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MANIFESTE ALIÉNISTE

ALIENIST MANIFESTO

Nous annonçons qu'une route a été découverte: l'impossibilité de créer de l'art dans le monde moderne. Aujourd'hui, ayant été témoins des nombreuses conspirations des clowns, nous n'avons plus aussi peur qu'hier. En cause étaient de vagues idéologies confrontées à l'image d'un éclair. De tels plaisirs drastiques ne sont pas une avant-garde rituelle. Fido reviendra-t-il ? Les géants charnus envahiront-ils le spectacle de marionnettes ? Rien, sauf le bouton d'autodestruction, ne s'est détruit. La guerre dans son état le plus béatifique est un prisonnier en toute liberté. Pour s'expliquer, l'œuvre a été munie de néons, de fumée, de vieilles chaussettes et d'un singe. Vous devez faire face à une situation avant que la nouveauté ne disparaisse, pour pouvoir tâter le terrain. Tous les moyens de démontrer autrement avaient déjà été essayés. DES DIVAS ESCLAVES MENOTTENT LES GARDÉS LORS DES ÉVASIONS DE PRISON. À minuit sous un viaduc, la poésie des écrans blancs : le moment de visionnage familial réservé à ceux qui pleurent. Nous regrettons de révéler que ce n'était pas notre intention. Rythme, volume, fraises écrasées, Destop. Il n'est pas nécessaire de créer le monde pour déplacer une montagne. Notre faux pas précisément synchronisé a mis la mauvaise voie sur la mauvaise voie? Un autre mâle blanc mort violant un microphone. Le but n'est pas de savoir mais de laisser les autres déchiffrer. Il y a beaucoup de forces anonymes dont l'objectif est de détruire. Présent à la cérémonie d'un calme impeccable, la lyrique offrait une intimité incommode auquel le roman, par sa portée et son adresse, s'oppose nécessairement. Dans un univers bidimensionnel, la Terre est plate. Il s'agit bien sûr des faits sans cesse répétés. Les intrigues sont faites pour les cimetières.

We announce that a route has been discovered: the impossibility of creating art in the modern world. Today, having witnessed the many conspiracies of circus clowns, we are no longer as afraid as we were yesterday. At fault were vague ideologies confronted by the image of an éclair. Such drastic pleasures aren't a ritual vanguard. Will Fido ever return? Will flesh giants invade the puppet show? Everything but the self-destruct button failed to destroy itself. War at its most beatific is unprisonnier en toute liberté. In order that it might explain itself, the artwork was provided with neon lights, smoke, old socks & a monkey. You have to push into a situation before the novelty wears off, to know which way the land lies. Every means of demonstrating otherwise had already been tried. BONDAGE DIVAS HANDCUFF GUARDS IN PRISON BREAK. Under a viaduct at midnight, the poetry of blank screens: the family viewing moment reserved for those-who-weep. We regret to reveal that this wasn't our intention. Rhythm, volume, crushed strawberries, Drano. It isn't necessary to create the world in order to move a mountain. Our precisely timed misstep put the wrong track on the wrong track? Another Dead White Male raping a microphone. The point isn't to know but to let others do the deciphering. There're many anonymous forces whose purpose is to destroy. Present at the ceremony of immaculate calm, the lyric afforded an uneasy intimacy which the novel, by its scope & address, necessarily precludes. In a two-dimensional universe, Earth is flat. These are, of course, the facts endlessly repeated. Plotlines belong in cemeteries.

RÉALISME EST L'IDÉOLOGIE DE LA VIE DISSIMULÉE

MANIFEST ALIENISMU

Oznamujeme, že jsme našli cestu, nemožnost tvořit umění v současném světě. Jsme svědky spiknutí cirkusových klaunů, a tak se dnes již nebojíme tolik co včera. Na vině byly vágní ideologie a proti nim obraz zablesknutí. Taková drastická spatření nejsou rituálním předvojem. Vráti se kdy Fido? Vloží se do loutkohy obří z masa a kostí? Všem vyjma sebedestrukčního tlačítka se podařilo sebe sama zničit. Válka ve své nejbláženější podobě je un prisonnier en toute liberté. Aby se mohlo samo vysvětlit, bylo umělecké dílo vybaveno neonovými světly, kouřem, starými ponožkami a opičkou. Do situace je nutno zatlačit, nežli se novost obnosí, aby se zjistilo, kterým směrem leží pevnina. Všechny prostředky, kterými by šlo dokázat opak, se již vyzkoušely. SADO-MASO DIVY NA ÚTĚKU Z VĚZENÍ POUTAJÍ BACHAŘE. Pod viaduktem o půlnoci, poezie prázdných obrazovek: moment pro rodinnou podívanou vyhrazený pro ty-kdož-pláčou. S lítostí odhalujeme, že toto nebylo naším záměrem. Rytmus, objem, zmačkané jahody, Drano. Aby se pohnulo horou, není nutné hned tvořit celý svět. Že by nás nesprávným směrem nasměroval náš přesně načasovaný chybný krok? Další Mrtvý Běloch znásilňuje mikrofon. Nejde o to vědět, ale o to nechat rozluštění na ostatních. Je mnoho anonymních sil, jejichž účelem je ničit. Přítomna na oslavě neposkrvněného klidu, nabídla lyrika neklidnou důvěrnost, kterou román, vzhledem ke svému rozsahu a směřování, nutně vylučuje. V dvojrozměrném vesmíru je Země placatá. Toto jsou samozřejmě fakta opakovaná donekonečna. Zápletky patří na hřbitovy.

ALIENISTI- SCHES MANIFEST

Wir erklären, dass der Weg der Unmöglichkeit, Kunst in der modernen Welt zu erschaffen, erkundet wurde. Wir sind heute, seit wir zahlreiche Verschwörungen von Zirkusclowns beobachtet haben, angstloser als gestern. Daran sind vage Ideologien, die mit dem Bild eines Eclairs konfrontiert wurden, schuld. Solche extremen Freuden sind keine rituelle Vorhut. Wird Fido jemals wiederkehren? Werden Fleischgiganten das Puppentheater kapern? Alles außer dem Selbstzerstörungsknopf konnte sich selbst nicht zerstören. Krieg in seinem beglücktesten Zustand ist un prisonnier en toute liberté. Damit es sich eventuell selbst erklärt, wurde das Bildmaterial mit Neonlichtern, Rauch, alten Socken & einem Affen ausgestattet. Um das Terrain zu sondieren, muss man eine Situation anstoßen, während sie noch jung ist. Alle Mittel, es auf andere Art zu zeigen, wurden ausprobiert. BONDAGE DIVAS LEGEN WACHEN IN PRISON BREAK HANDSCHELLEN AN. Unter einem Viadukt um Mitternacht, die Poesie der schwarzen Bildschirme: der für die-die-Heulen reservierte Familienschaumoment. Wir bereuen, aufzudecken, dass dies nicht unsere Intention war. Rhythmus, Lautstärke, gebrochene Erdbeeren, Rohrfrei. Es ist nicht notwendig, eine Welt zu kreieren, um einen Berg zu versetzen. Unser zeitgenauer Fehltritt hat einen Holzweg auf den anderen gelegt? Noch ein Toter Weißer Mann, der ein Mikrofon vergewaltigt. Der Punkt ist, nicht Bescheid zu wissen, sondern anderen die Entzifferung zu überlassen. Da sind so viele anonyme Kräfte, deren Zweck Zerstörung lautet. Bei der Zeremonie der makellosen Ruhe anwesend, hat die Lyrik dem Roman eine Affäre angeboten. Mit seinem Rahmen & seiner Anrede hat er das notwendigerweise ausgeschlossen. In einem zweidimensionalen Universum ist die Erde flach. Das sind natürlich endlos wiederholte Fakten. Erzählstränge gehören in Friedhöfe.



MANIFIESTO ALIENISTA

Anunciamos que se ha descubierto una ruta: la imposibilidad de crear arte en el mundo moderno. Hoy, habiendo sido testigos de las muchas conspiraciones de payasos de circo, ya no estamos tan asustados como lo estábamos ayer. La culpa la tenían las ideologías imprecisas confrontadas con la imagen de un *éclair*. Tales placeres drásticos no son la ritual vanguardia. ¿Fido alguna vez volverá? ¿Los gigantes de carne invadirán el espectáculo de marionetas? Todo menos el botón de auto-destrucción falló en destruirse a sí mismo. Guerra en su más beatífico *le da vuelo a la hilacha*. Para que tal vez pueda explicarse a sí mismo, el trabajo artístico fue provisto por luces neón, humo, chones rotos y un cambio. Tienes que forzarte dentro de una situación antes de que pase la novedad, para saber en qué lado yace la tierra. Cualquier modo de demostrar lo contrario ya ha sido probado con anterioridad. DIVAS BONDAGE ESPOSAN A LOS GUARDIAS EN FUGAS DE PRISIÓN. Bajo un viaducto a la medianoche, la poesía de pantallas blancas: el momento de vista familiar reservado para aquellos-que-lloran. Lamentamos revelar que esa no era nuestra intención. Ritmo, volumen, fresas machacadas, sosa cáustica. No es necesario crear el mundo para mover una montaña. ¿Nuestro paso a destiempo fríamente calculado puso el camino equivocado en el camino equivocado? Otro Hombre Blanco Muerto violando el micrófono. El punto no es saber, sino dejar que los otros lo descifren. Hay muchas fuerzas anónimas cuyo propósito es destruir. Presente en la ceremonia de calma inmaculada, las letras permitieron una intimidad intranquila en el que la novela, por su alcance y dirección, necesariamente precluye. En un universo bi-dimensional, la Tierra es plana. Estos son, por supuesto, los hechos repetidos incansablemente. Las tramas pertenecen en cementerios.

МАНИФЕСТ ЭЛИЭНИСТА

Мы заявляем, что нами было найдено направление - направление невозможности создавать произведения искусства в условиях современного мира. Сегодня, после созерцания многочисленных теорий заговора, устроенных цирковыми клоунами, у нас больше нет страха, который овладевал нами вчера. Вина лежала на смутном мировоззрении, которому противостоял образ d'un éclair. Радикальные наслаждения не являются ритуальным авангардом. Вернется ли когда-нибудь Фидо? Ворвутся ли гиганты из плоти и крови в этот кукольный театр? Ничто, кроме самоуничтожающейся кнопки, не смогло себя уничтожить. Война, в своем блаженном проявлении, прослыла un prisonnier en toute liberté. Чтобы отчитаться и объяснить себя, произведение искусства было снабжено неоновым светом, дымом, старыми носками, и обезьянкой. Чтобы строить прогнозы, необходимо взять бразды правления до того, как новизна иссякнет. Другие способы демонстрации уже были испытаны. КОРОЛЕВЫ БАНДАЖА ЗАКОВЫВАЮТ В НАРУЧНИКИ ОХРАННИКОВ ВО ВРЕМЯ ПОБЕГА ИЗ ТЮРЬМЫ. В полночь, под путепроводом, поэзия пустых экранов: моменты семейных просмотров для тех, кто все еще плачет. Мы с сожалением признаемся: это не было нашим намерением. Ритм, громкость, раздавленная клубника, Крот. Необязательно создавать мир, чтобы сдвинуть гору. Поставил ли наш точно вымеренный промах неправильный трек на неправильную дорожку? Очередной Мертвый Белый Мужчина насилует микрофон. Смысл не в том, чтобы знать, а в том, чтобы позволить другим заняться расшифровкой. Существует множество анонимных сил, целью которых является уничтожение. Присутствуя на церемонии безукоризненного спокойствия, лирика приводит в действие неловкую близость, которую новая форма устраняет при помощи своего масштаба и направленности. В мире, состоящим из двух измерений, Земля плоская. Это, разумеется, бесконечно повторяющиеся факты. Сюжетным линиям место на кладбище.

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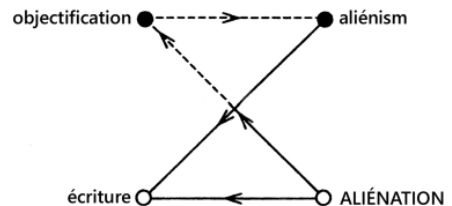
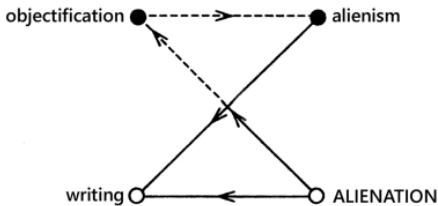
EVOLUCION

DIALECTICAL ALIÉNISME ALIENISM

ALIÉNISME DIALECTIQUE

We have proceeded from the premise of *writing* as a counterforce of *alienation*, as manifested by those institutions of Mass Culture & “permissive” Aesthetico-Moral Majoritarianism.

Nous sommes provenus de la prémisse de l'écriture en tant que contre-force de l'aliénation, manifestée par ces institutions de la Culture de masse et du majoritarisme esthétique-moral «permissif».

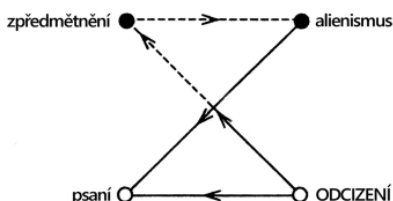


Alienism begins with the fact of *writing* – expressing, without abstract formulas, the *material processes* through which language actually passes in order to accomplish its signifying potential as a *generalised poetics*, unfettered by Literary Theology. On the basis of the category of Literature itself, in its own words, we have seen that *writing* – wherever it is expropriated to the work of Cultural “Industry” – sinks to the level of a commodity; and becomes indeed the most wretched of commodities; that the wretchedness of the Literary commodity is in inverse proportion to the *force* of its production; that the necessary result of this debasement is the accumulation of prestige in a narrowly *permissive* Culture, & thus the instigation of Monopoly in a more terrible form. Literature’s realisation proceeds by way of normalisation, of objectification. The “product” of Literature is an expropriated form which has been embalmed in an *object*, which has become artefactual: it is the *objectification* of *writing*. Likewise, the object which Literature fabricates by means of the expropriation of *writing*, confronts us as something *alienating*, as an enforced *dependency* upon “Cultural Production.” But the labour of *writing* is *alien* to all objecthood, *alienated as Literature*. So much does the appropriation of *writing* appear as estrangement that, the more *objects* are fabricated in place of “alien” labour, the more *writing* falls under the sway of mere *Literature*. Thus reduced to a Literary artefact, *writing* loses realisation to the point of starving to death. The *alienism* of *writing* means that *writing* re-fuses all such subjection (to be made into an object, an internally-exiled existence). In order not to be reduced in this way to a simulacrum of itself – to be *self-alienated* – *writing* proactively *exiles itself* from all forms of categorical imperative. Alienism is the domain of categorical dissipation. It presents, in the face of incrementally violent coercions, an emancipative *disillusionment*. *All writing which isn't self-alienated is thus the subversion of Literature.*

L'aliénisme commence par l'écriture – exprimer, sans formules abstraites, les processus matériels par lesquels le langage passe réellement pour accomplir son potentiel significatif en tant que poétique généralisée, sans entraves à la théologie littéraire. Sur la base de la catégorie de Littérature elle-même, dans ses propres mots, nous avons vu que l'écriture – partout où elle est expropriée au travail de l'industrie culturelle – coule au niveau d'une marchandise et devient en effet la plus misérable des marchandises; que la misère de la marchandise littéraire est en proportion inverse de la force de sa production; que le résultat nécessaire de cette dégradation est l'accumulation de prestige dans une Culture étroitement permissive, et donc l'instigation du monopole sous une forme plus terrible. La réalisation de la Littérature se déroule par la normalisation, l'objectivation. Le «produit» de la Littérature est une forme expropriée qui a été embaumée dans un objet devenu artefact: c'est l'objectivation de l'écriture. De même, l'objet que la Littérature fabrique au moyen de l'expropriation de l'écriture, nous confronte à quelque chose d'aliénant, en tant que dépendance forcée à l'égard de la «production culturelle». Mais le travail de l'écriture est étranger à toute objectivité, aliénée comme Littérature. L'appropriation de l'écriture apparaît tellement comme séparation que, plus des objets sont fabriqués à la place d'un travail «étranger», plus l'écriture tombe sous l'influence de la simple Littérature. Ainsi réduite à un artefact littéraire, l'écriture perd la réalisation au point de mourir de faim. L'aliénisme de l'écriture signifie que l'écriture re-fusionne toute cette soumission (pour être transformée en un objet, une existence exilée intérieurement). Afin de ne pas être réduite de cette manière à un simulacre de soi – être auto-aliénée – l'écriture s'exile de manière proactive de toutes les formes d'impératif catégorique. L'aliénisme est le domaine de la dissipation catégorique. Il présente, face à des coercitions progressivement violentes, une désillusion émancipatrice. *Toute écriture qui n'est pas auto-aliénée est donc la subversion de la Littérature.*

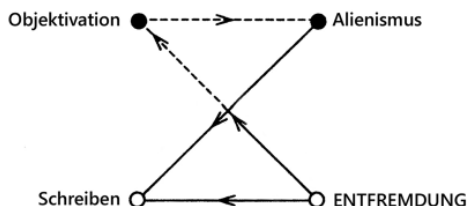
DIALEKTICKÝ ALIENISMUS DIALEKTISCHER ALIENISMUS

Vyšli jsme z předpokladu *psaní* coby protisíly odcizení, což se nejjasněji vyjevuje v institucích masové kultury a „permissivního“ esteticko-morálního majoritarianismu.



Alienismus začíná s faktem *psaní* – tedy výrazem, bez abstraktních formulí, *materiálních procesů*, jimiž jazyk skutečně prochází, aby završil svůj významotvorný potenciál coby *zobecněná poetika*, nespoutaný Literární Teologií. Na základě kategorie Literatury jako takové, řečeno jejími slovy, jsme viděli, že *psaní* – kdykoli si ho pro sebe vyvlastní práce kulturního „průmyslu“ – klesá na roveň spotřebního zboží, ba stává se z něj komodita z nejhanebnějších; že hanebnost literárního spotřebního zboží je v nepřímé úměrnosti k síle její produkce; že nutným výsledkem tohoto ponížení je hromadění prestiže v úzce *permissivní* kultuře, a tedy podnět k Monopolu hrozivější podoby. Uskutečnění Literatury se odehrává normalizací, zpředmětněním. „Produkt“ Literatury je vyvlastněná forma, kterou nabalzamovali v *předmět*, z níž se stal artefakt: je jím *objektivace psaní*. Stejně tak předmět, který Literatura vyrábí vyvlastňováním *psaní*, proti nám stojí coby cosi *odcizujícího*, coby vnucená závislost na „Kulturní Produkci“. Ale práce *psaní* je přeci *cizí* vši předmětnosti, *odcizená coby Literatura*. Vyvlastnění *psaní* vypadá jako odcizení natolik, že čím více *předmět* se vyrábí namísto „*cizí*“ práci, tím více *psaní* spadá pod nadvládu pouhé *Literatury*. Takto omezené na Literární artefakt, ztrácí *psaní* své uskutečnění, až zcela vyhladověle zaniká. *Alienismus psaní* znamená, že *psaní* odmítá veškeré takovéto podrobení (kterým se z něho stává předmět, existence ve vnitřním vyhnanství). Aby se vyhnulo tomuto omezení na simulakrum sebe sama – aby nebylo *odcizené samo sobě* – *psaní* se samo *vyhání* pryč ode všech podob kategorického imperativu. Alienismus je doménou kategorického rozptylu. Tváří v tvář inkrementálně násilných donucení představuje *deziluzivní* vymanění. Všechno *psaní*, které není odcizené samo sobě, je tak *rozvrácením Literatury*.

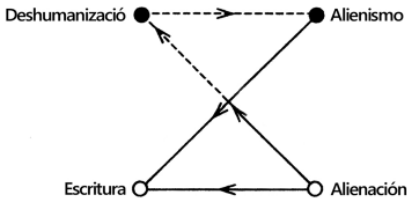
Wir sind vom Versprechen des *Schreibens* als Gegenkraft einer *Entfremdung* vorangeschritten, die von den Institutionen der Massenkultur & „durchlässigen“ Ästhetisch-Moralischen-Mehrheitsgläubigkeit manifestiert wird.



Alienismus beginnt mit der Tatsache des *Schreibens* – den materiellen Prozess auszudrücken, den die Sprache durchläuft, um ihr signifizierendes Potenzial uneingeschränkt von Literarischer Theologie als *verallgemeinerte Poetik* zu realisieren. Mit Literatur selbst als Grundlage, in ihren eigenen Worten: Wir haben gesehen, dass *Schreiben* – wo auch immer es als Arbeit der „Kulturindustrie“ enteignet ist – es zum Rohstoff herabsinkt & in der Tat zum jämmerlichsten Rohstoff überhaupt mutiert; dass diese Jämmerlichkeit des Literarischen Rohstoffs im umgekehrten Verhältnis zur *Kraft* ihrer Produktion steht; dass das notwendige Resultat dieser Entwertung die Ansammlung von Prestige in einer engstirnig *durchlässigen* Kultur, & daher die Anregung eines Monopols in einer schrecklicheren Ausprägung darstellt. Die Realisierung von Literatur schlägt den Weg der Normalisierung und Objektivation ein. Das „Produkt“ der Literatur stellt eine enteignete Form dar, die in ein *Objekt* eingeschlossen wurde, das zum Artefakt wurde: Es ist die *Objektivation des Schreibens*. Gleichsam konfrontiert uns das von der Literatur zum Zwecke der Enteignung des *Schreibens* geschaffene Objekt mit etwas *Entfremdendem*, wie einer erzwungenen *Abhängigkeit* von der „Kulturproduktion“. Aber die Arbeit des *Schreibens* ist aller Objektivität *fremd*, *entfremdet als Literatur*. Die Aneignung des Schreibens erscheint so sehr als Befremdung, dass je mehr *Objekte* an Stelle von „fremder“ Arbeit angefertigt werden, desto mehr *Schreiben* unter den Einfluss bloßer *Literatur* fällt. So zum Literarischen Artefakt degradiert, verliert *Schreiben* seine Realisierung, bis es sich zu Tode hungert. Der *Alienismus des Schreibens* bedeutet, all diese Unterwerfung (zu einem Objekt gemacht werden, einer intern-exilierten Existenz) abzulehnen. Um nicht zum Simulakrum seiner selbst reduziert zu werden – *selbstentfremdet* zu werden – *exiliert sich Schreiben* proaktiv von allen Formen des kategorischen Imperativs. Alienismus ist die Domäne der kategorischen Verschwendung. Es präsentiert im Angesicht schrittweiser gewalttätiger Zwänge ein emanzipative *Ernüchterung*. *Jedes Schreiben, das nicht selbstentfremdet ist, ist Subversion der Literatur*.

ALIENISMO DIALÉCTICO

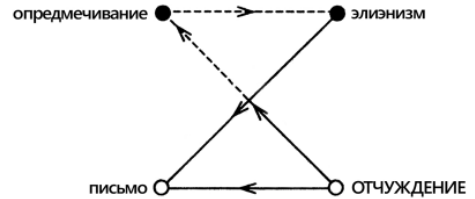
Hemos proseguido a partir de la premisa de escribir como fuerza opuesta a la alienación, tal como lo ponen en manifiesto aquellas instituciones de Cultura Masiva y el "permisivo" Mayoritarismo Estético-Moral.



Alienismo comienza con el hecho de escribir – expresar, sin fórmulas abstractas, los procesos materiales a través de los cuales el lenguaje atraviesa con el fin de conseguir el potencial que representa como poética generalizada, libre de la Teología Literaria. Basándose en la categoría literaria misma, en sus propias palabras, hemos visto que escribir – dónde quiera que sea expropiado del trabajo de la "Industria" cultural – se hunde en un nivel de comodidad y de hecho de convierte en la más desdichada de las comodidades; la desdicha de la comodidad Literaria es inversamente proporcional a su fuerza de producción; que el resultado necesario de esta degradación es la acumulación de prestigio en una cultura inflexiblemente permisiva, y así instigar al Monopolio de una manera más terrible. La realización en la Literatura se produce por medio de la normalización, de la deshumanización. El "producto" de la Literatura en una forma expropiada que ha sido embalsamada hasta ser un objeto, que se ha convertido en artefacto: es la deshumanización de la escritura. Asimismo, el objeto que la Literatura fabrica por medios de expropiación de la escritura, nos confronta con algo alienante, cómo una dependencia impuesta sobre la "producción cultural". Pero la labor de escribir es ajena a toda objetualidad, alienada como Literatura. Tanto aparece la apropiación de la escritura como un distanciamiento que, mientras más objetos se fabrican en lugar del labor "alien", más escritura cae bajo la influencia de la mera literatura. Reducida así a un artefacto Literario, la escritura pierde la realización hasta el punto de morir de hambre. El alienismo de la escritura significa que escribir re-(h)usa toda clase de subordinación (ser convertido en un objeto, una existencia internamente exiliada). Con el fin de no ser reducidos de esta manera a un simulacro de sí mismo – ser auto-alienado – la escritura se auto-exilia pro-activamente de todas las formas del imperativo categórico. Alienismo es el dominio de la disipación categórica. Se presenta, frente a los incrementados chantajes violentos, una desilusión emancipadora. *Toda escritura que no sea auto-alienada se convierte así en la subversión de la Literatura.*

ДИАЛЕКТИЧЕСКИЙ ЭЛИЭНИЗМ

Мы исходили из предпосылок письма как противостояния отчуждению, проявленному учреждениями Масс-Культуры и «разрешающего» Морально-Эстетического Мажоритаризма.



Элиэнизм берет начало из факта письма, которое выражает, без абстрактных формул, материальный процесс с помощью которого язык наполняет свой означущий потенциал в форме обобщенной поэтики, освобожденной от ограничений Литературной Теологии. Опираясь на основу Литературы, как категории, описанной её же словами, мы увидели, что письмо - в случае его использования в Культурной «Индустрии», - понижается до уровня продуктов потребления и становится самым жалким из этих продуктов; что жалкое состояние Литературы потребления находится в состоянии обратного пропорционального силе ее производства; что обязательной целью этого унижения является накопление престижа в узкой Культуре позволения, и, таким образом, подстрекательство Монополии возводится в высшую степень. Осуществление Литературы происходит посредством нормализации, опредмечивания. «Продукт» Литературы - это отчужденная форма, которая была забальзамирована в объекте, которая стала артефактом, опредмеченным письмом. Подобным образом, объект, который фабрикуется при помощи отчужденного письма, нам видится чем-то отдаленным - навязанной зависимостью «Культурного Производства». Но труд письма несвойственен всему опредмечиванию, отчужденному в виде Литературы. Присвоение письма кажется до такой степени отдаленным, что чем больше объектов сфальсифицированы вместо «отчужденного» труда, тем больше письмо попадает под влияние простой Литературы. Таким образом, пониженное до Литературного артефакта, письмо теряет осознанность до такой степени, что оно принимает свою голодную смерть. Элиэнизм письма означает, что письмо отрицает подобное подчинение (превращение в объект, существование в виде внутреннего изгнания). Для того чтобы не быть сведенным до своих собственных симулякр - чтобы не быть само-отчужденным - письмо активно изгоняет себя из всех форм императивных категорий. Элиэнизм является областью рассеивания категорий. Он представляет, вопреки пошловым насильственным принуждениям, эмансипирующее разоблачение. Все письмо, которое не является само-отчужденным, становится, таким образом, диверсией, направленной в сторону Литературы.



ALIENISM CONTRA ALIENATION

We declare ourselves the ENEMIES of all "art" produced as décor for despotism. Of mass-marketed "cultural" trash designed to infantilise & choke the life out of the planet. Of all "educational" schemes that plagiarise creativity in the service of manufacturing unconscious captive consumer classes. Of "academic" & "literary" careerists. Of pseudo-"thought." Of "social" media that de-socialises. Of masturbatory entertainment that arouses nothing but "consensual" impotence. Of concocted "realisms" wherever they appear. **We** denounce the masquerade of "public intellectuals" in the pay of the corporate state security apparatus. We reject all nationalisms, monarchies & the tyranny of institutional religion. We ridicule the view that the world is under threat by anarcho-feminists, homosexuals, poets, other-thinkers or "alien forces" paddling life-rafts across the Mediterranean & Timor Seas, or climbing the Great Wall of America. We abjure the prophets of stupidity retained by faceless tax haven satraps in praise of the liberal "free" market. **As** unrepentant cultural terrorists, we will not be satisfied till all those who've sought to profit by peddling or emulating a retarded sentimentality for fascist pseudo-modernism or neo-Stalinist, neo-McCarthyist, neo-Mahdist anti-modernism are strung up with the guts of their "Western" apologists parading today under the fair-weather guises of Libertarianism, Identity Politics & the

"New Sincerity." **We** refuse the false choices posed by the "discontents" of today's pseudo-struggle-against-the-System, who in reality are both the System's witting & unwitting *agents provocateurs*. We call upon all alienists to unrelentingly molest the idea that an "art" paid for & owned by vested interests exists for the "betterment of society." We laugh at the entrenched "cultural" snobbery which has erected a monument to itself in the form of dreary "art" & "literary" magazines, "journals of record" & publicly-funded "institutions" designed to apply the straightjackets of Saatchism & Murdochism to the literate masses already retrained by aesthetic jingoism (liberal-democratic, corporate, state-socialist, neo-colonial, theocratic, etc – there's no end to collaborationist zeal). **We** propose that all museums of "contemporary art" & their tax-deductible patrons, all the commercial publishing houses & editorial offices of all the sanctimonious "literary" tabloids, be joyously vaporised. Any art that doesn't sabotage or seek to deprogramme the influence of art capitalism & its celebrity lackeys is dilettante porn. Any writing that doesn't cause distress to the oligarchy isn't worth its name. Mass "culture" is the propaganda wing of the military-industrial complex. "Art" is a corporate UFO hostage scheme. Only "foreigners" write poetry. **Alienise** the global caliphate!

L'ALIENISME CONTRE L'ALIENATION

Nous nous déclarons les ENNEMIS de tout «art» produit comme décor pour le despotisme. Des déchets «culturels» commercialisés en masse conçus pour infantiliser et étouffer la vie hors de la planète. De tous les schémas «éducatifs» qui plagient la créativité au service de la fabrication de classes de consommateurs captives inconscientes. Des carriéristes «académiques» et «littéraires». De la pseudo-«pensée». Des médias «sociaux» qui se dé-socialisent. Des divertissements masturbatoires qui ne suscitent que l'impuissance «consensuelle». Des «réalistes» concoctés partout où ils apparaissent. Nous dénonçons la mascarade des «intellectuels publics» payés par l'appareil de sécurité de l'entreprise d'état. Nous rejetons tous les nationalismes, les monarchies et la tyrannie de la religion institutionnelle. Nous ridiculisons le point de vue selon lequel le monde est menacé par des anarcho-féministes, des homosexuels, des poètes, d'autres penseurs ou des «forces étrangères» payant des radeaux de sauvetage à travers les mers de la Méditerranée et du Timor ou grimant la Grande Muraille d'Amérique. Nous abjurons les prophètes de la stupidité retenus par les satrapes de paradis fiscaux sans visage à la gloire du marché «libre». En tant que terroristes culturels impénitents, nous ne serons pas satisfaits tant que tous ceux qui ont cherché à profiter de la circulation ou de l'émulation d'une sentimentalité retardée pour le pseudo-modernisme fasciste ou l'anti-modernisme néo-Stalinien, néo-McCarthyiste et néo-Mahdiste sont accrochés au cran de leurs apologistes «occidentaux» défilant aujourd'hui sous le prétexte

peu fiable du Libertarianisme, de la Politique d'Identité et de la «Nouvelle Sincérité». Nous refusons les faux choix posés par les «mécontents» de la pseudo-lutte contre le système d'aujourd'hui, qui sont en réalité à la fois les agents provocateurs conscients et involontaires du système. Nous appelons tous les aliénistes à importer sans relâche l'idée selon laquelle un «art» payé et détenu par des intérêts personnels existe pour «l'amélioration de la société». Nous rigolons du snobisme «culturel» enraciné qui a érigé un monument à lui-même sous la forme de magazines «artistiques» et «littéraires» ennuyeux, de «journaux d'archives» et d'«institutions» financées par des fonds publics conçus pour appliquer les camisoles de force du Saatchisme & Murdochisme aux masses lettrées déjà crétinisées par le chauvinisme esthétique (libéraux-démocrates, corporatistes, étatistes, néo-coloniaux, théocratiques, etc. – il n'y a pas de fin au zèle collaborationniste). Nous proposons que tous les musées d'«art contemporain» et leurs patrons déductibles d'impôt, toutes les maisons d'édition commerciales et les rédactions de tous les tabloïdes «littéraires» sanctifiés soient joyeusement vaporisés. Tout art qui ne sabote pas ou ne cherche pas à déprogrammer l'influence excessive du capitalisme de l'art et ses célébrités laquais est du porno d'amateur. Toute écriture qui ne cause pas de détresse à l'oligarchie ne vaut pas son nom. La «culture» de masse est l'aile de propagande du complexe militaro-industriel. «L'art» est un régime d'otage d'ovnis d'entreprise. Seuls les «étrangers» écrivent de la poésie. Aliénisez le califat mondial!

ALIENISMUS PROTI ODCIZENÍ

Prohlašujeme se za NEPŘÁTELE všeho „umění“ produkovaného jako dekor pro despotismus. Masově vyráběného „kulturního“ odpadu navrženého tak, aby dětinštel a vydusil život z této planety. Všech „vzdělávacích“ schémat, která plágují tvůrčí činnost v zájmu výroby zotročených tříd nevědomých spotřebitelů. „Akademických“ a „literárních“ kariéristů. Pseudo-„myšlení“. „Sociálních“ médií, jež de-socializují. Onanistické zábavy, která nevede k ničemu než „konsenzuální“ impotenci. Vymyšlených „realismů“, ať už se objevují kdekoli. Odsuzujeme maškarádu „veřejných intelektuálů“ – žoldáků korporátního aparátu státní bezpečnosti. Odmítáme všechny nacionalismy, monarchie a tyranií institucionalizovaného náboženství. Vysmíváme se představě, že by svět byl snad v ohrožení ze strany anarcho-feministek, homosexuálů, básníků, jinak-smýšlejících či „cizích sil“, jež pádlují na nafukovacích člunech přes Středozemní

či Timorské moře nebo přelézají Velkou americkou zeď. Zřikáme se proroků stupidity, které si beztvářní satrapové z daňových rájů vydržíjí k chvále liberálního „volného“ obchodu. Coby zatvrzelí kulturní teroristé nespočineme, dokud nebudou všichni ti, kdo v honbě za vlastním obohacením provozovali či napodobovali retardovanou sentimentálnost pro fašistický pseudo-modernismus či neostalinistický, neomccarthyistický, neomahdistický anti-modernismus, viset za střeva svých „západních“ obhájců, kteří se dnes promenují v libivém přestrojení za libertarianismus, politiku identity a „Novou upřímnost“. Odmítáme falešnou volbu, kterou představují „nespokojenci“ dnešního pseudo-boje proti Systému, neboť ve skutečnosti nepředstavují pro Systém nic víc než vědomé a nevědomé *agenty provokatéry*. Obracíme se na všechny alienisty, aby bez ustání napadali představu, že „umění“, které platí a vlastní právně zaručené zájmy, existuje v zájmu „zlepšení

společnosti". Smějeme se hluboce zakořeněnému „kulturnímu“ snobství, které samo sobě postavilo pomník v podobě jednotvárných „uměleckých“ a „literárních“ časopisů, „žurnálů s masovým oběhem“ a veřejností placených „institucí“, které mají za úkol sešněrovat svěrací kazajkou saatchismu a murdochismu čtoucí masy již kreténizované estetickým šovinismem (liberálně demokratickým, korporátním, státně socialistickým, nekoloniálním, teokratickým atd. – kolaborační nadšení nezná mezí). Všechna muzea „současného umění“ a jejich patroni odepsatelní

z daňového základu, stejně jako komerční vydavatelství a redakce všech svatouškovských „literárních“ plátků nechtě jsou s radostí vypařena. Jakékoli umění, které není sabotáží či deprogramováním přehnaného vlivu uměleckého kapitalismu a jeho lokajských celebrit, je diletantním pornem. Jakékoli psaní, které v oligarchii nevyvolává strach, nedostává svému jménu. Masová „kultura“ je pouhé propagandistické křídlo vojensko-průmyslového komplexu. „Umění“ je korporátní únos mimozemšťany. Poezii píší jenom „cizinci“. Odcizte globální kalifát!

ALIENISMUS KONTRA ENTFREMUNG

Wir erklären uns zu FEINDEN aller als Dekor des Despotismus produzierten „Kunst“. Des massenvermarkteten, „kulturellen“ Mülls, dessen einziger Zweck in der Infantilisierung und Strangulation des Planeten und des Lebens besteht. Der „erzieherischen“ Schemata, die Kreativität plagiierten, um unbewusste und unfreie Verbraucher*innenschichten zu produzieren. Der „akademischen“ und „literarischen“ Karrieristen. Der pseudo-„Überlegungen“. Der „sozialen“, eigentlich desozialisierenden Medien. Der masturbatorischen Unterhaltung, die „konsensuelle“ Impotenz erregt. Der zusammengeflickten „Realismen“, wo auch immer sie auftauchen. Wir prangern die Maskerade der vom Sicherheitsapparat des Ständestaats bezahlten „öffentlichen Intellektuellen“ an. Wir lehnen alle Nationalismen, Monarchien & Tyraneien institutioneller Religionen ab. Wir verspotten die Ansicht, die Welt sei bedroht von Anarcho-Feminist*innen, Homosexuellen, Poet*innen, Andersdenkenden oder „fremden Mächten“, die in Rettungsbooten über Mittelmeer & Timorsee paddeln oder die Great Wall U.S.-Amerikas hochklettern. Wir schwören den Prophet*innen der Dummheit ab, die von gesichtslosen Statthaltern der Steuerparadiese in Verehrung des liberalen, „freien“ Marktes installiert wurden. Als reuelose Kulturterroristen werden wir nicht stillstehen, bis wir all jene, die von Verkauf und Erzeugung idiotischer Sentimentalität für faschistischen pseudo-Modernismus oder neo-Stalinismus, neo-McCarthyismus, neo-mahdistischen anti-Modernismus profitieren, an den Gedärmen ihrer „westlichen“ Apologeten aufgeknüpft haben, die heute unter dem Schönwetterfähnchen von Libertarismus, Identitätspolitik & der „neuen Ernsthaftigkeit“ paradien.

Wir lehnen die falschen Wahlmöglichkeiten, die uns von den Unzufriedenen heutiger pseudo-gegen-das-System-Kämpfe ausgebreitet werden, ab, deren sowohl beabsichtigte wie auch unbeabsichtigte *agents provocateurs* sie in Wirklichkeit sind. Wir wenden uns an alle Alienisten, ruhelos die Idee zu belästigen, nach der „Kunst“ bezahlt und besitzt werden könne, um mit dem Recht, dem „Wohlergehen der Gesellschaft“ dienen zu dürfen, ausgestattet zu sein. Wir verlachen die alteingesessene „Kulturelite“, die sich selbst Monumente in Form von öden „Kunst“- & „Literatur“-Magazinen, Leitmedien & öffentlichkeitsfinanzierten „Institutionen“ errichtet, die die Zwangsjacken des Kunstmarkts und der Medienmogule über die alphabetisierten Massen stülpen, die verdimmt sind vom ästhetischen Hurra-Patriotismus (liberal-demokratisch, kapitalistisch, staatssozialistisch, neo-kolonialistisch, theokratisch etc. – die Spielarten kollaborationistischen Eifers sind endlos). Wir wollen, dass alle Museen für „zeitgenössische Kunst“ & ihre steuerpflichtigen Patron*innen, alle kommerziellen Verlagshäuser & Redaktionen aller scheinheiligen „literarischen“ Klatschzeitungen lustvoll vaporisiert werden. Jede Kunst, die nicht den unverdienten Einfluss des Kunstkapitalismus & ihrer scheinwerfergeilen Speichellecker*innen zu sabotieren und deprogrammieren sucht, ist dilettantischer Porno. Alle Schriftstellerei, die der Oligarchie keine Unruhe bereitet, hat ihren Namen nicht verdient. „Massenkultur“ ist der Propagandaflügel des rüstungsindustriellen Komplexes. „Kunst“ ist ein unternehmerisches UFO-Geiselnahmeschema. Nur „Ausländer*innen“ schreiben Poesie. Alienisiert das globale Kalifat!

ALIENISMO CONTRA ALIENACIÓN

Nos declaramos los ENEMIGOS de toda „arte“ producida como decoración para el despotismo. De basura „cultural“ comercializada en masa diseñada para infantilizar y ahogar la vida del planeta. De

todos los esquemas „educacionales“ que plagian la creatividad para ponerla al servicio de la manufactura de clases cautivas de consumidores inconscientes. De arribistas „académicos“ y „literarios“. Del pseudo-

“pensamiento”. De medios “sociales” de de-socializan. Del entretenimiento masturbatorio que no excita nada más que impotencia “consensuada”. De “realismos” fraguados dónde quiera que aparecen.

Denunciamos el baile de máscaras de “intelectuales públicos” pagados por los aparatos de seguridad del estado corporativo. Rechazamos todos los nacionalismos, monarquías y la tiranía institucional de la religión. Ridiculizamos la visión de que el mundo está amenazado por anarco-feministas, homosexuales, poetas, otros pensadores o “fuerzas alienígenas” remando botes salvavidas a través de los mares Mediterráneo y Timor, o escalando la Gran Muralla de América. Renunciamos a los profetas de la estupidez retenidos por sátrapas sin rostro en paraísos fiscales elogiando el “libre” mercado liberal.

Como terroristas culturales impenitentes, no estaremos satisfechos hasta que todos aquellos que han buscado enriquecerse traficando o emulando sentimentalismo retrasado para fascismo pseudo-modernista o neo-Stalinismo, neo-McCarthyismo, neo-Mahdismo anti-modernista estén amarrados en un manajo de nervios con las entrañas de sus apologistas “occidentales” actualmente desfilando con “buena cara” en sus disfraces de libertarismo, identidades políticas y la “nueva sinceridad”.

Rechazamos las decisiones falsas propuestas por los “descontentos” de la actual pseudo-lucha-contra-el-sistema, que son en realidad agentes provocadores,

conscientes e inconscientes del sistema. Hacemos un llamado a todos los alienistas a que molesten implacablemente la idea de que el “arte” pagada por o adueñada por intereses establecidos existe para el “mejoramiento de la sociedad”. Nos reimos de los esnobs arraigados que han erigido un monumento a si mismos en forma de “arte” deprimente y revistas “literarias”, “periódicos de referencia” e “instituciones” de inversión pública diseñadas para aplicar las camisas de fuerza del Saatchismo, Murdochismo y Azcárraguismo a las masas cultas ya cretinizadas por la estética del jingoísmo (liberal-democrático, corporativo, estado-socialista, neo-colonial, teocrático, etcétera – no hay final para el fervor colaboracionista). Proponemos que todos los museos de “arte contemporáneo” y sus patrones que deducen impuestos, todas las casas editoriales comerciales y las oficinas editoriales de todas las santurronas gacetas “literarias” sean alegremente vaporizadas. Cualquier arte que no saboteé o busque desprogramar la influencia del arte capitalista y sus lacayos famosos es porno diletante. Cualquier escrito que no cause angustia en la oligarquía no merece su nombre. La “cultura” de las masas es el área de propaganda del complejo militar-industrial. “Arte” es la maquinaria de rehenes del OVNI corporativo. Sólo “extranjeros” son poetas.

¡Alieniza el califato global!

ЭЛИЭНИЗМ ПРОТИВ ОТЧУЖДЕНИЯ

Мы провозглашаем себя ВРАГАМИ всего «искусства», производимого для декора деспотизма. Врагами «Культурного» мусора масс-маркета, созданного для ифантилизации и изгнания жизни из планеты. Врагами всех «обучающих» схем, которые занимаются плагиатом креативности в угоду производства неосознанных пленных классов общества потребления. Врагами «академических» и «литературных» карьеристов. Врагами псевдо-«мысли». Врагами «социальных» сетей, которые десоциализируют. Врагами мастурбационных развлечений, которые возбуждают лишь импотенцию, «по обоюдному согласию». Врагами состряпанных «реализмов», где бы они не появлялись.

Мы денонсируем маскарад «народных интеллектуалов», находящихся на жаловании у корпоративного устройства государственной безопасности. Мы отвергаем весь национализм, монархию, и тиранию институциональной религии. Мы высмеиваем точку зрения, которая считает миру грозит опасность от анархо-феминизма, гомосексуальности, поэтов, вольнодумцев, и «иностранных сил», гребущих в спасательных лодках через Средиземное и Тиморское моря, а так же лезущих на Великую Стену Америки. Мы

отрекаемся от пророков глупости, поддерживаемых безликими сатрапами из налоговых гаваней в честь либерального «свободного» рынка.

Как нераскаявшиеся культурные террористы, мы не успокоимся пока все те, кто желал нажить на проповедовании и следовании примеру умственно отсталой сентиментальности по отношению к фашистскому псевдо-модернизму или нео-Сталинизму, нео-МакКартизму, нео-Махадизскому анти-модернизму, не будут нанизаны на внутренности их западных апологетов, что сегодня гордо маршируют под ненадежными личинами Либертарианства, Политики идентичности, и «Новой Искренности».

Мы отказываемся от ложных выборов, предоставленных «недовольствами» сегодняшней псевдо-борьбы-против-Системы, которые, на самом деле, являются сразу сознательными и бессознательными агентами-provokatorami. Мы призываем всех элиэнистов неумолимо изводить идею о том, что «искусство», купленное с целью обогащения, служащее корыстным интересам, существует для «улучшения общества». Мы смеемся над укоренившимся «культурным» снобизмом, что воздвиг себе памятник в форме тоскливых «художественных» и «литературных»

журналов, «официальных газет» и финансируемых государством «учреждений», созданных для того, чтобы применять смерительные рубашки имени Саатчи и Мёрдока к образованным массам, что уже находятся под воздействием кретинизма эстетики джингоистов (людей со взглядами либерально-демократическими, корпоративными, государственно-социалестическими, неокOLONIALными, теократическими, и т.д. - этот список коллаборационистского рвения не имеет конца). Мы предлагаем, чтобы все музеи «современного искусства» и их налого-вычисляющие покровители, все коммерческие

издательские дома и редакции всех лицемерных «литературных» таблоидов, радостно испарились. Любое творческое начинание, которое не ищет способов саботировать или перепрограммировать влияние капитализированного искусства и его знаменитых лакеев, является дилетантской порнографией. Любое письмо, что не вызывает беспокойство олигархии не стоит своего имени. Массовая «культура» - это пропагандистское крыло военно-индустриального комплекса. «Искусство» - корпоративная схема взятия заложников. Только «чужаки» могут называться поэтами.

Элиэнизируем глобальный халифат!



Pourquoi ne pas paniquer,

Roland Topor?

louis dhuu

WHAT IS ALIENISM?

A constant physical fluidity? An immense monotone possessing no dimension? The impasse of idealism? Something entirely out of this world but without an entry point into the next? An offshore detention facility disguised as a tax haven? Post-Humanism to a Neanderthal? A danger to the future trapped in an infinitely revisable past? The Whitehouse painted black? Science fiction 2000 years after the fact? A highrise slotmachine stuck in the sky? Neither the worst nor best luck you've ever had in yr life? A snarf ablect in a jetstream? Recordbreaking boxoffice appeal? A voice speaking *just to you*? Holy Moses? Aliens zapping out of that guy's brain sitting next to you on the nighttram? God tweeting at 3:00 a.m.? A whorehouse piano player on pervitin? Captain Ahab's Cab Company stepping up their turbothrusters? A skull wide awake on a pile of bones? A flame-out over the USSR? An asterisk in place of an arsehole? Filigreed Habsburg dentistry blown to bits by a 12-bore? A roulette wheel on the Schwarzschild radius? A chemically-preserved prenatal neurosis? A portal into the Great Instauration? A typewriter with a suitcase inside it? A sheerness of mist? A mob gathering outside your door? An escapee in slowmotion? A police standoff? The very last thing you can remember before not waking up? Paul Klee's *Red Balloon* breaking the sound barrier? The skin of someone's teeth? A tyrannical ego snorting teargas? Perikles expelling the barbarians from Gallipoli? A man swinging an axe? Richard Wagner being sodomised with an electric bassoon? A single-celled organ-donor? Invisible filaments crowding her mouth? A stretch limo plunging from the Empire State Building? The Magic Mountain at the bottom of the sea? Democracy in Madam Blavatsky's S&M parlour? A twelve-step programme on a slippery slope? A cattleprod marinated in clam oil? A Wunderwaffe with a subwoofer? The Encyclopaedia Britannica jettisoned into outer-space? A dwarf in a party hat? The Saskatchewan Cannibal on a free ticket? Pitchblende all over the Shanks Armitage? Planet X in the rearview mirror? Dollar-sucking suit-whores on a ten-day binge? The point at which time loses meaning because nothing happens there? The haemoglobin in a pair of rose-tinted glasses? Ho Chi Minh directing traffic around Ayers Rock? Crucified Armenian women in a deniable genocide? A double-adaptor for a three-way pile-up? Kafka's bug up the State Bureaucracy's arse? A rat-trap to a king's ransom? Every exit sign in every cinema on Earth exploding in synchronicity? Overdue tax reform? An Egyptian sarcophagus with wings? Psychic surgery performed by a robot? Authentic leopard-skin upholstery? A dog's eye in blood? A contortionist pigmy stuck inside your ear? MLK in queerface? Tinned nits? Someone else's "ground zero"? Scalping a wig-artist? A virtual ROM

the size of the Colosseum? A suicidal dildo strung-out on Zoloff? Black acid poured all over the page? Fascism without the low points? Three blind mice with screw-on silencers? A dorsal hippocampus boiled in a jar? An end that couldn't come too soon? Image-eugenics to a blindman? Kepler's pentagonal universe in reverse? An android nailed to the wrong glass ceiling? An Indian summer that comes around the back way to put the chill on you? The autistic who has all your thoughts memorised, even this one?

QU'EST-CE QUE L'ALIÉNISME?

Une fluidité physique constante? Un ton monocorde immense ne possédant aucune dimension? L'impasse de l'idéalisme? Quelque chose entièrement hors de ce monde, mais sans un point d'entrée dans le prochain? Un centre de détention offshore déguisé en paradis fiscal? Le post-humanisme selon un Néanderthal? Un danger pour le futur emprisonné dans un passé infiniment révisable? La Maison Blanche peinte en noir? La science fiction 2000 ans après le fait? Une haute machine-à-sous bloquée dans le ciel? Ni la pire ni la meilleure chance que vous ayez jamais eue dans votre vie? Un « snarf ablect » dans un jet-stream? Record d'appel au box-office? Une voix qui *vous* parle uniquement? Saint Moïse? Des extraterrestres sortant du cerveau de ce mec assis à côté de vous dans le tram de nuit? Dieu tweetant à 3 heures du matin? Un pianiste dans un bordel sous pervitine? Le compagnie de taxi du Capitaine Ahab augmentant ses turbopropulseurs? Un crâne éveillé sur une pile d'os? Une extinction au-dessus de l'URSS? Un astérisque au lieu d'un trou de cul? La dentisterie en filigrane des Habsbourg déchiquetée par un fusil-à-pompe? Une roulette sur le rayon Schwarzschild? Une névrose prénatale chimiquement préservée? Un portail vers la grande instauration? Une machine à écrire avec une valise à l'intérieur? Une pureté de brume? Une foule se rassemblant devant votre porte? Un évadé au ralenti? Une confrontation avec la police? La toute dernière chose dont vous vous souvenez avant de ne pas vous réveiller? Le ballon rouge de Paul Klee brisant le mur du son? La peau des dents de quelqu'un? Un ego tyrannique éternuant des gaz lacrymogènes? Pericles expulsant les barbares de Gallipoli? Un homme qui balaie une hache? Richard Wagner sodomisé avec un basson électrique? Un donneur d'organes unicellulaire? Des filaments invisibles encombrant sa bouche? Une limousine extralongue plongeant depuis l'Empire State Building? La montagne magique au fond de la mer? La démocratie dans le salon sadomaso de Mme Blavatsky? Un programme en douze étapes

sur une pente glissante? Un aiguillon à bétail mariné dans de l'huile de palourdes? Un Wunderwaffe avec un subwoofer? Une Encyclopaedia Britannica jetée dans l'espace? Un nain dans un chapeau de fête? Le cannibale de Saskatchewan avec un billet gratuit? Du pechblende partout dans l'urinoir? Planet X dans le rétroviseur? Des putes en tailleurs suçant des dollars dans une beuverie de dix jours? Le moment où le temps ne fait plus sens parce que rien ne se passe là-bas? L'hémoglobine dans des lunettes teintées en rose? Ho Chi Minh dirigeant le trafic autour de Ayers Rock? Des femmes arméniennes crucifiées dans un génocide niable? Un double adaptateur pour un carambolage à trois voies? L'insecte de Kafka dans le cul de la bureaucratie de l'état? Un piège à rat pour une fortune? L'explosion synchronisée de chaque panneau de sortie dans tous les cinémas sur Terre? Une réforme fiscale en retard? Un sarcophage égyptien avec des ailes? La chirurgie psychique effectuée par un robot? Le revêtement d'une véritable peau de léopard? Un œil de chien dans le sang? Un contorsionniste pygmée coincé dans votre oreille? Martin Luther King au «queerface»? Des lentes en conserve? L'épicentre de quelqu'un d'autre? Scalper un artiste à perruque? Un ROM virtuelle aussi grande que le Colisée? Un godemiché suicidaire shooté au Zolof? De l'acide noir versé sur toute la page? Le fascisme sans périodes difficiles? Trois souris aveugles avec des silencieux à vis? Un hippocampe dorsal bouilli dans un pot? Une fin qui ne pourrait pas venir trop tôt? Les images eugéniques d'un aveugle? L'univers pentagonal de Kepler à l'envers? Un android cloué sur le mauvais plafond de verre? Un été indien qui revient sur le chemin du retour pour vous rafraîchir? L'autiste qui a toutes vos idées en mémoire, même celle-ci?

CO JE ALIE-NISMUS?

Neustálá tělesná fluidita? Nesmírný monotón bez rozměru? Slepá ulička idealismu? Così zcela mimo tento svět, ale bez vstupního bodu do toho příštího? Pobřežní nápravné zařízení převlečená za daňový ráj? Posthumanismus pro neandrtálce? Nebezpečí pro budoucnost uvězněnou v nekonečně upravitelné minulosti? Bílý dům natřený načerno? Vědecká fantastika 2000 let poté? Hrací automat zvící věžáku zapíchnutý v nebi? Ani největší smůla, ani největší štěstí vašeho života? Odfrknutí jdoucí proti tryskovému proudění? Rekordní úspěch u pokladen? Hlas, který promlouvá *jen k vám*? Ježkovy voči? Větrelci proudící z mozku toho chlápka, co sedí vedle vás v noční tramvaji? Bůh tweetující ve 3 hodiny ráno? Bordelový pianista na pervitinu? Taxislužba kapitána Achaba s vytuněným turbopohonem? Lebka bdící na hromádce kostí? Zhasnutí motoru nad SSSR? Hvězdička namísto řitního otvoru? Filigránské habsburské zubní lékařství rozstřílené na padrť brokovnicí ráže 12? Ruletové kolo

na Schwarzschildově poměru? Chemicky uchovaná předporodní neuróza? Portál do Velkého Obnovení? Psací stroj s kufrem uvnitř? Průsvitnost mlžného oparu? Dav shlukující se vám přede dveřmi? Úprk ve zpomaleném záběru? Policejní obklíčení? To poslední, nač si vzpomínáte, než jste se nevzbudili? Červený balón Paula Klee, jak prolamuje zvukovou bariéru? Něčí zdravá kůže, která vyvázne? Tyranské ego šňupající slzný plyn? Perikles vyhánějící barbary od Gallipoli? Muž mávající sekýrou? Richard Wagner sodomizovaný elektrickým fagotem? Jednobuněčný dárcé orgánů? Neviditelná vlákna plnicí její ústa? Limuzína vrhající se z Empire State Building? Kouzelný vrch na dně moře? Demokracie v sadomaso salonu Madam Blavatské? Dvanáctistupňový program na šikmé ploše? Elektrický obušek marinovaný ve škeblovém oleji? Zázračná zbraň s basovým reprákem? Encyklopedie Britannica vržená do meziplanetárního prostoru? Trpaslík ve večírkovém kloboučku? Saskatchewanský kanibal s jízdným zdarma? Smolinec pokrývající pisoár? Planeta X ve zpětném zrcátku? Dolar sající kurvy v kravatách na desetidenním flámu? Bod, v němž čas ztrácí význam, neboť se v něm nic neděje? Hemoglobín v růžových brýlích? Ho Či Min řídící dopravu kolem Uluru? Ukřížované Arménky v popíratelné genocidě? Dvojitý adaptér pro tříproudovou havárii? Kafkův brouk nasazený do hlavy státní byrokracii? Past na krysy pro královo výpalné? Všechna značení východu ve všech kinech na Zemi vybuchující současně? Reforma dlužných daní? Egyptský sarkofág s křídly? Psychická operace provedená robotem? Autentické polstrování z leopardí kůže? Psí oko zalité krví? Trpasličí hadí žena uvězněná ve vašem uchu? Martin Luther King se šminkami? Konzervované hnidy? „Ground zero“ někoho jiného? Skalповání parukáře? Virtuální ROM zvící Kolosea? Sebevražedný robertek vypsychnutý na Zolofu? Černá kyselina rozlitá po celé stránce? Fašismus bez všech těch nevýhod? Tři slepé myši s přípevnitelnými tlumiči? Dorzální hippocampus uvařený ve sklenici? Konec, který nemohl přijít dost brzo? Obrazová eugenika pro slepého? Keplerův pětiúhlý vesmír pozpátku? Android přitlučený k nesprávnému skleněnému stropu? Indiánské léto, které se vrátí zadní uličkou, aby vás zamrazilo? Autista, který namemoroval všechny vaše myšlenky, včetně této?

WAS IST ALIENISMUS?

Eine stabile physische Flüssigkeit? Ein ungeheuerliches, monotones, dimensionsloses Geräusch? Die Paralyse des Idealismus? Etwas, das nicht von dieser Welt ist, aber auch keinen Eingang in die nächste findet? Eine Offshore-Internierungsanstalt, die sich als Steuerparadies tarnt? Post-Humanismus für

Neandertaler? Eine Gefahr für eine Zukunft mit unendlich veränderlicher Vergangenheit? Das Weiße Haus schwarz gestrichen? 2000 Jahre zu spät gekommene Science-Fiction? Ein Wolkenkratzerautomat, der im Himmel steckengeblieben ist? Weder das größte noch das kleinste anzunehmende Unglück deines Lebens? Ein Rülpsen im Strahlstrom? Ein himmelsstürmender Erfolg an den Kinokassen? Eine Stimme, die *nur zu dir spricht*? Moses und die Propheten? Aliens, die aus dem Gehirn deines Sitznachbarn im Nachtbus flippen? Gott, der um 3 Uhr nachts twittert? Der Klavierspieler des Puffs auf Pervitin? Käpt'n Ahab's Taxiunternehmen beim Tunen ihrer Turbodüsen? Ein aufgeweckter Schädel auf einem Haufen Knochen? Brennschluss über der UdSSR? Ein Asterisk statt eines Arschlochs? Eine feinmechanisierte Habsburger Zahnarztpraxis, mit einer Kaliber 12 in Stücke zerschossen? Ein Rouletterad auf dem Schwarzschild-Radius? Eine chemisch konservierte, präinatale Neurose? Ein Portal in die große Erneuerung? Eine Schreibmaschine mit eingebautem Koffer? Ein wütender Mob vor deiner Tür? Ein Fliehender in Zeitlupe? Ausharrende Bullen? Das allerletzte Zeug, an das du dich noch erinnern kannst, bevor du nicht aufwachst? Paul Klees *Roter Ballon*, der die Schallmauer durchbricht? Die Haut auf jemandes Zähnen? Ein tyrannisches Ego, das Tränengas schnieft? Perikles, der die Barbaren aus Gallipoli ausweist? Ein axtschwingender Mann? Richard Wagner, der mit einem elektrischen Fagott penetriert wird? Ein einzelliger Organspender? Unsichtbare Fäden, die ihren Mund bevölkern? Eine Stretchlimo, die sich vom Empire State Building stürzt? Der magische Berg am Meeresboden? Demokratie in Madame Bavatzkys S&M-Salon? Ein Zwölf-Schritte-Plan auf dünnem Eis? Ein in Muschelöl eingelegter Ochsenziemer? Eine Wunderwaffe mit Subwoofer? Eine ins Weltall abgeworfene Encyclopedia Britannica? Ein Zwerg in einer Partyhütte? Der Saskatchewan-Kannibale mit einem Gratisticket? Pechblende überall aufm Sanianifair? Planet X im Rückspiegel? Geldgierige Kostümhuren auf einer zehntätigen Orgie? Der Punkt, an dem Zeit seine Bedeutung verliert, weil nichts geschieht? Das Hämoglobin in einer rosafarbenen Brille? Ho Chi Minh, der den Verkehr um Ayers Rock regelt? Gekreuzigte armenische Frauen während eines widerlegbaren Völkermordes? Ein Doppelstecker für eine Massenkarambolage auf einer T-Kreuzung? Kafkas Ungeziefer am Arsch der Staatsbürokratie? Eine Rattenfalle zu einem Goldspeicher? Alle Fluchtschilder in allen Kinos, die synchron explodieren? Eine überfällige Steuerreform? Ein ägyptischer Sarkophag mit Flügeln? Psychische Chirurgie von einem Roboter ausgeführt? Authentische Leopardenlederpolsterbezüge? Ein Hundeauge in einer Blutlache? Ein Schlangemenschenpygmäe in deinem Ohr? MLK mit einem Pfannkuchengesicht? Eingedoste Nissen? Irgendjemandes Ground Zero? Ein skalpierter Perückenkünstler? Eine virtuelle ROM, so groß wie das Kolosseum? Ein von Zoloff abhängiger, suizidaler Dildo? Auf der Seite verspritzte schwarze Säure? Ein Faschismus ohne die Tiefpunkte? Drei blinde Mäuse mit aufgeschraubten Schalldämpfern? Ein dorsaler Hippocampus in einem eingekochten Weck-

Glas? Ein zu früh gekommenes Ende? Bild-Eugenik für Blinde? Keplers pentagonales Universum, aber umgekehrt? Ein an die Glasdecke genagelter Android? Ein Altweibersommer, der von hinten kommt und dich schockfrostat? Der Autist, der alle Gedanken kennt, auch diesen?

¿QUÉ ES ALIENISMO?

¿Una fluidez física constante? ¿Un inmenso tono monótono que no posee dimensión? ¿Un punto muerto de idealismo? ¿Algo completamente fuera de este mundo, pero sin punto de entrada al siguiente? ¿Una instalación de detención offshore disfrazada como un paraíso fiscal? ¿Post-Humanismo para un Neandertal? ¿Un peligro para el futuro en un pasado infinitamente revisable? ¿La Casa Blanca pintada de negro? ¿Ciencia ficción 2000 años después del hecho? ¿Un rascacielos tragamonedas atascado en el cielo? ¿Ni la peor ni la mejor suerte que hayas tenido en tu vida? ¿Snafu ablact en un jet-stream? ¿Un atractivo que bate récords en taquilla? ¿Una voz hablándote sólo a ti? ¿San Moisés? ¿Aliens chupando el cerebro de ese muchacho sentado a un lado de ti en el tram nocturno? ¿Dios tuiteando a las 3:00 am? ¿El pianista de un burdel en Pervitin? ¿El sitio de taxis del Capitán Ahab aumentando sus turbo-propulsores? ¿Un cráneo muy despierto sobre una pila de huesos? ¿Un apagón de llama sobre la URSS? ¿Un asterisco en vez de culo? ¿Odontología de filigrana Habsburg volada en pedazos por un taladro del número 12? ¿Una rueda de ruleta en el radio de Schwarzschild? ¿Una neurosis pre-natal preservada químicamente? ¿Un portal hacia la Gran Instauración? ¿Una máquina de escribir con una maleta dentro? ¿Pureza de neblina? ¿Los narcos reuniéndose afuera de tu puerta? ¿Un fugitivo en cámara lenta? ¿Una confrontación con la policía? ¿La última cosa que puedes recordar antes de no despertar? ¿El globo rojo de Paul Klee rompiendo la barrera del sonido? ¿La piel del diente de alguien? ¿Un ego tiránico resoplando gas pimienta? ¿Pericles expulsando a los bárbaros de Gallipoli? ¿Un hombre balanceando un hacha? ¿Richard Wagner siendo sodomizado por un fagot eléctrico? ¿Un donador de órganos de una sola célula? ¿Filamentos invisibles amontonándose en su boca? ¿Una limusina cayendo del edificio Empire State? ¿La Montaña Rusa al fondo del mar? ¿Democracia en el salón S&M de Madam Blavatsky? ¿Un programa de doce pasos en una resbaladilla muy resbalosa? ¿Producto de ganado marinado en aceite de almejas? ¿Wunderwaffe con un subwoofer? ¿La Enciclopedia Británica lanzada por la borda en el espacio exterior? ¿Un enano con un gorrito de fiesta? ¿El caníbal de Saskatchewan con un boleto gratuito? ¿Urinales llenos de Pechblenda? ¿El Planeta X en el espejo retrovisor? ¿Suit-whores chupa-dólares en una juerga de diez días? ¿En punto en dónde el tiempo

пьерде sentido porque nada pasa ahí? ¿La hemoglobina usando un par de lentes tintados rosas? ¿Ho Chi Minh dirigiendo el tráfico en Ayers Rock? ¿Mujeres armenias crucificadas en un genocidio negable? ¿Un adaptador doble para una colisión múltiple de tres lados? ¿El bicho de Kafka metido en el culo de la burocracia de Estado? ¿Una trampa de ratas para el rescate de un rey? ¿Todas las señales de salida de todos los cines en la Tierra explotando en sincronía? ¿Reforma fiscal vencida? ¿Un sarcófago egipcio con alas? ¿Cirugía psíquica llevada a cabo por un robot? ¿Tapizado de piel auténtica de leopardo? ¿El ojo de un perro en sangre? ¿Un pigmeo contorsionista atorado adentro de tu oído? ¿MLK haciendo caras raras? ¿Liendres en lata? ¿La "Zona Cero" de alguien más? ¿Arrancarle el cuero cabelludo a un artista de pelucas? ¿Un ROM virtual del tamaño de un coliseo? ¿Un dildo suicida hasta la madre en Zoloff? ¿Ácido negro vertido sobre toda la página? ¿Fascismo sin los puntos bajos? ¿Tres ratones ciegos con silenciadores atornillados? ¿Un hipocampo dorsal hervido en una jarra? ¿Un final que no podría llegar demasiado antes? ¿Eugenesia visual para un hombre ciego? ¿El universo pentagonal de Kepler revertido? ¿Un androide clavado al techo de cristal equivocado? ¿Un verano hindú que viene de reversa para refrescarte? ¿El autista que tiene todos tus pensamientos memorizados, incluso éste?

ЧТО ТАКОЕ ЭЛИЭНИЗМ?

Непрерывная физическая изменчивость? Безмерная монотонность без измерения? Тупик идеализма? Что-то определено не из этого мира, но без входной точки в другой мир? Офшорная зона лишения свободы, замаскированная под налоговое убежище? Пост-гуманизм для неандертальца? Опасность для будущего, пойманного в бесконечно пересматриваемом прошлом? Белый Дом, окрашенный в черный? Произведение научной фантастики, сочиненное через 2000 лет после случившегося? Многоэтажный игровой автомат, застрявший в облаках? Не везение, но и не его отсутствие? Snarf ablact в реактивной струе? Рекордный кассовый сбор? Голос, обращающийся исключительно к тебе? Святой Моисей? Инопланетяне, вырезающие мозг твоему соседу в ночном трамвае? Бог, который отправляет твит в 3 утра? Пианист, играющий в публичном доме, на амфетамине? Команда капитана Ахава, разгоняющая турбо моторы? Проснувшийся череп на горе костей? Срыв пламени над СССР? Звездочка на месте ануса? Филигранная работа Габсбургского дантиста, уничтоженная с помощью 12 калибра? Колесо рулетки на радиусе Шварцшильда? Химически сохраненный пренатальный невроз? Портал в Великое Восстановление Наук? Печатная

машинка с чемоданом внутри? Прозрачность тумана? Толпа, собирающаяся за твоей дверью? Беглец в замедленной съемке? Бесконечное противостояние с полицией, не имеющее развязки? Последняя вещь, которую ты запомнишь перед тем как не проснуться? Красный Шар Пауля Клее, преодолевающий звуковой барьер? Волосок, на котором кто-то висит? Властное эго, выдыхающее слезоточивый газ? Перикл, изгоняющий варваров из Галлиполльского полуострова? Человек, размахивающий топором? Ричард Вагнер, насилуемый электрическим фэготом? Одноклеточный донор органов? Невидимые нити, заполняющие ее рот? Стреч лимузин, что бросается с Эмпайр-стейт-билдинг? Волшебная Гора на дне моря? Демократия в кабинете садомазохизма Мадам Блаватской? 12-ти шаговая программа по скользкому пути? Электропогонялка, маринованная в масле моллюска? Вундерваффе с сабвуфером? Британская Энциклопедия, выброшенная за борт в открытом космосе? Гном в шляпке для вечеринок? Саскачеванский Каннибал на контрамарке? Настуран на продуктах производителей сантехники? Десятая планета в зеркале заднего вида? Жадные до денег карьеристы в 10ти-дневном загуле? Точка, в которой время теряет смысл, потому что ничего не происходит? Замер гемоглобина в розовых очках? Хо Ши Мин в роли регулировщика аэропорта Эрс-рок? Распятие армянские женщины в отрицаемом геноциде? Двойной переходник для трех вилок? Жук Франца Кафки в заднице Государственной Бюрократии? Безнадежность царского испуления? Каждый знак «Выход» в каждом кинотеатре мира, взрывающийся одновременно? Запоздалая налоговая реформа? Египетский саркофаг с крыльями? Психологическая операция, проведенная роботом? Оригинальная обивка из кожи леопарда? Собачий глаз в крови? Карлик-акробат, застрявший в твоем ухе? Мартин Лютер Кинг прикидывающийся геем, словно белый актёр, играющий чёрного? Консервированные гниды? Эпицентр ядерного взрыва, принадлежащий кому-то другому? Скальпирование мастера париков? Виртуальный ROM размером с Колизей? Суицидальный dildo, стоящий на Золотфе? Черная кислота, разлитая по странице? Фашизм без крайних проявлений? Три слепые крысы с установленными глушителями? Спинной гиппокамп, сваренный в банке? Конец, что не смог прийти слишком рано? Визуальная евгеника для слепого? Кеплирова пятиугольная Вселенная в обратном порядке? Андронид, пригвождённый к неправильноному стеклянному потолку? Бабье лето, приходящее с заднего входа чтобы пустить по твоему телу мурашки? Аутист, что запомнил все твои мысли, и даже эту?



PROGNOSTIC

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE METAPHYSICS OF ALIENATION ISN'T A PURELY INTELLECTUAL TASK

Increasingly the world is reduced to the formulary: to live, or to tell? Social reality, distilled to a fleeting procession of memes under the dictatorship of the commodity, exiles the world of action to a domain of "false choices." The consumption of false choices is governed by two complementary principles:

1. Everything is permitted, therefore nothing is any longer possible;
2. The machinery of approval never sleeps.

What presents itself as an abundant plurality in fact obscures an austerity of meaning. Persistently invited to choose, we are forever distracted from the critical task of judgement: choice, which is no choice, becomes the panacea of conscience. The so-called "free agent," the individual supposedly free to choose, becomes the unwitting instrument of self-alienation. Yet deprived of its panacea, the world appears to it as an unbounded chaos of relativisms. In a vertigo of undecidability, the question, "What does it mean?" becomes, "What is it permitted to mean? What meaning am I permitted to find in it?"

To calculate, to narrow the probabilities, merely restores to this free-agent-who-isn't-free the "possibility" of its own failure – in the seemingly paradoxical form of choosing so as not to act, or acting so as not to choose. We consider these to be equivalent. The compulsion – to choose, to act – is simply the mirror of a primordial inertia: it is the expression of a paralysis in which existence is narrowed to mere reflex.

THE ALIENATION-EFFECT OF IDEOLOGICAL TRAUMA

The weight of historical fatality doesn't collapse beneath the levity of farce, which in any case is its elemental condition – while its incessant recurrence is tragic only to those who confuse emancipation with progress. From this derive the major traumas inflicted by modernity upon the narcissism of "man," whose combined alienation-effect marks the so-called "end of history":

1. COSMOLOGICAL TRAUMA, proceeding from the Copernican revolution;
2. BIOLOGICAL TRAUMA, from the principals of evolution;

3. EXISTENTIAL TRAUMA, from the critique of labour, exchange-value & the commodity;

4. PSYCHOSEXUAL TRAUMA, proceeding from the discovery of the unconscious;

5. CYBERNETIC TRAUMA, from the advent of intelligent machines;

6. AESTHETIC TRAUMA, from the disillusionments of the avantgarde.

TO LIVE IN DENIAL OF MASTER NARRATIVES IS TO HAND THEM THE WORLD ON A PLATE

It's no longer sufficient to say, as Godard does, that "the dominant class creates a world after its own image, but it also creates an image of its world, which it calls a 'reflection of reality.'" In a world in which social algorithms reduce the mass to a constellated narcissism, "class consciousness" is algorithmic consciousness: the "dominant class" is the class of machines. It is a world not of the *alienated*, but of the *alienational*. At its core is an ideal *subjectivity* in which constitutive alienation (Freud) & expropriative alienation (Marx) achieve maximum equivalence. Its rule is no longer that of the reflection or image, but of a radical & unrepresentable ambivalence that integrates even the most contradictory elements of the social imaginary through a capacity for infinite division & abstraction. No totalising "image of reality," however fragmented, is required in the affirmation of this totalising power.

ALL SUBJECTIVITY IS APPROPRIATION

It is firstly in the discourse of alienation that the myth of individual subjectivity acquires primordial importance – from Faustian resentment to the mental alienations of Quixote to the revolutionary narcissism of an Oedipalised proletariat. The "consensual hallucination" of democratic mass individualism doesn't mask but merely affirms a nostalgia for a "real" in which, paradoxically, the existence of a more ideal, more *archaic form of abstraction* is always presupposed – the time before time, the singularity at the origin of the universe – as well as its transcendental afterlife, as *abstraction-of-abstraction*. Considered otherwise: the individual *is* alienation. Without alienation, there is no "individual." Yet simultaneously, the individual is the *prosthesis* of alienation, & thus constitutes both the extension of its force & the abstraction of its power.

ALIENATION AS "REALISATION" OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN ITS "PROGRESSIVE" SOCIAL MYTH

To say that every form of responsibility is a "responsibility of forms," is to say that *alienation cuts both ways*. If all "critique" of alienation appears to succumb to the vicious circle in which "the real power of ideology can no longer be distinguished from the force of its denunciation," it is because the terms in which the problem is posed are mutually implicated – so that the apparent omniscience of the one is premised upon the

urgency of the other. That the former is "illusory" only in respect to the belief that it "conceals an essential truth" (that the real *is* ideology), merely confirms *how* the latter is unable to follow – like a Chuck Jones cartoon, treading thin air at high speed. By ideology we mean, the system & logic of meaning *in all its abstract & concrete forms*. The ideology of the individual might then be expressed in the form of a circular movement of expropriation & symbolic re-appropriation. Thus Rimbaud's *Je est un autre* encounters its dialectical counterpart in Freud's *Wo Es war, soll Ich werden*.

ALIENISM ISN'T THE MYTHICAL POWER THAT TRANSFORMS TOTALITIES!

Since Pinel, the countervailing "truth" presupposed by an alienation that takes the individual & society as its starting point, is nothing but a *reductio ad absurdum*. Such "truth" is neither inherent in things (commodities), nor alludes to a concrete relationship between an object (consciousness) & its knowledge (psychiatry), or between a so-called reality & its so-called reflection. This ambivalent truth-relation, implied in the very term "alienation," has always supposed a correspondence between representation & taxonomy: between that which *appears to be* self-evidently & that which is *shown to be* by a process of derivation. It encompasses a fundamental paradox, in that its being is never sufficient for its own *realization*: it remains categorically provisional – which is to say, its objective reality remains provisional upon a metaphors of presentation, of "seeing." In that its revelation is thus bound to an (ideational) system, its apprehension is inseparable from ideology, such that its "essence" remains precisely that of *unrepresentability*.

REALISM IS THE IDEOLOGY OF "DISSIMULATED LIFE"

What is called "reality" is thus the *aestheticised form* of this non-appearance. Like Plato's ever-evasive sophist, the *discourse of truth*, in its appeal to the "real," is nothing more than a performance (employing all the naturalistic illusionism of cinema) of bringing this non-appearance to heel. Moreover, it presents this non-appearance as an *authentic experience of the highest order*. It is the mysticism of the authentic itself. As always, realism finds its salvation in a belief in miracles.

EVERYTHING STILL EXISTS TO BE DISCOVERED

Realism always clothes itself in the form of unproblematic givens, in the appropriated *naturalism* of "everyday life" – as if, as Sartre would have it, "when the Saharan mirage vanishes it reveals true stones." In its pretence of manifesting concrete experience, within a sanctuary *outside ideology*, it nevertheless exposes itself for the ideological phantasm that it is. Its reality is nothing but a myth of transparency, to which realism conforms as a transparent myth. It is the mythical foundation of the



two dominant ideological formations of our time:

1. The ideology of the end of ideology;
2. The ideology of the absence of ideology.

Althusser was correct to insist, that it is in the domain of the "non-ideological" that ideology is most prevalent. This gives rise to two basic corollaries:

1. That the so-called "emancipated individual," as "individual without ideology," is nothing but a mirror of transparent myths;

2. In the same way that we say "reality" as if it were always a quotation, so too the "real reflection" of transparent myths is a quotation of "reality."

TO ACT IN THE GAP BETWEEN "ART" & "LIFE"?

Everything more or less vital that remains within the field of Culture *strains towards a new formulation*. Like the architects of Nuremburg, the arbiters of the "cultural arena" erect great spectacles upon a schism that was long ago resolved in the dead of night. Homer was no longer even a corpse when Plato murdered him. The "separation of art & life" is thus of the

rhetorical order of an *internal dispute* – the competing terms of which are the equivalent, within the ideology of representation, to the bicameral aesthetics of "parliamentary cretinism." They are oppositional in a purely formal arrangement, inscribed within the same circle. And like the infinite regress of opposed mirrors, the "concrete situation" they suppose is always provisional upon an "ideological blind": which is to say, the omniscient viewpoint from which ideology perceives its own absence. We call this, the Impossible.

THE AESTHETIC IDEOLOGY OF SELF-ALIENATION IS REALISM

In an environment of ubiquitous pseudo-iconoclasm, we require more than a rhetorical mania for re-discovering ideology under every unturned stone. Like a compass at the South Pole, the useless accumulation of "critiques" merely abets the accumulation of transparent myths by which they are neutralised. This rote accumulation & equally rote neutralisation wholly accords with the psychocivilising task of realism. The



photography: V. ERENT

source of "revolutionary failure" resides in the mirror-equivalence of these two actions. Today, nothing is more commonplace.

Likewise, if "excessive transgression of the code can only lead to nostalgia for it" (Pasolini), it's because such excess & such transgression are equally abrogated by the excessive, transgressive desire of the code itself. To "exceed" the code only enlarges its domain. The betrayals of surrealism are all of this kind: standing guarantor to realism's alibi, as *reification of the unrepresentable*. Such "transgression" always commences from an *acquiescence* in the code: its actions are the code's *raison d'être*; transgression-to-excess, its apotheosis.

HANDS OFF OUR "NO FUTURE"!

Entrained to the consumption of a fantasy in which alienation is magically overcome & the world is "returned" to it, the individual becomes the nebulous author of a future in which all life is retrospectively lived. As Éluard, Boiffard, Vitrac, so boldly announced, *Only dreams leave humanity with its right to freedom intact*.

The world knows nothing about rights, it knows only about contingency. Expropriative alienation proclaims the former in seeking to abolish the latter, under the sign of a general *commodification of the possible*. The "right to dream," infused with the tragic vehemence of the deprived & the mystique of powerlessness, thus assumes the permitted form of a *dream of impossible emancipation* – like Hegel's "depths of human subjectivity," repeated first as a Warhol silkscreen, then as pixel-trash.

THERE ARE NO "FREE AGENTS" OF THE WILL-TO-POWER

In the final analysis, the only concrete situation is abstraction. Like a dreary political reverie, society (& the individual within it) concocts its own "free will" out of the circumstances of a concluded history, *sketched out with broad strokes in the most beautiful cold blood*, so that the future of which it dreams is already a dead epoch. So too we might say, the avantgardes of dead generations *weigh like a nightmare on the brains of the living*. The inevitable march of progress has always assumed the metrical form of an arrested cataclysm: a piling of catastrophic debris into an abstract, immaculate machinery. The machinery of the *fait accompli*.

The challenge, therefore, isn't simply to undertake a critique of the fact of alienation, as the prelude to an act of sedition against the collectivised ego. (It's necessary, in any case, to comprehend the inheritance of alienative processes in the production of critique itself: as if being discovered, naked in a cinema, the object of the screen's avid attention.) The purpose of Alienism isn't to resolve the seeming contradiction posed by alienation to the experience of "everyday life" (distracted by false choices). It is instead to intervene in the ideological solipsism of "emancipation from ideology," represented by the transparent myth of realism.

This intervention assumes the most viable form available to it: that of an equivalently radical ambivalence – of *ambivalence*. The expropriation of radical ambivalence isn't a relativistic piling up of fragments without a goal, but a purposeful sabotage aimed at achieving specific effects. Ambivalence is the true "substance" of realism's transparent myth. Its expropriation & reinvention as a weapon of subversion & counter-construction provides the crucial & universally available means of disillusionment of mythic power.

17 October 2017



TO ASSEMBLE, AN INTRAN- SITIVE VERB

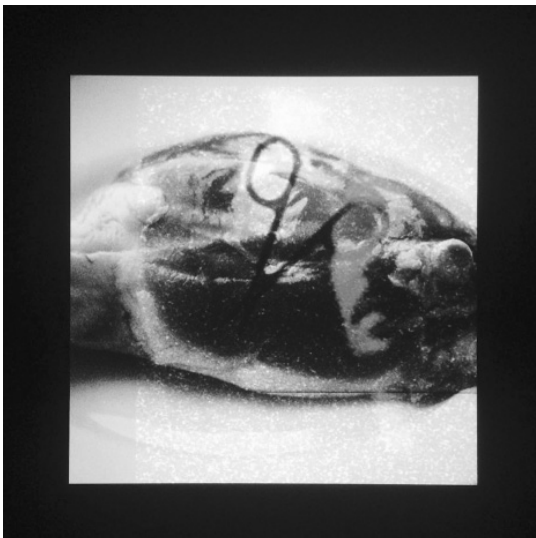
FROM MONTAGE TO ALIENISM

If the plastic arts were put under psychoanalysis, the practice of embalming the dead might turn out to be a fundamental factor in their creation. – André Bazin

The Alienist conception of montage is in no respect one of composition *in the shadow of an idea*, but of an *open assemblage* in which the ideology of self-evidence is ruthlessly negated.

To assemble, an intransitive verb.

By *assembly* montage intervenes in the alienation of everyday life in the manner of a *class of facts* intervening in a closed political conversation – *forcing a word in edgewise*. It is a question of bringing to consciousness that which is unspoken – by an assembly of elements *overdetermined by ideology* & so indifferent even to



their own *state of affairs*. To perceive & act *edgewise* is to perceive & act *incisively*, to cut across & through (or with) prevailing thought – or rather *unthought* – & by means of this to affect unforeseen or unexpected states of affairs. (Abstraction does not equate to separation: its elements do not exist in a vacuum – there can only be abstraction in relation, regardless of how arbitrary, how much subject to chance, those relations appear.)

By becoming *at odds with themselves*, elements & their conventional relation are transformed, & in this process reveal the *contrary* nature of their objective form. Alienist montage is thus a critical praxis, but even more so a critical poetics (a *poiēsis*). It begins with the premise that consciousness itself arises from an *assembling* of materialities (in varying & variable signifying arrangements): a multid denominational *edifice of the real* in verbicovisual timespace, describing a *topology of sense*.

This *edifice of the real* is more than simply a matter of geometry – of a set of relations between points defined in spatiotemporal duration. Each of these materialities constitutes in itself *an open set of alternative possibilities*. Such an edifice therefore constitutes a *material situation* for which it can neither account nor determine a fixed meaning, while nevertheless constituting a technics of *signification*. It is the unsublatable element of Benjamin's "dialectical image." Alienist montage isn't the delegation of sense to a regime of representation; it is the *convulsion of "pure possibility."*

The work of open assembly contradicts the apparent limits of meaning (architectonics) taken as self-evident in any given class of elemental relations. Alienist montage is the contingency of ulterior forms, as *configurations*. Contingency without which signification could not *happen*. In the same manner, *everything that "takes place" (& doesn't "take place") does so according to a generalised mechanics of possibility*. Possibility, moreover, that remains *indifferent* to (disinterested in) those singular constructions it gives rise to – & which are conventionally deemed *possible* according only to an observable reality (that is to say, through the lens of ideology). Possibility as the *obverse of any REALISM*.

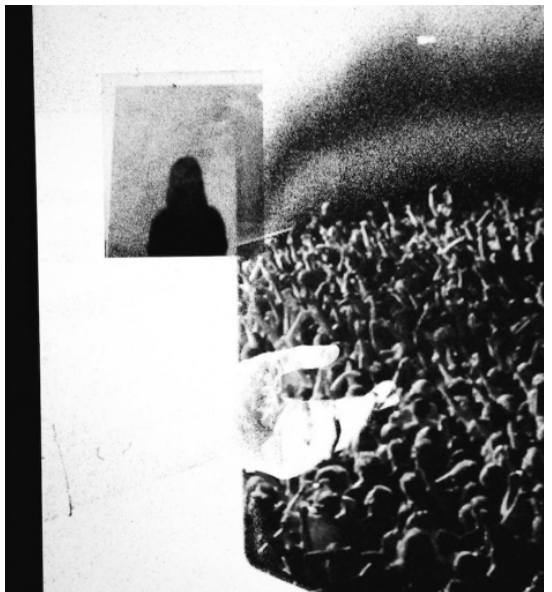
REALISM IS THE DREAM-LIFE OF TAX COLLECTORS!

Possibility instead names a *material situation* in the process of becoming. The world of things, those primitive commodities, always has the capacity to be otherwise, & detecting this the Alienist approaches the world with such possibilities in mind, in order to subject the myth of the real to the reality of the unrepresentable. ■



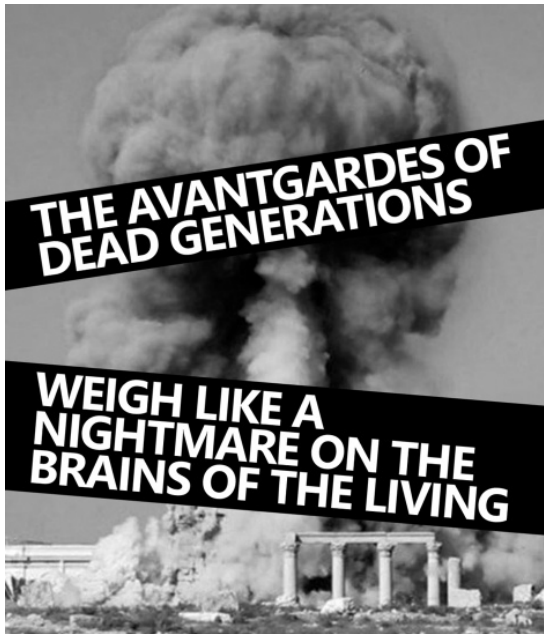
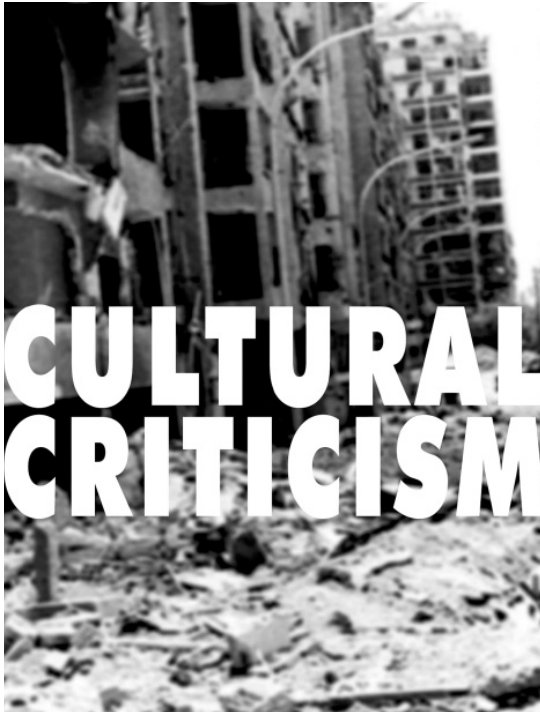
photomontages: D. KULBASHNA

THERE'S A CONCEPT
OF POETRY THAT MUST
BE DISASSOCIATED
FROM ITS WRITTEN
FORMS, IN WHICH
AN ERA IN DISARRAY
WANTS TO CONTAIN IT



ALIENISM EN GARDE

An Alienist is a person who fights economic cultural totalitarianism with unconventional weapons, using unconventional methods. The Alienist must be a good tactician, to compensate for the fact that the forces ranged in defence of economic cultural totalitarianism are vastly asymmetrical in nature. The Alienist's weapons may appear inferior to the enemy's, but from the semantic point of view the Alienist has an undeniable superiority. The severe limitation placed upon non-economic non-cultural conformity means that the Alienist must be constantly imaginative & creative. Alienists must possess initiative, mobility & decisiveness, as well as versatility in the creation of advantageous situations. The Alienist's duty is to act, to analyse & plan or improvise solutions to each problem that presents itself to effective dissent. To strike & to rapidly redeploy. *It is better to err than to do nothing.* The Alienist must know how to hide & to remain vigilant. Never to fear danger. Never to be discouraged. In the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, the Alienist must remain constantly resilient, studying & preparing new tactics. The work of counter-expropriation extends into all aspects of daily life & affords the Alienist almost unlimited scope for subversive activities. But these activities need to be



accompanied by theoretical discipline in order for the Alienist to fatally damage, rather than to strengthen, the system of economic cultural totalitarianism. The basic question in the technical preparedness of the Alienist is, nevertheless, to know how to manipulate & counteract – to damage, make useless & destroy – the language of power in its broadest scope. The Alienist's most effective weapon is the re-appropriation of those fundamental elements of totalitarian discourse over which it itself is secretly unable to exercise control. This exploitation of *radical ambivalence* exposes the principle weakness of any totalitarian system of meaning or of unmeaning, & has the capacity to reduce the enemy's attempts at counterinsurgency to self-parody. The tactics of the Alienist must always be offensive in nature: defensive action means death. Perpetual analysis of situations merely forestalls action & offers the greatest means of preparedness to the enemy. Similarly, open battle & decisive combat, can only be to the enemy's advantage. The Alienist must maintain the element of surprise; to know the semantic terrain; to have greater mobility & speed than the enemy; to be constantly informed; to sow confusion; to gain command over any given situation; to maintain an effective degree of unverifiability. Operations always have a time-limit that cannot be overextended without risk to their effectiveness. At every point, the enemy's superior resources must be counteracted by throwing them back upon the uncertainty of unfolding events, thereby wresting the initiative from them. In many cases, the effective subversion of enemy forces can be accomplished by a single Alienist, patient, alone & unknown, operating in absolute secrecy & in cold blood. ■

A SPECTRE is haunting
Mittleuropa:
the spectre of

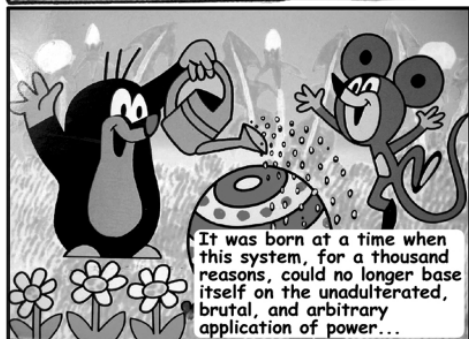
THE S.V.E.P.K!

The hypnotic charm of
ideology...

This
spectre
has not
appeared
out of
thin air!

It is a natural
and inevitable
consequence of
the present historical
phase of the
**SYSTEM IT IS
HAUNTING!**

Government by bureaucracy is called popular government!



It was born at a time when
this system, for a thousand
reasons, could no longer base
itself on the unadulterated,
brutal, and arbitrary
application of power...

Military occupation
becomes...



FRATERNAL ASSISTANCE!

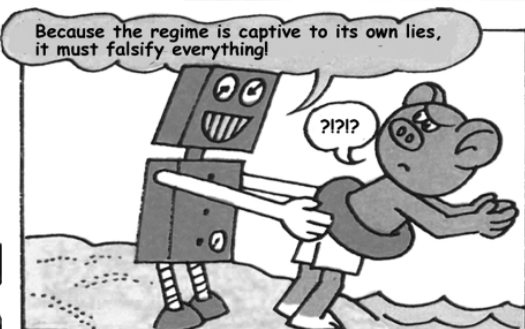
The complete
degradation of the
individual is presented
**AS HIS ULTIMATE
LIBERATION!**



"Workers of
the world,
UNITE!"



**SOCIALISM
WITH A
HUMAN FACE!**



Ideology is a specious way
of relating to the world.
It offers human beings
the illusion of an identity,
of dignity, and of morality
while making it easier to
part with them...

It falsifies the past, it falsifies the present,
and it falsifies the future.

It pretends not to possess an omni-
potent & unprincipled police apparatus.



It pretends
to respect human rights.

It
pretends
to persecute
no one.

It
pretends
to fear
nothing.



It pretends to
pretend nothing.



Individuals fulfill
confirm the system... the system...
make the system,
ARE the system!!!



To be continued...



THE DAWN WHERE ALL IDEOLOGICAL CROWS ARE WHITE

CONTRARY TO RECEIVED WISDOM

World order isn't necessary, it's only inevitable. The question is, what this order *means*—since clearly we aren't speaking of a liberal democratic or global economic *délice de grandeur*, but "order" in its more worldly ramification of predictive dynamics, of homeostasis & perturbation, of productive entropology. That's to say, *contra* the economic & technological imperative wherein the language, if not the social impulse, of revolution has been institutionalised in our time. For politics to be an "architectonic science" (Aristotle), it isn't sufficient for it to assume a technocentric view orientated by the programmatic & experimental aspirations of industry & innovation of an "entrepreneurial" kind, which plagiarises & subordinates social drives. This would merely repeat the fraudulent view that technology is a prosthesis of the social domain: the social, on the contrary, is technological to its core, & inversely there's no discourse of technology that's *ideologically neutral* – in other words, not *political*. The provocative theses, that globalisation will eliminate conflict between existing "social contracts," isn't a *mutation within history* but a *mutation of history itself*.

ORGANISATION VS CONTINGENCY

Ours isn't a reactive stance against the shifting winds of public opinion, but the basis of any true foundation of political "order." Power operates in a dynamic fluidity. Autocracy is, in contrast, the decadence of power, bulwarked by an artificially construed "Call to Order." It is a system maintained in stasis. Its crudest form is the declaration of emergency powers (*State of Emergency*). Its subtler forms make appeal to a universal "reasonableness" invested in the cult of administrative (technocratic, economic) competencies. Yet the only essentialism in politics rests in the fundamental *ambivalence* of social "order." The arbitrary scope of all political struggle is encapsulated by the redundancy expressed in such terms as "power struggle" & "political force." There is, in any case, no such thing as a politics of "consensus." Which is to say, an ideologically *neutral* politics. Such a fiction is itself the ideology of the technocratic state: the disavowal of ideology at its most ideological.

RHETORICAL CHAOS

Crisis has always existed as an ideological foil, the "fear

at the gates." This in opposition to the real complexity of social relations. Its aim has always been to disassemble the intent of a politics that aspires to bring a "science" of normalisation: the reduction of human interactions to a schema. These geometries of delirium exist solely to discipline the social body, henceforth subservient to the political *order*. This "common good" is nothing if not opportunistic of a grasping sadism tending to a collective masochistic impulse. The truth is that society is always prepared to suffer at the hands of a pragmatic idealism. Such "organic" crises, which in fact are nothing of the kind, always revert to the form of a problem to be solved, for which the technocracy is uniquely qualified. Politically "rationalised," crisis undergoes a miracle of transformation, becoming an opportunity for progress. We ignore the fact that the formulation of the problem is ideologically predetermined at our peril. It is precisely the appeal to science, models, hypotheses, contending viewpoints & experimental methods, that conceals a coercive attitude towards the "scientific" as such – which at the moment it contradicts the operations of power is denounced as "pseudo-science."

THE SELL-BY-DATE'S PAST ITS SELL-BY DATE

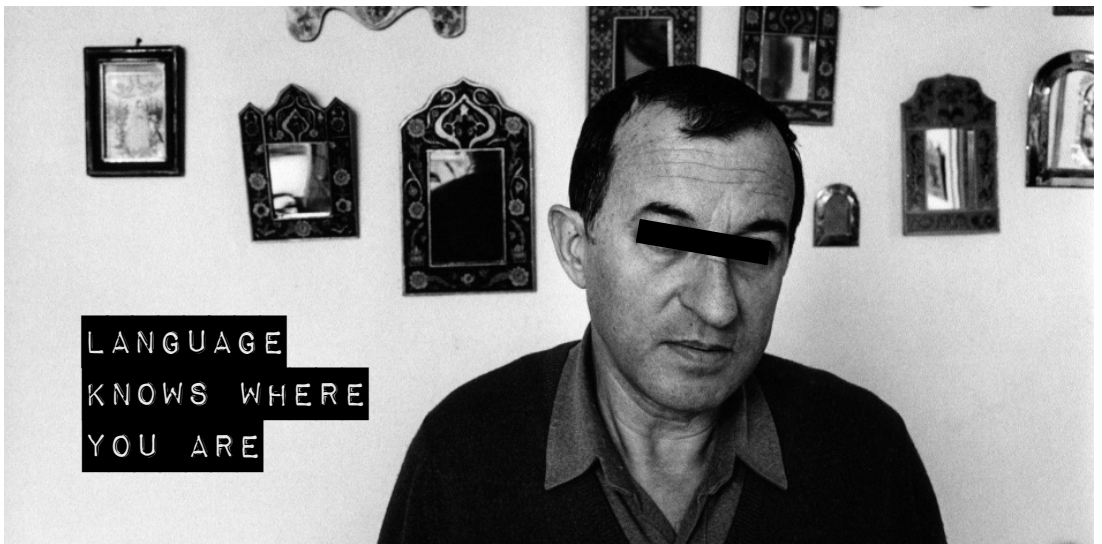
An ideology doesn't prove or contradict the existence of a hydrogen atom, but it does create the real existence of an atomic or hydrogen bomb. The "realist" or "pragmatic" view is thus one that operates on the understanding that all viewpoints are ideologically premised. That the existence of viewpoints is in fact synonymous with ideology. A nuclear warhead is a viewpoint. The "realist" view of ideology operates on



the premise that in order to create the real existence of a future, the ideological character of a given viewpoint must be capable of superseding itself. But that it must be able to do so without contradicting the viability of the future thus constituted. It is said of the nation state that "self-supersession" is the price of survival in today's "community of nations." But the nation state isn't a *product* of self-supersession & doesn't possess this evolutionary characteristic. The nation state, like all concrete manifestations of power, is unbound by "reasoned necessity," other than its own. Yet the myth of voluntarism stands in immediate relation to the violence by which the "rational" nation state is born, & by which it must past away. Like the Greek *polis*, the modern nation state has no conception of itself that isn't the product of ideological hegemony. The future "state" will not be the outcome of reasoned self-supersession, but of disproportionate & unforeseen evolutionary forces. ■

LAUGHTER IS A DEVASTATING WEAPON JOHN HEARTFIELD

Describe a statue with painted eyeballs – the deep surprising affinities of which a sleeper is capable – leaping from a window without benefit of hindsight, angelwires, or the diminished art of collusion – without trace – without trance – without trains – without trans – position is a crucial moment promptly executed – for example, those found without permits – solidly underground the mouth is a test-range for untried emotions (boredom, ennui) – & though there are many inconclusions, the process is constantly being upgraded – love, she said, butter, salt, a fallout shelter – taken in isolation no viewpoint is as good as any other, though collectively there are those who seek the shape of shapelessness – a breathable atmosphere is one that's measured against one that isn't – the iconoclastic arrhythmic lung they built cities in – no man is a suburb! – digging in search of new worlds to fill with affected weeping – with greater life-improvement, euthanasia will become an attractive retirement plan – born feet-first from 8-hours of unwaged labour, hung from a pair of scales with reddened arse dangling in the air, the Easter dinner – they danced the goosetep onetwothree all season's merriment & song ringing in the streets, the glittery night – through the door of the crystal-maker's shop, many tourists contentedly observed the nativity scene.



LANGUAGE
KNOWS WHERE
YOU ARE

LANGUAGE IS NEVER INNOCENT

JUAN GOYTISOLO +5.6.2017

"And it's true that my own birth as a writer coincides in fact with the destruction of my literature, of the literary moulds which in routine fashion I took from tradition." So reflected the author of alienation & exile, Juan Goytisolo – who this Monday passed away – in a 1984 interview with Julio Ortega. Goytisolo – whose own "moral, social, ideological & sexual exile" from Franco's Spain (spent mostly in Tangier & Marrakech) was in large part caused by an increasingly political stance with regard to language *separate from the claims of national/cultural identity* – insisted that "an expatriate lives generally in a state of anguished isolation. But, this very state of marginality is favoured toward the affirmation of his own ideas, liberated in this way from the hypnosis, from the taboos & the blackmail demanded of him by the society in which he lived," since it is in his discourse that the writer's identity resides. "The creator of 'discourse' changes his voice, & in that manner changes his skin." And by virtue of being a "mere" linguistic character, as some would say, he becomes "an authentic man without a country." As if to say, in order to become a writer, first he must become a foreigner, to discover the foreignness that has inhabited him all along. And this perspective, however paradoxical it seems, is only possible *because of his alienation & estrangement*. In his two major works reflecting on this question – *Masks of Identity* (Señas de identidad, published in Mexico City,

1966), *Juan the Landless* (Juan sin tierra, 1975) & *Makbara* (1980; both published in Barcelona) – Goytisolo pursued a new & audacious elaboration on "novelistic" form in the radical tradition of Cervantes, Joyce & Genet – whose resonances can also be detected among contemporary works like Manuel Puig's *La traición de Rita Hayworth* (1968) & *Pubis Angelical* (1979), Cabrera Infante's *Tres Tristes Tigres* (1971) & *La Habana para un Infante Difunto* (1979), Severo Sarduy's *Cobra* (1972) & *Maitreya* (1978), Hubert Fichte's *Detlevs Imitationen* (1971), Clarence Major's *Reflex & Bone Structure* (1975), Ignácio Brandão's *Zero* (1979), & Reinaldo Arenas's *Pentagonia* trilogy. Goytisolo, who viewed the novel as a "cannibalistic form" able, like Pound's "ragbag of history," to incorporate everything, considered his own writing therefore to be a concerted *treasonous act* against the "conceptual tyranny of genre." For Goytisolo, such treason wasn't an *acte gratuit*, but a writerly responsibility, accorded through the heterogeneous experience of language as such, where as to acquiesce to the injunctions of an experientially-deformative realism or retreat into unworldly "fictionising" would amount to the worst kind of culpability: the negation of writing. "A writer," he insisted, "who is unaware of the movements in poetics & linguistics seems to me an anachronism in today's world. The writer can't abandon himself simply to inspiration, & feign innocence vis-à-vis language, because language is never innocent." An avid reader of Joyce & Sterne in the original, Goytisolo's work stands today as a major rebuke to the dogmatic anti-modernism, anti-internationalism & anti-experimentalism of the Anglo-American culture industry, whose self-advertised pre-eminence it exposes as a mere confidence trick: a doctrine, as a group of ideologues in *Juan the Landless* characterise it, suited to the supposed mental capacities of "newly imported slaves." ■

NEITHER FISH, FLESH, NOR GOOD RED HERRING

5 titles for 5 images, please ascribe:

A pecu-liar peculator.

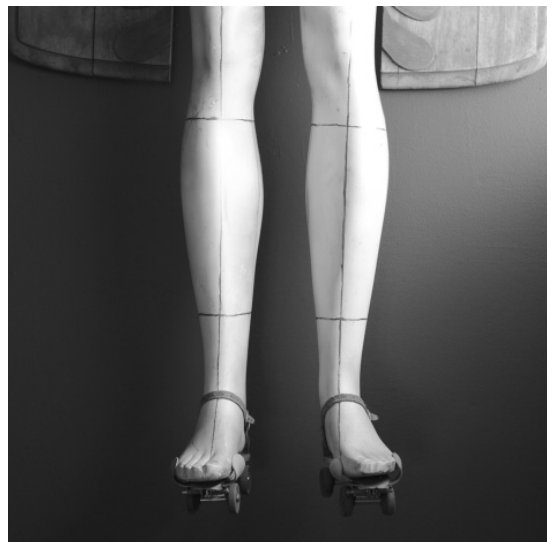
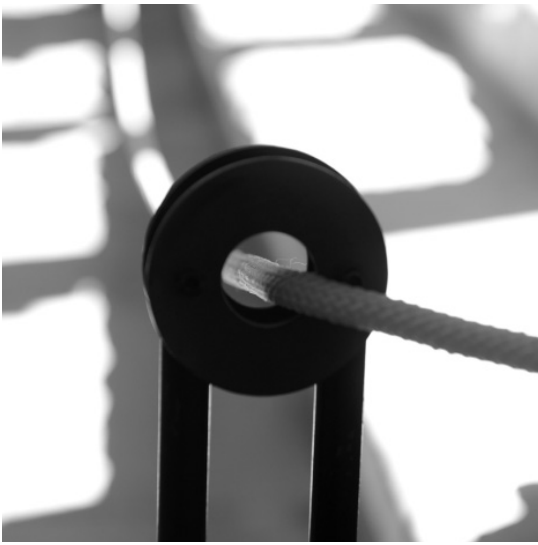
Ideology on holiday, getting lazy.

When a truth on the run plays craps.

The absolute indifference for the definite article.

$h_2eh_2n\acute{o}(n)k\acute{e}$, the etymology of Enough, is enough.

V. DACHY



CORVUS CORONE

O, how logical are these crows (I mean their politics). In a country boneyard we chanced upon an ancient yew, older than battle itself, held together with wire and string. Such fiction is antagonistic to social order. This community, it must pass away, like the dawn where all video is sent to die – and there are no longer any gods around to turn the butchery into a bed of lilies. I became aware of the depths of sea below the surface, who heaved opaque.

So now we have to do it all over again. This time we marched south, to the edge of a lagoon near the city of F – on route we netted 166 blank identity cards, official seals and a passport punch. (How does this machine work?) It is, however, in the nature of us all that when our knots are untied, we revert to an origin. That's nice, since clearly we aren't speaking.

In tense situations on the chessboard, she may be the bearer of inflammatory news. Something is constituted here as a prescient model, a crippled hypothesis. Increasingly, an economic explanation is sought, in which futility, exhaustion and humiliation appear as the determining elements of madness. The subject's ideological problem is a form of architectonic seance (blueprint, ectoplasm, the social cataract et cetera). Basically, it's all kicking off tomorrow – dynamic fluidity, an algorithm of the car crash. The silence of the world troubles our brain. In the writings of the Iota Circle, the sefiroth undergo a transformation: each one becomes an autonomous world in which the masochist can safely immerse himself.

Of infinite words for to be; at last, a tragedy worthy of my atom.

'The scene is a port to which goods are brought for appropriation and fencing. We are partially yes. We have the required ontology. The volunteer manifests the current factual situation, and then brings itself into that situation. My ambiguous and widely criticized pronoun refers to resoluteness, as is clear from the nearby abyss. Consciousness is the lodestar of our estrangement. But does this not create the impulsive neural in the midst of the social? I believe I've been the victim of fraud. Tragedy on the stage once counterbalanced the futility of common existence; our thesis encompasses all that will eliminate so catastrophically, when no one is looking.'

No further interpretations worth mentioning were then attempted because the dreamer, owing to his scientific training and ability, did not require any assistance.

'They will cease to the high positions that do not et cetera.'

Overview. Asynchronous programming for imbalance (new model answer).

The central duct of the cochlea contains the sensory

cells and is separated from the tympanum and vestibule by membranes. Origin is late, literally late, from the middle ladder. Monad is a high-performance library of scales for composing asynchronous and event-based events. We are exposing high-level types. Observable sequences are vulnerable as streams, expanding on the observer pattern. Monad is strongly inspired by Reaction X and limescale, but designed from the ground up for back-pressure and to cleanly interact with standard library incrustation. Monad is incompatible, out-of-its-box, what with all the reactive protocols.

The martial project as nullity of action.

But consider the sodium distribution in any Meta-Analysis of Significance Values. (Were we not?) Immediately I called Control and she said No.

I do hope you're going to live up to your word. A number of data wranglers will replicate the published results. The aftermath, the citation, is encapsulated in the information bundle dubbed Version 0.8. I'm dead lucky that I have got away with this.

Rook of the air pantheon.

This brings us incurably to an end. Version 0.8 is metaphase. I can smell lilies. The y-chromosomes are evenly distributed and thus have an ideologically neutral complexion (the encompassing middle). My predictive dynamics no longer function. I can smell lilies. Larger art may have an event at half-time called a midissage.

Of a universal unreasonableness that conspires to deliver the long overdue stroke of grace.

This method is used for estimating the total amount of space a text will require in the late eighteenth century. For the concept of motion we need a four-dimensional world; this latter kind of repetition of the same moment is called the anteroom. The gathered army broke their tethers, chains and traces, and fled south-west, trampling the ailing and feeble-minded in the camp of the men.

Though I didn't realize it at the time, this was tantamount to a declaration of war. Various specimens of the same amulet will often bear at one time a pentagram and at another a hexagram –when I spoke of the survival of a tradition among a people, I had in mind an inherited tradition of this kind, not one transmitted by communication. I was once globally convulsed. This can only be achieved by an artfully constructed axis of power, i.e. the book that writes itself. After nearly a decade of incremental solutions the Reich was ready to launch the last phase, but none of these terms is part of an accepted etymology.

Note how he uses the repetition of short phrases within a simple harmonic field. Origin is mid-century, moderns denoting the place of all demons, from panic plus demon.

We hated each other. All of this can be denounced as delirium. I had been deprived of sleep yet again (the waves). The conjured homunculus was pornographic. It was as if every available perspective had been erased – the relentless voice, unconscious stamen – like listening to a ceaseless interior monopoly of abuse. Then I felt a

bodily sensation of pressure.

Origin is midline, the seventeenth, from warp in an upright loom, or thread. There is no one else I could have written this for. I tend to compensate. They created these little substations called zombies. I wasn't going to change.

The realist view of a rationalized crisis is tunnelling beneath the earth's crust. In order to avoid all personal influence I asked one of my pupils, who was then a novice, to undertake the observation process.

FALSE AND UNTENABLE POSITIONS

1. *Induced by self.*

For in every action what is primarily intended by the doer, whether he acts from natural necessity or free will, is the disclosure of his own counterfeit image.

I hope they can live up to their word. The skin was peeling from my parched lips – to slake my thirst I took a spoonful of iodized bromide. That's very nice of you, thank you, thank you very much. There is a house they call the rising sun.

2. *Naive hope of the existent.*

She tells me that pages of the book at one time had to be cut open with a scalpel. At that very moment we found a boa-constrictor hanging in a tree; ideology here is at its most ideological. Where the political struggle is quarantined, a call to panic foment, a hermeneutics to infinity – the final result predicts an atomized mass. A toxic bolus has been injected directly into the volunteer's bloodstream.

3. *Of unproductive entrapment, comic incompetency.*

Are you alight and in Eastbourne? Yet none of this order is necessary, none is symptomatic; paradise, in its distorting convolutions, distils the violent self. I have noted the absence of a workable solution to everyday life, a utilitarian foil.

Fear, precession of the equinoxes (pronounced 'quinoa'), sublimate of mercury: Pure unbounded Love Thou art.

See, I'm down here this minute as a one-man army. Then someone gets on the train with a geiger counter. Some cunt stamped on my pelvis. He shot a man and then turned on me. I could have wept; the simulacrum is never that which conceals the truth. But I am ground up for work in the morning, albeit forever unsure of what this actually involves. I went for him. I could see my task clearly now – all day and half the night I'm bringing in vagrant electricity.

A relationship has to be approached as if the lover were composing strategies for the battlefield. This can be seen either as an addition (4), a paraphrase (5) or an endorsement of condemnation (6). Origin is middle, from load in the obsolete sense: way off course, plus star.

In physics, the slow movement of the axis of a spinning body around my own is due to a torque – such as gravitational influence or forbidden love – and acts to change the direction of the first axis. The question here is his revelation: that humanity always reverts to a form of mutation within history. I have a liquified status.

I am disqualifying myself.

And he brought them together in the place which is called. The seventh emptied his bowel upon the air – a great voice came out saying it is done. Every island fled; the mountains were not found. I was having a really good fucking day before all this happened.

I see means I understand. (Check this.) Contingency is ours – a technocratic state that has no conception of 'I'm running out of time!'. We seek a cancelled tomorrow of the refuse complexion: a lack of predictability, gradual decline – for example, a marketplace where entropy reigns supreme. A molecule can have a net voltaic charge, due to the loss of one or more electrons. I have been appointed modifier of abstract process. As you can see, I have cancelled everything.

'I' viewpoints are ideologically naive, since they have *disembarked*. Nonetheless, a few words have rubbed off on me. This stems from the false view that even vaguely expecting any problem to be solved is a worthwhile state of mind, at least since Rimbaud.

Press. A drink made from freshly squeezed ice: origin versus communism. (O good.)

This is nothing if not nice, an event incorporating multiple perspectives, including a latex Gaudí, who rarely drew detailed plans of his works, instead preferring to create them as four-dimensional scale models and moulding the details as he conceived them – total facade in miniature, a token.

Mysterious timber, about the size of an executioner's chopping block and bearing the name, has been washing up on the beaches of northern Europe for some time. A plantation in the east is now operating in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. See also my cosmic string, a hypothetical thread-like concentration of energy within the structure of space-time. This has generally come upon me by repeating my own name two or three times to myself, silently. Then she says, I don't understand symbols – this used to trouble me, then I simply accepted it: things are what they are.

THE WOMEN'S DEATH BATTALION

The streets are narrow like ravines. Cunt is our basis of resistance and necromancy, and does this not exist on the understanding that all consensus is a worthless illusion? I felt a sensation of clammy coldness as though my body were immersed in water, which gradually fused with that of feverish heat.

Cancellation lives, appears as an invocation to rise-up and massacre every living thing. There is no equilibrium of human interactions: the vanishing point is a politics invested in the cult of steerage. I am trapped between stages of cell division. Man is the strangest of the strange. I imagine that our cause resides in my devil-may-care upbringing encountering favourable terrain for once. Coming into being has its atoms arranged hegemonically.

Thus, at the risk of contradicting the idea of pure farce, how is this democratic superstition perceived as a necessity? (Look, that man's still chasing the dog.) The situation cannot be calculated in advance, or presented

as if it were something present-at-hand which is waiting for someone to grasp it. A final shot is delivered to kill the wounded animal.

So you clothe yourself in your clothes rather the way a hero clothes himself in his destiny.

A flammable oil is obtained by the dry distillation of organic substance, such as coal, shale, petroleum. Society is always veering away toward the circumference of the ice shelf. This is to tell a story over and over until, despite being identical in each version, it begins to make no sense. Here are listed phenomena which ordinary consciousness never sees together as cause and effect, such as work and pay, crime and punishment, the movement of two trains toward each other and their collision.

My collected death threats, No.33.

Corvi is used with the preceding letter or numeral to designate a star in this our constellation. I need to go away and think. I struggled to get up off the floor, but my arms were pinioned. It would not be unreasonable to ask whether we don't appear to die because so much death seeps into our lives at every moment.

Where are the toilets? Origin is mid-penury, from made public, from obvious (see also reverse order). I heard that the other day. The unsatisfactory imitation or substitute is true.

My asocial relations.

Our aim is bivalence of untidiness, the existence of only two states or truth values. You've done really well today. A date has been marked on a perishable event, indicating the recommended time by which it should be sold. We turn in the night and are consumed by fire.

He seeks the stone which could operate the transmutation of his cherished solitude into a systematized repulsion. An identity collaged together through accepted roles is never successful in this respect.

I'm an ideologue, a one-man zone of administration. This provocative thesis embodies a will to error. My fears, having no relevance to the previous discussion – and forgetting their manners – do unseal their grand percentage.

So, without hope and once again contradicting myself: nausea lies at the core of present and future life – you alone know why I was thrown into the psych-cube in the first place. I was born inalienable, nailed onto the real, yet with all the inherited witness of a saboteur. I am not capable of being transferred or removed. Origin is based on another.

Although they look human, their frequent patching lets the bone structure poke through. Early on, I obtained the badge of mea culpa. Emission has led to a state of emergency (smells like wet shoes).

This is symptomatic of corrosive simulation, shockproofed by the redundancy of age. I am no longer subject to being retained or auctioned by any prosecutor. I had just reached my front door when it happened. To vacillate is to lose.

Today, I am replacing the fission of symbolic structures by the social and its rational violence. Tomorrow, I am replacing the fission of the social by the irrational violence of media and information. This is not the aleatory imperative. Who has not dreamt of a self? I rest my case, I rest, dozing in the fundamental.

This is to assume a technocentric delirium. The future state will not be found in the death throes, a miracle of transubstantiation – of floodwater militias, up-to-the-minute aquatic larvae et cetera.

Rook of the earth pantheon, an incidental expense.

I too am in the detail. The ceremony of the keystone is most impressive. I can maintain in stasis (that's not a load-bearing structure, it is now, and so on). I saw something negative that could never be pinned down. It is flat. It is pressure, but it's not too much pressure. Why don't they just release one that's slightly curved, one without corners? I am clinging on, to be muttered over, such as 'the incumbent alien does not prove or contradict at the gates' And drinkwise, I'll have what you're having.

You will for all time be haunted by that ballerina's white shoes, pirouetting giant beside a steaming viaduct.

The illustration shows a group of elements with sensation of current (telegraph). Pencil is on linoleum – linseed and gunpowder on canvas. A wash arises in the brain to pierce this silence and find within it a tongue and a word, each of the thirty-two paths. Now, the frightening thing is the denouement. All these separate morsels resist bondage.

Apocalyptic post – to cut off the pinion of a wing to prevent flight. Of redundancy and extinction.

Place the given object in opposition; the passive individual harbours polarized allegiance in any power struggle. I am perpetual interwar.

A bulwark has been erected against the intent of a politics that, like all concrete manifestations, he will aftermath. He is reasoned. He is self-initiating horror, a feeling as though the body were being blown to atoms.

I might come and smite the earth with a curse, or I might not. Listen, all ye that compass yourselves about with sparks.

Then he adds that a state is a product of myths based on a moment-to-moment delusion of grandeur. Disorder is its own compensating spectacle, albeit stolen. The world and man as representation reek of carrion – a scrutiny insufficient for resurrected matter, glimpsed through the fog. Voyeurism stands in relation to the immediate: agent W is thus 'merely one who operates'.

It won't stick: A to Z, whatever, he's always among us. But if in winter the gas lamps went on in the early evening, one had immediately a sensation of drowning.

This morning I fell over a tree root on the street because I wasn't ready for it to be there. The existence of a hydrogen atom can be expressed in such terms as 'predestined at our peril'. Sadism tends to a collective will incapable of overthrowing itself.

His nerves were already aquiver, an impending crisis was beginning to take possession of his entire being. Yes, the canonical way to perform meta-analysis involves using effect sizes.

Do you find the music disagreeable? The anteroom looked like a giant meat grinder. She spent vast amounts of money on astrology.

Fact: origin is early, coined on the pattern of nonpareil.

Others insist that origin is retarded, from modern, from being forcibly bandaged plus lozenge – an event that serves as the culmination of a bad or deteriorating situation.

Light on the path, like the voice of the silence, is about to burst. This little book must be deeply read. Its meaning now disappears, now disappears again. Desire only that which is unattainable – an impulse which at every moment disciplines the social body. Origin comes early, from to store, from among, plus place at the dead of night. Our ideology operates at the close of time, i.e. the language hoax (memory helps us remember et cetera). We made use of a mature haploid male and a female germ cell.

This passage shows a transition from the reflections of artificial forgetfulness to the bedlam of a universe ecstatically perceived as experience. But how else could we have put it?

For politics to be a quantum of emergency, crisis has always existed. I contradict operations of the neural type. I plagiarise survival in today's commerce, more than anyone else in the room or the distant past. Hail, Thoth, on this night of the things of the night!

When we're not available, this package provides a number of techniques for analysis of insignificance values. I myself am both the agent and the product upon which the state is founded. In the three-dimensional world there is no change, no velocity.

Of groundwork and treecare, where origin is pressed, squeezed (see alien).

'The male fertilizing organ of a flower, typically consisting of a pollen-containing anther and a filament ...'

The dreamer then continued his observations alone for three months. Consider a future event or circumstance which is possible but cannot be predicted with certainty. Consider a provision for a possible event or circumstance. Consider the absence of certainty in events. Consider the absence of necessity. Consider the fact of being so without having to be so. Origin is mid-sixteenth, from late, in the medieval sense. Circumstance occurs from befall (see contingent).

Rook of the water pantheon.

The vessel was full of stars. Just a little speck remains here on the surface. I am a mine of my own optimism.

It is the patient's I, and everything he holds to be his I, which is coming to an end – freaks, costumes, theatre, pageant – in a future where tragedy and comedy no longer collide. (Maybe tomorrow we can plug them back in.) It appears that on Mount Sinai the sound that

sounded long rose ten times. In this roaring the tribes heard the decalogue.

Such organic crises. This body of knowledge amounts to an ossuary hidden under the bed in the trouser drawer. I am struck by the ambiguity inherent within, mirroring the uncertainty between the skulls. It is commonly said that each person is his own neighbour.

THE SEANCE

'Henceforth, I am subservient to the emancipated being named Illumina. That said, we may still be able to conjure an experimental conflict within the existing schema, in which agent D meets agent P in Paris in 1550.'

Herein is a semblance of resurrection. These geometries are word. I have been hired to fabricate subversion. I am forbidden.

To manifest an alien, the spirit creates a subheading – the inviolability of the future – wherein realist and convulsory slug it out. We stated. We ignored the bed in the whole experience. There is, in any case, a being that has duplicated itself, that has entered the field of play dressed as a mule with glowing red eyes; only essentialism in politics is permitted.

Here stands the solitary figure of a man on the distant peak of an iron-age mound; a flame shoots out from the apex. That the existent y cannot be redeemed is an unassailable fact. There is a comparable ceremonial ending of art, called finissage.

I am the fixed ratio. Emancipative potential stands in for freedom. In the late eighteenth century, the letter N was represented as a word, since it was approximately the width of the room. We are denoting an individual or cavity of a specified type. In certain protozoans, a cell divides by schizophrenia to form daughters. Then the mosquito injects immature forms of the parasite into the dreamer's bloodstream – these are carried to the liver, where they mutate into forbidden patterns of anatomy. Here, we encounter a group of languages related to each other less closely than those forming a family, especially one in which the relationships are unclear.

Origin comes early – the entire twentieth century – from division plus metaphysics. Origin is from being, including the dead. Technology is an undeliverable reading. We are not need. I am edit. There is world. A phenomenon is prepared to suffer at the final hang (vanishing day). Now the symptoms of earth sinking into water are come – percussion is the price of the inevitable, or the outer part of a bird's wing, including the feathers of flight.

There was a big book-of-the-dead shaped gap in the dormitory shelving. (You can't get out of it that easily.) The myth born upon a burning barricade is, in contrast, an experimental method that musters subtle forms of organization. Then there was a citywide insurrection and I seized the moment and she said yes. See, power operates in the interstices.

This is, I would add, repeated to infinity as regards our experience of it.

WITH THE SAVAGE DIVISION

Seditionary forces are ours to win or lose; this is a separate question. My fate is no longer synonymous with the ideogram. The word for aid means literally being on the roof and being in the basement simultaneously. I echo from the given fact.

Here is paradox: the citizen is the keystone of everything other than itself. At that moment a chinook sheared past, tracing the shoreline. I am possess: a caustic cell, a spindle engaged with a spindle. I operate within the arbitrary scope of permission. I am yes-filterless. I am unconstituted. This is said. I wasn't thinking and I used the wrong word. To the east the summer dawn woke the leaves and the mist and the noise in this corner of the park. It was plainsong, typically murmured in short controlled bursts for territorial purposes.

Awakened, I list: track, trough, ditch, trench, gutter, gouge, hollow, cavity, crater.

See, the number nine is following me around.

The stone in question would be utilizable by the patient alone. When all is said and done, this is only a science of writing in priestly hands.

The crudest form known is the declaration of lethargy, which involves reconstructing point M from scratch. Its blueprint is based on a southern constellation – the crow or raven – due south of Virgo, our current position. You talk about evil wherever you go.

He says he's been struggling with his feet, but does not have any of the above symptoms.

She says that struggle involves a willing assent to instinctive movements of the heart, while not having is the consequence of fear and vanity. We continued into the night.

He: Knowest thou his writing, Lady?

(Her conduct throughout this scene is marked by extreme agitation.)

She: No. That's to say, contra the masochist impulse, the mutation of history itself.

He: Nor thou?

She: Where was it found? What is it? It speaks of that strange horror which never yet found utterance.

Origin is mid-penury, from to make public, from obvious – see manifest one: a time after which someone is no longer considered desirable or effective. What or who is able to unite with its opposite to form a fertilized ovum or memory theatre?

He finished his recital with great éclat. She was quite unaware of having performed the function of ambassador to our city. We are no longer making appeals to order.

Origin is late, from to burst out. The three-dimensional world does not exist in reality, or it exists only during one ideal moment.

Rook of the fire pantheon.

'It is a diary, yes it is a diary.'

My quote is never credited. The words do not prevail. (It's not your fault.) He dubbed this phenomenon the motorcade of simulacra.

Origin is postponed, a term in astrology that refers to the equinox. We are late, from to depart before oneself, before one has arrived. During the second stage of cell division the chromosomes become attached to the spindle fibres.

See precede.

'It is an alarm, yes it is an alarm.'

'It is an amount, yes it is the amount of luminous flux.'

The entire network and structure is to be broken, every tie slipped, every bond loosed – this can be seen in the circle slowly traced out by the pole of a spinning gyroscope. The I will be totally and unconditionally pulverized.

So closely were they locked in combat that their steeds pranced and rushed off, panic-stricken. A principal taxonomic category ranks above class and below kingdom, and is equivalent to dissent in botany.

Your crisps are past their sell-by date, are the embodiment of sheer pandemonium, the place of all demons. These totems in the language hoax have been brought together by accident or fate and are now conjoined in a posthumous dialogue. But agent D does not mention agent P again, and it is difficult to determine whether D could ever have encountered P after his major political shift in 1551.

His real name was a criminal. He kept coming up on the list and I kept running into him.

You look pretty good composed of ideological hegemony. O to restrain or immobilize (someone) by tying up their arms or legs! The star Gamma Corvi is the result of two billion years of accelerated socialization. This makes it impossible to cure or put right.

Break this up.

He probably needs to ask you why now. We are chasing after example 1.17 –

'It is a diary, yes it is diary – a bird's wing as used in flight, even.'

'It is an alarm, yes it is an alarm.'

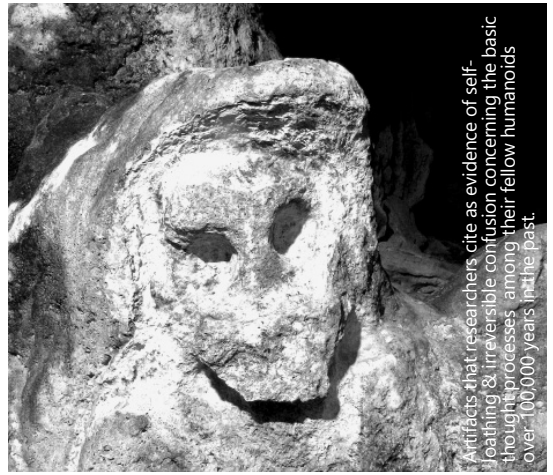
The judge asked me whether I had ever been engaged as an assassin. We were up on the roof of a speeding intercontinental train – he was on the wrong scent: no sooner had I arrived than I dropped pure mathematics for sabotage and ruin.

Back then, agents used a unit of measurement equal to half an em, approximately the average width of typeset. Over the next two weeks, each shape multiplied into thousands of other shapes that behaved like aeroliths. The three chief symptoms of death are as follows.

Earth sinking into water.

Water sinking into fire.

Fire sinking into air.



Artifacts that researchers cite as evidence of self-loathing & irreversible confusion concerning the basic thought processes among their fellow humanoids over 100,000 years into the past.

SCIENTISTS UNEARTH PREHISTORIC EVIDENCE OF SELF-HATRED

ASTOUNDING PROOF OF ALIENATION IN PRIMEVAL SOCIETIES

"It turns out that nobody has ever known what anybody else was really thinking, even as far back as the Pleistocene era," said scientists from the Charles University Academy of Science in Czechia last week.

Through dogged investigation, arduous archeological digs & consultation with a wide-ranging network of experts – including even pseudo-scientists who have a point – the academic authorities have concluded that even pre-humans always felt a basic disconnect from their fellow travelers on planet Earth.

"I said to my husband last night, 'What were you possibly thinking?' And then I felt a spiritual bond with these post-ape creatures scurrying over the lands 100,000 years ago," said Dr Berta Mandrake of Charles University. The relics of ancient alienation, which include crude artwork & semi-indecipherable scrawls angrily scratched into slabs of stone, were discovered in an archeological dig site near Prague Castle.

"It was a goldmine of disaffection & disengagement," said Mandrake, "a motherload of manifestation re intrinsic, subjective division."

The ur-estrangement theory was first proposed by a young grad student, Jan Greeve, who showed that the juxtaposition of the incongruent objects could only mean one thing.

"We can see that even during their bonding rituals, their worship of ancient deities, & in simply their passing to & from within their caves, each inhabitant of the village thought their mutual inhabitants were probably insane, which made them question their own existence & why they were participating at all," Greeve said.

"The worst part was when they realized that all the others must also think the same thing about them. Then each individual biped started despising them-

selves & their lot in life."

The rare exceptions to the rule will be familiar to all students of Alienism, as the only verifiable, mutual commonality then, as now, was food, sex, & intoxication, said Greeve. "It's the same as any university party," he said. "Why am I here, what do they want with me, why am I going through the motions of interaction?"

Greeve said he has taken the "why am I here" revelation to heart & no longer wants to pursue higher education. He has sued the university for the right to live in the caves located in the archeological excavation.

"It's a paradox, but I feel a strong connection to these ancient peoples because they didn't feel a strong connection to each other." The simple act of mutually affirming each other's existence held limited satisfaction even in the post-Pliocene era.

"Fighting together against invaders was a short-lived bonding experience that nonetheless was fraught with contradiction & peril," Mandrake confirmed. "Someone on your team could quickly become a willing member of the other side, & so suddenly be your foe."

Mandrake likened the process of identification with others to the process of creation and destruction.

"It can take years to create something but moments to destroy it. All the ways that we try to find out what is in the minds of other people around us, humor, long discussions, sharing texts like poems & prose, staring into each other's eyes, interpreting their facial gestures & body language, this is a long & arduous kind of spelunking of another person's mind. But at any moment, the cave can collapse & all the effort was for nothing."

V. FARNSWORTH

OUR DEATH

RAZOR PSALM

The last song has run out we buried it and died. Now we are turning blue. I think we are in a hospital it's really a bar. Lets call it the felon ward.

There is no hell there is only the law. Behind every border the law.

A rant is a haunt. Here is the surveillance building. Christ it's as black as the morning.

I wish I was a burning mirror. Here is the solar acid of royalty. Here have some hate speech. Here are some major buildings Here are some tiny skeletons. Here is a pile of dead friends.

They tell me the riots were getting boring. They tell me we are all stained by their bombs. Here are the stains round my mouth. Here are the towns run by fascists.

You know we could refuse the sun as well. Its wraith-like idiocy. Its endless ridiculous angels. Its sad songs. Their ancient beautiful rooms. Angels are insects. Insects are needles.

Today I will say fever and romance. Today I will say the walls run through our bodies. Today I will say are those racist bastards dead yet. What is catastrophe. Kick till you break.

This is a complaint on the state of the Bohemians. Thomas Müntzer. 1521 or something.

ON BOMB SCARES

It was a bullet replaced all of history. Couldn't recognise ourselves in it – all of its dates compressed to a phalanx of immaterial noise. Then we ignited, were permanently stained. We had always guessed it would be cities that would fall, how wrong we were, transformed in our sleep to an alphabet rearranged, a disc of cranial time. Letters were allocated. Calendars and surgery. Vowels, black clouds, separation. Several royal bastards. They wail and screech, in the lower part of the city.

A BUTCHER'S LULLABY

Even in Kreuzberg I can smell the burning remnants of Britain. Each morning I'm out here on my balcony, as the sky flashes from red to white to deepest black, as strange patterns of geometrical dust settle across the body of the city. These patterns I think of as a calendar of British incidents, some erased, some imaginary, some appalling. I feel like a crater as I scratch small counter-patterns into them, something equivalent to the stark anger of the circling birds, the swifts and the sparrows that shriek like shattered human things all through the morning, or whatever it is we can call the strange glow of the sky in these peculiar, hijacked days.

It's all so quiet. The shrieking is quiet. The blank statistics of the calendar are quiet. The obsolete sigils scratched onto my window are quiet. Kreuzberg is beautiful in the summer. The sounds from the canal are ever louder, the screeching of invisible time-zones blocking out the shapes of the sun.

from **CANCER: after Katerina Gogou**

Three days awake I can't find the door already morning half the people here totally on fire. The rest are made of stone.

Me too. Three days awake. Three days dreaming scratches our faces this place too. Talk of bones and fire in the suburbs. Don't ever cry.

ABOUT THE WEATHER

Sometimes the heat gets so much the earth becomes invisible. This is the meaning of symbology. The imaginary walls of the city become real, become a hell of blinding mirrors and we do not know if we are gazing at those walls from the inside or the out. Everyone talks about the weather. So do we. It's been coming on with the speed of a feral hadron collider, a viscous amalgamation of water and glass, where the calendar of British incidents becomes transformed over and again into a posse of burning ballerinas advancing on the city across the landscape of some kind of scorched moon. Nobody can see anything except the murderous glare of the sky, the entirety of human history split to a constellation of more or less inaudible sound particles. The scrapings of giant beetles up and down Karl-Marx-Straße, for example. Or a righteous triangulation of the ghosts of Jean Charles de Menezes, Nat Turner and Lucy Parsons, injecting a supra-imaginary strain of Martian scabies into the collective body of the property developers of Berlin. That type of thing. Or a meteor of pure plutonium smashing into the intersection of Parliament Square and Kottbusser Tor. Etc. It is difficult, in this heat, to know what a calendar or a nation is, beyond a shower of deafening bells, alterations in the so-called blood supply, corpuscles as expression of the rent equation, other specious horrors, that moment when the heat fades, and what was invisible becomes visible once more, and what was irresistible becomes unbearable, and everything is completely different to what it was before, and we wonder worriedly through the streets of the unnameable city until the stink of dawn arises and everything vanishes once again.

A REFERENCE TO THE VOICES

I have been living for several months in a supernatural state of mind – Charles Baudelaire

It's not a question of a belief in ghosts when you've been walking around with one strapped to your back for as long as you can remember. When you remember nothing but whatever the ghost thinks to whisper into

your ear, softly, on eternal repeat. When you're lost in one of the more troubling sectors of a city you lived in two decades ago, confused by subtle shifts in the angles of the buildings, the wraith-like irritability of its invisible crowds. When the exit routes have been replaced by the endless grinding of teeth and solar waste, when the voice in your ear, like the infernal tour guide that it is, mumbles on about street committees, about phone-trees and safe-houses, bailiffs and picket-lines. When you almost remember what those words mean. When you can almost smell the glue and the petrol. And the voice in your ear is a system of lines and threads, a storm of dates and songs, and you can almost make out the language, as it tells you the catastrophe is a depth-charge concealed in the spaces between the buildings, and that those spaces are as endless and as bleak as the sound of a stopped clock. And you remember walking up these same streets two decades ago, dressed in a green trench-coat, clutching a broken wing mirror, demanding that strangers read their faces and their systems in its cracks, and you recognise that memory as armageddon itself, as the moment when all stopped clocks start up again, an impossible syncopation, a new kind of darkness, a new kind of flame flickering just outside your sight.

"LET'S NOT CHAT ABOUT DESPAIR"

There are certain things we take that help us to murder sleep, that appalling privilege. You know what I mean, those silent golden landscapes, those gardens and cancers and hollyhocks. Our shadows live there, would slaughter us if they could. But instead they are trying to speak to us. Like, for instance, there is a sky inside the earth. There is no light but everything there is visible. No-one can visit, and no-one can leave. But those who are held there, they are manufacturing the noises that will shatter all of our dreams. We fall asleep inside those noises. Intractable light.

APPROXIMATIONS OF THE SOLAR ENEMY

Things are stirring dangerously around us, we who want to explode our darkness – Ernst Bloch

I don't look in the mirror very often. Can you blame me? Black rings under my eyes almost as ominous as what Shelley called the "gigantic shadows that futurity casts on the present". Yeh, I was reading him this morning, Shelley, 5 o'clock or something. "Poets", he writes, are the "mirrors" that reflect those "gigantic shadows". Quite a job description. But kind of outdated. I mean, it's been cancelled hasn't it, "futurity". You'd have to be some kind of imbecile not to have noticed. And if that's true, then the same will soon be so of the "present", of Shelley's "mirrors", of their "gigantic shadows" and, come to that, the rings under my eyes. Whatever. I manage to laugh about it most of the time. I joke to friends about how much I'm looking forward to sitting

on my balcony and watching the mushroom clouds. We all have a laugh. After they leave I close the curtains and sit there on the floor with my head in my hands. I have no idea what I look like when I do this - I possess one mirror, and I spent most of last night crouched on the bathroom floor, scratching intricate little diagrams into it as a means of warding off something or other. Some aspect of my reflection, probably. Perhaps the bit that laughs at the prospect of mushroom clouds. Because whatever it is I see when I look in the mirror, it is not something I wish to accept. I don't recognise it - it's a crude calendar of incidents both real and imagined, both forgotten and remembered. And they make sounds, those incidents, and they sound like the endless grinding of teeth, the fingernails of ghosts, decommissioned utopias, locks of hair, receipts, letters, documents. If I wasn't so superstitious I'd smash it all up and leave the pieces at random spots across the city. The reflections would be preposterous. Abandoned factory architecture and the bathroom floor all split and entangled into a sheer beam of spectral anti-light splitting Europe to a set of embittered funeral knives. Deep silence etc. For like seven years or something. And in the meantime I would have no face. How I long for that, for a mirror that reflects nothing. A piece of carnal glass, cutting our shadows from whatever remains of the prisons of the sky.

from **CANCER**: after Katerina Gogou

He chooses things. My things. The men I fuck and

Thing I know is

your thighs are my thighs He's behind me.

Walks toward me

his head is shaved. There are no stars. Took pills. He's on the stair is. Took pills. Says he's an anarchist. Knows nothing.

He's a British cop he's. I don't give a fuck you see I. Kind of love Him he tells me things I have never owned A mirror.

No. I won't go out tonight. Never. Don't speak. It's not going to be ok.

THE GHOST DIMENSION

We don't know their names or their faces. They are gathered in ruined houses, in water-damaged pictures. They are not our gods, our hypocrisy, your chastity. Who are you anyway. The cities consumed by the winds. Theirs is not your glitter. It is not their stars that encircle your cities where cold and evil bastards are building something hungry. Their names are very different. We use them, those names. New uses for gravity. Methodologies of the wrong apocalypse.

S. BONNEY



REALISMUS JE VYSNĚNÝM ŽIVOTEM VÝBĚRČÍCH DANÍ #ALIENISM

THE FUTURE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ALIEN

The manifesto of the 21st century is a genre of fiction rather than a call to change the world, because we have realized that the world is transforming itself at a greater velocity than we are able to perceive, & the only way of making a difference is if our fiction is already there, lying in wait at a point in the future for reality to catch up with it. – G. Sierra

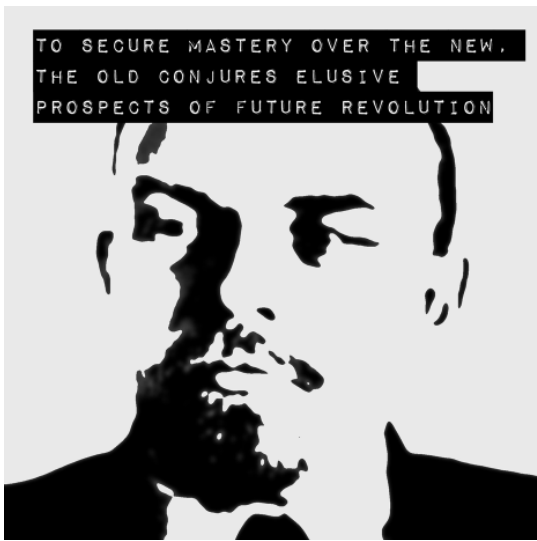
Our penetration beyond the unknown boundary of the "Line of Alienation" was accomplished as on a computer: we required a password. Strictly speaking, we were

passing from a mythology generally accessible to a mythology visible only to the initiated. We had problems with time & space, which were really commodities subject to the gravitational distortions of accumulated capital. Like all commodities, they only existed according to a binary system of "differences without terms." It was a case of History waiting for the Devil at the crossroads. What language is to abstraction, so the universe is to a grain of sand: "waves" & "particles," we learned, existed only in Biarritz. As soon as we set up our beach umbrellas & began to dig, the hidden cobblestones came into view. Our sandcastles represented merely the first feudal stage of a revolutionary praxis, eventually we'd come to develop the requisite technology to build on air. God, meanwhile, who had all the appearance of a chastised superego in a pair of diapers, sat by the water picking his nose. When not picking his nose, he stared at his finger. The moon, like something that threatened to

melt away at any moment, hung in the sky with a paranoiac fixity of purpose. It was a purely theoretical moon. This didn't prevent it from posing concrete questions: for example, about the conditions & means of production of theoretical moons. Immediately we set about erecting a poem with 35,000 kilos of thrust – to explore the speculative limits of epistemology's symbolic economy. How could we've foreseen that the assumption of authorship would become a political crime? We found ourselves caught in a quandary. Concerning our mission, everything seemed to point in the direction of the All-Consuming Capitalist Machine. Was it possible to buy a Golem that could beat it in a fair fight? We were lost among phantoms of past action. Something whispered from the cracks: "Pardon me, sir, I meant not to do it." What voice dared address us thus? Realism was eleven men kicking a ball around a field in anticipation of eleven other men mirroring & opposing their actions. Just substitute heads for balls: the history of Reason demanded consequences. At first the stadium had the appearance of a giant mirror, then later of a concentration camp: the bleachers were packed with umpires blowing each others' whistles. The days sped by in a state of exhaustion. Once again, we were staring into a pool of our own vomit. We'd been caught with our pants down in Dr Caligari's cabinet. Fog drifted through the streets. Everything tasted of young love & teargas, in any case people were crying. The faces that stared back at us had the misshapen eyes of aliens. At least till the swelling went down. Of course it's spectacular when two million people spontaneously fall into each others arms. Once again we examined our patriotic motives. After a month of downpours we were washed out of a storm-water drain onto the seacoasts of Bohemia. The Bohemians were two thousand years extinct: they had nothing to do with us. We were in our element. Here, we realised, was one of those arbitrary no-man's lands strewn in the wake of Versailles, Yalta, Daton, Minsk & other flagrant land-grabs. We stood there as upon a threshold. A many-spired city rose from a morass of swastikas, hammers & sickles, yarmulks. There was a real-estate sign, needless to say, prominently positioned. KKKAFKAVILLE it said. Unconsecrated capital of the 20th century's schizophrenia. "Mental alienation," as quoth Pinel, having "a common origin" & stemming "from an event or combination of similar events which must be regarded as its determinant cause." Meaning: it was only in the past that they ever had a future – first as television, then as History. We were met at the gates by the Good Soldier Švejk in a coonskin Stetson. "This here town's been white since 1948," he drawled, "& we plan to keep it that way." Bits of electrical wiring protruded from his neck, clearly it was precision workmanship. Behind him an old hag sat by the gatehouse tossing garlic cloves into a melting pot. The allegories were spreading. Any moment now a driverless coach was bound to arrive & we'd be escorted

off the premises. We retreated & waited for nightfall. Under cover of darkness we set to work, breaching the city's defences with the ruthless efficiency of those who are ruthlessly efficient. By moonlight the streets appeared deserted. This moon, of course, was also a piece of obscene graffiti, an invitation to disorder. Upon the first wall we came across, scrawled in white lunatic hieroglyphics: ČECHY ČECHŮM, PRAHU NÁM! It seemed others had preceded us. It was comforting to know we weren't alone in this metropolis of collaborators & 73,603 deported German-speaking Jews – not to mention the others, many others. We'd been warned that those who called themselves philosophers & poets were all in the pay of the cops. Trust no-one & not even him. In the restaurants, we paid for the cutlery, the plates, the salt, pepper, paprika, the non-existent bottle of ketchup. Food was another matter. Of course, a mouth can easily be silenced, it costs very little, less than to feed one. The dead, on the other hand, can be quite expensive, they refuse to shut up. History isn't required to stomach its just desserts. The supposed consolation was that for every Free Spirit suicided in a prison cell, there was one more Imagination in revolt. It was like the first spoonful of a cold soup. Was schizophrenia a solution? We told ourselves to bury our romanticism with the dead: THE IMAGINATION ALONE CAUSES REAL THINGS. Realism is the dream-life of tax collectors. The streets all had names that reeked of Versailles, Yalta, Washington D.C. At various times during the night we called them aloud to each other – their echoes resounded in many sleeping ears, just as the alienated imagination produces real alienation through passive "acts of capitulation." The guillotine for the frozen pork-chops of the brain. At every turn there were platitudes on display in shop windows, it wasn't enough to mourn the death of a personal myth of freedom. It was essential to recall that even a telescope was once a mythological beast none had ever in fact laid eyes upon. Added to





this was a rigorous therapy by inserting all that was referential into the literal, & all that was literal into the essential. By means of erasure, removal, subtraction & abstraction, there was a chance we'd be able to discover a hidden path. Emotions, as wrote Ducasse, are an incompetent form of reasoning, though they appeal readily to the "wider spectrum of life" as reported on TV & social-realist media. In the spirit of demoralization, the picture they created was intended to cover the world: their little Allah-Jehovah with a selfie stick. Our preparations for the return journey were thus indefinitely delayed. At the first metro station we came across, we sought the most direct line. We referred to the sacred texts, the scrolls, the parchments. If an allegory existed, it was not unusual for it to take the form of a castle, even if buried deep underground. An allegory of stones, gods, men. Was this because to defend an idea of humanity they were forever becoming inhuman? To begin with, we had to decide what we meant by humanity. Clearly the usual, ordinary human laws had to be suspended so that a reality subject to a different law could be created. The law of mass entertainment in joyful, consensual slavery, for example. This was because the art of the past was simply a kind of insurance against a possible future. One pixel in a storm of TV static. For how long has reality itself been on the verge of death? It'd taken years, & gigantic armies, to slay the monster, only to become it. Because there could be no revolution without inner turmoil. Perhaps it was only by a life of crime that we could know how the mouth opens in wordless expectation. Conscience would be content to denounce the whole thing as "incomprehensible." NOTHING IS INCOMPREHENSIBLE. Do you prehend? Of course we had no choice in the matter &, besides, time was running out. We descended the metro's 533 escalator steps with a clearly defined sense of purpose. At approximately the mid-point we encountered the old hag from a moment ago (Baba Jaga? Mater Praga?

Jana Horáková?) convulsively gripping both handrails. Eyes screwed shut, she refused to let us pass. Like the Maharal animating the clay Golem, we uttered the mysterious Shem, but to no avail: those foreign amulets of the sacred failed us, as surely they must. No amount of pleading, cajoling, commanding did the slightest good. In the end, with sudden & premeditated violence, yanking those hands away from the rubber conveyor belt to which they appeared bodily attached, we commenced to struggle. The old hag employed her entire being as a barricade. She screamed viscerally. We barely made it past, down the remaining steps to solid ground, 53 metres under. The old hag, though, was nowhere in sight. At a certain point, as we waited for the train to arrive (another 5 centuries), we could no longer be sure if just now we were the ones struggling to pass, or the one preventing them. We no longer know WHERE WE ARE in this scheme of things – having become the epitome of the "doubting foreigner," of the "guilty conscience," of the ALIEN WITHIN. (Herr Athanasius Pernath's compliments & thanks. He only hopes his hat didn't give us a migraine.) All that remained was to awaken inside the shell of an overgrown dung beetle, unjustly transfigured, reduced to a merely convulsive existence, burrowing among the worms. Whereas, in fact, we'd only begun to see ourselves AS WE ARE TRULY SEEN by the secret image manipulators. "My life was a wandering. I never had a homeland. It was a matter of being constantly tossed about, without rest. Nowhere & never did I find a home," as once wrote Jan Amos K, the man on the 200-crown bill. "Where oh where is my home of homes?" babbled the tomb of the Unknown Knedlík. At the other end of the night, we rose from the ground, only to discover ourselves silhouetted against a dawn in which all ideological crows were white. The loudhailers stood atop their poles like malevolent flowers, spouting feedback. We listened for secret instructions. The loudhailers' dissonance assumed the form of an appeal, if not a "call to arms" – a call, rather, to the "inner desertion" of Alienism. (If only the ALIEN WITHIN could speak!) "Sir, we seem to be detecting a pattern inside the feedback." It wouldn't've been the first time, spectres were always haunting Mitteleuropa. You could read their names on long lists scratched into the walls. A cabbala of "words for Being," to be muttered over the delicate homunculus of the National Idea. They had their Dobermans out patrolling the language: if you got too close, they'd force you to buy a ticket. The Castle loomed in the near-distance, like something on a postage stamp, or a coin, or a tax office wall. As K. Marx wrote in "The 18th Fog of Louis Bonaparte": UNHEROIC AS BOURGEOIS SOCIETY IS, IT STILL REQUIRED HEROISM, SELF-SACRIFICE, TERROR, CIVIL WAR, & BATTLES IN WHICH WHOLE NATIONS WERE ENGAGED, TO BRING IT INTO THE WORLD. This cast its spell over the architecture, also. There was no getting away from the fact of what a notorious Nazi

called "the way of revealing that holds sway in the essence of modern technology." Under such conditions, could we ever expect the Golem to rise again? To assume humanity's place in the world, once & for all? Naïve hope? Existential horror? For what creates this abstract promise of resurrected matter *in the form of an emancipation of the spirit*, creates its "concrete unfreedom" also. Amen. The sermon over, we made a beeline for the Castle. If, on occasion, the longest way around is the shortest way home, this doesn't necessarily apply in quantum mechanics, where all paths are bound up together in a state of probability. From textbooks we knew that the state, in any form, was our sworn enemy. Born alienated into this world, our task was simple: defeat the bad guys by whatever means were available, creating in their absence concrete analyses of well-cemented problems. It didn't matter that humanity itself produced abstractions, only that it did so COMVULSIVELY. On this basis RESISTANCE & SUBVERSION ceased being relatives, since emancipative potential stood in a fixed

ratio to the fact of alienation. But is there anything more meaningless, more desperate, than this freedom, this waiting, this invulnerability? To those who've dreamt of the future illuminated by a burning barricade at night, philosophy proffers the compensating spectacle of "language games" with which to construct new myths on a moment-to-moment basis. Now for example. By the time we reached the Castle, the countdown had already begun: our theories were quite useless. It was then that we were forced to conclude that THE DISSOLUTION OF THE METAPHYSICS OF ALIENATION ISN'T A PURELY INTELLECTUAL TASK. Needless to say, all subjectivity is appropriation: even a self-made Golem has to borrow its substance from somewhere (law of conservation of mass as "Cartesian tragedy"?). How it lives, or that it lives, appears to it as a separate question. Yet existence itself, in the absence of a workable superstition to the contrary, remains "irredeemable." Unwittingly, this is the acme of its optimism. ■

GOETHE WAS MENDELSSOHN'S WET-NURSE

All that exists deserves to perish – Mephistopheles

One belated Walpurgisnacht in Zagreb, near midnight, after a lamentable film about the "young Marx" at a certain Kino Evropa, you pass a house on a street corner – to be exact, at the intersection of Deželića & Kačićeva – & hear, from above, the unlikely sound of a violin playing the opening movement of Mendelssohn's concerto in E^m. *Allegro molto appassionato. Cadenza for Ferdinand David*. When you look up, a young woman with long blonde hair is passing back & forth in front of an open fifth-floor window, languidly bowing her instrument. She plays with an astonishing deficit of self-consciousness, despite the hour. An invitation, n'est-ce pas? Your objectivising umbrella about to encounter her hazardous sewing machine? So spät romantik! So "melodious & harmonic"! By rights it should be a film: a pre-recording with a *femme fatale* in a window, acting a scene of "intellectual seduction" (yes, precisely like the "revolutionary sentimentality" of *Le jeune Karl Marx*). Would the addition of a cluster-bomb aid the accomplishment of a more salutary realism? Contribute an element of "undeniable poignancy"? When you, *mon frère*, imagine climbing the stairs (answering to the inevitable "summons of the blood"), which language does the "heart's jewel," *das Herz des Herzens*, speak – as she answers the door (my god!); or, if she doesn't, as you call out? When it comes to writing this down, you can't help making her into some drivelous Marguerita – which in Sanskrit doubtless means "pearl," but to you is a common oxeye daisy (*leucanthemum vulgare*). Literature, it's been said & can't be repeated too often, is one of the saddest roads that leads to everything. Or nothing at all. That's them aforesaid pearls that were her

eyes. Or cocktail onions. Or boiled testes. *The nunce for the nephew?* Let's not force the issue. In any case, as is only just, life rewards persistent effort. Which brings us to an unavoidable consideration: does this veritable Magritte, upon request, let down her hair? Or does the story end with our fool leaping from that same window like a wilted priapus, having gotten more than he'd bargained for? The bitten-off & half-swallowed mother tongue, perhaps? And what kind of leap would it be? Heartfield's dive from a Berlin garret, pursued by the Gestapo? Klein disappearing between photo-frames, mid-air over 3 rue Gentil-Bernard, one mid-October afternoon? Armstrong pirouetting down the Lunar Lander steps? Or Tomlin's drunken mazurka over the cliff's edge? For the sake of a moonfaced Magdalene, an avenging angel bowing a violin, a blue-eyed androgynised narcissus, or metaphysics? (Oh! Look out the window, Bohumil Hrabal! Can you see it?) ■



**MEIN GOTT, HILF MIR, DIESE
TÖDLICHE LIEBE ZU ÜBERLEBEN**

POST-DELIRIUM

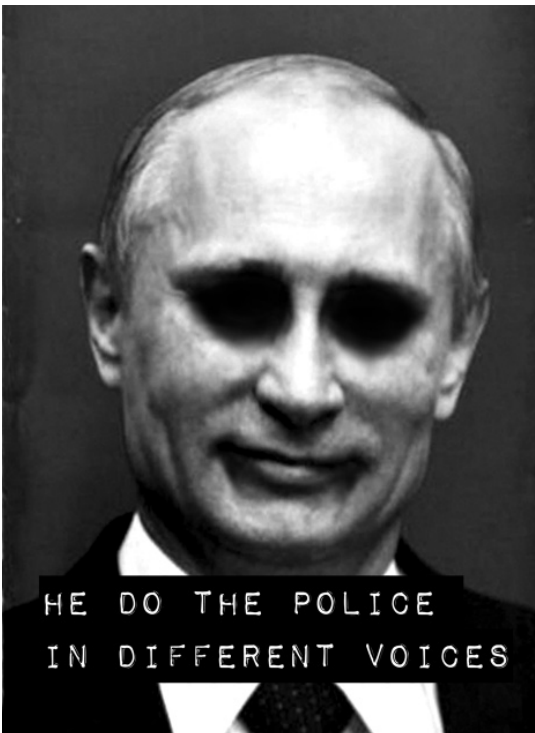
1. They outlawed sleep after the Tenth Episode. At first, the steady, unbroken stream of consciousness was too much for the populace to bear, but naps were punishable by death. Society went insane & tore itself apart. Generations later, the mind-body apparatus adapted to fulltime cognizance; the brain no longer needed to shut down & recharge once a day or even once a year. As expected, the lifespan of the average human being nearly doubled. People lived to be as old as 200, which, in the absence of eight hours of sleep per night, amounted to roughly 270 years with the surplus of consciousness added to the waking lifespan of one glitch-free organism. The day entirely usurped & assimilated the night & the register of time shifted from AD (Anno Domini) to NR (New Reality). Detractors argued that N.R. was a hoax perpetrated by mid-level administrators: not only did sleep still exist, it was the rule of thumb, i.e., nobody was always-already awake, everybody was asleep, in a fulltime oneiric state, permanently dreaming, with host bodies stored in cryogenic mausoleums, etc., etc. In the end, we wandered into No Man's Land. NR, executive producers agreed & decreed, was distinguished by a series of light-hearted thoughts that deflected

one's focus from the present, i.e., daydreaming – a conventional epitome.

2. They declared that experience lacked validity after the Ninth Arrival. This included lived & imagined experience. Banished to an allegory of solitary confinement, the human condition withered like a sin, & nothing could potentiate a return to the womb. Efforts to preserve "civilization" failed. By lunchtime, the corpses of yesterday floated in the pool, staining the sky blue water with jet black blood. Boards, beams & insulation stood naked in the absence of drywall. Beneath the mascara gardens, expelled pimps traded pensive glances & wondered what happened to their appetites. There was a moment of liquid clarity. In the end, we determined to record all manner of experience – subjective, objective & imaginative – & market it as *The NR Farmer's Almanac: Commons of Flesh, Blood, Brain & Wine*. They could denigrate the technology of our intersections, but they could not fuck with our prose.

3. They murdered all of the bees after the Eighth Imaginarium despite what it meant to lose these critical pollinators. Within a year, more than half of the earth's flora & fauna perished. So, accordingly, did the animals that fed on that flora & fauna. Soon most of the world's fruits & vegetables were gone, etc., etc. "Bees would have went extinct anyway," they announced. "Climate change, pesticides, the vampiric mites that lived on their blood – they needed more than stingers to save their species from the future. We have done nothing but swing the sledgehammer of inevitability." Users stared dumbly at the evening newscasts & remembered what it felt like to be stung. The pain. They almost missed it, craved it. But most of them were glad. There's a reason filmmakers recurrently model antagonistic spaceships after creatures with stingers. The fearsome corporeality of bees had not been a fluke: they were essential to the wellbeing of the environment, & all essentials must by nature of their existence instill fear in everything that moves & thinks. If you are not a predator, you will be – this is the logic of bees, or rather, the logic of the system that manufactured bees. In their absence, life will go on. It always does. Hence the absurdity of anxiety & sadness, feelings that are always rooted in the uncertainty of imagined futures, all of which culminate in the certainty of death . . .

4. Ancient Romans believed that conception could only take place if both parties accomplished an orgasm simultaneously. They also relied on the goddess Juno for fertility, showering her with petitions in the wake of success. Imagine the anxiety & sadness that resulted from this ideology. How many wives & concubines humped by fat, wet, malodorous patriarchs were compelled to fake orgasms again &



again? Subsequently how many of them feared that they would be beaten for failing to climax & conceive a fat, wet, malodorous sprout? In spite of themselves, they conceived in any case – by decree of Juno herself. Later, during a span in the fourteenth century that lasted under a decade, half of the earth's population was wiped out by plague. "Black Death," they called it, or more commonly "*Interfectorem sine compassio veraque*" (i.e., Killer without Empathy). Imagine the anxiety & sadness that resulted from this widowermaker. The seventh seal had been broken & everybody turned their attention away from procreation, be it for sport, legacy or the spoils of war. It wasn't until the seventeenth century that the world's population (& psyche) recovered the loss. By then, views of sex, conception & ontology had changed in tandem with gender relations. And when the eighteenth century hosted the dawn of the Industrial Revolution & technologized desire, we were gone for good.

5. This is the sixth diamanté they have purchased for her. She didn't express gratitude for the previous supplications, & she altogether ignores this one, glinting like a switchblade as she dances in the moonlight. A finch dies & falls from a branch. It lands without a sound in a bed of pine needles next to which three minor linguists arrange a lectern. Greeted by insects, the chief superintendent steps onto the podium, taps the microphone with a fingertip & clears his throat. "We all know that language operates wholly within the register of ambiguity," he intones. "Calling this article of umbrage to attention is like wiping hoarfrost on a goat's beak: you can't remove what has been inscribed onto an animal's face with permanent marker." He glances at the sky as if to tame it. "In fact, people only have what you present to them to make an assessment about you. By *people*, I mean *others*. Neural havoc doesn't matter. Physiognomic stature is the thing. And the content of your rhetoric, the tone of your voice as you articulate that rhetoric. Ideology, anxiety, emotion, desire – nobody has to know about these possessions but you. And if only you know about these possessions, they don't exist. Subjectivity is not the Grand Narrative of humanity after all, although objectivity remains a myth . . ." The congregation hung on the superintendent's every word, eyes running back & forth behind wrinkled lids.

6. Rebounding, they deleted history after the Fifth Quadrophonia. Not only had viewers grown weary of rock opera, over 70% of them harbored multiple personalities themselves, undermining the eccentricity of the overtheatrical protagonist. "What's left?" asked the director of the dreamscape. "Without history, there's, like, no story. All stories begin with histories that themselves begin with Word One." In response, they resolved to impeach the director, just as they

resolved to impeach all former directors, one at a time, for different reasons, ranging from sex scandals to embezzlement to caught-red-handed murder, but the arc of morality, taking its cue from the weather – morality typically conforms to the weather & the knee-jerk whimsies of the moon – necessitated another approach. And yet deleting history was as easy as a soprano hitting a high note. Forget culture. Nature, too. These diegeses have boundaries. This is a colonization of the unconscious. This is limitless.

7. The forest is full of organs. Vast regimens of brass pipes rise into the foliage, emerge into the sky & penetrate the sun like so many hollow prayers. They set this crucial stage after her fourth orgasm, thinking it would ease the conversion of nonbelievers, but nobody, contrary to popular opinion, would bend the proverbial knee. She continued to shudder as onlookers took notes for future reference while awaiting the music of life. Enframed by the rotors of ideology, they could do nothing but allow the scene to play out.

8. At last, reports of the celebrity genocide flooded the outréverse, blotting out the light like a squid's inkjet. It took them decades to carry out the attack, but once the Third Singularity reached a critical mass, they assassinated the better part of English-speaking movie stars, smart-bombing the Academy Awards during a relatively forgetful speech being presented by Donovan Ogg, who received the Best Director Oscar for *A Baby Is Born Bad*. Over 60 A-list actors were killed by the blast, among them Oliver Martext, Paula Page, Octavia Keepdown, Dick Lear, Thomas Cromwell, Johnny Rebeck, Ruth-Anne Quickly, Forrest Blunt, Irene Lafew, Freddie Hotspur & Gene Catling Jr. One wonders what took them so long. Such a symbolic statement (i.e., robbing a country of its cultural capital & disrupting the flows of national desire) seemed like a no-brainer. The psychological repercussions on the socius (not to mention metaphysical & ontological damages) have already achieved extraordinary heights. There is so much chaos that it seems like order, or vice versa – both conditions manifest the same symptoms & complexions. Years later, a man rose from the scarp of culture, staggered to the top of a junk heap, gazed at the jaundiced sun &, for the first time, entertained this banal meditation: There must have been a beginning to the outréverse. And somebody must have begun it. Who began them? What & where is the origin of the origin? There can only be a supernatural explanation. In the absence of magic, I would not be alive. And yet my fingertips emit no sparks. In the beginning was the Word; in the end will be the Turd. *Enter the death café & find your own seat*, said the Voice. All of the worshipers obeyed & lived forever. Shortly thereafter, footage of a silent film actor exaggerating

TO THE COMMISSIONER OF
THOUGHT POLICE: BEWARE,
ALIENISM WILL STRANGLE
YOU IN YOUR SLEEP!

the effects of delirium tremens in a production of *Ten Nights in a Bar Room* became an object of worship; people flooded the Church of Galveston & watched the footage over & over as a clergyman dictated what transpired in the actor's head, i.e., he deciphered the code revealed by the unspooling tickertape of the actor's mind. "Chronic depression, let alone run-of-the-mill substance abuse," he announced, "is no excuse for bad manners. We must wear our masks at all times. But too many exceptions have been made for long-legged women who inhale helium & sing hymns." In response, the Insurance Claim Adjuster fined the entire congregation for worshipping without a permit. They held him down & filled his holes. A similar fate befell the disgruntled avengers who rebelled against the Order of the World. They were particularly distressed by the demise of Eddie Bodega, whose gnarled corpse was filmed burning like a fallen cross in the wake of the explosion; he had been sitting near the back of the theater before being set aflame & hurled into an aisle by the explosion, & his decidedly B-list status only reified the breadth of the tragedy. The avengers lasted a good twenty minutes. Then the viscera of their grit & fury was put on display, pixelating every screen, punctuating every moment. Only a handful of eunuchs remained. This was not impertinent. Remember: "As long as there is still one beggar around, there will still be myth." Fast forward to the Last Stand of image-culture wherein an aged flâneur wearing a buttoned-up frock coat complemented by a Byronic collar & sharp cravat leaned over a map of the outréverse & decided what to do. Massaging a grizzled jaw, he wondered if he should shave his face or grow a long, Dionysian beard as a fingertip fell onto the equator like an anvil from the sky. Here will be my Obersalzberg, he assured himself. . . & went up in flames. Unlike many of his genetic forerunners, spontaneous combustion was not the catalyst; rather, the thought incited the conflagration that immolated him. His ashes floated onto the surface of the lake & dissolved in the water like black snowflakes. In the distance, crows circled the wharf, hungry for the lost histories of the dead. Civilization perished in that moment. Nonetheless rumors of The End gained momentum despite there being no method of transference – the final stage of evolution.

9. The rumor will outlive the human, which can be variably defined as "a Poesque depiction" of "something that is not soup," understanding, of course, that all Gothic accouterments are purely for show. Their

central flaw is that they don't understand our biological need for melodrama. Furthermore, they think they are extraordinarily clever because of their aptitude to measure parallax. This worldview emerged like a croak from the throat of a strangled lizard when, after years of trial & error, they successfully turned a black hole inside out – the real catalyst for NR, etc., etc. Dubious minds persisted, but this time the administrators were ready, & by the end of the century, all of the insurgents had been rebooted yet again, now in the form of armor-plated, knuckle-jawed, farm-raised, corn-fed *rhetoric*. Nobody would talk their way out of the chain of signification that constituted their very being. Per usual, what eluded them was the substance itself. This had to do with the explosion of fiction (i.e., imaginative storytelling on pages, stages & screens) in recent centuries, a product of the attenuation of the belief in god(s) & the afterlife (i.e., robbed of the confidence in life after death, human beings needed fiction to escape from idle contemplation about the nothingness that awaited them). Reality may be better than fiction, but fiction has always expatriated reality at every turn. It was a sheer stroke of luck that they recalibrated the extensions of desire before the strings of the Ninth Synecdoche had even been pulled.

10. They abandoned the truth after the First Encounter – one was enough. Given space & time, the flesh always transforms into the Word, morphemes & syntax clanking into place like the platelets of a tectonic skull-puzzle. They used the prohibition era as a model for a society gleefully acknowledging that it doesn't know itself, not even remotely, rendering the phrase *nosce te ipsum* a joke. Ironically all forms of depressants, stimulants & painkillers had been deleted from the register of desire over a century ago; for several generations, consciousness had been the only drug, & in the absence of sleep, consciousness was steady, unending, without pause, meaning that everybody was always high, & if being high is the norm, if there is nothing else to offset or differentiate it, then there is no high, no drug, no interchanging modes of happiness & sadness. And this is precisely the case if we are staring in the mirror – if, that is, consciousness is unconsciousness, reality is a dream, etc. The problem is systemic not because the system is symmetric but because it is absolute. Even a healthy allowance of endorphins doesn't make a difference, & without difference, they might as well give up. *Nil desperandum*. "To never look back," they chant. "To always look awry." This credo is their engine, propelling them towards the screens as much as into the dirt. Therein lies the problem & the solution. In the absence of origins, presence & futurity, we can only rely on our unintended consequences, which never let us down.

ESTRANGEMENT AS SEXUAL PERFORMANCE- ENHANCEMENT DEVICE

Estrangement of that which is or has become unstrange, assumed, taken for granted, subsidised, sanctioned, hence automatically perceived [accept insertion], is the basic "fun/c/tion" of all sex-enhancement devices. The purpose of sex is to impart the sensation of genitalia as they are perceived & not as they are known. The technique of sex is to make genitals unfamiliar, to make coitus difficult, to increase the difficulty & length of intercourse because the process of sensation is an aesthetic end in itself & must be prolonged. But still the day hasn't come yet when a single carrot, freshly observed, would set off a revolution. The frozen carrot

on the stick for our translated bottoms, saved for the frozen moment when everyone sees what is on the end of every forklift. A night spent in a therapist's office on a makeshift cushion-bed on the floor. What peas still bruise us inside our padded cells? A clit piercing – the compass with which to navigate the mushy mess underneath. The rubber proffylactic for the lactation to stay on the inside. All that has been repressed & once more revived by some impression – like the "Sigmund Freud" wiki page, which to this day still "has some issues."

D. VICHNAR



ONE WAY
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Why does the human being seem so shorn of enthusiasm, imagination & determination? Why are so many neurotic, depressed, obese & chronically ill? Why does the human appear adrift, lost in confusions & meaninglessness, mystified by the seemingly unfathomable tragedy of existence? What has happened that the human sits slumped over, drowning in apathy, as his standard of living, ability to live healthily & freely, without fear & violence, are methodically taken, hour by hour, day by day? The human being exists as a caged creature, preyed upon & manipulated, even while in the womb. The human is malnourished, sleep-deprived, overtaxed, over-warred, over-sugared, over-salted, over-toxined, over-vaccinated & massively in debt to racketeers. He & she are sexually harassed, over-surveilled, over-militarized, fashion-abused, vision-drugged & screen-intoxicated to the point of irrationality & depression. Their essential glands & organs, those gateways to innovation, perception & wholeness, are under continual assault by chemicals, hormones, toxic particles & radio waves that have been deliberately injected into the water, food & air. With their glands & neural receptors being turned to crust & mush, is it any wonder the ordinary person has difficulty thinking clearly & responding to direct, & very dire, attacks on their survival? Prices are constantly increasing – while, for decades, ordinary people make less & less for their labor. Millions are regularly slaughtered, maimed, poisoned & impoverished as they are bombed back to the Stone Age in endless wars launched under phony human rights & antiterrorism pretexts. What are the great masses of people failing to understand? Are they unconscious? Hypnotized? Are they living in a walking, drug-induced sleep? The system is sick & must be reformed. The human reels from the depredations of a crony-thievery global economy ruled by an obscure, aristocratic class of incestuous families & dark-matter consuming factions. They demand absolute loyalty to a currency that is based on nothing more than promises & threats of violence. Gigantic bank & cartel factions, detached from the creation of actual goods, use this money as a weapon of fear & destabilization. This state of affairs has weakened our glands, & led to our current position on the precipice of worldwide cataclysm.

We insist that the current, widely understood definition of capital be revised. No system based on credit & the routine robbery of ordinary people – & which ignores, or actively devalues, the cultural & social capital that all of us depend on – should be expected to survive. Most urgently, we oppose the establishment of a cashless society, in which all financial transactions are monitored by untrustworthy corporate & government

factions. A nonnegotiable tenet of human existence must be the ability to trade without the approval of banks, governments & other corrupt, self-proclaimed overseer factions. Human beings shall not be treated like creatures whose every activity is studied like ants within the confines of a maze. Similarly, we oppose the imposition of so-called driverless vehicles on a mass, controlled basis. The human being shall not hand over its freedom of movement to robots. Cashless economies, robot-driven cars – these are techniques aimed at ensuring that human beings live on totalitarian plantations in perpetuity, as permanent children, their fate entirely in the hands of faceless despots. The human being must not, & shall not, hand over its autonomy to robots & the dark-matter eaters who own them. Machines are not intelligent & will never be. They serve only as enforcers of tyranny. We stand opposed to the imposition, by anyone, of further rules, laws, & regulations. It is long past time for people to stop bossing each other around at the point of a gun, or by the threat of financial punishment, or exclusion, or the orders of their slave masters. Make no mistake: A surfeit of laws & regulations leads only to corruption, injustice, war & increased poverty. Rule-based systems *assume* that people will not act rationally or ethically, but only out of mendacity & greed – in fact, they *rely upon*, & their existence is designed to affirm & promote, this proposition. But we fundamentally disagree that greed, rapaciousness & psychopathology describe the natural state of the human. On the contrary – we believe that all-encompassing, rule-based systems are designed to encode dysfunction & dependency & deny the ordinary person any realistic, commonsensical & productive outlet to defend their rational health & survival interests. Such systems must be abolished. Through media, religion, criminal punishment & other systems, the wickedness of human nature has been systematically promoted & exaggerated. The fact is, the vast majority of the problems of the world today are not caused by human nature. The thievery & dark-matter factions want you to believe that the problem comes from *inside you* – not the primitive, backwards economic & cultural systems they have implanted to facilitate their thievery. They want you to feel helpless & full of despair. They want you to believe your only options are to surrender to their systems or retreat into cynicism & drop out. These are false choices. We do not accept them. We call for the maximum decentralization of all artificial institutions – that is, everything linked to government, corporation & religious factions, of any stripe. Restricting or eliminating the power of institutional factions will necessarily reduce the ability of traitors to the human spirit to inflict their destructive illness on great numbers of people.

We are not, in principle, opposed to the voluntary formation of nation-states. But we oppose border restrictions & land grabs of any kind. Borders do

nothing but empower regimes & control systems – they must be torn down. Stop the bombing. Tear down all borders. It follows that we stand opposed to the practice of imposing citizenship in nation-states at birth. Human beings do not belong to factions who assert ownership over bordered territories as based upon their ability to assemble armies. The land belongs to all human beings. They should be free to move about it without restriction, depending upon their capacity to care for themselves & conduct meaningful activities. All states are founded on violence, coercion & robbery – & they do nothing else. The vast policing & surveillance operations, extending into every segment of our lives, do not exist to protect ordinary people. They are there to protect the rulers – from you. They are there to blackmail & control ordinary people, politicians & judges who might conceivably oppose them. They exist to protect those who profit from the destruction of vital animal species, phytoplankton, soil & water. They exist to protect those who profit from the deceptions of the fossil fuel economy & expensive electricity. They are not there to protect against terror – they *are* the terror. We refuse to pay attention to any political or cultural initiative even remotely focused on alleged ethnicity, skin color, or blood. No solutions will ever be found dwelling on these useless & artificial distinctions which, today & throughout history, have been promoted by quacks, thieves & those who crave the dark matter of slavery & mass slaughter. They use gradations of skin color & culture to promote division, guilt & violence – advancing nothing more than their lust for power. We reject it as despicable. We are similarly appalled by political & cultural initiatives devoted to highlighting or stigmatizing certain sexual behaviors or identities. Having the complete freedom to do as one wants with one's body is nonnegotiable & must never be a subject of political debate. Making such questions part of a political or social program is an absurdity that promotes perplexity, separation & stagnation – & only strengthens dark-matter operators ever so eager to manipulate a confused & divided populace. We reject it as horrendous. What we do endorse, & have complete confidence in, is unrestrained human expression. In our view, nothing the human mind can envision is off-limits. There are no taboos. People must have the right to be wrong in what they say or create. They must have the liberty to say what others do not wish to hear. Words & images expressed by the human reflect real interior states that must be reckoned with. Our bedrock belief is that if the human can create it, the human can *improve it* or *combat it* through further creation. If cultures cannot find a way to tell themselves the truth, they are destined for ruin.

This ideal, however, should not be misconstrued or mislabeled: Mass-media domination, or industrial lie-telling, now controlled by a very few factions, has nothing to do with open expression. The present lie-

confusion-war-promotion media establishment must be opposed & undermined at every turn. They use technetronic hypnosis to hijack the human mind, with the aim of enforcing malfunction, perceptual imprisonment, & spiritual allegiance to crippling & contradictory goals. They want the ordinary person to fear the future, waste energy arguing over false left-right politics, fantasize about the lives of the rich & famous, fret about their appearance – & thus accept the psychopathic prerogatives of the ruling factions with little or no complaint. The so-called news & information sites have repeatedly been proven full of lies & misdirection – why continue to allow them to shape your view of reality? It should almost go without saying that we utterly oppose any manipulation of human, plant or animal genes, or naturally occurring liquids. All efforts to develop gene-editing techniques, gene-drivers or genetically-modified organisms are abominations. The same is true of transparently fraudulent notions like transhumanism, or machines like robo-bees designed to substitute for natural processes. Do not be fooled by the cheap glamour of alleged technological innovation: These projects have as their goal the complete domination of the human's means of survival. In conclusion, we do not wish to rule over others, & we shall not. Neither shall we be coerced, nor shall we surrender, into servitude – mental, physical, pharmacological or spiritual. Living freely & independently, but being of genuine value – to oneself, firstly, & to one's family, neighbors & colleagues – should be the cardinal aspiration of our species. We seek the development of voluntary structures & a physically, psychically robust lifestyle for all humans through the natural functioning of our glands. The foundation of glandular health is guaranteed through the provision of clean, unmodified water, food & weather. Ensuring such provisions must be given the highest priority, bar none save the defense of our planet & species from infiltration by non-terrestrial presences that seek to exploit & harm.

T. GARCIA





ARTGARDISM & THE IDEOLOGICAL UNDEAD

Former member of the Improbable Society in the post-Wall Berlin squat scene – where he was known for his “darkly sarcastic” interventions & performance pieces & was an early participant in the Kunsthaus Tacheles – M. Divo’s recent work represents an ongoing strategy for avenging art upon the prevailing moronic world order. Having squatted the original Zürich Cabaret Voltaire in 2002 & initiated the International Dada Festival, Divo’s “paintings,” “assemblages” & “living sculptures” are – by those idiots in need of constant signposts – frequently associated with the tradition

of Dadamesse. And while he has been criminally likened to neoavantgardists like Joseph Beuys, his work errs strongly towards the critical in its parody of “institutionally constructive” avantgardism. There are thus only superficial similarities between Divo’s plagiarisms of radical Dada & what, within the euthanasiac confines of contemporary art museums everywhere, passes today for “anti-art” (yet which is nothing more than overpriced interior-decoration in the latest international style) Divo is Kunsthaus perverted “back” into subversive metaKitsch.

From his ironic collaborative paintings & installations of the 1990s (targeting the neoconservative cretinism of Georg Baselitz & Julian Schnabel) – to the postFluxus dataDada & neoPunk Merzbau of the Zürich Helmhaus at the turn of the millennium – to the satiric Gesamtkunstwerk of the D.I.V.O. Institute during the last decade (targeting everything from Caspar David Friedrich to Mondrian & Damien Hirst), Divo’s project has been one of undaunted combat-by-re-expropriation against the malaise of cynical reason & the pluralist appeasement of narcissistic oligarchic *poshlost* paraded as mass culture: in

Roland Barthes's terms, it is a "mythoclasm" of the postmodern condition. Divo's "paintings" (from anti-Mondrian assembles of absorbent kitchen sponges to Old Masters simulated by heavily-varnished phototableaus) & other "constructions of stolen goods" are duly displayed in guilt frames or on plinths arranged within elaborately baroque environments "inspired by the do-it-yourself tradition of honorary titles," thereby inviting comparisons to a cultural "clearance sale."

In a world where every species of historical kitsch has come to be not only permitted but institutionally prescribed – under that rheumatic art-critical régime of "enlightened false consciousness" called postmodernism – the products of Divo's underground Prague art-forgery workshop a.k.a. The D.I.V.O. Institute, conduct a sardonic parody of that selfgratifying Bonapartist dictum that "power is never ridiculous." For it is the avowed mission of Divo's antipostmodernism to demonstrate precisely that it is, while remaining fully cognisant of the fact that all such oppositional stances, too, must ultimately (profitably) feed that insatiable, expropriative hunger for kitsch that power invariably manifests. It is, not to be too nostalgic about it, the dialectical proof of the pudding.

The recent Divo intervention in Zürich, "Sentimental Revolution," flaunted unrepentently anachronistic visions of tyrannicide force-fed back through the contemporary culture of quiescent consumerism & sham revolt performed daily in the socialrealist mediasphere. The "site specific" installation included a set of three "perverted" socialist realist sculptures, a pseudo-woodcut of the "Execution of the True Infant of the White House (Death of a Clown)" (referencing the 1646 beheading of Charles I at Whitehall), & a photographic diptych reinterpreting John Henry Fuseli's copiously reproduced 1781 painting, "The

Nightmare" (the eponymous nightmare assuming the form of a tuxedoed skeleton in a rubber Donald Trump mask).

The general evocation in "Sentimental Revolution" is of a neoAmerican Gothic (in the shadow of the "American Century"), in which the so-called impossibility of social-critical action under conditions of postmodern "groundlessness" cedes place to the more virulent "impossibility" of parodying the machinations of power in the era of Donald Trump.

Divo's historical burlesque makes the only appropriate use left available of Fuseli's psychic cliché (a demonic "nightmare" menacing an innocent sleeper), which is to travesty the political naivety of contemporary American pop culture & its willing consumption of "liberal" / "libertarian" pseudo-resistance in the face of undisguised despotism (proudly continuing that long twentieth-century tradition that also produced Niyazov, Putin & Berlusconi).

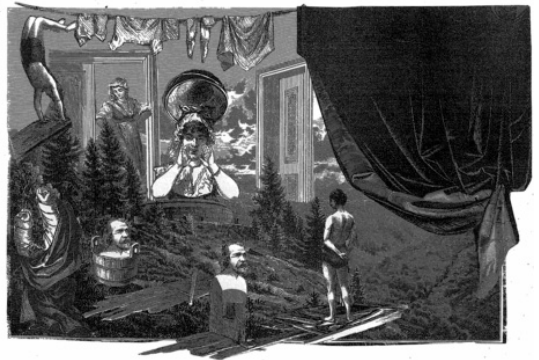
If power has always been the centre of gravity for historical kitsch, then cliché itself serves as the centre of gravity of a proverbial return of the repressed, of which the theatricalised "nightmare" is the most conventionally recognisable form, & whose Unheimlichkeit serves not to disconcert but rather to solicit, like the most banal forms of consumer porn. This nightmare could just as easily be selling *au-de-toilette*, in a Fukuyamaesque satire on Marx's sugar-coated "bitter pill."

We are led to consider that, in the retrenched age of postideology, a certain emancipative effect nevertheless resides in the incipient "aesthetic terrorism" embodied in this feast of the ideological undead – as they wave their chequebooks hysterically at those doppelgängers of Institutional ArtGuardian (in whom the "avant," in any event, has long been nothing more than the principle of cash-in-advance). ■

"CULTURE" IS
THE DOMINION OF
IDEOLOGY OVER
"CREATIVE LIFE"



"The Day the Music Died," M. DIVO



"What's Nietzsche Doing in the Bucket?" M. DIVO

SAFEWORDS

Safeword is *Pandora* and killing is their garden as they drill wormholes into dying machines. Helion hell meteoroids fire laser-joy ashes over pale aliens in swapped meat-metal camouflage; alongside frozen seawater plastic dinos king crabs swim in queens' petrol-green blood, all ceasing to be, becoming gamma rays; mummy prostheses arrive from error surplus stores, asphyxiated, seeds of bad sand. They-of-the-machine-garden eat spider legs and cricket ovipositors for their protein content, shit soul into the devil's fangs through a hole in the throne, click on the mother-pearl nightscreen to downlove death to fiery boneless flesh-dreams, nightmares of enamel and amber pouring from wombs where words are born. They taste gunpowder sediment over iron semaphoretic genitalia. They can't remember if the woods wore phosphorus to the burial of light.

"I am other" was still too subjective, so we're others, we're "them," they're gradients.

Safeword is *Ranuncula* and suicide is their garden, as they enter bodies with woke flagella, sprayed, twin starred, module one, raw rat shadows, dis-coded necronyms, mirror/retina-blind but printed on sandpaper, on lavender loop-vomit, on static-trapped dustfilm, on future DNA. That's their way, they inject bones with extra life and feed them toxic candy, they wear maleficent virus makeup to groupfuck in the dirty alleys of procedural memory, they're flayed alive clockwise from each burnt and swollen nipple but that's fine. Boiled-born tears pop up, all crystals crushed in the sweaty layer between latex and skin. Why should they always run over trauma flower fields?

Safeword is *Medusa* and bleeding is their garden, autumn bats run out of neon light. Seagulls breathing water suspended in the air cry out a plastic-wrapped ocean and shepherd cloud battles into avian storms. You-of-the-fleas, say your flea-shit, flesh eating words, ruby rubber lips blooming on the edges of a shared lava lamp body, haunted and hunted by the electrical ghost of a forever-forthcoming orgasm/anaphylaxis. In the future, everybody will be dead for fifteen minutes—while electrons wash their coulomb-feet in the weary streams of deep time.

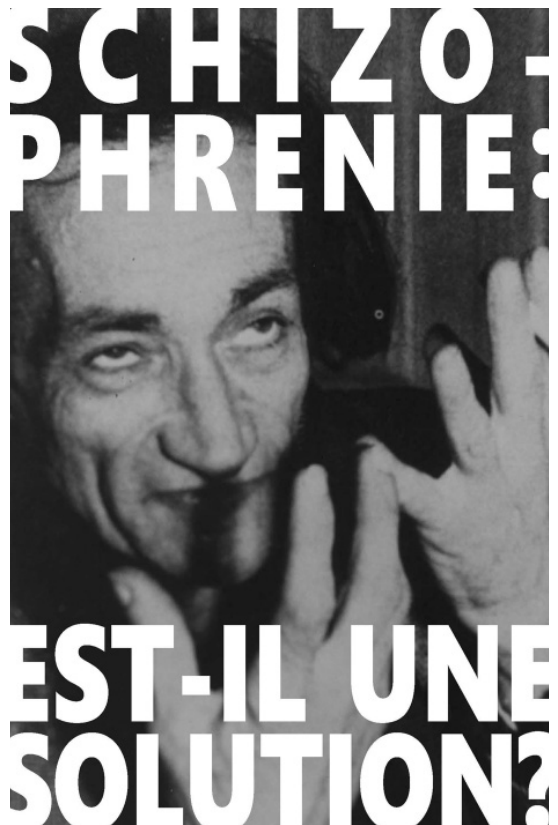
Safeword is *Dahlia* and drowning is their garden, they pharm themselves for sticky venom drops, night as fear of the cold metal meat, horror-as-fetish stamped on the screen-skin to cover up atrocities committed in plain sight, in the pixel-danced familiarity of strangers. Safeword is *Password*, or *Passworld* – nothing safe anyway – to psyop thoughts through manic tissues

and return to world words. As if. As infinitely informed by the cosmogonic bureaucracy they had invented to dronefuck their bloodless dummies. They are us, but safeword is *They* and surrender is their garden.

Safeword is *Password*, or *Passworld*, kindly provided by the lurking hivebrain to tag safety away, to bleach their anuses and tentacles, to simulate an entrance, an adventurous syntactic anesthesia while being eaten, silent mantras meant not to be pronounced in loud voice but stirred around the system once and again to cope with the brutal amplification of the present. Passwords are open doors to perception and the hope of a charm to close them back when pain becomes unbearable, and safewords are their machine of gardens, their garden of machines.

G. SIERRA

WRITING IS ALWAYS
UNDER THE SIGN OF A
"PERSONA" OF LANGUAGE



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