death or life, I am then indifferent, my soul declines to prefer
(I am not sure but the high soul of lovers welcomes death most)
Indeed, O death, I think now these leaves mean precisely the same as you mean*

This is strange, from the exultant Walt.

Death!

Death is now his chant! Death!

Merging! And Death! Which is the final merge.

The great merge into the womb. Woman.

And after that, the merge of comrades: man-for-man love.

And almost immediately with this, death, the final merge of death.

There you have the progression of merging. For the great mergers, woman at last becomes inadequate. For those who love to extremes. Woman is inadequate for the last merging. So the next step is the merging of man-for-man love. And this is on the brink of death. It slides over into death.

David and Jonathan. And the death of Jonathan.

It always slides into death.

The love of comrades.

Merging.

So that if the new Democracy is to be based on the love of comrades, it will be based on death too. It will slip so soon into death.

The last merging. The last Democracy. The last love. The love of comrades.

Fatality. And fatality.

Whitman would not have been the great poet he is if he had not taken the last steps and looked over into death. Death, the last merging, that was the goal of his manhood.

To the mergers, there remains the brief love of comrades, and then Death.

*Whereto answering, the sea
Delaying not, hurrying not
Whispered me through the night, very plainly before daybreak,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death.
And again death, death, death, death.
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd child's heart,
But edging neat as privately for me rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death—*

Whitman is a very great poet, of the end of life. A very great post-mortem poet, of the transitions of the soul as it loses its integrity. The poet of the soul's last shout and shriek, on the confines of death. *Apres moi le deluge.*

But we have all got to die, and disintegrate.

We have got to die in life, too, and disintegrate while we live.

But even then the goal is not death.

Something else will come.

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking.

We've got to die first, anyhow. And disintegrate while we still live.

Only we know this much: Death is not the goal. And Love, and merging, are now only part of the death process. Comrade-ship - part of the death-process. Democracy - part of the death-process. The new Democracy - the brink of death One Identity - death itself.

We have died, and we are still disintegrating.

But IT IS FINISHED.

Consummatum est.

— by D. H. Lawrence

Posted by IPLD at 12:57 PM 0 comments



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Institute for the Promotion of Learning Disorder

ICONOCLAST, n. A breaker of idols, the worshipers whereof are imperfectly gratified by the performance, and most strenuously protest that he unbuildeth but doth not reedify, that he pulleth down but pileth not up. For the poor things would have other idols in place of those he thwacketh upon the mazzard and dispelleth. But the iconoclast saith: "Ye shall have none at all, for ye need them not; and if the rebuilder fooleth round hereabout, behold I will depress the head of him and sit thereon till he squawk it."

-- Ambrose Bierce

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 2014

The public library

Apologies to those who discovered a blind link attempting to check out materials from the [Inner Public Library Depot](#). This should now work for the sighted. The rest of us may have to wait a few days or go back to trusty old equipment and archaic land mines, er, lines.

Posted by IPLD at 7:54 AM 0 comments



TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 2014

On Democracy



It was said somewhere nearby:

"The only impediment to democracy is local sovereignty".

Posted by IPLD at 9:28 AM 0 comments



SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 2014

MACDONOUGH'S SONG

Whether the State can loose and bind
In Heaven as well as on Earth:
If it be wiser to kill mankind
Before or after the birth-
These are matters of high concern
Where State-kept school men are;
But Holy State (we have lived to learn)
Endeth in Holy War.

Whether The People be led by the Lord,
Or lured by the loudest throat:
If it be quicker to die by the sword
Or cheaper to die by vote -
These are the things we have dealt with once,
(And they will not rise from their grave)
For Holy People, however it runs,
Endeth in wholly Slave.

Whatsoever, for any cause,
Seeketh to take or give,
Power above or beyond the Laws,
Suffer it not to live!
Holy State or Holy King -
Or Holy People's Will -
Have no truck with the senseless thing.
Order the guns and kill!

Saying
after

PORTALS OUT OF TIME & SPACE

- [The Insipidities](#)
- [of modern slavery](#)
- [void mirrors &](#)
- [the theological turns](#)
- [death to plain-speak](#)
- [with pistols drawn for a](#)
- [daily bleed.](#)

In the interest of the abolition of domination, we've decided to let the domain, fendersen.com, expire. It was never 'necessary' after the site became established on the server. If we understood in the beginning that the domain is merely a rental contract on one's own good name, we'd have found a way to squat somewhere in the first place, thereby avoiding the eviction for failure to pay rent. If you are still interested in browsing the library, [here is the key](#) to the back door.

FOLLOWERS

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me:

Once there was *The People* - Terror gave it birth;
Once there was *The People* and it made a Hell of Earth.
Earth arose and crushed it. Listen, O ye slain!
Once There was *The People* - it shall never be again!

Rudyard Kipling, 1912

Posted by IPLD at 5:35 PM 0 comments



FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 2014

Pre-Face

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

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

– Arlo Guthrie

1. Thinking Against Ourselves:

'Human strike' designates the most generic movement of revolt.

The adjective 'human' in this case doesn't have any moral connotation, it is just more inclusive than 'general', because every human strike is an amoral gesture and it is never merely political or social. It attacks the economic, affective, sexual and emotional conditions that oppress people.

The interest and the difficulty of this concept lies in the fact that it is a concept that thinks against itself. And thinking against ourselves will be the necessity of the revolts to come, as desubjectivisation (taking distance from what we are, becoming something else) will be the only way to fight our exploitation. In fact our new working conditions see us being exploited as much in the workplace as outside of it, as the workplace has both exploded and liquefied and so gained our whole lives. Thinking against ourselves will mean thinking against our identity and our effort to preserve it, it will mean stopping believing in the necessity of identifying ourselves with the place we occupy.

The movement of thought normally used to describe facts and processes of life cannot be applied to the investigation of the particular form of behaviour that we call 'human strike', because the human strike transforms the common ways of understanding and expressing things that actually entrap us in the very situations from which we must escape. Because our perception always includes the position from which we perceive.

Human strike, therefore always strikes partially against itself, and this is why when the historical toll is taken of its manifestations, as for example in the case of the feminist movements of the 1970s in Italy, it is hard to separate the constructive aspects from the destructive ones. It is difficult to bring out the positive sides, because the achievements of this kind of strike are inseparable from the lives of people, they cannot be measured in terms of numbers, wage increases or material transformations, but only in different ways of living and thinking. To the distracted gaze of a superficial spectator, a landscape crossed by human strike might even seem more damaged than radically revolutionised.

What we are looking at, then, is a movement of desubjectivisation and resubjectivisation, of exit from a condition – from a certain type of identification that goes with obligations, stereotypes and projections – and an entrance into a new state, less defined, more uncertain, but freed of the weights that burdened the previous identity and allowed the perpetuation of the status quo.

For example, when Bartleby opposes the lawyer with the inertia of his generically negative preference, he politely withdraws from the obligations of his job and revolts without directly confronting the hierarchy. His rebellion creates a ground that nothing can get a grip on, because he does not say what he would prefer to be different (he does not formulate a claim) or what he dislikes about his condition (he does not express a denunciation). His gesture robs the power of its power, at which point that the lawyer who employs him experiences inappropriate feelings for Bartleby, something akin to love, and falls prey to the impression that his virility is being shaken. The roots of his authority are undermined by the situation and he finds a part of himself, the one which takes sides with Bartleby's revolt, hostile to his own role as a boss.

Claire Fontaine, 2012

MORE ...

Posted by IPLD at 11:37 AM 0 comments



Forward

What follows is a selection of texts with different stories and different intentions. They are all sediments in the margin of something else, which remains liquid or gaseous, probably more important than the rest.

The practice of writing can only pursue the processes of thought and it rarely catches their tails. Human strike is not even a possible prey for it, since in any case it remains a horizon, a possibility, a disquieting guest, that cannot (and doesn't need to) be described by the written word. The traces left by this phenomenon find their own scriveners: human strike is not the invention of an author, it's actually what proves that any form of hypostasised individuality is nothing but a dirty compromise, the result of indecent commerce with some power. What truly counts in the economy of freedom are human relationships, what happens between people.

Radical theory is composed of texts that wish to accompany experimental practices – preserving the space of their potentiality, trying not to prevent things from happening by predicting them – and other texts that prescribe and show the way, texts that exterminate mistakes and kill questions.

The writings that are grouped here don't belong to any of these categories, maybe because they aren't 'radical' and they are not exactly theory. What they try to do is capture the space in which subjectivity opposes power and by doing so transforms itself into something other that doesn't even need to fight the same enemy, because this enemy cannot damage it nor access it. These moments can be rare and volatile, they don't accumulate, they don't become a system, but what is certain is that this exercise can highlight what will save us.

Today if subjectivity doesn't become simultaneously the weapon and the battlefield, the means and the end of every struggle, we will remain the embarrassed hostages to hope in social and political movements, with their tragic incapability to build a present that isn't just another state of exception. Militancy has shown that even within the most sincere and passionate quest for freedom relationships remain instrumental and therefore deadly. And even if the end is liberation, its tragic separation from the means transforms it into the worst slavery. Patriarchy has put everything to work: feelings, bodies, friendship, love, motherhood. And everything – within that libidinal economy – is nothing but a work of reproduction and preservation of the world as it is. The task of human strike is to defunctionalise all these useful activities and return them to their quintessential creativity that will unhinge any form of oppression.

Human strike is not a strategy and it's not a tactic, it has always already begun when we join it because it has always been there. Politicising its protean forms is the task that we can assume: recognising it in our spontaneous and unconscious behaviours, letting ourselves be nourished by the energy that every pertinent refusal emits. The absurdity of the crisis we are living in is nothing but the confirmation of the necessity to coordinate these gestures. Police brutality and governments' ruthlessness can seem surprising when they shamefully present themselves as the only answer to a disaster entirely created by the ones in power.

In fact there is no possibility of having a dialogue with an organised power that, for the first time in many decades, explicitly betrays all over the planet even the most superficial illusion of democracy and honesty. A dialogue with the very iron fist that strangles the masses and progressively wipes out the conquests of workers' struggles is totally impossible. What is needed is a change of nature of the subjectivities where this power plants its seeds and plunges its roots.

If fascism could be eradicated it is because the subjectivities that embodied it at a certain point refused to reproduce it, broke with their past, decided that a new dream of cohabitation, another idea of mankind had to be born. If fascism hasn't been totally defeated it is because patriarchy and the colonisation of life by commodity are still our daily bread.

The possibilities that a concerted human strike could uncover are virtually unlimited. We cannot know what could happen if we did agree to change ourselves and change each other, because the very categories at our disposal today aren't the ones we will use in this possible future. Human strike will change the way we have to apprehend it, it will be a psychosomatic transformation, extremely difficult to criminalise and extremely contaminating. It will not happen through mysticism, through alternative techniques of the self, through a specific training, through the reappropriation of violence, but it might also happen because of these practices, although it will not be their direct result. What is at stake is the discovery of a new intimacy with ourselves that will make us resistant to cruelty and retaliation as much as lucid in front of abuses, flexible and detached, freed from the need to follow instructions or leaders. The experience of unlearning, which is necessary to spark this change, will require the abandonment of all superstitions, including the belief in revolution or the possibility of communism as it has been dreamt of through the past couple of centuries.

The refusal to reproduce models of the past, to represent a position or a group, will bring a new abstraction, a new imageless practice on the scene of politics, which will connect us to the consciousness that human strike is already happening, that it happens all the time, that we just need to listen to it and play it, like one plays in an orchestra or on a stage, as we all have a place in it. And the human strike needs us as much as we need it.

-- Claire Fontaine, San Francisco, November 2012

Posted by IPLD at 1:03 AM 0 comments



The State of Reception

"Let us then acknowledge man a born poet. . . . Despite his utmost efforts, were he mad enough to employ them, he could not succeed in exhausting his language of the poetical element which is inherent in it, in stripping it of blossom, flower, and fruit, and leaving it nothing but a bare and naked stem. He may fancy for a moment that he has succeeded in doing this, but it will only need for him to become a little better philologist, to go a little deeper into the study of the words which he is using, and he will discover that he is as remote from this consummation as ever."

— *Richard Chenivix Trench.*

The demand for plain-speak, that is to say, precise, clear and distinct language, illustrates a classic example of Freud's defense mechanism he labeled "reaction formation" – where the chance to exercise muscles within the brainpan is viewed as an assault upon the ego. The outcome is a clamorous invocation just begging for some answers or a truth with easy-carry handles like self-rolling luggage at the airport.

If, on the other hand, flowery speech (or its writing) is generative of what we like to call "thinking" or "imagery" then the clear and precise or "given" exchanges the emitter-receptor dance flowing across synapses like slithering snakes living in sin (where the ambiguity, equivocation and/or inversion of simultaneously experienced multiple entendre may feel more like squirming maggots), exchanges all that for a monotonous state of reception and regurgitation on demand. In educational circles, this is known as the drill, on analogy with dentistry or a terrifying tonguing into unexplored orifices. The more (in both quantity and quality) reflective the vomitus, the higher the score and one is said to be an independent thinker and is graduated to the next level with or without ceremony but celebrated nonetheless – drilling is a chore but well worth the effort for would-be authorities as well as those out for revenge, those who are more likely to go on themselves to become teachers or members of the so-called "helping" professions. The result, of course, is that thinking has actually ceased in exchange for the accumulation and systemization of thoughts or more precisely, isolated criteria given independent status distinct from their matrix. The process is variably qualified "objectivity" or labeled "reification".

'Names,' as it has been excellently said, 'are impressions of sense, and as such take the strongest hold upon the mind, and of all other impressions can be most easily recalled and retained in view. They therefore serve to give a point of attachment to all the more volatile objects of thought and feeling. Impressions that when past might be dissipated for ever, are by their connexion with language always within reach. Thoughts, of themselves are perpetually slipping out of the field of immediate mental vision; but the name abides with us, and the utterance of it restores them in a moment.'

– *ibid*

The word or name is an index or memory-as-hook in a metaphoric relation betwixt oral and/or aural cavities and sensual experience (in literature, the hook is visual, conflating that which "makes sense" with what is written). In nominalisation, the point of course, sets up the dialectic such that the criterion as a former inhabitant is removed, ghetto-wise, from its native habitat or territory subject to exploration transformed into a subject for exploitation.

It is forgotten that the former inhabitant was merely a criterion or perspective within (in- should be a clue, but who these days considers the words they use?) a field of perception which, if not static, is as well a field of communication which, without imposed constraints, can set up wakes and ripples undulating around the globe like radio waves hurling across the black we like to call outer space. Clear and precise boundaries limit the field of perception as distinct as a barbed wire fence would to a cow on its way to electro-shock therapy at the packing plant. The theory of barbed wire is like commercial fishing: the more hooks thrown out simultaneously, the greater likelihood something will be poked.

And they have the balls to suggest telling stories is fiction as opposed to the truths (or select paths toward them) revealed in the exclusive halls of education. It's a sacred place like a temple, obvious from the toll-booths facing every entrance. A certain ambiguity may be the only thing which wakes one up or invites a changed direction, like it was fuel for an amoral machine or food for beasts of transformation.

Might it be the urge to get our stories straight (in philosophy and religion it's called "a systematization" – whether scientific, philosophical or Thoretical) is just a sound defence in case we're caught transgressing by some cop-like authorities? "Explain yourself!" is rarely confused with an invitation for some mutual wordplay or other pleasant tonguing; it's more like when the dentist says "Open wide". That is also the point for drilling holes or minor extraction if one recalls a mine and all things mental are a cavity, and not always lingua-dental – we more often use the word, "abysmal".

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

– *Free Speech?*

Posted by IPLD at 11:08 PM 0 comments



MONDAY, JULY 22, 2013

Trace, Race & Ambiguity

"From the Indian's point of view, 'white man' is not a race, it's a psycho-social disorder."

– *Sequoia Chesterfield*

"It is said a black white man once became a human being, but mostly they are strange creatures. Not as ugly as the white, true, but just as crazy."

– Thomas Berger/Dan George

"For it is not merely that a race of men bleached white with the failure of courage would do well with a pre-laid scheme of action: they refuse to move on without one."

– Dora Marsden

"What then is Moby Dick? He is the deepest blood-being of the white race; he is our deepest blood-nature."

– DH Lawrence

It seems we're not talking about race at all in the twentieth century fashion. Recall that DNA wasn't "discovered" till 1956 and that was only a molecular chain synthesizing proteins from a vat of acid called the cellular nucleus somewhat resembling a chamber pot of variegated minestrone. Up to that time, Darwin's blood-born trace-as-blueprint passed from generation to generation as a mere theory subject to much discontent, compared to today – it's more passport than a postulatium – but discontent seems coming 'round again, despite the proofs of religious science and secular religion.

Prior to the twentieth, the argument over per- or preconceived types did not concern itself with the variability of humanity, but it's defined existence: one was either human or not human, that is, man or beast, and for the yet unconvinced, "more or less" demanded some kind of ranking. Variability applied to the animal kingdom alone – the distinction hinged upon the easily recognisable absence of a soul or for liberals, one that's charred with sin (as seen in all our children) and blackened by an unexpected (that is, immoral) action. Purity is the dentist class well washed with fluoride (or in former times, the puritans who washed their souls with spirits of turpentine or hydrogenated chloride). One could deny and in fact, change one's race by moving on to Croatan, that would entail a loss of face (and more should the patriots up and catch you – with bit and brace they'd run you through. In more enlightened times or nations the drills are used for carpentry and education).

The more embrave liberals spoke of race, not as a function of spiritual biology so much as inferring types of nation, culture or language or in distinguishing (it works both ways) the civilised and savage. The most embrave spoke of the human race, and were on sounder footing, considering no polly ever mated with a cracker, no human-chimp nor any catwoman babies were forthcoming but there were swells blossoming from every possible experimental reconnoiter amongst bipedal locomotives. All these senses revolve around a moral criteria concerning marriage or who gets the goods which others make while shackled to even yet another's acreage. And we learn from Romeo and Juliet, in olden times such sentiments were not of common folk but came direct from factions of the ruling regiments.

Elsewise, one might see a clustering of sensual aesthetics. It's oft been said a dog and its pet eventually come to resemble each other. Science gives the most ambiguous of definitions or states outright the whole affair is indeterminate or illusory. Grace value (in paid gratuities) is just the cost for saving face, sometimes in installments. A genome or a clade is just an average like the 33rd and one third state west of Wyoming. It sounds just like that language never spoken, the infamous proto-indo-european. Epigenes just posit an out-of-sex influence and genes would only express some inertia in a kind of relay. For some it might be tea leaves or a random recitation, dna analysis should work no less well than any other sort of divination (like placebo still works better than experimental medicine).

Of course today a race is just a cover-term for everything beyond the gates, illustrating a return to the sense existing twixt Rome and the ancient city states: it's just a word-like axiom referring to barbarians – from inside what is different describes everything that's scary. If you can't see or hear the difference, it's still there – we call it "class", just like in higher education. It's in the nature of a city or any other walled or gated community. What's unnormal to your senses, but mostly sight and hearing provides a likely subject for any proof of any pudding, most likely to be charged with any judgement such as antipatriotic or out of fashion clothing. It's the only thing that gives the normies a positive turn from their self loathing – it's a classic form of self-fulfilling prophesy learned early in the form of scientific reductivity right alongside reprisals toward one's own experimental inquiry.

Selection is deduced from the survival of survivors who are said to have an advantage over the dead or dying – it suggests that evolution is improved upon by escalated killing so the leap to warring states is considered native proof of a progressive evolution. But the punctuated equilibrium inferred in some biologies describes a jump or leap from one to other species, like a werewolf it concerns a transformation with the exception that there's no going back despite the moon or mushrooms in the rainy season. It may only mean that all the normies dropped dead from some catastrophe, leaving all the freaks or "meek" to carry on somewhat more congenially. Such has long been prophesied by more than one mythology. If genes are selfish, only concerned with their perpetuation, in evolutionary terms the best bet against extinction would be to mate with every freak (or the exceptional) which frequented their establishment. That, of course, presumes the gene's endowed with human ego. Colored white it thinks exclusivity's a sign of some distinction, thinking only of the nasty rebels, the course it's taken only leads to natural de-selection, given the existence of catastrophes beyond the reach of even capitalist recuperation.

The objective rational truth that gets hauled out in defense of racial types is just as much a component of one myth as is the muskrat who swims down to the bottom of the sea to bring up some earth to plant on turtle's back a component of another. Everyday life, even in postmodern societies, does not function according to a set of codes established upon objective facts; at least, not entirely. A lot of what one does when one negotiates the quotidian (e.g., in New York or Des Moines) is active myth-interpretation, for in the end, one has to forget

much in order to get anything done. Myths are stories that are comparably much more practical for integrating experience than are the raw data of biology. Were people to really pause and consider the reasoned basis for their views on race they would be thrown into a conundrum. Inevitably they would become less productive employees, for they would be compelled of their own trajectory to contemplate the reasoned basis of their society, a reflective activity that has always threatened the status quo with its revelations and subsequent disruption. The myth of objective truth is the myth of the culture that sought the conquest of nature. It functions like a good myth ought to: it sufficiently explains the contemporary society in a favorable way that encourages an ongoing compliance with its rules and constraints. And just like a good myth, it conceals its mythical nature in a veil of truth. How very magical.

– Neal Keating, *What is a Race?*

For pragmatics we have a more practical solution: a race, when not a game or competition, is just a form around a rolling pin or bearing useful for a smooth transition – from what to where is not the prime consideration, unless the sun or moon or stars as data for to catch your bearing – in which case we're on the topic of provisional contingency and dancing with affinity. Considering the variables of living, in a bazillion years there'd never be a single blended unity. There's not a single standard which can articulate a "nature" without contradicting all the others – by its own imagination even Western reason considers rigid categories something quite absurd, but that's how lawyers win their cases and governments make laws concerning im- and emmigration. Did someone say the civilised embraces contradiction?

When a groove enclamps a ball 'tis said it's bearing
but only when of age, a race for lube and proper caring.

– Atka Mip

Posted by IPLD at 10:36 AM 0 comments



TUESDAY, JULY 16, 2013

And then it gets complicated

Or does it? It's very likely there never was a time when "things" were simple. History is a compressor like the piston in a steam engine where much complexity goes up in smoke, and to suppose the people back when or now are sheep-like is a good assessment, but not perhaps in the same manner that a sheep herder would present it. In fact, there's little flocking among sheep without a herder and the dog (to emphasize the point) or a farmer's imposed fences or a desert all around oases. When sheep get pissed they split in all directions (even 'cross a desert) and by the time you find a one you notice they're in small groups scattered here and there. They're also practiced in deception: they might feign contented feeding just to bore the herder into sleeping, and then they're gone before you can proceed to blinking.

A clever one might see a call in all this splitting, for further ratcheting our alienation. Unless defined politically expedient, amongst friends that can't describe the situation; not by any stretch of even Webster's definition. But wait a minute! If there's no way out of any state or weird condition, since fate or invisible hands are pulling strings like we're just puppet things, and surely we never asked for our surroundings, how is it that some can get together in tanks or cloisteries or ivory towers and on a whim proceed to blow us all to smithereens? It's either magic power or as Dora Marsden said, it's never just the law that people find so dear or guns and knives or spears they fear. What's in fashion is obedience itself – it appeals to authors and performers. Doesn't everyone just want to be loved? Well, sometimes we hesitate throwing bushels of tomatoes at the stage, not just out of politeness but because we feel sorry for them, like we would an aging garbageman suffering a bout of on-the-job hernia. It's the author and director hiding in the wings who need the eggging. On the other hand I've seen some sheep give chase to a biting dog clear into the next state, and then returned to gentle misbehaving with a glance up at the herder as if suggesting "Make me!" On occasions horns play hell with even coyote livers. In the end, of course, like everyone the miscreants were rounded up, then sorted out and put in cans of dog food. Fido finally had his way (proved in the eating), but at least the sheep had had a day of living.

"THE offending aspect of the pretensions of "democracy" is not that in the name of what the "majority" supposedly thinks: we are supposed to be pleased and happy to be "ruled" by a clique "for our good." Far from it, since, in truth, but few of us are "ruled" at all. It is merely our little foible to pretend we are. We give our "rulers" to understand they "rule" us because it pleases them so greatly to think they do: and then there is the consideration that a docile demeanour serves to divert their too kind attention; probably the most servile-seeming member of a "state" the most bent upon fulfilling the role of step-grandmother fundamentally is untouched by "rule." The obedient attitude is a very convenient garb for the perverse to wear: and if the mere doing of it does not jar the temper too much, appearing to submit will define the line of least resistance to doing what, under the circumstances is what we please. Thus under the shelter of the servile demeanour there forms a residue of mulish waywardness, especially in those who appear to present their parts to receive the kicks which keep them going between gutter and cesspool: a waywardness which even more than temper succeeds in making them into a kind of clay unmeet to the hand which would govern. The great unwashed will accept the infliction of the bath which cuts a slice off the space of their limited premises with resignation and reflect that it will indeed have a use as a wardrobe and coal-place. Though they are cast down by such things they are not defeated. "Rule" slides from them, as water slides from a duck. "Rule"

has effect only on those who are indoctrinated with the Dogma: those who are under the spell of the "Word." Even these – these intellectuals – are not placed in bondage by the rulers: theirs is a voluntary bondage – true freedom, according to the Word – and if they act as automata it is that they subscribe to the dogma that it is their duty to be as automata. They submit themselves to the law: because they approve not always indeed of the law, but of the attitude which submits to law.

It is not therefore for its supposed prowess in the line of government that democracy's claims are obnoxious. It earns its odium through the commodity which the "rulers" offer in exchange for their investiture with authority to govern. "Rulers" appear contemptible not for what they take but what they give. That they lay hold of authority and all the ready cash which their positions render available is, if regrettable, yet tolerable: the machine will go until it breaks; the vexatious thing is that in order to become installed in their position of advantage they must needs undermine and bemuse by flattery the intelligence of those whose lack of it is sufficiently evidenced by their willingness to have truck with them...

Every new creed is ninety-nine parts rechauffe of all the creeds which by virtue of its hundredth part it is supposed to supersede: the fact that the ingredients are incongruous proving no bar to such rehashing. To mince the whole to a uniform state of non-recognition where possible, and to accept whole what resists the process according to its external merits, is the method of treatment. Naturally therefore in the cult of equality-cum-democracy it is not surprising to be met with the spirit of "Noblesse oblige," notwithstanding the fact that democracy knows no "Noblesse."...

A civilisation is the attempted working out of a Scheme of Salvation: a plan of escape. It is the imperfect form built up from the perfected plan which the religious philosophies of the "great" "constructive" "thinkers" of its age have projected. For it is not merely that a race of men bleached white with the failure of courage would do well with a prelaid scheme of action: they refuse to move on without one. They bleat for a Deliverer – great constructive thinker-as sheep for a shepherd. Being without prescience, without inner compelling desire, they wait to be told. The great world of audiences puts out its distracted agitated tentacles, swaying about aimlessly, dumb appeals to be told how to expend themselves, and where. Culture, training in the art of spending oneself, is the imperious necessity of the bleached race, whether lettered or simple. Life without the courage for it, is so bad a business that they must needs approach it with caution. Earth is so little to their taste that they demand the construction of a heaven. To construct the "New Jerusalem," work to the plan of the Deliverer, and make a heaven on earth is a task they can put their hands to. But to live for themselves – to lose "faith"? They would as soon not live at all...

To understand why killing at times is, and at other times is not murder, one must turn not to law, but to the theory of "order." "Order" is that arrangement of things – including people – which fits in with the whim of an individual, or an individualised group. If the "order" of those who are maintained in their position of governors demands the killing of certain people, as it does in a war, in overworking to make profits, or any of the thousand ways in which the lives of the common people are jeopardised and "taken" – then "killing is no murder." It is instead, "patriotism" or "bold statesmanship." But if the common people begin to think that the ways of the governing parties are incompatible with their ideas of "order" and they take to killing: then killing is murder: double-dyed, heinous: a hideous, heart-shuddering blasphemous affront to God and man: to the universe, to "morality," to the heavenly host and all the troops of angels, and must be avenged. So, Call out the entire army and navy and see that God and the Church are hustled up!!!! Killing then is murder and no doubt about it...

"Culture" is the outcome of Gadding Minds – minds, that is, which are dull "at home," and which have fallen in gladly with the notion that there is a "Truth" which can be come at by assiduous and ingenious manipulation of phrases. They are very willing to attempt short cuts to understanding especially if they can in that way travel with a crowd of gadders like themselves. The culture-epoch of the last two thousand years will have to pass before the Searchers for Truth begin to inquire "at home": to understand that the only things which are "true" for them are the few things which their own individual power to perceive makes them aware of through the channels of their senses. Their present habit of Hunting for Truth with thimbles and forks, anchors and care, clappers, tracts and a wild whirling sound will help them as far towards awareness as – to use an analogy we have used before – the presentation of bound volumes of the works of Darwin will help the jelly-fish up the ascent of being. The clutter of cultural concepts – mere words – are choking the frail fine tentacles of perception: preconceived notions hang as a film over the eyeballs and until they can slip the entire burden their way in life will be mad and melancholy...

It is clear that the one emotion which the moralists cannot afford to permit to weaken is: Fear. (They would call it reverence, but no matter.) Whatever strengthens human fear is to them the basis of "good": because "Fear" is disintegrating, and throws its owner in submission on to the breast of any and every concept which is thrust forward and called "salvation." The moralists exploit and play upon the feeling of smallness and loneliness which is the first outcome of that sense of isolation and separateness which is called self-consciousness. It is

because men are in the first place lonely and afraid, that the feeble sort move in herds and act alike: hence the growth of "customary" action: moral action. The outcry against the "immoral," i.e. the unusual, is the expression of distress of the timid in the presence of the innovation. It is the instinct which feels there is safety with the crowd and danger as well as loneliness in adventuring individually which puts the poignant note into the epithet "immoral." To be "immoral" is to be on precisely the same level as the unconventional and the unfashionable: that and no more...

The commandment "Love one another" is an advance in subtlety as compared with the injunctions it was intended to supersede. It is an attempt to establish an intra-conscious police in the shape of Conscience. It is what the Webbs for instance would call a move in the direction of "efficiency in administration," as the spy-system is more "efficient" than an ordinary police-system. More efficient because more intimate, and more effective because it is easy to control actions once feeling has been surrendered under control. The favour with which the command to "Love one another" was received is evidence of the strength of the desire for neighbourly espionage and democratic control of "each by all" of which all modern legislation is but the grotesque parody in action. (Now with democracy merely an infant, "loving one another" only mildly, we control each other in the realms of marrying, being born, housed, clothed, educated, fed and similar minor matters only. When all "Love one another" with zeal our inter-neighbourly control will begin to show something of what it can be.)

It is therefore quite clear what motives of economy would operate in the point of view of "Authority" in substituting "compulsory love" for "compulsory circumspect behaviour" such as the decalogue enjoins. If only universal "loving" could be made the fashionable habit, the supreme "moral," how easy the work of "leaders" would be. When individuals love one another how easily they work together: how they appear successful in overcoming the otherwise unmanageable ego. Then why not make love among the herd compulsory: and hey presto: the New Dispensation: the Christian era...

The irony of the efforts of the advocates of the new dispensation to press "love" into the service of the "moral concepts" is not immediately apparent. It is customary to regard "love" as the outcome of "culture" and therefore in some special way amenable to the service of culture. It has become too much a habit of speech with the "civilised" world, i.e. the moralised idea-ised world, to look on "love" as in some sort a means of "salvation," to expect it to analyse why it does so. If it did men would realise that the explanation is the reverse of the current one, i.e. that love is the consummation of moralisation. It is in fact an effort to escape from it. The heavy incrustation of habitualised actions, i.e. morals, increases in tenacity as life goes on, forming a sort of hutch which is half shelter and half tomb. The taking on of its earlier incrustations is called "growing-up": as they grow more obviously oppressive it is called "growing old." To be "morally-minded" is to have lost the instinct which revolts against this walling-up of the changing spirit: revolt that is against either growing up or growing old. As most people are morally-minded the world is left with a tiny remnant of individuals of whom if we spoke of them in terms of time-measurement we should say ranged in age from two years to five: the people of genius and charm. The age of maturity, if we may put it like that, when all that we mean is the age at which the soul has made itself familiar with its new dwelling-place and is at its best, brightest, most inquiring and "true," is from two years to five: not twenty-five or fifty-five as the moralist would like to pretend. From five onwards the browbeating process which is called moral education begins, and as we have said only spirits which are bigger and more resistant than their would-be instructors resist it and stand firm at their height of growth. The rest are slowly driven back by "culture" to the state of automatic living which was their pre-natal existence...To introduce an attitude into a relation whose very existence is a revolt against attitudes is to snatch from the conventional what is literally his one means of salvation, and that none too certain...

The characteristic of the "rebel" position is a feeling of angry temper against – something: i.e. conditions, presumably static. Now as a matter of fact "conditions" of a relative degree – precisely in that relative degree under which the agitator conceives them, are an illusion. There are conditions which men would find absolute, as for instance an explorer without food in Arctic territory: but in a "land of plenty" such as these in which the "rebel movement" is trying to make headway: conditions – static – hard and fast – are illusory, and impermanent as the blocking out of light from a room by a night's frost is impermanent. Heat the room and the window-panes clear and the light streams in. Now seemingly-harsh conditions of wealth acquiring in fertile lands with instruments of production such as we possess are as formidable as an army of snow warriors exposed in the glare of warm sun light. Conditions dissolve under the thawing influence of human initiative, energy, and temper. What is amiss, in the worst (of these relative) conditions human eye has rested upon, is not the condition: but the conditioning human quantity which has enabled it to take shape. The condition was not there first: it followed in the trail of the human beings who allowed it to settle round them as an aura; and altering the condition is not the first concern: the seat of the agitator's offending lies in his trying to persuade the "poor" that it is: the folly of the rebels is that they believe it so to be...

In fact, the conclusion to which one is pressed is that we – that is the people who talk and write – take all theories, politics and propagandas too seriously: far more so than ever was intended by those who amuse themselves by such species of Sport. The permanent role of propagandists and politicians is that of public entertainer; and they stand or fall by the answer to the question, "Do they entertain?"

– Dora Marsden

In simpler terms: Utterly, in lieu of an existing thematic social organisation, the well-fit (euphoric, meaning 'good form') juxtaposition of novel (dialogic) utterances and pantomime (dramatic performances) of a cultural mythos, a narrative pantomime of one's ethos some call "theatre", others "culture" and others yet "delusion", the novel (or themes and theses) uttered (or performed as drama) reveals a contemporaneous alternative cosmos (from Greek kosmos: 'order', 'universe', 'ornament' from Fr. 'objet') whose enduring livability is yet to be determined, but is discarded before the experiment or comparative analysis can proceed, "acting as if" one were a unified reality split into fact and disposable fiction, the really real and the fantastic. All argument is a fight for the superiority of one's own goods (or gods – see "spook", "phantasm") or the equivalent subsumption (appropriation) of those of others, of the others themselves. But this one mostly concerns their stylistic form over their practical, hands-on content, thus the split between science and philosophy (or physics and metaphysics) overlaps factitious documentary and fictitious narrative, cutting off the history wherein factic and fictic were once alternative expressions (exgesia) of an oral cavity on a single face regarding the same ingestive content (ingesta). In such a struggle, all possibility (potential) steps to the background until a fist (or vomitus) flies, in the end trading off possibility for a secure moral sense at no rate of interest in the sociological (also known as democratic) construction of a novel religious order.

Posted by IPLD at 3:41 PM 0 comments



SUNDAY, JULY 14, 2013

The Procrustean Epoch: Conspiracies in applied singularity

Saith Sir Thomas Brewbold, "for whereas, there is but one way to do nothing and divers way to do something, whereof, to a surety, only one is the right way, it followeth that he who from indecision standeth still hath not so many chances of going astray as he who pusheth forwards".

– A. Bierce, *on indecision*.

Largely due to the inability to appreciate a sound flogging put forth by the skeptics but only after the institution of smarmy lawyers to discredit the even sounder linguistic intuitions of the sophists, the stoics prevailed behind the heels of the up-and-coming media personality, Plato. Rather than acknowledge independent thinking which might just put an end to voluntary sacrifice, stoics organized as the nouveau class of philosophers modern cynics might call sycophantic wankers, christian atheists or merely, ministers of unnatural science – that is to say, well-schooled dogmatics.

So the stage was set, not unhindered by the trials against impiety, for the more conservative of thinkers to fill the think-tanks with the smells of fish-like swells of the theologic systematizers who put together the first bible (still largely oral) for the growing Aegean state or region and called it Orphic Mysteries, named for the chairman of that illustrious committee, Signor Orpheus who said even bigger than that contemptuous Zeus and his afterthought, Apollo was the world creator Phanes (the name means lighthouse: "brings to light", the dude who laid the cosmic egg, that is controlled the monopoly of appearances, but in Latin it means mere image, unreality, a specter or apparition), named for a former Egyptian general who was prior, pissed off at the administration so led the Persians into alliance with the Arabs, as guides across the desert as if protecting just another caravan from unruly pirates, and entailed a hostile take-over of the Egyptian state. Some say for blasphemy Orpheus died of thunder-bolt, but the consensus said 'twas a gang of angry ladies cut his throat.

But back to Phanes, such seems the fate of alliances and empires who would share power. Bureaucrats must get a regular ass-licking – it's what they give so is their due – no matter how untasty or one's assured superiority. That's the lesson chairman Mao found out but all too late. The alternative is to reduce the levels of bureaucratic hierarchy to nil (impossible 'cause who would tend the til?) or avail the profitability of shill, the Public Relations Industry. JP Morgan was not just a banker, but treated information and research as if it was monopoly money – little even made it to the patent office censors without his signature. More a king or feudal duke than any smart-ass corporate puke – the rabble that he sired are the suits we all too often see today. But Phanes was more like the disgruntled bureaucrat or general-mover prone to temper tantrum, J. Edgar Hoover. The other Hoover was presidential, but like all things executive – increasingly – in name only. More properly, his only claim to fame was in his title – a little dick or nix, unsuited to J. Edgar's spittle.

But such things are small potatoes to the grand scheme of things, which is too far-fetched to entitle a conspiracy. The push was always hegemony of internal dependence, that is to say obedience itself, the fuel of state efficiency regardless of who's in power and what he's got to say. Empires can only reach out effectively to others by systematizing global entanglements – the trend in entropy is chaos. Such is where lawyers and other priests come in handy. The only alternative is always posed as a total global disaster, and still spun in terms of famine, pestilence or a great big solar flare. It's never mattered which ideology is in vogue, what's always concerned statesmen is that everyone is on the same page – of the hymnal, that is harmony – or playing on the same board – that would be monopoly. The field of

economics is created when the currency which Milton Bradley provided in the box runs short so there's a frantic running after other currents. Exchange rates must be regulated just like irrigation water, and who better for the stand than the high priests (if certifiable) of the Order of the Invisible Hand? Oih!

But Hegemony is an unrealistic ideal even in the tightest system. In every dialectic, there are the bleeding heart but smarmy running opposition to the conservative but slightly stupid, well trained in aristotelean sentiments (or Babylonian religion), yet straight forward and foolhardy, they'd rather destroy the world on principle than be caught with their pants down jamming their torpedoes with the throttle set to full. It's why unitarian dictators rarely last more than a season, the two party system has since become indispensable. Plato's Republic slightly tempered with a little Aristotle. It's based on ancient marriages which ran on one or four or eight year cycles. By the time it comes around again, no one remembers, well-hid are all the little infidelities: "Thank the gods for rehab; this time will be different...he's our man!"

Like the greek patriarchs before had imposed a patrilineal genealogy onto diverse myth-time figures from different regions and changed the way that time is reckoned from a moon-year lasting 13 months (with one day off recovering from the party) which effectively took the meat out of stories useful to calculating diverse topographies as well as changes in the seasons, when and where the deer are there for all the meat eaters or some peppercorns, wine and taters for the veegers, Orpheus systematized a single rendering and came up with a greek religion not unlike christianity, specifically the catholic church from Constantine to Augustine, that saint named for the emporor, so in the end, based less on pastoral Greek than the Roman tax collector. Yet they were still working on the Classic Greek detournement in the fifth century ad., then after sixteen more centuries perfected by Hollywood and DC comics, should the neopagans ever take the revolution. Either way, as has been, will again be said "let them eat cake" which is a euphemism for old weevil-infested bread and the circus is just what is circular in any revolution – that is to say many casualties. What's changed in all this time is we've got not so many horses in our cart, plastic coin and everywhere a wall-mart.

The Byzantine think-tanks were more suited to restoring, not a greek democracy but imperial Rome which, contrary to public opinion, incurred some setbacks but never underwent a collapse. What's racist in the faux victories of the Gothic over Latin is that Bismark's heir or even an emir couldn't make an appearance as a distinguished roman citizen. What's common to the modern view in Agean, Judeo-christian and Islamic is the utopian platonic synthesis of republic mixed with a dash of Aristotle (the Islamic prophet and father of all atheistic science) together with Apollo (carried forth by christians in the figure of Roman Paul, no longer manly god but, like Orpheus, his smooth-talking – the word in French is where we get english parliaments – the gods' publicist and apostle).

Having successfully demised everything mysteriously pythic in Delphi before Apollo (like St Patrick) slew the snakes, by Mohamed's time everyone worth noting (that is, the patriotic) was already patriarchic. Of course today we don't speak of empires, and global village has had its day, and world-democracy is gasping for its final breath, the word that sounds so hip and intellectual is "singularity". But it's just another metaphor meant to draw our heads to hyper-sucking black holes or Borgs who look really scary.

If the verse was all so simple and straightforward and not multiply diverse or hectic in principle, there'd be no sense in science, philosophy and religion except as diversions into absurdity from all the endless monotony – but then we're led right back into it. And even if it's true there's not much anything that one can do to make everything better, there's just too much pressure, no imagination or wonder, we learn from Emerson that one can at least choose their own influences. This must be obvious given so many conflicting stories or perspectives as to fuel each version in explosive argument. There're still stories afloat unconcerned with any antagonistic polity or concrete (if "green") integument.

As to the claim that capital, or whatever current avant garde of civilisation, encompasses the earth so without deflector shields and warp drive, "out" is rendered meaningless, it's plain the claimant's head's already liberated but its body is stuck in the mud that's called the general economy. They might as well stick with Marx or Adam Smith for company. We heard that science is criticised as too reductionistic and justice and religion were just purveyors applying blame but only slaves were blameless in their supplication. Isn't a conspiracy just sticking to whatever is in fashion? If only one avenue leads to truth or too much dam(ned detem)ination, every other way is radical, the root (one might say "route") to safety or salvation. Only the righteous call a field of possibility disorder and/or chaos. They only hold their nose because it smells like teen spirit, and that's not bad, it's just embarrassing – every one knows deep down they had ejected prematurely. It may be the ever-rousing truth is what needs routed, and for the nihilistic bent the alternative is nothing: how can one get lost if there's no rigid plan for where we're headed? Procrustes' path gets everybody busted.

Posted by IPLD at 8:04 PM 0 comments



FRIDAY, JULY 5, 2013

The rule of consistency and free association are confused

Radicals as well as mental health 'workers' and social reformers have long efforted to expose the hypocrisy or contradictions (both collectively and individually) which modern society holds. Such is the long drive toward reason or rationality: "Headway". Unfortunately, this completely ignores the compartmentalization which rationalism requires lest it burst out with waves of absurdity. A brief look around will show most folks are not rational creatures except as pertains to the particular box they reside in. An historical look will return the impression that, of any form of enlightenment (and not just in the manner of a universal), the projects have all ended in failure. As B.

Laska concluded, "we cannot be enlightened".

Social movements proceed much like Kuhnian paradigms, whose transformations merely result in the construction of new compartments after the old-timers are dead. The "What's the alternative?" question is loudest in the midst of the transformation or period of instability. Any truly radical change is therefore, and from almost any rational stand, deemed impossible. Then I'd like to ask, "why stick with reason?" This shaky status is only the ground for a grand systemic recuperation.

The "reason" is always given in a most circular fashion, "it's the only game in town!" The theory of inertia is no help at all. A game is just the rationalization of play, and one might think it just an excuse. The game is not even in the same compartment as play, and when I affix the adjective, "free-", one might consider there is a point made, but surely not a "win" even when it has to be admitted that everyone else seems to be cheating. It's a moral complaint like red meat in some circles or too much salt or deep-fat fried potatoes. The field of free-play is chaos, and that is the zone of free association where despite one's intention, up comes a surprise – sometimes it's pleasant.

Another way to put it, as Huizinga suggested when he said that play annihilates logic or reason, what really comes about is a de-compartmentalization – nothing's been broken but boundaries and some questionable connections which were beforehand well hidden. Intuitions are released from categorical constraints so, in distinction to gaming, the field of play is as infinite as the number of tunes to be played on a piano. Traditions or habits may follow you like the wind in a dust storm, but not like bullets unless no one else is playing, and then, watch out!

The poetic and mythic equally admit no discourse but the metaphoric (in it's most broad or non-technical sense) or contextual (rather than comportedly departmental). Dada suggested that only the juxtaposition of the habitually unsuitable will trigger the imp of perversion or bullshit detector. It's much less damaging than the shock required which might just come to instantly marry them. Like the young boy patriot who hates the government for its persistent treading (and so much he has heard) does not see the problem with joining up to fight its other enemies until he's been basically trained, and he's likely transformed, but into what we'd have to consider. If not in the gutter, a cop or good husband and wife-beating father? Whatever, they promised good jobs or an education, should he survive his commitment. The heightened chance of losing the gamble brings on the reply, "I'm a man so I'm not afraid to die so stop fucking with my decision to try!" And in this he'd be right and we've completely lost the topic. Percy Shelly's rhymes in Anarchy could probably provide better argument or at least a more child-friendly playfield with other sorts of portal to adventures.

From some point of view, logic is never logical. Make it tighter? Would this boy see the "logical error" of his ways when presented with a mathematical formula? Likely not. When under attack, even a mathematician will defend a position, no questions asked. This is why they invented irrational and imaginary numbers. It's less ego defensive than against all that's chaotic or absurd and the rest will appeal to authority, celebrity or otherwise the WORD as "revealed". A random montage might be better than Shelly since chaos has no orders to persuade, so observing it may actually be thought safe, at least from a distance or until you've been made.

More likely, there's already occurred, through a "proper" upbringing, a linguistic death of the "private reflection" where "everything's disconnected anyway". Well, that's not quite what we mean by chaos today. Like Tim Burton, the one-time rebel director (you can tell by the gothic and unruly hair), had the balls to attach his name to a view of the Yanks as protecting their station from evil Rebs who were fighting to up-bring a vampire nation. It's likely no Tennessee boy who died young had ever raised a colonial pillar. Or Alice returning from Underland to bring in free trade and industrialize China. Any descendant of Jim Bridger or Ghengis Kahn should really resent every foregone conclusion and all the implications they raise! Like every Ozark granny who lived in a shanty could wisely advise, "don't count yer hens afore hatch'n".

Haven't they already proved themselves bloodsucking nightmare creations? The same one's who say that anarchy is ever the plague of society! With all the payments of commitment and duties, they can't even guarantee you'll not be drained with your needle on "empty". Or like ol' honest Abe, whose pre-fabled station was prosecuting slaves to be returned to plantations and only reluctantly went abolition and thought up the final solution: invade Nicaragua and send them all there, or maybe Liberia as dummy farm workers just like off-shore corporations, oh what a wonder – full commutation of every sentence which might be uttered. Four score before was Grandfather Jefferson, who, praising the 'Injuns' said "unfortunately, every last one of em's in our way". Just who are they calling an Indian giver? It's fucking unreal, that's all I can say!

As to the potential for system collapse, the embrace of hypocrisy which Mark Twain suggested is the foundation of every civilization should guarantee a survival. But without the truths to be juxtaposed, and all the prophets to be made, just where in hell might that be? There may be no alternative to what we've been given, that is, except actually living (and we're not just referring to making it).

Often confused with the world of the dead, what's really real is everything else, or what's left outside the (compartmentalized) "known" or better yet, guesses and labels – inconsiderate of letters, its literary symbol is ...

-- see [Time & Genetics](#)

Posted by IPLD at 6:06 PM 0 comments



THURSDAY, JULY 4, 2013

Mythic Discourse

In mythic discourse, one could say everything, in its broadest sense, which is also to say each ambiguity comes in threes. Charles Peirce, R. Buckminster-Fuller and Asger Jorn are three moderns who re-claimed the excluded middle. Perhaps unaware of Baudelaire and Jarry, Charles Fort down-right expropriated it. Charles Fourier had to re-invent it, lassoing a gift from an honest giraffe and casting it into the future. In binary systems, the third is always attached to that which is ignored or excluded, as in the modern assessment, 'there's no way out'. Where acknowledged, the middle is average, derivative or unoriginal and mundane, undecided or wishy-washy, and in this sense, still excluded, even though it may be only a position of disinterest, it's often given a negative moral attachment such as "tasteless". It seems there are no unitary systems. Even democracy includes the good, true and beautiful and then there's everyone else, that is, "those kind of people". But in all elliptical thinking such as mythic discourse, there are three important points: two shifting centers and a recursive periphery. Avant garde thinking considers the periphery an obstacle or resource.

Myth-time proposes a space or an epoch from which we emerged, at least wherein times must have been better. In myth-time the mythic is grander than false. Without it, (and without a doubt), the justice delivered between the good and the evil is placed on any innocent bystander who happens your way. Excluding the middle or trimming it off (the dialectic of science, whether reductive or not) in the interest of the synthetic (which almost everyone deep down understands is artificial and overly complex) ensures a world we call "reality" of perpetual opposition (we call that progress). There are three ways to approach any mythic discourse: 1. literally; 2. the reversal or mirror, and 3. the leap or stretch which might lead anywhere.

For example, from the film "White Men Can't Jump", there is 1. the literal basketball reference; 2. the inversion represented by reverse racism; and 3. the actual leap, or idea that moderns, with their plodding feet ever on the ground in search of reality, can't make the leap to the third option which is sort of transcendental and certainly intuitive. Even when accepting the tripartite situation, we, like Freud dealing with Shakespearian choices, tried to pick the right choice, that is, the real meaning of the story, it's "truth" like an art critic who thinks the original intention of an artist can be revealed by dissection. Forgetting that the discourse comes from a "golden" age or Fourierian reality and therefore unhinged from temporal inclinations (the point of triangulation actually circles around declinations) and it comes in the form of poetry, every interpretation is simultaneously and equally correct, it's just not euclidean so there's no contradiction, and even when there is, there's no either-or about it. As well, authorship is inconsequential except in its hollywood-esque revisions. Even so, and assuming they're just stupid or lying, something mythically grand and thematic survives and the periphery or audience or onlooker is revealed as the real art critic.

Every option or choice can be a mirror or telescope and Ravena may just have been Snowwhite's sister or mother or grandmother assisting a ritual initiation becoming a maiden from childhood, including the coma or a ritual death. There's always an ambiguity in drawing the line between nursing and chemical assassination, with words or with looks. In the sequel, of course, Snowwhite will become Ravena for somebody else. Woody Allen might have called it "In Love and Death" and we'd have a completely other rendition. The point is there are so many themes (Themis was goddess of social organisation) the fun in anthropology is not just observing but comparing them. Stories, on the other hand, invite one to jump in and if only for a moment, feel like you're in them – in the process, you've transformed, or become an other.

Freud's three "caskets" of course, all lead to the truth, which for the modern position is invariably death. But the first door is closed, the truth can't be known in the modern or biblical sense, that sense when considering, for example, marriage, in which the door would allude to the post menopausal grandmothers. The middle door slams behind you, your fate is sealed by total immersion, like suicide or foolhardiness. On the other hand the postpartum mother has delivered the future already, so your part is already inconsequential. The first door is for the morally righteous or curious but persistent. The second is for those without a backup plan, who may well come to know the proverb which advises "be careful what you wish for". The third door is taken as it will stay open, but mostly brings forth post menses maidens and that makes the suitor part of the future. Behind that door lies all manner of possibility, and that is authentic wealth. Still, one must beware of the past which surely will follow. Though Freud was right that death waits behind every door, so where's the choice? Mythic discourse is never straight forward. The choice is not between boxes, it only lives beyond the third door or out of that box. The third way the allusion is to the eternal return which lives amongst endless possibility. There is birth there as well, and that is the lesson myth-time will tell. Fate didn't used to mean doom and gloom, but sometimes alluded to good fortune. The other allusion is laid out as plain as can be in the Kalevala (the story, not what was on tv) and that was "At one time in the interest of grandkids, we didn't sell off our children, no matter the highest bids!"

– see *The ineluctable*:

Posted by IPLD at 11:27 AM 0 comments



SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 2013

The Rule Of Thumbs: Of Seventy-two Trivia, Seven terms are amoural and two are confused

*With no blood and no guts it's linguistic diversion.
Not a lemonade ocean, the Utopean vision lies in
the hyphen twixt Uto-aztecan and west european.*

1. *Virgin*: a sensual being come into a world which makes no sense 'less it's chaos, that is, *in potentia*, something to taste, otherwise it all seems downright dangerous. Raised as a princess or atop a pedestal, the world comes to you without question, or you take it away – no feeling's mutual. Raised under your

boot gives the self-same result – either way "the world is shitty". The point's they're both prisoners riding conveyors for assembly and boxed up and sorted away. Unbeknownst to the moderns, no body ever was born a resource like clay, a product to finish or naughty, despite all the shit that they lay.

2. *Culture*: is just common sense, or repeated attempts to provide it, originally by mothers and childhood friends, by whatever means can be pulled from the kit, there giving courage or for the germane, a germanic mut, it's all the same. Without a doubt even doggies will do it. When the girls get together and mimic procedures, one could say, were they catholics, they're just wearing their habits, but mostly they're stories that travel the land, just like when a cowboy becomes an old hand. Like taste, experience is naught without trying.
3. *Mores*: an olden-time word for customs, not just trivial, in fashion, but iterations of vibrations worn like folds in a performing fabric. A bit of trivia (meaning by way of three or a trinary crossroad) from the middle of tera, the collective of three mothers was known as the Moirai, in Persia was Peri, in english the context, the peripheral area that is your surroundings – brings forth or it cuts off your fate. Maybe invective, it's what carries and gives you the "v" in subjective. A moral's a theme or the gist of a story and that is expansive. Begetting big its, the righteous give shrinkage: binary morality will impregnate all that is body, that is to say 'specially below-the-head senses, all excrementes and let's not forget good old amour.

What could be next? The reverse most would think: "*amoral*" lives past the begotten context or tastes something new that's inviting – peripherally it just means innovative. What most mean to be saying's "*immoral*" – Immorality's everything outside the city or any rigidity, and that's why it usually rhymes with mortality. It implicates death, an abuse of conserving, like "if it's all not our story then it's no story at all – whatever's to learn will be given, so don't give me no more of your snivelling!"

4. *Short term memory*: the inertia of sensing. Everything else is either drilled in (a habit) or art reconstructed if not a big shock stuck on looping (inducted). Then there's denied, ignored or excluded "phantasia", almost any excuse is good for amnesia. Memory is always a creative urge, so recall must be colored by the dream or ideal. Writing it down don't make it real. If they're looking for truths, no one can track 'less you start out with answers and then give the proofs (but only if time will allow). Should you give them the moral, the story's no use 'cause the point is for poking and bloody abuse. Just follow the orders or make an excuse. Otherwise, distinguishing morals from stories may be the extensivest ruse. Besides that, it's just plain, old fashion rude.
5. *Ideal*: sensations invite repetition like a bobbling buoy or booby, a lighthouse or road-sign that's pointing to all points of interest, at least those that are inviting. Or t'other way around where-in danger abounds – lines in the sand are just writing. Sometimes obsessive, it's never compulsive, like a harmless addiction to patterns of sounds. In the present it's everything given or shared – the thing's less important than ever the giving. In other words, taste, less concern with the past ('less it's cooler) than con-joining (a juggle) a future worth living. When they can't see the humours or don't get the joke, they repay you with facts that are "real". In old Norway you're sent to the yoke for a spell (Oh wait, they still do that in Jersey!). Like, what's so funny about blood and fluids and gaseous emissions you're tempted to toke or put off an off-putting smell or you're broke? The mysterious "they"? They're offending folk, like the angels and genis who nuked our Bikinis. No matter the duct tape they stick to yer teeth, the narrative insects implanted in ears or beneath the puss-oozing wall-screens infecting yer dreams, except paranoia they make for their meals, they can't put a dent in how everyone feels. Ain't more what is meant by that word, "ideal", it's no joke, it's a blast where such gods are ass-ended, that is them and thar's go all up in smoke?

With balls to announce just who is insane, "Bring it on" spake
the bush 'fore it burst into flame.

Quoth the ball-rag with a match and the kerosene dripping, with a
bit of a twist, "take care of your wishing, yer likely to get it" so
sayeth Sutr.

It's not just for Gypsies, it's a Utopean curse, when it's sung with
some feeling, mettle from gutters like in Phoenix aflutter from
the ashes of the excluded, the middle-third verse.

– *Madame Blatsky*

6. *Creation*: Literally, it means making meat. In fact it's a meeting of muscles and sinews in vats that are seathing. Whether wuthering weather is just decomposing or grounds for the moving with seasons, you might think it's nice, but old Epicurus would say "I think it needs spice". Grandmother World (or the earth if you'd rather), with the help of her sisters, the rainy and windy (or maybe urainus from flatulent aether) and some fire and lightning, after making a meal of orange sunshining, a mana from heavens, maybe her forbearers, digests with a rumble, or some say a tumble and shat out some mud, that original excrement sprouting a bud. Since during that epoch, hell meant a mound or whatever's inland and Helen was princess of tall vegetation, to this day some think that earth mother is cruel, the domain of satan, a confusion of "shat on" with ga-elic satum and arab shaitan^[1] or what is to come from a lengthy gestation, one way or t'other erupted some fashion, a nation, the mistaken translation of all divination – what's muddy is hell under irrigation. Now all ways are coursed with precision, some clarity as well as distinction, but few, you will find, can tell shit from shinola or spam.

Before that (or later) the trickster, her son (or was it a daughter instead? well them days for things immaterial so much didn't matter, or so old granny had

said), fashioned the beings by shaping the mud. The proof of the trickster, even today is every time you notice small creatures at play. What was missing was fire cause all they could eat was the plants and each other with much indigestion and should the sun settle, they'd go and expire and turn back to clay from a cirrhotic liver. Now a grown-up is someone who can play with fire.

Come on baby light my fi-ah.
Send me to my heart's desi-ah.
Try to set the night on Fi-ah!

– Jim Morrison

Incendiary eating and sex, so hard to distinguish since one goes to such lengths to envelop another, was a fortunate mistake or unlikely abstraction since everyone knows the trickster gets bored (there's limits to any attention) so does nothing at all in a timely fashion. Unless put into tales, it's just babies who make one immortal. But that one's the story of birds and the bees – you can see for yourself if you peek through a portal and be very careful should you up and sneeze – should they catch on to your sneaking they're all apt to leave us, like o'r-sated leeches, such is of old Merlin and what Heisenberg teaches.

7. *Tale*: something you follow or what follows you – for the ear, proper spelling is never a clue except that at one time folks weren't so hell-bent on making distinctions and other dissections for making you grovel – however you smell it, a spade's just a shovel – at the top of the food chain are worms and some beetles who'll eat you up just to raise some more hell.
8. *Shrewd*: In Sanskrit, *sruti*, which is literally the word of a mouth, so I've heard, is considered divined out of chaos or beneath the subconscious, in more psychoanalytical terms. Feelings, archetypes, intuitions, vague memories of vaguer old stories. Stand-offish science objects "It is written!" and they're right in a sense but they follow it's tradition as long as it's spoken objectively and the younger must always proceed from its elders like all things genetical. One identifies true offspring only by attending to the inheritance of property. Surely not shiites, they all went to SUNY! Now who is ambiguous when "objective" is simultaneously a material particle, it's detached observer and somebody else's bullshit detector? Before there was pencils and microphones, there was never a word jump-starting the world, unless god was created in the image of men. It may be all jive, but everyone knows that the whirling began with the likes of Khadijah in the year five hundred and fifty-five!

But where your gut leads you ain't always to truth – that's whatever's swallowed without puking. Where there is a question, divination precides over a reconstruction, the order of words or the calculation, unless of course, it's all just a matter subjective for further experimentation – "In the beginning was invented two lips. It may suck, but the tongue was discovered for tasting!" First principle of poetic interpretation is not babble – it's dada – and only encourages get-up and go. More toothy than dental, less incisive than insightful, it's rarely exclusive, except when it's sent off to school, where the measure of ecological relationships is the same as the steps between eight-ball and pool.

9. *Smarts (Smriti 're-collected tradition)*: a sometimes-useful fiction like book learning, being both incisive and exclusive (ignoring the context looks's more like a purging), so it sometimes hurts as it is the primer for laws and for rules for every behavior (and all look at somebody else for to blame). The juxtaposition of shrewdness and so-called smarts creates Octavia, the way of eighths (it's multiply divisible within certain circles but there's no room for jazz in a major scale), so ever confusing "authority" with "guesswork" and else-wise and when-ways "to fabricate". But isn't the blues from excessive beating?

There's a third position that's often excluded for reasons we suspect are defense mechanism, as if to suggest there's much agency in a cybernetically arranged information that's an inverted heat sync called Sir Gray Matter Brainy with inputs and outputs and feedbacking fibers processing data like rigged pinball machines, but we've lost our ball bearings or spring in the wallop. Whatever is said of reality, our world's just an aftershock of generalized bumbling, which is to say chaos is mother. Culture is just a collection of stories. Rivals for cultural authority, "Show me the data" they're likely to say. Without rules of enclosure, there's no information – data's whatever you happen to use for an over-expedient explanation. By accident, force or tricks and deception, the "data" will fit into any system. A system is fine, as long as it's open. To plug up the scheme, you've just made religion. Try to inflate it or make it much neater and comes Ouroboros, the world eater, and finite and infinite aren't just outside-in, from some points of view they're just more o' the same.

[1]: Shaitan, if you're Hindi, a name for a boy, who carries a torch for Lucinda or Venus or following Saturn, in a sense Dyonesian but it means an affectionate and giving demon with a rambunctious urge for some free expression. Sometimes it's too much but ya can't shut him up. In Islam, a genius who doesn't bow down to the patriarch, Adam, the author of particles proceeding to sink and then drown all the waves in the proverbial drink. Like Helen's father had slaughtered her daughter to settle the weather and stirring the seas for proceeding to conquer, all for heeding her taste rather than complete the transaction, to the highest bidder and the king's satisfaction. The story was likely constructed beforehand, a ruse to excuse what was already planned. Like the void was invented to abolish the egg, excluding all mothering. Man, what a scheme! 'cause nobody prior paid tribute to nothing. Ever since then the war-cry of profits, *creatio ex nihilo* or "Somethin' fer nothin!" was heard through the land – most folks understand it was only a scam. Boys will be boys only when they're believers (that is, when they're or there're polices). What became sacred duty was once just a feast, is now over-paid to one or more gods, begetting both

sacrifice and beating the odds, and everyone else is still starving. And still they insist "it was girls caused the problem!" With thumb up the ass and head in the phylum, it's a living assylum. If any's to blame, I'd say it's not eve, it's the void and that little, cantankerous, wanker named atom and all of them cards which fell from his sleeve.

Posted by IPLD at 1:44 PM 0 comments



FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 2013

The witch's promise was coming

Like Ulyses, Poe's tyrant Tamerlane discovered way too late that the future's not what you've bought and paid for, not by any means of currency or blood. It's bad enough expecting much from our commodities, one must also be careful what you wish for. Like product quality, and given the morality of efficiency, repulsive dystopias are just easier to design, construct and defend. Without a destination in mind which may require more than cognitive maps, utopia is just a direction, anything but here is out. Like in grade school I watched the clock to hurry up and get to three. It's just a turning point and not a compass.

Like major depression, mediatic education can only claim a victory as bloody as Odysseus' slaughter if one comes to see outside the pit of eternal stench, the air is even fouler. Maybe let's not throw out utopia just yet – as long as we remember it's the way and not the product (line or destination) even when the most shocking idea has always been productive termination. Need we be reminded again that taking the journey is everyone's fate and destiny? This is not an invitation to stand still (in line or in formation) to purchase an ounce of immortality. Sustained development is the fuel for a commodity without a shelf-life. That's a utopic destiny called heaven for gods alone – and aging democrats who expect at every whim the world will come to them. And need we be reminded that a haven's just a resting spot or free hotel and not the end? They say that hell is only as hot as you can make it. They also say that should be enough for anyone! As to Tamerlane, who set out to conquer and suppress the world as a gift to his high school sweetheart:

Lend me your ear while I call you a fool.
You were kissed by a witch one night in the wood,
and later insisted your feelings were true.
The witch's promise was coming,
believing he listened while laughing you flew.

Leaves falling red, yellow, brown, all the same,
and the love you have found lay outside in the rain.
Washed clean by the water but nursing its pain.
The witch's promise was coming, and you're looking
elsewhere for your own selfish gain.

Keep looking, keep looking for somewhere to be,
well, you're wasting your time,
they're not stupid like he.
Meanwhile leaves are still falling,
you're too blind to see.

You won't find it easy now, it's only fair.
He was willing to give to you, you didn't care.
You're waiting for more but you've already had your share.
The witch's promise is turning, so don't you wait up
for him, he's going to be late.

– Jethro Tull, The Witch's Promise

"The incredible thunderbolt of a propelling idea suddenly surges up from the grey monotony of everyday life. A desire to be beyond the abyss, well beyond it.

...the real movement is rediscovering the explosive potential of utopia. It is acting in such a way that its radical critique of the process of recuperation cannot be recuperated. It is not by chance that this position has appeared at the same time as economic claims are diminishing in importance. There equality was seen as the result of the repartition of produced value beyond the endemic division between capitalists and proletarians. But we are sure that any society that were to pass more or less violently from capitalism to post-revolutionary socialism through the narrow door of syndicalism would necessarily be a grey parody of a free society. The heavy trade union self-regulating mechanism with its ideal of the good worker and the bad skiver would be transferred to society as a whole. The students have faced the problem of the impossibility of any outlet in the labour market. But their analysis strengthens (or should strengthen) the conviction that only with a radically utopian way of seeing the social problem will it be possible to break through the boundaries of a destiny that those in power seem to hold in their hands...

Why, one might ask, are we so sure of the revolutionary content of an idea that, after all, has moved with varying fortunes in the world revolutionary sphere for at least two hundred years? The answer is simple. The propulsive value of a concept cannot be understood in social terms if one limits oneself to examining existing conditions. In fact there is no causal relationship between social conditions and a utopian concept. The latter moves within the real movement and is in deep contrast to the structural limits that condition but do not cause it. In the fictitious movement on the contrary the same concept can move around comfortably. Here in the rarefied atmosphere of the castle of spooks the utopian concept, having lost all its significance, becomes no more than a product of ideology like so many others. Research into the causes of utopia or rather utopian desire could certainly be interesting but would give poor results if one were to limit oneself to the study of the field of the social and historical conditions in which the concept suddenly appears.

For this reason we cannot outline the limits of a presumed operativity of a utopian

concept starting from these conditions. It could go well beyond the latter, in other words could itself become an element of social change...

The strength of the utopian concept multiplies to infinity at precisely the moment in which it is proposed, so long as it emerges within the real movement and is not an ideological plaything within the fictitious one."

– Propulsive Utopia (Alfredo M. Bonanno)

Bataille called the "real movement" the "intimate order" and is not confined to the fiction department at the local library. Order is isolation and exclusion, which are simply two views on the same process – one from the inside and one from the out. But this only applies to a mechanical universe. A common mistake is to shout the name of chaos at everything unlinear, like apples in eyes and pies in the skies. Intimacy outside the confines of mere proximity points our ears toward affinity, and that must entertain a notion of aesthetics or it's just hear-say or a game of follow the leader or connect the dots, not to put too fine a line on the matter. In artful things, only an aristotle or rockefeller would want to set a standard for everyone else's taste. That really only makes the profit margins more predictable and big.

What is the difference between finite chaos and infinite complexity? In linear terms, it's always where you draw the line. Finite chaos is in the order of a bomb going off or the death of an individual or, in more galactic terms, an epic or a pox-ecliptic, or even epoch-elliptic revelation like a supernova, or big bang as a creative urge, even if always in need of further evidence for any sound determinism. Even capitalists understand a sound investment relies or lies again on some insider information – otherwise it's just a gamble. It wasn't a call for deeper cuts or further articulation when they use to say "seeing is believing", it's just that if you can't trust your senses, why bother with another's?

A mirage is no lie by evil senses, the mistake is just their misinterpretation, sometimes a distortion. If taken as auspicious message of a by-passing phantom, it's still food for thought if not a later-than-expected materially metabolic satisfaction. The line between a taste bud and a spud is always wiggly. The phantom only bids you try it. How else could you know to change direction or keep moving without the curiosity (once called bravery) to engage with what may be only an illusion, wishful thinking or a hearty meal?

Everything's provisional. It's why without the security of a bird in the hand, a free gift must arouse the trust detector. If there's any sense in reductionism, the mammary gland is a give-away for all mammalian babies. Before religious orders, god and darwin, there were no orphans. What's inherited genes or property got to do with anything when every child knows a mother's not only one who satisfies your belly but makes you giggle. A smarmy ass-licker is only interested in excrement or caca. He's a phony. If only to preserve a sense of integrity, even an untrained monkey will call bullshit and hurl, or freely give him what he wishes – sometimes there's room to take the metaphoric quite literally so might refrain from criticising bricks hurling through bank windows. It's not immoral violence like playing with your food or barfing on your shoulder, just some freedom of expression. If malicious, what the devil? it's conditions made them do it! Any way, who's complaining, the glass or the banker?

Data, of course, must refer to sense data or an echo from another receptor which we refer to as literature and tall tails. Or it's a harmony between a sight and what one smells. Beneath the data is ground, making archaeologists and potato farmers and all variety of critics the most suitable scientific fodder by virtue of digging up the dirt. For the dead, it's no great concern but for soon-to-be live beings, it's a premature extraction by an all-to greedy or impatient or conformist (in other words, a sleeping) obstetrician.

Once upon a time phenomenology was the word which said to only trust your senses 'cause the further from that phenomenon called "data", you'll need some stronger lenses. With polytics and other seizures, metaphysics and religion are for the ownership of reality when they ask what underlies the data. That, of course means more theory or systematised ideas and it's the more arrogant among them who proclaim reality is nothing BUT a set of grand ideas, the numbers or go on to invent an absolving god-creator, a tool to absorb them their mundane responsibilities (only meaning here, the ability to dance, that is, respond) and then to take the blame for their cooking the books instead of cattle and thence and then again with much destruction, created poverty.

The christians added heaven as an unearthly reward for intentional starvation and toil in the here and now. Or so said Mark Twain. To this day, even atheists consider reward as just the temporary withholding of punishment and call that humane treatment. Humanity always justifies the ghettos with more humanity. Truant workers call it leave which is the only opportunity to live, as if by someone else's permission, learned early on with the proprietary grammatical distinction between may and can. Life itself has become affixed to utopian idealism when all that's left is a virtual simulation. Fortunately, our ancestors were skeptics when they coined the word "lies" to apply what lives beneath the gods' ideas – beneath the ground the only sounds are heard from corpses. D. H. Lawrence only said reality is only found the other side of Benjamin Franklin's barbed wire fences. In other words, "beauty's coming out of the box" is all was meant by all apocalypses. Shelley said Pandora was a goddess for all-giving. The problem wasn't what came out, according to Prometheus, but what was missing, and for that he lost his liver and Atlas dropped the ceiling.

As I went walking I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

– Woody Guthrie

The thing about receivers and emitters is when they resonate or dance together and then you can't tell one from the other, and you shouldn't lest they fall away. An harmonic can ring truer (which in auditory language means beautiful) than either end and everyone with taste or ear for it prefers a good harmony over a monotone or loud cacaphony. So for immersion or participant observers, the real data lies not beneath

but amongst or in between them. What makes sense for Goethe is a portrayal of the context, not a systematic explanation or in architectural terms like syntax, an arrangement of its constituents. Olmec Masons understood that leaders are the ones who cut the corners. From the stone's point of view, it's all just falsification of data to fit someone else's scheme to build enclosures. Any good story either resonates with your experience or peaks your curiosity for exploration. That's all. The social agreement is for commiserating retirees always complaining about the youngsters.

"A 'cause' (or gene) is something without which some 'effect' (or character) which you expect fails to occur, while something else occurs instead. To turn the sum of such negative statements around and fashion from them a positive doctrine of plenipotency (of causes or genes) seems to me a reprehensible somersault of logic."

— paul weiss, 1973

Could it be that the ego is NOT that which is defended, but merely the set of all defenses? To the pure, all things may be pure, but Nietzsche reminds us that to the swine, all things are piggish and Reich adds that underneath the layers of body armor or the masquerade is a bloody mess – nothing pure about it. And by the way, as to those puritans at the nsa, we're laughing – they've learned to do a google search so now have the entire web at their fingertips. Ah the beauty of seduction. A real spider spins a web from its ass – it's the fly which experiences sticky fingers!

Posted by IPLD at 12:57 PM 0 comments



MONDAY, JUNE 17, 2013

The other Ethnography: Studies in Literature

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed; and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

So ends one of the strangest and most wonderful books in the world, closing up its mystery and its tortured symbolism. It is an epic of the sea such as no man has equalled; and it is a book of esoteric symbolism of profound significance, and of considerable tiresomeness.

But it is a great book, a very great book, the greatest book of the sea ever written. It moves awe in the soul.

The terrible fatality.

Fatality.

Doom.

Doom! Doom! Doom! Something seems to whisper it in the very dark trees of America. Doom!

Doom of what?

Doom of our white day. We are doomed, doomed. And the doom is in America. The doom of our white day.

Ah, well, if my day is doomed, and I am doomed with my day, it is something greater than I which dooms me, so I accept my doom as a sign of the greatness which is more than I am.

Melville knew. He knew his race was doomed. His white soul, doomed. His great white epoch doomed. Himself, doomed. The idealist, doomed. The spirit, doomed.

The reversion. 'Not so much bound to any haven ahead, as rushing from all havens astern.'

That great horror of ours! It is our civilization rushing from all havens astern.

The last ghastly hunt. The White Whale.

What then is Moby Dick? He is the deepest blood-being of the white race; he is our deepest blood-nature.

And he is hunted, hunted, hunted by the maniacal fanaticism of our white mental consciousness. We want to hunt him down. To subject him to our will. And in this maniacal conscious hunt of ourselves we get dark races and pale to help us, red, yellow, and black, east and west, Quaker and fireworshipper, we get them all to help us in this ghastly maniacal hunt which is our doom and our suicide.

The last phallic being of the white man. Hunted into the death of upper consciousness and the ideal will. Our blood-self subjected to our will. Our blood-consciousness sapped by a parasitic mental or ideal consciousness.

Hot blooded sea-born Moby Dick. Hunted maniacs of the idea.

Oh God, oh God, what next, when the *Pequod* has sunk?

She sank in the war, and we are all flotsam.

Now what next?

Who knows? *Quien sabe? Quien sabe, senor?*

Neither Spanish nor Saxon America has any answer.

The *Pequod* went down. And the *Pequod* was the ship of the white American soul. She sank, taking with her negro and Indian and Polynesian, Asiatic and Quaker and good, business-like Yankees and Ishmael: she sank all the lot of them.

Boom! as Vachel Lindsay would say.

To use the words of Jesus, IT IS FINISHED.

Consummatum est! But *Moby Dick* was first published in 1851. If the Great White Whale sank the ship of the Great White Soul in 1851, what's been happening ever since?

Post-mortem effects, presumably.

Because, in the first centuries, Jesus was Cetus, the Whale. And the Christians were the little fishes. Jesus, the Redeemer, was Cetus, Leviathan. And all the Christians all his little fishes.

POST-MORTEM effects?

But what of Walt Whitman?

The 'good grey poet'.

Was he a ghost, with all his physicality?

The good grey poet.

Post-mortem effects. Ghosts.

A certain ghoulish insistency. A certain horrible pottage of human parts. A certain stridency and portentousness. A luridness about his beatitudes.

DEMOCRACY! THESE STATES! EIDOLONS! LOVERS, ENDLESS LOVERS!

ONE IDENTITY!

ONE IDENTITY!

I AM HE THAT ACHES WITH AMOROUS LOVE.

Do you believe me, when I say post-mortem effects ?

When the *Pequod* went down, she left many a rank and dirty steamboat still fussing in the seas. The *Pequod* sinks with all her souls, but their bodies rise again to man innumerable tramp steamers, and ocean-crossing liners. Corpses.

What we mean is that people may go on, keep on, and rush on, without souls. They have their ego and their will, that is enough to keep them going.

So that you see, the sinking of the *Pequod* was only a metaphysical tragedy after all. The world goes on just the same. The ship of the soul is sunk. But the machine-manipulating body works just the same: digests, chews gum, admires Botticelli and aches with amorous love.

I AM HE THAT ACHES WITH AMOROUS LOVE.

What do you make of that? I AM HE THAT ACHES. First generalization. First uncomfortable universalization. WITH AMOROUS LOVE! Oh, God! Better a bellyache. A bellyache is at least specific. But the ACHE OF AMOROUS LOVE!

Think of having that under your skin. All that!

I AM HE THAT ACHES WITH AMOROUS LOVE.

Walter, leave off. You are not HE. You are just a limited Walter. And your ache doesn't include all Amorous Love, by any means. If you ache you only ache with a small bit of amorous love, and there's so much more stays outside the cover of your ache, that you might be a bit milder about it.

I AM HE THAT ACHES WITH AMOROUS LOVE.

CHUFF! CHUFF! CHUFF!

CHU-CHU-CHU-CHU-CHUFF!

Reminds one of a steam-engine. A locomotive. They're the only things that seem to me to ache with amorous love. All that steam inside them. Forty million foot-pounds pressure. The ache of AMOROUS LOVE. Steam-pressure. CHUFF!

An ordinary man aches with love for Belinda, or his Native Land, or the Ocean, or the Stars, or the Oversoul: if he feels that an ache is in the fashion.

It takes a steam-engine to ache with AMOROUS LOVE. All of it.

Walt was really too superhuman. The danger of the superman is that he is mechanical.

They talk of his 'splendid animality'. Well, he'd got it on the brain, if that's the place for animality.

*I am he that aches with amorous love:
Does the earth gravitate, does not all matter, aching, attract all matter?
So the body of me to all I meet or know.*

What can be more mechanical? The difference between life and matter is that life, living things, living creatures, have the instinct of turning right away from some matter, and of bliss- fully ignoring the bulk of most matter, and of turning towards only some certain bits of specially selected matter. As for living creatures all helplessly hurtling together into one great snowball, why, most very living creatures spend the greater part of their time getting out of the sight, smell or sound of the rest of living creatures. Even bees only cluster on their own queen. And that is sickening enough. Fancy all white humanity clustering on one another like a lump of bees.

No, Walt, you give yourself away. Matter does gravitate helplessly. But men are tricky-tricksy, and they shy all sorts of ways.

Matter gravitates because it is helpless and mechanical.

And if you gravitate the same, if the body of you gravitates to all you meet or know, why, something must have gone . seriously wrong with you. You must have broken your main- spring.

You must have fallen also into mechanization.

Your Moby Dick must be really dead. That lonely phallic monster of the individual you. Dead mentalized.

I only know that my body doesn't by any means gravitate to all I meet or know, I find I can shake hands with a few people. But most I wouldn't touch with a long prop.

Your mainspring is broken, Walt Whitman. The mainspring of your own individuality. And so you run down with a great whirl, merging with everything.

You have killed your isolate Moby Dick. You have mentalized your deep sensual body, and that's the death of it.

I am everything and everything is me and so we're all One in One Identity, like the Mundane Egg, which has been addled quite a while.

*'Whoever you are, to endless announcements-'
'And of these one and all I weave the song of myself.'*

Do you? Well then, it just shows you haven't got any self. It's a mush, not a woven thing. A hotch-potch, not a tissue. Your self.

Oh, Walter, Walter, what have you done with it? What have you done with yourself? With your own individual self? For it sounds as if it had all leaked out of you, leaked into the universe.

Post-mortem effects. The individuality had leaked out of him.

No, no, don't lay this down to poetry. These are post-mortem effects. And Walt's great poems are really huge fat tomb-plants, great rank graveyard growths.

All that false exuberance. All those lists of things boiled in one pudding-cloth! No, no!

I don't want all those things inside me, thank you.

'I reject nothing,' says Walt.

If that is so, one might be a pipe open at both ends, so everything runs through.

Post-mortem effects.

'I embrace ALL,' says Whitman. 'I weave all things into myself.'

Do you really! There can't be much left of you when you've done. When you've cooked the awful pudding of One Identity.

'And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral dressed in his own shroud.'

Take off your hat then, my funeral procession of one is passing.

This awful Whitman. This post-mortem poet. This poet with the private soul leaking out of him all the time. All his privacy leaking out in a sort of dribble, oozing into the universe.

Walt becomes in his own person the whole world, the whole universe, the whole eternity of time, as far as his rather sketchy knowledge of history will carry him, that is. Because to be a thing he had to know it. In order to assume the identity of a thing he had to know that thing. He was not able to assume one identity with Charlie Chaplin, for example, because Walt didn't know Charlie. What a pity! He'd have done poems, paces and what not, Chants, Songs of Cinematernity.

'Oh, Charlie, my Charlie, another film is done-

As soon as Walt knew a thing, he assumed a One Identity with it. If he knew that an Eskimo sat in a kayak, immediately there was Walt being little and yellow and greasy, sitting in a kayak.

Now will you tell me exactly what a kayak is?

Who is he that demands petty definition? Let him behold me *sitting in a kayak*.

I behold no such thing. I behold a rather fat old man full of a rather senile, self-conscious sensuousity.

DEMOCRACY. EN MASSE. ONE IDENTITY.

The universe is short, adds up to ONE.

ONE.

I.

Which is Walt.

Hispoems Democracy, En Masse, One Identity, they are long sums in additions and multiplication, of which the answer is invariably MYSELF.

He reaches the state of ALLNESS.

And what then? It's all empty. Just an empty Allness. An addled egg.

Walt wasn't an Eskimo. A little, yellow, sly, cunning, greasy little Eskimo. And when Walt blandly assumed Allness, including Eskimeness, unto himself, he was just sucking the wind out of a blown egg-shell, no more. Eskimos are not minor little Walts. They are something that I am not, I know that. Outside the egg of my Allness

chuckles the greasy little Eskimo. Outside the egg of Whitman's Allness too.

But Walt wouldn't have it. He was everything and everything was in him. He drove an automobile with a very fierce headlight, along the track of a fixed idea, through the darkness of this world. And he saw everything that way. Just as a motorist does in the night.

I, who happen to be asleep under the bushes in the dark, hoping a snake won't crawl into my neck; I, seeing Walt go by in his great fierce poetic machine, think to myself: What a funny world that fellow sees!

ONE DIRECTION! toots Walt in the car, whizzing along it.

Whereas there are myriads of ways in the dark, not to mention trackless wildernesses, as anyone will know who cares to come off the road - even the Open Road.

ONE DIRECTION! whoops America, and sets off also in an automobile.

ALLNESS! shrieks Walt at a cross-road, going whizz over an unwary Red Indian.

ONE IDENTITY! chants democratic En Masse, pelting behind in motor-cars, oblivious of the corpses under the wheels.

God save me, I feel like creeping down a rabbit-hole, to get away from all these automobiles rushing down the ONE IDENTITY track to the goal of ALLNESS.

A woman waits for me-

He might as well have said: 'The femaleness waits for my maleness.' Oh, beautiful generalization and abstraction! Oh, biological function.

'Athletic mothers of these States -' Muscles and wombs. They needn't have had faces at all.

*As I see myself reflected in Nature,
As I see through a mist, One with inexpressible completeness, sanity, beauty,
See the bent head, and arms folded over the breast, the Female I see.*

Everything was female to him: even himself. Nature just one great function.

*This is the nucleus - after the child is born of woman, man is born of woman,
This is the bath of birth, the merge of small and large, and the outlet again -
'The Female I see -'*

If I'd been one of his women, I'd have given him Female, with a flea in his ear.

Always wanting to merge himself into the womb of something or other.

'The Female I see -'

Anything, so long as he could merge himself.

Just a horror. A sort of white flux.

Post-mortem effects.

He found, as all men find, that you can't really merge in a woman, though you may go a long way. You can't manage the last bit. So you have to give it up, and try elsewhere if you insist on merging.

In *Calamus* he changes his tune. He doesn't shout and thump and exult any more. He begins to hesitate, reluctant, wistful.

The strange calamus has its pink-tinged root by the pond, and it sends up its leaves of comradeship, comrades from one root, without the intervention of woman, the female.

So he sings of the mystery of manly love, the love of comrades. Over and over he says the same thing: the new world will be built on the love of comrades, the new great dynamic of life will be manly love. Out of this manly love will come the inspiration for the future.

Will it though? Will it?

Comradeship ! Comrades ! This is to be the new Democracy of Comrades. This is the new cohering principle in the world: Comradeship.

Is it? Are you sure?

It is the cohering principle of true soldiery, we are told in *Drum-Taps*. It is the cohering principle in the new unison for creative activity. And it is extreme and alone, touching the confines of death. Something terrible to bear, terrible to be responsible for. Even Walt Whitman felt it. The soul's last and most poignant responsibility, the responsibility of comradeship, of manly love.

*Yet you are beautiful to me, you faint-tinged roots, you make me think of death.
Death is beautiful from you (what indeed is finally beautiful except death and love?)*

I think it is not for life I am chanting here my chant of lovers, I think it must be for death,

*For how calm, how solemn it grows to ascend to the atmosphere of lovers,
Death or life, I am then indifferent, my soul declines to prefer
(I am not sure but the high soul of lovers welcomes death most)*

Indeed, O death, I think now these leaves mean precisely the same as you mean

—

This is strange, from the exultant Walt.

Death!

Death is now his chant! Death!

Merging! And Death! Which is the final merge.

The great merge into the womb. Woman.

And after that, the merge of comrades: man-for-man love.

And almost immediately with this, death, the final merge of death.

There you have the progression of merging. For the great mergers, woman at last becomes inadequate. For those who love to extremes. Woman is inadequate for the last merging. So the next step is the merging of man-for-man love. And this is on the brink of death. It slides over into death.

David and Jonathan. And the death of Jonathan.

It always slides into death.

The love of comrades.

Merging.

So that if the new Democracy is to be based on the love of comrades, it will be based on death too. It will slip so soon into death.

The last merging. The last Democracy. The last love. The love of comrades.

Fatality. And fatality.

Whitman would not have been the great poet he is if he had not taken the last steps and looked over into death. Death, the last merging, that was the goal of his manhood.

To the mergers, there remains the brief love of comrades, and then Death.

*Whereto answering, the sea
Delaying not, hurrying not
Whispered me through the night, very plainly before daybreak,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death.
And again death, death, death, death.
Hissing melodions, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd child's heart,
But edging neat as privately for me rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death—*

Whitman is a very great poet, of the end of life. A very great post-mortem poet, of the transitions of the soul as it loses its integrity. The poet of the soul's last shout and shriek, on the confines of death. *Apres moi le deluge.*

But we have all got to die, and disintegrate.

We have got to die in life, too, and disintegrate while we live.

But even then the goal is not death.

Something else will come.

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking.

We've got to die first, anyhow. And disintegrate while we still live.

Only we know this much: Death is not the goal. And Love, and merging, are now only part of the death process. Comrade-ship - part of the death-process. Democracy - part of the death-process. The new Democracy - the brink of death One Identity - death itself.

We have died, and we are still disintegrating.

But IT IS FINISHED.

Consummatum est.

— by *D. H. Lawrence*

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