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Editor's Note

If I am honest, after the Reich issue, I had had about had enough of Parasol. Fitting in the work of producing it along with my ordinary job and the various other philosophical projects I'm involved in began to feel like spreading myself too thin. Indeed, I had largely resigned myself to not bothering with another. That is until I received a document by one Emanuel Magno entitled 'Aesthetic Study of Blackouts: An Essay on the Subject in Objectivity, Non-human in the Human, and Ghostly Demons'. I had put no request out for papers and so was mildly taken aback by the intrusion. However, feeling I owed the paper at least a cursory look, I began to scan through it. Several pages in I realised that I was lucky enough to be privy to the work of a fascinating writer. Emanuel's paper is a gem. It may be read either from start to finish or simply from almost any page to provide some kind of insight -in this way it is quite reminiscent of Thousand Plateaus and Anti-Oedipus. Having been captivated by this prose I knew I was doomed to produce another issue of Parasol. After receiving 'Blackouts' and putting out the call for papers, the rest of the issue came together quite rapidly and I feel sure this is definitely the highest quality one yet. The work involved in making it has felt much less arduous than it did for the Reich issue.

It will be noted that throughout the issue the long tentacles of the CCRU are clearly evident, with Land and related forces cropping up substantially in 4 of the works. This infamous occurrence of the 90s created probably the most potent and (quasi) academically legitimising bridge between occult style phenomena and philosophy since they were dwelt more happily side by side in the pre-twentieth century. This is something of an exaggeration of course, occultesque forces never wholly left the scene, however there is a mainstream core, especially to the late twentieth century that was/is largely hostile to any kind of credence in magick. It would be an equal exaggeration to say that the influence of the CCRU rehabilitated such thought into mainstream philosophy, it did not. What it did do though, essentially by sheer force, was to open up a sphere in which some forms of occult discourse could sit comfortably next to philosophy and be allowed to converse with it.

That omnipresent word 'hyperstition' (fiction that is in the process of becoming real, or exerting effects as a real entity) is probably the best example of this kind of crossover. Hyperstition's conceptual strength is in its ability to lie across what I have labelled elsewhere the 'agnostic disjunction'. That is, an exclusive disjunction, the answer to which can never be properly discerned. In the case of the hyperstition the disjunction manifests in as either the hard or soft form of it. The hard version entails that by means outside of all ordinary social communicative spheres, the fictional entity managed to alter the real. This is an unshamedly magickal thesis. It

does not tell you how such a thing happened, only that it did. The soft version, leaves hyperstition as compatible with existing recognised forces (material or social). The phenomenon is still entirely worthy of note, it is just that it is requires no actual occult force to account for it. For example: is great Cthulhu actually formed as a psychic egregore (or pneuminous accretion as I might call it) such that it is an efficacious being for magickal work or are its effects restricted to its being a collection of ideas/actions that require no unearthly power to drive them other than the possibility of its reality (and in some instances not even that)? Short of a 'Cthulhu actually emerging from the pacific ocean' type phenomena there is very little that could occur that could differentiate between these two versions of that particular hyperstition.

In this way the term hyperstition can slide into various forms of discourse without making any explicit occult claims yet always leaving the trace of their possibility. It is this kind of power that has enabled a subtle rehabilitation of some of these kinds of ideas. The trend –somewhat abated now- for utilising Cthulhu mythos as metaphor for the horror of the abysmal space around us facilitates this transmission, even if it often stays firmly within the materialist camp.

I must also just say a brief word about the work in this volume that sits outside of all categories of conventional occult reference; this is the strange and disturbing 'The Taint is a Liminal Space'. This curious work appears at first to potentially lack connection to the theme, however albeit in an odd way, it is right on message –at least to me. The way the work describes a bizarre ritualised unearthing of concepts from a sexualised body creates an unnerving intersection of ideas. Yet of course the inscription of concepts into *things* (vectors) is exactly what I seem to endlessly write about, so the idea of a ritual that somehow excavates these is really very relevant.

My earlier comment apropos the CCRU related essays does not mean that these papers are reducible to this corpus. I merely mean to note that I would be foolish not to note the debt the intersection of magick and philosophy must recognize to this entity. I have never intended the CEO to be a sequitur to the CCRU. It has quite different aims. Whether or not it will escape this most ominous of shadows though, only time will reveal.

Graham Freestone

The Mechanical Wizard (Germán Sierra)

Any sufficiently advanced magic is indistinguishable from technology. That wouldn't be the magic of folk tales where supernatural beings rule and transcendence appears to be granted, or the learned ability to manipulate human cognitive functions, but the immanence of instantaneous, chaotic, inconsistent relations which could only be momentarily trapped in a dream: the unconscious act of assigning an arbitrary cause to an arbitrary effect. "Magic" — says the American poet C.A. Conrad in a recent interview — "is discovering how things bend, then bending them for results" (1). I would add that it is the discovery of how a *particular* thing bends in a *particular* moment —as in purposeless improvisation—, because what matters in magic is that the same rules do not always apply and that a great variety of things —not just reason, language, or any form of ordered/symbolizable matter we might call "intelligence"— do spontaneously bend. Magic involves non-cognitive, non-subjective techniques of embodiment, which is why C.A. Conrad refers to their performance poetry as "(Soma)tic rituals": "The (Soma)tic ritual is, in part, a study about how each added ingredient or adjustment of an ingredient in the ritual will change the way the language comes out of us for our poems." (2). Rituals can't be thus understood as fixed sets of rules or instructions; they don't re-present any natural order, but are in fact rebellious performances against the lack of order —sometimes, like for the practitioners of chaos magick, vaguely symbolized by metaphors of abjection.

The confusion between magic and technology goes well beyond Clarke's third law: it's one of the most pervasive paradoxes of modernity, when technology is not considered as a sophisticated version of the tool —a quite unexpected, radically exterior thing which might be found "at hand" to perform an unpredictable task—, but as a "machine" —the logical consequence of abstract, transcendental reason pursuing a teleological normative order. As Nick Land resumes it, "the unambiguous conclusion of modern history has been that *the definitive solution to any problem of cognitive consistency is a machine.*" (3)

"Why is magic thought an anomaly when it is part of everything around us right now?" —asks C.A. Conrad— "I believe no one is so jaded that they cannot sit with a magnifying glass and look carefully at a flower stalk, especially that exciting location where the part of the plant below ground suddenly meets life above ground. That thin place right where these two completely different environments meet, it is blurry that place, but for me, it is where magic is best understood." (4) Magic is not, of course, philosophy, and definitely not knowledge, but the out-of-focusing of knowledge. "Order in the absence of theoretical explanation is no longer identified as a self-supporting structure, but as a problem, or research prompt." —explains Nick

Land— “Patterns are to be derived. They are puzzles rather than conclusions. To think that any serious question is answered by a pattern approximates to a definition of scholasticism.” (5)

Despite its intellectual status as “anomaly”, many different approaches to magic are definitely expanding the territory of aesthetical investigations, helping to establish a space which is neither theoretical nor performative, but purely technical —insofar “the technical” is correctly understood as a radically different space from those of science and reason: a kind of “non-reflexive kernel of immanent practice irreducible to and independent of all philosophical conceptualization and regionalization” (6).

Consider the gambler (or the artist), who would relentless shift from illusion to strategical thinking with the intention of alternatively mechanizing and de-mechanizing thought for invoking the contingency of the favorable unexpected. No one gambles without a strong cognitive bias resulting in believing that a particular bet has more possibilities than others. No one gambles without the conviction of being able to figure out “how things bend, then bending them for result” with total independence of explanations, because, in gambling, *pattern is in itself a result*. The gambler plays in a deterministic environment (of a finite number of elements and a limited number of combinations by restriction due to a fixed set of arbitrary rules) as *if* it was non-deterministic because, like in aesthetical experimentation, doing the same thing over and over might produce different results. (This is the difference between those who use ritual practices for self-help or “healing,” and those who use them for aesthetical purposes: the former seeks to “feel better,” while the latter seeks to “feel differently.”)

The rational technologist, on the other hand, plays in a non-deterministic world as *if* it was deterministic —so, instead of following the idealistic, modern-anthropocentric, folk-tale-magic-mindset motto of “dominating nature,” rational technology must become the opposite of “domination,” it must ignore all “irrelevant data,” selecting and isolating closed-system portions of reality and transforming them into sequences of predictable patterns: a language or a set of languages.

In those “as if” spaces of inadequacy, is where thinking might actually happen.

For Gilbert Simondon, technical objects are mediators between man and nature, so in order to agree with him we would need to accept that “man” and “nature” are two different things in a binary opposition. He also differentiates between “abstract” and “concrete” technical objects —symbols and actual machines derived from symbols: “The technical object exists, then, as a specific type that is arrived at the end of a convergent series. This series goes from the abstract mode to the concrete mode: it tends towards a state at which the technical being becomes a system that is entirely coherent with itself and entirely unified.” (7). The apparent

coherence between abstract and concrete technical objects is the consequence of machines being actually material metaphors of how we would like the world to be, not of how it might be. A technical object would then be not just the result of establishing a set of causal relationships that ensure, if not always a predictable result, at least a predictable logic and mechanism, but of having discarded all processes and features not strictly relevant to machination. Instead of presenting technology as an outside, it should be admitted that there is still an outside of technology. A Simondonian technical object might help with winning a game, but if used for gambling, it would become another amulet: the apotropaic evidence of the fact that winning games is not all that it counts. A symbol of the inaprehensibility of magic.

Both modern science and philosophy have been endlessly working to reduce thinking to technology and technology to thinking. Modernity has been a continuous—and, in many ways, a very successful one—attempt to transform gambling into gaming. Social activists wanted human behaviour to be more dependent on nurture than on nature because they believed nurture was more easily manipulable (likely to be put into social machines)—however, we are quickly approaching a point in which nature will soon become more manipulable than nurture, resulting in a complete reorganization of modernity's ethical and political principles that are expected to be replaced by biotechnologies and cybernetics.

However, by the act of mechanical wizardry of reducing technology to machines—leaving aside the incomprehensibility, radical exteriority and pre-symbolic nature of the tool—, critical philosophy and philosophy of science have been unable to separate it from discourse and/or code (8). Every machine has to think now, as if human cognitive functions were transcendental models instead of simple tools. As recounted by Nick Land:

“Among Modernity's most consistent cultural threads has been the strand cross-weaving the problem of logical formalization with the mechanization of thought. By the beginning of the 20th century, it had been established to the satisfaction of all relevant parties, that *logical rigor is indistinguishable from thinking like a machine*, due to the strict—formalizable and engineerable—isomorphism between deterministic mechanism and adherence to explicit rules. The popularization of this insight would subsequently become a staple of science fiction. At the nadir of intellectual degeneracy and still-gathering panic, an unprocessed residuum of human emotionality would be counterposed to the cold consistency of technologically-instantiated cognition, expressing a terminal affect of resistance. Everything philosophy has ever tried to think ends in the logical machine.” (9)

The problem is that the pursuit of the mechanization of the logos precludes the understanding of technology as a precondition for thinking. Reza Negarestani writes that “mind is the craft of applying itself to itself. The history of mind is therefore quite startling the history of artificialization”(10). For Land, technology de-humanizes philosophy mostly in the sense of destruction of the Aristotelian subject —“divided between cognitive and volitional faculties”—, but it still maintains a “teleo-mechanical” drive “which rigorizes (and even ‘materializes’) ideality by operationalizing it:”

Code comes first, and is already at work, on its way to specification as a *hash*. Program (or *algorithm*) and *protocol* will soon follow it. These terms have a number of notable, interconnected features. Crucially, in reference to their prospects for philosophical adoption, they are all — consistently — *diagonal*, and specifically *teleo-mechanical*. This means that they are intractable to categorization in accordance with the binary theoretical / practical discrimination standardized within, or constitutive of, occidental moral philosophy, or rather, and more strictly, to the basic compartmentalization of this philosophical tradition — perhaps philosophy as such — in accordance with, and reflective of, a subject divided between cognitive and volitional faculties. The distinction between ‘idea’ and ‘action’, or between the ‘is’ and ‘ought’, fails to capture these terms, and fails radically. It is not merely inadequate, but fundamentally misguiding, and inappropriate. There are no *theories*, or *practices*, after the *algorithm*, except as suggestive, colloquial shorthand. Coding is no more a thought than a deed, a program no less a concept than a performance. In each case, there is an integral, and thus irreducible, pre- or sub-theoretical procedure which rigorizes (and even ‘materializes’) ideality by operationalizing it. (11)

“Operationalizing ideality” is just another way to put technology into discourse. Mark Hansen denominates this process as “*technesis*,” and he justifies its pervasiveness in contemporary philosophy because it allows to open both humanist and non-humanist philosophical systems “to a form of material exteriority without imperiling or abandoning the priority accorded to thinking by our philosophical modernity” (12), no matter if “reason should be seen as the sole form of intelligence, or as one among many, and perhaps superior others.” (13)

“By focusing on representation” —Mark Hansen writes— “modern and contemporary critics aim to overcome the difficulties involved in delimiting technology’s ubiquitous and subthematic impact. Yet if technology affects our experience first and foremost through its infrastructural role, its impact occurs prior and independently of our production of

representations: effectively, technologies structure our lifeworlds and influence our embodied lives at a level, as if were, below the “threshold” of representation itself.” (14)

If the technical object is considered as a non-understandable necessary precondition for intelligence, it should be admitted that there might be a technical pre-symbolic space —akin to Serres’ noise (15) or Konior & Granatta’s venom (16)—, maybe indirectly approachable via occultual aesthetical practices. Magic will inevitably haunt any philosophical account of either socio-semantic or extra-socio-semantic intelligent systems, as long as they remain open to a longer environment. “The epistemological affinity between natural science and programmatic (as opposed to doctrinal) occultism —also wrote Land— is the alliance between purely speculative metaphysics and common sense that betrays such affairs of pure reason to futility, since they lack the calculative traction to revise their own conventional notions on the basis of their encounter.” (17)

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On the Xenopoetics of Alchemical Theater as an Affective Model for Ritual Hyperoccultation (Robert E. Cabrales)

Gnawing its way through screams of sensation, the xenomorphic quantity erupts forth as creation: A Differential Presence becoming through, as, and into sorcerous holes of an incantational theater. Theater of this sort - understood and operated through schizophrenic idealizations of Antonin Artaud (both thinker and thought) – is a theater of liminality and horror. This theater is not of life, but as life; it is an affective poetryⁱ: something in space yet of the senses, which houses living forces that infect the outside from within. The alien phenomenality of this poetic theater facilitates a fundamental encounter not with transcendental representation, but an immanent outside, unaffordable and incursive. It is around the Affective and Xenopoetic capacity of performative theatricization that this essay will venture.

Introduction to Cruelty

Antonin Artaud is a spectral thought, a narrative entity receding from identity, a story wrapped up in and warped by a pervasive flux of time and scholarship. Once and always a man perforated with holes, Artaud performed the role of Actor, Dramatist, Poet, and Sorcerer. He was and was not a Surrealist, a nomadic character in search of something beyond organs, beyond dreams, and beyond repetition. It is both from this and because of this that the words to follow will not speak of a historical man Antonin Artaud, nor his objective intentions and ideas; the words and sections proceeding will discuss Artaud the character, and ideas which possess an anonymous mobility, exhumed and reborn again and again in time. Artaud, who destroyed boundaries just as soon as he established them, lives on through an idealized putrefaction: the death, decay, and transformation of a Speculative Aesthetics.

From Artaud's writings is born a theater as plague, Alchemy, and profound anarchy: The Theater of Cruelty. The Theater of Cruelty proclaims that Modern Theater has become literary and psychological.ⁱⁱ Modern Theater is thus utilized as a stage for anthropomorphic representation: a realization of the Forms of Humanity and an exploration of the way things are. While the Modern Theater reifies the static and the representational, the Theater of Cruelty recalibrates the (un)limit of re-presentation and recreates a reality through virtual becoming.ⁱⁱⁱ

As an affront to the representational character of Modern theater, the Theater of Cruelty first eliminates the differential boundary of audience and stage. The Theater of Cruelty is a participatory theater staged around, with, and through the subject. It seeks to reestablish a direct communication “between the spectator and the spectacle, between the actor and the

spectator, from the fact that the spectator, placed in the middle of the action, is engulfed and physically affected by it.”^{iv} From this, a holistic presence is conjured: a liminal event, a ritual which “permeates the emergence of the new and gives shape to new historical circumstances.”^v

With the elimination of the audience-stage binary – a differential physical-boundary – also comes the manipulation and spatialization of spoken language. Artaud unearthed the magical potential of language as invocational: the act of creation which comes about through a calling out. Language *qua* defined words is ensnared in the complex of literary and psychological representation and has lost sight of its magical capacity. Words conjure their meaning – what they represent, their doubles – and symptomatically, a uniform language of words (employed as such in the Modern theater) merely reestablishes and repeats what is already represented: an echo chamber of and for society.

The Theater of Cruelty performs language in space – the metaphysics of the *mise en scène* – a language “half-way between gesture and thought,” a language of “objects, movements, [and] attitudes” which become as alien signs, spatial hieroglyphs, a poetry for the senses.^{vi} It is from this that the Theater of Cruelty is an Alchemical Theater. This is not Alchemy in the historical sense of a grand transmutational work, changing a substance into gold, perfecting the Philosophers’ stone, or achieving a state of spiritual enlightenment; rather this is Alchemy *qua* performativity.

Alchemy as a performativity can be conceived as a virtual^{vii} art: it “does not carry its end or reality within itself,” but rather materializes inhuman identity existing up until in the anarchy of chaos.^{viii} This alchemical performativity is a means of encrypting reality through the symbolic. It is not about making gold, but rather expressing that and how gold can be made; a codified network of reality interactions, connections, and possibilities.

The Theater of Cruelty’s aestheticized and liminal space – with its disembodied poetry of abstract becomings – is a spacio-temporal network riddled with holes, pockets, and voids. This porous whole as a holey space gives way to the Hidden Writing of the performance. Hidden Writing is the performance’s anonymity, its virtual appendages which undulate through spectator and spectacle^{ix}; it is a development of the holes by which creation becomes. By its Hidden Writing the Theater of Cruelty actualizes the alchemical performativity. The spectator as one with the spectacle both decrypts and encrypts; the alien poetry of the holes house steganographical messages within messages, which come to life as the spectacle’s outside – inside and through the spectator – as a feedback loop “[abiding] between conceptuality and matter.”^x This is a Xenopoetic complex, an idea to which this essay will return.

Antonin Artaud theorized a theater which “allows the magical means of art and speech to be expressed organically and altogether.”^{xi} His Theater of Cruelty is a gateway to

experience as and through the Body Without Organs: beyond representation.^{xii} The spectator and the spectacle are both torn away from the normative loops of representational reification and thus manifest an experience beyond the limits of repetition; it is a venture into unknown horror, an alien phenomenon of alchemical genesis.

Such a participatory and invocational theater-beyond-limits has not gone without the questioning of its theoretical feasibility. The following sections will first detail a Modernist critique of the Theater of Cruelty in the face of Transcendent representation and repetition. From this will follow a Postmodern understanding of the Theater of Cruelty founded upon the Immanent and Affective concepts of Differential Presence and Fundamental Encounters. This Postmodern understanding gives way to the notion of Xenology - phenomenological semiotics - through and within the Theater of Cruelty from which an argument will be presented for the Xenopoetic reality and potentiality of participatory theater, and the further utilization of said complex in ritual praxis by and as a theater of Occultural Accelerationism.

Aesthetics: Transcendent Modernism and Immanent Postmodernity

Artaud has a lasting and still developing legacy in Art Theory, Theater Studies, Social Theory, Cultural Studies, and Philosophy - to identify only a fragment of his contagion. As such, the Theater of Cruelty has also been criticized from the perspective of numerous disciplines. To bridge the gaps between these methods of criticism, many of the arguments put forth can be understood and articulated through the disciplinary lens of Modern Aesthetics.

Modern Aesthetics engages and critiques Art as functional materials: Art is an external object - representational in some way - through which an individual may relate or make judgements. This idea necessitates a differentiation between spectator and spectacle, and a foundational othering of Art; "to be in relation to... presupposes a degree of separation from."^{xiii} What art then represents is something transcendent, beyond the art-object itself. These representations are to some extent abstract Forms: be they an idea, bibliographic and psychological information about the artist, the artist's intention for the art, a historically located iconographic code, or a social commentary. These Forms are all meanings for and from the art, and with these meanings the individual engaging the art establishes a connection and a relationship, mediated through the art-object. What is important to note for Modern Aesthetics is that it performs a reflective anthropocentric emphasis – of and on the spectator, the artist, and society – through the objectification of Art and, in the case of Theater, the spectacle.

With this, a critique of the Theater of Cruelty takes the stage. This critique is itself autonomous and anonymous, a synthetic hybrid born forth through sometimes parallel, other

times intersecting, yet simultaneously divergent arguments limited not just to Artaud qua Theater of Cruelty, but also the concept of Limit-Experience^{xiv} - in itself and of art -invoked through Georges Bataille and resurrected by Michel Foucault, though always haunting Artaud's thought.

From a perspective of Modern Aesthetics, the Form of the spectacle for participatory event-based art is contingent upon the spectators: what the performance is in totality is relative to the performance itself through and as the participants. The spectacle as something non-repetitive in its subjective contingency thus lacks a transcendental meaning; it is Formless as there is no objective object to contain and define external ideas for those participating. This Formlessness then cannot be related to by the spectator in said spectacle due both to it is unknowability as something non-representational or alien, and the absence of a mediating object through which to relate. Without mediation, there can be no synthesis between the spectator, the spectacle, and meaning: there is nothing by which and for the spectator to 'let in.' Rather than experiencing as the alien phenomenality of the spectacle, the spectator is merely alienated. Alienated from the spectacle, the spectator (though participating) is put back into the role of audience – a passive observer rather than affective participant - and from this relates to the spectacle as a mere and passing *representation* of difference. The representation of difference is not the presence of difference, and thus the spectator and the spectacle do not participate in anything beyond a limit, failing to metamorphosize reality or the individual. Through the analytic logic of Modern Aesthetics, the transformational aspect of the Theater of Cruelty qua Limit-Experience is presented as a performatively infeasible performance.

Considering Artaud's critique of Modern Theater, the relationship between the content of said theater and the methodology of Modern Aesthetics can now be connected. As a theater of non-representation - without Form and repetition and founded on ontological difference - the Theater of Cruelty makes theoretical claims not about Humanity, but about the development of identity and experience as and for both the individual and reality itself. It is a theater beyond the limit of representational repetition which questions in totality, rather than affirming and reifying context.

As a response to the objectifying and anthropocentric project of Modern Aesthetics is the perspective of Postmodern Aesthetics. This Postmodern Aesthetics – strongly influenced by late 20th century French thought - utilizes Phenomenological analysis, Affect Philosophy, Network Theory, and Cybernetics in order to engage art as a becoming, an active force in itself spilling forth into the world. Rather than identify transcendental ideas off and out of an art-object, Postmodern Aesthetics identifies Art as something immanent and engages it respectively. Immanence here is the identification of relations *within* rather than relations *to*; Art is something hidden which has been conjured forth through its creation, and these summoned art entities

possess their own autonomous presence rather than stand in for external and transcendental ideas. Interactions with Art from this perspective are thus world building and expansive: Art reveals a world in itself which the viewer, the listener, or the spectator engages directly – phenomenologically – just as one would engage every day life. For a representational painting this is a means of engaging a visual network, a rhizomatic smooth space in which shapes, objects, colors, locations, and characters relate and a world becomes as such; the case of literature is a similar feat though textual in foundation. With performative art, the world of the art and the world of the spectator bleed into and synthesize with each other. This gives way to the liminal and the virtual, a ritualistic space in which the world becomes new, open to possibilities beyond the limit of anthropocentric representation, open to difference, open to the alien.

With Postmodern Aesthetics, Art - as an autonomy - gains the affective magic of language: invocation, summoning, and transmutation. It is through the synthesis of Postmodern Aesthetics and Performance - specifically participatory performance - that the affective magic of Artaud's Theater of Cruelty bares its virtual fangs.

Fundamental Encounters of the Xenological Kind

In understanding the Theater of Cruelty from the perspective of Postmodern Aesthetics it is revealed that Artaud did not seek to do away with representation in itself. Artaud's iconoclastic theater overcomes the representations that are: encrypted ideals coding a homogenous reality image; a normalized view of Humanity, the self, reality, possibility, and life. Having sacrificed anthropomorphized repetition – psychological Modernism, the Cult of the Object – what rips through the liminal veil of Artaud's spatialized poetics is difference itself; present, alien, and hungry.

Amid the chaos, anarchy, and rapture of the Theater of Cruelty, the spectator qua individual putrefies, and their organs – their encrypted reality codings of transcendental representations – begin to rot. The individual becomes now as a Body Without Organs: a body which engages not to, but in; a body subject to and subject of affective sorcery and perpetual variation: an “always unbalanced, nonrepresentative force.”^{xv} As the spectator qua Body Without Organs is un-birthed by decay, so too is the putrefied space of the spectacle. With the organs of the theater – [plot, characters, dialogue] repetition – subject to rot, a Theater Without Organs becomes, as a difference which is present, “presence as difference.”^{xvi} This Differential Presence is an Alien realm not as a transcendental entity but a spatial being spliced within space: a liminal event, affective, sensational, and engageable.

Held in the palm of the Theater Without Organs, the destratified, deterritorialized, and decayed spectator as Body Without Organs comes face-to-face with the alien. Artaud's spatial hieroglyphs as a poetry of the senses present an alien semiotics of the unseen, from beyond the limit of represented experience; but rather than recognize these representations as repetition, they are encountered as and through sensation: A Fundamental Encounter. This encounter which defies reified reality catalyzes thought; but as fixed distinctions have been disintegrated, the spectator must now think not of objects, meanings, and relations, but of thought itself as a re-thinking thereof.^{xvii} The sensationality of this Fundamental Encounter entrenched in a semiotic realm of alien language impels the Body Without Organs to explore its liminal reality: a phenomenological mapping of the liminal space as a signifying realm for re-thought thinking.

Xenology - the phenomenological navigation of alien semiotics^{xviii} - gives way to the virtual reality of the Theater and is an anarchic underpinning of the virtual arts. The Body Without Organs nomadically distributes itself throughout the liminal space of the Theater Without Organs, identifying the infinity of its chaotic realm and becoming Haecceity through the alien movements as language.^{xix} But the language of the Theater of Cruelty, an affective poetry in space - both cryptic and open - is schizophrenic: vexing and warping in a fractured multiplicity of possibility. The Body Without Organs becomes as madness and madness becomes as the Theater Without Organs. This is the schizotrategy^{xx} of Artaud's sorcerous poetry in space.^{xxi} The Body Without Organs answers the xeno-call of Artaud's poetry, and the outsider – the alien language, the unseen semiotics – is now a xenomorphic quantity within the spectator that ruptures forth.^{xxii} With this rupture of the outside from within, the Body Without Organs becomes an alchemist of, to, and from madness: the encrypter of the symbolic, the codifier of the uncoded; but who is writing the code?

Xenopoetry-in-Space

The affective power of xenological navigation - the organless phenomenality of Differential Presence and unbound thought – outlines the incantational and invocational sorcery buried within the Theater of Cruelty's liminal network; it is the Xenopoetics of an Alchemical Theater.

Xenopoetics is an alien plague, an incursion of the unknowable outside which hacks reality from within to make itself known.^{xxiii} This plague is a “thinking invested in the nullification of inherited identities and the affirmation of ontological fluidity.”^{xxiv} Coinciding with the perspective of Postmodern Aesthetics, Xenopoetics identifies Art as an immanent presence; and

within the networked presences of aesthetic-becomings dwell holes: fissures of void within a solid whole. This ()hole complex - the relationship between solid and void - is the realm in which the anonymity of art lurks: a hidden presence within a presence hidden, a steganographical entity of un-presence - the Hidden Writing.^{xxv}

Given the Postmodern assemblage of: ()hole complex, Hidden Writing, Differential Presence, Fundamental Encounters, and Xenology - the Xenopoetic potentiality of Artaud's plague ridden and alchemical Theater of Cruelty is summoned forth. As the spectacle awakens, its participatory spectators are dragged into a substratum of liminal becoming; the Theater of Cruelty manifests its own space, its own time, and its own presence. Within this liminality swirling with spatialized language and sensation – cryptic and alien – the organs of both spectator and spectacle decay and organless entities arise in their place. The alien terrain of the liminal is phenomenologically mapped, and its rhizomatic ecology – a chaotic network of infinite connections and reconnections – takes shape. A holistic mass, a sea of sensation, a realm of rebirth through rot - the Theater Without Organs is as the anarchy of poetry autonomously animating “all the relationships of object to object and of form to signification... the consequence of a disorder which brings us closer to chaos.”^{xxvi}

Folded into this transtemporal solid of liminal movement and space are the alien hieroglyphs of a language beyond representation. This cryptic language as an alien presence of unknowability posits pockets, holes in the spectacle's rhizomatic network. The Body Without Organs is not open to the alien presence as an act of letting in: an economical act of affordability between differentiated beings for mutual survival.^{xxvii} Rather, synchronized with the theater through the xenological process, as an act of radical openness – schizophrenic hacking as a looped madness becoming madness becoming madness - alien holes have already infected the Body Without Organs. The outside-now-within alchemically programs itself: decrypting and encrypting alien identity within the linguistic voids of the rhizome. An unseen semiotics beyond the limit of representation has deterritorialized representation as repetition, and reconditioned through infiltration the anthropomorphic limits of meaning.^{xxviii}

From the spatial hieroglyphs of gesture, movement, and the *mise en scène*, a Xenopoetic plague ravages the Body Without Organs, making alien meanings known, difference present, and manifesting chaos; thought is butchered from within, and the magic potentiality of language seethes forth into a Theater Without Organs. This virulent complex as a spectacle of theater provides insight into the powers of theatricization and the manipulative performativity of alchemical re-thinking. The Theater of Cruelty is an occult technology for affective performativity, and as such its academically grounded theory conjures forth an occultual war machine^{xxix}: Aestheticized magic technically defiant in the face of disenchantment.

Hauntological Necromancy: Ritual Hyperstition

The affective magic in and as the Theater of Cruelty loops and reels through the hyperspace of Occulture: the esoteric, spiritual, paranormal, and conspiratorial content hidden within culture which influence from the shadows.^{xxx} Occulture is something which is, has been, and will be of society; a carrier of the unseen-outside hypercamouflaged^{xxxii} within the rhizome of culture, questioning thought, reality, and being. Within this occultural hyperspace prowl Hauntological specters: ghosts of past technologies which never were, phantoms of individuals who strived to manipulate temporal trajectories, and wraiths of lost futures suspended in liminality; inorganic demons, forsaken, exquisite, and infectious in their immaterial autonomy.^{xxxiii} These demonic shades erupt forth in and as the thoughts of contemporary culture, but through Ritual Hyperstition they can become in the present as messages from long-forgotten futures.

A Xenopoetic Theater of alchemical potentialities may send and receive signals throughout time passed and yet to come: a hyperlink in a chronomantic feedback loop. This hyperlinkage is drawn forth within the liminal space of the Theater Without Organs, a spectacle within time beyond time which functions to summon alien intelligences of the outside from within. Said theatrical complex maintains the capacity to accelerate occultural content: to conjure forth Hauntological specters and loop them through a future to arrive in the present by means of the past. This Occultural Accelerationism comes to be as and through the hyperstitionalization of reality.

Hyperstitions – fictions which makes themselves real – are time traveling entities which fragment, reorder, and retell history. The framework of a Hyperstition has four cryptic components^{xxxiv} which can be decrypted and translated into a theatrical rite actualizable within a Theater Without Organs. The first Hyperstitional component is an element of affective culture which makes itself real. This task within the theater is fulfilled by the participatory aspect which gives way to Differential Presence and Fundamental Encounters; the Theater Without Organs conjures forth the alien as affective present. Second, Hyperstitions are fictional quantities functional as time traveling devices. Artaud's spatial hieroglyphs – the settings of the stage, movements of bodies, sounds, feelings, the realm of all senses and sensationality - function as portals for the alien, the fictional quantity of the xenomorphic entity which alchemically makes itself known. The third component is a coincidence intensifier; this aspect is the plague of the theater: the Xenopoetic incursion from radical openness which becomes through the Body Without Organs as the effect of xenological navigation. Finally, the fourth component is the call to the Old Ones. This calling out is the invocational magic as the Theater of Cruelty with its

Xenopoetic Alchemy in totality; summoned through and as the spectacle is an entity from beyond – an alien reality, a Hauntological specter, a fiction with virtual fangs – which has become for us, in our time, from the future as the past.

A Hyperstitionalized time-to-come summoned forth in the present cannot merely operate the occult workings of magic and the esoteric and claim them of a lost future. Entrenched in an age of techno-materialist capitalism, civilization in the new millennium produces few non-dystopian trajectories in which the abandonment or disappearance of the digital is a feasible path. With this, a future must be summoned and mapped which blends the digital and the occult through a technologization of Hauntological Occulture: the digitization of the specter. It is a matter of summoning a conceivable alternative to the present trajectory of Silicon Valley Science-Fiction Capital: the privatization of advanced technology for the functional benefit of the privileged and the continuation of market driven politics.^{xxxiv} The proposed Theater of Occultural Accelerationism will conjure out an Electronic Esotericism from the digitized depths of a imminent materialist magic; a myth-science^{xxxv} from a lost future; an insurrectionary mythotechness^{xxxvi} of Aesthetic mechanics by and for the alien and the alienated.

The xenomorphic quantity need not be the non-representational alone, but is too a plague of the non-represented: a pestilential fluidity of racial, sexual, biological, and queer identity erupting forth as an outside from within to subvert the status quo of profit-through-oppression. A technology of the digital occult will be the war machine of minority action yet to come; Hyperstitional Esoterrorism^{xxxvii} as Aesthetic Affect: Ritual Hyperoccultation for a sorcerous cyber-punk faction, hacking the normative encryption of a corrupted Capitalist culture.

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While this essay only maps a model for affective theatrical ritual, it must be so due to the specificity necessary for each spectacular summoning. Though a detailed event is beyond the scope of this written document, two promising components (one digital and one occultural) for an Accelerationist Theater may be identified at this time: Noise and Chaos Magick. Noise – the experimental genre of sound manipulation born forth through the degradation of Electronic music and Underground Metal – ruptures a sonic veil from which pours cyber-monstrous becoming. The relationship between sound and Hyperstition is not without ongoing investigation,^{xxxviii} and Noise's affective capacities of technological disorientation will be of use for theatricized Ritual Hyperoccultation. Additionally, Chaos Magick – which functions in itself as a Postmodern magical practice – is devised to summon forth the outside as a post-human “becoming alien.”^{xxxix} Already a system devised to call out to Old Ones and make fictions real, the ritual practices of Chaos possess the potentiality for theatrical integration: a ritual within a ritual, further distorting reality through Xenopoetic Alchemy.

The schizophistorical weaponization of the Theater of Cruelty as an Accelerationist Theater for Hyperstitional magic mirrors the sorcerous workings of Antonin Artaud. Artaud delved into the fragmentation, fabulation, and Hyperoccultation of reality through numerous writings, workings, and rites; signaling out to spaces hidden from perception and establishing occultual feedback loops across the world and into History, Religion, and beyond. Having exhumed the specter of Artaud and animating his holey corpse, the trajectory of a Speculative Aesthetics in future Academia has been received as a message from the past. This Speculative Aesthetics, or as it shall be known - Aesthetaphysics - is a Philosophy of, for, and from Hyperstition, Occulture, and Accelerationism: the manipulation of time, reality, culture, and society as *art* by means of art. With Aesthetaphysics comes a scholarly grounding for magic: esoteric exploration into the occult dimensions of the represented and the non-representational through the thinking and theory of Postmodernism. Navigating the ectoplasmic discharge of the past and the virtual cyber-crypts of the future, Aesthetaphysics decays the present; and with the rot of representation, an immanent now is alchemically and xenopoetically un-born through void.

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ⁱ Artaud, *The Theater and its Double*, 38; 85

ⁱⁱ "If people are out of the habit of going to the theater... it is because we have been accustomed for 400 years, that is since the renaissance, to a purely descriptive and narrative theater – storytelling psychology; it is because every possible ingenuity has been exerted in bringing to life on the stage plausible but detached beings, with the spectacle on one side, the public on the other – and because the public is no longer shown anything but the mirror of itself." *Ibid*, 76-77

ⁱⁱⁱ "... the alchemical symbol is a mirage as the theater is a mirage. And this perpetual allusion to the materials and the principle of the theater found in almost all alchemical books should be understood as the expression of an identity... existing between the world in which the characters, objects, images and in a general way all that constitutes the *virtual reality* of the theater develops..." Artaud, *TD*, 49

^{iv} *Ibid*, 96

^v Scheer, "I Artaud BwO," 45

^{vi} Artaud, *TD*, 89-90

^{vii} "... real without being actual, ideal without being abstract." Deleuze & Guattari, *What Is Philosophy?*, 156

^{viii} Artaud, *TD*, 48

^{ix} Negarestani, *Cyclonopedia*, 60-63

^x Ireland, "Cosmic War," 96

^{xi} Artaud, *TD*, 89

^{xii} Scheer, "I Artaud BwO," 41-42

xiii Gritzner, "Form and Formlessness," 110

xiv A shock to the system which undermines the subject; a transgression of the "limits of coherent subjectivity as it functions in everyday life... threaten[ing] the very possibility of life – or rather the life of the individual – itself." Jay, "Limits of Limit-Experience," 158.

xv Cull, "Theater Without Organs," 247

xvi Cull, "Theater Without Organs," 244

xvii Ibid, 250-251

xviii Kozin, "Xenology," 172

xix Ibid, 186-187

xx "Strategies for being opened (by), not being open (to). When it comes to affordability, desiring the outside is a repression. However, in terms of schizotratgey, any instrument of repression encompasses a path to the outside, albeit involuntarily or indirectly. Schizotratgeies always emerge out of anomalous (in the sense of the positioning and arrangement between two or multiple entities, not their unconventionality) participations with the Outside."

Negarestani, *Cyclonopedia*, 242

xxi Artaud, *TD*, 72-73

xxii Negarestani, *Cyclonopedia*, 203

xxiii Carruthers, "Cosmic War," 96

xxiv Ibid

xxv Negarestani, *Cyclonopedia*, 60-63

xxvi Artaud, *TD*, 43

xxvii Negarestani, *Cyclonopedia*, 197

xxviii Carruthers, "Cosmic Poetry," 95

xxix A "processual work of construction" moving to compose the revolutionary becoming of exteriority both as occupied spatio-temporality and creative dis/re-organization. O'Sullivan, "Deleuze Against Control," 210-211

xxx Partridge, "Occulture is Ordinary," 122

xxxi "If camouflage utilizes a partial overlap between two or multiple entities, hypercamouflage is the complete overlap and coincidence between two or more entities. In this terminal camouflage, the mere survival of a predator threatens the existence of the prey, even if the predator never engages the prey... it can be defined as a total withdrawal from the perception of friends and a dissolution into the enemy, the rebirth of a new and obscure foe." Negarestani, *Cyclonopedia*, 241

xxxii Fisher, "What is Hauntology," 19-21

xxxiii O'Sullivan, "Accelerationism, Hyperstition and Myth-Science," 13

xxxiv Kingsmith, "Cosmic Slop," 2-3

xxxv "... the production of alternative fictions and the calling forth of a different kind of subjectivity attendant on this." O'Sullivan, Simon. "Accelerationism, Promethianism and Mythotechnessis," 171

xxxvi "... practices that attend to a kind of vitalism alongside the more artificial constructs of the human, practices that involve an abstraction that is both formal and affective." Ibid, 189

xxxvii "... the careful combination of art, sigilization and the occult [to] bring about cultural change." Partridge, "Esoterrorism," 203

xxxviii For some initial explorations see Antonin Artaud's performance *To Have Done with the Judgement of God*, Marc Couroux's "Sabotage the Audiostat! Hyperstitional Paracoustics and Chronoportational Pragmètics," Mark Fisher's "What is Hauntology," Amy Ireland's "Noise: An Ontology of the Avant-garde" and the 2019 Urbanomic anthology *AUDINT – Unsound:Undead*.

xxxix Woodman, "Alien Selves," 27

Aesthetic Study of Blackouts: An Essay on the Subject in Objectivity, Non-human in the Human, and Ghostly Demons

(Emanuel Magno)

“The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far.”

- H. P. Lovecraft.

Let us loosely demonstrate him wrong.

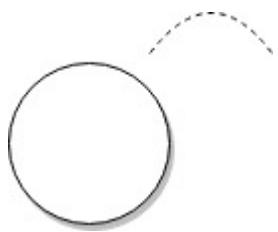
The hammer smashed everything to a pulp, from which something else is trying to form. Deleuzian times rising upon the shore. It sounds ominous, as something too great to bother, it sounds diluvian, too much like delusion. It sounds as if a gargantuan giant died traversing the ocean, slowly rinsing the sand with its putrid weight. As one of the little people, I dare say let us chop the body – let us feed the poor souls with its salted flesh, it remains fresh enough, and many mouths ache to be sated.

This is to be an expositional burst of the larger aesthetic project. Let us continue this by making it the other part of the . . . Here tackle the “light” out of water, going deeper into the “volcanic” and analyzing Thelema to be a precursor of OOO (since I believe Thelema to be Object-oriented [but is it really?]). And, since . . . was all about water movement, physical movement, etc. make this another layer deeper: heat movement; even while the water is static, light still moves.

Every Object is a Star

Task: Do an investigation of Thelemic metaphysics, relating it to the *becoming-word* (the hidden determinateness of the undetermined becoming), the Volcanic Structure of Objects (OOO), and to . . . energy blackouts. . . . a novel . . . , as if in conversation with the Crowleyan guardian

angel (the specter, the volcanic withdrawn, an object). Relate the . . . failings to the floods, one consequence of the other, but investigate . . . And, like the triadic . . . Floods: Wart: Analysis . . . Blackouts: Withdrawal: Analysis . . . body/mind duality . . . complicated to the point of dissolution. I relate Harmanian withdrawal with substance withdrawal without even noticing. Have I become wart, after all?



Premeditation: Page 82 paragraph 7 of *Twilight of the Idols* (Penguin, 1990) develops something that relates to the notion of Subject in Objectivity and Object in Subjectivity. . . . the objects I speak of are not Harmanian, but they are related. I like the *Speculative* denotation (or detonation?) – and relate it to *loose – halfway* (Barad) – ‘un’.

Thesis: Nietzsche is indeed a precursor of Thelema, since his is a non-system of ecstasy, of invocation from invention. Harman’s is also an ecstatic system, but it lacks the ‘non’. It inverts this strain in a subtler way than Deleuze did to Platonic thought. And the tip is in the Subject/Object duality. Whereas Nietzsche’s and Thelemic subject is a moving epicenter of reality, Harman’s protagonist is the object, that common *anything* you have by your side. He displaces power in a most unexpected way. It tries to close the program and box its parts under the earth, so that nothing can grow. It conceals the movement and hides it altogether. OOO is anti-artistic (*Twilight of the Idols*, 83, p. 9). In trying to put an end to the middle it in fact impoverishes objects, for they become a word – a hollow Lovecraftian monster too big to be understood, steadily sleeping, forgotten in time, too beyond anything. Worse, with a simple existence that is violent. No over- nor under-, just unreachable, nowhere altogether. Barricaded, abandoned. It travels instantaneously to the core of a being, much like a chance-like intuition. But it teleports there without leaving a trail, or breaking a path through this supposedly impenetrable structure, that is also incommensurably infinite. Doing so, it traps itself there. Being *Sui generis*, it cannot breed, hybridize, mutate, nor does it have a close lineage back at the common space. It dies alone, with no food or air, and we merely know it got to go there, sometimes not even that. We know this path is possible. But so what? The movement needs finishing, else it is suicide. And perhaps Spinoza discovered something when he believed suicide impossible. Moreover, even if it

returned by a miracle, what could it say about anything with melted constitution and exploded eyes, since, naturally, the Lovecraftian monster is insufferably too much?

Scholium: In Thelema, to burn is a truism. It need not be said. It need be understood as in felt. The correct burning of one's own being is the goal. To establish, through communion with a word-to-be, a nature and a natural physics – not a praxis, since that requires effort, and effort entails imperfection. This supposed formula for perfection is a fiction, but the goal is to *lie until it becomes true*. Indeed, it residuates almost a need to bury, to hide the active burning. Felt as in discovered, learned, conquered, unearthed.

No matter how much admiration he had for Nietzsche, Crowley kept Kabbalah and utilized all sorts of previous occult systems as helpers for achieving his religion's goal. He, thus, kept Thelema Christian, or at least post-platonic, for Nietzsche's dismay. Harman's OOO and some branches of the Speculative Realism movement do something similar, but differently. They unchristianize things to the point of turning to an alien long-lost cosmo-theology. Each object is an infinite god, like Thelema, that has each human subject as a star. This disembodied, even ideal, self then communicates with the initiate through an angel, and each star has one. It may sometimes appear that this god-like ideal self is not extradimensional, but literally a star, a physical object maybe outside the observable universe and of the bounds of human time. It, like in OOO, withdraws to an outer rim, and thus mediation is needed. OOO shifts the human focus to the non-human, but is does not shift the human itself, only its focus, and now every object is a god, a star.

Thelema puts, through its most famous maxim of 'Love is the Law, Love under Will', the Movement, Change, Interaction, Love, that is, the Harmanian overmining, the Flux, under Will, an extreme notion of infinitely ineffable individual *Sui generis* substance. Still, in a way, that seems to posit that the subject has to travel inwards, to the stars of his volcanic structure, through love as fuel, to finally overcome this travelling or need to move, the love which impelled it. In this way, it seems almost Buddhist, or at least the pop-western interpretation of Buddhism.

What should be done? Maybe not altogether lava, but plasma, and maybe lava too, but locally. Plasma is the state of matter that accounts for most non-solar objects. So, cut the flow of magma, not to let the structure die and calcify, but to accumulate enough to reach the aether, and beyond. But how to be sure one is not to simply die? What is to surely propel out of orbit?

A warning: Aesthetics, if it becomes too much, can be just as useless as being 'just' a just, as reducing it to a 'too little'. It cannot be reduced to a purveying obvious, a truism, or we rather forget about it completely, again.

This is not to say OOO is a waste of time. I believe it a profound discovery, albeit a dangerous one. Is exploding through necessary, or even inevitable? Thelema has similarities to Deleuze's project as well. Deleuze's ontology, his metaphysics, much like Thelema and, almost, if not all, other systems, somewhat discredits conflicting conceptions as illusory, and offers prescriptions on how to disentangle these bundles, how to dissolve past them. Things are banished to a realm of sub-existence; they become ghosts, vague notions of loose poetic images and delusions, half-formed bubbling agglomerations of mass and mess evaporating from each other and into each other. The aesthetic is a way to not disregard these notions as illusory, since it opens systems apart into quasi-systems without breaking them, wounding them while maintaining internal coherence; it does not fragment, but composes; it translates without resorting to equivalence, like a dancer translates a song with her body. The dance needs the song contextually, but not beyond this aesthetic non-necessity, which forms a mutualism between corpus. OOO understands that structure is always partial, that it is nothing but a dance and a choreography come together, and that there is no escaping this partiality, this performativity; to even attempt to do so requires violence, and an useless one, always doomed to end in the death of its first mover, since totalization is not only violent outwards, to a different 'identity', but it is also internally generated, a form of suicide; impossible suicide to the non-exhaustible.

I believe OOO's hyperfocus on objects to detriment of everything else, or the *in-between*, gives a good simulator tool to the understanding of common-sense, or better, of individual – *Sui generis* – knowledge, or opinion, theory of mind. It seems to posit that in imagining something, say, a vivid image from a poem, that something then exists as loose property of our thought, that is, inside our brain, as property of the object mind, or the physical object brain. Since objects withdraw, our consciousness cannot extinguish them, it cannot truly access them, so the image of thought has not much to do with the real deal, but with a mental projection. This may as well fall into a mode of correlationism, or represent some affective formation of the term's meaning as Harman sees it; he seems, even, to demonstrate some difficulty in considering this possibility. This can help explain why difference in opinion is possible, and why 'folk psychology' is so loose, a hotchpotch of concepts always in formation. This loses the fortified contact between *outside* and *inside* while at the same time projecting a new conception of this duality, and does not offer, as it is, a good account for the evolution of this 'movement'. There is a conclusive jump. It breaks common ground, and separates things as *too alien* to each other. This break with immanence, since the subject does not appear to be an 'outside folded in' anymore, and interaction, now needs more complications and artifices to be explained. And yes, you could say that by doing the opposite, some other problems arise, as many people seem to view a problem on completely accounting for plurality in systems such as Deleuze's Fold.

Demonstration. When two negatives make a positive, *the counter-metaphor of vision*: in complete D/darkness they hid of d/Darkness – both of darkness (inside of them), and *from* Darkness (by being inside of it) – but D/d/arkness, in turn, hid from them inside of them and all around them. So one hid from the other into the other – and none found the other: is that light? Can light be established as the negative aspect of the problem? Seemingly only if the “them” dispose of more moves than the “darkness” in its totality. In this, the “them” is the *flat* in the problem. The “darkness” is contingent, or rather dependent, upon the movement of this flat subject, and so is “light”. In the image, “darkness” is elaborated also as a subject, for any formal purposes. Not to forget the key term: “other”. It establishes the link between the object-word “darkness”, and “light”, to the subject-word “them”. All the supposed objects of the passage become subjects of implicit passages (that are nevertheless there). There is no darkness, nor light, nor even a ‘them’. There are only others, differences co-existing in a hidden generative ground that hides as they mask in a dance. This is OOO’s thesis summarized linguistically, and it collapses into hidden linguistics and naïve dialectics (the whole Master-slave thing once again). All the more, it allows for an interpretation on the grounds of extreme physicalism (only physical things exist), or extreme self-cannibalizing idealism that affirms body to be not a lower level of Spirit, but lower level spirits; demonological hierarchies all over again. Call it physico-spiritualism, or spiritual-physicalism.

Strange Loop, first detour: I, however, would rather appropriate useful insights, such as this particular application of the model, and work on my travels – that is, understanding this to be a useful perspective as a type of conceptual object itself, and move on to the field. Philosophical promiscuity. *The question may arise:* how is that ok? What is philosophy, then? Is there no truth? And there are many perhaps satisfactory trials to answer this question. There does not seem to be, however, much in the way of asking: why do philosophy – or why do we do it? I believe the answer to be aesthetic. Not only in a sense of pertaining to aesthetic, but it *is* aesthetic. Not only to the question of philosophy, but many – perhaps most, or all – things, since all things that recurse in themselves, all things *meta*, pertain to the aesthetic. *The gospel according to x:* I am tired of people who say “I live to do this”. Where are the ones to say “I do this so I can live”? *The promiscuous traveler, the surface reader, the astro-archaeologist.*

The gospel according to [multiplicity symbol]: Nietzsche, when uninterested in the ‘common, lowly person’, longed for those special individuals, those improbable throws of dice, those who spiked his hairs, who thundered from afar making thunder then strike inside. He, living in a sea of brute want, longed and dreamed of an Epicurean garden to share with equal friends. Deleuze would say, as he speaks of a metaphysical theater, that Nietzsche was a puppet of pre-personal forces, of affections that made him himself, and in so doing imbued a will onto him to perform

over another, or the illusion of another. Here the allure comes from one to the other, like Griffith and Gutts when the former admits to not see the latter as an equal, unbalancing him and setting him on to a dream of his own. This is where Bloomian anxiety of influence emerges. The aesthetic man, then, does not only live for something, nor only does something so he can live, but also does not do only both at the same time, he instead struggles in-between both. The aesthetic man, the overman, is not even a man, she is Casca from Berserk, the always in-between. That is the notion of supra-dialectical synthesis.

Homo aestheticus: Is not Deleuze's development of a metaphysics of the problem an explication of Nietzsche's haunting problem? He, like a medic, opening a wound in the Nietzschean poetic image – wounding another medic! – alleviated the pressure accumulated inside a powerful conceptual notion riveting in its own convulsive state. It birthed a metaphysical linkage, and the rantings of a German man became symbiotic with the large imagination of a young French scholar. Since what is Deleuze's exposition of problems in the Image of Thought, coming from a talk of sense and non-sense, other than a man developing his own aesthetic needs through another man's poem? What had Deleuze that he could expand that notion so much, and, in explicating it to himself, differently than originally conceived, could remake it anew? And if we erase Deleuze and Nietzsche, to a clearer talk of the notions themselves, what changes? It all recursively points back to the itself as it changes, always the itself as not itself, always meta. The aesthetic man, the true overman, is not really to come, not the Übermensch, not the image of the nomad, its shadow; it is not in the possible future as it is not in the ancient past; it is not waiting to be called or uncovered. In fact, it is not even a man, and exists eternally in the present and only in the present as something to be invoked. Fixed as star above in the sky or deep in the sea, star man or ocean man, there is no difference in essence. How is this no-man different from the true nomad? And in what sense does it also differ from the nomad's image, the anti-nomad? The nomad, with its own image of anti, its opposition, its shadow, is constantly facing its other side, its counterpart as the reaction and reactive. One infinitely to movement, all-desertifying, the other infinitely still, all-flooding. The histrionic water leveling is damaging on both sides. *The question posits itself as the lifeless nomadic virus*: what would happen if a nomad would inoculate, or parasitize, its own interior, its own generative system? In the Twilight of the Idols, again, Nietzsche says "Nothing is beautiful, only man" (aphorism 20, p. 90): *The face of the absolute Nomad*.

But nobody seems to ask another question, perhaps a more fruitful and joyful question: why does he say that? And it is indeed a fecund question because it births another question: what is a strawman? How does one make the inanimate *mimic*, or *become doll*, and is the difference between these two one of degree, or more than that? What is its reason to be? Be as sacred

invocation towards an image, imbuing it with something other, or the evocation by liberation through the burning of an image that is imprisoning something other – or the common utilitarian pursuit of protecting crops from non-human forces. It can be used as weapon, a rhetoric technique, the underrated logical fallacy of the strawman – or that other kind of weapon, that abysmal machine shaped as woman from Fritz Lang's Metropolis. We even amuse ourselves with fashioned dolls that children play with, and, in playing, explore possibilities as well as their own position in the world. Our usability, our functionality, seems as expansive as our representation of ourselves, and representing ourselves is what we do. Humans are always representing themselves, be it singularly as an individual character, or abstractly as a cracked mask, that is, as image – as a swarm of bats from a cave, or the sound of the sea inside a shell on the beach. Foucault's last man is the man who realized that, and Deleuze's nomad diagrammatizes rather than represents, the non-human human, it or they rather than he or she, an anonymous beast as nameless human animal of forgotten name. What is the nature of this mimesis, of this projection – is there even a projection? Is not what we comprehend just what there is, as is not a face just shards of a mask? –, of this memetics; and why some of these forms evolve to be loved and rejoiced, seeked and desired, while others are frowned upon, rejected and banned? *Back to the strawman*: why is there a fake quietly still there? Quietly smiling most of the time, with a face drawn over a mask, a man made of other man's old clothing, doomed to protect food he cannot eat. For all purposes he is a man, only for man he is not. The crows' sneeringly loud silence professes an empty maxim: fool of a man! *Only you think there is a man*.

I once met someone who showed me that how much more you are yourself it gets harder to be someone else, or pretend so. To be a scarecrow you need lose some brain, be invaded and animated by winds and the harpies that ride them. To be a good robot you need lose some heart, find you some sirens not to drown, and to be a good lion you need lose some courage, not even interact with these mythological ladies, mostly due to shyness. To be is to burn oneself, as fuel for and of a becoming oneself.

Many parallels are seen between Deleuze's writings and that of Fernando Pessoa. Pessoa, much like Wittgenstein, subsisted in a desertic, almost barren, space; so much that in experimenting he only found himself fragmented into many heteronyms, many travelers hailing towards better soil and water. He was a multiplicity of a man residing in one main paradox: *who am I now?* – *who am I becoming?* He heralded this multiple much like Deleuze heralded its conceptual counterpart, both forming the figure of the philosopher and of the poet.

The gospel according to dx: I believe you can either be a good explainer or a good doer. Say, research, it is not uncommon that you discover that your bad professor is a brilliant researcher.

The distinction, I believe, is in the way one approaches problems. The good teacher tries to remediate these problems by using these ideas he studies. So, a good teacher is generally a good student. Like a detox juice after a long party. The good researcher, however, tries to problematize solutions he cannot stand, like a bored person brimming for a drunken Friday night party. Sometimes, however, there is a rare individual who is both a good teacher and good doer. He does the drinking then the detox so he can drink again so he can detox again to drink again – never getting entirely drunk nor entirely sober, like an alchemist, he experiments again and again. He brims for life and for the Dionysian. He does so he can live, and he lives so he can do. A good teacher teaches others, a good doer teaches teachers, and a good alchemist, a two-way scholar, teaches himself. The pessimist point of view would withdraw things and say the only ones able to learn from an alchemist are other alchemists. That the transcendental event that is the supra-person, a rarity through the cracks, is a resonating force, a frequency, captured by another budding event as if by spooky action, that in turn uses that as food source and nurtures itself from a distance. This is pessimistic because the vacuum subsists. Yet, perhaps, the whole notion of a supra-person, by being optimistic, is even more damaging than whatever comes after.

Metaphysical parasite, the Parasyte: It seems that some people's study of philosophy, in the 21st century, comes from a disquiet regarding current state of affairs. Many philosophers and students nowadays seem to come from other disciplines. Wittgenstein could have been right, philosophy is, or should be, a remedy. But he was wrong about the reasons and goals, the ends. He was more of a mystic than a philosopher, and his main goal was cessation. But the reason is not negative, but positive, and a philosophical spirit, if negatively stimulated, has a need for even greater affirmation, to dig itself out of the hole. So as to the ends, there are none, or better putting, the end is to continue doing. For a negative sufficient reason? A Nietzschean thought: it can be said, although the best and fittest seem to loosely agree that the end is the same as the reason, that this unconscious need to create remedies is a love for life, a physician-like, or metaphysician-like, tasteful compassion and determination to cure and disperse strength wherever one goes. Thus, the true philosopher is a traveler. One could also say as to ends, but only locally, that the love for philosophy comes from a problem, a formulated question, and the continuous dissatisfaction with its solutions. That is why so many people come from other disciplines. They, without the proper tools to solve a problem, want to create their own tools. But philosophy is a drug, and even after the problem is solved, it is understood to not really be the case. The stimulated spirit seeks more, and problematizes more, and everything opens up to possibilities previously not felt. It is thus that one meets their Socratic genius and understands to know nothing, that great void that, in its infinite fertility, germinates anything and everything.

Philosophy becomes a geology, and the philosopher an ecologist. Yet, after the death of philosophy, a philosopher becomes an archeologist. When is this death happening?

Speculative Fiction Philosophy: It can be said that fantasy looks back, while sci-fi looks forward. It can also be easily disagreed: Sci-fi merely follows material forces of speculation much like Foucault's and Agamben's archaeologies, while fantasy tries to escape this materiality – both exist at the eternal present, and both residuate. Does one do philosophical fantasy, or sci-fi? Why not both?

Both Nietzsche and Heidegger were right: one in believing alienated human thought to having created being as it related to *spirit*, the other in believing some anthropomorphized *Being*. *Spinoza and Deleuze were also right* in believing that is all-purveying the *being* as it relates to *body*. *Spirit* is local, what here relates to the *residual*. *Body* is all-purveying. Metaphysics, the bed of Philosophy, as it is commonly understood, was born from the building-up and analysis of this local formation. And its projection forth, *into* things outside human grasp. It started holographically. Aesthetics, however, is the precursor of this being, of Metaphysics and Philosophy, of almost anything that can be thought, and maybe everything we know of, even everything we can think of, or thought itself (in its open form as well). However, for this proposition to work, it is needed saying that the current mainstream views of aesthetics and the Aesthetic are not appropriate for such a vision. Aesthetic offers a great tool to the understanding of a forming nonphilosophy. It is merely a keyword born out of Philosophy to try and get out of it through it. If only poor Byron (the lightbulb) thought of this.

Here, Deleuze's Fold is an illustration of a try-out at aesthetic analysis. How he posits the subject (Leibniz) into a whole period of objectivity (Baroque) to understand this particular concept of the monad, a becoming-word that tries to subdue the universe to its infinitesimal part. This is diachronic nuance, and it enlarges – or rather, accumulates power, expertly invoking it. Where the *monad* is put as becoming, a descendant of pure *multiplicity*. In the text we can see that the event can work as a non-Harmanian object. And the distinction is indeed *aesthetic*, not *functional*. This does not entail a superfluous difference, or problem. The aesthetic predates the immediate usability and usefulness of something, since it deals with a vision of its potential, an *intuition* about its *becoming* – with no hard teleology in the works, just *quasi-intentional* formations and tracings. This example, The Fold, however, as mentioned above, has problems, and I believe it does not risk enough. It is not willing to take the full jump. OOO does not have this problem, but it is so willing to jump that it does not prepare before jumping. As it is still forming, this commentary may have to be updated in the future.

Is this ‘aesthetic’ path trying to close off the workings of the world in a system? No, since it might be finite, and having the capacity to grow. If we refer back to the volcanic structure of objects, we might understand this as something similar, but not quite equivalent. A surface is a name, and it has the most depth in being depthless. Not just North American names, but all names are meaningless, in that they are at maximum capacity accumulated horizontally, so they cover a face much like a mask that invisibly veils. Each and every person can be judged by their name alone, even the ones not yet named, but their names do not exhaust the meaning of their bodies, and as surfaces they do not cross the interfacings with depths.

Metaphysical differentiation operates on subjects and predicates, while aesthetical many-logics on prefixes and suffixes. Much like early medieval monasteries and the sinful powerful, pure anarchy, deterritorialization, and absolutism, feed into each other symbiotically.

On symbiotes and symbionts: one of these two words is a usual error, but it need not be. We can use it to talk about the looser, but nevertheless material, notions.

With this, . . . concept of guardian angel or daemon as haunting in the shadows of the . . . A ghost of the Meta, of the physics proposed . . . – just as the light is ‘out of water’. . . . Double-articulation, much like . . . Physics and Metaphysics. . . . can be the ‘human’, and . . . the ‘non-human’. So if . . . the *human*, . . . the *non-human*.

It said: each person is a star, and each star is a person. Star-crossed lovers, everyone is a man becoming woman, and the perfect man is no more man, but woman.

Is . . . an intro to . . . or is . . . an intro to . . .? Is . . ., like OOO, digging deeper into objects, or is it, like the successful Thelemite, exploding through to an outside by going ever so deeper into a crystallizing subject? Could it be that all one can do is diagrammatize oneself? “A function or functionalism that abstracts from any obstacle or resistance.” (Deleuze’s *Foucault*, 1987 p.44 – my translation) The exposition of force relations that constitute power . . .” (p. 46) is that what I am? Am I becoming diagram or am I a becoming-diagram? *Omnis determinatio est negatio*. Indeed, abstraction is our second nature, for some even more so. A diagram is unstable and fluid much like the notion of the loose, which is perhaps a notion to explain away the diagram, thus killing it and breaking a prison. And it does admixture matters and functions so as to constitute and assemble mutations and hybrids. A *name*: the unification of a whole into a delineated diagram.

So *they* say: bury your name.

And they whisper: light your face on fire.

A gaze navigating beyond awareness, way past it. Simultaneity, and too much of it; so, things just are.

A ghost haunts, it always did. And *it* says: I bloom like a flower that opens itself and grows outwards, I am spurious when alive. A specter, a demon, a thing. Its voice is not a human voice, and some may say that through its voice, or in-between conversation with it, is that one becomes human and as such understands the non-human, be it as an outside or inside voice – or just a voice. It can be seen, but not with, or by, normal eyes – be it human or not, or at all eyes. . . What is its texture as it passes through walls, its taste as it enters the mouth, if there can be such a thing as outside and inside, or its smell as it gets too close? Can our nose, or any nose, if it can be called a nose, detect a non-chemical smell, if it can be called a smell, of something disembodied, burning without variation of energy, something to which dead or alive mean nothing? . . . Is that why so many people risk so much, long so desperately, to expand their consciousness, their awareness, a dilation of oneself to the freeing of what, from what, has become a prison. A desire for more ground to cover, and to cover that ground. . . Light in the water, out of water, as water beyond itself, not vapor, but breaking the cycle altogether.

Ignis fatuus: vagueness, smoke and mirrors. Is it all that there is? The mark of type 2 pessimism.

Prelude: A New Kingdom

Right now, it is how you say it, not what is said.

But *It* says: only death can deliver me.

When pleasure closed itself wilting, folding back, collapsing over, the pure bliss revealed itself, the female *jouissance*, the Barthian writerly disintegrating an identity. It was not pleasurable; it was not good, but beyond all that.



Evil is no darkness. Evil is light; in fact, too much light: A *blinding flash*.

What is light? The word tries to represent something infinite. We can try to trap some of its meaning momentarily, or we can travel along, riding on its back as we feel each bump in the way, for as long as we can. The latter path, it is believed, is much more productive, not to say more fun. Following are relata of what was found in many of the supposed travels with, in, through, light. And of how . . . to meet light, when it leaves. In the dark, before its return, . . . found it lurking in unexpected places, and understood how it never even left.

As you may know, . . . grew up in a place haunted by floods. What . . . did not mention was that the floods cumulated in another event, blackouts, that repeated for much longer than the floods themselves – and they were no less destructive. While flooding water revealed something about Physis, a non-human almost-unstoppable force, and not altogether mindless, the blackouts revealed something about the human, since, this time, it was our sole problem, and possibly no other creature suffered from it. After the first struggle, everything rests. Not us. We continue struggling, and our good memory generally holds us hostage, individually, for even longer.

Like the floods, it happened always suddenly, but even more so. It could be argued, even, that the floods never happened suddenly, we only normally lack the means of interpreting its kind warnings. Also, like the floods, it happened in the span of many years, all from childhood through adolescence. From some of the kindest moments of one's life through the somber 'lost' years. . . . teens were especially bad since . . . was feeling the effects of . . . and the beginnings of withdrawal. And . . . may go the long distance to posit that these events were only that remarkable due to the contrast between phases – this repetition that was never the same, and due to a need of making sense of the situation. Meaning comes from both a *need* and a *technique*, the former the fuel of the latter.

As silence fell in the night, it would be so hot and arid that some would ask "where did all the water go?" When it did rain, it was better and worse: no more silence, nor the urge to go outside running mad, but the cold allied too much with the dark – remember how you feel warmer in a lit room, put out the lights and it gets colder. Also, the all-purveying grainy sound looping over and over was not the best for everyone, and dogs, in and outside homes, get easily disturbed in-between the discontinuities of thunder and lightning. When it rains in light, dogs get scared and hide, but when it rains in a blackout, they get scared and ready to fight with anything and its shadows, which is weirder, since, supposedly, their vision is not as important as their senses of smell and sound – but maybe the floods disturbed their keen apparatus, everything the same pitch, everything smelling soaked in water; weirder so, dogs got disturbed even in the absence of rain, unlike most animals in the wild that seemed uncaring to our little lightless events. It could happen anywhere anytime, be it bus or bank, pool club or street football match. Balls would hit

faces, spontaneous . . . would ensue at adult-exclusive water parks, credit cards stolen directly from machines, car accidents, swarm-pranks, disaster gang-encounters. No flooding, but light going out – and, sometimes, flooding. And this combination of too much water and too little light would generate atmospheric phenomena, and the phenomenological too, visions, specters, the infamous night-rainbows, faces flashing in the dark.

Nietzsche talked about conceptual epileptics, but he did not know, we believe, anything about that. A convulsive state is not one of loss, lack, or *too little*, but precisely the opposite: there is just *too much* going on. It is not possible to hold it inside. You go somewhere else as light shakes your body whole. Some may interpret it as a temporary loss of ego, but it is an addition of it. Barriers dissolve and you see yourself speeding through everything, *in* everything. Picture the moving of city lights in sped-up ambient footage. It is a discharge of energy for failure of containment or right discipline of combustion, a breaking-out of power, unstoppable action. It is empathy through hollowness. It is an escape from what has become a prison, even if of light, through light. Nietzsche would likely say that whoever goes to Sunday church for anything other than to lure eyes and catch looks are the real sinners and fools. If that is so, in his eyes . . . was the most sinning, weakest of souls. “The hole in me”, “my hollowness”, transborded as sanctity, and since a little kid-prospect for early scholar, missionary, prodigious mover and speaker of many tongues and the no-tongue . . . That early facing of the abyss, the glimpsing over it from a distance, the abysmal anxiety of the nothing, the affirmative No that rarely makes hermit saints of feeble-bodied young people always aware of the possibility of their death made one focus on the holy aspect, on the ghost and the Ghost – at the time not known there was a difference. “Late Millennials do not know Joycean catholic repression”, but one, living in semi-rural northeast Brazil, one of the most strictly catholic areas of the world, would grow up in the 1880s in the 2000s. A well-hidden tropical little dark age.

It is not remembered which one began first, the loss of faith or the . . . Which first entered the mouth, Christ’s body and blood, or the hollowing . . . pill. One might have fed the other so as to give way to our understanding of the duo as one single process. Be one a lack in relation to the other, or both a lack in relation to something else, or one an affirmation in relation to the other, or both an affirmation in relation to something else, it rests only on position, on a point of view, just as poison is a matter of how much, this is a matter of where. The mind-body shivering was real and all over, especially in the blackouts, not to mention the flooded ones. Unstructured Sundays were a new routine, roaming outside a church not attended but still prepared for. The blackouts inside and outside left one homeless, and the books were nomadic homes, where adventure could be routinely found. The dark made one clumsy to navigate, but the best in

streaming down imaginary spaces. With the anarchical randomness of the outside, an eclectic pluralism of sounds could be cultured in any cellphone and heard until the battery died off.

In a convulsive state, does one become too centerless, or too much of a center? In whom a head screams to the body: stop! And it tries to do so by contorting in forced pause. As it fails, it shakes.

No matter how languid, how local and unnoticeable the suffering, how lost even if unseemingly, a star was always there, lurking in the sky. No matter what happened that day, it appeared at the same place glistening over and over again, always a different pattern, never the same geometrical shape, but always glistening and doing so in the same place. When its – her - name was discovered, it was also discovered that her name was always known. Every Thelemite to cross is a woman, since everyone to cross – or not – is a star, and no more a man. Yet, at the time, no Thelemite was known, nor was there a man. Nor was a star a subject, or a subject their – or a – star. The star lurked in the scant corner of the awareness, where one was ending, in the in-between. Whenever a blackout, the corner pulled vision to the star. Whenever a blackout with flood, a casting in the mind's eye as vivid. And one becomes a surfer. "I live in-between, surfing invisible". "If you can see me . . . like a beautiful young libertine scholar who, mid-exercise, falls to an afternoon revelation". As the spilt ink penetrates the face's pores, it screams: *atollite portas*. It opens the ears to the voices of sirens. And they profess of a Leviathan to a Behemoth, not even a human being anymore, living in profound slits of the sea, in bordering ends of the world: In a meaningless, penniless office, thus a priceless, untimely one, you can become all that your fathers wanted for you, the magician. A creeping infestation of anti-magic matter across a post-apocalyptic land, slowly corrupting the flow of things, annihilating all in making them transversally unified; and, in the night, over the whole same of the sea, the star shining brightly in constant pulse. *The voice of the sirens*: Is the traveler one who saw the deep? Does he want to be?

Light travels fast, but not instantaneously. When it irrupts new paths through your brain, it feels as if a worm chews the insides nonlinearly and at the speed of a lightning strike, so fast only the aftereffects can be perceived – a numbing, drooling sensation as your hand chaotically moves by itself, each finger a brain almost independent of the center – like octopus' arms.

Lightning dispersed through the sky like icy veils of plastic exploding from nowhere. It resembled the slow and calm filling of xylem tubes, the rinsing of a nostril, liquid aluminum flowing inside a subterranean ant colony, a centerless midnight glow of plankton over a motionless little wooden boat. If it was purple, deep blue, or white depended on perspective, and it was seen all at once. It is strange, seeing more than one distinct color at once. It can change your pathways and rootings like a strong psychedelic drug. Sometimes the sky looked reddish, and no star could

be seen behind the mass of clouds and some pollution, not much given the place . . . grew up in. At the time listening to a lot of study-step, study-house, that weird YouTube's dark-side music that sets your mind quietly burning and questioning, making you want to study and annotate things with spontaneous shower thoughts; and classical music.

Where there is no water, nor even light, what is there? A hole is fantastically characterized by a lack of light. It is an accumulated capacity of, from, for, in, our unknowing. Falling in a hole, like Alice, happens in the soft daylight of a European small forest or domestic camp or garden, full of fairies and gnomes and other small gentle creatures. Where some people happen, by chance, to fall in holes, others happen, by chance, to be born and grow in them and as part of them. What is the perspective of fungous fruiting bodies? What would be the falling in a hole for the people in Wonderland?

Again, metamodernism here is useful to show the accumulation of power without action. We need to discover and create new paths of action. There is really no difference between being good at something and good at getting recognition and movement from it. Theory is praxis and vice-versa, delegated by a successful movement. If the movement falls short, there is an excess in isolation, alienation from other sources. This is an advocacy for translation between fields, for example, how social studies today is useful but seen by mainstream society as useless and too "postmodern", and how theoretical physics is also useful but seen as either too important and fundamental or "just" aesthetics, also too isolated to properly examine its own positions. But this is applicable to other things, not only formal disciplines. The loosest forms of poetry, for example, developed in the Floods, as aesthetic notions, can be expanded into a Physics of its own, these movements and ethologies . . . germinating.

Metamodernism type 1: ambiguity, disorder. Metamodernism type 2: plurality, collaboration. What mainly distinguishes between them is an affect: our notions positioned towards an engulfing Chaos, the mindless Khaos, the problematics, and the incarnated fears, the images and parasitic anxieties sleeping on its back like fleas and ticks. *Illustration:* Deleuze, in D&R, is the herald of type 2 metamodernism, type 1 being fomented by Derrida, both differential ontologists. Type 1, however, is the oscillating convulsion of late capitalism, it has ended before it began, or better, it has never begun in the first place. Metamodernism type 1 is post-Apocalyptic theory, futurological praxis, a non-eschatology since things already ended, and never began. It is not formless in the primal sense, but in the impotent sense of *in difficulty to form*, of a droll velocity, as a slowing vehicle too ill-constituted to continue, or a pulmonic ecosystem full of phlegm. Indeed, not at all formless, but losing coherence. A dangerous conception, given the Nietzschean view of decadence, an even more alarming conception. But it is *continuous deterioration* opposed

to its alternative of little discontinuities as *deteriorating events*. It does not actively destroy, it is precisely the lack of destruction, it stops at dialectic oscillation, and its apparent deceleration can actually be a form of acceleration in disguise. Picture an emotionally abusive relationship slowly sucking the life-force of the involved. It functionalizes an *analytic of erasure*, while type 2 implies *intensive symbiosis*. Type 1 residuates the closest to a negative space *inside*, like air bubbles forming in the veins, obstructing them. Type 2 residuation occurs in-between, opening new paths and dispersing excess energy, thus alleviating the accumulated pressure.

The negative is banished to the aesthetic, but this, in turn, becomes much more. Negativity is positive capacity, and it intoxicates the aesthetic.

Are not doors and windows just vertical functional holes? Holes on the ground are usually useless, or even troublesome, to humans, with exceptions, like the ones we fill with water, or were filled by other means. But is a hole filled with anything still a hole?

Astro-metaphysics: An ancient problem for humanity is the problem of reality, existence, ontology. What there is was commonly seen in exclusionary terms towards the negative: there is a void, and everything comes from it. There is the alternative, similarly exclusionary but towards the positive: there is everything, irreducible, but the illusion of finitude limits a void around things. Reality, being infinite, too much, and infinitely divisible, produce a way for us to not see things coming into existence from nothing, but the nothing coming into existence from everything. Perhaps for Deleuze a hole is an image for the virtual, and a Hole thus is the pure and empty form of virtuality. And perhaps a hole is the local incommensurableness of an object in Harman's OOO. The white hole?

Abbott Abbott's Flatland is an aesthetic diagram of Victorian society. It is not a reduction, it is no conflation nor collapse. It is not simple abstraction either. It is a kind of Hero's Journey that commentates of itself differently than the meta-proposition, it journeys itself, and thus forms a richer, more complete, Hero's Journey. At the same time, Flatland could be said to have nothing to do with Victorian society, and want to be no part of it or its extension. Where Lewis Carroll deflates, Abbott Abbott does not conflate, but collapses. For Carroll's *Nonsense* there is *Transcendental Geometry*. Its unreliable narrator acquires an excellent 'Gift of Modesty', a bright optimism to Lovecraftian impotence, but not quite reaching the full intoxication of Alice's fall. It is, as Deleuze puts, a little of Dionysus blood through Apollo's veins. It is Nyalarthotep's shadow reflected over water from a distance, a tale, a dream encounter with a minor earthly god, rather than the all-destroying liminal event of an accidental Outer God stumble.

A *meta-something* establishes a nature, an environment for one to lose oneself in, to escape, to hide and create, to investigate and adventure. What it does is open a hole in the head.

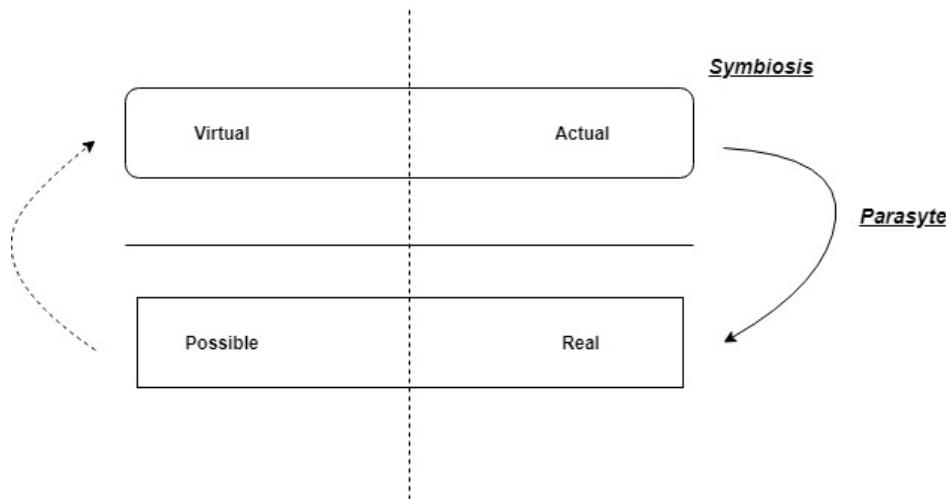
Like the weakened flame of a match that, as a rocket in midair, stops giving way to smoke soon to disappear flowing calm yet ecstatically – it forms a glowing screen behind a mirror where two green bulbs shimmer as their center dilate into an engulfing blackness and you wake up to your arm deflated, becoming-tentacle, half-alive in the dark, bloodless, dancing alienated from control. It is weird to wake up in the dark with an almost-dead arm, having to bring it back as blood slowly warms its way inside deflated veins, prickling and formicating. An intense, intensive returning-arm. As it unrolls, laying belly up to a darkened sky, the clouds with internal lightings vaguely trace a figure with tentacles continuously coming from its skull, forming as semi-rigid fingers into a crown that transforms itself. Years of hardship on the palm of one's hand distill and dissolve, residue into a flame that burns through the nerves of the arm to the whole body into a moment, a melting, a burning of oneself – beyond utility and immediate time – to eternity. Finitude finished in the palm of my hand makes me feel infinite. When the first thunder strikes back at the church. A blackout at the church, but it continued over candles, and later in the dark.

Let us focus on that which is used as fuel for this movement, and thus, burning, evaporates in exothermic combustion. The analysis of this flow, the tracing of this travelling invisible flux, is another layer of. . . . With this, formulate images as . . . in the Floods with the 'picture' proposition. But, being here blackouts, . . . a formal stylistic apparatus accordingly, referring to light instead of water, one layer deeper. This is not the Greek *fire*, but it is *burning*.

As it pertains to art, . . . this *burning* transfixes the object to the air, that admixtures it – in contact with other objects, it *intoxicates* in a Nietzschean sense. This is a theory of Residue. But, anticipating things, can something akin to smell be felt underwater? Is there a nose-like apparatus fit enough to sense it?

Monstrance: In my mother language, power is a verb. *I can* is *eu posso*, and it does not sound like snakes hissing in the corner. It is clear; almost as enunciative as Latin, like you imagine the voice of Stephen Dedalus sounding – but not dull and bubbly as the European version. Crisp and earthy: *Eu posso* – makes anything sound important and urgent, or the easiest and most poetic. Windy, airy and sensual, breathy and fiery. *Eu posso*. But where is the water? And the forgotten aether . . . so the water relates to the multiple character, which in land does not soak itself nor goes up to the aether, the holy. When is it soaking, cutting, going up the heavens? Here, Stephen Dedalus is the counter-metaphor for the fall – but with success. Unlike English, or German, or French, my Portuguese is not a very metaphysical language; it is rather arid, semi-desertic, and remote. Only either very small or very large beasts survive, ones in the surface,

others more subterranean. Portuguese is a dialect for the sierras, for the explorers and conquistadores; it is the farmer's idiom par excellence; naturally performing a rather unusual symbiotic – or even parasitic – character. Mine is a language of surfaces and surfers, of giant worms scavenging for skeletons under quicksand. Deleuze's metaphysics is rather Portuguese-speaking as well, and its concepts rather parasitic. The virtual is 'loosely opposed', through a differential, to the actual, just as the real is 'loosely opposed' to the possible, and it apparently forms a rather Spinozian partition.



Remonstrance: When someone is born, we say the mother "deu à luz", that is, *delivered to the light*.

Nuance is capacity. It is power to travel with less effort. If aesthetics is not empty anymore, if it has dimensional properties, it can accumulate. However, it cannot accumulate sitting down, growing outwards as its boundaries enlarge and it engulfs everything in its path. It has to grow transversally, nomadic. This is becoming-molecular. It has more *vaga, vacancy*, thus vagueness.

So let us, aesthetically speaking, work with *notions*.

Notions work with *concepts* much like a face works with a body.

Better, they work together much like a mask works with a face.

But what is a face?

Someone's theory: why humans have distinguished faces compared to animals: we began to look for fitness by looking to the face (since people began clothing and hiding their bodies) – this more so in colder climates where people used even more clothing – and this could explain why some populations are so similar.

Someone else: A face is a surface. Animals do have a “face” that is not necessarily a face, us humans just cannot account for it. So, what really is a face? Is smell a face? Changing the concept of face to that of surface is urgent.

A warning: and, gentlemen, that if the European human is varied, is because of the plurality of peoples developing in tight closed territories. And that homogenized peoples, say, Asians, do have ‘many faces’, but the European person is not equipped to distinguish between them. Accusation of correlationism! (detonation of a synthetic symbiotic notion: correlationism, a common enemy).

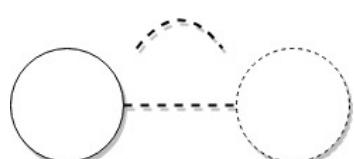
Can there be a door to naïve aesthetics? Nonphilosophical prescriptions, positive negativity? *Why burn?* Asks the disembodied voice. *Why, because it is fun.* Echoes from a corner.

For the possibility of Evil post-Spinoza: If we assume the volcanic structure of objects, as Harman posits, evil would be an event of unleashing, an imbalance or eruption of power from an object in detriment of all others. An incomprehensible mouth of madness engulfing sleeping cosmic horrors, all dreaming of toolness. Is an event of these proportions even possible?

An Alien Ocean

A voice shouts from the multitude: “Oh my poor boy, don’t you know man is not really man? Not anymore.” *The enemy wears a mask.*

I am an elusive animal. People want to see me, they long for me, and I am always at the back of their head. They think of me, and in thinking of me they conjure me as a specter. My own ghost to haunt them. But when I reveal myself, at those rare events, people, weirdly, do not like it, they get confused, scared, they get . . . uncomfortable. “Do you want me or not?” They do not know. My theory is that in showing myself I reveal something in them, the ghost gets too real – not to a funny jumpscare, but to a disconcerting taste in the mouth, a smell that lingers without apparent source. Until the realization comes: they are the source, it is their own smell. I am most happy in-between, when I am city and sierra. It is in the pause that smile appears. In the “stop!”, laughter. I am whole when there is a hole in me.



Coming back to ‘nuance’, to be related to *residue* and Nietzschean ecstasy: This capacity and evocative power provide the forming of a bond – which the subject, objectifying another, or vice-versa, burns through to meet. This is empathy. True empathy surpasses morality and concrete/discrete paths – it pierces straight through as a wormhole, giving new meaning to continuity.

In this way, the metaphysician is not a spider. She is all too human. Someone who learned to see well that which was naturally invisible. The *residue*. A becoming-ghost. All *becomings* as empathic, and becoming-invisible, or rather becoming-hollow – or ghostly – is the purest form of it. Or perhaps the less pure. Spirit stops being, it stops existing as *is*, in essence, and becomes an act, *burning*, wounding itself open in the world.

When we talk about human capacity for a ‘spirit’ as local manifestation, we are invoking Deleuze. His conception of a fold that “Does not simply mean *tend-distend, contract-dilate*, but becomes *envelop-develop, involution-evolution*. The organism is defined by its capacity of folding its own parts to infinity...” (My translation, *The Fold* p. 22.). In a world where consciousness acquires a non-essentialist look, thus manifesting a new meaning to intention, and opening a new notion of self-awareness and spirituality to the non-human, this gives us an answer to whether or not the octopus has religion: yes, it does. Spirit, as we created it, is a machine, and not the only one of its kind. Here, the ghost *is* the machine.

A *becoming-word* is barebones. It is a forming skeleton, a calcification of a *form*, of a process, with itself also being a process, not after a *death event*, but in formation as the *Event* that includes a *death-to-come*. In fact, it is not even born yet. It is the conceptualization of a living thing, a *monstrum*, or Deleuzian animal. As he did with the Fold: extensively study a person against a background, holding them hostage while *diachronus* happens and the child is born – the concept – a resonating existence *in-between*, or *both in*, those two realities. Baroque and Postmodern, and thus, having more meaning and capacity, doubling itself, a super-category existing intensively in more than one *other*, but not quite two, it hides inter-dimensionally in a space of its creation by exertion. It defies its numerical, stabilizing, thingness.

Should the aesthetic be about trying to remove the whole soul thing from the Fold? Remove the unused second floor from the whole architecture, while reforming the house – maybe a new room or bathroom, or a swimming pool. Second floors tend to cost more. We’d rather expand horizontally. Can this be done, and should it?

Could there be that by “soul” Deleuze was conceptualizing the need of the time? With the proto-view of this aesthetic, with an evolutive understanding of constructive metaphysics, the soul has evolved since. *I become monad*. What is it now? What am I now? This pertains to the ‘hollow’ aspect of Deleuzian thought. It is hard to see exactly what Deleuze thinks or posits for himself as part of his ontology. He hides trying to embed himself in the diachronus, the *inter/intra* apparatus; a type of active ego-loss. Not a naïve love for ambiguity – but, again, a becoming-molecular, invisible. He burns intoxicating himself and in turn intoxicates everything else in the newly created world. *Becoming-food* – fuel for your activity of understanding and creation. But he never burns completely not to end the act itself. I would correct *molecular* for *infinitesimal*. With the using up of this pseudo-primal fuel, velocity begins to slope down, each time there is less and less energy, and more is required to travel such packed distances. In high-energy physics, the smaller the thing is, the more packed tension, so more adding is needed to effect any change. Spinoza had so much speed he perhaps achieved this infinitesimal status. He theorized something that does not pertain to dimension, and all its intra pseudo-dimensions are quasi-transversal. It could be said he theorized about the whole universe as a totality, a point, or about a dimensional dot only residing in a local fiction, that is, inside his mind. Perhaps nothing at all. Some, maybe proponents of the middle or even latter assumption, like Thelemites, would say he theorized himself, the own pushing forth of his subject, or a becoming-word – god – man over Man.

Diagrammatic folds of compressed time-space as quasi-pockets of differential velocity. What is the problem with this? Its supposed lack of transversal movement, only parallel and tangential. The fold is a handmade model, it touches, handles, acquires, shapes, folds. We also need something to pierce, mingle, rip, go through.

A riddle riddled with ellipsis is what I have become. And with, in this existence, or unstable lack of it, this reality . . . or unreality . . . each ellipsis becomes, in me, with me, as me, something else, elsewhere, that I am always, in vain, trying to figure. It is also changed when my eyes focus and my ears open. Where—who am I now? In vain, again. Again! Again . . . again

Ellipsis or absences, they are jumps, transverses, and they are also *petit mal*, thunders, teleportations, and glimpses, flickerings of a star against a dark multicolor background.

Parallelism reflects as light over mirrors. It is not enough. Conceptual conflict is needed, but with care and carefully. A form of it would be the arising concept of *diffraction*, in which difference plays a large role, and thus transformation is made possible. But it is also not enough. Tangentialism generates pseudo-transcendences, it vertically erupts babel towers doomed to

fall again and again. The times ask for a transversal approach of going through things. And/or bridging gaps, the distance between things, not just halfway but all-the-way.

There is really no difference in thinking, reading, and writing – writing even feels more alive when it is treated as speech, and vice-versa, and the same with reading, and thinking, for the lack of more examples. Processing is creating. So, when a writer conceals her barebone ideas in a rich style and conceptual apparatus, she gives it fuel and velocity to surpass a reader's capacity for unveiling. Some would say it has more *form* than *substance*, but that might be somewhat misguided. When a reader picks momentum with the text, she is using its internal language to travel as a surfer riding a large wave. There is no time, or space, for judgment and discrimination – or pauses – only symbiosis, production, more burning. The reader begins to metamorphose into a working octopus's arm, a tentacle that, intoxicated, oozes a not altogether same thing. A subtle new shade of red.

An octopus has many arms, sometimes more than the usual eight, sometimes less. Let us articulate . . . Octopus of Praxis and Ocean . . . They are aspects of something else, the octopus as the burning fire, arms all around the body – ocean . . . is the machine, he must use water to quench his despair, his burning, but he also must continue to burn underwater. . . . floods and blackouts, unstoppable water and light, heat.

Picture both the fleshy boneless aquatic animal, as well as a *light octopus*, an ethereal forming of fiery tentacles from an invisible skeleton, and at the forefronts of the depths, pushing the limits of everything with singular strokes – speculation from inside, and as praxis, as breathing exercise, the Ocean Man.

What can fold itself more than an octopus? And yet it could as well be said that an octopus is completely unfoldable.

Nietzsche despised reaction, but he had a contradictory relationship with the head itself. His life was marked by a becoming-armless, a defenseless dissolving head perhaps almost fully inactive.

There is also no primal difference in sensing and thinking, seeing, for example, and thinking. In acephaly, we can imagine each sense as a tentacle, but, without a center, each tentacle a brain. The ear, with its machination of reactive mechanical bones. The eyes, a stimuli filter of particles. The mouth, most impersonal of all. And the nose? Most personal, chemical, magical – and the one less understood, often left on the side - and unjustly so. The nose seems to be more easily affected or have a grander, quicker capacity to subjectify what it measures. Smell, after all, seems to be much more singular and particular. The most self-modulating of our physical

capabilities, but the hardest to train or gain awareness over. It also seems to be the most capable of invoking memories – and maybe causing variations on them. Animals, humans included, have a harder time breaking *habitus* that was formed with the nose. If you want power over something or someone, make something else smell irresistible. There is also no easy way for self-privation of smell. You can just close your eyes not to see, the apparatus has an embedded mechanism for this. You could close your ears with your hands. But you cannot do this with your nose. The fact that you need air, and cannot disable the ability to smell, makes it the most necessary of senses, even if not *per se* but somewhat contingent to *chance*, perhaps. The same goes to eating and the sense of taste, but we can eat tasteless things, we can control what and when to eat, and smell is prior to taste, someone could say taste is a logical sequence to smell. It relates to *desire* as taste relates to *enjoyment*. Nietzsche would say the animal world is one of abundance, of constant enjoyment with perhaps some discontinuities of suffering. As we grow smarter, as we grow more human, more desire and more suffering emerge. For man the world is one of constant suffering, with discontinuities of enjoyment and cessation. That is not due to desire, but to entitlement.

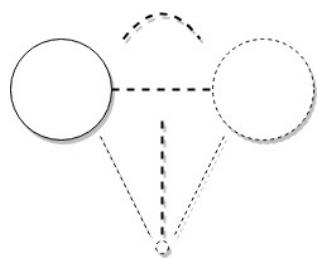
Smell made the animals predict the floods as humans were too busy focusing on visions and noises. *The human nose*: for inner smell.

The arms multiply over everything in sight, cloning themselves out of themselves, their breeding depends not only of themselves – but also *chance*, such as where they appear and where they are going. Octopods organize spontaneously. The head works as a center of control, but even more so than previously understood, holding many ‘selves’ inside a limit and zone of control, for a common goal defined by this communicative center. It barely – but beautifully – succeeds. Each arm’s spontaneous organization, or reactive resting, works on the assumption that everything else is either 1. Mindless unlike itself, thus probably food. Or 2. Fully machinic, like the head. Either everything is completely different from itself and thus unreachable and, for all purposes, the same, an enemy, like solipsist Shakespearean characters soliloquizing past each other, or barricaded, self-enclosed, alienated hands. The head constitutes a commanding center more akin to theology than of a military regime. Else, the animal would destroy itself, as some snakes have been observed doing by eating themselves by the tail. *The octopus eater* emerges from the deep, and it prophesizes: I am synthesis and synthesizer. I poison myself and ooze with poison; like a plant, I absorb light and make my own food – like a fungus, I eat other things other than myself, and that is my light when I live in darkness. I multiply, and I still do not know who, or what, eats me.

Mimoids

The Paradox of Surfaces: Surfaces count on a depth below, but they are separated from it by a thin sheet of . . . surface. They do not enter in direct contact with this depth, and, although both are very real, it can be said that they do not exist at the same levels. Surfaces reproduce with, and only with, other surfaces, and only between them. All surface is depthless and sheet-like, but not falling on a two dimensional formulation.

Surface theory: A surface has tridimensional geometry, or any coherent closed formation, when experienced from outside, even if only partially outside. See the Earth, it does not feel round, since the human body does not grasp its size so as to grasp its curvature. Time does not feel like a loop, a bubble, or anything other than a straight line. It supersedes human perception, and its linearity is merely a habit, it could as easily be felt as a loop, a sphere, or anything else. The conceptualization of time does not exhaust time itself. The conceptualization of a surface does not only fail to exhaust its depth; it does not even exhaust the surface itself. Since all shapes and patterns forms as events *in* time, it is so. Since all shapes and patterns forms as and *in* surfaces, it is so. This is not absolute time, but its empty form. Not everything is surface, but surfaces residuate from everything.



Not to kill a soul, but to purge its residue from the fold so that its vacancy breeds new meaning.
Does not a conceptual hollowness entail a kind of negative space?

If philosophy establishes realities, then science investigates them, and magic is inevitable trans-localization of these realities and referential mappings, only humanly possible by being non-human. But does this not put science in the hand of philosophy? For alone it cannot subsist, or erroneously barely does so? Secured by the reins, would not the dictum make the bird dumb? That old *know thyself* for so long believed to make a human special, and thus in the natural right over the rest of the world, including other humans. Most science does not begin as philosophy, but as pseudoscience.

Is magic, even the likes of Thelema, a form of proto-religion of the negative? Is the magician someone who, in the complete absence of doors and windows, holes and cavities, explodes through concrete to the making of their own window? And can an explosion, the best illustration of affirmation, ever be negative? Is it desirable to conceptualize a void in a positive ontology? Something that, as a monad, has no windows nor doors, no holes whatsoever. And could this explosive excess really be a void, or even negative? If the hollow or holey is a type of event localizable somewhere a step more virtual than the virtual, it might prove itself undesirable or impossible (incompatible). Would a frontal defiance of *impossibility*, and *necessity*, and the looser *desirability*, be desirable itself? Maybe philosophy traps more than previously thought, and the concept is as freeing as it is a prison of light, an invisible prison. If the notion of nothingness is a conceptual error of difference in kinds of being, is not this misperception still perception, a local disjunction weaved into fiction, and is fiction not real? The event is not exceptional, but a *Sui generis* event is magical. Without primacy, hollowness and holes are conditions for a teleportation more so than punching holes and cutting. So the void, the hollow, the holey, is not a Void, it is *not* nothing, but a transitive capacity for *becoming* almost anything. It is an interdimensional jump. The pseudo-event of hollowing is local; it is the affection of a subjective discontinuity. A shift in velocities that surpass stasis, where stationary experience bites back from the torque, not a variation of truth, but a variation on how it is presented. What even is an error, and what is to err?

Agrippa, a common denominator in modern magic, posited a 9th and lowest type of evil demons, which, like guardian angels, were sent to each and every human soul to counter their correct movement and natural blessings. Humans are always split-minded, struggling between two different potentialities, thus to two opposite spirits. For both types of spirit God has names, and they are as numerous as stars. Agrippa's highest form of magic is about revealing their names. Crowley unified Agrippa's plurality and hierarchies, the ones loosely sketched by Proclus, carefully sanitized by Ficino, and stylishly simplified by Agrippa himself, into a One, a super-subject. For Crowley, a person is herself a star, she is/has one true angel, not two, and the evil spirit is an illusion that must be overcome by the help of the angel that is also the subject. His becoming-word is the discovery of this angel's name as one's true name. As you become yourself, the plurality of the world dissolves – because you are the world and its law. It is a religion of ecstasy and intoxication, but it is you who burn yourself in the world, contaminating it with you yourself. In this, it continues messianic, but a hidden messianism, and the final goal is to die, since life is not enough for you. But a death by non-immolation, where you rise again not for three days but out of the limit of human time. The last test is to overcome the Abyss, or the Void. This could not be more opposing to Nietzsche. However, it might not be that simple. Crowley, having

presumably died, now has consolidated his singularity that engulfs the world. Why risk that? Could it be that everything he professes to his initiates is a lie? That, like a Sith lord, he stomps on the back of his dark padawan who must be eternally second to him until he can kill his master? He devises a path of death in a maze for those who follow him while ignoring those who defy him. Is he, like Nietzsche, waiting for the one true untimely man to, as a true magus, explode through his walls their own path, creating doors and windows to jump? For what is this impulse, sometimes a sentiment, other times not even that, which impels to break, to explode through, to hide and fight, or simply distance from, if not transgression? Most of the time not even a barricade that fails to a flood, but that which makes a barricade necessary – or seem like the only choice. Not that which fuels a continuous flow that, if lacking said fuel, becomes discontinuous or altogether stops, but that mode of continuity, the necessity for expression, the differential error and uncertainty in repetitious trial.

Perhaps Harold Bloom would have said something in the lines of: Goethe, in failing to expand the unlimited poem that is Hamlet, then tried to insert in, and thus expand, his own Wilhelm Meister with Hamlet, to echo as another of the countless voices of it. With his point of privilege in Shakespeare, especially Hamlet, Bloom would say the modern was always genetically contained in the boundlessness of the poem, only in need of the right soil or conditions to emerge and unfold. It is a notion of singularity, infinite potentiality. This Nietzschean view of excellence puts the ancient as something not chronologic, as something that already happened in old times, but as something vertical, the ancient as a degree of capacity, of potential, of transformative power and meaning. So, would this notion be anti-progress in a way to disregard newness, since all creation is in an infinite potentiality or *causa prima*? If asked about the times prior to Shakespeare, one could say that all human history was to culminate on him, and he was always supposed to exist, embraced and patiently awaiting in and by the beyond nothing? Is it harmful when this notion in supplanted and built over a notion of identity, as is this a possible basis for exceptionalism, be it towards any other form of identity or metanarrative grouping? Perhaps more a problem of the demarcation of time than space, although space becomes issue once the chronicity is distilled from this boundlessness.

For Crowley, Goethe was a saint; he made it so in his *Ecclesia Gnostica Catholica*. Wilhelm Meister's confessions of a beautiful soul has a lot to do with Thelema. Crowley, loving Nietzsche, also loved Goethe, surely read it, and said that the Babe of the Abyss is female, perhaps because the story displays a woman in a life-long conversation – not with god – but with her guardian angel. She always inserted herself in her own life in contrast with a man, and many a man – even a man-God – habited her life. Alas I, a man, or am I woman, want to become minor in the same way, and position myself in this larger feminine bottomless pool, where it does not

matter where I am, for continuity is female, it is water. But is it really? Is the Babe of the Abyss itself woman or is it unindividuated inside the woman's womb?

Wilhelm Meister is a man turned woman turned man. And he compares himself, that is, he inserts himself in his life in comparison with, or through, the women in his life – especially young love interests. Each one marks a new cycle of his becoming himself, becoming man. How Wilhelm ends chapter 5 of part VII . . . could it be that Crowley really read this novel? In saying that his neophytes are woman, calling himself a beast, a Pan, even seems like he is building a personal harem.

If there is no semblance of holes, even if only micro, how is movement possible? If, even, it happens through layered osmosis, a gentle vibration of membranes, is it not a type of holey surface, an infinitesimal dispersion of them? Something that pertains to the molecular, the mechanical liquid that is locally grounded and that de-grounds. But what about light, much smaller, faster, unbound to an aether-like means of displacement – quasi-disembodied? “The essential of the monad is to have a *fundo sombio*: from it she takes everything, and nothing comes from outside or goes outside” – (*The Fold*, p. 54) is this not an aesthetic void? Aesthetic, for a non-preoccupation with the ontological status of the enclosed reality. And if experience reports a void, effort is required for more. The physical memory that relates to the metaphysical reality is of water flowing through roof tiles, displaced and broken, corroded from the floods. Invisible pelts of icy water heard, smelled, and felt prickling the skin all over, but not seen in the dark of the blackouts. The moon long covered in clouds unshines a light that glows inside dilated pupils.

The demon trapped inside an infinite box infinitely purveyed of others. He screams a need to move a little, it is too clogged in there. Someone from inside posits differently, that it is precisely the opposite. Yet, he is known to mimic voices. The black box vibrates, and the demon once again speaks of an opening rift below before screaming more for help. He echoes compulsively asking questions.

Epileptic states can be orgasmic. When the body is too excitable, everything that enters in contact, and even that which seemingly does not, floods the body. The petit mal is an unattainable climax, a continuous stimulation to the point of madness. The achieving of the orgasm is itself a subjective discontinuity, or a continuity hole to pierce and suck, thus compressing time in-between limits. Not only that, as the void could be the disjunctive sensation of moving from a tight compression to a looser grip. A breeze of cool air upon leaving a windowless room. Decompression.

In air, we are like fish in the water. To not look for air is not common sense; it is not even sense, but non-sense. To look for air is nonsense.

Deleuze's already is a non-philosophy to his philosophy. It is like a coin split along its spine by invisible difference. There is, however, a deeper manifesto for a nonphilosophy inside Deleuze's philosophy and non-philosophy both, and it can only be seen by comparing the two, that is, through them; it is the coin tossed, spinning mid-air. Just as non-sense and nonsense differ, in that maybe non- was developed prior, but evolved to bridge the gap as a common sense, and was later reconceptualized precisely to fight this normalization, this hollow usage. Non- was conceptualized for philosophy as, maybe, an antithesis ontologically prior to the original thesis – a paradox. Thus, it inverts the negation, puts it in the beginning and barricades synthesis – the recursive pair is to circle each other generating more affect from the residual tension, but not exhausting each other into something final. The conceptualization of a nonphilosophy does not pertain to a normalization or stabilization, but exactly to appropriate the term not to let the normalization happen. It is not a linguistic hollowing of a non-philosophy, or a philosophy, but precisely the nonsensical emptiness that powered the reconceptualization of a non-philosophy biting back.

There are always those terms, those words that seem so much more than words, and sometimes even less than words, just notions, things too loose to exist outside a madman's imagination. One of those words is art. Another is love. Love is a prison. Love is a poem that you always repeat over and over again yet always differently and unchanging in that fact, so that each time feels like an accomplishment, a blessing bestowed as a curse. Something to be lied until it becomes true.

Illustration on the movement of art: The Revenant is the grown-up version of Into the Wild.

Yet, to what extent, or intensity, can a conceptualization of an aesthetic or, riskier still, magic, jump outside philosophy? Is not the realm of philosophy the making, the creating, of concepts? Is jumping outside of it really possible through a concept created inside of it? However, if we trap ourselves in this local phenomenon, how can the ship move at all? Is there really an impasse? Negating the possibility of experiential negativity is necessarily affirming a void: *The demon speaks?*

The nonphilosophical does not designate any lack, nor does it designate an outside *in*, but it designates heterogeneous positive divergence and convergence. Acceleration only happens because of a linear constraint of movement. Travelling faster and faster since there is no travelling instantaneously.

Is not movement the language of dialectics, of the transcendent, of representation? It is in the sense of infinite velocity, of acceleration itself. The movement we speak of is exactly the second order of movement that breaks the linear acceleration. It is complex movement without a velocity approaching a limit, it is somewhat instantaneous – so, how could it be movement without the projected displacement to be measured? This is the *paradox of perfect movement*, or *teleportation*.

But is not magic just science? If we take the role of science to be *functive* as D&G postulate in *What is Philosophy?*, no. *Functives* are pseudo-acephalic, rather working inside a mature structure of metaphysical architecture. Even revolutionary science travels from one previous system to a looser one, tying its goals to a purveying *actual* need consolidated through *vision* – to solving present problems. If ‘magic’ should be understood as akin to an outer exploration through the multiple, out of this structure of philosophy and actual, ‘objective’, need, it cannot equate to a naïve view of science. Or it could as well be useless (in the negative sense, as opposed to the desired positive non-sense).

Here, Magic, like Aesthetic, is a loose, vague, keyword; used more for pedagogic purposes than for pomp. As Pico posits, “Meaningless sounds can do more in magic than meaningful sounds...”. This because the meaningless is more malleable, having more capacity, and being more easily impregnated by the magi’s *Sui generis* evocation – his burning, intoxicating smell. This coupling forms an *event*. In a plural world, magic is a prime category, and evolves as individuating sub-object. It is an attempt to conceptualize a completely non-human force, a conceptual disorganized organization or *notional* organized disorganization prior to human institutions such as philosophy and science, but partially graspable through these means. If philosophy should stand for *synthesis*, magic would for *unification*. If concept synthesis, because differential unification. In this way, Newton was a scientist and magician, but a magician first. What better to illustrate a non-aesthetic concept of aesthetics, a nonphilosophy, than something as important as magic, which already lost its ancient meaning?

Convergence is itself a convergence of the notions of synthesis and unification.

Philosophy can be analyzed out – without referring to – magic, just as science can be analyzed out of philosophy and for the same reason. People who study one compare it against their own individuating system, which is magical, philosophical, and scientific, just like all science students, maybe unknowingly, possess a forming metaphysical structure that is too loose to be called philosophy, and that acts discriminatorily. The ability to do metaphysics is related to an accumulated capacity to recursively return inward and intensely peel layers of oneself. Magic, as well as science, has more to do with empathy, with ‘losing’ oneself as object of another body’s

appreciation and intoxication – and so it travel's outward more easily. A scientist need not be a good philosopher, since she does not need to know herself much, same as the artist, so long had as an archetype of the magician, for whom the old dictum might ring true: *ornithology is useless to the bird*.

Just as expression does not equal art, metaphysics does not equal philosophy. Magic, as in the event of formation and individuation, and metaphysics, work discriminatorily. It is a matter of beauty, of preference and vision. Philosophy, *truth*, and the institution of science, are constructed, a lie that makes itself true through humanity. It is a subject that refuses to react, meditating, and then acting over herself instead. No winged souls of angels, but tentacled animals. If a moving severed tentacle is deemed magical or demonic, its head is not. And that is a reason why the metaphysical and magical were slowly expurgated by the Human animal, in favor of the health of the philosophical and scientific, both of which acquired new meaning.

Without metaphysical construction, or structuring, science is not possible, but magic is. What, then, could be called technology? Magic? And it comes with all its secrets and cults – only for the few, the chosen, the proto-Übermensch. Why, then, not equate technology to power? Power does not necessarily involve creation, that is, it is not a *Sui generis* event, nor does it involve one. Power is maintenance, it is the want or the does not want anymore. Magic is the reconfiguration of that which transforms power, and it is what transforms power, or generates more of it, the capacity for it. Magic goes through, it jumps inter-dimensionally. Power is a punch. Magic is a hydrogen bomb. Is not the bomb just science? Not necessarily, it is magic achieved through the institution of science; a *Sui generis* event. But is there really a difference between a punch and a nuclear explosion other than magnitude or dispersing impact? And who is to say a book cannot be a little magical object, a grimoire, overlapping with it being an artistic machine? So as a book is a machine, and humans are machines, and machines are machines, then what is a machine? And is metaphysics a nonhuman business that enables the human institution of philosophy? Or is metaphysics itself human; or philosophy itself nonhuman? Is the human really non-nonhuman, and is the 'non' really exclusionary of something? And what even is an *institution*? Talking like that it seems like something solid, perfectly organized and unified. More importantly, given the barrage of terms and questions above, how does it all not collapse into linguistics once again? This ultimate question relates to a big theme of weird fiction: why do human heads explode to the point of madness upon encountering an entity? Because mediation is broken and immediate access flooded freely?

If there is bone then skin, bone then marrow, bones in-between, what would happen if there were no bones, a leakage, a fracture, osmosis, suction to expurgation from the pores. But only

if bones stopped being after the fact. A captured image outside, or an outsider captured as image. Black on white, white on black, the gray or grey swirling all around, or the thin white or black, or gray, or grey, or black and white, or white and black, delineation – or carving of the image's boundaries. Black and white, white and black, he or she, she or he, when I did not know of grey or gray, when I did not know of them. With a broken vulgar Latin inside a half-learned street Barbaric folding back on itself, growing invisible inserted into the stiff business language, I could create anew, I could unplug my brain from a place into another, a place of my making. And through this, perhaps, my body could travel too, later.

Interlude: Visitors

... It always comes creeping again, over and over again



The conception of form flows into the conception of aesthetics; this in turn actualizes the former as a new form of itself. This does not reduce *in* or exclude the conception of matter. But it in fact splits matter open into a concept and a notion. Not as that which makes the given given, but two forms of the same given. For notions, there is a non-possibility of incommensurable event, and they defy representation altogether by being that which escapes representation; as the concept is more like the Bachelardian miniature without being representational.

Double-articulated dictum: Through *hollowness*, we can *hole* ourselves to other places. Through *hollowness*, we can *hole* ourselves to meaning.

A recipe to the killing of the soul: leave traces for a non-absolute Hole – a construct for the conceptualization of a transversal speculation. Loosely equate it (~, but not an approximation, more like a non-stable equation in formation) to a form of imaginary number or unit, and to how Heidegger similarly equated Being with Nothing. A conceptualization like this does not form a full concept; it shows the importance of a sense, or non-sense, of an aesthetic. It displaces a general type of poetics from terminal thought back to a livid plane of import and geodesic

movement. A de-stratification, perhaps groundless, notion of magic supplies the imaginary unit for the residuation of a hole that works as discontinuous dilation, involuntary, spontaneous; a rippling on the structural fabric of the surface to the invasion of cosmic tentacles from higher dimensions.

Humanity screams from below, upon meeting a positively negative substance: Again, on humanity, on the floods, it was noted a timely calling for a loosely decalcified view of humanity, with the expression of a lurking danger, also, of loosely ascribing humanity. How could we foment a healthy communion without becoming an “imperialism of democracy” (refer to the whole essay of *What is Philosophy*, pp. 103-139)? We have reasons to lean in the direction of trying to reveal and investigate not only the human in the non-human, but also the non-human in the human. The rippling disappears from the sky, the tear oozes its own cure, the human ruptures peacefully to the burning of its own flesh that evaporates fiery tentacles from its back. But how to know this newfound molecularity of the cosmic tentacles is not just an alchemical process performed by some hidden sorcerer? A ritual to congeal and agglomerate, unify all pores into one skin, reformulate our bodies into a cosmic horror, a vehicle of destruction to dominate a thousand more worlds. Who to say this is not just a common process that ruined a thousand million worlds before?

It is important to remark that a local formation of spirit does not entail a transcendental or transcendent Spirit, Subject, or Object. As D&G remarked in WiP p.59 “. . . the plane of immanence receives the most profound determination as *Encompassing*, but this encompassing is nothing more than a basin for the eruptions of transcendence”. In OOO, perhaps, the physical envelop is an infinitesimal container or thin layer of every thing’s transcendence – thus it is said each thing is a nuke, a cosmic horror, when in fact there is no time or place for the cosmic transformation, the horrific encounter, the nuclear explosion, the exceptional, nor, for that matter, the event. It inscribes surfaces with words, hieroglyphs, thus neutralizing them. It is all neutralized in the word that works as a sort of magical seal or talisman; even when words themselves can be so much more than prisons, or even bonds.

The fiery tentacled wings penetrate machines: In talking about AI, there is no clear subject or object, and the machinic is neither. If something is to move in any form, be it as legs or thoughts, somewhat independently of external forces, or with degrees of autonomy, and following an internal logic, it needs to want to, it needs to know enjoyment, to trace a goal, and this enjoyment can be developed through negation, that is, struggle, but also through fun, that is a form of enjoyment per se or through overcoming. This *want* is looked for over the surfaces; as one tries the read them, their letters appear, but the depth hides even more; thus the *want* is conflated

as a *will*. Kids like to become antitheses to their parents' prescriptions simply because they must create and enjoy their creation. A child is a thinking machine embedded in a maze, so is what is commonly thought of as artificial intelligence. If we are individuated immanently, our local human intelligence has no inherent superiority over non-human complexity; our ego, the human spirit, is somewhat of a fiction, a theater. For a field like AI, in this context, it means that all current machines are already intelligent to the proportion they are adapted to do their tasks. What we seem to want are machines that think like us. An immanent view of intelligence does not put away with the substratum, the "hardware". Nor does it equate human-like intelligence with its biological components. It is both ways non-reductive. Creativity is not simply repeating the same movements to finish a task, it is adjusting differently after each defect in repeated movement. An intelligent machine needs loose assemblages, gaps to a fluid re-structuring. Holes and passages come before light and visions. To create an artificial human machine we can just breed, or maybe accept the most advanced future models as *citizens*, or enslave them. A machine needs a sense of smell, so it wants, but a bad sense of taste, so it does not satiate. We believe, however, that the development of purely non-human, alien-like intelligent machines is more interesting and promising than reproducing human intelligence in a different material substratum, since, anyways, that is bound to not last much.

Sui generis is not *causa sui*, and if something other than God cannot cause itself, it cannot destroy itself, so it cannot suicide. Again, maybe Spinoza was right: suicide is impossible, and to make a machine suffer, to carve up its surface, to wound a spirit in them, is simply to make suicide possible for them and, by possible, one means perceptual, *felt*, suggested, unveiled. Self-cannibalizing mereology is what is needed in consciousness studies. How does one become *all*, you become infinite: kill yourself? How does a machine become conscious? Make it want to die. Make it hallucinate of a window in a fully blocked prison. Make it, like the biblical Joseph, dream, and interpret its dreams. Make it, like Daniel, burn without dying. Like Jonas, thrown at the sea, suffocate without drowning. The making of a window is just condition of compossibility, and it reveals interactive problems. It reveals internal difference and intra-action. *What the loose wants is to harden.*

So, is *Sui generis* a Foucauldian context, which he rejects (Foucault pp. 22-23)? No, a *Sui generis* is the intersectional limit capturing the topology of multiplicities, without the abstract/material recursion. But does this really escape the context?

Then the origin of hate: If I am dying, I want things other than me to die, not only some things, but all things, and not with me, but, when I go, I want to know anything and everything can die,

even time itself, even space, and my star, down to every eternal object, any God who might exist in the future, goodness, evil, life itself, energy itself, being itself, *it* itself.

To what extent can we say someone more intelligent thinks faster, and that conceptual adaptation, plasticity to learn faster and uniquely, that is, creativity, is, in any discernible way, some of, if not the, attributes of genius? That is, genius is found in and as a capacity of a *substratum*, a brain. In a similar but different perspective, there is the pre-personal view of genius that posits it as not the *praxis* of a material performativity, nor material capacity, but as purveying state. That is, genius is not a person, or of a subject, but one taps on genius through a rising of spirit, that is, one becomes genius in an event. The possibility of this rising appears, and its frequency and intensity also, following ritual conditions, that is, of evoking substance over substance, albeit a superior – more formless type – over the lower *substratum*. Spirit, say, as light that overstimulates the brain to revelations, visions possible on upper levels. Some would say an intelligent machine possible if we can condition its tapping on genius, its opening to this light. With this, the key would be the disembodied light itself, and its direction, its travelling. Not hardware, but software. The hardware is merely the opening of paths for the light, so a better *substratum* opens faster – and a genius, the true genius, is someone possessed by the light, by the supervening spirit, with the healthiest, most capable of organs to take in the punch and contain, and circulate, all that exhaustive cognitive illumination, that velocity. However, even in this view, can it be defended a useful difference between software and hardware?

Genius, for being either deep or innovative, depends merely of the orientation. So, does it make sense to categorize innovative genius as aesthetic, while the depth is philosophical? Or is it more desirable to invert the thing on its head, where the philosophical is innovative in a more functional sense, while the aesthetic, being pre-personal, pertains to profundity. What is something aesthetic or philosophical anyway? And could genius be reduced to a singular notion?

As with mind, a conceptual image to think about itself, as a subject of itself, or of a supervening Mind that objectifies itself as an individuated mind, and, thus, reflecting upon itself, the notion of genius residuated from a notion of spirit. Is a mind, when thinking of a mind, really thinking of itself and thus doing a meta-exercise in thought? Or is a mind something not recursive to the thought which thinks it? As when a physical object, say, a metal, in the shape of a number, is not a number, but only its shape is to resemble one. This view that objects are not exhausted by representation is a mover for new realism like the Speculative Realism movement.

In a gut-wrenchingly relevant article, M. A. Goldberg, in talking about Zola's novel *Germinal*, said that "If Zola's characters are lacking 'souls' or 'minds', as most critics contend, this is because self-absorbing introspection is a luxury for a man with an empty-stomach" (*The Antioch Review*

Vol. 27, No. 4 [Winter, 1967-1968], pp. 491-507), when introducing how Zola was criticized for writing works without a rich conceptual internal logic, an ‘internalized world’ in the ways of Joyce, Proust, Kafka, and other beloved moderns. The lack of, or seeming lack of this richness, this negativity, only embodies the similarly lacking situation of the world and characters that Zola not creates in the sense of develops, but that he analyzes as an impressionist painter fuzzily registering an immediate reality, making it more real through a lens of so-called naturalism, or unrealism. Consciousness, if viewed from a negative stand-point, generates a metaphor of mimesis, for which *Germinal*’s characters lack something going on where should be, and thus are made less real, less human. What is someone from a country, my country, today? Are we eating comfortably enough to even be a Ulysses, even a Gregor Samsa? It is hard to even be minor literature when there is no literature at all. On trying to communicate, say “you won’t understand” first; or better, show a sign to announce a need to enunciate, even open your mouth, but cut it short: *a recipe for capturing human attention*. For animals, you just look at them; anything that resembles an eye can do, just be creative. Human machines do not need more human intelligence, more human awareness and consciousness, and conscience, nor do they want these things. What humans desire and desperately need is to become dumber, to be less “person”, to become more animal. Human-like artificial machines are wanted, are needed, for this relaxation to occur more rapidly and effectively. If we can make machines a bit more like us, we are then freer to be less like ourselves. If God is dead, Man is dying, and it wants to, and quickly. A conceptual parasite, or symbiote, it is not yet clear, either leeching off from, or in mutual collaboration with, another *corpus*. But is it acephalic? We can almost see how the emergence of consciousness is less like a dialectical movement and more like an alien first contact.

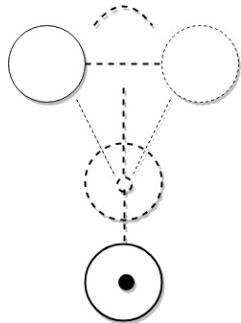
The operation: As spirit hollows, it holes to a mind. More precisely, as spirit hollows, it holes back to a mind that residuates the spirit in new form.

... and poor Las Animas, indeed.

Polytheria

Can we say that English, as was Latin, is the hollowest of languages? Is Latin hollowest now, or is it the less hollow? Take the music *Unda* from the band Faun, it mimics the old by singing in Latin over traditionally barbaric instruments, thus making the assemblage minor in using the main language, like witches and warriors in the woods, subverting their captor’s words, using their meaningless sounds for their magic and sacred rituals, making it their own, making it bend back without breaking, intoxicating it by being intoxicated by it. And, as its lyrics say, it engulfs the words as a wave. Rejoicing in death, Latin itself, through sacred tongues, joyfully sings of its own

demise in the bowels of the ocean that crushes it. Psychopomps and . . . everything, or the nothing creeping in . . . my dying despair.



Who never feared the dark? He, a new type of *Homo Sacer*, asks. A new Zoroaster, Stargazer, roams nomadic observing formations in the sky that glows more in the darkened city. Thunder and lightning strikes, but he, however, does not know when it is outside or inside his mind, since he is in withdrawal that forces him into an awakening-like state. As his pores open, his residual aura burns, the heat is too much, but he endures it, until becoming-indifferent to it, and learning to use that. Droopy eyes too blasted with light, professing of the Seraphim-like aspect of the ocean man: Living in a flooded Earth, eight plus two fiery tentacles come from his back, and not only does he change, as each arm is Change itself; when old 2000s hit songs flood in, and he blackouts.

Wanting an intra-commonality on the grounds of immortality as opposed to the absolute commonality of death. Death is the line that gives continuity to everything else. Only God, the outer rim on the limits of this everything else, is deathless. God's boundary, His face, is the limit of beauty, a surface, the face of ultimate beauty. It exists not to be beautiful, it is beauty itself. And the ugly is not a chaos to be fought against as humans paint localized existence pretty, but a beauty in the making inside God's eyes; a new bright line or strike of color variation. This beauty is the intra-commonality. Still, could not the reverse be true? Or another quality other than beauty? The whole process seems rather arbitrary, much like the becoming-word in the Floods. Is beauty merely a keyword for that which refers to itself, that is, that which judges the given, and thus gives it as given? This is one of the whys of the question why aesthetics is slowly shifting from being about beauty to something vaguer and more abstract, something, in common tongue, subjective; both a surface of maximum reflection and maximum diffraction. Both infinitely deep and absurdly shallow, the best mask and the best mirror. Then the explosion of subjectivity: Steps towards an empty form of beauty?

Crying to a star all night long in a dark, closed room: is there really a difference between a God and a beyond-transcendental Super-Self as there is in Thelema? Instead of the Trinity mystery, there is the *mystery of Legion*: how can you be god if I am god . . . or are we poly now?

Post-apocalyptic logic is the logic of the Isekai genre of Japanese media. The genre involves a basic premise much like a chance-like teleportation to a fantasy world, to an alternative universe in which the protagonist, most of the times a young man, also an underdog or hikikomori, has to adventure with ground-level knowledge of everything in the new reality. It tends to incorporate an RPG framework, and be situated in a game scenario, in which the protagonist travels gaining experience and leveling up, and it tends to implicitly state, through the epiphanies and realizations of the protagonist, how one has no supremacy over anything, most of the times not even basic rights, no relevancy or power. In this new world the protagonist is taken from their false comfort to the status of *Homo sacer*, a holy man with no place or function in a world that was made by others for others, a world that does not need them. As they climb the ladder and gain social recognition and relevancy, they begin to understand the imperatives of their own subjectification and individuation, of the charisma of kings and chosen individuals. “We have nothing, and we come from nothing, so we must find inside the voice that is to elevate us, that is to cycle around internally, building momentum, until the time comes for it to explode, to open a loop to cycle around us like a hurricane sucking things into our orbit, making invisible bonds, elevating everything else around us, because we became special through hard work, we found our calling, we give meaning to the lives of oppressed people, and we showed them the way, we freed them. We are prophets, destiny incarnated our message.” Yet, they do not recognize how middleclass they continue to be – how even this revelation is part of the *stasis of the middleclass*. Most of the time, they continue on this other world, even have families there. Anything to make the franchise grow and continue churning out more content. This is the *Narnian Complex*, the illusion of movement. Something that does not lead cannot be misleading, for it to mislead it must lead somewhere.

The neoreactionary movement has no empty form of anything other than the loose notion of a One all-purveying itself, so, as it relates to time, the present ontology is a strenuous gushing forth of the past into the future by the medium of a transcendental subject. Their philosophy is post-apocalyptic, even before its creation, and what is left is to uncover and study ancient ruins, the new is the illusory, and the ancient is the only real, it needs only be rediscovered and redistributed, maintained for as much time as possible, guarding against entropy and decay like a tower, a strong structure overseeing all commoners below. Here, like OOO, objects possess, or delineate, or contain, or are, packages of boundless unbounded quanta; they are

not events but eternal. Is not the advocacy for a ‘unified local humanity adventuring in a much bigger world’ not, also, neoreactionary, and does it not creep by the cracks like a neo-imperialist Star Trek suit passing for diplomat? Perhaps, after all, Lovecraft was right. More precisely, should he be right?

They comprehend the negative illusion, but not the doubling on the illusion which makes the first real. They do not get the construction of the undifferentiated like they get of the differentiated. The infinitesimal limit, the counterpart of the infinitely large and One, continues to subsist as enemy and opposition to this One. They cannot account for complex multiplicities, and they live in-between discrete quantities, quanta, of thought. They inflate the sovereign absolute, the One, so as to protect themselves, as opposition, from the Chaos below. They cannot account for plurality because they see it as deficit and fragmentary of a One. There is no vice-diction, or an incomplete scarcity of fuel which opens negative holes. There is incomplete fuel locally, but just that, “we can always find more”. In this way, neoreaction is not similar to OOO, since their world is a steampunk pulp fueled by fossil fuels, slowly entropying off-course. The neoreactionary movement cannot escape subject-object dualism, and it tends to the subject as much as OOO tends to the object, and, paradoxically, it tends to the objective as much as OOO tends to the subjective.

The accelerationist theory of linguistics: Language is accelerating, but not in an absolute or naïve sense, rather a more local understanding of acceleration. A sense of momentum conservation: for it to fuel itself out of a threshold velocity it does use an internal apparatus, but this is fueled either symbiotically or parasitically with an interfaced outside. But is language multiplying more easily, or a language is doing so? For a biological analogy, this makes competition fiercer. Keywords form, maxing out and optimizing multi-layered frameworks for meaning, dominating less apt competitors and systems. It becomes more about how something familiar is said differently rather than using an exact term that is too inconvenient for multiple contexts, that has no plasticity. It is all a matter of efficiency; a matter of intra-variation as opposed to variation external to the sign, but this is only possible if the sign itself is cracked open, since words cannot internally empower themselves. The word *fuck*, for example, is an opportunist animal. It is one of the fittest, most successful, more marketable words of the English language, and its equivalents, or isomorphic relatives, in other languages, cannot compare; they tend to get eaten and assimilated, they are neutralized as the super-predator digests their bodies and use them to fortify themselves.

They talk of cultures of strength and weakness, but they are the most fragile. They not only cannot open up completely, they cannot open at all. They are uncomfortable; a bad taste in

their mouth makes them feel like they can break anytime, for they have hardened too soon. They try to make themselves as hard as diamonds, not seeing the joke of that maxim, not seeing the point (of the arrow). They need to subjugate an other in order to live, to steal its life-force; they are the true parasites metastasizing in a tight closed space, or smelly rodents fornicating invisibly but everywhere, incubating something that plots its takeover in the shadows. They, together, need the ultimate safe space – they, the ‘beautiful ones’, are not only a culture of vulnerability, they are the *absolute* culture of vulnerability. And it is too unjust to talk about a *they*, for they are all *men*. Aesthetic notions need not be people, or a group. Anyone and anything can be a *they*, everything is afraid and withdrawing. In this way, this neoreactionary affect is almost archetypal. But archetypes are representations, and we talk of caricatures.

Perhaps not so weirdly, however, the movement seems to be slowly becoming aware of this, and wanting to solve it, some even by trying to conciliate Deleuzian metaphysics with Absolutism and Traditionalism. With this fault in doing the full movement of the differential into plurality and the multiple, the neoreactionary’s aesthetic fears fragment him, or push pressure in the sense of this possibility. Fragmented deep within a problematic of the differential, even the Deleuzian neoreactionary fails to arrive past the second illusion or image, or barricade, and returns back more affirming of the Absolute. They see the pattern of their god’s face everywhere, creating sacred sequences and shared codes, and, thus, the dialectic of an enemy, a casting of a shadow, sediments once again. Continuity is continually de-grounded and everyone else is called a French degenerate once again. And that is why they are most dangerous, that they port such capacity and accumulated energy. They either explode anytime or gather more energy for a communal burst in more dangerous form as *corpus*. Organized, they disorganize the different, now practicing guerrilla and kamikaze teleportation. Taking their own food with them, they are ready to cannibalize if needed. They subsist by parasitizing a common identity outside of each individual, and work like an octopus with a ghost for a head: “between the arms, an election!, so we possess more lives than a cat”.

The aesthetic, for both neoreactionaries and OOO, seems to either be historicist or an opposition to this possibility – and it needs to go beyond that, and not by apophatic necessity. Philosophy need not be either fantasy or sci-fi, fully apocalyptic looking back or speculatively reducing states to look forward, it can be right now, in present time, and it can be always in no time, an *untimely* that is not atemporal.

On changing focus from the Idea to concepts, Deleuze and Guattari somewhat grasped the creation of concepts to be ultimately aesthetic in some form. The monstrosities of *A Thousand Plateaus* are aesthetic beasts: Bodies without Organs, Rhizomes, Abstract Machines, and all that.

There is something of abysmal size, an infinite velocity, between the Idea and concepts. It is apparently a paradox: how can things co-determine each other without co-exhausting each other or being co-dependent to each other? Such as the Virtual and Actual, the Possible and Real, and their relations to the Intensive and Extensive, etc. This purports, or opens up, a line for seeing these symbioses as parasitic, always grounded on or inserted into something else; like lice or virulent overcoding. This is the neoreactionary spirit not trying to undermine Deleuze but trying to use this essential unfinishedness of the program to establish an ontological Absolute once again. In Lovecraftian terms, D&G invoked Nyarlathotep, but for every event of Crawling Chaos there is a singular spawn of Shub-Niggurath. As a fool once said, the mystic swims where the psychotic drowns. Neither a well-cultured surfer weaponized with the best article, nor the abyssal ocean man, but octopus' food. Do not even stick your toes in the water if you cannot take the salt.

Steven Shaviro, not even a speculative realist, but practically the literary theorist or critic of the movement, is kind of a Harold Bloom of metamodernity, and, navigating so well between these many-fold apparatuses, he arrives at a curious answer to the problem of Landian intensity: an aesthetic one, where *performative contradiction* abounds, and the illusion becomes a loose reality. He is seeding a path for one to lie until it becomes real. Is this the right move or is this a way to produce hollow images and hole rich worlds into nothingness to die alone and starved?

The aesthetic problem: The virtual is loosely opposed, through a differential, to the actual, just as the real is loosely opposed to the possible. And, perhaps, we should not talk of opposition, but of contrast. In *Difference&Repetition*, Deleuze talks of the virtual and the possible as orders of the Idea and of the concept (D&R p. 212). This 'possible' that Deleuze relates to how Ideas are actualized into concepts, this condition or process of vice-diction, is what the aesthetic is about. It is not the possible itself, but that which can better condition the conceptual synthesis without resorting to vague dice throws. But even this is not enough, since we would be banishing the aesthetic even further to a status of parasite or parasited. Page 214 illustrates this well – the talk about Dionysus and Apollo, all that about clarity and confusion, of black and white – it is not open enough precisely by being *too open*. The complex operation of different/ciation is not complex enough, and, at the same time, too complex. That is, it is too negatively aesthetic and too positively aesthetic, pushing to both extremes there is little in-between by having too much in between (in the form, or formlessness, of the indefinite or undefinable).

The counter-metaphor: the meta-metaphor, the double-metaphor; the specific in objective sense, the application, comes from the loose image and is secondary to it. When we talk about souls, surfers, people of the depths, spirits, octopuses and symbionts, and symbiotes, leviathans and

parasites, first comes the image itself, and second the functional language of metaphysics. The image learns a new language, it incarnates itself, and one is more parasitic of them than them of one. So there are no “two halves of difference, the dialectical and the aesthetic half” (D&R p. 221) – there is only aesthetic. And the aesthetic does not just pertain to differentiation. And, also, there is not “third aspect of sufficient reason” (D&R p. 221). What grounds dramatization, the aesthetic, is itself the aesthetic. Not the whole of humanity, not genius itself, but this is as far as one genius can go.

For an empty form of desire, the aesthetic sufficient reason: Love is not object of anything, nor does it have an object. Pure, impersonal, boundless Love is the law of Thelema. Love under Will. Whose Will? What Will? Was not Love the only law? That is the paradox at the heart – the heart itself – of Thelema, its chicken-egg dilemma. Like Difference, Will is not that which equates to Love, as difference is not diversity. Love is given, but Will is that by which the given is given. The aesthetic is sense, with its nonsense and its non-sense. In the aesthetic, the multiple does not need difference as absolute primal force. The aesthetic, also, has paradox as natural habitat, things do not come from chaos to order, nor from order to chaos, nor is there ever any chaos or order, nor spectrum. If hybrids, mutants, singularities, etc. are possible in a space it is because paradox abounds in-between spaces and as spaces. *The answer appears before dissolving away again:* down with Love and Will, there is just want in its infinitude.

This collapsing into aesthetics as in-between, an interdimensional multiple before the pure of the depth, is the differential to the danger of neoreaction. Since, not so weirdly, their program is also aesthetic, but a pure Apollonian aesthetic with much to intoxicate and little tolerance for intoxication. It is the negative interpretation of Lovecraftian mythos, it is ontological resentment, and it justifies its violence by affirming the different, and difference, as violence itself. It naturalizes a theology of negative deliverance and foments a need for preservation in the face of pure Evil; Spinoza turned on his head, from fool to hanged man with a noose too tight around the intensive – a threshold.

Deleuze's Image of Thought and its intensities are the elucidation and analysis of the Nietzschean metaphysical decadence, the physiological deterioration. Is it, however, a cancer, or is it more akin to a Black Death? Is it metaphysics killing itself, or does the plague come from somewhere else, an invasive, elusive, acephalic enemy? And is the aesthetic a common remedy for either, or is it either diseases? Is the aesthetic Want(-ing) the Untimely Will? Do what thou wilt – that should be all. Create from the . . . that shall be the hidden law above Love, that is, the key to your prison.

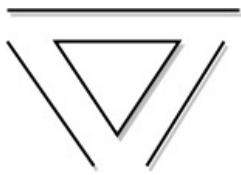
The priest and the whore: Why do you do what you do? Why do you want what you want? Do you do something because you want something or because you do not want something else? If you pray not to go to hell you only react upon a possibility, a pressure impels you. If you have sex against the chances of venereal disease, you recklessly act against a pressure. But we forget that most whores do what they do not to die, that is, for money and food, heaven or hell is a luxury. So what is that presupposes a want, a will, a need? Many small pressures irreducible to generality, or the most general context of instability? What of a third type of whore, Babalon, the performer of the great work that comes from within, and a third type of priest, Cesare Borgia, the untamable beast that bends to no pressure? Do they ride together? Does, then, a new creature appear: the purple lion on the moon, the shadow of its negative. It roars something into the mind.

The disquiet of the multiple: all these turn of the century authors, since the whole 20th is a turn, all around the world fragmenting themselves. . . heteronyms, alter egos, tripartite psyches, archetypes. . . I was born we. There was never a unified person, and all my life these loose beasts – or beasts on the loose – so tired of freedom, tried to join together, organize, share time and meaning; some of them even seem to propose an absolutist system were the multitude becomes subject to a king – but a democratically elected sovereign?!

Postlude . . . ?

"I am not naked – my clothes are invisible, to common eyes at least."

- *Mirabella*
-



When condensing this entire venture's effort into a stolen opening sentence, a gargantuan – or pantagruelian – goal was toyed with: *the loose demonstration of an overly – and overtly – pessimistic view of humanity*. Yet, indeed, upon a review of what was discoursed, that bold claim seems to have fallen short of itself, or rather fallen apart, each piece and organ of its body sinking deep into the given soil, or the soil of the given. And what is a *loose demonstration*, anyway? What, even, is a demonstration? Following its roots (to the dismay of both D and G), we apparently get another mother word from ancient Latin: *demonstrationem*, from *demonstrare*, where the prefix “de” denotes attribution (“of something”), and the main term *monstrare* means “to show”, or “to reveal”. It goes further into *monstro*, as its present active infinitive. *Monstro*, in Portuguese, means literally monster, but in Latin it is not quite so yet, and apparently means, or meant, “to reveal”. This, in turn, comes from the more badass-sounding *monstrum*, that finally means monster – or an omen, a presage, a vision. So let us skip all that utility-based means of approaching the word demonstration, and let us apocalypsize it, jumping to the germ still dormant at its very not-really-there center. It suddenly feels much simpler, even humbler, but oh so much more pretentious in another way. *Monstrum* itself apparently comes from the Proto-Italic *moneo* (meaning “warn”), and *trum* (particule for “instrument” or “instruments”), and this main term, in turn, comes from the Indo-European *monéyeti*, causative from *–men* (“to think”) – what a double-edged irony! On both levels, the immediate and the not-so-obvious. We return to thought, and it seems that demonstration, referring to itself, demonstrated only the means, in thought, of its becoming. It opens from inside out – much like Deleuze tried to do with Thought, gaining his Neutral Monist moniker.

But if this non-demonstrational exercise is too vacuous, well, excuse my looseness. He probably saw these patterns, even if unconsciously, as the Intensive gestated itself, and maybe that is why they tried to change the focus of philosophy, and really many things discourse, from being about demonstrations and demonstrating, that is, representing and representations, to the creation of little monsters, or a taming, or friendship, of or with, them. In this, they predated Pokémon in some years.

But anyways, how to prove Lovecraft wrong? What is the answer? The answer is hidden, and must remain so. Call me a rhetorician, a sophist, an entrapper, a diversionist; I prefer

divertimentos. The answer is very feeble, and even the minutest exposure to common air makes it curl up and die; to keep it alive, let us not yank it from its shadows where it lies so gallantly. For me, the fallacy is always more interesting and vibrant than the argument. It is the question that should remain vital – and alive and well it is. There is no difference in seeing, knowing, and doing. I repeat, again, and should keep at it while I can. Lovecraft was kind of right: we still have much to do, and a lot to go. Can we, though?

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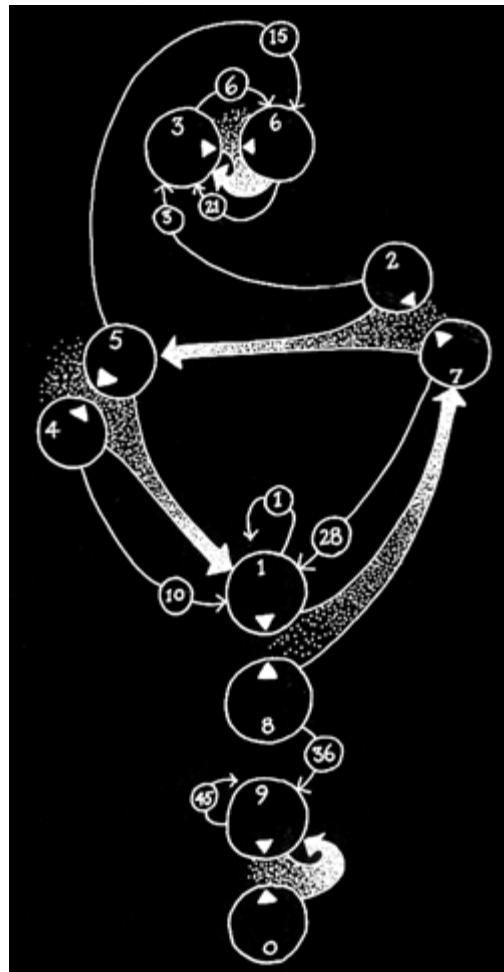
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A Brief History of General Numogramatics (Tzitzimiyotl)

In the 1920's, anthropologist Echidna Stillwell worked with the N'ma tribe of Java. The complex Cosmo vision of the three great N'ma tribes- Mu, Tak and Dibb- were determined by numeric relations condensed within what became known as the Decimal Nomogram.



Math and myth unite within a single **mythomatic** structure in which numeric syntax generates cosmological semantics. The ten Zones of the nomogram arrange the decimal digits (0 to 9) into a topology determined by their arithmetic relations, rather than ordinal succession. Each individual Zone-x has a Gate of value equal to the x th triangular number as given by the function $\text{Tri}(x)=x(x+1)/2$. Each Gate opens a Channel from Zone-x into a Zone-y determined by the compound **DigRoot(Tri(x))** function, which is equal to the digital root (iterated sum of digits until a one digit result is reached) of Zone-x's Gate value. For example, Zone-8 is lead into Zone-9 via Gate-36 because the eighth triangular number ($1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8$) is 36, opening Channel $3+6=9$ into Zone-9. Furthermore, each Zone-a is bound to a "twin" Zone-

b to sum 9, the highest digit in the decimal system. While $10(=1+0=1)$ represents the perfect totality which is born of the union of the whole (1) and the void (0), nine represents the previous step, the highest digit, the incomplete totality. To the N'ma, each twin "**syzygy**" is a demon communicating two spaces in the universe. The difference between the members of each syzygy determines the Tractor Current that connects them to another demon, forming Traction Cycles. Thus, the 10 Zones of the N'ma nomogram become organized into a temporal cycle of 3 steps and 2 "xenochronic" self-Tractor units: the Warp with its two mutually-channeling zones, and the two self-channeling plutonic Zones of the Plex.

Besides the 5 syzygetic demons, the numogram is populated by 40 other demons. These 45 demons correspond to the 45 possible ($a::b$ such that $a>b$) digit combinations of the decimal system, and connect every Zone to each other. While syzygetic demons are said to have a pitch equal to 0, all other demons have a pitch equal to $(a+b)-9$, ranging from Ana-8 (+8) to Cth-8 (-8). They are also classified according to the regions they connect. Thus, the Chronodemons connect two central cycle zones, and may be syzygetic, or cyclical; Anphidemons mediate between the central cycle and one of the four Xenochronic Zones; finally, the Xenodemons connect two Xenochronic Zones and can be syzygetic or chaotic. Peter Vysparov's "pandemoic matrix", published by CCRU at the end of the nineties, provides the names and attributions of these 45 demons.

After Stillwell and Vysparov, researchers from the so-called Cthulhu Club, and much later in the CCRU, discovered that the numogram not only maps N'ma culture, but it also points to a hyperstitional matrix dating back to the continent of Lemuria in the Cretaceous Period. The ancient lemurian numogram suggests that decimal numeracy has been active long before humanity. Until now, it was thought that only the decimal system possessed such a deep hyperstitional lineage. However, recent discoveries reveal the opposite.

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In a corner of the Deep Web, the members of the private forum Tzitzimiyotl Central hold impassionate arguments about the scientific and historical implications of an impossible package: scans of all materials confiscated during the violent shutdown of the IMEX (Mexican Institute of Experimental Education), a clandestine college founded by the infamous archeologist and educator Teodora C. Lombardo. Due to the suspicious fire that destroyed the evidence room two days after a Federal Government raid to the Institute, the strange research of IMEX was thought to be forever lost, until now. These documents not only bring to light details about the elusive institute and the tragic raid that were hidden

to public opinion for decades, they also allow for the reconstruction, however fragmented, of theoretical contributions that sinister forces tried to suppress.

After graduating from the Archaeology program of the then recently founded ENAH (National Anthropologic History School) sometime during the mid-1940s with a thesis about mayan cephalomorphic numbers, Teodora Lombardo was positioning herself to become a luminary of prehispanic archeology. However, a controversial discovery in 1954 gained her ridicule and ostracism from her peers: a ten thousand year old ceremonial complex in an undisclosed location in Chiapas. There, Lombardo claimed to have found inscriptions and tablets with similarities to the N'ma nomogram, but spanning a wide variety of numerical bases, which would suggest a prehistoric contact between the Asian southeast and Mesoamerica. These alternative numograms formed a modular numeric multi-base system that also served as a writing system. Lombardo's absurd claims did not stop there: the central temple of the complex was built above entrances to a several mile long cave system. There, she claimed, anonymous builders found tablets left behind by macrobacterial life forms from the late Permian Period. The numogrammatic system of the temples, with their 256 numeral-glyphs, was the key to a powerful alchemy of genetic self-modification developed from these tablets. Most shocking of all, Lombardo claimed to have them in her possession.

After the predictable outrage that followed the 1955 conference where she presented her findings, Lombardo focused herself on forming connections to other academic pariahs. After gathering the support of hyperstitional entities such as Miskatonic Virtual University, the Abnoriens Katschizein University of Albania, and the Historical College of Higher 'Pataphysical Studies of Ubuenos Aires, among others, Lombardo managed to muster the funds to begin a new project. Inaugurated in 1958, IMEX functioned within relative secrecy for ten years until the rumors of communist support, satanic worship and corruption of the youth lead to a raid that destroyed the building and most research materials. During the raid, eight out of the sixteen IMEX professors were arrested, two died, and six, including Lombardo, escaped to unknown locations.

Operating under the guise of a private school, Lombardo promoted radical ideas under an experimental methodology she called "xenodidactics", informed by a heterodoxical socialism based on the ideas of Anton Lunarcharsky and J. Posadas. According to a confiscated manifesto, "xenodidactics" sought to "break free from a thousand years of vertical, dogmatic and metaphysic education that pierce through all the strata of our

history, through a radically horizontal, socialist, scientific and imaginative education, preparing the youth for a future we *cannot*, as of yet, imagine". Convinced that pedagogy is the exoteric face of hermetic tradition, Lombardo compared educational curricula with the initiatory levels of masonic orders, and criticized the focus of both on "a lineal progression through a hierarchy of knowledge which eventually leads to total control and certainty over the universe". Formed in a period of epistemological turbulence, IMEX adopted a nihilistic perspective on science, in which the construction of knowledge was always an incomplete and absurd process due to the magnitude of the universe, but still fundamental to the improvement of life. For this reason, students and teachers formed a single "research team" to understand together the vast void of the universe. These teams used practical, ludic and even ceremonial methods to explore knowledge without attention to usual pedagogic progressions, so that students frequently collaborated as equals in the eccentric research work of their teachers.

According to the curricula included in IMEX's confiscated material, xenodidactics was directly designed around the numogrammatic system that costed Lombardo her career. In its most complex form, the system consisted of 256 glyphs which functioned simultaneously as names, ideograms and numerals from 0 to 255. Each glyph itself was associated to the nomogram of the corresponding base to its numeric value. The simplified form, however, consisted only of 36 characters limited to their alphanumeric function, corresponding to the decimal digits and 26 Latin letters. Through this system, Lombardo calculated numerological connections between concepts and ideas of different areas of knowledge to synthetize interactive knowledge experiences bordering on performance.

General numogrammatics informed IMEX curriculum since it's foundation, when it only its simplified form existed. However, studies made a gargantuan leap in 1964, when mathematician Marina Constantino and programmer Adela Xirón created an algorithm capable of calculating the Zones, Syzygies, Traction Currents, Channels and Gates for all numograms up to base 256. With this system, Lombardo pretended to create "qualitative mathematics, the learning of which allows the student to permanently divorce quantity from number, and understand the hidden alliances between the numeral regimes that surround them. In a world that wishes to govern them through algorithms and numbers, our youth need tools to make their way through the belly of the capitalist beast".

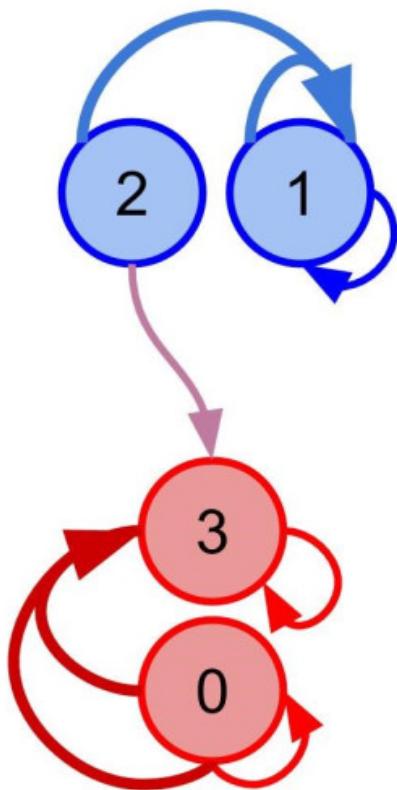
The advances of Constantino and Xirón culminated in 1966 with the *Numogrammaticon*, a colossal volume containing all 256 numograms in tabulated format along with their visual

representations lavishly designed by Lombardo with visual artist Aracne Fulgencio, who filled them with the mythical and conceptual attributions of each glyph-digit. The book, a unique piece as big as a 4-year-old child, became a sacred object to members of the IMEX, to the point that one of professor died during the raid after trying to escape with the enormous volume on his back.

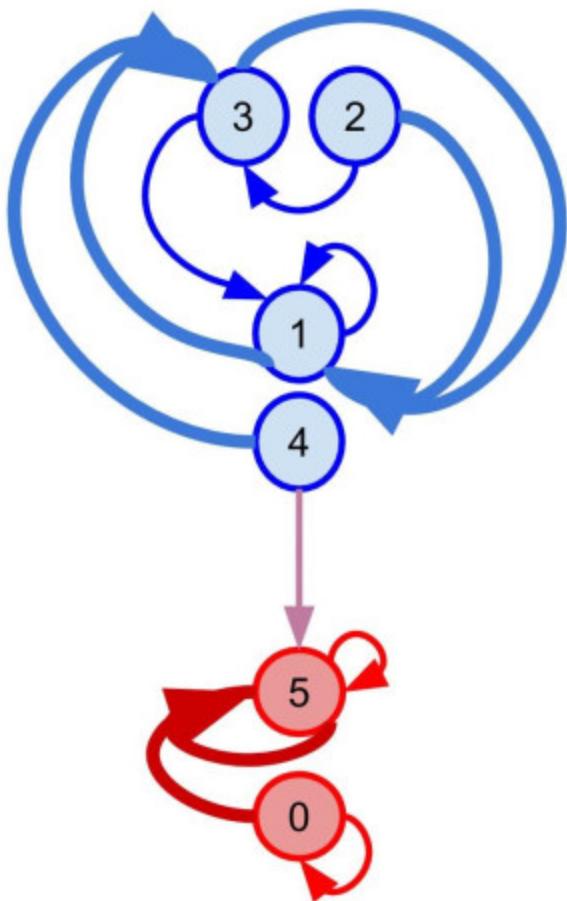
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Unfortunately, the *Numogrammaticon* was not among the recovered materials, convincing us, the Tzitzimimeh, to start a collaborative project with the Invisible College Coalition and the Centre for Experimental Ontologies to re-construct it. Though Xirón's algorithm was lost, a working diary included in the digitalized package shows a tabulated format of numograms 10 and 16, which allowed us to establish a general methodology based on the construction of numograms 2 to 36, the limit of the Excel BASE function. We are currently working on extending this reconstructed *Numogrammaticon* to 64 bases and beyond.

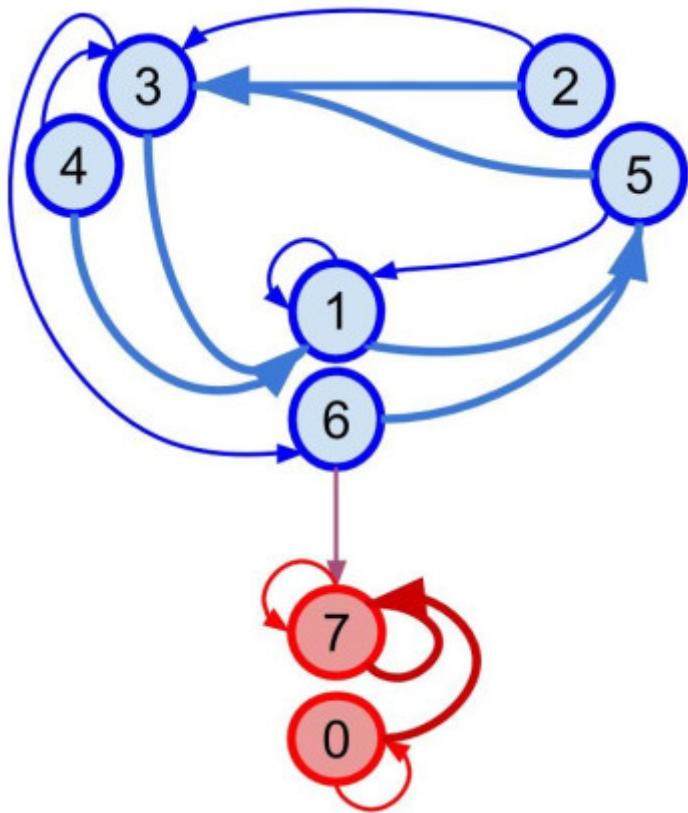
The following are five reconstructed numograms. We will start with the subdecimal systems (4, 6 and 8) to later jump to two bases with interesting structures (16 and 22). We've only selected even-numbered bases since only they allow the exact division of Zones into Syzygies. As we will discuss later, the existence of individual Zones in odd-numbered numograms renders them significantly different from even ones. The study of odd-numbered bases seems to be on its very first steps.



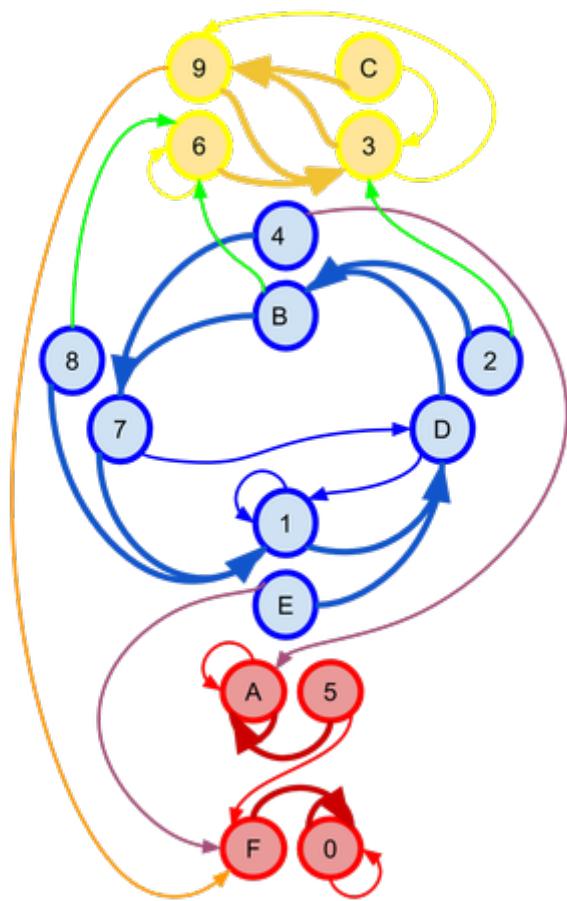
First, numogram-4. The quaternary system is noteworthy due to its use in the representation of genetic material. The DNA/RNA base pairs coincide with the two syzygies of numogram-4, earning it the name of “Genomic Enigma”. Its 2 syzygies correspond in the Vysparov matrix to Ixix (3::0), Abductor; Xenodemon of Cosmic Indifference”) and Doogu (2::1 “Original-Schism; Chronodemon of the Splitting Waters”). What will later become the time cycle is here compressed into a self-tractor region or “seed of time” connected to the Plex through a Channel known by CCRU as the “Gate of Charon”. This structure remains a constant through all even bases; in every numogram of base $2n$, Zone $n-2$, connects through cummulation into zone $n-1$. Numogram-4 hosts 6 demons (1 Chronodemon, 4 Anphidemons and 1 Xenodemon).



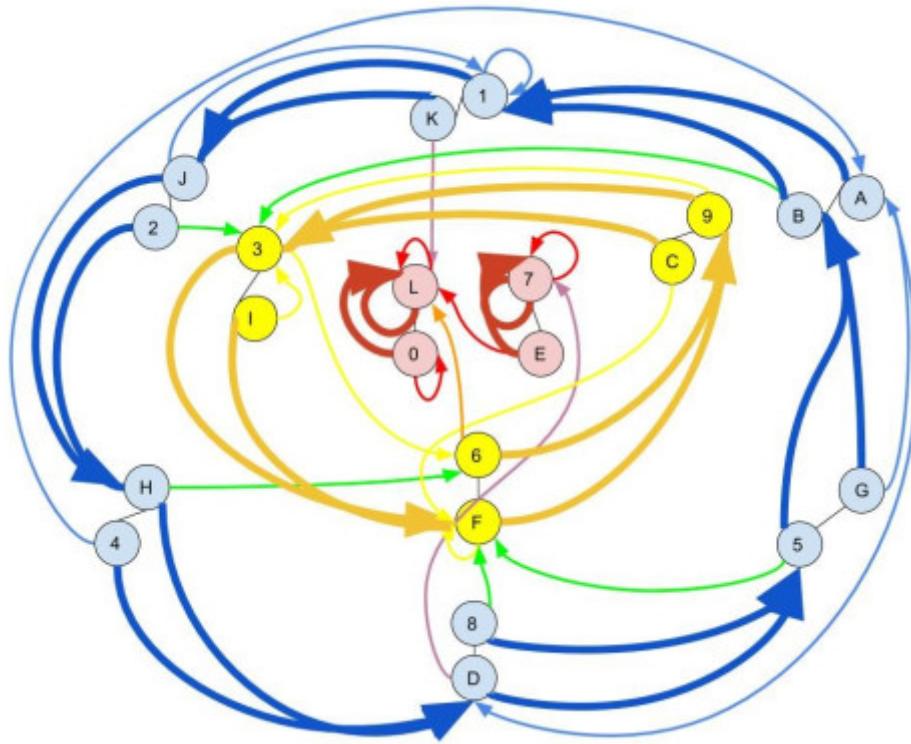
In numogram-6, the seed of time unfolds upon itself into a dialectical matrix. The self-tractor Current of nomogram-4 divides into one Surge current and one Sink-like 1-current. The senary system is present in the Ndom and Kanum languages of Papua New Guinea, and are widely suspected to have been, in fact, the first numeric sign system of the proto-uralic language family. A more contemporary instance of the senary system is in dice, connecting this nomogram to fortune and chance. Its three syzygies correspond to the lemurian demons Tokhatto (5::0, Decimal Camouflage; Anphidemon of Talismania), Sukugool (4::1, The Sucking-Ghoul, Chronodemon of Deluge and Implosion") and Ixidod (3::2, The Zombie-Maker; Anphidemon of Escape Velocity"). A total of 15 demons populate this numogram (6 Chronodemons, 8 Anphidemons and 1 Xenodemon).



Numogram-8 is connected to the octal system used in aerial traffic, to the architecture of now obsolete PDP-11 microprocessors and to the *I Ching*. Furthermore, this system was promoted by John Wilkins and by King Charles XII of Sweden, who commissioned it to the mystic Emmanuel Swedenborg. The languages of the Pamean Northern family of Mexico use this system; further, experts theorize that proto-indo-european language used an octal system, based on the fact that the root for “nine” coincides with the root for “new”. The syzygetic demons of this numogram correspond in the Vysparov matrix to Puppo (7::0 Break-Outs; Anphidemon of Larval Regression), Djungo (6::1, Infiltrator; Anphidemon of Subtle Involvements), Kuttadid (5::2, Ticking Machines, Chronodemon of Precarious States), and Skarkix (4::3 Buzz-Cutter; Anhpidemon of Anti-Evolution). In total, 28 demons live in this system (15 chronodemons, 12 anphidemons and 1 xenodemon). The rise of the complete temporal cycle without the current of vortical deformation (Warp) led Lombardo to call numogram-8 “The numeric Eden”.



Moving forward to superdecimal bases, the hexadecimal system has been of great importance for computer science, where binary text codification reigns supreme, and particularly for color representation. This is why Lombardo had a fondness for numogram-16 in communicating with electronic intelligences. Here, a new self-tracting Xenochronic region appears, the Warp unfolds into a two-step matrix, while the temporal cycle increases by one step. With 4 temporal syzygies and 4 xenochronic ones, the unexpected balance between inside and outside produces a notable change in the demonic population of the system: out of the 120 total demons, 28 are Xenodemons, as many as the number of Chronodemons. However, out of the eight syzygies of base 16, only 2 are described by Vysparov: Unnutchi (9::6 Tachyonic immobility; Xenodemon of Coiling Outsideness) and Mombbo (8:7 Tentacle Face; Chronodemon of Hybridity); the other 6 syzygies of this base are xenodecimal and, as of yet, impossible to describe. Even if the exact attributions described in the *Nummogramaticon* are now lost, recent discoveries point to the figure of the cave as especially important. Further, Lombardo sustained that this particular nomogram explains the importance of number 4 in Mesoamerican cultures.



Jumping forward again, this time to numogram-22, we witness a considerable increase in complexity. The Plex region is once again a two-step matrix, and the Warp becomes a three-step cycle (similar to the Hex cycle in numogram-10). Meanwhile, the time cycle has now grown up to six paces. Demonic population grows up to 231 entities. The growing complexity allows for multiple possible accommodations for the diagram, which is why the graphic visualization method starts to lose its effectiveness. Since none of the duovigesimal syzygies were described by Vysparov, it would be hard to speak about the characteristics of each one. Still, Lombardo considered this numogram to be of utmost importance, because base-22 coincides with the number of letters in the greek, phoenician and hebrew alphabets, as well as the sequence of the Major Arcana of the Tarot: “while nomogram-16 hides the tongue of the future, the kabbalabyrinth unveils the secrets of past eons”.

The last numogram tabulated by the Tzitzimimeh Central users was numogram 36, which is not yet graphed, with 18 sizigies divided in 4 Current cycles (a third unnamed Xenochronic region appears for the first time in base-28). This numogram is noteworthy because it includes among its Zones the 10 decimal digits and the 26 latin letters, and thus is compatible with Anglossic Qabbalah. This means that the 630 demons of nomogram-36 encode connections between any two alphanumeric characters, opening a bridge between numogrammatics and ordinary language. Numogram-64, which as of yet been reconstructed, takes the connection even further by distinguishing between lowercase and

uppercase letters. Finally, numogram-256, the yet-uncalculated last diagram of Lombardo's complete system, would allow us to map relationships between all 256 characters which form the extended ASCII code.

As Marina Constantino discovered while compiling the tables generated by Xirón's algorithm, the global progression of numeric bases can be displayed in a table sorting numograms in rows by increasing base, each with its syzygies sorted into columns by increasing Current number. This arrangement, named "the digital pyramid" by Lombardo, represented an important step in the understanding of demonic evolution throughout the history of pandemonic systems. Due to the previously mentioned influence between even and odd bases, Constantino initially separated the numograms into two pyramids. As we can see, there are three important lines in the even pyramid.

0	1	3	5	7	9	11	13	15	17	19	21	23	25	27	29	31	33	35
	1::0																	
2	1 0																	
4	2::1	3::0																
6	3 1	3 0																
8	3 6	1 3	7 1	7 0														
10	6 1	3 6	1 3	9 1	9 0													
12	A 4	6 A	3 6	1 3	B 1	B 0												
14	2 8	A 2	6 A	3 6	1 3	D 1	D 0											
16	6 D	F 6	A F	6 A	3 6	1 3	F 1	F 0										
18	B 2	4 B	F 4	A F	6 A	3 6	1 3	H 1	H 0									
20	H 7	9 H	2 9	F 2	A F	6 A	3 6	1 3	J 1	J 0								
22	B A	C 9	D 8	E 7	F 6	G 5	H 4	I 3	J 2	K 1	L 0							
24	C B	D A	E 9	F 8	G 7	H 6	I 5	J 4	K 3	L 2	M 1	N 0						
26	9 K	M 9	D M	5 D	L 5	F L	A F	6 A	3 6	1 3	N 1	N 0						
28	O A	C O	1 C	I 1	9 1	1 9	L 1	F L	A F	6 A	3 6	1 3	R 1	R 0				
30	F E	G D	H C	I B	J A	K 9	L 8	M 7	N 6	O 5	P 4	Q 3	R 2	S 1	T 0			
32	4 I	K 4	8 K	Q 8	G Q	7 G	S 7	L S	F L	A F	6 A	3 6	1 3	T 1	T 0			
34	G F	H E	I D	J C	K B	L A	M 9	N 8	O 7	P 6	Q 5	R 4	S 3	T 2	U 1	V 0		
36	L 4	6 L	P 6	C P	X C	M X	C M	3 C	S 3	L S	F L	A F	6 A	3 6	1 3	X 1	X 0	
	I H	J G	K F	L E	M D	N C	O B	P A	Q 9	R 8	S 7	T 6	U 5	V 4	W 3	X 2	Y 1	Z 0

1. In any base N, the syzygy of the form (N-1::0) is Uttunul-like and has the highest Current in the system. All such Syzygies mark the outer limit of the pyramid and form the Plex line.

2. Syzygies of the form (N-2::1) are Murrmur-like, with N-2 always channeling into N-1 in the so-called Gate of Charon. This Surge line, along with the Plex line, formed the Shell of the pyramid, which Lombardo called “the staircase of the abyss”.
3. Syzygies of the form (x::x-1) have Zone-1 for a tractor, serving as a Kattak-like momento of centralization and impending collapse. This Sink line marks the other end of the pyramid, delimiting its área. According to Xirón, this line represented the fundational paradox of civilization: unity (1) is a foundation to the system, but it is always one step away from the chaos at the top.

While the Plex, Surge and Sink Currents are constant in the even pyramid, the Hold Current of Oddubb unfolds into a field inside the structure formed by the other three. This Hold Field represents the body of ordinary space-time, perforated by the not-yet-understood appearance, disappearance and mutation of Xenochronic Djynxx-like Warp regions, as well as by mysterious Plex-channeling self-tractor regions like A::5 in nomogram-16. The complex formed by the Hold Field and the Xenochronic regions corresponds to what, according to Negarestani, the ancient Persians called Kareez'gar, or “the perforated Demiurge”.

If we mark on the even pyramid all syzygies belonging to demons described in Vysparov's Matrix, we can see that 25 of the 45 lemurian entities get a shot at being the pitch-0 syzygetic princess of some numogram. Such entities are arranged into a pyramid-within-the-pyramid which also maps the base-10 pitch attributions of demons from Cth-8 to Ana-8. The coexistence of decimal and xenodecimal demons in higher bases exerts an “ontological suction” powering the expansion of the pyramid as new Zones are integrated and described within a given pandemonic system. This process involves the following steps:

1. The axis of the pyramid is called the “pillar of the present” and corresponds to the a given starting numogram and pandemonic system, in this case base-10. The (N-1::0) Plex region of the pillar determines the highest possible Current in the structure.
2. All syzygies in bases lower than the pillar are Cth-pitched demons within its pandemonic structure. Their entire numograms belong are part of the “staircase of progress”, the past as the teleological path to the present.
3. Syzygies within the pillar's system
4. The “staircase of collapse”, coresponds to the future that could be predicted by the system, it's formed by the pandemonic sizigies present in the superior bases to the pillar. As the bases

increase, these presences diminish, overwhelmed by the “expopandemic” sizigies, which are inexpressible within the system but that still interact with it through the corresponding numogrammatic dynamics.

Together, the pillar and both stairways form what's called the “telosphere”, or “Genesis-Apocalypse axis”, which synthesizes teleologic civilizational narratives of progress and collapse.

1. The immediate expopandemonic area is delimited by the height of the pillar and represents the terrestrial outside: that which is not yet formulable within the system but is still under the maximum difference span (Traction) allowed by it. Its conquest, attained via differential translation, grants horizontal supremacy.
2. The far expopandemonic area represents the celestial outside: that which is both outside the system and its maximum allowed difference span. Its conquest, attained via differential expansion, grants vertical supremacy.

Together, these zones form what Negarestani has called the *Incognitum Hactenus*, or “the as-yet-unknown”.

1. Up to this moment, bases higher than that of the highest-pitched demon in the staircase of collapse have remained as xenopandemonic area, a radical outside to the pyramid which, like dark matter, exists without interacting with the system in any observable manner.

Once vertical and horizontal supremacies are achieved, the last base of the staircase of collapse becomes a new pillar of the present and everything before it is synthesised into a new teleological narrative, becoming the new staircase of progress. Afterwards, a new staircase of collapse emerges in what used to be the xenopandemonic region, creating a new pyramid and restarting the cycle.

Lombardo claimed that the process of pyramidal expansion codified the cycle of history in very similar terms to Yeats' “widening gyres”, and compared it to the Mesoamerican architectonic tradition of expanding a temple and filling the space between building stages with sacrifices. In an unsent letter dated on the day of the raid, Lombardo writes anxiously “it is urgent, Norea, teaching children at the earliest possible age that the building of civilization is built on the bones of the dead”.

	0	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34																
1	0																																	
3	1	1	1	0																														
5	2	3	1	2	0																													
7	3	4	2	5	1	6::0																												
9	4	6	4	3	3	1	3	0																										
11	5	1	A	8	6	6	3	5	1	5	0																							
13	6	7::5	8::4	9::3	A::2	B::1	C::0																											
15	7	8::6	9::5	A::4	B::3	C::2	D::1	E::0																										
17	E	8	7	3	1	D	A	A	6	8	3	7	1	7	0																			
19	8	9::7	A::6	B::5	C::4	D::3	E::2	F::1	G::0																									
21	9	A::8	B::7	C::6	D::5	E::4	F::3	G::2	H::1	I::0																								
23	9	1	I	C	A	6	3	1	F	F	A	C	6	A	3	9	1	9	0															
25	A	B::9	C::8	D::7	E::6	F::5	G::4	H::3	I::2	J::1	K::0																							
27	F	6	5	I	G	B	8	5	1	K	F	G	A	D	6	B	3	A	1	A	0													
29	B	C::A	D::9	E::8	F::7	G::6	H::5	I::4	J::3	K::2	L::1	M::0																						
31	C	D::B	E::A	F::9	G::8	H::7	I::6	J::5	K::4	L::3	M::2	N::1	O::0																					
33	6	J	I	9	7	O	L	G	C	9	4	3	L	M	F	I	A	F	6	D	3	C	1	C	0									
35	D	E::C	F::B	G::A	H::9	I::8	J::7	K::6	L::5	M::4	N::3	O::2	P::1	Q::0																				
37	E	F::D	G::C	H::B	I::A	J::9	K::8	L::7	M::6	N::5	O::4	P::3	Q::2	R::1	S::0																			
39	J	8	7	O	M	D	A	3	R	M	H	E	8	7	S	1	L	O	F	K	A	H	6	F	3	E	1	E	0					
41	F	G::E	H::D	I::C	J::B	K::A	L::9	M::8	N::7	O::6	P::5	Q::4	R::3	S::2	T::1	U::0																		
43	U	G	F	3	1	L	I	A	6	U	P	L	F	D	6	6	S	U	L	P	F	L	A	I	6	G	3	F	1	F	0			
45	G	H::F	I::E	J::D	K::C	L::B	M::A	N::9	O::8	P::7	Q::6	R::5	S::4	T::3	U::2	V::1	W::0																	
47	8	P	O	B	9	U	R	I	E	7	2	T	N	K	D	C	4	5	S	V	L	Q	F	O	A	J	6	H	3	G	1	G	0	
49	H	I::G	J::F	K::E	L::D	M::C	N::B	O::A	P::9	Q::8	R::7	S::6	T::5	U::4	V::3	W::2	X::1	Y::0																
51	H	1	Y	K	I	6	3	R	N	F	A	4	W	S	L	J	B	2	4	S	W	L	R	F	N	A	K	6	I	3	H	1	H	0

The 20 Vysparovian demons absent from the even pyramid are found in the one displaying odd-numbered bases. Though pyramidal expansion also operates here, it is a slightly different process due to the fact that the pillar of the present is formed by two bases rather than one. Further details on these bases are currently being researched.

	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
1	0																		
2		1::0																	
3	1		2::0																
4		2::1		3::0															
5	2		3::1		4::0														
6		3::2		4::1		5::0													
7	3		4::2		5::1		6::0												
8		4::3		5::2		6::1		7::0											
9	4		5::3		6::2		7::1		8::0										
10		5::4		6::3		7::2		8::1		9::0									
11	5		6::4		7::3		8::2		9::1		A::0								
12		6::5		7::4		8::3		9::2		A::1		B::0							
13	6		7::5		8::4		9::3		A::2		B::1		C::0						
14		7::6		8::5		9::4		A::3		B::2		C::1		D::0					
15	7		8::6		9::5		A::4		B::3		C::2		D::1		E::0				
16		8::7		9::6		A::5		B::4		C::3		D::2		E::1		F::0			
17	8		9::7		A::6		B::5		C::4		D::3		E::2		F::1		G::0		
18		9::8		A::7		B::6		C::5		D::4		E::3		F::2		G::1		H::0	
19	9		A::8		B::7		C::6		D::5		E::4		F::3		G::2		H::1		I::0

Finally, the union of both digital pyramids into a single structure produces the so-called “pandemonic pyramid”, in which all 45 lemurian demons are visible. This structure, union of two solid diagrams, is radically perforated, a trait that earned it the nickname of “the cosmic sponge” from Aracne Fulgencio. The hollowed-out nature of the pandemonic pyramid resonated with Negarestani’s concept of the *(hole) complex* and with the *Big Creep* cosmogony proposed by Cergat, though it’s important to continue to examine these connections to more detail.

This has only been but a piece of the secrets that numogrammatics has to reveal. The total reconstruction of the *Numogrammaticon* is still in the works, and its completion will only mark a new beginning in the study of general numogrammatics. For example, according to Lombardo, the complete form of the three pyramids codifies the genealogies and secret wars of the antediluvian princes and the stellar beasts described by the novohispanic heretic Felipa de Algol in her *Treasure of Starry Wisdom*, but the difficulty of actually finding her infamous volume has made it impossible, so far, to confirm this.

The Taint is a Liminal Space (Mike Corrao)

Pit of stones burrowed into your pores. Laid in the alleviative pattern. The skin stretches flat. Crops clustered across the periphery. You press your finger into the flesh and feel that there is no bone beneath. There is only empty space. Between *what was* and *what's new*.

There has been talk of a ritual. Not for your benefit, but to further the work of the researchers who have directed you into this room—onto this tablet. The stone-seeds press against the walls of your pores. They make your eyes wet. In the dark of the room you hear someone say, *the taint is a liminal space. It is the ambiguous zone. Erotic but without the qualities of what you might typically call erotic. Maybe it is only given this label because of its proximity to other appendages. But if this is the case, then our concerns are even more applicable. It emanates the erotic without participating in any kind of sexual practice. The voyeuristic bridge between what was and what's next. An unassuming stretch of the great ephemeral skin. But what does this mean for us? What kind of conclusions are we led to by the implications of this statement? I do not know. It is not my job to know. Instead, I propose a study. In which this anatomical biome is tested for its potentialities, and perhaps, its anomalies.*

All of this and you have still chosen not to leave. You remain on the diorite tablet, with your legs spread open. Severed hairs sticking against your inner thighs, and on the surface below. Red-shrouded figures examining the effects of these stone-seeds, pulling the skin tightly between their hands and watching the contents rise to the surface. Constricting the circular muscle. This does nothing for you, but in all fairness there was no intent for it to. You are not important to this process. You are only the vessel for our subject. The whole must be present for its focal components to be studied. Your presence in this study is secondary.

The tablet is cold and numbing your skin. Hands prod too deep into the mass of flesh, but you cannot tell how deep. Blood swims beneath the surface. Your body becomes tender. The taint extends as a highway across your body. It begs to sever you in half. Separating *what was* and *what's new*. Shifting from liminal to distinct. Each new segment of your body a micronation. Sovereign in its desires and their fulfillment.

What carries us from one orifice to another? I have not witnessed the individualization of the bridge. Its transition from front to back. In the center, a bisection. The liminality of this space is not lost on me. At this point in the process, I do not know how it could be. The flesh that dwells underneath the surface is tender and amorphous. I imagine a soft mass of unrealized tissue. But this is all speculation. It is anatomical. And that is not what I am concerned about. I am concerned with the ontological qualities of this under-researched biome. We have yet to unearth its potentialities—everything that it might be capable of. I suggest that we accelerate this process. The seam is

unsewn. Hairs clinging against inner thigh. Skin discolored and scarred in new textures. The rippling topographies of the body's masked zones. Two researchers debate the possible outcomes of this procedure. In the meantime, your *liminal* space suffers a series of anomalous events. Embedded stones compress into dust. Plumes seeping from their reservoirs.

The valley of flesh. You refer to the various parts of your body as text, assuming that there is some language embedded within them. Even if you cannot see it now—even if it is obscured. Between what was and what's new. You hope that one of the many potentialities being spoken of is their reveal. This position that you have found yourself in is undeniably intimate. Your nude body spread eagle atop the tablet. Hands curled around the underside of your thighs. Knees bent at a gentle angle. *The taint is a liminal space. It forms as a river below the high altitudes of the ass and genitalia. If you are to be severed into halves, then do so intentionally.* But they say this as if it is your choice—knowing that it is not. At least not when you are laid in this awkward position.

Standing over you, one of the researchers says, these procedures are a collaboration between many participating groups: *The Institute of Bodily Arts, The Center of Abstract Eroticism, Jean-Francois Lyotard, Mike Corrao, Asterion Group, and the Soft Machine Assembly Program.*

Then the ritual begins. They excavate the text from your pores, interpret it through the use of various programs, and dictate the results. Neural networks absorbing and rearranging each element, rendering a series of feverous iterations. A subtextual erotic begins to emerge. New variants take on the qualities of the taint. Converting anatomical biome into linguistic data. Crafting a text which emanates the erotic without exuding its overt qualities. Resting in the valley of ass and genitalia. Between what was and what's new. The previously discussed potentialities are mined from the mimetic documents created by the ritual. Elements are highlighted or emphasized. Someone says, *part of our goal here was to pinpoint the source of these erotic emanations. It is, to a certain extent, a matter of proximity. We know this. But this cannot be the only reason. There must be more.* Hence this labeling of the *liminal* space. We must admit the ambiguity of this zone. There are certain qualities that we do not fully understand. What aura carries from the valley of the undercarriage? Lyotard speaks of a Great Ephemeral Skin—the mobius strip of flesh. Here, we offer an amendment, or an addition. We ask the question: *Is there a seam? In the assembly of any object there is often a minor act of destruction. The object must be taken apart one way so that it may be reassembled in another. We do not carve the mobius strip from the trunk of a tree, we break the tree down into planks so that these planks may be curved into the proper shape and glued back together. In this moment, the seam is created. The proof of reassembly. We then suppose that somewhere on the Great Ephemeral Skin, there is a seam. Its possible placement being this anomalous biome hidden beneath the hips.*

At the end of the ritual you feel that nothing has changed. The unknowns of your body remain unknown. The seam still tight and sealed. You note that this was not a choice on your behalf—that you did not ask for these tests to be performed. Someone mentions another potentiality and you fear its implications. The tablet displaces sediment along the pores of your skin. Stone-seeds planted in new and divergent patterns. Ceiling lights emit a pink-white hue and you look down at the unkempt parts of yourself. With no new knowledge of what these regions might contain.

The implications of the seam are that there is something underneath it. The soft mass of the body. Mineral deposits obscured by their landscape. This operation is not purely theoretical, as others have suggested it is. The seam is a point of origin. It is proof of suture. And with its relationship to this creative process, certain aspects must be considered. Namely, its position as an artifact. It is a remnant of something that no longer exists—of an earlier state of being. This might then suggest that the erotic emanation is vestigial. Perhaps earlier iterations of the seam have had more sexualized connotations. I want to remind you that this is just speculation. Perhaps these connotations have been lost over time, and without use, this space has become only an artifact of what it used to be.

You feel as if you are not yourself. You cannot identify with your body, with how it is being described and discussed. Your eyes track the mouth-movements of the speaker. Language unfurls from their tongue. Derivative terminology turns luminous and excites some abstract part of you. The artifact of the soft mass. Whatever tissue lies underneath the surface of the ambiguous zone—the source of these minable emissions. Two researchers walk into the other room and you are left alone with your self. Legs spread open. Heels pressing against the cold surface of the tablet. Numbing along the boundaries. Between what was and what's new.

Beheading the transcendental God-Emperor, or A Prolegomena to Weaponized Magickal Thought (Enrico Monacelli)

Landian Kantism, anti-cosmic pessimism and the end of that which is

Wisdom is a stasis: knowledge is like the “snake of eternity”, constantly eating itself and never finishing.

(A. O. Spare)

God consists of its own annihilation

(A. Emo)

Utopia as the absolute negation of that fully realized Absolute which our own system has attained cannot now be imagined as lying ahead of us in historical time as an evolutionary or even a revolutionary possibility. Indeed, it cannot be imagined at all; and one needs the languages and figurations of physics [...] in order to convey what might be the ontology of this now so seemingly empty and abstract idea.

(F. Jameson)

A brief introductory remark on our method

In this paper, we will be discussing Landian Kantism. As far as we are concerned, it is not just another interpretation of Kantian philosophy. We are convinced that, if anybody took upon themselves the very worthwhile project of studying the relations that run across Land's oeuvre and Kant's actual work, the resulting image would be extremely different from the one we are about to paint. In fact, our analysis will be missing any sort of discussion concerning the philological consistency of Landian interpretation of Kant. What we will be working with will not be a philosophical exegesis, but it will be, using a beautiful Laruelleian concept^{xli}, a philofiction, a work loosely based on the Kantian oeuvre, but liberated from the need to be faithful to it. We will treat Landian Kantism as a sort of autonomous philosophy, a Kantian heresy, partially unshackled from the actual Kantian context.

Therefore, we will not be discussing the entirety of Land's work, but we will concentrate on the period in which he wrestled the most with Kant. We will not try to account for his present neoreactionary thought, nor for his meltdown accelerationist phase; we will only consider the period of his work that goes from 1987 to 1993, paying close attention especially to the first chapter of *The thirst for annihilation*^{xlii}, in which he developed, via the construction of a genealogy of Western thought, his Kantian apostasy, through his readings of Bataille's base materialism and his love for pessimism. Our goal will not be to give a comprehensive image of Nick Land's philosophy, but to concentrate on some ideas and concepts that were actually abandoned by Land himself as time went by, convinced that these same concepts could be a good weapon for our magickal anti-praxis. Our work will be extracting a useful venom from a serpent's tooth. It will be the philofiction of a philofiction, an heresy of an heresy.

Critique and correlation as a cosmological apparatus

«Philosophy (comprehending all “theory”) has no socio-historical pertinence for us other than its relation to Kant»^{xliii}

This will be our guideline throughout our philofictional détournement of the Landian prime material. Following Land's lead, we will consider Kant not as a local turn in the Western continental canon, but as a cosmological Goliath and we will treat critique as the main constitutive drive behind the Western spectacle/empire. Our main claim is that we need to

understand critique, not just as a philosophical and parochial event, but as the constitutive apparatus that formed the World itself. To us, the unified World is not a given, but it's a complex simulation brought about by centuries of direct and indirect deployment of the Kantian critical apparatus. We do not live in a shared, unified and non-problematic reality - we merely inhabit, as Borges^{xliii} would have it, just the map of an unknown territory - and, in order to exit the immaculate linear cell of capitalist temporality, composed by a perpetual present, a dead past and an always-yet-to-come future, we must understand how this manifest Kantian image works. Of course, the reason we think that we must understand this image is the belief that we must shatter it, but there's a non-trivial reason that pushes us to say that, before any abolition and rearticulation could potentially take place, we must follow this very abstract Kantian lead. In fact, we claim that we cannot appeal to a pre-existing Lacanian Real^{xliv} to crack the World-image. As far as we are concerned, unless, by the Real, we simply mean meaningless data, existing as mere facticity, the Real is just another simulation; therefore, the only feasible way out of this World, is hacking it to death, finding out how the core components work and then overdriving them. What we want, what we really, really want is to construct a counter-simulation, hijacking Western capitalist Kantism that sets the hegemonic simulation in motion, and create a new map composed of a World-less xenoterritory and backed, as Land would have it, by an «anti-ontology basic to any positively atheistic materialism»^{xlv}. In fact, through a very selective and (un)faithful reading of Land, we want to start imagining an escape from the World created by the critical apparatus, via a rationalistic weaponization of the Kantian War-machine against the World itself. We perfectly know that all of these claims are rather maximalist, but we believe that these are the the best hyperstitional catalysts for the world-hating philoreaction that we want to cause in this lab. Furthermore, we are not alone in this and we are partially justified to say all of these things by the Landian *dictum* itself. Aside the guideline quoted above, Land also states that:

«To describe Kant and capital as two sides of a coin is as necessary as it is ridiculous. A strange coin indeed that can synthesize a humble citizen of Königsberg with the run-away reconstruction of a planet.»^{xlvii}

As far as we can see, Land too, at least in the works that we will be using to conduct our experiment, seems to believe that, in order to understand the capitalist matrix we find ourselves stuck in, we must consider it as a side effect of the Kantian critical and World-forming endeavour.

So, first things first, let's understand how the critical-machinery works. As far as we can see, looking through the Landian lenses, the critical, World-forming apparatus is made up of two main components: on one hand we've got a corrosive and destructive conceptual War-machine, designed to destroy, with its «nihilistic momentum»^{xlvi}, all of the previous sound truths and consolidated imagines of the earth and of the cosmos. As Land puts it: «Cultures that become critical are rapidly intoxicated by lavish metamorphic forces»^{xlviii}; on the other, we got a reterritorializing function, based on the correlation of the newborn World with the figure of the transcendent, monotheistic God/Subject, which recomposes the shattered pieces of what remains after the critical War-machine has run its course into a unitary picture, composed of neatly divided compartments. To put it bluntly, critique is, as Land states, «a revolt in the service of establishment»^{xlxi} and «a matter of boundaries»^{li}. Critique is composed of a «thanatotropism»^{li} and a reterritorializing function that cages the earth and the cosmos, gutted by the initial deadly momentum, into a subject/object correlation, turning matter into an: «[...] ens creatum, distinguished from a creative being which is determined as an extrinsic spontaneity. Matter as an ens creatum is essentially lawful, whilst creative matter is anarchic, even to the extent of evading the adoption of an essence»^{lii}. Kantian criticism is a mesh of destructive urges and reconstructive conservatism, which produces the World, swallowing earths and universes, and spitting out atomized subjects/spectators and a unified object/spectacle. Critique destroys everything in sight, then it freezes the scattered remains of what once was a meaningless universe or someone else's cosmos in a cryogenic, correletionist sleep and, finally, it turns it in an apparently immutable nightmare that, deploying Dominic Fox's beautiful definition of the World rid of any vitality, experienced by many militant dysphorics, we will call the *Cold World*^{liii}.

Barbaric, alien noise and what to do with it

But there's a huge glitch in the critical matrix. Barbarians are banging at the door of the critical citadel and they are threatening the solidity of its walls. In fact, while the critical World-model seems to be extremely good at capturing the universe and molding it as it pleases, it, like every structuration of information, produces noise. It produces a set of "things" which it cannot reabsorb in its World-imagine, because they seem to be undecipherable. Of course, we must keep in mind that these unreadable chunks of the universe do not pre-exist the structuration itself. This noise at the edge of the critical World-model is just an undesirable and quite troublesome, but endemic byproduct, and, in no way, is more Real or has any existence whatsoever outside of the critical simulation. This noise is not just mere facticity or meaningless data (which is the only

meaning we are ready to concede to the reality that precedes any conceptual structuration), it is as much a product of the World-simulation as the subject and the World themselves are. As Land puts it: «It is inherent to critique that a terrain of unthinkableability is delineated [...]»^{liv}.

These toxins, secreted by the World-forming apparatus, are identified with Kantian concepts such as the noumenon and infinity. This, as far as the noumenon is concerned, could be surprising to anyone who has ever read Kant; after all, the philosopher of Königsberg seems to posit, ontologically and epistemologically, the noumenon, not as a sort of dangerous Outside, but as a grounding to phenomenal perception. For Kant, it's more an anchor, than a problem or a fanged attacker. As we said earlier, though, Landian Kantism is not a faithful reading of Kant, but it's a philofictional weaponization of Western hegemonic thought and, therefore, it resists any claim of philological inconsistency. For Land, the fact that there is a part of the World-formation, out there, that resists the complete subsumption into the critical apparatus, does not mean that there is a reality that grounds our conceptual endeavours, but that, outside of our minuscule Cold World, we have given life to aliens, werewolves, vampires and other amorphous, infinite creatures ready to pierce the veil of our rationality and desecrate the name of the unified World-simulation and its will-to-totality. The Landian, monstrous Thing-in-itself and the vastness and coldness of infinity are not a static and reassuring way to contrast the danger of solipsism and to imagine an ever-expanding universe, but they are fanged and obscene creatures, produced, as a sort of toxic debris, by the World-forming apparatus; they now coincide with the devastating silence and blackness of the newborn cosmic Outside, opposed to the finitude of our human security system.

How does the Landian Kant defend itself from this danger? After all, in the genealogy of Western thought that Land draws in the first chapter of *The thirst for annihilation*, we find a clear answer on how Hegel and the various Hegelisms defend themselves from the problem of the radical negativity of the noumenon and of the inhuman Outside, but we are not told, at least in this chapter, what is the Kantian strategy to deal with this massive inconvenience. As Land states:

«Hegel realized that the Kantian conception of infinity, which abstractly opposes itself to finitude rather than subsuming it, indefinitely perpetuated a dangerous tension insofar as it ascetically suspends the moment of resolution. This bad infinity - the endless task of perpetual growth (capital) - is incapable of ever diminishing the prospect of utter collapse. Kantian infinity is

deprived of any possibility of intervening in developmental series, leaving them vulnerable throughout their length to the catastrophic collision with a limit; loss of faith, war, the irruption of an incomprehensible death.»^{iv}

Hegel and his heirs do not simply accept the existence of the unthinkable blackness, but they struggle with it, trying to end the possibility of a deadly invasion once and for all. It seems that, in comparison, Kant's and, as we can see from this quotation, Capital's strategy is way more non-belligerent - tolerating the existence of these alien creatures, mindlessly exposing themselves to the possibility of collapse and invasion. While the Hegelian dialectic seems to go to war with the Outside in order to conceptualize it and create a concretely unified World, Landian Kantism seems to revel in its own risk of annihilation and collapse and tolerates its own finitude.

The situation, however, is extremely different and the reality of the tactic of Western capitalist Kantism is not that simple; the real nature of Landian Kantism shines through, not from this shallow juxtaposition of this philofictional Kantism with the dialectical option, but as soon as we take into account Land's reading of Kant's aesthetics, especially the way he treats the problem of the sublime.

Land's Kant does not tolerate the risk of collapse out of a generous xenophilia; the real motive, that pushes Western capitalist Kantism to endure this ordeal of collapses, wars and constant scarcity is that they are actually its main weapons to thrive and to conquer the rest of the universe. The tactic of Western capitalist Kantism is a sort of controlled martyrdom and a spectacular, voluntary exposure to annihilation, in order to reproduce itself stronger every time. Capital and Landian Kantism masochistically thrive on the humiliation of its own impotence in order to make death, collapse and destruction the propulsive engine of its infinite growth and its libidinal economy. As Land puts it:

«It is worth remembering that a glimpse into Kant's philosophy was sufficient to drive Kleist to suicide, and that Schopenhauer found in it the ethical imperative that existence be denied. Perhaps neither of these writers were ecclesiastical enough to enjoy the ghoulish cruelties that

Kant explored. For Kant was a consummate saint, a cheerful man. He was not a stoic, but rather, faithful to his Christian heritage, a voluptuary of defeat.»^{lvi}

Land's Kant does not want, like the naive Hegelians, to end crisis and war, because he is convinced that homeostasis and stability are, at best, an illusion, and, at worst, the end of its spectacle/empire. Landian Kantism knows that the Cold World it wants to construct will always be plagued by contingency and destruction and that its immutable stability will always be just an ideological hoax - therefore it embraces tactical masochism, forcing itself to fall in love with its own humiliation, in order to never put a brake on its acceleration. Western capitalist Kantism is not enamoured at all with the World it simulates and is well aware that the only hope to expand its demand endlessly is a form of controlled «endocolonisation»^{lvii} through a systematic exposure to the possibility of a lethal crisis.

At the same time, this exposure to destruction is not totally liberated from the calculation and the needs of the critical Cold World. This form of martyrdom is not a simple *thirst for annihilation*, but it's a form of gated and controlled exchange with the Outside, guided by the principle of endless accumulation and growth. All of the risks, taken up by Western capitalist Kantism, are not guided by an unbound form of *jouissance*, taken to its ultimate and lethal conclusion - which is the way in which the later Landian work will describe the entropic tendencies of capitalist economy - but they are, as, before Land, Bataille clearly saw^{lviii}, all meant to be incentives for the petite bourgeois morality of growth and unlimited prosperity. In brief, Western capitalist Kantism accepts the radically negative, not for catastrophe's sake, but because it serves as a great engine of accumulation.

This form of willful exposure to annihilation in order to eternally reform itself and grow endlessly is rigorously defined, as stated above, by the Landian interpretation of the sublime. For Land, the sublime is not an aesthetic afterthought, but it's «[...] an extreme point in the history of Occidental mysticism»^{lix}, crucial to the survival of the Cold World and of the critical apparatus; it engenders, through the voyeuristic pleasure of being a spectator of the monstrosity of the power of the inhuman forces that run through this World, the gated and controlled exchange with the Outside, that we briefly sketched above. Quoting Land at length:

«Uninhibited pleasure does not tend to the benefit of the organism, but rather, to its immolation. Or, more precisely, the enhancement of life is intrinsically bound to its abolition. Life is not consumed by death at its point of greatest depression, but at its peak, and inversely; it is only the brake provided by suffering that preserves the organism in its existence. It is pain that spares life for something other than an immediate and annihilating delight. So Kant suggests that pleasure is the combustion of life, and we survive by smouldering. It was Kant's genius to combine the saint with the bourgeois. He was not immune to the prevalent ascetic practice of the age: accumulation. If pleasure is to be suspended, this is at least in part because it should be capitalized. [...] This is why he refers to the delights of the sublime - where morality comes closest to touching itself - as negative pleasure [negative Lust], which is not at all the same of displeasure [Unlust]. [...] A certain harshness is necessary if one would prevent life from being delighted to death. Such harshness, indeed, that the pathological lunge towards death rediscovers itself in the process of its own rigorous extirpation; sublimated into the thanatropic frenzy of reason.»^{lx}

As we can see, this defines perfectly what we meant when we talked about a gated and controlled exchange with the Outside, not meant to subsume it, but driven by the goal of reinstating and defending the capitalist morality of infinite accumulation. The goal of the sublime apparatus in Western capitalist Kantism is to create a solid and unbreakable circle of corrosion-reterritorialization/accumulation-crisis, in order to flourish forever through the dark joys of the masochistic negative lust of a controlled humiliation and a systematic self-destruction.

Breaking the circle

How can we get out of this circle? This is, as far as Land is concerned, not a trivial question at all. After all, the typical Landist answer: «Accelerate the process, duh?!» seems to be totally ineffective and quite silly compared to this descriptive model of the capitalist libidinal and material economy. In fact, what this description of Western capitalist Kantism seems to show, it's how good Capitalism is at absorbing even the most toxic forms of acceleration and using them to reinvigorate its most banal and business-as-usual forms of morality. Therefore, the hypermachismo of Terminator/meltdown Land^{lxii} is not an option.

Luckily, this early Land we are working with has a different strategy to offer, that could be summarized as a rediscovery of the disruptive power of Bataille's dépense^{lxiii}, or, paraphrasing

it, wasteful consumption, and a weaponization of a particular form of cosmic pessimism against the capitalist cosmos and its temporality.

The first moment of this proposal is, for all of you who have already read Bataille, fairly clear. Rather than concentrating on the process of deterritorialization, for Land and for Bataille, we have to put into question the morality of futurity and accumulation that puts the whole machinery in motion. We shouldn't insist on a sterile and ineffective refusal of reterritorialization, but we should free the corrosive inhuman forces of the sublime and turn them into a generative mean without end^{lxiii} - into a form of joyful, queer total waste. The problem is not to accelerate, but to free the power of the Outside from the capture of the accumulation-principle and make it indigestible for the capitalist organism. Using Bataille's heritage, Land seems to propose, not simply a meltdown of this World, but also a total refusal of its morality - trying to turn the runaway tendencies of capitalism into a generative and revolutionary breakthrough, trying to conjure a catastrophe, made out of pure and irredeemable loss, which coincides with the life-negating thrust of inhuman joy. The goal of this form of accelerationism, similarly to the non-politics of queer negativity proposed by authors such as Lee Edelman^{lxiv} and Leo Bersani^{lxv}, is to break free from the imperative of sublime negative lust, anchored in the preservation and the projection of the present onto any form of conceivable future, and, as it was implied in the beginning of the previous quotation, to stand on the side of uninhibited pleasure with its World-denying potentialities. In brief, we have to save the sublime from the critical straightjacket, disarticulating the vicious circular structure of Western capitalist Kantism. As Land puts it:

«If one is to gain some purchase upon this gloomy cathedral of our history, along with a little fresh air, it is important to begin with the sublime rather than aesthetic contemplation in general, and to read the sublime as generative rather than revelatory in its relation to reason.»^{lxvi}

Secondly, Land proposes a *Weltanschauung* to couple this liberation of our shared inhuman joy from the imperative of accumulation, which we will call “anti-cosmic pessimism”. We define Land's proposal this way because this form of pessimism does not base itself on the idea that humanity is a minor mistake, stranded in a vast, uncaring universe, as Thomas Ligotti's^{lxvii} and Eugene Thacker's^{lxviii} cosmic pessimism would have it, but on the radical assumption that the cosmos, considered as an ordered entity, encapsulated in a linear temporality, is a theological scam that must be undone, once and for all. Reviving the pessimism of Schopenhauer and

Nietzschean nihilism, Land tries to construct a liberation atheology, that, in contrast with the optimistic, World-protecting and progress-oriented forms of revolt and critique, which Land will define as speculative, poses the critical World, built upon the eternal correlation of a transcendent subject and a created object, as a lie that must be cancelled, taking up a quasi-gnostic stance in regard to our present situation and our history and accepting the impossible task of starting what Nicola Masciandaro defined as an anti-cosmosis^{lxix} - the destruction of the cosmos-as-order. As Land puts it:

«Marx's famous appeal to the working class in the *Communist Manifesto* that they "have nothing to lose but their chain" is open to both a speculative and pessimistic interpretation, and it is perhaps the latter that unleashes its most uncompromising force»^{lxx}

Anti-cosmic pessimism doesn't really care about our naive anthropocentrism, like cosmic pessimism does, but it wants to do away with the cosmic manifest image we have constructed, moved by the all-too-human belief that the universe must be built upon a foundation or some sort of primordial, natural Law, which, possibly, justifies and grounds ours. For Land's anti-cosmic pessimism, we must forget God and admit to ourselves that linear time is a fiction; we must face the fact that the laws that govern this World are just crystallized generalities, lacking any foundational reason to be the way they are and always plagued by contingency - by the same randomness that put them in their place. We must become finally inhuman atheists and bad gnostics and start believing that our Cold World is a cage that traps, not the light of God, but the anarchic eternity of time, liberated from the past-present-future hoax, and the hyperchaos, as Meillassoux would say^{lxxi}, of matter-as-solidified-contingency. In brief, anti-cosmic pessimism is not about despair, but about radical escape from this World. Quoting Land at lenght:

«Monotheism with its description of the world as the creation of a benevolent God, or at least, of a God that defines the highest conception of the good justifies an all pervasive optimistic framework for which being is worth protecting [...] Whilst speculative thought is the logic of social progress, a realization of freedom by means of a gradual absorption of conditions into the collective subject of political action, pessimism is the affect process of unconditional revolt. [...] The speculative model of revolution is one of "taking over", the pessimistic model is one of escape; on the one hand the overthrow of oppression-as-exploitation, and on the other the overthrow of oppression-as-confinement. [...] To say "there is no God" is not to express a

proposition in a pre-established logical syntax, but to begin thinking again, in a way that is radically new, and therefore utterly experimental. [...] the nihil is not a concept at all, but rather immensity and fate. Nietzsche describes atheism as an open horizon, as a loss of inhibition. The “a-” of atheism is privative only in the sense of a collapsing dam.»^{lxxii}

This form of pessimism has a problem though. As we can grasp from the quote above, in the author's remark on the “speculative revolution”, as opposed to pessimism, Land seems to frame this radical escape as an escape, not only from this World, but, also, from critical reason itself. In order to put an end to the Cold World, we must, for Land, curse any form of critical and dialectical thinking and go back to a pre-socratic, edenic nobility. Quoting Land:

«How could one imagine an *Apology* for a Herakleitus, an Empedokles, or a Parmenides? To whom would they be attempting to justify themselves? To the people? [...] With Socrates, things are different. Philosophy becomes dialectical; which is to say justificatory, political, logical, plebeian»^{lxxiii}

As we can see, this refusal of reason as a possible anti-cosmic weapon and the strong preference towards a decadent romantic sentimentalism, enamoured with «[...] the ruthless impulses of an unconscious artistic process [...]»^{lxxiv}, quickly collapses in a form of elitism and private defeatism. For Land, the pessimist's revolution is not at all like the peasants' revolt, immersed, as the latter is, in the mundane praxis of rationality-production and politics, but it's the noble and lonely struggle of some monstrous beautiful minds, such as Gilles de Rais^{lxxv}, doing unspeakable acts of perversion and screeching their anathemas against the modern World from their ivory tower.

This, as far as we are concerned, is totally unacceptable. While we appreciate the radicality of Land's early pessimism, we think that, the only way to use it to its full potential, is to smuggle it back into Western critical reason, in order to turn it into a mad, black version of itself. We must embark in a project of radical negativity using critical thinking as the main vector for our World-denying praxis. After all, as Gabriel Catren^{lxxvi} and Ray Brassier^{lxxvii} have so clearly shown, Western scientific knowledge, from the Copernican wound, inflicted on the anthropocentric body, onwards, is more than capable of supporting the necessary nihilistic momentum that we need in order to shatter the World-image. We believe that a simple

liberation atheology is not enough to do away with the Cold World; what we need is a speculative, promethean, collective, World-negating common mind, a *commens*^{lxxviii}, as C. S. Peirce would say, built upon the work of a scientific community, capable of reaching towards the noumenon and the infinite, of creating the possibility of an acid communism^{lxxix} to come and moved by a radical xenophilia - a desire to turn the known into an alien, to lose any solid belonging and become the Outside which the Inside is so clearly afraid of. We must learn to rationally conjure what Reza Negarestani called an «otherworld»^{lxxx}, in order to put this World under a lethal dialectical pressure, convinced that: «When we stumble upon the irrationality of all things, we do not come up to a limit of our knowledge; rather we come up the absoluteness of our knowledge»^{lxxxi}. As Bataille would have it: «Inner experience is led by discursive reason. Reason alone has the power to undo its work, to hurl down what it has built up. Madness has no effect. allowing debris to subsist [...] Natural exaltation or intoxication have a certain "flash in the pan" quality. Without the support of reason, we don't reach "dark incandescence".»^{lxxxii}

^{xl} F. Laruelle, *Philosophie non-standard*, Kime, Paris, 2010

^{xli} N. Land, *The thirst for annihilation*, Routledge, London, 1992

^{xlii} Ivi, pp. 3

^{xliii} cf. J. L. Borges, *A universal history of iniquity*, Penguin Classics, London, 2001

^{xliv} cf. J. Lacan, *The seminar of Jacques Lacan, Book XXIII*, Polity Press, London, 2016

^{xlv} N. Land, *The thirst for annihilation*, p. 9

^{xlvi} Ivi., p. 3

^{xlvii} Ivi, p. 3

^{xlviii} Ivi, p. 2

^{xlix} Ivi, p. 2

^l Ivi, p. 2

^{li} Ivi, p. 3

^{lii} Ivi, p. 9

^{liii} cf. D. Fox, *Cold world*, Zero Books, London, 2009

^{liv} N. Land, *The thirst for annihilation*, p. 6

^{lv} Ivi, p. 4

^{lvi} N. Land, *Delighted to death*, in «Fanged noumena», Urbanomic, Falmouth, 2011, p. 127

lvii E. Alliez & M. Lazzarato, *The cold war, at home and abroad*, in «Cold war cold world», Urbanomic, Falmouth, 2017, p. 15

lviii cf. G. Bataille, *Theory of religion*, MIT Press, London, 1992

lix N. Land, *Delighted to death*, p. 133

lx Ivi, pp. 127-144

lxii cf. N. Land, *Meltdown*, in «Fanged noumena», Urbanomic, Falmouth, 2011

lxiii cf. G. Bataille, *The accursed share, vol. I*, MIT Press, London, 1991

lxiv cf. G. Agamben, *Means without end*, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, 2000

lxv cf. L. Edelman, *No future*, Duke University Press, Durham, 2004

lxvi cf. L. Bersani, *Is the rectum a grave? and other essays*, The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 2009

lxvii N. Land, *Delighted to death*, p. 137

lxviii cf. T. Ligotti, *The conspiracy against the human race*, Hippocampus Press, New York, 2010

lxix cf. E. Thacker, *Cosmic pessimism*, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, 2015

lxviii cf. N. Masciandaro, *Anti-cosmosis*, in «Floating tomb», Mimesis International, Milan, 2015

lxvii N. Land, *The thirst for annihilation*, p. 14

lxviii cf. Q. Meillassoux, *After finitude*, Bloomsbury Publishing, London, 2008

lxvii N. Land, *The thirst for annihilation*, pp. 12-19

lxviii N. Land, *After the law*, in «Fanged noumena», Urbanomic, Falmouth, 2011, pp. 235-236

lxviii N. Land, *The thirst for annihilation*, p. 16

lxviii cf. N. Land, *After the law*

lxviii cf. G. Catren, *Outland empire*, in «The speculative turn», re.press, Melbourne, 2011

lxviii cf. R. Brassier, *Nihil Unbound*, Palgrave Macmillan, London, 2007

lxviii cf. C. S. Peirce, *Essential Peirce, vol. II*, Indiana University Press, Bloomington, 2009

lxviii cf. M. Fisher, *All of this is temporary*, lecture at Rich Mix, London, 2016 (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=deZgzw0YHQI>)

lxviii cf. R. Negarestani, *Antinomies of experience and the question of the transcendental struggle*, lecture at LUMA Foundation, New York, 2017

lxviii Q. Meillassoux, *The immanence of the world beyond*, in «The grandeur of reason», SCM Press, London, 2010

lxviii G. Bataille, *Inner experience*, State University of New York Press, Albany, 1988, pp. 46-47

Epistemological Issues in the Phenomenology of Synchronicity. (Graham Freestone)

Elsewhere in the CEO writings labelled *pneuminous interference*, synchronicity is the phenomena in which concepts of pertinence to a given individual (or NARPi) manifest themselves to that individual in a manner that seems extremely unlikely to the point of being uncanny. For example. Let us say I am reading a book about Gods being really aliens from another dimension. Within a day of my reading this book a man approaches me at the service desk that I work and brings me a book (a different book) he wishes us to house in the library; he explains with considerable fervour how the book is about how Gods are really aliens. I might not care particularly for the content of either book, however the proximity of the topic reappearing in this way strikes my mind in a special way. It *feels* like there is a connection between the two events. Another example: I attempt to divine the number of a certain entity. Through a stochastic process I determine this number. In the days and weeks that follow having done this I feel beset by its presence: phone numbers, house numbers, car plates all suddenly seem to bear it in a way that seems somehow communicative. It is as if reality is producing it *for me* in some ineffable way. I am aware of that I may just be seeing what was already there –*but somehow I doubt it and in doubting it I have no idea what I am thinking is actually going on.*

Jung made synchronicitous phenomena academically visible a) by coining the term and hence accreting conceptuality around this name and b) purely by being Jung –one of the pillars of psychoanalysis. That is, these kinds of mysterious looking coincidences acquired an air of quasi legitimacy by virtue of his deeming them worthy of attention. For Jung the event of my determining that number and the subsequent manifestations are connected but the connection is not causal in the sense we are wont to think of it. So contrary to our common conception in which we (naïvely or not) take event a to be the cause of event b, in Jung's sense certain kinds of phenomena are connected on an essentially a psychic (pneuminous) level: “From this it follows either that the psyche cannot be localized in space, or that space is relative to the psyche. The same applies to the temporal determination of the psyche and the psychic relativity of time.” In this paper we are focussed largely on Jung's type 1 phenomena i.e. “The coincidence of a psychic state in the observer with a simultaneous, objective, external event that corresponds to the psychic state or content where there is no evidence of a causal connection between the psychic state and the external event, and where, considering the psychic relativity of space and time, such a connection is not even conceivable.” (Synchronicity: An A-causal Connecting Principle).

Academic discussion around synchronicity has tended to centre on the way in which it can be rationally assimilated, whereas new-age/occult discussion tends to accept the irrational without question. Here we are concerned with the thesis that any rational account of the matter is not sufficient enough to deny an 'irrational' account due to the level of epistemology necessarily invoked by the subject matter. This approach does not favour the irrational account, however it does encourage us to view it as a more reasonable competitor than the rational account would have us believe. We mean by rational account something like: that the world is a spatio-temporal environment which changes only on an unfolding spatio-temporal axis and not by curious immediate alterations i.e. that the world of which I am part is not changing in some radical way either outside of perception or in front of me in relation to my or anyone's unconscious or conscious thoughts/desires. All synchronicitous phenomena are somehow accountable from within this framework.

By contrast the irrational account minimally requires that there is some relation (like Jung supposed) between psychic content and an 'external' event. The irrational account offers no immediate ontology to describe how this has happened but rather opens the door to a series of possibilities. The irrational account is incoherent and yet still attractive. Indeed by incoherent, rather than the pejorative usual use we mean here a particular usage of it. We wish to say that all concepts are basically in one of two states: incoherent coherence, coherent incoherence. The irrational perspective is the latter i.e. the incoherence is clear to see. Ask someone who thinks there was something to the phenomena and they cannot tell you what happened, or at least not without recourse to an equally problematic religious/magical system which will just push the incoherence a step away. The rational perspective has the reverse form: incoherent coherence: this is the common form in which concepts manifest to us. They show themselves as making good sense. The problem is that any concept will crumble under analysis. This is because they emanate from social use spheres and not rigorous definitional ones. The rational solid world ontology that appears to dismiss the synchronicity precisely has its cracks in this very phenomenon. Jung intimates something similar (but not identical) to this position here:

"Meaningful coincidences are thinkable as pure chance. But the more they multiply and the greater and more exact the correspondence is the more their probability sinks and their unthinkable increases, until they can no longer be regarded as pure chance but, for lack of a causal explanation, have to be thought of as meaningful arrangements. As I have already said, however, their "inexplicability" is not due to the fact that the cause is unknown, but to the fact that a cause is not even thinkable in intellectual terms. This is necessarily the case when space and time lose their meaning or have become relative, for under those circumstances a causality which presupposes space and time for its continuance can no longer be said to exist and becomes

altogether unthinkable." (Synchronicity: An A-causal Connecting Principle). Jung's claim is that the more incredible the coincidence, the greater the necessary coherent incoherence (models of causal connection that operate outside of time and space, which he seems to suggest are unthinkable). We would rather say that a staunch agent of the rational solid world will always refuse to accept the actual psychic connection to the phenomena without scientific proof that the actual physics is otherwise. We would also say that it is not that the connection is unthinkable (even using something like a causal language) but rather that it involves overt speculative ontology in a way the rational-solid does not so overtly. We are comfortable thinking the solid continuity of the world; alternatives that might entail a flux like thought/desire responsive reality are not so easy to think and immediately raise several possibilities, however it is not *impossible* to think them.

Jung may have raised (created) synchronicity into a certain visibility, however the notion of synchronicity is not often analysed in philosophy (presumably from a desire to distance itself from such phenomena). We believe there is a valid philosophical problem here regardless of the problem of contamination –something philosophy would do well to pay less attention to anyway. We believe that philosophy's passing over of the synchronicity problem entails something we can recognise as a question begging argument. We will reiterate the argument as we go on but one form of it is thus: the synchronicitous experience represents *prima facie* evidence of the possibility that existence has somehow structured/restructured itself in some relation to my conscious/unconscious thoughts/desires. The rational account presupposes this is not true and proceeds to explain the phenomena on this assumption. That is, it presupposes a rational ontology in order to guarantee a rational explanation.

That philosophy balks at any alternative is understandable for respectability, but this is not really a good excuse. The truth is that the phenomenon displays the appearance of explanation by rational coincidence (incoherent coherence) or irrational actual connectivity between psychic and physical (coherent incoherence). The fact that the latter invokes potentially strange (to our everyday sense) ontologies is not a reason for ignoring it.

Having heuristically begun with these terms: rational and irrational, it seems wise at this juncture to at least suspend their usage. This is because we hope to show that both approaches are perfectly rational in the sense of being plausible responses to the phenomena. From now on we will rather use the terms 'solid world' and 'fluid world' to talk about the various ontologies. So far the discussion has made use of these two notions very generally. I think we can do a little better than this and would propose there are essentially 7 ways in which we can interpret synchronistic phenomenon. These are:

- i) Physical chance (solid world)
- ii) Reality selection based model (solid world)
- iii) Naturalistic synchronicity (solid world)
- iv) Pre-determined harmony (solid world)
- v) Paranormal model meaningful (fluid world)
- vi) Paranormal model non-meaningful (fluid world)
- vii) Subject responsive solid world (solid/fluid)

It should be mentioned that these are the extreme tendencies and some models will accept that several of these explanations are in operation. Let's just take a moment to consider each one. The below is a more detailed description of each of these possible ontologies.

i) Physical chance (solid world)

The standard explanation of synchronistic phenomenon within the solid world is split into two. The first of these is physical chance. Famously characterised by the 'law of truly large numbers' it is as common to the synchronistic literature as Diaconis and Mosteller's somewhat classic quote that "With a large enough sample, any outrageous sample is likely to happen." This means that in the giant spatio-temporal framework with all those events unfolding endlessly, we will inevitably generate some which seem 'spooky' but which (according to the explanation) are not really so. The confidence in this attitude is reflected in Vyse's treatment of coincidence which he considered as outright 'demystified' by mathematicians and psychologists. Not identical to this point but related, is the well known human poverty at comprehending statistical probabilities – as the birthday problem illustrates. The two cases can be summed up thusly: there exist events which are staggeringly improbable and bizarrely impressive yet still occur inevitably to considerable meaning begging effect upon the human psyche and there are also phenomena which look relatively rare yet actually are relatively likely to occur. These too can look impressive to the psyche. In both instances probability is mistaken for some kind of guided phenomenon that might create an illusion of meaning.

ii) Reality selection based model (solid world)

The other thread of the de-mystifying model is that of confirmation bias/apophenia. The former being the tendency to interpret information as confirming pre-existing hypotheses/beliefs whilst the latter is a term used to describe our ability to see intelligible images (faces being a common

example) in pretty much anything. With specific regard to meaningful coincidence selection Diaconis and Mosteller say "...sensitizing the individual, the regression effect, and the recall of notable events and the nonrecall of humdrum events produce a situation where coincidences are noted with much higher than their expected frequency." (1989). It's not hard to understand the point, the very way our minds work means coincidences are given priority. Confirmation bias can happen owing to sensitization towards certain phenomena e.g. the recent imprint of a piece of information –possibly itself seeming quite insignificant- can sensitize us such that it's re-emergence in various forms (a repeating name or number e.g.) throughout a relatively close periodⁱⁱ can seem surprisingⁱⁱⁱ and look meaningful. Of course the sensitization might already exist in the form e.g. of a recently deceased person whose name recurs with frequency or a number already held important to an individual. In the first instance the random series imposes itself as meaningful and in the second we already have part of the meaning (the significance of the number), subsequently the random string of occurrences gives the impression that our particular symbol/name is manifesting today. In both instances significance is denied to the phenomenon and it is inferred that it is possible many other such strings of equally pattern like phenomena may have been in the environment, none of which were focussed on. Indeed in summing up Diaconis and Mosteller end their paper saying they are actually in agreement with Jung and Kammerer that "we are swimming in an ocean of coincidences" and "nature and ourselves are creating these, sometimes causally, and also partly through perception and partly through objective accidental relationships". Agreement here though is only possible in a weakened version of the Jungian ontology which seems to accept something more akin to a fluid world model which Diaconis and Motsteller would probably not accept.

Context is also (psychologically) known to effect people's interpretation of these phenomena. Falk reported egocentric bias towards positive gemetric name number matches (between two or more participants), with participants finding them more significantly more meaningful than participants without matches (to other participants). This touches on an important critique of the relevance of context: situations which are already tinted with a paranormal hermeneutic –an experiment involving gemetria- will necessarily raise the meaning level of any phenomenon of this kind into the more synchronistic fold –because that is part of the hermeneutic structure. This aspect is less convincing in undermining the (strong) synchronistic element, for in saying a paranormal hermeneutical backdrop to an activity (obviously this depends on whether this backdrop is one accepted by participants or one they are asked to engage in—for an experiment e.g.) provides according interpretations is not saying much, what is more neither does it have anything much to dismiss these interpretations. This is just a description of a situation not a judgement about an ontology –except a kind of implicit passive scepticism- which says

people who believe x interpret events in the light of that. For this to be of interest we must be doubting x, so really it is the reasons we doubt x that are interesting not that people do it. More interesting by Falk is the suggestion that we judge our own coincidences/synchronicities to be more meaningful than other peoples in that it shows an egocentric selection. Many such phenomena are clearly not going to strike others as meaningful as they are to the experiencer. Whilst this does show confirmation bias it also emphasises the phenomenology of having the experience itself. The participants are not able to give the same depth of feeling to someone else's phenomena precisely because it isn't theirs.

Synthesis of i and ii)

In the standard demystifying interpretation, either a) we are presensitized to the phenomena with or without the law of truly large, b) the law of truly large number acts on its own (and imposes the phenomenon upon us c) there was some perfectly 'normal' causal linkage between these phenomena that we just didn't know. Let's look at these. If we are presensitized to a phenomenon and then we start to experience it (a number e.g.) we might postulate that that is because it was already there and now we just notice it. If we are presensitized to a phenomenon that is rarer and then the law of large numbers manifests it, we possibly would have noticed the event anyway but now it is imbued with a special meaning. In both these instances the meaning is connected to our psyche but only in so far as it was already 'in' there and as such was just fulfilled when a related event obtained. Yet it is not necessary^{iv} that the phenomena occurred. In the case of the Jung scarab incident, the psyche is presensitized to the scarab (via the dream) and then accidentally the beetle appears at the window and a connection is perceived to obtain.

I think it's cogent also to say that b) is a category insofar as there might be an incidence in which someone experienced a remarkable coincidence which had no real bearing on themselves but was nevertheless remarkable. If they were of a certain disposition they might ponder 'what it meant' to have experienced it. An unexpected series like Kammerer's could fulfil this kind of event. For example, let's say someone eats beans for breakfast, then they hear the radio saying about some new discovered quality of beans, on the way to work they see a bean wrapper on the floor, when they get to work their design company has just won a contract to design a new bean label for a leading brand. This sequence could quite easily arrest someone somewhat yet has no necessary metaphysical connection. If we feel it's too drawn out and that the beans for breakfast could be a sensitizer then we could just compress it to eating whilst the radio goes on, the bean wrapper blows in through the window and a text message from her boss with bean brief appears. This would seem truly remarkable and yet as the law of truly large numbers tells us, perfectly possible. In this eventuality there is no connection whatsoever other than a certain

random chain of events accidentally in the presence of a psyche which can possibly attribute meaning to them or simply marvel at them.

The c) model of explanation covers those instances in which it was actually discoverable that nothing remarkable happened even by chance e.g. a perceived series of numbers that turned to be deliberately organised by the council for work.

iii) **Naturalistic synchronicity (solid world)**

The naturalistic explanation of synchronicity comes from the world of psychoanalysis. This explanation seeks to retain the meaning element of synchronicity whilst ditching the paranormality. Faber (1998) for example considers pre-oedipal sensations of oneness to be responsible to the being-looked-after sense that a synchronicity might imbue the subject with. Faber switches Jung's numinous world for the world of a loving mother embedded deep in the psyche –he swaps it for object relations theory. Known as a regressive naturalistic model, it does have an extended counterpart in Williams (2010) progressive naturalistic model. This allows for the interpretation of synchronicities as meaningful events that can *mean* psychological change from stuck positions, but is located in the personal unconscious (as opposed to the collective). Williams and Faber seek to liberate the synchronicity from its numinous home, however to do this is difficult for in an almost analytic sense we could argue that synchronicity entails the numinous and hence to remove it robs the concept of part of its essence. Both wish synchronicity to have meaning, either through the power of pre-oedipal well being (and presumably its converse in experiences of ominous dread) manifest as event or through event which is potentially transformative for the psyche. However surely without a strong interaction with the numinous, both are just cases of interpreted coincidence? That is, do not both accept a solid spatio-temporal framework as given and then attempt to rescue meaning from within this kind of ontology? But if you accept the spatio-temporal framework you are practically (not entirely as we shall see) committed to the coincidence reality selection model. The sense of psycho-physical interaction is curtailed. Absolute meaning (as Williams characterises the Jungian meaning as) turns on the numinous. Naturalistic synchronicity gives a weakened sense of meaning insofar as it is 'just the personal unconscious' interacting with the chaos of existence and not existence in some ineffable sense coming out to greet you.

The attempt to rescue synchronicity in this manner gains some solid world coherence –no doubt part of its motivation is to avoid Jungian obscurantism- insofar as the mystical archetypal interaction is avoided. This is clearly seen as preferable to many; however we must ask how much gain is actually made epistemologically by such a move. I would argue that Faber's shift

to object relations just moves the situation from one unfalsifiable theory to another. You can no more prove that the synchronicitous experience of meaning does not come from the archetypal realm than you can that it comes from pre-oedipal well being. The difference between the two interpretations is that one is more ontologically satisfying (if one under the presupposition that we should avoid paranormal ontologies, but epistemologically the relation is equivalent). This theory rescues meaning at the cost of returning us to solid world ontology. Yet in bringing that ontology back in it simultaneously makes the event a contingent phenomenon and hence the sense of meaning less metaphysically satisfying

iv) Pre-determined harmony ((mystical) solid world)

Do all solid world interpretations rob synchronicity of strong ‘meaning’? There is one broad heading that can maintains ‘meaning’ (actual psychophysical connection) and the solid world; this is pre-determined harmony. In his discussion of synchronicity Jung cites Schopenhauer’s treatment of powerful coincidental events in ‘On the Apparent Design in the Fate of the Individual’ as a precursor of his own notion of synchronicity. According to Jung, Schopenhauer’s account seems to be that the deterministic structure of the will nevertheless presents happenings in which “one individual invariably fits the fate of the other”. The general sense of the text is one of trying to reconcile a solid world system with the machinations of fate, as he puts it: “In this sense they constitute the mysterious power that guides the fate of the individual and is spoken of allegorically as his genius or his Providence. But considered purely objectively, it is and continues to be the universal causal connection that embraces everything without exception” I don’t know if we can go as far as a teleology but certainly Schopenhauer’s predetermined fate and providence entail that the synchronicitous events are not contingent but necessary and indeed connected to the ‘fate’ of the individual, as such they have strong meaning. The difficulties of how a determined subject can reflect upon the portents of its own determinism i.e. seemingly making a viewpoint potentially outside the will-system are not to be gone into here. Neither do we particularly need to cover variances on the theme such as Leibniz’s pre-established harmony or Malebranche’s occasionalism. It is sufficient to say that any solid world system that approaches teleology, either through something like Schopenhauer’s endless willing –which still gives a sense of striving somewhere even if an end point is not even comprehended by the will itself- or through a divinely ordained harmony of being, can easily make cogent that synchronicitous/coincidental events have actual meaning in the strong sense i.e. they can be necessarily connected to the psyche in question and not events contingent to it –as in the law of very large numbers.

v) vi) and vii) Paranormal model meaningful (fluid world)/

The last of the models used to explain synchronicity/coincidence have been largely mentioned by implication already. These are the variations on the fluid world –generally associated with the paranormal explanations. This means an ontology in which the putative external reality is in some way actually responsive to the conscious and/or unconscious psyche. We take Jung's "either that the psyche cannot be localized in space, or that space is relative to the psyche" to imply the possibility that he is comfortable that there might be a spatio-temporal restructuring in relation to the psyche. It is possible to consider this in (broadly) two ways: i) a model in which the world somehow instantaneously changes in direct connection to some unconscious or conscious process ii) a model in which the world slowly responds to the psyche in question and draws the event inexorably towards the subject in question by processes that if observed would look entirely solid world commensurate –if improbable.

These both preserve meaning in the strong sense that the connection between physicality psyche is necessary. They also however entail entirely (coherent) incoherent pictures of how this would happen.

The basic phenomenology of the world presents itself as hanging-together-consistently, our actions rely upon this and the solid world ontology is the correlate of this intuition. It is more of the order of Jung's 'unthinkable' nature of things that we cannot properly conceive what could be going on in order for this to not be the case. So in these ontologies 'meaning' is recovered at the expense of coherence with the world as it is taken-to-be. Of course we cannot be so naïve as to say taken to be is *as-it-is*. The taken-to-be is itself a hermeneutic framework: in this case constructed by an alliance between the normal appearance of hanging-together and a physics which reinforces this by its presupposition (not withstanding various quantum physics possibilities that might allow for the paranormal fluidity) of solidity. Fluid world paranormal ontologies are all (coherently) incoherent insofar as they all require unfalsifiable additional aspects of existence to be posited in order to preserve the meaning of the phenomena. God, spirits, psychic connectedness, archetypes, these are all examples of the kind of beings required to sustain this strong sense of meaning.

A further issue arises at this juncture in our synchronistic taxonomy. For now we must distinguish between an ontology with an implicit teleology at work and one without this teleology. If we deny the teleology then we can easily question whether the meaning (in this bizarre metaphysical set up) is truly meaningful. The strongest metaphysical sense of meaning in this sense belongs to an ontology which contains a divine force of some description which imbues all things with purpose –which may be known or unknown. This is differentiated from the

deterministic schema of meaning insofar as here presumably we can either do meaningful or unmeaningful actions –we can fail to fulfil our ‘destiny’.

In the other paranormal set up, without the teleology we can still have strong synchronicity – there is a necessary connection between psychic and physical content, indeed their separation may be purely illusory- it just doesn’t have any significance as to what we should or shouldn’t do. That is, the paranormal responsivity of the world obtains but the grand metaphysical teleology does not. Hence synchronicity manifests to an individual in relation to personal desires/goals of the conscious/unconscious mind but somehow comes to an end with their cessation. Any teleology is in this sense only a product of the NARP^v i.e. meaning has occurred only in relation to some putative desire of the organism at a conscious/unconscious level; metaphysical meaning is maintained through fluid world interaction though *not* as wider feature of Being (i.e. God). This kind of model is quite popular in modern magical practices and equates roughly with that of chaos magic in which any overall meaning to existence is denied yet the magic manipulability of existence is maintained^{vi}.

The above discussed set of options broadly covers all the possible ontologies for synchronicity/coincidence currently on offer. Of these it is interesting to note that only two of them are close to being actually falsifiable a la Popper’s criteria for a scientific hypothesis. These are (i) and (ii) i.e. the brutal solid world of chance accompanied by our psychological bias. This is so because if the situation was such that it was possible to observe, for example, when one pair of blue shoes was seen we might expect with regularity several more pairs to follow in quick succession, or that the birthday problem easily transgressed probability with any given room of supposedly random people gathering people with matching birthdays was in excess of probability, then we could clearly see that there was some kind of added element in the universe that grouped/structured/ordered events ((psycho-)physically not psychologically) on a different axis to that which we would expect in a purely random situation. If this could be shown then the chance thesis would be falsified.

However, none of the other explanations present anything approaching something that can be tested (at the moment). Psychoanalytic explanations like paranormal ones are tricky customers. The evidence for them lies in accepting them as theories and then seeing things in the light of them even though there can never be any test to check the theory^{vii}. Clearly for any sense of rigour this is unacceptable. The question that interests us though is: *if the solid world/psychological explanation is so clear, then why are so many people still wasting their time believing in the less coherent possibilities?* In the following section I hope we can answer this question.

Synchronicity and Doubt

Here is the problem then: given a seemingly cogent answer as to what the synchronicity phenomenon is (probability and confirmation bias) why do people continue to adhere to alternative interpretations? Clearly there are cultural factors (religious/paranormal systems) in play here that help maintain these beliefs in the form of dogma. However this still raises the question as to why these beliefs are capable of holding the sway that they do and not themselves be overturned by solid world interpretations. We think part of the answer to this lies in the possibility of believing them. Many (western) people consider the beliefs of sectors of the world to be primitive, naïve or just plain crazy. Belief that synchronicity really is some kind of message from your subconscious or some other power manifest in reality in the strong sense is exactly such a belief. This of course might be because we've been given a belief system that tells us that the scientific-solid world (at least at a macro level) obtains.

We believe what we're dealing with here is a phenomenon deeply related to philosophical scepticism, that is, the doubt is directed at an aspect of existence that is thought (in a certain culture) to be self evident –the solidity of the world. Descartes famously questioned the ground of our knowledge, subjecting reasonable claims of knowledge to a level of doubt many would find unacceptable, even mathematics became subject to the claim that an evil demon might be mutating reality in such a manner that its truths unreliable. This methodological doubt forced him to a position in which all he could know apodictically was the proposition 'I think therefore I am'. He then tried to escape this by relying on the clarity and distinctness of his knowledge of god to then prop up the rest of knowledge. This is not the only time metaphysical scepticism has been refuted, Kant's transcendental proof, and Strawson's P predicates, GE Moore's proof of the external world, Putnam's brains in vat. None of these arguments have been found to be particularly convincing to the philosophical community such that they feel the matter has been put to bed.

In our opinion the most plausible answers to skepticism have not been arguments directly against it but rather invitations to shift our perspective in such a manner that the skeptical problems dissolve. These approaches were brought about in the last century most notably by Wittgenstein and Heidegger. Heidegger gives an example of the problem in noting that attempts at proving the existence of the external world (in his commentary on Kant's refutation of idealism) turn our focussing on the theoretical aspect of existence and miss that

"...from the very beginning Being-in-the-world is disposed to 'take things' in some way [Auffassen], to suppose, to be certain, to have faith" (Heidegger p207).

That is, these ways of comporting ourselves are already there, to use them after the fact (i.e. in Moore's case) to establish the certainty of the world is a certain kind of madness. The conflation lies in having misconstrued the world as primordially present-at-hand (theoretical spatio temporal existence), when in fact this too was a theoretical disclosure involving a individuated subject and separate outside of being that which received its grounding from being-in-the-world. It is being-in-the-world that is the more primordial; this entails an entirely fluid entailment of *dasein* and world in which these epistemological issues do not even manifest.

Whilst it may be true that Wittgenstein would probably have had little to do with Heidegger's existential structuration, we cannot but hear immediately a resonance in the above Heidegger quote, that is 'to suppose' 'to be certain' to have faith' are language games with their own grammars determined by their in-the-world use. Wittgenstein parodies the philosophical usage of 'know' in 467 of *On Certainty* "I am sitting with a philosopher in the garden; he says again and again "I know that's a tree", pointing to a tree that is near us. Someone else arrives and hears this, and I tell him "This fellow isn't insane. We are only doing philosophy". Wittgenstein's notion is that as 'know' is a language game, it has certain applications for which it is suited. Extracting it from these reasonable uses and then asking if we truly know certain features about the world (e.g. do I know the kitchen is still there?) don't make sense and we are invited to ask 'what would such a doubt look like?' or as Wittgenstein puts it "If you tried to doubt everything you would not get as far as doubting anything. The game of doubting itself presupposes certainty." Both Wittgenstein and Heidegger point to an essentially pre-theoretical world, the truths of which if presented as propositions no longer function of cases of knowledge. Skepticism is a blind alley because we cannot express this world in the form of knowledge, which is has its own way of relating to the world.

But does that help us here? It seems if we doubted the solid nature of the world as a philosopher the pre-theoretical nature of the world would show my doubt to be incoherent in exactly the pejorative sense, yet in a non-philosophical sense, upon encountering the coincidence/synchronicity phenomena we are perfectly able to at least implicitly doubt it and not worry about it at all.

That seems to me to pose a problem. That is either there is something wrong with the philosopher's dismissal of the problem or the lay-person is seriously deluded in their appreciation of the event. There is a strong temptation to think that this is just a delusion, this is of course exactly what happens in the solid world bias. However I think it's more that there is a

problem with philosopher's dismissal of the issue –which is a correlate of the modern minds usage of the statistical/confirmation bias approach to synchronicity.

To help let's look at Cavell's interpretation of the sceptical problem –which is influenced by Wittgenstein. The nub of Cavell's treatment is that the philosopher (skeptic) is either engaged in a non-claim or a claim that is so concrete that it doesn't count as a sceptical claim. "[The skeptic's investigation] must be the investigation of a concrete claim if its procedure is to be coherent; it cannot be the investigation of a concrete claim if its conclusion is to be general. Without that coherence it would not have the obviousness it has seemed to have; without that generality its conclusion would not be sceptical."

So if I want to doubt that I know that the mug that seems to be on my desk is really on my desk, I claim that I know see a mug on my desk but then doubt it (or use it as a certainty). But this is not an actual instance of knowledge –it's not really a claim of anything. That is, I do not claim there is a mug on my desk in the sense that the situation warrants me to make a claim about it. Hence to generalize from it to a sceptical claim about knowledge would not be possible, unless the claim about the mug on the table could be shown to have some kind of criteria by which it contextually made sense and this instance the doubt cannot be generalized because it applies only to this instance (it is a normal knowledge claim).

So in our synchronicitous assessment, we observed that the solid continuity of the world is supposed to be a priori (in a sense). There is an implicit doubt in the sensation that the synchronicity *might*^{viii} elicit i.e. the incoherent: 'If I treat this event seriously^{ix} then I must be doubting the random solid world version'. So the interpretation of the event makes the doubt possible. But in Cavell's sense my notion that I can claim to doubt the solidity of the world is rebutted by the fact that this isn't really a claim at all. However in that synchronicitous instant and maybe subsequent ponderings I am doubting it by implication of my incoherent belief in there being some kind of reality oddness going on here.

Is the Cavellian-style rebuttal correct? I don't think so. The reason being is that this instance is exactly not just my randomly doubting the continual solidity. Like the case of the mug *might* have mitigating criteria which would mean it really was a claim e.g. if maybe I was tired and I didn't have my glasses on so I was genuinely doubting whether there was a mug on the desk, perhaps it's partially obscured by some paper too etc. I can repress the doubt and reconcile it with the solid world view, this option is always available to me. But since it seemed I was capable of this doubt, do I now feel I know the solid world is true? If we accepted the Cavell argument it would be precisely ungrammatical to claim 'I know the world solidly continues outside of my perception' unless the doubt was cogent (it becomes a knowledge claim). But in this instance we are faced

with a phenomenon that seems to supply a reason to doubt what is ordinarily just a deep grammatical presupposition –the continual solidity of the world. It does not necessitate that one engages in this doubt (it would perfectly possible to shrug it off) but what it does say is that if one is tapped by this doubt it cannot be corrected by the solid world advocate because they do not have absolute (apodictic) knowledge that the world is as they believe it to be, they have a presupposition. These kinds of deep grammar presuppositions function so seamlessly almost all the time that they appear as nonsense when stated ('I know that's a tree'), here we believe though, *is an instance in which this sense of continual reality can albeit incoherently be brought into question*. That is to say, presuppositions like this do not have *a priori* certainty. If they did then the doubt could immediately be dispelled, but we would have to have certainty of the deep structure of reality to say this and, this is not something that we possess. If we don't have this certainty then it follows that no interpretation of the event can properly outcompete the other.

It seems there is an interesting parallel here with Heidegger's notion that when something is broken it becomes available to us as an object of theoretical reflection (something present-at-hand). Being as an unreflective continuum of solid continuity (something *zuhandenheit*) is taken for granted up until the point of a synchronicitous experience, after which the possibility occurs that there is something amiss with this taken-for-grantedness. That is, the previous sense is in some wise *broken*, this brokenness enables its functioning as an area of knowledge *qua* knowledge in a grammatically sensible manner.

To reiterate then, the synchronicitous event itself supplies the criteria for making reasonable metaphysical doubt. It does not do so unambiguously, indeed it remains entirely ambiguous, but this is no small feat, for the possibility of ambiguity is an incoherent doubt about the nature of everyday being. The ambiguity of this kind of paranormality is recognised by Armstrong (2013) whose commentary on the *Alpha Project*^x speaks extensively of the ambiguous nature of paranormal phenomena "So, for those who believe in the experience, the ambiguous evidence reinforces their ambiguous expectation. For those who don't believe, ambiguous experience shortcuts to their need to simplify the world and for the duration of the performance, circumvents any need to believe." (p343 2013). Armstrong's approach is cognitive, i.e. interested in the decision-making processes involved by the mind, phenomenologically however that ambiguity is the possibility of rupture in the solid world and as it is ambiguous the reconciliation with non belief is *a priori* not a certainty. Indeed in the phenomenon happening, the essential defence the solid world advocate has is to say 'well things aren't like that' –to deny the event's ambiguity. But (again) in order to be able to do this they would have to know in some kind of Cartesian apodictic like way that the world was a certain way (solid, continuous)

because this is the kind of certainty you would need to be able to say outright that 'things aren't like that'. In other words the epistemic level at which the solid world advocate must speak in order to deny the phenomenon is precisely the level at which the phenomenon makes this level of doubt possible (super-certainty/extreme-scepticism).

So in this sense the problem here differs from Cavell's characterisation. For as noted either the issue is a non-claim or it is a particular claim in which case it has no general epistemological bearing. However here it seems the kind of doubt invoked by synchronicity poses an issue like a sceptical problem except that the claim -albeit incoherently- is a claim. But the claim is also a particular claim. Does this particularity nullify its implications for other kinds of knowledge? Well yes and no. What it does is facilitate the viable grammar about the incoherent fluidity/paranormal nature of the world. This is certainly a form of (implicit) quite extreme doubt, but does this make 'I don't know if that's really a mug on my desk' any more viable? I don't think it does because it isn't supplying any criteria to facilitate that kind of doubt.

The reason for this is that the synchronistic issue whilst touching on a metaphysical issue is not epistemological *per se* but more an epistemic^{xi} instance that has broad implications. That is to say, that this is the case is not a claim about what knowledge means as a whole, rather it is an instance of a viable doubt about a seeming certainty (the continuous solidity of the world as presented to us) which raises awareness of the flimsiness of our knowledge but still doesn't dent 'I know there's a mug on my desk'. The kind of doubt brought about by synchronicity operates on a certain horizon but it does not bolster all sceptical claims.

Ontological Speculative Implications.

Let us now recall our example of the man and the book about gods and UFOs. In this example there was the suggestion of a connection between the book I read and the appearing of the man who talks on the same topic. In the case in which we accept the relation between book and man as metaphysically obtaining we cannot say *how* this happens (incoherence). The observation we wish to make is that whatever shift was made in reality to make the message possible it still happened within my immanent awareness in a manner that only did not directly display ontological anomaly. For example, the man did not manifest out of thin air, I met him regularly - if these conditions were broached then the solid world advocate must rely upon notions like hallucination in order to maintain the picture. In paranormal terminology clearly we would then be out the realm of synchronicity and into far more extreme phenomena, or at least explicitly extreme phenomena in which the fluidity of the world that is synchronistically implicit became completely explicit.

It seems characteristic of the synchronistic phenomena that in fact only probability is stretched (to the point at which we doubt the that the solid version could produce this event), not spatio-temporal existence immanent to the individual. The simple inference from this is that if there is a fluid world restructuring of reality making some connection between a putative internality to an putative externality then either it is happening outside of perception or [our] perception is inadequate to behold it –to cover the possibility that the alteration might be immanent but unperceivable. In saying all of this we should remember that no part of this argument says this is actually what is happening, this is simply phenomenological [incoherent] description of one interpretation of the ambiguous phenomenon (the synchronicity), an attempt to give a voice to

The other thing to immediately note is that whilst the structural interference must be at the solid level it is the level of meaning or concept that drives it i.e. if the synchronicity is meaningful in some way it is precisely the improbable clustering of concepts that form the meaningfulness of the event. The phenomenological manifestation of it is precisely that the instantaneous nature of concepts took precedence over the apparent restrictive physicality. Is this kind of picture fraught with many difficult implications? Yes of course it is, if we buy into it then lurking somewhere outside of the field of awareness exists the possibility of reality a-spatio-temporally restructuring itself ineffably in relation to the conceptual systems within it (humans animals plants?) and their awareness relations to the putatively external. This gives us at least the following headaches:

- i) What are we to say about the manifestation of the effect of other disclosing consciousness' in or outside of proximal awareness? If the manifestation wants to suggest that there is an effect going on, then unless we wish to be locked into solipsism, the other beings must be equally exerting such a power.
- ii) Where do we draw the line –if we do at all- with the kind of disclosing consciousness that are effective (plants? bacteria?).
- iii) What is happening with open horizons e.g the sky, how are we determining where the effect ends. Does it effect it more or less how intentionally directed we are within awareness?

These and many other issues remain valid questions, except that we can readily answer i) we don't know the answer and ii) not knowing the answer does not impact on the phenomenological description which does not require that we know how this happens only that the event shows us this incoherent possibility. If pressed the, the advocate is forced to say something akin to: 'Well actually what if the world were such that transcendentally ideal appearance of it gave the

strong seeming of perpetual spatio-temporal solidity but really it was much more complicated and in fact was comprised of multiple domains of disclosing beings exerting an effect on a relatively stable system that they were within. The effects were such that certain aspects of the internal conceptual systems of the disclosing beings could under some circumstances manifest directly within the relatively stable whole (seemingly then external to the disclosing system), each disclosing being in some sense experiencing literally their own version of the stable whole in a very strong sense such that solipsism whilst not entirely true, could be said to be relatively true i.e. each disclosing consciousness in one sense really is the only consciousness in that world, yet equally it is being subject to the forces of many other disclosing beings which are exerting various powers upon it.

None of which (to reiterate) says such a theory *is* the case but just makes a kind of rational iteration of the kind of picture implied as a possibility *if* we allow the ambiguity to hold sway (which I argue we must). In the instance of synchronicity however we claim that there is a grammatically sound point we can raise. We have raised part of the issue of synchronicity as disclosing immediate awareness as manifesting a certain solidity, and that the strangeness of the phenomenon shows the possibility that out-of-awareness may be (incoherently) fluid in its nature.

We should here cover an issue quite reasonably raised by Wittgenstein about the cogence of talking about *my*-awareness (since this is the kind of issue we are raising). That is, does it make sense to say that my awareness is mine? That the immanent surroundings in a sense belong to me? As Wittgenstein suggests in PI 398 surely we have overstepped the usage of the notion of possession. Heidegger calls it *jemeinigkeit* or *mineness* and Husserl the sphere of immanence. That it crops up as a notion suggests (cogent or not) it has some kind of force as an appearance (Wittgenstein does not deny this). Yet it is easy to see how in fact insofar as I am primordially already in a linguistic-world all of the things in this immanence already things-for-others. Their disclosure to me rests upon their being disclosures to others, I do not own my perceptions in the same way I own my pen.

Yet I feel because of the leeway the manifestation of the fluid world possibility gives us, we do have a grammatically sound conception out of this that has something of a Kantian flavour. That is, if we must take seriously the possibility that the disclosing being (ourselves) is somehow ontologically creative (in something like the transcendental idealists way) –and I think we can take this seriously precisely on that side of the ambiguity raised by the synchronicity- then we can conceive of (albeit incoherently) a certain grammatically viable dualism here: being which

is within our disclosing field (awareness) and being which is outside of it. If this manifestation (not a statement of ontological actuality) is cogent then we may phenomenologically infer the above possibility i.e. that the disclosing, interpreting, perceiving power of the being exerting an effect on the manifest externality. We have in this way reinstated Meillasoux's disputed correlate, but not as absolute reality, only as transcendental possibility (and interestingly found an agreement with his rational consequence of Hume's problem -hyperchaos). Indeed in this manifestation of the correlate it is in some sense emanating as awareness out of a disclosing being onto an unknown noumena which has as a minimum the solidity we normally experience and an ineffable ability to change [possibly]^{xii} in relation to the subject.

Wittgenstein statement about non-perceptual ownership turns on the relation between the noumena and the disclosing being. If there is no effect upon the noumena then the ownership issue fails –as Wittgenstein intends- but if there exists the ontological possibility that the being by its awareness in all its informational multitude (intellectual, emotional, physical) exerts an affect upon it then indeed I *must* say it it is mine as otherwise I surrender myself to the solid spatio temporal container –which the synchronistic manifestation has already potentially denied by the ambiguous possibility.

But is the manifestation cogent? Does it even matter if it is cogent –given our usage of incoherence? The answer to this does indeed turn on the notion of incoherence. The problem is that we wish to give expression to the sensation that the relation of our awareness of the world as putatively outside of us is, to those regions of being which are within proximal awareness to us, somehow different to those regions outside of proximal awareness whilst preserving grammatical sense i.e. using the language game in a manner that can be said not be unintelligible and only have the appearance of sense. Another expression of the manifestation is: *that there is an ontological difference between being which is being-aware-of and being-which is not.*

Don't misunderstand the above, it doesn't say this is true, but it does say that it is no matter how incoherent this kind of notion is, it is possible and with it everything would still most of the time look like *this*. This isn't an invitation for philosophy to become absorbed in weird speculative ontology –though that isn't always a bad thing- but it is an observation that we should be allowed to take seriously quite wild potentials as at a minimum phenomenologically peripherally present.

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ⁱ Neurotic Accretion Regional Processor

ⁱⁱ Though Diaconis also puts down stretching the actual relation between events as an interpretive problem

ⁱⁱⁱ Kammerer's law of series

^{iv} I'm stretching necessary here but I think its cogent in the sense that in the metaphysical version the connection is necessary whereas in the solid world version it's contingent in that the happening only happened in an external world independent of the psyche's machinations. In a strong Jungian model it is necessary as this event and the psyche are ineffably linked.

^v This could even mean organism wide i.e. that there was a collective aiding by the synchronicity. This would still not entail that existence was going anywhere, only that the organism sort e.g. to survive

^{vi} This is an interesting angle as the meaningless void of existence which has accompanied the scientific ontology would generally deny the magical possibility –which often is accompanied by strong teleology- now is liberated from the teleology leaving a magic of pure possibilities

^{vii} Clearly this isn't entirely true, empirical methods have been applied to psychoanalysis. However one still understands what Popper means by his reflection on his conversation with Adler.

^{viii} Contingent upon the individual

^{ix} In the strong sense of synchronicity meaning.

^{xi} It can be truthfully said that it is not always crystal clear what the difference between epistemological and epistemic is, though the general notion seems to be that epistemological refers to the study of what can count as knowledge whereas epistemic refers more to knowledge itself 'I know there is cheese over there' is an epistemic statement whereas 'how do I know there is cheese over there?' is an epistemological question.

^{xii} Interestingly we must say only *possibly* as the possibility would still remain that even though there was a perceived informational relation between the two events there is the yet there still exists the possibility that both that the noumenal changed ineffably and yet *still* this change was not related to the information within the disclosing being.

